Sign of the Times.

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A Lost Gem

Hannington threw back his head scornfully. "Your good faith is so very much to be relied upon! Don't you suppose I have heard the stories current at Homburg and Monte Carlo? Don't I know that there are places in London where you daren't show the tip of your nose? What reason have I to pin my trust on you, I should like to know? Why, it is one of the greatest drawbacks Molly will have to contend with when she goes into the world-if it is ever known -that she is Ralph Kingscot's niece."

"Don't try me too far, Hannington." Even in the dim light it could be seen that Kingscot's lips were white, and that his pale cheek was twitching with anger or agitation. "No need to rake up old stories. They were mostly lies-and they have been forgotten long ago. Besides—you are not blameless yourself."

"I may have played high, and lost a good bit on the turf at one time or another," said Hannington, sharply, "but I swear I never cheated at cards.

Kingscot made a passionate gesture, as if he would have struck the man that taunted him; then he drew back his hand, with a look of almost inconceivable malignity. No," he muttered, more to himself than to his companion; "no-not yet. Some other way." Then, aloud, and with recovered dignity, he said, calmly-

"Your insulting language is only pardonable when I consider that you are in a difficulty, and in trouble of mind, Hannington. On that ground I am ready to over-look it, and to continue the offer of my services in your little love affair. Remember

that without me you are helpless."
"Bertie is on my side, I believe. He has brought his sister here several times." "Bertie is on the side that I tell him to take. Bertie is under my thumb. He is too much afraid of some of his little money transactions coming to his father's ears to disobey me. He will ask my permission for

anything he does."
"And is Molly obedient?"
"Molly is not obedient at all. You will find that out if you marry her. Do you want me to do anything for you, or do you

Hannington smoked steadily for some moments without answering. But when he "Yes," he said, "I do."

"Letters, I suppose?"

"Letters, of course." "And-any other arrangement?" Again Hannington was silent. There was evidently some doubt, some struggle going

on in his mind. "Leek here, Kingscot," he said at length. You excuse me if I spoke hastily Lam-as you guessed-in some trouble—some perplexity; the fact is, I hardly know what to say or do next. I'm regularly done for—up a tree—this time; and one is naturally a bit short-tempered at such a conjuncture.

"Oh, of course. Don't think of it, old fellow. What's wrong?'
"You don't suppose," said Hannington,
who seemed incapable that evening of

pursuing a conversation in any connected "that Moncrieff would give his conseat to his daughter's early marriage?" "No, I do not."

I cannot afford to wait," said the young man, almost as if he were ashamed of the confession. "Then don't wait," returned Kingscot,

"What-make a bolt of it?"

"Why not?" "Molly would never consent."

"You don't know much of girls if you really think so. The romance of the thing would delight her.' "And what would Moncrieff say?"

"He would storm and rave, no doubt But he would give in.'

"And even if he did not give in, there is no mistake about Molly's money, I suppose? I could touch it at once? I don't want to make ducks and drakes of it: but it would be a convenience to get a few hundreds into one's own hands just now."

"I have no doubt it would," said Kingscot to himself, and his mouth expanded in such a malicious grin, that, if Hannington could have seen it in the darkness, it might have startled him. But he could not see his companion's face for the shadows that had fallen fast about them. And after a pause, Ralph answered in a tone of suave conviction. "There is no mistake that I am aware of. Molly's fortune will come into her hands and her husband's hands on her marriage, if that takes place before she is twenty-one. So long as she is in a good temper and a generous mood, you never need fear poverty. The world will have its say in the matter; it will call you a fortune-hunter: but I suppose you don't mind that?"

"Not in the least," said Hannington, with a laugh. "Nothing succeeds like

"If you have a clear conscience," continued Ralph, in a tone of affected simplicity, "you can afford to defy the sneers of worldlings base. Of course I trust in your love for my dear little niece, and do not wish her to be sacrificed to your pecuni-

ary necessities -"Come, Kingscot, that will do," said John Hannington, decidedly. "I don't like that sort of thing. You know you don't care a rap what becomes of your niece, and you need not set up to be virtuous and affectionate all of a sudden!"

A sure cure for Headache and nervous dis-ates. Nothing relieves so quickly. For sale "Exactly," said Kingscot, changing his

tone; "but at the same time I should like to NOW IS THE TIME. know, as a matter of curiosity, whether you are fond of Molly or not?"

or his third. There is nothing unco mmon in my mode of proceeding, is there?"
"Nothing at all. I am only surprised to

hear that you ever had a first love, Jack. Where is she, then? Was she rich too?"

