W. C. BARRON
PRINCIPAL
LONDON CONSERVATORY of MUSIC AND SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
340 DUNDAS ST. LONDON

REOPENS SEPT. 1.
Increased Staff of Teachers.

Adam Graeme, of Mossgray.

By Mrs. Oliphant.

CHAPTER XII.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So it is when I am old—
The child is father to the man
And I would have my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.
—[Wordsworth.

The trees stooped grandly over the wan water in all their autumn wealth of coloring, dropping now and then a fluttering, feeble leaf through the sunshine and the chill air, which already felt the breath of winter. The long, yellow tresses of the ash were already gone, the glories of the sycamore lay so thick upon the ground that you could scarcely see the damp vendure of the grass underneath for the hundred-fold of russet leaves which covered it; the heavy fir obtruded its spectral branches through the thin ranks of its neighbors; the red, dry leaves were stiffening on the oak and the beech; and with the flush of the red October light not yet departed, there had risen the first pallid November day.

"No, Lilias, it is not a melancholy time to me," said Adam Graeme. "I like these changes—I like to see this calm nature harmonized to our humanity; not always bare and stern, not always in the pride of strength and sunshine, but touched with the mortol breath, putting off and putting on the mortal garments. I like the cadence these old leaves make as they pass away. There is the kindred tone in it; an anology more minute and perfect than those we talk of in our philosophies."

But Lilias did not answer. She had other thoughts of this perpetual change. The slight, feverish red was flickering again on the cheek of the Lily of Mossgray. Softened down into her grave, calm womanhood, was she the same Lily to whom the wanderer, in yon fair far-away days, plighted his early faith? and he—how had the universal breath swayed him in its varyings? That morning she had received a hurried note from London announcing his arrival; this night they were to meet.

"It is a strange subject this," said Mossgray, with the smile of his gentle musings, "for with all my years, and with all my changes, Lilias, I smile sometimes to see how the old pertinacious self has carried its own features through all. Up there in my study, where I left Bishop Berkeley this morning, was it yesterday I manufactured bows and arrows and dreamed as I made them? So strange it is to mark how this identity runs through all, how we learn and alter, are experienced, calmed, changed, and yet are perpetually the same."

Gentle philosophies! how soothingly they fell upon the timid, anxious heart beside him.

"But sometimes the change is violent, Mossgray," said Lilias, "tearing up old habits so rudely; and sometimes the whole discipline is altered—the whole life."

She paused. The old tales of that strange eastern life crossed her memory, and she could not continue.

"I think these things only develop this obstinate identity more fully, Lilias," said Mossgray, smiling. "We come through the process after our own individual fashion, and carry the distinct self triumphantly through every change. I think we must turn back, though, and leave our philosophies if we begin to tremble. Come, we will go home."

They turned toward the house, but Lilias only trembled the more; and the old man, as he looked down upon her pale face, beheld it suddenly flush into brilliant change. She stood still, leaning on him heavily.

"Are you ill? does anything ail you, Lilias?"

"No, no; it is Hew!" said the low, joyous voice; "look Mossgray, it is Hew!"

And the old man started violently, as he looked up at the young, strong, manlike figure leaping down that hillock, with its rude steps of knotted trees—the happy, flushed cheek, the frank simplicity of joy and haste.

"It is Hew!" said Lilias, looking up at the one object which she saw.

Was it Hew Murray, in the flush of his youth and strength again? Mossgray stepped forward hastily, and grasped the hand of the new-comer in silent welcome; and then the old man turned away and left them alone.

Adam Graeme was not changed; his heart beat as strongly against his breast as it had done 30 years ago, when he labored and yearned for some c ew to the fate of Hew Murray. Hew Murray! with what a quickening thrill of tenderness his old friend turned away from the young rejoicing face, which brought back the image of his youth.

The old man's mind was confused; he did not know what to make of this singular resemblance. "It is Hew!" Was it Hew? Was the romance of the old faithful servant in their desolate house to have a wonderful fulfillment after all? The good, pure, gentle Hew, loving God and loving man, had his Master indeed given him youth for his inheritance? Singularly struck and bewildered, and with an unconscious expectation in his mind, Adam Graeme hurried forward toward the house of Murrayshaugh.

The great saugh trees beside it had shed their slender leaves, and were waving their long arms mournfully, with here and there a feeble yellow cluster at the end of a bough ready to drop after their fellows into the deep, somber burn, whose course was almost choked by the multitudes of the fallen. As Mossgray crossed the old, frail, broken, wooden bridge, he heard voices beyond the willow trees, and saw as he drew nearer two strangers standing together. The old man's heart beat high and loud with excited and wondering anticipation as they turned toward him.

