

## A Delicious Drink "SALADA"

Ceylon Natural Green Tea will outdraw the finest Japan grown.

Special Packets Only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb.  
At all Groc. rs. Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

### District Doings

#### LEAMINGTON.

The principal topic of interest at present is the electric railroad and the bonus asked by the company, the amount of \$8,000, to be used for purchasing Sea Cliff Park, the company to make improvements and fit it up as an attractive and up-to-date park, to be owned by the company and the town. A by-law will be submitted to the people and will be voted upon at coming municipal elections. In case this is carried the road will be built along the first concession on Lake Shore road from Kingsville to Erie street, Leamington, and thence north to Talbot street, turning eastward to Wheatley and on toward through the County of Kent to Chatham. We have long felt the need of a park on our beautiful bay and indeed it is fast becoming a deep source of regret that a suitable site for one was not purchased years ago, but this opportunity would for the future give all we could desire as a resort free to the townspeople and

also the advantage of an electric railway.

Universal sympathy is felt for the Rev. Alex. Scratch and his devoted wife during the prolonged illness of the former. His case continues very serious.

On the 26th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Ellis, a son.

Mrs. Fitchell, of Marlborough St., is spending a few days in Detroit.

Mr. Gus Campbell and Mr. Lew Smith have greatly improved their places of business by putting in new fronts.

Mr. G. A. Morse has taken advantage of these mild autumn days to have his dwelling house repainted. It looks very nice in its new coat of white and drab. The work was done by Mr. Thomas Smith.

The recently organized Y.Y. consisting of a number of our most estimable young ladies, will hold a carol meeting at the home of Mrs. Terryberry, Talbot street, on Thursday evening, Nov. 30, at 8 o'clock.

Messrs. Gregory, of the Consumers Tobacco Co., Limited, have been buying tobacco during the past week. Prices paid range from three to nine cents.

CONNOISSEURS PREFER  
**Dawson's**  
WHISKY

**\$1.25 Gas!**

WHY NOT LIGHT YOUR  
HOUSE WITH GAS...?

If you now use Gas for fuel, you can at very small cost have the necessary piping and fixtures installed, pay a small sum monthly on the completed work, and pay the low price through one meter, for fuel and light, of \$1.25 net per 1,000 cubic feet of Gas.

See The Gas Company About It.

### Chatham Mineral Springs!

**HOTEL SANITA**, just completed, new and modern, every particular connected with the most complete Mineral Bath House in Canada cheerfully situated, facing Tecumseh Park.

#### The Mineral Water

Supplied from a deep rock flowing well, is pronounced by expert chemists to be equal to the water of Chateau. We are constantly receiving testimonials from people the Baths have cured of Rheumatism in its worst forms, Gout, Uric Acid, all diseases of the kidneys, Bladder, Blood, Skin and Nervous. MODERATE RATES.

Write for particulars.

The Chatham Mineral Water Company, Limited.

## THE NEW DOUBLE BREASTER

Have you seen the New Double-Breasted Overcoat. It's a very popular coat with the young fellows.

Wide collar and lapels, full, long and comfortable. Material is Fancy Cheviot in modest patterns and plain colors.

Just the coat for driving or for travelling. There will be no delay, merely a matter of making your selection at

**The T. H. Taylor Co.**

### LIFE IN BIG LONDON

SOME OF THE THINGS AMERICAN VISITORS SOON LEARN.

Frequent blowing of Cab Whistles. Pressing at First—No Bootblack Stands in British Capital—Women Cannot Clean Windows.

Americans sojourning in London are often puzzled in their first few hours there to account for the frequent blowing of mouth whistles in their vicinity, resembling the blasts of sound with which the New York postman accompanies the delivery of mail. A Yankee who arrived in the British metropolis one summer night greatly fatigued by his journey retired early at his lodgings, but was kept awake until midnight by the unaccustomed and continuous blowing of whistles, which suggested to his drowsy brain that letter carriers were calling every few minutes at the adjoining houses.

