

LONDON
Conservatory of Music
—AND—
School of Elocution and Expression.
MR. WM. CAVEN BARRON,
PRINCIPAL.
FEES—A list of fees charged at the Conservatory will be sent on application to Mr. Barron.

The Little Minister.

By J. M. Barrie.

AUTHOR OF "WINDOW IN THURMS," "WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE," "MY LADY NICOTINE," ETC.

I would have gone at once, but he was in a mood of asking, "Did you ever know my mother?"

"Long ago," I answered shortly, and he knew all; thinking, I suppose, that he knew all. He looked at me with a smile, and I had only a few steps when he spoke to me to venture into. Since I spoke to Waster Lunny the river had risen several feet, and even the hillocks in my turnip field were now submerged. The mist was creeping down the hills. But what worried me most sharply that the flood was not satisfied yet, was the top of the school-house dyke, it was lined with field mounds. I turned back, and Gavin, mistaking my meaning, said I did wisely.

"I have not changed my mind," I told him, and then had some difficulty in continuing. "I expect," I said, "to reach Thurms safely, even though I should be caught in the mist, but I shall have to go round by the Kelpie brig in order to get across the river, and it is possible that—"

"That something may befall me," I said. "I have all my life been something of a coward, and my voice shook when I said this, so that Gavin again entreated me to remain at the school-house, saying that if I did not he would accompany me."

"And so increase my danger tenfold," I pointed out. "No, no, Mr. Dismart, I go alone, and if I can do nothing with the congregation I can at least send your mother word that you are still alive. But if anything should happen to me, I want you—"

But I could not say what I had come back to say. I had meant to ask him, in the event of my death, to take the hundred pounds which were the savings of my life; but now I saw that this might lead to Margaret's hearing of me, and so I stayed my words. It was better to do this, and yet, after all, a little thing when put beside the rest.

"Good-bye, Mr. Dismart," I said abruptly, and I looked at my desk, which contained some trifles that were once Margaret's. "Should anything happen to me," I said, "I want that old desk to be destroyed unopened."

"Mr. Ogilvy," he answered gently, "you are venturing this because you loved my mother. If anything does befall you, be assured that I will tell her what you attempted for her sake."

I believe he thought it was to make some such request that I had turned back.

"You must tell her nothing about me," I said sternly. "Swear that my name will never cross your lips before her. No, that is not enough. You must forget me utterly, whether I live or die, lest sometime you should think of me and she would read your thoughts. Swear, man!"

"Must this be," he said wondering.

"Yes," I answered more calmly. "I must be. For nearly a score of years I have been blotted out of your mother's life, and since she came to Thurms my one care was to keep my existence from her. I have changed my burying-ground even from Thurms to the glen, lest I should die before her, and she, seeing the hearse go by the Tenements, might ask, 'Whose funeral is this?'"

In my anxiety to warn him I had said too much. His face grew haggard, and there was fear to speak on it; and I saw, I knew, that some damnable suspicion of Margaret—

"She was my wife," I cried sharply. "We were married by the minister of Harvie. You are my son."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

When I spoke next I was back in the school-house, sitting there with my bonnet on my head, Gavin staring at me. We had forgotten the canon at last.

In that chair I had anticipated this scene more than once of late. I had seen that a time might come when Gavin would have to be told all, and I had even said the words aloud as if he were indeed opposite me. So now I was only repeating the tale, and I could tell it without emotion, because it was high nineteen years old, and I did not look at Gavin, for I knew that his manner of taking it could bring no cange to me.

"Did you never ask your mother," I said, "addressing the fire rather than him, 'why you were called Gavin?'"

"Yes," he answered, "it was because she thought Gavin a prettier name than Adam."

"No," I said slowly. "It was because Gavin in my name. You were called after your father. Do you not remember my taking you one day to the shore at Harvie to see the fishermen carried to their boats upon their wives' backs that they might start dry on their journey?"

