

HIS REPENTANCE.

"They'll not be kept out now, doors or no doors," said he quietly to Mark.

Mr. Barker was right. Ere the words had died away upon his lips, a sound as if the walls of the house were being beaten in ensued. The bells commenced a perpetual peal, the knocker knocked incessantly, the doors were pushed and kicked and stamped. In the midst of it rose the sound of human voices in a roar; disjunct words, incoherent, in the midst of the tumult. "Let us in! Come out to us!"

Mr. Barker advanced to the stairs and leaned over the balustrade. "Williams," he called out to an attendant official below, "you can open the doors. The gentlemen may come up."

It was curious to note the difference in the tones of the two voices. The first, as it were, possessed as ever he had been in his life; ready to make the best of everything, and quite equal to the emergency. Mark, on the other hand, seemed to have parted with his wit and his nerve, not more completely did he lose his presence of mind in that long past evening which he did so in the present. His hands shook with terror; his face was white as death.

"Will they pull us to pieces, Barker?" "No," said Barker, with a laugh at the evident tremor. "What has taken you, Mark? Let them rave on a bit without answering, and they'll calm down. Put that down, Barker, with a say air. 'It will be a trifle to fall back upon.'"

He had touched the diamond ring that glittered on Mark's finger. Mark obeyed like a child. He took it from his finger and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket; next he buttoned his coat, some vague feeling perhaps prompting him to hide the stud; but he did it all mechanically, as one not conscious of his actions. Terror was holding its sway over him.

"Why should they be excited against us? Heaven knows we have not intentionally wronged them."

"That's the question I will ask them myself when they are cool enough to listen to the rejoined Barker, with a say air. 'Then comes the tug of war.'"

In they came thick and threefold, dashing up the stairs and pouring into the room like so many bees. And then it was found that Mark's apprehensions had been somewhat premature. For these shareholders had come flowing to the office, not so much to abuse the projectors of the company, as to inquire the true particulars of the disaster. The news had gone forth in a whisper—and to this hour neither Mark nor Barker knew how, or through whom, it had leaked out—but that whisper was vague and uncertain. Naturally those interested in the office for better information. Was the damage of great extent?—and would the mine and the company stand it? Barker was of course all scrutiny. He treated the matter more as a joke than anything else, making light of it altogether.

An eruption of water? Well, perhaps a little had got in, but they must wait for the afternoon's post before they could know. He looked round for Mark, hoping that gentleman's face would not arouse suspicion; but he could not see him. Mark, as Barker learned afterwards, had contrived to escape from the room as the crowd entered, and got into the street unnoticed, and leaped into a cab. Mark was beside himself that morning.

The unfortunate news spread from one end of London to the other. It was carried to Oswald Cray; but the day was advanced. "The Great Western Railway Company had exploded, and there was a run upon the office." Oswald was startled; and betook himself at once to the premises as the rest had done. But his way was barred by Henry Oswald, and spoke a word of caution. "It may be a false rumor said he. 'I hope it is. But don't you do anything in the heat until you have seen me.'"

A false rumor! When Oswald reached the office he found it all too true a one. The secretary of the company, without meaning to do it—indeed he had it cut in his lamentation—had unwittingly disclosed the fact of the previous eruption of water in the mine; and the excited crowd was wild with it. Many of them had bought their shares at a period subsequent to that.

Oswald heard this, and went to Mr. Barker in the board room. That gentleman rather heated certainly, but with unchanged suavity of demeanor, was still doing his best to reassure everybody. Oswald drew him aside.

"What a dreadful thing this is! What is the real truth of it?" "Hush!" interrupted Mr. Barker. "No need to tell the world to them. You are one of us. I am afraid it is all up with the mine; but we will keep it from them as long as we can. Anyway, it's no fault of ours."

"What is it they are saying about an eruption of water having occurred in the summer?"

"Well, so it did," answered Mr. Barker, whose past few hours' conversation with the crowd caused him perhaps to throw off reserve to Mr. Oswald Cray as a welcome relief. "But it wasn't much, that; and we succeeded in keeping it dark."

"Did Mark know of it?" "Mark knew of it?" rejoined Barker; "of course he knew of it. What should hinder him? Why, the telegram bringing the news was given me at Mark's house, and by the way, you were present, I remember. It was the evening that the doctor in the yellow trousers was there, with his two frights of daughters."

