R. WM. CAVEN BARRON. PRINCIPAL

PRINCIPAL

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By J. M Barrie, AUTHOR OF "WINDOW IN THRUMS," "WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE," "MY LADY NICOTINE," ETG.

They had not advanced many yards then Spens jumped to the side, crying, "Be wary, that's no the wind; it's a machine!"
Immediately the doctor's dog-cart was close to them, with Rob Dow for its only occupant. He was driving slowly; otherwise Whamond could not have escaped the cares hoofs.

wise Whamond could not have escaped the horse's hoofs.

"Is that you, Rob Dow?" said the precentor sourly, "I tell you you'll be jailed for stealing the doctor's machine."

"The Hielandman wasna muckle hurt, Rob." Hendry said, more good-naturedly.
"I ken that," replied Rob, scowling at the four of them. "What are you doing here on sic a nicht?"

"Do you see anything strange in the nicht, Rob.?" Tosh asked apprehensively.
"It's sitting to rain," Dow replied. "I dinna see it, but I feel it."

"Ay," said Tosh eagerly, "but will it be a sait, cowdie sweet ding-on?"

"Let the heavens open if they will," interrupted Spens recklessly, "I would ewap the drought for rain though it comes in a sheet as in the year twelve."

"And like a sheet it'll come," replied Dow, "and the devil'll blaw it about wi' his biggest bellowses."

Tosh shivered, but Whamond shook him roughly, saying,

roughly, saying,
"Keep your oaths to yoursel', Rob Dow,
and tell me, hae you seen Mr, Dishart?"
"I hinna," Rob answered curtly, preparing to drive on.
"Nor the lassic they call the Egyptian?

"Nor the lassie they call the Egyptian?"
Rob leaped from the dog-cart, crying,
What does that mean?
"Hands of," said the precentor, retreating from him. "It means that Mr. Dishart
negleted the prayer-meeting this nicht to
philader after that heathen woman."
"We're no sure o't, Tammas," remonstrated the kirk-officer. Dow stood quite
stil. "I believe Rob kens it's true,"
Hendry added sadly, "or he would hae
flown at your throat, Tammas Whamond,
tor saying these words."
Even this did not rouse Dow.
"Rob doesna worship the minister as he

"Rob doesna worship the minister as he ased to do," said Spens.

"And what for no?" cried the precentor.

"Rob Dow, it is because you've found out

about this woman?"
"You're a pack o' liars," roared Rob,
desporately, 'and if you say agin that ony
wandering hussy has haud o' the minister,
I'll let you see whether I can loup at

threats."
"You'll swear by the Book," asked Whamond, relentlessly, "that you've seen seither o' them this nicht, nor them thegister at any time?"
"Is o swear by the book," answered poor loyal Rob. "But what makes you look for Mr. Dishart here?" he demanded, with an aneasy look at the light in the mudhouse.
"Go ham?" realise the recence them?

a.t. Dishart here?" he demanded, with an useasy look at the light in the mudhouse. "Go hame," replied the precentor, "and deliver up the machine you stole, and leave the session to do its duty. John, we mann fathem the meaning o' that licht."

Dow started, and was probably at that mement within an ace of felling Whamond. "Til come wi' you," he said, hunting in his mind for a better way of helping Gavin. They were at Nanny's garden, but in the darkness Whamond could not find the gate. Rob climbed the palling, and was at once lost sight of. Then they saw his head obscure the window. They did not, however, hear the grean that startled Babbie. "There's notedy there," Rob said, coming back, "but Nanny and Sanders. You'll mind Sanders was to be freed the day."

"I'll go in and see Sanders," said Hendry, but the precentor pulled him back, saying, "You'll do nothing o' the kind, Hendry Munn; you'll come awa wi' me now to the manse."

me now to the manse."

"It's mair than me and Peter'll do, then," said Spens, who had been consulting with the other farmer. "We're gaun as straucht hame as the darkness'll let us."

