

SINGING.

Voice Culture taught at the London Conservatory of Music, 30 Dundas Street, W. F. J. MOORE (formerly of Helms College) and MISS R. BROWN (late of Toronto) added to staff of vocal instructors.

The PRINCIPAL (Mr. Barton) will be pleased to try any voices and give advice free of charge, from 5 to 6 p.m. any afternoon this week.

Laying a Ghost.

By George Manville Fenn.

CHAPTER I.

"It is of no use for you to talk, Mary," said, quite angrily, "a professional man has no right to sit still, taking his patients' fees without constantly striving after higher knowledge for their benefit."

"Of course not, dear," said my wife, gently—by the way she always does speak gently—"but you study too much."

"Nonsense!"

"Indeed, dear, but you, your forehead is growing full of lines, and your hair is turning quite gray."

"All the better. People do not like young-looking doctors."

"But you do work too hard, dear."

"Ah! I feel as if I must be a more jolly, Mary, and at a time, too, when it seems as if medicine were quite at a stand. Surgery has made wonderful strides, but the physician is powerless."

"What nonsense, dear, when everybody says that you are the cleverest doctor for 50 miles around; and at such times I feel as if I could kiss the person who said so."

"Everybody is a goose; and geese or no, don't you let me catch you kissing them. There, be off, little one, and let me go on with my work."

"Work, work, always work," she said, with a pretty pout of the lips, which invited what they received, with the result that my happy young wife went out smiling while I sat down to think.

I was young in those days. Rather vain, too, and disposed to look down upon what I called the "old fogies of the profession." I meant to make great discoveries in medicine for the benefit of suffering humanity, and for my own benefit, too, I'm afraid. Consequently, I could not be a dangerous kind of doctor, and always intended to try experiments.

At the time of which I am speaking, I was a medical student, and a comedy which I believed I had discovered for the nervous state consequent on the failure of the digestive powers in people of middle age; and it was upon this comedy that I was about to think in my little consulting room and dispensary combined.

I had been pondering over the subject then for months, and the more I thought, the more convinced I was that the remedy would work wonders, but for want of test cases I was completely in the dark. I had got so far, though, that I had given myself full confidence in the correctness of my deductions; and I wanted was a trial—experiment on the vile body of man, so as to make sure.

"How to proceed?" I said to myself, as I sat among my bottles and drugs, tapping the table with my finger nails—"how to proceed? I must try it upon a patient, but it is not fair on me to try experiments on one who confides in you. Suppose my ideas are wrong—suppose it is a failure?"

These thoughts troubled me so that I grew feverish, and my head began to ache.

Jumping up from my chair I took a clean towel from a shelf, half filled it with a tangle of which stood on the table, tossed off the sparkling water, put back the tumbler and returned my seat, feeling decidedly better and clearer.

"How to proceed?" I said again. "I cannot, I must not try it upon a patient. It would not be just. Upon whom, then, Mary?"

"For the thought!" I cried dramatically.

"To deceive her would be ten times worse."

"But I might tell her first. She would take it, bless her, if I tried her."

"No, no, no, no!" I cried; and then, half aloud, "If the experiment is to be tried, you and you have so much faith in it, try it upon yourself, like a man!"

I sprang up once more with all kinds of unpleasant notions beginning to haunt me. Suppose that dose failed; suppose it proved fatal; suppose I were called away before I had time to explain to a brother medical man what I had taken.

"Why, they would take me for a snail, and my wife would be a widow," I exclaimed, with a chill of horror, seeming to make my blood run sluggishly through my veins.

But this was momentary. I recovered my strength of mind directly, and unhooking my desk, I took out a bottle containing a white powder, which I shook and held up to the light.

"I'll try one drachm first," I said. "Too much. No; it would be absurd to triffl with it. How can I get a satisfactory result if I do not proceed boldly with my test? Am I going to play the coward after all?"

I went to the shelf where the bottles stood, and took down the one labelled No. 1, having determined to combine a stimulant with the drug, which would, I knew, from former experience, dissolve in spirit, but to my chagrin, the bottle was completely empty.

