

How Does Your Tea Suit Your Palate?

'SALADA' (CEYLON TEA)

Delights the most critical.
Sold only in lead packets. All
grocers.

A Tale of Love And Bliss, at Last.

"Now, I won't allow any more champagne," said Marian; "for who will be steady enough to help me over the rocks to the grotto."

"Oh, you promised me!" cried the Captain.

"Indeed, I have not; have I, Julia?"

"Miss Davis has certainly promised me," said the Lieutenant.

"I have made no promise, and don't think I shall go at all," said Julia, who was sometimes inclined to imagine that Capt. Ewing should be her own property.

All which and much more of the kind Maurice Cumming could not hear; but he could see—and imagine, which was worse. How innocent and sane, after all, the flirtings of most young ladies, if all their words and doings in that line could be brought to paper! I do not know whether there be as a rule more vocal expression of the sentiment of love between a man and woman than there is between two thrushes! They whistle to each other, guided by instinct rather than by reason.

"You are going home with the ladies to-night, I believe," said Maurice to Miss Jack, immediately after dinner. Miss Jack acknowledged that such was her destination for the night.

"Then my going back to Spanish Town at once won't hurt any one—for to tell the truth, I have had enough of this kind of work."

"Why, Maurice, you were in a hurry to come."

"The more fool I; and so now I am in a hurry to go away. Don't notice it to anybody."

Miss Jack looked in his face and saw that he was really wretched; and she knew the cause of it.

"Don't go yet, Maurice," she said; and then added, with a tenderness that was quite uncommon with her, "Go to her, Maurice, and speak to her openly and freely, once for all; you will find that she will listen to you then. Dear Maurice, do, for my sake."

He made no answer, but walked away, roaring sadly by himself among the trees. "Listen!" he exclaimed to himself. "Yes, she will alter a dozen times in as many hours. Who can care for a creature that can change as she changes?" And yet he could not help caring for her.

As he went on, climbing among rocks, he again heard the sound of voices, and heard especially that of Capt. Ewing. "Now, Miss Leslie, if you will take my hand you will soon be over all the difficulty." And then a party of seven or eight, scrambling over some stones, came nearly on the level on which he stood, in view of him; and leading the others were Capt. Ewing and Miss Leslie.

He turned on his heel to go away, when he caught the sound of a step following him and a voice saying, "Oh, there is Mr. Cumming, and I want to speak to him," and in a minute a light hand was on his arm, and he found himself being led to a small room.

"Why are you running away?" said Marian.

"Because—oh, I don't know. I am not running away. You have your party made up, and I am not going to intrude upon it."

"What nonsense! Do come now; we are going to this wonderful grotto. I thought it so ill-natured of you, not joining us at dinner. Indeed, you know you promised me."

He did not answer her, but he looked at her—full in the face, with his sad eyes laden with love. She half understood his countenance, but only half understood it.

"What is the matter, Maurice?" she said. "Are you angry with me? Will you come and join us?"

"No, Marian, I cannot do that. But if you can leave them and come with me for half an hour, I will not keep you longer."

She stood hesitating a moment while her companion remained on the spot where she had left him. "Come, Miss Leslie," called Capt. Ewing. "You will have it dark before we can get down."

"I will come with you," whispered she to Maurice, "but wait a moment." And she tripped back, and in some five minutes returned after an argument with her friends. "There," she said, "I don't care about the grotto one bit, and I will walk with you now—only they will think it so odd." And so they started off together.

Before the tropical darkness had fallen upon them Maurice had told the tale of his love—and had told it in a manner differing much from that of Marian's usual admirers. He spoke with passion and almost with violence; he declared that his heart was so full of her image that he could not rid himself of it for one minute. "For would he wish to do so," he said, "if she would be his Marian, his own Marian, his very own. But if not—and then he explained to her, with all a lover's warmth, and with almost more than a lover's liberty, what was his idea of her being 'his own, his very own,' and in doing so inveighed against her usual lightheartedness in terms which at any rate were strong enough.

But Marian bore it all well. Perhaps she knew that the lesson was somewhat deserved; and perhaps she appreciated at its value the love of such a man as Maurice Cumming, weighing in her judgment the difference between him and the Ewings and the Grahams.

And then she answered him well and prudently, with words which startled him by their prudent seriousness as coming from her. She begged his pardon heartily, she

said, for any grief which she had caused him; but yet how was she to be blamed, seeing that she had known nothing of his feelings? Her father and mother had said something to her of this proposed marriage; something, but very little; and she had answered by saying that she did not think Maurice had any warmer regard for her than that of a cousin. After this answer neither father or mother had pressed the matter further. As to her own feelings she could then say nothing, for then she knew nothing—nothing but this, that she loved no one better than him, or rather that she loved no one else. She would ask herself if she could love him; but he must give her some little time for that. In the meantime—and she smiled sweetly at him as she made the promise—she would endeavor to do nothing that would offend him, and then she added that on that evening she would dance with him any dances he liked. Maurice, with a self-denial that was not very wise, contented himself with engaging her for the quadrille.

