

Virgie's Inheritance.

"Was her condition so critical as that?" "Certainly, or my husband would not have consented to leave me. Mrs. Heath was suddenly stricken with paralysis. Again Mrs. Farnum started, and bent a long, searching look upon her companion—a look that made Virgie feel very uncomfortable and wonder what it meant.

"Is she still living?" the woman asked, still regarding Virgie searchingly. "Yes—at least, she was the last I heard; but her condition was still considered so critical that she could not bear the least excitement."

"Then it is some time since you have heard from her?" remarked Mrs. Farnum, pointedly. Virgie bridled a trifle at being so closely questioned. She thought her guest was trespassing beyond the bounds of good breeding. But, after a moment, feeling as if she must share her burden with some one, she said, in an unsteady voice:

"No, I have not, and I am afraid that my husband's letters have miscarried, and the suspense has been very trying."

"Ahem, Mrs. Heath, there is something very strange—very inexplicable about what you have told me," Mrs. Farnum said, in a grave tone.

Virgie looked up astonished both at the words and tone.

"I do not understand you," she returned. "You know, of course, that we are English people," began her companion.

"Yes, Miss Heath, I mentioned the fact to me during the first of our acquaintance."

"Did she ever tell you that we knew people in England by the name of Heath?" "No, do you?" Virgie cried, eagerly, her face lighting as she thought perhaps she might learn something regarding her long silent husband.

"Yes, and they are a very fine family. They belong in Hampshire, and it may as well tell you that they are a proud and aristocratic family, laying great stress upon their unimpeachable honor and untarnished name."

Virgie flushed a painful crimson at this, which her companion noticed with a thrill of exultation, and then resumed:

"The oldest daughter, who married a peer of the realm, has been my most intimate friend for many years. Sir William also."

"Sir William?" Virgie interrupted, catching her breath, her face growing radiant.

"Yes, that is the name of the son and heir. I was about to remark that he is a baronet, and that it is a singular coincidence that his name was the same as the name of the man who was stricken with paralysis. It is strange, too, that his first name should be the same as your husband's; but—"

"Oh, Mrs. Farnum," cried Virgie, leaning forward and seizing the woman's hands in a transport of joy, as she believed she was about to hear some definite news regarding her loved one, "Sir William Heath is my husband—can you tell me anything about him? I have not heard a word from him for more than a month, and I am nearly distracted from anxiety and suspense."

Mrs. Farnum drew back in well-feigned astonishment.

"Child, are you mad? Sir William Heath your husband? It is simply impossible."

Virgie straightened herself, and yet it seemed as if somebody had suddenly struck her a cruel blow upon her naked heart.

Mrs. Farnum had been thinking that for years she had been the most intimate friend of Lady Linton, and yet to all appearances she had been literally astounded to learn that Sir William Heath was married.

Could it be possible that her husband had never acknowledged her as his wife to his family?

The thought almost paralyzed her for a moment; then she put it indignantly away from her.

No, he had written letter after letter to his mother and sister—at least he had spoken of so doing; then she read them—telling of their marriage, and speaking of their return to Heathdale. Of course his friends must have been apprised of all that had occurred during his absence; still it was very strange that the most intimate friend of Lady Linton had not been made acquainted with the fact.

All at once, however, she brightened. Mrs. Farnum had been traveling in America also, for how long she did not know, and perhaps that accounted for it. If she did not correspond with Lady Linton, she had no means of knowing of the baronet's marriage.

She even smiled to think how foolish she had been to let such thoughts to have even for a moment a place in her mind, as she looked up and said:

"No, indeed, Mrs. Farnum, I am not mad, and it is not impossible that I am Sir William Heath's wife. We were married last September, and after that time, my father, who was very ill at the time, we traveled for several months and then came to New York, intending to sail for England last May, but were obliged to do so by my physician, as I have already told you."

"Still, I say it is impossible. The Sir William Heath whom I mean is the master of a large estate called Heathdale, in Hampshire county, England," reiterated Mrs. Farnum, decisively.

"And my husband is the master of Heathdale, in Hampshire county, England," Virgie said, a trifle proudly.

She resented the woman's incredulity, while she could not forget what she had said about the "unimpeachable honor and untarnished name" of the family. It was true, her keenly, though she did not suspect that it had been an intentional slur upon the shadow resting on her own.

