

LONDON
Conservatory of Music
—AND—
School of Elocution and Expression.
MR. WM. CAVEN BARRON,
PRINCIPAL.
FEE—A list of fees charged at the Conservatory will be sent on application to Mr. Barron.

The Golden Fleece

By Julian Hawthorne.

"I assure you, I mean no insult. You cannot help knowing that I think you as beautiful and fascinating a woman as I have ever met; but of course you can't help being beautiful and fascinating. Do I insult you by having eyes? If so, I am sorry, but you will have to make the best of it."

With this, he turned in his seat, and calmly confronted her. Beautiful she certainly was, at that moment; but it was the beauty of an angry aspect. She had a pencil in her hand, with which, while he spoke, she had been sketching heads of some of the passengers in her little note-book. She was now handling this offensive object in such a way as to justify the fancy that, had it been charged with a bit of plumage of the HH quality, she would have driven it into Freeman's heart then and there.

"It is no insult," said she, in a sibilant voice, "to talk to me as you are doing, when you are just told that you love another woman and are going to meet her?"

Freeman's brows gradually knitted themselves in a frown of apparent perplexity. "I must say I don't understand you," he observed, at length. "I am quite sure I have said nothing of the sort. How could I?"

"If you wish to quibble about words, perhaps not. But was not that your meaning?"

"No, it wasn't. You are the only woman who has been in my thoughts to-day."

"You have intimated very clearly that you are engaged—married, for aught I know—to a woman whom you are now on your way to meet?"

At this point she stopped. Freeman had interrupted her with a shout of laughter. She had been very pale. She now flushed all over her face, and jumped to her feet.

"Sit down," he said, laying a hand on her dress, and (aided by a lurch of the vessel) pulling her into her seat again, "and listen to me. And then I shall insist upon an apology. This is too much!"

"I shall ask the captain—"

"You will not, I promise you. Look here! When I met you in Panama, I met the fellow I used to know in New York. He told me that he had recently crossed the continent with Professor Meschines, who used to teach geology and botany at Yale College, when he and I were students there. The professor had come over partly for the fun of the thing, and partly to look for specimens in the line of his profession. My friend parted from him at San Francisco; the professor was going farther south."

"What has all this to do with the woman who—"

"It has this to do with it—that the professor is the woman! He is over sixty years old, and has always been a good friend of mine; but I am not going to marry him. I am not engaged to him, he is not beautiful, nor even fascinating, except in the way of an elderly man of science. And he is the only human being, besides yourself, that I know or have ever heard of on the Pacific Coast. Now for your apology!"

Grace emitted a long breath, and sank back in her seat, with her hands clasped in her lap. She raised her head and covered her face with her hands. She rose, and sat erect, and bent an open-eyed, intent gaze upon her companion.

After this pantomime, she exclaimed, in the lowest and most musical of tones, "Oh! how hateful you are!" Then she cried out with animation, "I believe you did it on purpose!" Finally, she sank back again, with a soft laugh and sparkling eyes, at the same time stretching her right arm towards him and placing her hand on his, with a whisper, "There, then?"

Freeman, accepting the hand for the moment, kissed it, and continued to hold it.

the fight is the man to whose house I am going."

"Then he didn't marry your mamma?"

"Of course not. But the one who got thrashed is your Professor Meschines."

"I see! The poor old professor! And he has remained a bachelor all his life."

"Mamma has often told me the story, and that the Frednocks boy went to West Point, and distinguished himself in the Mexican war, and married a Mexican woman, and the Meschines boy became a professor in Yale College. And now I am going to see one of them, and you to see the other. Isn't that a coincidence?"

"The first of the long series, I trust. Is this West-Pointer a permanent settler here?"

"Yes, for ever so long—twenty years. He's a widower, but he has a daughter—Oh, I know you'll fall in love with her!"

"Is she like you?"

"I don't know. I've never seen her, or General Frednocks either."

"Come to think of it, though, nobody is like you, Grace. Now, will you be so good as to apologize again?"

"Don't you think you're rather exacting, Harvey?"

However, the apology was finally repeated, and continued, more or less, during the rest of the voyage; and Grace quite forgot that she had never made Harvey tell what was really the cause of his coming to California. But she, on her side, had a secret. She never allowed him to suspect that the past eighteen months of her life had been passed as employed in a New York drygoods store.

CHAPTER III.
General Frednocks's house was built by Spanish missionaries in the sixteenth century; and in its main features it was little altered in three hundred years. In a climate where there is no frost, walls of adobe last as long as granite. The house consisted, practically of but one story; for although there were rooms under the roof, they were used only for storage; no one slept in them. The plan of the building was not unlike that of a railway-car—or, it might be more appropriate to say, of emigrant-wagons. There was a series of rooms, ranged in a line, access to them being had from a narrow corridor, which opened on the rear veranda. Several of the rooms also communicated directly with each other, and through low windows, gave on the veranda in front; for the house was merely a comparatively narrow array of apartments between two broad verandas, where most of the living, including much of the sleeping, was done.

