

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF
TO TRY**'SALADA'**

(CEYLON TEA)

Unscrupulous dealers will tell you that they can give you equally good tea, as their profit is larger on other teas; but you owe it to yourself to try a half-pound LEAD PACKET of "SALADA." You have never tasted really fine tea unless you have drunk "SALADA."

Sold only in lead packets—Black or mixed.

He and She.

He lived at No. 12 Woodman street, Chelsea. She lived at No. 13, Porten street, near the drawing room apartments. She had taken up her abode there six weeks after he was installed, and in a dull, uninteresting way he had watched the loading of the cab, the carrying of the luggage, the bustling to and fro of the small, slim woman face he got a very imperfect glimpse at. She looked about thirty, not that he cared whether she was 20 or 70. His heart then was heavy and sore; he had lost the one relation he had left, the only being in the world he cared for—his old mother—and in place of home and her he was simply now "the drawing room lodger."

For some time after her arrival she rather annoyed him by standing at her window, looking straight in front of her, which meant looking into his room, and he got into the habit of calling her Miss Fry, and it was this he discovered that she was a black kitten, and his eyes involuntarily glanced to an empty cage in which, a few weeks before, his mother's old cat had moped and died, and somehow he could not see the opposite house so clearly.

He left his lodgings to go to the city, where the insurance office was in which he was a clerk, every morning at twenty minutes to nine, and he was generally on foot, and when he had noticed her looking out the window-pane, playing, as he thought, the spy on him, her blurred eyes saw nothing but a picture, from memory, of a cosy room in a country rectory, with father and mother, Tom and Annie, all now dead and gone, and she left alone to struggle as best she could to get her own living.

She never saw him return, because the hours of her situation were longer than his. She was typist to a wholesale firm in Fleet street, and it was generally 5, often 6 o'clock, before she had finished her pile of letters. But she was in no hurry to get back—she did not say "to get home," for the sound of that word still choked her, and when he had noticed her looking out the window-pane, playing, as he thought, the spy on him, her blurred eyes saw nothing but a picture, from memory, of a cosy room in a country rectory, with father and mother, Tom and Annie, all now dead and gone, and she left alone to struggle as best she could to get her own living.

And so years went on, with all the joys, sorrows and changes they bring; but chance, opportunity and fortune, whether good or bad, seemed to have forgotten and passed over the two occupants of 12 and 13 Woodman street; the dull routine of their daily lives went on exactly the same.

Stay, though, there was one small difference. Although they had never exchanged a word, or given a look without the width of the road being between them, they took a kinder interest, and in a way occupied themselves with one another in a far more friendly manner than either had the slightest suspicion of.

They still kept for each other the names of Mr. Punctual and Miss Fry, and gradually he kept count of the hours at which she returned, by watching for her gas to be lighted. "They take advantage of her being a woman, and keep her too late," he would say; and this leading him to wonder what her occupation could be, he one day ventured to put the question to his landlady, Miss Bates, when she brought him up his tea.

Notwithstanding Miss Bates' firmly grounded prejudice against female lodgers who didn't have their proper dinner out, and so wanted all sorts of fiddle-faddles cooked with her teas, she showed her sense of justice by opining that the young person was respectfully conducted, inasmuch as she "never saw nothing blameworthy in her," so far as she could make out, her occupation wasn't millinery, or music lessons, or anything of that sort—gentle—which wouldn't trouble the "Jenks," for anybody particular would be very out of the way in that house.

She, too, had made her effort at discovery and had said casually to the domestic drudge, "Do you know the name of the gentleman in the drawing room-opposite, Lizzie?"

"What! he as lives with th' old cat Bates? No, nor I don't want to neither. He ain't no gentleman—he never gave him time in a brass farthing at Christmas." The postman was reckoned by Lizzie among her followers, one whom any stroke of fortune might turn into "my young man who has offered to treat me to the pantomime."

"Perhaps he cannot afford to give."

Lizzie gave a contemptuous toss of her head. "Can't afford!" she said. "Why, you give him sixpence and has to work hard and stint, and he has in wine and spirits and beer; I watched 'em deliver it there. I see him come home this afternoon with a bird; that shows him for a regular old bachelor."

A bird! She made no more inquiries from Lizzie, but several times she found herself wondering whether it was a linnets or a canary. Anne had been so fond of birds and so clever with them, she hoped she would manage it properly.

As soon as the weather grew warm. She saw that the bird was a canary. He meant her to notice it, for he displayed it rather ostentatiously in front of the open window, looking out of the corner of his eye to see if she was taking notice, and saying to himself the while, "Come, come, Miss Fry, I have a pet now as well as you."

