LUCK, OR PLUCK?

But, alas! it was too late. He must go back to the farm—go away from Lucia. How should he say farewell to her? Could he ask her to accept an occasional letter from him and to reply? Would the Tramlays want to spend the next summer at Hayn farm? he wondered. Should they come and Lucia see him carrying a pail of pea pods to the pig sty, or starting off with oil skins and a big black basket for a day's fishing off shore, would not her pretty lip curl in disdain? Or if the family wanted to go to the beach for a bath, would he come in from the fields in faded cotton shirt and trousers and bandless old straw hat to drive them down?

No; none of these things should occur. The Tramlays should not again board at Hayn farm, unless he could manage in some way to be away from home at the time. He would oppose it with all his might. And yet, what could he say by way of explanation to his parents? There are some things that one cannot explain—not if one is a young man who has suddenly had his head turned by change of scene.

How he should say farewell to Lucia troubled him a great deal, particularly as the time was approaching rapidly. To tell her of his love would be unmanly, while he was unable to carry love forward to its natural fruition; but, on the other hand, would it be right for him to take mere friendly leave after having betrayed himself over her hand at the carriage window? And if her manifestations of jealousy at the Dinon party meant anything more than a mere desire to monopolize his attention, would she not hate him if he went away without some expression of tenderness?

The longer he cudgeled his wits the more inactive they became. He resolved to call at once and trust to chance, and perhaps a merciful Providence, to help him to a proper leave taking. He wondered if she would be at home; he had heard her recapitulate a succession of engagements which seemed to him to dispose of a week of afternoons and evenings. He would seek her father and ask him when Lucia could be found at home.

He acted at once upon the impulse, but Tramlay was not at his office. As the time was about noon, Phil strolled to the restaurant to which the iron merchant had taken him. Tramlay was not there, so the young man took a seat and ordered luncheon. Just as it was served, Marge passed him, without seeing him, and a young man at a table beyond Phil said to his companion:

"That Marge is a lucky dog. Have you heard that he's going to marry Tramlay's daughter? She'll be rich; iron is looking up."

"Is that so," asked the other. "When did it come out?"

"I don't know whether it's announced yet," was the reply; "but one of the fellows at the bank told me, and I suppose he got it from Marge; he knows him very well."

Phil's appetite departed at once; it seemed to him his life would accompany it. His mind was in a daze; his heart was like lead. His feelings reached his face, and, attracted and stupid though he felt, he could not help seeing that he was attracting attention, so he paid his bill, went out, and hurried along the street. The first distinct impression of which he was conscious was that there need no longer be any doubt about how to say good-by to Lucia; a formal courteous note would suffice; he would not trust himself to meet her. Could he blame her? No; he certainly had no claim upon her heart, nor any reason to really believe that she had regarded him as more than a pleasant acquaintance. She had let him kiss her hand; but had not she herself taught him that this was merely an old time form of salutation? She had the right to marry whom she would; yet Marge—the thought of that man—that lazy, listless, cold, dry stick—being bound for life to a merry, sensitive soul like Lucia drove him almost mad.

Well, the blow was a blessing in one way; now he could go back to the farm without any fears or hesitation. Go back?—yes, he would hasten back; he could not too soon get behind him the city and all its memories. After all, it was not the city he had dreaded to leave; it was Lucia, and whatever through her seemed necessary. Now that she must be forgotten, all else might go. He would go back to the hotel, pack his clothes—how he longed for the money they had cost him!—write a line to Lucia, and take the first train for home. Home! How shamefully he had forgotten it in the past fortnight! Perhaps this disappointment was his punishment; if so, although severe, it was no more than just. Home! Why, he would rejoice to be once more inside his dirty oilskin fishing clothes—to obliterate the city man he had been aping for a fortnight. Heaven had evidently intended him to be a drudge; well, Heaven's will should be done.