With few more words the session parted, Spens and Tosh setting off for their farms, and Hendry accompanying the precentor across the hill. No one will ever know where Dow went. I can fancy him, how-ver, returning to the wood, and there drawing rein. I can fancy his mind made up to watch the mudhouse until Gavin and the gypsy separated, and then pounce upon her. I daressy his whole plot could be condensed into a sentence,

"If she's got rid o' this nicht, we may cheat the session yet." But this is mere surmise. All I know is, that he waited her Nanny's house, and by-and-by heard another trap coming up Windyghoul. That was just before the ten o'clock bell began to ring. e now to the manse."
"It's mair than me and Peter'll do,

CHAPTER XXXII.

The little minister bowed his head in asent when Babbie's cry, "Oh, Gavin, do you," leaped in front of her unselfish wish that he should care for her no more. But that matters very little now," he

She was his to do with as he willed, and perhaps the joy of knowing herself still over degot a wild hope that he would refise to give her up. If so these words laid thow, but the sentence they passed upon ber could not kill the self-respect that would be hers henceforth. "That matters rery little now," the man said, but to the monan it seemed to matter more than anything else in the world. From that moment until the end came, Gavin never faltered. His duty and hers lay so plainly before him that there could

be no straying from it. Did Babbie think him strangely caim? At the Glen Quharity Gathering I once saw Rob Angus litt a boulder with such apparent ease that its weight was discredited until the cry arose that the effort had dislocated his arm. Perhaps Gavin's quietness deceived the Egyptian similarly. Had he stamped she might have understood better what he suffered, standing there on the hot embers of his passions.

of his passions.
"We must try to make amends, now," he said gravely, "for the wrong we have done."

done."
"The wrong I have done," she said, correcting him. "You will make it harder for me if you blame yourself. How vile I was in those days."

Those days, she called them; they seemed

in those days, "
Those days, she called them; they seemed so far away.
"Do not cry, Babbie," Gavin replied, gently. "He knew what you were, and He pities you. 'For His anger endureth but a moment: in His favor is life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."
"Not to me."
"Yes to you," he answered. "Babbic, you will return to the Spittal now, and tell Lord Rintoul everything."
"If you wish it."
"Not because I wish it, but because it is right. He must be told that you do not love him."
"In ever pretended to him that I did."
Babbie said, looking up. "Oh," she added with emphasis, "he knows that. He thinks me incapable of caring for any one."
"And that is why he must be told of me," Gavin replied. "You are no longer the woman you were, Babbie, and you know it, but he does not know it. He shall know it before he decides whether he is to marry you."
Babbie looked at Gavin, and wondered he did not see that this decision lay with him.
"Nevertheless," she said, the wedding

he did not see that this decision lay with him.

"Nevertheless," she said, the wedding will take place to-morrow; if it did not, Lord Rintoul would be the soon of his deland."

Lord Rintoul would be the scorn of his friends."

"If it does, the minister answered, "he will be the scorn of himself. Babbie, there is a chance."

"There is no chance," she told him. "No one will know of my absence from the Spittal but himself, and when I begin to tell him of you he will tremble lest it means my refusal to marry him; when he knows it does not he will wonder only why I told him anything."

it does not he will wonder only why I told him anything."

"He will ask you to take time."

"No, he will ask me to put on my wedding dress. You must not think anything else possible."

"So be it, then," Gavin said, firmly.

"Yes, it will be better so," Babbie answered, and then seeing him misunderstand her meaning. exclaimed. reproachfully. "I

meeting with Micah Dow. It silenced him; not, however, on account of its pathos, as she thought, but because it interpreted the riddle of Rol's behavior.

(To be Continued.)

What a Friend Can Do.

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"I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend sent me a part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgic toothache. I would not be without it." Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kincaid street, Brockville, Ont. The tramp's mind wanders but he is no

Either the rod or the child must be

apoiled.

A man's wife stould always be the same especially to her husband; but if she isweak and nervous and uses Carter's fron Pills, she cannot be, for they will make her "feel like a different jerren," at least so they allsay, and if eighusbandsay so, too.

