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

Adam Graeme, of Mossgray.

By Mrs. Oliphant.

But Mossgray was by no means concerned about supper. He was silent for a few moments, during which the comfortable hostess stood before him marveling, and when he did address her, it was to ask whether she knew a young Scottish lady, a Miss Maxwell, who, he believed, lived in the village.

The good landlady was a little shocked. What had the like of him to do with young ladies? but his grave face reassured her.

"And that will be the poor young creature that lost her mother, a fortnight come Friday, it's like?"

"Yes," said Mossgray, slowly, to steady his voice, "yes, she is an orphan—her mother is dead."

"Ay, sure; and I wouldn't wonder a bit," said the stout hostess, smoothing down her ample skirts, "If she didn't bide long behind her; for a thin long slip of a thing she is, and no more red on her cheek than the very snow, and I've heard say that such like troubles run in the blood. There's the squire's family down in the dale—you'll know them sure, better than the likes of me—they've all followed one another, for all the world like a march of folk at a funeral going to the grave."

"And is Lilias—is the young lady affected with the disease?" exclaimed Mossgray.

"The young lady did you say, sir? Why, the poor girl had her bread to work for, like the rest on us—and a weakly white thing she was if there were ne'er another; but she thought herself a young lady sure enow, and what mun she do but go and be a governess, as they ca' it. Her mother was a prideful body, to have nothing, and so was miss; but I say, I'd sooner have my girl a dairy-maid any day, if Susan needed to go out of her father's house for a living, which she doesn't, thank Providence.

"But, my good woman," said Mossgray mildly, "Miss Maxwell has no intention of being a governess, I trust, as she has no need. You will oblige me if you can tell me where I shall find her."

"Well, and that's just more than I can tell you, sir; for the Rector's gone from home, and they say miss went with them;—but if it's your pleasure to stay—"

"I will stay this night, if you can accommodate me," was the answer.

The landlady courtesied.

"I'll send up Susan to the Rectory for for Mary, and mayhap she can tell."

In half an hour Susan was dispatched, her mother in the meantime taking up on herself to prepare the unbidden supper; and in about an hour and a half after, Susan returned alone. The Rectory Mary had deserted her post, and was now half a dozen miles away over the fell, visiting her mother, and the girl left in charge had been fain to keep Susan for an hour's gossip to cheer her loneliness. She knew only that the Rector and her mistress had gone to Scotland; but as Scotland, in the reckoning of Susan of the inn and Sally at the Rectory was a word of quite indefinite signification, meaning sometimes a village like their own, and sometimes enlarging into the dimensions of a dale, of a great town like the picturesque one near them, which filled up to overbrimming their idea of "the world," the information thus obtained was anything but satisfactory. So Mossgray endeavored to ascertain something further from the landlady.

"They came here eighteen months past, come Whitsuntide. I mind it particular, because my Susan and more of the young folks were up at the confirmation the bishop had up yonder, in the town, the end of that summer; and it would have done any one's heart good to have seen my girl in her white muslin, and her cap, and all of them trooping down the dale in the fine morning. But the Scotch lady wouldn't have her daughter go, though the Rector took the trouble to talk to her himself. I donna understand such things, but mayhap, sir, the like of you do that are learned, why the young miss shouldn't have gone with the rest, like any other Christian. But they were quiet, peaceable folks, no one can say again that, and except it were wandering about the dale, the old lady leaning heavy on miss, and looking as faint when she came back as if she had done a day's work, I know no pleasure they ever took, young or old of them; and they cared about nought but books and the post. I have seen them sit on the brow yonder in the summer time reading for hours; and in the winter time I've looked in at the window passing by—not that I'm a prying body, or care about my neighbor's business, but only, there was nought like their ways in the whole dale—and there they would be, with a turf fire you could 'most have held in your two hands, one of them doing fine work, and the other reading; and beautiful miss can work, Mary at the Rectory says, and it was all for some rich friends that sent them money now and again—though sure it wasn't much—but it's like you'll know, sir?"

A painful color was on the face of Adam Graeme; "Poor, and in trouble, and ye visited me not." He felt every word an accusation, and could scarcely answer "No."

