

SELF-WILLED.

"No, no," said Lord Neville, hurrying on, and ashamed of displaying his emotion. "It was very pleasant. I suppose Miss de Norvan and you—"

"He was so anxious to learn something about her that he usually called her 'Miss de Norvan'."

"The young fellow shrugged his shoulders. 'A trick he had caught from her, no doubt,' said Lord Neville, 'and she was not very long.'"

"Lord Neville looked surprised, and a spasm of jealousy shot through him. 'Jealousy already!'

"I thought it must be so, as you called her by her Christian name—'Zenobia.'"

"Oh, ah, yes," he said lightly. "Everybody calls her Zenobia. You'll find yourself calling her so if you see much of her. The other name is so awkward, you see, and Zenobia is so pretty."

Lord Neville knit his brows. "Besides, foreigners are not like English, not so still and proud. Anyhow, she doesn't mind it."

"What is Miss de Norvan?" asked Lord Neville.

"Again Gerald Moore shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. I think I'm not sure, but I've an impression she is a Russian or a Pole, and yet she speaks Italian. Really, Neville, I don't know. I'll ask her if you like."

"Not on my account," said Lord Neville hastily, and flushing.

"I fancy she is a Russian; at any rate she speaks of Russia as if she knew it; but so does a lot of the other people I've an idea that she was mixed up, at some time or other, in some secret society. I can't tell you that it is so, mind."

"She is lovely," asserted Lord Neville, under his breath.

"And plays and sings in first-rate style," Lord Neville smiled with scorn at this commonplace description.

"Miss de Norvan is a musician," he said. "I don't know," rejoined Gerald Moore. "By the way, that is what she said of you, Neville."

"A thrill of pleasure ran through Lord Neville's veins. 'I don't want to make you vain, but Zenobia seemed to take to you immensely.'"

Lord Neville's eyes flashed, and he drew a long breath of free joy.

"They had reached the Nationale by this time, and Lord Neville asked Gerald Moore to go in, but he declined, made an appointment for the next day, and went off."

Lord Neville entered the hotel and went up to the suite room which had been engaged and set apart for his friend and himself. It was the finest suite in this magnificent hotel, and was rented as high as a mansion in Park Lane.

Lord Neville found Mr. Forsyth reclining on the sofa of the smoking-room, with his bottle of wine and cigars at his elbow.

"How do you do, Lord Neville?" asked Lord Neville.

"My dear fellow," he said, sleepily, "where have you been? I was half thinking of dragging the lake, and you were staring with unconcealed amazement."

"Why, what is the matter?" he demanded, and not unnaturally, for the Lord Neville had been left on the beach by the sea, and his flushed cheeks were two different beings.

Lord Neville flung his soft wide-awake on to the satin couch, and, leaning back, he looked at his friend with a white hand through his hair, and laughed softly.

"What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Forsyth, still staring at him.

"Matter? Nothing," said Lord Neville; but he laughed again and fell to pacing the room.

"Where have you been? You look as if you had either seen a vision, or—prayer excuse the vulgar—been drinking!" and, indeed, Lord Neville's appearance was somewhat that of a man who had been drinking.

"No, I have not been drinking, Forsyth; but I have seen a vision."

"Fray describe it," said Mr. Forsyth, "and let me share it, if only second-hand."

But Lord Neville shook his head with an absent laugh, and continued his pacing over the Turkish carpet.

Mr. Forsyth was rather alarmed. He knew only too well the excitable nature of his young companion, and he was anxious to know if you would not unbecomingly pray to God and smoke a cigar. I have seen no vision, and am rather bored."

Lord Neville drew and smoked a cigar, and drank a glass of Mr. Forsyth's wine; but he would say no more, and soon went to bed, to dream of the lovely face and form of Zenobia, to hear the music of her voice ringing in his ears and echoing in his heart.

The next morning he rose, pale still, but with a new fire in his eyes, and a new life running through his veins. Before many hours had passed he made some excuse for leaving his companion and wended his way to the city.