Perhaps six or seven years went by in exactly this same fashion, when a most exciting event took place. A school chum and friend of former days, happening to hear something about the old rectory and remembering how much kindness she had been shown there, sent an invitation to the poor London worker to come down to

Weatherdale and spend Christmas there, and it was by reason of this that he, startled by the unusual sound of a cab being whistled for, got up from his breakfast to see that it was driven up to No. 13. Why, no—yes, actually it was for Miss Fry; the servant girl was hoisting up her box to the cabman, and there at the door she was standing with a basket—evidently the cat in it—on her arm.

Where could she be going? He forgot that she could see him, and when she looked up he could almost fancy she smiled, her face wore such a beaming expression. At that moment there was a great flurry and bustle to get in, the cabman bent down to get his directions, and away he drove, with such haste that the watcher from the window, returning to his breakfast, found himself saying: "Put everything off to the very last minute; that's just like a woman."

As he waited for his omnibus at Charing Cross he looked at the station and wondered was it there that Miss Fry had been going, and then he forgot all about her until at the usual hour, drawing aside the blind to look out, he saw the dark, winnow, and he felt as if a friend had gone from him.

The following Sunday was a very dull day. Usually he looked out at the hour when he knew she would be going to church, often saying, "You're very foolish to go out without an umbrella; it's almost certain to rain before you get home," and when his forebodings proved true, he would feel quite fidgety, and say, "She'll get wet and spoil all her best things."

Perhaps it was that going away at Christmas that made him think of a holiday; at all events, in the summer a holiday he took, and then it was her turn to say to her cat, "Oh, Totty, I hope Mr. Punctual will soon come back, for without him I never know the time." And missing the canary. She hoped the landlady was looking after it, and then she wondered where he had gone, perhaps to the seaside; and memory taking her back to loved spots of days long ago, she forced back some tears as she said, "Ah, Totty, life is hard, my cat."

And thus ten years stole by, each reflecting the other so exactly that, excepting the Christmas visit and the summer holiday, there were no landmarks to point the course of time to No. 12 and 13, and then fate, for once, seemed to have given to the good providence who disposes those trivial circumstances that lead to great events in our lives, arranged that on a certain afternoon in May there were so few letters to be sent that the typist clerk could spare her Bedford street office at a much earlier hour, and full of anticipation that she would be able to put the finishing touches to a gown she was reweaving, she tripped into the Strand, hailed the first omnibus, and clambered to the top, and took the only vacant seat. In her anxiety to secure this she did not notice more than that it was a man next to her; but that man being he, and he having watched her from the time she had left the bus, was now quite in a flutter, for she was just settled when they got to Charing Cross, where he always got down, which he hardly could do now, as without an explanation, which he could not give, it would seem so very peculiar—some what offensive, indeed.

(To be Continued.)

A Pretty Face.
The important item in the cultivation of facial beauty is the rendering of the blood perfectly pure. In fact, on the condition of the blood rests the difference between a homely and a comely countenance. There is no more effective way of bringing the blood into a rich, pure and healthful condition than by the continued use of S. J. J. Liver Lozenges. They can be got at any drug store at 25 cents a box, or five boxes for \$1.

During the past week wild strawberries have been gathered in the high-ways in Westmorland, England.

SENIOR'S VITALIZER.
Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "I have used S. J. J. Vitalizer for 12 years. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney Trouble it excels. Price 75c. Sold by W. T. Strong.

Mrs. Blackwood, of Indiana, who is about to marry her twelfth husband, will probably stop there, as she thinks thirteen an unlucky number.

PAIN'S PILLS.
SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; mostly 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.

It is estimated that the water of the whole ocean contains in solution over 2,000,000 tons of pure silver.

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment."
No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative power is unopposed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for "Swayne's Ointment." Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Two years are required for the Gulf water to travel from Florida to the coast of Norway.

The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

At least \$144,000,000 worth of British property is always on the sea.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earaches, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

London fire engines often have to stop on their way to a fire to turn up a turn-sock, a liveried functionary, who is alone allowed to have a key to a fire-plug.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

A curiosity arrived in Baltimore on a ship just from Hong Kong. It was a "chow" dog—said to be the kind the Chinese raise to be eaten.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

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.

BOTHWELL.

(Agent for the ADVERTISER, James Fleming.)
Jan. 14—Last Monday being polling day, the election of a new municipal council, and the return of three members of the school board, passed off quietly, J. McRae being the only new trustee chosen, S. B. Anderson and Muttie Lebu were re-elected. The entire council, except the mayor, were re-elected by acclamation, and Mr. Thomas Clarke, bank agent, was the choice of the people.

