

Uneffectual Fire.

He drew nearer to her; possibly he thought that renewed tenderness might overcome this new willfulness, some indications of which he had seen of late. She moved away pettishly.

"Let's go back," she said, "it's late anyhow."

Ben felt strangely checked and thwarted by her manner. He was not unprepared for a lover's quarrel now and then, but this coolness, this increasing perversity and regret he told her lead the way from Whaler's lot toward home. Trena herself could have cried with vexation. She had so lamentably failed in producing the effects she longed for. Ben could not care for her as that other lover cared! Why, if Ben must kiss her, could he not have kissed her hand? That one swift kiss she had seen on the beach seemed to her awakened imagination more potent, more intense, fuller of concentrated feeling than all Ben's words and demonstrations.

The month went slowly by. With grand unconsciousness of the petty ebb and flow of human love and jealousy and regret, the mighty tides swept themselves over the unresisting sand, or when a storm arose, in magnificent contempt of bondage, dashed themselves over the rocks about the light-house. The days were growing steadily shorter, but the afternoons were still sunny, and still Judith and Kane made their way through the long, strong, but yet unsuccessful-looking beach grass, to the hard sand, and across it to the old wreck. Behind the old wreck often crouched a picturesque figure whose heart was filled with mingled sensations of envy, admiration, dissatisfaction, and something stronger yet, while she listened, half-comprehending, half-bewildered, to their talk with occasional flashes of passion. Then followed other scenes in Whaler's lot, on the rocks, near the narrow door-stone of the fisherman's village—wherever Ben and Trena met, which she, with the ignorance of a child and the persistence of a woman, strove to infuse with the caustic mockery and the skeptical spirit of which she had half caught the significance, and so wounded and angered Ben until he slowly and unwillingly became bitter, suspicious and resentful.

But to his moods Trena was strangely indifferent; it was as if she were under a spell—the spell of the spirit of the time, and to her the drama of the sands lacked one thing—climax. Were they going on forever in this way? She wondered. Still Judith talked of the sea and life and people, and appealed to him to listen to her, and now she listened and commented, and now she said sharp, uncompromising things, and lazily acquiesced in her interruptions. Was this to be all? She grew impatient for something—she did not know for what. Her unresponsive human heart craved change.

One day, the afternoon had grown almost into evening, and they did not come. Trena, half-asleep in her corner, roused herself to go back—it was her supper hour. Before she rose she heard voices.

"How can you be so impatient," said Miss V. a Wert, with an inflection of lingering surprise, "with that eagerness before your eyes?"

"Good heavens, Judith!" her companion exclaimed, "haven't you had enough of my patience yet? I should think I had had too much even for you!"

"Look!" she repeated, insistently.

"Yes," she said, "it is very beautiful, but it is unsympathetic."

"Oh, Randal!" she sighed, "sometimes I think it is your sympathetic people that do all the harm in the world."

"Enough of your paradoxes!" he said, almost roughly.

"Oh, but it is," she persisted. "What we want is example, not sympathy. Now to drift into a peace like that!" She stood against the wreck, looking seaward. She was in gray and white, a soft gray, blended with the weather-beaten color of the ship. The sea was perfectly still beyond the line of the surf, which seemed to roll in, curve, and break lingeringly, almost gently, under the hush of the sky. A warm pink, felt rather than seen, glowed under the translucent mother-of-pearl of the sky and water. All up and down the sand was a warm stillness. The distant sail lay becalmed in the heart of the sea.

"I do not want peace," said the man. "I have not your everlasting susceptibilities." She laughed a little.

"How cruel you are," she said. "If it were not for my susceptibilities, as you call them, you would never have cared for me at all."

"Heaven knows," he answered, "but I do care for you. I don't care much why."

"But I like my susceptibilities to be discriminating," she demurred.

"And it is nothing to me what your admirers are. I am your lover."

"Oh, dear," she sighed, gently resting her head against a broken upright beam and meeting his disinterested eyes, "you are so dreadfully uncompromising."

He laughed angrily. "And you are so distinctly tempering."

"No, I am not—naturally," she replied, slowly. "I am hating between two opinions."

