

A MAIDEN FAIR.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE GATE.

He had been in a dream the last ten minutes of his stay in the captain's room. He was in a dream now that he got out into the fresh air. Cargill, going with them—Cargill had been at the cottage just before him—why then it was all settled and there was no hope for him.

What then, then, had prompted him to say he would be pilot of the Marmion on this voyage? Why should he be with them when it would be only to intensify his sense of loss into hate, and—maybe, crime?

He should have said, no, no, no!—and he had said yes for the very reason which should have compelled him to say no.

It was not yet too late. He could find some excuse, he could feign illness—he could drown himself. Anything rather than go on board that vessel and see them together, knowing the man to be so unworthy. He did believe that if he had thought Cargill an honest man, he could have said good-bye to him and steered them into port with no chagrin, but only sorrow in his heart.

As it was—how he must escape from the engagement. He could not answer for himself if he fulfilled it.

As he was mechanically opening the gate his arm was grasped by a friendly hand.

"Stop a minute, Mr. Ross, I have been noticing that you are not well, can we do anything for you?"

"Not well! What a poor thing was it then, that the wreck of hope and future that came to me at a question of 'Can we do anything for you?' So much medicine—so much fresh air—and I am here restored and the future is as bright as ever. That is the current mood—and a happy one—but to the homely nature of a man like Ross it brought no balm. He had ventured his all in a single boat and it had sunk.

He turned and saw Annie, the bright, sympathetic eyes looking up at him. Like most men deeply in love he was most shy of the being he loved. So he answered somewhat ungraciously:

"That is true—I am not well; but thank you for coming to say a kind word to me."

"I am very glad to have given you any comfort. I doubt you have over-taxed yourself today."

He rested on the gate. The sweet voice was echoing in his brain and he listened. Then speaking to the voice he breathed the name, "Annie."

She did not draw away from him. She stood breathless.

"Will you let me speak to you?" he said, so quietly now that he could scarcely realize himself that he had been for a moment in dreamland.

"If it will do you any good, to be sure I will," she answered with an endeavor to speak quite frankly and easily; but the voice faltered a little. The only time that it was a pause, and the outcome of it was:

"I'm a stupid gawk."

But ridiculous as the expression might be to other ears they were not so to those of Annie Murray, and she asked tremulously:

"What for?"

"Because I care more for you, than for anybody or anything else, and—I have been eyes feared to tell you. Now is it useless telling you?"

He spoke almost fiercely as in the throes of a strong man's anxiety but with the evident effort to restrain his passion.

"You are not to speak any more," she said drawing a long breath, "you are to listen to me. You are young, and you can go where you will find friends to comfort and cheer you."

"So it is said of all men," he muttered.

"My father is an old man," she went on, "and has only me as his constant friend and companion. Well, can you think of it! I leave to myself long ago that I would never leave him until he sent me away. Well, can you think of it! The only time that I ever wished I might leave him was—"

"But there the blood came rushing to her face and she uttered a cry of alarm."

"What is it?" she asked, looking into her face for an explanation.

"Well," she said softly—an entire change of tone and manner—"there's nothing more to say except that I am glad you are here. The pilot of the Marmion on her next trip."

He took her hand gently, and for a moment looked into the child's eyes. Then—

"Now it is my turn to ask you to listen to me," he said slowly. "While I was coming down the path, I made up my mind that I would not go. You shall decide for me. Is Cargill going by your wish?"

"No."

"Do you wish me to go?"

"No—because father wishes it."

She added the latter words so quickly, as if fearing that he should misunderstand the import of her wish; and again they looked into each other's eyes in silence.

"Very well," he said, "I will go."

And then they said good-bye. The understanding between them was complete, although no word of compact had been spoken. She was to be faithful to her father, and he was to wait until the father spoke.

Wait—say, he would wait all his life. And he had no doubt that after this trip the Marmion, a little conversation with Captain Duncan would enable him to arrange matters satisfactorily. With that conviction he went merrily on his way.

CHAPTER IV.

A DUTIFUL SON.

The original part of the village consists of two rows of buildings forming a narrow street. The buildings have two floors; the upper one is approached by a stair-case with a thick wooden railing outside the wall and the landings of these "outside stairs" from the rostrums of the fishermen were put out from whence they gossiped. Poles were strung across the street, ropes to women's heads, and on these hang men's and broad launched women gossiping to others beneath the stairs are others preparing bait. At the foot of one of these stairs is Dick Baxter. To him approaches a big, lumpy fisherman of Tallordom, has a large signet ring carries a slim umbrella in his left hand, and makes his own figure more conspicuous. He is out of his element in this place. He is rendered still more conscious of it by the salutation of Dick Baxter.

