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We bought them so cheap at the recent Custom House sale that we can afford to give them away. Call early. Select your picture and have it framed by us at a very small cost.

E. N. HUNT
190 DUNDAS STREET.

HONORE'S FATE.

For, before his eyes, a child sat on the high embankment. Its figure, outlined against the evening sky, and in his ears the panting of a fast approaching engine sounded with a deafening portent. Where was it? Which way was the train coming? How far away was it? How soon would it rush over the spot on which his eyes were fastened so eagerly for him to see aught else? Soon—in one minute, perhaps, it might be. The sight of the great engine would give the child one awful moment of panic, in which it would be helpless in its horror; then the train would pass on, and there would be no child sitting there against the evening light, but scattered on the rails—

A thousand impossibilities darted into Royden's mind, as he stood and saw the child playing there in its utter unconsciousness, while Death came rushing on; a thousand impossibilities, while, below all, was the awful consciousness that human aid was powerless here. But, for all that, it was only through one breathless second that he stood there. In the next he was again the man who had faced danger and death too often to be made a woman by it, even when it came to such a form as his, and he knew that his own arm was powerless to help or stay it.

His resolution was as swift as thought. One quick, low whistle, a swift, firm gesture of his hand, a keen, eager look upon his face, which the intelligent eyes that watched it seemed to understand—then Royden stood alone; and the greyhound—literally now "fleet as the wind"—sped across the field, and up the embankment. The impulse of the child, as the animal darted up to him, was to fly in the opposite direction, and this saved him; for in one instant he had fallen down the steep embankment on the opposite side of the line to that up which Lachne had sprung. To have seen the mighty, panting engine bearing down upon him would have paralyzed the child in every limb; to see the hound rush toward him gave him just the terror which urged him to leap, and he fell before the train rolled past.

Royden's eyes were strong and fearless, and had looked on death close and bravely more than once; but there glistened something womanish on his lashes when he stood upon the line after the train had passed, and saw something scattered there, which bore no likeness now to the greyhound which for years had kept as faithfully beside his master as he kept that day. Royden murmured no words of praise or pity as he stood looking down upon these ghastly fragments; and, keenly as he mourned his favorite, there rose no bitter query in his mind, "Had the life of a neglected child been worth this sacrifice?" There are some minds in which such questions never can have birth.

Royden turned away with one deep, quiet sigh, stifling the memories of old days through which his life had been his only companion, a faithful and a constant one, always watchful and always true. His care was wanted now for the child whom Lachne's death had saved. So, struggling bravely with his thoughts, while his heart was heavy, Royden lifted the unconscious child, a boy of 5 or 6 years old, and saw a deep cut across his low, brown forehead, and one lock of hair lying upon it, stained with blood. Tenderly—almost as if the strong arms had been used to such a task—Royden carried him to where, about a hundred yards away, a cottage stood alone under a giant poplar. As he approached it he saw that a woman was standing shivering against the wall, gazing at him with a kind of vacant terror as he advanced.

"Can you," asked Royden, wondering at the expression on the woman's handsome, care-lined face, "direct me to the home of this child?" He has had a fall and I want to leave him with his mother."

The woman raised both hands and touched the child very gently, but she did not move his eyes from Royden's face—so full of grave and quiet kindness than.

"Your child?" he asked pitifully, as

WE HAVE IT....

—That so much talked about, celebrated...

Ralston's Health Club Breakfast Food

which has the indorsement of its president as a perfect food, being delicious, and only takes five minutes to cook. We keep it, and if you've not tried it, please do so on our recommendation, and you will be delighted.

Izgerald, Scandrett & Co.
190 DUNDAS STREET.

he watched her. "I am very glad, and, if this is your home, let us go in now." "I saw," she said, still without moving. "But I could not stir. I could not run. I could not even pray. I saw him sitting there and the engine coming—coming—close upon him. Then I saw him—saved. This scratch—laying her fingers softly on the cut—'is nothing to me, because, in that one awful moment, I saw him—dead!'"

"Come," said Royden, gently, but not offering now to give the child to her; "we want warm water to bathe his face."

It was he, though, who led the way into the cottage, and when the mother had followed him in, she only fell on her knees beside the little cotton-covered couch on which Royden had tenderly laid down the child.

"I saw it," she cried again, laying a soft brown hand upon the boy's cut forehead, as if to hide the stains she would not yet remove. "I saw death rushing to seize my child, and then I saw him—saved!"

Gently Royden touched her on the shoulder, and told her what few mothers would have required to be told. "It is not want of love," he whispered to himself, "poor thing—poor mother. Will solitude work this, or has it been a shock?"

