

A Stormy Evening

My excitement communicated itself to the boy. He tumbled back into his bunk and pushed off vigorously. I watched him land and disappear in the direction of the village.

Half an hour passed, but Jimmy did not reappear. No one felt sufficiently energetic to go after him. We had only just strength enough to sit still and feebly abuse him. At the end of an hour we were all feeling very much better. At the end of an hour and a half we were glad he had not returned when he ought to have, and were only curious as to what had become of him.

In the evening, strolling through the village, we saw him sitting by the open door of his mother's cottage, with a shawl wrapped round him. He was looking worn and ill.

"Why, Jimmy," I said, "what's the matter? Why didn't you come back this morning?"

"I couldn't," Jimmy answered. "I was so queer. Mother made me go to bed." "You seemed all right in the morning," I said. "What made you queer?"

"What Mr. Jones gave me, sir; it upset me awful."

"What did you say, Jimmy, when you got to Mr. Jones' shop?" I asked.

"I told him what you said, sir, that 'e was give me something to counteract the effects of vegetable poisoning. And that it was to be very strong and enough for four."

"And what did he say?"

"E said that was only your nonsense, sir, and that I'd better have enough for one to begin with; and then he asked me if I'd been eating green apples again."

"And you told him?"

"Yes, sir, I told him I'd had a few, and 'e said it served me right, an that 'e 'oped it would be a warning to me. And then 'e put something fizzy in a glass and told me to drink it."

"And you drank it?"

"Yes, sir."

"It never occurred to you, Jimmy, that there was nothing the matter with you—"

"That you were never feeling better in your life, and that you did not require any medicine?"

"No, sir."

"Did one single scintilla of thought of any kind occur to you in connection with the matter, Jimmy, from beginning to end?"

"No, sir."

People who never met Jimmy disbelieve this story. They say that its premises are in discord with the known laws governing human nature, that its details do not square with the average of probability.

People who have seen and conversed with Jimmy accept it with simple faith.

There are many other anecdotes concerning Jimmy that I could relate, but the fear lest they might not be believed debars me.

The advent of Jenson—which I trust the reader has not entirely forgotten, it was, he may remember, this episode that started me talking about Jimmy—cheered us up considerably. Jenson was always at his best when other things were at their worst. It was not that he struggled in the Mark Tapley fashion to appear most cheerful when most depressed; it was that petty misfortunes and mishaps genuinely amused and inspired him.

Most of us can recall our unpleasant experiences with amiable affliction: Jenson possessed the robust philosophy that enabled him to enjoy his during their actual progress. He arrived drenched to the skin, chuckling hugely at the idea of having come down on a visit to a houseboat in such weather.

Under his warning influence the hard lines on our faces thawed, and by supper time we were, as all Englishmen and women who wish to enjoy life should be, independent of the weather.

Later on, as if disheartened by our indifference, the rain ceased, and we took our chairs out on the deck, and sat watching the lightning, which still played incessantly. Then, not unnaturally, the talk drifted into a somber channel, and we began recounting stories dealing with the gloomy and mysterious side of life.

Some of these were worth remembering, and some were not. The one that left the strongest impression on my mind was a tale that Jenson told us.

"I had just been relating a somewhat curious experience of my own. I met a man in the Strand one day that I knew very well, as I thought, though I had not seen him for years. We walked together to Charing Cross, and there we shook hands and parted. Next morning I spoke of this meeting to a mutual friend, and then I learnt, for the first time, that the man had died six months before."

The natural inference was that I had mistaken one man for another, an error that, not having a good memory for faces, I frequently fall into. What was remarkable about the matter, however, was that throughout our walk I had conversed with the man under the impression that he was that other dead man, and whether by coincidence, his replies had never once suggested to me my mistake.

As soon as I finished speaking, Jenson, who had been listening very thoughtfully, asked me if I believed in spiritualism "to its fullest extent."

"That is rather a large question," I answered. "What do you mean by spiritualism?"

"Well, do you believe that the spirits of the dead have not only the power of revisiting this earth at their will, but that, when here, they have the power of action, or, rather, of exciting to action? Let me put a definite case. A spiritualist friend of mine, a sensible and by no means imaginative man, once told me that a table, through the medium of which the spirit of a friend had been in the habit of communicating with him, came slowly across the room towards him of its own accord one night, as he sat alone, and pinioned him against the wall. Now, can any of you believe that, or can't you?"

"I could," Brown took it upon himself to reply. "But in so doing so, I should wish for an introduction to the power of revisiting this earth at their will, but that, when here, they have the power of action, or, rather, of exciting to action? Let me put a definite case. A spiritualist friend of mine, a sensible and by no means imaginative man, once told me that a table, through the medium of which the spirit of a friend had been in the habit of communicating with him, came slowly across the room towards him of its own accord one night, as he sat alone, and pinioned him against the wall. Now, can any of you believe that, or can't you?"

