

Tomorrow May Be Too Late

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E. N. HUNT, 100 Dundas Street

JESSAMINE.

"For my part, I thought him grand and good," confessed Selina; "and I liked him a hundred times better than I did the modern young gentleman, with his flattery speeches and unmeaning attentions. I didn't think he could trifle with a woman's affections. I am dreadfully disappointed! I wonder if Mr. Wyllis knows anything about this shocking business?"

"Of course he doesn't! How could he?" retorted Hester, tartly. "There are not three people beside myself, even in our city, who ever heard of it." "You said 'dozens' just now," Hester ventured merciful Fanny, in a gentle rebuke.

Selina averted the burst of anger portended by the darkening visage of the monied belle. "I thought Mr. Wyllis would be more likely to hear Mr. Fordham's side of the story than anyone else," she said, timidly. "You know they are our cousins."

"You don't say so?" ejaculated Hester, horrified, by a simultaneous conviction of their indiscretion, the entire party was moved to glance at Jessie.

She appreciated the extreme awkwardness of the pause; felt that their eyes were directed, like so many burning glasses, to a focus that was herself, and mechanically went on playing with her cue and balls. Only Fanny Provost was in a position from which she could see that while her features were steady and her eyes seemed to follow the red and white spheres in their windings and doublings, one swollen vein in her throat and the nails were bloodless where they pressed upon the cue.

"Come, we must finish our game!" said the young hostess, going back to the table. "Jessie has been perfecting her skill by a bit of private practice, while we are making havoc of our neighbors' characters."

At heart she was exceedingly displeased with the tale-hearer, but the courtesy of hospitality forbade her more emphatic expression of disapproval. Jessie threw down the slender rod, and tried very unsuccessfully to laugh.

"I have done nothing except spoil your game for you. I thought you had found an occupation so far preferable to your usual one, that I gave you my cue and my place. You must choose other partners and commence anew. I have forgotten how the balls were set up when we stopped to listen to Miss Sanford's thrilling romance. I must go now, Fanny. My time is up."

Bowing a general "Good afternoon," she made her way to the library where she had left her hat and cloak. Fanny accompanied her.

"You will join us again this evening," Fanny said kindly. "Mr. Wyllis is to give us some music. Hester has never heard him sing. By a somewhat strange series of mischances, she has never happened to be present when he gave the rest of us this pleasure. She cannot endure contradiction, as you see; so when she insisted that I should ask him for tonight I complied. I am an only child, Jessie, that I am not an only child, when I see how restless and irritable so much noise and petting has made her. It is a downright misfortune to be so wealthy as she is. Everlasting and everybody is bound to spoil her. She is more to be pitied than blamed, poor girl."

Jessie said nothing in rejoinder to this ingenious apology for her cousin's ill-natured conduct. Fanny was obliged to proceed directly to the point.

"I am sorry if you are leaving thus early on account of anything Hester has said," she continued, with concern depicted in her countenance. "I am sorry if the slur cast by the idle talk of a party of thoughtless girls upon the character of your own friend, Mr. Wyllis' cousin, has wounded him, or if he is in any way annoyed or displeased by you. Hester does not mean to exaggerate or misrepresent, but she has a wild, careless fashion of talking sometimes. I am convinced that there is some great mistake in the story we have heard. It is not in keeping with Mr. Fordham's well-established character. If you knew him you would agree with me in discrediting it, in toto."

"I do know him, and I quite agree with you." Jessie was trying on her hat, and the action might have caused the slight quaver and waver in her voice. "It was firmer when she spoke again. Fanny, in consternation at the unexpected disclosure, and the manner which said that more was behind the mere statement, could not summon words for reply."

"Mr. Wyllis' cousin," with unconscious emphasis, Fanny imagined, was discreditable—"is not a stranger to me. I have known him in long time. But I say nothing to your friends about the acquaintance. They might fear they had offended me by their strictures. I will—I may tell you more some other time. You will comprehend then why certain things which were said just now, have excited me more than I care to show. You are always just and tender-hearted, and I

thank you for speaking when I could not. Good-bye!"

Her lips were set and hard to Fanny's soft kiss, and her eyes glowed dangerously as she latter attended her to the front door. The peace-maker, noting this, refrained from further endeavors to heal the breach between her relative and her new friend. Hester had been shockingly, shamefully imprudent, even if what she stated were true. Jessie was hurt and angry, and she had a right to be. Yet she, Fanny, dared not advance another step with out a distinct understanding in the case. For the present it was beyond her art. She tried to content herself by a cordial invitation to "run in to-morrow forenoon for a quiet billiard practice—only you and myself—if you cannot think better of your refusal to come tonight," and let her visitor go.

