

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 don'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 overlook 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 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 not?"

Hannington smoked steadily for some moments without answering. But when he spoke, it was with unusual decision.

"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.

"Let me hear, Kingscot," he said at length.

"You excuse me if I spoke hastily just now. I am—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 manner, "that Moncrieff would give his consent 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, smiling.

"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 if 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 success."

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

"Molly's a nice little girl, and uncommonly fond of me. A man must marry some time."

"Isn't it enough?" exclaimed Hannington, almost savagely. "I like her—she likes me—what more can you want? A man never marries his first love—seldom his second or his third. There is nothing uncommon 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 mouse, confound it! Else I wouldn't have 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."

"Is she married?"

"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."

"You have no message for Molly?"

"I will write, if you will take the letter to her. I'll see you in Dunkeld to-morrow at noon."

"You will have to be quick with your arrangements," said Kingscot, slowly. "You have silenced the fair Stella for a week only for a week. You have a week's chance—that is all."

"It will be enough," said Hannington, striding away. His voice was rough and hoarse; there was no inducement in his manner for Ralph to follow him, and accordingly that gentleman looked after him with a smile, and did not attempt to track his footsteps. Jack went blundering along the rough road, stumbling now and then over stones half buried in the rank grass, growling in the darkness of the night.

Kingscot listened intently until the noises died away. Then he smiled, and encoined himself snugly in an angle of the wall where 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 fresh air upon his face, and he wanted a little quiet time in which to review the situation, 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 they would have run something after this fashion:

"It seems to me that I have a chance at last of doing what I have tried to do all these years. Success is near me now, I fancy; fresh complications crowd on me on all sides. I can hardly miss my aim."

"What is it that I have been trying to get ever since Marie died? A hold on that fool Moncrieff, with his antiquated notions of truth and honor and honesty; a hold on him, a place in his household—why? Not for his benefit, of course. For mine. Because I want a competency. I look forward to 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 just devising ways and means of increasing the spoil, when he must needs go and marry this wretched slip of a girl—say, and if I am not mistaken, fall in love with her, too. I never was more astonished in my life."

He trusts his accounts into my hands. He writes checks without inquiry as to 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 percentage 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 grammar? I'm not such a fool."

(To be Continued.)

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NOW IS THE TIME.

"Seek Ye the Lord While He May
Be Found."Rev. T. De Witt Talmage Discourses on
the Theme of "Salvation."New York, April 28.—(rev. Dr. Tal-
mage 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 "Sal-
vation," the text selected being Isaiah,
lv., "Seek ye the Lord while he may be
found."

Isaiah stands head and shoulders
above the Old Testament authors in
vivid descriptiveness of Christ. The
prophets give an outline of our Sav-
our's features. Some of them present,
as it were, the side face of Christ;
others a bust of Christ; but Isaiah gives
us his full length portrait. Isaiah was
a man picked up out of insignif-
icance by inspiration. He was known
and honored. Josephus, and Philo, and
Swach extolled him in their writings.
What Paul was among the Apostles,
Isaiah was among the Prophets. No
text finds him standing on the mount-
ain of inspiration, looking out into the
future, beholding Christ advancing,
and anxious that all men might know
him; his voice rings down the ages:
"Seek ye the Lord while he may be
found."

