SELF-WILLED.

Certainly Lord Cecil looks a very different sort of being to the pale and listless young man who entered Howells' gate a month ago. He looks, in his well-fitting suit of tweed, with his exotic in his button-hole, and the faint flush in his face—it is not a face that ever carries much color—in the very enjoyment of health and happiness. Carrie, her eyes fixed on his face, draws a little breath of relief. If she can read that face aright all has gone well.

"Well, my darling!" he says, drawing her into the shadow of the porch and stealing a kiss from the lips that are neither chary nor ashamed. "Here I am again, as the clown says."

"And late."

"Slow train—and no end of stoppages," he says. "I thought you would think something had happened."

"And you are tired," she murmurs, woman-like, thinking of her lord and master's creature comfort and bodily well-being. "You must go in and rest, sir, and not put in an appearance until dinner!"

He smiles and takes his deerstalker off, and pushes back the short rippling hair from his brow in the manner peculiar to him.

"I am not at all tired," he says; "and I would rather stay here and rest, believe me," and he draws her to him. "How delightfully familiar the dear old place seems! I give you my word, Carrie, that though I have only known it so short a time, and though I have only been away a few days, I feel as if I had come home instead of having left it."

It is a true but a sweet compliment, and no wonder the girl's heart throbs with love and gratitude.

"Is there any other man in the wide world over who would have thought of saying that?" she asks herself.

"And how are they all? How is Mr. Harrington and Flippa?" for he, too, of course, had learned to address the eldest Miss Harrington thus lightly.

"Father is all right—awfully busy, of course, and Flippa is flourishing, and equally, of course, awfully busy." Then she pauses a moment, and with a certain shyness that lends her and additional charm, she says, "And—and the earl and countess—your people, I mean, Cecil?"

"My father and mother are quite well, dearest," he says. "He is also awfully busy. Carrie, he reminds me of your father amazingly."

There is silence for a moment as he gazes, with the indolent enjoyment of a few minutes' of a man who has just come off a journey; then she says:

"And—and what did they say to you, Cecil?" and she glances up at him shyly.

He laughs, man-like, not understanding or appreciating her anxiety to know how his mission has fared, and whether she has found favor in the sight of the earl and countess.

"Say? Oh, my father put down his pen—he was in the library with his secretary—and shook hands, and told me that he hoped he should find time to come to dinner. You know the Parliamentry session is in full swing, and he is up to his neck in business; there was a pile of dispatch boxes round him, as if he were attempting to build a fortification with them."

"And—and the counteas?" she says, with an effort to appear careless, but with her heart beating.

"My mother? Oh, she was awfully glad to see me, and said that I looked better than she had seen me look for years; and she asked me if I always remembered to wear a chest-protector."

Carrie cannot suppress a laugh, but it is not altogether a mirthful one. "Well!"

"Oh, she seemed cut up when I admitted that I didn't, but was reconciled when I told her that I never by any chance coughed. You see," with an apologetic smile, "my mother can never get rid of the idea that I am delicate, whereas I am as strong as a horse now! Thanks to Devonshire air!"

"Well," she says, "what then?"

"Then—oh, then I went up to my room—there was just time to dress for dinner—and went down to dinner."

Carrie's heart beats. Now he is certainly going to tell her what they said of her.

"There was a host of people to dinner—the governor's secretary, and one or two people from the foreign office, and some women. I don't think I exchanged a word with my father or mother. Oh yes!" with a smile. "He asked me if I had read his speech on the Eastern Question, and, of course, I said I hadn't. I think he looked relieved. There is nothing he hates more than having to talk politics with people who are not in the business."

Carrie ponders and looks ruefully at the floor.

"And they have not seen you for so long?" she says, thoughtfully. "Cecil, have great people no hearts, or no time to use them?"

He laughs.

"No time," he says.

She draws a long breath.

"Thank Heaven! I am of the little people!" she says.

He draws her to him, and takes her hand and strokes it lovingly.

"And is that all?" she says, after a pause, looking away from him, and locking and unlocking her hands restlessly.

"That was all I said to them until the rest of the people had gone to bed, excepting the secretary, who returned to the library, where he writes probably all night. I have an idea that he never goes to bed! When they were all gone, excepting my father and mother, my father shook hands!"

