To the Editor of the Express.

It is a great occasion when the civilized portion of this busy rolling world gets its attention fixed on one thought simultaneously. Nearly as great a wonder as that recorded in Rev. 12, 1. "There appeared a great wonder in Heaven, a woman." Just such an occasion has occurred. There has been a universal study of a temperance lesson in our Bible schools. The world has stopped to think. Thoughts are the seeds from which actions grow. The best people in Canada have written their opinion of the liquor traffic on a small slip of white paper. The story written thereon is simple, direct, positive. It reads "We, the majority electorate of Canada, declare by our votes that the licensed bar is a curse and nothing but a curse. The traffic exists now merely by a tolerance. Why tolerate it longer? The present law is a farce because in the traffic itself are the elements that make it an outlaw.

It is an open secret that the present license law winks at the offenders and allows these same offenders to publicly wink back much after the fashion of some people when making sport of the innocence of a child. What are we waiting for? Hell hath enlarged itself and opened its mouth without measure is a statement of Holy Writ concerning this traffic, that we do not require to get into another life to verify. Many young in Aylmer are tippling. It must be a small army that helps four licensed bars going. Are we waiting for them to become confirmed sets? In our homes is beautiful pure boyhood. Are we waiting to provide our share of the living grist the gin mills must have to keep them going? In our homes girlhood blossoms like flowers rare. Are we waiting to record of it, "Thou art mated with a clown."

And the grossness of this nature will have weight to drag thee down There are little children, in these homes, whose angel faces look with unbounded love and confidence into a father's face already bearing the mark of the beast. Are we waiting for the cruel blow to descend on the tender flesh. If these are the things we are anticipating, we will not be disappointed. Where does the responsibility of the present state of affairs rest? Not unduly on the liquor seller and manufacturer. He bears his own share of responsibility, but his vote and influence is but one amongst thousands Where does the onus rest? With the thousands of Christian voters who weekly throng our church courts and whose names are on church registers. If moral sentiment can break Tammany in New York, could not that same sentiment more easily break the licensed bar in Aylmer? We would not dare to face the issues of this life, nor the article and hour of death unless we fearlessly threw the small weight of our influence against this gigantic wrong. That everyone may know where we stand on this question and the censure, if any, may not be misp aced. We are, yours sincerely,

LOTTIE MCALISTER,
Local President W.C.T.U.

On The Four-Square Plan.

The four-square plan means that all customers, regardless of rank or station, receive the same careful attention and treatment at our store. We are as particular with the child who is sent to purchase some small article as we are with the experienced adult. We never substitute inferior whe filling your doctor's prescription. We never recommend the "something just as good."

SURE AND UNFAILING.

Under all circumstances of sickness and disease Paine's Celery Compound is safe, sure and unfailing. It cleanses and purifies the blood, braces the nerves, corrects digestion, and builds up those who are weak and rundown. If you are nervous or sleepless, try one bottle; the results will surprise you. Our stock of Paine's Celery Compound is always fresh and pure. Ern. A. Caughell, druggist, Aylmer Ont.

"Do you think the world is growing better, George? "Do I understand that you want me to decide whether I am a better man than my father or not?" "How funny!" "Oh, I don't know are you a better woman than your mother?" "Why, of course not. How absurd!" "Then how do you expect the world to grow better when you fail to help it along?" "George, you are very rude."

Sure Cure for Sea Sickness, Nausea.

Maladies of this type yield instantly to Polson's Nerviline, and if you suffer periodically from these complaints, just keep Nerviline at hand. A few drops in sweetened water gives instant relief, and in the course of half an hour the cure is complete. A large 25c bottle of Nerviline in the house will save doctor bills, and a large amount of suffering every year.

Sold by J. E. Richards.

Neva's Three Lovers

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

Author of "Lady Kildare," "Beryl's Husband," "The Old Life's Shadows," Etc., Etc.

There was no one within the park within view to interrupt him; no one coming along the road. With a slight sense of nervousness he even surveyed a way-side thicket that flanked the bank upon one side, as if fearing some way-side tramp might be lurking there within hearing, but he saw nothing to discountenance his projects.

"It's a lovely evening," said Neva softly, looking up at the shadowing sky and around her at the shadowed earth. "The air is full of balm!"

"Yes, it is lovely," said Rufus, fixing his gaze upon the young girl, as if he meant his remark to apply to her face. "How the time has sped since I first saw you, Miss Neva. Life was very dark to me in those July days, but you have given it a glow and brightness I did not dream that it could ever possess. It seems to me that I never existed until—until I knew you. You cannot fail to know that I love you. I have often thought that you have purposely encouraged my suit. But be that as it may, I love you more than all the world, Miss Neva. Will you be my wife?"

