ly, for though no log burned there now, it glowed during at least nine months of the year, and eves in mid-

summer it was not unusual to resort

to a light fire of an evening.

Gran'pa Kirk was crouched in a

similar chair, fast asleep, on the other

side of the fireplace. It was all just as usual in the hour or two after sup-

per, save that Elsie herself was not in her usual place or at her usual occupa-

Will's side and went to her mother,

kneeling down and burying her face in

the good lady's lap. The mother knew,

and stroked her daughter's head gen-

tly. Mr. Warren looked up with idle

"Nick," began Will, in a confident

tone, then he stopped short, confused at having fallen into this familiar ad-

dress by which everybody in Granite

greeted Elsie's father. "Excuse me," stammered the young man, feeling worse than he had expected to, "I

mean Mr. Warren.
"Eh?" remarked Mr. Warren, with

'What's the matter?"

the consequence.

don't ye?"

Will eagerly.

out her hand.

and what he wanted.

the man in the doorway.

found amazement.

out grasping the situation at all.

"Elsie and I want to get married." That wasn't what Will had meant to

say at all. He had supposed that he

would say how much he loved Elsie,

how hard he would work for her, what a prize she would be to him, how his

very soul was bound up in her, and such other things as frame themselves

with burning eloquence in the thoughts.

Mortified at his abrupt, informal utter-

ance, Will blushed yet more deeply, but he stood like a hero waiting for

Mr. Warren glanced over toward his

"Well, I ain't a bit surprised. Why

"You've no objection, then?" asked

Will turned and Mrs. Warren held

He stepped forward and grasped it

just as the door opened, without the warning of a knock, and a stranger

All turned inquiring eyes upon him,

quite unknown in Granite, but in sim-

ple wonder as to who he might be

"I can't be mistaken," he said doubt-fully; "Martha—Nick."

startled the room, shocking everybody except Gran'pa Kirk, who slept undis-

turbed, and she hastily drew her daugn-

Mr. Warren started to his feet, and,

Then slowly Mr. Warren stepped to

the fireplace, still with his eyes upon

the visitor, reached up to the wall above, and took down a rifle. He

aimed it full at the man in the door-

know, I ain't afraid to use it."

as he replaced the weapon.

his eyes.

days."

"It's loaded," he said, huskily, "you

The stranger raised his hand depre-

catingly, a look of supreme sadness

came over his worn face, he shook his

head slowly, turned, and left the house. "Nicholas!" whispered Mrs. Warren

appealingly; she could say no more;

but her husband knew what she meant

and his own hands trembled violently

Gran'pa Kirk yawned and opened

"I was jes' thinkin'," he said in

voice that creaked with age, "how Si

Potter killed a bear right where this

house stands when I was a boy. That was in '25. There ain't no such bear

chasin' now as there was in them

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

A Better Investment.

If you deposit \$597 in the saving bank

and are given 3 1-2 per cent compound

interest each year for fifteen years, you

that period. That would be a safe way

of investing and a good return, when

you consider there is no labor or care

on your part. But there is a better in-

vestment than that for you. If you

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money, varying slightly, according to

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Have you any money to invest?

There is no better security than one

of their policies. Would you like a dif-

ferent period of years? You may have

any period from ten to thirty years.

May you need to realize on your policy?

Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau de-

Lord Salisbury is very fond of sea

bathing. While at Dieppe recently he

plunged in the breakers every day, no

A LIFE SAVED .- Mr. James Bryson

Cameron, states: "I was confined to my

bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A

neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas'

Eclectric Oil, stating that his wife had

used it for a throat trouble with the

best results. Acting on this advice, I

procured the medicine, and less than

a half-bottle cured me; I certainly be-

lieve it saved my life. It was with re-

luctance that I consented to a trial, as

I was reduced to such a state that I

is the new president of the British

Association, which will meet next year

Worms cause feverishness, moaning

and restlessness during leep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleas-

ant, sure and effectual. If your drug-gist has none in stock, get his to pro-

"Asperula" is the name of Johann

No one need fear cholera or any sum-

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ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly, and causes a

healthy and natural action. This is a

cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

Strauss' latest operetta. Asperula is the herb that gives the German Mait-

at Liverpool.

cure it for you

rank its peculiar flavor.

Sir Joseph Lister, the great surgeon,

Northwest had anything to do with pol-

surance Company the same sum of

will have exactly \$1,000 at the end of

and bulging eyes at the visitor.

A loud scream from Mrs. Warren

The stranger removed his hat.

