OH!

n doth know ne wants the Best Wood re to go; he will treasure n he's at leisure ise the name Y for measure.

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ERTISER, motto is-news," The nt and clean e found susn abreast of

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eirculations weekly edialed by any --with but tion:

men all ind it pays in the ADey get good you.

Company

"Where's the young lord? Why didn't gu bring him with you, my dear? Lord soil Neville, you know?" she explains, the anod and a grin.

Carrie colors for a moment.

"Why didn't? ring him with me! Oh, scause he was do; arge to carry, and he ould not come without! did so."

The old party cackles.

"Full of your spirits as usual, my dear," se says, nodding and smiling. "But we il expected him, you know. So very handome, isn't he, and so immensely rich, m't he?"

n't he?"
''I don't know," says Carrie, sweetly, ''Is
'! Why don't you call and ask him to
ve you a subscription to the Bungalee
issionary Society?"
'Eh? So I will, my dear," says the old
dy, taking the suggestion in all seriousass.

"Do," says Carrie; then she turns away.
"I'm getting rather tired of hearing Lord sell's name," says Willie, rather sullenly.
"Yes," she says, absently, "it is a pity we did not bring a pack of his cartes de visite ad distribute them to-night; they would swe consoled these good people for his absence."

we consoled these good people for his absence.

"It's a nice thing to be a young lord," he ays, looking down moodily.

"I don't know," retorts Carrie, reflectively, "one would be awfully bored. Before morrow's sun has set old Mrs. Callandar ill be down on him—Lord Cecil, not the sulfill be down on him his slippers."

"Miss Harrington, do give me this dance!" ays a voice at her elbow, and a captain of the regiment, a handsome fellow with yellow hair and mustache, stands by pleadingly. Carrie looks at her card—it is empty at present in consequence of her refusals—then he hands it to him.

"Oh, good fortune!" he says, filling up two or three spaces delightedly; but Carrie tops him.

"This one." she says, "no more," and

two or three spaces delightedly; but Carrie stops him.

"This one," she says, "no more," and here is something in her volce that makes im hesitate and look at her.

"But—" he pleads.
"No more," she says, with a smile. "I sidn't mean to dance at all."

He stares; he knows she is the best waltzer in the room, but too centlemanly to ask for reason or expostulate, he bows, and they start.

He stares; he knows she is all to ask for a reason or expostulate, he bows, and they start.

They have not taken a dozen turns before Carrie is conscious of a sudden faint stir in the room, that electric movement of sympathy which a crowd makes when something of common interest occurs, and looking up she sees that all eyes are turned toward the entrance, and that the object of interest is—Lord Cecil Neville.

He is easy distinguishable by his height and the patrician air and bearing which mark him out as a man apart and different from the crowd about him.

Although he is alone and a stranger, he stands quite unembarrassed, his opera hat under his arm, his dark eyes roaming over the scene with that look of quiet reserve and dienity which is his birthright.

Perhaps it is the surprise, but Carrie half tops, and misses her step.

"bey our pardon," she says, quickly.

"My fault!" responds the captain, gallantly. "Are they playing it too fast? all we stop?"

"No, no, 'she says, almost hurriedly. "It is beautiful. Please do not stop." and with a heightened color she increases the pace.

"Why has he come? Why has he changed his mind?" she asks herself, and then, as if shande of feeling any interest, she plunges into conversation with her partner, who, only too delighted to talk, rattles off in his gay, soldierly fashion.

Talking, laughing, and whirling gayly, they make their way to the spot where Lord Cecil stands, leaning against a pillar and taking to Mr. Harrington.

With carefully averted eyes, with her brightest smite, Cartt electry at him, and hough she sees his bow and smile, she takes so notice. She, at least, will not swell the crowd of toadies who are dying to make a luss of Lord Cecil Neville! It is nothing to her if he has changed his mind and honored the regimental ball with his presence.

The dance comes to and end, and with a sigh of regret the captain takes her arm in his.

"Thank you, thank you!" he says. "At any rate I shall have had one good waitz to

"My friends?" he repeats, looking round the room.
"Yes. There is Lady Bellairs, and the duchess, and Lady Sexton; there, at the end of the room, all clustered together in mutual defense against the common herd."
"It see," he says; but he does not offer to go. "As your partner has not come to claim you, will you not give me the remainder of this dance?" he says, suggestively.
"On, he will come," she answers, but rather falteringly.
"Then give me another," he says, and he held out his hand for her card. As he does so, even in the gentle thrill which runs through her at the thought that he will discover her little falsehood, she notices how differently gloved is the hand to that of most of the other men in the room.
"There it is," site says, almost defiantly. He takes the card, and looks at it.
"He does not appear to have put his name down," he says.
Silence.

