

# Why Pay Rent When You Can Own Your Own Home?

\$5 Down and \$1 Per Week Will Buy a Choice Lot on

## CHelsea GREEN

Chelsea Green Property is a Good, Safe Investment and Is Bound to Increase in Value as the Suburb Grows

### Advantages of Chelsea Green

SOME OF THESE ARE NOT FOUND IN ANY OTHER LONDON SUBURB, THEY ARE MARKED \*

- Taxes** are at county rates, which are much lower than city rates.
- School** Children have a school almost at their door, and it is in charge of a competent teacher.
- Church** A good church has been built right in the center of the village.
- Location** Chelsea Green is located on high and dry land, with good drainage. It is one of the healthiest localities in London or hereabouts.
- Postoffice** has been opened and handles all mail.
- Sidewalks** Good cement walks have been laid, and will be extended as needed.
- Size of Lots** Every lot is full 40 feet wide, and has a lane at the rear.
- Close to City** Chelsea Green is just five minutes' walk from a car line, giving good service—Adelaide and Ottawa.
- General Store** A general store, carrying a complete stock, is already located, and supplying all needs of the residents.
- Waterworks System** Chelsea Green has a complete waterworks system, which is available for every house. The water comes from absolutely pure springs.

No workman should miss such an opportunity as this to own his home. Your present rent will buy you a home and pay for it in a few years, and while you are paying for it the value is increasing and gives you a chance to make some money if you want to.

Act now, before the choice lots are all sold. Every month's rent you pay now might apply on your own home.

Nearest subdivision to the city. Five minutes' walk from car line, Adelaide and Ottawa Avenue. Houses will be built if desired. Thirty-five houses already built. Two hundred population. Cement Walks, Good Water, School, Church, General Store and Telephone, Postoffice. County Taxes. Lots 40 feet wide sell at \$150 and up. Lane in rear of every lot.

Apply on the Premises to C. F. COATES, Grocer, Chelsea Green, or to

## THOS. C. KNOTT

### MASONIC TEMPLE, CITY

### Out of the Darkness

The only singularity about their intercourse was that he never shook hands with her since the day that they had parted at the King's Head, Barnard Castle; he never once offered his hand; there seemed to be a tacit understanding that no handshaking should pass between them till the day that Robert Ord should come to her and acknowledge that he had done her this wrong.

That day was far enough off now, Rotha thought sometimes; as she watched him and saw the sweet gravity of his ways with Belle—he was more like her than usual just now—she could hardly suppress a patient sigh. "It is so dreadful to be so disliked," thought poor Rotha. At such times she would feel sad in spite of her happiness, but nothing could exceed her gentleness with him and Belle—poor Belle, who was growing more wayward than ever with her increased suffering.

But she had a staunch friend in Garton, and soon afterward she was able to render him a great service.

Since Laurie's account of his daring exploit, which Belle had corroborated, he had risen greatly in her estimation. Women are not slow to appreciate natural prowess; she began to look upon Garton rather in the light of a hero,

and was disposed to think in consequence that he was somewhat unfairly treated, and that if everyone had his dues Garton Ord would be occupying a very different sphere; but she saw, or thought that she saw, that Robert and even the vicar held another opinion. Mary, too, when Rotha spoke on the subject, would always shake her head and say Garton wanted ballast. "He is nearly three-and-twenty, and he does not even earn bread and cheese for himself," Mary would add; and then Rotha would be silent.

"Do you expect him to dig for it?" she sometimes said to herself indignantly. "How can a man learn half a dozen trades at once? I understood he was to be a clergyman." She thought Garton very hard worked indeed, though she would have been puzzled to specify the exact nature of his employment. From her window at Bryn she could see him working in his own or the vicar's garden, as though his livelihood depended on it, she was always meeting him in the village or on the shore surrounded by boys, and never without a ponderous volume under his arm. When she went into the church there he was striding up and down the isles in his long cassock, or swinging round odd corners to look

after stray choir-boys. When service was over he would stand bareheaded by the lych-gate, keeping order, and marshaling the unruly lads; ten minutes later she would see him through the school-house window, leading the singing or drilling raw recruits into practice—and doing it all, too, in a brisk, energetic, cheerful way that was very pleasant to see. Rotha could not understand that remark about ballast at all; so she was very kind to the young man when they met, and in a simple, transparent way made much of him.

And one night she made acquaintance with Garton's shadow.

It happened in this wise: Rotha had been down to the Convalescent Hospital after service one evening, to see a patient who had met with a severe accident; she had been unexpectedly detained, and it was quite late by the time she had finished her errand.