CHAPTER XI.

Greatly perturbed, Fanny returned to the circle of gossip. They had not recommenced their game, but were standing about, and leaning upon the billiard-table, busily rehearsing the late scene, accentuating their animated periods by tapping the floor with the cues, and rapping the board with the ivory balls. All except Hester, who sat stately upon her lounge, twirled her rings, and looked sulky.

Selina was foremost and loudest in apologetic exclamations—being as candid in regret as she had been in censure. "Do you know, I never thought of his being a relation of Mr. Wyllis until just as I spoke of it? There is like my blundering tongue! That is no half-way house of meditation between the brain and it. We are ruined! you and I especially. Nettle and Sue is almost as badly off. Jessie will tell Mr. Wyllis, and he will report us all to his cousin, and won't there be a row?"

"Why should you care?" said Hester, sharply. "If the man is away off in Germany he can't quarrel with you." "But he is coming back next fall. I should sink into the earth if he were to ask me any questions about what I have said. He has always been so gentle and pleasant with me! I felt quite proud of his good opinion."

"You had very little to do with it, I should say," retorted Miss Sanford, losing command of her tongue and temper entirely, as the discussion proceeded. "Thank heaven, I am not dependent upon such contemptible trifles for my peace of mind. I wouldn't recognize Roy Fordham in the street, or anywhere else; would cut him dead were he to enter this room at this very minute. As for Miss Kirke, I care less than nothing for her opinion. If she chooses to play the spy upon a confidential conversation between ladies, and carry tales to gentlemen, she may, and welcome. I never could abide her from the first instant I ever saw her. I do hate tattlers and backbiters! But let her do her worst! I flatter myself that I, at least, am above her reach!"

"I should be very uneasy and unhappy, if I believed that the substance of our conversation would ever reach Mr. Fordham's ears," rejoined Fanny, very gravely. "But Mr. Wyllis is no mischief-maker. Nor, for that matter, is Jessie Kirke. My principal regret is that we have wounded her; for I do not think a reputation so nobly earned as Mr. Fordham's has been, will suffer from our idle chatter. It is founded upon a rock. As to Jessie playing the spy, Hester, she is not playing the spy. She is not communicating you made was confidential."

"She never opened her lips while I was talking! Just stood off there, pretending to be busy with the billiard balls, and listening," said Hester, hotly. "If that wasn't mean and dishonest, I don't know what is."

"I am inclined to think I would have been well had the rest of us done likewise," rejoined Fanny, with a wise turn to the circumstance. "Since we cannot help our blunder, we will try to forget it."

But Hester had a troublesome bee in her bonnet. She looked more and more discomposed. (To be Continued.)

AT THE GRAND

The Biograph Continues to Draw Delighted Audiences.

The Biograph at the Grand Opera House drew large audiences yesterday afternoon and evening. In spite of the oppressive heat outside, the theater is kept comfortably cool by means of electric fans.

The series of scenes presented is certainly a most remarkable collection. During two all too brief hours the audience finds himself possessed of "Fortunatus' Wishing Cap" by which he may be transported anywhere and whenever. For him the hand on the dial of time turns back, and for his entertainment the kings, princes and emperors of earth live over again the scenes which made the world stand and gaze. Soldiers fight their battles again, the crack troops of the empire pass in review, the American fleet, returned from the great Pacific campaign, is greeted proudly by victorious banners flying; the Sixty-Ninth Volunteers pass jauntily on their way to the front, and the Seventy-First New York U. S. V., heroes of San Juan Hill, gaunt and bedraggled and carrying tattered but victorious banners, come home to a proud and grateful nation; the great Derby of 1897 is run again, and the lancers at Aldershot charge across the field, taking the hurdles as they go, the horse and rider go down and the rider is crushed; the galloping ranks open out and sweep on; the royal family of England amuses itself at a garden party, quit regardless of the spectators, and the Prince of Wales, in a quiet close to the audience, stoops down to bestow a careless, friendly pat on his dog.

Probably no part of the entertainment affords greater enjoyment than the trip to Conway Castle in an observation car. The realism of it is simply incredible. The film containing this picture is 700 feet long. The camera was placed on the front of an express train, and the landscape and scenery of the railway is perfectly reproduced. The great feature, however, is the pictures of the pope. A year's sojourn in Rome could not give one half so close an acquaintance with him.