The lady was very thin and pale, and had silvery white hair smoothed over the patient, thoughtful forehead, in which time and grief had carved emphatic lines. The face was a face to be noted; serene now, it had not always been serene—but the storm had altogether passed from the evening firmament, and light was upon it pale and calm, like the luminous sky of summer nights when the sun with its warmth of color and influence has long since gone down into the sea.

Her companion seemed about her own age; he had the strong framework of an athletic man, but it was not filled up as a strong man's form should have been. You saw, as you looked at him, that he was not strong; that sickness, or privation of the healthful, free air which now he seemed to breathe in with so much pleasure, had unstrung and weakened the hardy frame of this old man; but his hair was scarcely gray, and his eye glanced from under his broad, brown, sunburnt forehead with the hopeful, cheery light of youth. The sun had not gone down with him. Over the fair world which he looked forth upon, the rich tints of an autumn sunset were throwing their joy abroad; the warm light and brilliant coloring were in his heart.

They looked at each other, the two strangers and the Laird of Mossgray. They were all wondering, all uncertain, all embarrassed, for Adam Graeme had paused before them, and regardless of all formal courtesies they were gazing at each other.

"Can you tell me if this is Murrayshaugh?" said the lady, with a faltering, unsteady voice.

But that would not do.

"Man, Adam, have you forgotten me?" cried Hew Murray with tears in his eyes; and the two boys who had grown up together beside that pleasant water of Fendie were grasping each other's hands again.

There needed no other salutation. "Man, Adam!" Through their varied, troubled, far-separated course, the two sworn brothers had carried the generous boyish hearts unchanged—and simple as the lads parted, the old men met. "Man, Adam!" there never were superlative endearing words, which carried a stronger warmth of long and old affection than Hew Murray's boyish greeting, bursting from the honest, joyous, trembling lip that had not spoken it before for 30 years.

"Where have you come from—where have you been? Hew! Hew, what has become of you all this lifetime?" exclaimed Adam Graeme. They were holding each other's faces—recognizing joyfully the well-remembered youthful features in those subdued ones, over which the mist of age had fallen; but in Hew Murray's eager grasp, and in the happy, gleaming eyes, whose lashes were so wet, the spirit of the youth was living still.

"He will tell you by and by, Adam," said the lady. "It is a long story—but have you nothing to say to me?"

And Lucy Murray held out her hands—the soft, white, gentle hands, whose kind touch Adam Graeme remembered so long ago.

(To be Continued.)

SPECIAL NOTICES.

New Vestibule Train Between New York and Chicago, via Erie Railway and G. T. R.

This is without exception the finest train that ever passed through Canada for New York. Not a single change between London and New York. Magnificent dining cars attached to all trains for meals. This train is called the Erie Flyer, and leaves London daily at 11:40 p.m., which will give you a daylight ride over this picturesque route. 36 tf

Something New.—Bent dining chairs just arrived; unsurpassed for lightness, style and durability; see them; bedroom sets and parlor suites great bargains at WM. TRAFFORD'S, 95 and 97 King street.

Fresh oysters received to-day; first of the season. R. MOUNTJOY, Richmond street.

Teeth without plates; gold and porcelain crowns; established fifteen years. J. B. COOK, L.D.S.

Grand Army Excursion to Washington, D.C., on Sept. 13 to 20, 1892, via New York or Philadelphia.

The Erie Railway have arranged the finest trip of the season and only costs $11 30, Suspension Bridge to Washington and return via direct route, and via New York, $14 50. Magnificent sleepers will run through from Toronto on Sept. 17 at 12:50 p.m. Tickets will be good until Oct. 10. For full particulars apply to agents, or to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto. 58g

Putting It Delicately.—"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl." "I do, sir, (with emotion) and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."

Mr. J. R. Allen, upholsterer, Toronto sends us the following: "For six or seven years my wife suffered with Dyspepsia Costiveness, Inward Piles and Kidney Complaint. We tried two physicians and any number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief she got, and before one bottle was used the benefit she derived from it was beyond our expectation."

Friend—You took your son into your establishment some months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did it turn out? Business Man (wearily)—Great success. He's teaching me now.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they will make her "feel like a different person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so too.

It is a great mistake to imagine that success without effort will ever make a man or a woman happy. What we cease to strive for ceases to be success, and gradually becomes more and more worthless.

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.

