

Some Writer Has Said

"The world is slow to reason."
Well, it didn't take long to reason
out the tea question in favor of

SALADA

CEYLON TEA

But then the women folk are keenly
appreciative of real good tea, and they
are great advertisers of an article.

Your safeguard against substitute
packets is the name "Salada" on all
genuine ones.

The Face
Behind the Mask

A Romance.

Lady Mountjoy's brilliant eyes shone
like two angry meteors, but she merely
bowed and laughed, and the laugh
was echoed by the dwarf in his shrill-
est falsetto.

"Does your highness intend remain-
ing here all night?" demanded the
queen rather fiercely. If not, the
sooner we leave this ghastly place
the better. The play is over and sup-
per is waiting.

With which the royal virago made
an imperious motion for her attendant
sprites in gossamer white to precede
her, and turned with her accustomed
stately step to follow. The music im-
mediately changed from its doleful
dirge to a spirited measure, and the
whole company flocked after her, back
to the great room of state. There
they all paused, hovering in uncer-
tainty about the room, while the
queen, holding her purple train up
lightly in one hand, stood at the foot
of the throne, glancing at them with
her cold, haughty and beautiful eyes.

In their wondering, those same dark
splendid eyes glanced and lighted on
the dwarf, who, in a state of seem-
ing stupor at the horrible scene he
had just witnessed stood near the
green table, and they sent a thrill
through him, with their wonderful re-
semblance to Leoline's. So vividly
alike were they, that he half doubted
for a moment whether she and Leo-
line were not really one; but no—Leo-
line never could have had the cold,
cruel heart to stand and witness such
a horrid sight. Miranda's dark, pierc-
ing glance was as haunting and dis-
tasteful on him as it had on the rest;

and his heart sank as he thought that
whatever sympathy she had felt for
him was entirely gone. It might have
been a while ago, but he had never
seen her since. He had never seen her
since the night when she had looked
at him out of the depths of her
great dark eyes; and with that look
his last lingering hope of life van-
ished.

"And now for the next trial!" ex-
claimed the dwarf, briskly, breaking in
upon his drab-colored meditations, and
bustling past him. "We will get it over
at once and have done with it."

"You will do no such thing," said
the imperious voice of the queen
shrew. "We will have neither trials
nor anything else until after supper,
which has already been delayed four
full minutes. My lord chamberlain,
have the goodness to step in and see
that all is in order."

One of the gilded and decorated
gentlemen whom Sir Norman had mis-
taken for assassins, stepped off
in obedience, through another open-
ing in the tapestry—which seemed to
be as extensively undermined with
such apertures as a cabman's cap
with capes—and while he was gone
the queen stood drawn up to her full
height, with her scornful face looking
down on the dwarf. That small man
knit up his very plain face into a
bristle of the sourest kninks, and
frowned sulky disapproval of an order
which he either would not, or dared
not countermand. Probably the lat-
ter had most to do with it, as every-
body looked hungry and mutinous, and
a great deal more eager for their sup-
per than the life of Sir Norman
Kingsley.

"Your majesty, the royal banquet is
waiting," insinuated the lord high
chamberlain, returning, and bending
over until his face and his shoe-
buckles almost touched.

"And what is to be done with this
prisoner, while we are eating it?"
growled the dwarf, looking drawn
swords at his legs.

"He can remain here under care of
the guards, can he not?" she retorted
sharply. "Or, if you are afraid that
they are not equal to taking care of
him, you had better stay and watch
him yourself."

With which answer her majesty ad-
dressed majestically away, leaving the
gentleman addressed to follow or not,
as he pleased. It pleased him to do so,
on the whole; and he went after her,
growing anathemas between his royal
teeth, and evidently in the same state
of mind that induces gentlemen in
private life to take sticks to their ag-
gravating spouses, under similar cir-
cumstances. However, it might not be
just the thing, perhaps, for kings and
queens to take broom-sticks to settle
their little differences of opinion, like

common Christians; and so the prince
peaceably followed her, and entered
the ante-chamber with the rest, and
Sir Norman and his keepers were left
in the hall of state, monarchs of all
they surveyed. Notwithstanding he
knew his hours were numbered, the
young knight could not avoid feeling
curious, and the tapestry having been
drawn aside, he looked through the
arch with a good deal of interest.

