

TANGLED THREADS

Phillis took up the corner of the sheet, unlocked the door—in which the key was left—and opened it half an inch for Jelly to peep in. There, in the middle of the grey room stood a closed coffin, supported by brasses. In the shock of surprise Jelly fell back against the wall, and began to tremble. The idea that came over her—as she said to some one afterwards—was, that Mrs. Kane had been put in the coffin. What with the sight of the previous night (and Jelly did not yet fully admit to herself what that night might have been), and what with this, she felt in a sort of hopeless horror and bewilderment. Recovering, a little, she pushed past the sheet into the room, but with creeping, timid steps.

"Jelly, I wouldn't go in! The master charged me not to do so."

But Jelly heard not. Or, if she heard, it did not heed. It was a common deal shell; nailed down. Jelly touched it with her finger.

"When was she put in here, Phillis?"

"Sometime during the night."

"And fastened down at once?"

"To be sure. I found it like this when I came this morning."

But—why need there have been so much haste?

"Because it was safest so. Safest for us that are living, as my master said. The dead one will be here today."

Well—of course it was safest. Jelly could but acknowledge it, and recovered somewhat. She wished she had not seen—that in the night. It was that sight, so unaccountable, that was now troubling her mind so strangely.

With her usual want of ceremony, Jelly opened the bedroom door and looked in. It had not been put straight; Phillis said her master would not let her do anything to it until the room was ready for the dead. The bed-clothes lay over the foot of the bed, just as Hepburn's men must have placed them when they removed the dead. On the dressing-table, in the room, stood the poor Beauty had worn in her gown the last day she had one on, a waistband with his buckle, and other trifles. Jelly began to feel oppressed, as if her breath was growing short, and came away hastily. A Phillis stood on the landing beyond the sheet.

"It seems like a dream, Phillis."

"I wish we could awake and find it one," answered Phillis, practically, as she turned the key in the lock; and they went downstairs.

Not a minute too soon. Before they had well reached the kitchen, Dr. Kane's latch-key was heard.

"There's the master," cried Phillis under her breath, as he turned into his consulting-room. "It's a good thing he didn't find us up there."

"I want to say a word to him, Phillis; I think I'll go in," said Jelly, taking a sudden resolution to acquaint Dr. Kane with what she had seen. The truth was, her mind felt so unhealed, knowing not what to believe or disbelieve, that she thought she must speak, or die.

"Need you bother him now?—what's it about?" asked Phillis. "I'd let him get his breakfast first."

But Jelly went on to the consulting-room; and found herself very nearly knocked down by the doctor—who was turning quickly out of it. She asked if she could speak to him; he said Yes, if she made haste; but he wanted to catch Mr. Seely before the latter went out.

"And your breakfast, sir?" called out Phillis in compassionate tones.

"I'll take some presently," was the answer. "What is it you want, Jelly?"

Jelly carefully closed the door before speaking. She then entered on her tale. At first the doctor supposed, on her tale, that she was about to consult him on some private ailment of her own: St. Anthony's fire in the face, for instance, or St. Vitus's dance in the legs; and thought she might have chosen a more fitting moment. But he soon found it was nothing of the sort. With her hands pressing heavily the back of the patient's chair, Jelly told her tale. The doctor stood facing her, his arms folded, his back to the drawn blind. At first he did not appear to understand her.

"Saw my wife upon the landing in her nightgown?" he exclaimed. "Surely she was not so imprudent as to get out of bed and go there?"

"But, sir, it is said that she was then dead!"

"Dead when? She did not die until nine o'clock. She could not have known what she was doing," continued Dr. Kane, passing his hand over his forehead. Perhaps she may then have caught a chill. Perhaps

"You are misunderstanding me, sir," interrupted Jelly. "It was in the night I saw this; some hours after Mrs. Kane's death."

Dr. Kane looked bewildered. He gazed narrowly at Jelly, as if wondering what it was she would infer.

"Not last night?"

"Yes, sir. Or, I'd rather say this morning; for it was one o'clock. I saw her standing there as plainly as I see you at this moment."