"Brandy will do," I said to myself; and, after replacing the bottle, I went out and into the dining-room to fetch one of the three from the spirit stand, but found that its contents were consumed to about a wine-glassful.

"That would be enough," I thought, and going into my consulting room, I set the little decanter down, removed the stopper, and my hand trembled a little as I poured in the white powder, a mere pinch, but full of potency.

"You are a coward," I said to myself contemptuously. You would have given that to a patient without a quail, but you are all on the shiver because you are going to take it yourself."

And myself seemed to answer, as if I then let a duel existence.

"I am no coward," it said, half aloud. "For the benefit of medical science I am going to take that drug as soon as it is dissolved; and if it destroys my life, I have died in a great cause; I have saved any soldier who ever faced the deadly breach."

CHAPTER II.

As I spoke I replaced the stopper, crumpled up the paper, and threw it in the waste basket. I then shook up the brandy, which looked turbid at first, but rapidly began to clear, as I set it down, took paper and pen, and was about to write a few lines to my wife telling her what I had done, and why, lost in the case of accident I might be

supposed to have committed suicide; but I had only just written down the date when I heard a ring, and directly after there was a tap at the door, and our servant ushered in a patient.

I motioned him to a seat, and in the rapid look which a doctor gives to his visitors, formed my own impressions as to his ailments, the gorged veins of the eyes, the flushed face, the pimpled and reddened nose, telling their own tale—a story confirmed by the trembling of his hands as he removed his gloves.

"Morning, doctor," he said; "I'm very bad and I want you to overhaul me, and see if you can set me right. Can't eat—no appetite—no digestion; I'm a prey to the horrors—my nerves are absolutely shattered, and life has become such a burden that an end of myself. I'm afraid I shall," he continued, getting more excited in his speech and gesturing as I sat back, scanning him intently, and seeing in him the very object for my experiment if I cared to administer my remedy. But my nose held me back, and I vowed I would resist the temptation, come what might.

"Be calm," I said quietly, "and tell me—before I could get any farther he burst out:—

"Ca'm? Who can be calm suffering as I do? Man, I am haunted. Do what I will, go where I will, I am haunted."

"As all men are," I said quietly, "who persist in flying to the bott c."

"No," he cried fiercely, not as they are. Do you think I am one of the idiots who see snakes and devils and all kinds of imaginary creatures dancing before their eyes? I am haunted, I tell you, and it is by a man I know well—I must tell you now—I can't keep it back. We were friends out in Australia—years ago."

"Australia, eh?" I cried.

"Yes. Do you know Australia?" he said, wondering.

"I passed my boyhood and my early manhood there," I replied, quietly. "I came to England to finish my studies, and settled down. So you are haunted, eh?"

"Haunted! Did I say haunted?" he cried uneasily. "Oh, no, more fancy," and he laughed unpleasantly.

"Of course," I said. "My dear sir, as a medical man I must be plain with you. I will give you the best advice, and will help in every way I can; but the cure for your complaint is in your own hands. Leave all liquors aside, and you will mend fast. Go on as you are now, drinking heavily, and in six months you will be in your grave."

"I started violently, and grasped the elbows of the chair as I leaned forward, gazing wildly in my face."

(To be continued.)

A bottle of Angostura Bitters to flavor your lemonade or any other cold drink will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Colic, Diarrhea, and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Prof. Shopoff is the pioneer of the temperance cause in Bulgaria. Mr. Shopoff is a member of the faculty of the Phillips High School. He picked up his temperance principles while visiting in England.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Little Liver 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.

Mrs. Hannibal Hamlin, the widow of the late vice-president who served with Lincoln during the war, is a most intellectual and lovely woman. She lives in the old old home at Bangor, Me.

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.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell says that before the World's Fair is opened Chicago and New York will be connected by telephone.

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.

F. D. Millet, of the World's Fair, says it is going to be the greatest "architectural spree" the world has ever seen.

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

Connecticut, spelled in an Indian dialect, "Quin-neh-tuk-gut," signified "land on a long tidal river."

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, rheumatisms, neuralgias, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

The University of Padua will celebrate on Dec. 7 the tercentenary of Galileo's installation as professor of mathematics at that institution.