Thus reasoned the spirit; but the flesh did not rapidly conform to its leader's will. Phil's teeth and lips were twitching; he felt it was so; he noticed that people stared at him, just as they did while he was in the restaurant. This at least he could escape, and he would; so he turned into the first side street, to avoid the throng. Within a moment he feared he was losing his reason, for it seemed to him that people were pursuing him. There certainly was an unusual clatter of hurrying feet behind him, but—pshaw!—it was probably a crowd running to a fire or a fight. The noise increased; several wild yells arose, and some one shouted, "Stop thief!" Then Phil's heart stopped beating, for a heavy hand fell on his shoulder. He started violently aside, but there was no shaking off the grasp of that heavy hand; he looked wildly around, and into the eyes of his father.

"Bless you, old boy, how—how fast you do walk!" panted the old man. "I was 'way up—on the other side of the road when—when I saw you turnin' down here. Sol Mantring said I wouldn't know you—if I saw you. Why—I knowed you at first sight."

"Wot's he done?" bleated a small boy in front, for the crowd had already surrounded the couple.

"What's who done?" asked the old man, angrily, after he had looked around and seen the crowd. "Why, you tarnal loafers, can't a man run down the road to catch up with his own son without you thinkin' there's somethin' wrong? I've heard that in New York ev'ry man suspects ev'ry other man of bein' a theif. Git out! go about your business, if you've got any."

The crowd, looking sadly disappointed and disgusted, slowly dispersed, one very red faced man remarking that the entire proceeding had been "a durned skin."

The father and son walked along until comparatively alone; then the father said:

"Something's wrong old boy. What is it?"

Phil did not reply.

"Out of money an' afraid to send me word?"

"No," Phil replied.

"Then it's her, eh?"

Phil nodded. His father squeezed his hand and after a moment continued:

"Proposed to her an' been refused?"

"No," said Phil; "another man has proposed and been accepted."

"Dear! dear!" sighed the old man. "An' she's dead in love with him, I s'pose?"

"I never saw any sign of it," said Phil, his face wrinkling. "I don't see how she can; he's a dry old stick."

"Rich?"

"Um-m—I don't know," said Phil.

"Know him?"

"Yes, a little. Mr. Tramlay says he lives on his income."

"Easy enough for a bachelor to do that in New York," said the old man, "an' still not have much."

They walked in silence a few minutes; then the old man continued:

"Sure you weren't mistaken, bub?"

"About what?"

"Sure you reely fell in love? Sure you warn't only in a fit of powerful admiration? Lots of young fellers get took in that way an' spend a lifetime bein' sorry for it."

Phil shook his head.

"She's mighty good lookin'; I know it. I can take in the p'ints of a gal as good as if she was a colt. Good stock in her, too; that father of hern is full of grit an' go, an her mother's a lady. Still, you might have been kind o' upset, an' not knowed your own mind as well as you might.

"Father," said Phil, "you remember what you've often said about your horse Black Billy?—'There's only one horse in the world, and that's Billy.' Well, for me there's only one girl in the world—Lucia."

"That's the Hayn blood, all over," said the old man, with a laugh that grated harshly on Phil's ear.

"And I've lost her," Phil continued. "Don't let's talk about her any more. Don't remind me of her."

"Don't remind you?" shouted the old man, stopping short on the sidewalk. "See here, young man," the father continued, shaking his forefinger impressively, "if I was you, an' felt like you, do you know what I'd do?"

"No," said Phil, amazed at this demonstration by a man whom he scarcely ever had seen excited.

"Well, sir, I'd stay right on the ground, an' I'd out that other feller out, or I'd die atryin'. You'll never be good for anythin' if you don't do one thing or t'other."

Phil smiled feebly and replied: "You don't understand; there are a great many obstacles that I can't explain."

"'There's a lion in the way, says the slothful man; I shall be slain,'" quoted the old man from the Book which he had accepted as an all-sufficient guide to faith and practice.

"I've made a fool of myself," said Phil sullenly, "and I want to go home and take my punishment. I want to go by the first train I can get. I've a long list of things I've promised to buy for different people, but I can't endure New York another day."