"I can't be mistaken—Martha

stepped hesitatingly into the room.

"Not a mite. Ask mother."

wife with a knowing smile and replied

When she entered the room she left

FINE TAILORING!

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Overcoatings In the newest colorings from the best ‡ European makers.

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CHAPTER I.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR. We come upon them strolling hand in hand along a mountain pathway. The sun of the world is setting, but to them the gorgeous colors of the cloud-streaked western sky are emblematic of a fairer dawn than ever earth had known before, for the sun of love has risen upon and for them, and it was but now that the mists of uncertainty were dissipated when his heart found utterance in words, and hers gave a response whose faltering accents belied her trust and happiness. We all know substantially what must have been said; the precise form matters little, and when it comes to that, think most men make poor enough display of language on this momentous question. The prearranged speech somehow won't speak itself, the prepared gestures, or caresses, or whatnot, have a way of failing to work, and that man who, forgetting his ora-tion, desperately stammers, "I love and waits with powerless arms, trembling and choking, for the answer, is as eloquent and, when he deserves success, as effective as the situation demands.

The important thing in this case was that the young man and the young woman had made themselves understood of one another, else why should they have started down the mountain hand in hand when the sun told them that darkness would set in by the time they reached the valley?

They were peacefully happy. promised for them no other vista than the Adirondacks with its pathless forests, mountains, streams, and hundred lakes. It brought no hope of wealth, no change of circumstances, save that they would henceforth be together, and the prospect of one day owning his own house and plot of land was to Will Spencer simply the matter of course aim cherished by all young men who lived in Granite and found their wives there. There were not many of them, to be sure, but to such inhabitants as Granite boasted, rent was along in silence for a few minutes, Will a term for some strange evil that existed in remote cities as a penalty for disturbed, and gradually working himhigher civilization, although they may not have understood it that way. It simple occurrence. He hoped it had was recognized that the school teach- passed from her mind when she said: not have understood it that way. er had to pay her board—unfortunate creature—and a similar tribute was exacted from the stray fishermen who came up in the spring and summer from New York: but when a young man wanted a home of his own he sallied forth and bought a piece of land or traded for it, and the amount

a plan as hiring a house was never so much as thought of. "I suppose you'll speak to papa and mamma tonight, Will?" giving his fingers an added pressure.

"Yes, Elsie," he responded with a fierce blush and gulp. "It's better to

of the investment was trivial, even

there where money was scarce. Such

have it over with." Elsie laughed contentedly. "Why, you silly fellow," she said, "what are you afraid of?" "Afraid of nothing; but it almost

kind of seems to me to ask a girl is enough for one evening." "You're afraid," she cried, banteringly, and then demurely, "you can put it off if you want to, but you've got it off if you want to, but you've got to ask them. I shall never say the

'Of course I shall ask them," he re-" and this evening, too. See

here, Elsie!"
"Well," and she turned to him with a tantalizing inquiry in her voice and

He had stopped short and stood looks ing down at her. She knew perfectly well what was in his mind and heart but she was not going to help him say it, or offer it either—not she!
"I want a kiss," he blurted. "I guess

I've got a right to one." Her glad laughter checked his argument and her lips as promptly stopped his breath.

"Ah! dear," he whispered, when he could speak, "I love you so!" She nestled against his arm for re-ly. Their love was yet too young for free expression. It had cost the sturdy young woodsman a greater effort to say "dear" than he would have expended in felling a tree. Elsie had not even said in so many words that she loved him. Will was conscious of the omission, and though a man with no more than two senses would have known that she was heart and soul his own, he longed to hear her say so. I believe it is a common longing of lovers, whether men or women, dwellers in cities or in the forest, of high degree or no degree. Will, encouraged by his success with that little term of endearment that means so much at first and afterward-well, sometimes not so much, restrained Elsie as she was about to start on, and said:

"Wait a minute, Elsie; I want you to say something.' "What is it," she returned, and this time her inquiry and wonger were

"Say you love me-dear." it wasn't quite so hard that time, but still it was rather forced. "Why, of course," she said, casting

her eyes down. "Well, but say it, please."
"I did say it, didn't I?" this with a

shy glance upward.
"No, you didn't. Say it please."
"Well, I do. There!" and she looked him in the eyes with rougish bravery.

She knew she was dodging.
"Aren't you a humbug, though!" exclaimed Will, laughing outright, as he felt a sense of mastery growing upon him in the face of her evident em-barrassment. "See here," and he took her face in his hands and held it up, "say it after me. I love you."
"I'm awful glad," said Elsie, trying

to suppress a smile with a pout. Will made a pretense of shaking her but the result was as gentle a caress as if his brawny hands had been a woman's.
"Say I."

