

A Borrowed Body.

In Kate Field's Washington.

My name is Anthony Armstrong—or David Darnley. I must confess that I don't know which. Perhaps, when I have told my story, you may be able to say. I live in the body of Anthony Armstrong; I spend his money; I have assumed all his responsibilities in the world and have claimed all his powers and privileges. Every one knows I am Anthony Armstrong, and I might risk the consequences of insanity by openly claiming a mixed, a doubtful or a double identity. And yet, I—the spirit—the consciousness—the ego—am David Darnley.

I can remember the experiences of David from the earliest recollection he ever had and at as early an age as leaves remembrance a reasonable probability—up to the day he died. And I know, directly and personally, nothing of Anthony prior to the time when he was 30 years of age. My thoughts, my knowledge, my purposes—these are David's; my frame, my form, my strength and beauty—they all belong to Anthony Armstrong. In a word, I was born Darnley; I shall die Armstrong.

My story begins when I was Darnley, 32 years ago, in one of the most quiet and secluded villages you can find in the entire State of New Hampshire. As I've given my name, or you may say, my two names, correctly, you'll pardon me for not naming the village. There may be, still, those whose minds would be saddened if the details of this strange story were to come to them.

I came into this village, no matter from what part of the world, early in 1861, and the first thing I did was to fall desperately in love with Alice Williams. Alice Williams was not only the prettiest woman I had ever seen but I think she was the best. How a sensible man could know her and not love her was one of the things I could never understand. I am as far from understanding it now as I was 32 years ago. But I had only one rival. His name was Anthony Armstrong. My wooing, however, did not prosper. The one rival was all too many for my peace of mind. It was not long before people began to speak pitifully of me, and to say that Anthony and Alice would surely make a match.

Armstrong was the handsomest man I ever met. Even now, at 62, I—he can boast of better looks than any young fellow in a hundred. And as for strength, I can walk farther, run faster, jump higher and do more hard labor in a day than any other man in our town.

I got desperate about the time the war broke out and told Alice of my love. I begged for her in return, or if she did not love me, I begged for a chance to show how worthy of her I would be—a chance to try to implant, in her honest heart, a passion equal to my own. She was very kind, very considerate, but very firm; she did not love me; she felt she never could. She told me that my insistence would only trouble her. She begged me not to see her again. I went home half angry. I looked into my mirror, in which I saw a rather homely young man, and became thoroughly disgusted.

I took the young woman at her word. I enlisted the next morning. To my great surprise, Anthony Armstrong's name followed mine on the list. We had equally good reasons for going into the army.

I cannot explain it to the army. We were almost inseparable when in camp, and always shared whatever we had with one another. I never liked the man, and doubt whether he really liked me. I think, though, and he used to fancy he had a feeling of contemptuous pity for me. Possibly I may have been mistaken. Anthony was a strange creature. He had a fund of various information and believed in things I could not understand. Among other things he claimed to have seven senses, and used to labor long and patiently to make me understand the functions and powers of the two extra ones he said he possessed. I never understood his arguments, and do not remember them now, so the world will have to do without them. Years after, when the war was over, I found that the reason for his sudden appearance in the New Hampshire town, which we met as an estrangement between himself and his parents, and that these peculiar views he held constituted the cause of the estrangement.

It was well toward the close of the war. The regiment to which Anthony and I belonged had had its share of danger and suffering—and its share of glory. We were camped one moonlight night at—, but, on the whole, I'll not say. I take my word, please, for the good records made by both Darnley and Armstrong, and don't try to pry unduly into the details.

We had not seen much fighting for some time. We began to feel that it unlikely we would see much more, and though we were so thoroughly veterans that we talked lightly of danger, and had so demeaned ourselves that we had an undoubted right to, we were still so much men as to be glad that the prospects pointed toward peace. We lounged around our campfires, in easy positions, smoked, told stories, sang songs of camp and field and of love and home, and acted so like a mob of careless school boys just set free from tasks, that an intruder from another planet would have looked with surprise at our furrowed foreheads and our bearded cheeks and chins. We laughed and made merry, for to-morrow—

To-morrow we died. Twenty-four hours later, seven out of every ten of our regiment had given his life in the fight.

