

A MAIDEN FAIR.

There could be no pleasant encounter between two men holding such a position towards each other.

That was why Ross sent Dick to ask if he was wanted, much to the surprise of Bell, who was unaccustomed to such ceremonies.

"Cry to him to come up," was her quick answer to Dick; "he could have come up himself to speak."

Cargill for a moment hesitated whether or not he should leave; but, desirous of discomfiting his mother with Ross, decided to remain.

He nodded with sympathetic placidity to the visitor as he entered.

"How are you to-day, Miss Cargill?" asked Ross—he was the only one who called her Miss Cargill; to everybody else she was still Bell, or Bell, or Bell.

"Beautifully, thank you for speaking. I'll be up and about now. But I'm not going to show you this afternoon, Bob, nor the lawyers either. I'm going to take your counsel, and let the thing be."

"I'm glad to hear that, Mrs. Cargill. You would have been sorry for it after wards."

"I'm sure of that yet. However, I'm sure of something at last; he's to marry a lass with a tocher, and that's sad in a kind of way. But when I get to the time being there's no need to dash myself. I'm obliged to you, a' the same, and you were right enough to say that he would satisfy me yet."

"What is this all about, mother?" broke in Cargill, who very much disliked being called "Jemima" at all times, and especially now.

"Never you heed, Jemima. You may thank your friend Bob, that you didn't ken a' about it afore now."

"I am sure I am extremely obliged to Mr. Ross for any kindness he has been good enough to do me, but—"

"Will ye drop that, ye fool, and speak like an ord' body?" almost screamed Bell.

"But I should like you to explain," he went on stolidly.

"Then I'll explain nothing until I'm up. You may skipper Duncan's daughter, and there'll be no need to explain. What are ye going to be after next, Bob?"

"I am to take the Mermaid to Peterhead next," was the quiet answer, but not without a secret feeling of satisfaction that he could give this rub to Cargill.

"It was more than a rub—it was a blow. Cargill's face turned red, and, with a dark eye-like eye—were incapable of expression; but they could show the sign of biliousness, and at this moment they looked very bilious. His voice, however, expressed neither passion nor surprise as he said:

"Oh, you are to take the Mermaid on her next trip?"

"Ay, I believe so. But I have to go now, mistress—good-day, Mr. Cargill."

Glad to escape he sprang down the stairs. But he had not gone many steps when he heard a piteous voice behind him.

"I want to speak to you, Ross."

It was Cargill who had followed him instantly.

"I'm in rather a hurry, Mr. Cargill, as I ought to have been home two hours ago."

"I can walk with you. The matter is of great importance to you."

"What is it?" inquired Ross, slackening his pace, so that the other might walk more easily and dignifiedly with him.

"That is to say, I think it is of great importance to you; possibly you may think otherwise."

"What is it?"

"I have a friend who is the head of a firm of shipowners, and he told me that they are want of a man who should be himself a pilot to take general charge of all the arrangements with the pilots for their ships. He would have a permanent engagement at a good salary, and it struck me that you were the very man for the job."

"I might be," was the reply with a subdued smile, which Cargill did not observe.

"You would be. Why should you waste your time in such gentry as the Mermaid when you have a chance like this? For you have only to say the word and I can almost promise that you shall be the man chosen."

"And when would I be wanted?"

"Well, as I understand, you would have to be at the office in two or three days."

"I doubt it cannot come my way."

"Why not?"

"Because I have to go with the Mermaid."

"Oh, you can easily get out of that engagement. I will undertake to arrange it for you."

"Thank you, but I promised to go and I'm going. Moreover I like to manage my own business."

"Then you refuse."

"I am not clear that there is anything to refuse except to break my word, and I do refuse to do that."

"Oh, very well," said Cargill loftily, "as you please. I thought to render you a service, and I can assure you such a chance is not likely to fall in your way again."

"Then I must just try to do what is in my power to get on without it."

Ross gave a parting nod and went on. Cargill hated dyspepsia very much, and after him as long as he was in sight.

What was the man thinking about? The drooping of the heavy brows over the small, dark eyes suggested that his thoughts were unpleasant ones. He had tried a harmless expedient for preventing Ross going with the Mermaid and had failed. He believed that he could have secured the engagement he had spoken about, but he had somewhat metamorphosed his real nature in order to suit his purpose. Well, there were other ways of keeping him out of the Mermaid, at least for this trip.

He would see old Murray (that was the irreverent way in which he thought of the great Captain Duncan) and get him to cancel the engagement. Yes, he would see him before the night was out. What a fool the old skipper must be not to see that this fellow was after his money and his daughter!