The apartment was smaller than the
one in which he stood—though still
very large, and instead of being all
crimson and gold was glancing and
glittering with blue and silver. These
azure hangings were of satin, instead
of velvet, and looked quite light and
cool, compared to the hot, glowing
place where he was. The ceiling was
spangled over with spangled stars,
with the royal arms quartered in the
middle, and the chairs were of white
polished wood, gleaming like ivory,
and cushioned with blue satin. The
table was of immense length, as it
needed to be, and flashed and sparkled
in the wax lights with heaps of gold
and silver plate, cut-glass and precious
porcelain. Golden and crimson wines
shone in the carved decanters; great
silver baskets of fruit were strewn
about, with piles of cakes and con-
fectionery—not to speak of more solid
substantials, wherein the heart of
every true Englishman delighted. The
queen sat in a great raised chair at
the head, and helped herself without
paying much attention to anybody, and
the remainder were ranged down his
length, according to their rank—
which, as they were all pretty much
dukes and duchesses, was about equal.

The spirits of the company—depressed
of for the moment by the unpleasant
little circumstance of seeing one of
their number beheaded—seemed to re-
vive under the spiritual influence of
sherry, sack, and brandy, and the
soon they were laughing, and chatting
and hobnobbing, as animatedly as any
dinner party Sir Norman had ever
seen. The musicians, too, appeared to
be in high feather, and the music of
the day assisted the noble
banqueters' digestion.

Under ordinary circumstances, it
was rather a tantalizing scene to stand
aloof and contemplate; and so the
guards very likely felt; but Sir Nor-
man's thoughts were of that room in
black, the headman's axe, and Leo-
line. He felt he would never see her
again—never see the sun rise that was
to shine on their bridal, and he won-
dered what she would think of him,
and if she was destined to fall into
the hands of Lord Rochester or Count
L'Estrange. As a general thing our
young friend was not given to mel-
ancholy musing, but in the present
case, with the headman's axe poised
like the sword of Damocles above him
by a single hair, he may be pardoned
for reflecting that this world is all a
fleeting show, and that he had got
himself into a scrape, to which the
plague was a trifle. And yet, with ner-
vous impatience, he wished the dinner
and his trial were over, his fate seal-
ed, and his life ended at once, since
he was to be ended soon. For the ful-
fillment of the first wish, he had not
long to wait; the feast, though gay
and grand, was of the briefest, and
they could have scarcely been half an
hour gone when they were all back.

Everybody seemed in better humor,
too, after the reflection, but the queen
and the dwarf—the former looked
easier and harder and more like a Labra-
dor ice-berg, and the latter in purple
velvet than ever, and his highness was
grinning from ear to ear—which was
the very worst possible sign. Not
even her majesty could make the
slightest excuse for delaying the trial
now; and, indeed, that eccentric lady
seemed to have no wish to do so, had
she the power, but seated herself in
silent disdain of them all, and drop-
ping her long lashes over her dark
eyes, seemed to forget there was any-
thing in existence but herself.

(To be continued.)

AMERICANS
WERE AMBUSHED

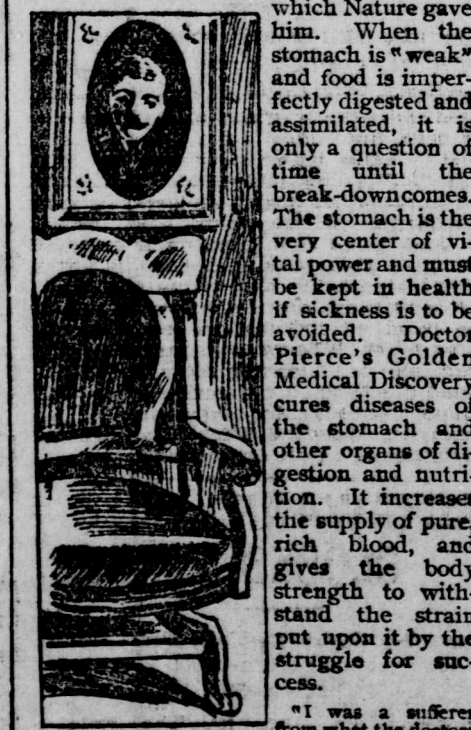
Guard of Fifty With Twenty Ponies
Laden With Food for Soldiers at
San Pablo Defeated—Eleven Dead
and Lost.