With a throbbing heart he asked if Miss de Norvan was in, and the servant answering in the affirmative, showed him upstairs to the room which had haunted him all through the night. The faint perfume still hung about it, also the aroma of Gerald Moore's cigar, but he did not notice the latter, and presently the door opened, and Zenobia, clad in a morning robe of charming simplicity, glided into the room.

Lord Neville faltered an apology for calling so early, but she met it with a most perfect and graceful ease and frankness, and he spent one, two hours of exquisite bliss, and sometimes they went out on to the balcony and leaned over the rail, she with a huge fan in her white hand, over which she smiled languidly at him, and once she sat down and played to him.

"I was going out," she said, "but it is too hot for walking, and the carriages are so dreadfully dirty and stuffy—they're not!"

Lord Neville tore himself away at last, and when he had done so, went straight to the railway station, and telegraphed to Paris for a pair of bonnet and a lady's phaeton to match. The best, he added, that could be procured at so short a notice, and at any cost. He also telegraphed to Howell & James to send a set of robes and boots; there was to be no delay and no question of cost in this case also.

Not a day passed without his going to the villa and spending a few precious hours with his enchantress, and each time he returned to the "Hotel Nationale," and his companion, Mr. Forsyth, noticed that his manner was marked with excitement and feverish interest.

Mr. Forsyth was a clergyman and a gentleman, and would not consent to spy upon his charge's movements; but he grew uneasy, and proposed that they should leave London.

Lord Neville laughed the suggestion to scorn. "Leave London!" he said. "Not if my life depended upon it."

"Perhaps you'll tell me what great thing depends upon your remaining?" asked Mr. Forsyth; but Lord Neville put him off.

"I'll tell you all directly—very soon, Forsyth," he said, and that was all he would vouchsafe.

In due course the ponies and phaeton arrived, and Lord Neville drove them up the lane to the villa.

He was full of dread lest she should decline them, perhaps with haughty indignation.

"See," he said, "I have ventured to bring you a small present, Zenobia—for Gerald Moore's prophecy had been fulfilled, and he called her Zenobia now. Will you accept it?"

At any rate, do not be angry at my presumption," he added, with manly simplicity. But she was not angry in the least; her large eyes grew wide with surprise and delight.

"For me! Ah!" she said, clasping her white hands. "Ah, how good of you! What little beauties! And the carriage! It is all fit for a princess!"

"And if you are not a princess you look like one—like a queen!" he murmured. He would have added, "my queen," but he had not come to that pitch of courage yet.

That same morning Lucerne was astonished and amazed beyond bearing almost by the sight of the beautiful little phaeton bowling along the quay, and the lovely Zenobia holding the white reins, and the handsome "English milord" seated by her side. Not only so, but Lucerne, but Mr. Forsyth also, for he met the equipage as it pulled up before a shop door, and stood thunderstruck.

He understood it all in a moment, and as Lord Neville, without a blush, but with a sparkle in his eyes, presented him, he knew that he was dealing with the young man and some excuse for his infatuation.

Dressed to perfection, with a delicate glow of pleasure in her cheeks and a gleam of happiness and gratification in her eyes, Zenobia looked the incarnation of loveliness.

She welcomed the clergyman with noble grace and frankness, and begged that Lord Neville would bring his friend to see her.

Mr. Forsyth went home, after the ponies had dashed down the quay, in a state of bewilderment and perplexity.

It was evident now what was the matter with Lord Neville. The young nobleman had fallen in love, and with this lovely young creature whose eyes made even Mr. Forsyth's heart beat with subdued admiration!

What was to be done? "Well," he said, as Lord Neville came in an hour afterward, came in with flushed face and glittering eyes; just like a man in a fever, "the cat is out of the bag, my young friend. The mystery is explained without any trouble on your part. I can understand now why it was so impossible that we should leave Lucerne!"

Lord Neville smiled. "I meant to tell you to-day," he said.

"Tell me what?" asked Mr. Forsyth. "That I intend to ask Miss de Norvan, the lady whom you saw to-day, to be my wife," said Lord Neville calmly, too calmly. Mr. Forsyth pursed his lips.

(To Be Continued.)

Head's and Only Head's. Hood's Sarsaparilla is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pilewort, Juniper berries and other well-known remedies, by a regular combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures when other preparations fail.

