

Secret of Its Success

—IS ITS—

Matchless Quality

'SALADA'

(CEYLON TEA)

Sold in lead packets only

ALL GROCERS.

TANGLED THREADS

Crafty madam! Waiting in the fly at the door and making her observations, she had read what the signs mean a most as surely as though she had been told. The other fly waiting, an Ellen dressed; going out in it on that stormy day; Arthur out of mourning, his attire covered with a light overcoat. She guessed the truth fairly by the mysterious hint in the letter she had opened and believed surely that nothing less than a marriage had interrupted. Not a word said she on the way to the station. Getting him away was a great victory; it would not do to risk marriage. But when they were in the train, and the whistle had sounded, and they were fairly off, then madam spoke. They had the compartment to themselves.

"Arthur, you cannot deceive me; any attempt to do so would be useless. You were about to marry Ellen Adair."

She spoke quietly, almost affectionately; when the bosom is beating with passion, it produces calmness of manner rather than passion. For a single moment there wavered in Arthur Bohn's mind a doubt as to whether it should be avowed or evasion, but not for longer. As it came to this, why he must tell her the truth. He raised his head proudly.

"Right, mother. I am going to wed Ellen Adair."

Madam's pulses began to beat nineteen to the dozen. Her head grew hot, her hands cold.

"You were, you mean, Arthur."

"Yes. Put it as you like. What was interrupted to-day, will be concluded to-morrow. As soon as I have seen James, I will return to Easton."

"Arthur! Arthur Bohn! It must never be concluded. Never."

"Pardon me, mother. I am my own master."

"A Bohn may not wed shame and disgrace."

"Shame and disgrace cannot attach to her. Madam, I must beg you to remember that in a few hours that young lady will be my wife. Do not try my temper to-morrow."

"No, not to her, but to her father," panted madam—and Arthur felt frightened, he knew not why, at her strong emotion.

"Would you wed the daughter of a—"

Madam paused. Arthur looked at her; his compressed lips trembled just a little.

"Of a what, mother? Pray go on."

"Of everything that is bad. A forger. A convict."

There was a dead pause. Nothing to be heard but the whirling train. "A—what?" gasped Captain Bohn, when he could get back his breath.

"A Convict," burst forth madam in a scream; for her agitation was becoming irresistible. "Why do you make me repeat painful things?"

"Mother! Of whom do you speak?"

"Of her father, William Adair."

He fell back in the carriage as one who is shot. As one who is shot, he suddenly got out for ever.

CHAPTER XIII.

The funerals were going about in Dalory. Dr. Rane's presence had proved correct; the fever was severe. It spread, and a panic set in.

As yet it had been confined to the poor. To those who for some months now had been living in despair and poverty. Some called it a famine fever; some a relapsing fever; some typhus fever; but, whatever the name accorded to it, one thing was certain—it was of a malignant and fatal type.

It possessed a somewhat singular feature; it had seemed to break out all at once—in a single night. Before the doctors had well ascertained that anything of the kind was in the air, before most of the public had so much as heard of it, it came upon them. The probability of course was that it had been smouldering for some days. On the afternoon that witnessed madam's departure from Dalory Hall—after the receipt of the telegram and the reading of Dick's letter—there had not been one decided case; in the morning no less than seven cases had shown themselves. After that it spread rapidly.

Madam remained away. James Bohn was dead, and she stayed with Sir Nash. Matilda North, taking French leave, went to join her father on an invitation; she did not care to stay in the midst of the sickness. So the master of Dalory Hall was alone, and enjoyed his liberty as much as trouble had left him any capacity for enjoyment.

A week or ten days had passed on since the outbreak, and the funerals were going about Dalory. The two medical men, Dr. Rane and Mr. Sealey, were working off their legs. The panic was at its height. Dalory had been an exceptionally healthy place; people were not used to this state of things, and grew frightened. Some of the better families took flight, for the seaside, or elsewhere. The long-continued distress, resulting on the strike, had predisposed the poorer classes for it. It was they whom it chiefly attacked, but there were now two or three cases amongst their betters. This was no time for the medical men to speculate whether they should or should not be paid; they put all such considerations aside, and gave the poor sufferers their best care. Dr. Rane in particular was tenderly assiduous with his patients. In spite of that fatal letter and the mistake—may, the sin—it involved, he was a human man. Where he a successful practitioner, making his hundreds or thousands a year, as might be, he would be one of the first and readiest to give away largely of his time and skill to any who could not afford to pay him.