The scene rose in a mirror before Oswald's memory. Dr. Ford and his daughters, Miss Daventry and Sara, Caroline Cray in her satins and her beauty. He remembered that it appeared to disturb both Barker and Mark; and he remembered Mark's denial to him that anything was amiss with the mine.

"I do recollect it," he said aloud. "It struck me—perhaps it was rather singular that I should do so—that something was wrong. Mark declared to me that it was not so."

The words seemed to tickle Barker uncomfortably. "Ah," said he, laughing. "Mark told me of it, and how he turned up the scent. You'd not have put your thousand into it, perhaps, had you known of the water."

"Perhaps not," quietly replied Oswald. "And my thousand was wanted, I suppose."

"Law! you don't know the money that's been wanted," was the response. "And that eruption of water, as slight as it was, made the demand for it worse. The mine had sucked it up like a sponge."

Oswald made no answering remark. "I should think this eruption is worse than that," he presently observed.

"Indeed, I fear this is another thing altogether—ruin. But we don't know anything certain until the post comes in this afternoon. We have no letter yet."

"How did the news of it come to you?" "By telegram. But the first news was to Mark; in odd manner, too. A carundgeon

of a shareholder, old Brackenbury, went up yesterday evening to Mark, just as he was going out to dinner with his wife, and inquired upon his party money, only two hundred pounds, being returned to him. He was inclined to be nasty; and if Mark had not satisfied him, he'd have gone over all London proclaiming that the old thing, overflowing with water. The old thing, who could have telegraphed the news to him. We must have a traitor in the camp. Mark said—oh, ah," broke off Barker interrupting himself as recollection flashed upon him—"I think he got the two hundred from you."

"And Mark knew the mine was then ruined?" returned Oswald, drawing his lips, but not losing his calm equanimity. "Brackenbury said it was. He didn't know it otherwise. Brackenbury—Hello! what's that?"

It was a shout in the street. A shout composed of roars, and hisses, and groans. Drawing up to the door of the office was the handsome carriage of Mark Cray; and the crowd had turned their indignation upon him.

One look, one glimpse of the white and terror-stricken faces of its inmates, and Oswald Cray bounded down the stairs. They were the faces of Mrs. Cray and Sara Daventry.

What could have brought them here?

CHAPTER XLIII.

DAY-DREAMS RUDELY INTERRUPTED. Severed before a costly breakfast service of Sevres porcelain, with its adjuncts of glittering silver, was Caroline Cray, in a charming morning robe of white muslin and blue ribbons, with what she would have called a coiffure, all blue ribbons and white lace, on her silky hair. A stranger, taking a bird's-eye view of the scene, of the elegant room, the expensive accessories, the recherche attire of its mistress, would have concluded that there was no lack of means, that the income supporting all this must be one of at least some thousands a year.

In truth, Mark Cray and his wife were a practical illustration of that homely but expressive saying so familiar to us all; they were a couple who were not a couple. When fortune has come, when it is actually realized, then the top of the ladder, comprising its Sevres porcelain and other costs in accordance with the social position, but if we begin there without first climbing to it, too many have an inconvenient fashion of toppling down again. The furniture surrounding Caroline Cray was of the most beautiful design, the most costly nature; the silver ornaments on the table were fit for the first palace in the land; and Mr. and Mrs. Cray had these things about them—and a great deal more which I have not time to tell you of—anticipatory of the fortune that was to be theirs; not that already was. And now their footing on this high ladder was beginning to tremble, just as that of the milk-maid did when she sent the milk out of her milkpails, and so destroyed her dream.

(To be Continued.)

Got the Mitten Every Time. "I can marry any girl I please," was the exclamation, but unfortunately then he did not please any; and there was a plain reason for it. He had contracted catarrh of the worst form, and, although a wealthy, educated, attractive person every other way, he was positively repulsive to his lady friend, a number of whom rejected his offers of marriage. A friend advised him to use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. He took his advice, and now is the most popular beau in town, and he really can "marry any girl he pleases" to ask. It made his breath pure and sweet, he has no headache, no offensive discharges from the nose, in short, is in perfect health, and all from using a few bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Patience called Persian apples, were known in Europe before the Christian era. 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, carache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart always handed their meat with their fingers.

Millions of Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for thirty years by millions of mothers for their children. WHILE TEething with PAINFUL GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Most of the fine coral known to commerce is obtained by divers along the coast of Italy.

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.

A watch is said to tick 157,680,000 times in a year and the wheels travel 3,568 miles per annum.