"Well, Jeems, your a grand sight, but you might have come sooner, for your mother is in a great way about you, for your mother is in a great way about you, for your mother is in a great way about you."

"Thank you Mister Baxter."

"That's as muckle as to say that I ought to call you Mister Cargill," said Dick pityingly. "Na, na, laddie, I canna do that. I have kept ye since you were a bairn running barefoot here in the row, and you maun just thole me saying Jeems to the end."

Before Dick had finished his observation, the gentleman had ascended the staircase and entered the dwelling at the top. There he was saluted by the old drith cry:

"Ye hae come at last, ye deevil's buckie. What's kept ye? Did I nae say that ye was to be here at two o'clock and noo it's four?"

This came from an old woman who was seated in an old-fashioned armchair. She wore a high white "mutch," which rendered her shriveled features and shrunken eyes the more marked; and the passion on her face at this moment made it appear more haggard than it really was.

The lumpy dandy was not at all disturbed. His mother Bell Cargill, had been paralyzed in her lower limbs for ten years past; and although she was always expecting to recover and making arrangements for that purpose, it has not yet come too pass. She was constantly telling her neighbors what she would do when she "got up," and they kindly humored her hope, and the hope sustained her. She had been one of the bravest and strongest of the fishermen, and by a singular business tact, had been successful to a degree beyond precedent. Although living in this poor dwelling surrounded by her creels and fishing tackle—it was her humor to have all the relics of her trade about her—she possessed a considerable fortune, the result of her own energy and industry. Bawbles had grown to shillings in her hands and shillings to pounds. Then, whilst she still carried her creel, she had started a small fish shop in the High street, Edinburgh, and out of that had grown two large fishmongery establishments, one at the West End, and the other in the main thoroughfare leading to Newington. She had been careful in the selection of her managers, and had prospered.

She had once said—but she never repeated it—that the only mistake she ever made was in getting married; and the only good her man had ever done her was in "dealing suns." But he had left her with a son as useless as himself.

Notwithstanding all her prosperity, she clung to the abode in which she had been brought up, and out of which she had won everything. Her son, however, had different ideas.

(To be Continued.)

There will be serious trouble if you do not overcome those dyspeptic symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine you need.

"I find a great deal of difficulty in keeping my mind on my work," said Willie Washington. "Really?" said Miss Belle Pepperton, with seeming surprise. "It must be a very small piece of work."

The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Pickle's Anti-Consumptive 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.

She—Do humorists ever make jokes at their own expense? Humorist—The first few thousand are at their own expense; after that they get paid for them or give it up.

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 specially subject.

Mrs. Byer—Those are nice looking eggs. Grocer (enthusiastically)—Yes, indeed; they're birds! And then he wondered why she didn't buy any.

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

Jasper—Is intoxication always followed by a swollen head? Jumpup—Yes, even when a man has been intoxicated by success.

A Cure for Croup. Croup kills thousands where cholera kills tens. For this dread disease no remedy compares in curative power with Hagar's Yellow Oil. It loosens the phlegm, gives prompt relief, and soon completely cures the most violent attack.

Snooper—"I'd have you know I come of a good family. Ricketts—you must have traveled a long distance."

A Plain Statement. Hagar's Pectoral Balm cures coughs, colds, asthma, hoarseness, bronchitis, tightness of the chest, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Price 25 cents.

It appears to us that these meetings between debtors and creditors are largely over-dun.

Beware of Cholera. The healthy body throws off the germs of cholera, therefore wisdom counsels the use of Burdock Blood Bitters to purify the blood, regulate the system, and fortify the body against cholera and its kindred diseases.

Beaver (jocosely)—I wonder why you hard-headed western men wear soft hats? Slouch—And I wonder why you soft-headed eastern fellows wear hard hats?

Untold Misery—What a Well-Known Commercial Traveler Suffered, and How He Was Cured—Gentleman writes: "About five years ago I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery, from this terrible complaint. I was at that time traveling for Messrs. Walter Woods & Co., Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians of the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and to my great surprise and joy, I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine, until when the third bottle was finished I found I was entirely cured; and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of dyspepsia. (Signed.) T. S. McINTYRE."

Chappy—"You needn't try to put me in the soup." Maud—"I shouldn't think of it; noodles go in the gravy."

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

A GRITTY GIRL.

Only 13 Years Old, but She Terrorized Two Burglars.

(Omaha correspondent St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Nellie Gastright, the 13-year-old daughter of Fritz Gastright, residing at Eighth and Bancroft streets, for half an hour last night bluffed two burly burglars, and thus bravely prevented them from robbing her father of \$1,000. Gastright yesterday afternoon drew from the bank \$1,000, which he intended paying for his house and lot. This sum would be the final installment, and then he would own his home. He placed the money in a bureau drawer, and last night, accompanied by his wife, went to South Omaha, leaving his daughter Nellie at home.