"Why, Jelly, you must have been dreaming!"

"I was as wide awake, sir, as I am now. I had just got home from Ketter's. I can't think what it was I did see," added Jelly, dropping her voice.

"You saw nothing," was the decisive answer—and in the doctor's tone there was some slight touch of anger. "Fancy plays tricks with the best of us; it must have played you one last night."

"I have been thinking whether it was possible that—that she was not really dead, sir," persisted Jelly. "Whether she could have got up, and—"

"Be silent, Jelly. I cannot listen to this folly," came the stern interruption. "You have no right to let your imagination run away with you, and then talk of its reality. I desire that you will never speak another word upon the subject to me; or to any one."

Jelly's green eyes seem to have borrowed the doctor's bewildered look. She gazed into his face. This was a most curious business; she could not see as yet the faintest gleam of a solution to it.

"It was surely he I saw on the landing, sir, dead or alive. I could swear to it. Such things have been heard of before now as swoons being mistaken for death. When poor Mrs. Kane was left alone after her death—that is, her supposed death—she revived; and got up; and came out upon the landing."

"Hold your tongue," interposed the doctor sharply. "How dare you persist in this nonsense, woman! You must be mad or dreaming. An hour before the time you speak of, my poor wife, dead and cold, was where she is now—fastened down in her shell."

He abruptly left the room with an

indignant movement; leaving Jelly speechless with horror.

"Fastened down," ran her thoughts, "at two o'clock—dead and cold—and I saw her on the landing at one! Oh, my goodness, what does it mean?"

CHAPTER XV.

At the front-parlor window at Eastsea, sat Ellen Adair—looking for one who did not come. Whatever troubles, trials, mysteries might be passing elsewhere, Eastsea was going through its usual monotonous routine. How monotonous, Ellen Adair could have told; and yet, even here, something like mystery seemed to be looming in the air.

"Come what may, Ellen, I shall be down again within a few hours," had been Arthur Bohun's parting words to her. But the hours and the days passed on, and he came not.

To have one's marriage suddenly interrupted, and the bridegroom borne off from, as may be said, the very church-door, was not more agreeable to Ellen Adair than it would be to any other young lady. She watched him away in the fly, whilst his kisses were yet warm upon her lips. All that remained, was to make the best of the situation. She took off her bonnet and dress, and locked up the ring and the keys, and begged her to take care of it. Until the morrow she supposed; only until the morrow. Mrs. Cumberland sent out a message to her own fly-man to the effect that, finding herself unable to get up, she could not take her drive, but he was to bring the fly at the same hour on the morrow. Mrs. Cumberland also wrote a line to the clergyman.

The morrow came, and went. Ellen scarcely stirred from the window, which commanded a view of the road from the station; but she did not see Captain Bohun. "Sir Nash's son must be worse, and he cannot leave," she said to herself, striving to hush for the delay, whilst at the same time a vague under-current of uneasiness lay within her, which she did her best not to recognize or listen to. "There will be a letter to-morrow morning—or he himself will come."

But on the morrow there was no letter. Ellen watched the postman pass the house, and she turned sick and white. Mrs. Cumberland—who was better, as she had risen early, expecting Captain Bohun, and that the marriage would certainly take place that day—took the absence of letters with philosophy.

"The night as well have written a line, of course, Ellen; but it only shows that he is coming in by the first train. That will be due in twenty minutes."

(To be Continued.)

When Others Fail

Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the shattered system by giving vigorous action to the organs, creating an appetite and purifying the blood. It is prepared by modern methods, possesses the greatest curative powers, and has the most wonderful record of actual cures of any medicine in existence. Take only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. 25 cents.

Camille Flammarion claims that the star of Bethlehem was Venus at the time of its greatest splendor.

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 about 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."

In 764 the cold at Constantinople was so severe that the Black Sea was frozen for 50 miles from shore.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling 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.

The raw silk from Kansas cocoons is said to be the best in the world.

Sulphate of atropine is the only known antidote for roadstool poison.