He looked at her steadily. The dissatisfaction died out of his face, giving place to a keen scrutiny. The warmth was ebbing from the mother-of-pearl, and leaving only the soft gray—like the color of her gown.

"I wonder if you know what that implies," he said at last. She lifted her eyes to his frankly, with the same level, unmoved glance.

"Yes," she answered, quietly, "I know. But I never get far beyond implication."

"I wonder if you ever will," he said, half-smiling, "ever get as far as that?"

"Confession," she interrupted, "perhaps. And then—well, there will be something to say besides good-bye," and she held out her hand.

"Walk with me once up the beach," he said, "and then come back, and I will say good-bye."

Trena's eyes followed them as they moved up the beach. She did not dare wait for their return. It was late, and though her mother had so little time to spare from worrying about her father, she might speculate concerning her absence and possibly send some one to look for her. Moreover, for the first time, she felt overpoweringly that she had no right to be there. She shrank from witnessing their parting. Before it had seemed a spectacle—tonight she knew that she was listening to a man and woman speaking one to the other. She knew how it must end and it was this very end that she had longed for—she need not wait to see it. People who were going to say a real good-bye did not talk like that about it. Her instinct told her that this was but the prelude to love's sorrow.

Swiftly, in the growing dimness which shrouded the distant outlines, she slipped out and ran across the sand toward home. The sail still lay becalmed on the glassy gray of the water, the gray of the sky was tender and warm, but the pulse of crimson which

had thrilled it with deeper meanings had vanished. Nevertheless, to Trena's eager eyes the scene still thrilled and glowed with the intensity of a lover's farewell.

CHAPTER III.

Trena's mother regarded life on the seaboard as a possession of the fairest possible tenure. She was an inland woman, born and bred, and when she married a fisherman she knew next to nothing of the apprehension that was henceforth to be her daily food. She could not grow accustomed to the ocean; she looked upon the confidence of those who lived on its shores and went down into it in ships of all varieties of promise and performance, as a fatalism little less than impious. To her it was a medium in which people were drowned, no more, no less. And those who trusted themselves to a surface which was never intended to be relied upon were sure to meet this fate sooner or later. Naturally it was only a matter of time when her husband should share the common lot. It would have imparted no comfort to have suggested to her that for those who dwell on the dryest kind of land it is only a matter of time. Capt. Polton never went out in his boat that she did not think that he might not go again. She had learned to keep her forebodings to herself; they were not, she soon realized, in the spirit of the place, and were never received by her husband with anything but good-humored ridicule. But as she made her bread, or swept her kitchen, or fried her fish, she cast glances at the broad, glistening, tumultuous ocean which might have been those of a Hindoo once, but many times, had the poor woman's imagination presented to her every detail of the scene she felt was inevitable: the heavy sea, the sturdy, struggling boat, the final plunge, without recover, into the trough of the waves; the captured wreck floating helplessly in, and on another day perhaps, the finding of the once strong form, on the dreary beach, of the man whose still hand would never guide the rudder or feel a sail again; the heavy tramp of the men carrying something with a sail cloth over it into the little kitchen. With herself in widow's weeds, and Trena in deep black, the forecast ended in shere despair. This had been enough in the way of apprehension; but now, while her husband was out later than usual on a rough night, and while she listened for the slow, heavy step of the bearers, she had to note that Trena had grown pale and tired-looking.

(To Be Continued.)

That Tired Feeling.

Is a dangerous condition directly due to depleted or impure blood. It should not be allowed to continue, as in its debility the system is especially liable to serious attacks of illness. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for such a condition, and also for that weakness which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients, clean, some Chinese and many Africans use the ear as a pocket to carry coins and other small articles.

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

Australia has more places of public worship in proportion to population than any other country.

At Death's Door.—Dyspepsia Conquered.—A Great Medical Triumph.

Dr. J. M. Valcourt, a medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live, when I commenced the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 219 to 119 pounds. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the Vegetable Discovery consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured, can eat and regain my usual weight, can eat and drink with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over 30 dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life, as I never expected to recover when I first commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia.

(Signed.) JEAN VALCOURT, General Merchant, Weston, P. Q.

Jerusalem has 135 places where liquor is sold, the license fees going to Constantinople.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrector, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

Female toothblacks are reported to be multiplying in Paris and other French cities.

