

## TANGLED THREADS

"Nothing!"

Ellen glanced up at him. His face wore the naughty look; his mouth betrayed scorn enough for ten proud Bohuns put together. She did not answer.

"If he was saying 'nothing,' why should you be looking as you did?—with a blush on your face, and your eyes cast down?"

"He had really said as good as nothing, Arthur. What he meant was going to say, 'I—I don't know.' He had only that moment come in."

"As you please," coldly returned Arthur, walking into the garden in his turn. "If you do not think me worthy of your confidence, I have no more to say."

The Bohun blood was bubbling up fiercely. Not doubting Ellen; not in resentment against her—at least only so in the moment's anger; but in indignation that Seely, a common village practitioner, should dare to lift his profane eyes to Ellen Adair. Captain Bohun had suspected the man's hopes for some short time past; there is an instinct in these things; and he felt outrageous over it. Tom Graves' venture had filled him with resentment; but he at least was a gentleman and a man of position.

Ellen, wonderfully disturbed, gently sat down to write again, all she did was write. And the diary had a few sentences added to it.

"That senseless William Seely! And after showing him as plainly as I could, that it is useless—that I should consider it an impertinence in him to attempt to speak to me. I don't know whether it was for the worst or the best that Arthur should have come in just at that moment. For the best because it stopped Mr. Seely's nonsense; for the worst because Arthur has now seen, and is vexed. The vexation will not last, for he knows better. Here they are."

Once more Ellen closed her diary. "Here they are," applied to the doctor and Mrs. Cumberland. They were walking slowly towards the window, conversing calmly on her ailments, and came in. Mrs. Cumberland sat down with her newspaper. As Mr. Seely took his departure to visit other patients, Arthur Bohun returned. Cross upon that, Richard North was shown in. It seemed that Mrs. Cumberland was to have many visitors that morning.

That Richard North should find his time hang somewhat on hand, was only natural; he, the hit-or-miss busy man, who had often wished the day's hours doubled, for the work he had to do in it. Richard could afford to make morning calls on his friends now, and he had come strolling to Mrs. Cumberland's.

They sat down; Arthur in the remotest chair he could find from Ellen Adair. She had taken up a bit of light work, and her fairy fingers were deftly playing its threads. Richard sat next Ellen, facing Mrs. Cumberland. He could not help thinking how lovely Ellen Adair was; the fact had never struck him more forcibly than today.

"How is the strike getting on, Richard?" Mrs. Cumberland laid down her newspaper to ask the question. No other theme bore so much present interest in Dalory. From the time that North and Gass first established the works, things had gone on with uninterrupted smoothness, peace and plenty reigning on all sides. No wonder this startling change seemed as a revolution.

"It is still going on," replied Richard. "How the men are getting on, I don't like to think about. The wrong was, of course, our proposition, to meet them half-way, was rejected, I hear."

"It was."

"What do they expect to come to?"

"To fortune, I suppose," returned Richard. "To refuse work and not expect a fortune, must be rather a mistake. A poor look-out at the best."

"But, according to the newspapers, Richard, one-half the working-classes in the country are out on strike. Do you believe it?"

"A great number are out. And more are going out daily."

"And what is to become of them all?"

"I cannot tell. The question is serious though it is, never appears to occur to the men or their rulers."

"The journals say—living so much alone as I do, I have time to read many of them, and I make it my chief recreation to read the work in leaving the country," pursued Mrs. Cumberland.

"And so it is. It cannot be otherwise. Take a case of my own as an example. A contract was offered me some days ago, and I could not take it. Literally could not, Mrs. Cumberland. My men are out on strike, and likely to be out; and I had no means of performing it, and therefore could only reject it. That contract as I happen to know, has been taken by a firm in Belgium. They have undertaken it at a cheaper rate than I could possibly have done it at the best of times; for labor is cheap there. It is quite true. The work that circumstances compelled me to refuse, has gone over there to be executed, and I and my men are playing in idleness."

"But what will be the end of it?" asked Mrs. Cumberland.

"The end of it? If you speak of the country, neither you nor I can foresee the end."

"I spoke of the men. Not your men in particular, but all those that we include under the name of British workmen; the great bodies of artisans scattered in the various localities of the kingdom. What is to become of these men if the work fails?"

