

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

By Lilias Campbell Davidson.

You know there was nothing poor Harry would do for me, I said. "I often think if I had seen more of him just when these dreadful things began, I might have kept him from them. No one has tried to help him all through—he shall see at last there is one hand held out to him if he will but try to turn back, even yet."

So, as my 21st birthday fell in May, and I came into possession of all the considerable fortune my dear father had left me, there was really no possibility of thwarting me, and my mother had reluctantly to give way.

For a little while it seemed as if my efforts would all be in vain. I could hear nothing of Harry's whereabouts. At last I had word of his having been seen at a race-meeting in a certain town of Essex; and, having friends in the immediate neighborhood, I determined at once to go down there.

I reached Marny Court late on a Saturday evening—so late that I did not get up in time for church the next morning, but slept off my fatigue, and spent a lazy, quiet day among the roses in the garden. My host and hostess were old people, and unused to church-going twice a day; so I started off to evening service by myself, and chose a distant church I remembered from a former visit—a quaint place of great age, far in the heart of the country. I was early when I arrived, having started betimes, so I skirted the low churchyard wall, and made for a bench overlooking the distant country, with the long, faint sea-line on the horizon. As I approached the bench, a man rose hastily from it, and stood before me—and in an instant I knew that it was Harry.

Harry—but oh, how changed! From the shabby dress, to the look of wild despair on his still handsome face, there was not one thing to remind me of my boy-lover—my Harry of the happy rectory days.

"Kitty! oh, Kitty!"—and the next minute he was on the ground at my feet, passionately kissing the hem of my dress.

My heart was sick within me as I raised him from that attitude of profound humiliation, and made him sit beside me on the little wooden bench. The change in him was still more apparent close at hand. The old light in his eyes was quenched, and instead of the bright, confident bearing of past days, there was the hopeless, dogged look of him who had ceased to struggle with fate, and had owned its mastery.

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty!"—his very voice was altered, so deep, and wild, and hoarse—"why did you ever leave me? If you had not cast me off I should never have come to this. As long as you were with me I had the strength to fight against myself. I could hold out while you were by. Lay your little fingers on mine, as you used to do—don't shrink from me, for Heaven's sake, or it will kill me. I swear to you, Kathleen, that I've injured no living soul but myself; though Heaven knows how near to it I've been sometimes. Yes, it's true, as I looked at him. "Since the day you kissed me last, Kitty, I've done no single thing to make me unworthy—dear, dear, though I am—to hold your hand to-day."

"Harry, can this be true?" I asked, as I yielded my hand to his poor, feeble, trembling clasp. "Don't you call interperence an unworthy thing?"

"Kitty, believe me—even my worst enemy has never put lying among the list of my sins—I say to you solemnly that I have never once been drunk in all my life. Yes, you look shocked, but I tell you the truth. People say I am seldom sober. I know; and there isn't a doubt I've done things, time after time, that I haven't had the least consciousness of—but it's never been under the influence of liquor. Why, look at me! Are my eyes bloodshot?—do I look like a man who has been drinking hard for a year? You could tell from my breath in a minute—why, I haven't had even a glass of beer in a week."

It was perfectly true, I could see. "But why, then—why?" I stammered.

"No, I'm not insane—I thought that, too—but I have been to the best men on the brain and nerves, and they all insist I'm as sound as a bell, in my mind. Heaven knows what strange and awful disease it is. I've never been free, this whole year, from this black pain and weight in my head—this black depression and the awful fits of reckless despair. Sometimes I find myself, to my horror, on the verge of some act that appals me with dismay; and heartily as I dislike cards, I can't see one without a mad desire to play. I've found out I had a gambling ancestor, somewhere about Charles the Second's time—I sometimes fancy I've inherited his passion, and that it broke out all of a sudden last summer at Dewsbury. Whatever wrongs he ever did have been revenged in his descendant. I'm broken in health, and ruined in pocket; the last few hundred I owned went at the races last week. The last ten-pound note I have in the world is in my pocket at this moment, and just before you came up I was wondering whether I had strength to get over the yonder line of sea, and end it all there. It's not a bad end—that—soon over; and there must be peace somewhere down below those restless, ever-tossing waves."

The tears were dropping on my lap.

"Oh, Harry, Harry, don't talk like that!" I cried. "It is never too late to try—to battle back to life. Resolve to begin anew—to shake off this dull despair, and overcome yourself. Hope, and happiness, and honor may yet be before you in the future."

"I can't," he said, shaking his head despairingly. "I haven't the heart nor the strength. Even your father will tell you the time is too late."

"My father has gone where there's no such word," I said simply. "He asked for your forgiveness, Harry, before he died, and sent his love to you."

Harry's face softened.