Washington, Jan. 22.—The first un-
derstanding in the highly suc-
cessful campaign now going on in
Luzon is announced by Gen. Otis,
under today's date, from Manila:
"Pack train of 20 ponies, transport-
ing rations between Santo Tomas and
San Pablo, Laguna Province, escorted
by 50 men, under Lieut. Ralston, 30th
infantry, ambushed yesterday. Two
men killed, five wounded, nine mis-
sing; pack train lost. Lieutenant and
34 men returned to Santo Tomas with
killed and wounded. After being in-
vestigated."

"Doret, 45th Infantry, struck insur-
gents in Batangas Mountains, prepared
in ambush to meet him. He killed
eight, wounded three, captured five.
His casualties were two men slightly
wounded."

Symbols of Success

A vacant chair and a portrait on the
wall—strange symbols of success! Yet,
in many a home these are the symbols
of the success of the man who did not
find time to care for his health, or ne-
glected the increasing



which Nature gave him. When the
stomach is "weak" and food is im-
perfectly digested and assimilated, it is
only a question of time until the
break-down comes. The stomach is the
very center of vital power and must
be kept in health if sickness is to be
avoided. Doctor Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery cures diseases of
the stomach and other organs of di-
gestion and nutrition. It increases
the supply of pure, rich blood, and
gives the body strength to with-
stand the strain put upon it by the
struggle for success.

"I was a sufferer
from what the doctors
called indigestion, but after trying several
physicians failed to get a cure," writes Mr.
Frank Mericle, of Independence, Jackson Co.,
Mo., Box 473. "Some of my symptoms were
weakness, loss of sleep, fullness, tired feel-
ing, constipation; sometimes soreness would
extend to bowels. Some one recommended me
to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,
which I did, and after taking only a few bottles
of 'Discovery' and your 'Pleasant Pellets' can
say I derived more benefit from them than any
other medicine I ever tried. I began to gain
fresh from the start. Have recommended it to
others and will continue to do so."

The sluggish liver made active by Dr.
Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

THE DEATH OF
JOHN RUSKIN

He Refused Peer Laureatship of
England and Died in
Retirement.

His Sad Love Story—The Wife Whom
He Idolized Became Infatuated
With Sir John Mills and Finally
Married Him.

A London cablegram of Saturday's
date made the brief announcement that
"John Ruskin died this afternoon of
influenza, aged 81 years."

It was a half-century ago that the
literary and aesthetic world of England
was startled by the appearance of a
volume called "Modern Painters" by an
Oxford Graduate. This daring neo-
phyte pronounced that the gods of the
artistic world were false, and proposed
to set up a new idol instead. The
preacher had much to say for himself;
he knew what he was talking about;
he had studied not only books, but pic-
tures, and nature, closely and pro-
foundly, and he could give a reason
for the faith that was in him. He de-
clared that Turner, then an obscure
and almost unnoticed artist, was the
equal and superior of any of the great
landscape painters whose fame was se-
cured, especially the pitted Turner
against Claude Lorraine, Poussin and
Salvator Rosa, and pronounced the
humble Englishman far beyond the
French and Italian masters in all the
essential qualities of originality, truth,
beauty, grace and power. He called at-
tention to the work of Holman Hunt
and John Willids, who had not then at-
tained the popularity that later came
to them.

HIS OTHER WORKS.

"Modern Painters," published in 1843,
first attracted the literary world to
John Ruskin, even though many did
not agree with him. Ruskin was at
that time 24 years old. He was born
in London in 1819, the son of a weav-
ing wine merchant. In 1842 he gradu-
ated at Christ Church, Oxford, where,
three years before, he had gained the
Newdigate prize for English poetry.
Producing the first volume of "Modern
Painters" in 1843, he followed with the
other four at intervals, the last being
published in 1860.

