

EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT THEM...

And the nicest of our large stock of pictures will soon be picked out. Make your selection for Christmas now, and have them nicely framed while you wait. We will put them aside for you until Christmas.

E. N. HUNT, 190 Dundas Street

The Strange Metamorphosis

And certainly he was in no condition to convince an angry schoolmaster of anything whatever, except that he was in a state very unbecoming to the head of a family.

It was all over; Paul saw that too well; he dashed frantically from the fatal billiard room and in his hall met Boaler preparing to admit the visitor. "Don't open the door," he screamed. "Keep him out. You mustn't let him in."

Boaler, surprised as he naturally was, at his young master's unaccountable appearance and evident panic, nevertheless never moved a muscle of his face; he was one of those perfectly bred servants, who, if they chance to open the door to a ghoul or skeleton, would merely inquire, "What name, if you please?"

"I must go and ask your par, then, Master Dick. There's time to 'pik it up' while I'm gone. I won't say nothing," he added compassionately.

Paul lost no time following this suggestion, but, stumbling at every three steps at a time, he was in a state of flight, with a hideous nightmare feeling that some invisible thing behind him was trying to trip him up.

He rushed blindly past the conservatory, which was lit up by Chinese lanterns, and crowded with "little Kate Greenaway" maidens crowned with fantastic head-dresses out of the cracker, and comparing presents with boy-lovers; he upset perspiring waiters with glasses and trays, and scattered the children sitting on the stairs, as he bounded on in his reckless flight, leaving crashes of glass behind him.

He had no clear idea of what he meant to do; he thought of barricading himself in his bedroom and hiding in the wardrobe; he had desperate notions of getting on to the house-top by means of a step-ladder and the skylight above the nursery landing. On one point he was resolved—he would not be taken alive.

Never before in this commonplace London world of ours was an unfortunate householder hunted up his own staircase in this distressing manner; even his terms did not blind him to the extreme ignominy and injustice of his position.

And below he heard the bell ringing more and more impatiently, as the doctor still remained on the wrong side of the door. In another minute he must be admitted—and then!

Who will not sympathize with Mr. Bultitude as he approaches the crisis of his misadventure? He protests, for my own part, that as I am compelled to describe him springing from step to step in wild terror, like a highly respected chamol before some Alpine marksman, my own heart bleeds for him, and I hasten to end my distressing tale, and make the rest of it as little painful as I may with honesty.

Poor Mr. Bultitude, springing wildly upstairs in a last desperate effort to avoid capture, had now almost reached his goal. Just above him was the nursery landing, with its little wooden gate, and near it, leaning against the wall, was the pair of kitchen steps, with which he had hopes of reaching the roof, or the eastern loft, or some other safe and inaccessible place. Better a night spent on the slates among the chimney-pots than a bed in that terrible No. 6 dormitory.

But here, too, was fate against him. He was not more than half a dozen steps from the top when, to his unspeakable horror, he saw a small form in a white frock and cardinal sash come running out of the nursery, and began to descend slowly and cautiously, clinging to the bannisters with one chubby little hand.

It was his youngest son, Roly, and as soon as he saw this he lost hope once and for all; he could not escape being recognized; the child would probably refuse to love him, and even if he did contrive to get away from him, it would be hopeless to make Roly understand that he was not to betray his hiding-place.

So he stopped on the stairs, agitated at this new turn of fortune, and hid himself at the end of his resources. Roly knew him at once, and began to dance delightedly up and down on the stair in his little bronze shoes. "Buzzer Dicky," he cried, "dear Buzzer Dicky, tum 'ome to party."

"It's not brother Dicky," said Paul miserably. "It's all a mistake."

"Oh, but it is, though," said Roly, "and you don't know what Roly's found."

"No, no," said Paul, trying to pass, which, as Roly persisted in leaping joyously from side to side of the narrow stair, was difficult. "You talk about another time. I'm in a hurry, my boy. I've got an appointment."

"Roly's got something better than that," observed the child.

Mr. Bultitude, in spite of his terror, was too much afraid of hurting him by brushing roughly past to attempt such a thing, so he tried diplomacy. "Well, what has Roly found, a cracker?"

"No, no, better than a cracker—you guess."

"I can't guess," said Paul; "never mind. I don't want to know."

"Well, then," said Roly "there." And he slowly unfolded a fat little fist, and in it Paul saw, with a revulsion of feeling,

TEA.

All grocers sell Tea, but all Teas are not the same. Some are good and some are not. We have had a great many years' experience, and after carefully studying the productions of all the countries we recommend the use of

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Make your Tea in an earthen pot, use boiling water, let it draw seven minutes.

