

# REOPENING OF THE

Increased Staff of Teachers.

## Adam Graeme, of Mossgrays.

By Mrs. Oliphant.

So Helen needed the natural spring and buoyant life of her temperance as much as Lillias did the gentle human touch of hope; their sorrows were apprehensive to them by the same hand which did so diversely create their spirits. Lillias had been very patient, until this wild light of hope broke in upon her still dead sorrow; and now Helen was heavily fighting against the cold incoming tide of neglect and poverty, holding up a high heart above the waves and keeping as her head, unswayed by the chill spray about her, the wings of her strong life.

The banker Oswald was looking on; he had managed to ascertain so much of their need, and means and mode of life, as would have been of little use to the people had Mrs. Buchanan or her daughter known of it; and with singular interest and even some excitement, as he might have looked at a strong swimmer contending with the stronger current, the obstinate man looked on. To these women battling so stoutly with a tide more powerful than their own, which Walter Buchanan had sunk in his midday; to observe how Helen bore her fall from the temporary elevation which the minister's attentions had procured for her, and went upon her way alone in her own unconscious dignity, so open to all kindnesses, still, and with the frank, clear skies of youth constantly breaking through the clouds of lachrymated pride—no thought of coming to the rescue entered the mind of the banker, but there were two persons in the audience, out of his own household, whom he observed with half the interest which fascinated him to these. He fancied William had altogether forgotten the poor schoolmistress, and while he entirely satisfied that such should be the case, a certain shade of contempt for this, obtruded into the pride with which he regarded the rising name of his son, but had William suddenly presented himself to the bankers' consent, as he had done before, the answer would still have been the same; he was not determined to be so easily bound by the resolution which nothing would break—never!

"I do not know what to say to Lillias," said Helen, in the afternoon, as she prepared to return to Mossgrays, where Mrs. Buchanan was to accompany her. "You will know—I cannot speak to her of this, for it would be terrible to lead her to hope, and then have that dreary blank of disappointment return again—such disappointment! It is not like our troubles, which would be almost a relief, if removed by what would be a very little matter to Mossgrays; but Lillias has a heavier burden than we have."

"The present trouble looks like the hardest," said Mrs. Buchanan. "She is young and has many friends—she will forget, but you must fight on, my poor Lillias. I feel your trouble must lead to independence without much difficulty, but the perseverance temperment would not drop from any will but its own."

"But Mossgrays," said Helen; "it is only a fight after all, and there is nothing so very bad in having to labor; I could not do without it, I think, and we will get through yet, my dear."

Mrs. Buchanan shook her head. "I hope so, my dear—Lillias, we shall, Helen, but how we are to do that, I cannot tell."

"The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear," said Helen, with a bright face. "We will do all we can, mother, and we will manage the money—do not let us think of it as a night."

Mrs. Buchanan's heart did not rise as her daughter's did; but the good mother—the mother who had seen Lillias through the occasional gleams of sunshine, the sole solace of Helen's gloomy life, should be overcast.

"When is Hope to come?" she asked, "what makes Lillias think of asking Hope, Helen?"

"She wanted to escape from her own thoughts—at least she said so, mother—she wanted to be put to bed for a day upon her hopes and fears for this night; and the grown-up people, the young ladies and young gentlemen would have torn at her, and she would have been as good as dead."

"My papa is in India," said little Mary Wood, sliding her small hand into the trembling fingers of Lillias, as they sat under the cover of the great tree, watching the autumn sun sink gorgeously over the western hill; "and when I am a big lady I'm to go to India too, and then I'm to be married to somebody—Miss Mansfield says so, Hope."

And Lillias laughed tremulously with the others, communicating a sick melancholy tone to the very sound of mirth.

"But Miss Mansfield is a grown-up lady; she's bigger than Miss Buchanan— isn't she, Hope?"

"Never mind Miss Mansfield; nobody cares about her," said Hope; "but look, little Mary, look at you sitting—oh, Helen, look! in among the gold clouds, and it is so white and cold like—I know what it's like."

"Oh! what is like, Hope?" cried little Mary Wood, who had the greatest possible admiration of Hope's stories.

"It's like somebody—somebody like what folks are in books," said Hope, "standing in among the rich common people; it's far better than the clouds—it's as cold as the sky, but it's not a crust; but for all that, cold it is, how it's shaking, and how pale it is; but it knows it is better than the clouds."

Little Mary looked up wonderingly in

two of Hope's occult acquaintance with the stars; but this did not strike her as Hope's stories generally did; for she said, after a little pause:

"I wish it were to-morrow—I wish it were the day after to-morrow."