For a whole hour he waited with the mother and her child—her only one, that fact was plain to him without a word; her only one, and she a widow. Then he rose to go, for the little boy was sleeping calmly, with a soft hand around his head, and the mother's wide and puzzled eyes had found the blessed relief of tears.

"There are one or two things that I want to borrow of you," said Royden, then, "and a few feet of your waste ground."

She understood in a moment, and through the next hour's bitter work she helped him almost as efficiently, and quite as silently as a man could have done.

"Such sights as this would make most women shrink and faint," thought Royden, "but not this woman. Can her dim eyes have looked on such a sight before?"

"Thank you for all your help," he said aloud, "and for that quiet spot you chose for my dog's grave. I will come again some day to see the little lad. He will soon be all right, and I fancy he will never again push his way through difficulties and obstacles up to the railway line."

"Never again," the woman returned in her dreamy way, her undrooping, vacant eyes still fixed upon Royden as he stood in the low cottage kitchen. "I have not thanked you yet," she faltered. "I cannot."

"Your thanks are due elsewhere," said Royden gently, "not to me." A few minutes more he lingered, hardly liking even yet to leave her in her sorrow and loneliness; and then—for the first time since he had seen the child's unconscious figure sitting against the evening light, while he heard the panting engine close upon it—there rushed back into his mind the motive of this search of his.

"I have been tonight," he said, "to that cottage beyond the Abbotsmead woods, where Territ, the miner, used to live. He had a daughter, I believe. Do you happen to remember them at all?"

"No, no."

The woman's answer came clear and quick, and her eyes grew startled in their unmoored gaze.

"Do you not? I am particularly anxious to meet with some trace of the girl. I say, but I am thinking of what she must have been ten years ago. She is a woman of 30 now, I should think."

No answer, and Royden went on, his gaze a little more intent, his thoughts awaking to suspicion.

"You do not happen, you say, to have heard, where she lives now, or even her name?"

"No, no."

"Can you tell me whether the Christian name of any of your neighbors is Margaret? It would help me if you could tell me even so little as that."

Her startled gaze deepened a little, her lips shook even as she compressed them firmly, her hands were locked before her as if the tension gave her strength to stand.

"I have no neighbors."

"Thank you; then it is useless to ask you more," Royden said this very quietly, but a shrewd ear would have detected the undertone. "Good-bye," he added, and his eyes were kind in their gaze, and hid the thoughts that lay below.

The woman stood quite still for a few minutes after he had left, and then she turned with a shiver to the fire, murmuring the name to herself again and again.

"Margaret Territ! Margaret Territ! What could he want with her—with Margaret? She died—many years ago—ten years ago—quite suddenly she died, on the day of that trial. He was guilty of murder, they said. Ah, that was a double murder! No wonder she died—poor Margaret!"

The simple, dreamy smile with which she had been looking down upon her sleeping child gave place to one which swiftly as it sped, looked pitifully out of character upon the worn face—a smile of caution which amounted to cunning.

"He saved my child—I remember that—but he shouldn't have spoken of Margaret."

On the strip of carpet on the hearth, with her chin in her palms, and her eyes upon the fire, the woman sat for more than an hour, buried so deeply in thought, that when at last the child awoke, and roused her with its sudden cry, she sprang to her feet with a shriek of fear and gazed in horror round the cottage walls.

To be Continued.

A Mother's Story—Her Little Girl

Of Croup, Whooping Cough, and Whooping Cough. My little girl has been subject to the Croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine, which I cannot speak too highly of.

MRS. F. W. BOND,
20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Ont.

The churches of Naples are so overrun with mice that most of the pastors have been obliged to keep cats in them.

Stop That Cough! Take warning. It may lead to Consumption. A 25c bottle of Shiloh's Cure may save your life. Sold by all druggists.

Tacoma's probate judge is hard put to it to determine whether a minister's claim against an estate for \$10 burial services should be allowed.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain, or soreness of the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Yeoman's Weather Strip stop that draught

Western Ontario.

The Curfew in Simcoe—A Windsor Wedding—Farm Property Changes Hands.

A curfew bell bylaw will come into force in Simcoe on Dec. 31.

Mr. A. D. Urrin's \$10,000 slander suit against Dr. Cascarden, is the first on the docket at the Elgin assizes next week.

John C. Walker, of Dunwich, has entered an action against the township for \$1,000 damages for diverting water out of its natural course.

Mr. Burr, Wanstead, has purchased the Lusk farm, second line of Plympton, 50 acres of choice land, for \$1,200. This is a bargain, as the soil is good.

Alfred Bailey, of Dracena, fell 21 feet off a building on Tuesday, striking a joist and alighting on a heap of stones, and yet he escaped with a sore back.

That great water course, nearly two miles long, from Argyll street to Petty street, East Williams, has been completed. While digging part of it an old's horn was discovered.

