

SELF-WILLED.

For a month they keep her hidden from the world, as it were, which she shows no desire to re-enter. Philippa is always by her side, watching her, guarding her, no matter that it is likely to contain Lord Cecil's name, and she is allowed to come near her, and Philippa ever guards her tongue against pronouncing Lord Fitz-Harwood's name, which, as a statesman, is on everybody's lips.

But one Sunday morning Carrie comes down attired in her jacket and bonnet, and carrying her prayer-book, and asks Philippa, springing up and approaching her affectionately.

"To church," says Carrie, with the wan smile. "All good people, unless they are bedridden, go to church; and though I am not good, I am not bedridden, and am going with you and papa."

"But are you sure you are strong enough to sit out the service, dear?" asks Philippa, thinking not of the service, but of the ordeal which awaits her stricken flower; of the piercing eyes of Lady Bellaire and her daughter, of the glances of the Donmores, and the glances of Lord Cecil's promised wife, and who are dying to gaze upon her now that she has fallen from her high estate.

A faint color comes for a moment into Carrie's face. She knows of what Philippa is thinking, and what she dreads.

"I am quite well, and strong enough to hear anything," with a little stress on the word "anything."

"Better put a veil on, dear, the sun is strong," says Philippa, but Carrie will not even assume this innocent piece of female armor. She will not let them think that she cannot bear their malicious glances.

She starts, and with a white face that in the pale looks far lovelier than it did even in its robust health, she glides to her place and sits the service through, Philippa watching her nervously.

At the close, Philippa purposely waits until the majority of the congregation has passed out, before she makes a move, hoping to avoid meeting any of the dreaded great ones, but she does not rightly estimate the curiosity and malice of such a one as Lady Bellaire; and her heart sinks as she sees the capacious figure waiting at the gate.

But Carrie does not look concerned. Pale and calm she walks down the path, and even when Lady Bellaire stops point-blank in front of her, she does not show the white teeth.

"And how are you, Miss Carrie?" asks her ladyship, with the courtesy and the Donmores are well within hearing.

Carrie inclines her head.

"Quite well, thank you, Lady Bellaire," in her sweet voice.

"Better, you mean, I suppose," says her ladyship, nettled by her calm voice. "We were all sorry to hear of your illness."

"Thank you, my lady," says Carrie, making no attempt to move on, though Philippa squeals her arm.

"Quite too sorry," goes on her ladyship. "It must have been a heavy disappointment."

"Yes," says Carrie, her eyes looking straight into the red and pompous face of her ladyship, but it is only what we expected. I said to dear Lady Donmore that I was sure Lord Neville was not serious. One can always tell, you know. Never mind, my lady, unequal marriages never end well, and if you can only bring yourself to think so, be sure it is all for the best. Providence knows what is most suitable."

"So I have heard," says Carrie, in her low, clear voice that penetrates as far as the listeners. "But I have never understood listeners. But I have never understood listeners. But I have never understood listeners."

But, bravely as she has borne the insult and avenged it, it tells on her, and when she reaches home, the dark eye looks heavy, and she sits up late, and in the end of sitting up to dinner she crutches by herself in a corner of the sofa.

Mr. Harrington, at his face clouds.

"What evils human beings make of themselves," he says. "My own darling! But it shall be the opportunity they shall have of punishing her. You must go away with her for a time, Philippa. Great Heavens, it is crushing her down again!"

So they take that evening flight which we must all take some time. The doctor declares that what his little girl wants is a breath of sea air, and prescribes a fortnight's stay in the south-west breeze in the "Isle of Wight."

But not even the finest south-west breeze can potent enough to bring back the color to her face, the old light in her eyes; but Philippa does not despair. She gets a donkey-carriage—for Carrie cannot walk far, and is so tired—and with a decrepit old man to manage the decrepit beast, they wander along the shore and about the breezy dunes.

One evening, it is the month after their arrival at Sandgate—Carrie is sitting in her donkey-carriage, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed on the sinking sun, the far-off sea, and her thoughts dwelling upon that brief dream which crowns her young life, when suddenly it occurs to her that it is time for them to be making for the quiet little cottage.

"Philippa," she says, without looking round. "Habit is better than nature. The old man—the old man—'unlike getting tired of this. Give me my sunshade, dear, will you? I have let it drop, and we will start."

There is silence for a moment, then some one stoops and picks up the sunshade, and looking up she sees, no Philippa, but a tall, handsome man with dark grey eyes and a yellow mustache on a tanned face.