It was a wild night, and as Rotha left the safe shelter of the building she could hardly keep her footing. It was very dark, and the wind howled and rushed at her round corners like a mad thing—bouncing and buffeting her at every turn; the sea seemed lashing itself furiously to make a night of it. Little eddies of sand swirled round Rotha, stinging her face and neck like crowds of sharp needles; the lights on the sea-wall wavered before her, and a damp mist of rain seemed to wet her to the skin. "If I could only get round the next corner," thought Rotha, fighting for breath manfully. "I should be all right." The next minute she was taken off her feet, and drifted right on to a dark object, over which she stumbled, and only saved herself from falling by being brought up against an opposite wall.

"Oh, dear! I hope I have not hurt anybody," said Rotha breathlessly; for the object had moved slightly, and in the darkness was looming gradually into the figure of a boy—a boy lying, or rather crouching, in a doorway, with his head hidden in his hands.

The boy lifted up his head, and seemed to listen through the whirlwind, as Rotha panted out the inquiry.

"It is a dreadful night," she continued, shivering. "Don't you think it rather foolish to be sitting on a wet doorstep in such a gale as this?"

"I would as lief be here as anywhere," muttered the boy disconsolately, and then they turned their faces to the wall. "It always tears round this corner like this," he observed indifferently; "sometimes I have been half blinded by the sand—there are drifts of it tonight."

Rotha wiped her eyes ruefully; they were smarting by this time. Down below there was a faint flickering of street lamps, and some little pools shined under them. Something in the boy's attitude or voice seemed to strike her, and she stooped over and touched his shoulder.

"My poor boy, and you are so wet! But I cannot see your face. Is it Reuben Armstrong?"

He started up as though ashamed of the recognition.

"Yes, I am Reuben; but don't tell him—don't let him know, I mean, that you saw me like this."

"Of whom are you speaking, Reuben?"

"Of Mr. Garton. He would be sorry; it would vex him, I know, to hear that he has turned me out again on such a night."

"Turned you out of doors, do you mean?" exclaimed Rotha, horrified. The wind was whistling so loudly she was obliged almost to shout her words. The boy nodded, and then drew himself up against the wall in a patient sort of way, as though he were used to it. Rotha fancied his voice sounded as though he had been crying, but it was impossible to see anything clearly. Poor Reuben! She was as wet and tired as she could be; but she could not leave him like this.

"But, Reuben, this is dreadful. I never heard anything so shocking in my life. Let me knock at the door and persuade your father to let you in." In such an emergency it seemed to her the only thing she could do, but the boy's frightened voice stayed her.

"It is no use—it is no use, indeed," he continued; "he has been having too much down at the Green Inn, and he is sure to turn his hand against mother or me when that's the case. I don't care so that it is not mother. I think I had as lief be here as inside tonight." But Reuben could not keep his teeth from chattering as he spoke.

"But why are you down at Mr. Garton's?" persisted Rotha; "surely he or the vicar would give you shelter for the night?"

"They have done it often enough already," returned the boy sadly; "but I cannot bear to put them out so. Mr. Garton has often gone without his own dinner when father has locked up the food from us. I think I should have starved once but for him"—and now Rotha could see the tears glistening in his eyes—"he took me into his own bed one night when father had kicked me out into the street. But I would not let him know for the world tonight."

"But why not? You will die of cold by the morning," pleaded Rotha. But she was spared further speech by the steady opening of the door behind them. Through the crack Rotha could see a thin baggy-looking woman trying to shield a rushlight from the draught of air. In another moment a gust of wind extinguished it.

"Is that you, mother?" whispered Reuben, putting his face to the crack.

"Whist, lad! Oh, Rube, Rube, he is rumbling out curses to himself now on his bed."

"Has he struck you, mother? You speak faint like."

"Nay, naught to speak of! It's thee I'm thinking of, lad; thou'lt starve of it, come, Rube! Slip through into the kitchen, and I'll make thee up a bed on the settle."

"Mother, I don't."

"Come, lad, and I'll give thee summat to eat; thou art pined with hunger—thy stomach must be quite pinched like."

"No, no, I durn't; he would kill me!"

—and Rotha could hear he was sobbing bitterly now—"he said he would break every bone in my body. Shut the door, mother, and say goodnight; it is not so very cold out here."

But Rotha came close.

"He says right. Shut the door, Mrs. Armstrong. He shall go home with me. Come, Reuben, I am getting wet through," and she put out a soft hand in the darkness and drew the boy on.

