

W.C. BARRON

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

ELUCUTION

340 DUNDAS ST. LONDON

The O'Connor Girls

By Mrs. HUNGERFORD ("The Duchess"),
AUTHOR OF "MOLLY BAWN," "HER
LAST THROU," "MRS.
GEOFFREY," ETC.

"Yes, all at once," repeat I thoughtfully.
"I don't think, Molly, I ever had an idea
that I loved you until you told me you were
going to throw me over."
"I told you that?"

"What will you have for a wedding
present?" asks Will, presently.

"There is just one thing I should like,"
murmurs Molly. "But I don't know that I ought
to ask for it."

"What is there you might not ask for, to
the half of my kingdom? Ah, that is a
poor thing! The whole of my kingdom is
yours to do what you will with."

"Is it? Then I should like Bluekin!"
says Molly. "I am asking him for the horse he
loved so well that he bought it from Dad. But
oh! only if I could give it back to Dad."

"Bluekin! I know Molly you had asked
me for anything else."

"Yes, yes, I know," Molly earnestly. "It
was of me, but—may I have him?"

"I am sure," says Will, "that I can see in
the moonlight that now is flooding bank and
sward, and our two faces, how terribly dis-
corded he is. I'm afraid I have given
him away already."

"Not actually, but in thought."

"Oh! Of course I shall not interfere with
your thought."

"Molly! What are you thinking of? I
only meant—"

"I don't want to know what you mean."

"Just, my darling, listen."

"Listen to what? To the name of the
noble person to whom—"

"Good heavens! Molly! It isn't like
that at all. I am angry with me, my
lovely little sweetheart! The fact is, I
have wanted ever so much to give him back
to your father, because I knew when I
bought him that the O'Connor's heart was
in him, as the peasants say here."

"Ah! Now why didn't you say so at
once?" cry I, half laughing, half trembling.
"Why, that is why I wanted Bluekin too.
To give him back to Dad. If you could only
know how he has missed him. Well, sigh-
ing, 'you are too good for me—you are, in-
deed, and—Bluekin will go back to Dad, any-
way.'"

"He shall go back to 'Dad' through you
only," says he. "Forgive me, my best be-
loved, that I denied your request at
first; but I had so longed to see you with
my restoration of that horse to your
father that I fear I was unkind to you.
Bluekin is yours, darling, to do what you
will with him."

"Then that's settled. And if I could be
happier, Will, than I was five minutes ago,
you have made me so. To tell you the
truth—"

"I never tell him that truth, at all events.
Time is not given me. A sudden sound of
approaching footsteps, a merry laugh, and
Kitty and Paddy Burke are upon me. They
are in such exuberant spirits that I con-
clude at once that all is well with them. I
begin to feel deeply ashamed of my own
sentimental mood. Kitty when happy
laughs. I, now that I have been made
supremely happy, have done nothing but
cry. There doesn't seem to be a grain of
sense in me."

"However, I cannot bring myself to be
annoyed with Kitty when, Paddy and Sir
Willoughby having moved a little to our
right, she slides up to me, and whispers
with large sympathy:

"Poor old Molly! Of course he took it
badly."

"What? Say I tarry. 'The measles!'"
"You are upset, darling! And no wonder,
I'm sure. It must be dreadful to have to
make a person unhappy."

"You have evidently been making a per-
son happy."

"Yes, yes," smiling idiotically. "Oh,
he is happy. And—ecstatically—so am I
Molly."

"Well—so am I too."

"Hark! Listen! When you are
happy, people are most generous, and
'go you always cry your eyes out.'"

"I was silly about that, Kitty, I confess,"
say I, climbing down in a hurry. "But, the
fact is, he said he was going away, because
of this money, you know, and I—well I—
I—"

"But I don't mean to say that
you—"

"Yes—just that," nodding my head. "I
think there is no one like him, Kitty."

"Well, there isn't," says Kitty with an
irrespressible chuckle. "After all, Kitty,
who she likes, can be a little vulgar. And
if Paddy isn't uglier than Will—"

"But some girls never can see anything!"

"I must say," goes on Kitty, when her
blatant mirth is an end, "that you are
about the biggest swindler that ever I met!"

"There you have been for weeks making me
wretched over the thought that I was driv-
ing you into marriage with a man whom you
detested, and in the long run it turns out
that you would have died of fright if he
hadn't married you."

"But I assure you, Kitty, I never knew
it, until—"

"Oh! there! That's plenty!" says Kitty,
struggling her shoulders. "By the bye,
have you heard about—"

"Good gracious! There is Geraldine,
crying, interrupting her remarks. I
am indeed astonished by the appear-
ance presented by Geraldine and her com-
panion—Mr. Dickenson—that I feel as if I
could have interrupted the Queen on her
throne without an apology."

"Yes, and I was just going to tell you—"

"But, Kitty's communications are lost to
me. I have neither eyes nor ears new for
any one but Geraldine. She comes sailing
up to us through the moonlight, her little
face dreadfully little in this light com-
pensation in now. And there is something so
appreciative in her whole air that in a sort
of started way I catch the air of the situa-
tion. She has accepted him. Oh! no,
that is not it—she has been graciously
pleased to look with favor on this little,
small, tiny man! Gerry! who has over-
swept Kitty and me all our lives!"

