

180 KING ST
SON & SONS
Kers and Embalmers,
at and cheapest in Canada
section.

199 Dufferin Avenue
LONDON
Tool Co.

Manufacturers of
Planers, Drills, etc.

NED
UNG
JULY 1.

a large stock of Wall Papers
and Decorating Papers; also
workmen to do the hanging
as free. Window shades and
buildings at cost.

WICK,
DAS ST.

Wall Paper.

ust received all the
ors in Ingrains and
with Friezes to match.

GRAVES,
Dundas Street.

ering an Advertisement
avor upon the Advertiser
by stating that they saw
mont in the LONDON

COOL.
\$10 00
50
50c to \$3 00

ONALD
ROS.

FEES
n, Ont.

Odonto,
Odonto,
Odonto,
m.

WINE
und at
WARE
Square.

NG TRADE
YAN,
TORY.

Awarded Silver
Medal at Western
Fair, 1887.

Special Lines—Feather
Bemp and Wool Dusters
Large assortment Carpets
Sweepers.

DUNDAS STREET

MAN
Manufacturer

RIALS
LONDON, ONT

MACHINISTS
RS,
IAL MACHINERY

London



CURE

SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are
usually valuable in Constipation, curing and pre-
venting this annoying ailment. While they sleep
they cure the liver and the stomach, stimulate the
liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only
cure the headache.

HEAD

ACHE
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who
suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortun-
ately their goodness does not end here, and those
who once try them will find these little pills val-
uable in so many ways that they will not be wil-
ling to do without them. But after all sick head-
ing to do without them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

He Fell Among Thieves

Harry and Mr. Ronald Morton were two
of their generation to any anything of
a Cressat company in which one of
the "old" arrived. They accepted the
chances of war, which like poverty makes
one acquainted with strange bedfellows,
and gave the arrivals a cordial welcome.
The "old" arrived in command, being pretty
sick of the seven weeks' diet of black bread,
onions, and dirty water, fell on Morton's
potted luxuries with gusto, and vowed him-
self delighted to have met so charming and
hospitable a companion. Mr. Morton had
provisioned himself as if for a long dura-
tion, but the Cossack lieutenant's
appetite was abnormal, and made visible
inroads on his stores. The brandy and
tobacco gave him supreme contentment,
and when the meal was crowned with
coffee, he declared himself in Paradise.
He complimented the two English gentle-
men on their courage in looking so closely
at without the combatant's interest or
compulsion, and Morton, whilst accepting
his compliments, arose inwardly to meet
the last of it. He would mount and
ride to-morrow for Zara, where sweet
peace reigned, and the detective forces of
Paris, London, and Vienna, were alike un-
known.

The day of rejoicing was wound up over
a huge flaming pannikin of burned rum,
to which the village world at large was in-
vited. Sentries were posted, and the vil-
lage went to sleep a little sooner than
usual; the first pale glow of dawn was in
the air when a sudden clatter of horse hoofs
in the street awoke Harry and his companion.
"What's that?" said Harry, stirring on
his couch of rug and skins.

"The Cossacks are off," said Morton.
"I never believe their vaporizing. The
Turks are in force close by."

"We'll see them away anyhow," said
Harry. "That lieutenant's a jovial bird,
but unless his head is lined with cast-iron
he carries a headache with him."

The inside of the hut was in a dense dark-
ness. The two arose, groping for their
jackets which they had thrown off before
going to sleep. Morton dragged the door
open, and the village street showed dimly
with half-a-dozen mounted figures in it
thronging before the door. The two passed
through into the gray dawn, and at that
second there was a crackling roar of noise,
a sudden belching of red light, a vivid spot
followed by a strange numbness in his
shoulder. Morton screamed and threw
both arms into the air. He spun round
two or three times, his hands writhing
above his head, and fell back with a
doorway of the hut. Harry, vainly striv-
ing to seize him, followed. There was a
quick recurrence of light and darkness in
his eyes with every pulsation of the blood,
a curious painless stupor fell on him, and
he dropped on the body of his companion.
The sound of firing reached his ears again,
and the mad clatter of hoofs which had ad-
versed to the first, died off into the dis-
tance. With that he lost all consciousness
of his surroundings, and lay like a stone
for an hour.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Hogan, M.D., was getting the love-
liest practice in gunshot wounds, and was
in a state of supreme contentment over
half-a-dozen Cossacks, when a Turkish
soldier to the open doorway of a hut in the village
street.