"There, good-night, and God help you, you poor woman."

Reuben tried to thank her as they battled through the storm, but she would not let him speak.

"I could not leave the poor shadow on the doorstep," she thought to herself. She was quite in a pleasant glow and bustle when she arrived at Bryn, and would not let Meg be anxious at her wet appearance for a minute. "Just stir up the fire, and tell Prue to mull some wine directly," she said, as she ran off to change her dripping garments. In five minutes she reappeared with all sorts of comforts for Reuben.

The boy's dejection cleared a little as he felt himself invigorated by the warmth and cheerfulness. When he had done justice to the good supper provided for him Rotha took him up to his room. "Tomorrow, when you are rested, we must have a long talk together," she said, as she left him.

She sat over her fire a long time that night, and scarcely looked up when Meg made her good-night.

"I think I see my way clear," she said aloud, as she shook herself from her musing. "They say man's importunities are God's opportunities; and one of these days I shall have to give an account of my stewardship. I never felt glad that I was rich before this."

Rotha had her talk with Reuben the next morning; and, in spite of the boy's reluctance to implicate his wretched parent, she managed to glean sufficient facts to assure her that the poor lad was habitually ill-used; for Armstrong was, at the best of times, a hard, churlish sort of man; but in his drunken fits he was so savage that his wife and boy often suffered severely from his violence. His elder sons had run away to sea when mere boys, unable to endure his intolerable temper. And, but for his poor broken-down mother and Mr. Garton, Reuben confessed he would long ago have followed their example.

"It is Mr. Garton keeps me most," finished Reuben. "It is no good my staying any longer with mother, it only makes things worse. She will interfere and take my part when he threatens me. I don't think he would touch her but for that, and it does make my blood boil to see him lay his heavy hand on her."

"But why does Mr. Garton keep you from running away, Reuben?" asked Rotha, rather curiously.

"The boy colored and looked down. "He does not keep me," he said at length, hesitating. "I keep myself. I don't feel as though I can leave him when he wants me so."

"Wants you so?" repeated Rotha in a little surprise.

"Yes," returned the boy in a low voice, "but I should not like him to hear me say it; but I know he has a hard life, and that people don't understand him. He tells me sometimes that he would feel so lonely without me. I have always been so much with him since he saved my life. You know all about that, don't you?" he continued, raising his eyes to Rotha. Her kindness was fast thawing his reserve.

"Yes, I know all about it," returned Rotha musingly; and at that minute Mrs. Garton entered the room. He had been down to the cottage to see Reuben, and had heard from the boy's

mother what had happened.

Rotha shook hands with him rather shyly, but he had no eyes for anything but his favorite.

"Oh, Rube, Rube!" he said, as the boy sprang to meet him; and Rotha could see there were tears in his eyes. "To think of you being turned out on such a night as that, and never to come to me in your trouble! But for Miss Maturin's kindness, what would have become of you?"

"I did not want you to know anything about it," pleaded the boy.

"He was afraid of disturbing your brother," added Rotha; but Garton only shook his head sorrowfully, and said again, "Oh, Rube, Rube!"

Rotha never liked him so well as when he stood there, with his arm round the boy's neck, and the muscles of his strong face working with agitation.

She went out of the room softly by and by, thinking they would like to be alone; when she came back Reuben had evidently been crying.

"Reuben says he will be late for school, Miss Maturin; he is only coming to say goodby to you, and thank you for your kindness."

Rotha made believe not to notice the red eyes. She shook the boy's hand heartily, and said, "But I shall expect you back to dinner, Reuben, remember that; we have not finished our talk yet. Mr. Ord if you are in no hurry, I should like to say a word to you."

Garton muttered something about the boys' lessons, but sat down again nevertheless; he looked tired and dispirited, and opened the conversation very gloomily.

"Isn't it a shame to ill-use a boy like that, Miss Maturin? I feel sometimes when I go down to the cottage, I can hardly keep my hands off such a brute. I tell Austin the fellow must be bound over to keep the peace."

"Something must be done for the lad at once," returned Rotha with decision. "I could not sleep another night and feel that such a thing was likely to happen again."

"If I could only have the power to shelter him," groaned Garton, rocking himself to and fro, "but I am no good."

