

TANGLED THREADS

"I knew you, knock, Dr. Kane, and came to the door myself. Step into the parlor. I want to speak to you."

The doctor did not want to go in by any means, and felt caught. He said he had no time to stay; he had merely called, in passing, to ask how she was.

"Well, I'm better this evening; the swimming in the head is less. You just come in, now. I won't keep you two minutes. Shut the door, girl, after Dr. Kane."

This was to a smart housemaid, who had followed her mistress down the wide, handsome passage. Dr. Kane perforce stepped in, very unwillingly. He felt instinctively convinced that Mrs. Kane had heard of the palimony at the Hall and wished to question him. To avoid this he would have gone a mile any other way.

"I want to get at the truth about Edmund North, doctor. One of the maids from the Hall called in just now and said he had been frightened into a fit through some letter; and that you were fetched to him."

"Well, that is true," said the doctor, accepting the situation.

"My patience," ejaculated Mrs. Kane. "What was written in the letter? She said it was one of them anonymous things."

"So it was."

"Was it written to himself?"

"No, to Mr. North."

"Now, now, dropping her voice—"was it about that young woman he got acquainted with? You know."

"No, no; nothing of that sort." And Dr. Kane, as the shortest way of ending the matter, gave her the details.

There was not much in the letter, he said, in confidential tones. "No harm would have come of it but for Edmund North's frightful access of passion. If he dies, mind, the doctor added this in a dreamy tone, looking out as if looking into the future—"if he dies, it will not be the letter that has killed him, but his own want of self-control."

Don't talk of dying, doctor. It is to be said it won't come to that."

And Mr. Richard was not at home, the said."

Whether he nor Captain Bohun, Richard Kane would have kept him."

But he told her the sick man Ketter had been in the room; Dr. Kane hoped to save North's arm and life.

"That receipt for the rhubarb jam Mrs. Cumberland promised; is it ever coming?" asked Mrs. Kane as Dr. Kane was quitting the room.

Turning back, he put his hat on the table and took out his pocket book. Mrs. Cumberland had sent it at last. He selected the paper from amongst several others and handed it to her.

"I forgot to tell you when I was here this morning, Mrs. Kane. My mother gave it me yesterday."

Between them they dropped the receipt. Both stooped for it, and their heads came together. There was a slight laugh in the midst of which the pocket book fell on the carpet. Some papers fluttered out of it, which the doctor picked up and replaced.

"Have you got them all, doctor? How is the young lady's cold?" he questioned.

"Miss Adams'?"

"I did not know she had one."

"Ah, then lovely girls with their bright faces never show their ailments; and she is lovely," said the doctor, looking at the portrait of the young lady on the wall.

"Good night to you, doctor; you're in a mortal hurry."

He strode to the street door and it closed sharply after him. Mrs. Kane looked out of her parlor and saw the same man, who had been hastening along the passage; little too late.

"Drat it, wench! is that the way you let genteel folk show themselves out—scuttling to the door when they've got clean away from it. D'you call that manners?"

CHAPTER II.

The day promised to be as warm as the preceding one. The night and morning mists were gone; the sun shone hot and bright. Summer seemed to have come in before its time.

Two white gothic villas stood side by side just within the neck of De la Haye, a few yards of garden and some clustery shrubs between them. They were built alike. The side windows, facing each other over this strip of ground, were large projecting bay windows, and belonged to the dining rooms. These houses were originally erected for two maiden sisters. A large and beautiful garden lay at the back, surrounding the two villas, only a slender wire fence, that a child might have stepped over, dividing it. Entering the Ham from the direction of Dailory, these houses stood on the left in the first of them lived Mrs. Cumberland, and the mother of Oliver Kane. She had been married twice; hence the difference in name. The second house was occupied by Dr. Kane himself. They lay back with a strip of grass before them, the entrance door being level with the ground.

Let us go into the doctor's; turning the handle of the door without ceremony, as Dr. Kane's more familiar patients are wont to do. The hall is small, narrowing off at the upper end to a passage, and lighted with stained glass. On the left of the entrance is the consulting room, not much larger than a closet; beyond it is the dining room, a spacious apartment, with its bay window, already mentioned, looking to the other house. Opposite the dining room across the passage is the white flagged kitchen; and the drawing room lies in front, on the right of the entrance. Not being furnished it is chiefly kept shut up. A back door opens to the garden.