The old man studied his son's face keenly for a while, as they resumed their walk; then he said, gently:

"Perhaps it's best that way. Go ahead. Give me your list an' I'll tend to it. I'll take a day or two in New York myself; it's a long time since I had one. Give us the list and get out."

Phil fumbled in his pocket for the memoranda that he had neglected so long. Then a new fear came to him, and he said:

"Father, you know about everything, and can do almost anything you attempt, but don't go to trying to mend this wretched affair of mine; if I——"

"What?" interrupted the old man. "Meddle in a love scrape? Have I got to be this old to be suspected by my son of bein' an old fool? No sir; I never did any love makin' except for myself, an' I'm not goin' to begin now. You go home an' brace up; I reckon you need a mouthful of country air to set your head right."

(To Be Continued.)

What Do You Take

Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES all diseases caused by impure blood and debility of the system. It is not what its proprietors say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla DOES, that tells the story of its merit. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Purely vegetable—Hood's Pills—25c.

Single sponges have been found on the coast of Florida with a circumference of over five feet.

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.

The United States has 360 mountains over 10,000 feet high.

All throat and lung troubles, from a simple cough to incipient consumption, are easily cured by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Pipkin—Does your wife know anything about cooking? Potts—I guess she does: you can't get her into any of your cheap restaurants.

An Old Nurse for Children.

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 DIARRHŒA. 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.

Society editor—Here is a women writing to us to know if a grass widow ought to wear mourning. Boss editor—She might wear a green lawn.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confounded with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills as they are extremely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

Summer vacations have entirely stopped, and there is noticeable a falling off in the autumn leaves.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is a sure and safe cure for coughs, colds, sore throat and all throat and lung diseases.

Willie Keep—I was once very strongly tempted to blow out my brains. Ethel Knox—Did you do it?

Burdock Blood Bitters is a purely vegetable cure for dyspepsia, constipation and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

The daily number of people visiting Central Park, New York, is estimated at from 130,000 to 150,000.

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health Says:

"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in Consumption and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results." H. P. YEOMANS, A.B., M.D.

Great Britain is reputed to own $500,000,000 in American railroads.

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

WESTERN ONTARIO.

"Respectable" Residents of Sandwich Caught Stealing Oats!

The Walkerville-Windsor Wrangle About Water Stopped—Sudden Death of a Florence Druggist—Westminster Patrons Give a Concert.

ELGIN.

The M. C. R. ran a World's Fair special from the Niagara River to the Detroit River Monday, a distance of 228 miles, with but one stop and that at St. Thomas. An average speed of 55 miles an hour was kept up.

St. Thomas officials have completed their assessment for 1894. The population is 1,0791, decrease of nine in the year. The total assessment is $4,224,444, an increase of $185,694.

A sad accident befell the little daughter of Arch Campbell, of East Aldborough, Monday. She was being taken to school on the milk wagon, driven by her father, when the horses ran away, throwing her out and breaking her skull. Grave doubts are entertained of her recovery.

The family of W. S. Ferguson, of Dereham, has been visited by the grim reaper for the second time in a fortnight. Monday night Charles, the 16-year-old son, died very suddenly of diphtheria and only about ten days ago a daughter of 20 was taken away.

ESSEX.

For some time people living near Sandwich have been missing all kinds of produce from their barns. Frank Hunt found that the contents of his barn were going in a mysterious manner, and last night hid behind a tree near the barn. He almost fell over with surprise when he saw two respectable citizens enter the place. He went for Constable Masters, and when the two returned they met James Benson and James Letheridge coming away with two bags of oats. After taking them to the Windsor lock-up Constable Masters made a search of their premises and found their sheds and barns filled with produce which is supposed to have been secured by them after dark. They were remanded for trial.

The Provincial Health Board has been notified that the trouble between Windsor and Walkerville, on account of Walkerville sewage contaminating the Windsor drinking water, has been amicably settled. Each town has agreed to pay a proportionate share of the cost of a new water main to enter the St. Clair above Walkerville.

LAMBTON.