The Epworth League assembled in the Methodist Church at 3 p.m., with a large attendance. After the usual devotional exercises, Mrs. Davidson, of the Presbyterian manse, as leader, read the 8th chapter of Romans with fine elocutionary effect. The subject of her address, which followed, "Spirituality," was ably handled, and received by a most attentive audience. Several members quoted various texts of scripture and made forcible remarks, followed by prayers and choice singing. This organization opens a way for spiritual growth and a delightful mode of spending an hour in Christian converse. A vote of thanks was tendered to the leader and gracefully acknowledged by her, when the benediction closed the meeting.

Towards bed time the blaze of an immense bonfire made darkness visible on election night, and the town band paraded the streets in honor of the Clarke victory in the municipal contest for the mayor's chair.

On Wednesday evening the Christian Endeavor workers had an excellent meeting at the Presbyterian Church, led by Miss Blair, the subject for consideration being "Prayer," which evoked some well digested thoughts. The women held the fort—I say "women" in preference to "ladies" which to many minds savors less of exclusiveness and takes in all without distinction—but the men were, save the pastor, who wound up with appropriate remarks. The young women, well backed up by the Christian matrons, deserve credit for the movement.

There is quite a commotion in town occasioned by the boring for gas in different localities within an area of a few miles. The drill is down over 100 feet at the orphanage, and crowds are daily visitors at Dr. Graham's residence to get a snifter of genuine gas. Let us hope for a successful find.

The twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Langhous, who have been spending their holidays at home, returned on Friday to their studies at boarding school in Toronto. They had a joyful send-off by a bevy of young friends and others amongst whom they were great favorites.

Miss Haywood, grand-daughter of Mrs. Joseph Roberts, who has been visiting her relatives and friends, returned last week to her home in Chicago.

Mr. Coates announces to his many friends that Mrs. C. is steadily improving, and is hopeful of her soon being about again.

Mrs. Andrews remains in a precarious condition, being completely prostrated since last stroke of paralysis.

Mr. Charles Cox is still confined to bed, his medical attendant having no hope of his recovery.

A Wondrous Story.
Can Be Vouched for by Scores of Heckston People.

Terrible Condition of Mr. John Irvine.
FRIENDS EXPECTED HIM TO DIE.

Medical Men Did Not Understand His Case.

PAIN'S CLEARY COMPOUND MADE A PERMANENT CURE.

A wonderful story comes from Heckston, Ont. It is full of comfort, assurance and glad, welcome news for the sick and those whom physicians cannot cure.

Mr. John Irvine, of Haxton, Grenville county, Ont., writes as follows:

Three years ago I had a severe attack of "la grippe," which left me in a very weak and debilitated condition. The next autumn I had another attack, which left me in a very bad state. My health was nearly wrecked, I had no strength, and failed all the time. I was so weak that my legs would not support my body, and I have often fallen to the ground when trying to attend to my work both in the field and in my barn, and would be compelled to lie wherever I had fallen until I could muster sufficient strength to rise.

My appetite was all gone, and when I would try to eat, in order to gain strength, I would suffer untold misery for hours. It seemed to me that I was slowly starving to death.

I tried different doctors, but did not derive any benefit from their treatment. My friends thought I was going to die, and I verily believe I would have died had I not tried your Paine's Celery Compound.

I received my first bottle of it from the doctor. I began to improve in health before I had finished the first bottle, and today I am completely restored to health. I can do as good a day's work as I ever could, can now eat any kind of food without exception, and sleep as well as when I was healthy.

"I have not had to use any of the Compound for months, which convinces me that the cure is permanent. I feel it my duty to let every sufferer know what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me, and it seems impossible for me to say all I should in its favor. My wife, who has been a sufferer for years with chronic rheumatism, was greatly benefited by the use of your medicine. I send you this testimony unaltered."

James Miller has opened up a new barbe shop in Collingwood, London West, and guarantees to do first-class work. Give him a call.

If you want any jewelry repaired, a watch or clock mended, take it to T. R. Bayne's, 308 Dundas street. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE BIG BAR**ASK FOR IT!****DALTON BROS., TORONTO.****GENTLEMEN!****FOR EVENING WEAR****WE ARE SHOWING***The Latest Dress Ties,**The Latest Dress Gloves,**The Latest Dress Collars and Cuffs,**The Latest Dress Shirts, in**German and American Makes.***Dress Shirts to Order Made on the Premises.****GRAHAM BROS.****Leading Furnishers and Shirt Makers.****Consolidated Plate Glass Co.****LONDON.****PLATE GLASS,****STORE FRONTS,****LEADED WORK.****Largest Stock in Canada.****ASK FOR PRICES.****IF YOU ARE BUYING****A CARPET****ASK FOR THE****"Imperatrix" :: Axminster**

A Velvet Pile Carpet that will on wear a full frame Brussels. At the cost of a Tapestry. Do not be put off. Insist on seeing them, and judge for yourself.