Oliver Kane sat in his consulting room; the Whitborough Journal, damp from the press, in his hand. It was just twelve o'clock and he had to go out, but the newspaper was attracting him. By seven o'clock that morning he had been at the Hall and learnt that there was no material change in the patient lying there; he had then gone on, early though it was, to see the man, Ketter. The journal gave the details of Mr. North's seizure with tolerable accuracy, and concluded its account in these words: "We have reason to know that a clue has been obtained to the anonymous writer."

"A clue to the writer?" repeated Dr. Kane, his eyes appearing glued to the words. I wonder if it's true? No, no; it is not likely," came the quiet, contemptuous decision. "How should any clue—"

He stopped suddenly; rose from his chair, and stood erect and motionless, as if some thought had struck him. A fine man; almost as good looking at a casual glance as another who was stepping in upon him. The front door had opened, and this one was lightly tapped at. Dr. Kane paused before he answered it, and a fierce look of

inquiry, as if he did not care to be interrupted, shot from his eyes.

"Come in."

A tall, slender, and very handsome man, younger than Dr. Kane, opened the door slowly. There was a peculiar refinement in his proud features; a dreamy look in his dark blue eyes. An attractive face at all times and seasons, whose owner it was impossible to mistake for anything but an upright, well bred gentleman. It was Arthur Bohun; Captain Bohun, as he was very generally called. He was the only son of Mrs. North by her former marriage with Major Bohun, and of course step-son to Mr. North.

"Any admittance, doctor?"

"Always admittance to you," answered the doctor, who could be siffle or not, as suited his mood. "Why don't you come in?"

He came in with his pleasant smile; a smile that hid the natural pride of the face. Oliver Kane put down the newspaper.

"Well, is there any change in Edmund North?"

"The very slightest in the world, the doctors think; and for the better," replied Captain Bohun. "Dick told me. I have not been in myself since early morning. I can't look on extremes suffering."

A ghost of a smile flitted across Dr. Kane's features at the avowal. He could understand a woman disliking to look on suffering, but not a man. And the one before him had been a soldier.

Captain Bohun sat down on an uncomfortable wooden stool as he spoke, gently throwing back his light summer overcoat. He imparted the idea of never being put out over any earthly thing. The movement displayed his cool white waistcoat, across which fell a dainty gold chain with its transparent sapphire seal of rare and costly beauty.

You have begun the summer early!" remarked the doctor, glancing at Captain Bohun's attire.

(To be continued.)

A Grand Feature

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that while it purifies the blood and sends it coursing through the veins of richness and health, it also imparts new life and vigor to every function of the body. Hence the expression so often heard: "Hood's Sarsaparilla made a new man of me." It overcomes that tired feeling so common now.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial.

She—Must you go so soon, darling? It is only 10 o'clock, and father won't object if you stay until 12. He—True, my own. But that only gives me two hours in which to say good night.

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

A nap in the daytime is really helpful during the heated season, but it is not necessary to be so formal as to go to church for it.

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 only seemed a drag 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 is 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 E. MARSH, Abertown, P. Q. General Merchant.

Artist (with enthusiasm)—The line of beauty are always curves. Little girl (amazed)—I guess you never saw a man on a bicycle, did you?

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is earache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted for the cure of the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

Ring Richard Cour de Lion's ransom, paid to Emperor Henry VI. in 1193, was equal to about \$2,000,000 in our money.

Mothers will find a blessing in Pond's Extract during the winter weather. Put a child's bodies with this mixture. It will cool the heated skin, soothe and quiet them. It is healing, too, and of great benefit for prickly heat, and improves the skin in every way. Be sure and get the genuine, put up in bottles only, inclosed in buff wrappers, by the Pond's Extract Company, New York and London.

Office Boy—Here's two fella's wants to see you. One of 'em has got a gas bill an' the other a 'rightful possessor'.

Bring in the man with the gas bill.

A bottle of Angostura Bitters to flavor your lemonades or any other cold drink will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Colic, Diarrhea, and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

"And you don't admire that new hat that young DeNoodle has on?" "No; there is so little in it to admire."

Forms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Vegetable Extractor is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

"Was she self-possessed when you proposed to her?" "Yes, and she is yet."

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.

Sirs—My baby was very bad with summer complaint, and I thought he would die, until I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. With the first dose I noted a change for the better, and now he is cured, and fat and healthy. Mrs. A. Normandin, London, Ont.

Alcohol in Potatoes.

Alcohol is distilled from sweet potatoes a bushel of potatoes yielding a gallon of the fluid.

