

LONDON
Conservatory of Music
AND
School of Elocution and Expression.
WM. CAVEN BAREON,
PRINCIPAL.
A list of fees charged at the Conservatory will be sent on application to Mr. Bareon.

The Silver Spoons

The serial, "The Little Minister," will be published to-morrow.

The parish of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, ought to be reckoned among the classic spots of Scotland, inasmuch as it is the birthplace of the dowry which Robert the Bruce bestowed on his eldest daughter, Margery, when she married Walter, the high steward of Scotland, and thus became the progenitor of the royal and unlucky house of Stuart. Lying midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, those rival cities of the east and west, but out of the common track of traffic and travel, it has been for ages a pastoral parish of small and rather backward farms.

Of late years gold has been found there, and steam and trade, which bid fair to leave the world to its rustic corner, are rapidly turning it into a mining district, and the whole of the country about the time of the general peace, when Bathgate lived on its own oats and barley, wore its own hodge-podge and had but two subjects of interest—the corn market and the kirk service. Among its peaceful and industrious population there was one, however, who, though not in her own esteem above all the lords and the minister, and her style and title was Widow Simpson. This lady valued herself, not on the farm left her by the good man who had departed this life some seven years before the computation of our story, for its acres were modestly put on her grown-up son Robin, though he was counted a thrifty housekeeper, though it was known to be on the "tight nerve" principle; but on the possession of a dozen silver spoons.

Her account of them was that they had belonged to the young chevalier, and had been bestowed upon her grandfather in return for entertaining that claimant to the British crown on his march from Culloden—in proof of which she was accustomed to point out a half-obliterated crest and the initials C. S. on which the which, however, marked the widow's neighbors, however, had a different tale regarding their coming into the family. It was to the effect that her grandfather, who kept a small inn somewhere in Fife, had bought them from an ill-doing laird for three gallons of Highland whisky, and bestowed them on his granddaughter as the one of his family most likely to hold fast to such an important acquisition.

In the family residing in the capacity of "help" one Nancy Campbell, a girl about nineteen, who was suspected of having taken a fancy to Robin, who reciprocated the sentiment. Nothing, however, would soften the heart of the widow as regards a match, until at last the following event occurred, and caused her to give way. About the hawking time a distant acquaintance, comparatively new relation was expected to call and take tea one evening on his way from Linlithgow. It was not often that this superior relative honored her house with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson determined that she should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy touching the care she should take in brightening them up.

While this operation was being conducted in the kitchen, in the midst of one of those uncertain days which vary the weather in Scotland, a sudden darkening of the sky announced the approach of heavy rain. The hay was dry and ready for housing, and Robin and two farm men were busy gathering it in; but the great drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and with the instinct of crop preservation, forth rushed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons half-scoured on the kitchen table. In her rapid exit the girl had forgotten to give way to the door. The westerly and the kite were the only deprecaters known about the moorland farm, but while they were all occupied in the hay field, who should come that way but George Wilson.

Well, the kitchen door was open, and George stepped in. He banded the settle with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat, which sat purring on the window seat, and at length discovered there was nobody within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected that day; the hay was growing heavier, some of the crows in had humor, and Mrs. Simpson would certainly be arrested by the fire and the other silver spoons scattered on the table. Bending over the former George took a considerable sniff, gave the ingredients a stir with a pot stick, and muttered "Vary thin." His proceeding with regard to the latter must remain unmentioned; but half an hour after, when he was safely ensconced in a farmhouse a mile off and the family had been driven within doors by the increasing storm, they found everything as it had been left—the brood on the fire, the cat on the window seat, the whitening and flannel on the table; but not a spoon was there.

