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Are showing a large assortment of the latest novelties for Dress Suits in Worsteds, Cheviots, Sicunas; also French and West of England Broadcloths at very low prices. Unexcelled for fit and finish.

384 Richmond Street, London.

A King's Gentleman.

"Perhaps, madame," replied the abbe, now thoroughly out of temper, "perhaps even your own wisdom will allow me to judge for myself of my own affairs, and I insist, before accepting my dismissal, upon clearly stating that I came with offers of a thorough education, of a handsome fortune, a distinguished name, and a most suitable alliance for the young gentleman of whom we speak, upon the one condition of your resigning him into my hands; and it seems to me, madame, that a woman strong and sensible as you are, a mother tender and self-sacrificing as yourself, would think twice before refusing such advantages for her son. What but sheer selfishness and self-will should induce you to prefer to him the life of poverty, obscurity and immolation, which is all these sands and pine forests have to offer?"

"Nay, sir," replied the widow, with a smile cold and fine as the edge of a razor, "they leave for him what they had for the men whose graves you find on yonder hill, what they had for the man whose name I bear, and whose wishes are my law; they have freedom—freedom from tyranny, freedom from corruption, freedom from other men's control. My son will live in the home his father preferred to all the riches, honors and alliances of which you speak, and which I shall forget just as soon as I possibly can, with it was not his pleasure to tell me of them. You have my answer, sir."

"Then nothing remains but to bid you a fair good-day, and a long adieu, since we are not likely to meet again," said the abbe angrily.

"Most unlikely, I should judge. Good-bye, and go in peace, my husband's friend," replied Molly, in her usual tone of gentle gravity.

CHAPTER XL.

Shortly after the events detailed in the last chapter, the Abbe Despard sent the following letter to Madame de Montarnaud:

"My Dear Daughter,—In reply to your last somewhat impatient letter, I will simply say that I have done my best, and all that is possible, to carry out your wishes, and that I have failed, and the plan must be abandoned. As for your plan of kidnapping the boy, for it amounts to that, it is absolutely out of the question; and I rather wonder your suggesting it to one you profess to reverence as your spiritual father. I told you of my interviews with Hetherford, and the dowry I promised in your name; he surprised the widow and relinquished the boy, although, in point of fact, he needed no inducement to either course. I also suggested his interesting the governor of the colony, who is Madame's great friend and adviser, and taught him various arguments, and should offer to that gentleman. This negotiation failing in toto, I saw the lady myself, and have given you the result of the interview in a letter, which you had apparently not received at date of your last. Probably you have done so before this time. That woman should have sat upon a throne, or led an army. She was so completely mistress of the situation in our encounter that I retreated from her presence in a state of humiliation more wholesome than agreeable, and my meekness ever since has been most edifying. In all seriousness, my daughter, your schemes for this lad are absolutely impossible of execution; and we must marry Mademoiselle Therese to some noble heir of Languedoc, who will add her name and title to his own, and at least keep the estates out of the clutches of the Huguenot. En passant, our good and noble king, advised me about by Madame de Maintenon, who is dealing somewhat strenuously with the Huguenots since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Well, we must not allow human sympathies and weakness to blind us to the true interests of the church; and I sometimes wish that these people among whom I labor to do so little effect, and who in their own country are styled Malignants, could be transported to France, and there dealt with after the fashion of Vendee. And yet I know one fair, soft creature who would be the flesh and bone wretched saunter by wild horses, before she would give up her faith or her will or her son."

"With this gross letter to my superior, asking a leave of absence, if not an abandonment of the mission. It does not prosper, and would not, as I believe, even in worthier hands than mine, for the people were without a faith like savages, or in the way

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Princess
Paper Shell
Almonds.
No Nut
Crackers
Required.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.