"Why, Mary?" said Lillias.

"Because Miss Swinton said papa was going to write me a letter, and that I would get it to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow. A whole big letter to myself—a letter from papa! All the way from India—oh, Miss Maxwell!"

Lillias trembled a little, a slight painful shiver, as if of cold. She remembered well the time so long marked and looked for.

"The night is getting chill," said Mrs. Buchanan; "I think we must go in now; and as we tell me, little Mary, about those great designs of yours."

"Mary is very little," said Hope, apologetically, taking the vacant place by the side of Lillias; "she says just what comes into her head, you know, Miss Maxwell."

"And do you not say what comes into your head, Hope?"

"But then I am not like Mary, Helen," said Hope promptly; "I am 15—I know—at least I should know better than little Mary."

Do you know when Mossgrays is coming back, Miss Maxwell?"

Lillias smiled again. "No, Hope."

Dear Hope, she was not very much wiser than little Mary, after all.

The harvest moon had risen; the night was considerably advanced; Mrs. Buchanan had set out with Hope and the child some time since; Helen and Lillias were alone.

They were sitting together in the deep recess of one of those arched windows, and the room was perfectly dark, save for the broad, full moonlight which made bars of silver light across the gloom. They were speaking in the hushed tones which people instinctively adopt at such times, and Helen was endeavoring to keep the attention of Lillias occupied, although her broken and unconnected words showed how ill she accomplished it, and frequent starts and intervals of listening evinced the anxiety of both.

"What is the matter, Lillias?" said Helen; "it is not good this—it will do you harm."

"Yes," said Lillias, vacantly—"I mean, wait a little—only wait a little, Helen."

She had repeated the excuse again and again, and now grasping her friend's arm with those tightened fingers, she bent her pale head in the full moonlight, and listened, shivering with the chills and starts of expectation.

There was a slight noise below.

"There is some one coming, Helen," and the trembling fingers tightened in their eager grasp. "It is not Herbert—it must be Mossgrays—hush!"

"It is only Janet moving below," said Helen.

"Hush—listen! it is Mossgrays! but I dare not go to meet him. Stay with me, Helen—stay till he comes! Now—now—it will be over now!"

And speaking incoherent words of prayer Lillias held her eager friend tight, so that she could not escape, and turned her own bowed head toward the door.

(To be Continued.)

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhea, cholera, and all summer complaints, etc. It is a prompt remedy and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

There is little more tantalizing to a man than to go home with something in his mind which he cannot get out, and find company there and be obliged to act agreeably.

A prize-fight is called a "mill" because the other fellow is reduced to pulp.

Mr. J. R. Allen, upholsterer, Toronto sends us the following: "For six or seven years my wife suffered with Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Complaints. We tried two physicians and a number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief she got, and she derived from it a permanent cure. It is the best medicine I have ever used."

Any person can get there, but the question is what is he going to do after he arrives.

It is hardly square to send a blind man to jail for having no visible means of support, or to commit a deaf man without a hearing, or to send a 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.

The deaf mute has this advantage: When he has no other person to converse with he can still talk with his fingers.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Little Liver Pills, she will be the same, and her husband will be a different person, at least so they say, and their husbands say so too.

"What were your father's closing remarks?" "I could not hear them; I was on the wrong side of the door."

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.

When a catboat and an "Ocean Greyhound" come together at sea there's apt to be trouble.

Local Option.

This term should be applied to the choice every intelligent person has between the blood-purifiers, the natural and certain remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache, and indigestion, and the various imitations offered by unscrupulous parties being "just as good." There is nothing else as good as Little Liver Pills. It is a honest medicine and has made remarkable cures right in our own town.

In religious circles the one topic of interest just now is the visit of Mr. Moody to Ireland. All the churches are joining with seeming heartiness in the work of arrangement.

Cold Not So Precious.

Sirs—For several seasons we have relied on Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints. A few doses always give relief and it never fails to cure. We think it a very valuable medicine, as precious as gold.

Frailties of the Young Men's Christian Association in England will come in 1894.

Rely on This.

Gentlemen—We have six children, and have relied on Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for the past twelve years in all cases of diarrhea and summer complaints, and it never fails to cure.

Mrs. Anna Allen, Harley, Ont.

Lady Henry Somerset is preparing to set out for India as the first English lady "white ribbon" worker in that country.