Pond's Extract is indispensable to the Toilet Table of every lady and gentleman. Every little Roughness, Redness, Inflammation or Abrasion of the skin is cured by Pond's Extract. For Headache, Soreness, Lameness, for Sore Throat or Hoarseness, it is unequalled. Dusted with water it is delightfully cooling, refreshing and beneficial to the skin. Beware of imitations. See landscape trademark on bottle wrapper.

"Could you use a little poem of mine?" asked the poet. "I guess I could," replied the editor. "There are two broken panes of glass and a hole in the skylight. How large is it?"

Get the Best.

The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time; on the contrary, they want the best. Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of cod liver oil.

It is said that an electrical apparatus for cooking purposes has been installed at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, and that by its aid the more delicate dishes will be prepared for Queen Victoria.

Beyond Dispute.

There is no better, safer or more pleasant cough remedy made than Hagerd's Pectoral Balm. It cures Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

Joliet, Ill., is looking a fine of \$100 a day against each of the six railroads which pass through the place because they neglect to obey an ordinance for the elevation of the tracks.

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

High fliers don't stay up long.

NEW FRUITS.

FINEST QUALITY

California Prunes, California Apricots, California Peaches.

NEW TABLE AND COOKING FIGS AND RAISINS

NEW CANNED GOODS.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.

169 DUNDAS STREET.

A Warning!

Men Who Are Disqualified From Voting in the Election Next Tuesday.

A Heavy Penalty Will be Imposed if Anyone Attempts to Break the Law.

By the fourth section of the Ontario Election Act officers of the customs of the Dominion of Canada, and officers employed in the collection of duties of excise are declared to be disqualified and incompetent to vote at any election for the Legislative Assembly. If any such person shall vote he shall thereby forfeit the sum of \$2,000, and his vote shall be null and void.

This penalty shall be recoverable with full costs of suit by any person who shall sue for the same in the High Court of Justice, and if requested by the prosecutor the judge shall direct that in default of the amount being paid within one month, the person convicted shall be imprisoned for a period not exceeding one year, with or without hard labor.

At the Hobbs-Meredith election an officer of customs in this city swore in his vote and incurred the above penalty, but through the mistaken leniency of the Liberal party in this city he has not yet been prosecuted.

The ADVERTISER has obtained satisfactory assurance that in the coming election no one shall violate the law with impunity, and particularly that any disqualified person who persists in voting will be prosecuted immediately.

WITH A CORD.

Suicide of Rev. Albert Allen, of Port Huron.

PORT HURON, Mich., Nov. 18.—Rev. Albert Allen, for four years past pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, committed suicide at his home in this city at an early hour yesterday morning.

The deceased has been mentally affected for several months, and had spent some time at the Oak Grove Sanitarium at Flint, returning from there at his own urgent request last Tuesday. Since his return he was quite rational until yesterday, when he seemed very nervous and fidgety, but retired as usual last evening to his own room.

Yesterday morning when his wife went to call him she was horrified to find his lifeless body suspended from the door by some curtain cords. He had apparently gotten up about 5 o'clock in the morning and secured the cords from the portieres in the sitting-room. With them he made a noose and fastened one end over the door. When found he had his neck in the noose, his feet barely touching the floor, a chair standing near by. Upon examination life was found to have been extinct about three hours.

Mr. Klein was a very popular and learned clergyman and was prominent in the circles of his church.

METEOROLOGICAL MELANGE.

Quaker Weather in the West and South west, including an Earthquake and a Simoon.

EARTHQUAKE.

CARSON, Nev., Nov. 18.—Three distinct shocks of earthquake were felt in this section Thursday night.

SAND SIMOON.

GUTHRIE, Ok., Nov. 18.—The simoon of sand which has been raging in Oklahoma Territory for four days has worn itself out. The surface of the country in places is swept as clean as a granary. In other places the sand is drifted as snowdrifts when whirled by the wind. Many stacks of goods here and elsewhere have been wrecked and their roofs and timbers scattered far and wide.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Nov. 18.—There was a two-inch rainfall through the Memphis district Friday night, the first in ten weeks. It was sufficient to put out the forest and field fires that have been doing so much damage lately.