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LETTER BOX. [Under this heading we will insert letters on any subject from boys and girls. The letters must be brief and written on one side of the paper. The name and address must be given, to appear with the letter. Address: "AUNT PRUDENCE, ADVERTISES Office, London, Ont."

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:
As I have seen so many of your other little nieces' letters I thought I would write one to. I go to school most every day. I have been sick and had to be in bed most of the time. Now I must close, from your loving nice. MYRTIE KELLY. [Were you'very sick, dear, and what was

BLUEVALE, April 1, 1892.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I though I would write you a letter, as I am not able to go to school for I have had the mumps. I was 10 years old last month, and I am in the Third Reader. I like my teacher splendidly; her name is Miss Black. I have five brothers and one sister. We call our little sister Eva Edua May. We call our little brother Oliver. My pa is a butcher. We have two horses, and one of them is a daisy. As this is the first letter I have written, I hope to see it in print. From your loving nephew,

ARCHIE H. PATTERSON.

[Away back in the fourteenth century I

[Away back in the fourteenth century] had the mumps myself, so I can sympathize most sincerely with you.]

London, March 17, 182 Simcoe Street.

Dear Aunt Prudence:

Ithought I would write you a letter for the first time, and I hope it will be published in the paper. I am 6 years old, and I go to the kindergarten, which I think is very nice. My father makes me lots of wagons and other things, and we have great fun with the big wagon playing firemen. I like the summer better than the winter, because there is more fun, and I can go to Port Stanley and other places. Which do you like best—the summer or winter? My father has taken the ADVERTISER for seven years, and he likes it very much. I have four brothers but no sisters. I think I will close now, hoping my letter is not too long. Your loving nephew, MORLEY STOCK.

[Well, I think I like the summer the better. I have seen other little boys play firemen, and know that it is great fun.] 111

SUTHERLAND'S CORNERS, March 16.

"So be it, then," Gavin said, firmly.

"Yos, it will be better so," Babbic answered, and then seeing him misunderstand her meaning, exclaimed, reproachfully, "I was not thinking of myself. In the time to one consolation, that this is best for you. That this is best for you. Think of your mother."

"She will lave you," Gavin said, "when Itell her of you."

"Yes," said Babbic, wringing her hands: "she will almost love me, but for what? For not marrying you. That is the only reason anyone in Thrums will have for wishing me well."

"No others," Gavin answered, "shall never know why I remain numarried."

"Will you never marry?" Babbic asked, exultingly. "Ah," she cried, ashamed, "but you must."

"Wever."

Well, many a man and many a woman has made that vow in similar circumstances, but not all have kept it. But shall we, who are old, smile cynically at the brief and burning passion of the young? "The day," you say, "will come when—""

Good sir, hold your peace. The agony was great, and one wis dead, and maybe they have forgotten where it lies buried; but dare you answer lightly when I ask you which of these things is saddest?

Babbic believed his Never, and, doubtless, thought no worse of him for it; but she saw no way of comforting him save by disparagement of herself.

"You must think of your congregation," she said. "A minister with a gypsy wife—"Would have knocked them about with a flail," Gavin interposed, showing his teeth at thought of the precentor, "until they did her reverence."

She shook her head, and told him of her meeting with Micab Dow. It silenced him; not, however, on account of its pathos, as she thought, but heaves it interpreted the meeting with Micab Dow. It silenced him; not, however, on account of its pathos, as she thought, but heaves as interpreted the meeting with Micab Dow. It silenced him; not, however, on account of its pathos, as she thought, but heaves a consult of the series in the Adventure well and the for you. I have been reading the boys' and girls' letters from where you live. I

[One hundred acres is a good sized farm, is it not? I don't know what you mean when you speak of writing letters for a

CHASE, Mich., April 10, 1892.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I am a little girl 12 years of age. The ADVERTISER has been in our family ever since I can remember. For some time past I have been interested in your correspondence with the little folks, and often thought would like to be one of your little nices. I would like to be one of your little nieces. I have no brother or sister, and I live in I have no brother or sister, and I live in the poorhouse, as my pa has been keeper of the Lake County Poor Farm for nearly four years. I should have written to you before, but was afraid my letter would not be good enough to put in the paper, but I shall be very happy if you will accept me as your affectionate nicce,

[You could write me a very interesting letter, giving me a description of the Lake County Poor Farm.]

