

SINGING.

Voice Culture taught at the London Conservatory of Music, 310 Dundas Street, W. J. MOORE (formerly of Helms' College) and MISS B. BROWN (late of Toronto) added to staff of vocal instructors.

The PRINCIPAL (Mr. Barron) will be pleased to try any voices and give advice free of charge, from 9 to 6 p.m. any afternoon this week.

Laying a Ghost.

By George Manville Fenn.

"Yes," he looked round wildly, and with a strange air of apprehension.

"Did you ever see a ghost?" he whispered.

"Never," I said, for I was obliged to speak.

"I have—hundreds of times. He haunts me. It has been for years now, till I could hear it no longer. That's why I've come. If a man is in sound health he doesn't see ghosts," he said.

"No," I said, "they are the offspring of a diseased imagination."

"Yes, diseased imagination, that's it. Shouldn't see him if I was well, eh?"

"No; it is all fancy."

"Yes, doctor, but it's so horribly real. He comes to me, and goes over it all again and again; and as he talks to me the whole scene in the gully comes back, with our fight."

He sank back as if exhausted, but I was soon able to convince myself that he was only sleeping calmly, and a gentle perspiration broke out on his brow, while his hands felt temperate and moist.

"That was hopeful, and I felt more confident as I sat there watching him hour after hour, wondering whether success would attend my remedy, and whether this was the laying of the first stone of a new temple of health. Then as the time went on I grew despondent and ready to rouse him from the lethargy into which he had fallen, and which after all might be only the prelude to a deeper sleep."

I heard steps come, and go, and knew that my poor little wife must be full of anxiety about him.

"But what is her anxiety to mine?" I muttered; and I still kept watch, noting every change. Now, I was buoyed up by hope, and saw triumph in the pinpoints of the mount toward which I tried to climb; now I was sinking in despair, feeling that through my carelessness I was slowly watching a man glide toward the dark gate through which he could never return.

CHAPTER IV.

It must have been about 7 o'clock, and it was fast growing dusk in my room. I was thinking about the man's wanderings and confused talk of being haunted, and trying to piece together his verbal fragments into a whole, when he suddenly opened his eyes again, and began to talk hurriedly, taking up his theme just where he had left off, and as if in utter ignorance of the fact that he had been silent for hours, during which I had passed through a period of agony such as turn men's hair white.

"Yes, doctor," he said, "no secrets from your medical man. You will not betray me; and it was a fair fight. He brought it on me, I swear to that. He made me see that I hit out, hardly knowing what I did, and it was not until he had killed me that I knew him, and he went over the edge, down with a horrible crash into the sea. I could see him lying there dead. But it was not murder, oh! It was not murder, doctor."

"Are these wanderings of a diseased imagination?" I asked myself; and he looked up as sharply as if I had spoken to him aloud.

"It's all true, doctor," he said. "I threw him down, and he fell, and then I turned and fled, for I knew they would hang me if I was taken. Doctor," he cried fiercely, "with they had, for I have suffered ten thousand times more agony in these wretched years. Yes, he has been with me, always, haunting me day and night, leaving at times, and showing the whole scene again, till I have drunk and drunk, to drown it all—gone on drinking till I am the miserable wretch you see. But you'll cure me now, for it was all fancy. People who are dead don't haunt folks, eh?"

"No, sir," I said, as I watched the strange play on the man's countenance, and began trying to connect his tale with a half-forgotten story of outrage in Western Australia years before.

"No," he said, excitedly, "and you'll cure me now. I have a name for the man in Western Australia."

"Killed, not murdered," he cried, excitedly. "No, that is the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething."

As Jupiter's day is only ten hours long, the need of five moons to look after the night part of it is apparent. It's turn and turn about with them.

Truth Will Prevail.

Dear Sirs—I have been afflicted with Chronic Rheumatism for several years, and have used numerous patent medicines without success. But by using six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was entirely cured.

SARAH MARSHALL, nurse, 11 Kingston, Ont.

Note—I am acquainted with the above named lady and can certify to the correctness of this statement. Druggist, Kingston, Ont.

Buy your hammocks now if you want to get them cheap. They're coming down. 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.

Happiness is a good deal like money: a great many persons who have it coming to them are cheated out of it.

Educational Work.

The work of educating the public to the knowledge of the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters is a sure for all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, and blood, has been completely successful. The remedy is now known and used in thousands of homes where it always gives prompt satisfaction.

It takes a lumber wagon to make a rattling discourse.

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 prove their superiority.

LOUISIANA PRESERVED

NEW FIGS

In 9-pound Tins. Just received.

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169 DUNDAS STREET.

criminal, cursed by the horror of the crime, doubly accursed by the drink I have taken to drown my thoughts of being haunted by that man."

"And all imagination. Doctor, I have done my penance. Something must have brought me here to-day. I don't know what; but I felt that you would cure me."

