

The..... Musician

"Now, I am going to give you some advice. This Herr von Francis—your teacher, or whatever he is. Be cautious what you are about with him. I don't say more, but I say that again—be cautious! Don't burn your fingers. Now, I have not much time, and I hate writing letters, as you know. In a week I am to be married, and then—vous verrons. We go to Paris first, and then on to Rome, where we shall winter—to gratify my taste, I wonder, or Sir Peter's, for modelling ruins ancient pictures, and the Coliseum by moonlight! I have no doubt that we shall do our duty by the respectable old structures. Remember what I said, and write to me now and then. Adelaide."

I frowned and puzzled a little over this letter. Be cautious? In what possible way could I be cautious? What could there be for it when all that passed between me and Von Francis was the daily singing lesson at which he was so strict and severe, sometimes so sharp and cutting with me. I saw him then; I saw him also at the constant protest to parents whose season had already begun; to the "Fassions-musik," the "Messiah" etc. At one or two of these concerts I was to sing. I did not like the idea but I would not make Von Francis see it as I did. He said I must sing—it was part of my studies, and I was fain to bend to his will.

Von Francis—I looked at Adelaide's letter, and smiled again. Von Francis had kept his word; he had behaved to me as a kind elder brother, remained insistently to understand the wish, which was very strong on my part, not to live entirely at Miss Hamilton's expense—to provide partially at any rate, for myself, if possible. He helped me to do this. Now he brought me some music to be copied; now he told me of a young lady who wanted lessons in English—now of one little thing, now of another, which kept me to my pride and joy, in such slender pocket money as I needed. Truly, I used to think in those days, it does not need much money nor much room for a person like me to keep her place in the world. I wished to trouble no one—only to work as hard as I could, and do the work that was set for me as well as I knew how. I had my wish and so far was not unhappy.

But what did Adelaide mean? True, I had once described Von Francis to her as young, that is, youngish, clever, and handsome. Did she, remembering my well-known susceptibility, fear that I might fall in love with him and compromise some silly Schwärmerei? I laughed about all by myself at the very idea of such a thing. Fall in love with Von Francis, and—my eyes fell upon the two windows over the way. No; my heart was pure of the faintest feeling for him, save that of respect, gratitude, and liking founded at that time more on esteem than spontaneous growth. And he—I smiled at that idea, too.

In all my little interviews with Von Francis throughout our intercourse he maintained one unvaried tone, that of a kind, frank, protecting interest, with something of the patron on his part. He would converse with me about Schiller and Goethe, true, he would also caution me against such and such shopkeepers as extortioners, and tell me the place where they gave the largest discount on music paid for on the spot; would discuss the "Waldstein" or "Appassionata" with me, or the beauties of Rubinstein or the deep meanings of Schumann, also the relative cost of living on pension or providing for one's self.

No, Adelaide was mistaken. I wished, parenthetically, that she could make the acquaintance of Von Francis, and learn how mistaken—again my eyes fell upon the opposite windows. Friedrich, Heffen, and even from one, holding fast Courvoisier's boy. The rich Italian coloring of the young face; the dusky hair; the glow upon the cheeks, the deep blue of his serge dress made the effect of a warmly tinted southern flower; it was a flower-face, too, delicate and rich at once.

Adelaide's letter dropped unheeded to the floor. Two eyes could not see me, and I had joy in watching them. To say, however, that I actually watched my opposite neighbors would not be true. I studiously avoided watching them; never sat in the window; seldom showed myself at all, though in passing I sometimes allowed myself to linger, and so had glimpses of those within. They were three and I was one. They were the happier by two. Or if I knew that they were out, that a probe was going on, or an opera or concert, there was nothing I liked better than to sit for a time and look at the opposite windows. They were nearly always open, as were also mine. For the heat of the stove was oppressive to me and I preferred to temper it with a little of the raw outside air. I used sometimes to hear from those opposite rooms the practising or playing of passages on the violin and violoncello—scales, shakes, long complicated flourishes and phrases. Sometimes I heard the very same strains that I had to sing to; airs, scraps of airs, synopses from operas, concerts, and symphonies. They were always humming and singing things. They came home haunted with "The Last Rose," from "Marta"—now come air from "Faust," "Der Freischütz," or "Tannhäuser."