Russia has herself contributed \$175,000,000 to alleviate the sufferings of her famine stricken peasantry.

Educational Work.

The work of educating the public to a thorough knowledge of the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters as a cure 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 great satisfaction.

The official title of the Governor of Rhode Island is Captain General of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

Mr. Joe Scates, of Toronto, writes, "A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, sour stomach and lame back; in fact, I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters. Vegetable Discovery. I used one bottle, and the permanent manner in which it has cured and made a new man of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude."

The heat was so intense in Madrid about a month ago that birds dropped from the trees and died in the streets.

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, King Street, Kingston, Ont.

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

A Georgia judge has decided that a mule is a deadly weapon.

SAM JONES ON SKEPTICS.

"Nothing About an Honest Infidel But His Mouth"—Hard on New Yorkers.

New York, Sept. 27.—The Rev. Sam Jones and Thomas Dixon conducted the services at Association Hall, Twenty-third street, Sunday morning. All the seats were filled, and, as none are permitted to stand, many were turned away. Mr. Dixon recited his prelude and Mr. Jones preached. Mr. Jones among other things said:

"Christianity can be demonstrated just like a proposition in mathematics. A man with sense can understand it and it takes a man with good sense to be a Christian. Others can be infidels. It takes faith. This is a thing that God cannot give you. You have got to exercise this yourself. I never saw an honest infidel who would tell you he had tested Christianity. There is nothing about an infidel but his mouth, and when I meet one I wash his mouth and then I've got him washed. That is all there is about him. There is some sense in 'Bob' Ingersoll being an infidel. He gets \$500 a night for it, but these little fellows who run around and say 'I am a saint' to hear him haven't got any sense."

Among other things Sam Jones said: "If all New York go to heaven you will have to sleep there with your trousers under your head."

AN OLD MAXIM SPOILED.

In This Case Lightning Struck Twice in the Same Place.

Schenectady, N. Y., Sept. 27.—John Shavor, 70 years old, was killed by a stroke of lightning Saturday night in his cottage on Jefferson street.

During a violent thunderstorm last summer Shavor was sitting at an open window in his house when lightning struck the house and set it on fire. When the flames were extinguished Mr. Shavor was found still sitting by the window, his right side being paralyzed. On his right cheek, just below the eye, was a scald circle the size of a silver half dollar. Saturday night a heavy thunder shower passed over town and after a terrible crash Mr. Shavor's daughter ran to his room to find that he had been struck dead by lightning in the same room and almost at the same spot where he received his first shock.

To Make Soft Soap.

Dissolve a half pound package of Peerless Washing Compound in one gallon of boiling water, then add one gallon of cold water, leaving well together. When cold you will have two gallons of good soft soap.

OAK HALL THE GREAT ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS.

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ALWAYS TRUE.

RHEUMATISM.—Col. DAVID WYLLIE, Brockville, Ont., writes: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my hands. Could not stand; rubbed them with

ST. JACOBS OIL.

In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—Mr. JAMES BONNER, 128 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

IT IS THE BEST.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

The Celebrated

CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION LBS.

For Samples sent Free, write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLON, MONTREAL.

SHOT AND SHELLS

CARTRIDGE AND BALL.

Smokeless and Black Gunpowder

CHILLED HARD AND SOFT SHOT.

HOBBS HARDWARE CO., LONDON

THE Lumber Cutting Machine OF THE FUTURE.

10 Pond Mills sold in Canada in 1881 where one was sold in 1860. We predict an equal increase in 1882.

Our present orders indicate it, so place your orders early.

The Circular Saw 22 years ago was as much a novelty and as difficult to run as the Band Saw is to-day. With the experience gained in handling the Circular, knowledge of the Band Saw is much more readily acquired. Special improved tools also facilitate the work. We furnish an expert with each mill to instruct in the use of tools and work on saw.

The adjoining cut illustrates our NO. 1 BAND SAW MILL, capacity 10,000 to 20,000 feet in 10 hours. Our No. 2 mill is much heavier—capacity 20,000 to 40,000 feet per day.

Waterous Engine Works Co.