Papa—Look how dirty your hands are, Johnnie; are you not ashamed of yourself? Did you ever see me with such hands? Johnnie—No, papa; but I didn't know you when you were a boy.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhœa, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

"I pity you, old man, when I see your creditors worrying you as they do. That is a trouble I never had myself." "No; you probably never had any credit."

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confounded with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills as they are extremely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM.

The Educational Juggernaut.

To the Editor of the ADVERTISER:

Allow me to plead for the exercise of a little more reason and humanity in the allotment of home tasks to the Collegiate Institute pupils. If the principal of that institution will test the force of my complaint by making a memorandum of the home studies allotted in any form for any night of the week, I am certain the result will satisfy him of the cruelty and impossibility of accomplishing such tasks. Each of the seven or eight teachers for the day seems bent upon imposing such tasks as will force the major part of the pupil's work upon his or her subject. And doubtless this struggle for supremacy among teachers is due to the system now in vogue by which teachers are judged by examination results; and the consequence is that the unfortunate pupil who struggles to cope with the work in time becomes a physical wreck. Children cannot stand the strain of working closely all day and studying till midnight month in and month out without undermining their health, more especially the younger pupils. Besides, much of their study is mere drudgery and void of value as a mental training or as to utility. What, for example, is the sense of requiring pupils to memorize nightly 50 to 100 lines of poetry, or to commit verbatim a jumble of notes disjointly culled from their text books, and which have already cost much valuable time in the mechanical writing of them in class. I have before me a list of my girl's studies for the night, comprising a lesson in French, history, geography, arithmetic, algebra, composition and geometry, together with the memorizing of sundry notes and a page of poetry. Any one of these subjects would require one hour for thorough preparation. In the mass of work the pupil's only chance is in superficiality and cram.

Surely this state of things ought to be remedied, and calls for the exercise of restraint and supervision by the principal. I hope these observations, written with the most friendly intent, will receive the attention of those concerned. Yours, etc.,

A SYMPATHIZER.

WHY THEY WON'T MARRY

He Wouldn't Buy Her Soda Water and She Sues for $10,000 for Breach of Promise.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—Miss Jennie Granitzer, a pretty Jewess of 18 Suffolk street, asks the Supreme Court for $10,000 in breach of promise damages, which she says she has sustained through a clothier. Henry Etkofsky. According to her lawyer, Frank Alter, of 150 Nassau street, the couple were publicly engaged on July 15, and at the betrothal party in the Granitzer house Etkofsky gave his fiancee a pair of diamond earrings a diamond ring and a gold watch and chain. Etkofsky was ardent in his wooing, calling at her house every night until a week ago. Mr. Granitzer had strong objections to the time chosen for these calls, as it was between midnight and 3 o'clock in the morning. Etkofsky grew indignant, and said his business was responsible for the unusual hour. His threat to break the engagement stopped the fond father's objections, and the wedding day was set for Oct. 15.

Sunday a week ago the couple went to the marriage of two friends.

"You'll have to pay for your own hat check," Etkofsky said, as they entered the hall. And a little later he laughed at her when she asked for a glass of soda water. "You'll have to buy it," he declared, shoving a roll of bills in her face. "I wouldn't spend a cent of this."

Jennie burst into tears and asked to be taken home, and when Etkofsky said he wouldn't have anything more to do with her. Jennie's mother had already bought the marriage outfit and furniture for their home, and the father had given Etkofsky a fine silk thalas. Miss Granitzer is a cousin of Alexander Potnich, the east side Lothario who fell heir to imaginary millions left by an uncle in California. Etkofsky met the girl about the time Potnich's stories of wealth startled the east side, and evidently expected that she would come in for a share of the millions.

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

Why is a temperance man like King Saul? Because he wants to put all the familiar spirits out of the land.

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

Western Excursion.

On Sept. 30 and Oct. 1 railroad ticket agents in Canada can sell round trip tickets to Chicago and Milwaukee via Detroit and Wabash Railway at less than second-class fare one way, good to return Oct. 17. Solid trains with sleepers attached will run from London to Chicago without change. Go and see the World's Fair city, and be sure your ticket reads via Detroit and the banner route. Full particulars from your nearest agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto. 43ba vz

Man is the creature of circumstances. Free, he has the qualities of a freeman; enslaved, those of a slave.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.

A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of LADIES. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicine in place of this. Ask for COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND, take no substitute, or inclose $1 and 4 three-cent Canada postage stamps in letter and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address Pond Lily Company, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich. Sold in London and everywhere by all wholesale and retail druggist.