MR. ESSERY'S OPINION OF THE LONDON CONSERVATIVES.

In a speech, delivered in this city, a year or two since, Mr. E. T. Essery said: "The Bible and Beer — if the Tories knew as much about the Bible as they know about beer, it would be a God-send to the people."

The President's Programme.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—A special from Washington to the Sun says: There is good reason to believe that the President in his forthcoming message to Congress will take a firm stand in favor of the single gold standard. He will not take a step in the direction of free silver coinage, but will endorse the single gold standard as forcibly as is possible for him to do.

Steamers Overdue.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The "New York," from Southampton, which in ordinary weather is sighted off Fire Island on Friday afternoon, had not been sighted up to 11 o'clock this morning. She is probably delayed by the heavy weather which is reported by all incoming trans-Atlantic steamers. The Catania from Hamburg, a sixteen-day boat, is about five days overdue, and the Peruvian, from Glasgow, three days. The Panama, from Bordeaux, was due on Thursday.

The Dead Pugilist.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 17.—Con Riordan, whom Bob Fitzsimmons knocked out in this city Friday night, and who died four hours after the blow was given, was buried in this city today. Fitzsimmons was placed under arrest as soon as the seriousness of Riordan's injuries were made known, and was released on \$10,000 bail to await the action of the grand jury, which will convene in January. Fitzsimmons developed the fact that while Riordan was lying on the effects of alcoholic stimulants during the progress of the bout, death resulted from the blow delivered by Fitzsimmons.

Asthma and Hay Fever

Cured by a newly-discovered treatment. Pamphlet testimonials and references free. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

During the month we shall make every endeavor to reduce our stock to its lowest possible point. Our efforts are indicated in the low prices at which our goods are marked. Come and see for yourself.

KEENE BROS., Furniture Dealers, 127 King street, opposite Market House.

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CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osmond, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchner, Conway, Ark.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

Castoria.

H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

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THE CLOTHES ARE BETTER.

Boys' Suits, ages 4 to 15, \$2.25 to \$6. Big Boys' Suits, 13 to 16, short pants, the nobby kind, \$5 to \$9.

Youths' Suits, \$4 to \$15.

Boys' Reefers, very swell.

Boys' Cape Overcoats, all sizes, straight wholesale cost.

Boys' Ulsters, nobby, handsome, \$5 to \$10.

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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 pound 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.

LINED KID GLOVES, 75c.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR, 25c.

MEN'S ALL-WOOL UNDERWEAR, 50c.

HEAVY ALL-WOOL SOCKS, 2 Pairs for 25c.

ALL-WOOL TWEED OVERCOATS, \$4.95.

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"The Niagara Falls Route."

Will Issue Round Trip Tickets at SINGLE FARE.

TO ALL STATIONS IN CANADA, DETROIT, NIAGARA FALLS, SUSPENSION BRIDGE, AND BUFFALO.

Good going by afternoon trains, Nov. 21, and all trains on Nov. 22, good to return Nov. 23. Excursion tickets not good on limited trains.

City Ticket Office, 335 Richmond street, Telephone 215.

J. H. PAUL, City Pass. Agent, C. W. RUGGLES, Gen. Pass. Agent, JOHN G. LAYEN, Can. Pass. Agent.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

Will Sell Round Trip Tickets for

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Between all Stations in Canada, Fort William and East, also to

DETROIT,

Going P. M. Trains Nov. 21. All Trains Nov. 22. Returning until Nov. 23, 1894.

Secure Tickets from any Agent of the Company.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., good going Nov. 18, 19, and 20, returning until Nov. 30.

THOS. R. PARKER, City Passenger Agent, office 161 Dundas street, corner Richmond, City office open 7 a.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

THANKSGIVING DAY

EXCURSIONS

Tickets will be issued to and from all stations in Canada and to Detroit, Port Huron, Suspension Bridge and Buffalo.

SINGLE FARE,

good going by p.m. trains on Nov. 21, all trains on Nov. 22, and for return until Nov. 23, 1894.

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