

## 'SALADA' (CEYLON TEAS)

Because Pure,  
Because carefully grown.  
Because deliciously flavored.  
Because properly blended.  
Because no better can be found  
the world over.

If you don't want the best, don't try  
"Salada."

If you do, well—Any grocer sells it.

## Her Life's Love

Shespoke brily, almost sharply, with  
the calm decision that reassures even while  
it alarms.

Without a word Roderick obeyed; allowed  
Mr. Black, who had listened in silence, to  
give him his hat and coat, and throw a  
plaid into the carriage after him.

"Will you not go, too, Mr. Black? You  
had better. He is quite stunned."

"Yes, my lady; but I know him—he's a  
brave lad, he will bear up alone. And I  
must go elsewhere."

The old man grasped the young man's  
hand with a sudden "God bless you!" then  
Roderick sprang into the carriage and drove  
away.

Oh, that awful drive! sitting like a stone,  
watching mechanically the trees and moors  
and hills slip by, his watch in one hand,  
counting the half hours—no, the very minutes—  
as they crawled along; in the other  
hand clutching Lady Symington's note,  
ready to be given to the doctor as soon as  
he could be found.

And then the drive back, with the cele-  
brated man to whom the case was only a  
case, and who talked cleverly and cheer-  
fully and indifferently of that and many  
other things, but he was scarcely  
heard, and then, with a natural human sym-  
pathy for the white, set face beside him,  
dropped into silence and a book; for years  
Roderick never saw the title of that book  
without a shudder.

A ray of hope! he learned there was  
only a ray! and three hours before the  
whole world had seemed to him to be flood-  
ed with sunshine. He asked no questions,  
made no remarks. Mute and unappealing  
he sat, half stunned, half blind, like a man  
who has suddenly received sentence of  
death—death utterly undeserved and unex-  
pected—death in the very midst of life, so  
that reason refuses to believe it as a reality,  
and the mind is conscious of neither terror  
nor pain, only a dull sense of something  
having happened, or being about to happen,  
which one can no more escape than one can  
escape from the falling rock or the advent  
of a breaker, either of which will bring  
certain and instantaneous doom.

They reached Blackhall, and he heard at  
the front door the doctor's question, "Is she  
alive?" and Lady Symington's answer, "No."  
And then he staggered in, and Janet had  
to fetch her master a glass of water, and  
put him into the arm-chair, quite blind and  
dizzy.

But he soon recovered himself, and went  
back to listen at the foot of the staircase.

"It will be a hard fight—a hard to hand  
fight—but we'll beat it, I trust," the doctor  
was saying, with a thoroughly professional  
look on his eager face, and a beam of his  
keen eyes, often seen in men like him when  
they brace up all their skill to do battle  
with the great enemy. Then he and Lady  
Symington both vanished, and Roderick  
was left alone.

Hour after hour he sat, no one coming  
near him. Once Janet knocked at the parlor  
door and asked if she might bring in baby,  
whose crying disturbed the mother. Roderick  
assented, but took no notice of his son;  
indeed, at the moment he most felt as if  
he hated him. Kind Janet was the only  
person who paid the least attention to the  
young heir of Blackhall.

Never, never will little Henry's father for-  
get that day—a lovely day, with a half  
sunshine, toward evening wholly sun-  
shine. And that mad bird, that loud-voiced  
mavis, singing incessantly in the yew-tree  
—he covered his ears to deaden the  
sound. All the soul seemed concentrated in  
listening—was the moving of feet in that  
room up-stairs, where the terrible battle for  
life was going on, and during which he  
seemed himself to be dying a hundred  
deaths.

He did nothing, absolutely nothing, hour  
after hour; what was there for him to do?  
Once, catching sight of the pile of letters—  
those happy letters, which nobody had  
thought of posting—the rose mechanically  
in order to put them away somewhere, and  
in looking about found his wife's work-  
basket, just as she had left it, the needle  
still sticking into the unfinished rill.

Would it ever be finished? With a gasp and  
a wild stare round, as if to call her to  
appeal to her—she, who had never before  
forsaken him thus, being missing when he  
wanted her, or silent when he called—she  
seized and kissed it. Then he put every-  
thing in its place again, including her gar-  
den shawl, which he folded up with his  
helpless hands as tenderly as if it had been  
a living thing, and sat down again in the  
same chair, with his head dropped on his  
hands.