They were to dance that night in the mess room of the officers at Newcastle. This scheme had been added on as an adjunct to the picnic, and it therefore became necessary that the ladies should retire to their or their friends' houses at Newcastle to adjust their dresses.

Marian Leslie and Julia Davis were there accommodated with the loan of a room by the Major's wife, and as they were brushing their hair and putting on their dancing shoes, something was said between them about Maurice Cumming.

"And so you are to be Mrs. C. of Mount Pleasant," said Julia. "Well, I didn't think it would come to that."

"But it has not come to that, and if it did why should I not be Mrs. C., as you call it?"

"Knight of the rueful countenance, I call him."

"I tell you what then, he is an excellent young man, and you don't know him."

"I don't like excellent young men with long faces. I suppose you won't be let to dance quick dances at all now."

"I shall dance whatever dances I like, as I have always done," said Marian with some little asperity in her tone.

"Not you, or if you do, you'll lose your promotion. You'll never live to be my Lady Rue. And what will Graham say? You know you've given him half a promise."

"That's not true, Julia—I never gave him the tenth part of a promise."

"Well, he says so," and then the words between the young ladies became a little more angry. But, nevertheless, in due time they came forth with faces smiling, with their hair properly brushed, and without any sign of warfare.

But Marian had to stand another attack before the business of the evening commenced, and this was from no less a thoughtless antagonist than her aunt, Miss Jack. Miss Jack soon found that Maurice had not kept his threat of going home; and though she did not absolutely learn from him that he had gone so far toward perfecting her dearest hopes as to make a formal offer to Marian, nevertheless she did gather that things were fast taking a better turn, and this dancing was over! she said to herself, dreading the unnumbered waltzes with Ewing, and the violent polkas with Graham. So Miss Jack resolved to say one word to Marian—"A wise word in good season," said Miss Jack to herself, "how sweet a thing it is."

(To be Continued.)

Nervous People

And those who are all tired out and have that tired feeling or sick headache can be relieved of these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, builds up the strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect.

It is said that in London there are no fewer than 10,000 professional musicians of various grades, and that more than one-half them are women.

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.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling your conspurative grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided?

This syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

Detaille, the battle painter, is going to England to paint the portrait of the Prince of Wales.

Pills Do Not Cure. They only aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Tea gives perfect regularity of the bowels.

Siberian women are raised as abject slaves—untidy in dress, and are bought with money or cattle.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrector, 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.

A New York agency reports that hotels in the United States during the past year have been swindled out of \$22,419 51 by bill jumpers.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles! 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, Sones & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

At a supper recently given to some vagrant sandwich men in London seven out of twelve guests had been ordained clergymen of the Church of England.

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.

The Sac and Fox Indians are said to be the purest blooded red men in the country. They neither marry or give in marriage outside their own tribe.

Nerves on Edge. I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross. Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy.

In London nearly 264 streets are named after the Queen, while there are 251 Cross streets, 240 Albert streets, 212 Church streets and 101 Queen streets.

Inspect H. Overmeyer's lively, formerly Tripp's, before you engage a conveyance for pleasure driving.

Men in Skirts. I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross. Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy.

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JERKED OFF AN ARM.

Painful Accident to a Glencoe Miller, Mr. Oldrieve—Glencoe Notes.

(Special to the "Advertiser.")

GLENCOE, March 20.—A serious accident occurred in the saw mill of Mr. John Oldrieve yesterday, in which the proprietor had the misfortune to have his arm so mangled that it was necessary to amputate it near the shoulder.

In shutting down the mill for repairs and before the motion of the machinery had ceased, it seems that Mr. Oldrieve sought to throw off a belt from a revolving wheel, when his right arm became entangled, with such force that he was thrown completely over, and the wheel, having by that time lost its impetus, stopped. Had it not, in all probability it would have cost the unfortunate man his life.

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WESTERN ONTARIO.

Listowel Young Liberals have put two tickets in the field for the election of officers.

Rev. J. H. Hodges has decided to remain in Tilbury and not accept the call from the Kensington Presbyterians.

John Macdonald, of North Easthope, aged 87, died Wednesday. He had been a resident of the township for 45 years and was a staunch Liberal.

Wm. Swartz, the Guelph smallpox patient, who has been confined to the isolated hospital for nearly two months, has left for his home in Aylmer.

Tuesday night, by a vote of 10 to 1, the Guelph city council declared against the proposal to petition the Legislature for power to tax church property.