In July last Charles Livingston, of Harrison, bought twelve young cattle. He turned them out to pasture, and in four months the twelve head had gained in weight 3,940 pounds.

John Bunn, who owns a fine farm on the second line of Plympton, is lying at the point of death in the western wilds of Australia. Mr. Bunn went to that county about two years ago.

Thomas Steadman has purchased from Smith Bros. lot 14 in the first concession of Plympton, 200 acres, for \$2,800. This is considered a great bargain. Mr. Steadman now owns 400 acres of fine land.

According to the agreement between the G. T. R. and the directors of the Fat Stock Show, the latter have bound themselves hard and fast to pay \$1 for the use of the Brantford carshops for the exhibition next month.

A wedding took place on Wednesday, Nov. 17, at the residence of Mr. R. W. Riley, Windsor, when his step-daughter, Miss Mildred M. Hawkins, was married to Mr. Charles M. Ronson, of Windsor, by Rev. Mr. Gundy.

Robert Gorman (colored), of Chatham, has been sentenced to three months' hard labor by Police Magistrate Houston for carrying revolvers and two razors, and making threats against neighbors when in liquor.

Mr. James Fisher, an old and much respected citizen of Wallaceburg, passed away the other day at the age of 83 years. Deceased was one of the oldest settlers in that section, having lived all his life near Wallaceburg.

Mayor Reid, of Walkerville, has happily averted hostilities between his municipality and Sandwich East by paying out of his own pocket the bill of \$1 of the Hotel Dieu for attendance on the man Pearce, who suicided in a box car up there.

A. E. Ham & Co., clothing, Chatham, have assigned. Some time ago Mr. Ham offered his creditors 60 cents on the dollar, cash, but was unable to meet his offer, and assigned. It is expected that a compromise will be effected. Liabilities, about \$27,000.

It is rumored that the Essex Standard Natural Gas and Oil Company is negotiating for the purchase of the property of the Ontario Natural Gas and Oil Company, with a view to preventing that company from opposing its scheme for exporting gas to Ohio.

J. V. Magee, an employee of the Norwich viaduct works, was adjusting a belt on a pulley when his right arm was caught by the belt and drawn round the pulley. Magee was wedged in by the machinery until yesterday, when he succeeded in stopping the engine. He sustained a compound fracture above the elbow, and the muscles of the arm were terribly wrenched.

Windsor Record, Nov. 13: Frank Grids, who has been employed as a teamster by one of Mr. Scott's foremen in Sandwich, was yesterday made off with \$21 which he should have turned over to his employer, and the provincial police have a warrant for his arrest in consequence. He is about 30 years of age, and has only been employed down to date.

The Windsor council adopted the new waterworks bylaw and will ask the Legislature to pass it. The amendment most bitterly fought will be the one imposing a penalty of \$20 or 25 for imprisonment on everyone who places anything in the water to pollute it, within three miles of the intake.

Death has made frequent calls in Kingsville lately. The last to be mentioned is Mr. Rufus Moore, who died at his residence on North Division street from heart failure. Deceased was 66 years of age, and leaves a wife and children as follows: James and Andrew and Dollie, his wife; and Mrs. Moore, N. Y., and Mrs. Martin Nelson, Abingdon, Ont.

Would Any Sane Housekeeper Use Oleomargarine?

DANGER IN ANOTHER DIRECTION

Would any sane housekeeper in Canada buy oleomargarine? The imitative butter instead of the finest production of the creamery or dairy? We think not. Canadian women are too wise to be deceived in this important matter. Lard colored to resemble good butter will never be acceptable to our people.

There are, however, other deceptive agents that sometimes find their way into our homes; we refer to imitation and adulterated package dyes for home dyeing. Some dealers sell imitations of the celebrated Diamond Dyes. The contents of these imitation packages carry ruin and disappointment to every user.

A few dealers, for the sake of long profits, are now selling soap dyes composed of a very large amount of common grease and an infinitesimal quantity of coloring matter. Such dyes, after trial, have been found weak and uncleanly, giving dull and muddy colors, fading quickly in washing and sunlight.

As millions of thrifty and experienced women already know, the Diamond Dyes are the only reliable home package dyes, having stood the tests of long years. Diamond Dyes are easy to use and give brilliant and lasting colors that cannot be equalled by any other make.

The population of Greater London was estimated to be in July last about 6,117,913, that of Inner London being 4,421,492.

Signs of Strength.

The sign of strength, a ruddy countenance, depends upon rich, red blood. To make the blood rich and ruddy, the countenance clear and bright, and the step firm and elastic, use BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. J. A. Gillan, B.A., Toronto, Ont., says: "I enjoy good health now to the greatest degree, ever since the day I started to use B. B. B."