Early in the day—but wait a little. The story of the fight is so horrible that I am willing to spare myself the duty of penning it for a few minutes.

In the first part of the evening, Anthony Armstrong was one of the gayest of the gay, merry and musical and mad. Later, he withdrew a little from the fires and light, and sat on a log in the shadows. It is perhaps needless to say I followed him. Silent for a time, he presently turned the conversation into a channel of weird mysticism. He said things that would have made any other man myself pronounce him mad, as mad as I should be called were I to go out on the quiet streets of this town and tell my story and his—as mad as I shall be remembered as having been when they find and read these pages after I am dead.

"Do you know how it would seem to be someone else, Darnley?" he suddenly inquired.

I shrunk away from him, and well toward my end of the log.

"I don't think I understand you," I replied.

"And so you're afraid of me?" he laughed.

"What a fool. You don't understand Robert E. Lee, do you? And you don't suppose many, if any, of our officers do? But you wouldn't down to a tear of him? See here, would you like to look out of my eyes instead of into them? Would you like to borrow my body?"

He reached down, took my two hands, and held them tightly in his own. He was down on his knees before me.

"Look straight into my eyes," he said. I was too dazed to disobey.

"Wish, wish hard," he said, "that you

were Anthony Armstrong and I David Darnley."

Wish? Did he guess the latent devil he called to life in my heart and brain? Did he know how terrible a temptation a belief in the possibility of such a thing would have been? Wish? I thought of Alice Williams, and I wished madly, wickedly, frenziedly, I would have given my life—my soul—for the power to make the change. The level-eyed intensity of Armstrong's gaze never faltered, but a smile got into his eyes. (To be Continued.)

Hood's, and Only Hood's.

Are you weak and weary, overworked and tired? Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify and quicken your blood and to give you appetite and strength. If you devote to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other. Any effort to substitute another remedy is proof of the merit of Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

"I made a fool of myself again yesterday," said Cholly in tones of contrition. "Really?" said Cholly's sister. "You are becoming very unnecessarily energetic."

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.

"I nearly died of ennui while I was off with Hicks," said the mind-reader. "What was the matter?" "There was not much to do, and nothing to read."

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 I took a very severe cold, 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 cure 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 bottle showed evident signs of healing. By the time the bottle was done it had about disappeared and 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."

Miss D'Agreant—I suppose you call your dog Capid because he is such a love of a dog? Mr. D'Aulan—Not exactly. You see, he is blind.

Cap'n Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50 cents. Sold by W. T. Strong.

"No," admitted a man this morning, "my wife never tells me that she is fond of me, but she always makes the kind of pie I like best."

Sure to Regulate the Bowels.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN'S WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for 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.

London's debt was increased last year by £1,200,000 and now amounts to £30,011,000. The revenue of the city for the last fiscal year was £4,623,000.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, the cough and 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, earache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

The revenue of the Russian empire during last year amounted to \$79,885,000 roubles and the expenditure to 780,899,000 roubles.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood, headache, biliousness, scrofula, and all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels.

"Miss Hoviswell asked me to call," said Cholly, with a delighted grin. "Did she?" said his unkind friend. "She told me yesterday she was going to be very careful to avoid all pleasure during Lent."

The Best of All.

Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion is superior to all other preparations of cod liver oil in digestibility, curative power and strengthening properties. 50 cents and \$1 per bottle.

Someone asked Prince G.: "Which are the greatest powers of Europe?" He answered, straight off the reel: "England, Germany, France, Russia and woman."

Libbons' Toothache Gum acts as a temporary filling and stops toothache instantly.

"Say, pa," asked Freddy, "why is it that when you or Uncle George tell a story you always get laughed at, when I tell one I get a licking?"

