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By J. M Barrie, AUTHOR OF "WINDOW IN THRUMS," "WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE," "MY LADY NICOTINE," ETC.

I could only tell her to keep what she

knew to herself.
"Has Rob Dow come back?" I called out after I had started. "Whaur frae?" she replied; and then I

"Whaur frae?" she replied; and then I remembered that all these things had happened while Nanny was at Tilliedrum. In this lite some of the seven ages are spread over two decades, and others pass as quickly as a stage-play. Though a fifth of a season's rain had fallen in a night and a day, it had scarcely kept pace with Gavin. I hurried to the town by the Roads. That brae was as deserted as the country roads, except where children had escaped from their mothers to wade in it. Here and there dams were keeping the water away from one door to send it with greater volume to another, and at points the ground volume to another, and at points the ground and fallen in. But this I noticed without had fallen in. But this I noticed without interest. I did not even realize that I was notding my head painfully to the side where it had been blown by the wind and glued by the rain. I have never held my head straight since that journey.

Only a few looms were going, their peddles in water. I was addressed from sevral doors and windows; once by Charles Will.

"Dinna pretend," he said, "that you've walked in fra the school-house alan!" The

walked in fra the school-house alan!" The rain chased me into this house yestreen, and here it's keeped me, though I bide no further awa than Tiliyloss. "Charles," I said in a low voice, "why is the Auld Licht bell ringing?" "Hee you no heard about Mr. Dishart?" he asked, "Oh man! that's Lang Tammas in the kirk by himsel' tearing at the bell to bring the folk thegither to depose the minister."

Instead of going to Whamond's house in

Instead of going to Whamond's house in the School-wynd I hastened down the Enker's close to the kirk, and had almost to turn back, so choked was the close with floating refuse. I could see the bell swaying, but the kirk was locked, and I battered on its door to no purpose. Then remembering that Hendry Munn lived in Cout's trance, I set off for the house. He saw me crossing the square, but would not open his door until I was close to it.

"When I open," he cried, "squeeze through quick;" but though I did his bidding a rush of water darted in before me.

hing a rush of water darted in before me. Hendry reclosed the door by flinging him-

ministit.

"When I saw you crossing the square,"
he said, "it was surprise enough to cure
he hiecup."
"Hendry," I replied instantly, "why is
the Auld Licht beil ringing?"
He put his finger to his iib. "I see," he
said imperturbably, "you've met our folk
in the glen and heard fra them about the
minister."

"What folk?"
"Mair than half the congregation," he replied, "started for Glen Quharity twa hours syne to help the farmers. You didna

hours syne to help the farmers. You didnate the farmers with the farmers. You didnate the file of the river." Again that question forced my lips, "Why is the bell ringing?" "Canny, dominie," he said, "till we're up the stair. Mysy Moncur's lug's at her keyhole listening to you." "You lie, Hendry Munn," cried an invisible woman. The voice became more plaintive: "I ken a heap, Hondry, so you may as well tell me a." "Liek away at the long you hee." the

as well tell mea?"

"Lick away at the bone you hae," the cobbler replied heartlessly, and conducted me to his room up one of the few inside stairs then in Thrums. Hendry's oddest furniture was five boxes fixed to the wall at such a height that children could climb into them from a high stool. In these his bairns slept, and so space was economized. I could never laugh at the arrangement, as I knew that Betty had planned it on her death-bed for her man's sake. Five little heads bobbed up in their beds as I entered, but more vexing to me was Wearywarld on a stool.

'In by, dominie," he said sociably. "Sal, you needna fear burning wi' a' that water on you, You're in mair danger, o' coming a-boil."

"I want to speak to you alone, Hendry,"

"I want to speak to you alone, Hendry," I said bluntly.

"You winna put me out, Hendry?" the alarmed policeman entreated, "Mind, you said in sic weather you would be friendly to a brute beast. Ay, ay, dominie, what's your news? It's welcome, be it good or bad. You would meet the townsfolk in the glen, and they would tell you about Mr. Dishart. What, you hinna heard? Oh, sirs, he's a lost man. There would has been a meeting the day to despose him if so many hadna gaen to the glen. But the morn'll do as well. The very women is cursing him, and the laddies have begun to gather stones. He's married on an Egyp—"

Egyp—"
"Hendry!" I cried, like one giving an

"Hendry!" I cried, like one fgiving an order.