"Heavens!" murmurs Carrie. "Had he forgotten that he had seen you before?"

"No, no," he says, smiling, "that was his way of showing me that he was pleased to see me, and then I told them my great news—which of course I had already told them in my letter.

"Yes," she murmurs, growing a little pale in spite of herself.

"I told them," he says, not quite so fluently as before, as if he were selecting portions of the scene and the dialogue, instead of reciting the whole. "I told them what a lucky fellow I was, and what an angel you were——"

She looks at him with a quick gesture, almost of pain.

"Cecil! Any one less like 'an angel' it would be impossible to imagine——"

"Well, then," he says, "I told them that I loved you as dearly as if you were an angel, and a great deal better, I dare say, than if you were one. And I said—I hope it was true, Carrie—that I thought you loved me just a little, and—and—I think that was all."

She sighs wistfully.

"And—tell me—what did they say?"

He thinks a moment.

"My father said that if you were anything like your father, I was indeed a lucky man!"

Carrie's face flushes, and the tears spring to her eyes.

"Cecil, if—if—he should think ever so slightly of me when he sees me, I shall still and always love him for those words!" she says, with a little quiver in her voice.

He nods.

"Yes; it was nicely said, and like my father," he says. "It seems that he knew Mr. Harrington very well."

"And—and your mother—the countess?" asks Carrie.

He thinks again for a moment.

"What did she say?" with a little pant, and an eager pressure on his arm. "Tell me the truth, the whole truth! I want to know, Cecil!"

He laughs softly and bends to kiss her, but she leans back.

"Oh, my mother asked a great many questions, as women will; as to the color of your eyes, and hair, and whether you—yes, I think she asked whether you went to church regularly!"

"And you told her 'yes,' and that I knew all Watts' hymns, and the catechism, and kept a missionary box on the mantel-shelf, and taught in the Sunday-school?" with an impatient laugh. "I hope you made the best of me, Cecil!"

"I made neither best nor worst," he says, gently, in the tone which always does more to soothe Carrie's bursts of excitement and petulance than a torrent of remonstrance. "I just told her that you were beautiful—as beautiful as any woman I had ever seen——"

"Cecil!" with a scarlet flush.

"That I loved you and that you were all the world—with them, my father and mother—to me; and that I could not live without you!" and his dark eyes glow with sudden passion.

With a little sigh, that is half a laugh and half a sob, she puts her arm shyly round his neck and leans her head on his breast.

"And—and then—what did they say?"

"They said—my father, that he was glad to hear so good an account of you, and my mother—but she shall speak for herself," and he takes a letter from his pocket and gives it to her.

"For me? Oh, Cecil!" and she takes it with a little tremor.

The large square envelope bears the big coat-of-arms emblazoned on it—the coat-of-arms that had so excited her scorn and ridicule a month ago—a month ago!—and she looks at it thoughtfully.

"Aren't you going to open it?" he says.

She shakes her head:

"Not now," she says, shyly.

"Very well," he says, with a smile, understanding her feeling. "You must tell me what it contains after dinner."

"Yes," she says; "at any rate—at any rate—I am not rejected, Cecil. They do not think that you have sacrificed yourself by asking a farmer's daughter—you, the Viscount Neville!—to be your wife?"

He smiles gravely as he puts on his hat.

"When you know them better you will understand how impossible it would be for them to think that," he says. "Besides," he goes on, musingly, "they were so delighted at my escape from that peril——" He stops with a start, aroused to a sense of his words—uttered rather in self-communion than to her—by the look of astonishment on her face.

(To Be Continued.)

Struck With Lightning.

Neatly describes the position of a hard or soft corn when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is applied. It does its work so quickly and without pain that it seems magical in action. Try it. Recollect the name—Putman's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by all druggists and dealers every where.

A horse that fell down a well on the Bailey farm in Polk county, Oregon, recently was rescued in a novel manner. Straw was thrown down the well, and the horse tramped it and rose until he was able to climb out.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

A well-known authority on nervous mental diseases, says that these disorders are increasing at a terrible rate in France, and attributes the fact to the increase in beer drinking, absinthe drinking and bars.

Millions of Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING 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 PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. 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.