Dyspepsia causes Dizziness, Headache, Constipation, Variable Appetite, Rising and Souring of Food, Palpitation of the Heart, Distress after Eating. Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia if faithfully used according to directions.

The hair appears to have a life of its own. Many well-authenticated instances are known of the hair of dead bodies increasing in length after interment.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

A well-proportioned woman wears a shoe whose number is half that of her glove; for instance, if her glove is No. 6 her shoe should be No. 3.

Not Crude Material.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil perfected, and is prepared upon the principle of digestion and assimilation in the human system; hence it is given without disturbing the stomach.

A guardian of the peace o Gardner, Me., was recently found asleep by a townsman, who handcuffed him and relieved him of his valuables.

Gibbons' Toothache Gum is the best thing in the world for toothache, says Robert Wilde, of Grenfell.

You can't make good butter without elbow grease.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

ESSEX.

W. D. Balfour, M.P.P., and Mayor Mullen, of Amherstburg, interviewed General Manager Ledyard, of the Michigan Central Railroad, Monday, in reference to the extension of the railroad from its present terminus in the burg.

Detective Lally, of Detroit, has identified a burglar arrested in Chicago as Mat Kennedy, a famous safe blower and burglar. Kennedy is well known in Windsor, and will be remembered as one of the men who killed James Leach, of Sandwich. Mr. Leach attempted to prevent him and another prisoner from escaping from Sandwich jail, where they were locked up for robbing a store and postoffice a few miles outside of Windsor.

ELGIN.

St. Thomas Collegiate Institute makes a fine showing as the result of the departmental and university examinations. Out of three applicants for pass examinations all were successful. At just leaving 70 per cent, for primary certificates 68 per cent.

James Babcock, carpenter, St. Thomas, fell Monday from a building being erected, a distance of 28 feet, receiving a scalp wound six inches long, leaving his skull bare.

KENT.

While David Clark's steam thrasher was at work the other day on Thos. Roe's farm, a couple of miles below Blenheim, sparks from the engine set fire to the barn. The latter, which was filled with hay, was quickly consumed, as were also a stack of hay and five stacks of grain situated near the barn. All the live stock, machinery and farm implements were saved, though the thrashing machine had a narrow escape so rapidly did the fire spread. Loss, \$1,000; insurance, \$400.

Chatham Jail has been released from Chatham Jail after detaining \$100 and bail bond for \$1,000. The man was charged with killing old Joseph Laundry in a scuffle out in the township.

Star Jarvis, Garnet Holmes, Alfred Rolfe, Harry Bradie, Wm. Stephens, Kingsley Holmes, Chatham youths, were booked off Monday the other day while yachting. They swam safely to land.

LAMTON.

Dr. Harvey, Wyoming, considers dehorning a success. Last year he operated on 33 head of 2-year-olds, and is satisfied that they have done better than those untouched. He has at present 142 head, and will go more largely into the operation this coming winter.

MIDDLESEX.

The barns of Mrs. And, W. M. Smith and G. Collins, Strathroy, were burned at week. The fires are believed to have been incendiary. The first two named were insured, but Mr. Collins' was not.

OXFORD.

James Murray, of New Westminster, B. C., is thought to be drowned. His father lives in Woodstock, and the young man went to the coast from Paris, Ont.

WELLINGTON.

Guelph Herald: The big Orange excursion which was to have brought from 1,500 to 2,000 people to Toronto to this city today (Monday) turned out a complete fizzle. There were just 175 excursionists on the train. There was no procession and no picnic in the park. George Williams had been asked to prepare refreshments for 1,500 visitors, and the failure of the demonstration is a serious matter to him.

A WIZARD'S WIFE.

Mrs. Edison Is Worthy of the Great Electrician.

It might have made a great difference to the world if Thomas Edison had not fallen in love or, if, falling in love, his affair had been an unfortunate one. It was an excellent thing that it never occurred to him to think about matrimony until comparatively late in life. Cupid had mighty little business in his laboratory until eight years ago, when Mr. Edison met the handsome daughter of a millionaire in Boston. She was Miss Nina Miller, and her father was Lewis Miller, like Mr. Edison, a successful inventor and one of the leading spirits in the Chautauque movement.

