

“Turn to the Right.”

I confess to having heard this testimony to the Religion with a pride which made me forget for a moment the immediate circumstances—the peril in which we stood, the gloomy room darkly lighted by a single candle, the sear-faced man and his men, who remained clumped at the head of the stairs, making way for us without ado. They seemed much inclined, however, to dispute our passage, and replying to his invectives with rough answers, displayed so hostile a demeanor that the Provost, between regard for his own importance and respect for Bruhl, appeared for a moment at a loss what to do; and seemed rather relieved than annoyed when I begged leave to say a word to M. de Bruhl.

“If you can bring his men to reason,” he replied testily, “Speak your fill to him!” Stepping to the foot of the upper flight, on which Bruhl retained his position, I saluted him formally. He returned my greeting with a surly, watchful look only, and drawing his cloak more tightly round himself, he looked at me with disdain; which ill-concealed, however, both the triumph he felt and the hopes of vengeance he entertained. I was especially anxious to learn whether he had tracked his wife either, or was merely in pursuit of the French women against me, and to this end I asked him with as much irony as I could compass to what I was to attribute his presence. “I am afraid I cannot say to offer you hospitality,” I continued; “but for that you have only your friend M. Villequier to thank!”

“I am greatly obliged to you,” he answered with a devilish smile, “but do not let that affect you. When you are gone I propose to help myself, my friend, to whatever takes my taste.”

“Do you?” I retorted coolly—not that I was unaffected by the threat and the villainous hint which underlay the words, but that, fully as aware as he was, I was ready with my answer. “We will see about that.” And therewith I raised my fingers to my lips, and, whistling shrilly, cried “Maignan! Maignan!” in a clear voice.

He should look to the torch which remained seeing that it failed we were both like to have our throats cut in the confusion. He took the hint promptly, and calling the link-man to his side prepared to descend, bidding Fresnoy and his men, who remained clumped at the head of the stairs, make way for us without ado. They seemed much inclined, however, to dispute our passage, and replying to his invectives with rough answers, displayed so hostile a demeanor that the Provost, between regard for his own importance and respect for Bruhl, appeared for a moment at a loss what to do; and seemed rather relieved than annoyed when I begged leave to say a word to M. de Bruhl.

“If you can bring his men to reason,” he replied testily, “Speak your fill to him!” Stepping to the foot of the upper flight, on which Bruhl retained his position, I saluted him formally. He returned my greeting with a surly, watchful look only, and drawing his cloak more tightly round himself, he looked at me with disdain; which ill-concealed, however, both the triumph he felt and the hopes of vengeance he entertained. I was especially anxious to learn whether he had tracked his wife either, or was merely in pursuit of the French women against me, and to this end I asked him with as much irony as I could compass to what I was to attribute his presence. “I am afraid I cannot say to offer you hospitality,” I continued; “but for that you have only your friend M. Villequier to thank!”

“I am greatly obliged to you,” he answered with a devilish smile, “but do not let that affect you. When you are gone I propose to help myself, my friend, to whatever takes my taste.”

“Do you?” I retorted coolly—not that I was unaffected by the threat and the villainous hint which underlay the words, but that, fully as aware as he was, I was ready with my answer. “We will see about that.” And therewith I raised my fingers to my lips, and, whistling shrilly, cried “Maignan! Maignan!” in a clear voice.

He should look to the torch which remained seeing that it failed we were both like to have our throats cut in the confusion. He took the hint promptly, and calling the link-man to his side prepared to descend, bidding Fresnoy and his men, who remained clumped at the head of the stairs, make way for us without ado. They seemed much inclined, however, to dispute our passage, and replying to his invectives with rough answers, displayed so hostile a demeanor that the Provost, between regard for his own importance and respect for Bruhl, appeared for a moment at a loss what to do; and seemed rather relieved than annoyed when I begged leave to say a word to M. de Bruhl.

“If you can bring his men to reason,” he replied testily, “Speak your fill to him!” Stepping to the foot of the upper flight, on which Bruhl retained his position, I saluted him formally. He returned my greeting with a surly, watchful look only, and drawing his cloak more tightly round himself, he looked at me with disdain; which ill-concealed, however, both the triumph he felt and the hopes of vengeance he entertained. I was especially anxious to learn whether he had tracked his wife either, or was merely in pursuit of the French women against me, and to this end I asked him with as much irony as I could compass to what I was to attribute his presence. “I am afraid I cannot say to offer you hospitality,” I continued; “but for that you have only your friend M. Villequier to thank!”