169 Dundas St.

of comparing their own sterile belief with the full and satisfying creed of the true church, as in the Italian countries, or in fear of death and poverty as now in France there would be hope; but to ask these smooth-faced, prosperous rogues to give up their worldly standing and sanctimonious public prayers, to risk life and goods, and the respect of men, for a faith which they have always known and deliberately abandoned, is, as you saw while here, an almost hopeless undertaking. I could hardly wonder at your abandoning the task, and cutting short your emulation of Madame de la Petrie before reaching her glorious end. Remember, however, that it is only by the way of the cross that we reach the crown.

And now, my dear daughter, I will say adieu, hoping that if my position to depart arrives by return mail, you will see me as soon thereafter, and I will wave my carry-me, I struggle vainly against the very human desire to see my dear home and friends once more, and the spiritual longing to join again in the stately and venerable service of my beloved cathedral.

"With my blessing and constant prayers, I am as always, dear daughter, faithfully your father."

"Vincent de P. Despard."

When Madame de Montarnaud read this letter some four or five weeks later, she quietly refolded it, nodded her head twice or thrice, and murmured:

"I suppose le bon Dieu made these men to develop the superior intelligence of the women. We never quite know our own powers until we find it necessary to remedy their blunders."

CHAPTER XLII.

It was the chill gloaming of a November day; a leaden sky hung low above the flat and lifeless sea, crushed by its weight, and reflecting its gloom in the skeleton trees shivering in the wind off the shore. A cold, steady rain, and slowly bringing in a great fog-bank to lie like a shroud over the face of dead Nature—a chill, defying duff, mantle, or robe of fur, and sending a shiver through even the stoutest frame; while the old wives, comforting their frosty noses and withered fingers at the blaze snapping upon every hearth, cried:

"Hark to the fire treading snow! It'll be a shrewd night on the coast. God keep the sailors!"

"They signalled another brig off the Gurnet just before dark," reported the Goodman Priest, as he stood beside the chimney, and stirred the logs with his heavy boot.

"Another? Oh, yes! The Messenger, from Boston, came in this morning," replied his wife. "Well, if the skipper is a prudent man, he'll stay off the Gurnet till morning light, and not risk Brown's Island and Dick's Flat in a night fog."

"Pity but he had thee to guide him, dame," replied her husband, who faced the window, and the dame retorted, "And if he has no better headpiece on his shoulders than thee, Digory, he needs me."

Creeping in, and creeping up, the fog reached Burying Hill, and seemed to creep along between the rows of stones marking the streets and alleys of this city of the dead, already more populous than the town below, hanging dankly upon the funeral evergreens set here and there about the graves, and seeming to wither away the last freshness of the grass crouching beneath its tread. And here, at the highest point of the hill, the fog found a fit subject for its clinging, crawling possession. Beside a grave, newly set, yet with no mound at its foot, crouched a woman clad in deepest mourning weeds, her head enveloped in a muffling veil between whose folds showed a wild and woeful face, where pain and passion had fought with grief until all its beauty was lost in scars of conflict, and the great gloomy eyes, once its charm, burned like the fires whereby upon a stricken field men seek the bodies of the dead around her she crouched there; but it was not in the gentle resignation of hallowed grief; the volcanic throes were for the moment exhausted, yet only gathered strength for a new outburst. On that face, as on that of Milton's Satan, one read that so long as the deathless spirit endured, so long it was that of a rebel against God; never should it arrive at his peace. At a little distance, he turned to the silent mornor, stood a man, his hat pulled over his eyes, his arms folded, his face, gray as the sky and the sea and the fog, bent downward, his mind so lost in gloomy thought that the present scene and companionship were forgotten, and he did not hear the light tread of a woman, who, climbing the little footpath among the graves, passed close beside him, and approached the stone with the sable figure crouched beside it.

GOLD COMING BACK.

New York, Jan. 13.—The steamship Paris, from Southampton, brought \$2,697,500 in gold, which was transferred to bank vaults in this city Saturday.

BIG CYCLE SHOW A SUCCESS.

