

SINGING.

Voice Culture taught at the London Conservatory of Music, 20, St. James's Street, W. Mr. J. A. MOORE (formerly of Holmwood College) and MISS B. BROWN (late of Toronto) added to staff of vocal instructors.

The PRINCIPAL (Mr. Barron) will be pleased to try any voices and give advice free of charge, from 2 to 6 p.m. any afternoon this week.

MY PYTHAGOREAN FRIEND.

"Women all do that, sooner or later," I said with a laugh. "But the best of them never miss it, for they get an altar ego."

"I should like to see you get into a mess," I said.

After a while we returned to the house. Lady Ernestine gave me some music (the 'Funeral March of a Marionette' was one of the pieces). Then we had tea and Mrs. Ernestine talked. When Maurice made his adieu to the old lady, she retained his hand in hers.

"You have found your way here, Maurice," she said in her deep tones. "Come often. Don't wait for an invitation. Uninvited guests are the most welcome. Will you promise?"

"I do," said Maurice, earnestly.

As we walked homeward, I thought it my duty to lecture my friend. What is the good of having a friend if he is not to be disagreeable? I pointed out that he was on a dangerous slope, and was drawing Lady Ernestine upon his head. He said he would be off their feet before they knew it.

"You know what passion is," I said, "and she does not, and yet you place the poisoned chalice within her reach. It isn't honorable, for you are encroaching on Captain Alverley's rights."

"I have not uttered one single syllable of sentiment," he replied with a shrug. "I am only anticipating the future. Souls rush together with the certainty of atomic attraction."

"What is the meantime you harass her. She is restless and unhappy, as I know from a good source. She disappears for hours, and returns worried and dejected. You are oversteering her will, endangering her health, imperiling her reason."

"Accuse me not," retorted my friend. "I am magnanimous. I could not compel her to leave and marry me. If love is not self-abandonment, it is nothing. That she is not happy I can well believe. She is false to herself."

"She is merely faithful to a solemn obligation."

"No such obligation is valid, unless it is written with the heart's blood. She does not love the man, therefore she is false. An iron logic. What will she give him? A phantom bride. She cannot even bestow her person, which shrinks from him with every fibre. Let him marry the woman that has wept in these arms! What has he got? It reminds me of Balzac's story of the ape that tried to play on his master's Stradivarius, and broke every string and ruined a glorious instrument. There is much delicate music in the instrument, but he will never charm it forth."

"I think, Maurice, you should go somewhere for a change of air," I said, after a pause.

"No! I shall sit out the farce," he said sternly. "If she marries him, then I shall go away, and put 'many shadow mountains and the sounding sea' between her and me. For God's sake, speak of something else! About my brains? How is Lady Randall?"

"Have you not seen her lately?"

"No; I fear to encounter her, for if I went she would be sure to appear. We move in the same vortex, like Dante's lovers."

Then he declaimed the magnificent lines: "La bufera infera, che mai non resta, Mena gli spiriti con la sua rapina, e sorda e impetuosa gremia molesta."

And so after a little more discursive talk, we parted.

(To be Continued.)

At Death's Door.—Dyspepsia Conquered.—A Great Medical Triumph. GENTLEMEN.—My medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live, when I commenced the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 210 to 110 pounds. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, and can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over 30 dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life, as I never expected to recover. I first commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia. JEAN VALCOURT, (Signed.) General Merchant, Wotton, P.Q.

According to a calculation published in a London paper, the entire population of the world could stand on a field ten miles square.

A man's wife should always be the same especially 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.

The census of India just completed shows that country to have a population of 280,000,000, a gain of 11 per cent. over 1881.

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Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Eclectic 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 especially subject.

"All regions," said my friend, with an animated look, "dwell upon the importance of getting rid of the disturbing influence of the body."

"Yes, divesting yourself of your sars," I murmured. "Good Greek! I am only responsible for it so far."