Mr. Owen A. Smiley, the pleasing lecturer, makes a capital guide, and his charming description and entertaining chat greatly enhance the pleasure of the long journeys about the world. The entertainment will be presented at the Grand this evening, for the last time.

The pessimist believes the milk in a coconut is watered. If there is anything more slippery than an eel it is a one-dollar bill.

Hundreds have been cured without knife or plaster by our pleasant HOME TREATMENT. Full particulars, 5c stamp. A. L. Stott & Co., Toronto, Ont. (Mention Advertiser.)

LATE SPORTING

Londons to Meet the Woodstocks on Monday.

Wheelmen in Active Training for the Tecumseh Park Events of July 7.

BASEBALL.		
Eastern League Standing.		
	Won.	Lost.
Montreal	26	17
Toronto	25	18
Rochester	24	18
Worcester	24	19
Springfield	19	25
Hartford	22	27
Providence	21	27
Syracuse	12	28

LONDONS AT HOME.

The Londons return to the home grounds on Monday, and play the Woodstocks on Monday and Tuesday. The latter team has been strengthened since their initial appearance here two weeks ago. The Londons remain home now for eight games, and will endeavor to capture the lead before this series has been played out. The following are the teams for Monday:

Price		Thompson		Norcom
Lohman		Catcher		Pickard
McFadden		First base		Smith
Kohler		Second base		O'Brien
Cope		Third base		Martin
Babbitt		Shortstop		Blacklock
Howell		Center field		Dark
Schwartz		Right field		

THE AMATEURS.

A game of baseball was played last evening between the Westminster Grays and the London South Maple Leafs, on the former's grounds, resulting in favor of the Grays. Score: R. H. E. Grays 17 12 3 Leafs 4 7 8

Batteries—Wilson and Scott; Taft, Wray and Smith. Umpire, Moorehouse.

A good game of ball was played on Carling's Heights Thursday evening, between the Imperials and Olives. The Imperials were defeated in a game of four innings by a score of 6 to 4.

An interesting game of ball was played at Brock's field Friday, between the Crescents and the Blue Boys.

R. H. E. Crescents 19 10 1 Blue Boys 2 4 5 Batteries—R. H. E. Crescents 19 10 1 Blue Boys 2 4 5

Woodstock has released Second Baseman Saunders. Can it be possible that the Cockneys have hit the toboggan—Hamilton Herald.

The Hams, under the new captain, are playing far better ball, and are entitled once more to enjoy the patronage of the public.

Cristall will prove of incalculable worth to the Bains. Manager Davis is now only in need of a new third baseman, a new second baseman, and an entire new outfield.—Hamilton Herald.

Manager Thomas Tennent, of the Reds, has resigned, and Henry Robinson will take the club's interests until some other management is made.

Chatham Banner. Those two straights from London must have been too much for us.—Chatham Planet.

ST. THOMAS TIMES. Well, that's different. At last, St. Thomas has downed London.

The Cockneys were not in it from the start. Seiver was the easiest kind of a mark. The bleachers dubbed Lohman "Brainless Pete."

The Bains will have to release the wagon-makers and engage some ball players.—St. Thomas Times. Joe Lyndon has been appointed a Canadian League umpire in place of Donaldson.

St. Thomas has signed Pitcher Wagner, released by Chatham. LAOROSSE.

The C. L. A. match played at Mount Forest on Friday between the Victors of Grand Valley and the Lornes resulted in a victory for the former, 7 to 3.

FISTIC. A TWENTY-ROUND GO. San Francisco, Cal., June 24.—Joe Kennedy, of San Francisco, was given the decision over Gus Ruhlin, of Ohio, at the end of a 20-round fight in Woodward's pavilion last night, under the auspices of the Excelsior A. C. Ruhlin was the favorite in the betting at odds of 2 to 1.

BOWLING. Following is the score of the lawn bowling game at St. Thomas played yesterday:

London		St. Thomas	
W. F. Allen		J. Saunders	
George Powell		Col. Burke	
John Pritchard		W. A. Wilson	
M. J. Kent		N. W. Moore	
skip		skip	
C. Graham		F. S. Lewis	
H. Finchamp		J. Renwick	
T. Blakeney		J. Glen	
A. Parfitt		W. Jackson	
skip		skip	
Total		Total	

Majority for London, 17 shots. QUOITING. A LOCAL CONTEST. A game of quoits was played on the North End Club grounds last evening, between W. Baskerville and T. Corborell. Score: W. Baskerville, 21; T. Corborell, 14.

