

LONDON
Conservatory of Music
—AND—
School of Elocution and Expression.
MR. WM. CAVEN BARRON,
PRINCIPAL.
FEE: A list of fees charged at the Conservatory will be sent on application to Mr. Barron.

The Little Minister

By J. M. Barrie.
AUTHOR OF "WINDY IN THURMS," "WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE," "MY LADY NINETEEN," ETC.

"It is I pity now," he said, looking wonderingly at her. "Do you not see that this man has deceived you? Where was his boasted purity in meeting you by stealth, as he must have been doing, and plotting to take from me?"

"If you knew him," Babbie answered, "you would not need to be told that he is incapable of that. He thought me an ordinary gypsy until an hour ago."

"And you had no little regard for me the night I met him?" Babbie asked, looking at her. "I had no thought of returning to you nor of keeping me from you. We had said good-bye at the door—and then we heard your voice."

"And my voice was so horrible to you that it drove you to this?"

"I love him so much."

What more could Babbie answer? These words told him that if love commands, home, the friendships of a life-time, kindnesses inalienable, are at once as nothing. Nothing is so cruel as love if a rival challenge it to combat.

"Why could you not love me, Babbie?" said the earl, sadly. "I have done so much for you."

It was little he had done for her that was so selfish. Men are deceived curiously in such matters. When they add a new wing to their house they do not call the action virtue, but if they give to a fellow-creature for their own gratification, they demand of God a good mark for it. Babbie, however, was in no mood to make light of the earl's gifts, and at his question she shook her head sorrowfully.

"Is it because I am too old?"

"This was the only time he ever spoke of his age to her."

"Oh, no, it is not that," she replied, hastily. "I love Mr. Dismal—because he loves me, I think."

"Have I not loved you always?"

"Never," Babbie answered, simply. "If you had, perhaps then I should have loved you."

"Babbie," he exclaimed, "if ever man loved woman, and showed it by the sacrifice he made for her, I—"

"No," Babbie said, "you don't understand what it is. Ah! I did not mean to hurt you."

"If I don't know what it is, what is it?" he asked, almost humbly. "I scarcely know you, now."

"That is it," said Babbie.

She gave him back his hand, and then he broke down pitifully. Doubtless there was good in him, but I saw him only once, and with nothing to contrast against his senile baseness I may not attempt to breathe life into the dust of it. These were the last words that passed between him and Babbie.

"There was nothing," he said, wistfully, "in this wide world that you could not have had by asking me for it. Was not that love?"

"It is not. I want to share my husband's cares as I expect him to share mine."

"I would have honoured you in every-thing."

"You always did—as if a woman's mind were for laughing at, like a baby's passions."

"You had your passions, too, Babbie. Did I ever chide you for them? That I love."

"No, it was contempt. Oh," she cried, passionately, "what have not you men to answer for who talk of love to a woman when her face is all you know of her, and her passions, her aspirations, are for kissing to sleep, her very soul a plaything. I tell you, Lord Rintoul, and it is all the message I send back to the gentlemen at the Sittall who made love to me behind your back, that this is a poor fool, and well calculated to rouse the wrath of God."

Now Jean's face had been to the parlor keyhole for a time, but some message she had to take to Margaret, and what she risked saying was this:

"It's Lord Rintoul and a party that has been caught in the rain, and he would be obliged to you if you could give him shelter for the night."

Thus the distracted servant thought to keep Margaret's mind at rest until Gavin came back.

"Lord Rintoul!" exclaimed Margaret. "What a pity Gavin has missed him! Oh, course she can stay here. Did you say I had gone to bed? I should not know what to do to a lord. But ask her to come up to me after he has gone. And, Jean, is the parlor looking tidy?"

Lord Rintoul having departed, Jean told Babbie how she had accounted to Margaret for his visit. "And she told me to give you dry clothes and her compliments, and would you gang up to the bedroom and see her?"

Very slowly Babbie climbed the stairs. I suppose she is the only person who was ever afraid of Margaret. Her first knock on the bedroom door was so soft that Margaret, who was sitting up in bed, did not hear it. When Babbie entered the room Margaret's first thought was that there could be no other so beautiful as this, and her second was that the stranger seemed even more timid than herself. After a few minutes' talk she laid aside her primness, a weapon she had drawn in self-defense lest this fine lady should not understand the grandeur of a man, and at a "Call me Babbie, won't you?" she smiled.

"That is what some other person calls you," said Margaret, archly. "Do you know that he took twenty minutes to say good-night. My dear," she added hastily, misinterpreting Babbie's silence, "I should have been sorry had he taken one second less. Every tick of the clock was a gossip, telling me how he loves you."

In the dim light a face that begged for pity was turned to Margaret.

"He does love you, Babbie?" she asked, suddenly doubtful.