A man's wife should always be the same as early in 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 their husbands say so too.

As high a price as \$100 was paid in London not long ago for a Canadian twelve-penny stamp.

A wonderful new combination is R. Starks' Headache, Neuralgia and Liver Powders, nice reliable perfectly harmless. Dr. Williams' chief of police, Woodstock, says: "A sure cure every time." A. J. Farmer, barrister, Hamilton, says: "I experienced almost immediate relief from their use for sick headaches." Mr. Barker, contractor, Hamilton, says: "Consider them a very valuable remedy, and far surpassing many others I have tried." Mrs. Gurn, Hamilton, says: "I have derived great benefit from them, having been a long time a sufferer from headache, biliousness and neuralgia." Mrs. C. H. Hamilton, says: "No medicine or doctors did my daughter any good until we used R. Starks' Headache, Neuralgia and Liver Powders; they have effected a complete cure." Mrs. Kents, Hamilton, says: "Your powders have been the greatest blessing to me." Price, 25 cents a box. Sold by all medicine dealers.

A number of Urokoee Indian girls supplied the singing at a church service in New York on a recent Sunday evening.

Mothers and Nurses. All who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Sassafras may be given to them, and it cures all summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, canker, etc., in children or adults.

The first seagoing vessel of aluminum is being constructed in the dockyards of the Loire. It is a cutter which would weigh, if made of the usual materials, 4,500 tons, instead of its actual weight of 2,500 tons.

WHY THEY LOVE BICYCLES.

Or at Least Why Girls Like to Learn to Ride Them.

New York, Aug. 8.—An old lady, who wore, among other things, corkscrew curls about her temples and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles stood on the corner of Sixty-seventh Street and the Western Boulevard watching the bicycle riders with much interest and some surprise. Numbers of pretty girls flashed by her on wheels, and the old lady grew more surprised.

By and by there came along a girl who was learning to ride. With the vanity of her sex she took lessons at night; the friendly darkness might hide her awkwardness. She was a lovely dark-faced girl. She wore a piquant straw hat with a feather in it, a blue silk blouse and voluminous skirt, blue flannel, from under which her little feet peeped in and out on the pedals.

But on the wheel she was the most helpless creature alive. At her left, however, walked a sturdy, good-looking young fellow, in regulation bicycle costume. With his left hand he supported her wheel; his right arm was around her waist and held her firmly on the saddle. She could not fall off, but she seemed to think she would, and all the while gave vent to musical little screams and timorous ejaculations. Then the young fellow held her closer.

The couple passed slowly by. "I see now," said the old lady, who was watching them, "why bicycle-riding is so popular among the girls."

A MOCK MARRIAGE.

Become Lovers on a Steamer and Flight Their Troth in a Minute Ceremony.

ORANGE, N. J., Aug. 8.—Miss Florence Leona Greeley, of Jacksonville, Fla., decided last June to visit her friend in New York. Miss Agnes Reese, No. 496 Main street, Miss Greeley's Florida friend, on Clyde steamer, and while en route to New York met a young physician of South Carolina who was bound for New York. They became acquainted the first day out, and he was a capable-looking young fellow, and began to talk of marriage.

On Sunday evening after divine services to break the monotony of the night, a marriage was proposed. They went to a minister who was a passenger and asked him to perform the ceremony. He asked them to perform the ceremony, and Miss Greeley and Dr. Devanney replied that they were the couple. They stood side by side and cautioned the clergyman not to perform a regular ceremony.

Nearly all the passengers witnessed the proceedings. By gestures only the mock marriage was performed, not a word being spoken. The couple, however, agreed that the proceedings should act as an acknowledgment or agreement, and that in future a genuine ceremony would take place.

Dr. Devanney left the vessel on its arrival at New York and went to Philadelphia and Miss Greeley came to her friend's house in Orange. Tuesday the doctor visited her and Wednesday left for New York, from which city he will return in September and lead her to the altar.

After Breakfast to purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Continue the medicine after every meal for four or five days, and you will feel "like a new man." The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is proven by its thousands of wonderful cures. Why doubt its efficacy? Hood's Pills cure constipation. They are the best after-dinner pill and family cathartic.

Louis Napoleon was found of mimic warfare, and would often have been constructed in his garden to illustrate tactical point.