"More imagination, man," said I.

"No, sir, you are wrong there, for you have—cured—"

He recoiled and would have fallen had not I guided him on to the sofa, where he lay insensible for a few minutes, while I bathed his face, my own agony of mind returning respecting the action of the potent drug.

At last he opened his eyes and looked wonderingly about him. Then recollection seemed to return and he caught my hand in his.

"God bless you, doctor!" he cried, and the tears stood in his eyes. Then, after a pause, during which I watched him keenly, "I'm weak and faint. Give me a glass of something."

"Brandy," I said, bitterly.

He shuddered.

"Never again," he said fervently. "You doctors have a little stimulating medicine, which he drank with avidity, and then arose."

"Thank you, doctor," he said, with a faint smile. "You've laid the ghost. There; I think I'll go."

"No," I said, "be still for an hour or two. I want to watch your case a little longer."

"I am your patient, doctor," he replied, with his whole manner changed; and he lay there till quite late before he left, shaking my hand warmly, and saying that he would come again.

But I could not rest without seeing him in his lodging, where I stayed till midnight, and then went home more anxious than I can tell.

"A very serious case, darling," I said to my wife, in answer to her queries. "Don't talk to me, I am worn out."

But, we lay at last, I could not sleep for thinking of the preparation this man had taken. I was worried and troubled as to the effect it had produced, and so, to say, anxious as I had been over my discovery, I could trace none. Of course, I did not expect to work a cure as by a miracle, still I did expect to have discovered some action on the part of the drug.

The next morning I was with him early, and still I could see nothing consequent upon the swallowing the involuntary draught. But he was better, far better, and he welcomed me with respect.

"Doctor," he said, as I was going away, "no disrespect to you, but there's nothing more in mind than in medicine; you've worked a marvelous cure."

I had, for in a month he was quite another man.

And as to my new discovery, I went no farther, and matured study and greater experience have taught me that I was over-sanguine, and by no means as clever as I thought.

THE END.

Flavoring extracts to be of any value must be of the finest quality made from the natural fruits or flavors which they represent. "Pure Gold" brand is always guaranteed.

The oldest bishop of the English Church in point of service is Dr. William Percy Austin, whose field of labor is in the diocese of Guiana. He is 85 years old and has been for 50 years a bishop.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat 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, neuralgia, bruises, cuts and sore succumb to its action.

Miss Elizabeth Ney, of Hempstead, Tex., a descendant of Marshal Ney, of France, will execute in marble the statues of a number of Texas heroes for exhibition at the World's Fair.

Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps and all summer complaints or looseness of the bowels.

Getting On.—He—Well, how are you progressing in your French? She—All right till I attempt to think in French; then I have to ask someone else what I mean.

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

To illustrate the inexorable law of German law, a cavalry officer was discharged for rescuing from his saddle and saving the life of a little girl who was about to be run over.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Lycopodium Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

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TWELVE COWS ON A SPREE.

A Milk Dealer of Derby Neck, Conn. Can't Supply Customers.

DERBY NECK, Conn., Sept. 28.—W. F. Osborn was unable to deliver to his customers their usual supply of milk on Monday. On Sunday afternoon the herd of twelve cows escaped from the pasture, made their way into Mr. Osborn's orchard and ate about 50 bushels of cider apples. It was not long before the cider took effect, and when a boy went to drive the cows home he found them completely prostrated. From the peculiar actions of the animals the young man concluded that they had been poisoned.

Several of them were stretched on the ground, and in spite of vigorous prodding would not move. Some of them would attempt to get up, only to fall back again helplessly. The young man gave the alarm, and soon the whole neighborhood was enjoying the curious sight.

Several veterinary surgeons were summoned and various antidotes administered, but with little effect. It was evident that the cows were useless for the time being.

THE NEW TENOR.

Every member of the organization was delighted with Mr. M.'s singing. The ladies declared that St. Mark's Church possessed the best tenor in the country; they fêted and dined him, and his presence and singing became indispensable at evening parties.

Sabbath after Sabbath, for eight months, his clear, silvery and soft tones, either in solos or concerted music, were heard in St. Mark's, and drew scores of admirers from other churches.

One week it was announced that the "new tenor" would sing an important solo at the Sabbath morning service. Crowds were present to hear him. The organist, when the time arrived for the solo, played with great skill the introductory bars of music, and at the right time the "new tenor" began to sing.

It was soon discovered, after the singing of two or three bars, that the singer was suffering seriously from hoarseness. Those who were acquainted with the solo knew that it would be impossible for the singer to reach the upper notes. The "new tenor" himself seemed to be aware of this, and wisely finished at a conversational speaking place. Much regret was expressed by those present that a bad cold prevented the tenor doing himself justice.

An old lady member of the congregation, whose daughter sang in the choir, rushed up to the "new tenor" at the close of the service, and in a motherly way advised him to use Harvard Bronchial Syrup, which she declared would relieve him before night.

