

"Turn to the Right."

This filled me with profound astonishment, but I said no more at the time, though I had my doubts. I waited until I was alone with M. de Rosny, and then I unobtrusively expressed my surprise at the suddenness of the conversion, and at such a man, as I had found the student to be, stating his views so firmly and steadfastly, and with so little excitement. Observing that M. de Rosny smiled but said nothing, I explained myself further.

"I am surprised," I said, "because I have always heard it maintained that clerks, being lost in the mazes of theology, seldom find any sure footing; that not one in a hundred returns to his old faith, or finds grace to accept a new one. I am speaking only of such, of course, as I believe this lad to be—eager, excitable, brains, learning much, and without judgment to digest what they learn."

"Of such I also believe it to be true," M. de Rosny answered, still smiling. "But even on them a little influence, applied at the right moment, has much effect, M. de Rosny."

"What?" I asked, my eyes opened. "Do you mean—do you mean that Mademoiselle has done this?"

"I fancy so," he answered, nodding. "I think my lady cast her spell over him by the way. The lad left Blois with her, if what you say be true, without faith in the world. He came to my hands two days after the stoutest of Huguenots. It is not hard to read this riddle."

"Such conversations are seldom lasting," I said.

He looked at me queerly; and, the smile still hovering about his lips, answered: "Tush, man! Why so serious? Theodore Beza himself could not look drier. The lad is in earnest and there is no harm done."

And, Heaven knows, I was in no mood to suspect harm; nor inclined just then to look at the dark side of things. It may conceivably have been to me to be received as an equal and honored guest by a man, even then famous, and now so overgrown in reputation as to be looked upon as a giant. I had seen his master; how pleasant to enjoy the comforts and amenities of home, from which I had been long estranged; to pour my mother's story into Madame's ears and find comfort in her sympathy; to be myself, in fine, once more a gentleman with an acknowledged place in the world. Our days were spent in hunting or excursions of some kind, our evenings in long conversations, which impressed me with an ever-growing respect for my lord's powers.

For there seemed to be no end either to his knowledge of France, or to the plans for its development, which even then filled his brain, and have since, as we have seen, become fruitful lands, and squall towns into great cities. Grave and formal, he could yet unbend; the most sagacious of counselors, he was a soldier also, and loved the action in which he lived the more that it was not devoid of danger; the neighboring towns being devoted to the League, and the general disorder alone making it possible for him to be unassailed in his house.

One thing only rendered my comfort and ease imperfect, and that was the attitude which Mademoiselle de la Vire assumed towards me. Of her gratitude for the first flush of the thing I felt no doubt, for not only had she thanked me very prettily, though with reserve, on the evening of my arrival, but the warmth of M. de Rosny's kindness left me no choice, save to believe that she had given him an exaggerated idea of my merits and services. I asked no more than this. Such good offices left me nothing to expect or desire; my age and ill-fortune placing me at so great a disadvantage that, far from dreaming of friendship or intimacy with her, I did not even assume the equality in our daily intercourse to which my birth, taken by itself, entitled me.

Knowing that I must appear in her eyes old, poor, and ill-dressed, and satisfied with having secured my conduct and honor, I was careful not to trespass on her gratitude; and while forward in such courtesies as could not weary her, I avoided with equal care every appearance of pursuing her, or inflating my companion upon her. I addressed her formally and upon formal topics only, such, I mean, as we shared with the rest of our company; and reminded myself often that though we now met in the same hall, and at the same table, she was still the Mademoiselle de la Vire who had borne herself so loftily in the King of Navarre's ante-chamber. This I did, not out of pique or wounded pride, which I no more God knows, harbored against her than against a bird; but that I might not in my new prosperity forget the light in which such a woman, young, spoiled, and beautiful, must still regard me.

Keeping to this inoffensive posture, I was the more hurt when I found her gratitude fade with the hour. After the first two days, during which I remarked that she was very silent, seldom speaking to me or looking at me, she resumed much of her old air of disdain. For that I cared little; but she presently went farther, and began to rake up the incidents which had happened at St. Jean d'Angely, and in which I had taken part. She continually adverted to my poverty while there, to the odd figure I had cut, and the many jests her friends had made at my expense. She seemed to take a pleasure positively savage in these, gibing at me sometimes so bitterly, as to shame and pain me, and bring the color to Madame de Rosny's cheeks.

To the time we had spent together, on the other hand, she never or rarely referred. One afternoon, however, a week after my arrival at Blois, I found her sitting alone in the parlor. I had not known she was there, and I was with drawing at once with a bow and a muttered apology. But she stopped me with an angry gesture. "I do not bite," she said, rising from her stool and meeting my eyes, a red spot in each cheek. "Why do you look at me like that? Do you know, M. de Marsac, that I have no patience with you." And she stamped her foot on the floor.