Her parents had been gone only half an hour when the girl heard a noise in the kitchen. Her father's empty revolver was lying on the table near by, and she matched it up and ran out into the kitchen. A robber had just crawled through the window, and when she saw him she raised the revolver and told him to stop. He did so, and the girl, still pointing the pistol at his head, commanded him to leave. The robber's confederate, who was outside, hearing the girl's voice, jumped in through the window and rushed to his companion's assistance. This did not dismay the little heroine. She stood off both men with the revolver, and again ordered them to depart if they did not care to be shot. They backed slowly toward the window, but suddenly they sprang forward, and one of them knocked the revolver out of the girl's hand. While one of the men held her the other started for a tour through the house in search of the money, which they doubtless knew was in the house, but the girl struggled so violently that the searcher was compelled to return. They soon found the young girl was a match for both of them. One of them brutally struck her with a slung shot, rendering her unconscious.

When Mr. Gastright and his wife returned they found their daughter lying on the floor, and a part of the house, including the drawers in the bureau and tables, ransacked, but the money was still safe. She says had the revolver been loaded she would have shot the men, and that she would not have shot to frighten, either. She said she did not propose that the men should take her father's money while she was in charge of the house. The supposition is that the girl's resistance so delayed the robbers that the return of her parents interrupted their search for the money.

GUARD AGAINST FATAL RESULTS!

Now is the Season of Danger!

Fortify and Strengthen the Body.

Our duty is to warn of impending danger, and do what we can to honestly show the true path of health and life. Our words of warning are directed to those who are diseased and suffering. We wish to show them that a change of season brings with it danger and fatal results to the unprepared. Spring brings with it unhealthy and death-dealing odors and gases, produced by decaying vegetable matter, dangerous cess pits and badly constructed drains.

The diseased and suffering have a small chance of life, if they are in any way exposed to such dangers as we have mentioned. It behooves every run-down, weak, overworked and debilitated man and woman to look for a blood-cleansing, invigorating and life-renewing medicine that will avert danger and build up the shattered system.

The experience of thousands in Canada amply proves that Baine's Celery Compound is the great life preserver and renewer. It is the great and only safe spring medicine in our country, and has the approval of our best doctors and our most intelligent people. It saves from fatal results after all other remedies fail; it snatches from the grave those who are pronounced incurable. Give it an honest trial, you suffering ones, it never fails to cure.

SOCIALISM DEFINED.

[Buffalo Times.]

Mr. Laurence Gronlund's visit to Buffalo has had the effect of awakening to a considerable extent, thought upon the subject of improvement in human affairs through Socialism. We suddenly discover that we are all Socialists in Buffalo to a limited extent. Socialism is co-operation. For instance, our public schools, our fire department, our police force, our city water supply system are all conducted upon the co-operative plan. The United States postal service is co-operative and Socialistic. We may be said to be progressing in Socialism, for no one would for a moment think of placing our water department or any other of our departments in the hands of a private corporation.

The Times has urged the adoption of the street railway system and the lighting system, but there is such an enormous profit in these businesses that private capitalists by the sweetening of legislators and the public press have stifled any movement looking to the co-operative management of these systems. It would be much easier for the people to pay three or four per cent. on the bonds issued for the purchase of such plants than to pay the private owners 25 to 100 or more per cent. If a private corporation owned our water system it is more than likely the water rates would be doubled. By the same reasoning we reach the conclusion that our gas bill would be cut in two and our street car fares greatly reduced. Let us be Socialists at least to the extent of owning these natural monopolies.

The Tea Table.

A pretty bouquet of summer flowers, a nice china tea set with the fragrant aroma of the finest Ceylon tea coming from every cup, some good bread and creamery butter, and a plate covered with nice light tea biscuits baked with Pure Gold Baking Powder is sufficient to make the rich as well as the poor rejoice and be thankful.

Dick (translating into French)—"Say, Tom, what is the French for war horse?" Tom—"Why, er-er-hors de combat, I think."

A man's wife should always be the same as to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they will make her feel like a different person, at least so they say, and their husbands say so too.

Change in Time for New York via Erie Railway.

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 6:50 p.m., and leave Buffalo at 7:30 p.m., arrive in New York next morning at 7:30. You can also leave London at 3:45 a.m., 6 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. SHAW, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

Our Early Morning Edition

Our Early Morning Edition contains all the freshest telegraphic news—including the most compact and readable summary of Ottawa doings that goes out from the Dominion Capital. All the news for Two CENTS!