But one air was particular to Eugen.

who seemed perfectly possessed by it— which I had heard him humming when I first met him—the March from "Lohengrin." He whistled and sang it; played it on violin, cello, and piano; hummed it first thin in the morning and last thing at night; harped upon it until in despair, his companion threw books and music at him, and he, dodging them, laughed, begged pardon, was silent for five minutes, and then the March da capo set in a halting kind of measure to the ballad.

By way of a slight and wholesome variety there was the whole repertoire of "Volkslieder," from "Du, du, liegst mir im Herzen,"

"Du, du, liegst mir im Sinn,"

up to "Madelé, ruck, ruck, ruck."

Sometimes they—one or both of them with the boy might be seen at the window, leaning out, whistling or talking. When doors banged and quick steps rushed up and down the stairs, two steps at a time, I knew it was Courvoisier. Heffen's movements were slower and more sedate.

I grew to know his face as well as Eugen's, and to like it better the more I saw it. A quite young, boyish face, with an inexpressible purity, true and good expression upon the mouth and in the dark brown eyes.

Retentive, as most good faces are, but a face which made you desire to know the body of Mine Deputy Purchas.

The body of Mine Deputy Purchas has been recovered from the wrecked Sydney, C. B., mine.

H. S. Peter's new clothing factory at Welland will be opened in a few days.

The owner of it, made you feel that you could trust him in any trial. His face reminded me in a distant manner of two others, also faces of musicians, but greater in their craft than he, they being creators and pioneers, and he only a disciple of Beethoven and of the living master Rubinstein.

A gentle, though far from weak face, and such a contrast in expression and everything else to that of any musician as to make me wonder sometimes whether they had been drawn to each other from very opposite points of disposition and character.

That they were very great friends I could not doubt; that the leadership was on Courvoisier's side was no less evident. Eugen's affection for Heffen seemed to have something fatherly in it, while I could see that both joined in an absorbing worship of the boy, who was a very Grosseus in love if in nothing else.

Sigmund had, too, an adorer in a third musician, a violinist, one of their characters, who apparently spent much of his spare substance in purchasing presents of toys and books and other offerings, which he laid at the shrine of St. Sigmund, with what success I could not tell. Beyond this young fellow, Karl Linders, they had not many visitors. Young men used occasionally to appear with violoncelles in their hands, coming for lessons, probably.

All these things I saw without absolutely watching for them; they came to me as I sat at my desk, and the most trifling facts connected with a person around whom cling all one's deepest pleasures and deepest pains ever do and must make. I was glad to know them, but at the same time they impressed the loneliness and aloneness of my own life more decidedly upon me.

I remember one small incident which at the time I happened, struck home to me. My windows were open; it was an October afternoon, mild and sunny. The yellow light shone with a peaceful warmth upon the afternoon quietness of the street. Suddenly that quietness was broken. The sound of music the peculiar blaring noise of trumpets snote the air. I came nearer, and with it the measured tramp of feet. I rose and went to look out. A Hussar regiment was passing; before them was borne a soldier's coffin; they carried a comrade to his grave. The music they played was the "Funeral March for the Death of a Hero," from the "Sinfonia Eroica." Muffled, slow and mournful, it went throbbing by. The procession passed slowly on in the October sunshine, along the Schadowstrasse, turning off by the Hofgarten, and so on to the cemetery. I leaned out of the window and looked after it—forgetting all outside, till just as the last of the procession passed by my eyes fell upon Courvoisier going into his house, and who presently entered the room. He was unperceived by Friedrich and Sigmund who were looking after the procession. The child's face was earnest—almost solemn—he had not seen his father come up. I saw Heffen's lips caress Sigmund's loose black hair that waved just beneath them.

Then I saw a figure—only a black shadow to my eyes, which were dazzled by the sun—come behind them. One hand was laid upon Heffen's shoulder, another turned the child's chin. What a change! Friedrich's grave face smiled; Sigmund sprang aside, made a leap to his father, who stooped to him, and clasping his arms tight round his neck was raised up in his arms.

They were all satisfied—all smiling—all happy. I turned away. That was a home—that was a meeting of three affections. What more could they want? I shut the window—but it all out, and myself with it into the cold, feeling my lips quiver. It was very fine, this life of independence and self-support, but it was very lonely.