The distinctive Roman arm was the pilum or spear, 4½ feet of wood, 1½ of iron. It weighed ten or twelve pounds and when thrown at ten paces almost invariably proved fatal.

At Death's Door.—Dyspepsia Conquered.—A Great Medical Triumph.

GENTLEMEN,—My medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live, when I commenced the use of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 219 to 119 pounds. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over 30 dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life, as I never expected to recover when I first commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia. JEAN VALCOURT,

(Signed.) General Merchant.

Wotton, P.Q. 2

Boston has more electric trolly cars running in its streets than any other city in the world.

Piles Piles! Itching Piles.

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. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents. ywt

Great reduction sale of parlor furniture now going on. If you want your parlor furnished for a little money now is your time, at TRAFFORD'S, 95 and 97 King street. Phone, 864.

THE OPEN FORUM.

The Electric Light Question.

To the Editor of the ADVERTISER:

When this city took up the question of waterworks had they simply laid a main for fire service and taken the water from the river and said, "We will let the commercial part of the business to whoever in the shape of an individual or company will undertake to supply our citizens under a franchise plan," what would the result have been? We could have had, so far as fire protection goes, a system at a fraction of the cost. But no one can say the present combined system is not the best. How much more so would the electric light question appear? The same poles would cover the whole city business, streets, fire alarm and commercial, and all under our control; the same grounds, same houses and same mechanical staff, thus giving the city and the citizens a cheap light; that is, assuming a city can produce a cheap light. How very much cheaper it must come under the combined plan must be apparent to everyone. Hence the plan proposed by our council should be voted down, and when a proper plan is submitted which will cost only a trifle more, or possibly less than $66,000, if we purchase from a home company, and thus place the duty and, shall we say, the Chicago boodle, in a genuine Canadian plant. Competition is too keen in Canada and the States among the large number of makers to warrant any such margin; hence it only comes out of our plant when we buy outside of home makers. Yours truly,

JOHN M. PARSONS.

The Aldermanic Contests.

To the Editor of the ADVERTISER:

I notice that considerable talk is now being indulged in by the citizens of London and the press, regarding the actions of our present city fathers, and constant fault is being found with their mode of doing business. I consider that the blame does not rest with our aldermen but with those who placed them in office. It has been stated that it is a thankless office, but those who are in office are only too willing to hold on to it for reasons best known to themselves. Now if the public are not satisfied with these aldermen there is only one way out of the difficulty and I will make a suggestion which cannot fail to please every ratepayer in this city if they will honestly do their part to bring a new state of affairs about. It is this: We have recently started in our midst a society of real estate owners who aim at a higher standard of municipal government. Now let this society choose from out of our first business men, those who are heavy ratepayers—men of irreproachable character, educated and intelligent men—say 30 of these men in whom the public have all confidence and who will pledge themselves to support them at the polls in January. Then call a public meeting and place these men before the ratepayers, who will choose sufficient names from out of the 30 proposed and so elect them to office for they ear 1894. Some persons are stating that our taxes are not increasing. How about the amount at present? The taxes, if not increasing will soon do so, because if debentures go up and taxes go down the day will soon arrive when the debentures will come down and blow the taxes up out of sight, and if we are not very careful we will drift out into a sea of extravagance in which the whole city will be drowned. I am, yours truly, J. KILGOUR

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Guest (angrily)—Say, boy, I've been waiting here an hour. Waiter—That's all right, boss. I've been waiting here five years.

The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Fickle'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, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

The Persians did not punish murderers for the first offense.

The carat, used in estimating the weight of gems, is a grain of Indian wheat.

Asthma Cured

By Schiffmann's Asthma Cure. No waiting for results. Its action is immediate, direct and certain. Price 50 cents and $1, of Drugists or by mail. Trial package to convince the most skeptical, free. Address Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn.

OUR STOCK OF

Xmas Calendars, Booklets, Cards,

Are Without Doubt the Best We Have Ever Had. Call and See Them.

POEMS,

The Largest Assortment in Cloth and Leather in the City.

SPECIAL LINE OF

Photograph Albums, and Scrap Albums

AT ALL PRICES.

TOILET CASES,
JEWEL CASES,
WRITING DESKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
WORK BOXES,
WORK BASKETS.