"Wearywarld, step!" said Hendry, sternly, and then added soft-heartedly. "Here's a bit news that'll open Mysy Moncur's door to you. You can tell her fra me that the bell's ringing just because I forgot to tie it up last nicht, and the wind's shaking it, and I winna gang out in the rain to stop it."

"Ay," the policeman said, looking at me sulkily, "she may open her door for that, but it'll no let me in. Tell me mair. Tell me what he leddy at the manse is."

"Out you go," answered Hendry.

me wha the leddy at the manse is.",
"Out you go," answered Hendry.
"Once she opens her door you can shove
your foot in it, and syne she's in your
power." He pushed Wearywarld out, and
came back to me saying, "It was best to
tell him the truth to keep him fra making
""."

"But is it the truth? I was told Lang

Tammas—"
"Ay, I ken that story; but Tammas has other work on hand."
"Then tie up the bell at once, Hendry,"

"Then the up the ben at once, Henny, I urged.
"I canna," he answered gravely. "Tammas took the keys o' the kirk fra me yestreen and winna gi'e them up. He says the beli's bein rung by the hand o' God."
"Has he been at the manse? Does Mrs. Dishark know—"

"Has he been at the manse: Does and Dishart know—"
"He's been at the manse twa or three times, but Jean barred him out. She'll let nobody in till the minister comes back, and so the mistress kens nothing. But what's the use o' keeping it fra her ony language!"

what's the use o' keeping it fra her ony langer!"
"Every use," I said.
"None," answered Hendry, sadly.
"Dominie, the minister was married to the Egyptian on the hill last nicht, and Tammas was witness. Not only were they married, but they've run aff together."
"You are wrong, Hendry," I assured him telling as much as I dared. "I left Mr. Dishart in my house."

Mr. Dishart in my house."
"What! But if that is so, how the ne "What! But if that is so, how do no no come back wi' you?"
"Because he was nearly drowned in the flood."
"She'll be wi' him?"
"He was alone."
Hendry's face lit up dimly with joy, and then he shook his head. "Tammas was witness," he said. "Can you deny the marriage?"
"All Jask of you." I appeared grandelly.

"All I ask of you." I answered guardedly,

"There can be nothing done, at any rate," he said, "till the folk themselves come back frae the glen, and I needna tell you how glad we would a' be to be as fond o' him as ever. But Tammas was witness."
"Have pity on his mother, man." "Have pity on his mother, man."

"Have pity on his mother, man."
"We've done the best for her we could,"
he replied. "We've prigged wi' Tammas
no to gang to the manse till we was sure
the minister was living. 'For if he has
been drowned,' we said, 'his mother need
never ken what we were thinking o' doing.'
Ay, and were sorry for the young leddy,
too."

"What young lady is this you all talk of?" I asked.

"What young lady is this you all talk of?" I asked.

"She's his intended. Ay, you needna start. She has come a' the road fra Glasgow to challenge him about the gypsy. The pitiful thing is that Mrs. Dishart lauched awa her fears, and now they're baith waiting for his return as happy as ignorance can make them."

"There is no such lady," I said.
"But there is," he answered doggedly, "for she came in a machine late last nicht, and I was ane o' a dezen that baith heard and saw it frae my window. It stopped at the manse near half an hour. What's mair, the lady hersel' was at Sam's Farquharson's in the Tenements the day for twa hours."

I listened in bewilderment and fear.

Sam'l's bairn's down wi' scarlet fever and like to die, and him being a widow man he has gone useless. You manna blame the wives in the Tenements for hauding back. They're flied to smit their ain lithins, and as it happened Sam'l's is a' aff to the glen. Weel, he ran greeting to the manse for Mr. Dishart, and the lady heard him evities to Lay.

"She may be back again by this time.

Tammas set off for Sam'l's as soon as he heard she was there, but he just missed her. I left him there an hour syne. He was waiting for her, determined to tell her

all."

I set off for the Tenements at once, declining Hendry's company. The wind had fallen, so that the bell no longer rang, but the rain was falling dogsedly. The streets were still deserted. I pushed open the precentor's door in the School-wynd, but there was no one in the house. Tibbie Birse saw me, and shouted from her door—

(To be Continued.) (To be Continued.)