"And every month or two—I donna know but what it was every month—miss went by herself into the town to get letters, and I've heard say she'd pay more for them than would have put a bit of something comfortable on their table many a day. They were from some far away part, and they came as regular as Sunday comes; but no one could tell who sent them, for she had ne'er a brother, and her father was dead. The Rector's lady took a deal of notice of miss and her mother; not that she is one of that kind herself, for she's just a good easy creature, that doesn't trouble herself about learning; but she came from Scotland herself you know. I've heard Mary at the Rectory say that the old lady had been in such a many places—never biding long in one, I reckon; and you know the old world, sir, about the rolling stone. Well they had been in this way more than a year—a good fourteen months it would be, for it was past midsummer—when the old lady fell ill; and she kept on getting better and worse, better and worse, till a fortnight come next Friday when she died—and a week past on Monday they buried her. At the burial, I know for certain, miss was like nought but a shadow, and just yesterday the Rector and his lady went off to Scot and and took her with them. I've heard Mary at the Rectory say she was gone to be a governess to the Rector's lady sisters; but I donna know what's their name, now where they live; and please, sir, that's all I can tell you."

The talkative landlady recollected other scrapes of gossip however, before she suffered so good a listener to escape her. The subdued and quiet life of the mother and daughter—the proud poverty that made no sign—the privations which were guessed at—which perhaps were magnified—the mysterious letters—the little incidental and unconscious touches which revealed through a mist of verbiage something of the second Lilias, in the fresh youth which knew no cares but those of poverty, and in the first paralysis and stupor of her heavy grief. But the other figure—the sad Naomi leaning on the girl's arm, and sinking, amid hardship and the chill pains of penury, into a stranger's grave—every new touch did but deepen the sad cold colors of the picture, and this was the lofty Lily of the old man's dream—the sunny and joyous daughter of Greenshaw.

The next morning Mossgray left the Cumberland glen, resolving, if his search did not prosper in Scotland, to return when the reverend ruler of the little dale should have returned to his flock and his dominions. He remembered however with annoyance, when he had reached Carlisle on his way home, that he had not ascertained the Rector's name. It had not been mentioned by his premative parishioners, to whom "the Rector" was the title of titles; but Mossgray resolved to make immediate inquiry of Mrs. Ferdie, whose eldest daughter had married an English clergyman somewhere in this same district. He would write also to Walter Johnstone; he would advertise if other means failed, call on the second Lilias to honor the bequest her mother had made him. The trust was more sacred now than ever; it was enough that one had gone down uncomforted to the grave.

CHAPTER VI.

She was a sonsie maiden
Of substance eke, and weight,
Nae cares did vex her, nae thoughts perplex her
And her name it was callit Kate.
—Old Song.

On the following morning, a low pony carriage, very little above the rank of a gig, and packed in its lower departments with sundry empty baskets, drew up at the door of the bank. It was the market day in Fendie, and the strong rustic driver of the little vehicle seemed considerably more interested in the acquaintances whom he noticed in the crowded Main Street than in the young ladies whom he assisted to alight. The elder of them was about fifteen, a little older than Hope Oswald. She was a large, clumsy, heavy girl, with soft fair features, and sleepy blue eyes. The face was well enough, so far as mere form went, and had a certain slumberous, passive good-humor, in it, not unpropossessing; but speculation there was none under the heavy lids of those large eyes. The soft face had its tolerable proportions of white and red, but was informed by no inspiring light; for this was Hope Oswald's stupid schoolfellow—Miss Adelaide Fendie.

With her was a young sister, a girl of ten, whose face only was less stupid because, because it had a spiritfulness and shrewish expression perfectly alien to the soft good-humor of Adelaide. They were both dressed after that peculiar fashion which belongs to the caterpillar state (if we may venture on such an expression) of young ladies—in unhandsome dresses of faded colors, short enough to display quite too much of Adelaide's white trousers and considerable feet, and hanging wide and clumsily on which needed no addition to their natural proportions.

The Fendies of Mount Fendie were an old family; but Mr. George Oswald the banker had also some pretentions to blood, and Mrs. Oswald was a laird's daughter; so there was no great deregation in the intimacy with which the youthful Misses of the more aristocratic house honored the sprightly Hope. Miss Victoria was the more condesceending of the two. She felt to the full the superiority of Mount Fendie, with its wide grounds and sweeping avenues and lodges ornamented by the delicate taste of "mamma," and considerably despised the great stone building in the main street of Fendie, with the mechanical inscription of "Bank" over its stately portico.