Mrs. Farnum's only reply was a look of increased astonishment, mingled with something of horror.

A crimson flush dyed Virgie's face. "May I ask, Mrs. Farnum, how long you have been in America?" she said.

"We sailed from Liverpool the sixth of May."

Virgie's heart sank a trifle.

"And had you seen your friend, Lady Linton, within a few months previous to that time?"

"Lady Linton came to London only three weeks before to make me a farewell visit. She was with me ten days."

The young wife grew pale.

"No such event in connection with him has ever been announced," returned the woman, ruthlessly. "His friends know nothing of it. Sir William Heath is believed to be a single man. More than this—"

Virgie stopped her with a gesture, but she was as white as newly fallen snow as she arose, and going to her writing-table, brought a letter, which she laid upon Mrs. Farnum's lap.

"This is his last letter to me," she said, but her lips were almost rigid as she spoke. "It will prove my statements."

Mrs. Farnum took it, and examined the envelope. It was directed to Mr. William Heath, Hotel, New York City, U. S. A. It was post-marked at Heathdale, The

handwriting was familiar, and she knew well enough that Sir William Heath had penned it.

"Mrs. William Heath?" she said, reading the name aloud. "He does not address you as Lady Heath, which is your proper title if you are his wife."

"Oh!" cried Virgie, with a shiver of pain, for those last words, implying a doubt of her position, hurt her like a knife. "Neither of us cared to be conspicuous while we were traveling, so my husband dropped his title," she explained.

"Aunt—that was a very strange proceeding. But does he say anything about coming for you, in this letter?" inquired her companion, who was burning with curiosity to know what it contained.

"You may rest it if you like, Mrs. Farnum. I see that you are still in doubt about my being as I represent myself," Virgie returned with some hauteur.

Mrs. Farnum flushed at this.

"You must excuse me, my dear," she said, with hypocritical blandness, "but—but—it is simply unaccountable to me, knowing what I do about the family and their future plans for Sir William. I'm afraid—"

She did not finish what she was going to say, but coolly drew the letter from the envelope, unfolded, and began to read it, never once stopping to consider how she was outraging the delicacy and affection of the young wife by this act, notwithstanding that she had received permission to do so.

She could not doubt, as she read, that the young baronet's heart had all been given to this fair, beautiful woman, for though written in his own dignified way, the letter was full of devotion and loyalty to her. And yet not once in all those eight pages had he called her by the sacred name of "wife." There were all manner of pet names and expressions of endearment, but not a single time was written that word which would have proved so much.

The arch plotter as she read, was quick to observe this omission, and she glanced over it would materially help to further her designs in the future she thought. If this letter was a sample of all others which he had written her, she would have given a good deal to be able to have that pretty writing-desk at her command for an hour or two.

Her face took on a sterner and graver look than she had ever yet worn as she read on, and when at length she finished the epistle, she appeared the horrified pride to perfection.

(To be Continued.)

The Bird of Wisdom.
An owl sat up in a hickory tree,
And said in an impudent manner to me,
"Ter-hoot! ter-hoot! ter-hoot!"

I asked her, politely, "You lovely old bird,
"Have you of the 'Golden Discovery' heard?"
She rattled her feathers and spoke with a word—
"That dreary, monotonous 'Who?'"

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a warranted lung, liver and blood remedy, a powerful tonic and alterative and a reliable vitalizer for weak persons; a panacea for scrofula, hip-joint diseases, fever-sores, swellings and tumors; contains no alcohol, and is a medicine without a peer. There is no risk in buying a guaranteed article. Your money back if it doesn't benefit or cure.

The satisfaction of work well done is of itself a happiness, with which few others can compare in its solid and enduring character. Of course, no idler, however wealthy he may be, no frivolous and trifling person, no mercenary or time-server, can ever taste the flavor of this enjoyment. It is reserved for the faithful toiler in any department whose aim is excellence.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, is ear-ache. 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 disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, in which the young are especially subject.

The every-day cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon its wheels the clock ceases to longer swing, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.

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

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Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confounded with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills, as they are extremely mild, and in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

At the Allan Line wharf, Glasgow, the other day, an old Highlander, evidently a shepherd, was heard exclaiming to a friend: "These steamships are a wunner! invenshun noo-a-days; but they're langer o' coming hame than o' gane out." "Whit way that, Donald?" asked his friend. "Ye see, the world being roun', they rush down the hill full speed, but the dreich wark climbing hame," was the pithy answer.