In the Chinese Army.

Recruits for the Chinese army are not accepted unless they can jump a ditch six feet wide.

Man's selfishness always has been three or four sizes too large for him.

A PEANUT FACTORY.

How the Succulent Nuts Are Made Ready for Commerce.

When the peanuts arrive at the factory they are rough and earth-stained, and of all sizes and qualities, jumbled together. The bags are first taken up by iron arms projecting from an endless chain, to the fifth corner of the factory. Here they are weighed and emptied into large bins. From these bins they fall to the next story, into large cylinders, fourteen feet long, which revolve rapidly, and by friction the nuts are cleansed from the earth which clings to them, and polished, so that they come out white and glistening.

From this story the nuts fall through shoots to the third and most interesting floor. Here they are sorted into three tables, each divided lengthwise into three sections by thin, inch-high strips of wood. These strips also surround the edge of the table. Each of these sections is floored with a strip of heavy white canvas, which moves incessantly from the mouth of a shoot to an opening leading down below at the further end of the table. These slowly-moving canvas bands, about a foot wide, are called the "picking-uppers."

Upon the outer aprons of each table, dribbles down from the shoot a slender stream of peanuts, and on each side of the table, so close together as scarcely to have "elbow room," stand rows of negro girls and women, picking out the inferior peanuts as they pass, and throwing them into the central section. So fast do their hands move at this work that one cannot see what they are doing till they cast a handful of nuts into the central division. By the time a nut has passed the sharp eyes and quick hands of eight or ten pickers, one may be quite certain that it is a first-class article, fit for the final plunge down two stories, into a bag which shall presently be marked with a brand which will command for it the highest market price.

The peanuts from the central aprons fall only to the second story, where they undergo yet another picking over on similar tables, the best of these forming the second grade. The third grade of peanuts, or what remains after the second picking, is then turned into a machine which crushes the shells and separates them from the kernels. These are sold to manufacturers of candy, while the shells are ground up and used for horse bedding. So no part of this little fruit, vegetable or nut, which ever it may turn out to be, is finally wasted, but all serve some useful purpose.—Blue and Gray.

Sandow A Hypnotic Subject

A circumstantial account was given in a New York newspaper of a private seance in that city last week, in which a professor of hypnotism operated with complete success on the strong man. It should be mentioned that the operator and the subject are intimate personal friends, and that they, therefore, thoroughly understand each other. The details of the experiment are much the same as those with which the public is familiar in reports of hypnotic seances. At a word from the doctor the giant went into a profound hypnotic sleep. When in this state his arms and legs were paralyzed so that he could not move them when bidden to do so. Although a man of peace, he became a soldier under hypnotic suggestion and assumed a military position. He next was turned into a prize-fighter, notwithstanding his repugnance to the flaccid art. Salt was given him to eat, and when told that it was sugar he asked for more of it. He could not lift a small dumbbell weighing two pounds when it was suggested that it was too heavy for his strength.

The Camera's Power.

Hardly a day passes but new and important photographs are made. New stars have revealed worlds that have never been observed from man, worlds rolling and shining, but hitherto utterly obscured in the mist of incomprehensible space. It is difficult to realize how far these worlds are from us. One of the most popular lecturers on astronomy is Sir Robert Ball, who uses simple and graphic illustrations to give his hearers ideas of magnitude and distance. For instance, he says that going at the rate of the electric telegraph—i.e., 186,000 miles a second—it would take 78 years to telegraph a message to the most distant telescopic stars. But the camera has revealed stars far more distant than these, some of which, if a message had been sent in the year A. D. 1—that is to say, 1890 years ago—the messages would only just have reached some of them, and be still on the way to others, going at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.—New York World.

Gems of Thought.

The action of this life shall be the fate of the next.

Well arranged time is a sign of well-ordered mind.

When you bury an evil habit do not visit the grave too often.

"Pessimism," says Archbishop Ireland, "is the faith of cowards."

There is no social problem capable of being solved at a single blow.

Childhood itself is scarcely more lovely than a cheerful, kind, sunny old age.

Men of earnest thought and quiet contemplation exercise a wonderful influence over men or action.

Duty is carrying on promptly and faithfully the affairs now before you. It is to fulfill the claims of to-day.

Nothing is beneath you if it is in the direction of your life; nothing is great or desirable, if it is off from that.

When you tell a secret to a friend, remember your friend has a friend, and your friend's friend has a friend.