But he would see him and put that little matter right. After all it was the easiest way, and had been only wasting time in trying another.

If you are tired and never hungry Hood's Sarsaparilla will make you feel strong and well and give you a hearty appetite.

The oyster, like a good many other people of fashionable pretensions, is in the swim during the summer, only to find himself in the soup when winter comes.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat, lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, eczema, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

AN ALLIGATOR IN THE BED.

Peculiar Incident of a New York Couple's Stay in Chicago.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

Fads are popular, and the absurd penchant of some individuals who depart from the ordinary in life is excused by the devotees of fashion. A. A. Muggs lives in New York with his wife, a charming woman. This winter Mr. and Mrs. Muggs enjoyed the climate of Florida. Believing spring weather would be found in Chicago, they left Florida last week and arrived at the Palmer yesterday, and were assigned to room 504. A constable served notice on Clerk Will Cunningham that the Muggs baggage must not be removed from the hotel, as it had been attached to cover a claim of \$30 due a ticket broker, who wanted the right end of an excursion ticket to Florida, which Mr. Muggs failed to give up. Officer McCarthy was summoned and instructed to inspect the Muggs baggage and ascertain if there were valuables enough to cover the hotel bill.

He proceeded to the room and found that the occupants were at breakfast. After a hasty examination of the baggage he turned his attention to the bed and ran his hand under the pillow beneath the coverings. Suddenly there was a yell, and the chambermaid was surprised to see the house officer rush into the hall, holding a wounded hand.

"I've been bit," said the officer.

"There's something cold and slimy in that bed, and it's alive."

Together they entered the room, and, turning back the coverings, a young alligator about two feet long came into view, snapping viciously at the intruders. At this moment Mrs. Muggs appeared. She ran to the bed alarmed, and, catching up the alligator, clasped the pet in her arms.

"Madame, we do not allow alligators in the beds of the Palmer House," said the officer.

"And why not, I should like to know? Why, Alley has slept with my husband and me for three months."

McCarthy withdrew after this announcement. The house rules prohibit dogs, cats, parrots and other pets in the rooms, but alligators were not enumerated. Mr. Muggs appeared in the office and settled the bill, and the couple left town in a hurry with the strange bedfellow.

A Happy Home.

"We used to buy a pound of baking powder and get a little present with it, all for 80 cents. My husband got dyspepsia, the children were fretful and I did not feel like myself at all," said Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Smith the other day. "We could not account for our poor health; but a change came. We commenced to use Pure Gold Baking Powder. The dyspepsia is gone, the children are happy, even the baby is always laughing, and I am myself once more."

The Prince of Wales, we are told, makes his breakfast on a slice of bread and a sausage five mornings out of six, which leaves it to be inferred that on the sixth he is not at his worst.

The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Fickler's Anti-Croup Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

A horse is not good for much until he is broken. It does not follow, however that it is to man's advantage to be broke.

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 hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, in which the young are especially subject.

A famous dressmaker has designed a coming-out gown. It looks it, according to the pictures.

A Man Made Happy.—GENTLEMEN.—For five years I have been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest either day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was not an exception, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady cured my medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it.

Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Aberdeen, P. Q. General Merchant.

The poet who wrote of the "frowning precipice" had evidently been studying the "brow of the hill."

A prominent resident of Dundas street east, a customer of Mr. J. G. Shuff, the druggist, states that he has found Esley's Liver Lozenges the best remedy he knows for torpid liver, etc. There is no doubt, says Mr. Shuff, that these lozenges embody an original and valuable idea for those suffering from biliousness and torpid liver.

"I shall have to take some steps to get home," as the man said as he boarded a car.

A Plain Statement.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balm cures coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, tightness of the chest, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Price 25 cents.

The best view of charity may be obtained through benevolence.

You can't eat your cake and have it too. But it's different with an onion.

Beware of Cholera.

The healthy body throws off the germs of cholera, therefore wisdom counsels the use of Burdock Blood Bitters this spring to purify the blood, regulate the system, and fortify the body against cholera or other epidemics.

Strange, that by standing still a fellow can never tell what is going on.

A MILLIONAIRE MURDERED.

His Body Found in a Well—An Arrest On Suspicion.

UPPER MERIDON, Ind., March 28.—On Saturday, Francis M. Bowie, a millionaire in London, Prince George's county, came to Marlboro on business. Early on Sunday morning his horse was found in the stable yard with his saddle cloth clotted with blood. Search was made at once. There were signs of a struggle, and tracks led to an old well, at the bottom of which was found the body of Mr. Bowie. His skull had been fractured by a blow from a club or slung-shot and his throat was cut. His gold watch and other jewelry, and a large sum of money were missing. Late in the afternoon John Wesley Johnson, a colored man, was arrested on suspicion. His clothing is spotted with blood. Detectives from Baltimore have been engaged to run down the murderers.

