

PERFECT COMPLEXION GUARANTEED

The coarsest, most imperfect complexions are beautified and made soft, smooth and white by my new home treatment. Warranted not to injure the most delicate skin.

All blemishes, freckles, pimples, blackheads, moths, patches, tan, moles, superfluous hair, roughness, etc., are completely removed and wrinkles, lines and sallowness perfectly and permanently cured.

Any lady using this treatment will, regardless of age, have a fresh, white, rose-tinted complexion of perfect beauty. Neck, arms and hands will be as smooth and white as ivory after a few days use.

Treatment harmless and inexpensive. For full particulars include 5 cents to

MADAM JARRE, "Advertiser" Office,
Correspondence strictly private. ywt

TANGLED
THREADS

The clothes were of a delicate shade of gray; looking remarkably cool and nice in conjunction with the white waistcoat. Captain Bohun was always well dressed, and seemed a part of himself. To wear the rude and rough attire that some men affect nowadays, would have been against his instincts.

"Don't sit on that stool of penitence; take the patient's chair," said the doctor, pointing to an elbow chair opposite the window.

"But I am not a patient."

"No. Or you'd be at the opposite shop over the way."

Arthur Bohun laughed. "It was of the opposition shop I came to speak to you—if I came for anything in particular. Where's Alexander? Is he keeping out of the way; or has he really gone to London as people say?"

"I know nothing about him," returned Dr. Rane. "Look here—I was reading the account the give in the newspaper. Is this last hint true?—holding out the journal—that a clue has been obtained to the writer of the letters?"

Arthur Bohun ran his eyes over the sentence to which the doctor's finger pointed.

"No, this has no foundation," he promptly answered. "At least so far as the Hall is concerned. As yet we have not found any clue whatever."

"I thought so. These newsmongers put forth lies by the bushel. Just as we might do, if we had to cater for an insatiably curious public. But I fear I must begone."

Arthur Bohun brought down the fore-legs of the stool, which he had kept on the floor, and said a word of apology for having detained him from his patients. His was essentially a courteous nature, sensitively regarding of other people's feelings, as men of great innate refinement assure to be.

They went into the dining room, Dr. Rane having left his hat there, and passed out together by the large bay window. The doctor crossed at once to a door in the wall that bound the premises at the back, and made his exit to a lane beyond, leaving Arthur Bohun in the garden.

A garden that on a summer's day seemed as a very paradise. With its clustering shrubs, its overhanging trees, its leafy glades, its shrubberies, its miniature rocks, its sweet repose, its sweeter flowers. Seated in a remote part of that which belonged to Mrs. Cumberland, was one of the loveliest girls that eye had ever looked upon. She wore morning dress, and began colored muslin with an edging of lace at the neck and wrists. Slight, graceful, charming, with a peculiar look of grace and refinement, a stranger would have been almost startled at her beauty. It was a delicate face, with features clear-cut, the complexion soft, pure, and delicate, paler and flushing with every emotion. In the dark brown eyes there was a singularly sweet expression; the dark brown hair took a lustrous tinge in the sunlight.

A natural arbor of trees and branches had been formed overhead; she sat on a garden bench, behind a rustic table. Before her, at a short distance, a falling cascade trickled down over artificial rocks, and thence wound away, a tiny stream, amidst ferns, violets, primroses, and other wild plants. A plot of green grass, smooth and soft as the moss of the rocks, and the flowers were caught through the trees. Their rich perfume came wafted in a sudden breeze to the girl's senses, and she looked up gratefully from her work; some small matter of silk embroidery.

And now you could see the singular refinement and delicacy of the face, the pleasant expression of the soft bright eyes. A bird lodged itself on a branch close by, and began a song. Her eyes parted with a smile of greeting. By way of rewarding it, off he flew, dipped his beak into the running stream, and eyed away out of her sight. As is the case sometimes in life.

On the table lay a handful of violets, picked short off at the blossoms. Almost unconsciously, as it seemed, her thoughts far away, she began toying with them, and insensibly into the French schoolgirl's play, telling off the flowers. "Maimie! Maimie!" was the first momentous question; and then the pastime, a blossom being told off with every answer. "Oui. Non. Un peu. Beaucoup. Pas du tout. Passionnement."

"Ah, foolish girl! The oracle seemed as true as if it had come direct from heaven. But can we not remember the easy days when neomancy once brought to our aid?"

With her blushes deepening as she woke, startling into reality; with a smile at her own folly; with a sense of maidenly shame for indulging in the pastime, she pushed the violets together, threaded a needle of green floss silk, and went on soberly with her work. A few minutes, and then either eye or ear was attracted by something else so far off, and she sat quite still. Quite still outwardly, but old and new emotions were rising like a lightning flash within! and she knew the footstep. Every vein was tingling; every pulse throbbing; the pink on her cheeks deepened; the life blood of her heart rushed wildly on, and she pressed her hand upon her bosom to still it.