BRANTFORD, CANADA.

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

SPANISH NERVE

The great nerve and brain restorer. Sold with a written guarantee to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Fits and Neuralgia, Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nervousness, Lassitude and all drain or loss of power of the generative organs in either sex. Involuntary Losses, or Self Abuse, caused by Over Excitation, Youthful Indiscretions or the excessive use of tobacco, opium, stimulants which ultimately lead to consumption and insanity. With every \$5.00 we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Price \$5.00 a package, or 6 for \$25. By mail to any address. Ask your druggist for it, or if others you a substitute or imitation which pays him a larger price, leave his drug store, and mail price to us. A. & B. BROWN & SONS, Windsor, Ont., Agents for Can., Spanish Med. Co., Madrid.

For sale in London by C. McCaLum.

THE IMPORTANT POINT IS THE HAIR.

In all assemblages how many ladies there are who, although attired richly and elegantly, and possessed of every grace of form and features, still something is wanting; some point has been neglected to complete the adornment of their person. In nearly all such cases the HAIR is the point that has not received sufficient consideration; it is either too thin and faded or is not becomingly arranged. To remedy these defects consult PROF. DOREN WEND, who has made the art of hairdressing a special study for years. He will be at

Tecumseh House, London, on Thursday, Oct. 6, 1882.

With a full stock of his justly celebrated goods—Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Bangs, Waves, Switches, etc. Prof. Dorenwend will be glad to try on for you the latest American and Parisian styles, in order that you may be convinced of the effect. Remember at

Tecumseh House, London, Wednesday, Oct. 5.

MARSHALL BROS.

Wholesale Importers of

TEAS and COFFEES

67 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

LONDON MANUFACTURING TRADE

WM. MALLOCH & CO., MACHINISTS

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

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FULLEYS, SHAFTING, HANGERS and SPECIAL MACHINERY Repairing a Specialty.

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CHAS. CHAPMAN

Bookbinder, Account Book Manufacturer

—AND DEALER IN—

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

NO. 81 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONT.

Telephone No. 570.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

Corrected to June 12, 1882.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

Stations	Leave	Arrive
London	8:00 a.m.	11:30 p.m.
St. Catharines	8:30 a.m.	12:00 a.m.
Niagara Falls and Buffalo	9:00 a.m.	12:30 a.m.
Special daily	8:30 p.m.	4:00 a.m.
American Express	8:30 p.m.	4:00 a.m.
Monday	8:30 a.m.	10:55 a.m.
Atlantic Express	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
press daily	8:30 a.m.	4:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

Stations	Leave	Arrive
St. Catharines	8:30 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
Chicago Express	8:30 a.m.	4:40 a.m.
Chicago special	8:30 a.m.	12:50 a.m.
Chicago & N. E. Ex. daily	8:30 a.m.	10:55 a.m.
American Express	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
Monday	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:45 a.m., 11:40 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 4:40 p.m., 7:40 p.m., 10:40 p.m.

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

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, No. 1 Macdonell Street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

Corrected June 27, 1882.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

Stations	Arrive	Depart
London	8:00 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
St. Catharines	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
American Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Day Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
St. Louis Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
File Limited	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

Stations	Arrive	Depart
London	8:00 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
St. Catharines	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
American Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Day Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
St. Louis Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
File Limited	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.

St. Marys Branch.

Stations	Arrive	Depart
London	8:00 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
St. Catharines	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
American Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Day Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
St. Louis Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
File Limited	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.

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Stations	Arrive	Depart
London	8:00 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
St. Catharines	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
American Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Day Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
St. Louis Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
File Limited	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

Stations	Arrive	Depart
London	8:00 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
St. Catharines	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
American Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Day Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
St. Louis Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
File Limited	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.

London and Port Stanley.

Stations	Arrive	Depart
London	8:00 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
St. Catharines	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
American Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Day Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
St. Louis Express	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
File Limited	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

Toronto Branch.							
Hamilton-Depart-							
a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
7:00	9:15	11:05	12:30	4:10	6:40	8:35	9:30
Hamilton-Arrive-							
a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
5:30	7:50	10:25	1:15	4:00	6:25	8:15	
* Express for Montreal							