"No," he had to reply. "I remember the women carrying the men through the water to the boats, but I thought it was my father who—I mean—"

"I know whom you mean," I said. "That was our last day together, but you were not three years old. Yet you remembered me when you came to Thurms. You shake your head, but it is true. Between the dots of worship that first Sabbath I was introduced to you, and you must have some shadowy recollection of my face, for you asked, 'Surely I saw you in church in the forenoon, Mr. Ogilvy?'" I said 'Yes,' but I had not been in the church in the forenoon. You have forgotten even that, and yet I treasure it."

I could hear that he was growing impatient, though so far he had been more indulgent than I had any right to expect.

"It can all be put into a sentence," I said calmly. "Margaret married Adam Dismart, and afterwards, believing herself a widow, she married me. You were born, and then Adam Dismart came back."

That is my whole story, and here was I telling it to my son, and not a tear between us. It ended abruptly, and I fell to mending the fire.

"When I knew your mother first," I went on, after Gavin had said some boyish things that were of no avail to me, "I did not think to end my days as a domestic. I was a student at Aberdeen, with the ministry in my eye, and sometimes on Saturdays I walked forty miles to Harvie to go to church with her. She had another lover, Adam Dismart, a sailor turned fisherman; and while I lingered at corners wondering if I could dare to church, he would walk past with them. He was accompanied always by a lanky black dog, which he had brought from a foreign country. He never signed for any ship without first getting permission to take it with him, and in Harvie they said it did not know the language of the native dogs. I have ever known a man and dog so attached to each other."

"I remember that black dog," Gavin said. "I have spoken of it to my mother, and she shuddered as if it had once bitten her."

"While Adam strutted by with them," I continued, "I would hang back, raging at his assurance of my own timidity; but I lost my next chance in the same way. In Margaret's presence something came over me, a dryness in the throat that made me dumb. I have known divinity students stricken in the same way just as they were giving out their first text. It is no aid in getting a kirk or wooing a woman."

"If anyone in Harvie recalls me now it is as a hobbler who strode along the cliffs shouting Homer at the sea-news. With all my learning I, who gave Margaret the name of Lalange, understood women less than they were known to any fisherman who had banded words with them across a boat. I remember a Yule night when both Adam and I were at her mother's cottage, and as we were leaving he had the audacity to kiss Margaret. She ran out of the room and Adam staggered off, and when I had recovered from my horror I apologized for what he had done. I shall never forget how her mother looked me over and over and said, 'Ah, Gavin, I see the dianna teach everything at Aberdeen. You will not believe it, but I walked away doubting her meaning. I thought more of scholarship than than I do now. Adam Dismart taught me its proper place.'"

"Well, that was the dull man I was; and yet, though Adam was always saying and doing the things I was making up my mind to say and do, I think Margaret cared more for me. Nevertheless, there was something about him that all women seemed to find lovable, a dash that made them send him away and then well-nigh run after him. At any rate, I could have got her after her mother's death if I had been half a man. But I went back to Aberdeen to write a poem about her, and while I was at it Adam married her."

I opened my desk and took from it a yellow manuscript.

"Here," I said, "is the poem. You see I never finished it."

I was fingering the thing grimly when Gavin's eye fell on something else in the desk. It was an ungainly clasp knife, as rusty as if it had spent a winter beneath a hedge.

"That the dog?" he said.

"Yes," I answered, "you should remember it. Well, after three months Adam tired of his wife."

"I stopped again. This was a story in which only the pauses were eloquent."

"Perhaps I have no right to say he tired of her. One day, however, he wandered away from Harvie whistling, his dog at his heels as ever, and was not seen again for six years. When I heard of his disappearance I packed my books in that kist and went to Harvie, where I opened a school. You see everyone but Margaret believed that Adam had fallen over the cliffs and been drowned."

"That the dog?" said Gavin.