He waited in a breathless suspense for her reply.

Neva's face did not flush with joy, as it might have done had the speaker been Lord Towyn. She looked very grave, and into her eyes of red gloom came a sadness that was terrible to see.

"I like you, Rufus," she said, gently, looking beyond him with a strange, far-seeing gaze. "I believe you to be good and honorable — would to God I did not—for then — then — Rufus, I do not know what to say to you. What shall I answer you?"

"Say Yes," pleaded Rufus, with the energy of a gathering terror. "Do not refuse me, Neva, I implore you. I am not handsome and titled like Lord Towyn; I am plain and awkward, but I love you with all my soul. I place my fate in your hands. I have it in me to become great and good, and if you will be my wife I will be noble for your sake. But if you cast me off, I shall perish. In you are centred all my hopes. Oh, Neva, I beseech you to be merciful to me, and to save me from the utter misery of a life without you. I cannot—I cannot live if you cast me off!"

He spoke with an earnestness that went to Nepa's soul. She trembled, as if the burden of responsibility laid upon her were too heavy to be borne. In her uplifted eyes was a wild, beseeching look, as if she called upon her father from his home in heaven to aid her now.

"Remember," said Rufus desperately, "you are deciding upon my life or death—mortal and physical!"

Neva read in the declaration an awful sincerity that made her shudder.

"I must think," she faltered. "I cannot decide so suddenly. Give me a week, Rufus—only a week in which to decide. Oh," she added, under her breath, with a passionate emphasis, "if papa only knew! He would have spared me this."

Rufus assented to the delay with a beaming face. If she had intended to refuse him, he thought she would have done so on the spot. But she had not refused him, and there was hope. She should be his wife, and he would be master of Hawkhurst yet.

In the midst of his self-gratulations, Neva arose and walked slowly onward, grave and sorrowful, Rufus walked beside her with a joyous tread.

When they had passed on into the thickening shadows, and the primrose bank had been left far behind, a ragged, childish figure stirred itself from the further shadow of the thicket, and a childish face, wan and thin and haggard, with a woman's woe in the great dark eyes, looked after the young pair with an awful horror and despair.

That face belonged to the disowned young wife whom Rufus mourned as dead! The wild and woeful eyes were the eyes of Lally Bird!

CHAPTER XVII.

It was indeed poor Lally Bird, the wronged young wife, whom her husband mourned as dead, who, crouching in the shelter of the way-side thicket, stared after Neva Wynde and Rufus Black with eyes full of a burning woe and despair.

"He loves her! he loves her!" the poor young creature moaned, in the utter abandonment of her terrible anguish. "He said her answer meant life and death to him! And I am so soon forgotten? Oh, he never loved me—never—never! And he does love her with all his soul—O Heaven!"

She sank back into the deeper shadow of the thicket, moaning and wringing her hands.

Her hat had fallen off, and her face was upturned to the gray evening sky. That face, still childlike in its outlines and in its innocence, yet sharp of feature, wan, thin and haggard, was full of wild beseeching. The great hungry black eyes were upraised to Heaven in agonized appeal.

How terribly alone in the wide world she was! Alone and friendless, with no roof to shelter her, no food to break a long fast, no money. She was ragged and forlorn, her feet peeping from their frail coverings, her sharpened elbows protruding through her sleeves. And now her last hope had been dashed from her, and it seemed as if nothing remained to her but to die.

The story of her life from the moment in which she had fled from her dingy lodgings at New Brompton, had been one of bitterness and privation.

When she had escaped from her only shelter, half maddened and wholly despairing, with the voices of Craven Black and Mrs. McKellar yet ringing in her ears, her first impulse had been self-destruction. She had sped along the streets until, by a circuitous route, she had gained the river and a jutting pier, but it was daylight, and people were in waiting for the boats, so her dread purpose was checked, and she wandered on, wild of face and half distraught, keeping the river ever in sight, as if the view of the waters soothed her mad despair.

Wandering aimlessly onward, she passed through foul river streets, where the vile of every sort congregated, but no one spoke to her or molested her. The shield of a watchful Providence interposed between her and all harm. Once or twice some ruffian would have accosted and stayed her, but a glance into her white and rigid face and wild unseeing eyes made him shrink back abashed, and she sped on as if pursued, not knowing the dangers she had escaped.