CALL AND SEE THEM

John Mills,

404 Richmond Street

(EDGE BLOCK.)

A HANDSOME DRESS

IS USEFUL AND ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE AS A

CHRISTMAS GIFT!

And in order to make our Dress Department particularly attractive during the Christmas season, we have laid out a very large range of Dress Stuffs, and regardles of what they cost have made them a uniform price of

50c Per Yard!

Dress Patterns of six yards for $3. The range consists of All-Wool Double-Fold Goods, in Plains, Checks and Fancies, and are without doubt the best value in Dress Goods ever offered in London.

To Have a Choice See Them Early

Spittal, Burn and Gentleman

176 and 178 Dundas Street.

OAK HALL

MEN'S, YOUTHS',

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S

OVERCOATS

This is the Time for Them.

No house in London affords you such a variety of new styles in Ulsters and Overcoats to select from, and nowhere can you get equal quality, style, fit, finish and good wear at the price.

OAK HALL

148 and 150 Dundas Street, London.

ALFRED TAYLOR, Manager.

The MARVEL Hot Air FURNACE

IS THE BEST

J. BROCKEST, - South London

PHONE 942.

Hobbs Hardware Co., London.

JUST ARRIVED.

Silver Baking Dishes, Carvers in Cases,
Bird Carvers, Scissors in Cases,
Silver Spoons and Forks, Fish Carvers,
Silver Tea Sets, Crown Derby Tea Sets,
Fine Cutlery in Solid Silver Coverings, Pearl Dessert Sets.

FINE GOODS A SPECIALTY.

Seasonable Goods Arriving Daily!

VERY FINE

FRESH ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

SPANISH QUEEN OLIVES, 50 CENTS PER QUART.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.,

169 DUNDAS STREET.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED NOV. 21, 1893.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Lehigh Express	3:15 a.m.	3:20 a.m
*Wabash Express (a)	3:20 a.m.	3:35 a.m
Accommodation	.....	8:05 a.m
Atlantic Express (a)	12:10 p.m.	12:20 p.m
Day Express	10:50 a.m.	2:10 p.m
*Wabash Express (a) (d)	4:20 p.m.	4:25 p.m
Mixed (c)	6:30 p.m.	6:50 p.m
Erie Limited (a)	11:20 p.m.	11:40 p.m

MAIN LINE—Going West.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
†Chicago Express (a)	5:35 a.m.	5:50 a.m
West End Mixed	.....	6:45 a.m
†Erie Limited (a)	12:16 p.m.	.....
Wabash Express (a)	12:05 p.m.	12:10 p.m
Accommodation	12:55 p.m.	2:15 p.m
†Pacific Express (a)	6:50 p.m.	7:10 p.m
Mail	9:50 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	.....	7:30 p.m

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Lehigh Express (n)	3:15 a.m.	.....
Accommodation	9:30 a.m.	.....
Atlantic Express (n)	11:35 a.m.	.....
Accommodation	2:14 p.m.	.....
Mixed	5:35 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	8:15 p.m.	.....
Erie Limited (n)	11:35 p.m.	.....

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Chicago Express (n)	.....	5:40 a.m
Accommodation	.....	7:40 a.m
Lehigh Express (n)	.....	11:00 a.m
Erie Limited (n)	.....	12:20 p.m
Accommodation	.....	2:35 p.m
Pacific Express (n)	.....	7:00 p.m

London, Huron and Bruce.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Express	9:55 a.m.	8:15 a.m
Mail	6:40 p.m	4:30 p.m

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Mixed—Mail	11:15 a.m.	7:30 a.m
Express	2:05 p.m.	.....
Express	5:40 p.m.	2:40 p.m
Express—Mixed	9:15 p.m.	5:55 p.m

Toronto Branch.

Hamilton—Depart—							
a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
*7:00	10:20	11:05	12:30	4:10	5:25	n*6:55	9:25

Hamilton—Arrive—							
a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
12:30	n 9:40	10:30	n 2:50	3:55	6:25	8:15	

* These trains for Montreal.
† These trains from Montreal.
(a) Runs daily, Sundays included.
(n) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(c) Carries passengers between London and Paris only.
(d) This train connects at Toronto for all points in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

E. DE LA HOOKE, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, the "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas streets.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.