"No, I beg your pardon," he says, in a low voice, as if out of consideration for her delicate state. "I overheard your request, and seeing that your sunshade was out of hearing, I ventured to—"

"Thank you, my lady," he says, and he looks at her with a smile. "Let me put up for you?" he asks, gently, and holds the sunshade.

In doing so, he succeeds in catching the sunshade in the face of her eyes, and is instantly enveloped with confusion and indignation. "What a beast!" he exclaims.

"Men are clumsy animals!" he exclaims. "I am very sorry!"

"It is nothing," says Carrie, with her wan smile. "The old man was very old and of no consequence."

"But I am very sorry," and he makes a slight movement as if to go, but hangs back still. "Would you mind my turning round again?" he asks. "I will be very careful."

"Thanks," says Carrie, then she smiles. "You need not be so anxious; I have not a word to say to you."

"No, my lady," and he looks infinitely relieved. "I thought—"

"That I could not walk, perhaps, says Carrie. "So many poor people are crippled

here, are they not? But I am not. I have only been rather ill!"

"I hope you are better," he says, and the grey eyes dwell on the pale face with respectful watchfulness.

"I am quite well, only a little weak, and very lazy," she says, with a faint sigh.

"Not the latter, I am sure," he remarks, and he still stands beside the chair.

As this moment Philippa comes up, and they both as a shepherd does a wolf near his pet lamb.

He colors at her gaze, and taking off his hat holds it in his hand—this day is warm—as he explains.

"Your sister dropped her sunshade, madam, and I had the happiness to be near enough to pick it up for her. Good-day."

And he puts his hat on and walks off, but not before he has bent a parting glance upon the beautiful young face lying back under the sunshade.

"Hem! Rather impertinent," says Philippa.

"No, dear, not at all. Respect itself," says Carrie, listlessly.

"I wonder who he is! I don't remember seeing him before," says Philippa, as they saunter on.

"His name is Gerald Moore," says Carrie, with a faint smile.

"Gerald Moore? You don't mean to say that he told you? What impudence!"

"No, dear, he did not."

"Then how, in the name of goodness, did you find out?"

Carrie laughs faintly.

"My dear, it was printed in gold letters in his hat; Gerald Moore. It is a nice name, and he struck me as being rather nice, too. I wonder who he is?"

(To Be Continued.)

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Pitcher's Castoria.**

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

**Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.**

Gold leaf, when beaten into a sheet of the thickness of but one hundred and fifty thousandths of an inch, appears to be of a beautiful green when held up to the light.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blisters from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Scurfs, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle.

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Warms cure feverishness, morning and evening. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

According to a late government report the Ojaga Indians are the wealthiest people in the world, their per capita holdings average \$16,771.

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

The proportionate value of house property to population is greater in Great Britain than in any other country in the world, and least in Russia.

Why will you allow a cough to become a year's threat or lunges and run the risk of finding a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Little'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.

A bank official who "speaks by the card" says that the most costly metal is didymium, worth \$4,000 per pound.

Dead Black Dress Goods are the proper thing to wear for mourning and the great Drygoods House of H. Treflecock & Co., are making a sweeping sale of their magnificent mourning department. Finest in London. All selling at low bankrupt prices. Now is your time to secure a dress, mantle, hat or bonnet at half price. See our large show window. Also see advertisement on another page.

Having purchased the bankrupt stock of the Upper Canada Furniture Company at 50 cents on the dollar, we have some great snags for the next few days. We have a great line of reekers; over 700 to select from. A solid oak writing desk, bookcase and bric-a-brac cabinet, \$5. Come early and secure some bargains. KENNEDY BROS., 127 King street, opposite market house.

Wood Carving. A wood carving establishment opened here. Our work is carved, not pressed, made of art mouldings; furniture, etc., carvings and artistic work of the public but, ngs. Artistic wood carvings and wardrobes; side to order. First class work. D. A. DANK, Anderson block, East London, Ont.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

DEATH.

Mr. R. D. Emerson, of Paris, recently met with a very serious accident. He was returning home from Brantford by train, and jumped off at a crossing. He missed his footing and fractured his skull. He is in a critical state, but hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Mrs. Martha Evans, an old and esteemed resident of Brantford, died this week, aged 82 years. She was the widow of the late John Evans, formerly of Liverpool, England.

The Maidstone Methodist Church has been repaired and very much improved during the past few months. It was reopened with appropriate services last Sunday.