At breakfast the next morning he remarked that he had often heard of London's frequent mail deliveries, but he had never supposed there were so many of them as he had heard the previous evening.

"Heard?" inquired his seat mate.

"Yes; didn't you hear the postmen blowing their whistles every few minutes until after midnight?"

The English are too polite to laugh in one's face, but a suppressed snicker went around the table, breaking into audible laughter as another New Yorker, who had been in London twenty-four hours longer than the new arrival, explained glibly.

"Why, those were cab calls you heard. Every London house has a cab whistle. One blast brings a hansom, two a four wheeler."

Cabs are essential to London, where antiquated stages are the only means of going in many directions, and they serve as express wagons as well as conveyances. Few persons send their baggage "by luggage," it is called over there in advance to railway station or steamer pier. A cab is called at the last moment, and the cabman puts trunk or valise on the roof of his vehicle. If one's parcels are numerous a four wheeler or omnibus is employed. On arriving with luggage the same method is used to carry it to one's home or lodgings.

As the baggage covered hansom bows along two or three ragged and dirty men or boys may be seen running beside it. If any distance is to be traversed, it will be noticed that some of these drop behind one after the other, while others take their places. They are "runners," usually men on their "uppers," who earn an occasional shilling by following cabs to their destinations and carrying the luggage upstairs for the arriving passengers.

It would not occur to the average Englishman to seek a bootblack outside his own home for his morning "shiners." Shoes are generally polished in the house by the maid-servant, if one lacks valet or footman, and the bootblack stand is conspicuously absent from the British capital. Bootblacks, often aged men, bearing the label "Licensed Messenger" on their coat sleeve, have foot boxes at the chief intersections of the principal thoroughfares and ply their trade for the benefit of transients and foreigners. They are seldom patronized by the London householder.

One of the first inquiries made by Americans who settle in London is for a washerwoman. But it is soon found that this useful person is not to be had. Very little washing is done at home or taken out by washerwomen in London, all the soiled linen being sent to a laundry. The result is that Americans, accustomed to the weekly visit of the family washerwoman at home, find their laundry bills not a small item of expense on the other side of the ocean.

A surprise is in store for the new householder in London who asks the maid-servant to clean the windows. "Indeed, ma'am, I'd be arrested if I did," explains the girl as she refuses the task. And, sure enough, it is learned that owing to accidents to women cleaning windows from the outside the authorities have ordained that women must not risk life or limb at window cleaning. The penalty for disobeying the regulation is a fine of \$5. So men employed as porters in furniture stores and similar shops earn many odd shillings and shillings by spending their weekly half holidays as window cleaners to householders lacking men servants.

Most of the small London shopkeepers and their assistants take a half holiday on Thursday instead of Saturday, as in New York, the butchers closing up Tuesday afternoons. This practice causes inconvenience to newcomers until guarded against by early purchases.

#### A Sticky Diary.

"Look here, old chap, I'll give you a valuable tip," said the experienced married man to the prospective bridegroom. "Don't let your wife keep a diary on the honeymoon. My wife did that, and now whenever we quarrel she brings it out and reads some of the idiotic things I said to her then."

#### Quite English.

She—Is that an English coat you are wearing? He—Yes. How do you like it? She—To be frank with you, it is a fright. He—It wouldn't be English if it wasn't.

#### Easy.

"How do you suppose that fellow ever got through college?" "By means of a college coach."

It is great and manly to disdain disguise; it shows our spirit and proves our strength.—Young.

## Armour's Extract of Beef

### Makes Food More Nourishing

We do not claim that Armour's Extract of Beef is a food. It is a tonic for the appetite—it is soothing and grateful to the stomach—helps one to get all the nourishment out of the food—insures quick, sound digestion.

Start dinner with a clear bouillon or savory soup with Armour's Extract of Beef added to give the true beef flavor—and see how easily the dinner is digested.

#### Beach Sands.

A party of chauffeurs were walking along Cape May beach. One of them picked up a handful of sand and said: "Why is it that one beach is firm enough for motor cars, while another is so soft a child can hardly walk on it?"

"The sand in your hand answers that question," the second chauffeur replied. "See how fine it is."

The sand was, indeed, as fine as dust, as fine as talcum powder. "The finer a sand is the more closely it will pack and, by consequence, the finer surface it will offer," went on the second chauffeur. "This fine sand here makes a roadbed many feet in depth—a roadbed you couldn't pack more closely if you rolled it a hundred years with a hundred ton roller. Study the sand at Long Branch or Asbury Park. It is prettier than this. It is made of separate grains that you can readily distinguish. Each is a perfect cube, white or black or red—a beautiful clear colored shape that it is a pleasure to look at. Each is about fifty times bigger than the Cape May grains; hence the sand of Asbury Park or Long Branch won't pack down, won't make a firm roadbed. There is only one place in the country where the sand is finer than at Cape May, and that place is Orono."

**MOONEY'S  
PERFECTION  
CREAM**  
Sodas

### Food Value

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas are crisp squares of wholesome nourishment. They are the food that builds strength and muscle. They are as easily digested by the child and invalid as by the sturdy workman. They contain ALL the food properties of finest Canadian wheat flour, in a form that delights the appetite. Always fresh and crisp in the moisture-proof packages. At all grocers in 1 and 3 pound packages.

#### Artists as Frame Makers.

The frame for the picture is always a sore question with the average artist, as any one of them will confess and any frame maker testify to. Most painters have definite ideas on how their canvases should be framed, but when it comes to ordering and paying for them, that is another matter. As great an artist as Alma-Tadema always designed his own frames, and not a few New York painters design and make their own. There is one Boston artist who began by making his own frames after his own design, and his effects were so artistic that several of his colleagues in that city begged him to make frames for them. He consented to do this in a few cases, on the fame of his work spread abroad, and as a result he received so many orders that he set up a frame making shop of his own.

#### The Stone of Destiny.

The historic stone known in Scotland as the "Stone of Destiny," in Ireland as the "Lia Fáil" and in England as "Jacob's Pillar" or the "Scone" is said to have been brought from Egypt to Ireland by a beautiful princess, who placed it in Tara's hall in 580 B. C. At present this very ancient relic is fastened underneath the coronation chair in Westminster abbey. The stone is of dark color, streaked with red, and is twenty-six inches long, sixteen inches wide and eleven inches thick. Its surface is much defaced, and a deep crack almost divides it into two parts. Tradition says that this stone can be traced back to the plains of Luz, where Jacob laid his head upon it and dreamed his ladder dream, and that at the captivity Jeremiah carried it off to Egypt.

## After Fifteen Years

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

Copyright, 1905, by I. D. Marshall

For almost a twelvemonth now Mr. Fawcett has been living in the daily morning paper of a certain little newsboy beneath the steps of his L station. "Little Timber Toes" was the nickname the boys had given her. She was a cripple and carried a crutch.

"I've missed you, sir. Indeed, you should have been coming back at all!" "Little Timber Toes" laughed at her own falsehood, showing all her fine, infantile teeth at once. Mr. Fawcett had spent Sunday with some of his New Jersey relatives, and this was the greeting he received when he came back to his L station on Tuesday morning.

"So you missed me, did you?" It was good to be missed, and it warmed the cockles of this old bachelor's dry heart. "Well, I had a nice time in the country, little one," said he.

"Ah," said the child, leaning slightly forward on her crutch, "it must be like fairyland in the country. Mother used to live in the country, and she's told me all about it. And did you go in the woods—the deep woods? They must smell so fresh and cool and delicious. And then the shade!" She had a long vista of thoughts in her eyes—an entire forest. She was to all appearances a pretty child of twelve, with delicate features and a mass of brown hair. Just now some rays of sunlight shanting upon her head from the platform above made it sparkle like gold.