The Most Miserable of Human Beings!

Found in the Ranks of Dyspeptics!

Faine's Celery Compound Cures the Worst Cases of Dyspepsia!

The most miserable of human beings are found in the ranks of the dyspeptic. It is impossible for these individuals to find peace of mind. They suffer from a terrible complication of troubles which lead on to great depression of spirits, the imagining of terrible ills, and a continual fear of death. The dyspeptic, when his troubles are unheeded, soon comes to the brink of destruction. We see him with pale and hollow cheeks, sunken eyes and shattered frame; he becomes a perfect wreck, and his doom is sealed.

The dyspeptic who values life and perfect digestion has a grand hope set before him; he has now at hand a heaven-given remedy for all his woes and sufferings. It needs but the use of a few bottles of Faine's Celery Compound to restore perfect health and digestive vigor. Instances are plentiful where a bottle of the great Compound has given life to the tormented victim. Multitudes of men and women living to-day gratefully acknowledge that they were saved by Faine's Compound, and are now enabled to enjoy life. Hence, the dyspeptic, before it is too late, do as others have done; use the only reliable and warranted cure that the world ever knew of; then, and only then, will you know its great value, and find that your life can be renewed!

One Cause of Disunion in Churches.

KINGSFORD, March 28.—Rev. Principal Grant, in a sermon here on Sunday, made some remarks about those who seek for heresy among the ministers and members of churches. He said: "So long as a man believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, and is zealous for the truth, the church ought to bear with him, and give the truth time to assert itself rather than want to drive him out to build up another branch, because they always have their followers, who believe as they do. Instead of effecting the union so much talked of now, they cause division. The spirit of toleration should be more exercised on the part of the church as to non-essentials than it is, for instead of advancing, we are even behind Paul's time in this matter."

A Specific for Throat Diseases.—BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat troubles.

"My communication with the world is very much enlarged by the Lozenges, which I now carry always in my pocket; that trouble in my throat (for which the 'Troches' are a specific) having made me often a mere whisperer."—[N. P. WELLS.] Obtain only BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.

Bicycle Fever.

Have you got it yet? If not, put your eyes on the "Quadrant" and you certainly will. Our scooter is not to be beaten, the design is simply beautiful, a perfect model. More facts—"Quadrant" No. 22 has just been selected by the Belgian Government for the public service in that country in preference to all other machines, and No. 23 (Canadian roadster) has been specially chosen for its wonderful strength and rigidity by a north of England regiment of volunteers. Those who know what good work is in the "Quadrants" will not be surprised at these items of news.

The Cyclist. These are bona fide facts—not shams. If you want the latter go to our competitors and hear what they say of us. We venture to say that the "Quadrant" has aroused more talk and discussion in London than any other machine before. What does it all mean? Simply that its sterling merit is being recognized. Our competitors are feeling it, and like spoiled children—spoiled inasmuch as they have never had competition before—they are crying out about it. Shame on you, gentlemen. Face it like men. If your machines are not good enough to stand honest competition, drop them at once and find others that will, or else get out of the business. Lying is poor policy in any time. We assure nothing that we won't fulfill. Our methods are honest. The price of our scooter is cut so fine that it won't permit of further reduction. Other dealers may quote you a dollar or so less, but what of the bills for repairs? Our machines stand peerless. The sole idea in their manufacture is not "how cheap," but "how good." "Not a nut loose in 4,000 miles," "14,000 miles and not a shilling for repairs." What do you think of it? Be not deceived. "Quadrant" stands for "excellence," and are not to be beaten at any price. We invite competition, and offer to place our racer, scooter or roadster side by side at any time with any other machine in the world. J. D. McKENZIE & Co., Canadian agents, 397 Clarence street.

Artistic Photography.—Frank Cooper's studio will be open all day Good Friday, Telephone 529.

Change in Time for New York via Erie.

The Erie Railway are running a very fast train from Buffalo. The time has been cut down two hours. By leaving London at 12:15 p.m. you will arrive in Buffalo at 5:50 p.m., and leave Buffalo at 7:30 p.m. arrive in New York next morning at 7:30 a.m., and 11:40 p.m. The latter is a magnificent train, solid vestibule; not a single change between London and New York, and dining cars attached to all trains for meals. For further particulars apply to S. J. STRAIN, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

For fine styles and low prices of all kinds of furniture go to Wm. Tredwell, 96 and 97 King street. Upholstering and repairing by skilled workmen.

ATE THE SHAMROCKS.