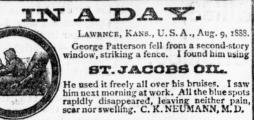
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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO NOV. 15, 1899.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY. LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division-Coing Ease Leave Leave St. | Acth Shore Limited (daily) | 8:30 p.m. | 1:30 p.m. |
N. Y. Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	3:40 a.m.			
Monday	1:30 p.m.	3:40 a.m.			
Monday	1:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.			
Atlantic Express (daily)	9:50 a.m.	1:50 p.m.			
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	9:50 p.m.	3:50 p.m.			
Accom d'n (except Sunday)	8:50 p.m.	4:45 p.m.			
Accom d'n (except Sunday)	8:50 p.m.	7:00 a.m.	Canada Southern Division-Going West. Forth Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	7:28 a.m.
Chicago Express (daily) | 8:30 p.m. | 4:20 a.m. |
Chicago Express (daily) | 8:30 p.m. | 4:20 a.m. |
Chicago Et/d Exp. (daily) | 9:50 a.m. | 1:55 a.m. |
Maril (except Sundays) | 1:25 p.m. | 1:30 p.m. |
Maril (except Sundays) | 1:25 p.m. | 3:15 p.m. |
Accom d'n (except Sundays) | 8:30 p.m. | 7:40 a.m. |
Accom d'n (except Sundays) | 8:30 p.m. | 7:40 a.m. |

Recommodation | 8:30 p.m. | 8:30 p.m. |

Recommodation | 8:30 p.m. | 8:30 p.m. |

Recommodation | 8:30 p.m. |

Recommodat Trains strive in London at 8:25 a.m., 12 m and 6:40 p.m., 1Norte. No trains to or from London on Sundays.]

JOHN PAUL. City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 395 Richmond street. GRAND TRUNK-Southern Division CORRECTED DEC. 7, 1891,

MAIN LINE-Going East ARRIVE, DEPAR MAIN LINE-Going West, ARRIVE. | DEPART

Sarnia Branch. ARRIVE | DEPART 3:20 a.m. 11:50 a.m. 2:15 p.m. 8:45 p.m. 11:36 p.m. imited Express (B). Sarnia Branch.

London, Hurch and Bruce. ARRIVE. | DEPART

London and Port Stanley. ARRIVE. | DEPART 7:20 a,m, 9:30 a,m 2:10 p,m, 1:50 p,m 6:55 p,m, 7:00 p,m 11:15 p,m, St. Marys and Stratferd Branch.

ARRIVE. | DEPART | ARRIVE, DEPARE, | DEPARE Toronto Branch.

Hamilton—Depart—
a.m. | a.m. | n.m. | p.m. | p.m. | r.m. | p.m. | n.m. | n.m. | 6:30 | 7:00 | 11:05 | 12:30 | 4:10 | 6:40 | u*6:55 | 0:23 Hamil ton—Arrive—
a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | p.m.

* These trains for Montreal.

† These trains from Montreal.

† These trains from Montreal.

(a) Runs daily Sundays included,
(b) Runs daily, Eundays included, but makes
no intermediate story 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
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Trains arrive from the west at 3:55 a.m., 6:25 THOS. R. PARKER, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, No. 1 Masonio Temple,

ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South. Exp[Exp|Mix|Mix Trains North. (Exp|Exp|Mix

M. C. R. Junction | dep | 6:13 | 3:37 | 11:29 | 12:50 | Courtright | 11:25 | 3:55 | Earnia G. T. R.) | arr | 12:00 | 6:25 |



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