



## CURE

**SICK**

**HEAD**

**ACHE**

**Her Unruly Tongue**

**Look you, Miss Palmer!** If you stick yourself in the way again when Mr. Allen is here you'll be likely to get your walking papers! Don't factor yourself with the idea that you are a necessary fixture here. Because your father happened to be my father's cousin is no reason why you should put on airs—Don't answer me! I only ask you to keep out of my way, and especially do you keep out of Mr. Allen's way. There I go! You know what I mean.

And with this Irene Minton swept proudly on her way, thereby running into the arms of her mother, who had entered the room while she had been speaking.

Irene Minton was a young lady of twenty-two, tall and shapely—she loved to fancy herself queenly—with a face certainly handsome; hair dark and glossy, eyes large and full, with a fiery spark in their depths; the other features of her face were of a regularity that in every look and every tone being pride.

Her mother was a small, meek-faced woman, proud of her queenly daughter, and by her gown in many things.

Lizzie Palmer—just now called Miss Palmer by Irene—was a blue-eyed golden-haired girl of nineteen, rather below the medium height of women, but of perfect form, light and graceful, with a bounding health and vigor in every motion and in every tone, as well as in the hearty ring of her genuine laughter. Her face was a study.

Analyst looking for some special type of beauty for his canvas—if he sought only beauty—would never select her; but if he wanted a face for a study, a study of refined beauty, or should he seek a face that should typify love, to be loved in return, then he would have looked no further.

Lizzie was a sort of Cinderella in the merchant's family. In the other years when she had been but a child, her father had been Mr. Minton's partner in business. They were once cousins—Minton and Palmer—

and had entered into business on equal footing. At the end of a dozen years they had failed, but the failure was not at all disgraceful. The failure of Western firms deeply indebted to them, had brought them down, and forced them to make the best settlement they could, and they had been able to effect a settlement that was accepted; so that they were once again clear and free to start business in their own names.

The shock of the failure, however, had proved too much for the father, never very strong, the shame and charge on account of the collapse had so far worked upon his sensitive nature that his life pined with the penalty. He passed away while the plans for renewal of business were being discussed, and on his dying bed he had left a solemn trust to his old friend and partner—and that was his child, Lizzie, then ten years of age. His wife had been dead four years at that time, and his only daughter was all he had left on earth of his own kind and kin to love. Almost the last words he had spoken to his partner were those that had placed Lizzie in his charge.

And Minton had promised, solemnly, that he would not fail to watch over her. So, Thomas Palmer had died content. He had left his child in hands that he believed could not fail; and he had no more to ask.

Nine years had passed away since that time. James Minton went into the new business very shortly after the death of his former partner, and he has prospered in every way. In short, he has become a wealthy man. But—how has he kept the faith the child that the dying father left in his care and keeping?

Still, if there has been a failure, the blame may not all be laid upon him. He has but little to do with his home. Nor can the blame be laid upon his wife, for she is naturally a good-hearted woman, and would have treated Lizzie as a child of her own, had not her own child prevented.

As her own child—Lizzie Minton. Upon her shoulders must rest the blame for

Lizzie's treatment and we are forced to declare that the treatment had not been what Thomas Palmer had supposed it would be. Lizzie Palmer knew very well what Mr. Minton had promised her father, she remembered how the strong, well-mannered had held her in his arms, and kissed her, and promised to make her life pleasant, so far as he could. And she knew how the promise had failed of its fulfillment, but she had no blame in her heart for Mr. Minton. In short, and of truth, she blamed nobody. She sorrowed in her sufferings, and in the hardness of her heart. She knew that Irene's jealous disposition was the source of all her trouble, and she felt that she would rather bear what she was called upon to bear than to carry in her bosom the feelings that prompted her foster-sister.

We saw Irene stumble into her mother's arms. "Oh, my child! my child!" the mother cried when the other girl had disappeared. "Why will you not curb that unruly tongue of yours? Why should you speak to Lizzie in that manner? I know when you have come to call her 'Miss Palmer' Irene, as sure as you live, evil, and only evil, can come of such a tongue. You know that Lizzie would not willingly cross your path in any way."