"Wan thing at a toime, and that done
well, is a very good rule as many can-
quod Mr. Hogan severely, but the
sawthy little man insisted, and the medico
rose from his knees and followed. "Begad!"
he broke out, "they're English the pair of
'em. Blackbeard's business is over, and
it's a pity for he's a fine-looking-looking
fellow. There's life in the other chap, and
whilst there's life there's hope they say.
Let's have a look at him. Why, you're
only a boy, me child! Poor lad! What
brings ye out at this kind of foolery?"

He busied himself with skillful hands
about the wound.

"The ugly, but it might have been
uglier. An inch makes all the difference.
An inch and a half lower down and some-
body would have gone into mourning.
Ye'll do for a while now. I'll get back to

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Hogan, M.D., was getting the love-
liest practice in gunshot wounds, and was
in a state of supreme contentment over
half-a-dozen Cossacks, when a Turkish
soldier to the open doorway of a hut in the village
street.

"Wan thing at a toime, and that done
well, is a very good rule as many can-
quod Mr. Hogan severely, but the
sawthy little man insisted, and the medico
rose from his knees and followed. "Begad!"
he broke out, "they're English the pair of
'em. Blackbeard's business is over, and
it's a pity for he's a fine-looking-looking
fellow. There's life in the other chap, and
whilst there's life there's hope they say.
Let's have a look at him. Why, you're
only a boy, me child! Poor lad! What
brings ye out at this kind of foolery?"

He busied himself with skillful hands
about the wound.

"The ugly, but it might have been
uglier. An inch makes all the difference.
An inch and a half lower down and some-
body would have gone into mourning.
Ye'll do for a while now. I'll get back to

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Hogan, M.D., was getting the love-
liest practice in gunshot wounds, and was
in a state of supreme contentment over
half-a-dozen Cossacks, when a Turkish
soldier to the open doorway of a hut in the village
street.

"Wan thing at a toime, and that done
well, is a very good rule as many can-
quod Mr. Hogan severely, but the
sawthy little man insisted, and the medico
rose from his knees and followed. "Begad!"
he broke out, "they're English the pair of
'em. Blackbeard's business is over, and
it's a pity for he's a fine-looking-looking
fellow. There's life in the other chap, and
whilst there's life there's hope they say.
Let's have a look at him. Why, you're
only a boy, me child! Poor lad! What
brings ye out at this kind of foolery?"

He busied himself with skillful hands
about the wound.

"The ugly, but it might have been
uglier. An inch makes all the difference.
An inch and a half lower down and some-
body would have gone into mourning.
Ye'll do for a while now. I'll get back to

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Hogan, M.D., was getting the love-
liest practice in gunshot wounds, and was
in a state of supreme contentment over
half-a-dozen Cossacks, when a Turkish
soldier to the open doorway of a hut in the village
street.

"Wan thing at a toime, and that done
well, is a very good rule as many can-
quod Mr. Hogan severely, but the
sawthy little man insisted, and the medico
rose from his knees and followed. "Begad!"
he broke out, "they're English the pair of
'em. Blackbeard's business is over, and
it's a pity for he's a fine-looking-looking
fellow. There's life in the other chap, and
whilst there's life there's hope they say.
Let's have a look at him. Why, you're
only a boy, me child! Poor lad! What
brings ye out at this kind of foolery?"

He busied himself with skillful hands
about the wound.

"The ugly, but it might have been
uglier. An inch makes all the difference.
An inch and a half lower down and some-
body would have gone into mourning.
Ye'll do for a while now. I'll get back to

CHAPTER XII.

my Cossack. There's nothing to be done
for Blackbeard, poor chap."

He held Morton's hand in his own for a
second, and then dropped it and turned
away, saddened whilst he might have
counted three, and then brisk and alert
again.