"But, mademoiselle," I stammered humbly, wondering what in the world she meant, "what have I done?"

"Done?" she repeated angrily. "Done?" It is not what you have done, it is what you are. I have no patience with you. Why are you so dull, sir? Why are you so doubtful? Why do you go about with your doublet awry, and your hair lank? Why do you speak of Malignant as if he were a gentleman? Why do you look always solemn and polite, as if all the world were a prelate? Why? Why? Why, I say?"

She stopped from sheer lack of breath, leaving me as much astonished as ever in my life. She looked so beautiful in her

fury and fierceness too, that I could only stare at her and wonder dumbly what it all meant.

"Well," she cried impatiently, after hearing this as long as she could, "have you not a word to say for yourself? Have you no tongue? Have you no will of your own at all, M. de Marsac?"

"But, mademoiselle," I began, trying to explain.

"Clout!" she exclaimed, cutting me short before I could get farther, as the way of women is. And then she added, in a changed tone, and very abruptly, "You have a velvet knot of mine, sir. Give it me."

"It is in my room," I answered, astonished beyond measure at this sudden change of subject, and equally sudden demand.

"Then fetch it, sir, if you please," she replied, her eyes flashing afresh. "Fetch it. Fetch it, I say!" It has served its turn, and I prefer to have it. Who knows but that some day you may be showing it for a love-knot?"

"Mademoiselle!" I cried, hotly. And I think that for the moment I was as angry as she was.

"Still I prefer to have it," she answered suddenly, casting down her eyes.

I was so much enraged, I went without a word and fetched it, and bringing it to where she stood, in the same place, put it in her hands. When she saw it some recollection, I fancy, of the day when she had traced the cry for help on it, came to her in her anger; for she took it from me with all her heart, and holding it in her hands, as if she did not know what to do with it. She was thinking, doubtless, of there; and being for my part quite willing that she should think and feel how badly she had acted, I stood looking at her, sparing her no whit of my glance.

"As, gold chain you left on my mother's pillow," I said coldly, seeing she continued silent. "I cannot return to you at once, for I have pledged it. But I will do so as soon as I can."

"You have pledged it?" she muttered, with her eyes averted.

"Yes, mademoiselle, to procure a horse to bring me here," I replied drily. "However it shall be redeemed. In return, there is something I too would ask."

(To be Continued.)

Food's, and Only Food's.

Are you weak and weary, and overworked and tired? Food's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify and quicken your blood and give you appetite and strength. If you decide to take Food's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other. Any effort to substitute another remedy is proof of the merit of Food's.

Food's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

How it Happened.—Mrs. Binge (looking out of the window)—Why, my dear, there's ice all over the front door-step. Binge—I expect it's my fault. When I came in I upset the milk-can.

The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Pickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Both.—The position of woman from the fifth to the fifteenth centuries was particularly unenviable. May—Yes, they were middle-aged ladies and everybody knew it.

Captain Sweeney, U.S.A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the best medicine I have ever found that would cure me any good." Price 50 cents. Sold by W. T. Strong.

Mrs. Briss (at the musicale)—Oh, Mrs. Nait, I had so much to say to you, and the pianist is through. Mrs. Nait—I'm just dying to hear it. Let's encore him.

SHILOH'S CURE is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose. 25 cents, 50 cents, and 1 per bottle. Sold by W. T. Strong.

Mr. Stratcliffe—You don't mean to tell me, Johnny, that you played ball on Sunday. Johnny—Yes, sir; but I played on St. John's street.

Untold Misery.—What a Well-Known Commercial Traveler Suffered, and How He Was Cured.—Gentlemen.—About five years ago I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery, from this terrible complaint. I was at that time traveling for Messrs. Walter Woods & Co., Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, and to my great surprise and joy, I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine, and when the third bottle was finished I found I was entirely cured; and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of dyspepsia. (Signed.) T. S. McIntire.

Explained.—Agnes—I wonder what is pulling those trolley cars? B'Jones—Why! Have you never heard of wirepulling?

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer has cured my liver and I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble, it excels. Price 75 cents. Sold by W. T. Strong.

Artificial ice was first manufactured by the use of chemical mixtures in the year 1783.

About two months ago I was nearly wild with headaches. I started taking Burdock Blood Bitters, took two bottles and my headaches have now altogether disappeared. I think it is a grand medicine.

Eva FINE, Massey Station, Ont.

"Brains clothed where formerly feet were covered" is the notice put up by a New York bookseller on moving into premises which used to be occupied by a shoemaker.