"Mamma, I wish you wouldn't preach. I shall talk to her myself. Mamma, just as she deserves. Why did she stick herself into Charles Allen's way last evening?"

"Irene," pleaded her mother with all the persuasion she could command, "I would not uphold Lizzie in any wrong, and you know it. When she came into the hall last evening she had no idea that she would meet Charles Allen there. In fact I do not think she knew he was in the house."

"Oh, you needn't tell me that! You don't know how much duplicity the little minx can carry beneath that pink-and-white complexion of hers. Mamma, don't you talk to me about Charles Allen!"

"My dear child," the mother replied, with extraordinary energy, "what event is the dearest wish of my life. When I can see you the willing wife of Charles Allen I shall be content, so far as your earthly interests are concerned. I do not think of his wealth of gold and silver—though it is far, far beyond the wealth of your father—so much as I do of his wealth of mind and character, his standing in society, and his good name wherever he is known. My daughter, I cannot tell you how anxious I am that you should be his wife, but—"

here Mrs. Minton laid a finger upon her daughter's lips with a significant shake of the head, as she proceeded—"Irene, should Charles Allen once hear that tongue of yours as I heard it but a few minutes since he would turn from you in fear and trembling."

"At this the girl laughed—a noisy, grating laugh, and with a snap of her fingers, she walked away, singing.

"I'll marry you, my pretty maid. Nobody asked you to, sir," she said.

While her mother, with another sad and dispirited shake of the head, went her way. "My dear young lady, what is the matter? Have you met with an accident? Can I assist you in any way?"

Lizzie Palmer was sitting in the small, vine-clad arbor, in the garden, weeping bitterly, when the words fell upon her ear, and on looking up she beheld Charles Allen.

"No," she answered, as soon as she could sufficiently control her emotions, "I have met with no accident. I am very foolish—I was thinking—thinking—and—O! forget it, sir. There! I will weep no more."

Instead of going away, however, the young man sat down by her side. No wonder was it that Irene Minton wanted him for her husband, and we cannot wonder that her mother had praised him, for he was, truly, all that the most fastidious maiden could have desired in a partner for life. He was five-and-twenty years of age, tall and symmetrical of form, with dark gray eyes, brilliant and expressive, and a face of the very highest type of beauty. His father, dying, had left him not only in possession of a large fortune, but of a large business which was prospering more and more under his care and supervision. He was known to be the very soul of honor, and honorable men loved to deal with him.

"Pardon me, Miss Palmer, for the liberty I have taken, but I saw you come into the garden, and having an earnest desire to ask you a few questions, I seized this opportunity. Am I pardoned?"

She looked up into his frank, manly face, and the smile she there met called an answering smile from herself, a smile that wreathed her ruby lips and danced brightly in her azure eyes. The smile was pardon enough, and he went on:

"I wanted to ask you if you were ever with your father spending a time, a few weeks, perhaps, at the old Fabryon House near the foot of Mount Fabryon."

A surprised look came into the girl's beautiful face.

"Yes," she said, quickly. "It was the last place I ever went away with my papa. He went to that mountain region hoping to benefit his health, but, alas! it did not save him." A brief pause, and then she added:

"O, yes, I remember it well. I was almost ten years old."

## NOTES OF RECENT INVENTIONS.

The man who observed that he would not go abroad until he could cross the ocean in a car may not have to wait so very long after all for the realization of his hopes. There comes from Sweden news of the construction at Christianstad of what is called a locomotive steamboat. It was built for use on a chain of small lakes in Sweden which are separated by waterfalls, and to get around these the steamboat has been fitted with wheels like those of a locomotive, and on leaving the water runs smoothly along on the land on tracks built for its accommodation. A canoe built on this same principle for use in the Adirondack lakes would be delightful. It could be paddled on the water and propelled after the fashion of the bicycle on the land, so saving the tourist a great deal of time and many wearisome "carries."