Babbie turned away her face, then shook her head.

"But you love him?"

"Oh, my dear," cried Margaret, in distress, "if this is so, are you not afraid to marry him?"

She knew now that Babbie was crying, but she did not know why Babbie could not look her in the face.

"There may be times," Babbie said, most woful now that she had not married Rintoul, "when it is best to marry a man though we do not love him."

"You are wrong, Babbie," Margaret answered gravely. "If I know anything at all, it is that."

"It may be best for others."

"Do you mean for one other?" Margaret asked, and the girl bowed her head. "Ah, Babbie, you speak like a child."

"You do not understand."

"I do not need to be told the circumstances to know this, that if two people love each other, neither has any right to give the other up."

Babbie turned impulsively to cast her self on the mercy of Gavin's mother, but no word could she say; a hot tear fell from her eyes upon the coverlet, and then she looked at the door as if to run away.

"But I have been too inquisitive," Margaret began, when Babbie said, "Oh, no, no, no; you are very good. I have no one who cares whether I do right or wrong."

"Your parents?"

"I have had none since I was a child."

"Is this the more reason why I should be your friend," Margaret said, taking the girl's hand.

"You do know what you are saying. You cannot be my friend."

"Yes, dear, I love you already. You have a good face, Babbie, as well as a beautiful one."

Babbie could remain in the room no longer. She bade Margaret good-night and went forward to kiss her, then drew back like a Jew as if she had been struck.

"Why did you not kiss me?" Margaret asked in surprise. But poor Babbie walked out of the room without answering.

Of what occurred at the manse on the following day until I reached it, I need tell little more. When Babbie was tending Sam'l Fairweather's child in the Tenements she learned of the flood in Glen Quahary, and that the greater part of the congregation had set off to the assistance of the farmers, but fearful as this made her for Gavin's safety she kept the new anxiety from her mother. Deceived by another story of Jean's, Margaret was the one happy person in the house.

"I believe you had only a lover's quarrel with Lord Rintoul last night," she said to Babbie in the afternoon. "Ah, you see I can guess what is taking you to the window so often. You must not think him long in coming for you. I can assure you that the rain which keeps my son from me must be sufficiently severe to separate even true lovers. Take an old woman's experience, Babbie. If I thought the minister's absence alarming I should be in anguish, but as, in my mind, is so much at ease that, see, I can thread my needle."

It was in less than an hour after Margaret spoke thus tranquilly to Babbie that the precursor got into the manse.

(To be Continued.)

you" said Margaret, archly. "Do you know that he took twenty minutes to say good-night. My dear," she added hastily, misinterpreting Babbie's silence, "I should have been sorry had he taken one second less. Every tick of the clock was a gossip, telling me how he loves you."

In the dim light a face that begged for pity was turned to Margaret.

"He does love you, Babbie?" she asked, suddenly doubtful.

Babbie turned away her face, then shook her head.

"But you love him?"

"Oh, my dear," cried Margaret, in distress, "if this is so, are you not afraid to marry him?"

She knew now that Babbie was crying, but she did not know why Babbie could not look her in the face.

"There may be times," Babbie said, most woful now that she had not married Rintoul, "when it is best to marry a man though we do not love him."

"You are wrong, Babbie," Margaret answered gravely. "If I know anything at all, it is that."

"It may be best for others."

"Do you mean for one other?" Margaret asked, and the girl bowed her head. "Ah, Babbie, you speak like a child."

"You do not understand."

"I do not need to be told the circumstances to know this, that if two people love each other, neither has any right to give the other up."

Babbie turned impulsively to cast her self on the mercy of Gavin's mother, but no word could she say; a hot tear fell from her eyes upon the coverlet, and then she looked at the door as if to run away.

"But I have been too inquisitive," Margaret began, when Babbie said, "Oh, no, no, no; you are very good. I have no one who cares whether I do right or wrong."

"Your parents?"

"I have had none since I was a child."

"Is this the more reason why I should be your friend," Margaret said, taking the girl's hand.

"You do know what you are saying. You cannot be my friend."

"Yes, dear, I love you already. You have a good face, Babbie, as well as a beautiful one."

Babbie could remain in the room no longer. She bade Margaret good-night and went forward to kiss her, then drew back like a Jew as if she had been struck.

"Why did you not kiss me?" Margaret asked in surprise. But poor Babbie walked out of the room without answering.

Of what occurred at the manse on the following day until I reached it, I need tell little more. When Babbie was tending Sam'l Fairweather's child in the Tenements she learned of the flood in Glen Quahary, and that the greater part of the congregation had set off to the assistance of the farmers, but fearful as this made her for Gavin's safety she kept the new anxiety from her mother. Deceived by another story of Jean's, Margaret was the one happy person in the house.