"We were all sure that, if he had fallen over, it had jumped after him. The fisher-folk said that he could have left his shadow behind as easily as it. Yet Margaret thought for long that he had tired of Harvie merely and gone back to sea, and not until two years had passed would she marry me. He lived in Adam's house. It was so near the little school, that when I opened the window in summer time she could hear the drum of our voices. During the month before you were born I kept the window open all day long, and often I went to it and waved my hand to her."

"Sometimes when she was washing or baking, I brought you to the school. The only quarrel she and I ever had was about my teaching you the Lord's Prayer in Greek as soon as you could say father and mother. It was to be a surprise to her on your second birthday. On that day while she was ironing you took hold of her gown to steady yourself, and began to recite it in Greek, and to me, behind the door, it was music. But Margaret snatched you up, thinking this was some new ailment. After I had explained to her that it was the Lord's Prayer in Greek, she would let me take you to the school-house no more."

(To be Continued.)

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, making remarkable cures with people who are troubled with coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis and consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle free of cost. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The large bottles are 50c and \$1.

A citizen of Parrot, Ga., expresses his willingness to vouch for the truthfulness of an statement that he recently killed 70 black-birds at one shot with his breech-loader.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband; but if the weak and nervous and even Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they will make her feel like a different person, at least so they say, and their husbands say so, too.

A Montana man has invented a ranch plow for scraping the snow off the ranges so that the cattle can get at the grass.

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE.

Books are no more education than laws are virtue.—[Frederic Harrison.]

Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality.—[Ruskin.]

Education in any line is conscious training of mind or body to act unconsciously.—[W. G. Jordan.]

Ugliness bears the same relation to the material world that disease bears to a perfect body.—[E. Russel.]

Let not anyone say that he cannot govern his passions nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying him to action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man, he alone, or in the presence of God, can do if he will.—[Locke.]

The young citizens must not be allowed to grow up amongst images of evil, lest their souls assimilate the ugliness of their surroundings. Rather they should be like men living in a beautiful and healthful place; from everything that they see and hear, loveliness, like a breeze, should pass into their souls, and teach them, without their knowing it, the truth of which beauty is a manifestation.—[Plato.]

A POLITICIAN'S CONFESSION!

A True Story.

The writer happened to be in London, Ont., on the day of election of a member for the House of Commons. The candidates, Carling and Hyman, were both very popular men, and each side had hundreds of willing workers doing all that men could to reach victory.

The writer, while going along Dundas street about midday, met an old friend—an ardent politician—who was openly displaying his party's colors, by wearing a small piece of red ribbon in a buttonhole of his coat.

The politician expressed some surprise at meeting the writer, and said: "My dear fellow, I have just time to make a confession, and will do so in very few words. I know you are deeply interested in Paine's Celery Compound, therefore my story will be interesting to you. Three months ago I was in a sick bed, and had no idea that I would be in a condition to take part in an election contest to-day. I was suffering from dyspepsia and rheumatism; I was weak and broken-down, and could not obtain the rest I so much needed. I had sense enough to use Paine's Celery Compound, instead of seeking a physician's advice and treatment, and to-day you see my condition; I am now fit for any work, as I feel as strong as ever before in my life. Instead of working for political friends, I should now be amongst the sick and suffering recommending Paine's Celery Compound."

The politician referred to, is a living example of what can be accomplished by the use of this grandest remedy of modern times. There is no other agent that builds up the broken-down man so quickly; no other remedies can bestow the glow of health, and give the vim and vigor that Celery Compound gives. It is the only medicine that can thoroughly eradicate the poison of disease, cleanse the blood, and give a new existence.

He Stopped Right There.

Rich Old Person—What do you want a wife for, when you can hardly support yourself? Why, sir, my daughter would starve.

Snookins (with great dignity)—Well, sir, if you are the kind of man to let your daughter and her husband starve I don't wish to enter the family.

Prosperity kills more men than adversity does.

Dangerous to have around

—all the imitations of *Pearline*. Whenever one of these is bought, the purchaser is sold. *Pearline* hurts nothing. It saves work and time in washing and in housecleaning; it does away with scouring and scrubbing, and saves money by saving wear. You may do without much, in housework, but you can't do without *Pearline*.