Chicago, Jan. 13.—The Chicago Cycle Show, which opened a week ago, closed Friday night. It was the most successful exhibition of its kind ever held. Over 1,600 bicycles of every style and description were exhibited besides bicycle accessories. It is estimated that from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 worth of business has been transacted. Every morning, afternoon and evening, the \$7,000 square feet in Tattersall's and the Clark street buildings were crowded. The show was given by three Chicago bicycle papers who gave 50 per cent of the receipts to the National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers. The paid admissions were nearly 120,000. The continuation of the Chicago cycle show will be opened in Madison Square Garden, New York, Jan. 13.

"Ask why God made the gem so small, and why so huge the granite; Because he meant mankind should place The highest value on it."

This was Burns' neat compliment to a rather petite lady friend, but it applies with literal exactness to the concentrated, yet agreeable, minute, sugar-coated globules, known to the world over as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which are easy to take, quick and mild in their action, and leave no constipating effects. They act especially on the liver, stomach, bowels and blood, freeing the system from impurities and restoring healthy action of the organs.

Frederick Locker's memoirs, edited by his son-in-law, Augustine Birrell, are to be published early next year under the title "My Confidences."

Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator, imparts a delicious flavor to all drinks and cures dyspepsia, diarrhea, fever and ague. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask for the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Don't Read This.—In order to introduce a new brand of sardines which usually retail for 25 cents, we will sell them for 15 cents. They are imported French sardines of the finest quality. T. M. Shoobert & Co.

Special Cables.

(Continued from page 4.)

friendship of France and Russia. It blames Lord Salisbury for always obliging Germany and getting nothing in return.

The Standard says it is in a position to state that President Kruger has made no demand for a change in existing stipulations of the treaty between the South African Republic and Great Britain. It further says: "It is now explained by Berlin that the Emperor's message to President Kruger, instead of indicating a new departure in German foreign policy, was at the most an expression of momentary irritation, which we are authorized to declare has passed away, leaving the relations between Germany and Great Britain as friendly as heretofore."

THE CLIMAX.

It is impossible to overlook, even in this hour of crisis, the crowding disgrace inflicted on this long-suffering country today by its official versifier. The Poet Laureate's efforts in the Times, entitled "Jameson's Ride," has broken the spirit of all Englishmen who have seen it, and if Parliament were in session, might no easily have caused a vote of no confidence in the Government which appointed this successor of Tennyson. Here are three stanzas:

Wrong? Is it wrong? Well, maybe, But I'm going, boys, all the same, I'll think me a Burgher's baby. To be scoured by a scolding name? They may argue, and prate, and order; Go tell them to save their breath; Then over the Transvaal border, And gallop for life or death.

Right sweet is the marksman's rattle, And sweeter the cannon's roar; But 'tis bitterly hard to battle, Beleguered, and one of four. I can tell you it wasn't a trifling feat, To over Krugersdorp's glen, And they piled us with round and rifle, And plowed us again and again.

I suppose we were wrong—were mad—men. Still, I think at the judgment day, When God sifts the good from the bad men, There'll be something more to say. We were wrong; but we aren't half sorry.

And as one of the baffled band, I would rather have had that Rand, Than the crushings of all the Rand. A NEW LIGHT.

Great progress has already been made with Prof. Röntgen's wonderful discovery of a new light, if that be a proper description of it. Prof. Klumpke, of the Pesth University, has obtained even greater success in photographing concealed objects. He also varied the experiments by inclosing them to be photographed in a variety of coverings. It has been ascertained that the light from Crookes' tube penetrates not only organic matter, but also metal, aluminum. Prof. Röntgen has sent rays of the new chemical light through aluminum plates an inch thick, and they went as clean through as if the substance had been glass. The same was the case with the two sets of books, including many volumes. These he placed between Crookes' tube and an ordinary compass. Beside them was a wooden case with dry plate, and the result was as complete a photograph of the compass as possible. Beside a compass, he placed an ordinary sense, because no lenses are used. It is not a negative, but a positive plate that is obtained.

DEATH OF BURNS' LAST MALE DESCENDANT.

By the death of Robert Burns, near Edinburgh, the direct male line of the Scotch poet is brought to an end. The last direct descendant was the poet's great-grandson. He was a schoolmaster's son, who served seven years in the army in the Fusilier Guards, and then followed his father, a servant, gardener and keeper of a gunpowder magazine. For many years he was employed as assistant gardener at the Princess street gardens, in the Scotch capital.