"No, worse luck," said Jack, so sullenly

that Kingscot felt surprised, for he had not

imagined that there was any seriousness in his companion's remark. "Poor as a church

played the fool with Stella Raeburn and

Molly Moncrieff—you can take your oath of that. She was worth the whole of them put together; but we couldn't afford to marry each other, and so we agreed to part."

"You have no message for Molly?"

to her. I'll see you in Dunkeld to-morrow

just devising ways and means of increasing

the spoil, when he must needs go and marry

this wretched slip of a girl-ay, and if I am

not mistaken, fall in love with her, too. I

He trusts his accounts into my hands. He

writes checks without inquiring why they

are wanted. He accepts my stories of what

is needed on the estate without a murmur.

In short, he acts like a fool. And yet--it is

an odd thing-I never feel safe with him; I

never feel sure that he will not wake up

some day and ask awkward questions-and

where should I be then? It is just that

dread which has made me so moderate;

which has kept me from plundering whole-

sale (as people would call it) -- that is, which

has made me content with so small a per-

centage on my transactions with him. Why,

confound the man! does he think that I

shall do the work for nothing? or for the

beggarly pittance that he pays me for drilling Bertie in his Latin grammer? I'm

(To be Continued.)

Pitcher's Castoria.

Pitcher's Castoria.

Pitcher's Castoria.

his premises.

I've seen him.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Sayboy-I want to make a match

with Madge. Gayboy-Why don't you

do it? Sayboy-Her father says it

takes money to start a match factory on

Ella-You ought to have seen Jack

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Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and di-

minishes the sensibility of the mem-brane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all

coughs, colds, hoarseness, etc. It has

cut ed many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Blobbs-Do you think the average

man is as stupid before he is married

as he is afterwards? Cynicus—Cer-

Karl's Clover Root Tea.

tainly, or he wouldn't get married.

when he proposed. Stella (meanly)-Oh,

Children Cry for

Children Cry for

Children Cry for

not such a fool.

never was more astonished in my life.

"Is she married?"

chance—that is all."

"Seek Ye the Lord While He May "Molly's a nice little girl, and uncommonly fond of me. A man must marry some Be Found." "That's all, is it?"

"Isn't it enough?" exlaimed Hannington, almost savagely. "I like her—she likes me—what more can you want? A man never marries his first love—seldom his second Rev. T. De Witt Talmage Discourses of the Theme of "Salvation."

New York, April 28 .- lev. Dr. Talmage today again preached to a great audience in the Academy of Music. As usual, many were turned away from lack of seats. The sermon was on "Salation," the text selected being Isaiah, lv., 6, "Seek ye the Lord while he may found." mouse, confound it! Else I wouldn't have

Isaiah stands head and shoulders above the Old Testament authors in vivid descriptiveness of Christ. Other prophets give an outline of our Saviour's features. Some of them present, as it were, the side face of Christ; thers a bust of Christ; but Isaiah gives "No. You needn't think you're going to worm her name out of me. Let the subject drop, if you please," said Hannington, flinging away the end of his cigar, and turning as if to go. "I don't care to talk of it. Are you ready? It is abominably cold here." us his full length portrait. Isaiah was not a man picked up out of insigni-cance by inspiration. He was known and honored. Josephus, and Philo, and Strach extolled him in their writings. What Paul was among the Apostles, Isaiah was among the Prophets. My text finds him standing on the mountain of inspiration, looking out into the future, beholding Christ advancing, and anxious that all men might know "I will write, if you will take the letter him; his voice rings down the ages: Seek ye the Lord while he may be "You will have to be quick with your arrangements," said Kingscot, slowly.
"You have silenced the fair Stella for a found.

I come, today, with no hair-spun theories of religion, with no nice disweek; only for a week. You have a week's tinctions; with no elaborate disquisition; but with an urgent call to per-"It will be enough," said Hannington, striding away. His voice was rough and sonal religion. The Gospel of Christ is a powerful medicine; it either kills Gr hoarse; there was no inducement in his cures. There are those who say, manner for Ralph to follow him, and accordwould like to become a Christian. have been waiting a good while for the ingly that gentleman looked after him with right kind of influences to come"; and still you are waiting. You are wiser a smile, and did not attempt to track his footsteps. Jack went blundering along the in worldly things than you are in 13rough road, stumbling now and then over ligious things. If you want to get to Albany, you go to the Grand Central stones half buried in the rank grass, growling to himself at the darkness of the night. depot, or to the steamboat wharf, and, Kingscot listened intently until the noises died away. Then he smiled, and ensconced having got your ticket, you do not sit down on the wharf or sit in the depot; himself snugly in an angle of the wall where you get aboard the boat or train. And yet there are men who say they are waiting to get to heaven-waiting, he was protected from the wind. Presently he lighted a cigarette and began to smoke. He was not cold—he liked the feeling of the waiting, but not with intelligent waitfresh air upon his face, and he wanted a little quiet time in which to review the ing, or they would get on board the line of Christian influences that would bear them into the kingdom of God. Now you know very well that to seek a thing is to search for it with earnest ensituation, which was by no means so clear to him as he would have liked it to be. If his thoughts had been translated into words deavor. If you want to see a certain they would have run something after this man in this city, and there is a matter of \$10,000 connected with your seeing "It seems to me that I have a chance at him, and you cannot at first find him, last of doing what I have tried to do all you do not give up the search. You these years. Success is near me now, I keep on searching for weeks and for fancy; fresh complications crowd on me on all sides. I can hardly miss my aim.