DEPART—	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London	4:25	8:00	4:35
Woodstock	5:08	8:46	5:23
Galt	6:06	9:55	6:7
Guelph	9:50	.....	7:45
Toronto	8:25	12:00	8:35
Peterboro	11:25	.....	11:42
	a.m.		a.m.
Kingston	4:10	.....	5:00
Ottawa	5:35	.....	5:55
Montreal	7:40	.....	7:50
	a.m.		p.m.
Quebec	6:30	.....	3:00
Portland, Me	8:25	.....	8:10
Boston	8:02	.....	8:53
Halifax, N. S.	11:20	.....	.....

Trains arrive from the east at 11:50 a.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:40 p.m.

Going West.

DEPART—	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
London	12:40	11.4	7:00
ARRIVE—	p.m.	a.m	p.m.
Chatham	1:37	1:22	12:15
Detroit	3:35	3:10	.....
Chicago	11:00	10:50	.....
	a.m.	p.m	
St. Louis	7:25	8:00	.....
	p.m.	a.m.	
Kansas City	7:05	7:00	.....

Trains arrive from the west at 4:10 a.m., 4:22 p.m., 6:15 p.m.

THOS. R. PARKER, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 161 Dundas street, southwest corner Richmond and Dundas.

ERIE AND HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

Stations.	Exp	Exp	Exp	Mix
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Sarnia (G. T. R.)	.....	5:15	7:50	.....
Courtright	.....	5:45	8:00	.....
M. C. R. Junction	.....	.....	8:10	.....
Chatham (C.P. R.) arr	.....	7:35	10:16	2:37
Chatham (C.P. R.) dep	8:00	.....	10:35	4:2
Fargo	8:25	.....	11:00	4:4
Blenheim	8:35	.....	11:10	4:57

Trains North.

Stations.	Exp	Exp	Mix
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M
Blenheim dep	8:40	12:17	5:55
Fargo (M. C. R.)	8:52	12:22	6:07
Chatham (C. P. R.) arr	9:20	12:42	6:22
Chatham (C. P. R.) dep	.....	4:40	..
M. C. R. Junction	11:07	7:00	.....
Courtright	11:16	7:05	.....
Sarnia (G. T. R.)	11:15	7:40	.....

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

	Leave London.	Leave St. Thomas.
American Express (daily except Monday)	9:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	9:30 a.m.	2:00 p.m
Mail and Accommodation (daily except Sunday)	2:20 p.m.	3:05 p.m.
New York and Boston Special (daily)	8:30 p.m.	10:25 p.m.
Fast Eastern Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	2:05 a.m.
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

North Shore Limited (daily)	6:35 a.m.	7:25 a.m.
Detroit Express (daily except Sunday)	6:35 a.m.	7:35 a.m.
Fast Western Express (daily)	9:30 a.m.	10:40 a.m.
American express (daily except Monday)	9:30 a.m.	1:45 p.m.
Mail and Accommodation (daily except Sunday)	2:20 p.m.	3:15 p.m.
Pacific Express (daily)	2:20 p.m.	5:45 p.m.
Boston, New York and Chicago special (daily)	8:30 p.m.	4:10 a.m.

[NOTE.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.]

JOHN PAUL, City Passenger Agent, 395 Richmond street.

LONDON & PORT STANLEY R'Y.

Taking effect Thursday, Nov. 23, 1893.

Going South.

	a. m.		p. m.	
Leave London	9:35	9:35	3:20	8:30
Arrive St. Thomas	7:15	10:10	3:00	9:35
Depart St. Thomas	7:30	10:15	5:10	
Arrive Pt. Stanley	7:10	10:55	5:50	...

Going North.

	a. m.		p. m.	
Leave Pt. Stanley	8:00	11:30	6:10	....
Arrive St. Thomas	8:20	11:20	5:30	
Depart St. Thomas	8:25	11:25	5:35	9:55
		p.m.		
Arrive London	9:05	12:05	6:15	10:40

All trains except the last stop at intermediate stations when passengers are for.

ADVERTISEMENT CHANGES.

It is necessary that copy for changes of advertisements (to be sure of insertion) must be handed in on the day previous to that on which their appearance is desired.