Mr. Ruskin published "The Seven
Lamps of Architecture" in 1849, and in
1851-53 "The Stones of Venice." Both
were written for the purpose of pro-
moting a better style of architecture.
A later work, "The Study
of Architecture in Our Schools," pub-
lished in 1865, contains studies and
illustrations founded upon Ruskin's
kind observations of Venetian build-
ings. In 1867 he received the
degree of LL.D. from the
University of Cambridge, which
also gave him a professorship.

Two years earlier Oxford had made
him Slade professor of fine arts. He
showed his desire to advance art edu-
cation by giving £25,000 to endow a
master of drawing at Oxford.

A SAMPLE OF RUSKIN'S VIGOR.

What Ruskin said of Whistler's "A
Nocturne in Black and Gold" is a
good sample of his vigorous style:

"For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no
less than for the protection of the
chaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay, ought not
to have admitted into the gallery a pic-
ture in which the ill-educated conceit
of the artist so cheaply and so care-
lessly exposed the public face. I have
seen and heard much of Cockney im-
pudence, but never expected to hear a
coarse and vulgar fellow, for flinging a
put of drawn at the public face."

Mr. Whistler sued for £1,000 damages
and got a farthing.

In 1893 Ruskin was offered the post
of poet laureate of England, but re-
fused it, and the death of Lord Tennyson,
but he declined the honor, an honor
that was all the more distinguished be-
cause of the fact that while Ruskin
was alive, the poet laureate of literature
left to England, he had written no
poems except those of his youth.

RUSKIN'S SAD LOVE STORY.

The love story of Ruskin's life is well
known, although its details have never
been made public. Ruskin's wife, a
young and beautiful woman, fell in love
with the painter Mills, whom Ruskin
had befriended. Although deeply in love
Ruskin parted from his wife, and after
the formality of a divorce, she married
Mills.

At his father's death, Ruskin found
himself possessed of an estate of £1-
000. With this money he set himself
doing good. Poor young men and
women who were struggling to obtain an
education were helped, homes for work-
ing men and women were established,
and the formality of a divorce, she married
Mills.

He also promoted a work for
reclaiming waste land outside of Lon-
don. The land was used for the aid of
unfortunate men and women who had
fallen from the state into which they
had fallen through cruel social condi-
tions and their own weaknesses. It is
said that his work suggested to Col.
Booth his plan for the reclamation of
the land. By 1877 he had disposed
of three-fourths of his inheritance, be-
sides all the income from his work.

A RELUCTANT RECLUSE. Many years
passed in his wife, Ruskin passed into
even greater seclusion a decade
ago. Since 1893 he had lived quietly at
Brantwood, a beautiful cottage near
Conistone, Lancashire. Although his
fortune was gone, he still had a com-
petency left.

Of late the world had heard little of
the famous writer beyond the fact that
his mind was failing. He had gone mad.
That in his later days his mind was
unbalanced is undoubtedly true.

Of his place in British literature, it
has been said: "Mr. Ruskin has filled
a place in England never occupied by
any other man. He has been not alone
the great authority on art in all its
branches, but to the position of the
countryman his word has been law on
all questions of literature and taste.

To a great extent, also, many of them
regarded him as a prophet on moral
and social problems. In regard to which
he has shown himself a curious mix-
ture of the man of the world and the
visionary whose imagination conjured
up a world that was impossible. His
decisions have been rendered with a
dogmatism that admitted of no appeal
and a lucidity of expression sometimes
in strange contrast with the whimsical
character of his utterances. He is unques-
tionably one of the best writers of
pure English which this country has
seen."

MODERN BRICK-MAKING.

Middlemarch, Jan. 22, 1900.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

I notice in your issue of Jan. 17, a
description of a new brick kiln which
Mr. James has erected. Your corre-
spondent evidently thinks it a wonder,
and the first of the kind in these parts.
I have been burning bricks for the
past four years on practically the same
system (down draft), the principal dif-
ference being that my kiln is a round

dome while his is a square one. I chal-
lenge any yard in Western Ontario to
burn brick which gives any better sat-
isfaction to the brick in general.