"What is it that I have been trying to one-half that persistence you would "What is it that I have been trying to get ever since Marie died? A hold on that fool Moncrieff, with his antiquated notions long ago have found him who is the joy of the forgiven spirit. We may pay our debts, we may attend church, we may relieve the poor, we may be pubof truth and honor and honestly; a hold on him, a place in his household—why? Not for his benefit, of course. For mine. Because I wan't a competency. I look forward to a time when I shall call myself master of a lic benefactors, and yet all our life disobey the text, never seek God, never gain heaven. Oh, that the spirit of God would help me, while I try to show you,

a time when I shall call myself master of a good round sum, and spend my days as I choose. For this I have wasted years of my life in courting Alan, and frightening his wretched son—alienating the man's heart from his children, and steadily laying up a hoard for myself. But the gains have been few; it is a slow progress. I have not made nearly enough for myself as yet, and I was nearly enough for myself as yet, and I was nearly enough for myself as yet, and I was nearly enough for myself as yet, and I was nearly enough for myself as yet, and I was nearly enough for myself as yet, and I was nearly enough for myself as yet, and I was nearly enough for myself as yet, and I was nearly enough for myself as yet, and I was nearly enough for myself as yet, and I was nearly enough for myself as yet, and I was nearly enough for myself as yet, and I was nearly enough for myself as yet, and I was nearly enough for myself as yet and a sentinel pacing up and down at and a sentinel pacing up and down at the foot of the throne. God is a father seated in a bower, waiting for his children to come and climb on his knee, and get a kiss and his benediction. Prayer is the cup with which we go to the "fountain of living water" and dip up refreshment for our thirsty souls. Grace does not come to the heart as we set a cask at the corner of the house to catch the rain in the shower. It is a pulley fastened to the throne of God, which we pull, bringing the blessing. But praying must be believing, earnest, loving. Prayer is a warm, ardent, pulsating exercise. It is an electric battery, which, touched, thrills to the throne of God. It is the diving-bell in which we go down into the depths of God's mercy, and bring up "pearls of great price." There was an instance where prayer made the waves of the Genesaret solid as stone pavement. Oh, how many wonderful things prayer has accomplished! Have you ever tried it? In the days when the Scotch Cov-

enanters were persecuted, and the enemies were after them, one of the head men among the Covenanters prayed, Oh, Lord, we be as dead men unless thou shalt help us! Oh, Lord, throw the lap of thy cloak over these poor things!" And instantly a Scotch mist enveloped and hid the persecuted from their persecutors—the promise literally fulfilled: "While they

are yet spaking I will hear." Have you ever tried the power of prayer? God says: "He is loving and faithful and patient." Do you believe that? You are told that Christ came to save sinners. Do you believe that? You are told that all you have to do to get the pardon of the gospel is to ask for it. Do you believe that? Then come to him and say: "Oh, Lord! and I could get it. I come, Lord. Keep thy promise, and liberate my captive soul." If your physical health failed, and you had the means, you would go and spend the summer in Germany and the winter in Italy, and you would think it a very cheap outlay if you had to go all round the earth to get back your physical health. Have you made any effort, any expenditure, any exertion for your immortal and spiritual health? Some of you have been working for years and years for the support A Natural Beautifier.

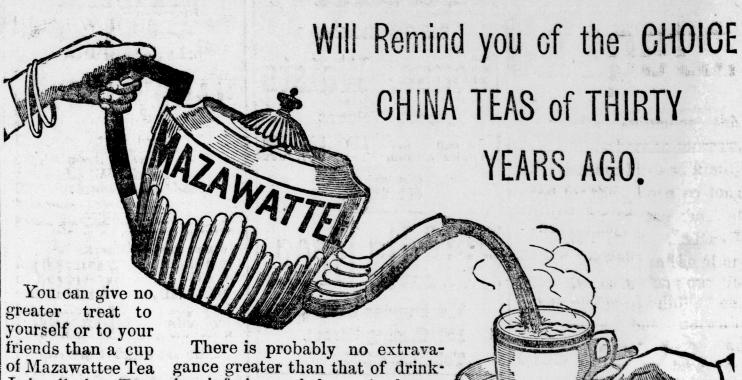
Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blocd and gives a clear and beautiful complexion.