"He was the best man I ever knew," he said. "I'm very sorry he's gone, Kitty; only I can't feel things as much as you do."

The little cracked bell in the tower ceased its melancholy note, and the sound of a harmonium stole out upon the evening air. I stood up.

"What, must you go, Kitty?—must you leave me so soon? Good-bye, then, I'm glad I saw you once again, before—before—"

"I'm not going to leave you at all, Harry. Come into church with me now, and afterwards I am going to take you home with me to the Harcourt."

"Church? I couldn't!"

He shrank back.

"What should I do in church? I haven't been inside one since that time at Dewsbury."

"That's all the more reason you should come now," I said, slipping my hand through his arm to keep him; and, somewhat to my surprise, he yielded.

It was a quaint little building, with a low gallery at one end, and rows of rough heavy black oak benches. The Norman chancel had long ago disappeared, and the little square Norman tower in the center of the church did duty in its stead. There was a very small congregation—a handful of villagers in their best black bonnets, with a

sprinkling of hotbaths and smock frocks. The schoolmistress played the harmonium; and the service was conducted by a short-sighted young clergyman in spectacles. I was glad, for Harry's sake, that there was no more distinguished gathering.

He had selected a seat in a dark corner, nearly hidden from sight by a projecting pillar, and I got as near to him as possible. Once or twice during the solemn service I felt him start violently, and half rise from his seat; but I laid my hand on his knee, and he instantly grew quiet again. After that I kept it there. It gave me great hope and encouragement to find how strong my influence upon him seemed to be.

The sermon was like the service—simple and homely; but the short-sighted rector had a kind and gentle manner, and it comforted me, somehow. Harry was wonderfully quiet while it lasted, and the few last words were allays to his pain, and trusting that they brought the lately dried tears to my eyes once more.

(To be Continued.)

Prevention is Better

Then cure and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent the attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. You can rely on Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism and catarrhs; also for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils and other diseases caused by impure blood. It tones and vitalizes the whole system.

Hood's Pills are easy and gentle in effect.

Mrs. Jarley says that her husband is a commercial traveler, and as such is one of the most prominent scatters of trade in the country.

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, catarrhs, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

Why is a policeman called a copper? Can it be because he plays an important part when a collection is taken up?

Cures Wind Colic and Diarrhea.

Mrs. WINELOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, PALATES ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, and for sale ask for "Mrs. Winelow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother's Own Worm Expeller is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

The grip microbe is supposed to have started on its mission in the lodge room.

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To get out of the world for the sake of getting out of debt is suicidal.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. R. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "I consider 'SHILOH'S VITALIZER' the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Biliousness, Rheumatism, etc. Price 75 cents. Sold by W. T. STANGE.

It won't do any good to pray for the South Sea Islander as long as you won't speak to the man who lives in the next house.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS: Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals the ulcers and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

A man denies himself pleasures when he is young that he may have money to pay out to the doctors when he is old.

If a man gets up when the day breaks can he be said to have a whole day before him?

The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Fiekle'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.

"There is a time for everything" when the boarding-house cook makes hash.

Another consignment of \$1 oak finished rockers just arrived, also great bargains in sideboards, at TRAFFORD'S Popular Furniture House, 95 and 97 King street. Phone 864.

Bread! Bread! Two loaves for 7 cents.

D. J. LANGDON, baker and grocer, corner York and Thames streets. ywt

Babies caught quick as a flash. Mr. MACLE'S success with babies is remarkable. Corner Dundas and Richmond streets. ywt

Mr. Frank Cooper, photographer, has recovered from his recent illness, and will be found at his studio, where he will be pleased to receive his many friends and patrons, and to fill their Xmas orders in his usual expeditious manner. Call and inspect his beautiful productions. ywt

Wood Carving.

A wood carving establishment opened here. Our work is carved, not pressed, made of art moldings; furniture, cases, capitals and architecture of the public buildings. Artistic wood mantels and wardrobes made to order. First-class work. D. A. DARR, Anderson block, East London, Ont. ywt

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No medicine ever had such testimonials.

It has made thousands of tired and worn-out men and women well.

Paine's Celery Compound builds up the shaken nerves. The nerves regulate the blood supply through the body. Upon their action depends health and happiness.

It is the nerves, then, that are to be attended to. Nerves out of repair result in loss of sleep, irritability, lassitude—which are the beginning of a host of ills.

Paine's Celery Compound robs the nerve centers of irritability, and by supplying abundant nutrition to the nerve tissue secures healthy action. Paine's Celery Compound makes life easier all the year round. When men and women overwork in the home, workshop, store or office, and find sleep hard to get at night, when the used up brain gets no time for repair, nothing refreshes, strengthens and reanimates like Paine's Celery Compound. It is food for the brain and nerves.