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ing that turned him dizzy and faint, the priceless talisman itself, the identical Garuda Stone, with part of the frail gilt ring still attached to it.

The fastening had probably given way during Master Dick's uproarious revels in the drawing-room, and Roly must have picked it up on the carpet shortly afterward.

"Isn't it a pretty thing?" said Roly, insisting that his treasure should be duly admired.

"A very pretty thing," said his father, hoarse and panting; "but it's mine, Roly, it's mine."

And he tried to snatch it, but Roly closed his fist over it and pouted. "It isn't yours," he said, it's Roly's. Roly found it."

Paul's fears rose again; would he be wrecked in port, after all? His ear, unnaturally strained, caught the sound of the front door being opened; he heard the doctor's deep voice booming faintly below, then the noise of person ascending.

"Roly shall have it, then," he said perfunctorily. "If he will say after me what I will tell him. Say, 'I wish papa and brother Dick back as they were before.'"

"It's a game," asked Roly, his face clearing, and evidently delighted with his eccentric brother Dick, who had run all the way home from school to play games with him on the staircase. "No—yes!" cried Paul. "It's a very funny game; only do what I tell you. Now say, 'I wish papa and brother Dick back as they were before.'"

"What sort of a sugar-plum?" demanded Roly, who inherited business instincts.

"Any sort you like best," almost shrieked Paul; "oh do get on."

"Lots of sugar-plums, then. I wish—forget what you told me—oh, I wish papa and—there! there! somebody turning up stairs!" he broke off, suddenly, with a turn of the head to put me to bed. I don't want to go to bed yet."

"And you shan't go to bed!" cried Paul, for he, too, thought he heard some one. "Never mind nurse; finish the game."

"Papa and buzzy Dicky back again as—as they were before," repeated Roly at last. "What, funny—oh, oh, oh, oh, suddenly, with a turn of the head to put me to bed. I don't want to go to bed yet."

For the stone had done its work once more, and this time with happier results; with a supreme relief and joy, which no one who has read this tale can fail to understand, Mr. Bultitude felt that he actually was his old self again.

Just when all hope seemed cut off, and relief was most unlikely, the magic spell that had caused him such intolerable misery for one hideous week was reversed by the hand of his innocent child.

He caught Roly up in his arms and kissed him as he had never been kissed in his whole life, before, at least by his father, and comforting him as well as he could, for the poor child had naturally received rather a severe shock, he stepped down the staircase, which he had mounted with such different emotions five minutes before.

[To be Continued.]

WESTERN ONTARIO

James Cronk, a Beachville bankrupt, has skipped out.

Mount Forest Methodists have raised \$2,700 to pay off their debt.

John Parker was slaking lime in Woodstock. It exploded, burning him severely.

John Currie died in Sarnia lately of acute alcoholism. His home was in Windsor.

The hostler of the Central Hotel, Woodstock, fell from the mow and was knocked senseless.

Joseph Hawkins, of Richmond street, Brantford, was thrown from his wheel and was seriously injured.

Robert Connick and his son John, of Sarnia, were on a scaffold that gave way, and were severely injured.

Ethel McGregor, who was sentenced at St. Thomas last July to two years in the Mercer Reformatory for attempted suicide, has been released by order of the executive.

George Washington VanWagner, a 14-year-old boy working for Mr. Jackson, of Southwold, has been arrested charged with attempted assault upon a 7-year-old girl.

Victor Ouellette, ex-treasurer of the town of Sandwich, claims that while he was in office he made an overpayment to the town of \$400 and Auditor McPherson has been engaged to make an investigation.

Mr. John McLean will resign his position of public school inspector of St. Thomas. The resignation, which is voluntary, will not go into effect until the new year. Mr. McLean has occupied the position of inspector for many years very acceptably.

Childless people often drift apart. The wife seeks to satisfy her heart craving by society.

"Always roaming with a hungry heart." The husband finds the home dull and goes to the club. The happiest homes are those which echo to the love and laughter of childish voices.

The conditions which produce motherhood are often remediable. They grow out of a diseased or enfeebled condition of the delicate female organs. When these conditions are removed, and vitality and elasticity given to the organs of motherhood, it frequently follows that the home is gladdened by the coming of a healthy, happy infant.

There is no other medicine that will do as much for women as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It dries up disagreeable drains, allays inflammation, heals ulceration, cures female weakness, and establishes the delicate womanly organs in a state of perfect health and vigor.

There is no alcohol, opium or other narcotic in "Favorite Prescription."

Any sick woman may consult Dr. R. V. Pierce, J. Buffalo, N. Y., by letter, free. Every letter is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential.