She grew weary of foot, and to the wildness of her anguish succeeded a merciful apathy, which steeped her senses. The night came on; the gas lamps were lighted in the streets; the warehouses and shops were closed; there were fewer women in the streets; and in happy homes in the suburbs, at the north and south and east and west of the great teeming city, wives and daughters were gathered into pleasant homes. But she had no home, no refuge, no shelter. She had—oh, saddest of words, and saddest of meaning—she had nowhere to go!

And so she plodded on, slowly and wearily now. She had traversed miles since leaving her lodgings, and it seemed as if her march, like that of the fabled Wandering Jew, must be eternal.

At last, still wandering without aim, she staggered through the turn-gate and out upon the Waterloo Bridge, in the wake of a party of returning play-goers. No one noticed her, and she passed half-way over the bridge and sank down upon one of the stone benches, while the party she had followed went on and were lost to view in the Waterloo Road.

She was alone on the bridge, in the night and darkness. Below her lay the dark river, with the small steamers puffing and glancing through the gloom with their tiny eyes of fire, and lowering their stack-pipes as they passed under the bridge. A few people stood at the landing below. Somerset House, dark and silent, like some gigantic mausoleum, lay to her left. Along the river banks were the great warehouses, long since closed for the night, and in the distance the dome of St. Paul's reared its head, faint and shadowy, among the deeper shadows.

The glancing lights of the river boats, the lamps at the landing and along the shores looked strangely unreal to Lally's dazed eyes. She crouched in a corner of the seat and peered over the parapet and tried to think, but her brain seemed paralyzed. The only thought that came to her was that she was no wife, that Rufus had abandoned and disowned her, and that he was to marry another.

People crossed the bridge in laughing groups as the Strand theatres and concert-halls closed, but no one paid heed to, even if they saw, the slender, crouching figure with its wild fearing eyes. Sometimes, for many minutes together, Lally was alone upon that portion of the bridge—alone with her desperate soul and her terrible temptation to end her sorrows in one fatal plunge.

She arose in one of these intervals to her feet upon the bench and leaned over the parapet, a prayer upon her lips that Heaven would forgive the deed she meditated. And, as she stood poised for the leap into eternity, there came back to her, though years had passed since she heard it, the voice of her mother, as she had once listened to it, denouncing the self-murderer as one who destroys his soul as well as his body. The remembrance of the words, and the thought of her mother, caused her to drop again into the corner of her bench sobbing, and weeping a storm of tears that saved her reason.

The wild outburst of her anguish had been succeeded by a strange dullness and apathy, when a woman—a mere girl—"bonnetless, and her hair flying,"—as the Black's had read in the paper—came running upon the bridge with moans upon her lips. Lally was as pure and innocent as a little child, yet she knew at a glance that this poor creature belonged to that class which is often termed "unfortunate"—as Heaven knows they are indeed, in every sense of the sad word. This girl came up to the very niche where Lally was hidden, and sprang upon the bench. She gave one wild look over her shoulder, at the officer who pursued her, and then, with the name of some man upon her lips, tossed up her arms, and sprang over the parapet—into eternity!

Lally uttered a cry of horror.

"It might have been me!" was her first thought, and trembling and terrified, she looked over at the whirling figure as it struck heavily upon the passing boat.

And in the same instant Lally's handkerchief, upon which her name was marked, and which she had held in her hand, dropped over the parapet upon the body of the woman. That accident it was that changed poor Lally's destiny. For the poor suicide was she of whose death Rufus Black read in the paper of the following morning, and Lally's handkerchief found upon the water beside the dead girl gave the impression that the suicide was Lally Bird.

The presence of Lally upon the bridge escaped the notice of the officer, who turned and ran along the bridge to the end, and hurried down to the pier, whither the rescued body of the suicide was being carried.

People began to gather upon the bridge, seeming almost to spring up miraculously, and Lally, fearing questioning, or detention as witness of the suicide, arose and went back by the way she had come, up Wellington street, into the Strand. She was sufficiently herself by this time to know that she must seek shelter for the night; but where could she go? What respectable inn would give shelter to one so forlorn of aspect, so utterly alone as she? She would be driven forth as something disreputable and unclean, should she demand lodgings at such an inn. She had money in her pocket—the share Rufus had given her of the ten pounds his father had sent him—but she might almost as well have been penniless, since her money could not procure her respectable shelter for the night.

There might be some home for friendly wanderers, some asylum for respectable women, where she could pass the dangerous hours of darkness, but she knew of none. Such asylums are generally for reclaimed women, not for those who have never gone astray. The omnibuses were still running, it not being yet midnight, and Lally being too tired to walk further, signalled an empty one and took her seat in it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Being asked one day what one should do in order to become an efficient piano player Liszt replied laconically, "One must eat well and walk much."—Ladies' Home Journal.