## SHANGHAIED INTO RICHES.

How Fickle Fortune Frowned and Smiled

On One of "Liverpool Jack's" Victims—Happy Reunion Between a Long-Parted Pair.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—A real Monte Cristo returned to this city from an enforced exile of nearly four years in the wilds of Central and South America on Sunday morning. The story of his hardships, followed by comparative wealth, is as strange as fiction. He is David Radkowsky, who was one of the shanghaied victims of "Liverpool Jack" three years and nine months ago. Prior to that time he was a leather worker in a large factory on West Twenty-third street and earned \$25 a week.

Through the factory being shut down Radkowsky was out of work, and seeing his savings dwindling away he determined to find other employment. He went to Castle Garden and there he encountered "Liverpool Jack," who said he would give him a good position at \$8 or \$4 a day on payment to him of a sum of \$50.

Radkowsky returned to his home on East Broadway, got the \$50, told his wife he was going to Washington to get work and left. She knew him and Sunday morning. After giving the money to "Liverpool Jack" Radkowsky was taken on board a ship then about to sail for South America.

He, with about 50 others, was consigned like so many cattle to Costa Rica. On arrival at the disembarking port, Radkowsky, who is well educated and speaks several languages, made inquiries of some men returning from the place to which he was bound about the work and wages.

With one accord they all told him that if he wanted to die within a week to continue his journey, but if he valued his life he had better not go further. The people were ill-fed and fever very prevalent. He thought of his wife and three children, and concluded that he would not go to the fever-stricken district.

Unable to pay his way back, or to obtain work where he was, he set out, and for two months tramped through the Central American republics, begging enough from the natives to keep body and soul together. At the end of that time he got work on a coffee farm, about 25 miles from Leon, Nicaragua. He worked here until he had saved some money, when he obtained a job as overseer of a lot of Indian workmen. He made money fast by selling tobacco and firewater to the Indians, and soon devoted himself exclusively to this business.

In this way, it is said, he amassed a fortune in gold, silver and some suit jewelry. Radkowsky says that he was taken ill and was confined to bed for nearly six months, when he spent the equivalent of \$1,500.

While he was growing rich his wife was having a hard time here in New York. She had almost given him up for dead, and she heard from her husband twice, but after she was compelled to leave there through inability to pay the rent she never heard from him. His letters did not reach her.

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## SURPRISE

MAKES white clothes whiter.  
MAKES colored goods brighter.  
MAKES flannel softer.

## SURPRISE

SAVES boiling or scalding the clothes.  
SAVES that hard rubbing of clothes.  
SAVES the worry and nuisance of that steam about the house on wash day.

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ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.

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NEW FALL OVERCOATINGS.

NEW FALL PANTINGS

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Smokeless and Black Gunpowder

CHILLED HARD AND SOFT SHOT.

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# CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.

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COMPOUND.

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For COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND, take no substitute, or imitations of a three-cent Canadian postage stamp in letter and we will send, sealed, by return mail, Full sealed cartons in plain envelope, to ladies only. 2 stamps. Address: FINE LIP COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich. Sold in London and everywhere by all wholesale and retail druggists.

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A CARD.

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ADVERTISE IN THE ADVERTISER

## RAILWAY TIME TABLES

Corrected to June 12, 1892.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

Stations	Leave	Arrive
London	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
North York	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Niagara Falls and Buffalo	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Special daily	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
American Express except Sunday	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Atlantic Express daily	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
New York and Boston Express daily	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Limited Express daily	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Accommodation except Sunday	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

Stations	Leave	Arrive
London	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
North York	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Niagara Falls and Buffalo	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Special daily	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
American Express except Sunday	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Atlantic Express daily	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
New York and Boston Express daily	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Limited Express daily	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Accommodation except Sunday	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:30 a.m., 11:45 a.m. and 8:30 p.m.

(Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.)

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 255 Richmond Street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

Corrected June 7, 1892.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

Stations	Arrive	Depart
Limited Express (A)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Day Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
W. Lewis Express (A)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mixed—No. 24 Freight Co.	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Freight Limited (A)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Freight Limited (B)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

Stations	Arrive	Depart
Chicago Express (A)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Day Express (A)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Pacific Express (A)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.

St. Mary's Branch.

Stations	Arrive	Depart
Limited Express (A)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Day Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
W. Lewis Express (A)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mixed—No. 24 Freight Co.	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Freight Limited (A)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Freight Limited (B)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

Stations	Arrive	Depart
Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Day Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Pacific Express (A)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.

London and Port Stanley.

Stations	Arrive	Depart
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8: