don't you fret too much over Ann, father. Folks can't go on livin' shut up with sorrow like she's been doin' the past year. There'll come an end to that. The Lord don't was non-not be to come was non-not be to come when the come was non-not to the come was non-not be to come when the come was non-not to the come when the come was non-not to the come was non-not to the come when the come was non-not to the come was non-not to the come when the come was non-not to the come was non-not to the come when the come was non-not to the come was non-not to the come when the come was non-not to the come was non-not to the come when the come was non-not to the come was non-not to the come when the come was non-not to the come was non-not to the come when the come was non-not to the come was non-not to the come when the come was non-not to the come was non-not to the come when the come was non-not to the come was non-not to the come when the come when the come was non-not to the come when the come was not to the come when the come was not to

And then, after a little while, silence reigned in the chilly north bedroom where the moonlight struggled in through the boughs of the old walnut trees outside.

The same autumnal moonlight lay white and clear on the roofs and wall of the sleeping town when Ann Edwards laid down her knitting and began to make ready for bed. She was in the way of sitting up lateover her work, for it was by the sale of coarse mittens and socks that she carned the money for daily needs, and she liked the quite of the evening hours, when there was no danger of any one's dropping in. Street lamps were unknown at this time, and the town-folk made their social calls by daylight.

Ann Edwards prided herself upon her courage, and a timid neighbor often related how, on that awful day when Du Pont's powder wagons exploded, and the streets were filled with a frightened, surging crowd, "Ann, she jest set a knittin', and never dropped a stitch."

But to-night she started nevously when The same autumnal moonlight lay white

"Ann, she jest set a knittin', and never dropped a stitch."

But to-night she started nevously when a stick of wood snapped in two, and again when the yellow cat rubbed against her chair. Perhaps it was the talk with her brother, perhaps she was not quite well—at any rate, the ghosts of past Thanksgivings walked before her, and the light of her little fire seemed to shine on faces long since hidden from her view.

Just before the nine-o'clock bell rang, as she was closing the shutters of a back window she was almost sure she saw the shadowy figure of a man glide across the yard toward the well, and—was that a scream?

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I am a little girl 6 years old. I hope you will accept me as your niece. I go to school. I read in the first part First Reader. I spent my holidays at home with mamma. She was sick My sister is writing for me, but I tell ser what to say. Papa has gone to town to-day. This is all this time. From your niece.

ETHEL HOWELL.

1 hope pleasure to my next sum pleasure to my

### LONDON, Nov. 12, 1891.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:
For some time I have been reading the interesting little letters of your nieces in the ADVERTISER, and I thought I, too, would like to become a niece. I am 12 years old; I go to a convent school. You asked us to tell you how we spent our vacation. I spent a week down at Fort Stanley berrypicking, bathing, boating, riding, picnicking and gathering stones and shells on the beach. I went to Toronto and did not stay very long, but I had a delightful time. I passed some days there boating and looking at the beautiful buildings. I went to evening garden parties and picnics in London. I had to spend some time to study my lessons for the opening of school on the following Monday, after having spent a pleasant vacation. As my letter is getting rather long, I will close. From your loving niece,

BIRR, Ont., Nov. 10, 1891.

EIRR, Ont., Nov. 10, 1891.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:
Although I wrote to you before, I am going to write to you again. It is a dull, rainy day, so I thought I would employ myself in some way. I had a very pleasant summer, especially in holidays, when I was feeding chickens, picking fruit, skipping or awinging, and also I was in London a couple of times. I had a small flower bed this summer, with some very pretty flowers in it. I will close now, Aunt Prudence. From your loving niece, Minnie Neal.

TIVERTON, Nov. 12, 1891.

window she was almost sure saw the shadowy figure of a man glide across the yard toward the well, and—was that a scream?

"Nonsense, Ann Edwards! You'll take a good dose of hot ginger tea and go straight to bed. Such foolishness ain't for Ione women like you," she sternly said to herself. Having stirred up the fire, she was about to hang the kettle over it when she suddenly remembered that there was she eopened the door, and came over her as she opened the door, she wrapped her head in her shawl, took a tin dipper, and went fout to the well.

Would any one of her neighbors have known that white-faced woman who, a moment later, rushed across the yard into the house, belted the door, and cowered what she had seen as she bent over the well!—a dark figure, rising from its depths, that stretched shadowy arms toward her and cried, "Mother! mother! help! help!"

"I've been a hard, unthankful woman,"

"Trutheron, Nov. 12, 1891.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

You are very kind and good to make such a nice offer of a doll's carriage to the such a low a doll's carriage to the such a low by out an account of how I must try and give you an account of how I spent my tell you first that I have to help my mate to the homework. She has no little girl by out for size years old. Igo to school and I mit the Second Reader, and I like my teacher. I spent my holidays by helping mamma and taking care of my little brother Thad while the low in the Second Reader, and I like to care for the howe when they require it, and keeping the beds clean they require it, and keeping

The Thanksqu'ing Well

W

Everybody says so."

"She seemed to get real cross at that and says she, very scornful, 'Oh, yes, I hev! Yes, indeed! Well, when that well o' water brings my Joe back to me, I'll be thankful for it. Now go home, Amos, and enjoy your Thankgiving dinner with your family. You mean well, but you don't know what trouble is."

The whole story had been so characteristic of her easy-going, affectionate husband and his sharp, stern sister that Mrs. Edwards had smiled once or twice as she lay listening in the darkness. But the last words rouse a feeling that lies dormant in us all and she hastened to say:

"Dean VILLE, Mich., Nov. 9, 1891.