Joseph Holmes, of the G. T. R., Forest, died last week after a short illness, at the age of 65 years, 8 months and 5 days, on Jan. 29, 1828. He came to Canada when about the age of 26 years, and entered the service of the Grand Trunk Railway, by which company he has been employed for 36 years. He was injured by falling off his engine near Georgetown, and ever since that time was deprived of the use of his lower limbs.

At Osgoode Hall Monday in the case of Breuer vs. Garbutt an interpleader order was settled directing that an issue be tried in a county court, in which the claimant shall be plaintiff. D. Armour for the sheriff of the county of Lambton; W. M. Douglas for the execution creditor; E. F. Blake for the claimant.

The police are looking for James McCrae, 18 years of age, slight build, 5 feet 5 inches high, who escaped from an officer at Alvinston on Saturday evening.

MIDDLESEX.

Iral Forshee, a druggist of Florence, Ont., dropped dead in a sleeper attached to a Wabash train at the Polk street depot at 10:20 o'clock on Thursday night, Oct. 5. Mr. Forshee left his home in Canada one week previously to visit the fair, and stopped while in the city with friends at No. 6,715 Prairie avenue. He was accompanied to the car by a number of friends, who bade him good-bye as the train was about to start. Suddenly, as his friends were preparing to leave him, he turned pale and fell over in the car. When lifted into an upright position it was found that life was extinct. Death is supposed to have been due to heart disease.—[Chicago Canadian-American.

A very enjoyable concert, under the auspices of the Patrons of Industry, was given in Pond Mills school house, Westminster, on the evening of Oct. 6. Rev. E. H. Sawers occupied the chair with many well-placed remarks. The programme was excellent. It comprised bagpipe selections by R. Murray, dancing by Susie McGill, of London, recitations by Mr. Abbott and Miss Boon, of London, violin selections by Messrs. Topkins and Nixon and singing by Miss Murry and Messrs. O'Connor and Grieve. The room was filled.

Will Irwin and his sister Sarah are in Nilestown tending store for their brother-in-law, W. W. Duncan, who with his wife, has gone to the World's Fair.

Pearl Butler, the Ailsa Craig girl who has been missing for the past ten days in Detroit, was found on Monday night in company with her enticer, Louis Arno. Pearl was dressed as a boy, and said she would never go back to her aunt's to live, as they used to beat her. Arno, when arrested, said he wished somebody would shoot him through the head. He is evidently a villain of the deepest dye, and endeavored to cover up his crime by dressing the girl up as a boy and getting her hair cut short.

Neil B. Harris, a promising young native of Glencoe, aged 21, and a student at McGill College, died at his home in Glencoe Saturday, much regretted. He was preparing for the ministry.

OXFORD.

John B. Radford, of East Woodstock, who was so seriously injured by a fall from an apple tree on Friday last, died Monday morning. Deceased had been a resident of Woodstock for over 30 years. He leaves a widow to mourn his loss.

The barns of F. E. Hill, dairyman, Woodstock, were destroyed by fire Monday. A number of farm implements and over 30 tons of hay, besides a quantity of straw and other feed, were consumed. It is supposed the fire was started by tramps. The loss is estimated at between $1,500 and $2,000. The insurance is light.

PERTH.

Lemuel Pelton disposed of one of his 100 acre farms, near Trowbridge, this week to James Porterfield, of Monkton, for $5,000. There is a fine large brick house and good barns on the place and the land is in a good state of cultivation.

John Gray last week disposed of his 100 acre farm, on con. 10, to Thos. Alexander, of Britton, for $5,009. Next January it will be 39 years since Mr. Gray first came to Elma.

WELLINGTON.

The Ontario Government has appointed Thos. Young, of Erin, to be clerk of the fifth division court of the county of Wellington, in the room of Wm. Tyler, deceased.

Councilor Jones, of Mount Forest, was attacked by a highwayman the other evening while returning home. Mr. Jones knocked the fellow down and ran.

WELLAND.