He Thought They Were Water-Cresses and Cleared the Plate.

NEW YORK, March 28.—Friends of ex-Alderman Patrick Farley have been laughing for a week over his experience with shamrocks on St. Patrick's Day in his saloon at the Bowery and Grand street. It seems that the ex-alderman received a box of fresh, green shamrocks from the old country, and wishing to treat his friends who were going out to parade that day, he arranged the bits of green nicely on a plate, with instructions to his bartender to give them away to customers as they came in. A few minutes later a big German came in for his morning beer, and seeing what he supposed was a dish of water-cresses he proceeded to help himself. Nobody noticed him until the ex-alderman turned to give a sprig of the shamrocks to a friend. The plate was bare. Only a few bits of stems remained. Since then the ex-alderman has not cared to talk about shamrocks.

TOOK ONE MORE DRINK, And Is Cost "The Educated Section Hand" His Life.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., March 28.—James Monahan, "the educated section hand," wandered off into the hills near Clearmont, after a spree and was frozen to death. The body was found the other night after a search of a week. Monahan was a Wyoming character. He was educated for the priesthood, but fell through drink.

He had started for home with a party and insisted on returning alone for one more drink. He was quite a gambler, and at one time had an establishment of his own, with bank rolls aggregating \$550,000. Most of this was lost in the east on horse races.

Queen Victoria's voyage across the English Channel was not the result of a desire to give up something during Lent.

"German Syrup"

We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILKINS, of Mrs. JAS. W. KIRK, Alma, Neb. I give it Daughters' College, to my children when they are troubled with Croup and never saw any it in attacks of Croup preparation at like. It is simply invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible fits of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs.

AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT SWEET THER'S DRINK

THE NEW AND MY CONFECTION BRIGHT AND SWEET. This is a new and my confectio bright and sweet. It is a new and my confectio bright and sweet. It is a new and my confectio bright and sweet.

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it for 50c, and \$1.00 per package. Buy only carry always in my pocket; that trouble in my throat (for which the 'Troches' are a specific) having made me often a mere whisperer."—[N. P. WELLS.] Obtain only BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTIBLE.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

CURE FOR ALL!!!

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. It has no equal. For SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Glanular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival, as it is for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford Street, London, and sold by all Chemists and Druggists throughout the World. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pot and Bottle. If the address is not 78, Oxford Street, London, they are deceived.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.

ESTERBROOK'S BALCON

Leading Nos. 14, 043, 130, 135, 239, 313 For Sale by all Stationers. MILLER, SON & CO., Agts. Montreal

ALWAYS TRUE.



RHEUMATISM.—Col. DAVID WILHELM, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with

ST. JACOBS OIL.

In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—Mr. JAMES BONNER, 135 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

IT IS THE BEST.



Drive out Dyspepsia or it will drive out thee. Use K. D. C. Free sample. K. D. C. Company (Limited), New Glasgow, N. S., Canada, or 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

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USE

McCull's Lardine Machine Oil,

The Champion Gold Medal Oil for All Machinery.

McCOLL'S CYLINDER OIL

IS THE BEST IN THE DOMINION. TRY IT!

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PARKER'S DYE WORKS.

Blanket and Quilt Department

Blankets and Counterpanes thoroughly cleaned, and finished soft. Blankets can also be dyed any color, if all wool. Striped Austrian Blankets and Carriage and Railway Rugs cleaned and beautifully finished.

Eider Down Quilted Goods Successfully Cleaned

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The favorite Canadian Piano. A High Grade Instrument. Agents wanted in London and vicinity.

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THE

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

SPANISH NERVINE

The great nerve and brain restorer. It is sold with a written guarantee to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Fits and Neuralgia, Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Wastefulness, Lost Manhood, Nervousness, Lassitude and all drains or loss of power of the generative organs in either sex. Involutionary Losses, or Self Abuse, caused by Over Exertion, Youthful Indulgences, or the excessive use of tobacco or stimulants which ultimately lead to consumption and insanity. With every \$5. order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Price \$4. a package, or 6 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 Med. Co., Madrid

For sale in London by C. McCallum.

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LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Manufacturers of Refined Sugars of the well-known Brand

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Of the Highest Quality and Purity, made by the Latest Processes, and the Newest and Best Machinery, not Surpassed Anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR, in 50 and 100 lb boxes.

"CROWN" GRANULATED, Special brand, the finest which can be made.

EXTRA GRANULATED, very Superior Quality.

"CREAM" SUGARS, (not dried).

"YELLOW SUGARS of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS of all Grades in Earrels and half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS of high class Syrups in tins, 2 pounds and 8 pounds each.

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