

SELF-WILLED.

"Sleep!" she laughed, a hollow laugh. "I cannot; I have tried. Gerald! Gerald!" she cried, and she threw herself on her knees at his feet. "For the love of Heaven, take me back!" If ever you cherished a kindly thought toward me—if there is one spark of mercy and pity within your heart for me, take me back. Hark! What is that?" she shrieked, covering and covering her ears with her trembling hands. "That was the girl's voice!—the girl they say is dying for love of him! For Heaven's sake take me back, Gerald, dear Gerald! You were never cruel to me. You loved me once! Do this for me, Gerald! Only this! Take me away from this, and I will swear never to trouble you again!"

He stooped and with difficulty raised her, for she clung to his knees. "Listen, Zenobia!" he cried. "If it is possible, I will turn the vessel—or make for land. Be calm, be reasonable! What do you fear?"

She shuddered, looking round wildly. "I don't know! I cannot tell you! I feel as if all my life was passing before me; as if that girl's face, the girl they saw killed, was in every part of the room with the look I saw on it the night I parted from her. I feel as if—Gerald! Gerald!—as if I were going to die!"

He put her on the sofa, and took some brandy from a locker, and gave it to her. "You are ill, Zenobia," he said gravely. "Do you think," with a convulsive smile, "that I am sea-sick? I am not! I am on fire, Gerald. I felt a sudden fear run through me there in the shrubbery! Take me back, Gerald!"

"I will see," he said. "Lie down and be calm!" He left her and went on deck. "Can we put back to Sandgate?" he asked the skipper.

"We can put back," he said grimly. "If it is possible, I would wish to," said Gerald Moore, earnestly. "It is important that we should reach land at once."

"We must make for some harbor, then, sir," said Williams. He stood for a moment in silence looking at the sky. "We'll try it, sir. The Falcon can live where most others would go down. We'll try, sir."

"Not if it is too dangerous," Williams said, but there was a loud clap of thunder as he spoke, and it is a question whether Williams heard him.

Gerald went below again, and as he did so he heard the men hoisting the sails. Zenobia looked up at him with wild entreaty.

"Well!" "We will try," he said. "Thank you, thank you!" she said, hoarsely, and sank into the corner of the settee like a hunted animal.

Faithful to his promise he remained in the cabin peering up and down, when the roll and pitch of the vessel would allow him, at times addressing some word of comfort and encouragement to the silent figure crouching near him.

But she remained motionless, with her head hidden as if she did not hear him. The storm increased in fury; the wind howled like some beast in pain. Ever and again the thunder crashed, close above their heads as it seemed, the lightning flashed. Faintly through the uproar could be heard the tramp of the men on deck, the rattling of the ropes, the dismal clapping of the sails.

It was a night of wild horror—a mad carnival of the elements. But through it all, Zenobia remained motionless, silent, her eyes hidden—not from the lightning, but from the face of Carris, which haunted her from the vision of the past life which passed before her in an accusing panorama.

Gerald stood beside her looking down at her. All the hatred had gone out of his heart, and a man's pity reigned in its place, at her abject terror and misery. He resolved that when they reached Sandgate he would not desert her, until he had seen her settled and fully recovered. After all she was his wife, and if she had sinned, so also had he. He pitied her.

Suddenly he heard someone stumble down the companion-way and struggle to the door. It was Williams, the skipper. "For Heaven's sake, come on deck, sir," he shouted—there would have been little use in whispering in such an uproar.

Gerald Moore closed the door after him, and staggered on deck, and Williams seized his arm. "We have lost our rudder!" he shouted in Gerald's ear. "We are drifting on the rocks. The vessel is lost! Look! Look!" and he pointed to the shore, as a flash of lightning lit up the scene with a lurid gleam.

Gerald Moore saw the white foam breaking on the rocks in front of them—saw in the one instant they were drifting from the harbor line, saw in a word, death grinning in front of them.

The men saw it too, and a deep groan seemed to burst from their very hearts, but not a word of complaint or fear. "The boats!" he shouted.

The skipper shook his head. "No good, sir; they couldn't live a minute! Ah! the lady, sir—the lady!" Gerald had thought of her long since. "Get the long-boat ready!" he cried in the man's ear; then went below.

She was sitting up, her face white and strained, but with a strange look of calm on it.

"Zenobia!" he cried, "come on deck; don't be alarmed, for Heaven's sake! There is danger!"

