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treet."
The question aroused her from her pain. It came from the same young lady opposite, and Sara looked up with a start.

and Sara looked up with a way of the way of the answered.

"Then we must have passed it, for this that we are going through is Temple Bar, and I know Essex street is before we come to that. This young lady told you to set her down in Essex street," she added to the conductor. And the man stopped the omnibus without the alightest applogy.

Mining Company."

Sara stood still as the last words caught her eye, like one arrested by sulprise. It was not the unpronounceable name that drew her attention; but the fact that this Great Chwidyn scheme was the very one The tention; but the lace that can have cray had embarked; the El of his friend Barker; the source of ray's present flourishing prosperity,

Borado of his friend Barker; the source of Mark Cray present flourishing prosperity, and of his future greatness.

She feit sure it was the same name, though nobody over wrote it twice alike, and whether this or any other, might be the cerrect way of spelling it, the Messra. Knollys themselves could not have told. Mark Cray and Barker, finding the word rather difficult to the tongue, got into the habit of calling it the "Great Wheal Bang Company," as being readier than the other; "Wheal Bang being some technical term connected with the mine; though whother spplicable to any particular stratum of its ore, or to its works, or to the mine generally, or to anything else, Sara had never yet clearly understood. "The Great Wheal Bang Mining Company" was the familiar term in Mark's mouth, and in that of others interested in the mine, so prome are we to catch up phrases; and "The Great Wheal Bang" was certainly better for English tongues than the Great Chwddyn, with its seater of malling tu minitisted hads catch up phrases; and The Great Wheal Bang" was certainly better for English toogues than the Great Chwddyn, with its variety of spelling in uninitiated hands for once that Sara had heard the difficult name, she had heard the easier one a bundred times; nevertheless, now that her gree fell upon it, she knew it to be that and be of the certain the same of the same

in itself was not of moment to The fact in itself was not or moment to er, but thought is quick; and the thought hat darted scross Sara's mind was, that if lessrs, Knollys were the solicitors to this chand important company, there might besidned by a chance of Mark Cray's or his iend Barker's, calling in at these offices at management, in which case they might see.

But there was no help for it, She could ut go in; and the chance only added anther drop to the cup of pain. Most painful was it to Sara, from more causes than one, to come thus publicly to these places of business—and to come, as may almost be said, in secret, not daring to speak of her trailermed.

with her crape veil drawn more closely over her face, if that were possible, she stepped into the passage, in that hesitating manner which betrays distasts or timidity, in some cases, as in hers, both. A door on the left bore the words "Messrs. Knollys;" and Sara was looking around her when a young man with a paper in his hand came hastly out of it.

"Did you want Knolly's office?" he asked, in a matter-of-fact tone, noting her look of indicision.

young man with a paper in his hand came hastily out of it.

"Did you want Knolly's office?" he asked, in a matter-of-lact tone, noting her look of indicision.
"I want Messrs. Jones & Green's."

"Ubstairs, first floor."

He leaped out at the door as he spoke, and started up the street as fast as he could go. Sars passed through the inner entrance, which stood ecen, and ascended the stairs. In great white letters on the door facing her tithe top, sheread, "Offices Jones & Green."
She knocked at the door, and a middle-aged red-faced man, in a seedy suit of black, and a white neckerchief, opened it.
"I wish to see Mr. Alfred King," she said.
"Is he here?"

"Mr. Alfred King?" he repeated. "He is not here now, and I don't know—— Stay, Ill inquire "
Do you realize the importance of a proper in the stair of the stairs.

To the top, she read, "Offices Jones & Green."
She knocked at the door, and a middle-aged a white neckerchief, opened it.
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"Mr. King won't be here until 12 o'clock." said Sara, wondering whether there could be any mistake.
"Perhaps so," said the man, "But he dropped us a line this morning to say he could not get here till 12. I dare say if you come then you can see him."

He shut the door, and Sara went down stairs again. Whatshould she do with herself this long hour—for it was not quite 11 yet. Suddenly she bethought herself that she would go and see Watton. St. Paul's Churchyard, as Watton had told them—for she had paid Miss Davenal and Sara two or three visits since their serival in London—was in a line with Temple Bar.

Sara walked quickly through the crowded streets. Once she stopped to look in at an attractive shop, but somebody came jostling against her, she thought purposely, and she did not stop again. She easily found the house of business where Watton herself came to it, and lifted up her hands in surprise.
"Well, I declare, Miss Sara! I thought

"I wish to see all. All red raing, "Is he here?"

"Mr. Alfred King?" he repeated. "He is not here now, and I don't know—Stay, I'll inquire."

Leaving her standing there he retreated, and she heard a remote colleduy carried on in an undertone. Then he came back ayain.

THE UNKNOWN LAND.

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WAS INCOME.

WA

Benighted Heathen Who Believe in the Divinity of Certain People.

MAN WORSHIPERS.

The Ingenious Magpie.

The magpie is nothing if not ingenious. He always barrieades his bulky nest with thorn branches, so that to plunder it is by no means an easy matter; but when circumatances oblige the "pie" to build in a low bush or hedge—an absence of lofty trees being a marked feature of some northern localities—he not only interlaces his home, but also the entire bush in a most formidable manner. Nor does he atop here. To "make assurance doubly sure," he fashions a means of exit as well as entrance to the castle, so that if disturbed he can slip out by his back door, as it were.

Heartless.
Clara—Why are you so bitter against him, just because he proposed and you refused him?
Maude—The wretch! He said he would never ask me again.

The Ingenious Magpie.

A Man Made Happy.—Gentlemen,—For five years I have been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only scemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest either day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovers this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad, she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bettles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it.

Signed, Melvylle B. Marsh, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

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