Logically, there can be nothing uglier than a Spanish-American dwelling of this type. But, as a matter of fact, they appear so positively beautiful. The thick white walls acquire a certain softness of tone; the surface scales off here and there, and cracks and crevices appear. In a damp country, like England, they would soon become covered with moss; but moss is not to be had in this region, though one were to offer for it the price of the silk velvet, triple ply, which so much resembles it. Nevertheless, there are compensations. The soil is exhaustively fertile, and its fertility expresses itself in the most inveterate beauty. Such colors and varieties of flowers exist nowhere else, and they continue all the year round. Climbing vines storm the walls, and their green ladders all over it, for beauty to walk up and down. Hugh jars standing on the verandas, emit volcans of lovely blossoms; and vases swung from the roof drip and overflow with others, as if water had turned to flowers. In the garden, which extends over several acres at the front of the house, and, as it were, makes it an island in the gorgeous sea of petals, there are roses, carnations, geraniums, pinks, granates, and a hundred rivals whose names are unknown to the present historian, marching joyfully and triumphantly through the seasons, as the symphony moves through changes in the central theme.

Everything that is not an animal or a mineral seems to be a flower. There are too many flowers—or, rather, there is not enough of anything else. The faculty of association warms and at last ceases to take note. It is like conversing with a person whose every word is an epigram. The senses have their limitations, and imagination and expectation are half of beauty as roses, carnations, geraniums, pinks, granates, and a hundred rivals whose names are unknown to the present historian, marching joyfully and triumphantly through the seasons, as the symphony moves through changes in the central theme.

Monotony is the ruling characteristic—monotony of beauty, monotony of desolation, monotony even of variety. The glorious blue orchard is monotonous; as for the thermometer, it paces up and down within the narrowest limits, like a prisoner in his cell, or a meadow-lark hopping to and fro in seven-inch cage. The plan and aspect of the buildings are monotonous, and so is the way of life of those who inhabit them. Fortunately, the sun does rise and set in Southern California; otherwise life there would be at an absolute stand-still, with no past and no future. But, as it is, one can look forward to morning, and remember the evening.

Then, there are the not infrequent but seldom very destructive earthquakes; the occasional cloud-bursts and tornadoes, sudden and violent as a gunpowder-explosion; and finally, the astounding contrast between the fertile regions and the desert. There are places where you can stand with one foot planted in everlasting sterility and the other in immortal verdure. In the midst of an arid and hopeless waste, you come suddenly upon the brink of a narrow ravine, sharply defined as if cut out with an axe, and packed to the brim with enchanting and voluptuous fertility. Or you will come upon mountains which sweep upward out of burning death into sumptuous life. When the monotony of life makes the monotony of death, Southern California becomes a land of contrasts; and the contrasts themselves become monotonous.

(To be Continued.)

A bottle of Angostura Bitters to flavor your lemonade or any other cold drink will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Colic, Diarrhea and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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

WORDS THAT BURN.

LISTEN.
Whoever you are as you read this, whatever you troubles or grief, I want you to know and to heed this: The day draweth near with relief.
No sorrow, no woe is unending, though heaven seems voiceless and dumb, so sure as your voice is ascending, so surely an answer will come.
Whatever temptation is near you, whose eyes on this simple verse fall; Remember good angels will hear you, And help you to stand if you call.
Thoughtstunned with despair I beseech you, Whatever your losses, you need, Believe, when these printed words reach you, Believe you were born to succeed.
You are stronger, this minute, I tell you, Than any unfortunate fate! And the coveted prize—you can win it; While life lasts 'tis never too late!
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

IN MAY.
Grief was my master yesterday, To-morrow I may grieve again, But now the windy plain The clouds have taken flight.
The sowers in the furrows go; The lusty river brimeth on; The curtains from the hills are gone, The leaves are out, and lo!
The silvery distance of the day, The light horizons, and, between, The glory of the perfect green, The tumult of the May.

The bobolinks at noonday sing More softly than the softest flute, And lighter than the lightest lute Their fairy tambours ring.
The roads far off are towered with dust; The cherry blossoms are swept and thinned; In yonder awaying elms the wind Is charging gust on gust.
But here there is no stir at all; The ministers of sun and shadow Hoard all the perfume of the meadow Behind a grassy wall.
An infant rivulet wind-free Adorns the guarded hollow sets, Over whose brink the violets Are nodding peacefully.

From pool to pool it prattles by; The flashing swallows dip and pass Above the tufted marsh grass; And here at rest am I.
I care not for the old distress, Or if to-morrow bid me moan; To-day is mine, and I have known An hour of blessedness.
—Archibald Lampman.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

Corrected to May 15, 1892.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.	Leave	Arrive
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Niagara Falls and Buffalo special (daily)	8:30 p.m.	4:30 a.m.
American Express except Monday	8:50 a.m.	10:50 a.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	8:50 a.m.	11:25 a.m.
New York and Boston Express (daily)	9:50 a.m.	2:55 p.m.
Mail except Sundays	1:35 p.m.	3:05 p.m.
N.Y. and Boston Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.	4:20 p.m.
Accommodation except Sunday	8:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.	Leave	Arrive
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	11:50 a.m.
Chicago Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	4:40 a.m.
Chicago Special (daily)	8:30 p.m.	11:50 a.m.
Chicago L.V. Exp. (daily)	8:30 p.m.	10:55 a.m.
American Express except Monday	8:50 a.m.	1:25 p.m.
Mail except Sundays	1:35 p.m.	3:05 p.m.
Pacific Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.	4:20 p.m.
Accommodation except Sunday	8:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:45 a.m., 12:35 p.m. and 6:40 p.m.
(No trains to or from London on Sundays.)

