

How Do You Like the Idea

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A Lover's Triumph.

"Because I have a right to be here—beside my wife!" "Never! never!" she panted wildly. "You have no right—I am not your wife."

"But, my darling, you are. I have never left your side for an instant since we were pronounced before God and man, and you are mine, Gladys, by the laws of the land, as well as by the laws of God! You pledged your vows to me in the presence of hundreds of witnesses, and I shall claim you before all the world."

"She never moved while he was saying this. She stood looking at him with that wild, incredulous light still in her eyes, that deadly whiteness on her face, her arms still outstretched in that attitude of horror and loathing."

"She was like a beautiful piece of sculpture that had suddenly been transformed from a happy, living being, into a pulseless marble by the blighting influence of some congealing wand."

"Can you not believe it and be sensible?" "Everet Mapleson—for it was really he—went on rapidly, for the sound of wheels without came to him, and he knew that the room would be full in a few moments. 'Do not make a scene. You are mine, and no earthly power can sever the bonds that unite us. I love you madly! I worship you! There is nothing I will not do to prove my devotion to you! I have given you a proud name; I have wealth, position, influence, and I am your slave if you would but give me a crumb of love upon which to feast my hungry heart. Gladys, again I implore you not to make a scene. Receive your friends as if nothing unpleasant had happened, and they will never suspect, and tomorrow we will go away on the ocean, and leave the world to its astonishment as best it can.'"

"He paused, for the horror, the despair on her face, which grew every instant more terrible, filled him with fear and dismay. She was as if frozen in that attitude. She simply stood staring into his face, her own as rigid as stone, but with such suffering, such anguish, in that fixed gaze as he had never seen depicted in human eyes before."

"Steps and voices sounded in the hall. He caught a glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Huntress hurrying in, to be the first to congratulate their darling. Another minute, and he knew there must come a fearful disclosure and explosion."

"He moved a step nearer the motionless girl and attempted to take one of those outstretched hands in his. His touch seemed to unlock those tense nerves and muscles as if by magic. She shrank away from him with a low, shuddering cry, and then, without a word of warning, fell forward, and would have dropped to the floor had he not caught her in his arms."

"Mr. Huntress, who entered the room at this moment, sprang forward, with a cry of alarm. 'What is the matter?' he asked, with his attention all concentrated upon Gladys, and never suspecting the dreadful trick that had been played upon them all."

Like a Curse.

Witnesses in the Cronin Trial Who Have Met a Violent Death.

Death by the knife, by shooting, by drowning and by disease has, like a Nemesis, pursued and brought to their graves nearly a score of the principal witnesses in the Cronin murder trial, which took place in Chicago in 1892. After a list of sixteen of the victims:

Peter McGeehan, Michael Gannon, Frank Shea, Robert Gibbons, Edward Spellman, Luke Jordan, John F. Beggs, Patrick O'Sullivan, Martin Burke, Frank J. Woodruff, Agnes McNeerney, Sarah McNeerney, Patrick Dinan, Dr. Lewis, William O'Connor.

The list of these witness names have been added to the name of Henry Owen O'Connor, who committed suicide in Chicago, Dec. 3. He was a friend of Cronin's and was present at the trial of Daniel Coughlin to remark which he overheard at a meeting of Camp 20, the Clan-na-Gael, when many people believe he was led to kill himself by remorse.

Others believe that all those connected with the trial rest under a curse. A strange mystery surrounds the ending of some of the witnesses and more than one is suspected of having been the victim of foul play. Some of those who are yet alive dread a violent death, and a strange terror possesses their superstitious friends. The facts show that even while the Cronin trial was in progress death began to claim its victims among the witnesses.

Peter McGeehan, who was accosted on the street by Dr. Cronin in April, 1892, was the victim of pneumonia, resulting from a cold contracted while intoxicated during the trial in November, 1892.

Michael Gannon, a bartender in Patrick Dolan's saloon, a resort of the anti-Cronin mob, died of pneumonia, resulting from a cold contracted while intoxicated during the trial in November, 1892.

Frank Shea, who was part in the Cronin trial was drilling all witnesses in the Lake View Exchange, Chicago, in November, 1892. He died of pneumonia, resulting from a cold contracted while intoxicated during the trial in November, 1892.

Robert Gibbons, an all-Ireland member of the Clan-na-Gael, died of pneumonia, resulting from a cold contracted while intoxicated during the trial in November, 1892.

BY THE GREAT LAKES.

Franks of the Winds and Waves on the Sands of the Beach.

One of the attractions presented by the coasts of the Great Lakes is the clean, glittering sand that borders the water's edge along the coast line. For ages the waves of these lakes have dashed upon the shores with a force scarcely less than that of the ocean waves, grinding down rocks into fine grains, and washing away the last particles of silt, so perfectly have the sands been cleansed that the many thousands of people who lounge upon them every summer do not contract their meat and dainties fabrics, for they leave no mark.

Peculiar property of this beach material, at least in certain localities, have given it the name 'singing sand.' This curious name has been given on account of the shrill creaking sound emitted by the sand when vigorously disturbed. By walking a course similar to that of a circular saw running rapidly through lumber, although, of course, the two are not to be compared in intensity. Walking over the sand, especially when the heel of the shoe is on the sand, it is similar to stepping, or even brushing through it briskly with the finger, produces similar sounds in the sand. A government official at Washington once had some of this material sent to him for the purpose of investigating some serious qualities, but no satisfactory explanation was found. Perfect freedom from any material that is essential to its condition, as the effect can be produced only in the portion that is in contact with the sand. It has been informed that the same phenomenon is exhibited by sand at places on the Atlantic coast, but it is not known whether it is characteristic of all beach sands.

