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Bags, Cartridge for these goods.

& Co.,

Oak Bedroom \$32, which is for sale. 50 f Folding Beds.

ndon, Ont

LONDON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC! come as the flowers in May. Come in-come in-my lamb, and don't stand scorch-ing your face in the sun; come in and I'll give you Martin's wicker-chair by the open window where you have a second in the come. School of Elecution and Expression. MR. WM. CAVEN BARRON, PRINCIPAL.

PUPILS CAN BEGIN THEIR LESSONS AT ANY TIME.

MRS. KELTIE has charge of the
Vocal Department.

ing your face in the sun; come in and I'll give you Martin's wicker-chair by the open window, where you can smell the sea and the fields together, and I'll fetch yon a sup of Daisy's new milk, for you look quite faint and moithered, like a lost and weary bird, my pretty. Yes, just like a lost and weary bird, "You are right," murmured the girl through her pale lips; then aloud, "have your own way, for you were ever an obstinate woman, Catharine, and fetch me a draught of Daisy's sweet milk and a crust of the old brown loaf, and I will thank you and ge; but not hefore you have told me about Margaret—all that you know, and that you hope and fear, Catharine."

"Heaven bless you, Miss Crystal, it is the same tender heart as ever, I see. Yes, you shall hear all I know; and husting up her dress over her linsey petticoat, and, taking a tin dipper from the dresser, she was presently heard calling cheerfully to her milky favorite in the paddock, on her way to the dairy.

Left to herself, the girl threw herself down—not in the wicker-chair, where the cat lay like a furry ball simmering in the sun, but on the old brown settle behind the door, where she could reat her head against the wall, and see and not be seen.

She had taken off her broad-brimmed hat and it lay on the table beside her; and the sunlight streamed through the lattice window full on her face.

Such a young face, and—Heaven help her—such a sad face, so beautiful too, in spite of the lines that sorrow had evidently traced on it, and the hard, bitter curves round the mouth.

The dark dreamy eyes, the pale olive complexion, the glossy hair—in color the Fate of Sir Hugh.

CHAPIER I.

ettle, and the tortoise-shell cat asleep on

talking unconsciously aloud.
"Heaven bless her!" she muttered, with

"Heaven bless her!" she muttered, with a cloud on her pleasant face; yes, those were her very words, as she stood like a picture under the old trees yonder.

"Heaven bless her and him too," but there was ot a speck of color in her face as she said the words, and I could see the tears in her beautiful eyes. Oh, but you are a saint, Miss Margaret, everyone knows that; but, as I tell Martin, it is a sin and a shame to ring the joy bells for a feckless chit that folks never set eyes on; while our darling, Miss Margaret, is left alone in the old place,

"What about Margaret, Catharine, for

the old place,
"What about Margaret, Catharine, for
Heaven's sake, what about Margaret?"
and the shadow that had come from behind

Not much of a picture, certainly!
Only a stretch of wide sunny road, with a tamarisk hedge and a clump of shadowy elms; a stray sheep nibbling in a grass ditch; and a brown baby asleep on a bench; beyond, low broad fields of grain whitening to harvest, and a distant film and haze—olue cloudiness, and the deep monotonous olue cloudiness, and the deep mound of the great sea.
Yellow sunshine, green turf, the buoyaney of salt spray in the air; someone, trailing a white gown unheeded in the sandy dust, pauses a moment under the flickering elms to admire the scene.
She is a tall, grave moman, with serious eyes and dead-brown hair, the shade of withered leaves in autumn, with a sad withered leaves in autumn, with a sad

beautiful face.

It is the face of one who has suffered and been patient; who has loved much and will love on to the end; who, from the depths of a noble, selfless nature, looks out upon the world with mild eyes of charity; a woman, yet a girl in years, whom one termed his pearlamong women.

Just now, standing under the elms, with her straight white folds and uncovered hair, for her sun-bonnet lay on the turf beside her, her wistful eyes looking far away seaward, one could have compared her to a Druidical priestess under the shadow of the sacred oak; there is at once something so benignant and strong, so full of pathos, in her face and form.

Low swaying of branches, then the pattering of red and yellow rain round the rough-hewn bench, the brown baby awakes and stretches out its arms with a lusty cry—a suggestive huinan sound that effectually breaks up the stillness for at the same instant an urchin whittling wood in the hedge scrambles out in haste, and a buxomlooking woman steps from the porch of an ity-colored lodge, wringing the soap-suds from her white wrinkled hands.

Trifles mar tranquility.

For a moment silence is invaded, and the dissonant sounds gather strength; for once infant tears fail to be dried by mother silence, flocks of snow-white grees waddle solemnly across the grass; the boy leaves off whittling wood and chases the yellow-bills; through the leafy avenue comes the loaded corn-wain, the jocund wagoner with scarlet popples in his haf, blue corn-flowers and pink convolvuli trailing from the horses' ears; over the fields sound the distant pealing of bells.