Sirs.—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me.

Miss A. A. DOWNEY, Manotick, Ont.

The International Mining and Metallurgical Exhibition is to be opened in Santiago, Chile, next September.

Build Up.

When the system is run down a person becomes an easy prey to Consumption, Scrofula. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is observed.

COSTLY SHOOTING.

Testing Twelve-inch Projectiles at Sandy Hook, N. J.

The Four Shots, Including the Target, Involved an Expense of Over \$17,000.

NEW YORK, April 10.—A successful test of the first consignment of twelve-inch shot intended to be used in the United States army in the various coast defense batteries was made last week at the Sandy Hook proving ground. The Westervelt arsenal has already supplied five or six of the long twelve-inch rifles, but there have been no service shell or armor-piercing shot to fire from them. The trial yesterday was of armor-piercing shot of two different manufacturers—the Holtz, made by the Midvale Steel Company, of Philadelphia, and the Carpenter, produced by the Steel Company of that name at Nicetown, Pa. These shot are three and a half feet long and weigh in the neighborhood of 1,000 pounds. They are hollowed to a point about one-third of their length, and their heads are hardened by secret process, says the New York Sun.

In order to test the penetration of the steel bolts, they were fired against an oil-tempered, annealed nickel-steel plate made by the Bethlehem Iron Company. It was 13½ inches in thickness, about 9 feet wide by 16 feet long, and weighed 35 tons. It was recently bolted to an oak backing 56 inches thick, reinforced by 38 feet of sand. The plate was not expected to withstand the impact of such large caliber shot.

Four shots in all were hurled at the steel slab with very satisfactory results.

A cold, penetrating rain was falling, and the spectators stood about in uncomfortable attitudes, striving to obtain shelter under one or two projecting gun platforms and stray umbrellas. Interest in the test was not dampened, however, by the weather. Lieut. M. E. Harman, of the First Artillery, was in charge of the firing. The plate was set up 150 yards from the gun, and in order to attain the required velocity of 1,625 feet a second at impact, a charge of 355½ pounds of brown prismatic powder was used. This is 94½ pounds less than the service charge. Two Holtz shot and two Carpenter shot were fired under a chamber pressure of 23,000 pounds. These represent respectively a first lot of 36 pieces and two lots of 25 pieces each.

The first shot fired was a 1,001½ pound Carpenter projectile aimed at the upper left corner of the plate. It dislodged a portion of that section of the plate and developed several radial cracks. When the shot was dug up it was in three pieces, a section having been cleanly cut from the middle. From the heat generated by the impact a mass of sand was found to be fused into the point.

The next steel bolt discharged was of Holtz make and weighed 998 pounds. It clearly pierced the plate below and to the right of the first shot, and greatly widened the cracks already made. A prodigious amount of digging failed to discover this projectile, so the third shot was fired. It was a Carpenter bolt weighing 998 pounds. This quite demoralized the plate, leaving but small space for the remaining shot. Cracks extended across the steel in every direction, a large discolored running along the entire lower part of the plate.

The last projectile used was a Holtz that weighed 997 pounds. It penetrated the right upper part of the steel slab, and further demolishing it. The gang of 20 men were then ordered to work, shoveling sand to find the projectiles. After much work the second Holtz was discovered about ten feet to the left and quite near the surface of the level sand, having been reflected through the sand backing. Reaching so near the wet surface sand, it had begun to scale away at the base of the conical head, owing to its sudden cooling. The average heat generated by force of impact of the shells was in the neighborhood of 600° centigrade.

The workmen next dislodged the second Carpenter shot, which was found to be practically intact in spite of the severe test to which it had been subjected. Continued digging did not find the first Holtz, and the search for it will begin to-day. The Carpenter Steel Company's officers, while deploring the failure of their first shot, were much pleased with its mate. The Holtz people are very sanguine that the shot of their make remaining in the sand backing is in comparatively perfect condition, as their eight-inch shot were extremely successful at former tests.

The expense incurred by both the Government and manufacturers during a gun test is very great. The test cost \$17,040. The four shot represented \$980 apiece, the plate \$12,600, its mounting \$2,500 and the powder \$105 at each discharge. The Government has contracts for about 550 of the 12-inch shot.

Lost his Position. That really happened to a certain grocer's clerk,

because he couldn't induce customers to take an inferior brand of washing powder in place of Pearlina.

The grocer said, "If you can't sell what I want you to sell, I don't want you." Now it doesn't take a very wise woman to decide whether this was an honest grocer. And a woman wise enough for that, would be likely to insist upon having nothing but Pearlina. There is nothing "as good as" or "the same as" Pearlina, the original—in fact, the only—washing-compound. If they send you something else, send it back.