He was passing on from Dr. Rane's to the other house, when he caught a glimpse of her dress through the trees, and turned aside. Nothing could have been more quieter or more unobtrusive than the meeting; and yet a shrewd observer, skilled in secrets, had not failed to read the truth—that both alike loved. Captain Bohun went up, calm as bottled wine, but many shaking hands after the fashion of society, and apparently with as little interest; but on his face the flush also shone with all its tell tale vividness; the hand that touched hers thrilled almost to the palm. She had risen to receive him; as calm outwardly as he, but her senses were in wild confusion. She began to go on with her work again in

a hurried, trembling sort of fashion when he sat down. The day, for her, had turned to Eden; all things seemed to discourse sweet music.

True love—passionate, pure love—is not fluent of speech, whatever the world may say, or poets teach. Dr. Rane and Miss North thought they loved each other; and so they did, after a sensible, sober manner; they could have conversed with mutual fluency for ever and a day; but their love was not this love. It is the custom of modern writers to ignore it; the prevailing fashion to be matter of fact; realistic; people don't talk of love now, and of course don't feel it; the capacity for it has died out; habits have changed. It is false sophistry. We cannot put off human nature as we do a garment.

Captain Bohun was the first to break the silence. She had been content to live in it by his side forever; it was more eloquent, too, than his words were.

"What a lovely day it is, Ellen!"

"Yes, I think summer has come; we shall scarcely have it warmer than this in July. And oh, how charming everything is!"

"Yes. Yesterday I had a ride of ten miles between green hedges in which the May is beginning to blossom. Evident darkness had shut out the world before I reached home again."

"And I sat out here all the afternoon," she answered—and perhaps she unconsciously spoke in pursuance of the thought, that she had sat out waiting and hoping for him.

"Where did you go, Arthur?"

"To Bretschler. Some of my old brother officers are quartered there; and I spent the day with them. That's that for!"

He alluded to the piece of work. She smiled as he held it out in her right hand, on the third finger of which was a plain gold ring. A small piece of white canvas with a pink rose and part of a green leaf already worked upon it in fine floss silk.

"Guess."

"Nay, how can I? For a doll's cushion?"

"Oh, Arthur! came the laughing exclamation. 'I tell you, you must keep counsel, mind that, for it is a secret, and I am working it under difficulties, out of Mrs. Cumberland's sight. Don't you think I have done a great deal? I only began it yesterday.'"

"Well, what's it for?" he asked, putting his hand underneath it as an excuse, perhaps, for touching the fingers that held it.

"A firescreen for pretty faces!"

The young lady shook her head. "It's for a kettle-holder."

"A kettle-holder! What a prosy ending!"

"It is for Mrs. Cumberland's invalid kettle that she keeps in her bedroom. The handle got hot a day or two ago, and she burnt her hand. I shall put it on some morning to surprise her."

(To be Continued.)

Tired, Weak, No vonc.

Means impure blood and overwork or too much strain on brain and body. The only way to cure is to feed the nerves on pure blood. Thousands of people certify that the best blood purifier, the best tonic and nerve food is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What has been done for others it will also do for you—Hood's Cures.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. If good advice were legal tender it would not be given so freely.

If some people were wiser other people wouldn't make so good a living.

Why will you allow a cough to incapacitate you, throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving the healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

Platinum has been drawn into wire so fine that eighteen strands of it twisted together could be inserted into the hollow of a human hair.

A Man Made Happy.—GENTLEMEN,—For five years I have been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life was a torment to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest either day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad, she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it.

Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

The skin of the potato is the part of the tuber richest in mineral salts.

You are undoubtedly a superior man; but do you practice it?

Fishes: Eels: Itching Fishes.

Symptoms: Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Write to Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

"What does a Welsh rarebit look like?"

"On a plate it is a symphony in gold, but when you are asleep it is a five-eyed elephant with eight feet all planted on your chest."

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOURCE" KIDNEY CURE. This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by J. Callard, W. T. Strong, Cairncross & Lawrence, and all druggists in the Dominion.

Mr. E. Conomie—"Did you write to that man who advertises to show people how to make desserts without milk and have them richer?" Mrs. E. Conomie—"Yes, and sent him the dollar. 'What did he reply?'"

"Use cream."

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.

AN HOTEL MAN'S STORY.

The Proprietor of the Grand Union, Toronto, Relates an Interesting Experience.

Suffered Intensely From Rheumatism—Six Doctors and Mineral Springs Failed to Help Him—How He Found a Cure—His Wife Also Restored to Health—Advice to Others.

(From the Toronto World.)

One of the most popular officers at the recent meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada was Rev. L. A. Betts, of Brockville, grand chaplain for 1893-94. While on his way to Grand Lodge Rev. Mr. Betts spent some time in Toronto, and among other points of interest visited the World Office. It seems natural to talk Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any one coming from the home of that world-renowned medicine, and incidentally the conversation with Mr. Betts turned in that direction, when he told the World that he had that day met an old friend whose experience was a most remarkable one. The friend alluded to is Mr. John Soby, for many years proprietor of one of the leading hotels of Napanee, but now a resident of Toronto, and proprietor of one of the best City's newest and finest hosteleries, the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Union depot. The World was impressed with the story Mr. Betts told, and determined to interview Mr. Soby and secure the particulars of his case for publication. Mr. Soby freely gives his testimony to the good done him by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago he was afflicted with his attendant legion of aches and pains fastened upon him, and he was forced to retire from business. "For months," said Mr. Soby, "I suffered and could find no relief from doctors or medicines. The disease was always worse in the spring and fall, and last year I was almost crippled with pain. From my knee to my shoulder shot pains which felt like red hot needles. Then all my limbs would be affected at once. Half a dozen doctors, one after the other, tried to cure me, but did no good. The rheumatism seemed to be getting worse. As I tried almost everything the doctors could suggest, I thought I would try a little prescribing on my own account, and I gave Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The good effects were soon perceptible and I procured a second supply, and before those were gone I was cured of a malady six doctors could not put an end to. I have recovered my appetite, never felt better in my life, and I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills credit for this transformation. My wife, too, is just as warm an advocate as I am. A sufferer for years she has experienced to the full the good of Dr. Williams' invaluable remedy, and recommends it to all women." "From what trouble was your wife suffering?" asked the reporter. "Well, I can't just tell you that," said Mr. Soby. "I don't know, and I don't think she did. It's just the same with me. She was sick, weak and dispirited, had no appetite and seemed to be fading away. There is no active disease at work, but something is wrong. That was just the way with my wife. She was a martyr to dyspepsia, never in perfect health and when she saw the 'change the Pink Pills made in my condition' she was just as marked in her case as in my own, and she says that her whole system is built up, and that the dyspepsia and sick headaches have vanished. She, as well as myself, seems to have regained youth, and I have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing the remedy one of the most valuable discoveries of the century. Let the doubters call and see me and they will be convinced. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are many cheap imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned."

WESTERN ONTARIO.

BRUCE.

Bush fires are raging throughout the county of Bruce, and in the Tiverton district the air is hazy with smoke. On the 4th concession of Bruce township many hundreds of dollars' worth of valuable timber has been consumed, together with a number of stacks of hay. In the vicinity of Baile Dore and the 10th concession of Bruce township fire has made considerable inroads into the cedar, and if rain does not come soon the whole swamp will be destroyed. Bush fires have done considerable damage in the vicinity of Chesley, and up north in the peninsula also. Farmers are forced to go many miles for water for their cattle.

EURO.

Mr. W. Irwin, who has been the publisher of the Blyth Standard for several years, has disposed of his business to Mr. Bradwin, formerly of Wingham, in more recently connected with Saturday Night.

Mr. Garrow's official expenses in the West Huron election were \$479.27 and Mr. Connolly's \$73.83.

LAMBTON.

Mrs. McGuire, of Somers, was drawn into the river at Tupperville by a runaway horse the other day. Her 8-year-old daughter, who was with her, was drowned.

The Lambton county convention of the Epworth League met at Petrolia during the week following Oct. 14.

In consequence of the long continued drought many people are drawing water from the St. Clair River at Courtwright. Thursday evening, as the children of John Smith, who lives on the second line of Moore, were going to the river, the horses ran away and threw them all out, breaking Mary's shoulder blade and severely injuring James, who was considered at first to be dead, but later he came to, though he is very low.

MIDDLESEX.

Mrs. Elwood, of Lambeth, who had been visiting relatives and friends around Sarnia, Kent county, was found dead in bed the other morning.

Glencoe Transcript: Mr. Stephen Blackburn, while at Muskoka last week, experienced a nasty fall, which resulted in the fracturing of the left arm near the shoulder.

At the last meeting of the council of East Williams at Nairn bylaw No. 71 to levy and collect 3 mills on the dollar for payment of county rate, and 2 1/2 mills on the dollar for township rate was read and passed.

Carroll Smith, of Wyoming, 10 years old, gallantly rescued his little cousin, Mildred, daughter of Ed. Randall, at Sylvan last week. The girl fell into the mill pond and Carroll plunged in after her, and by dint of proper treatment for the rejection of water from her mouth and nose, probably saved her life.

OXFORD.