The days went on. Adelaide was now Lady Le Marchant. She had written to me again, and warned me once more to be careful what I was about. She had said that she liked her life—at least she said so in her first two or three letters, and then there fell a sudden utter silence about herself which seemed to me ominous.

Adelaide had always acted upon the assumption that Sir Peter was a far from strong-minded individual, with a certain hardness and cunning perhaps in relation to money matters, but nothing that a clever wife, with a strong enough sense of her own privileges, could not overcome.

She said nothing to me about herself. She told me about Rome; who

was there; what they did and looked like; she wrote; what compliments were paid to her—that was all.

Stella told me my letters were dull—and I dare say they were—and that there was no use in her writing, as nothing ever happened in Skerford, which was also true. And as for Eugen, we were on exactly the same terms—or no terms—as before. Opposite neighbors, and as far removed as if we had lived at the antipodes.

My life, as time went on, grew into a kind of fossilized dream, in which I rose up and lay down, practised so many hours a day, ate and drank and took my lesson, and it seemed as if I had been living so for years, and should continue to live on so to the end of my days—until one morning my eyes would not open again, and for me the world would have come to an end.

CHAPTER II.

It was December, close upon Christmas. Winter at last in real earnest. A black frost. The earth bound in fetters of iron. The land gray; the sky steel; the wind a dagger. The trees, leafless and stark, rattled their shivered boughs together in that wind.

It met you at corners and froze the words out of your mouth; it whistled a low, fiendish, malignant whistle round the houses; as vicious and little louder than the buzz of a mosquito.

It swept—thin, keen, cutting—down the Königsallee, and blew fine black dust into one's face.

It cut up the skaters upon the pond in the Neur Anlage, which was in the centre of the town, and comparatively sheltered; but it was in its glory, whistling across the fields leading to the great skating-pond of Elberthal in general.

The Grafenberg was a low chain of what, for what of a better name, may be called hills, lying to the north of Elberthal. The country all around this unfortunate apology for a range of hills was, if possible, flatter than ever.

The Grafenberg itself was, properly, no "range" at all, but a broad plain of meadows, with the railway cutting them at one point, then diverging and running on under the Grafenberg.

One vast meadow which lay, if possible, a trifle lower than the rest, was flooded regularly by the autumn rains but not deeply. It was frozen over now, and formed a model skating place and so, apparently, thought the people of the town, for they came out, singly or in bodies, and from nine in the morning till dusk, the place was crowded; and the merry music of the iron on the ice ceased not for a second.

I discovered this place of resort by accident one day when I was taking a constitutional, and found myself upon the borders of the great frozen meadow covered with skaters. I stood looking at them, and my blood warmed at the sight. If there were one thing, one accomplishment upon which I prided myself, it was this very one—skating.

In a drawing room I might feel awkward—confused among clever people, bashful among accomplished ones; shy about music and painting, diffident as to my voice, and deprecatory in spirit as to the etiquette to be observed at a dinner party. Give me my skates and put me on a sheet of ice, and I was at home.

As I paused and watched the skaters it struck me that there was no reason at all why I should deny myself that seasonal enjoyment. I had my own skates, and the mere was large enough to hold me as well as the others—indeed, I was in the distance great tracts of virgin ice to which no skater seemed yet to have reached.

I went home, and on the following afternoon carried out my resolution; though it was after three o'clock before I could get out.

A long, bleak way. First, up the merry Jägerhofstrasse, then through the Malkasten garden, up a narrow lane, then out upon the open, bleak road, with that bitter wind going ping-ping at one's ears and upon one's cheek. Through a big gateway, and a courtyard pertaining to an orphan asylum—along a lane bordered with apple trees through a rustic arch, and hurrah! the field was before me—not so thickly covered as yesterday as it was getting late, and the Elberthalers did not seem to understand the joy of careering over the black ice by moonlight, in the night wind. It was, however, as yet far from dark, and the moon was rising in silver yonder, in a sky of a pale but clear blue.