"I see only one of three courses for them," said Richard, lifting his hand in some exasperation, for he spoke from the depth of his heart, believing the subject to be of more awful gravity than any that had stirred the community for some hundreds of years.

"They must eventually emigrate—provided the means to do so can be found; or they must lie down in the streets and starve. As I live, I can foresee no better fate for them."

"And what of the country, if it comes to this?—if the work and the workmen leave it?"

Richard North shrugged his shoulders. It was altogether a question too difficult for him. He would have liked it answered from some one else very much indeed; just as others would.

"Lively conversation!" interposed Captain Bohun, in a half-sarcastical, half-joking manner, as he rose. It was the first time he had spoken. "I think I must be going," he added, approaching Mrs. Cumberland.

Richard made it the signal for his own departure. As they stood, saying adieu, Bessy Rano was seen for a moment at her own window. Mrs. Cumberland nodded.

"There's Bessy," exclaimed Richard. "I think I'll go and speak to her. Will you pardon me, Mrs. Cumberland, if I make my exit from your house this way?"

Mrs. Cumberland stepped outside herself, and Richard crossed the low wire fence that divided the two gardens. Arthur Bohun went to the door, without having said a word of farewell to Ellen Adair. He stood with it in his hand looking at her, smiled,

and was returning, when Mrs. Cumberland came in again.

"Won't you come and say good-bye to me here, Ellen?"

The invitation was given in so low a tone that she gathered it by the form of the lips rather than by the ear; perhaps by instinct also. She went out, and they walked side by side in silence to the open hall-door. Dalory Ham, in its primitive ways and manners, left its house-door open with perfect safety by day to the summer air. Outside, between the house and the gate, was a small bed planted with flowers. Arrived at the door, Captain Bohun could find nothing better to talk of than these, as he stood with her on the crimson mat.

"I think those lilies are finer than Mr. North's."

"Mrs. Cumberland takes so much pains with her flowers," was Ellen's answer. "And she is very fond of lilies."

They stepped out, bending over these self-same lilies. Ellen picked one. He quietly took it from her.

"Forgive me, Ellen," he murmured. "I am a bit of a lily in general."

As they stood, her hand in his, her flushed face downcast, Mrs. North's open carriage rolled past. Madam's head was suddenly propelled towards them as far as safety permitted; her eyes glared; a stony horror sat on her countenance.

"Shameful! Disgraceful!" hissed madam. And Miss Matilda North, by her side, started up to see what the shame might be. Arthur Bohun had caught the words—Ellen—and bit his lips in a complication of feeling.

But all he did was to raise his hat—first to his mother, then to Ellen—as he went out at the gate. Madam flung herself back in her seat, and the carriage pursued its course up the Ham.

(To be Continued.)

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Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache, etc. The eight flowers most prized by the Japanese are the morning glory, apricot, cherry, wisteria, peony, iris, lotus and chrysanthemum.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effective. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

No Time to Repent.—"And so you married in haste. Well, did you repent at leisure?" "Hardly. I have not had a leisure moment since the ceremony."

As old as Antiquity.

Either by acquired talent or heredity, these old foes Scrophula and Consumption, must be faced generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.

Mr. Bacon—When is the cook to be married? Mrs. Bacon—Oh, she's not to be married. She's broken her engagement.

Mr. Bacon—What, broken that, too?

A Wonderful Cure.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. About a year ago I took a very severe cold, had a violent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the dose showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had almost disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using three bottles of the Vegetable Discovery, the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

Stuffer.—You know that girl who refused me? She has just insulted me by inviting me to dinner. Dashaway—What are you going to do? Stuffer—Swallow the insult.

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhea, Dysentery and Summer Complaint, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for over 40 years.

Queen Victoria has expressed herself as being in strong opposition to "the emancipated woman." She has been able to make her way in the world on old-fashioned lines.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, 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.

Analysts say that butter is the most nutritious article of diet, and that bacon comes next.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all looseness of the bowels. Never travel without it. Price 35 cents.

The tallest man of whom there is authenticated measurement, was Fumoso, of Scotland, who was 11 feet 6 inches in height.