Head's Pills cure biliousness. "How is Johnny getting along with his writing?" asked the good parent. "Rapidly," replied the teacher. I think he is already competent to write his own exercises."

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

Buckwheat cakes that taste good for breakfast and make a man feel like committing murder the rest of the day have made their appearance.

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 remedy, but without outward signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about 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, and I should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

The barber believes in doing his share. When he is working on a customer's face he also works his own.

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, catarrhs, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

Some men who start out to set the world on fire give it up at the first thunder-clap.

Mother's Mothers! Mothers!!! Mrs. Winslow's SCOTT'S SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAINS; CURES COUGHS, COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's SCOTT'S SYRUP, and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"What is the matter with Spriggins?" "Alphabetic derangement." "What do you mean?" "Not enough y's and x's and too many J. O. U.'s."

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.

Of course trolley accidents come under the head of "current news."

Baseball is the noblest of all outdoor sports so long as the home club wins.

The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Fickie'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, hoarseness, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

ENGLAND'S RECENT CAT SHOW.

Tables of High Degree, Mixed and Purred for Prizes.

A wonderful cat show, the climax of a quarter of a century of other cat shows, has just been held at the Crystal Palace in London.

A noble 600 of pedigreed tabbies alternately mewed and purred in their hands.

Some of the cats, or, as they are sometimes called, catteries, it was the time of all times when, in very truth, a cat could look as a king, since the high and mighty of the land dined daily by their cages. Twenty-five years ago, at the original feline competition, the problem was how to get enough cats together to even fill the classes, and it was a still greater task to get people to look at the collection seriously. This is scarcely to be wondered at, since a large number of the animals shown were the every-day mousers, who were kept about the building for use instead of a certain shirky pigeon fancier used to relate with great glee that he borrowed without permission a neighbor's quondam white cat, washed her, very much against her will, and won a prize with her side. Not only so, but Lucerne, but Mr. Forsyth also, for he met the equipage as it pulled up before a shop door, and stood thunderstruck.

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PROFITABLE PEANUT STAND.

Miss Anderson Wan's Back a Diamond Ring Bought Out of Its Perils.

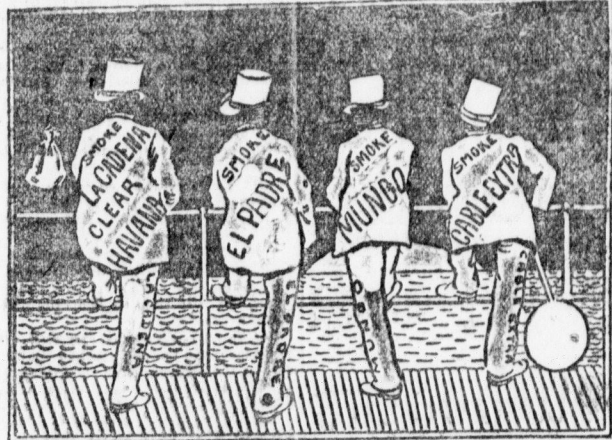
New York, Nov. 15.—Douglas Carroll, of Seventeenth street and Ninth avenue, was before Police Justice Tighe, in the Butler street court, in Brooklyn, yesterday, on the complaint of Miss Olla Anderson, who accused him of having stolen her \$200 diamond ring.

Miss Anderson kept a peanut stand at Umer Park, Bensonhurst, last summer, and at the end of the season found herself \$500 or \$600 ahead. She invested most of her savings in jewelry, and it said, gave the diamond ring to Carroll as a token of her affection. When she and Carroll had a falling out she demanded the return of the ring.

He told her that he had given it to another young woman. The explanation did not prove satisfactory to Miss Anderson, and she had him arrested. Carroll acknowledged to Judge Tighe that Miss Anderson had given him the ring at a picnic, and repeated the story that he had given it to another woman. A week was allowed him to restore it to Miss Anderson.

The proprietor of a cigar shop in Philadelphia died of black diphtheria a few days ago, and that the danger of contagion might be avoided his body, in its coffin, was placed in the show window of his store during the funeral services, that his friends might pass by on the outside. All the neighbors flocked to see the somewhat uncanny spectacle.