A Wonderful Cure.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery."

"About a year ago, about a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a violent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to ease the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the dose showed evident signs of healing. By the time that the bottle was done it was as if a new man had been made of me. My general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using three bottles of the Vegetable Discovery the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know." 3

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Mention ADVERTISER.

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London is situated in the garden of Canada, midway between the Niagara and the Detroit Rivers.

London is the center of nine different lines of railway, giving easy access to the whole continent, and to the lakes and seaboard.

London has direct connection with the three great Canadian lines of railway—the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Pacific, and the Michigan Central.

London controls a line of railway from the city to Port Stanley, on Lake Erie.

Each day more trains arrive at and depart from London than arrive at and depart from any other Canadian city in the same time.

London's public water supply is obtained from never-failing pure springs four miles from the city. Their yield is practically unlimited. London has the best drinking water on the continent.

London is an excellent health resort, as it has a lower death rate than any city of its size on the continent, and it has magnificent white sulphur baths within its limits.

London has 1 opera house and 4 public halls.

London has 12 public schools (and a number are under contract), not including kindergartens; 3 R. C. separate schools, 2 ladies' colleges, and 1 collegiate institute.

London has 1 university and 1 medical school.

London has a Conservatory of Music and a School of Elocution.

London has 2 public libraries.

London is an excellent center for manufacturing and commercial enterprises. There are already established wholesale houses for groceries, hardware, drygoods, small wares, boots and shoes, drugs, crockeryware, etc. There are one or more manufacturers of furniture, engines, boilers, stoves, furnaces, iron and brass foundries, carriages, burial caskets, agricultural implements, stamped tinware, railway cars, oil refining, leather, barrels, machine tools, clothing, cigars, office and school furniture, biscuits and confectionery, mirrors and beveled plate-glass, corsets, furs, beer, washing compounds, acids, woodwork of every description, etc.

London has two daily newspapers (morning and evening editions).

London has six public parks.

London has six banks and eight loan and investment associations.

London has six charitable institutions, two hospitals and seven public buildings.

London has a good street railway, which will be much extended in the next year.

London's rate of taxation is 13 mills, which includes all school rates, etc.

London's civic assets are \$2,547,798 34, and the balance of assets over all liabilities is \$422,861 19. The total assessment is \$16,333,097.

London has 44 churches, almost every religious denomination of any importance being represented.

London has markets three times weekly, the best in the west. The great Western Fair is held for ten days in September.

Further particulars about the city may be obtained by applying to the mayor, the city clerk, the secretary of the Board of Trade, or the ADVERTISER.

The great American people are industrious students of medicine, as is demonstrated by the great sale of the "Science of Life," Dr. Parker's best work. Over a million copies have been sold, and it is recommended by all its readers as being the par excellence in medical literature. We call attention to the advertisement in another column.

An old woman, who had a chronic habit of sleeping in church, called at seat-letting time upon the treasurer of the congregation. "I have come to pay my seat," she said, laying down her money. "Yer seat?" returned the treasurer, who was a bit of a wag. "Losh, I think, Janet, you mean yer bed."

A Household Remedy—Gibbons' Toothache Gum. Sold by all druggists. zxy

Another Victory
—FOR THE—
NEW SCIENCE.

33 Blackfriars St., London West, Oct. 6, 1892.

To the Histogenetic Medicine Association, London.

Gentlemen,—Desiring of giving expression to my gratitude for the unexpected happy results of your treatment, I certify that I am now over 70 years old, and was suffering for over six months from what four medical men of repute in this city pronounced cancer of my left breast was under their treatment for this disease for some time. Two of the doctors finally came to my house to perform an operation, which I declined on account of my nervousness and hopeless condition. I then, through personal visit, secured a well-known "cancer cure," and remained under his severe treatment for over three months, but all to no purpose. I was getting worse all the time, and became totally despondent, selling my property when, thanks be to God, I heard of the wonderful cures brought about by your treatment, and decided to visit your office, where I was carefully examined by your consulting physician, who gave me such encouragement that I went under his treatment some three weeks since, and now find myself completely cured and the open black ulcer wholly healed. My general health is good, and I feel as healthy as ever I was in my life. Yours truly, CATHERINE KERNAN.

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IN A DAY.



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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."

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