A VOICE FROM ITALY.—Rev. W. C. Van Meter, superintendent of the Italian Bible and Sunday School Mission, at Rome, Italy, writes: "The Italians call Pond's Extract 'Aqua di Dio,' Water of God. We use it for every ache and pain; it is indispensable in our medical department, I knew it was good before, but now, I cannot find words to express my praise of its excellence." Invaluable for Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Catarrh, etc.

To prevent lamp chimneys from cracking put them into a kettle of cold water, gradually heat the water till it boils, and then let it as gradually cool.

The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Pickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, bronchitis, pain or soreness in the chest, whooping cough, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

The statistics of life insurance people show that in the last 25 years the average of man's life has increased 5 per cent, or two whole years, from 41.9 or 43.9 years.

## WESTERN ONTARIO

The Dominion Cotton Mills of Brantford, Ontario, have been thrown open for the striking employees with a reduced rate of wages, rather than with about 180 hands put in an appearance, as this did not include the weavers, who whom it was impossible to resume business. The works were again closed, pending the settlement of the strike.

There are at present 40 cases in the hospital, of which number 23 are suffering from typhoid fever. This is the largest number of patients in the history of the hospital.

The Port Elgin Curling Club have organized for the coming winter. The following officers were elected: Hon. J. H. Keenan, president; Geo. St. Lawrence, vice-president; W. J. Cameron, secretary-treasurer; W. J. Cameron, secretary-treasurer.

Mr. J. R. Shaw, solicitor of the Canada Fur and Trade Manufacturers' Association, has been doing business in Walkerville many years, and who is lately removing to his friends at that town and surrounding country the other evening.

Thos. Kilday, one of the oldest settlers of the township of Southwold, who was born at St. Thomas last week, came to this country from County Roscommon, Ireland, with his father, mother, brother and sisters, in 1830, and settled on a half-section of land on the "Kilday" homestead. He was 14 years of age at the time of arrival. He leaves only his widow, and no family. Mrs. T. Moore, of St. Thomas, Mrs. Sanaaga, near Port St. Elgin, and his brother Patrick live in the township.

The Dominion voters' list declared has been handed in by both parties. Thos. Kilday, who was 14 years of age at the time of arrival, has been handed in by both parties. Thos. Kilday, who was 14 years of age at the time of arrival, has been handed in by both parties.

Deputy Inspector C. W. Gerard, of the Ontario Revenue Department, is at the Chatham & Works distillery in Toronto, presented with a massive tea set by his brother officers at his residence.

Geo. Bend, who was so severely injured in the explosion at Coate's mill, is about a year ago, broke his leg on Saturday evening while jumping a train.

The farmhouse of Benjamin Moore, of Walkerville, who was so severely injured in the explosion at Coate's mill, is about a year ago, broke his leg on Saturday evening while jumping a train.

Bothwell fair was a success in every respect. The officers are: Geo. Johns, president; J. Lidster, vice-president; Chas. Bayley, secretary.

The alleged Chatham township fire, Kahne and Stueberg, have been bailed Oct. 23. It was brought out that this was the third fire from which the township had suffered, on the previous night, when the fire broke out at the mill, and the township was insured for \$1,225 insurance on the property.

Partly the mill at Dorchester is fast rebuilt.

Mr. Clayton Decker, of London town, was married to Miss Emily Lena Shy, of Carleton, at the residence of the bride's mother on Oct. 10, by D. L. Dewar, of Alisa Craig.

The Woodstock Amateur Opera Company have reorganized for the season, H. Charles, manager of the Bank of Commerce, was elected president. The company intend putting on the pretty "Tolantier" in a few weeks.

Chas. Hamlyn, Toronto, late of Walkerville, has been appointed city editor of Woodstock Sentinel-Review. George Biartem, who has filled the position some months, leaves next week to fill the position of the Bank of Commerce.

Mr. John Stevens, who holds a promissory note signed by three of the directors of Woodstock Fair, is pressing for a settlement. A committee has been appointed to wait on Mr. Stevens and endeavor to get him to settle. The mortgage for \$3 was held by the late W. C. McLeod, with accrued interest amounts now about \$3,000.

Thos. McLeod's mill in Woodstock entered some time during Saturday night, an entrance having been effected into office of the mill, and \$14.50 extracted from the drawer of the safe. Besides the money stolen there are a number of papers, including a list of names of the subscribers to the Stratford Herald, and a list of names of the subscribers to the Stratford Herald, and a list of names of the subscribers to the Stratford Herald.