RIGHT OF TRANSFER.

Ottawa Jury Gave Suitor $100 and Price of Ticket.

Ottawa, Dec. 17.—Judge McTavish and the jury in the County Court yesterday decided a suit involving the right of a passenger on a street railway to transfer at any point on the line. The case was that of Porter versus Ottawa Electric Railway Company. Plaintiff having secured on Rideau street a transfer to Bank, got off the Rideau street car at the corner of Rideau and Sussex, five blocks on the rear side of the transfer point, which is at Sparks and Bank. A minute later he boarded a Bank street car at the corner of Rideau and Sussex, and tendered his transfer slip. The conductor refused to accept it, as it was not a transfer point for that line, and, laying his hand on the passenger's shoulder, ordered him off the car. Porter paid another five, under protest, and took action against the company for assault and damages. The jury awarded him $100 for assault, and held he was entitled to damages in five cents, the price of his second ticket. The verdict makes good plaintiff's contention that notwithstanding the printed conditions on the ticket a passenger is entitled to transfer at any point on the line of a continuous passage.

ISTHMIAN CANAL TREATY.

Ratified by United States Senate by a Vote of 72 to 6.

Washington, Dec. 17.—The Senate yesterday ratified the Hay-Pauncefote Isthmian Canal treaty by the decisive vote of 72 to 6. The vote was reached a few minutes before 5 o'clock, after almost five hours' discussion behind closed doors. There were no sensational incidents during this entire time. The debate was confined exclusively to a discussion of the merits of the agreement, and the policy of its provisions. The principal speech of the nay was made by Senator Teller in opposition to the treaty, and he was followed in rapid succession by 12 or 15 other Senators, who spoke briefly either for or against the motion to ratify.

Scrofula

What is commonly inherited is not scrofula but the scrofulous disposition.

This is generally and chiefly indicated by cutaneous eruptions; sometimes by paleness, nervousness and general debility.

The disease afflicted Mrs. E. T. Snyder, Union St., Troy, Ohio, when she was eighteen years old, manifesting itself by a bunch in her neck, which caused great pain, was lanced, and became a running sore.

It afflicted the daughter of Mrs. J. H. Jones, Parker City, Ind., when 13 years old, and developed so rapidly that when she was 18 she had eleven running sores on her neck and about her ears.

These sufferers were not benefited by professional treatment, but, as they voluntarily say, were completely cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This peculiar medicine positively corrects the scrofulous disposition and radically and permanently cures the disease.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

LABOR AND CAPITAL

Brought Together by National Civic Federation It Is Hoped the Divergent Interests Will Be Reconciled.

New York, Dec. 17.—Brought together through the good offices of the National Civic Federation, leading representatives of labor and capital met here yesterday to discuss plans to minimize wage and industrial disputes. Aiding them with counsel were several prominent students of economics, and leading figures in the religious world, and the opening session was notable for a number of striking expressions and comments upon the problem faced by the conferees.

Oscar Strauss, former Minister to Turkey, who acted as chairman, announced that it was planned to form a general Executive Committee, with representation divided among, labor, capital, and the great public, and it was hoped it would become a tribunal of peace. Senator Hanna, Charles M. Schwab, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Potter and S. R. Callaway, were among those who attended.

Mr. Schwab declared he was opposed to labor unions as they were now constituted, and said they must fail, as the trusts had failed for seeking to limit production and control prices.

Senator Hanna expressed strong approval of the principle of organized labor, and his speech drew apologies from John Phillips and John J. Donnelly, two of the labor delegates, who confessed they had held erroneous and unjust views as to the attitude of the Senator toward organized labor.

Other speakers were strongly in favor of conciliation. President Gompers, John Mitchell, Theodore Shaffer and other leading members of the American Federation, will be here to-day, when the conference will be continued.

That Cough Hangs On

You have used all sorts of cough remedies but it does not yield; it is too deep seated. It may wear itself out in time, but it is more liable to produce la grippe, pneumonia or a serious throat affection. You need something that will give you strength and build up the body

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will do this when everything else fails. There is no doubt about it. It nourishes, strengthens, builds up and makes the body strong and healthy, not only to throw off this hard cough, but to fortify the system against further attacks. If you are run down or emaciated you should certainly take this nourishing food medicine.

all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, TORONTO CANADA

The D&L "Emulsion" of Cod Liver Oil (Trade Mark.)