"I had been a sufferer from uterine trouble for about three years. Having two miscarriages in that time, and the doctors that I consulted said I could give birth to living children, I wrote Mrs. Blanche E. Evans, of Parsons, Lanes Co., Pa., advertisement of Dr. Pierce's medicine, and thought I would give it a trial as a last resort. I bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and after taking it felt better than I had for years. After taking four and a half bottles I gave birth to a bright baby girl who is now four months old and has not had a day of sickness. I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are a boon to women of constipated habit.

BOTH FALL ASPHOXIIATED

Death of Thomas Condor and Daughter at Toronto.

Mr. Ephraim Monk, of Norwich, Instantly Killed by a Michigan Central Train—His Daughter Seriously Hurt.

Toronto, Nov. 22.—Thomas Condor, aged 65, one of the coal gas poisoning victims, died at the Emergency Hospital shortly before noon today. Condor never recovered consciousness. His daughter is still unconscious, and her recovery is now very improbable. The open stove door is the only evidence as to how the tragedy occurred. There is no suggestion of suicide, the evidence going to show that the old man and his daughter had tried to reach and to open the door when they awoke and found the room full of gas.

Matilda Condor, the daughter, lingered on for a few hours longer, and died at the hospital shortly after 3 o'clock this afternoon.

KILLED ON THE CROSSING.

Tilsburg, Nov. 23.—About 12:30 yesterday Mr. Ephraim Monk, a very respectable farmer of Norwich, and his daughter were driving across the M. C. R. tracks at the station, when the big engine, No. 31, express, Mr. Monk was instantly killed, and his daughter very seriously injured. The injured lady was taken to the home of Mrs. Malcolm, Tilsburg. The horse was killed.

DROWNED IN A SINK.

Detroit, Nov. 23.—Joseph Meyers, 2 years old, was playing in the backyard of his home, 109 Clinton street, yesterday, when his cap fell into the wooden sink and over the hole from which the water escaped. The penstock was open and the water flowing into the sink, which was quickly filled to overflowing. The baby, in endeavoring to recover his cap, reached over the sink, lost his balance, and fell in head first. There was no one else in the yard, and when taken out of the water he was dead.

CALLED TO HER DOOR AND SHOT.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 23.—Mrs. Jennie L. Pitkin answered a summons at the front door of her residence, only to be shot down by an unknown man standing in the darkness outside. She cannot recover. The police are investigating.

FATAL WRECK.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 23.—West-bound passenger train No. 5, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, ran into the rear end of a west-bound freight train yesterday near McCool's station, Indiana, killing Engineer Bradford, of the passenger train, and injuring Engineer Sarber and two firemen. The accident occurred during a dense fog. Officials of the company state that no passengers were injured.

LOST FOUR FINGERS.

Brantford, Ont., Nov. 23.—James Saers, carpenter at the Verity Plow Company's works, was running a planer yesterday, when the knife struck a knot in the wood, giving his hand a sudden jerk, and drawing the four fingers of his left hand in, completely severing them at the third joint.

OTHER FATALITIES.

J. Smith and a man named Beattie were reported to have been drowned in White Horse Rapids, Alaska, Nov. 12. Mrs. Dumbleton and three unknown men are reported drowned in Alaska by being carried under ice while in a small boat.

Charles Ward and Chris Jones, laborers, were drowned and 50 feet of harbor were swept away by a tidal wave at Bear Harbor.

EAST ELGIN

Liberals Nominate Mr. Daniel McIntyre, of Yarmouth.

Enthusiastic Convention—Party Favors a Fair and Pure Election—Resolutions of Confidence.

Aylmer, Nov. 23.—The Liberals of East Elgin met in convention in the town hall here Tuesday afternoon and unanimously nominated Mr. Daniel McIntyre, of Yarmouth, as the candidate of the Reform party at the coming bye-election, his name being the only one brought before the convention. An enthusiasm was displayed which is a strong indication that Mr. McIntyre, who was defeated at the general election on March 1, 1896, by 29, will be elected by a good majority. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. S. Caron, of Aylmer, president of the East Elgin Provincial Reform Association, and, besides the chairman, the speakers were Messrs. H. J. Pettipiece, M.P.P. for Elgin, London, and Mr. J. C. Danco, ex-M.P.P. of South Dorchester, and Dr. Wilson, ex-M.P.P. of St. Thomas. The tone of all the addresses had the ring of victory. All the speakers deplored the stain which had been cast upon the Reform party by the acts of some of its over-zealous and unauthorized supporters at the general elections, and expressed a determination to wipe it out, to fight a fair fight and win the election. While in the west riding outside supporters of the Reform party had been accused of illegal practices, in East Elgin the Conservative member had been unseated because of corrupt acts on the part of his agents and friends, residents of the riding. The determination of the convention was to again conduct a clean, honest election. Mr. McIntyre, in accepting the nomination, said that if the election could not be won honestly and by straight forward means, he did not want to win it at all.