IN CONGRESS.

A Warlike Proposal—Increasing the Naval Forces.

Washington, Jan. 13.—The most warlike proposition that has yet been presented in Congress is the bill introduced in the Senate authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to enlist 1,000 additional men for the navy, and make a specific appropriation for that purpose. The second section authorizes the Secretary "Whenever an expediency may exist which, in the judgment of the President, renders their services necessary" to enlist, for two years, as much of the naval militia, "and other men" as he may deem necessary to man vessels not having full crews, and such other ships as the President may decide to call into service under the fourth section of the bill. The fourth section gives the President and the Secretary authority to charter as many vessels as they please for the transportation of troops, "or for other purposes."

DOESN'T REGRET IT.

An Italian Woman Kills the Man Who Insulted Her.

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 13.—Mrs. Mattie V. Angier, wife of Frank Angier, a cigar dealer and poolroom proprietor, shot Charles H. Parker, 33 years old, agent for Levitt Machine Company, of Athol, Mass., in her husband's store, at 1,431 North Charles street, shortly after noon on Saturday. Parker was taken to the City Hospital, where he died at 2 o'clock. He had two bullet wounds in the back of his head, and another in his left breast.

Angier, when arrested, made the following statement: "This man came to our place several days ago and attempted to take liberties with me. My husband was not well and he knew it. He grabbed me about the waist, and after freeing myself I told him if he attempted such a thing again I would murder him. I was afraid of him and put a revolver in my pocket to defend myself. He came in the store today, and when he got near me attempted to catch hold of me. I drew the revolver and shot him. I do not regret it, because I did it in self-defense. He should have let me alone and I would not have shot him."

The Angiers are Italians. They are known as respectable and thrifty people. Nervous women will find relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it enriches the blood and thus strengthens the nerves.

Married by the Mayor.

The Divorced Wife of W. K. Vanderbilt Weds Percy Belmont.

Both Parties Have Been Through the Legal Separation Mill—Both Are Wealthy and Notorious.

New York, Jan. 13.—Mrs. Alva E. Vanderbilt, the divorced wife of William K. Vanderbilt, was married to Oliver Hazzard Perry Belmont by Mayor Strong Saturday morning. The ceremony was performed at No. 24 East Seventy-second street, the residence of the bride. The ceremony was performed at 10 o'clock, and only Miss Smith Mrs. Vanderbilt's sister, and a very few personal friends were present. Almost immediately after the couple had been wedded they left the house and it was understood started for Marblehouse at Newport.

March 5 last, Mrs. Vanderbilt secured a divorce from her husband. The decree was granted on the statutory grounds. It gave Mrs. Vanderbilt the custody of her three children. Consuelo, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jun., and Harry Sterling Vanderbilt. Mr. Vanderbilt's defense was a mere formality. By the terms of the divorce Mrs. Vanderbilt receives an income of at least \$200,000 a year, besides the custody of her children.

When Consuelo Vanderbilt was married to the Duke of Marlborough her father gave her away at the altar. The duke and duchess passed their honeymoon at Mr. Vanderbilt's place at Islip, L. I.

Oliver Belmont, who, like his bride, has been through the divorce court, is as well known as any man in society. Every club welcomes him. He owns a place at Newport, Belmont, one of the finest places of the kind in America. It was built after designs of the late P. M. Hunt. Mr. Belmont entertains lavishly. He gave a bachelor ball at Belmont last summer. It was a fitting setting for such a scene, and worthy of Mr. Belmont's rare talents as a host. Mr. Belmont is a fine whip. Last October he made a coaching tour with Mrs. Willie K. Col. and Mrs. Wm. May. Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough as his guests.

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A WELL KNOWN CHEMIST WHO HAS TRIED HAIRENE SPEAKS OF ITS WORTH.