Ne toos a spiest to have your down," he says.

Silence.
He looks at her face, not downcast, but set constrainedly, and with a flush growing on it. Then he hands her card back.

"Why didn't you say that you did not wish to dance with me?" he says. "Truth is always the best, believe me. You have lost your waltz and wounded me by your want of trust in me."

Carrie is a creature of impulse, easily moved one way or the other. The rebulse, spoken so gravely, yet gently, goes straight to her heart; but she makes one more fight for it.

"One can't say bluntly that one won't dance!" she says. "Besides, it is you who is not candid. If you had wanted to dance with me you would have come earlier. My card is always filled ten minutes after I come," piteously.

"But not to night. Why?" he asks curiously.

"Because— If we are going to stand here

card is always filled ten minutes after I come," piteously.
"But notionight. Why?" he asks curiously.
"Because— If we are going to stand here quarreling, there will be none of the waltz left" she says, naively.
Lord Cecil smiles, and puts his arm round he waist.
"I am afraid I shall never understand you, Miss Carrie!" he says. "You are an Egyptian mystery to me."
She does not answer.
"Sometimes," he says, "I think that I must have met and deeply offended you in some state of former existence. I wonder if it is so?"
"Perhaps," she says; but there is a soft smile on her lins, a subdued light in her eyes, before they have taken a dozen turns; for it is the Myesotis, and Lord Cecil waitzes perfectly. Guarding her carefully against the onstaught of the mexperienced, steering her with admirable foresight and judgment into the clear spaces, holding her firmly and yet not crushingly, as men, alse to often do—he makes the Myosotis waltz a poem of motion as well as music.
Carrie's color comes and goes, her heart beats with a strange sensation that half frightens, half delights her. She forgets the crowded room, the hundreds of pairs of eyes that are watching them enviously, cariously, admiringly—forgets that there must be wrath in the bosoms of the grandees who have to look on and see their white swan, the heir of the Fliz-Harwoods, monopolized by "one of the Harrington girls;" forgets her avowed antagonism to him; forgets her accomplished her him to be added?—the fact that it is he with whom she is dancing.

They are the most beautiful pair in the room. She the acme of girlhood verging on womanhood, he the type of refined patrician comeiness, with his dark, poetic eyes, and the rippling hair; and the crowd look on with reluctant admiration.

(To Be Continued.)

fied—Ah. Lord Cecil! so you have come after all "she breaks off, and Carrie, without looking up, knows that he is standing beside her, with his calm smile and immovable air.

"Yes, Miss Harrington. Second thoughts are best, you know. And now that I am here, will you give me a dance—this, it you can?"

Philippa looks at her card.
"I'm engaged for this," she says.
He turned to the motionless figure with its averted face.
"Miss Carrie" will you take pity on me?"
"I'm engaged," she says, uttering the fib unblushingly.
"Then I am indeed lost," he says.
"Here comes my nartner," says Philippa.

"Then I am indeed lost," he says.

"Here comes my partner," says Philippa, with commendable cheerfullness, as a portly gentleman of middle age comes forward.

"Shall I leave you, Carrie"

"I will take otherge of Miss Carrie until her partner comes," says Lord Cecil.

Carrie flushes.

"Ob, don't trouble," she says: "I can find papa."

But he does not take the plain hint.
"By no means," he says, and they stand silent, side by side.
The dance proceeds, but no one appears to c'aim her, and Lord Cecil looks down at her with his grave smile.

"Your partner does not seem to turn up," he says.

"It doesn't matter," she answers, coldly.

"I would rather, palest."

"I would rather, palest."

he says.

"It doesn't matter," she answers, coldly.
"P ease do not wait."
"I would rather, unless you tell me that you wish me to go."
"I think you ought to go and speak to—your friends," she says.

in axes.

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169 Dundas Street.

CROWDED FROM THE FARM.

The Vast Improvements of Haif

Compel Farmers to Leave Their Home and Sock Their Fortunes Elsewhere.

(New York Eun.)

(New York Eun.)

Prior to 1850, practically the entire agricultural development, as well as the production of the great etaples, was in regions more or less densely covered with forests; and there the bringing into cultivation of a long life. On the other hand, just as soon as the prairie regions were reached, the energetic settler could reduce 80 acres to cultivation by as many days work with a good breaking team; 80 acres the productive power of which averaged a fourth more than that of the 80 covered with stumps, while the labor cost of production was at least a third less than that during the existence of the obstructing stumps, or, say, another generation. Only by the development and cultivation of the prairie areas were the possibilities of improvement in mechanical aids to agriculture made clear; and there these aids have been and still are most in use.

most in use.