NOTICE.
GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF ART
Will Reopen Monday, Oct. 3.
Classes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 7 to 9 p.m. Fees for 36 lessons, $3. Extra classes for china, oil and water color painting Monday, Friday and Saturday, from 2:30 to 4:30 p.m.
Mechanics' Institute, Dundas St.
Send for circulars and particulars to
JOHN H. GRIFFITHS,
Secretary-treasurer.

IN A DAY.

LAWRNCE, KANS., U.S.A., Aug. 9, 1888.
George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using
ST. JACOBS OIL.
He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.
"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

VISITORS TO OUR GREAT EXHIBITION
WILL FIND AT
OAK HALL
150 Dundas Street,
The Largest and Most Complete Assortment of
FINE TAILOR-MADE CLOTHES
For Man and Boy, to be found in Canada.
We shall be pleased to show you through our immense stock of Clothing, whether you purchase or not.
OAK HALL, 150 Dundas St., London.
ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.
LIMITED,
MONTREAL.
Manufacturers of Refined Sugars of the well-known Brand
Redpath
Of the Highest Quality and Purity, made by the Latest Processes, and the Newest and Best Machinery, not Surpassed Anywhere.
LUMP SUGAR, in 50 and 100 lb boxes.
"CROWN" GRANULATED, Special brand, the finest which can be made.
EXTRA GRANULATED, very Superior Quality.
"CREAM" SUGARS, (not dried).
"YELLOW SUGARS of all Grades and Standards.
SYRUPS of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.
SOLE MAKERS of high class Syrups in tins, 2 pounds and 8 pounds each. zw

YOUNG MEN'S
Stylish, Nobby, Well-Made,
Well-Trimmed, Perfect-Fitting, Light-Weight,
FALL OVERCOATS
All Sizes in Stock. All colors in Stock.
See Them at $10, $12 50 and $15,
WITH OR WITHOUT SILK FACING.
Burns The Clothiers
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WM. MALLOCH & CO., MACHINISTS
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PULLEYS, SHAFTING, HANGERS and SPECIAL MACHINERY
Repairing a Specialty.
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ADVANCE.
Best grades of Coffee have advanced to such an extent that we are compelled to increase the price of our celebrated brand,
JACEMO
To 50 cents per pound. This is the highest grade of Coffee sold in London.
FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.,
169 DUNDAS STREET.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

Corrected to June 12, 1892.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

	Leave London	Leave St. Thomas
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m
Niagara Falls and Buffalo special (daily)	8:30 p.m.	4:20 a.m
American Express (except Monday)	9:50 a.m.	10:55 a.m
Atlantic Express (daily)	9:50 a.m.	1:50 p.m
New York and Boston Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.	4:30 p.m
Mail (except Sundays)	1:20 p.m.	3:00 p.m
Limited Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	3:00 a.m
Accom'd'n (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	7:08 a.m
Chicago Express (daily)	8:20 p.m.	4:40 a.m
Chicago special (daily)	8:30 p.m.	12:05 a.m
Chicago L'd Exp. (daily)	9:50 a.m.	10:55 a.m
American Express (except Mondays)	9:50 a.m.	1:30 p.m
Mail (except Sundays)	1:25 p.m.	3:15 p.m
Pacific Express (daily)	1:25 p.m.	6:00 p.m
Accom'd'n (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m.	7:40 a.m

Trains arrive in London at 8:25 a.m., 11:40 a.m. and 6:30 p.m.
[NOTE.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.]

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 395 Richmond street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED JUNE 27, 1892.

MAIN LINE—Going East

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
*Limited Express (A)	3:35 a.m.	3:45 a.m
Mail	.....	6:40 a.m
Atlantic Express (A)	10:05 p.m.	12:10 p.m
Day Express	10:20 a.m.	1:20 p.m
*St. Louis Express (A) (D)	4:30 p.m.	4:35 p.m
Mixed—No. 54 Freight (C)	5:15 p.m.	6:50 p.m
Erie Limited	11:20 p.m.	11:40 p.m

MAIN LINE—Going West.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
†Chicago Express (A)	5:25 a.m.	5:40 a.m
West End Mixed	.....	6:45 a.m
Erie Limited	11:30 a.m.	.....
St. Louis Express (A)	11:20 a.m.	11:25 a.m
Accommodation	12:40 p.m.	1:15 p.m
†Pacific Express (A)	6:50 p.m.	7:10 p.m
Mail	9:55 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	.....	5:20 p.m

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Limited Express (D)	3:25 a.m.	.....
Atlantic Express (D)	11:30 a.m.	.....
Accommodation	7:15 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	8:45 p.m.	.....
Erie Limited (D)	11:35 p.m.	.....