The girl wakes up from her musing fit with a deep sigh, and her face becomes suddenly very pale; then she moves slown the lodge-keeper carries off her wailing through the bare harvest fields, where the gleaners are busily at work. From under the tamarisk hedge comes the shadow of a woman; as the white gown disappears and the lodge-keeper carries off her wailing child, the shadow becomes substance and grows recet into the figure of a girl. traced on it, and the hard, bitter curves round the mouth.

The dark dreamy eyes, the pale olive complexion, the glossy hair—in color the sun-steeped blackness of the south—the full, curled lips and grand profile, might have befitted a Vashti; just so might the spotless queen have carried her uncrowned head when she left the gates of Shushan; and have trailed her garments in the dust with a mien as proud and as despairing.

There she sat metionless, looking over the harvest-fields, while Catharine spread a clean, coarse cloth on the small oaken table beside her, and served up a frugal meal of brown bread, honey and milk, and then stood watching her while the stranger eat sparingly and as if only necessity compelled.

"There," she said at last, looking up at Catharine with a soft pathetic smile that lent new beauty to her face: "I have done justice to your delicious fare; now draw your chair closer, for I am starving for news of Margaret, and 'like water to a thirsty soul is news from a far country. How often I say those words to myself."

"But not bad news, surely, Miss Crystal; and it is like enough you'll think mine bad when told. Hark, it only wants the half hour, to noon, and they are man and wife now."

"Man and wife! of whom are you talk-

aow."
"Man and wife! of whom are you talk-

"Man and wife! of whom are you talking, Catharine?"
"Of whom should I be talking, dearie, but of the young master?" but the girl interrupted her with strange vehemence.
"Catharine, you will drive me crazy with that slow, soft tongue of yours. How can Hugh Pedmond be married while Margaret stands under the elm trees alone?"
"But it is true, Miss Crystal, for all that—as sure as the blue sky is above us—Sir Hugh Redmond weds to-day with a bonny bit child from foreign parts that no one set

Hugh Redmond weds to-day with a bonny bit child from foreign parts that no one set eyes on, and whom he is bringing home as mistress to the old hall."

"I don't believe you!" exclaimed the girl, stormily; but in spite of her words the clive complexion grew pale. "You are jesting, Catharine; you are imposing on me some village fable—some credulous report. As I love Margaret, I refuse to believe you."

"The time was when a word from Catharine would have contented you, Miss

"The time was when a word from Catharine would have contented you, Miss Crystal," replied the woman, sorrowfully, and her houest face grew overcast. "Do you think Miss Margaret's own fostersister, who was brought up with her, would deceive you now? But it is like enough that sorrow and pride have turned your head, and the mistake of having made the first false step beside."

"Forgive me," returned the girl, hoarsely; and she took the work-hardened hand and pressed it between both her own. "I will try to believe you, though I can not realize it that Margaret—my Margaret—has been jilled."

"The ornaments of a house are the friends who frequent it.—[Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The man who conquers himself fights a battle that is watched from heaven.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and the first false step beside."

"It'y and forbearance should characterize all acts of justice.—[Franklin.]

"It'y and forbearance should characterize all acts of justice.—[Franklin.]

"The World has a million toosts for a man, but only one nest.—[Ho'mes.] Catharine, the lodge-keeper, sat rocking her baby in the old porch seat; through the open door one could catch glimpses of the bright red-tiled kitchen with its wooden

realize it that Margaret—my Margaret—has been jilted."

"No, nor that either, dearie. We must not blame the poor young master beyond his deserts. He loved her true, Miss Crystal; he loved her true that his heart was like to break; but for all that he was forced to give her up."

"I cannot understand it," in a bewildered voice. "When I left the dear old home that summer's day a year age the large of the large man aims at nothing and gene and the large man aims at nothing and gene large the large man aims at nothing and gene large the large man aims at nothing and gene large man aims at nothing at large man aims at nothing and gene large man aims at nothing at large man aims at nothing and gene large man aims at nothing at large man aims at

settle, and the tortoise-snell cat asteep on the great wicker chair; beyond, the sunny little herb-garden with its plots of lavender marjoram, and sweet-smelling thyme, the last monthly roses blooming among the gooseberry bushes; a child cliqueting up the narrow path, with a big sun-bonnet and burnished pail; in the corner a toy fountain gurding over its overtre relatile border, and a burnished pail; in the corner a toy fountain gurgling over its oyster-shell border, and a few superannuated trees.

Catharine sat contentedly in the shady porch, on her lap lay the brown baby with smiles; his tiny hole of a mouth just opened ready for the small moist thumb, and his bare rosy feet beating noiseless time to the birds; he was listening besides to his mether's voice as she sat rocking him and talking unconsciously aloud. home that summer's day a year ago they had been engaged nine months; yes, it was nine months, I remember, for it was on her birthday that he asked her to be his wife, and they had loved each other long before that. Do you think I can ever forget that time?"

(To be Continued)

(To be Continued.)

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W. T. Strong, druggist, 184 Dundas street, presents to housekeepers a very valuable receipt book on the art of cooking.

and the shadow that had come from behind the tamariak hedge now fell across the porch straight before the startled woman. Catharine put down her apron from her eyes with something like a cry, and stood up trembling.

"Good gracious! is that you, Miss Crystal? why, you come before one like a flash of lightning on a summer's day, to make one palpitate all over for fear of a storm."