The Men You Know.



The MARVEL Hot Air FURNACE
IS THE BEST.
J. BROCKEST, - South London
PHONE 92.

Ripans Tabules

act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse the system effectually; cure dyspepsia, habitual constipation, offensive breath and headache. One TABULE taken at the first indication of indigestion, biliousness, dizziness, distress after eating or depression of spirits, will surely and quickly remove the whole difficulty.

Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you suffer from Headache, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If you are Bilious, Constipated or have a Disordered Liver, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If Complexion is Sallow, or you suffer Distress after Eating, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

For Offensive Breath and all Disorders of the Stomach, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

Ripans Tabules are prepared from a prescription widely used by the best physicians, and are presented in a form acceptable to the stomach. An infallible cure if given a fair trial. Contain nothing injurious.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

EASY TO TAKE. QUICK TO ACT.

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W. T. STRONG, Druggist, 184 Dundas St., LONDON, . . ONTARIO.

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CALENDARS FOR 1894.

SAMPLES NOW READY.

NEW AND EXQUISITE DESIGNS IN IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC

Chromo Lithographs.

BANNERS, SHAPES, PANELS, ETC.

Come and see them, or drop us a card and one of our travelers will call on you.

Advertiser Printing Company

SOLE AGENTS IN CANADA FOR

THE CALVERT LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY

DETROIT, MICH.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division
CORRECTED MAY 23, 1893.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

Wabash Express (A)	3:25 a.m.	3:40 a.m.
Limited Express	3:45 a.m.	3:50 a.m.
Accommodation	4:00 a.m.	4:05 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	4:10 a.m.	4:15 a.m.
Day Express	4:25 a.m.	4:30 a.m.
Reading Express (A)	4:30 a.m.	4:35 a.m.
Yabash Express (A) (B)	4:35 a.m.	4:40 a.m.
Mixed (C)	4:40 a.m.	4:45 a.m.
Erie Limited (A)	4:45 a.m.	4:50 a.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

Chicago Express (A)	5:15 a.m.	5:30 a.m.
West End Mixed	5:35 a.m.	5:40 a.m.
Reading Express (A)	5:45 a.m.	5:50 a.m.
Erie Limited (A)	5:55 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Wabash Express (A)	6:05 a.m.	6:10 a.m.
Accommodation	6:15 a.m.	6:20 a.m.
Pacific Express (A)	6:20 a.m.	6:25 a.m.
Day Express	6:25 a.m.	6:30 a.m.
Accommodation	6:30 a.m.	6:35 a.m.
Erie Limited (B)	6:35 a.m.	6:40 a.m.

Sarnia Branch.

Limited Express (B)	3:45 a.m.	3:50 a.m.
Accommodation	4:00 a.m.	4:05 a.m.
Reading Express (B)	4:10 a.m.	4:15 a.m.
Mixed	4:25 a.m.	4:30 a.m.
Accommodation	4:35 a.m.	4:40 a.m.
Erie Limited (B)	4:45 a.m.	4:50 a.m.

Sarnia Branch.

Chicago Express (B)	5:15 a.m.	5:30 a.m.
Accommodation	5:35 a.m.	5:40 a.m.
Reading Express (B)	5:45 a.m.	5:50 a.m.
Erie Limited (B)	5:55 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Wabash Express (B)	6:05 a.m.	6:10 a.m.
Accommodation	6:15 a.m.	6:20 a.m.
Pacific Express (B)	6:20 a.m.	6:25 a.m.
Day Express	6:25 a.m.	6:30 a.m.
Accommodation	6:30 a.m.	6:35 a.m.
Erie Limited (C)	6:35 a.m.	6:40 a.m.

London, Huron and Strathroy.

Express.....	9:55 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
Mail.....	6:40 p.m.	4:65 p.m.
St. Marys and Stratford Branch.		
	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Mixed-Mail.....	11:15 a.m.	7:50 a.m.
Express.....	2:05 p.m.	
Express.....	5:40 p.m.	2:40 p.m.
Express-Mixed.....	9:15 p.m.	6:55 p.m.