The daylight grew broader, and slanting
ray of sunshine fell upon the feet both of
the quick and the dead as they lay side
by side. It climbed higher and higher,
touched the knees, the waist, and at last
shone full into the wounded man's eyes. He
woke from his swoon with a groan, and
turning saw Morton lying close beside him,
and knew at a glance that he was dead.
His wide-open eyes were fixed and glassy,
and he stared as if he saw some dreadful
thing.

Harry lay regarding him for a full min-
ute. He himself was conscious of no great
pain, but the dead man's face was like a
prophecy to him.

"It's all over," he said to himself.
"This is the end of it all."

A new faintness crept over him, and he
took it for the coming of death. He had
carried Lathia's letter in his inner pocket
ever since he had received it. His thoughts
turned to it and to her. He groped for it
feebly with a last farewell in his heart.
He would die with Lathia's letter in his
hand, if he died in the act of getting it. In
his feverish struggles he discovered that
his left arm and his breast were bandaged.
He wondered at this for a moment, but
gave it no further thought. Trying to
force his unimpaired right hand beneath the
bandage, he discovered that the jacket he
wore was not his own, and a single glance
at the dead man beside him told him that
in the hurry and darkness each had seized
the other's garment. Morton lay on his
right, and he could stretch a hand across
his body. He struggled with vigor which
would have shown an onlooker how far
away from death he really was, but he had
no thought in his own mind except of a
final farewell. He succeeded in seizing the
letter, which lay alone, and drawing it to
his hiding place he tried to raise it to
his lips. His movements had disarranged
the bandage and brought on a new flow of
blood. He sank dizzily back into uncon-
sciousness, and the letter dropped from his
hand.

Later on, he had a dreamlike knowledge
of voices, motion, and the open air, but
this faded, and for a week he knew nothing
of the world. The first thing he woke to
was a blue sky, with fanciful figures on it,
which dazzled and darkened into singular
colors, but always kept the same pattern.
He was dimly interested in this phenom-
enon. He had never seen a sky like that
before, and was feebly tempted to laugh at
it. In the very fact of that humorous per-
ception he fell asleep. When he woke to
consciousness again somebody was feeding him.
There was a yellow glow of lamp-
light in the room. He knew it for lamp-
light though he could not see its source; but
the same absurd blue sky with arabesque
figures on it of various colors still winked
at him, and dazzled out of the darkness
into light with a regular pulsation. He
slept deeply but once more on the blue sky
when his eyes cleared. The laughter which
became a blue distempered wall, and the
strange arabesque of dark and light re-
solved itself into a vulgar Bulgarian mural
decoration.

"He'll dew, Hogan" said a voice. The
valiant children of Erin were everywhere.
"Why wouldn't he?" another voice re-
sponded. "He's as lean as a rat, but he's
forty inches round the chest, and as hard
as a nail from top to toe. He's a noble con-
stitution, and he's taken it as if it was
his mother's milk. Poor Wymie was nearly
as fine a fellow. 'Twas a sad end for the
poor lad."

The patient listened in a vague wonder.
He seemed to know nothing of the care for
nothing, and yet it was strange that they
should speak of him as dead. The spoon
came with a slow regularity to his lips, and
trickled warm beef-tea between them.
Why should they feed him if he were dead?
He had a feeble desire to laugh again at
this ridiculous query.

"Me gad! Hogan," said the first voice,
"if you can't help him run away from our
debts we'd hardly have run out here."

"It's excellent practice," returned the
other, solemnly, "but ye can't help think-
ing sometimes. There's a hundred spots of
whisky within five hundred miles."

Then the patient wanted to sleep, having
given no sign of being awake beyond his
absorption of the nourishment offered him.
He knew nothing of the lapse of time, and
in the ordinary course of things that the same voices should
sound in his ear again. He opened his
eyes, and saw a bearded man in a for-
bidding overcoat. He had never before
beheld him, but he associated him with the
floating flavor of rum and tobacco which
had touched the atmosphere of every con-
scious moment since he had received his
wound.