"Do you know," she went on, seeing that her customer was in no especial hurry to catch his train, "I often picture the woods to myself—trees growing up by themselves without being planted, squirrels running over the boughs, birds singing in the branches. Oh, it must be wonderful!"

"How would you like to go with me some Sunday to see the woods?" asked the man. "They are all around the city here, to be seen for the mere riding to them in the cars."

"Oh, I should love it!" The big dark eyes looked disproportionately large in the pale, tiny face. "And I think mother will be sure to let me," added she gravely. "You see, I've told her about you so many times."

Somehow the whole of July slipped by and "Little Timber Toes" did not get to see her dear woods nor the squirrels nor the birds. To be sure, there was no immediate hurry about it. There was always the facile excuse, "Next week, perhaps—or week after next."

However, there came a morning when Mr. Fawcett stopped to hand over his coin and take back a paper he found "Little Timber Toes" place was vacant. Evidently she was late today. On his way home he would stop again. The place was still unoccupied in the evening, also the following morning. A policeman on the corner, being consulted, thought the child might be ill and gave Mr. Fawcett the address where she was supposed to live.

"Of course she's ill," mused the man as he set out to find her late that afternoon. "Her little face has been uncommonly white of late and her eyes uncommonly big."

On his way up the narrow stairs in the miserable tenement in which the child lived a "box" woman passed him. It turned out to be the landlady. "Yes, she's up there all alone, poor little kid. I've just been a-takin' her some gruel. Holy saints, but it's hot up in that attic!" She mopped her brow in confirmation of the statement.

The door of the little attic room was open, but to the man standing there quietly in the hallway it all seemed quite dark. The shutters were bowed tight, but the August sun threw tiny shafts of light through the slats. As his eyes became used to the half light he saw "Little Timber Toes" sitting close against the wall, where she had been driven by the advancing heat from the window. For coolness she had piled her hair on top of her head. It gave a certain air of distinction. Her exquisite, small face, her shapely little head resting against the dingy wall here in this poverty reduced room, had the antique perfection and grace of an old cameo in a defaced and scratched setting.

He waited for her to move, to look up. He imagined she would hear him breathe, the room was so still, but he had to knock twice before she seemed able to disconnect herself from her listless reverie. Then—

"Oh, oh—I was wishing you might come!" She reached out her hand for his and held it tight. "Do you know?" stroking the hand she clasped with her free one as if to make sure her words would not hurt him, "I kind of thought you'd come, even if you did forget your promise about the dear woods."

"I'll come, oh, my dear, yes, I'll come," she said, and by that he saw that she was better.

His conscience smote him somewhat. He changed the subject abruptly. "How's mother?" he asked.

"Pretty well, thanks. She's in the tailor trade now," she said. "Then she's doing well?"

"Not so well as trousers. It's the buttonholes, you see." The child was profound in her practical wisdom. Fifteen minutes later, as Mr. Fawcett was opening the shutters to let in the evening air, a slightly built woman came slowly up the attic stairs. She was very tired, but for the sake of the child she bravely summoned a gay smile, putting her face on dress parade, as it were. For a second, seeing

that there was a stranger in the room, she stood uncertainly in the doorway; then she went toward him.

"I think, sir," she said, with a certain quiet dignity—"I think you must be the gentleman who's been so kind to"—

"Kitty!" cried the man, taking an unconscious step toward her. Then they stood and stared into each other's wondering eyes.

She, worn with work and worry, was the first to lose control. She dropped into a chair presently and began to cry softly. He, for his part, paced the room in dazed fashion. He recalled "Little Timber Toes" innocent disclosures. Father was dead. She thought she was glad. He wasn't fond of children, and he sometimes used to strike dear mother.