"Oh! Gerry! what have you done?" cry I

quite loud. Indeed my voice, now that with
my usual lack of self-control, I have committed
myself, seems to my own horrified ears loud
enough to make the welkin ring. I shrink
back, driven to desperation by Kitty's
whisper:

"You've done it at last," says she con-
tempuously. "What a fool you are, Molly,
as if any one couldn't have seen the road
she was going!"

"Dear Marian," says Geraldine in a clear
tone, "I was christened Marian, I believe,
but, having heard nothing about it since my
birth, the name now comes to me as a re-
velation and redoubles me to powder. 'Dear
Marian, will you permit me to introduce
Danby to you in a new character?'"

"So his name is Danby! I don't believe even
Geraldine knew that an hour ago. And why
not Danby?"

"Danby?" falter I.

"Yes," says Geraldine with unrivalled
dignity. "Danby Dickenson, I suppose, is
and so I—that you will for the future re-
gard him as—"

"Man and a brother!" puts in Paddy
Burke. "We have known him here, it seems
to me." (Paddy has evidently been hearing
things from Will.)

"I'm sure I'm delighted, Mr. Dickenson,"
says Molly. "I mean, 'that is—' what is—
Danby?' here I break down ignominiously."

"Oh! no. Not Dan!" says Paddy Burke
sweetly. "He wasn't christened Daniel—"

"I know that perfectly," declares I with
indignation. "I merely meant—I forgot for
a moment, and—"

"I see you were inventing a pet name for
your new relation. I am sure, I hope, that
you ought to be awfully grateful. To be re-
ceived like this with open arms is, to say
the least of it, gratifying. If, Molly, you
will, I will break down ignominiously."

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MISER BLAUVELT

Went Barefooted and Made a
Fortune.

Nephews and Nieces Reap the Benefit
of a Life's Hoarding.

NEW YORK, July 3.—The executors of
the estate of Farmer Blauvelt and his wife,
the curious and aged couple who died a few
months ago on their farm near Tappan, in
this State, think now that they have suc-
ceeded in finding about all the personal
property left. The Blauvelts had no chil-
dren, and their estate all goes to the
nephews and nieces of Mrs. Blauvelt, who
survived her husband a short time, and
who, under his will, inherited all his
property, and to the De Wolf brothers,
who have a farm adjoining that of the
Blauvelts and had been life-long friends of
the old pair.

Blauvelt was 84, and a very hard work-
ing man. He stuck to his labor almost
until the day of his death. During his
whole lifetime he never saw 50 miles away
from his farm. He never saw a railroad
or a steam engine, and would have been
startled out of his wits if any one had in-
vited him into the city and asked him to
speak through a telephone. In the matter
of covering for his feet he outdid in
eccentricity the famous Kansas Jerry
Simpson. Blauvelt had not only no use
for socks, but winter and summer he went
barefooted, putting on neither boot nor
brogan.

While he tilled the farm his aged partner
made all manner of articles from the flax
and wool her husband raised. When she
died last spring it was estimated that the
estate was worth about \$70,000. A great
deal of it was real estate, but the executors
had to search all the nooks, corners, boxes,
closets and trunks about the farm to find all
the property left.

Up in a corner in the garret the searchers
found a great pile of homespun blankets.
These blankets were remarkable in make.
On one side they were woven of fine flax,
while the other were spun in the best of
wool. The executors got \$16 apiece for
them at the sale. Hidden away between
these blankets they found \$200 in copper
cents.

In out-of-the-way places in the garret
and the cellar they found \$6,000 in silver
and greenbacks, and in old boxes and
chests \$20,000 in gold coins. All were care-
fully hidden away.

The aged couple had also a big iron safe
in the house, but they kept nothing in it
but their account books. "Hi burglars
come," they used to say, "the first place
they will attack will be the safe." The
personal estate is soon to be divided among
the nephews and nieces of Mrs. Blauvelt.

The Flower Garden.

—Yellow and purple and white.
—Snow-white and lilac and gold.
—Crocuses, my crocuses.
—Peonies up from the ground;
—These like fingers of flame,
—These are a rainbow of snow,
—And these of the dusky hue of thought
—Cherished from long ago.

Last year, last month, last week,
My patch of garden was bare.
No glimmer of green or gleam of gold
Or sign of life was there.
It was only this morning early
That spring came by this way,
And the gifts she leaves for a token
Were only mine to-day.

She delayed and delayed her coming.
For March was fierce and strong.
The snow was white and strong.
But at last this golden morning
Sprung from the clouds of gray,
And down the shaft of a sunbeam
Glided the gentle Spring.

Hark, how the sparrows twitter,
For joy of the warmer sun.
They open their shining mouths,
And their nestling will soon be done;
Which beaming in the mellow eve,
I have heard him trying to over
In the trees for a leaf.

Forlorn! Not now, nor ever,
Since spring is here again,
And crocuses, my crocuses,
Herald his happy point:
Herald white and purple,
Snow-white, blue-voiced and gold,
The signs of a new possession
That is old as the world is old.