### SUFFERING BABIES.

Mothers can find sure relief for their suffering little ones in Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets are a gentle laxative that do not grip the little one, and cure all the minor ills of babies and young children. They are pleasant to take, prompt in their action, and unlike "soothing" stuffs, they never do harm, and the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that they contain no drugs harmful to even the youngest baby. Thousands of mothers give their little ones nothing else but Baby's Own Tablets when constipation, stomach trouble, indigestion, colds or worms bother the baby, or when the dreaded teething time comes. Mrs. Jos. Mercier, Plessisville, Que., says: "My baby was a great sufferer from constipation, but thanks to Baby's Own Tablets the trouble has disappeared." The Tablets are sold by all druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

to any one. I often wonder if Rube and I were born under an unlucky star for there seems no place for us anywhere."

(To Be Continued.)

### JUDGMENT IN BUYING

Is Where To Save Money—Quality Must Be Considered First, Careful Buyers Not Jumping at "Sale" Schemes—Buying Direct Is the Best Way To Buy Right.

One cannot be too careful in buying in this day and age of great advertising and scheming that is often misleading. Such great reduction as \$25 off a price by cutting out a newspaper coupon, and bringing it to the store, or great sweeping reductions, because of change in business address, remodeling the stores, etc., those schemes are being presented every day with the idea that the public will not stop to use their better judgment.

If their prices are such that they can cut and slash because, well, because they want business, to the thinking buyer it means that their prices are so high, considering the quality, that they must have some reason to drop; yet they at times advertise one price to all.

The thinking buyers are not so easily deceived, but would prefer to buy direct from the factory, at the factory store, and save all small dealers' or agents' profits.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, the manufacturers of the Gourlay Piano do not cut their prices in half, come next or another, but sell their piano direct to the customer at their factory-store at 135 Dundas street, London.

It is true that the Gourlay Piano is high priced, but it is well worth the price. One can buy here and get the best to be had in the piano market of Canada, and have terms (if desired) arranged to suit their own convenience.

Stop in at 135 Dundas street, "next door to The Advertiser," and see the Gourlay Piano, and get our plan for you to buy direct.

We have several used upright pianos, taken in exchange for Gourlay Pianos, and offer them very low. They are bargains.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING, 16-u-xt

THERE IS NO MEDICINE on the market that can compare with Eick's Anti-Constipative Syrup in expelling from the system the irritating germs that could endanger in the air passages. It is suicide to neglect your cold. Try the cheap experiment of ridding yourself of it by using Eick's Syrup, which is a cheap remedy, easily taken, and once used it will always be prized as a sovereign medicine. Sweder's canals are frozen up on an average of 155 days in each year.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.

**SANTAL-MIDY**  
Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings in 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

### Indians Rarely Catch Cold

Says a Hudson's Bay Factor

Talking with a reporter last night, a retired factor of the Hudson's Bay Company told some interesting things about the Indians of the far north and the remarkable customs of their medicine men—the doctors of the wilderness.

"When an Arctic Indian has a fever, or gets rheumatism—that's the commonest thing that ails an Indian—the medicine man is likely to make him take a sweat-bath that lasts all night. No white man could stand it, I think. They pile stones in a hole in the ground and heat them almost white-hot. Then they cover the hole all over with a thick screen of blankets, and the medicine man says charms about it. A . . . pours in about a barrel of water in which certain herbs and barks have been steeped. Mr. Sick Indian has to sit half-way into that hole for six or seven or ten hours—depends on what the matter with him. Then he steps out into the cool morning air, with the thermometer down to about thirty-eight below, and hustles for his shack. He is weak, but he's a whole lot better all ways."

"There's one thing that never troubles an Indian up there on the Polar Reservation, though," continued the old trader. "He never catches cold. The chiefs used to tell me I caught cold because I breathed too much through my mouth—you know how hard it is to get a full breath through your nose in the icy air of a Canada morning? But an Indian always breathes through his nose, and he certainly doesn't ever know what a cold or a rough feels like."

A local physician, who was present at the interview, gave it as his opinion that mouth-breathing is the cause of a large proportion of the coughs and colds which afflict civilized people. If the average man or woman, at the first hint of a cold, either in the head or on the lungs, would take ordinary precautions and a leaf out of the Indian's book, there would be fewer cases of pneumonia and consumption.

A bottle of Shiloh's Cure, used in moderate doses, but regularly for a day or two; a Eclairin Dover's powder to provoke a good sweat for one night; an extra blanket on the bed; a persistent determination to breathe only through the nostrils—and few coughs or colds would distress folks in ordinary health. Shiloh's is, naturally, a reliable and approved remedy. It has a record of thirty-four years of cold-curing back of the guarantee druggists give the person who buys it; and it will cure colds with the help of mere promptitude and common sense.