"Come, young gentleman," said the
bearded man; "ye're beginning to pick up
again. That was a glancing of intelligence,
Dick. What he he saying?"

Hogan leaned over. The pale lips shaped
a word.

"Morton? Morton. That's all right, me
boy. We know y'are all right. They'll be taken proper care of,
and ye'll get them when the time comes.
Ye'll just take this,"—proffering a glass to
his lips—"and get to sleep again."

(To be Continued.)

A Love Song in M Flat.
"My modest, modest Madeline!
Mark my melodious midnight moans;
Much may my melting music mean—
My meditated monotonous."

This young man stayed out too late, seer-
nelling his lady love. He caught a cold,
which developed into asthma, but he cured
it with Dr. Sagar's Catarrh Remedy, sover-
eign specific for chronic cases. "Cold in the
Head," Catarrhal Headache. It corrects
the tainted breath, stops the offensive dis-
charges, heals the irritated throat and nose,
leaving the head clear, and smell and taste
unimpaired. It costs but 50 cents, and the
proprietors offer in good faith \$500 for a
case they cannot cure.

Maple sugar on snow was the attraction
at a recent gathering near North Adams,
Mass. The snow had been kept since winter
under a thick covering of spruce branches.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria!

THE TRAVELING DAIRY

Puts in an Appearance at
Crown Hill.

How Good Butter May be Made All the
Year Round—Mr. Drury's
Timely Hint.

A meeting was held at Crown Hill on
July 14. This village is about four miles
north of Paris, and surrounded by good
farms. The first Short horns imported to
Ontario said to have been brought to
this district by Mr. Mayer, from which
have sprung some very fine herds. Nearly
all the cows are high-grade Short horns, and
are said to be good milkers. More atten-
tion is paid to best cattle than dairying. There
are a few private dairies, the proprietors of
which turn out an excellent quality of
butter, but the complaint is that there is
no encouragement to make good butter
when prices range the same in the villages
and towns for good or bad butter, about 13
cents per pound being the fixed price at
present.

It is one of the objects of the traveling
dairy to assist these dairymen to put up
their butter in a neat, attractive form, so
that they can ship it direct to the con-
sumer and receive a good price for it. If
the private dairymen used thermometers
and proper utensils in his dairy he could
make a uniform article all the year through,
which, when neatly put up, would bring a
high price in any market. If all the butter
made in this country were of good quality
the general price would not be so low.

The meeting was well attended by in-
fluential farmers among whom were:
Charles Drury, Master of Agriculture, W. T.
Mrs. Chas. Drury, Miss C. Drury, John
Sissons (president of the institute), G.
Canton (secretary of the institute), Mr. and
Mrs. John Darby, Mr. and Mrs. S. Chap-
man, Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, Mr. and
Mrs. Wellington Partridge, Mrs. Alfred
Cole, Miss Chappell, Mrs. Collum, Mrs.
Simmons, Mrs. Jas. Johnson, C. Parkhouse,
A. Hickling, Mrs. J. A. Partridge, Mr. and
Mrs. Parkhouse, Miss Parkhouse, the
Misses Chappell, H. Chappell, G. Partridge,
Ed. Black.

Mr. Drury, on being appointed chairman,
introduced Prof. Dean to the meeting.

Prof. Dean then spoke for some time on
the necessity of carefulness and cleanliness
in all the details of butter-making, advising
each to try and make a uniform article,
the best white sugar may be used to every
22 pounds of butter in addition to the salt.

Suppose it takes three or four churnings
to fill a tub, how would you keep equal
the tub or crock so as to exclude all air,
then cover with a butter cloth of prepared
paper and put a salt plaster on the top.
Exclude the air as much as possible.

In packing would you use more than one
ounce of salt to the pound? A.—No, that
is sufficient. It thought desirable one tea-
spoonful of saltpetre and one tablespoonful
of best white sugar may be used to every
22 pounds of butter in addition to the salt.

Should you skim milk in shallow pans
before it is churned? A.—No, it is better
to skim it in a deep pan, so as to keep the
cream on top, and soon fermentation or rotting
commences.

