

Just Impediment!

By Richard Pryce.
AUTHOR OF "AN EVIL SPIRIT," "THE ONLY
STORY OF MISS WETHERBY," ETC.

"Such style, and so well taught! I only wish I could get lessons from the same man for Agnes. Yes, she is an Australian; Melbourne, I think. That is the mother, that pale woman talking to Mr. Newport."

Lord Hurlingham overheard some of this. "Good Lord, Lady H." he said to himself with an inward chuckle, "what a humbug you are!"

Mrs. Wilton meanwhile was feeling some what out of touch with these fine people. Her birth entitled her to a place amongst them, but her life in the colony had precluded the possibility of many acquaintances in English society. Esther's beauty attracted attention, and under the auspices of Lady Heron her social success seemed assured. Her name was being spoken on all sides. Mrs. Wilton found that she had suddenly become "Miss Wilton's mother."

But her love for her daughter made her content that it should be so. Lady Heron's doubts and fears were laid this afternoon. Miss Runtun's attention was divided between Esther and Lord Rutherford. She looked on at Esther's triumph, and saw how, beside her, the other two debutantes looked small and commonplace. Agnes thought herself pretty, but she knew that her father's charm dwelt.

She tried to analyze her feelings with regard to Miss Wilton. She admired her, as she had never admired a woman before, but she could not tell whether she most liked or hated her. She saw that Rutherford's eyes were only for the new-comer, not, oddly enough, this gave Esther an attraction for her.

"He loves you," she thought, addressing Esther in imagination. "You are so beautiful, it gives me no chance. It is not fair. I don't think I bear you any ill-will. I only wish I had never seen you. It is impossible to dislike you. Why couldn't you keep your own country? I think I wish there was something against you. No, I don't. I love you. He loves you, and you love him. You love him; that is why I hate you—not because he loves you. I love him. I love him. I would do anything for him, so I love you because he loves you. Have you ever cried because you love him—as I have cried. He is friendly to me always. He will not even see that I love him—and I worship him."

Perhaps, if the truth were known, he did see it only too well. Possibly his easy friendliness was his armament wherewith to protect himself and her. Do not laugh at Agnes' thoughts just because in their intricacies they happen to remind you of the story of the girl who did not like cabbage though she would eat it, and she could not bear it.

Miss Runtun was fully in earnest. She both loved and hated Esther at that moment, and she would have given ten years of her life to change places with her. He had been talking to her half an hour, when he was not beside her his eyes followed her movements. She absorbed his attention. Now he was leading her to a place by the open window where the air was cool. Esther made him some laughing remark of thanks. Agnes ground her teeth.

"You look bored, Miss Runtun," said a voice beside her. "So I am," she said frankly. "Intensely bored."

"Come and have some tea or something, and don't take my head off," said Miss Runtun. "I am out of temper," said Miss Runtun. But she consented to go down with him, if only because her mother disapproved of him.

He was very good-looking, and a younger son, and in his own fashion he was more or less in love with her. It pleased her to see that she had a certain power over him, and she kept him in reserve as a pis-aller. Their flirtations took the form of snappy retorts. They fought their way through the smart crowd to the dining room. She asked for coffee, and he told her she must have tea—the coffee was at the other end of the room. She would not have tea. Then she should not have anything.

"Very well, get me tea, for goodness' sake."

And he thereupon brought her coffee. Then they quarrelled about a chair which he had not fetched for her at once, and which had since been appropriated by someone else. Miss Runtun was standing against the door, and balancing her cup as she listened to the jostling throng. She began to laugh.

"Look at mamma looking for me," she said without moving. "Pretend to be talking to me very earnestly, if you don't mind. It alarms her so much. She sees me now. I am going to put on my sweetest smile for you."

Lady Hurlingham struggled through the crowd. "My dear Agnes, here you are! I have been looking for you everywhere. You must come at once. Don't you remember that we are going on to the Stephens'?"

She bowed demurely to Newport, and then she remembered that there might be some difficulty in finding her carriage, so she smiled sweetly.

"I wonder whether you would mind? I would be so good of you."

A few minutes later he was standing bareheaded in the road, helping the two ladies into their brougham. Agnes made his face flash at him as they drove off. She listened indifferently to her mother's lecture. She was siding with her father just then.

"Really, you do get hold of the most undesirable men," Lady Hurlingham complained. "You know as well as I do that young Newport hasn't a penny. Why, his cousin Vera. She can't get away this year unless she gets a tenant for her house. You have let Lord Rutherford slip—just as Vera did—but I tell you this once for all, I should never give my consent to young Newport."

Agnes was used to this sort of thing. "I have a good mind," continued Lady

Hurlingham, "to send Mr. Hartley an invitation for my ball. He has, or had, two hundred thousand pounds. No, I suppose I could not do that, as Lady Heron will not meet him. I will ask him to dinner. It might be your privilege to reform him, Agnes."