Why, he had figuratively shrugged careless shoulders at the commonplace skeleton laid bare by the child. But now? He turned hot eyes and looked at the pretty, fragile, sobbing creature—Kitty, his Kitty, as he had been used to call her, the beautiful, dainty girl who had flushed under his first kiss—something in his throat swelled big. He stood still before the attic window, going battle with it. In the place of chimneys and lightning rods, tiles and slates, came green fields and woods. There was a little vine covered cottage, too, and out of the cottage came a girl as fresh and sweet as the morning. A youth leaned over the gate saying good-by, for he was going off to win fortune for them both. Then he departed, with her moist kiss upon his lips, while the golden morning shone hopefully on the woods and meadows. And, oh, the long misery of that subsequent insubstantial! Later news had reached him that she was married to an old rival; after that, no news at all.

James Fawcett went near to the weeping little woman and laid his hand upon her arm. "Kitty," he said again, "it's years since we saw each other."

"Fifteen," said she struggling to be calm and smiling through her tears. "That's a long time, James, and time brings many changes."

"Does it? I don't see them, dear. To me you're just the same."

At his words the woman flushed—as pretty a wild rose flush as any maiden might claim. He drew up a chair for himself and placed it near her. Then he set about bringing up old tales that made her cheerful and gave the dimples play. What a dance those same dimples used to lead the boys, Billy and Ben and the rest—did she remember? And did she recall the wooden schoolhouse? There was a brand new brick one now. The old farmhouse was down, too, and on its site was a gorgeous brick villa.

Thus, though all the while hunger was gnawing at his heart, he talked cheerily on and on. Presently he arose. He could bear it no longer. She was such a sorrowful, sad little fragile, dear little thing to fight all alone against the world. He opened his arms wide.

"Will you come now, Kitty? It's not too late."

When she laid her hands on his broad shoulders and said tremulously, "I'm so tired, dear—so tired!" he put his strong arms about her and fondled her caressingly, just as he might have fondled the child by the wall or any other helpless thing. "Little Timber Toes" all the while looked on and smiled.

"And when we go to the woods," she asked presently, "will you take dear mother along too?"

"Well, rather," answered the man in a queer, hoarse tone as he drew the woman in his arms still closer.

#### Fidelity and Affection of a Horse.

In the "Memoirs of General Count de Segur," an anecdote of Napoleon, the following affecting incident is related:

During the nocturnal attack of the "Marengo," Dec. 22, I was unhorsed. My animal had been wounded by a bullet in his chest, from which the blood was streaming, and as he could no longer carry me I had been forced to leave him, loading his equipment on my shoulders. When I had reached our first outpost, about 300 paces off, I set down to rest before the fire, in some grief at the loss of my mount, when a plaintive sound and an unexpected contact caused me to turn my head. It was the poor beast, which had revived and had dragged itself in the wake of my footsteps. In spite of the distance and the darkness, I had succeeded in finding me and, recognizing me by the light of the campfire, had come up groaning to lay its head on my shoulder. My eyes filled with tears at this last proof of attachment, and I was gently stroking it when, exhausted from the blood it had lost and its efforts to follow me, in the midst of the men, who were as surprised and terrified as myself, it fell down, struggling for a moment and expired.

#### An Arctic Dog.

It is said of Dr. John Brown, the general and noted author of "Rab and His Friends," that he was personally acquainted with every dog in Edinburgh. Once while out driving he stopped in the middle of a sentence and looked out eagerly at the back of the carriage.

"Let's know one you know?" asked the friend who was with him.

"No," he replied. "It's a dog I don't know."

An old resident of Edinburgh tells this story: A dog had recently been brought to the city from Iceland and for a long time apparently suffered from all the pangs of homesickness. Dr. Brown became much interested in the animal and tried frequently to comfort it. At last one day he came to the house of his friend, Dr. Peddie, with a smiling face and said: "That dog is all right now. He went out last night and saw the pole star, and that has made him feel quite at home here."