The board of directors of the Detroit Gas Company have authorized the plan of laying two gas mains under the Detroit River to connect with the Essex wells.

Judge McHugh has decided that United States Consul Thatcher, of Windsor, cannot be examined as a judgment debtor, as he does not reside nor carry on his business in Essex under the meaning of the section.

Mr. Jos. Oliver has purchased lots 20, 1st S. D. R., and 1st N. D. R., from Alex. Norrie, Credit Forks, 80 acres, for the sum of \$1,050. Mr. George Pallister has purchased from Joe Radley, Streetsville, lot 6, con. 7, Osprey, 100 acres, for the sum of \$2,400.

John G. Lynn, Canadian Pacific Railway baggageman, died very suddenly Tuesday. He had been at work until 8 o'clock, when he went home, and shortly afterwards complained of not feeling well. Death ensued about 11 o'clock from heart failure, it is supposed.

On Tuesday the Windsor police visited the room occupied by the Frontier Club at 41 Sandwich street and arrested three men, named Chas. Shaffer, Wm. Hendley and Frank McGuire, on the charge of keeping a gambling room. They found nothing except some chips and cards. After being in the station a short time the men were released on bail of \$200 to appear on Friday. The Frontier Club is a place where a number of young men of the city, and last year they secured a charter from the Government. The Canadian law allows chartered clubs to play poker or any other games, and the chances are equal between the players. The members of the club deny that they were playing faro and say they will fight the case to the end.

MIDDLESEX.

John Crinkle, of Westminster, is constructing a large straw barn, the dimensions being 45 feet by 60 feet.

AYLMER.

"Advertiser" Agent, C. J. Gundy & Co. March 20.—Mr. Alfred W. Cox, who purchased the jewelry stock of R. W. Rastall, has decided to make Aylmer his home, and has rented a handsome brick corner Victoria street, and will remove his family here on April 1. We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Cox to Aylmer and wish them every success in business.

Mrs. W. Hopkins has opened a dress-making shop in the premises formerly occupied by Mr. Whitney, Talbot street. Mr. James Turner is making a number of improvements to his handsome dwelling on South street, by erecting a large addition and otherwise improving the same, which adds much to its already fine appearance.

The Canadian Condensed Milk factory will add a new branch to the business this summer by making dairy butter.

Ed. Miller, barrister, and E. C. Monteth, editor of the Star, attended the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Sons of England at Woodstock this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Kitchen, of Bloomsburg, and Mr. and Mrs. Tune, of London, were the guests of Mrs. J. E. Hambridge this week.

Mrs. (Dr.) Baker, of Detroit, is spending a few days in town with friends.

The revival services that have been conducted very successfully in the Methodist Church will be brought to a close this week, and on Sunday evening, after the close of the services, baptism and reception to the new members will take place.

Alex. Darland, of Mount Salem, was charged before Police Magistrate McDiarmid on Tuesday with overdriving and ill-treating a horse hired from L. Pierce & Sons' livery. He was fined \$5 and costs, in all, \$17 50.

Miss May Weisbrod, of Aylmer, clerk in Miller & Backhouse's law office, is spending a few days with friends in Mount Clemens, Mich.

A blow on the head seems to cause a flash of light in the eyes, because light is the only impression the optical nerve is capable of receiving.

To Make a Doughnut

"Take a hole and put some dough around it, then fry in lard." This simple recipe has brought thousands to grief, just because of the frying in lard, which as we all know hinders digestion. In all recipes where you have used lard, try

Cottolene

the new vegetable shortening and you will be surprised at the delightful and healthful results. It is without unpleasant odor, unpleasant flavor or unpleasant results. With COTTOLINE in your kitchen, the young, the delicate and the dyspeptic can all enjoy the regular family bill of fare. Cottolene is sold in 3 and 5 pound pails, by all grocers.

MEN IN SKIRTS.

Unique Suggestion Made by a Chicago Physician.

CHICAGO, March 20.—Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, one of the best known physicians in Chicago, has made a unique suggestion regarding the dress reform movement. She would put men in skirts. In an interview today advocating women's skirts reaching only to the ankles, declaring sweeping skirts spread disease, notably the bacilli of tuberculosis from expectorations in the cars and streets, he said: "By the way, there is not a single graceful line in masculine attire. For my part, I believe men would look better if they wore skirts. In fact, men did wear skirts long ago. When men wear short skirts on the stage how much more graceful they appear. In fact, I think a change in men's attire is to be commended, and nothing would be more graceful for evening wear than knee breeches. Harriet Hosmer calls our statues 'petrified obituaries,' and I think she is about right."

A Fact Worth Knowing.

Consumption, La Grippe, Pneumonia and all Throat and Lung diseases are cured by Shiloh's Cure.