TORONTO CARPET MANUFACTURING CO., (Limited), TORONTO, ONT.

Life is an endless tug—make it easier by using Eclipse Soap—the very best soap you can get—in 3-lb. bars. Try a bar, your grocer has it. For sale by R. SHARP, 721 Richmond street.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Manufacturers.**BOWMAN, KENNEDY & CO.****Wholesale Hardware Merchants, LONDON, ONT.****Headquarters for Guns, Rifles & Sporting Goods**

Agents for Winchester Rifles and Repeating Shot Guns,
Agents for W. W. Greener's Celebrated Hammer and Hammerless Guns,
Agents for J. P. Clabrough's Celebrated Hammer and Hammerless Guns.

A great assortment of Rifles, Revolvers and Hammer and Hammerless Guns, Loaded Shot, Shell loaded with Hazard, Trap, Cariboo, American Wood and S. S. Powders, Shot Wadding, Cartridges, Cartridge Cases, Shooting Caps, Coats, etc. Best and largest stock in the Dominion. Prices close, as all lines are bought for cash.

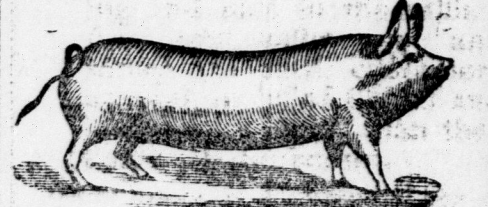
MONEY LOANED.

On real estate, notes and farm stock, furniture and chattels. Coins, Tokens and Medals bought.

JAMES MILNIE.
88 Dundas Street. - London, Ont.
Send postage stamp for reply.

POOR CIGARS.**ARE NOT FOR SALE AT****Joe Nolan's Cigar Store,****NO. 4, MASONIC TEMPLE,****Louis Rick's old stand.****30 Pounds Brown Sugar****FOR \$1.****25 Pounds Montreal Granulated Sugar****FOR \$1.****One box fine off-stalk****Valencia Raisins****28 POUNDS FOR \$1 25.****John Garvey, jun., & Co's****186 Dundas St., London.****CONSCIENTIOUS PLUMBING**

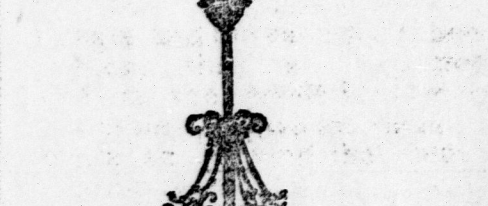
I don't charge any more than it is worth. I don't keep people waiting. I won't do inferior work at any price. I do as good work as can be done. My men are all thorough mechanics. I want your next plumbing job. My place of business is 38 CARRINGTON ST., LONDON.

ALEX. MILNE**Telephone 773.****Flowers! Flowers! Flowers!****Cheap this week at****WEST'S****249 Dundas St. Telephone, 439****TENDERLOIN,****SWEETBONES,****HEARTS,****KIDNEYS,****BACON,****HAMS.****The Canadian Packing Co.****STORE RICHMOND ST.****Well-Bred****Refined**

people use ADAMS' Tutti Frutti. It keeps the breath pure and fragrant and rectifies any disorder of the Stomach.

Allow no imitations to be**palmed off on you.****GEORGE PARISH.**

Is selling bedroom suites, mattresses, lounges, sideboards, extension tables, chairs, etc., to make room. Parlor and heating stoves and baseburners with ovens—price them before buying. Old furniture taken in exchange. 357 Talbot St., south of King.

GAS-ELECTRIC**Combination Fixtures.****GAS BRACKETS and HALL LAMPS,****Also Gas and Electric Globes,****Etched, Tinted and Colored, of Eng-****lish, Canadian and American****Designs.****JAMES BARWELL,****88 BAY STREET, . . TORONTO****Designs furnished for churches or school buildings.****RICHARD H. GIESE****Manufacturing Jeweler and****Engraver.****Brass Signs, Door Plates and Seal Presses.****Over Brock's Gun Store.****190 DUNDAS STREET****NORTON DOOR CHECK AND SPRING****Will Prevent Slamming of Doors and****Breaking of Glass.****Prices, \$5 50, \$6 50, \$7 50, \$9 50****EACH, according to size of door.****Express prepaid by us on receipt of price****Aikenhead Hardware Co'y****SOLE MANUFACTURERS,****TORONTO, ONT.**