WHEEL. Tecumseh Park has been the scene of some very active training during the past week. The "boys" are getting into splendid condition and developing great speed. The first evening meet will be held Friday, July 7. The Seventh Battalion Band, 40 strong, has been secured to give one of the best band concerts of the season, and, coupled with a clever programme of training, will take part in the first meet; are: Duncan Edwards, Ingram, Manville, Dean, Maher, Lacey, Saunders, McCullough, Keolener, Platt, Bates, Kellam, Millar and Weiss. Several out-of-town riders will be here next week including Wilson and Stratton, of Springfield, Higley, of Blenheim, Learn, of Aylmer, and others, who have completed arrangements to train on the track for the coming season. Mr. James McCormick, who has secured absolute

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control of the track and grounds for all racing purposes is devoting much time to superintending the training of the men. The track is in splendid condition, and our citizens are promised a rare evening's enjoyment on July 7.

REGULATIONS FOR RAILWAYS

And for Building Telegraph and Telephone Lines—The Government Will Have Much to Say.

[Special to The Advertiser per C.P.R.] Ottawa, Ont., June 24.—A bill of considerable importance will be taken up by Mr. Blair at the next meeting of the railway committee. Its provisions will deal with the building of telegraph and telephone lines, public bridges and operations and control of railways. Perhaps the most important is that which refers to the operating rules for railways. It is provided that the railway committee of the privy council may make rules and regulations for all railways within the jurisdiction of the Dominion Parliament. These rules will supersede all previous ones. Such rules will be subject to the approval of the governor in council. Another provision in the bill is to give power to the railway committee of the privy council to order railway companies to erect and maintain stations at given points. The bill also provides that any company of the gas, fumes or buildings of the railway, or entering a train, with the idea of defrauding the company of the fare will be liable to fine and imprisonment.

Telegraph and telephone companies incorporated by act of parliament are empowered to break up or open any highway, subject to the jurisdiction of the municipal council. Travelers are not to be obstructed, and the company is not to heedlessly destroy shade trees. The surface of a street must be restored to its former state.

In case parliament shall order at any future time wires to be placed underground, the companies now entitled to carry them on their poles will not be able to recover damages. In the case of companies incorporated to construct railways and general traffic bridges, no discrimination for transportation or running privileges can be made against any company, and tolls will be controlled by the governor in council. Two years will be given for commencing such works, and five for the completion.

What form one's reading should take is not a matter for arbitrary judgment, but good taste is not a gift, but a growth, and a little wise direction is of everlasting value. Read out of yourself or above yourself might be a good way to suggest the sort of reading that is worth while. Comparatively few of us have many opportunities of getting very far away from our customary environment, and the world would be narrow indeed were it not for the means of broadening our outlook by the help of the things others have seen and thought.—James B. Carrington.

Reading maketh a full man," said Lord Bacon. A full man even of literary pabulum, unless the processes of mental digestion are carried forward thoroughly to sift the waste from the nourishment, is in an unhealthy state of plethora. With the ever-increasing output of books and magazines, few of us who try to read at all escape ennui, or, in reading for its own sake, of robbing the mind of its natural individual motive, and of inducing a state of complete mental dependence upon the written thoughts of others.

Life is not to be lived in books alone. Even with one's best applications the printed page lacks a certain convincing reality—that is, a "literary" glamor that casts a haze over the words we read. We are prone to dramatize the book read in more or less abstract terms.

It is by actual and alert contact with life itself that we really learn to make our sensations and experiences a vital part of the thing we generalize as character. We must first learn to think—a most difficult accomplishment—and then our reading will become, as it should be, illuminative and stimulative.

THE READING HABIT

Its Merits and Demerits—Life Is Not in Books Alone.

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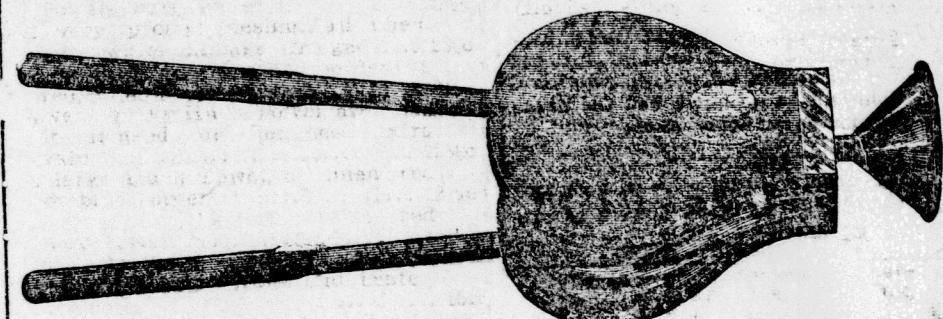
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ing to the further exercise of our own faculties. Few of us are not too well acquainted with certain human phonographs who carry about them an air of being "bookish," and who are ready upon the slightest encouragement to turn their current of words reflecting the very newest things in literary gossip. The fact is, we are too easily led by the factitious authority of mere type. "A book's a book, although there's nothing in it," was Byron's cynical way of putting it.