Such aids and the saving of all the immense expenditures of labor formerly devoted to removal from the surface and placing in stone fences the boulders of seaboard states and the conversion of the forests into rail fences and cordwood, has these the savet of muscular forces.

board states and the conversion of the forests into rail fences and cordwood, has liberated a wast amount of muscular force that is now either employed in actual production on the farm or in the town or distributing the wares produced.

Forty to fity years ago it was the work of years to split the rails and to inclose a quarter section of land. Now, however, the same area can be inclosed with wire fence at a cost no greater than twelve months wages of an ordinary farm laborer, and the galvanized wire being practically indestructible the fence will last half a century if strung upon posts as durable as locust, mulberry or cedar. The rail fence required almost constant care; it soon decayed and was a never-ending source of annoyance in the harbor furnished for weeds and vermin. But now the labor of inclosing the farm has been reduced at least three-fourths, and the cost maintenance nearly to nothing.

per season of expositiate, as bows, and they with the common of the comm

as the machines are now made larger, cutting a wider eward.

The result of these successive improvements is that, whereas it required ten men to cut and place in shock ten acres of grain 40 years ago, three men now, with the aid of four horses, can place from sixteen to eighteen acres in the shock; and wherever the ordinary hervest time is fairly dry, the "header" enables eight men to cut and place at once in stack 30 acres a day, the labor-saving effected by the header being greater even than that with the self-binder, while the grain is at once secured from the deterioration usually resulting from weathering in the shock. By this progressive advance toward a higher civilization, four men out of the five formerly emyloyed in harvest work have been actually and visibly pushed off the farm and into the ranks of those seeking work in the towns. The work of the farm has deserted the farmer's son; not the son the work.

Equally destructive of employment on the farm have been the mower, the wheeled hay rake, the hay tedder, the hay loader, the self-feeding steam threshing machine, the gray plow, the grain drill, the broadcast seeder, the two-horse corn cultivator, the corn lister and a thousand and one other labor-saving devices; and when to the employment-lessening effects of all these we add the reduction of labor due to cessation of forest clearing, rail and stone fence building, and the conversion of timber into fuel and its carting to town, we can get some idea of that irresistible force which has crowded as many of the sons of the farmer off the soil, and which but for the normons increase of the number of farms up till the middle of the zineties would have crowded still greater numbers into the ranks of those engaged in manufactures and distribution, as it certainly will crowd them in the years to come.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your irrest of the gray in the risk of

Why will you allow a rough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of illing a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Eickle's Anti-Consumptive syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing nd curing all afections of the throat and ungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis' etc.

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Spittal, Burn E Gentleman

We turned November into April in the way of selling Carpets. Never before in the history of this business did we sell so many Carpets and General House Furnishings in the same month. We attribute it to the class of goods and the special inducements we have been offering purchasers of these goods. We have been sewing and laying all carpets at the regular retail price of the carpet alone, and will continue doing so during December. This is an excellent opportunity—and many are taking advantage of it—to furnish the home at a moderate sum. We ark particular attention to our Tapestry Carpets at 55c and our Brussels, with borders to match, at \$1, made and laid. These we claim are not to be equaled in the city and the patterns are shown exclusively in cur show rooms. Our stock also includes:

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all Qualities and Widths. In fact we carry everything usually found in a First-Class Carpet Warehouse. Remnants of Carpets are constantly accumulat-ing here, and we never think of cost in selling them.

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Lehigh Express. *Wabash Express (A) Accommodation Atlantic Express (A) Buy Express *Wabash Express (A) Mixed (C) Erre Limited (A).	3:30 a.m. 12:10 p.m. 10:50 a.m. 4:20 p.m. 5:50 p.m.	2:20 p. 4:25 p. 6:50 p.
MAIN LINE-GO	ing Wes	t.
	ARRIVE.	DEPAI

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Trains arrive from the cast at 11:50 w.m., 8:04 p.m., 11:40 p.m.

Coing West.

LONDON & PORT STANLEY R'Y Taking effect Thursday, Nov. 23, 1893. Going South.

Coing North.

ADVERTISEMENT CHANGES.

It is necessary that copy for changes of advertisements (to be sure of insertion) must be handed in on the day previous to that on which their appearance is desired