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"HIGH OVER ALL."

The Name Which Is Above Every Name.

ful the Greatest and Most

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 1 .- This morn

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 1.—This morning Dr. Talmage discoursed from the text Philippians ii., 9: "The name which is above every name."

Paul is here making rapturous and enthusiastic description of the name of Christ. It is an easy name. Sometimes you forget the name of a quite familiar friend, and you have to think and think before you get it; but can you imagine any freak of intellect by which you should forget the name of Jesus? That word seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. Down to old age, when the voice is tremulous, and uncertain, and indistinct, even then this regal word finds potent utterance.

age, when the voice is tremulous, and uncertain, and indistinct, even then this regal word finds potent utterance.

As we cannot disassociate a name from the character of the person who has the name, that consideration makes the name of Jesus unspeakably beautiful. I cannot pronounce that name in your presence but you think of Bethlehem and Gethsemane and Golgotha, and you see his loving face and you hear his tender voice, and you feel his gentle touch. As soon as I pronounce his name in your presence you think of him who banqueted with heavenly hierarchs, yet came down and breakfasted on the fish which the rough men hauled out of Genesaret; you think of him who though the clouds are the dust of his feet, walked footsore on the road to Emmaus. I cannot speak his name in your hearing this morning, but you think right away of the shining one who helped the blind man to sunlight, and who made the cripple's crutch useless, and who looked down into the laughing eyes of the babe until it struggled to go to him; then flinging his arms around it, and impressing a kiss upon its beautiful brow, said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Oh, beautiful name, the name of Jesus, which stands for love, for patience, for self-sacrifice, for magnanimity, for everything that is good and glorious and tender and sympathetic and kind! It is aromatic with all harmonies. Sometimes, when I look at that name of Jesus Christ, it seems as if the letters were made of tears, and the they seem to be gleaming crowns. Some-

harmonies. Sometimes, when I look at that name of Jesus Christ, it seems as if the letters were made of tears, and then they seem to be gleaming crowns. Sometimes that name seems to be twisted out of the straw on which he lay, and then it seems to be built out of the thrones on which his people are to reign. Sometimes I sound that word Jesus, and I hear it in the sob of Gethsemane and the groan of Calvary, and then I speak his name and it is all a-ripple with gladness and a-ring with hosanna. Glorious name !

Take all the glories of bookbindery and put them around the page on which that name is printed. On Christmas morning wreath is on the wall. Let it drip from harp's string and let it thunder out in organ's diapason. Sound it often, sound it well, until every star shall seem to shine it, and every flower shall seem to breathe it, and mountain and sea, and day and night, and earth and heaven acclaim in full chant. "Blessed be his glorious name forever." "The name which is above every mame."

Have you ever heard in a Methodist

name."

Have you ever heard in a Methodist church, during a time of revival, a scores of souls come to the altar and cry out for mercy under the power of just two lines of glorious old John Wesley?

mercy under the power of just two lines of glorious old John Wesley?

Jesus, the name high overall, In heaven, or earth, or sky.

To the repenting soul, to the exhausted invalid, to the Sunday school girl, to the snow-white octogenarian, it is beautiful. The aged man comes in from a long walk, and he tremulously opens the door of his home, and he hangs his hat on the old nail, and puts his cane in the usual place, and he lies on his couch, and he says to his children and his grandchildren: "My dears, I am going away from you." And they say: "Why, where are you going grand-tather?" "Oh," he says, "I am going to Josus;" and so the old man faints away into heaven.

And the little child comes in from play and she flings herself in your lap, and she says, "Mamma, I'm so sick, I'm so very sick;" and you put her to bed, and the fever is worse and worse, and some midnight while you are shaking up the pillow and giving the medicine she looks up in your face and says, "Mamma, I'm going away from you." You say, "Why, where are you going, my darling?" And she says, I am going to Jesus." And the red cheek that you take to be the mark of the fever turns out to be only the carnation bloom of heaven.

in the Tenements for hauding back. Also, to flied to smit their ain littline, and as it happened Saml's is a' aff to the glen. Weel, he ran greeting to the manse for Mr. Dishart, and the lady heard him crying to Jean through the door, and what does she do but gang straucht to the Tenements wi' Sam'!. Her goodness has naturally put the folk on her side against the minister."