"Hence arise trances, ecstasies, and so forth, which may be regarded as the activity of a detached soul. As a rule, we sleep with our body as well as with our soul; hence the incoherence of dreamy visions through a distorted medium of people or dyspeptic gases. But men will never be truly until he has rationalized his dream. Future life has a very suggestive remark, that we cannot be said to have made real progress in virtue till our dreams are virtuous. But besides the trance, the soul-dream, is an emancipation from the unreal."

LOUISIANA PRESERVED

NEW FIGS

In 9-pound Tins. Just received.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.,

169 DUNDAS STREET.

ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.

THE MYSTERY OF DEATH.

Is There a Supreme Moment of Consciousness When the Soul Quits the Body?

[From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

"I was reading an article this morning on how it feels to die," said Dr. W. H. Epworth. "No living man can tell how death feels, or whether the actual act of dissolution is accompanied by sensation or not. A man who, through disease or casualty, has lost consciousness—has become to all appearances dead—and is then resuscitated, can really tell us nothing about it, for he did not die. The machinery did not come to a complete standstill—the life force did not leave the body. It may be that the poet has dipped deeper than the physician into the awful mystery of death. It may be that he has described terrors not visible to the eyes of the medical man, who interests himself only in the condition of the animal mechanism."

"I have stood by the deathbed of men who told me they were going to hell, and saw them pass peacefully to their long sleep. I have looked at their dead faces a few minutes later and saw thereon a look of fear, of horror, that was not visible when the heart gave its last faint throb and then stood still. I have had others tell me almost with their last breath that they were going to heaven. They passed away with wan, weary faces that were pitiful to contemplate, but before they became rigid a smile sweet as an angel's dream overspread the pallid features. The deep lines of suffering faded out, and the aged looked almost a youthful, the weary and worn became radiant. What causes this change, which every physician has noticed? When does death occur? We say when the animal machinery stops, when the breath and pulse cease."

"What is what the doctor calls death, but it may not really be death after all. The spirit may not leave the body, may not take its departure from earth with the last breath, the last faint heart-beat. It may cling for some moments to its shattered instrument before it takes flight, before it faces those terrors or enters into those transcendent glories which the poet has painted. The death of the body, with which doctors only deal, may be but the prelude to a more important act, the departure of the spirit. Science has gone far, but it has not yet lifted the veil of mystery which the Almighty has hung over the couch of death."

"The body! Good heavens!" cried my friend, in a very pretty chafe, "on your own principles you materialists are self-condemned. Expel Hannibal—weigh your Hannibal, the carbon, the water—especially the water—for your body is after all only an inflated bubble, wide as a trifle—science—you find him to consist of a few ounces of matter which can be put into a pipkin. But has carbon any strategy, or water any magnanimity? Go to!"

My friend was silent for a while, and so was I, for who can withstand the divine rage of a mystic?

"Well, let us leave these unsatisfactory topics," I said, after a while. "I wish to speak of personal concerns, if you will allow me. You are too good a fellow to have your life wasted. Now as to your hopeless passion—"

"My good friend, that is over. We have quarrelled inexhaustibly. I hate her with a most consuming love. But nobody shall chide me if in my dreams I visit her. I am only anticipating the future. Souls rush together with the certainty of atomic attraction."

"What is the meantime you harass her. She is restless and unhappy, as I know from a good source. She disappears for hours, and returns worried and dejected. You are oversteering her will, endangering her health, imperiling her reason."

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IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, 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."

SHOT AND SHELLS

CARTRIDGE AND BALL.

Smokeless and Black Gunpowder

CHILLED HARD AND SOFT SHOT.

HOBBS HARDWARE CO., LONDON.

TURKISH STEEL PEN CO.,

DAMASCUS, SYRIA.

PASHA SERIES.

IN SIX NUMBERS.

Graded for all kinds of writing and will fit any holder.

Are manufactured from

THE FINEST DAMASCUS STEEL.