Presently he had to arouse himself, and  
speak a few common-place words to Sir  
John, who came to fetch Lady Symington  
home to dinner; people must dine, and the  
old lady looked exhausted. She went  
up to Roderick and kissed him—bade him  
hope still—while there was life there was  
hope; but nevertheless urged upon him that  
last solemn prayer, which often seems to  
bring back the very blessing it resigns—  
"Thy will be done."

"I can't say it—I can't," he answered—  
the young man to whom anguish—such  
anguish as this—was utterly unknown. But  
after she had left, promising to come again  
before midnight, he fell down on his knees,  
and in an agony such as he had not believed  
any man could pass through and live, he  
said it.

After that he seemed to grow quieter, and  
ready to accept everything.

By and by the doctor came down to him  
for a minute, with an anxious face but a  
cheery voice.

"Take heart, my dear fellow. As I said,  
while there's life there's hope. Do not go  
near her; quite useless, as she knows no-  
body. By and by I'll fetch you, should  
there come a change."

"A change? For the better?"

"Yes. Or what they call a lightning be-  
fore death."

Death—and her! The two ideas seemed

impossible—irreconcilable. Roderick  
turned away from the old man, who did not  
mean to be cruel, and said that he had seen  
many a worse case. But Roderick heard it  
all as in a dream, and directly after-  
ward, hearing the sound of a carriage wheel  
believing it was only Black—faithful old  
Black—who always meant well, but the  
sight of whom would almost madden him  
just then, he bolted out of the long window,  
and went and hid himself in the darkest  
depths of the glen.

Then all hope died out of Roderick's  
heart. Then returning, he sat down in his  
old seat in the parlor, waiting in a sort of  
stupor for the final blow, and repeat-  
ing to himself over and over again a line  
which seemed persistently to "best time to  
nothing" in his overstrained brain—Othello's  
piteous moan.

"My wife! what wife?—I have no wife!"  
Perhaps even now he, too, had no wife.

All the sweet days were over, her brief  
happiness was ended, her young life done.

The candle burned itself out, and the  
moonlight, creeping in between the undrawn  
curtains, was beginning to fill the room with  
a pale, lonely light, when Roderick heard  
the door open, and some one enter very  
gently and hesitatingly.

"Well!" he said, not lifting his head, not  
doubting it was the summons to doom.

No answer; but the intruder came close to  
him—touched him.

"Who's that?" he said, almost fiercely;  
"who's that?"

"It's me, Roddy; it's your mother."

"Oh, mother, mother!"  
For one moment her arms were round his  
neck and his head on her shoulder. Then he  
thrust her violently away.

"I don't want my mother; I want my wife."

"What of my wife? Is she alive?"

"Yes. And she will live. And I thought  
I'd be the first to come and tell you. Do  
you hear, Roddy? she's safe—quite safe. Both  
doctors say so. Thank God! thank God!"

Oh, Roddy, my son, my son!

Once more she opened to him those fond  
mother-arms which no man can resist—no  
man ought to resist—and let him sob his  
heart out there, patting him, kissing him,  
treating him almost as if he had been a mere  
child, and sobbing herself the while with  
undisguised, uncontrollable emotion.

"How did you come, mother? Since when  
have you been here?"

"Ever so long, my dear."

"No; I went straight up to her. It did  
not matter, she knew nobody. The doctor is  
a friend of mine; he let me be with her. He  
knew I understood her. I nearly died myself  
when you were born. Oh, Roddy, what  
you must have suffered this day!"

"Never mind me, it is my wife we must  
think about. I beg your pardon, mother, but  
I must go and see her, my wife, my wife, my  
wife, whom you were so cruel to. But I  
love her. She is more to me than any-  
thing or anybody in this world. I don't  
know why you come here. I never asked  
you to come. Still, I thank you for coming.  
But there is not the least occasion for you  
to stay."

"Oh, Roddy—Roddy! Me—your mother!"  
She burst into tears, such tears as it is  
terrible to see an old woman shed.

And Mrs. Jardine was an old woman now.  
The struggle between her heart—and it was  
a good honest heart after all—and her fierce  
indomitable will had told upon her severely.  
Could her son have seen her face he  
might have traced there the wrinkles of  
many added years. As it was, he felt that  
the hand which grasped him shook as with  
palsy.

### (To be Continued.)

### The Genuine Morit

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla wins friends wherever  
it is fairly and honestly tried. To have perfect  
health you must have pure blood, and the  
best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's  
Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and  
strengthening agent. It expels all impurities,  
scrofula, skin eruptions, and other humors, and  
at the same time builds up the whole system.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.  
25 cents.

In 1858 an island in the Missouri River,  
near Leavenworth, contained 500 acres.  
Now it has spread until it comprises  
1,400 acres. A coal mine has been found  
on it.