"I," obediently responded Elsie, "Love,"

"Oh, I love you, Will," she cried, yielding all at once, "I love you and you know it." "Yes," he said, passing his arm around her waist and starting down the path again, "I know it, and I am

very happy. Elsie uttered a little exclamation of fright and shrank close against him. 'Whose afraid now?" he asked jocosely, did you see a snake?"
"No," she whispered, all of a tremble,

"look there!" Will looked in the direction she indicated and saw, indeed, an unusual sight, but not one to inspire terror. They were passing through what had once been a dense wood, now the trees were scattered, the lumbermen having made many an incursion there for the best spruce, hemlock and pines. Under a tree whose gnarled trunk had saved

it from the axe were two men. One was stretched at full length, asleep, his faced turned toward them, showing in its deep brown the effects of long exposure to all kinds of weather. The other was sitting with his legs crossed under him, leaning against the tree and staring at the lovers. He was a black man, or boy rather, for it did not seem as if he had passed his teens. His arms hung loose and motionless at his side. Not even his lustrous eyes stirred.

I have said that he was black, but his skin had not the rich deep hue not in resentment or surprise at his failure to knock; that ceremony was of the full-blooded African. It was but noticeably darker than that of his companion, who was unmistakably a Caucasian, and his lips were not over thick, or his nose flat; but he was

clearly of a different race. As Will took them in with a single glance, he almost wished that they would offer to molest him that he might show the girl at his side that however he might quail at confessions of what lay deepest in his heart, he had no element of physical fear in his make-up. His heart bounded and his muscles became tense as he thought he noticed a disposition on the part of the men to accost him; for aroused apparently by a touch from the black boy's foot, the white man half raised himself and said:

"What is it, Wanga?" The boy made no reply, and the man giving vent to an impatient grunt as he saw the peaceful couple in the path, lay down again.

It's nothing but a couple of tramps," remarked Will, in a low voice, "what made you so frightened?" "It was so sudden," returned Elise, with a shudder, "didn't you see the black man's eyes?" "Yes, but what of that."

"Oh, I don't know, nothing, I suppose, but they seemed dreadful. He was looking straight at me." "That was natural. Funny name he has, isn't it?"

Elsie did not respond. They walked wondering why she should have been self into some perturbation over the "I don't remember that I ever saw a negro in the woods before, did you?"

"Yes, servants of the rich people passing through Granite on their way to the hotels at the lakes.' "That isn't what I mean. I never saw one alone, before."

"Wanga isn't alone." "Well you know—never mind. I sup-pose they're only tramps or hunters. wish they hadn't frightened me so. I won't think of it any more. What are you going to say to papa?" Here was cause for trepidation, and

Will answered rather soberly: "You wait and see." Elsie laughed, a little uneasily, it seemed, and they went on again in

silence. They had not strayed more than a mile up the mountain path, and it was but a few minutes, therefore, before they arrived at Elsie's home. It was a rambling old building with low studded rooms and great fireplaces. In front was a rustic garden of flowers that impressed one more by its profusion of bloom than by the taste in selection and cultivation. Holy-hocks, like fat and contented old ladies gathered at the minister's tea party, were much in evidence, and sunflowers nodded to the departed sun and the approaching lovers as they

antee to pay the full \$1,000 at once in the event of your death. went in through the gate. Nicholas Warren's house was commonly regarded as within the village of Granite, although to city eyes it would have seemed to be considerably removed from the center of population. The meeting house and the cross-roads store were fully a quarter of a mile distant, and but two or three dwellings intervened, nevertheless they were all \$25,000. Consult the agent here. A. N. UDY, office in C.P.R. building. 13c xvz in the same block, so to speak, and one felt quite in touch with life if he could but see his nearest neighbor's

house through the foliage. As he walked to the house between holyhocks, Will felt a wild hope that Mrs. Springer was making one of her interminable calls upon the Warrens, and then he blushed at the recognition of his own weakness.

"Nick Warren himself had to face just such music," he thought, gulping down his tremors, and with more nerve than ease he strode to the door and opened it.

Elsie followed him into the sittingroom where her father and mother and grandfather Nathan Kirk were sitting, just as she expected they would. Mrs. Warren was by the front window, where she had sat to get the benefit of the last rays of day while she plied her needle over home-knit socks. It was now dusk, and her work lay upon her lap while she rested pending the coming of darkness sufficient to justify lighting a lamp.