Miss Miller was studying music, and soon after the great electrician became acquainted with her he recognized that he had met his fate. Within six months they were engaged, and a short time after, on Feb. 22, 1888, they were married at her home in Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Edison reside at Orange, N. J., where they have an ideal home, Glenmont, in Llewellyn Park. Their home is not luxurious in its furnishings, but is in every sense a home to be lived in.

The big library is Mr. Edison's sanctuary, but most of his time is spent in the big red brick building, or collection of buildings about five minutes' walk from the house. These are the wizard's working rooms, his famous laboratory, where thousands of dollars are represented by machinery and chemicals, and from which viwed and uncanny sounds issue. Often Mrs. Edison has to go down to the laboratory to remind her husband that it is time for him to eat, for so absorbed is he with the many experiments constantly being made under his direction that he quite forgets nature has any claim on him.—(Chicago Post.)

A bottle of Angostura Bitters to flavor your lemonade or any other cold drink will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Colic, Parthenia, and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

The song of wild birds is usually a succession of three or four notes continued during the same interval, mostly without interruption.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures Dyspepsia. Burdock Blood Bitters cures Constipation.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures Biliousness. Burdock Blood Bitters cures Headache. Burdock Blood Bitters unlocks all the clogged secretions of the bowels, thus curing Headaches and similar complaints.

Johnston Bros.,
TAILORS.
All New Goods. Prices Reasonable. Workmanship Guaranteed.
211½ DUNDAS STREET.
(UP STAIRS) EXV

F. G. RUMBALL,
Wholesale & Retail Lumber Merchant
Largest stock of maple, hardwood, elm, cherry, walnut, sycamore, chestnut, ash, oak, etc., in Western Ontario. Inspection solicited.
Office and Yard—York Street, just west of Tecumseh House. EXV

John Ferguson & Sons
FUNERAL DIRECTORS and EMBALMERS.
First-class in all appointments.
Telephones—House No. 373; Store No. 543.

Lost Manhood
and vigor quickly restored. Varicose, atrophy, etc., cured by INBAPO, the great blood remedy. With written guarantee. Sold by Anderson & Nelles, Druggists, LONDON, ONT.



CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Guns and Gunpowder,
Rifles and Revolvers,
Shot and Shell
FOR FALL
Hobbs Hardware Company.
LONDON - - - ONTARIO.

Lawn Mowers
(4 BLADES.)
10-inch, \$2. 12-inch, \$2.50.
14-inch, \$3. 16-inch, \$3.50.

These are the machines for perfect work. The best Canadian mower manufactured. Light, open cylinder, silent ratchet. For sale only at
McLean Hardware,
121 Dundas Street and 10 Market Square, LONDON.

ELECTRIC CARS OR NOT,
PETHICK & McDONALD,
503 RICHMOND STREET, first door north of City Hall.

THE Western Advertiser,
OUR WEEKLY EDITION.
16 Pages or 96 Columns.
The most complete and interesting news weekly and family journal in the country.

Carefully Edited.
Attractive in Form and Make-Up.
Loaded with News and Good Reading Matter.
Costs only \$1 a year, 50c for 6 months, or 10c a month for shorter periods.

SEND YOUR ADDRESS FOR A FREE SAMPLE COPY TO
The Advertiser
LONDON, - - - ONTARIO.

THE STAR
COIL SPRING SHAFT SUPPORT
AND ANTI-RATTLER.
Patented in U.S.A. and Canada. See notice in paper.
THE DECATUR SHAFT SUPPORT CO.
Decatur, Ill.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division
(CORRECTED JUNE 3, 1901.)

MAIN LINE—Going East.			
	ARRIVE	DEPART	
Lehigh Express (9).....	4:15 a.m.	4:20 a.m.	
Accommodation.....	5:00 a.m.	5:05 a.m.	
Atlantic Express (A).....	12:17 p.m.	12:20 p.m.	
Day Express.....	12:45 a.m.	12:50 p.m.	
Wabash Express (W).....	12:50 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	
Mixed (C).....	6:40 p.m.	6:50 p.m.	
Eric Limited (L).....	11:20 p.m.	11:40 p.m.	