"Woe the spoons!" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire drying their wet garments. Nobody could tell. Nancy had left them on the table when she ran to the hay. No one had been in the house, they were certain, for the cat was disturbed. The drawer was searched, but to no purpose; the spoons had disappeared and the state of the house may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, scolding and searching. Robin, Nancy and the farm men were dispatched in different

directions as soon as the rain abated, to inform the neighbors under the supposition that some strolling beggar or gypsy might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish. Nobody thought of George Wilson. He had not been spied from the hay field; his clothes were not frequent; and if he avoided Widow Simpson's from the day of her loss, it was believed George knew that neither her temper nor her liberality would be improved by that circumstance.

Lost the spoons were beyond a doubt, and the widow bade fair to lose her senses. The rich relation came at his appointed time, and had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his entertainer. But the search went on; rabbits' holes were looked into for the missing silver and active boys were bribed to turn over mounds of earth. Wells and barns in the neighborhood were explored. The cries of the three nearest neighbors were regularly advertised at kirk gate and regularly placed, and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting a search warrant for the beggar's meal pouch. Bathgate was alarmed through when almost a month had worn away and nothing could be heard of them, and the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, barns and magpies to light on poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons, and had left the house last; silver could not leave the table without hands.

It was true that Nancy had always borne an unquestioned character, such spoons were not to be met with every day, and Mrs. Simpson was determined to turn them back in her stocking. After sundry hints of increasing breadth to Robin, who could not help thinking his mother was losing her judgment, she one day plumped a charge, to the utter astonishment and dismay of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to her own. Though poor and an orphan, Nancy had some honest pride; she immediately turned out the whole contents of her kist (box), unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence and ran with tears in her eyes to tell the minister.

As was then common in the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes which might have employed the writers and puzzled the magistrates were referred to his arbitration, and thus law suits or scandal prevented. The minister had heard—as who in Bathgate had not—of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest of the parish, he thought it rather strange; but Nancy Campbell was one of the most serious and exemplary girls in his congregation, and he could not believe that she charged preferred against her was true. Yet the peculiarities of the case demanded investigation.

With some difficulty the minister persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message to the effect that he and two of his elders who happened to reside in the neighborhood would come over the following evening, hear what could be said on both sides, and if possible clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased to have the minister and his elders come to inquire after her spoons. She put on her best muf—hat is to say, cap—prepared her best speeches and enlisted some of the most serious and reliable of her neighbors to assist in the investigation.

Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer sun was wearing low and the field work was over—they were all assembled in the clean scoured kitchen, the ministers, elders and neighbors, soberly listening to Mrs. Simpson's testimony touching her lost silver, Nancy, Robin and the farm men sitting by until their turn came; when the door, which had been left half open to admit the breeze—for the evening was sultry—was quietly pushed aside. And in said George Wilson, with his usual accompaniments of staff and wallet.

"There's nae room for ye here, George," said the widow; "we're on weighty business."

"Veel, mem," said George, turning to depart, "I speak nae consequence. I only came to speak about your spoons."

"Hae ye heard o' them?" cried Mrs. Simpson, bounding from her seat.

"I couldna miss bein' blessed wi' the precious gift of hearin', and, what's better, I saw them," said George.

"Saw them, George? What are they?" and here a whole shillin' for ye," and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather an old glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.

"Well," said George, "I slipped in ae day, and seein' the seller unguarded I thought some ill-guided body might covet it, and just laid it by, I may say, among the leaves o' that Bible, thinkin' you would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read."

Before George had finished his revelation Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly displayed but never opened Bible, and interspersed between its leaves lay the dozen of long sought spoons.

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity while admonishing George on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The assembled neighbors laughed outright when the daft man, pocketing the widow's shilling which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them all that he knew Mrs. Simpson read her Bible so often the spoons would be certain to turn up. George got many a basin of broth and many a luscious of bread and cheese on account of that transaction, with which he amused all the firesides of the parish. Mrs. Simpson was struck dumb even from scolding. The discovery put an end to her ostentatious professions, and it may be topped, turned her attention more to practice. By way of making amends for her unjust imputations on Nancy Campbell, she consented to receive her as a daughter-in-law within the same year, and it is said there was peace ever after in the farmhouse; but the good people of Bathgate, when discussing a character of more pretense than performance, still refer to Widow Simpson's spoons.