"I could," Brown took it upon himself to reply. "But in so doing so, I should wish for an introduction to the power of revisiting this earth at their will, but that, when here, they have the power of action, or, rather, of exciting to action? Let me put a definite case. A spiritualist friend of mine, a sensible and by no means imaginative man, once told me that a table, through the medium of which the spirit of a friend had been in the habit of communicating with him, came slowly across the room towards him of its own accord one night, as he sat alone, and pinioned him against the wall. Now, can any of you believe that, or can't you?"

"I could," Brown took it upon himself to reply. "But in so doing so, I should wish for an introduction to the power of revisiting this earth at their will, but that, when here, they have the power of action, or, rather, of exciting to action? Let me put a definite case. A spiritualist friend of mine, a sensible and by no means imaginative man, once told me that a table, through the medium of which the spirit of a friend had been in the habit of communicating with him, came slowly across the room towards him of its own accord one night, as he sat alone, and pinioned him against the wall. Now, can any of you believe that, or can't you?"

"I could," Brown took it upon himself to reply. "But in so doing so, I should wish for an introduction to the power of revisiting this earth at their will, but that, when here, they have the power of action, or, rather, of exciting to action? Let me put a definite case. A spiritualist friend of mine, a sensible and by no means imaginative man, once told me that a table, through the medium of which the spirit of a friend had been in the habit of communicating with him, came slowly across the room towards him of its own accord one night, as he sat alone, and pinioned him against the wall. Now, can any of you believe that, or can't you?"

"I could," Brown took it upon himself to reply. "But in so doing so, I should wish for an introduction to the power of revisiting this earth at their will, but that, when here, they have the power of action, or, rather, of exciting to action? Let me put a definite case. A spiritualist friend of mine, a sensible and by no means imaginative man, once told me that a table, through the medium of which the spirit of a friend had been in the habit of communicating with him, came slowly across the room towards him of its own accord one night, as he sat alone, and pinioned him against the wall. Now, can any of you believe that, or can't you?"

"I could," Brown took it upon himself to reply. "But in so doing so, I should wish for an introduction to the power of revisiting this earth at their will, but that, when here, they have the power of action, or, rather, of exciting to action? Let me put a definite case. A spiritualist friend of mine, a sensible and by no means imaginative man, once told me that a table, through the medium of which the spirit of a friend had been in the habit of communicating with him, came slowly across the room towards him of its own accord one night, as he sat alone, and pinioned him against the wall. Now, can any of you believe that, or can't you?"

"I could," Brown took it upon himself to reply. "But in so doing so, I should wish for an introduction to the power of revisiting this earth at their will, but that, when here, they have the power of action, or, rather, of exciting to action? Let me put a definite case. A spiritualist friend of mine, a sensible and by no means imaginative man, once told me that a table, through the medium of which the spirit of a friend had been in the habit of communicating with him, came slowly across the room towards him of its own accord one night, as he sat alone, and pinioned him against the wall. Now, can any of you believe that, or can't you?"

lieve that his spirit might have power to return to earth and complete the interrupted work."

"Well," answered McShaugnessy, "if one admits the possibility of spirits retaining any interest in the affairs of this world at all, it is certainly more reasonable to imagine them engaged upon such a task as you suggest than to believe that they occupy themselves with the performance of mere drawing room tricks. But what are you leading up to?"

"Why to this," replied Jenson, seating himself across his chair and leaning his arms upon the back. "I was told a story this morning at the hospital by an old French doctor. The actual facts are few and simple; all that is known can be read in the Paris police records of 42 years ago."

"The most important part of the case, however, is the part that is not known, and that will never be known."

"The story begins with a great wrong done by one man unto another man. What the wrong was I do not know. I am inclined to think, however, that it was connected with a woman. I think the cause he who had been wronged hated him who had wronged with a hate such as does not often burn in a man's brain unless it is fanned by the memory of a woman's breath."

"Still that is only conjecture, and the point is immaterial. The man who had done the wrong fled and the other man followed him. It became a point to point race, the first man having the advantage of a day's start. The course was the whole world and the stakes were the first man's life."

(To be Continued.)

Prevention is Better
Than cure and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent the attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. It can be done by using Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism and catarrhs, also for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, blood, it tones and vitalizes the whole system.

Hood's Pills are easy and gentle in effect. Cut off a rooster's spurs and you take the italics all out of his crow.

A Wonderful Cure—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. About a year ago I took a very severe cold, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had almost disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using three bottles of the Vegetable Discovery the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know." 3

The good hackman is known by his carriage.