New life, new love, new leafage,
Forever old and young,
In all the flowers that open,
And here is the beautiful mission
To blossom and bloom and sing.
My heart is full of the Spring.
The Maid of the Month, the Spring.

—The surroundings of a house are its
frame, and the ground around the dwelling
ought to receive its due proportion of at-
tention with the interior of the house.
Without proper care a fine building
lacks the grandeur of a commonplace one
with a neatly kept piece of grass around it.
With a few well-selected vines, a grass
plot, shade, shrubbery and a few in-
expensive flowering plants, an old house will
give more home contentment than a finer
one without the proper setting. The life
one will grow up to love the home and will
have an eye to the beautiful in art and
nature.

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

The rose crops in Bulgaria and France
have been so severely damaged by bear
frosts and cold rains that there is scarcely
enough to supply the demands of the po-
pular manufacture.

Nothing so Good.
Dear Sir,—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract
of Wild Strawberry in my family for a number
of years, and find nothing so good for diarrhea
and sick stomach as it is. I am, Sir,
Mrs. A. A. Winslow, Ridley, P. O. Ont.

A new combination washer and mangle
for railroad use has recently proved itself
very useful. The machine can be released or
tightened up with the greatest ease, and the
washer can be raised frequently.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr.
J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cereal is with-
out doubt the best medicine ever introduced for
dysentery, diarrhea, cholera, etc. It
promptly gives relief and never fails to ef-
fect a positive cure. Mothers should never
be without a bottle when their children are
suffering.

Never peddled. 24 JAMES FLETCHER, N.Y.

Lawn Mowers,
Lawn Rakes,
Garden Shears, etc.

—AT—
Reid's Hardware,

No. 118 (north side) Dundas Street.

No. 51 DUNDAS STREET,
Telephone No. 113

IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., U.S.A., Aug. 9, 1888.
George Patterson fell from a second-story
window, striking a fence. I found him using
ST. JACOBS OIL.
He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw
him next morning at work. All the blue spots
rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain,
nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M.D.
"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

SHEET GLASS.

A Thousand Tons in Stock.

BINDER TWINE FOR THE MILLION.

Hobbs Hardware Co.

TURKISH STEEL PEN CO.

DAMASCUS, SYRIA.

PASHA SERIES.

IN SIX NUMBERS.
Graded for all kinds of
writing and will fit
any holder.

Are manufactured from
THE FINEST DAMASCUS STEEL,
Are highly finished, and specially adapted for
Legal and Commercial Writing.

FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.

WARWICK & SONS, Toronto, Sole Canadian Agents.

The Time Is Getting Very Short.

August 2 decides who is to have
the Pony and Outfit.

BOYS,

Get your Suits now, and get a ticket
for the Pony Competition.

OAK HALL

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ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

SPANISH NERVE

The great nerve and brain re-
storant. It is a powerful tonic, and restores
the system to its normal state. It is a
specific for all nervous diseases, such as
Neuralgia, Headache, Dizziness, Insomnia,
Weakness, Loss of Memory, Nervousness,
Laziness and all other ailments of the
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For sale in London by C. McCallum.

MARSHALL BROS.

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TEAS and COFFEES

67 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

All the Nutritious Constituents of Prime Beef

Are Preserved In

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

An invaluable food for all who need strong nourishment in an
easily-digested form.

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PULLEYS, SHAFTING, HANGERS and SPECIAL MACHINERY
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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

Corrected to June 12, 1892.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.	Leave	Arrive
Port Hope Limited (daily)	8:00 p.m.	11:30 p.m.
Niagara Falls and Buffalo (special daily)	8:30 p.m.	4:30 a.m.
American Express (except Monday)	9:00 a.m.	10:55 a.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	9:00 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
New York and Boston Ex-press (daily)	9:25 p.m.	4:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	10:00 p.m.	2:45 p.m.
Limited Express (daily)	10:30 p.m.	5:00 a.m.
Accom'd'n except Sunday	11:00 p.m.	7:00 a.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.	Leave	Arrive
Port Hope Limited (daily)	8:00 p.m.	7:08 a.m.
Chicago Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	4:40 a.m.
Chicago special (daily)	8:30 p.m.	12:55 a.m.
Chicago L.V. Exp. (daily)	9:00 a.m.	10:55 a.m.
American Express (except Monday)	9:00 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	10:00 p.m.	3:10 p.m.
Limited Express (daily)	10:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
Accom'd'n except Sunday	11:00 p.m.	7:40 a.m.

Tric Limited.....	11:30 p.m.	11:40 p.m.
MAIN LINE—Going West.		
	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Atlantic Express (A).....	6:25 a.m.	6:40 a.m.
West End Limited.....		6:45 a.m.
Tric Limited.....	11:30 a.m.	
1st. Louis Express (A).....	11:40 a.m.	11:55 a.m.
Accommodation.....	12:40 a.m.	1:25 p.m.
Atlantic Express (A).....	6:50 a.m.	7:10 a.m.
Mail.....	6:55 p.m.	
Accommodation.....		7:50 p.m.