DAVID M. SMALL,
Middlemarch, Ont.

WOULD FIGHT
FOR CANADA

Mr. Blake's Speech to an Irish
Audience.

Said He Would Return Home and
Shoulder a Gun if His Home
Was Invaded.

A splendid demonstration in support
of the principles of the United Irish
League was held at Longford, Ireland,
on Jan. 8, and was addressed by the
Hon. Edward Blake, the member for
the division. Mr. Blake met with a
very cordial reception on his arrival
in the town. He was met at the station
by a crowd, with a band, and was very
warmly welcomed. His speech was
followed with great interest. A police
short-hand writer put in an appearance
at the gathering. An application was
made that he should be given facilities
for his work on the platform, but the
request was refused. He then took up
a place in front of the platform, pro-
tected by a small force of constabulary.

Mr. Blake's references to the rumo-
red intention of the Fenians in the
United States to invade Canada are of
special interest to Canadians. His re-
marks were as follows:

I notice reports that some Irish-
Americans propose to accomplish home
rule for Ireland by invading Canada;
and that one of their objectives is To-
ronto, which I call home. Doubtless
the policy of these persons is governed
by far higher considerations. But it
does seem rather an odd way of stimu-
lating the sympathy of Canadians with
the Irish cause to threaten with war
and devastation a country whose house-
hold of commons has on three occasions,
by overwhelming majorities, given its sup-
port to Irish home rule, and a people,
which, up to the very last, years after
America and Australasia had closed
their purses, after you yourselves had
stopped payment, continued to sub-
scribe liberally to the cause. Why, that
very city of Toronto, only a couple of
years ago, gave me a thousand pounds
for Ireland? If I thought these threats
serious, and capable of substantial ex-
ecution, why, gentlemen, I should not
have been here today. I should have
borrowed a Mauser from someone who
seems to have plenty to spare, learned
the new rifle practice (for mine is fifty
years old), and taken passage to help
defend my wife and children and
grandchildren from my brother home
ruiners. But, as you see, I have not
borrowed a rifle, or taken my passage.
I have stated that if any such at-
tempt were made my townsmen would
give a good account of themselves, and
would need no old man's help. But I
think that the threats are not serious,
that they are only bravado, or at most
an obvious ruse. They do not at all
disturb such a robust home ruler as
myself. I stand exactly where I have
always stood. (Cheers.) But you can
well understand that, with the masses
of the Canadian people even those of
Irish descent, and still more with those
of other blood, whose sympathies are,
of course, less fervent, nothing is more
calculated to chill zeal than threats
like these. And so the harm that a few
persons may, by such threats, inflict on
a constitutional agitation like ours, in
which one important factor is a world-
wide sympathy, may be greater than
at first sight appears."

Two severe cases that
were completely cured
by the Great Blood
Purifier and Healer,

Burdock
Blood
Bitters

Suffered for over eleven years I
11 Years, suffered with Dyspepsia
and tried everything I could think of, but
was unable to get relief until I took Bur-
dock Blood Bitters. I had only taken one
bottle when I commenced to feel better,
and after taking five or six bottles was
entirely well, and have remained so ever
since, and feel as though B.B.B. had saved
my life.—Mrs. T. G. Joyce, Stanhope, P.Q.

Covered My little boy, aged 9
With Sores, years, was a complete
mass of sores, caused, the doctor said, by
bad blood. His head and body were
entirely covered with sores, and we could
find no cure. Finally I got a bottle of
Burdock Blood Bitters, and before one-
half the bottle was gone he began to
improve and by the time it was finished
there was not a sore on him.

I used the B.B.B. as a wash as well as
internally, and it seemed to give great
relief as soon as it was put on.—Mrs.
Philip Mitchell, St. Mary's, Ont.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
Dr. T. Felix Gouard's Oriental Cream
or Magical Beautifier.