Mothers!
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN'S COLIC, ALWAYS ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Always look after things before they get by you.

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

It is curious how much faster an omnibus goes when you are running after it than it does when you are riding on it.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

He who boasts of his lineage boasts of what does not properly belong to him.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.
Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer SAVED MY LIFE. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used. For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble, excels. Price 75 cents. Sold by W. T. Strong."

Borrowing is the canker and the death of every man's estate.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of bringing a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

Mock-Turtle—Kissing before company, and quarrelling afterwards.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases.
Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

It must be a puzzle for some accessions to keep in mind when they married last.

Filices Files! Itching Piles.
SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

We are clearing out balance of fancy rockers regardless of cost, and are giving a life-size India ink portrait free to all cash purchasers of \$10. Come and get one at KNEE BROS., 127 King street, opposite Market House.

Mr. Frank Cooper, photographer, has recovered from his recent illness, and will be found at his studio, where he will be pleased to receive his many friends and patrons, and to fill their Xmas orders in his usual expeditious manner. Call and inspect his beautiful productions.

COURTEOUS WILFRID LAURIER.

("Koko" in the Toronto Empire.)

Perhaps the most pleasing duty to which I was ever assigned, in the interviewing line, was that which secured me an introduction to Hon. Wilfrid Laurier. I was detailed to ask him a series of questions bearing upon the policy of the Reform party. I found him at the home of a friend in Toronto and made known my mission. I was at once admitted to the presence of the great leader of the Reform party. He was sitting alone in the library writing. Immediately I entered the room he arose and extended his hand in friendly greeting.

"Are you visiting me as Koko, my young friend, or as an Empire reporter?" he said, as he gracefully motioned me to a chair.

I replied that I approached him in a dual capacity. He laughed and thoroughly appreciated the situation; then he replied:

"I am most pleased to see you as Koko, but since I have nothing at the present time to say to the public through the public press, I must refuse to meet the reporter."

Then he began to talk about the very subjects I had been detailed to interview him upon in such a manner as to rivet my attention. I had heard him many times in the House and had admired the brilliancy of his oratory, but never before had I found myself under the magic spell of his overpowering personality. He was frank, plausible, and apparently confidential. When he touched upon a particular subject, at that time exercising the public mind, his eyes became brilliant, his face flushed and his voice became particularly clear and musical.

When I arose to depart he again shook hands and requested me to call upon him at Ottawa, but did not caution me not to publish the conversation just passed. I failed in my object. I did not secure an interview for my paper, but I gained a sincere respect for the man.

Egotism Shunned.

Mrs. Benedict—You don't think too much of me, Charles, as you used to before we were married.

Mr. B.—Of course not, Carrie. You and I, you know, are one now, and it would be egotistical to think too much of one's self.

Silence Sometimes Silver.

Tommy—Eh!—Mr. Snodkins, gi' me ten cents. I saw you kiss sister.

Mr. Snodkins—Well—ah—here's a quarter, but be sure you don't tell.

Tommy—That's all right. I'm used to keeping it quiet. That's \$5 I've earned this week.

YOU CAN'T DO WITHOUT SOAP WHY NOT GET THE BEST

THERE IS NO SOAP COMES UP TO SUNLIGHT

SCHOOL BOOKS.

JOHN MILLS,

Bookseller and Newsdealer, 404 Richmond Street, first door south of Dundas Street.

HAVING PURCHASED THE JEWELRY business (John Brodie's) at 40 Cents on the Dollar

The public can have the goods at slight advance.

L. D. TRUMPOUR

160 Dundas Street.

LONDON Machine Tool Co.

Manufacturers of Lathes, Planers, Drills, etc

LIVERY STABLES.

AMERICAN HOUSE LIVERY, YORK Street—Hacks and light liveries. Telephone 512. A. G. ETOYAN, Proprietor.

DUPON LIVERY, KING STREET—First class rig and good horses. Rig at shortest notice. Telephone 355.

LILLEY'S LIVERY—NO. 65 DUNDAS Street, East London, Ont. Telephone 7-666.

W. M. TRIPPS LIVERY, RICHMOND street north, has added a first-class hack and team to its outfit. Careful drivers. Satisfaction guaranteed. Charges right. Telephone 123.

HUESTON

Has the best Driving Horses, single or double, in the city. Supplied on the shortest notice with competent coachmen and reliable First-class carriages supplied for weddings, parties, funerals, balls, home driving, train jobs, etc., at the lowest reasonable rates in the city. Open night and day. Telephone 411. Stables, Wellington street, between King and Dundas streets.

ROBT. HUESTON, Proprietor.

Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. You patronage solicited.