SHILOH'S CURE is sold everywhere. It is the best  
Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose. 25c, 50c,  
and 10c bottles. Sold by W. T. Smith.

Evidence against 500 violators of the  
election laws has been secured by the  
Civic Federation of Chicago, and warrants  
for their arrest will shortly be  
secured.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego  
Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the  
first medicine I have ever found that would do  
me any good." Price 50c. Sold by W. T.  
Smith.

The proportion of killed to the number of  
railway travelers is in France 1 in 19,000,000;  
England, 1 in 28,000,000; and in the United States, 1 in 2,400,000.

Among the pains and aches cured  
with marvelous rapidity with Dr.  
Thomas' Electric Oil is earache. 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  
so 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.

The loss to the New York banks by  
the thefts of their own officers during  
the past ten years has amounted to  
within a few pounds of \$1,100,000.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning  
and restless sleep during the day.  
"Truvel's" Worm Exterminator is pleas-  
ant, sure and effectual. If your drug-  
gist has none in stock, get him to pro-  
cure it for you.

If a coat of paint were applied to the  
skin of a human being, death would en-  
sue in five hours.

The use of Dr. Seigert's Angostura  
Bitters excites the appetite and keeps  
the digestive organs in order.

A Paris newspaper is organizing a  
competition of self-moving wagons, to  
take place June 1.

Pile! Pile! Itching Pile!  
SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itch-  
ing and stinging; mostly at night; worse  
by scratching. If allowed to continue  
tumors form, which often bleed and ul-  
cerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's  
Ointment stops the itching and bleed-  
ing, heals ulceration, and in most cases  
removes the tumors. At druggists, or  
by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne's  
Sons, Philadelphia, Lyman, Sons & Co.,  
Montreal, wholesale agents.

The Chinese Government levies a  
regular tax on beggars, and gives them  
in return the privilege of begging in a  
certain district.

Nothing impure or injurious contam-  
inates this popular antidote to pain,  
throat and lung remedy and general  
corrective, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.  
It may be used without the slightest  
consequence of any other than salutary  
consequences. Coughs, rheumatism,  
caraches, bruises, cuts and sores suc-  
cumb to its action.

## WESTERN ONTARIO.

Bandmaster Reardon, of Sarnia, died  
Tuesday after a short illness.

Inland revenue collections at Sarnia  
in February were \$2,565.25.

Port Huron ratepayers will vote on  
the question of raising \$30,000 for an  
electric light plant.

The total collections of the Inland  
Revenue Department at Windsor in  
February were \$22,495.35. Of this  
amount \$20,344.30 was on spirits and  
salt.

Chief of Police Willis, of Windsor,  
has prepared his annual report, showing  
that during 1894, 509 offenses were com-  
mitted in the city, of which 91 were  
indictable and 418 non-indictable.

Wm. Metcalfe, of Berlin, aged 71, a  
prominent merchant, died on Tuesday.

He was a native of Scotland, and was  
very successful in business. Though a  
Conservative, he supported Sir Oliver  
Mowat.

A load of anxiety has been removed  
from the shoulders of the congregation of  
Knox Church, Dutton. On Sunday  
morning the pastor, Rev. T. Wilson,  
at the service, announced

that he intended declining the call ex-  
tended to him by the Presbyterians of  
Thamesford. The congregation was  
visibly affected by the pleasing an-  
nouncement.

At the annual meeting of the Wood-  
stock Driving Park Association R. N.  
Ball was unanimously elected president  
and D. H. Charles vice-president. The  
meeting was held on Thursday night  
on June 18, 19 and 20, when good pur-  
ses will be hung up as an extra induc-  
ment. They will also give a stake race  
each day as follows: First day, 2:30  
pace; second day, 2:25 trot; third day,  
3-minute trot.

Peter Rasque is the name of an un-  
grateful young scamp. He had found a  
shelter at the home of Adam Massey,  
a farmer, residing on lot 7, con. 3, South  
Taschereau, near Hamburg. Rasque  
showed his appreciation of the gener-  
osity by going through Massey's trunk  
on Sunday, while the people of the house  
were at church, stealing therefrom a  
some cloth, a gold ring, a pair of  
cuff buttons and a knife. The police  
are after him.

The death occurred on Tuesday of  
James Murray, one of the pioneers of  
74 years of age, and had been a resi-  
dent of the township for over half a  
century. He was born in Roxburgh  
shire, Scotland, and came to Canada  
in 1832, settling on lot 19, con. 5, Downie,  
where he continued to reside until his  
death. Deceased was a man of strict  
integrity, a prominent member of the  
Presbyterian Church, and a staunch  
Liberal.