The following resolutions were unanimously carried: Moved by Dr. Sinclair, of Aylmer, seconded by Mr. R. Locke, of Aylmer, that the Liberals of East Elgin, in convention assembled, desire to tender to the Hon. Geo. W. Ross their sincere congratulations on his advancement to the high and honorable position of premier of the province of Ontario, and to assure him of our confidence in him as an able, faithful and patriotic leader of the Liberal forces. We fully recognize the fact that his many years of brilliant service in the Legislature and Government of Ontario eminently qualify him for the honor and distinction he has received, and we confidently believe that he will prove a most worthy successor to the illustrious men who have preceded him at that office. Under his leadership we look for a strong, progressive and patriotic administration of the affairs of the province, as outlined by him in a most eloquent and



TAKE A WALK...

In any street, in any community, among any sort of society, and you will find that you are properly dressed in the strict sense of the word, if your clothing has been bought from OAK HALL.

Tailored in the very best manner, by experienced workmen, at living wages, these garments have twice the solid value of similar clothing selling elsewhere for more money.

Working Suits, \$3.75 to \$5

Better Suits, \$6.50 to \$10

Dress Suits, \$10 to \$15

Oak Hall

154 DUNDAS ST.

Alfred Taylor, Manager, London.

aggressive speech recently delivered at Whitby—a speech and policy which touched the hearts of the Canadian people and aroused their unbounded enthusiasm. The resolution was carried unanimously.

Moved by Mr. W. C. Caron, and seconded by Mr. G. M. Standing, that we give expressions to continued admiration and confidence in Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his government, and its policy in sending troops to the aid of the empire in its effort to establish law and order in South Africa. Carried.

"Probably no single drug is employed in nervous diseases with effects so markedly beneficial as those of cod-liver oil."

These are the words of an eminent medical teacher.

Another says: "The hypophosphites are generally acknowledged as valuable nerve tonics."

Both these remedies are combined in Scott's Emulsion. Therefore, take it for nervousness, neuralgia, sciatica, insomnia and brain exhaustion.

Get it at all drug stores. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

"Eat More Breakfast"

There isn't a mother anywhere who will have to urge her child to "eat more breakfast" if Tillson's Pan-Dried Rolled Oats are served for the first dish. The delicate richness and the nut-like flavor will make a child call for more and more of them, and oftentimes a child will make a breakfast of Rolled Oats and nothing more.

Let the children have all they want—IT WILL DO THEM GOOD. It is the most wholesome porridge that your child can eat. Best grocers sell "Pan-Dried" but BE SURE YOU GET TILLSON'S.

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FOR FRIDAY:

Candy

Between the hours of 2 and 4 Friday afternoon, we will sell 100 pounds of delicious, choice Creams, worth 20c a pound, for the two hours, only..... 10c

CREAM ALMONDS—High grade French Cream Almonds, manila and strawberry flavoring; worth 40c a pound, for the two hours only, per pound..... 15c

Umbrellas

Another assorted lot of 200 Umbrellas, in ladies' and gentlemen's styles, to be closed out at a fraction of their real value:

UMBRELLAS—36 and 23 inch, Gentlemen's fine pure silk serge, extra tight roll, steel rods and frames, leather casing and silver trimmed handles; worth \$3.50, at \$2.75

UMBRELLAS—36 and 28 inch, made on best steel rods and frames, Gloriosa silk and wool covering, imported natural wood handles, silver trimmed, silk case and tassels; regular price \$2.50, at..... \$1.50

UMBRELLAS—Ladies' Good Silk Umbrellas, extra tight roll, steel rods and frames, black silk casing, an assortment of ivory and gold handles; value \$4; special at..... \$2.25

UMBRELLAS—Ladies' Gloria Covered Umbrellas, on Paragon frames, steel rods, assortment of fancy handles; regular \$1.25; special at..... 50c

A few of those Bargain Rain Coats left.

Black Shirt Waists

Ladies' Black Mercerized Satin Shirt Waists, front tucked in four cluster tucks, detachable collar, for..... \$1.75

Full line of Ladies' Fall and Winter Waists, from..... 75c to \$3.00

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Now Issuing Tickets at Following Rates:

Seattle, Tacoma, Wash..... Return Fare

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New Westminster, B. C..... \$71.55

Portland, Ore..... \$71.55

Kalao, B. C..... \$71.55

Sandon, B. C..... \$71.55

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