The "new tenor" took the old lady's advice and on returning from service procured a bottle of the great remedy from the druggist. It was faithfully used for a few hours and every trace of hoarseness was removed.

Harvard Bronchial Syrup enabled the popular tenor to sing at the evening service. The secret of the tenor's rapid cure soon leaked out, and in a short time every member of St. Mark's Church was provided with a bottle of Harvard Bronchial Syrup to be used in cases of hoarseness, sore throat and coughs.

Much regret was expressed by those present that a bad cold prevented the tenor doing himself justice.

Robbed His Employer.

OKWILLIS, Sept. 28.—On Tuesday Shiner and Trueman, of Sheridan, sent their hired man, a young Englishman, here with two loads of barley. He carried a letter from his employers authorizing the dealers to pay him for the grain. At midnight the horses were found straggling about the barn. The man purchased a valise and was last seen boarding the 6:35 train for Toronto.

Latest Business Changes.

Kaufmann, Weidman & Co., of Elmwood, have been granted an extension for two, three and four months by their creditors.

W. Hood & Co., spice manufacturers, 48 Lombard street, Toronto, have assigned to James Dickson.

L. A. Mehlentlicher, saddler, of Delhi, has called a meeting of creditors.

These minor assignments are reported: H. E. Winipry, music, Bellefleur, S. E. Taylor, grocer, Dresden; Donald Currie, grocer, Dart; M. S. Cryser, millinery, Goderich; J. C. Phillips, gent's furnishings, Stratford; H. W. Walton, furniture, Owen Sound.

A Modern Miracle.

MONTREAL, Sept. 28.—Seven cars full of pilgrims arrived at the C. P. R. station yesterday and left at 9:30 o'clock. They were on their way home from the shrine of St. Anne. They belong principally to the county of Glengarry and the neighborhood of Smith's Falls. Among them is a man named Daniel O'Brien, who claims to have been miraculously cured of the rheumatism.

For nine months his friends, who are with him, say he was perfectly helpless, having lost the use of his limbs. He had to be lifted out of his chair. While performing his devotions in the church at St. Anne's his disease disappeared. He stood up, threw away his crutches and was able to walk away as nimbly as if he never had had rheumatism. The pilgrims testify to the accuracy of this statement. No other cure is reported among them.

Without an Equal.

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings.

THE CHARLES A. VOCER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md. Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

Without an Equal.

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WITHOUT AN EQUAL.

JACOBS OIL CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings.

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Safe and absolutely pure, the most powerful Female Regulator known. The only safe and reliable pill for sale. Ladies ask your druggist for Laroe's Star and Crescent Brand. Take no other kind. Guaranteed to relieve suppressed menstruation, sold by all reliable druggists, or Postpaid on receipt of price.

American Pill Company, Detroit, Michigan.

For sale in London by C. McCallum.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

Corrected to June 12, 1902.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY. LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East	
Leave	Arrive
London	Thames
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 Sunday	9:50 a.m. 10:55 a.m.
Atlantic Express daily	9:50 a.m. 1:50 p.m.
New York and Boston Ex.	2:55 p.m. 4:50 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	3:55 p.m. 5:50 p.m.
Limited Express daily	4:55 p.m. 7:50 p.m.
Accommodation except Sunday	8:30 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West	
Leave	Arrive
London	Thames
North Shore Limited daily	8:30 p.m. 11:50 a.m.
Chicago special daily	8:30 p.m. 12:00 a.m.
Chicago Limited daily	9:50 a.m. 10:55 a.m.
American Express except Sunday	9:50 a.m. 1:50 p.m.
Atlantic Express daily	2:55 p.m. 4:50 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	3:55 p.m. 5:50 p.m.
Limited Express daily	4:55 p.m. 7:50 p.m.
Accommodation except Sunday	8:30 p.m. 7:00 a.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:55 a.m., 11:42 a.m. and 6:30 p.m.

Expresses do not stop at or from London on Sundays.

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 505 Richmond Street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

Corrected June 12, 1902.

MAIN LINE—Going East	
ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (all)	8:30 a.m. 9:50 a.m.
Mail	10:55 a.m. 12:00 p.m.
Day Express	10:55 a.m. 12:00 p.m.
St. Louis Express (all)	4:50 p.m. 7:50 p.m.
St. Louis Express (all)	4:50 p.m. 7:50 p.m.
St. Louis Express (all)	4:50 p.m. 7:50 p.m.
St. Louis Express (all)	4:50 p.m. 7:50 p.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West	
ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (all)	8:30 a.m. 9:50 a.m.
West End Express	10:55 a.m. 12:00 p.m.
St. Louis Express (all)	4:50 p.m. 7:50 p.m.
St. Louis Express (all)	4:50 p.m. 7:50 p.m.
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