G. T. R. Engineer J. R. Kee, of Point  
Edward, made the fastest run on record  
between Sarnia and Buffalo the other  
day with a train of horses.

The train left Sarnia at 10:30 a.m. and  
arrived at Buffalo at 11:15 a.m. The run  
from Sarnia to Buffalo was made in 11  
hours and 45 minutes. He is being con-  
gratulated on all sides for the record he  
has made. Engine No. 154 was attached  
to the train, and had the full right of  
way, and got his train to Buffalo  
seven hours ahead of time.

### KOMOKA.

March 5.—The Sons of Rest parade  
tomorrow night.

The R. T. of T. will parade next Sun-  
day morning to the Methodist Church,  
where they will be addressed by the  
Rev. Mr. Powell, home every mem-  
ber will turn out and fall in line, and  
be ready to leave the lodge room at 10:30.

The Misses Rowland, of Komoka,  
took part in the programme of the  
Methodist tea meeting at Melrose on  
Monday night.

### APPIN.

"Advertiser" Agent, D. B. McCall,  
March 6.—Yesterday Mr. George C.  
Smith, lot 11, S. L. R., Ekin, was in  
the house of Mr. Samuel  
McLean, and having chopped down a  
tree of considerable size, stood rather  
near when it fell. There was a dry,  
partly rotten stick in the snow,  
which he stepped on, and the tree  
when struck by the falling tree the  
end of it was thrown up and struck  
Mr. Cornell in the back of the head,  
breaking one of his bones. His  
shoulder and leg were struck, but not  
seriously injured.

## HORRID SKIN

## DISEASES.

## THEY ARE WORSE IN SPRING

## They Originate from the Blood.

## PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

## USED AT THIS SEASON

## WILL BANISH YOUR TROUBLES.

Skin diseases, such as eczema, salt  
rheum, ulcers, eruptions and scrofula,  
are repulsive looking and especially  
dangerous in spring time. They origi-  
nate from impure, diseased and imper-  
fect blood. They disfigure men and  
women, and are often a hindrance to  
social pleasures and enjoyments.

These diseases are readily cured by  
Paine's Celery Compound, a medicine  
possessing blood-cleansing and blood-  
renewing virtues. Thousands have suc-  
cessfully cast off horrid skin diseases  
by a faithful use of the great compound.

Do not allow the spring season to pass  
without trying what Paine's Celery  
Compound will do for you. Its blood-  
cleansing powers will surprise you; a  
new life will be your reward.

There are over 2,000 miles of gas pipes  
underlying the London streets.

"What shall I take to break up this  
bad cold?"—Pine-Malt. "But it has  
gone on to my lungs and hangs on!"  
Get a bottle of Pine-Malt and I advise  
this for personal and family use. Pine-  
Malt acts like a charm, allaying  
cough, curing hoarseness and other  
symptoms with surprising quickness.  
It is a great family medicine, and  
pleasant to take. My faith in Pine-  
Malt is unbounded. The new medicine  
is all the talk hereabout. J. G. CAL-  
DER, pastor, Brooke Baptist Church,  
Lambton, Ont., Jan. 30, 1895.

## A REMARKABLE RESCUE.

Important Events in the Life of Mrs.  
Patrick Dewey.

Her Husband's Death and Her Own  
Narrow Escape—A Story of More  
Than Ordinary Interest.

### Napanee (Ont.) Beaver.

Milsap is a little country settlement  
about four miles from Newburgh, Ont.  
Among the oldest and most esteemed  
residents of the locality is Mrs. Patrick  
Dewey, who bears her 71 years with a  
cheerfulness and vivacity that might be  
envied by many a score of years younger.

Mrs. Dewey had always enjoyed  
good health until five years ago. At  
that time her husband was stricken  
with paralysis, and the worry and con-  
stant watching over his sickbed brought  
on disease. She began to waste away,  
subject to severe headaches and  
spells of dizziness, and then her trouble  
was still further aggravated by an at-  
tack of rheumatism. Troubles do not  
come singly. Her husband was stricken  
with a second and third stroke of par-  
alysis, and Mrs. Dewey's arduous task  
was increased. In searching for health  
for herself in order that she might be  
able to devote more of her time to her  
stricken husband, Mrs. Dewey tried  
many medicines, but with indifferent  
results. While reading the Beaver one  
night she read of a case similar to her  
own cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and determined to give them a  
trial. She sent for a supply and soon  
after beginning their use felt beneficial  
results. At this stage her husband died,  
and Mrs. Dewey lost in her overwhelm-  
ing grief, forgot her own ill, and the  
medicine she had been taking. A severe  
attack of la grippe ensued, and her  
friends thought she would soon follow  
her husband to the grave. Her system  
was run down until she was but little  
more than a skeleton. In this condition  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were again re-  
sorted to, and Mrs. Dewey gradually  
regained her health and strength, and  
now no trace of her illness remains. Her  
neighbors look upon her as a miracle.