Are highly finished, and specially adapted for

Legal and Commercial Writing.

FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.

WARWICK & SONS, Toronto, Sole Canadian Agents.

WANTED

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Boys

Girls

TO SEND THEIR

Names and

Addresses

To THE GLOBE, Toronto, for copy of their valuable

PRIZE LIST FOR 1893

THE BEST PREMIUM LIST

EVER OFFERED

BY A CANADIAN PUBLISHER.

Handsome and Useful Presents

TO ALL WHO GIVE AWAY

APPLY EARLY

THE GLOBE, Toronto.

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.

—CALL AND SEE OUR—

NEW FALL SUITINGS,

NEW FALL OVERCOATINGS,

NEW FALL PANTINGS

PETHICK & McDONALD,

393 Richmond Street, - - - - - London, Ont.

ADVERTISE IN THE ADVERTISER

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

Corrected to June 12, 1892.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canad. Southern Division—Going East.

	London	Thomas,
with 8) or Limited daily	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Niagara Falls and Buffalo		
Special daily.....	8:30 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 Ex-		
press (daily).....	2:25 p.m.	4:30 p.m.
Mail except Sundays.....	1:50 p.m.	3:30 p.m.
Limited Express (daily).....	8:30 p.m.	3:30 a.m.
Accom'd'n except Sunday	8:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m.

Canad. Southern Division—Going West.

North Shore Limited (daily).....	8:30 p.m.	9:06 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 Life 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 8:30 a.m., 11:40 a.m. and 6:30 p.m.

[Note.—No trains to or from London on Sunday.]

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 26 Richmond Street.

ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

Trains South.				
Stations.	Exp	Exp	Mix	Mix
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Sarnia (C. T. R.).....		6:10	7:40	
Courtright.....		5:40	8:20	
M. C. R. Junction.....		5:45	8:22	
Chatham (C. P. R.).....	{	7:45	10:35	3:30
dep		7:45	10:40	4:40
Fargo (M. C. R.).....		8:13	2:55	6:10
Belleville.....	arr	8:20	11:20	5:35

Trains North.

Stations.	Exp	Exp	Mix
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Elmhurst.....dep	8:30	2:55	6:42
Large (M. C. R.).....	8:43	3:10	6:50
Chatham (C. P. R.).....	9:08	3:30	6:20
{ dep	9:18	3:37	
{ arr	11:20		
W. C. R. Junction.....	11:20		
Courtright.....	11:25	3:55	
Large G. T. R.).....arr	12:00	6:25	

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

Corrected June 27, 1892.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

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.	1:00 p.m.
*St. Louis Express (A) (D).....	4:20 p.m.	4:26 p.m.
Mixed—No. 74 Freight (C).....	5:45 p.m.	6:50 p.m.
rie Limited.....	11:20 p.m.	11:40 p.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

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

Sarnia Branch.

Sarnia Branch.		
	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Limited Express (M).....	3:25 a.m.	
Atlantic Express (M).....	11:26 a.m.	
Accommodation.....	1:16 p.m.	
Accommodation.....	8:45 p.m.	
Eric Limited (N).....	11:35 p.m.	
Sarnia Branch.		

London, Huron and Bruce.

Chicago Express (M).....	6:30 a.m.
Accommodation.....	7:35 a.m.
Eric Limited (M).....	11:35 a.m.
Accommodation.....	2:30 p.m.
Pacific Express (M).....	7:00 p.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.		
	ARRIVE	DEPART
Express.....	10:15 a.m.	8:05 a.m.

London and Port Stanley.

London and Fort Stanley.		
	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Mail.....	7:50 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
A accommodation.....	8:20 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Mail.....	7:10 p.m.	7:50 p.m.
A accommodation.....	7:35 p.m.	7:50 p.m.
Fixed.....	6:45 p.m.	
Mail.....	11:30 p.m.	

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Mixed—Mail.....	11:20 a.m.	1:56 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—		