An ingenious resident of Bridgeport has worked out an invention which should become a great boon to unfortunate afflicted with deafness. It is briefly a device which makes the deaf hear. It is the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes, and consists of a soft rubber disc and spring, so shaped that when inserted in the ear it will focus the waves of sound on the natural drum of the ear with such intensity that the afflicted person receives impressions from the outside that nature had seemingly desired to withhold.

A patent bowling machine has just been tested in England for the use of cricketers in practice. It is found to be more unerring in its aim than mortal bowlers, and takes the middle stump of expert batsmen as easily as though the batsman used a feather instead of his bat. The machine is sighted from hand from which the ball is thrown can bowl overhand or underhand according to the desires of the manipulator. It is not entirely beyond the possibilities that a mechanical batsman will soon be devised, so that in the next century boys and girls, and we ourselves, who will probably be the grandfathers of those boys and girls, may expect to be invited to witness a cricket game played entirely by automata.

Some remarkably clever person in St. Petersburg has arranged and placed on exhibition a clock with a photograph attachment that will repeat at an hour set, according to the possessor's desire, such orders or announcements as may be committed to it. This is the New York Tribune rightly calls a great boon to the tired house-mother, and adds that in the nursery the solemn time-piece could be made to say: "Children, it is time to get up; dress quickly, and do not dawdle." In the kitchen, at an early hour it would be ready with "Breakfast at eight, Mary; don't forget," and in the breakfast-room "You must start in ten minutes or you will lose your train." The dial of this clock of the future is, we are told, a human face, from whose uncanny mouth, comes the announcement of the hours, as well as any directions that may be left with it.

Parties in Pennsylvania have for some time past been producing a gas for illuminating purposes, the quality of which they claim is far superior for the use named than any other now made, and can be manufactured at about half the cost. The result is reached by means of a feeder and a number of retorts, the latter being kept at a certain degree of heat, and the oil is forced through them into a tank which is kept full of water. By means of this simple arrangement the desired object is attained, the gas is formed by the contact of the heated oil and water, and from this tank passes on to another—the supply tank—ready for consumption.

**Only Two More Days.**  
First three months free of charge. On account of the large number of invalids who have been unable owing to the rush to consult the staff of eminent physicians and surgeons located at No. 456 Talbot street, (near Queen's Hotel), London, before May 1st will receive service for the first three months free of charge. The favor desired is a recommendation from those whom they cure. The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted.

The doctors treat every variety of disease and deformity and will perform all surgical operations free this month, viz.: The removal of cancers, tumors, cataract, polyp, etc. All diseases of the eye, ear, throat, lungs, heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, bladder, and all female difficulties arising from whatever cause, all nervous prostrations, failing vitality, and diseases originating from impure blood, treated with the greatest success.

By their new method, which consists in breaking up the cold-catching system, to which every person suffering from catarrh is susceptible.

Invalids will please not take offense if they are rejected as incurable. The physicians will examine you thoroughly, free of charge, and if incurable, they will positively tell you so. Also caution you against spending more money for useless medicine.

Hours from 9 a.m. to 5, and from 7 to 8 p.m. Sundays, from 2 to 4 p.m.

Invalids outside the city can write, and be treated by express.

Address all communications to Mr. William H. Hale, Manager, No. 456 Talbot street, London, Ont.

Doing a town means more broken bills than heads.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother's Worm Extirminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

It takes more courage to endure than to act.



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MONTREAL.

**ESTERBROOK PENS**  
ROBT. MILLER SON & CO., AGENTS, MONTREAL.

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All new Stock—Selling for Pleasure.

As an advertisement we are selling Carriages at cost. Warranted first-class.

**London Furniture Manfg. Co.**  
184 to 198 King St., London, Ont.



**JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.**  
THEY LOOK IT!

**THE LONDON ADVERTISER**, early morning and evening editions, excels all other newspapers in appearance, in influence and in circulation. It has no competitor as a newsgatherer, which is evidenced by the fact that it is the Family Paper of all the best people in the city of London and throughout Western Ontario.