These pills are a positive cure for all  
troubles arising from a vitiated condi-  
tion of the blood, or a shattered ner-  
vous system. Sold by all dealers, or by  
mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Com-  
pany, Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a  
box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are  
numerous imitations, against which the  
public is cautioned.

IN Paris elephant skins are tanned.  
The process is the ordinary one, ex-  
cept that a very powerful extract of  
tannin is used. When the giant skin  
is taken from the vat it is nearly an  
inch and three-quarters thick. The  
tanned skin of the elephant, like that of  
the alligator, is used in the making of  
various fancy articles, and brings a  
high price, a small elephant leather  
valise costing \$300 or \$400, and cigar  
cases and card cases not less than \$50  
to \$80.

## Weak Women

and all mothers who are nursing  
babies derive great benefit from  
Scott's Emulsion. This prepara-  
tion serves two purposes. It  
gives vital strength to mothers  
and also enriches their milk and  
thus makes their babies thrive.

## Scott's Emulsion

is a constructive food that pro-  
motes the making of healthy  
tissue and bone. It is a wonder-  
ful remedy for Emaciation, General  
Debility, Throat and Lung Complaints,  
Coughs, Colds, Anaemia, Scrofula  
and Wasting Diseases of Children.  
Send for Pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. Free.  
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists, 50c. & \$1.

## A. J. GREENAWAY & CO.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS,  
244 DUNDAS ST.,  
Telephone 681, London, Ont.  
ywt

Richard H. Giese,  
Manufacturing Jeweler and  
Engraver.

BRASS SIGNS, DOOR PLATES AND SEAL PRESSES  
Over Brook's Gun Store.

190 DUNDAS ST.  
ywt

W. Chapman,  
BUTCHER.

Fresh and Salt Meats, Beef, Mutton, Fowls,  
etc. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

269 DUNDAS STREET

30 POUNDS BROWN SUGAR  
FOR \$1.

28 Pounds Montreal Granulated Sugar  
FOR \$1.

One Box Fine Off-stalk  
VALENCIA RAISINS 28 Pounds  
\$1.25.

AT  
John Garvey, jun., & Co's

156 Dundas St., London.  
ywt

LEADING HOTELS.

HOTEL IMPERIAL

Cor. Michigan  
Bevil, and 12th  
St. Chicago.  
One of the  
largest and best hotels in the city.  
Day and up. Send for circular. Room  
from 12th street exit of the new Michigan  
Central station. All baggage delivered free  
from Michigan Central depot. No cab fares  
necessary. Look out for our porter at the  
station. If you want comfort, convenience  
and a good stop at the new  
HOTEL IMPERIAL, CHICAGO.

# A Big Wash

Has no terrors for the woman who uses



It makes the clothes clean and white, and leaves them  
PURE, SWEET, HEALTHFUL.

Saves Your Money,

Saves Your Strength,

Saves Your Clothes.

THE

## World-Famed Pianos

Intending purchasers of Musical Instruments should not  
fail to call and inspect the magnificent display of Pianos and  
Organs at the warerooms of the Bell Organ and Piano Com-  
pany. The Bell Pianos are today acknowledged to be Can-  
ada's leading instruments, indorsed by all the leading musi-  
cians of Canada. For purity of tone, evenness of scale and  
lightness of touch, they are unsurpassed. Our patent tone  
softener is a great acquisition to a piano and prolongs the  
life of an instrument.

A number of good second-hand Pianos and Organs on hand  
at prices and terms to suit all customers. Special attention  
called to tuning. Two first-class tuners always on hand.

The Bell Organ and Piano Co.

(Limited), 211 Dundas Street.

Jas. W. Belcher, Manager.

24 f eod

## Consolidated Plate Glass Co.

LONDON.

PLATE GLASS,  
STORE FRONTS,  
LEADED WORK.

The Largest Stock in Canada.

Ask for Prices.

One Week Only

28 pounds Redpath Granu-  
lated Sugar and 5 pounds  
First-Class Tea for