“I am greatly obliged to you,” he answered with a devilish smile, “but do not let that affect you. When you are gone I propose to help myself, my friend, to whatever takes my taste.”

“Do you?” I retorted coolly—not that I was unaffected by the threat and the villainous hint which underlay the words, but that, fully as aware as he was, I was ready with my answer. “We will see about that.” And therewith I raised my fingers to my lips, and, whistling shrilly, cried “Maignan! Maignan!” in a clear voice.

He should look to the torch which remained seeing that it failed we were both like to have our throats cut in the confusion. He took the hint promptly, and calling the link-man to his side prepared to descend, bidding Fresnoy and his men, who remained clumped at the head of the stairs, make way for us without ado. They seemed much inclined, however, to dispute our passage, and replying to his invectives with rough answers, displayed so hostile a demeanor that the Provost, between regard for his own importance and respect for Bruhl, appeared for a moment at a loss what to do; and seemed rather relieved than annoyed when I begged leave to say a word to M. de Bruhl.

“If you can bring his men to reason,” he replied testily, “Speak your fill to him!” Stepping to the foot of the upper flight, on which Bruhl retained his position, I saluted him formally. He returned my greeting with a surly, watchful look only, and drawing his cloak more tightly round himself, he looked at me with disdain; which ill-concealed, however, both the triumph he felt and the hopes of vengeance he entertained. I was especially anxious to learn whether he had tracked his wife either, or was merely in pursuit of the French women against me, and to this end I asked him with as much irony as I could compass to what I was to attribute his presence. “I am afraid I cannot say to offer you hospitality,” I continued; “but for that you have only your friend M. Villequier to thank!”

“I am greatly obliged to you,” he answered with a devilish smile, “but do not let that affect you. When you are gone I propose to help myself, my friend, to whatever takes my taste.”

“Do you?” I retorted coolly—not that I was unaffected by the threat and the villainous hint which underlay the words, but that, fully as aware as he was, I was ready with my answer. “We will see about that.” And therewith I raised my fingers to my lips, and, whistling shrilly, cried “Maignan! Maignan!” in a clear voice.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

Highlander Warfare in Frisco Claiming Women Victims. SAN FRANCISCO, May 16.—The battles of warring highlanders in Chinatown have taken a new turn. The fury of these murdering bands is now being wreaked upon the helpless women who are the slaves of the highlander masters. It has long been an unwritten law in Chinatown that life should be taken for life, and whenever a highlander has been murdered the members of his Tong, or society, has invariably taken the life of some member of the Tong whose members were supposed to have done the killing. In this way highlander warfare when once started claims many victims.

On May 8, Choy Gim, a Chinese woman, an inmate of Church alley brothel, died in the hospital from a bullet fired into her head by an assassin whom the police could not discover. Early yesterday morning a second woman, named Gue Sing, was murdered in a Dupont street brothel. Neither of the helpless women had done anything to provoke her assassin's action. More murders of a similar character are looked for. These helpless women are valued by their masters in Chinatown all the way from \$1,000 to \$2,000, and the highlander's most sensitive point is a purse. Neither assassin is known to the police.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

ESSEX. A young colored woman named Agnes Derry was at the Windsor police station Tuesday very anxiously asking help to find her 3-year-old brother. Both came from Dresden together as far as the Place, where she missed her brother. She thinks the child fell from the train.

ELGIN. C. P. Geary's valuable thoroughbred stallion Pinkerton died in St. Thomas Monday from the effects of inflammation. Mr. Geary imported him from Kentucky a year ago and valued him at \$4,000.

KENT. The population of Kent county is 40,648 and the assessment \$20,323,007. The assessor's list contained in Chatham has been given a six months' hoist. One of a splendid bay team owned by Mr. Robert Grey met its death in Chatham Tuesday. The team, while pursuing their mad course, dashed against a flat car at Colborne street, and one horse valued at \$250 broke its legs. It had to be killed.

OXFORD. Rev. J. S. Williamson, pastor of the Charles Street Church, Ingersoll, has been notified that the degree of doctor of divinity has been conferred upon him. A. S. Ball, for Mr. Totten, brought the Woodstock Grand Opera House at auction for \$2,700.