In the world of books, as in life, one must grope his way largely in the dark to find the things that he most needs, but with the difference that certain books have been proved by time and are known, tangible quantities. Read the things you like is a ready prescription, but it is so easy to like the things that are easy and that appeal to our natural mental indolence.

The "solid books" are not half as repellent as that very material of sounds, and some of the pleasantest surprises that come to readers are in the form of books that they have been taught to fear as being too deep for them. There is a pleasing sense of intellectual pride derived from finding that you can really enjoy the "hard book."

What form one's reading should take is not a matter for arbitrary judgment, but good taste is not a gift, but a growth, and a little wise direction is of everlasting value. Read out of yourself or above yourself might be a good way to suggest the sort of reading that is worth while. Comparatively few of us have many opportunities of getting very far away from our customary environment, and the world would be narrow indeed were it not for the means of broadening our outlook by the help of the things others have seen and thought.—James B. Carrington.

MAGNITUDE OF RUSSIA

One Man in Every Twelve on Earth Is the Czar's Subject.

Speaking of Russia the other day, Lord Salisbury spoke of it as "the nation that in material respects is the most powerful nation on earth."

"Russia with its enormous forests, its vast steppes and its huge rivers, is almost a world in itself. Extending over 8,644,100 square miles or one-seventh of the entire land surface of the globe, it is but 3,000,000 miles less than the whole extent of our scattered possessions, on which we boast the sun never sets."

"Its water surface alone measures 293,013 square miles, enough to make an immense sea, in which England could be placed six times over and still have room for more."

"To every square mile of territory there are fifteen human beings who owe allegiance to the Czar, or a grand total of nearly 130,000,000. In fact, one human being in every twelve on earth is ruled by the Czar. Its fighting men number over 11,000,000. It can put a fully equipped army into the field of 1,355,000 combatants and back it up with another almost as well accoutred of 1,100,000 men, a total number of first-class fighting men of over 2,500,000, with 497,415 horses and 1,456 heavy guns."

"Let the whole of this immense body of regular troops be overcome and there will even then be the reserve to reckon with, a force estimated at fully 3,000,000."

"The difficulties of mobilization would, no doubt, be very great, but these grow less every year. Russia has now 16,651 miles of railway owned by the state and 8,072 miles worked by private companies, while in course of construction there are nearly 3,000 miles more."

"In addition to its forces on land Russia has a navy which, although by no means the finest in the world, will one day have to be reckoned with seriously. It is divided into four fleets and its total consists of twenty-three battleships, fourteen coast defense vessels, sixteen cruisers, twenty-eight gunboats and ninety-six torpedo boats, manned by 1,249 officers, 326 engineers and 38,000 seamen."

"Then it has a mercantile marine consisting of 522 steamers and 2,135 sailing vessels while on its rivers there is a flotilla of over 20,000 vessels of all descriptions, with crews totaling 90,350 men. All these would be available in case of war."

"Moreover Russia is not dependent on outside sources for food. Pasturing on its vast plains are to be found in European Russia alone 24,609,260 head of cattle, 44,465,450 sheep and 9,243,000 pigs while in crops there are no fewer than 1,998,607,780 acres of arable land. After feeding its vast population it was last year able to export abroad over 300,000,000 quarters of cereal crops."

EVIDENCE IN HIS FAVOR. "Yes," she sighed, "my husband prides himself on his horse-sense."

"Well," said her neighbor, "it seems to make you sad to think of it. Don't you believe he really has it?"

"Oh, I guess he has it all right. Any way, he's nearly always right."

Appetizing

For this season of the year when fresh vegetables are scarce.....

Large 3-lb. tins French String Beans, 20c.
Rodel French Peas, 15c.
Rodel Mushrooms, 25c.
Whole Tomatoes for slicing, 20c.
Canned Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, Beans, French Kidney Beans, Succotash, Baked Beans, Tomato Sauce, California Prunes, 8c per lb.
California Silver Prunes, 12 1/2c per lb.
California Dried Peaches, 10c per lb.

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