The last person whom the fever attacked was one of the brothers Hepburn, of Dalory, undertakers, carpenters, and coffin-makers. Both were steady men, but very steady and respectable. The younger brother, Henry, was the one seized; it was

universally assumed that he caught it in the discharge of certain of the duties of his calling, and the supposition did not tend to decrease the public panic. Dr. Rane thought him a bad subject for the illness, and did all he could for him.

Bessy Rane stood in her kitchen, making an apple pudding. It is rather a sudden transition of subject, from sickness to puddings, but only in accordance with life. Whatever calamity may be decimating society around, the domestic routine of existence goes on at home in its ordinary course. Molly Green was pudding-maker in general; but Molly was hastening over her other work that day, for she had obtained leave to go home in the evening to see her mother; a woman who had been ailing for years with chronic illness, and lived at Whitborough. So Bessy this morning took the pudding upon herself.

Mrs. Rane stood at the table; a brown holland apron tied over her light morning gown, her sleeves turned up to the middle of her delicate arms. Hands and wrists and arms were alike pretty and refined. The apples were in a basin, ready to be rolled out the crust. Ever and anon she glanced at the kitchen clock. Her husband had been called out at four o'clock that morning, and she was growing a little anxious. Now it was close upon eleven. It cannot be said that Bessy was afraid of the fever for him; she shared in the popular belief that medical men are generally exempt from infection; but she was always glad to see him arrive home safe and well.

His latch-key was heard in the door while she was thinking of him. Dr. Rane went straight up to the unused top-room, changed his clothes, and washed his hands and face a precaution he always took when he had been with fever patients. Bessy put the kitchen-door open, that he might see her when he came down.

"Pudding-making, Bessy!" he cried looking in. "Why don't you let Molly do that?"

"Molly's busy. She wants to go home this evening, Oliver, as soon as we can spare her, and will not come back until to-morrow night. She received a letter this morning to say her mother has at last taken to her bed, and the doctor thinks her very ill. I have given her leave to go."

"But how shall you manage without her?"

"I shall have old Phillis in. Molly has been to her, and she says she'll be glad to come."

Dr. Rane said no more. It was quite the same to him whether Molly or Phillis did what was wanted. When men are harassed in spirit, they cannot concern themselves with the petty details of domestic life.

"I was thinking, Oliver, that—if you don't mind—as we can have Phillis, I would leave it to Molly whether to come back to-morrow night, or not. If her mother is really growing worse, the girl may like to stay a day longer with her."

"My dear, do just as you like about it, was the doctor's rather impatient answer. "Your breakfast shall be ready in a moment, Oliver."

(To be Continued.)

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

Somebody has discovered that what Caesar died of was "too much Roman punch."

At Death's Door.—Dyspepsia Conquered.—A Great Medical Triumph. GENTLEMEN.—My medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live, when I commenced the use of Nutriopur & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 219 to 119 pounds. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over 30 dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life, as I never expected to recover when I first commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia. JEAN VALCOURT, (Signed.) General Merchant, 2 Wotton, P.Q.

Tom—Why, Bessie, I could kiss you right under your mother's nose. Bessie (with dignity)—I should very much prefer, sir, that you'd kiss me under my own nose. Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What is has done once it will do again.

Agnes—What are you writing, Minnie—your will? Minnie—No, I'm writing my won't. George proposed last night and I told him I'd answer today.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is carache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

He—Although you are engaged to me you don't treat me a bit better than you do Dick. She—How selfish you are, I'm engaged to him, too.

Filix Files itching Piles. SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

YWT

NEW FRUITS.