WELLINGTON. The assessment for the township of Minto is some \$25,000 to \$20,000 lower than last year.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

POND'S EXTRACT

WILL CURE Sore Throat, Lameness, Influenza, Wounds, Piles, Earache, Chilblains, Sore Eyes, Inflammations, Hoarseness, Frost Bites, Soreness, Catarrh, Burns, Bruises, Sore Feet, Face Ache, Hemorrhages. AVOID IMITATIONS. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE. POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Avenue, New York.



No Harmful Chemicals

Are used in our cleaning or coloring departments. The most delicate fabrics leave our hands as sound as when they come. This applies equally to Men's and Women's Clothing, Lace, Damask, Repp and Chenille Curtains, Kid Gloves and Feathers.

R. Parker & Co., STEAM DYERS AND CLEANERS 217 Dundas St. London.

“OXFORD” Gas Ranges!

Have Perfect Combustion. Are Powerful and Economical. Have Two Capacious Ovens. Bake Perfectly. Roast Perfectly. They are Immense Water Heaters.

Oxford Oil Gas Stoves

Made and burn gas from ordinary coal oil. A GRAND SUMMER STOVE MANUFACTURED BY THE Gurney Foundry Co' (Ltd.) TORONTO.

FOR SALE BY Wm. Wyatt & Son, 364 Richmond Street & Market Square LONDON. wt

STOCK LITHOGRAPHED Posters and Hangers

FOR FAIRS, TROTTERING RACES, RUNNING RACES, BICYCLE RACES. SAMPLES AND PRICES SENT ON APPLICATION.

Advertiser Printing Company LONDON, ONTARIO. SOLE AGENTS IN CANADA FOR THE CALVERT LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY OF DETROIT.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Manufacturers of Refined Sugars of the well-known brand: Redpath

Of the Highest Quality and Purity, made by the Latest Processes and the Newest and Best Machinery, not Surpassed Anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR, in 50 and 100 pound boxes. “CROWN” GRANULATED, Special brand, the finest which can be made. EXTRA GRANULATED, very Superior Quality. “CREAM” SUGARS, (not dried). “YELLOW” SUGARS of all Grades and Standards. SYRUPS of all Grades in barrels and half-barrels. SOLE MAKERS of high class Syrups in tins, 2 pounds and 8 pounds each.

NEW GROCERY STORE! GOODS!

One of the best in the city. W. T. STENBERG 515 Richmond Street, Phone, 1024. TWI

Jewelry Given Away L. D. Trompou's Jewelry Store 160 DUNDAS STREET. CALL AND SEE. ywt

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

Table with columns for MAIN LINE-Going East, ARRIVE, DEPART, and various train routes like Wabash Express, Accommodation, etc.

Table with columns for MAIN LINE-Going West, ARRIVE, DEPART, and various train routes like Chicago Express, West End Mixed, etc.

Table with columns for Sarnia Branch, ARRIVE, DEPART, and various train routes like Lehigh Express, Accommodation, etc.

Table with columns for Sarnia Branch, ARRIVE, DEPART, and various train routes like Chicago Express, Accommodation, etc.

Table with columns for Sarnia Branch, ARRIVE, DEPART, and various train routes like Hamilton-Depart, Hamilton-Arrive, etc.

Table with columns for CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, Going East, and various train routes like Depart, Arrive, etc.

Table with columns for CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, Going West, and various train routes like Depart, Arrive, etc.

Table with columns for ERIE AND HURON RAILWAY, Trains South, and various train routes like Stations, No. 1, No. 2, etc.

Table with columns for ERIE AND HURON RAILWAY, Trains North, and various train routes like Stations, No. 2, No. 4, etc.

Table with columns for MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY, LONDON TIME, and various train routes like Canada Southern, American Express, etc.

Table with columns for MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY, LONDON TIME, and various train routes like Detroit Express, East Western Express, etc.

Everybody is invited to come and try

Fire! Fire! Fire! by the New Fire-Kindler.

Pettijohn's Breakfast Food Now being served FREE at FITZGERALD SCARRETT & CO. 169 DUNDAS STREET.

JAMES BARWELL, 88 BAY STREET, TORONTO. Designs furnished for churches or public buildings.

Of the Highest Quality and Purity, made by the Latest Processes and the Newest and Best Machinery, not Surpassed Anywhere.