[THE END.]

It is not what the proprietors say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that makes it sell, and wins the confidence of the people.

Be a well man, a free man, a happy man by taking K. D. C.—the great restorative for all stomach diseases.

A STUDY FOR FARMERS.

Why is Property so Much More Valuable in City Than in Country?

The "Aneco Jans" case in New York has been duplicated in the Quaker City, where suits involving property worth \$35,000,000 will soon be begun on behalf of the heirs of Wm. Lefevre. The defendants will be the heirs of about a dozen people who were parties to certain leases made by Lefevre over a century ago. The suits will be based upon a bundle of musty documents just discovered in an old iron-bound trunk owned by Mrs. Cecelia Leslie, nee Kimball, who died intestate July 14, 1888, at Piedmont, W. Va. These documents describe acres of land fronting on the River Delaware near "the towers of Frankford Creek," Philadelphia, and certain strips of land which are located by landmarks wholly unfamiliar to realty experts of to-day. The land described covers an area of at least one square mile, and affects the site of the Frankford arsenal and many other valuable properties in the neighborhood. If the heirs of Wm. Lefevre can establish their claims it is estimated that at least \$35,000,000 will be divided among them.

A square mile of good farming land in Ontario may be purchased for about \$35,000, but a square mile of land in Philadelphia is worth \$35,000,000.

Leander J. McCormick has purchased the Young Men's Christian Association property on Madison street, adjoining the southeast corner of LaSalle street, Chicago, for \$190,000. The ground is 35x100 feet and is covered by a five-story building. The price paid is \$5,428 per front foot, or \$54.28 per square foot. Mr. McCormick will not take possession until April 30, 1894, the property remaining in the possession of the Young Men's Christian Association until this time. As Mr. McCormick owns the Major Block property, adjoining his new purchase on the west, he will have a site with 140 feet of frontage on Madison street and 135 feet of frontage on LaSalle street, which will eventually be covered with a high-class building.

A foot of land in Chicago 100 feet deep is worth \$5,428, or as much as will purchase a snug 100-acre farm in Ontario.

The Honore Block on the northwest corner of Dearborn and Adams streets, in Chicago, has been disposed of on a brief lease from May 1, 1892, to Nov. 1, 1893, upon payment of \$78,750 for the first twelve months and \$90,400 for the succeeding six months. The contract stipulates that the lessee may cancel the lease at any time prior to May 1 next upon payment of \$3,000 forfeit money, or prior to June 1 on the payment of \$25,000 forfeit money, providing the property changes hands. The lessee contemplates utilizing the building for hotel purposes during the World's Fair. The upper floors will be fitted for the accommodation of 1,200 guests.

A corner block in Chicago "leases" for a period of eighteen months for a sum of \$138,000, which amount is sufficient to "purchase" twenty excellent farms in Ontario at \$6,900 each.

Let the World Know It. You can purchase a bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the greatest pain remedy in the world. Nerveless cures headache, neuralgia, toothache, pains in the side or back, rheumatism, etc. As an internal remedy Nerveless is prompt, effective and pleasant to take. Nerveless has no equal as a pain subduing remedy, and a test bottle costs only 10 cents. Call on your druggist and invest 10 cents. Nerveless, Nerveless, nerve pain cure.

Pickpocket for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. Strong, Druggist, 134 Dundas street, London, Ont.

The Dyspeptic's hope, K. D. C. Why? Because it cures when all other remedies fail. Free sample package mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N.S.

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Free Gift.

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When you purchase your suit at Oak Hall ask for ticket. It is perfectly free.

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French Peas,

French Beans,

French Mushrooms,

French Macedoines.

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French Peas,

French Beans,

French Mushrooms,

French Macedoines.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.,

169 Dundas Street.



BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

THE GUIDING STAR TO HEALTH.