Miss Runtun laughed. "How funny you are, mamma!" she said. "I really don't think you see through yourself."

Lord Rutherford meanwhile left the white house in an uncertain frame of mind. He was happy, excited, and uneasy at the same time. Again Esther Wilton's success—as on the night when she had surprised Lady Heron's guests with the excellence of her singing—was to him a great and a personal joy. But mingled with these feelings was a jealous misgiving which brought its own pain. Hitherto Miss Wilton had, in London, belonged to his aunt and—himself. Now this was changed. No longer would these china-hunting expeditions be possible. Miss Wilton would be known in the world, since all these great ladies were evidently attracted attention, and under the auspices of Lady Heron her social success seemed assured. Her name was being spoken on all sides. Mrs. Wilton found that she had suddenly become "Miss Wilton's mother."

But her love for her daughter made her content that it should be so. Lady Heron's doubts and fears were laid this afternoon. Miss Runtun's attention was divided between Esther and Lord Rutherford. She looked on at Esther's triumph, and saw how, beside her, the other two debutantes looked small and commonplace. Agnes thought herself pretty, but she knew that her father's charm dwelt.

She tried to analyze her feelings with regard to Miss Wilton. She admired her, as she had never admired a woman before, but she could not tell whether she most liked or hated her. She saw that Rutherford's eyes were only for the new-comer, not, oddly enough, this gave Esther an attraction for her.

"He loves you," she thought, addressing Esther in imagination. "You are so beautiful, it gives me no chance. It is not fair. I don't think I bear you any ill-will. I only wish I had never seen you. It is impossible to dislike you. Why couldn't you keep your own country? I think I wish there was something against you. No, I don't. I love you. He loves you, and you love him. You love him; that is why I hate you—not because he loves you. I love him. I love him. I would do anything for him, so I love you because he loves you. Have you ever cried because you love him—as I have cried. He is friendly to me always. He will not even see that I love him—and I worship him."

Perhaps, if the truth were known, he did see it only too well. Possibly his easy friendliness was his armament wherewith to protect himself and her. Do not laugh at Agnes' thoughts just because in their intricacies they happen to remind you of the story of the girl who did not like cabbage though she would eat it, and she could not bear it.

Miss Runtun was fully in earnest. She both loved and hated Esther at that moment, and she would have given ten years of her life to change places with her. He had been talking to her half an hour, when he was not beside her his eyes followed her movements. She absorbed his attention. Now he was leading her to a place by the open window where the air was cool. Esther made him some laughing remark of thanks. Agnes ground her teeth.

"You look bored, Miss Runtun," said a voice beside her. "So I am," she said frankly. "Intensely bored."

"Come and have some tea or something, and don't take my head off," said Miss Runtun. "I am out of temper," said Miss Runtun. But she consented to go down with him, if only because her mother disapproved of him.

He was very good-looking, and a younger son, and in his own fashion he was more or less in love with her. It pleased her to see that she had a certain power over him, and she kept him in reserve as a pis-aller. Their flirtations took the form of snappy retorts. They fought their way through the smart crowd to the dining room. She asked for coffee, and he told her she must have tea—the coffee was at the other end of the room. She would not have tea. Then she should not have anything.

"Very well, get me tea, for goodness' sake."

And he thereupon brought her coffee. Then they quarrelled about a chair which he had not fetched for her at once, and which had since been appropriated by someone else. Miss Runtun was standing against the door, and balancing her cup as she listened to the jostling throng. She began to laugh.

"Look at mamma looking for me," she said without moving. "Pretend to be talking to me very earnestly, if you don't mind. It alarms her so much. She sees me now. I am going to put on my sweetest smile for you."

Lady Hurlingham struggled through the crowd. "My dear Agnes, here you are! I have been looking for you everywhere. You must come at once. Don't you remember that we are going on to the Stephens'?"

She bowed demurely to Newport, and then she remembered that there might be some difficulty in finding her carriage, so she smiled sweetly.

"I wonder whether you would mind? I would be so good of you."

A few minutes later he was standing bareheaded in the road, helping the two ladies into their brougham. Agnes made his face flash at him as they drove off. She listened indifferently to her mother's lecture. She was siding with her father just then.

"Really, you do get hold of the most undesirable men," Lady Hurlingham complained. "You know as well as I do that young Newport hasn't a penny. Why, his cousin Vera. She can't get away this year unless she gets a tenant for her house. You have let Lord Rutherford slip—just as Vera did—but I tell you this once for all, I should never give my consent to young Newport."

Agnes was used to this sort of thing. "I have a good mind," continued Lady

GOSSIP OF TO-DAY.

A Swedish Anarchist has started an anarchist Sunday school at Nordkoping, a city of about 30,000 inhabitants, in Sweden.