Untold Misery—What a Well-Known Commercial Traveler Suffered, and How He Was Cured. Gentlemen—About five years ago I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery, from this terrible complaint. I was at that time traveling for Messrs. Woods & Co., Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and to my great surprise and joy, I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine, and when the third bottle was finished I found I was entirely cured; and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint, I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of dyspepsia. (Signed.) T. S. McINTYRE.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

It is said that alcohol will immediately remove grass stains from any white material.

To smooth wrinkled silk, sponge on the right side with very weak gum-arabic water and iron on the wrong side.

Cold green tea, very strong and sweetened with sugar, will, when set about the room in saucers, attract flies and destroy them.

A new recipe for killing cockroaches is the following: A teaspoonful of well-bruised plaster of paris, mixed with double the quantity of oatmeal, to which add a little sugar (the latter is not essential). Strew it on the floor or the chinks where they frequent.

A good cure for burns is to take one-third part linseed oil and two-thirds lime water. Shake up well; apply to the burn and wrap in soft linen. Until you can procure this, keep the part covered with wood-soot mixed to a soft paste with lard, or if you have not these, with common molasses.

The important points in canning are to have the fruit perfect in shape and quality, the syrup clear, rightly proportioned and boiling hot; the jars hot and filled to overflowing, and sealed quickly and thoroughly, that no air may be left inside. Have all jars in order and at hand, that there may be no needless delay.

One Word Tells It. The Boston Transcript takes some space to answer the question "How to get custom." One word tells the story, and that word is—Advertisement.

Chappie Philosopher. Algernon—I say, Chappie, did you evah notice the aw—wise provision of natchaw in a cigarette?

Chappie—I never notice anything, Algy; it's bad fown.

Algernon—Hang fown. I like philosophy. Now I have often observed that the least hawf of a cigarette is not so good as the first hawf. Now just think what a fix we would be in if it was the othaw way, and we had to smoke the lawst hawf first?

Dr. J. E. Kitchin, Conway, Ark.

Allen C. Smith, Pres., THE CONTINENTAL COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

IF YOU USE SUNLIGHT YOU'RE RIGHT.

Sunlight Soap has the LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD Because it is THE BEST IN THE WORLD And also because Those who use it find it will do more for Laundry and Household, it is a positive comfort.

SCROFULA. Scrofula is a tainted and impure condition of the blood, causing sores, swellings, ulcers, tumors, rashes, eruptions and skin diseases. To remove the blood must be thoroughly cleansed and the system regulated and strengthened. P.B.B. is the strongest, PURGEST and cures all scrofulous disorders rapidly and surely.

I was severely cured of a scrofulous ulcer on my ankle by the use of P.B.B. and Burdock Healing Ointment. Mrs. Wm. V. Davis, Bradford, Ont.

THE R.I.P.A.N'S TABLETS REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

R.I.P.A.N'S TABLETS are the best medicine known for Indigestion, Bilelessness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Biliousness, Dropsy, Brucyria, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ripans Tablets contain nothing injurious to the delicate constitution. Are pleasant to take, safe, reliable, and give immediate relief. May be ordered through druggists, chemists, or sent direct by mail. Address THE R.I.P.A.N'S CHEMICAL CO., 10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

KEARNEY'S HERBAL HAIR TONIC Cures Dandruff, Promotes Growth of the Hair, Prevents Falling Out and Imparts to the Hair a Beautiful Gloss.

It being a purely Vegetable Compound it may be used freely without injury to the most delicate scalp. Every Bottle Guaranteed.

At 50 PER BOTTLE. R. J. KEARNEY, 38 RICHMOND STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND. Sole proprietor and manufacturer of the product. All orders by mail are promptly attended to.

Ask your druggist for it. All the druggists please take notice and send for particulars.

There is a litter of seven pigs on the farm of Thomas Hornbeck, near St. Croix, Ind., four of which have six legs each, while one has feet like a dog.

Should you suffer from toothache try Gibbons' Toothache Gum.

The wives of Siamese noblemen cut their hair so that it sticks out up from their heads. The average length of it is about an inch and a half.

Take the Englewood Route to Columbian Exposition. Via the Wabash vestibuled trains running to Chicago every day in the year, which are the finest known to the railway service. They are complete and solid vestibuled from end to end the entire train being a moving palace of connected apartments. All Wabash trains stop at Englewood, near 60th-street entrance to the World's Fair; electric cars direct to grounds every five minutes. Get your tickets via Detroit and the New Short Line, J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

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CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osmond, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. E. Kitchin, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of the experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

Allen C. Smith, Pres., THE CONTINENTAL COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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