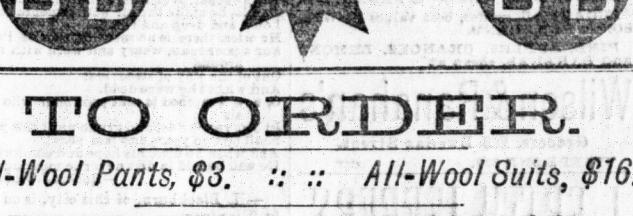
A POSITIVE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, BAD BLOOD, KIDNEY COMPLAINT

and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the

STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS AND BLOOD.

B.B.B. acts on all the organs of the body to produce regular action, to strengthen, purify and tone, and to remove all impure accumulations of morbid matter from the system.

Thousands of reliable men and women testify to its good effects in the above diseases. Is it not worth at least a trial in your case? Price \$1 per bottle, 6 for \$5, or less than 1c a dose.



TO ORDER.

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Our present orders indicate it, so place your orders early.

The Circular Saw 22 years ago was as much a novelty and as difficult to run as the Band Saw is to-day. With the experience gained in handling the Circular, knowledge of the Band Saw is much more readily acquired. Special improved tools also facilitate the work. We furnish an expert with each mill to instruct in the use of tools and work on saw.

The adjoining cut illustrates our NO. 1 BAND SAW MILL, capacity 10,000 to 20,000 feet in 10 hours. Our No. 2 mill is much heavier—capacity 20,000 to 40,000 feet per day.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO NOV. 15, 1891.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIMES

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

Stations	Leave	Arrive
London	11:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.
St. Catharines	1:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.
Niagara Falls	3:30 p.m.	4:30 p.m.
Buffalo	5:30 p.m.	6:30 p.m.
Rochester	7:30 p.m.	8:30 p.m.
Syracuse	9:30 p.m.	10:30 p.m.
Albany	11:30 p.m.	12:30 a.m.
Schenectady	1:30 a.m.	2:30 a.m.
Buffalo	3:30 a.m.	4:30 a.m.
Niagara Falls	5:30 a.m.	6:30 a.m.
St. Catharines	7:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
London	9:30 a.m.	10:30 a.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

Stations	Leave	Arrive
London	11:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.
St. Catharines	1:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.
Niagara Falls	3:30 p.m.	4:30 p.m.
Buffalo	5:30 p.m.	6:30 p.m.
Rochester	7:30 p.m.	8:30 p.m.
Syracuse	9:30 p.m.	10:30 p.m.
Albany	11:30 p.m.	12:30 a.m.
Schenectady	1:30 a.m.	2:30 a.m.
Buffalo	3:30 a.m.	4:30 a.m.
Niagara Falls	5:30 a.m.	6:30 a.m.
St. Catharines	7:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
London	9:30 a.m.	10:30 a.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:15 a.m., 12 m and 6:30 p.m.

[Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.]

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 249 Richmond Street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED DEC. 7, 1891.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

Stations	Arrive	Depart
London	11:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.
St. Catharines	1:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.
Niagara Falls	3:30 p.m.	4:30 p.m.
Buffalo	5:30 p.m.	6:30 p.m.
Rochester	7:30 p.m.	8:30 p.m.
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Buffalo	3:30 a.m.	4:30 a.m.
Niagara Falls	5:30 a.m.	6:30 a.m.
St. Catharines	7:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
London	9:30 a.m.	10:30 a.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

Stations	Arrive	Depart
London	11:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.
St. Catharines	1:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.
Niagara Falls	3:30 p.m.	4:30 p.m.
Buffalo	5:30 p.m.	6:30 p.m.
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Niagara Falls	5:30 a.m.	6:30 a.m.
St. Catharines	7:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
London	9:30 a.m.	10:30 a.m.

St. Catharines Branch.

Stations	Arrive	Depart
London	11:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.
St. Catharines	1:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.
Niagara Falls	3:30 p.m.	4:30 p.m.
Buffalo	5:30 p.m.	6:30 p.m.
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