Samuel Wilcox, residing near Woodville, has just received a legacy of \$12,000 from the estate of his brother William, who died over a year ago in New Zealand.

The deceased was an Englishman, who came to Essex county years ago, and lived for a time. He returned to England to get married and found the girl he went for had married another man. He then went to New Zealand and was not again heard of by his friends until his death. He left an estate of over \$70,000, and will be equally divided to his brothers and sisters.

The young man, Alfred McDougall, who shot himself at Wallaceburg last week, attempted first to shoot Esie Cornish, the young girl whom he desired to marry. She rejected his addresses and he fired two shots at her, which did not take effect. Late then ran to the barn near by and shot himself dead.

The large car ferry steamer Great Western is being rebuilt at Windsor. It will probably be completed in about a month.

Rev. Dr. Griffin, of Toronto, is announced to preach anniversary sermons in the Methodist Churches at Exeter on Sunday, Jan. 7.

Mr. L. Hurlburt, of Mitchell, has been making overtures about the establishment of a knitting factory at Bowmanville, and a bonus bylaw of \$5,000 to him for that purpose will be voted on at the municipal election.

The Clinton New Era says: The board of trustees of the Collegiate Institute have engaged a Mr. McLean, of Forest, as science master, to succeed Mr. Cunliffe. He is very highly spoken of, and will likely be an acquisition to the staff, which is already one of the best in Western Ontario.

MIDDLESEX. There was a serious fire in Biddulph township on Wednesday morning. The barn and stables of Anthony O'Dwyre were almost completely destroyed, together with five horses, eight head of cattle and a large quantity of grain and straw. The farm machinery, weapons and the like were also consumed. Partly covered by insurance.

OXFORD. Miss Utting, of Ingersoll, received a severe and serious blow on the head in the streets of that town from a drunken man last Saturday night. She was walking along with two other girls when a man rushed out with a piece of gas pipe and struck her a ringing blow on the head. Miss Utting was knocked unconscious.

An agitation has been started in Woodstock for an electric railway for that town. Mr. Herb Hardie, business manager for the Winnipeg Free Press, and Miss Nellie Becker, daughter of Mr. Cornelius Becker, were married at the residence of the bride's parents in Paris on Christmas day, and left the same day for their home in Winnipeg.

Wm. MacQueen, B.A., mathematical master in Brockville Collegiate Institute, was married on Tuesday at Hickson to Miss Lillie C. McKay, a very estimable young lady. Rev. J. D. Ferguson conducted the ceremony.

PERTH. Rev. Mr. Dewdney, of Mitchell, is in poor health, and has thoughts of asking a leave of absence with a view of spending a winter in Bermuda for the benefit of his health.

W. J. Whitlock, former editor and proprietor of the Tara Leader, and an old resident of St. Marys, has invested in a hardware store in Wallingford.

WATERLOO. Dr. Houghton Noyes, formerly of Galt, was found dead in his bed in Detroit a few days ago. He was 27 years of age. His mother resides at Windsor.

The Galt Reformer says: A drunken man, being loaded out of Halberstadt's hotel by a woman, after she had vigorously berated him, was one of the exciting scenes in town on Saturday.

The marriage is announced in Orangeville of Mr. Norman MacMurphy, science master Collegiate Institute, Gillingwood, to Miss Kate Sutherland. Mr. MacMurphy was engaged in the St. Thomas Collegiate Institute for a term in 1891.

Ald. Ryan, of Guelph, and his brother J. C., of Owen Sound, started on a business trip for England on Thursday. They expect to be away some weeks.

Joseph Tovey, of Guelph, lost his celebrated Kentucky stallion from inflammation of the lungs this week. He valued him at \$1,000.

A WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS. Attacked by Sciatica and suffered Excruciating Pain—Forced to Use Crutches for Four Months.

Mrs. Jacob Fry is the wife of a well-known farmer living in Kilmarnock township, Hamilton county. To a reporter of the Selkirk Item Mrs. Fry told the following interesting story:

"I was ill for nearly a year, and for four months could not move because of sciatica, and was compelled to use crutches to get around. My limbs would swell up and I suffered excruciating pains, which would run down from the hip to the knee. I suffered so much that my health was generally bad. I tried the doctors and patent medicines, but got no help until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used six boxes in all, and since that time have been a well woman, having been entirely free from pain, and having no further use for medicine. I am prepared to tell anybody and everybody what this wonderful medicine has done for me, for I feel very grateful for the great good the Pink Pills wrought in my case."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are unrivaled as a blood builder and nerve tonic, reaching the root of the troubles for which they are recommended. In cases of sciatica and rheumatism they have achieved a remarkable success. Sold by all dealers, or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

DISCOVERED FIVE AZTEC VILLAGES. More Evidence of a Prehistoric Race Found Near Eddy, N. M.