Andrew Benner, who purchased the old homestead of the late Arthur Johnston, Bertie, has, we hear, discovered a rich gold deposit lately. In tearing down the old house that had done service for scores of years he found a nest of gold which, it is said, amounted to $7,000. Mr. Benner, we are informed, deposited the money in a Buffalo savings bank. The discovery is a valuable one, for which no doubt Mr. Benner is heartily grateful to Dame Fortune.—[Welland Tribune.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

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 Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa 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. OSGOOD, 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. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

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

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"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."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Ripans Tabules

act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse the system effectually; cure dyspepsia, habitual constipation, offensive breath and headache. One TABULE taken at the first indication of indigestion, biliousness, dizziness, distress after eating or depression of spirits, will surely and quickly remove the whole difficulty.

Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you suffer from Headache, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If you are Bilious, Constipated or have a Disordered Liver, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If Complexion is Sallow, or you suffer Distress after Eating, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

For Offensive Breath and all Disorders of the Stomach, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

Ripans Tabules are prepared from a prescription widely used by the best physicians, and are presented in a form acceptable to the stomach. An infallible cure if given a fair trial. Contain nothing injurious.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

EASY TO TAKE. QUICK TO ACT.

SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY

W. T. STRONG, Druggist, 184 Dundas St.,

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CALENDARS

FOR 1894.

SAMPLES NOW READY.

NEW AND EXQUISITE DESIGNS IN IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC

Chromo Lithographs.

BANNERS, SHAPES, PANELS, ETC.

Come and see them, or drop us a card and one of our travelers will call on you.

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RODEL'S SARDINES!

Extra Choice, Boneless, Gold Medal, Ordinary. Rodel's Pate De Foie Gras, Pate Des Touristes, Faie Gras, Lamproie, Ala Bordelaise, Lunch Tongue, Ox Tongue, Olives, Pickles, etc. Highest quality.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.,

169 DUNDAS STREET.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED May 28, 1893.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Wabash Express (A)	3:35 a.m.	3:40 a.m
*Limited Express	3:45 a.m.	3:50 a.m
Accommodation	.....	8:05 a.m
Atlantic Express (A)	12:10 p.m.	12:20 p.m
Day Express	10:55 a.m.	2:20 p.m
Reading Express (A)	3:10 p.m.	3:15 p.m
†Wabash Express (A) (D)	4:20 p.m.	4:25 p.m
Mixed (G)	6:50 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)	5:14 a.m.	5:20 a.m
West End Mixed	.....	6:45 a.m
Reading Express (A)	10:15 a.m.	10:30 a.m
†Erie Limited (A)	11:30 a.m.	.....
Wabash Express (A)	11:20 a.m.	11:25 a.m
Accommodation	12:39 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
Limited Express (D)	3:45 a.m.	.....
Accommodation	8:03 a.m.	.....
Atlantic Express (D)	11:50 a.m.	.....
Accommodation	2:40 p.m.	.....
Reading Express (D)	3:10 p.m.	.....
Mixed	5:35 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	8:15 p.m.	.....
Erie Limited (D)	11:35 p.m.	.....

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Chicago Express (D)	.....	5:30 a.m
Accommodation	.....	7:40 a.m
Reading Express (D)	.....	10:20 a.m
Erie Limited (D)	.....	11:35 a.m
Accommodation	.....	2:30 p.m
Pacific Express (D)	.....	7:00 p.m

London, Huron and Bruce.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Express	9:55 a.m.	8:15 a.m
Mail	6:40 p.m	4:55 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	8:15 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	a9:15	11:05	12:30	4:10	5:25	a*6:55	9:20
Hamilton—Arrive—							
a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
12:30	a 11:00	10:30	a12:30	3:55	6:25	8:15	

* These trains for Montreal.
† These trains from Montreal.
(A) Runs daily, Sundays included.
(D) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(G) No. 2 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.

LONDON & PORT STANLEY R'Y.

Taking effect Monday, Sept. 25, 1893.

Going South.

	a.m.		p.m.	
Leave London	6:40	9:30	2:20	8:20
Arrive St. Thomas	7:20	10:10	3:00	8:50
Depart St. Thomas	7:25	10:15	3:10	
Arrive Pt. Stanley	7:45	10:35	3:30	....