Dr. McKay, of Courtland, has lost another young steer, it having been poisoned. This makes about 300 head of cattle he has lost in this way during the past few years.

Mr. E. D. Tillson, of Tillsonburg, is filling an order for a farm on the Canary Islands for flour and meal.

Woodstock Sentinel Review: The Thamesford flax mill has shut down for a few days and nearly 10 men and women,

boys and girls, are thrown out of employment. Mr. Livingstone was afraid that he would have more flax in the fields than he could take care of, in the event of the long-looked-for rain coming. On the 400 acres of flax which has come to the Thamesford mills, it is estimated that the grasshoppers and crickets have been the means of destroying nearly \$2,000 worth of seed.

Cooper Bros. (South Norwich) thrasher went through the bridge over the Otter, near Cornwall, the other day. The bridge was twenty feet high. It seems miraculous that neither the horse nor Mr. John Cooper were killed. Mr. Cooper got hold of a board and floated down stream, where he was rescued, when it was found that one leg was broken. The horse only secured a few scratches. The engine is a total wreck, and the loss will be a serious one to the Messrs. Cooper, who were in the midst of their harvest.

Lightning Made Him a Colored Man.
TRIMBLE, Tenn., Aug. 31.—Bill Goldby and Spencer Mills took refuge under a poplar tree during a thunder storm. Lightning struck the tree and severely stunned both of them. After the tree was struck a heavy rain set in, and for several hours the men lay under the tree, exposed to a heating rain. When consciousness returned Goldby and Mills arose, stiff and sore, and when the latter looked at his companion he was horrified to discover that his skin had been turned as black as that of an African, and it has remained so ever since. Mills' skin was not affected in the least; and the coloring of Goldby's is the only ill effects of their narrow escape from death.

A Druggist's Opinion.
Mr. Hugh Miller, druggist, 167 King street east, Toronto, says: "Eosily's Liver Lozenges embody a new departure in medicine, and the idea is certainly a good one, as all unpleasantness is done away with, and a person gets an efficient yet gentle laxative without any of the nauseating effects induced by pills. They are an especially convenient way of administering medicine to children." Mr. Miller voices the opinion of druggists all over the Dominion.

In times of war the armies of the European nations can be raised to 9,366,000 men, and the daily expenses will be nearly \$20,000,000.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.
Sanctorius, an Italian physiologist estimates that five-eighths of all the solid and liquid food taken are exhaled by the skin.

A Boon to Horsemen.—One Bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavins, splints, curbs, etc.

The St. Louis bridge has a central span of 520 feet, the side spans being 500 feet each. It cost, including the railroad tunnel, \$10,000,000.

I WAS CURED of lame back, after suffering fifteen years, by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Two Rivers, N. S. ROBERT ROSS.

I WAS CURED of Diphtheria, after doctors failed, by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Antigonish. JOHN A. FOREY.

I WAS CURED of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Dalhousie. MRS. RACHAEL SAUNDERS.

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Whereas peddlers and others are traveling through the country selling spectacles of inferior quality and thereby causing the public to be misled, I hereby caution the public against buying from such persons, as I have no traveling agents.

I Test Eyesight and Fit Spectacles Only at My Store.

Correspondence respectfully solicited, and will be glad to give any information regarding the eyesight.

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DON'T HANDICAP THE CHILDREN by a poor start. Give them

Baby's Own Soap,

and their skin will stay, as it should be, soft and healthy.

It is exquisitely perfumed, and gives a sweet, fresh skin. Beware of imitations.

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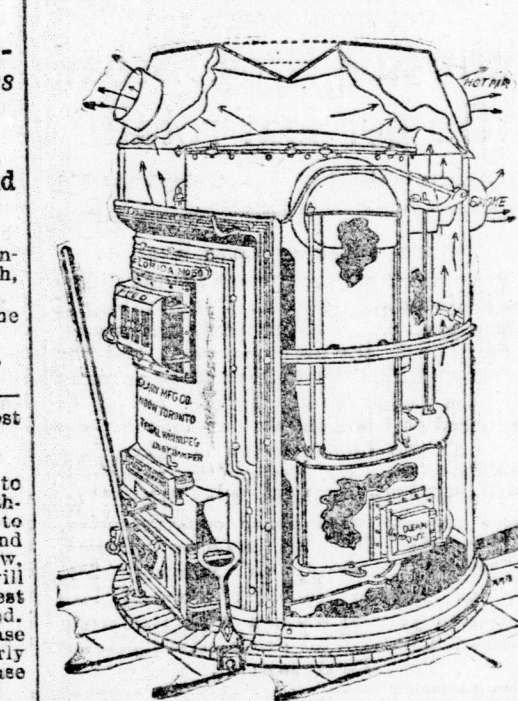
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