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 366 Richmond Street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED DEC. 7, 1891.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (A)	2:30 a.m.	3:45 a.m.
Mail	2:30 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	12:50 p.m.	12:10 p.m.
Play Express (A)	10:50 a.m.	2:50 p.m.
St. Louis Express (A) (M)	4:30 p.m.	4:25 p.m.
Mixed—No. 74 Freight (C)	4:45 p.m.	6:50 p.m.
Freight Limited (C)	11:50 p.m.	11:40 p.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (A)	8:10 a.m.	8:50 a.m.
West End Mixed	8:10 a.m.	6:45 a.m.
Freight Limited (M)	10:50 a.m.	11:25 a.m.
St. Louis Express (A)	11:20 a.m.	11:25 a.m.
Accommodation	12:40 p.m.	2:10 p.m.
Pacific Express (A)	8:50 p.m.	7:30 p.m.
Mail	8:55 p.m.	—
Accommodation	—	7:20 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (M)	2:30 a.m.	—
Atlantic Express (M)	11:50 a.m.	—
Mail	1:15 p.m.	—
Accommodation	8:45 p.m.	—
Freight Limited (M)	11:35 p.m.	—

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (M)	—	5:20 a.m.
West End Mixed	—	7:25 a.m.
Freight Limited (M)	—	11:35 a.m.
Accommodation	—	2:30 p.m.
Pacific Express (M)	—	7:50 p.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Express	10:15 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:50 p.m.	4:35 p.m.

London and Port Stanley.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Mail	—	6:40 a.m.
Accommodation	—	7:50 a.m.
Express	—	8:10 p.m.
Accommodation	—	1:35 p.m.
Mixed	—	6:55 p.m.
Mail	—	11:45 p.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Mixed—Mail	—	11:20 a.m.
Express	—	1:50 p.m.
Express	—	5:40 p.m.
Express—Mixed	—	9:25 p.m.
Express	—	6:55 p.m.

Toronto Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Hamilton—Depart—	—	—
10:15 a.m.	11:05 a.m.	11:10 a.m.
6:30 p.m.	11:05 p.m.	11:10 p.m.
Hamilton—Arrive—	—	—
11:10 a.m.	11:05 a.m.	11:10 a.m.
11:20 p.m.	11:05 p.m.	11:10 p.m.

* These trains for Montreal.
(a) Three trains for Montreal.
(b) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(c) No. 24 carries passengers between London and Paris.
(d) This train connects at Toronto for all points in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

F. DE LA ROCHE, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, P.O. 3 Masonic Temple.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.

DEPART—	ARRIVE	DEPART	ARRIVE
London	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	5:20 p.m.
Woodstock	1:45 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	6:10 p.m.
Galt	5:45 a.m.	9:55 a.m.	7:15 p.m.
Guelph	8:25 a.m.	11:05 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
Toronto	8:15 a.m.	12:00 noon	9:40 p.m.
Peterboro	1:45 p.m.	—	12:50 a.m.
Kingston	4:35 p.m.	—	—
Ottawa	5:40 p.m.	—	—
Montreal	8:00 p.m.	—	—
Quebec	8:30 a.m.	—	—
Portland, Me.	8:20 a.m.	—	—
Boston	8:50 a.m.	—	—
Halifax, N.S.	11:10 p.m.	—	—

Trains arrive from the east at 11:25 a.m., 7:30 p.m., 10:00 p.m.

Going West.

DEPART—	ARRIVE	DEPART	ARRIVE
London	7:00 a.m.	11:35 a.m.	7:05 p.m.
Chatham	9:25 a.m.	1:05 p.m.	8:50 p.m.
Peterboro	1:45 p.m.	2:45 p.m.	7:15 p.m.
Chicago	16:15 p.m.	2:50 p.m.	—
St. Louis	7:45 a.m.	6:15 p.m.	—
Kansas City	6:10 p.m.	8:50 a.m.	—

Trains arrive from the west at 3:55 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 10:00 p.m.

ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

Stations.	Exp	Exp	Mix	Mix
Sarnia (G. T. R.)	—	—	—	—
Courtright	8:10 a.m.	8:10 a.m.	8:10 a.m.	8:10 a.m.
St. Catharines	8:40 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
Chatham (C. P. R.)	—	—	—	—
Fargo (M. C. R.)	—	—	—	—
Burlington	8:25 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:25 a.m.

Trains North.

Stations.	Exp	Exp	Mix	Mix
London	—	—	—	—
Chatham (C. P. R.)	—	—	—	—
St. Catharines	8:40 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
Courtright	8:10 a.m.	8:10 a.m.	8:10 a.m.	8:10 a.m.
Sarnia (G. T. R.)	—	—	—	—

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