DEAN AUNT FRUDENCE:

This is my first letter to you, and I hope you will accept me as your niece. I am a little girl 1 years old. I go to school every little girl 1 years old. I go to school every little girl 1 years old. I go to school every day, and a min the first part Fourth Reader. I live on a farm of 460 acres. We had have taken it for four years, and papa says he could not do without it, for it has all the news. I spent my holidays part at home and part at my sholidays part at home. This is all this time. From your loving niece. MAUDIE J. HOWELL.

DEAN VILLE, Mich., Nov. 9, 1891.

I have never written to you before, though I often started a letter but neglected to finish it. I spent my summer holidays at my said my start fourth Reader. I live on a farm of 460 acres. We had a subtance four years, and papa says he could not do without it, for it has all the news. I spent my holidays at at my start fourth Reader. I have never witten to you before, though I often started a letter butneglected to finish it. I spent my sammer holidays at my start Fourth Reader. I have never witten to you start fourth for my start fourth Reader and she have two finish it. I spent my sammer holidays at the mew's. I spent my start fourth Reader at the finish it. I spent my sammer holidays at

Forest, Nov. 13, 1891.

FOREST, NOV. 13, 1891.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I am going to describe to you the way in which I spent my holidays. Well, I cannot boast of having seen a great deal, but as you said that did not matter, I take courboast of having seen a great deal, but as you said shat did not matter, I take courage and write. I spent the greater part of my holidays at home. There was an old lady visiting at our place nearly all summer and she was not well at all. She liked to have somebody sit beside her and talk and read to her. I stayed beside her a good deal and fanned her, for those bot days were very hard on her, as her breath is very short. Thea, of course, my friends came to see me and I returned their visits, and altogether had a very happy time. Then my little sister—she is just 3 years old and as cute as can be—and I had great fun in the hammock. The hammock is in the orchard under a tree, and it was nice and shady. Oh, I think anybody cun have as much fun at home as when traveling, as traveling is very tiring. One day we all went to the pinery to pick berries. I did not pick many berries, but as there was quite a number of us we got quite a few. This is all I can think of now. So goodbye,

::: HAWKESVILLE, Nov. 10, 1891.

HAWKESVILLE, Nov. 10, 1891.

DEAR AUNT PRILENCE:

As I have been reading the letters in the Advertiser for a long time I thought I would try and write, too. We have taken the Advertiser for a long time and we like it very well. I am 13 years old on the 15th of this month. I spent my summer holidays in picking berries, and I went to the berry patch nearly every day except Sundays. I will close now. From your loving niece,

DOLLY CUNNINGHAM.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, is ear-ache. 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 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 specially subject.

Green boughs of the eucalyptus tree are

Green boughs of the eucalyptus tree are said to be among the best disinfectants known for a room where scariet fever ex-

Piles : Piles! Itching Piles SYMPTOMS - Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most 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 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.

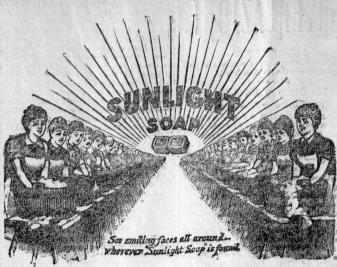
A rye head maketh a wryer thinker.
Wine may lead itself aright, but it leadeth a man awrong.
Mr. Job Scales, of Toronto, writes: "A Mr. Job Scales, of Toronto, writes: "A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, sour stomach and lame back; in fact, I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try abottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I used one bottle, and the permanent manner in which it has cured and made a new man of me is such that Leaves. made a new man of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this ex-pression of my gratitude."

Two of Mr. Howells' children have taken As the head swelleth, yea, even so the ourse shrinketh.

Alfred A. Taylor of Margaree Harbor says:—"One bottle MINARD'S LINI-MENT cured a swelling of the gamble joint and saved a horse worth \$140.

Thos. W. Payne, of Bathurst, saved the life of a valuable horse that the "'Vet." had given up, with a few bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT.





Use it for all purposes, in either soft or hard water. It is a household comfort all the year round. Beware of

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ASSETS AND CAPITAL FOUR AND A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS.

### NCREASES MADE LAST YEAR

| 7  | 7                 | \$55.168  | - |
|----|-------------------|-----------|---|
|    | Income            |           |   |
| In | Assets            | 417,141   |   |
|    | Cash Surplus      | 68,648    | ( |
|    | New Business      | 706,967   | ( |
| Tn | Business in Force | 1,600,376 | ( |

H. GIBBENS, Agent for London, 169 Dundas Street J, K. MACDONALD, Managing Director. W. C. MACDONALD, Actuary

## BRENER BROS.' NEW LEADER

The National Melodrama Brand, PATROL, Is Sure to Be a Winner.

Messrs. Brener Bros., the successful manufacturers of Nos. 182-190 Horton street, London, are in the field with a new leader, which has been happily named THEE DATROL. 23 They intend to make this cigar popular wherever the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes float. It is a Cuban hand-made cigar, of which the filler is all Havana, mild and fragrant. The label, which is the design of the Patrol Co., is strikingly original. The words in which the names of the manufacturers occur at appropriate intervals. Nothing in the way of at label that is so simple, and at the same time so rich and attractive, has been originated, and it would be impossible to present to the trade a more elegant package. "The Patrol." cigar is certain to win instant recognition, and to increase largely the annual output of its manufacturers.

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