I quickly put on my skates—summed to the edge, and set off. I took a few turns, circling among the people, then, seeing several turn to look at me, I fixed my eyes upon a distant clump of reeds rising from the ice, and resolved to make it my goal. I could only just see it, even with my long-sighted eyes, but struck out for it bravely. Past group after group of the skaters, who turned to look at my scarlet shawl as it flashed past, I glided on, till I came to the outside circle where there was a skater all alone, his hands thrust deep into his greatcoat pockets, the collar of the same turned high above his ears, and the inevitable little gray cloth studentenhat crowning the luxuriance of waving dark hair. He was gliding round in complicated figures and circles, doing the outside edge for his own solitary gratification, so far as I could see; active, graceful, and muscular, with practised ease and assured strength in every limb. It needed no second glance on my part to assure me who he was—even if he had not bright eyes had not been caught by anything so much. I skated on, as the flash of my cloak, and gravely raised for a moment as I flew by. I dashed on, breasting the wind. To

reach the bunch of weeds seemed more than ever desirable now. I would make it my soul companion until it was time to go away. At least he had seen me, and I was safe from any contempts—he would avoid me as strenuously as I avoided him. But the first fresh lust after pleasure was gone. Just one moment's glance into a face had had the power to alter evfast, as surely, as ever, but the pleasant sensation of solitude, which I could so easily have felt among them, was gone. The roll of my skates upon the ice had lost its music for me; the wind felt colder—I sadder. At least I thought so. Should I go away again, now that this disturbing element had appeared upon the scene? No, no, no! said something eagerly within me, and I bit my lip, and choked back a kind of sob of disgust as I realized that, despite my gloomy reflections, my heart was beating a high, rapid march of joy. I skimmed, all alone, far away from the crowd among the dismal withered weeds, and round the little islets of stiffened grass and rushes, which were frozen upright in their places.

The daylight faded, and the moon rose. The people were going away. The distant buzz of laughter had grown silent. I could dimly discern some few groups, but very few, still left, and one or two solitary figures. Even my preternatural sagaciousness could not discern who they were. The darkness, the long walk home, the probe at seven, which I should be too tired to attend, all had quite slipped from my mind; it was possible that among those figures, which I still dimly saw, was yet remaining that of Courvoisier, and surely there was no harm in my staying here.

I struck out in another direction, and flew on in the keen air; the frosty moon shedding a weird light upon the black ice; I saw the railway lines, polished, gleaming too in the light; the belt of dark firs to my right; the red sand soil frozen hard and silvered over with frost. Flat and tame, but still beautiful. I felt a kind of rejoicing in it; I felt it home. I was probably the first person who had been there since the freezing of the mere, thought I, and that idea was soon converted to a certainty in my mind, for in a moment, my career was interrupted. At the furthest point from human presence or help the ice gave way with a crash, and I shrieked aloud at the shock of the water. "Oh, how cold it was! how piercing, frightful, numbing! It was not deep—scarcely above my knees—but the difficulty was how to get out. Put my hand where I would, the ice gave way. I could only plunge in the icy water, feeling the sudden grass under my feet. What sort of things might there be in that water? A cold shudder, worse than any ice, shot through me at the idea of new ice, and rats and water-serpents, absurd though it was. I scrambled again in desperation, and tried to hack myself out by catching at the rushes. They were rotten and gave way in my hand. I made a frantic effort at the ice again; stumbled and fell on my knees in the water. I was wet all over now, and I gasped. My limbs ached agonizingly with the cold. I should be, if not drowned, yet benumbed, frozen to death here alone in the great mere, among the frozen reeds and under the steady sky.

Continued on page 3.

A MODERN MIRACLE

HE HAD ECZEMA 25 YEARS AND DOCTORS SAID "NO CURE" YET ZAM-BUK HAS WORKED COMPLETE CURE.

This is the experience of a man of high reputation, widely known in Montreal, and whose case can readily be investigated. Mr. T. M. Marsh, the gentleman referred to, lives at 101 Belvedere Avenue, Montreal, and has lived there for years. For twenty-five years he had eczema on his hands and wrists. The disease first started in red blotches, which itched, and when scratched became painful. Bad sores followed, which discharged, and the discharge spread the disease until his hands were one raw painful mass of sores. Just think of this state of affairs continuing for twenty-five years!

In that time four eminent medical men tried to cure him, and each gave up the case as hopeless in the end. Naturally, Mr. Marsh tried remedies of all kinds, but he also at last gave it up. For two years he had to wear gloves day and night so terrible was the pain at itching when the air got to the sores.