"I believe you had only a lover's quarrel with Lord Rintoul last night," she said to Babbie in the afternoon. "Ah, you see I can guess what is taking you to the window so often. You must not think him long in coming for you. I can assure you that the rain which keeps my son from me must be sufficiently severe to separate even true lovers. Take an old woman's experience, Babbie. If I thought the minister's absence alarming I should be in anguish, but as, in my mind, is so much at ease that, see, I can thread my needle."

It was in less than an hour after Margaret spoke thus tranquilly to Babbie that the precursor got into the manse.

(To be Continued.)

Rev. Wm. Hollinshed,
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Sparta
Dr. Silas Lane, while in the Rocky Mountains, discovered a root that when combined with other herbs, makes an easy and certain cure for constipation. It is in the form of dry roots and leaves, and is known as Lane's Family Medicine. It will cure sick headache in one night. For the blood, liver and kidneys, and for clearing up the complexion, it does wonders. Druggists sell it at 50 cents a package.

A man was recently arrested in Maine who had written in half a dozen States, including a state of indignation.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confounded with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills, as they are extremely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

Self-respect is the cornerstone of all virtue.—[Sir John Herschel.]

Silence at the proper season is wisdom and better than any speech.—[Plutarch.]

A man's wife should always be the same, especially if her husband; but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Little Liver Pills, she cannot be, for they will make her feel like a different person, at least so they say, and her husband says so, too.

A Douglassville, Ga., paper tells of a quick courtship. A man stopped at a house and asked a country woman for a glass of water. When he had quenched his thirst he asked her if she was married or single. She replied, widow. On which the man said that he was a widower in search of a wife. "Walk in," answered the widow, "and we'll talk the matter over." One hour later the twain were made one by the nearest minister.

K. D. C. the Dyspeptic Life. Why? Because it makes life worth living. Free sample package mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

CHATHAM NOTES.
Fatal Results of a Horse's Kick—Verdict in the Recent Shooting Case—Robbing the Postoffice.

CHATHAM, May 8.—The unfortunate man Bodin, who was kicked by the stallion at the spring show a couple of weeks ago, has died from the effects of his injuries.

Dr. J. L. Bray, coroner, held an inquest Saturday on the fatal occurrence at Prairie Siding, by which young Mary Drago lost her life. The jury returned the following verdict: That Marie Louise Drago came to her death by the accidental discharge of a revolver in the hand of her friend, May, 1892, and that no blame can be attached to anybody.

Alex. Jamieson, a Chatham young man, was arrested last night on charges of stealing a letter from the postoffice and unlawfully detaining a post letter. On Nov. 21 a letter was received at the Chatham postoffice, addressed to Mrs. A. C. S. Jamieson. The "Mrs." was not very legible and it was handed out to Alex. Jamieson, the young man in question. This letter, it appears, came from Amy, China, and contained notification that between \$400 and \$500 was in a bank in this city to the credit of Mrs. A. C. S. Jamieson. In December, it is alleged, Jamieson wrote to the bank at Amy ordering them to send the money on to him. But the order was not obeyed. It was discovered that the letter from China had not reached its proper destination. Investigation led to the arrest of young Jamieson. Mrs. A. C. S. Jamieson, to whom the bank deposit in China belonged, lives in this city, and will be present at court on Monday, when the case comes up. The accused was released on bail.

Babbie turned impulsively to cast her self on the mercy of Gavin's mother, but no word could she say; a hot tear fell from her eyes upon the coverlet, and then she looked at the door as if to run away.

"But I have been too inquisitive," Margaret began, when Babbie said, "Oh, no, no, no; you are very good. I have no one who cares whether I do right or wrong."

"Your parents?"

"I have had none since I was a child."

"Is this the more reason why I should be your friend," Margaret said, taking the girl's hand.

"You do know what you are saying. You cannot be my friend."

"Yes, dear, I love you already. You have a good face, Babbie, as well as a beautiful one."

Babbie could remain in the room no longer. She bade Margaret good-night and went forward to kiss her, then drew back like a Jew as if she had been struck.

"Why did you not kiss me?" Margaret asked in surprise. But poor Babbie walked out of the room without answering.

Of what occurred at the manse on the following day until I reached it, I need tell little more. When Babbie was tending Sam'l Fairweather's child in the Tenements she learned of the flood in Glen Quahary, and that the greater part of the congregation had set off to the assistance of the farmers, but fearful as this made her for Gavin's safety she kept the new anxiety from her mother. Deceived by another story of Jean's, Margaret was the one happy person in the house.

"I believe you had only a lover's quarrel with Lord Rintoul last night," she said to Babbie in the afternoon. "Ah, you see I can guess what is taking you to the window so often. You must not think him long in coming for you. I can assure you that the rain which keeps my son from me must be sufficiently severe to separate even true lovers. Take an old woman's experience, Babbie. If I thought the minister's absence alarming I should be in anguish, but as, in my mind, is so much at ease that, see, I can thread my needle."