## Expert Tea Blending

HAVE you ever tried to blend colors to match the shade of the red rose?

Pretty difficult, yet an expert can do it easily. Why? Because he can tell by looking at the rose what colors are required to produce that tint or shade. He can make that precise color every day in the week.

Just as the artist in colors blends the tints of the red rose, so my artists in tea blend the "rich fruity flavor" of Red Rose Tea.

With expert knowledge and intuitive skill he selects the particular picking of rich, strong Indian tea and the precise grade of fragrant, delicate Ceylon, and by skillful blending produces the peerless flavor of Red Rose Tea—a tea which for delicacy and strength is matched by no brand of Ceylon alone.

**Red Rose  
Tea** is good Tea  
T. H. Estabrooks  
St. John, N.B., Toronto, Winnipeg

### District Doings

#### SOUTH BUXTON.

Miss Ella Broadbent spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Broadbent.

Mr. Art Holland has gone to London, where he has accepted a position as clerk in one of London's large stores.

Miss Hill intends holding her school concert Friday evening, Dec. 8th.

Mr. Geo. Hatter, who for some years resided near this village, but some time ago moved to the United States, died there a few days ago. The remains were brought here for interment on Friday last.

#### LEAMINGTON.

At the time of writing, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dan McDonald, Russell street, is the scene of active preparation for the approaching marriage, of the 28th inst., of their daughter, Mrs. Lena Hickson, to Mr. Alonzo Henry, who came from Ohio, and has been engaged in drilling for oil. Several gentlemen of this class have improved the time spent in this town by securing partners for life.

The tea meeting in the Baptist

church last Thursday evening was well attended. The ladies sustained their reputation for providing a first class and abundant supply of refreshments. Morris' orchestra furnished music. A very pleasant social evening was spent and the amount of the proceeds was very satisfactory. A new difficulty has arisen in connection with the electric railroad. Messrs. A. P. Burch, assistant engineer employed by the company, and Wm. Simpson, have been negotiating with the land owners along the first concession road for right of way, and in several cases have failed to secure it. Unless some agreement can be reached this may necessitate a change in the route and also in the proposed plan of the council for submitting a by-law asking a bonus to be applied for purchasing a park.

Mersey and truth always walk on the same side of the street.

Lots of good ten cent Cigars, but only one best—the Top Lake.

The hardest man to preach to is the one who is not there.

For quality, workmanship and every detail, Sugar Beet Cigars lead.

Loudly professed friendship usually comes to an early end.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Clothes washed by Sunlight Soap are cleaner and whiter than if washed in any other way.

Chemicals in soap may remove the dirt but always injure the fabric. Sunlight Soap will not injure the most delicate lace or the hands that use it, because it is absolutely pure and contains no injurious chemicals.

Sunlight Soap should always be used as directed. No boiling or hard rubbing is necessary. Sunlight Soap is better than other soap, but is best when used in the Sunlight way.

**5c.** Buy it and follow directions. **5c.**

**\$5.00 REWARD** will be paid for any person who proves that Sunlight Soap contains any injurious chemicals or any form of adulteration.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

**\$5.00 A MONTH**

The New Spinney Treatment Cures.

**Nervous Debility, Blood Diseases, Varicose, Stricture, Prostatitis Troubles, Urinary, Bladder and Kidney Diseases, NERVOUS DEBILITY and Vital Weakness.**

Are not the man you once were? Do you feel that you are the morning and early exhausted? Is your back lame? Is your memory failing? Do you have difficulty in concentrating your thoughts? Do you notice a lack of ambition and energy? If you suffer from any or all of these symptoms, you certainly need treatment. Come to us; our New Spinney treatment will cure you permanently and make a man of you once more.

Consultation Free. Books Free. Write for Question List for Home Treatment.

**DR. SPINNEY CO., 290 Woodward Ave. Detroit, Mich.**

NOW IS THE TIME TO ADVERTISE