For all diseases arising from a debilitated nervous system it is a true specific, and is generally prescribed by physicians. It is not a patent medicine.

It is the most remarkable remedy that the scientific research of this country has produced. Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M.D., LL.D., of Dartmouth College, first prescribed what is now known the world over as Paine's Celery Compound, a positive cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, liver complaint, neuralgia, rheumatism, all nervous diseases and kidney troubles. For the latter, Paine's Celery Compound has succeeded again and again where everything else has failed.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

BRANT.

Wm. Rush, of Brantford, was getting potatoes out of a pit on the farm of John Stanton, when the pit caved in on him, and he is not expected to live.

Efforts are being made to induce Mercer Bros., of Alliston, to remove their agricultural implement industry to Brantford.

ESSEX.

Only about \$8,500 of Tilbury East taxes have yet been collected, against \$10,000 this time last year. In 1891—the year of the 3 per cent. discount—\$20,000 were collected at this date.

A county convention of the W. C. T. U. will be held in Windsor on Friday, Feb. 16. Mrs. Thornley, of London, Provincial president, will address the meeting, and delegates from all local unions in the county will be present.

Chief Engineer Moloney, of Amherstburg, will resign rather than accept \$500 a year salary.

ELGIN.

Dugald Munro, of Southwold, who died last week, was a brother of the late Sheriff Munro. He leaves a widow and a large family.

Leonard Varting, tailor, St. Thomas, was knocked down by two men near his house on Station street on Saturday night when going to supper and robbed of \$8. They tried to get his watch, but did not succeed.

The M. C. R. car shops, St. Thomas, have been reduced to a mere day.

KENT.

Dr. P. P. Taylor, of Chatham, was registered in London, Eng., last week. Harry Kingsbury, of Chatham, has been given ten days in jail for cruelty to a horse.

Wm. Anderson, grocer, Wallaceburg, has assigned to A. Robinson, London.

D. Mitchell, M.D., of Benheim, has been appointed an associate coroner for Kent county.

The police have forbidden the sale of Sunday newspapers in Chatham.

Mrs. Benedict, of Keith, has been fined \$25 and costs for practicing medicine without a licence. Her specialty was a cancer cure.

MIDDLESEX.

H. J. Glanville, of Exeter, has purchased the Poole fruit farm, southeast of the London asylum, and will take possession in March next.

Mrs. Storey, Mosa township, has, through her solicitor, Angus McNish, Glencoe, sued the townships of Mosa and Euphemia for \$2,000 for injuries alleged to have been sustained last November while driving on the town line.

The handsome sum of \$86 45 was realized towards the manse debt at the box social by the Endeavorers of Bethel Proof Line Church, on 10, London township, Friday.

A long and good programme was rendered as follows, with Rev. Mr. Little in the chair: Speech, A. Cummings; whistling melody, Charles Goulding; recitations, Miss Charlotte Carmichael and Charles Attwood; songs, Charles Richardson; Clayton Decker and Master Trayer (London); cornet solo, Warren Decker; instrumentals, the Misses Little; duet, Miss Nora Little and Miss Clara Decker; accompanists, Miss Nettie Goulding, Miss Lizzie Carmichael and Master George Little. The committee were: Miss Lizzie Carmichael, Miss Sarah Kennedy, Messrs. Wm. Fraser and James Little.

OXFORD.

Wm. Clark, of Paris, is missing, and \$100 will be paid for information leading to his recovery. He was 55 years old. James Miller, of Blandford, says he saw a man of Clark's description wandering aimlessly about, and it is thought he has perished.

The house of A. J. Wilson, 320 Drew street, Woodstock, was entered while the family were at church Sunday and some valuable jewelry stolen.

At a 9-year-old son of Mr. Holman, of Goschen, was returning home from school on Friday, he jumped on a neighbor's sleigh and rode with him to the woods for a load of logs. On the return journey the sleigh upset, the logs falling upon the boy, who was not able to escape them, and crushing him so that he died three minutes after being taken home. The funeral took place on Monday to the Blandford cemetery.

The Reform Association of North Oxford meets at Woodstock on Feb. 21.

FERRIS.

Mr. Thomas Magwood, who has received

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SORES
Headache
AND
ALL
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Have the early frosts or too late a lingering by the garden gate again aroused that RHEUMATISM so peacefully slumbering the summer long? Well, if it's very bad you must change your diet and perhaps take some distasteful drug—the doctor will tell you what—but first rub thoroughly the part afflicted with POND'S EXTRACT, then wrap it warmly with flannel, and the rheumatism may wholly disappear. It will certainly be much relieved. Now that you have the POND'S EXTRACT try it for any of the many things its buff wrapper mentions. It's a wonderful curative. But don't accept substitutes.

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