For sale by W. T. Strong. of your families. Have you given one half day to the working out of your salvation with fear and trembling? You came here with an earnest purpose, I take it, as I have come hither with an earnest purpose, and we meet face to face, and I tell you, first of all, if you want to find the Lord you must pray, and pray and pray.

I remark again, you must seek the Lord through Bible study. There are many people to whom the Bible does not amount to much. If they merely look at the outside beauty, why it will no more lead them to Christ than Washington's farewell address or the Koran of Mohammed, or the Shaster of the Hindoos. It is the inward light of God's Word you must get. If you merely want to study the laws of language, do not go to the Bible. It was not made for that. Take "Howe's Elements of Criticism"—it will be better than the Bible for that. If you want to study metaphysics, better than the Bible will be the writings of William Hamilton. But if you want to know how to have sin pardoned, and at last to gain the blessedness of heaven. search the Scriptures, "for in them ye

have eternal life." When people are anxious about their souls, there are those who recommend good books. That is right. But I want to tell you that the Bible is the best book under such circumstances. Baxter wrote "A Call to the Unconverted," but the Bible is the best call to the unconverted. Philip Doddridge wrote "The Rise and Progress of the Religion of the Soul," but the Bible is the best rise and progress. John Angell James wrote "Advice to the Anxious Inquirer," but the Bible is the best advice to the anxious inquirer, O. A CUP OF DELICIOUS

MAZAWATTEE

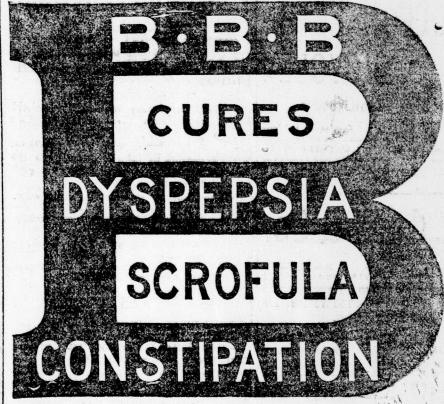


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ous worm that feeds unseen upon the perfumed petals of the rose until it withers fades and dies, so Scrofula, tainting the whole body with its poison, may lurk hidden for years, but none the less surely will show itself in some of its hideous forms that lead to misery and death. B. B. B. removes every trace of Scrofulous poison, and every vestige of Bad Blood, which is the fountain-head o nearly all disease. It has cured terrible cases of Scrofula of 25 years' standing, and all Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Rashes, Sores, Ulcers, Abcesses, etc., yield readily to its specific healing powers, acting through the blood upon the entire system.

the Bible is the very book you need, anxious and inquiring soul! I remark, again, we must seek God through church ordinances. "What," say you, "can't a man be saved with-out going to church?" I reply, there are men, I suppose, in glory, who have never seen a church; but the church is the ordained means by which we are to be brought to God; and if truth affects us when we are alone, it affects us more mightily when we are in assembly—the feelings of others emphasizing our own feelings. The great law of sympathy comes into play, and a truth that would take hold only with the grasp of a sick man beats mightily agains the soul with a thousand heart throbs.

But I come now to the last part of my text. It tells us when we are to seek the Lord: "While he may be found." When is that? Old age? You may not see old age. Tomorrow? You may not see tomorrow. Tonight? fou may not see tonight. Now! Oh, if I could only write on every heart, in three capital letters, that word N-O-W -Now! Sin is an awful disease. It is leprosy. It is dropsy. It is consumption. It is all moral disorders in one Now, you know there is a crisis in a disease. Perhaps you have had some illustration of it in your family. Sometimes the physician has called, and he has looked at the patient and said:
"That case was simple enough; but the crisis has passed. If you had called me yesterday, or this morning, I could have cured the patient. It is too late now. The crisis has passed." Just so it is in the spiritual treatment of the soul—here is a crisis. There is a time which mercy has set for leaving port. I know that Thou canst not lie. If you are on board before that, you Thou hast told me to come for pardon, will get a passage for heaven. If you are not on board you miss your passage for heaven. As in law courts, a case is sometimes adjourned from term to term, and from year to year, till the bills of costs eat up the entire estate; so there are men who are adjourning the matter of re-ligion from time to time, and from year to year, until heavenly bliss is the bill of costs the man will have to pay for it. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."

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mind. This host of complaints, this legion of Has harassed the lives of all of the For relief shall they seek forever in vain? And must they still suffer disorders

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