"On the other hand, Pond's Extract, recommended, indorsed, prescribed by the most eminent members of the medical faculty, has grown and grown into public favor, ever onward; its reputation worldwide and well established; its virtues indisputable. The verdict of the people, the experience of every household, have awarded it the highest rank in the list of curative agencies, because of its inherent worth, and that it does all it proposes to do."—[New York Graphic.]

Teacher—Define quartz. Milkman's Son (who is rather absent-minded)—Pint and a half.

THE "TREE OF LIFE" OF INDIA

Furnishes a vitalizing elixir (new to this country) which rapidly and permanently cures CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Catarrh and Lung Troubles.

There is a plant which grows only in the hills of British India, known to the natives as "Tree of Life," because of the unrivaled vitalizing powers of an elixir extracted from its roots, bark, fruit and leaves. The process of extracting this elixir was discovered by Mrs. Besant, shortly after her arrival in India in 1892, and she has furnished it to sufferers everywhere without one failure in its last stages, and in such cases it produced life for many years. It has also a powerful influence in chronic cases of Consumption, Indigestion, Liver Complaints and Female Troubles. Full particulars sent free. Address Mrs. MARTHA BESANT, Toronto, Canada.

E. E. FEWINGS, Practical Electrician. Office in rear Dr. Waverston, 216 Dundas street, upstairs. Electric bells and repairing a specialty. Telephone numbers: office, 822; residence, 952.

CARTELL'S SILENT BRIDE.

She Had Vowed Never to Speak to Him Again, But the Marriage Came Off Just the Same.

TRIMBLE, Tenn., Feb. 27.—Mrs. Jerry Cartell, of near Trimble, has just broken a rash vow which she made over twelve months ago, and which she regretted having ever made.

About eighteen months ago Mrs. Cartell was Miss Fannie Brambley, a beautiful young lady of 18 years, and Jerry Cartell was her favored suitor. But, as is generally the case with young lovers, a quarrel arose between them, and in the heat of passion Miss Fannie angrily bade her lover leave her presence, and vowed by high heaven she would never speak to him again. The disconsolate lover took his departure, but as he fairly worshipped the girl he ardently set about to effect a reconciliation. At last, in answer to a pitiful pleading letter, Miss Fannie relented and penned to him a loving, forgiving message.

Overjoyed at the happy termination of affairs, he hurried to the home of Miss Fannie, and was received warmly and affectionately, but without a word of welcome. Taking a tablet and pencil from a desk she began a written conversation as though she could not speak a word. Cartell pleaded the uselessness and foolishness of such proceedings, but in vain, as his sweetheart positively refused to utter a word to him. She is very devout, a member of the Methodist Church, and was firmly impressed with the idea that if she should break her rash vow God would punish her by striking her dumb, when she could speak to no one. She was constantly on her guard for fear she might forget herself and speak to her lover, thereby inviting this terrible visitation.

The courtship proceeded with pencil and paper for several months, and then they were joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony. During their married life of nearly a year Mrs. Cartell never spoke to her husband until some days ago.

Last Christmas Mr. Cartell made his wife a present of a handsome and costly pair of vases. The other morning the husband was bringing in an armful of wood and struck one of the vases and knocked it to the floor, where it broke into a hundred pieces.

"Oh, Jerry, look what you have done!" cried Mrs. Cartell.

She was horrified at speaking to her husband, and believed that she had been stricken dumb. To ascertain the correctness of her belief she spoke to him again and was overjoyed to discover that her organs of speech had not been in the least impaired.

In the happiness of again hearing his wife speak to him, Jerry folded her in his arms and thanked God for the breaking of the vase. Mr. and Mrs. Cartell lived in a cloud had been lifted from their home, and there is not a happier couple to-day in Dyer county.

Boiled Peas Excellent.