'This does not prove her his intended," I broke in.

'She was heard saying to Sam'!."

answered the kirk-officer, "that the minister being awa it was her duty to take his place. Yes, and though he little kent it, he was already married."

'Hendry," I said, rising, "I must see this lady at once. Is she still at Farquharson's house?"

It is a beautiful when a little deprivation of the dying girl said: "I'm going to Jesus." Then said the little girl that was well, as she bent over to give the parting kiss to her dying playmate: "Well, then, if you are going to Jesus, give my love to him." It is a beautiful name, whether on the lips of childhood or on the lips of the lold man.

are going to Jesus, give my love to him."
It is a beautiful name, whether on the lips of childhood or on the lips of the old man. When my father was dying the village minister said to him, quoting over his pillow this passage: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and there he stopped, Then my father finished the quotation by saying: "Of whom I am chief."

But I remark again, in regard to this name of Christ, that it is a mighty name.
I have seen a man bound hand and foot of the devil and captive of all evil habits, at the sound of that name dash down his shackles and march out forever free. I have seen a man overcome of misfortune and trial, every kind of troubles had he; but at the sound of that name the sea dropped and the clouds parted, and the sunburst of eternal gladness poured upon his soul. I have seen a man hardened in infidelity, defiant of God, full of jeer and scoff, jocose of the judgment day, reckless of eternity, at the sound of that name blanch, and cower, and groan, and kneel, and weep, and repent, and recipice, and recipice and recipice, and recipice and groan, and kneel, and weep, and repent and pray, and believe, and rejoice, and

triumph.

But I remark again, the name of Christ is an enduring name. You get over the fence of the graveyard and you pull the weeds back from the name that has nearly faded from the tombstone, and you wish that Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" would come along and rechisel it so that you might really find out what the name is. Shall the emancipated bondman ever forget who set him free? Shall the blind man ever forget the set him free? Shall the blind man ever forget who be thim free? Shall the blind man ever forget who brought them home? Why, to make the world forget that name would be to burn up all the Bibles and burn down all the churches, and then, in the spirit of universal arson, go through the gate of heaven and put the torich to all the temples and mansions and palaces, until in the swful confagration all heaven went down and the people come out to look upon the charred ruins; but even then they would hear the name of Christin the thunder of falling towers and But I remark again, the name of Christ

in the crash of temple walls, and see it in-terwoven into the flying banners of flame, and the redeemed of heaven would say: "Let the temples and the palaces burn; let them burn. We have Jesus left." Blessed

"Let the temples and the palaces burn; let them burn. We have Jesus left." Blessed be his glorious name forever. The name which is above every name.

My friends, have you made up your mind by what name you will accost Christ when you see him in heaven? Now, that is a practical question. For you will see him, child of God, just as certainly as you sit there and I stand here.

I am staggered with the thought that there may be persons in this house for whom this name has no charm though it is so easy, though it is so beautiful, though it is so potent, though it is so enduring. Oh! come to-day, and see whether there is anything in Christ. I challenge you to test with me this morning whether God is good, and whether Christ it precious, and whether the Holy Ghost is omnipotent. Come, my brother, I challenge you. Come, and we will kneel at the altar of mercy. You kneel en one side of the altar and I will kneel on the other side of the altar of mercy, and we will not get up from one heaves will not get up from one heaves will not get up from one. side of the altar of mercy, and we will not get up from our knees until our sins are pardoned and we are able to ascribe all honor to the name—you pronouncing it and I pronouncing it—"the name which is above every name."

Solomon wasn't in it when he declared that the "borrower is servant to the lender." Everyone who has tried it knows the lender has to wait on the borrower. "Man, Jock, are ye no feared to lie doun in the gutter on a day like this? Ye'll get your death o' cauld." "Hoots, man," was the reply, "I've got my death o' cauld mony a time, and was ne'er a hair the ways o't!" mony a ti waur o't !"

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"ed with biliousness "and constipation Constipation, "for fifteen years; "first one and then "another prepara-Stomach "tion was suggested " tome and tried but to no purpose. At last a friend recommended August Flower. I

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#### RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO NOV. 15, 1891. MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

| 101.001.   |           | -                    |
|--|-----------|----------------------|
| Canada Southern Divisi                                 | on-Goir   | g East.              |
|  |           | Leave St.<br>Thomas, |
| North Shore Limited (daily)                            | 8:30 p.m. | 11:50 p.m            |
| N. Y. Express (daily)<br>American Express (except)     | 8:30 p.m. | 3:00 a.m             |
| Monday)  | 9:50 a.m. | 11:15 a.m            |
| Atlantic Express (daily)                               | 9:50 a.m. | 1:50 p.m             |
| Mail (except Sundays)<br>N. Y. and Boston Express      | 2:25 p.m. |                      |
| (daily)  | 2:25 p.m. | 4:45 p.m             |
| Accom'd'n (except Sunday)                              | 8:30 p.m. |                      |
| Canada Southern Divis                                  | on-Got    | ng West              |
| North Shore Limited (daily)                            | 8:30 p.m. |                      |
| Chicago Express (daily)                                | 8:30 p.m. |                      |
| Chicago L't'd Exp. (daily)<br>American Express (except | 9:50 a.m. | 10:55 a.m            |
| Mondays)   | 9:50 a.m. | 1:30 p.m             |
| Mail (except Sundays)                                  | 2:25 p.m. | 3:15 p.m             |
| Tirteri de weerba commendadan                          |           | P-00                 |
| Pacific Express (daily)                                | 2:25 p.m. | 6:00 p.m             |

Trains arrive in London at 8:25 a.m., 12 m and 6:40 p.m. [Note.—No trains to or from London on JCHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 805 Richmond street.

| outhern<br>c. 7, 1891.  |  |
|---|--|
| oing East   |  |
| ARRIVE.   | DEPAR  |
| 3:35 a.m.<br>12:05 p.m.<br>10:50 a.m.<br>4:20 p.m.<br>6:45 p.m.<br>11:20 p.m. | 6:00 a.n<br>12:10 p.n<br>5:20 p.n<br>\$:25 p.n<br>6:50 p.n                   |
|   | c. 7, 1891.  cing East  ARRIVE.  3:35 a.m.  12:05 p.m. 10:50 a.m.  6:45 p.m. |

ARRIVE. | DEPART. 5:10 a.m. 6:30 a.m. 6:45 a.m tChicago Express (A).
tWest End Mixed....
tEric Limited...
tSt. I onis Express (A).
tAccommodation... 11:30 a.m. 11:20 a.m. 11:25 a.m. 12:40 p.m. 6:50 p.m. 9:55 p.m. Pacific Express (A)... 7:20 p.m Mail...... Sarnia Branch. ARRIVE, | DEPART

..... ARRIVE. | DEPART. London, Euron and Bruce.

ARRIVE. | DEPART. London and Port Stanley.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch. ARRIVE. | DEPART. 
 Mixed-Mail
 11:20 a.m.
 7:36 a.m

 Express
 1:50 p.m.
 Express

 Express
 5:50 p.m.
 2:30 p.m

 Express-Mixed
 6:25 p.m.
 6:06 p.m

Toronto Branch. Hamilton—Depart—
a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | Hamil ton—Arrive— a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | p.m.

These trains for Montreal,
† There trains for Montreal,
† There trains from Montreal,
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| Stations.         | Ext   | Exp  | Mix   | A |
|-------------------|-------|------|-------|---|
|                   | A. M. | P,M. | A.M.  | P |
| Sarnia (G. T. R.) |       |      | 7:40  |   |
| Courtright        |       | 5:45 | 8:20  |   |
| M. C. R. Junction | ****  | 7.45 | 10:35 | 1 |
| Fargo (M. C. R.)  | 8.13  | 1    | 2:30  |   |
| Elenheimarr       | 8:25  | 1    | 11:20 | 1 |
| Trains No.        | rth.  |      |       |   |

Exp Exp Mix A.85 P.M. P.M. 8.30 2:55 6:45 8:43 3:10 6:00 farr 9:08 3:30 6:29 9:13 3:37 .... Blenheim..... Fargo (M. C. P.)..... Chatham (C. P. R.)..... N. C. R. Junction ... Courtright ......

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