Much in Little.

There is aluminum in bullets.

England has 120,000 barnmaids.

A machine makes sand-wiches.

Alligators are becoming scarce.

Paper is made from waste hops.

Thread is made from old leather.

Gas engines are increasing in size.

California uses peach stones as fuel.

Buckingham palace cost \$3,000,000.

The States contain 500,000 windmills.

Aluminum visiting cards grow in favor.

Germany published 23,000 books in 1893.

Novel, Indeed.

A funeral on reformed principles was recently conducted in Sweden. After the death of a popular cyclist his remains were placed on a tricycle, which was painted black and heavily draped. Three bicyclists guarded the coffin on either side, and immediately following were his five daughters and three sons, mounted on tandems, and blowing a mournful requiem on their horns.

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In the Chinese Army.

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Man's selfishness always has been three or four sizes too large for him.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.

Castoria allays Feverishness.

Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Cud.

Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.

Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.

Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.

Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.

Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.

Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of J. C. Hiltebeitel is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Hobbs Manufacturing Company, LONDON.

Glass Paper Weights,
Glass Signs for Advertising,
Mirrors and Store Fronts.

ASK FOR PRICES.

THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE.

The twenty payment life policy of this company affords one of the most attractive and advantageous forms of insurance public. The policy guarantees that it is fully paid-up at the end of twenty years, that the assured then receives a cash dividend which may be applied in his choice of ways, that the policy receives thereafter, and also increases in cash value. Or the assured has the choice of surrendering the policy at the end of the twenty years for its guaranteed cash value and dividend, thus making it equal to a twenty year endowment. These policies have excellent returns as investments, in carrying the risk. They also have guaranteed therein a cash value, the 20 PAYMENT LIFE. year endowment have guaranteed therein a cash value, the 20 PAYMENT LIFE.

J. F. SANSTER, City Agent. Office Over C. P. R. Ticket Office.

FALL NECKWEAR!

Our stock this season is larger than ever, comprising the latest English and American shapes.

Large Range of Knots and Derbys
Choice Goods. 25c
New Flowing End Derby
Quite New, 50c.

Call and inspect our stock. We can show you by far the largest and choicest range of neckwear we have yet been able to do.

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Wholesale Importers of

TEAS and COFFEES

67 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

BLOOD POISON

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division
CORRECTED JUNE 3, 1894.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Lehigh Express (B).....	4:10 a.m. 4:30 a.m.
Accommodation.....	4:30 a.m. 4:45 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A).....	12:17 p.m. 12:30 p.m.
Lehigh Express (B).....	12:45 p.m. 1:05 p.m.
Atlantic Express (A).....	1:35 p.m. 1:50 p.m.
Mixed (C).....	4:40 p.m. 4:55 p.m.
Lehigh Express (B).....	11:30 p.m. 11:40 p.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (A).....	6:30 a.m. 6:45 a.m.
West End Mixed.....	6:45 a.m. 6:55 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A).....	11:15 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Lehigh Express (B).....	12:15 p.m. 12:30 p.m.
Atlantic Express (A).....	1:35 p.m. 1:50 p.m.
Mail.....	6:30 p.m. 6:45 p.m.
Accommodation.....	7:45 p.m. 7:55 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Lehigh Express (B).....	4:40 a.m. 4:55 a.m.
Accommodation.....	4:55 a.m. 5:10 a.m.
Atlantic Express (B).....	11:10 a.m. 11:25 a.m.
Accommodation.....	11:25 a.m. 11:40 a.m.
Mixed.....	2:30 p.m. 2:45 p.m.
Atlantic Express (A).....	7:40 p.m. 7:55 p.m.
Lehigh Express (B).....	11:30 p.m. 11:45 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (B).....	4:40 a.m. 4:55 a.m.
Lehigh Express (B).....	10:30 a.m. 10:45 a.m.
Lehigh Express (B).....	12:15 p.m. 12:30 p.m.
Accommodation.....	12:30 p.m. 12:45 p.m.
Pacific Express (B).....	7:10 p.m. 7:25 p.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Express.....	10:40 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Mail.....	6:25 p.m. 6:40 p.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Mixed-Mail.....	11:15 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Express.....	2:05 p.m. 2:20 p.m.
Express-Mixed.....	8:15 a.m. 8:30 a.m.

Toronto Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Hamilton-Depart.....	7:05 a.m. 7:20 a.m.
Hamilton-Arrive.....	11:25 a.m. 11:40 a