Do you think it possible to have a uniform
article of butter? A.—It requires two or three
churnings to fill it? Yes, if proper care is
used in the management of cream and
butter.

Is it possible for a person to make a
uniform article without proper appliances?
No; no person can make the same quality
of butter at each churning unless he has
proper apparatus.

Mr. Drury then spoke for some time on
the butter question. He was very pleased
to see that the traveling dairy was meeting
with such success. He was sure that the
meetings had been greatly benefited.
What farmers want to know is how to pre-
serve their butter after they have made it,
so that it will reach the market in good
condition. He was glad to see that the
Prof. Dean went so fully into the making
of butter and the packing of it as well, and
that the meetings were carried on in such
a way that those present could see for
themselves how good butter is made and
prepared for market. It is the duty of
every farmer to uphold the Government in
the good work it is doing for the people
of the Province. It is not a
question of politics but one that concerns
the future prosperity of the country.

Mr. Drury was followed by Mr. Baston
who spoke on the importance of the
traveling dairy, referring to the milk test-
ing as being of great practical benefit.

Messrs. Sissons, Partridge and Darby
also gave short addresses.

There was only one sample of milk
brought which tested 3.8 per cent. fat.
Buttermilk showed 0.4 per cent. After
these tests were thoroughly explained the
meeting dispersed.

"Just as Good
Says some dealers who try to sell a substitute
for a customer calls for Hood's
Sarsaparilla. Do not allow any such false
statements as this induce you to buy what
you do not want. Remember that the only
reason for making it is that a few cents more
per sign will be made by the substitute. Trust
upon having the best medicine—Hood's Sar-
saparilla. It is Peculiar to itself."

Miss Scadda (to the minister)—Mr. Hun-
der and I are going on a ramble. Will you
join us? Rev. Dr. Thirly (who only caught
the last sentence)—With pleasure. Do you
wish the ceremony performed in the church?

Is a good name of Dr. Dorewenda's German
preparation for the hair. It really works like
magic. All who have used it pronounce it to
be unequalled for remedying the lost vitality of
the hair roots, restoring gray hair, removing
dandruff, etc. Just try it. It is first-class. All
druggists sell it.

A countryman from a considerable dis-
tance had entered an Atlanta (Ga.) restau-
rant and proceeded to make himself at home
by hanging his coat on the electric motor
that whirled the fans. This annoyed the
mely and threw the belt. The country-
man had washed his face at the water cool-
er and was preparing to wipe it on the
dangling belt when the proprietor came
along and took him in charge.

Especially to her husband; but if she is weak
and nervous and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she
cannot be, for they will make her "feel like a
different person," at least so they all say, and
the husband says so too.

Freddie—You look all broke up; what's
the matter? Cholly—Aftah my dip yed
today my valley footot to come around to
dew me and I pashed a howlie night in
the back house.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be con-
fused with common Cathartics or Purgatives.
Pills as they are entirely unlike them in every
respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

Baby's First Tooth.

What joy in the household when baby's
first tooth is discovered! Father, brothers
and sisters gather around with smiling
faces, and view this indication of progress
and advancement with curiosity and joy.
The first tooth, which is so often hailed with
delight and pleasure by the older people,
is frequently the commencement of serious
troubles and grievous times for poor deli-
cate baby.

During the intense heat of our Canadian
summers the teething time is fraught with
great danger. Like other developments
incident to babyhood, the process of teeth-
ing is usually accompanied with much pain,
and a great degree of bodily derangement.
This is especially the case with babies
whose dieting is not carefully attended to.
The best physicians are of opinion that
during the period of "dentition" careful
nursing and feeding are necessary to pre-
serve the life of the child. When the
mother's milk—nature's food—is not what it
should be, or where the child cannot be
nursed by the mother, then it is impera-
tively necessary to find a substitute that
will strengthen the body and give vitality
as a perfect rest.

After years of trial and severe tests, over
20,000 physicians in Canada and the United
States positively declare that Lactated
Food, of all others, is the best adapted for
the young, is the food most easily digested,
and, at the same time, giving all the de-
sired results which tend to the child's
health and development.