MAIN LINE—Going West.			
	ARRIVE	DEPART	
Chicago Express (A).....	5:20 a.m.	5:35 a.m.	
West End Mixed.....	5:30 a.m.	5:35 a.m.	
Wabash Express (W).....	11:45 a.m.	11:50 a.m.	
Eric Limited (L).....	12:12 p.m.	12:20 p.m.	
Accommodation.....	12:25 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	
Pacific Express (A).....	6:50 p.m.	7:00 p.m.	
Mail.....	6:50 p.m.	7:00 p.m.	
Accommodation.....	7:50 p.m.	7:55 p.m.	

Sarnia Branch.			
	ARRIVE	DEPART	
Lehigh Express (9).....	4:00 a.m.	4:05 a.m.	
Accommodation.....	5:00 a.m.	5:05 a.m.	
Atlantic Express (9).....	11:10 a.m.	11:15 a.m.	
Accommodation.....	12:10 p.m.	12:15 p.m.	
Mixed.....	6:30 p.m.	6:35 p.m.	
Accommodation.....	7:50 p.m.	7:55 p.m.	
Eric Limited (9).....	11:30 p.m.	11:35 p.m.	

Sarnia Branch.			
	ARRIVE	DEPART	
Chicago Express (9).....	5:20 a.m.	5:25 a.m.	
Accommodation.....	10:00 a.m.	10:05 a.m.	
Lehigh Express (9).....	11:10 a.m.	11:15 a.m.	
Eric Limited (9).....	12:15 p.m.	12:20 p.m.	
Accommodation.....	12:30 p.m.	12:35 p.m.	
Pacific Express (9).....	6:50 p.m.	7:00 p.m.	

London, Huron and Bruce.			
	ARRIVE	DEPART	
Express.....	10:00 a.m.	10:05 a.m.	
Mail.....	6:25 p.m.	6:30 p.m.	

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.			
	ARRIVE	DEPART	
Mixed-Mail.....	11:15 a.m.	11:20 a.m.	
Express.....	2:05 p.m.	2:10 p.m.	
Express-Mixed.....	5:40 p.m.	5:45 p.m.	

Toronto Branch.			
	ARRIVE	DEPART	
Hamilton-Depart.....	4:00 a.m.	4:05 a.m.	
Hamilton-Arrive.....	4:00 a.m.	4:05 a.m.	
Express.....	4:00 a.m.	4:05 a.m.	
Express-Mixed.....	4:00 a.m.	4:05 a.m.	

* These trains for Montreal.
(A) Runs daily, Sundays included.
(9) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(C) Carries passengers between London and Paris only.
This train connects at Toronto for all points in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

E. DE LA HOOKE, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, the "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas streets.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.			
	ARRIVE	DEPART	
London.....	11:30 a.m.	11:35 a.m.	
Woodstock.....	5:00 a.m.	5:05 a.m.	
Galt.....	6:00 a.m.	6:05 a.m.	
Wellington.....	7:00 a.m.	7:05 a.m.	
Toronto.....	8:00 a.m.	8:05 a.m.	
Peterboro.....	11:25 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	
Kingsville.....	1:00 p.m.	1:05 p.m.	
Orillia.....	2:00 p.m.	2:05 p.m.	
Montreal.....	7:50 p.m.	7:55 p.m.	

Going West.			
	ARRIVE	DEPART	
London.....	11:30 a.m.	11:35 a.m.	
Chatham.....	1:00 p.m.	1:05 p.m.	
Detroit.....	3:40 p.m.	3:45 p.m.	
Chicago.....	11:00 a.m.	11:05 a.m.	
St. Louis.....	7:30 p.m.	7:35 p.m.	
Kansas City.....	4:00 p.m.	4:05 p.m.	

Trains arrive from the east at 11:20 a.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:40 p.m.

Trains arrive from the west at 10 a.m., 4:05 p.m., 6:45 p.m.

TICKET AGENT, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 161 Dundas street, southwest corner Richmond and Dundas.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.			
	Leave London	Leave St. Thomas	Arrive
American Express (daily except Monday).....	5:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.	1:00 p.m.
Atlantic Express (daily except Sunday).....	5:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.	1:00 p.m.
Mail and Accommodation (daily except Sunday).....	5:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.	1:0