London's Greatest Store

208, 210, 210½ and 212 Dundas Street.

Yesterday was the second day of our

GREAT DRESS GOODS SALE

And everything went with a rush—every department crowded and everybody pleased.

We Started Right,

And the success of the big sale is already assured. We have prepared a liberal programme for this sale, and are bound to carry it out in every detail. The following bargain list speaks for itself, and shows how we are going to do it:

Dress Goods Section.

25 pieces Heavy All-wool Serge 42-inch; regular price 40c, for 25c.

20 pieces Heavy Tweeds; regular prices 40c and 60c, for 25c.

14 pieces Fancy Shot Effects; regular price 45c, for 25c.

15 pieces Heavy Cheviot Tweeds, for girls' suits; regular 65c, for 35c.

10 pieces Fancy Boucles, new colors; regular price 75c, for 50c.

12 pieces Fancy Tweed Suitings; regular prices 90c and \$1, for 50c.

13 pieces Tweed Suitings, 54 inches wide; regular price 90c, for 50c.

5 pieces Covert Suitings, 54 inches wide; regular price 75c, for 50c.

10 pieces Plain Satin Cloth Suitings; regular price 75c, for 50c.

Black Dress Goods.

13 pieces Fancy Figured French Goods; regular price 40c, for 25c.

11 pieces Figured Satin Cloth, All-wool; regular price 50c, for 35c.

7 pieces Figured Satin Cloth; regular price 75c, for 50c.

9 pieces Heavy All-wool Serge, 48 inches wide; regular price 40c, for 35c.

Ladies' Underwear.

Long Sleeve and High Neck Heavy Vests; regular price 25c, for 20c.

Fine All-wool Vests; regular 65c, for 50c.

Corsets.

Our Special at 75c is as good as any sold elsewhere for \$1. Good Sateen Corsets for 43c.

Linens.

Here's a Chance to Buy Your Thanksgiving Linen:

63-inch Fine Satin Finish Belfast, Bleached; regular 70c, for 49c.

70-inch Bleached, Handsome pattern; regular price 75c, for 50c.

70-inch Very Fine Bleached Damask; regular price 90c, for 65c.

72-inch Bleached Damask, choice goods and worth \$1, for 70c.

1 piece only best Double Damask, 70 inches; regular price \$1 75, for \$1 25.

Wool Room.

Silk Brocade Fur-Lined Capes, Sable Trimings; regular price \$50, for \$40.

Fur-Lined Capes; regular price \$25, for \$17.

Black Brocade Capes, Fur Lining; regular price \$15, for \$12.

Another lot of New York Jackets, including the New Russian Blouse, at reduced prices.

Hostery.

Ladies' Wool Hostery; regular 25c, for 19c.

Heavy Ribbed Hose; regular 35c, for 25c.

Fine Black Cashmere; regular 45c, for 35c.

Extra Ribbed Cashmere; regular 65c, for 50c.

Gloves.

Kid Gloves, regular \$1, for 75c.

Ladies' Ringwood Gloves; regular 20c, for 15c.

Ladies' Black Wool Mitts; regular 35c, for 25c.

Children's Wool Mitts; regular 15c, for 10c.

Basement.

The choicest selection of Christmas Groceries the market can produce—London Layer, Blue Muscatel, Sultana, and Valencia Raisins; case and barrel Currants; Orange, Lemon and Citron Peels; Filbert, Almond, Walnut and Brazil Nuts; Extracts, Spices, etc.

One pound of our Imperial Black Mixed or Japan Tea, worth 40c, and six pounds of Granulated Sugar, for 50c.

Our Cooks' Delight Baking Powder, in one-pound tins, net, for 15c; equal to any other sold at 25c.

One dozen Dessert Knives and Forks; regular price \$1 25, at 99c.

One dozen Knives and Forks, slightly soiled; regular \$1 50, for \$1.

Lamps and Glassware

Handsome Vase Parlor Lamps; regular price \$3, for \$1 69.

A Handsome Lamp, decorated shade, regular price \$2 25, for \$1 40.

Just opened, a large consignment of Ornamental and Fancy Vases, 5c, 10c and 15c; 6, 8 and 10 inch.

Also very handsome patterns in Bread and Butter Plates, with tea plates to match.

Ladies' and Gen's Rubbers and Overshoes at special prices, and balance of Sample Shoes less than manufacturers' prices.

Special Clothing chances for Saturday and Monday in Suits, Ulsters and Overcoats. Underclothing bargains.

Carpets and Oilcloths, Oilcloth Squares, Rugs, Mats, Curtains and general Housefurnishings.

Runians & Butler,

IMPORTERS.