Will GIVE YOU AN APPETITE! TONE YOUR NERVES! MAKE YOU STRONG! MAKE YOU WELL!

Dr. Burgess, Med. Supt. of the Prot. Hospital for Insane, Montreal, prescribes it constantly and gives us permission to use his name.

Miss Clark, Supt. Grace Hospital, Toronto, writes they have also used it with the best results.

50c. and $1.00 Bottles.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited.

"Contentment cannot be too dearly purchased."

Foot-comfort and shape retention, are never dear, at the expense of mere fleeting finish.

Contentment to those who wear only that footwear which is priced and pledged by the Makers—

"The Slater Shoe"

Tredgear Method

Chalmis & Caron, sole local agents.

The Student

At this Business College is surrounded by every incentive and assistance to good work. That is the reason our students learn so rapidly and also the reason our students are in constant demand. Book-keeping, Stenography, Typewriting, Penmanship, and Business Practice.

Forest City Business College,
Y. M. C. A. Building,
London, Ont.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE — 50 acres of good sandy loam, being a part of lot 22 in the first concession of the Township of Yarmouth, within three miles of Sparta, good school on the farm, is offered cheap or will take a small property in the Town of Aylmer as part payment. Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

—OFFICE OF—

A. A. Leslie

Treasurer of the Township of Malahide.

Notary Public, Conveyancer, Assignee, Etc.

ISSUER OF

MARRIAGE LICENSES

General Fire Insurance Agent.

PRIVATE FUNDS TO LOAN.

FOR SALE—100 acres of choice land, being the N H of the N H of lot 33, and the N H of the N H of lot 35, in the 4th con. of Malahide, two good sets of farm buildings; soil, clay loam and sandy loam, well tiled and fairly well fenced on a good gravel road, convenient to church, school and Post Office, will divide the farm in three parts if desired, and sell either fifty acres or one hundred acres; or the whole lot. Here is a snap for someone. For further particulars, apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE—Mr. W. Cean has decided to sell his beautiful homes on Sydenham Street, also the new modern cottage on the north side of South Street. He has placed the two properties in C. O Learn's hands to sell. Any person wanting a nice home with every convenience had better see the Real Estate Broker without delay, as there is a bargain for someone.

We Are After Business

So don't lose your eyesight looking for anything better than you can get from us in fine tailoring. Our stock is large and strictly up-to-date. We have the very latest fashions, and can satisfy the most fastidious dresser in

Style, Fit and Price

Our cutter is an honor graduate of the John J. Mitchell School, of New York City, and we employ none but experienced hands If you are not one of our regular customers, give us a trial order and be convinced.

S. T. LOGAN,
Merchant Tailor.
T. BURWELL, ONT.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—260 acres being parts of lots 1, 2 and 3 in the first con. of Malahide, 235 acres cleared, 25 acres of timber. The buildings consist of 5 large bank barns, nearly new; 1 medium grain barn large drive barn, large cemented stone wall 30x50, good 1½ storey frame house with cellar, full size. A large portion of the farm is first class for grazing purposes; the soil is sandy and clay loam, all in a good state of cultivation; would take a small farm in a good locality as part payment Apply to C. O. Learn, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer Ont.

FOR SALE.—A fruit farm of 10 acres with good brick cottage nearly new, good cellar small bank barn situated three quarters of a mile south of Orwell, there is about two acres of small fruit now in full bearing, and a new patch put out last year, this property is offered cheap. Apply at once to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate, Broker, Brown House Block Aylmer Ont

Winter Term Opens Monday, January 6th.

Central Business College

STRATFORD, ONT.

We have recently received eight applications from other business colleges who wish to get our graduates as teachers, but we have not one to send. Our graduates are chosen by business firms and business colleges as fast as we can turn them out. Write for cat logue.

W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—44 acres of sandy land, adjoining the village of Outlook in the County of Norfolk, 30 acres cleared comfortable house, and some small out-buildings; also a blacksmith shop, where a profitable business can be done. The whole business for the small sum of —— Good reasons for selling. Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE—50 acres of good sandy land, with comfortable farm buildings, near a Village of Copenhagen, being part of Lot 9, the 2nd Concession of Malahide. For further particulars apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker Brown House Block, Aylmer Ont

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—One of the best farms in South Dorchester, being the south half of lot 18, in the 8th concession. with good fair farm buildings. Will sell reasonable or will take a small farm as part payment. Apply to C. O. Learn, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE.—140 acres of good land. Fair farm buildings, about 30 acres of timber, mostly pine, located near an incorporated village Is offered very cheap and on easy terms. C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker. Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.