She smiled an awful smile. "I know it? You have come to tell me we are lost! I knew it. Did I not tell you I knew I should die?"

"No, no!" he cried, desperately. "Come on deck!"

"And, half carrying her, he took her up the stairs.

"No time—not a moment!" shouted Williams, seizing her.

But she clung to Gerald's arm with a clutch of steel.

"I will not go! I will not leave you!" The vessel lurched. Gerald holding the mast and clutching her, remained with her on deck, but Williams was washed overboard. By a flash of lightning they saw the long-boat break away from the ship's side, saw the men in her pick up the skipper, then all was dark.

"Leave my arm free!" he cried in an agony. "Let me bind you to this spar! Zenobia, are you mad? I can save you yet!"

With a wild cry that rang above the roar of the waves, she clung to him still more tightly. One awful moment of waiting, one awful, dreadful instant that seemed like years, and then, with a crash, the mast went overboard, with the two helpless creatures clinging to it.

EVAPORATED

Fancy Apricots, 50c pound.
Fancy Peaches, 15c pound.
Fancy Vegetables, 1c pound.
California Prunes, 3 pounds for 25c.
California Prunes, large fancy, 15c a pound.
Lima Beans, 4 pounds for 25c.
Canned Vegetables, 3 tins for 25c.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.

169 DUNDAS STREET.

the shrieks and yells of excited men—ay, and women. Every living soul in Sandgate stood on the shore, and every eye was strained upon the ship that lay beating its heart out against the treacherous rocks that in fair weather lay hidden under the smiling sea, but now gaped out upon the doomed ship like beasts waiting for their prey.

In the midst of the crowd stood the group from the hotel; a little way apart, Philippa, Willie, and Lord Cecil; and even Carrie, wrapped in a thick shawl, and clinging to his arm.

Every now and then, as they could hear the doomed vessel beating her ribs against the rocks, a shudder ran through the crowd, and a voice would go up. "She's gone!—she's gone!" But once more she rose, but to dash with greater force on the white breakers.

"Ah," sobbed Carrie, "how dreadful! Think, think, dearest, if any one we knew or cared for were in her!"

Philippa was silent; no one as yet had mentioned the name of the ship, and yet a horror was growing upon her.

At last, illumined by a flash of lightning, the moment came. With a sound like the tearing of iron from wood, ropes frayed apart, a shattered mass, almost at the feet of the spectators!

Almost at the same moment the long-boat, with the skipper and crew, was tossed on the beach, and a roar of thanksgiving and relief rose from the excited crowd. But suddenly it changed to a shout of dread.

What were those two figures still in the trough of the waves?

A yell went up, and a hundred men, women and children dashed down the beach, and, spite of the fierce-raging waves and blinding spray, some of the men rushed into the water.

As they did so, repulsed again and again, they went up. "They have got them!—they have got them!" And, moved by an irresistible impulse, Carrie dragged Lord Cecil's arm.

(To be Continued.)

It is not always convenient, or even desirable, to call a physician for every little ailment, and in many cases it is impossible to reach one promptly. Having Pond's Extract in the house, you have a physician always at hand. It is easy of application, safe and reliable. For Sore Throat, and Croup, Whooping Cough, and all the ailments of the throat, it is of inestimable value. Frosted Limbs and Chilblains are promptly relieved by it. Be sure and get the genuine.

Mamma—You careless boy! You've spilled your coffee over your new trousers. Benny—Well, there's plenty more coffee, ain't there?

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

May—They say Miss Stepley, of Chicago, gives a great deal to the poor. Bell—What does she give? May—Her old shoes.

During the Past Fifty Years. Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN'S CROUP, COLIC, AND ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. It 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.

A western New York paper advertises for "an honest boy to make a devil of."

Avoid drastic medicines and harsh purgatives, and use Burdock Blood Bitters, which cures constipation, dyspepsia, bad blood and all stomach troubles.

It requires only a few years for a youth's elder sister to become younger than he.

In Reply to Oft-Repeated Questions. It may be well to state, Scott's Emulsion acts as food as well as a medicine, building up the wasted tissues and restoring perfect health after wasting fever.

Hicks—What a curious acting chap Aberrate is! Sometimes I think his mind cannot be right. Wicks—Don't you think it too bad to blame it on his mind?

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

Great Britain has 5,789 cannon; France, 7,694; Germany, 5,380; Russia, 4,424; Austria, 2,170; Turkey, 3,762; the United States, 4,155; the world has 41,073.