Lactated Food is a corrective of confined
bowels, and its use does away with the
dangerous operation of purging to obtain
relief. Lactated Food is a preventative of
Dysentery and all summer complaints,
which usually mow down many thousands
of innocents.

Mothers from ocean to ocean have ac-
knowledged that Lactated Food is the best
means of saving their dear ones, and
counsel them to grow plump, hearty and
happy.

Allow us, dear mother, to draw your at-
tention to a letter received from a lady,
Mrs. John Wilson, living at Shoal Lake,
Manitoba; she says: "My child was very
sick and thin and weak, and I did not think
it would live. I heard of the Wells &
Gardiner Co's Lactated Food, and I
sent for a large can to Minneapolis, and I
am much pleased with the results. I got two
more cans from Dr. Lawson, and my child
has got on rapidly, and is now quite fat
and well. It was despairing of Dr.
Lawson. I have much pleasure in recom-
mending your food to all mothers."

We may say that wherever used, mothers
cannot find words sufficiently strong in its
praises. It is the only food sold that has re-
ceived the thorough indorsement of the best
medical men, and hundreds prescribe it
regularly in Canada.

FUN, FACTS AND FICTION.

John Cosine, employed in a hobbins mill
at Tunkhannock, Pa., saved his life recently
by presence of mind and quick work. His
left arm was caught in the machinery, and
was being drawn in. With
his right hand he drew a knife from his
pocket, and, opening it with his teeth, he
cut the belt that drove the machinery.
He will lose the arm that was caught.

WILL YOU SUFFER WITH DRUGGISTS?
Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaran-
teed to cure you. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas
Street, agent.

Joaquin Miller has been sued for \$625,
alleged to be due the plaintiff in a real es-
tate transaction. He says this is the first
time he ever has been sued, and that he will
be his own lawyer. A litigant is more like-
ly to be his own lawyer the first time than
the second time.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly
cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. W.
T. Strong, 184 Dundas Street, agent.

One of the gardeners of Bay St. Louis,
Louisiana, has procured a tomato that
weighs twenty-seven pounds, and he now
proposes to rest on his laurels until his
competitors ketchup with that. [New
York Sun.]

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS made miserable by
that terrible cough, Shiloh's Cure is the remedy
for you. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas Street,
agent.

Mrs. Dinsling—I wish you would tell me
the difference between a fiddler, a violinist
and a virtuoso. Dinsling—Well, a fiddler
plays for nothing, a violinist gets \$5 for an
evening's work, and a virtuoso gets \$50 for
one piece.

CATARH CURED, health and sweet breath
secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. W. T. Strong,
184 Dundas Street, agent.

Local Statesman—What an impractical,
visionary dreamer your neighbor, Jinks, is!
Winks—Yes, isn't he? Only the other day
he said he thought the street-cleaning de-
partment ought to make some attempt to
clean the streets.

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 coughs,
rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores
succumb to its action.

THE WEEK.

An Independent Journal of Politics,
Literature, Science and Art.
Terms—One year, \$2; eight months, \$2; four
months, \$1. Subscriptions payable in advance.

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—
The Ottawa Revelations.
The Political System.
Sir Charles Tupper's Proposals.
The New England "Principle."
Germany, England and France.
The Question of Capital Punishment.
An Under Secretary's Cynicism.
Wanted—A Canadian History.
The Creed Question.
The Memorial to the late Sir John A. Macdonald.
Anneciation and British Sentiment.
Shakespeare's Heroines (poem)—John King.
The New England "Principle"—(Principle) Geo. McGraw.
Paris Letter—J.
The Dip in the Road.—(Archibald MacMechan).
The Coming Novel.—(Geo. Stanley Adams).
A Theory of the Deluge.—(Kleio).
Old Days—(W. H. Hudson).
Borrowed Plumes.—(W. H. Hudson).
The Hamster.
CORRESPONDENCE—
The Problem of High School Education in
Ontario.—(Prof. J. Fletcher).
The late Bishop of Durham and the Author of
"Supernatural Religion"—(W. D. L. Lo
Sicily).
Music and the Drama.
Our Literary Table.
Literary and Personal G