FINEST QUALITY

California Prunes, California Apricots,
California Peaches.

NEW TABLE AND COOKING FIGS AND RAISINS
NEW CANNED GOODS.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.
169 DUNDAS STREET.

INGERSOLL.

(Agent for the ADVERTISER, W. H. Mann)

INGERSOLL, Nov. 11.—Sir Richard (wright) is in town, the guest of Dr. Kay, M.P.P.

There is quite an agitation going on in the town and neighborhood of the town and Burwell. The investment would not prove a paying one, and we hope to see scheme carried to a successful issue be many months.

Yesterday was the anniversary of Charles Street Methodist Church, and appropriate services were held. Rev. J. Hazlewood, of the King Street Methodist Church, occupied the pulpit in the morning and the pastor, Rev. Dr. Williamson, conducted the services at night. The next meeting will be held Tuesday evening.

Rev. E. R. Hutt, of St. Paul's Church and Rev. G. C. Patterson, of Embro, changed pulpits yesterday.

The fine new pipe organ for St. P. Church will be shipped from Toronto Friday. Messrs. Lyr & Son, the makers, expect to have it ready for use on Dec. 1.

The Fraser Dramatic Company open week's engagement in the town hall tonight.

Chief Skirving will commence his tour today.

W. J. McConnell, the injured policeman is slowly recovering.

Miss M. Dunn is the guest of Miss Nairn, Aylmer.

THAMESVILLE.

(Agent for the ADVERTISER, John Duncan)

THAMESVILLE, Nov. 14.—The funeral of the late Henry Butler, an old resident of this place, took place on Sunday. The rites were performed by the Masons which order he had been a member years.

Mr. Rye, tailor, intends removing business to the stand recently occupied by Mr. E. Graves.

The funeral of the infant son of Mr. Graves took place on Friday.

Heavy frost for the last two or three nights.

Dr. R. N. Fraser is very ill of biliousness. While he was leaving a man hand he cut his own. A doctor from Chatham is taking his place.

The O'Banyoun Jubilee Singers gave concert in town on Friday evening. There was a small attendance, the weather being bad.

EXETER.

(Agents for the ADVERTISER, J. Grigg and J. Browning)

Nov. 10.—The snow is about fifteen inches deep and still falling.

Several loads of grain came into the large on Saturday afternoon.

Ald. Thos. B. Carling wears a brace smile. His wife presented him with a bouncing baby boy on Saturday last.

Rev. E. W. Hunt, of the Trinity Memorial Church, intends giving an organ recital the above-named church on Thanksgiving night.

Guy Brothers' minstrel troupe hold forth in Drew's Opera House on Tuesday, N. 13.

LAMBETH.

Nov. 11.—Mr. George Weaver, Lambeth, died this morning. He was 70 years of age. He was a well-known man in the neighborhood.

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MOTHER!

Lactated Food Will Make Your Baby Bright, Strong and Happy.

Why is your darling baby so weak, puny, so cross and peevish? You say you cannot tell why, and you know of no good reason why it should be so. Let us, in few words, tell you where the trouble arises. Your baby, dear mother, is not getting a perfect, pure and nourishing food; its digestion is imperfect, its stomach weak, and it cannot rest and sleep well.

If you were feeding your treasure on pure Lactated Food, what a wonder change you would see in baby! No, no! tempered babies exist where Lactated Food is used; no peevishness is observed, no crying for hours at a time, when nature's food is regularly used from day to day.

There is danger, dear mother, if you neglect to use the only food fitted for infant nourishment. If you are not fully convinced about the superiority of Lactated Food, get your physician's opinion once; he knows that the great food is wonderful life-saver.

Repairing. Bicycle, gun and general repairing given careful attention. We have a few good second-hand bicycles cheap. D. McKEN & Co., 385 Richmond street, opposite C. Hall.

TENDERLOIN, SWEETBONES, HEARTS, KIDNEYS, BACON, HAM.

The Canadian Packing Co. STORE RICHMOND ST.

NAVIGATION AND RAILWAYS.