Beware of imitations, 24 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

READY-MIXED

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CARRIAGE PAINTS,

PIC-ROD AND STAINS,

ALABASTINE,

—AT—

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Frank Norton,

CUSTOM TAILOR,

310 Dundas Street.

Special attention given to Fine Ordered Clothing. Also making and trimming for parties furnishing their own cloth.

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Come and see our 75c Hat.

Come and see our \$1 25 Hat.

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Come and see our \$12 Suits.

Tell your wife and daughter to come and see our Tricorns and Lace Curtains. Cash on delivery. We take weekly and monthly payments from respectable people. Established nine years. Note the address—246 Richmond Street.

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IN A DAY.
LAWRENCE, KANS., U.S.A., Aug. 9, 1883.
George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using **ST. JACOBS OIL.**
He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M.D.
"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

OAK HALL'S GIFT.

A Beautiful Little Pony and Complete Saddle Outfit to be Given Our Customers in Competition.



PRIZE PONY, PRINCE CHARLEY.

We have been paying annually hundreds of dollars to the newspapers for advertising our goods. Now we are going to give our customers a share, which we feel satisfied will advertise our goods very effectually when they hear of the handsome prize we are offering.

Our Plan of Operation.

Coupon tickets, numbered from one upwards, will be given to each purchaser of a Child's, Boy's or Youth's Suit. One part he will retain, the other deposit in a box in Oak Hall. On Aug. 1 next a disinterested party will be called in, who, after thoroughly shaking the box, will, through an aperture for the purpose, draw out one ticket. The party holding the corresponding number will be entitled to Prince Charlie and outfit, comprising saddle, bridle, martingale and whip.

Don't Miss This Golden Opportunity of Winning This Handsome Prize.

Our efforts in making goods to suit the fastidious public have been crowned with success. Our large facilities for manufacturing and long experience in catering to the public taste have placed us in the front rank in Children's Clothing.

OAK HALL, 150 Dundas St., London.

ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.
SPANISH NERVE—The great nerve and brain restorer. Is sold with a written guarantee to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Hysteria, Epilepsy, Convulsions, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nervousness, Lassitude and all drains or loss of power of the generative organs in either sex. Involuntary Losses, or Self Abuse, caused by Over Excitement. Youthful Indecencies or the excessive use of tobacco or opium, stimulants which ultimately lead to consumption and insanity. With every \$5.00 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Price \$1.00 a package, or 5 for \$5. By mail to any address. Ask your druggist for it, if he offers you a substitute or imitation which pays him a larger profit, leave his dishonest store, and mail price to us. **A. A. BROWN & CO.,** Windsor, Ont., Agents for Can., Spanish Nerve Co., Madrid.
For sale in London by C. McCollum.

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Telephone No. 570

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO NOV. 15, 1891.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

Leave	Arrive
London	Thomas
North Shore Limited daily	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
American Express (except	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
Monday)	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
Accom d (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

Leave	Arrive
London	Thomas
North Shore Limited daily	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
Chicago Express (daily)	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
Chicago L. & N. Y. Express	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
American Express (except	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
Monday)	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
Pacific Express (daily)	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
Accom d (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:30 a.m., 12 m and 6:40 p.m.

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

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 246 Richmond Street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED DEC. 7, 1891.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Pay Express	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
St. Louis Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Mixed—No. 24 Freight (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Freight Limited	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
West End Mixed	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Freight Limited	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
St. Louis Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Pacific Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.

Sarnia Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Freight Limited	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Freight Limited	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.

Sarnia Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Freight Limited	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Pacific Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Express	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.

London and Port Stanley.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Mail	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Mixed	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Mixed—Mail	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Express	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Express	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Express—Mixed	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.

Toronto Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Hamilton—Depart—	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
Hamilton—Arrive—	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.

* These trains for Montreal.
† Free train from Montreal.
(a) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(b) 24 carriages passengers between London and Paris.
(c) This train connects at Toronto for