

TO-DAY OAK HALL. TO-DAY

IMPORTANT NEWS TO EVERYBODY!

WE WANT MORE ROOM, AND ARE MAKING GREAT ALTERATIONS.

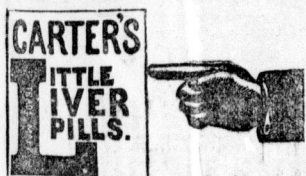
In order to reduce stock prices are to come down. Notwithstanding the fine qualities and low prices, we have decided to inaugurate a great

FIFTEEN PER CENT. DISCOUNT SALE.

Every purchaser of \$3 and over will receive a discount of 15 per cent. less than the plainly marked figures, so that the public may rest assured that this is no fake sale. This great Discount Sale COMMENCES TO-DAY. To make room for the bricklayers and carpenters the stock must be cleared out at once.

OAK HALL, 150 DUNDAS ST., LONDON

ALFRED TAYLOR, Manager.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the cause of so many ills that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

HIS REPENTANCE.

"But, Uncle Richard, are you quite sure that would be for the best?" she interposed. "If the money is settled in that way, it would be all tied up, and do us no good after all."

"You would enjoy the interest," said Caroline, slightly. "I and Mark have been planning a hundred things that we might do with the money. Refrain the abbey splendidly for one."

"You and Mark are a couple of simpletons," retorted the doctor, suddenly regaining his energy of voice. "But the effort was too much, and he lay panting for several minutes afterwards. Caroline sat gazing at him, her finger unconsciously raised to her neck, playing with the gleaming toy there. When should she trust to those signs of illness, or Mark's opinion?"

"Caroline, I insist that the money be settled upon you. Were you and Mark to waste it in nonsense, it would be nothing less than a fraud upon your West Indian relatives from whom it is derived. You may tell Mark so for me. That money, secured to you, would at least keep the wolf from coming quite in, should he ever ap

proach your door." Caroline had been hastening, wondering whether the doctor had lost his senses. "The wolf at the door for us, Uncle Richard! As if it could ever be!"

"Ah, Caroline, I have lived to know that there is no permanent certainty in the brightest lot," he answered with a sigh. "My dear, more experience has been forced upon me in the past year or two, than I had earned in the whole course of my previous life. Understand me once for all, this money must be secured to you."

"Very well, Uncle Richard," she answered with ready acquiescence. "It shall be so, as you seem so much to wish it. I'll tell Mark all you say."

She rose as she spoke. Dr. Davenal was surprised that she should be going again so soon, and looked inquiringly at her. "Can't you stay a little longer, Caroline?"

"I wish I could; but I shall hardly get back to dinner, and we expect some friends to-day. Good-night, Uncle Richard."

He drew her face down to his, murmuring his farewell. Little did Caroline Cray think it would end with her cousin and saw her depart with the servant who had waited for her. When she returned to the chamber, the doctor was in deep thought.

"I think you must bring the table nearer to me again, Sara," he said. "There's another word or two I should like to write."

"Yes, papa. Do you want Edward's letter?"

"No, no; it's not to him. There. Dip the pen in the ink for me."

It was a tacit confession of weakness that she did not like to hear; and she saw that even in the short space of time that had elapsed since he wrote before, his strength had visibly declined. He was scarcely able to guide the pen.

"That will do," he said, when he had traced a few lines. "Sara, should you have occasion to send this, inclose it in a note from your self, explaining my state when I wrote it; that I was almost past writing. Will you remember?"

"Yes, papa," she answered, her heart beating painfully at the words. "I'll do it for me."

Honorable in all her thoughts and actions, Sara folded the note with the writing turned from her. It is just possible that some children might have been sufficiently actuated by curiosity to glance at least at the name at the commencement of the note. Not so Sara Davenal. She placed it in an envelope and fastened it down.

"I think I can direct it, Sara. Just the name."

She gave him the pen, and he traced the name in unsteady, doubtful letters. She noted it with surprise, and perhaps her pulses quickened. "O. Oswald Cray, Esq."

"Put it in my desk with Edward's, my dear. If you have any occasion to send the one, you will tell the other."

As she unlocked the desk again, the tears were raining down fast. In all that her father was saying and doing there seemed to be a foreboding in his own mind of his approaching death. She quitted the room for a few minutes, that her emotion might spend itself, and in the hall encountered her aunt going to dinner. Miss Bettina expressed to assume that Sara had come forth for the same purpose.

"Oh! I am glad you are going to take some dinner to-day. Eating is not good for you, Sara."

Sara mechanically followed her aunt into the dining-room. But she did not take her seat. She stood by the fire and leaned her elbow on the mantel-piece. Miss Bettina looked round and detected the traces

of her emotion. "Why? What's the matter?" Sara cleared her throat and strove to clear her face. "Papa seems to be worse, Aunt Bettina."

"Worse!" echoed Miss Bettina. "Is he worse? In what way? No!" she added, turning to the man, "you told me your master was better this evening!"

"He seems a great deal better, ma'am," was Neal's answer. "He has been writing."

