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

THE VISIT.

By Henry James.

The other day, after her death, when they were discussing her, some one said, in reference to the great number of years she had lived, the people she had seen, and the stories she knew, "What a pity no one ever took any notes of her talk!" For a London epitaph that was almost elaborate, and the subject presently changed. I had taken many notes, but I didn't mention it then. The following story is one of them. I took it down, verbatim, having that faculty, the day after I heard it. I choose it at hazard, among those of her reminiscences that I have preserved; it's not worse than the others. I will give you some of the others too—if occasion offers—so that you may judge.

I met in town that year a dear woman whom I had scarcely seen since I was a girl; she had dropped out of the world; she came up but once in five years. We had been together as young creatures, and then we had married and gone our ways. It was arranged between us that after I should have paid a certain visit in August, in the west of England, I would take her—it would be very convenient, she was just over the Cornish border—on the way to my other engagements. I would work her in, as they say. She wanted immensely to show me her home, and she wanted still more to show me her girl, who had not come up to London, choosing instead, after much deliberation, to go abroad for a month with her brother and her brother's coach—he had been cramming for something—and Mrs. Coach, of course. All that Mrs. Chantry had been able to show me in town was her husband, one of those country gentlemen, with a moderate property and an old place, who are intensely local in their quarter of the county, and intensely "out of it" anywhere else.

One day before my visit to Chantry Court, the people to whom I had gone from town took me over to see some friends of theirs, who lived ten miles away, in a place that was supposed to be fine. As it was a long drive, we stayed to luncheon, and then as there were gardens and other things that were more or less on show, we lingered on to tea, so as to get home just in time for dinner. There was a good many other people present, and before luncheon, a very pretty girl came into the drawing-room, a quite young thing, less than twenty, fresh and fair and charming, with the look of some one I knew. I asked who she was, and was told she was Miss Chantry, so that in a moment I spoke to her, mentioning that I was an old friend of her mother's, and that I was coming to pay them a visit. She looked rather frightened and blank, was apparently unable to say that she had ever heard of me, expressed no pleasure in the idea that she was to hear of me again. But this didn't prevent my perceiving that she was lovely, for I was wise enough even then not to think it necessary to measure people by the impression that one makes on them. I saw that any I should make on Louisa Chantry would be much too clumsy a test. She had been staying at the house at which I was calling; she had come alone, as the people were old friends and to a certain extent neighbors, and was going home in a few days. It was a daughterless house, but there was other young life; a couple of girls from the vicarage, a married son and his wife, a young man who had "ridden over," and another young man who was staying.

Louisa Chantry sat opposite to me at the luncheon, but too far for conversation, and before we got up I had discovered that if her manner to me had been odd, it was not because she was inanimate. She was, on the contrary, in a state of intense, although carefully muffled vibration. There was something the matter with her; but no one perceived it; no one, that is, with an exception—an exception which was a part of the phenomenon itself. This single vivid consciousness waslodged in the breast of the young man whom I have alluded to as staying in the house. He was on the same side of the table as myself, and diagonally facing the girl; therefore what I learned about him was, for the moment, mainly that she told me—meaning by "she" her face, her eyes, her movements, her whole perverted personality. She was extremely on her guard, and I should not have guessed her secret but for an accident. The accident was the only time she dropped her eyes upon him during the repast I happened to notice it. It might not have been much to notice, but it led to my seeing that there was a little drama going on, of which he was the hero. It was natural that in this capacity he should be the cause of my asking my left-hand neighbor, who happened to be my host, for some account of him. But "Oh, that fellow? He's my nephew," was a description which, to appear copious, needed that I should know more about the uncle.

We had coffee on the terrace of the house—a terrace laid out, in one quarter, oddly and charmingly in grass, where the servants who waited upon us seem to tread, processionally, on soundless velvet. There I had a good look at my host's nephew, and a longer talk with my friend's daughter, in regard to whom I had become conscious of a faint, formless anxiety. I remember saying to her, gropingly, instinctively: "My dear child, can I do nothing for you? I shall, perhaps, see your mother before you do. Can I, for instance, perhaps say anything to her from you?" This only made her blush and turn away; and it was not till too many days had passed that I guessed that what had looked out at me, unwittingly, in her little gazing trepidation was something like, "Oh, just take me away in spite of myself!" Superficially, conspicuously, there was nothing in the young man to take her away from. He was a person of the middle condition, and except that he didn't look at all humble, might have passed for a poor relation. I mean that he had a slightly seedy, shabby air, as if he were wearing old clothes (he had on faded things that didn't match); and I formed, vaguely, the theory that he was a specimen of the numerous youthful class that goes to seek its fortune in the colonies, keeps strange company there, and comes home without a penny. He had a brown, smooth, handsome face, a slightly swaggering, self conscious ease, and was probably objected to in the house. He hung about, smoking cigarettes, on the terrace, and nobody seemed to have much to say to him—a circumstance which, as he managed somehow to convey, left him absolutely indifferent. Louisa Chantry strolled away with one of the girls from the vicarage; the party on the terrace broke up, and the nephew disappeared.