For some time past certain members of the St. Mary's Public School Board have been neglecting the duties of their office, and the board has divided on the subject the vote being a tie on each occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McKee Wilson, gave notice of action for libel against the publishers of the Stratford Herald, because of the report of the Lyons-Wilson case of promise case at the recent assizes, he followed up the notice with a writ. The case was scratched the following: "The Peters is the name of the man who rob this safe."

FROM A GIRL'S FAIR HAN

The First Telegraphic Message Sent Over the Wires.

Miss Annie G. Ellsworth, daughter of the commissioner of patents at the post was the first of a vast multitude who thoughts have been tapped for read from a wire miles away from the post where but a moment before they were originally uttered. She had brought a anxious inventor the earliest information of the successful passage of the bill was so important to him and to the world. Had any early watchdog of the treasury been on duty on that eventful night, present well-developed telegraph system would have suffered a long setback.

It was no sentimental nor merely phrase that the young lady presented the initial message of this wire-chasing Mercury, this new swift word carrier mortal man, but one of wide and serious scope. Its words, "What hath I wrought?" have become almost as familiar to American readers as a passage of Holy writ. In the possession of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford is a long, narrow strip of white paper embossed with a line of the Morse alphabet, and being Prof. Morse's signature to an inscription stating this to be the first message which went over the line, and giving the names Miss Ellsworth as the sender.—[Oster Lippincott's.]

APPIN.

(Agent for the ADVERTISER, James T. Ross.)

Monday Mr. Alexander S. McDonald of this place, for Messrs. Dixon, of Hamilton, shipped by G. T. R. 204 barrels of apples. They go to London, England.

Mr. William Donnelly, who has been ek and confined to bed for the last two weeks, is now in a fair way of recovery, and is to sit up in his bedroom.

To remind us that winter is at hand we had here Sunday a shower or two of snow. The flakes were large and soft and did not last long.

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

## SMOKED OUT HER LODGERS.

Sulphur Fumes Used to Dispossess Undesirable Tenants.

New York, Oct. 16.—Mrs. Outen, who lives at 312 West Fourth street and lets her rooms, prefers to have her house filled with sulphur fumes rather than with undesirable tenants. At any rate, she can stand sulphur better than she can some of her lodgers.

Charles Burns and his wife were until recently lodgers in good standing in Mrs. Outen's house, but for some reason, Mrs. Outen last week decided that they had been there long enough, and told them to leave. Mrs. and Mrs. Burns were both of the opinion that they were very well off where they were, and they firmly but politely declined to go.

Mrs. Outen does not think much of the legal machinery that has to be set in motion before a tenant can be dispossessed, so she determined to try a substitute for writs and deputy sheriffs.

She bought a quantity of sulphur, and on Saturday placed it in a pan in a room directly under the Burns' apartments and set it on fire. In a short time the fumes had penetrated to every part of the house, and the entire neighborhood was alarmed. The smoke curled out of the windows in thick yellow clouds, and the atmosphere grew dense.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns were determined that they would not surrender, but human endurance has a limit, and they were finally forced to leave the house. Mrs. Outen greeted them on the steps with a smile of triumph, but they did not return it.

The Burns did not take any baggage with them, and when they returned later in the day to the house Mrs. Outen declined to let them in to remove their effects, because she feared they would stay. They visited Jefferson Market Police Court and told Judge Voorhis of their plight. He told them they were entitled to their property and could force Mrs. Outen to return it. They asked the justice to award them damages, but he told them they would have to sue Mrs. Outen in a civil court.

Boy Charged With Horse Stealing.

WILLIAM, Oct. 16.—Willie Hannigan, an 8-year-old youth, a short time ago captured a horse and wagon and drove to Chippewa. Saturday John Zoll, an Italian boy, aged 12, stated to Mr. Asher that Mr. Bowman wanted his horse, and receiving an answer that he would require a warrant, he stole a wagon and harness and started for the Fenwick Fair. Near there he ditched the wagon, and then stole or borrowed a buggy and attended the fair. He is now in jail. An owner for the buggy has not yet been found.

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