It was in less than an hour after Margaret spoke thus tranquilly to Babbie that the precursor got into the manse.

(To be Continued.)

Rev. Wm. Hollinshed,
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Sparta
Dr. Silas Lane, while in the Rocky Mountains, discovered a root that when combined with other herbs, makes an easy and certain cure for constipation. It is in the form of dry roots and leaves, and is known as Lane's Family Medicine. It will cure sick headache in one night. For the blood, liver and kidneys, and for clearing up the complexion, it does wonders. Druggists sell it at 50 cents a package.

A man was recently arrested in Maine who had written in half a dozen States, including a state of indignation.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confounded with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills, as they are extremely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

Self-respect is the cornerstone of all virtue.—[Sir John Herschel.]

Silence at the proper season is wisdom and better than any speech.—[Plutarch.]

A man's wife should always be the same, especially if her husband; but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Little Liver Pills, she cannot be, for they will make her feel like a different person, at least so they say, and her husband says so, too.

A Douglassville, Ga., paper tells of a quick courtship. A man stopped at a house and asked a country woman for a glass of water. When he had quenched his thirst he asked her if she was married or single. She replied, widow. On which the man said that he was a widower in search of a wife. "Walk in," answered the widow, "and we'll talk the matter over." One hour later the twain were made one by the nearest minister.

K. D. C. the Dyspeptic Life. Why? Because it makes life worth living. Free sample package mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Pileons for Piles—A positive cure used and approved of by the medical profession. Price, \$1 per box; sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. W. T. SROOG, druggist, 184 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

TO ORDER.
All-Wool Pants, \$3. :: All-Wool Suits, \$16.

PETHICK & McDONALD,
383, Richmond Street, London, Ont.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.
Redpath (Limited),
MONTREAL.

GOLDEN SYRUP
PARIS LUMPS.

Finest Sugar Syrups in 8 and 2 lb. tins; very superior in purity, consistency and flavour; an excellent substitute for butter, preserves, etc.

Lump or Loaf Sugar of very finest quality in 5-lb. boxes.

APRIL NUMBER NOW OUT.
"WIVES AND DAUGHTERS"

THE LEADING AND
Most Popular
Ladies' Monthly
IN THE DOMINION.

The subscription price of this excellent publication for women is 50 cents per annum, but to "Advertiser" subscribers it is offered for a short time at only 25 cents per year. Leave your order with your nearest newsdealer or send direct to the office of publication. Postage stamps acceptable for sums under \$1. Address—

"WIVES AND DAUGHTERS,"
418 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

TURKISH STEEL PEN CO.,
DAMASCUS, SYRIA.
PASHA SERIES
IN SIX NUMBERS.
Are manufactured from
THE FINEST DAMASCUS STEEL,
Are highly finished, and specially adapted for
Legal and Commercial Writing.
FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.

WARWICK & SONS, Toronto, Sole Canadian Agents.

DON'T Smoke "CAT" Cigar.
YOU WILL ASK WHY.

1st—They are made of clear Havana filler.
2nd—They are as good as most 10c. cigars.
3rd—It leaves the jobber and retailer too small a profit.
4th—If you do you will smoke nothing else, and lastly, you will naturally get retailers angry at you in asking for a CAT Cigar.

LONDON MANUFACTURING TRADE
WM. MALLOCH & CO., MACHINISTS
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
ELEVATORS,
PULLEYS, SHAFING, HANGERS and SPECIAL MACHINERY
Repairing a Specialty.
134 Fullerton Street, London

CHAS. CHAPMAN
Bookbinder, Account Book Manufacturer
AND DEALER IN—
ARTISTS' MATERIALS
NO. 51 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONT.
Telephone No. 570

THE FATHER-MATHEW REMEDY
Is a certain and speedy cure for
INTERPERENCE, and destroy all
appetite for alcoholic liquors.
Price: \$1.00

RAILWAY TIME TABLES
CORRECTED TO NOV. 15, 1901.
MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.
LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

Leave	Arrive
North Shore Limited daily	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
N. Y. Express daily	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Atlantic Express daily	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Accom'dn (except Sunday)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

Leave	Arrive
North Shore Limited daily	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Chicago Express daily	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Chicago L. & N. Exp. daily	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Pacific Express daily	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Accom'dn (except Sunday)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 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 Sundays.]
JOHN PATT, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 383 Richmond Street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division
CORRECTED DEC. 7, 1901.

MAIN LINE—Going East

ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Pay Express	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
St. Louis Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Mixed—No. 24 Freight (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Freight Limited	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West

ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
West End Express	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Freight Limited	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
St. Louis Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Pacific Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.
Freight Limited (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.