Another remarkable feature of this sand is the sprinkling of coal-black, magnetic particles in its composition. These particles are generally smaller than the quartz grains, and when they constitute, I would say, at a guess, one-tenth of the sand. They are attracted by the magnet nearly or quite as strongly as are iron filings, thus indicating an abundance of iron. In what form the iron is contained I have not yet determined. Sometimes the action of the waves separates this material from the sand, leaving it in deposits, often many rods in extent, just outside the water line. These deposits are composed of small particles of iron, often of a size that a considerable quantity nearly pure iron filings can be obtained from these deposits. I called them accumulations of coal dust or of iron cinders from some furnace, and passed them by without second thought, until at last it occurred to me that the appearance of the sand was so peculiar. Investigation that naturally followed resulted in discovery of the facts stated above.

The sand is subject to the freaks of the winds as well as of the waves, and with results still more remarkable. Walking over the sand fields in a strong wind is as uncomfortable and as disagreeable to the sight as facing a severe storm of sleet. The air is then filled with flying particles that sting the face whenever they strike an exposed part of the body, and when beaten for years by this natural sand blast gradually wear away below and finally fall. The moving power of the wind over this material is shown by the frequent formation of drifts more than a foot in depth, and passing them by without second thought, until at last it occurred to me that the appearance of the sand was so peculiar. Investigation that naturally followed resulted in discovery of the facts stated above.

The European Soldier. Marion Crawford, in the Century. At a distance he looked well. It was when he came near to him that one was aware of an undefinable ungalvanism in his face and figure—something blank, cold, not cruel, but about him, that suggested a heavy wooden doll dressed in good clothes. In military countries one often receives this impression. A fine-looking infantry soldier, erect, broad-shouldered, bright-eyed, spotless and scrupulously neat, comes marching along, and excites one's admiration for a moment. Then, when close to him, one misses something which ought to go with such a country lout, perhaps, hardly able to read or write, and person of an intelligence not much beyond the highest development of instinct, which was the result of the bread and water under arrest have produced a piece of military machinery, not a man, not a creature, nor even the appearance of intelligence, in the wooden face. In a year or two a man will be beside his smart uniform, and go back to the class whence he came. One may give iron the shape and general look of steel, but not the temper and the springing quality.

A remarkable phenomenon was witnessed in Jerusalem recently. A swarm of flying ants settled upon the city, and filled the air from sunrise until 9 o'clock. Visitors to the Holy Sepulchre were obliged to use their handkerchiefs constantly, in order to keep the insects out of their eyes and nostrils.

BEFORE THEIR TIME. Weary Raggles—Say, pard, me and you was been before my time. Wandering Willie—How do you figure that? Raggles—I've bin readin' de papers for a while back, an' I see de experts agree dat by de next century de winnin will be doin all de work in dis world.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one foot of feet without any pain. What is he done once it will do again. Unreasonable—Tourist—in the East there are laws against carrying concealed weapons. Westerner—Do they expect a man to go around all the time with a gun in his hand?

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900 Drops. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of Infants and Children. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness, and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA. Castoria is put up in one-half bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else as the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C.A.S.T.O.R.I.A.

Seasonable Goods! Wool Gloves, Lined Kid Gloves, New Scarfs and Ties, New Silk and Cashmere Mufflers, Boys' and Men's Reefers and Overcoats.

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HINTON & RUMBALL, THE UNDERTAKERS, 260 Richmond Street. Private residence, 48 Becher St. Telephone—Store 440; House, 438.

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ALMANACS: CANADIAN, ZADKIEL, Globe Encyclopedia, 1897. JOHN MILLS, EDGE BLOCK.

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WESTERN SCHOOL OF ART. Spencer Block, Dundas Street, REOPENS MONDAY, JAN. 4, 1897. PUPILS CAN JOIN NOW.

EPPS'S COCOA. ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA. Possesses the following Distinctive Merits: DELICACY OF FLAVOR, SUPERIORITY IN QUALITY.

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Distin-guished. racers use Adams' Tutti Frutti to aid digestion and give staying power on long runs. Some dealers try to palm off imitations which they buy cheaper. See that the Trade Mark name.

Tutti Frutti. is on each 5c. package. Save coupons inside of wrappers for LATEST BOOKS.

E. H. KORDES, 428 Richmond Street, General Book Bindery, Blank Book Manufactory.

GOOD NEWS

To Lovers of Good Health.

We have just received a quantity of the RALSTON Breakfast Food and Pancake Flour. These are made from the Ralston formula, and are recommended by the President of the Ralston Health Food Club.

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Be Sure You Are Right.

And then go ahead. If your blood is impure, your appetite falling, your nerves weak, you may be sure that Hood's Sarsaparilla is what you need. Then take no substitute. Insist upon Hood's and only Hood's. This is the medicine which has the largest sales in the world. Hood's is the One True Blood Purifier.

HOOD'S PILLS are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate. Experiments are making in one of the London prisons for teaching female prisoners the art of making central rugs and mats.

LIFE SAVED.

Mr. James Bryson Cameron writes: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, saying his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than half a bottle cured me. I certainly believed it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Drowsy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, PURPLE LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.