A directory of the city of Portland, Me., for the year 1888 has been brought to light, and in it appears this line: "Blaine, J. G., editor Advertiser, boards U. S. Hotel."

A woman, Miss Mary Snow, is new superintendent of schools in Bangor, and it is generally admitted that she is more competent to fill the post than any man who ever held it.

In parts of the South, and perhaps elsewhere, the word "dip" is used to designate any liquid sauce for pudding and other desserts. It comes down from a time of simple manners, when sauce was applied by dipping each person's portion of food into a common vessel containing the "dip."

In Paris are to be seen everywhere colored lithographs, representing the Czar and President Carnot united under entwined French and Russian flags. The cafes chantants have the Russian hymn, which is solemn and dolorous enough, sung and played nightly. Paris has not had such a sensation since Bismarck was in his glory, and Figaro says the signs that Paris is wearing are to be seen by those who understand the words Parisian.

Savage or half-civilized princes often prefer death to exile in a foreign country. The natives from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in one of his letters from South Africa that the natives are building the telegraph line which is to traverse Mashonaland at the rate of three miles a day. The workmen belong to King Khama's country. Every man of them has a musket slung over his shoulder, generally at full cock. They are in the country of their old enemy, King Lobengula, whose regiments they used to fear before the advent of the whites. They declined to enter the country of their former enemy unless they were fully armed, for they thought Lobengula would not relish an incursion into his land of men who had been his hereditary foes.

OAK HALL

The Great One-Price Clothiers.

JUST RECEIVED.

ONE CASE

Boys' and Children's Extra Fine Reefers

OAK HALL

150 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON.

ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.

W H Y

WASTE your time in an INFERIOR school when the



FOREST CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE, LONDON, ONT.

Offers UNEQUALLED advantages?

CATALOGUE FREE.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE,

STRATFORD, - ONTARIO,

IS NOW OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION OF STUDENTS FOR THE FALL AND WINTER MONTHS.

Among the places represented by new members this term are Kingsville, Ruthven, Ridgeway, Port Lambton, Oil Springs, Forest, Lucan, Clinton, Senfirth, Iona, Aylmer, Simcoe, and a dozen other places in the southern and western counties. They come to us solely on the recommendation of our former students, as there are no paid agents employed by this institution. Our new prospectus mailed free on application.

Address—W. H. SHAW, Principal.

Harvests!

The greatest this country has ever seen. The Farmer takes the first inning. More money for the Farmer means more sales for the Merchant, more business for the Dealer, and more orders for the Manufacturer.

What does it mean for you? What measures are you taking to reap your share of the general prosperity?

It may be true that

Fortune

knocks once at every man's door. It is certainly true that the wise Newspaper Advertiser knocks a great many times at hers. Is not going better than waiting?

Would not

Newspaper Advertising

help you? To see that it is well-planned, well-prepared, well placed.

We invite calls and correspondence from intending advertisers.

THE ADVERTISER, LONDON CANADA.

Fine Tweed Suits, \$16.

Fine Tweed Suits, \$18.

Fine Worsted Overcoats, \$18.

Fine Worsted Overcoats, \$20.

PETHICK & McDONALD

893 RICHMOND STREET.

LONDON MANUFACTURING TRADE

THOS. BRYAN,

LONDON BRUSH FACTORY.

Awarded Silver Medal at Western Fair, 1887.

Price List on Application. 61 TO 65 DUNDAS STREET

CHAS. CHAPMAN

Bookbinder, Account Book Manufacturer

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

NO. 81 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONT.

WM. MALLOCH & CO., MACHINISTS

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

ELEVATORS,

PULLEYS, SHAFING, HANGERS AND SPECIAL MACHINERY

Repairing a Specialty.

154 Fullerton Street, London

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO JAN. 1, 1891.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

Leave	Arrive
London	Thomas

Leave	Arrive
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 a.m. 11:00 p.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	8:30 a.m. 11:00 p.m.
American Express (except Monday)	8:30 a.m. 11:15 a.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	8:30 a.m. 11:00 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 a.m. 11:00 p.m.
Limited Express (daily)	8:30 a.m. 11:00 p.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	8:30 a.m. 11:00 p.m.
Accommodation (except Sunday)	8:30 a.m. 11:00 p.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

Leave	Arrive
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 a.m. 11:00 p.m.
Chicago Express (daily)	8:30 a.m. 11:00 p.m.
Chicago L.V. Exp. (daily)	8:30 a.m. 11:00 p.m.
American Express (except Monday)	8:30 a.m. 11:15 a.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 a.m. 11:00 p.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	8:30 a.m. 11:00 p.m.
Accommodation (except Sunday)	8:30 a.m. 11:00 p.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:30 a.m., 12 m. and 6:40 p.m.

(Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.)

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 395 Richmond Street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED MAY 11, 1891.

MAIN LINE—Going East

ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (A)	8:30 a.m. 11:0