Miss Bettina looked from one to the other. Which was right? Sara explained. "Of course he is better than some days ago," said Sara. "That is, better in one sense. But he seems low this evening; as if there was an impression on his own mind that he shall not get well."

"Seems what?" cried Miss Bettina bending her ear. "Low? Well, what else would I have him be? You can't expect one who has come out of the dangerous illness that your father has, to be in all his usual strength and health. What has he had?"

"Watton brought him some jelly an hour ago. He has just taken a draught now; something he sent for from the chemist's."

"Are you going to sit down?" "Yes, aunt, I can't take dinner to-day. I shall have some tea with papa presently."

Miss Bettina gave utterance to a slight remark on the state of fasting and grieving when there was no cause for it. Sara listened a little while, and then left the room. Miss Bettina, who was going on tranquilly enough with her dinner, suddenly grew nervous.

"Neal! there is no cause for Miss Sara's low spirits, I suppose?" "None whatever that I can see, ma'am. If my master were worse, he would not continue to sit up."

But, somehow, Miss Bettina had taken a doubt into her mind, and could not get it out again. She lay down on her side and when left alone by Sara, his head lying comfortably on the pillow of his chair. The soft, rushing of Miss Bettina's sweeping skirts aroused him. She went up and took his hand.

"Richard, how are you to-night?" "I don't know. Middling."

"Sara is fancying you are not so well."

"Is she?" "Yes, she was always given to fancies; you know that right you should sit up so long the first time of leaving your bed?"

"Yes, I like the change. I was tired of bed. Sit down, Bettina. There are one or two things I want to say to you."

She had not finished her dinner, but she was quite ready to wait with him. Something in his aspect had struck upon her unpleasingly, and she began to see the untruth of Neal's words that he was better.

"One word, Richard. Are you finding yourself worse?" "Bettina, I have not been better."

"The doctors have thought you so," she said, after a pause.

"Ay, but I know more of my own state than they can tell me. When the suffering then they can tell me, they leaped to the conclusion that the disease had left me. In a measure, so it has, but they should have remembered in how many such cases the apparent improvement is all deceit, the forerunner of the end."

Bettina Davenal fully understood the words and what they implied. But she was not a demonstrative woman, and the rubbing together of her white and somewhat bony hands was the sole sign of her inward anguish.

"And I am thankful for this improvement," added the doctor. "It is not all who are permitted this freedom from pain in their dying hours."

"O Richard, is there no hope?" "I fear not," he gravely answered. "I am accustomed to impress upon my patients the great truth that while there is life there is hope, and I should be worse than a heathen if I did not say so in my own case. But all I can say is, I cannot trust to it."

She had laid one of her hands on the folds of his dressing-gown, and the doctor could not all that I had put by. It was not a great deal, it is true, for I am but what is called a middle-aged man, and my expenses have been high. Could I have foreseen my early death, I should have lived at half the

rate. And this sacrifice will not die with me. The house—I dare say I shall shock you, Bettina—is mortgaged; not, however, to its full value. I have directed in my will that it shall be sold; and the residue, after the mortgage is paid—can you hear me?" he broke off to ask.

"Every word."

"The residue and the proceeds of the furniture, and those two small cottages of mine, and other effects which will likewise be sold, will make a fair sum. There's money owing to me in the town, too. Altogether I expect there will not be much less than £3,000."

"Richard!" shrieked out Miss Bettina, in her emotion. "Three thousand! I thought you were worth ten at least."

"No, it was not so much as that altogether. I had four or five thousand put by. Nevertheless, I say I have had to sacrifice it. I feel how imprudent I have been, now that it is too late."

(To be Continued.)

Are You Nervous. Are you all tired out, do you feel that tired feeling sick head-ache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25 cents a box.

Conductor—Don't you see the sign "No smoking?" Mike—O'm not smoking. Conductor—Well, you've got a pipe in your face. Mike—Yes, and O've got boots on my feet too, but O'm not walkin'.

Cholera threatens dyspepsia. K. D. C. cures dyspepsia and makes them cholera-proof. Try it while cholera threatens. Who was the first electrician? Noah. Didn't he see the first ark light in Mount Ararat?

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. The first dose greatly benefits. Seventy-five cents. Sold by John Callard and all druggists.

Two of the best things out—A configuration and an aching tooth.

Do you realize the importance of a healthy stomach now that cholera threatens? K. D. C. acts as a cholera preventive, by restoring the stomach to healthy action.

He—Should a girl get mad if you kiss her without asking her? She—Not so mad as if you asked her without kissing her.

Rest and Health to Mother and Child. 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 DIARRHEA. 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.

He (gazing at her jewelled ears during a temporary lull in the conversation)—Did you ever have your ears bored? She—Never, up to the present time.

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, dislocations of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

Jimmy—You know something about grammar, don't you? Tommy—Yes, Jimmy—Well, is John a proper name? Tommy—It ain't a proper name for a girl.

A well-known Berlin physician states: "A healthy stomach is cholera-proof." K. D. C. will restore your stomach to healthy action, and fortify you against cholera.

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