An ancient story tells of two unfortunate who were condemned to make a long pilgrimage with peas in their shoes. The first of one of them, at the end of the journey were terribly sore and swollen. His companion's were not hurt in the least. Being asked the reason he replied: "I boiled my peas." Wise man. Why should men and women and children make the pilgrimage of life with pain and aches troubling them, not only in their feet, but all over, when a simple remedy will effect a cure. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is potent to cure dyspepsia, "liver complaint," skin disease and kindred troubles arising from the same source.

"I know I'm a little irritable, John, but if I had my life to live again I'd marry you just the same." "H'm! I have my doubts about it."

You'll have to Insist,

sometimes,

upon getting

Pearline,

otherwise,

gro-

cers may give you some poor

imitation of it, which pays

them a larger profit but which

it will not pay you to use. It

isn't enough to order Pear-

line. See that you get it. It

has grown into favor so rapidly

that it has not only brought

out a host of imitations, but it

has led people to call any

powdered soap, washing-pow-

der, or so-called washing com-

-pound—anything in the way

of a powder for cleansing pur-

poses—Pearline. This is all

very flattering to Pearline,

but if it's these imitations that

you've used, you can't be en-

thusiastic. JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

Johnston Bros.,

TAILORS.

All New Goods. Prices Reasonable.

Workmanship Guaranteed.

211½ DUNDAS STREET.

(UP STAIRS.)

Windsor Salt Works.

(Vacuum Process.)

The finest salt made by the vacuum

process, which frees the salt from all

impurities, now for sale at the lowest

prices. Apply E. G. HENDERSON,

Manager, London, Ont.

City Wood Yard

CHEAP WOOD!

Owing to increasing business I have

to remove to larger premises. I will

sell my present large stock of first-

class Maple and Beech Wood at a re-

duction of 50c per cord.

JAMES CAMPBELL.

Talbot Street and G. T. Ry.

Telephone 512

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Ossood,

Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. KINCHLOE,

Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,

Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Contour Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

MARSHALL BROS.,

Wholesale Importers of

TEAS and COFFEES

67 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

ALL NEW GOODS!

\$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50

Buy a nobby 2-piece BOY'S SUIT.

\$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50

Buy an elegant 3-piece BOY'S SUIT

OAK HALL

148 AND 150 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON.

ALFRED TAYLOR, Manager.

ADVERTISING

Fans,

Cards and

Novelties

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

New Designs Will Be Ready in a Short Time.

DO NOT ORDER UNTIL YOU SEE OUR SAMPLES.

Advertiser Printing Company

LONDON, ONTARIO.

SOLE AGENTS IN CANADA FOR THE CALVERT LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY OF DETROIT.

Accommodation.....	214 p.m.
Mixed.....	335 p.m.
Accommodation.....	351 p.m.
Erle Limited (B).....	11:35 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (B).....	5:45 a.m.
Accommodation.....	7:40 a.m.
Lehigh Express (B).....	11:00 a.m.
Erle Limited (B).....	12:30 p.m.
Accommodation.....	1:35 p.m.
Pacific Express (B).....	7:00 p.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Express.....	5:55 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
Mail.....	6:40 a.m.	4:30 p.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
--	--------	--------

Mixed-Mail.....	11:15 a.m.	7:30 a.m.
Express.....	2:05 p.m.
Express.....	6:40 p.m.	2:40 p.m.
Express-Mixed.....	8:15 p.m.	6:55 p.m.

Toronto Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
--	--------	--------

Hamilton-Depart.....	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Hamilton-Arrive.....	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Hamilton-Depart.....	11:00 a.m.	12:30 p.m.	4:10 p.m.	5:25 p.m.	9:22 p.m.
Hamilton-Arrive.....	11:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.	3:55 p.m.	6:25 p.m.	8:15 p.m.

* These trains for Montreal.

† These trains from Montreal.

‡ Runs daily, Sundays included.

§ Carries passengers between London and Paris only.

¶ This train connects at Toronto for all points in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

F. De La Hogue, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, the "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas streets.

ERIE AND HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

Stations.	No 1	No 5	No 7	No
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Sarnia (G. T. R.)	7:30	5:00
Courtright	8:05	5:30