Adelaide knew better; even in the dignified educational establishment in Edinburgh there was some certain degree of republicanism, and Adelaide had attained to a dull consciousness of Hope's superiority, and a habit of being guided by her will, much to the comfort of her slumberous self, whom Hope managed to carry through scrapes and difficulties in a manner which even excited a faint degree of passive wonder in the sluggish inert nature, which could not comprehend her quick intelligence. And Adelaide liked Hope, and by good fortune did not envy her; and Hope had a sort of affection of habit for Adelaide, whose dullness she laid siege to with girlish impetuosity, understanding it as little as her companion understood her; for Hope could not persuade herself that it was natural to be stupid, and so assailed the impenetrable blank of Adelaide's mind with all manner of weapons, but always unsuccessfully.

John Brown, the trustly major-domo of Mount Fendie, was bound for the market, and, not without some coaxing, had consented to bring the young ladies with him. John touched his hat in gruff good-humor as Hope Oswald's bright face looked out from the open door, and after depositing Miss Victoria safely on the pavement, drove off with a sigh of relief, muttering—

"That lassie'll be twenty stane before she's done growing. I wad as sun lift the brockit quey. Gude day to ye, Tam—hoo's the wife? Gar the laddie gie the beast a feed—I haena muckle time."

(To be Continued.)

Mr. Job Scales, of Toronto, writes: "A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, sour stomach and lame back; in fact, I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of Northrup and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I used one bottle, and the permanent manner in which it has cured and made a new man of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude."

When you have anything to communicate that will distress the heart of the person whom it concerns, be silent, in order that he may hear from someone else. —[Saadi.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil, is ear ache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, in which the young are specially subject.

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THE FALL FAIRS.

List of Coming Exhibitions Under the Auspices of County and Township Agricultural Societies.

Secretaries of agricultural societies are requested to forward the dates of their annual fall fairs for publication in this column.

WESTERN	LONDON	Sept. 15-24
Winnipeg	Winnipeg, Man.	July 25-29
Midland Central	Kingston	Sept. 1-9
Industrial Exposi'n	Toronto	Sept. 5-17
Montreal Exposi'n	Montreal, Que.	Sept. 15-21
Lincoln Union	St. Catharines	Sept. 19-23
Culross	Teeswater	Sept. 20-21
Wellesley, NE Hope	Wellesley	Sept. 20-21
Central	Guelph	Sept. 20-22
Center Bruce	Paisley	Sept. 20-21
Dundas	Dundas	Sept. 21-22
North Simcoe	Stayner	Sept. 21-23
Clinton	Clinton	Sept. 21-23
North Bruce	Port Elgin	Sept. 22-23
Central Canada	Ottawa	Sep 22-Oct
Malahide & Yarm'h	Aylmer	Sept. 26-28
Barrie	Barrie	Sept. 26-28
Stephen & Usborne	Exeter	Sept. 26-27
Palmerston Hort'l	Palmerston	Sept. 26-27
East Muskoka	Huntsville	Sept. 27-28
North Ontario	Uxbridge	Sept. 27-28
Mitchell	Mitchell	Sept. 27- 8
S. Oxford Union	Tilsonburg	Sept. 27-28
South Grey	Durham	Sept. 27-28
Mornington	Milverton	Sept. 27-28
Northern	Alisa Craig	Sept. 27-28
South Perth	St. Marys	Sept. 27-28
Peel county	Brampton	Sept. 27-28
Southern	Brantford	Sept. 27-29
Great Northern	Collingwood	Sept. 27-30
Northern	Walkerton	Sept. 27-30
North Oxford	Woodstock	Sept. 28-29
Northwestern	Goderich	Sept. 28-30
North Perth	Stratford	Sept. 29-30
Welland	Welland	Sept. 29-30
Wilmot	New Hamburg	Sept. 29-30
Orillia	Orillia	Sept. 29-30
Walpole Township	Jarvis	Sept. 29-30
Elma	Atwood	Sept. 29
Muskoka	Bracebridge	Sept. 29-30
N. and W. Oxford	Ingersoll	Oct. 4-5
Haldimand	Cayuga	Oct. 4-6
North Brant	Paris	Oct. 4-5
Collingwood Tp	Clarksburg	Oct. 4-5
South Huron	Seaforth	Oct. 4-5
Hibbert	Staffa	Oct. 4-5
Dufferin Central	Shelburne	Oct. 4-5
West Williams	Parkhill	Oct. 4-5
West Nissouri	Thorndale	Oct. 5.
West Kent	Chatham	Oct. 4-6
East Algoma	Sault Ste. Marie	Oct. 4-6
Brooke & Alvinston	Alvinston	Oct. 5-6
East York	Markham	Oct. 5-7
Leamington	Leamington	Oct. 5-7
Middleton	Courtland	Oct. 6
Center Wellington	Elora	Oct. 6-7
Milton	Milton	Oct. 6-7
South Waterloo	Galt	Oct. 6-7
East Huron	Brussels	Oct. 6-7
South Norwich	Otterville	Oct. 7-8
W. Zorra & Embro	Embro	Oct. 7
Monck	Wellandport	Oct. 7-8
Howard Branch	Ridgetown	Oct. 11-13
Toronto Township	Cooksville	Oct. 14
Camden	Dresden	Oct. 14-15
Norfolk Union	Simcoe	Oct. 17-19
W. York & Vaughn	Woodbridge	Oct. 18-19