It was settled that my friends and I should take leave at half-past five, and I begged to be abandoned in the interval to my devices. I turned into the library, and, mounted on ladders, I handled old books and old prints and soiled my gloves. Most of the others had gone to look at the church, and I was left in possession. I wandered into the rooms in which I knew there were pictures; some interesting China, which I followed from corner to corner and from cabinet to cabinet. At last I found myself on the threshold of a small room which appeared to terminate the series, and in which between the curtains draping the doorway, there appeared to be rows of rare old plates on velvet screens. I was on the point of going in when I became aware that there was something else besides—something which threw me back. Two persons were standing side by side at the window, looking out together with their backs to me—two persons as to whom I immediately felt that they believed themselves to be alone and unwatched. One of them was Louisa Cantry; the other was the young man whom my host had described as his nephew. They were so placed as not to see me, and when I recognized them I checked myself instinctively. I hesitated a moment; then I turned away altogether. I can't tell you why I did so, except that if I had gone in I should have had, somehow, the air of discovering them. There was no visible reason why they should have been embarrassed by discovery, inasmuch as, so far as I could see, they were doing no harm, were only standing sociably, side by side, a certain distance apart, and for the moment, apparently, saying nothing. Were they watching something out of the window? I don't know. All I know is that the observation I had made at luncheon gave me a sense of responsibility. I might have taken my responsibility the other way and broken up their communion; but I didn't feel this to be sufficiently my business. Later on I wished I had.

I passed through the rooms again, and then out of the house. The gardens were ingenious, but they made me think (I have always that conceited habit) how much cleverer I should have been about them. Presently I met several of the rest of the party coming back from the church; on which my hostess took possession of me, declaring there was a point of view I must absolutely be treated to. I saw she was a walking woman, and that this meant half a mile in the park. But I was good for that, and we wandered off together while the others returned to the house. It was present to me that I ought to ask my companion, for Helen Chantry's sake, a question about Louisa—whether, for instance, she had happened to notice the way the girl seemed to be going. But it was difficult to say anything without saying too much; so that, to begin with, I merely risked the observation that she was remarkably pretty. As the point admitted of no discussion, this didn't take up very far; nor was the subject much enlarged by our unanimity as to the fact that she was also remarkably nice. I observed that I had had very little chance to talk with her, for which I was sorry, having known her mother for years.

My hostess, at this, looked vaguely around as if she had missed her for the first time. "Sure enough, she has not been about. I dare say she's been writing to her mother—she's always writing to her mother."

"Not always," I mentally reflected; but I waited discreetly, admiring everything and ejaculating over views before I inquired casually who the young man might be who had sat two or three below me at luncheon—the rather good-looking young man, with the regular features, in the brownish clothes—not the one with the mustache.

(To be Continued.)

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Increase Your Weight.

If you are losing flesh and blood, commence at once taking Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, which is far ahead of all other preparations of the kind in existence. By taking Miller's Emulsion people gain from 5 to 10 pounds by the time the first bottle is consumed. It is the greatest blessing of the century to all in delicate health, or who suffer with coughs, colds and ailments that tend to consumption. Remember, Miller's Emulsion contains all the constituents found in wheat. It is used in the hospitals and asylums of the country. In big bottles, 50 cents and $1 at London drug stores.

Bitter oranges arrived at R. MOUNTJOY'S.

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

The Massachusetts constitution contains a provision requiring that all citizens shall address the State's Lieutenant-Governor as "honorable."

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis and consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle free of cost. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The large bottles are 50c and $1. zxv

A judge in Charleston, S. C. has decided that the sale of soap by a druggist on Sunday is lawful, because cleanliness is next to godliness.

It is said that Rev. Dr. Conwell of Philadelphia, had a law practice yielding a revenue of $20,000 a year before he entered the ministry.

A bottle of **Angostura Bitters** to flavor your lemonade or any other cold drink will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Colic Diarrhea and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

The first electric car in South America appeared on the streets of Panama on the 27th of last month.

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.

Belgium, by adopting Greenwich time, has stolen seventeen minutes from old Father Time.

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.

If you bring this advertisement with you you can get a dozen cabinet photos and nice frame for $2 at Chapman's.

THEY WANT A BONUS.