Actor Curtis' Trial.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 26.—The case of M. B. Curtis ("Sam" of Posen) charged with the murder of Policeman Grant, has gone over until Friday next to be set for a third trial.

Patrons of Industry.

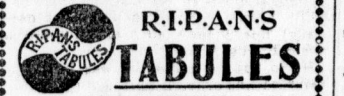
DETROIT, March 26.—The Patrons of Industry have concluded their business here. One of their last acts was to create the position of supreme lecturer, and to appoint Mr. A. S. Partridge, of Flushing, Mich., to the office. A few unimportant changes were made in the constitution.



In a Peck

of trouble—the woman who washes without *Pearline*. Her work is never done, and it's never done well. With *Pearline* she can do twice as much, and have it done better. There is little work, less wear, never the least harm. Try *Pearline*, and see it go for dirt; when you see dirt, go for *Pearline*.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as" *Pearline*. IT'S FALSE—*Pearline* is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of *Pearline*, the honest thing—send it back. 255 JAMES ST., N.Y.



RIPANS TABLETS

REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

RIPANS TABLETS are the best M. B. medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Disinclination, Bad Complexion, Biliary, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tablets contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Are pleasant to take, safe, efficient, and give immediate relief.

Only a small bottle (50 tablets) is necessary to cure. May be ordered through nearest druggist or by mail, Sample free by mail, Address: THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 19 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



KEARNEY'S HERBAL HAIR TONIC

Cures Dandruff, Promotes Growth of the Hair, Prevents Falling Out and Imparts to the Hair a Beautiful Gloss.

It being a purely vegetable compound, it may be used freely without injury to the most delicate scalp. Every Bottle Guaranteed.

51 PER BOTTLE

R. J. KEARNEY, 283 Richmond street, London, sole proprietor and manufacturer, London.

Ask your druggist for it. All the druggists keep it.

R. J. Kearney, the fashionable barber, the people's favorite, will always be found at the old stand, 283 Richmond street, one door south of the waterworks office. None but good artists employed. Nothing but good work performed.

Rheumatism Cured in a Few Hours

—BY THE—

ALKALINE TREATMENT

All Schools of Medicine are taught that there are but two causes of disease, Acids and Alkalies, and where there is one cause of alkalinity there is a million of acidity. The Alkaline Treatment discovered by Professor Brunton, the Canadian Chemist, neutralizes the acid which is the cause of every chronic disease. Stimulates the blood vessels, restoring circulation. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Paralysis, Eczema, Sour Stomach, Kidney Troubles, Indigestion, Debility, any form of Blood Poisoning, etc., are treated successfully. There are two preparations, internally to purify the blood through the stomach, externally to absorb the impurities through the pores of the skin; they are each 60c. Any information free, either by letter or personally. PROF. BRUNTON, Office 1, 208, Masonic Temple, Chicago.

For Sale by Druggists, W. T. Strong, druggist, wholesale agent, London.

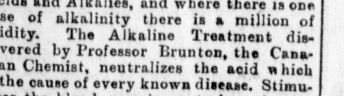
HEALTH FOR ALL!!!

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, and BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

Manufactured only at 75, New Oxford Street (late 608, Oxford Street), London, and sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Boxes and Pots. If the address is not 75, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

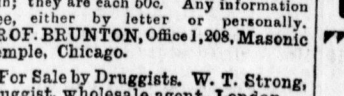


HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

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IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., U.S.A., Aug. 9, 1888.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the bluespots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M.D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."



CURED IN 20 MINUTES BY

HEADACHE Alpha Wafers

OR MONEY REFUNDED. Purely Vegetable, Perfectly Harmless and Pleasant to take. For Sale by all Druggists. PRICE 25 Cts.

PARKER'S DYE WORKS.

Blanket and Quilt Department

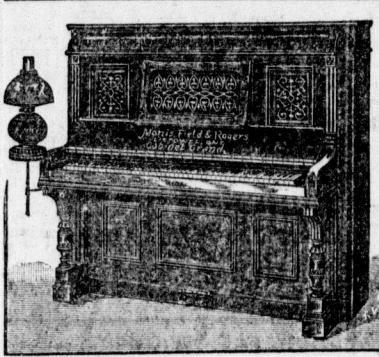
Blankets and Counterpanes thoroughly cleaned, and finished soft. Blankets can also be dyed any color, if all wool. Striped Austrian Blankets and Carriage and Railway Rugs cleaned and beautifully finished.

Elder Down Quilted Goods Successfully Cleaned

R. PARKER & CO., Dyers and Cleaners.

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PULLEYS, SHAFTING, HANGERS AND SPECIAL MACHINERY

Repairing a Specialty.

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