Going North.

	a.m.		p.m.	
Leave Pt. Stanley	8:05	11:00	5:10	....
Arrive St. Thomas	8:25	11:20	5:30	9:50
Depart St. Thomas	8:30	11:30	5:40	
		p.m.		
Arrive London	9:10	12:10	6:20	10:10

All trains stop at intermediate stations when passengers at or for.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.

DEPART—	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London	4:05	8:20	12:45	4:50
Woodstock	4:53	8:40	1:42	5:15
Galt	5:48	10:00	2:48	6:18
Guelph	6:25	11:16	4:05	8:02
Toronto	8:10	12:00	4:50	8:30
Peterboro	11:08	.....	7:49	11:47
	p.m.	.....	.....	a.m.
Kingston	4:10	.....	.....	5:[illegible]
Ottawa	5:15	.....	.....	6:45
Montreal	7:20	.....	.....	7:10
Quebec	6:50	.....	.....	p.m.
Portland, Me.	8:25	.....	.....	1:[illegible]
Boston	8:02	.....	.....	7:4
Halifax, N. S.	10:25	.....	.....	8:1[illegible]

Trains arrive from the east at 11:05 a.m., 6:3[illegible] p.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:00 p.m.

Going West.

DEPART—	a.m.	a.m.	p.m	p.m.
London	7:15	11:15	6:15	11:00
ARRIVE—		p.m.		a.m.
Chatham	9:20	12:47	8:43	12:47
Detroit	.....	2:30	10:40	3:50
Chicago	.....	10:15	7:15	10:10
		a.m.		p.m.
St. Louis	.....	7:35	.....	8:00
		p.m.		a.m.
Kansas City	.....	7:05	.....	7:00

Trains arrive from the west at 9:40 a.m., 12:35 p.m., 4:35 p.m., 10:10 p.m.

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

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

	Leave London.	Leave St. Thomas.
American Express	9:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	9:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
New York and Boston Limited (daily)	9:30 a.m.	1:50 p.m
Mail and Accommodation (except Sunday)	2:20 p.m	3:05 p.m.
North Shore Special (daily)	8:00 p.m.	11:25 p.m.
New York and Eastern Express (daily)	8:00 p.m.	2:00 a.m
New York and Chicago Limited (daily)	8:00 p.m.	5:30 a.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

Detroit Accommodation (except Sunday)	6:40 a.m.	7:25 a.m.
Chicago and Western Express (daily)	9:50 a.m.	10:40 a.m.
American express (except Monday)	9:30 a.m.	1:45 p.m.
Mail and Accommodation (except Sunday)	2:10 p.m.	3:15 p.m.
Pacific Express (daily)	2:20 p.m.	5:50 p.m.
Chicago special (daily)	8:00 p.m.	12:45 p.m.
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:00 p.m.	6:35 a.m.
Chicago and Western Express (daily)	8:00 p.m.	4:05 a.m.

Trains arrive in London at 9:10 a.m., 12:00 (noon), 6:55 p.m. and 10:45 p.m.

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

JOHN PAUL, City Passenger Agent, 395 Richmond street.

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	7:00	.....
Courtright		.....	5:45	8:05	.....
M. C. R. Junction		.....	.....	8:10	.....
Chatham (C.P. R.)	arr	.....	7:35	10:16	2:30
	dep	8:00	.....	10:35	4:23
Fargo		8:25	.....	11:00	4:44
Blenheim		8:35	.....	11:10	4:55

Trains North.

Stations.		Exp	Exp	Mix
		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Blenheim	dep	8:40	12:17	6:35
Fargo (M. C. R.)		8:52	12:22	6:05
Chatham (C. P. R.)	arr	9:20	12:47	6:25
	dep	.....	4:10	.....
M. C. R. Junction		11:07	7:00	.....
Courtright		11:40	7:05	.....
Sarnia (G. T. R.)		11:45	7:40	.....

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.