At one side of the fireplace sat Mr. Warren, taking that complete and contented rest that only the farmer or woodsman can find after a long day of hard work in the open air. His hands rested on the arms of his rocking chair, but he was motionless. Complete inactivity became his present temper. The

chair was at the fireplace habitual-

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Read the Conditions Given Be-

1. The London ADVERTISER Printing Company will pay \$100 in prizes to the readers from whom it receives by nail at the publication office, Richmond street, London, Ont., the most nearly complete and absolute solution of "When the War Was Over," as it shall be disclosed in the final chapter of the story to be published Friday, Nov. 15, in the London ADVERTISER. The following list of prizes is offered to those readers who send us a correct solution of the story on the conditions mentioned below:

1st. Trip to New York and return...\$25 2nd. Trip to Chicago and return.... 15 3rd. Lady's lambskin collar...... 12 4th. Lady's silver watch...... 10 5th. Set of Thackeray's works, complete 8

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2. The first prize awarded will be for the explanation which comes nearest

to the true solution; the second prize to the person sending the explanation next nearest, and so on for the third and fourth prizes. The remaining six prizes of \$5 each will be awarded to the persons sending the explanations next nearest to the fifth prize, as the judges may determine their merit. 3. The ADVERTISER is pre-emi-

nently a family newspaper, and its daily installment of a high-grade serial ter's head again to her lap, and held it there to prevent her from looking on story is a feature intended to specially commend it to the home circle. To emphasize—and advertise—the fact leaning one hand heavily on the back of his chair, stared with open mouth that the ADVERTISER is a newspaper peculiarly suitable for women's Evidently disconcerted, the stranger reading, the further condition is made essayed again to speak, his eyes wan-dering from Mrs. Warren to her husthat the prizes shall be only awarded band, but though he opened his lips, no for explanations sent in by women and words issued from them. For a moment the tableau continued, Mrs. Wargirls. All may read; but only women and girls may guess-and win the ren's face drawn and rigid, but her hands trembling; Mr. Warren growing prizes. deathly pale, Will looking on in pro-

"When the War Was Over" will continue in daily installments, from Monday, Oct. 7, until Friday, Nov. 8, on which date all but the final chapter will have been published. The interval between Friday, Nov. 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 12, 6 o'clock p.m., inclusive, will be allowed for forwarding of guesses, and the final chapter will be published in the ADVERTISER on Friday, Nov. 15. Under no consideration whatever will guesses be received from any source and be considered prior to Friday, Nov. 8, or from city readers after 6 o'clock p.m. of Saturday, Nov. 9. Out-of-town readers have a time allowance for mailing, and their guesses must reach the office not later than 6 o'clock p.m., Nov. 12. For no reason whatever will guesses from any source be received or considered after 6 o'clock p.m., Nov. 12.

READ THE RULES OF THE COM-PETITION.

1. But one solution can be entered by a reader.

2. All guesses must be sent by mail and in no other way, plainly addressed to "Prize Story Editor," the London ADVERTISER, Richmond street, London, Ont.

3. Inquiries not considered fully answered here will receive proper attention if addressed to "Prize Story Ediand in addition they will guarantee to tor," the London ADVERTISER, give you cash dividends either at the end of the fifteen years or each five years of the policy. They further guar-Richmond street, London, Ont.

4. The prizes will be awarded under the foregoing general conditions, according to the best judgment of the judges appointed by the ADVER-TISER, and they will have complete control and final decision in all matters relating to the contest.

5. "A complete and correct solution" It has a cash and loanable value. You may procure any amount from \$500 to can be made in the reader's own language, and in the number of words necessary for an absolute statement of the reader's guess. It must disclose nies the statement that his trip to the the mystery and such material facts of the plot revealed in the development of the story as may be deemed Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again. necessary by the judges to a clear and

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No condition of subscription to the ADVERTISER is imposed. Guessers must be women and girls, and necessarily they must be readers of the ADVERTISER, but they may read the story in the ADVERTISER taken by any member of the family, and need not be regular subscribers themselves in order to enter the competition. While only women and girls may guess and win the prizes, they can receive help as to their guess from any member of their family, or from all the family.

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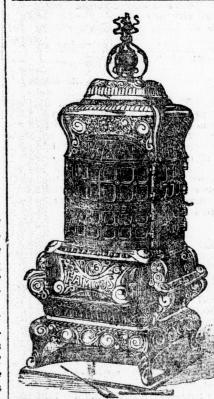
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