209 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

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Advertiser Job Dept.

LONDON.

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Castoria.

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Castoria.

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"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."

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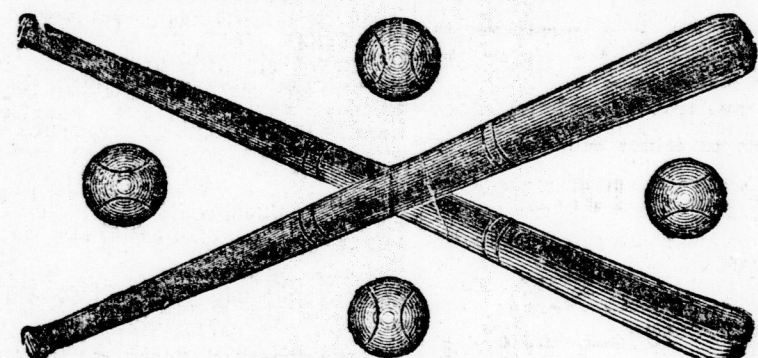
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OLE AGENTS IN CANADA FOR THE CALVERT LITHO
GRAPHING COMPANY OF DETROIT.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division
CORRECTED Feb. 11, 1894.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Wabash Express (A).....	4:15 a.m.
Accommodation.....	4:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A).....	12:10 p.m.
Day Express.....	12:30 p.m.
Wabash Express (A) (B).....	4:30 p.m.
Mixed (C).....	4:45 p.m.
Eric Limited (A).....	11:40 p.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (A).....	5:35 a.m.
West End Mixed.....	6:45 a.m.
Wabash Express (A).....	11:35 a.m.
Eric Limited (A).....	11:40 a.m.
Accommodation.....	12:30 p.m.
Pacific Express (A).....	6:30 p.m.
Mail.....	6:40 p.m.
Accommodation.....	7:30 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Lehigh Express (B).....	4:30 a.m.
Accommodation.....	4:40 a.m.
Atlantic Express (B).....	11:35 a.m.
Accommodation.....	12:14 p.m.
Mixed.....	12:35 p.m.
Eric Limited (B).....	11:35 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (B).....	5:40 a.m.
Accommodation.....	7:19 a.m.
Lehigh Express (B).....	11:30 a.m.
Eric Limited (B).....	12:30 p.m.
Accommodation.....	12:35 p.m.
Pacific Express (B).....	7:30 p.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Express.....	9:55 a.m.
Mail.....	8:40 a.m.
Express.....	4:30 p.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Mixed—Mail.....	11:15 a.m.
Express.....	2:05 p.m.
Express.....	8:15 p.m.
Express—Mixed.....	8:15 p.m.

Toronto Branch.

Hamilton—Depart—							
a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
*7:00	8:20	11:03	12:30	4:10	5:25	6:55	9:25
Hamilton—Arrive—							
a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
†12:30	1:45	10:30	2:30	3:55	6:25	8:15	

* These trains for Montreal.
† These trains from Montreal.
(a) Runs daily, Sundays included.
(b) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(c) Carries passengers between London and Paris only.
(d) This train connects at Toronto for all routes in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia via North Bay and Lake Huron.
E. De La Hogue, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, the "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas streets.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.

DEPART—	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London.....	4:30	8:30	4:35
Woodstock.....	5:00	8:50	5:05
Galt.....	5:30	9:20	5:35
Guelph.....	6:00	9:50	6:05
Orangeville.....	6:30	10:20	6:35
Pelee Island.....	7:00	10:50	7:05
Kingston.....	7:30	11:20	7:35
Altonville.....	8:00	11:50	8:05
Montreal.....	7:45	11:35	7:50
Quebec.....	8:15	12:05	8:20
Portland, Me.....	8:45	12:35	8:50
Boston.....	9:15	13:05	9:20
Halifax, N.S.....	10:00	13:50	10:05

Trains arrive from the east at 11:00 a.m., 8:50 p.m., 11:40 p.m.

Going West.

DEPART—	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London.....	12:30	11:4	7:00
Arrive.....	1:30	12:15	12:15
Chatham.....	1:37	12:22	12:22
Detroit.....	3:30	1:30	1:30
Chicago.....	1:30	1:30	1:30
St. Louis.....	7:35	8:30	8:30
St. Paul.....	8:00	9:00	9:00
Kansas City.....	7:05	7:30	7:30

Trains arrive from the west at 4:10 a.m., 4:25 p.m., 6:45 p.m.

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

LONDON & PORT STANLEY R.Y.

Taking effect Thursday, Jan. 4, 1894.

Going South.

Leave London.....	a.m.	p.m.
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