Then came Zam-Buk! He tried it, just as he had tried hundreds of remedies before. But he soon found out that Zam-Buk was different. Within a few weeks there were distinct signs of benefit, and a little perseverance with this great herbal balm resulted in what he had given up all hope of—a complete cure! And the cure was no temporary cure. It was permanent. He was cured nearly three years ago.

Interviewed the other day, Mr. Marsh said: "The cure which Zam-Buk worked has been absolutely permanent. From the day that I was cured to the present moment I have had no trace of eczema, and I feel sure it will never return. Having suffered for twenty-five years I had naturally concluded that my case was incurable, and I regard my cure as a modern miracle."

—If you suffer from any skin trouble cut out this article, write across it the name of the paper, and mail it, with one cent stamp to pay return postage, to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. We will forward you by return a free trial box of Zam-Buk. All druggists and stores sell this famous remedy 50c. box, or three for \$1.25. Refuse harmful substitutes.

A MALICIOUS LIBEL

House Discusses Savage Article in English Paper.

AN ATTACK ON THE WEST

R. S. Lake of Qu'Appelle Draws Attention of Members to an Article in "John Bull" Vilifying Western Canada—Prairie Men's Opinions Too Strong For Words—The Senate Talks of Reindeers.

Ottawa, Jan. 13.—For over an hour in the House of Commons yesterday the west "hit back" to an article which both the Prime Minister and the Opposition leader described as maliciously libellous, published in the English periodical, edited by Horatio Bottomley, the eccentric financier, journalist, and Parliamentarian. The Canadian west and its people had been anatomized. Settlers were represented as freezing and starving to death, and gruesome pictures were drawn of the hardships alleged to have been experienced. Corruption was described as rife, and officialdom as a by-word for robbery, while the women were declared to be of the lowest class. The article added that the English settlers were discriminated against in favor of Germans and Americans. All of which, when brought to the attention of the House by Mr. Lake (Qu'Appelle)—himself of English birth—caused some vigorous western plain speaking from the representatives to the sunset side of the great lakes.

Dr. Schaffner (Souris) complained that he must necessarily express his sentiment in thought, as the language he would use would be censored by Parliamentary propriety.

Dr. Clark (Red Deer), however, found opportunity in the incident to ventilate what he termed an English-born Canadian's opinion of "the fool talk of British decadence with which defeated and discredited Unionist politicians sought to lie ignorance into disquiet." He alluded to the address of Sir Joseph Lawrence to the Empire Club in Toronto, in which the latter declared that the price Britain was paying for free trade was one million water, as the utterance of a man who was either ignorant or irresponsible.

Mr. Ralph Smith (Nanaimo) opined that the article complained of was penned by "a degenerate, useless Englishman who had failed to make good."

"I have no respect for that freedom of the press," quoth Mr. E. L. Borden, "which permits a man in a representative position to publish what he knows to be thoroughly and contemptibly false."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was grateful that the matter had been brought to the attention of the House. "Not that I am afraid," he observed, "because they are so false that they carry their own repudiation, but because of the malice with which they are evidently actuated." It was significant that the libels had been most vigorously met by the English-born members from the west. The allegations were dispelled in no more emphatic way than by the presence of so many of these gentlemen in the Canadian House of Commons.

In the Senate yesterday Senator Landry asked if the Government had given Dr. Grenfell financial aid to place draught reindeer in Canadian Labrador, and if Dr. Grenfell had not placed the reindeer in Canada, would the Government give further aid.

Sir Richard Cartwright said the Government had granted such aid, and was satisfied with the manner in which Dr. Grenfell had carried out the undertaking. Further aid would be granted.

On motion of Senator Landry the Senate ordered a statement of sums received by the National Battlefields Commission, the expenses of the commission and payments for land.

Senator Loughheed said that the Senate had come back from a long vacation with the expectation of finding a large amount of business ready for its consideration, but had been disappointed, as apparently there was really nothing ready for it. He asked what the prospects were of the Government providing the Senate with some work to do.

Sir Richard Cartwright said that the Senate and the Commons had come back from their vacation on the same day and this might account for the condition of which had not come up from the Commons. However, he expected that there would be a large amount of legislation placed before the Senate within a very short time.

Suit For Slander. Windsor, Jan. 13.—R. H. Holland, who was defeated by Walter Chater in the recent mayoralty race in Walkerville, yesterday issued a writ against Customs Officer John Bailey of Walkerville, claiming \$10,000 for slander. Bailey, on nomination day, is alleged to have made a strong speech against Holland, in which, Holland says, he was called dishonest and charged with leading people in making real estate deals.

Stranded in Europe. Boston, Jan. 13.—The filing of the bankruptcy schedule of the Collectors Tours Co., shows that between 25 and 30 Americans who had paid for tickets for a tour around the world are stranded at various points in Europe and Asia. The liabilities of the company aggregate nearly \$49,000, with assets of less than \$2,500.

Sir Thomas Brocklebank Dead. Pittsburgh, Jan. 13.—Cable despatches to this city announce the death in Liverpool yesterday of Sir Thomas Brocklebank, baronet, father of Mrs. George Westinghouse, jr., of this city. He was 63 years old and was made a baronet by Queen Victoria. He leaves a widow and three sons and three daughters.

HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbus, Ohio.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life. My doctor told me it was good, and since taking it I feel so much better that I can do all my work again. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fine remedy for all women's troubles, and I never forget to tell my friends what it has done for me." Mrs. E. HANSON, 804 East Long St., Columbus, Ohio.

Another Woman Helped. Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter." Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

To Sign Boundary Treaty. London, Jan. 13.—J. P. Crommelin, Liberal minister in London and diplomatic agent to France, left yesterday for Paris, where he has been authorized to sign the boundary treaty between France and Liberia. This treaty was negotiated in 1907, and its consummation was made recently a condition upon which France would approve the American project for the re-establishment of the finances of Liberia.

Comb Penetrated Scalp. London, Ont., Jan. 13.—When crossing the icy street at the corner of Talbot and Dundas street yesterday Mrs. John Westman of East Dundas street fell, striking her head on the ground. The comb in her hair penetrated the scalp and caused a serious wound. Her head was also severely bruised.

Threw Snuff In Theatre. Welland, Jan. 13.—For the past few nights some unknown person has been throwing snuff in the Drexel Theatre, with the result that it was impossible to continue the performance. On Tuesday night Frank Shuter was arrested and fined \$14 for the offence.

Severed His Arm. Harrison, Jan. 13.—While operating a straw-cutting machine on his farm at Drew Station, Arthur Shannon's hand came in contact with the rapidly-revolving knives, which severed the right arm below the elbow. He is expected to recover.

MUSICAL. CLARENCE E. GILMOUR Organist and choir-master St. James' Anglican Church, will accept position as Piano, Organ, Theory, and Vocal Soloist over Bowman & Co.'s store, Thames street, terms on application.

DENTAL. W. J. MacMURRAY, D.D.S., D.D.S., Dentist, first-class honor graduate Toronto University. Over Thurlthill's Drug Store, Entrance three doors south of Post Office. Hours 9 to 12 a.m., 1:30 to 6 p.m. Local phones Office 219, residence 337.

OR. SUDWORTH, DENTIST. Office King street, opposite the market, Residence, 72 Albert St. Phone, 100.

MEDICAL. DR. J. D. MacDONALD, M.C.P.S., Honor graduate Western University, late house surgeon, Victoria Hospital, London. Office, Thames street over Canadian Express. Ingleton telephone 260.

J. A. NEFF, M.D., C.M., M.C.F. & S.O. Physician, surgeon and accoucheur, Office hours 9 to 10:30 a.m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m. Office Charles street west, Phone, No. 9.

LEGAL. J. GARFIELD GIBSON, BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, etc.; Solicitor for the Royal Bank of Canada; Money to loan. Office, Thames street, over the Tribune; phone, Bell 224.

M. WALSH, BARRISTER. NOTARY PUBLIC, solicitor in the supreme court of Ontario, etc. Money to lend, Mortgages bought and sold. Special attention to home and foreign patents. Office, up stairs Walsh's Block, Thames street, Ingleton.

AUCTIONEER. ALEX. ROSE, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of Oxford and Middlesex. Farm sales promptly attended to at reasonable rates.

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops cough, cures cold, heals the throat and lungs.