Removes tan
pimples, freck-
les, moths, patches,
skin diseases,
and every
blemish on
beauty, and
restores the
tissue. It has
stood the test
of 50 years and
is so harmless
we taste it to
be sure it is
properly made.
Accept no
counterfeit of
this skin beauti-
fier.

Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of
the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies
will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream" as
the least harmful of all the skin preparations.

Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair
without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones
street, New York.

For sale by Druggists and Fancy Goods
Dealers throughout the United States, Canada
and Europe.

THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

The Intercolonial Railway is the direct route
to the great game regions of Eastern Canada,
New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In this area
are the finest hunting grounds for moose, deer,
caribou and other big game, as well as unlim-
ited opportunities for shooting wild geese,
duck, and other fowl common to this
part of the continent. For information as to
game in New Brunswick, send for a copy of
"Hod and Gun."

Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand
Trunk system, at Union Station, Toronto, and
at the office of the General Traveling Agent,
William Robinson, General Traveling Agent,
Room No. 11, Lawlor Building, cor. King and
Yonge streets, Toronto.

H. A. Price, District Passenger Agent, 143 St.
James street, Montreal.

THE MARITIME EXPRESS will leave Montreal
daily except Saturday, at 11:30 a.m., for Hal-
ifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., and points in the
Maritime Provinces.

The Maritime Express from Halifax, St. John
and other points east, will arrive at Montreal
daily except on Monday, at 5:30 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Montreal
except Sunday, at 12 noon, and arrive
at Riviere du Loup at 6:30 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Riviere du
Loup daily, except Sunday, at 12 noon, and ar-
rive at 4:30 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at
10:10 p.m.

Through sleeping and dining cars on the
Maritime Express. Buffet cars on Local Ex-
press.

The vestibule trains are equipped with every
convenience for the comfort of the traveler.
The elegant sleeping, dining and first-class cars
make travel a pleasure.

WHITE STAR LINE
New York to Liverpool via Queenstown

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Passengers are now being booked for
summer sailings. Reserve at once and
save disappointment. Bear in mind
that it is easier to cancel accommodation
at a late date than to secure it.

"S.S. OCEANIC, Jan. 24..... 11 a.m.
"S.S. TEUTONIC, Feb. 3..... Noon
"Excellent Second Cabin accommodation
on these steamers.

E. De La Hooke,
Sole Agent for London, "Clock" Corner



The dictionary says

success means prosperity; good fortune;
a wished-for result. The success of
Pearline means more. It means
that Pearline has proved itself
the easiest, quickest, safest, most
economical thing to use in washing
and cleaning. It means that women
have found this true, and haven't been slow to tell others the
truth about it. There's nothing odd about the success of
Pearline. It does so much and saves so much.

Cleanliness is next akin to Godliness.



USE
EDDY'S
BRUSHES.

The Most Durable on the Market.
For Sale Everywhere.

Manilla Rope, Leather Cord,
Binder Twine, Hide Cord,
Sisal Rope, Lath Yarn,
Pulp and Paper Cord.

ASK FOR PRICES.

..CORDAGE..

WHEN IN THE MARKET FOR...

Manilla Rope, Leather Cord,
Binder Twine, Hide Cord,
Sisal Rope, Lath Yarn,
Pulp and Paper Cord.

ASK FOR PRICES.

Hobbs Hardware Co.
LONDON, ONT.

Manilla Rope, Leather Cord,
Binder Twine, Hide Cord,
Sisal Rope, Lath Yarn,
Pulp and Paper Cord.

ASK FOR PRICES.

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Pulp and Paper Cord.

ASK FOR PRICES.

Hobbs Hardware Co.
LONDON, ONT.

Railways and Navigation

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships for
Liverpool, Callings, and
From From
Portland, Halifax
Feb. 10
Numidian..... Feb. 21, Liverpool direct
Calliope..... Feb. 24 Feb. 25
From New York to Glasgow—State of
Nebraska, Jan. 25; Sarmatian, Feb. 15.

RATES OF PASSAGE.
First cabin, \$40 and upwards. Second cabin
\$30. Steerage, \$2