Eddy, N. M., Dec. 27.—Will McMillan, of St. Louis, and E. Benson, of El Paso, an authority on prehistoric Indian ruins, discovered, 40 miles below Eddy, the crumbling remains of five different Aztec towns which formerly contained 15,000 or 20,000 people. Excavations are soon to be made to expose the walls of farm dwellings huddled by the sands from the hills above. A canon near by filled with sand formerly furnished water. The remains of an ancient canal had previously been discovered. Broken pottery, arrowheads and stone axes prove the identity of the race to be the same as that which when extinguished left peculiarly built towns in Northern Mexico, Northern New Mexico and Arizona. They were a people who built towns in the hills for defense and tamed the river lands. The discovery here shows that agriculture was carried on in the Pecos Valley by irrigation by the prehistoric dwellers and a dense population was supported.

Cataract in the Head. Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can give a permanent and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many cases of cataract in the head. Sarsaparilla never leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late, rain or grip, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. See the largest locomotive was built four years ago for the Northern Pacific, 225,000 pounds in weight.

LA CADENA EL PADRE MUNGO. CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

AFTER THE BALL. There is always a great rush for S. DAVIS & SONS' Cigars.

HEINTZMAN & CO. Pianos for Xmas trade reduced in price to suit the "dull times" cry. We are offering special inducements in prices and terms of payment. Our Pianos are always an inducement for those who love good music, combined with artistic finish and unequalled workmanship. The demand for our Pianos comes from the cultured class of society, whose taste is not satisfied with anything inferior. Buying a Heintzman & Co. Piano means perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Sold only at "C. P. M. H." 189 Dundas street, where intending purchasers will receive courteous treatment and further their own interests by examining our stock, which is pronounced the finest in London. Warehouses open every evening up to New Year's. Don't forget the address, 189 Dundas street.

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SPANISH QUEN OLIVES, 50 CENTS PER QUART.

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A Truly Wonderful Statement!

Investigate it, by Writing to the Mayor, Postmaster, any Minister or Citizen of Hartford City, Indiana.



HARTFORD CITY, Blackford County, Indiana, June 8th, 1893.
South American Medicine Co.
Gentlemen: I received a letter from you May 27th, stating that you had heard of my wonderful recovery from a spell of sickness of six years duration, through the use of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE, and asking for my testimonial. I was near thirty-five years old when I took down with nervous prostration. Our family physician treated me, but without benefitting me in the least. My nervous system seemed to be entirely shattered, and I constantly had very severe shaking spells. In addition to this I would have vomiting spells. During the years I lay sick, my folks had an eminent physician from Dayton, Ohio, and two from Columbus, Ohio, to come and examine me. They all said I could not live. I got to having spells like spasms, and would lie cold and stiff for a time after each. At last I lost the use of my body—could not rise from my bed or walk a step, and had to be lifted like a child. Part of the time I could read a little, and one day saw an advertisement of your medicine and concluded to try one bottle. By the time I had taken one and one-half bottles I could rise up and take a step or two by being helped, and after I had taken five bottles in all I felt real well. The shaking went away gradually, and I could eat and sleep good, and my friends could scarcely believe it was I. I am sure this medicine is the best in the world. I believe it saved my life. I give my name and address, so that if anyone doubts my statement they can write me, or our postmaster or any citizen, as all are acquainted with my case. I am now forty-one years of age, and expect to live as long as the Lord has use for me and do all the good I can in helping the suffering.

BASE COINAGE

A standard coin is one of which the value in exchange depends solely upon the value of the material contained in it. The stamp serves as a mere indication and guarantee of the quality of fine metal; and as no one but an assayer or analytical chemist can decide upon the fineness of a coin the importance of this stamp or impress is obvious.

VASELINE, which is the Pure Gold (for medicinal and other special purposes) of the hydrocarbons of Petroleum, is put up by the Manufacturers in convenient packages of different sizes, each one bearing the words

"VASELINE Prepared by the CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., CONSD."

This inscription stands to the general Public in the same relation as the device upon the standard gold coin.

It is a guarantee of the fineness and purity of the material contained in the package, and as such is a protection to the public against imposition dishonest dealers who attempt to sell spurious articles under the name of VASELINE.

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