My hair had been falling out very freely for some time. Becoming anxious about the matter I thought I would experiment upon the properties of Hairene, and one application actually stopped it at once. I applied it afterwards, using in all about a quarter of an ounce, and have not required to use it since. It seems to have given renewed and healthy vigor to the scalp, and I can recommend it in all confidence. W. L. EVANS, Chemist, Gloucester, Ont., Jan. 13, 1904.

Hairene Cures Dandruff and Scurf, Stops Falling and makes the Hair grow—all dealers.

SEXUAL

decline may be arrested before decay's strength may be restored; powers when impoverished by youth's reckless overindulgence may be reinvigorated by our home treatment.

CONFIDENCE

never has its citadel in the breasts of those who have weak, shrunken, undeveloped or diseased organs. The evil that men do through ignorance in boyhood and errors of early manhood leaves lasting effects.

RESTORED

to vigorous vitality you might be successful in business, fervent in spirit. Our curative methods are unerring. Write for our book, "PERFECT MANHOOD," sent free sealed.

Correspondence Confidential. ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

INDAPO THE GREAT HINDOO REMEDY PRODUCES THE ABOVE RESULTS IN 60 DAYS. Cures all Nervous Diseases, Falling Memory, Headaches, Stomach Troubles, Indigestion, etc., caused by past abuses, gives vigor and strength to shrunken organs, and quickly but safely restores lost manhood in old or young. Easily carried in vest pocket. Price \$1.00 a package. Six for \$5.00. Write for full particulars to ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y., or to J. H. LONDON, O., and leading druggists everywhere.

What is

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 Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and all's feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhea 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. Osceola, 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 hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchener, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

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

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their 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."

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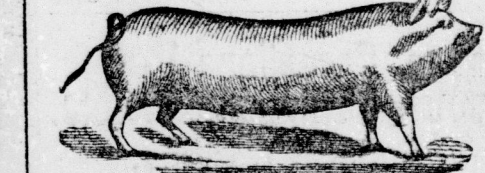
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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." (Civil Service Gazette.)

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA. W. G. F. DUNN & CO

Railway Time Tables.

CORRECTED Nov. 17, 1895.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division.

MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.

Trains arrive at London from the west—4:07 a.m., 4:15 a.m., 12:17 p.m., 10:45 a.m., 4:25 p.m., 7:25 p.m., 11:20 p.m.

Trains leave London for the east—4:07 a.m., 4:20 a.m., 8:10 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 7:25 p.m.

MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.

Trains arrive at London from the east—2:22 a.m., 10:55 a.m., 11:12 a.m., 12:20 p.m., 8:35 p.m., 8:50 p.m.

Trains leave London for the west—7:00 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 2:35 p.m., 6:45 p.m.

Sarnia Branch. Trains arrive at London—4:02 a.m., 8:55 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 7:40 p.m. Trains leave London—4:30 a.m., 7:25 a.m., 11:50 a.m., 2:35 p.m., 6:35 p.m.

London, Huron and Bruce. Arrive at London—9:45 a.m., 6:25 p.m. Leave London—8:05 a.m., 4:30 p.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch. Arrive at London—10:50 a.m., 2:03 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 9:15 p.m. Leave London—7:25 a.m., 2:40 p.m., 6:55 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. GOING EAST. Trains arrive at London from the west—4:10 a.m., 4:25 p.m., 6:45 p.m. Trains leave London for the east—4:15 a.m., 8 a.m., 4:35 p.m.

GOING WEST. Trains arrive at London from the east—11:19 a.m., 5 p.m., 11:30 p.m. Trains leave London for the west—11:25 a.m., 11:40 p.m., 7 a.m.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RY. Trains leave London—6:25 a.m., 10:05 a.m., 2:30 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. The 10:05 and 7:15 trains run to St. Thomas only. Trains arrive at London—8:45 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 11:15 p.m.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY. Trains leave London—2:30 a.m., 2:55 p.m., 7:40 p.m. These trains connect with the main line trains at St. Thomas, east and west. Trains arrive at London—7:55 a.m., 1:20 p.m., 6:00 p.m.