"And about as welcome, I suppose," returned the young stranger, hitterly, "my good Catharine, your simile is a wonderfully irus one."

"I don't know naugh; about 'smiles," Miss Crystal, but I know you are as wel-

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- 2. Central Free Station Signa
  4. Central Folice Station,
  5. Dundas and Wellington,
  6. Talbot and Kent.
  7. Briomond and Sydenham.
  8. Waterloo and Piccadilly.

  1. College of the Station Signa

  2. College Station Signa

  3. College Station Signa

  4. Central Free Station Signa

  5. College Station Signa

  5. College Station Signa

  5. College Station Signa

  5. College Station Signa

  6. College Station Signa

  6. College Station Signa

  6. College Station

  7. Richard Station

  8. Waterloop and Piccadilly

  9. College Station

  9. Col

- No. 5. Dundas and Wellington,
  No. 6. Talbot and Kent.
  No. 7. Brichmond and Sydenham.
  No. 8. Waterloo and Piccadilly.
  No. 12. Colborne and Bond.
  No. 13. Dundas and Maitland.
  No. 14. Simcoe and Maitland.
  No. 14. Simcoe and Maitland.
  No. 15. Wellington and Simcoe.
  No. 16. Talbot and Horton.
  No. 17. Ridoutand York.
  No. 21. Clarence and G. T. R. Crossing.
  No. 23. York and Burwell.
  No. 24. Lichfield and Raglan.
  No. 25. Carling's New Brewery.
  Directions for giving an alarm from above boxes: Unlock the outside door and rull it steadly and firmly wide open. Then grasp the knob or button which is on a crank on the inside doos and pull it slowly and steadily to your right, and downwards (once only) as far as it will go. Then release it and it will at once fly back to its place.
  No. 9. William and Oxford.
  No. 27. South street, opposite Hospital.
  No. 31. Waterloo and Bathurst.
  No. 32. Wellington and York.
  No. 34. Richmond and Bathurst.
  No. 35. William and Hill.
  No. 41. Dundas and Adelaide.
  No. 42. Richmond and Pall Mall.
  No. 43. Richmond and Pall Mall.
  No. 41. Richmond and Pall Mall.
  No. 42. Richmond and Bathurst.
  No. 53. William and Bathurst.
  No. 54. Thames and Bathurst.
  No. 55. Richmond and Ann.
  No. 56. Thames and Bathurst.
  No. 57. Thames and Bathurst.
  No. 58. Thames and Bathurst.
  No. 59. Thames and Bathurst.
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  Pulling the door wide open is all that is necessary to give an alarm from these boxes.
  No. 62. Dundas street and Street Car
  Stables.
  No. 63. Untario and Franklin.

- Stables.
  No. 63. Elizabeth and Lorne avenue.
  No. 64. Ontario and Franklin.
  No. 71. Dundas and Quebec.
  No. 72. G. T. R. Car Shops Gate.
  No. 81. Rectory and Hamilton Road.
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  Then pull the hook on the inside door straight down as far as it will go (about two inches)—only once—and let it go.
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agent.

The more one endeavors to sound the depths of his ignorance the deeper the chasm appears.—[Alcott.

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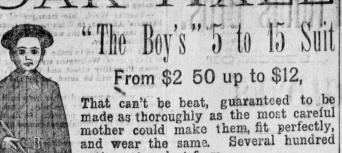
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### RAILWAY TIME TABLES

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON 11	IVI Pa	
Canada Southern Division—Going East.		
Mensell Tolk		Leave St.
North Shore Limited (daily) N. Y. Express (daily)		11:50 p.m 3:00 a.m
American Express (except Monday) Atlantic Express (daily) Mail-texcept Sundays)	9:50 a.m.	11:15 a.m 1:50 p.m 3:05 p.m
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)		4:45 p.m 7:00 a.m
Canada Southern Divis	ion-Gol	ng West,
North Shore Limited ideals?! Chicago Express (daily). Chicago L'i'd Exp. (daily). American Express (except Mondays). Mail (except Sundays). Pacific Express (daily). Accomd h (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m. 9:50 a.m. 9:50 a.m. 2:25 p.m. 2:25 p.m.	6:00 p.m
Trains arrive in London and 6:40 p.m.		

MAIN LINE-Going West.

Chicago Express (a) 5:10 a.m. 5:30 a.m. West End Mixed 11:00 a.m. 6:45 a.m. Erie Limited 11:20 a.m. 11:30 a.m. Accommodation 12:40 p.m. 5:15 p.m. 7:10 p.m. 6:55 p.m. 7:10 p.m. 5:55 p.m. 7:20 p.m. 7:20 p.m.

Hamilton—Depart—
n. D., [a.m., a.m., p.m., Hamilton—Arrive—
a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. |

\* These trains for Montreal,
† These trains from Montreal,
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(c) Runs deily, Eundays included, but makes
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7:00 a.m. 11:35 a.m. 7:05 p.m ...... 10:00 a.m. 1:05 p.m. 8:52 p.m 2:45 p.m. 10:40 p.m. Kansas City.

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