As a general blood-building tonic and for that tired feeling, Burdock Blood Bitters excels all other remedies. It positively cures dyspepsia.

Why—Did you see our new minister's picture in the Sunday paper? Inez—No! What has he been cured of?

Danger from coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis and pulmonary complaints can be avoided by the timely use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Price 25 cents.

This was upon a sign in West Broadway some years ago: "Sausage factory, by A. Mouse."

Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures: coughs, Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures: colds, Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures: the lungs.

A baker recently advertised in a city daily: "Wanted, a boy to work on cake."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures all throat and lung troubles, such as coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc.

He is not too emphatic, so now the Bostonian merely "severs his bonds."

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is earache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

Persistent and constant advertising produces results quite surprising.

THE "TREE OF LIFE" OF INDIA. Furnishes a vitalizing elixir (new to this country) for the rapid and permanent cure of CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Catarrh and Lung Troubles.

There is a plant which grows only in the hills of British India, known to the natives as the "Tree of Life" because of the unrivaled vitalizing powers of an elixir extracted from its roots, bark, fruit and leaves. The process of extracting this elixir was discovered by Mrs. Besant, who, after her arrival in India in 1892, and she has furnished it to sufferers ever since without one failure in its last stages, and in such cases it prolonged life for many years. It has also a powerful influence in chronic cases of Constipation, Indigestion, Liver Complaints and Female Troubles. Full particulars sent free. Address Mrs. MARTHA BESANT, Toronto, Canada.

CHOKED HER TO DEATH.

Milwaukee Landlord Murders a Guest and Fire: the House—He Got No Money.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 16.—Rudolph Peckmann, proprietor of the Cream City Hotel, in which Mrs. Schrumms was found dead after the building was partially destroyed by fire, last Friday morning, confessed yesterday afternoon that he strangled his aged guest for the purpose of robbery, and afterwards fired the room.

He failed to secure the woman's money. Peckmann is now in jail. Peckmann said business had been poor with him for two years. He knew Mrs. Schrumms had money, and it occurred to him that he might secure it. For a week before the fatal night he watched every movement of his victim. Just before he was going to bed last Thursday night he heard Mrs. Schrumms get up and go to another room. He concluded that his chance had come and he went into her room. When the old lady returned he threw a blanket over her head and choked her to death. He then made a search, but found nothing of value. Then he went downstairs and told his wife that the old lady was dead and that they might help themselves to whatever they might find. She refused to accompany him upstairs, and he returned alone to make a search. Upon his return to the room he found that Mrs. Schrumms showed signs of recovery and he choked her again. Then he set fire to the place and threw a lamp upon the floor. While the fire was spreading, Peckmann made a final search for the money, but was unsuccessful. When there was a prospect that the fire would leave him worse off financially than when he committed the horrible deed, the murderer called the fire department. Mrs. Peckmann will not be arrested, as she said she had no knowledge that her husband intended to secure the money by committing murder. The whereabouts of the murdered woman's money is still a mystery.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

ESSEX.

There is some talk of trying to grow oranges in Essex county. Dr. Smuck, of that county, says he has now an orange tree in his garden with sixteen blossoms on it. Michael Fox, an old pioneer of Olinda, has died, aged 89 years.

The official returns show that North Essex gave a majority of 1,675 against the plebiscite, and South Essex 3,307 for it.

KENT.

Chatham bread and milk vendors are to be compelled to use metal tickets to prevent the spread of infectious diseases. At Chatham, on Monday, a phonograph, a 16-year-old, was sentenced to four months in the Central for complicity in a burglary. He took his sentence with great sang froid, and exclaimed: "The police magistrate as he passed down to the cells, 'All right, Uncle Mike, you've queered me this time.'"

LAMBTON.

The Port Huron authorities recently escorted an insane man to the Sarnia side of the river and left him to roam at his own sweet will, unattended of any injury height inflicting upon the people. The Sarnia Observer calls upon the Dominion to stop such outrages.

PERTH.

Henry E. McFarlane, aged 27, of Stratford, died of consumption at his father's residence in that city on the 15th inst.

WELLINGTON.

Mr. W. B. Clark, of Guelph, was seriously stricken with paralysis on Saturday night last, and little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

WATERLOO.

The Berlin Board of Trade will petition the Government and Parliament at Ottawa to make a reduction in the rate of postage to two cents. It was mentioned that large amounts of money on postage are lost as most of the large business men in border towns mail their letters in the States, thus saving one cent on each letter, and in that way contributing to the revenue of the United States.