**DR. LA ROE'S COTTON ROOT PILLS.**  
Safe and absolutely pure, the most powerful Female Regulator known. The only safe and reliable pill for sale. Ladies ask your druggist for LaRoe's Star and Crescent Brand. Take no other kind. Guaranteed to relieve suppressed menstruation. Sold by all reliable Druggists, or Postpaid on receipt of price, American Pill Company, Detroit, Michigan.

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FINEST SUGAR SYRUPS IN 3 AND 2 LB. TINS; VERY SUPERIOR IN PURITY, CONSISTENCY AND FLAVOUR; AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTTER, PRESERVES, ETC.

**KEENE BROTHERS**  
Are offering special bargains in Furniture and Baby Buggies this week. Everything the latest style and cheaper than ever offered in the city before. Give us a call. Repairing done.

**PARIS LUMPS.**  
Lump or Leaf Sugar of very finest quality in 5-lb. boxes.

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## RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO NOV. 15, 1901.

## MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

## LONDON TIME

Canada Southern Division—Going East.	Leave London	Leave Thomas
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	11:30 a.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	8:00 a.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	8:30 a.m.	11:15 a.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
St. Louis Express (Sundays)	1:30 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.	4:45 p.m.
Accom'd'n (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m.

## Canada Southern Division—Going West.

Leave London	Leave Thomas
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.
Chicago Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	8:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.
St. Louis Express (Sundays)	1:30 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.
Accom'd'n (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:55 a.m., 12 m and 6:40 p.m.

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

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 335 Richmond Street.

## GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED DEC. 7, 1901.

## MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Chicago Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
St. Louis Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.
Pacific Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.

## MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
St. Louis Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.
Pacific Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.

## Sarnia Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Chicago Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
St. Louis Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.
Pacific Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.

## London, Huron and Bruce.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Express	8:30 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.
Express	8:30 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.

## London and Port Stanley.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Mail	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.
Express	8:30 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.

## St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Mixed-Mail	8:30 a.m.
Express	8:30 a.m.
Express-Mixed	8:30 a.m.

## Toronto Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Hamilton-Depar	8:30 a.m.
Hamilton-Arrive	8:30 a.m.
Hamilton-Depar	8:30 a.m.
Hamilton-Arrive	8:30 a.m.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
DEPART	DEPART
London	8:30 a.m.
Woodstock	8:30 a.m.
Galt	8:30 a.m.
Orono	8:30 a.m.
Peterborough	8:30 a.m.
Kingston	8:30 a.m.
St. Catharines	8:30 a.m.
Quebec	8:30 a.m.
Portland, Me.	8:30 a.m.
Boston	8:30 a.m.
Halifax, N.S.	8:30 a.m.

Trains arrive from the east at 11:25 a.m., 7:50 p.m., 10:40 p.m.

## GOING WEST.

ARRIVE	DEPART
London	8:30 a.m.
Chatham	8:30 a.m.
Detroit	8:30 a.m.
Chicago	8:30 a.m.
St. Louis	8:30 a.m.
Kansas City	8:30 a.m.

Trains arrive from the west at 3:55 a.m., 6:55 p.m., 10:15 p.m.

JOHN R. PARKER, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, No. 1 Masonic Temple.

## ERIE &amp; HURON RAILWAY.

## Trains South.

Stations	Exp	Exp	Mix	Mix
Sarnia (C. T. R.)	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
Courtright	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
M. C. H. Junction	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
Chatham (C. P. R.)	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
Fargo (M. C. R.)	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
Blenheim	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.

## Trains North.

Stations	Exp	Exp	Mix	Mix
Blenheim	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
Fargo (M. C. R.)	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
Chatham (C. P. R.)	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
Courtright	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
Sarnia (C. T. R.)	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.

JOHN R. PARKER, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, No. 1 Masonic Temple.

## MILLER'S

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