[From the Canada Farmers' Sun.]

At the Traveling Dairy meeting on May 24 in Lyn a large meeting of farmers passed the following resolution:

"Whereas, the Dominion Government seeks to encourage and foster other infant industries by a protective duty, we farmers of the Dominion recognize the great importance of the dairy interest, and feel that we have as good right to assistance as any other manufacturers; and whereas the butter trade of this country is in anything but a healthy condition, the natural advantages being such as would warrant a large export trade should the manufacture of a superior article be encouraged; therefore, resolved that we farmers assembled at this dairy meeting do ask the said Government to assist and encourage this infant industry by giving an export bonus of 2 cents per pound on all farm dairy or creamery butter exported to Great Britain, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa."

Is it favor or justice the honest farmer demands? If it is wrong for "other manufacturers" to receive favors from governments in the shape of bonuses, would it not be equally wrong for farmers who manufacture butter to be bonused? The butter manufactured by every farmer would not go to Great Britain; should not those who sell to other countries be equally aided? Many farmers do not make butter for export; should not those who manufacture cheese be also assisted? If cheese and butter makers are "protected," would not those who raise apples, horses, cattle and pork be ready to suggest that it was "their turn next"?

Farmers, beware! There is danger in taking such action as is recorded in the above resolution. It is a principle with Patrons, and it ought to be so with every farmer, that protection is wrong; and if farmers unite as they should do, the Government of the day may be compelled either to discontinue the protection given to manufacturers, of which farmers so justly complain, or to give place to a Government that will introduce a more equitable policy.

What would be the result if farmers were "protected" as they might wish to be in their several lines of industry? They could not then complain if protection were granted to every industry that has not yet been favored by the Government, or if increased protection were given to the favored manufacturers who have a pull on the Government and are already largely protected.

Far better will it be for Canada if farmers can use the power in their hands to influence legislation and return to first principles and allow every tub to stand on its own bottom. Every manufacturer, merchant or farmer who cannot find prosperity in his calling when favors are given to no one by the Government, should try another vocation or change his location.

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

WATEROUS BRANTFORD
MANUFACTURE DRY PRESS & PLASTIC BRICK MACHINERY.
21ltfx

IF YOU WANT Any Thing Any Where Any Time SAY SO IN THE ADVERTISER WANT COLUMN

And you will get the best results. The price can be cut to 15c.

1c. per Word for 1 Insertion
2c. per Word for 3 Insertions

Persons who advertise for Situations in the ADVERTISER usually get the best places in the city.

PRIVATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CURE OF Cancer & TUMORS without the knife. Book free. G. H. McMICHAEL, M.D. 663 Elmwood Av., BUFFALO, N.Y.

EX SS. PARISIAN
Gold Medal
STILTON CHEESE.
From Emberline & Co., Leicester. Just received.
FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.,
169 Dundas Street.

ALWAYS TRUE.

RHEUMATISM.—COL. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with ST. JACOBS OIL. In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—MR. JAMES BONNER, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

IT IS THE BEST.

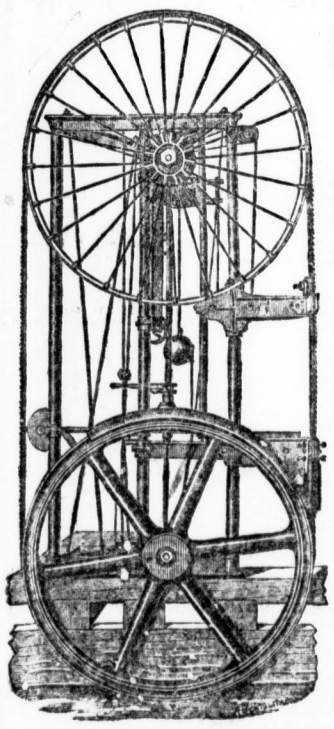
TO ORDER.
All-Wool Pants, $3. :: :: All-Wool Suits, $16.
PETHICK & McDONALD,
393 Richmond Street, - - - - London, Ont.

OAK HALL
FOR BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S
Fine Fancy Ready-Made Suits and Pants.

Every purchaser of a Boy's Suit presented with a ticket (free) for the Pony Competition.

OAK HALL
150 Dundas Street, London.
ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR The Celebrated
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.
For Samples sent Free write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLOU, MONTREAL.



—THE—
Lumber Cutting Machine
OF THE FUTURE.

10 Band Mills sold in Canada in 1891 where one was sold in 1890. We predict an equal increase in 1892.

Our present orders indicate it, so place your orders early.