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (D)	.....	5:30 a.m
Accommodation	.....	7:35 a.m
Erie Limited (D)	.....	11:35 a.m
Accommodation	.....	2:30 p.m
Pacific Express (D)	.....	7:00 p.m

London, Huron and Bruce.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Express	10:15 a.m.	8:05 a.m
Mail	6:55 p.m.	4:30 p.m

London and Port Stanley.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Mail	.....	6:40 a.m
Accommodation	7:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m
Mail	2:10 p.m.	2:50 p.m
Accommodation	5:35 p.m.	7:00 p.m
Mixed	6:55 p.m.	.....
Mail	11:15 p.m.	.....

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Mixed—Mail	11:20 a.m.	12:05 a.m
Express	2:05 p.m.	.....
Express	5:40 p.m.	2:40 p.m
Express—Mixed	9:00 p.m.	5:55 p.m

Toronto Branch.

Hamilton—Depart—							
a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m
*7:00	9:15	11:05	12:30	4:10	5:40	n*6:55	9:20

Hamilton—Arrive—							
a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m
11:30	*9:00	*10:25	n*12:55	3:00	4:00	6:25	8:15

* These trains for Montreal.
† These trains from Montreal.
(A) Runs daily, Sundays included.
(D) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(C) No. 54 carries passengers between London and Paris.
(D) This train connects at Toronto for all points in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

E. DE LA HOOKE, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, No. 3 Masonic Temple.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.

DEPART—				
London	4:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	5:20 p.m.	
Woodstock	4:49 a.m.	8:52 a.m.	6:10 p.m.	
Galt	5:42 a.m.	9:23 a.m.	7:18 p.m.	
Guelph	6:25 a.m.	11:45 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	
Toronto	8:15 a.m.	12:00 noon	9:40 p.m.	
Peterboro	11:45 a.m.	.....	12:02 a.m.	
Kingston	4:05 p.m.	.....	4:20 a.m.	
Ottawa	6:35 p.m.	.....	6:00 a.m.	
Montreal	7:55 p.m.	.....	8:05 a.m.	
Quebec	6:30 a.m.	.....	9:00 p.m.	
Portland, Me.	8:20 a.m.	.....	8:00 p.m.	
Boston	8:45 a.m.	.....	8:00 p.m.	
Halifax, N. S.	11:10 p.m.	.....	.....	

Trains arrive from the east at 11:25 a.m., 7:00 p.m., 10:00 p.m.

Going West.

DEPART—			
London	7:00 a.m.	11:25 a.m.	7:05 p.m
ARRIVE—			
Chatham	9:25 a.m.	1:05 p.m.	8:50 p.m
Detroit	.....	2:45 p.m.	10:40 p.m
Chicago	.....	10:15 p.m.	7:20 a.m
St. Louis	.....	7:45 a.m.	6:15 p.m
Kansas City	.....	6:10 p.m.	9:20 a.m

Trains arrive from the west at 3:50 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 10:15 p.m.

THOS. R. PARKER, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, No. 1 Masonic Temple.

ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

Stations.	Exp	Exp	Mix	Mix
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Sarnia (G. T. R.)	.....	6:10	7:10	.....
Courtright	.....	6:40	8:20	.....
M. C. R. Junction	.....	5:45	8:22	.....
Chatham (C. P. R.) arr	.....	7:45	10:55	3:30
Chatham (C. P. R.) dep	7:45	.....	10:40	4:10
Fargo (M. C. R.)	8:13	.....	11:35	5:10
Blenheim arr	8:25	.....	11:25	5:35

Trains North.

Stations.	Exp	Exp	Mix
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Blenheim dep	8:30	2:55	5:15
Fargo (M. C. R.)	8:43	3:10	6:05
Chatham (C. P. R.) arr	9:08	3:30	6:30
Chatham (C. P. R.) dep	9:13	3:37	.....
M. C. R. Junction	11:20	.....	.....
Courtright	11:55	3:55	.....
Sarnia (G. T. R.) arr	12:00	4:25	.....

B.B.B. CURES HEADACHE
By acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing morbid matter and thoroughly cleansing the entire system, Burdock Blood Bitters promptly removes Headaches of all kinds, no matter how obstinate or severe. Constipation, Dyspepsia and Bad Blood are the usual causes of Headache. B.B.B. removes these and with them also the Headache disappears. Note the following
STRONG EVIDENCE!
"My Sick Headache occurred every week for forty years, I took three bottles of B.B.B., have had no headache for months, and recommend it highly."
MRS. E. A. STONY, Shetland, Ont.