Pipe Smokers.

You may be satisfied with the brands of tobaccos you have been using for years. Grant it; that you are satisfied. As there is always room for improvement, we ask you to try our OLD CHUM PLUG, or CUT smoking tobacco; we believe you will be BETTER satisfied. In any case, a trial won't hurt you. 84tf tzx

"With all her faults I love her still," warbled the young tenor. "Yes, that's the way I like her best," said a henpecked husband in the audience.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

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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.

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"Yes," said the old lady, "they've had a dry season out there—they have had to irritate the land."

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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)	8:20 p.m.	4:30 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)	1:15 p.m.	3:05 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)	8:30 p.m.	4:40 a.m
Chicago special (daily)	8:30 p.m.	12:05 a.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)	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	.....	6:00 a.m
Atlantic Express (A)	12:05 p.m.	12:10 p.m
Day Express	10:50 a.m.	2:20 p.m
*St. Louis Express (A) (D)	4:10 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)	5:25 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	6:55 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	.....	7:20 p.m

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Limited Express (B)	3:25 a.m.	.....
Atlantic Express (B)	11:50 a.m.	.....
Accommodation	1:15 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	8:45 p.m.	.....
Erie Limited (B)	11:35 p.m.	.....

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (B)	.....	5:30 a.m
Accommodation	.....	7:35 a.m
Erie Limited (B)	.....	11:35 a.m
Accommodation	.....	2:30 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	6:55 p.m.	4:30 p.m

London and Port Stanley.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Mail	.....	6:40 a.m
Accommodation	7:50 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.	7:35 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	12:35	4:10	5:40	n6:55	9:2
Hamilton—Arrive—							
a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m
11:30	10:50	10:25	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.
(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	4:40 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.	11:45 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.	.....	5:20 a.m
Ottawa	8:35 p.m.	.....	6:00 a.m
Montreal	7:15 p.m.	.....	8:00 a.m
Quebec	6:30 a.m.	.....	3:00 p.m
Portland, Me.	8:20 a.m.	.....	8:00 p.m
Boston	8:55 a.m.	.....	8:50 p.m
Halifax, N. S.	10:10 p.m.	.....	.....

Trains arrive from the east at 11:35 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.	7:50 a.m
St. Louis	.....	7:45 a.m.	6:15 p.m
Kansas City	.....	6:10 p.m.	6:20 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		.....	6:15	8:22	.....
Chatham (C. P. R.)	arr	.....	7:45	10:35	3:30
	dep	7:45	.....	10:40	4:40
Largo (M. C. R.)		8:19	.....	2:56	6:13
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	6:45
Largo (M. C. R.)		8:43	3:10	6:00
Chatham (C. P. R.)	arr	9:08	3:50	6:20
	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	.....

GOVERNMENT
SCHOOL OF ART
Special Spring Term Opens Monday, March 28.
Classes Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 7 to 9 p.m.
Fees for 36 lessons, $3. Subjects taught, Mechanical, Geometrical, Freehand and Model Drawing, Perspective Geometry, Ornamental and Industrial Designing, Modeling, Lettering: Extra classes—China Painting, Oil and Water Color Painting Monday, Friday and Saturday, 2:30 to 4:30.
Mechanics' Institute, Dundas Street.
Send for circulars. Pupils may join at any time.
J. H. GRIFFITH, Sec.-Treas.
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