ALLAN LINE

Royal Mail Steamships, Liverpool, Calling at Montreal.

From Montreal, From Quebec

Parisian, Nov. 10, Nov. 11

Mongolian, Nov. 17, Nov. 18

State of California, Nov. 21, Nov. 22

Laurentian, Dec. 8, Dec. 9

Numidian, Dec. 20, Dec. 21

RATES OF PASSAGE.

First cabin, Lery and Liverpool, \$15 and upwards single; \$30 and upwards return. Second cabin, Liverpool, Lery, Belfast, Glasgow, \$10 return \$20. Steerage at lowest rates, ever offered.

All steamships carry first cabin, second cabin and steerage passengers.

STATE LINE SERVICE New York, Londonderry and Glasgow.

From New York, State of Nebraska, Nov. 2, Nov. 3

State of California, Dec. 8, Dec. 9

Laurentian, Dec. 20, Dec. 21

Numidian, Dec. 20, Dec. 21



POND'S EXTRACT

THIS IS THE GENUINE.

Our trade-mark on Buff Wrapper around every bottle.

THE WONDER OF HEALING.

FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, WOUNDS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PILES, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, INFLAMMATIONS, CATARRH, HEMORRHAGES, and ALL PAIN.

Refuse Substitutes, made crudely, sold cheaply.

Used internally and externally.

Prices, 50c., Cheap, \$1, Cheaper, \$1.75, Cheapest.

Genuine is strong and pure. Can be diluted with water.

Sole Manufacturers POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

PAIN KILLER

WILL QUICKLY CURE DIPHTHERIA, QUINSY, COLDS AND COUGHS.

Bedroom Sets, \$22.

THE LATEST.

Very pretty white finished Bedroom Sets, with brass trimmings, suitable for young people's rooms.

London Furniture Mfg. Company, WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS.

Retail Warerooms: 184 to 190 King St., London, Ont.

Established 1874.

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NAVIGATION AND RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

—WILL SELL—

ROUND TRIP TICKETS

—AT—

SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE

—TO—

CLEVELAND, Ohio. — Good going Nov. 14 and 15, returning until Nov. 17.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Good going Nov. 18, 19 and 20, returning until Nov. 30.

THOS. R. PARKER, City Passenger Agent, Office, 161 Dundas Street, corner of Richmond. City Office open 7 a.m.

THANKSGIVING DAY

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Will Sell Round Trip Tickets for

Single First-Class Fare

Between all Stations in Canada, Fort William and East, also to

DETROIT,

Going P. M. Trains Nov. 21. All Trains Nov. 22. Returning until Nov. 23, 1894.

Secure Tickets from any Agent of the Company.

THOS. R. PARKER, City Passenger Agent, Office, 161 Dundas Street, corner Richmond. City Office open 7 a.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

Round Trip Tickets

CLEVELAND,

Good going Nov. 14 and 15, and for return until Nov. 17; and to

HOT SPRINGS, Ark.

Good going Nov. 18 and 19, and for return until Nov. 30, at

SINGLE FARE,

Offices: "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas Sts. and G. T. R. Depot

THANKSGIVING DAY!

NOVEMBER 22, 1894.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

Will Issue Round Trip Tickets at

SINGLE FARE

TO ALL STATIONS IN

CANADA, DETROIT, NIAGARA FALLS, SUSPENSION BRIDGE, AND BUFFALO.

Good going by afternoon trains, Nov. 21, and all trains on Nov. 22, good to return, Nov. 23. Excursion tickets not good on limited trains. City Ticket office, 355 Richmond Street, Telephone 205.

JOHN PAUL, City Passenger Agent, C. W. HUGGLES, JOHN G. LAVEN, Gen. Pass. Agent, Can. Pass. Agent

OCEAN

STEERAGE PASSAGE. All requisites included.

\$10.

E. de la Hooke,

"CLOCK" CORNER.

Agent for 12 Lines of Steamers

WHITE STAR LINE

Royal and United States Mail Steamers for Queenstown and Liverpool

*ADRIATIC, Nov. 11, Nov. 14