FOR YOUNG MEN TO NOTE.

(New York Tribune.) In this opening month of the year it would be well for young men to think over these things. To be faithful to a routine of duty is well; but to be faithful to the best and the truest that is in a man, to be ready at all times to do what ought to be done, even without the stimulus of an immediate pecuniary return, is incomparably better. And only those who are actuated by such a spirit can hope for a successful career.

Where Is He Going?

Gentle reader, he is hurrying home. And it's house-cleaning time, too—think of that! Fifteen years ago, he wouldn't have done it. Just at this time, he'd be "taking to the woods." But now things are different. His house is cleaned with Pearl-

ine. That makes house-cleaning easy. Easy for those who do it—easy for those who have it done. No hard work, no wear and tear, no turmoil and confusion, no time wasted, no tired women, no home-

less men. Everything's done smoothly, quickly, quietly, and easily. Try it and see.

LIVERY STABLES.

AMERICAN HOUSE LIVERY, YORK street—Hicks and Sons, Livery, Telephone 612. A. G. STROYAN, Proprietor.

DUFFON, LIVERY, KING STREET—Stylish rigs and good horses. Rigs at short notice. Telephone 336.

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W. M. TRIPP'S LIVERY, RICHMOND street north, has added a first-class hack and team to its outfit. Careful drivers. Satisfaction guaranteed. Charges right. Telephone 623.

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 Cud, cures Diarrhoea 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. Osmond, 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 syrups and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

"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."

Castoria.

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

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Men's Black Oiled Coats, Pants and Hats, Wagon Covers, Horse Covers, Carriage Rugs, Dash Covers.

Call in and see our goods, or write for what you want.

RAW FURS WANTED.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division CORRECTED Dec. 18, 1893.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Lehigh Express.....	3:15 a.m.	3:20 a.m.
Wabash Express (A).....	4:15 a.m.	4:20 a.m.
Accommodation.....	5:05 a.m.	5:10 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A).....	12:10 p.m.	12:20 p.m.
Day Express.....	1:50 a.m.	2:00 a.m.
Wabash Express (A) (D).....	4:20 p.m.	4:35 p.m.
Mixed (C).....	5:50 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
Erie Limited (A).....	11:20 p.m.	11:30 p.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (A).....	5:55 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
West End Mixed.....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Wabash Express (A).....	11:35 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
Erie Limited (A).....	12:15 p.m.	12:20 p.m.
Accommodation.....	12:55 p.m.	1:00 p.m.
Pacific Express (A).....	2:40 p.m.	2:45 p.m.
Mail.....	3:20 p.m.	3:25 p.m.
Accommodation.....	7:30 p.m.	7:35 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Lehigh Express (B).....	3:15 a.m.	3:20 a.m.
Accommodation.....	9:30 a.m.	9:35 a.m.
Atlantic Express (B).....	11:35 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
Accommodation.....	2:15 p.m.	2:20 p.m.
Mixed.....	5:35 p.m.	5:40 p.m.
Accommodation.....	8:15 p.m.	8:20 p.m.
Erie Limited (B).....	11:35 p.m.	11:40 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (B).....	5:55 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Accommodation.....	7:45 a.m.	7:50 a.m.
Lehigh Express (B).....	11:00 a.m.	11:05 a.m.
Erie Limited (B).....	12:20 p.m.	12:25 p.m.
Accommodation.....	2:40 p.m.	2:45 p.m.
Pacific Express (B).....	7:00 p.m.	7:05 p.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Express.....	8:55 a.m.	9:05 a.m.
Mail.....	6:40 p.m.	6:50 p.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Mixed-Mail.....	11:15 a.m.	11:20 a.m.
Express.....	2:05 p.m.	2:10 p.m.
Express-Mixed.....	2:40 p.m.	2:45 p.m.
Express-Mixed.....	8:15 p.m.	8:20 p.m.

Toronto Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Hamilton-Depart.....	11:15 a.m.	11:20 a.m.
Hamilton-Arrive.....	11:20 a.m.	11:25 a.m.
Hamilton-Depart.....	11:25 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
Hamilton-Arrive.....	11:30 a.m.	11:35 a.m.

* These trains for 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 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.

ERIE AND HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

Stations.	Exp.	Exp.	Exp.	Mix.
Sarnia (G. T. R.).....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Courtright.....	8:45 a.m.	8:50 a.m.	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.