LAWRENCE'S LIVERY.

Boarding, Sale and Exchange Stables and London Riding School. For fine new cutters and stylish horses. Nice new robes in all colors. Prices to suit the times. Limited terms and carriages also for sale. Hand. A. can be solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Stables, 368 Dundas street, near Gus tin House. Telephone 942.

POND'S EXTRACT

WILL CURE

Sore Throat, Lameness, Influenza, Wounds, Piles, Earache, Chilblains, Sore Eyes, Inflammations, Hoarseness, Frost Bites, Soreness, Catarrh, Burns, Bruises, Sore Feet, Face Ache, Hemorrhages.



AVOID IMITATIONS. POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Avenue, New York.

NEW IMPORTATIONS. BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS GOODS

BOWMAN, KENNEDY & CO.

180 AND 182 YORK STREET, LONDON, ONTARIO.

NOTE A FEW OF OUR SPECIAL LINES:
Fancy Silver Chased Fern Vases; Cake Baskets; Fruit Dishes; Silver Tea and Coffee Services, in newest designs in quadruple plate and English Crown Derby; Butter Dishes; Soap Sets; Berry Dishes; Elaborate Fruit Pieces; Celery Glasses; Nut Bowls, Tilting Water Pitchers; exquisite designs in French Scaled Bowls and Servers, finest and most beautiful goods ever imported; Case Carvers in great variety; Ivory and Pearl Handled Cutlery; Case Goods in fine designs; Pearl and Ivory Fish Carvers; Rodgers' genuine Plated Tableware; Quadruple Plated and Solid Silver Spoons in all new designs. Prices low for cash.

Severe Pain in Shoulder 2 Years Cured by "The D.&L. Menthol Plaster."

My wife was afflicted for two years with a severe pain under the left shoulder and through to the heart; after using many remedies without relief, she tried "D.&L. Menthol Plaster," it did the work, and owing to this cure hundreds of these plasters have been sold by me here, giving equal satisfaction.

J. B. SUTHERLAND, Druggist, River John, N.S.
Sold Everywhere, 25c. each.

EYES, the great disinfectant.

USE IT FOR DIPHTHERIA, FEVERS AND LA GRIPPE.

Hobbs Hardware Co.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS, LONDON, ONTARIO.

LEADING HATTERS

ALWAYS AHEAD!

2 CASES LATEST ENGLISH SPRING HATS.

1 CASE LATEST AMERICAN SPRING HATS.

JUST OPENED :: CALL AND SEE THE NEW SHAPES.

GRAHAM BROS.

ADVERTISING

Fans, Cards and Novelties

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

New Designs Will Be Ready in a Short Time.

DO NOT ORDER UNTIL YOU SEE OUR SAMPLES.

Advertiser Printing Company

LONDON, ONTARIO.

SOLE AGENTS IN CANADA FOR THE CALVERT LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY OF DETROIT.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED Dec. 18, 1933.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

Train	ARRIVE	DEPART
Lehigh Express	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Wabash Express (A)	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Accommodation	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	12:10 p.m.	12:20 p.m.
Way Express	10:50 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Wabash Express (A)	4:20 p.m.	4:35 p.m.
Mixed (C)	5:00 p.m.	5:10 p.m.
Erie Limited (A)	11:20 p.m.	11:40 p.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

Train	ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (A)	5:55 a.m.	5:50 a.m.
West End Mixed	8:15 a.m.	8:10 a.m.
Wabash Limited (A)	12:10 p.m.	12:15 p.m.
Erie Limited (A)	12:10 p.m.	12:15 p.m.
Accommodation	12:35 p.m.	12:40 p.m.
Way Express (A)	6:30 p.m.	7:10 p.m.
Accommodation	11:55 p.m.	7:30 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

Train	ARRIVE	DEPART
Lehigh Express (B)	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Accommodation	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Atlantic Express (B)	11:35 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
Mixed	5:55 p.m.	5:55 p.m.
Accommodation	8:15 p.m.	8:15 p.m.
Erie Limited (B)	11:55 p.m.	11:55 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

Train	ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (B)	5:55 a.m.	5:50 a.m.
Accommodation	8:15 a.m.	8:10 a.m.
Lehigh Express (B)	12:10 p.m.	12:15 p.m.
Erie Limited (B)	12:10 p.m.	12:15 p.m.
Accommodation	12:35 p.m.	12:40 p.m.
Way Express (B)	6:30 p.m.	7:10 p.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

Train	ARRIVE	DEPART
Express	8:55 a.m.	8:55 a.m.
Mail	6:40 p.m.	4:30 p.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

Train	ARRIVE	DEPART
Mixed-Mail	11:15 a.m.	