The Circular Saw 22 years ago was as much a novelty and as difficult to run as the Band Saw is to-day. With the experience gained in handling the Circular, knowledge of the Band Saw is much more readily acquired. Special improved tools also facilitate the work. We furnish an expert with each mill to instruct in the use of tools and work on saw.

The adjoining cut illustrates our NO. 1 BAND SAW MILL, capacity 10,000 to 20,000 feet in 10 hours. Our No. 2 mill is much heavier—capacity 20,000 to 40,000 feet per day.

Waterous Engine Works Co
BRANTFORD, CANADA.
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ADVERTISE IN THE ADVERTISER

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

Corrected to May 15, 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.	10:50 a.m
Atlantic Express (daily)	9:50 a.m.	11:25 a.m
New York and Boston Express (daily)	9:50 a.m.	2:55 p.m
Mail (except Sundays)	1:25 p.m.	3:05 p.m
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.	4:20 p.m
Accom'd'n (except Sunday)	5:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	7:28 a.m
Chicago Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	4:40 a.m
Chicago special (daily)	8:30 p.m.	11:20 p.m
Chicago L't'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)	2:25 p.m.	3:15 p.m
Pacific Express (daily)	2:25 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., 12:35 m and 6:40 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 DEC. 7, 1891.

MAIN LINE—Going East

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
*Limited Express (a)	3:35 a.m.	3:45 a.m
Mail	.....	6:00 a.m
Atlantic Express (a)	12:05 p.m.	12:10 p.m
Day Express	10:50 a.m.	7:20 p.m
*St. Louis Express (a) (b)	4:20 p.m.	4:25 p.m
Mixed—No. 24 Freight (c)	5:45 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)	5:10 a.m.	5:30 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.	2:15 p.m
†Pacific Express (a)	6:50 p.m.	7:10 p.m
Mail	6:55 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	.....	7:20 p.m

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Limited Express (b)	3:20 a.m.	.....
Atlantic Express (b)	11:50 a.m.	.....
Accommodation	2:15 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	8:45 p.m.	.....
Erie Limited (b)	11:35 p.m.	.....

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (b)	.....	5:20 a.m
Accommodation	.....	7:35 a.m
Erie Limited (b)	.....	11:35 a.m
Accommodation	.....	4:30 p.m
Pacific Express (b)	.....	7:00 p.m

London, Huron and Bruce.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Express	10:15 a.m.	8:05 a.m
Mail	6:50 p.m.	4:35 p.m

London and Port Stanley.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Mail	.....	6:40 a.m
Accommodation	7:20 a.m.	9:30 a.m
Mail	2:10 p.m.	2:50 p.m
Accommodation	6:35 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.	7:35 a.m
Express	1:50 p.m.	.....
Express	5:50 p.m.	2:30 p.m
Express—Mixed	9:25 p.m.	6:05 p.m

Toronto Branch.

Hamilton—Depart—

a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m
6:30	7:00	11:05	12:30	4:10	5:40	n6:55	9:25

Hamilton—Arrive—

a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m
12:30	10:00	10:35	n12:25	4:00	6:25	8:15

* These trains for Montreal.
† These trains from Montreal.
(a) Runs daily, Sundays included.
(b) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(c) No. 24 carries passengers between London and Paris.
(n) 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.	9:53 a.m.	7:18 p.m
Guelph	9:25 a.m.	11:05 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.	.....	5:20 a.m
Ottawa	5:45 p.m.	.....	6:00 a.m
Montreal	7:55 p.m.	.....	8:05 a.m
Quebec	6:30 a.m.	.....	3:00 p.m
Portland, Me.	8:20 a.m.	.....	8:00 p.m
Boston	8:05 a.m.	.....	8:50 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.	11:35 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 3:55 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.)	.....	5:10	7:40	.....
Courtright	.....	5:40	8:20	.....
M. C. R. Junction	.....	5:45	8:22	.....
Chatham (C. P. R.) arr	.....	7:45	10:35	3:30
Chatham (C. P. R.) dep	7:45	.....	10:40	4:40
Fargo (M. C. R.)	8:13	.....	2:35	5:10
Blenheim arr	8:25	.....	11:20	5:35

Trains North.

Stations.	Exp	Exp	Mix
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Blenheim dep	8:30	2:55	5:45
Fargo (M. C. R.)	8:43	3:10	6:00
Chatham (C. P. R.) arr	9:08	3:30	6:20
Chatham (C. P. R.) dep	9:13	3:37	.....
M. C. R. Junction	11:20	.....	.....
Courtright	11:25	3:55	.....
Sarnia (G. T. R.) arr	12:00	6:25	.....

SHINGLE MILLS
PLANERS AND MATCHERS
BUILT BY WATEROUS
BRANTFORD CANADA
ARE UNSURPASSED