I come, today, with no hair-spun
theories of religion, with no nice dis-
tinctions; with no elaborate disquisi-
tion; but with an urgent call to our
Saviour's features. Some of them present,
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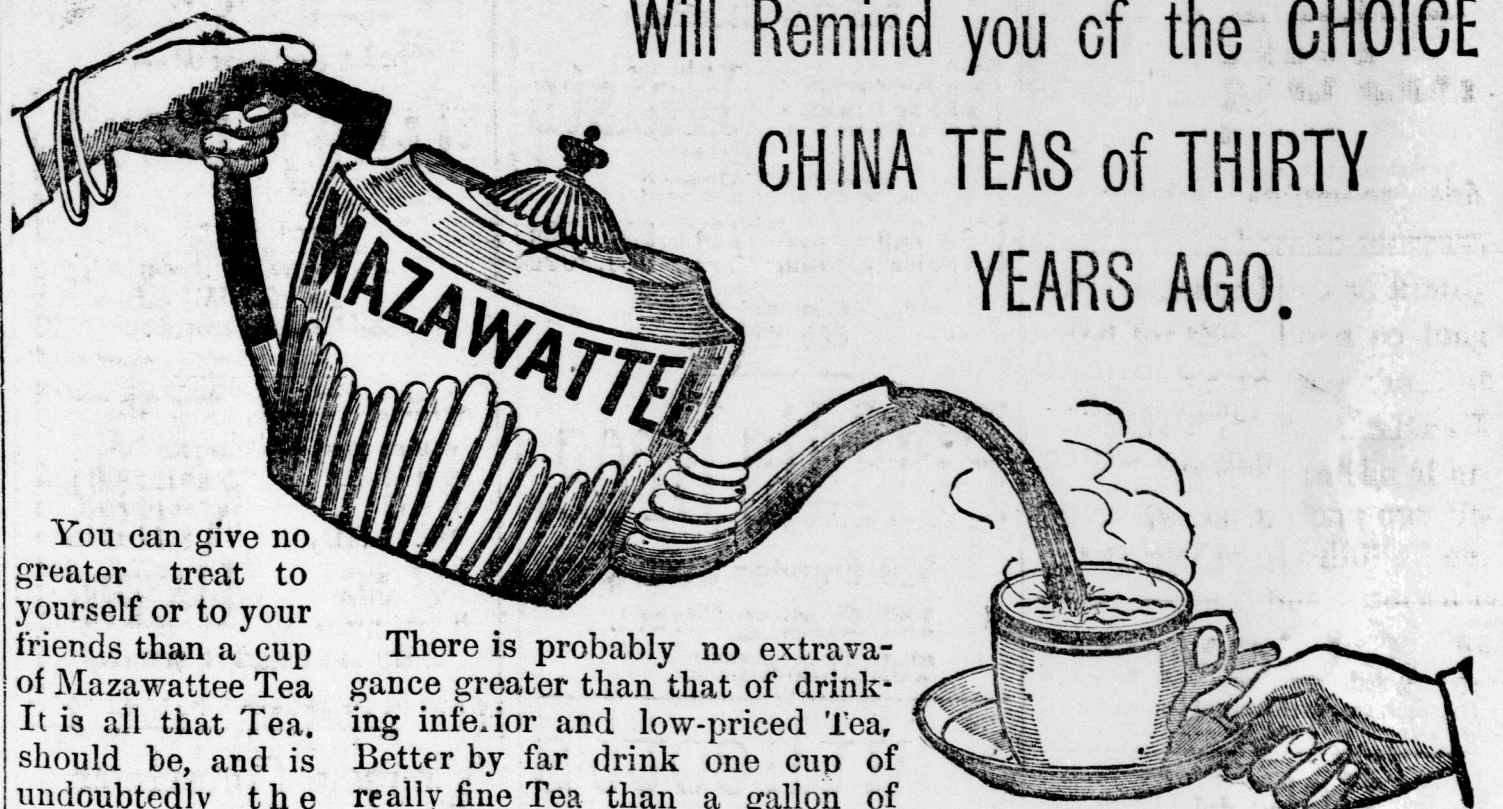
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really fine Tea than a gallon of
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CONSTIPATION

Like the Nox.

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 af-
fects us when we are alone, it affects
us more mightily when we are assem-
bled—the feelings of others empha-
sizing 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
against 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? You
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 consump-
tion. It is all moral disorders in one.
Now, you know there is a crisis in
every disease. Perhaps you have had some
illustration of it in your family. Some-
times 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
when mercy has set for leaving port.
If you are on board before that, you
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 ad-
judged 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."

The Modern Pandora's Box.
The modern Pandora of fashion and
folly
Has opened the box of the ills of her
kind;
Hence weakness and sickness with
acute melancholy,
Much suffering of body and worry of
mind.
This host of complaints, this legion of
pain,
Has harassed the lives of all of the
sex.
For relief shall they seek forever in
vain?
And must they still suffer disorders
complex?
Ah! No! For Pandora has left in the
box
A sure cure for ills of all such de-
scription;
Of its wonderful virtues each purchaser
talks.
'Tis Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-
tion!

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Dear Sir,—I have
taken the Favorite Prescription" and
I can recommend it to anybody that
suffers with any female disease. I have
tried several doctors' prescriptions, but
none did me the good that yours did.
Yours respectfully, MATTIE TERRY,
Postmistress, Sherrer Hill, Dallas Co.,
Ala.

Coal-Wood.
Messrs. Bowman & Co. beg to inform
their customers and the public that they
have appointed Frank B. Clarke, of
Richmond, as their agent. He will con-
tinue to take orders for coal and wood.
Best beech and maple blocks, \$4.50; half
cord, \$2.25; quarter cord, \$1.15. Mr.
Clarke will also continue the ticket and
exchange business at the old stand.

Bowman, Kennedy & Co.,

Wholesale Hardware Merchants, LONDON, ONT.

Window Glass, Paints, Cut Nails,
Enamelled Glass, Oils, Wire Nails,
Cathedral Glass, Putty, Galvanized Wire,
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Spades and Shovels. Harvest Tools. Builders' Hardware.

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Chatham, Strathroy, Stratford and Walkerton.

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2 POUNDS CHOICE APRICOTS.....	25c
2 POUNDS NECTARINES.....	25c
2 POUNDS PEACHES.....	25c
2 POUNDS FANCY CALIFORNIA PRUNES.....	25c
4 POUNDS NEW BOSNIA PRUNES.....	25c
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