

## OAK HALL.

MEN'S SUITS, \$5.

## Three Cases Special Men's Suits.

It will pay you to see our goods and get our prices. We are never afraid of losing a sale when you see our special

\$5 SUITS.

Quality, style and low prices has been the secret of our success.

## EQUITABLE.

Our prices, like our styles, are proper, and the lowest that such goods as we handle can be sold for.

Young men, you want a stylish spring suit. See what we can save you.

## OAK HALL,

150 Dundas Street, London.

ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.



## OAK HALL.

MEN'S SUITS, \$6.

## SUPERB

Is the word that best describes the character of our tailor-made

\$6 SUITS

Cannot be purchased outside of Oak Hall for double the money.

## IRREPROACHABLE

Is the term that conveys the correct idea of design, fabric, fit, workmanship and trimmings of the

FINE SPRING OVERCOATS

That we are now showing.

## OAK HALL,

150 Dundas Street, London.

ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.

## CARTER'S

## LIVER PILLS.

## CURE

## SICK

## HEAD

## ACHE

## The Little Minister.

## By J. M. Barrie.

## The Little Minister.

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master," he said. "What became of her?" "I left her near Caddam Wood," I replied, "but she is probably not there now."

"Ah, they are strange creatures these gypsies," he said, casting a warning look at the girl. "Now I wonder where she had been bound for?"

"There is a gypsy encampment on the hill," I answered, though I cannot say why.

"She is there!" exclaimed Rintoul, and was done with me.

"I daresay," McKenzie said indifferently. "However, it is nothing to us. Good-night, sir."

The earl had started for the trap, but McKenzie's salute reminded him of a forgotten courtesy, and, despite his agitation, he came back to apologize. I admired him for this. Then my thoughtfulness must needs mar all.

"Good-night, Mr. McKenzie," I said. "Good-night, Lord Rintoul."

I had addressed him by his real name. Never a twenty feet from a bumping laden cart, and the driver more unconscious of it, than I that I had dropped that word. I re-entered the house, but had not reached my chair when McKenzie's hand fell roughly on me and I was swung round.

"Mr. Ogilvy," he said, the more savagely I doubt not because his passions had been chained so long, "you know more than you would have us think. Beware, sir, of recognising that gypsy should you ever see her again in different attire. I advise you to have forgotten this night when you waken to-morrow morning."

With a menacing gesture he left me, and I sank into a chair, glad to lose sight of the glowing eyes with which he had gazed at me to the wall. I did not hear the trap cross the ford and resume its journey. When I looked out next the night had fallen very dark, and the gipsy was so dead in its droopiness that I thought not even the cry of murder could tear its eyes open.

The earl and McKenzie would be some distance still from the hill when the officers' bearers had scoured it in vain for their master. The gypsies, now dancing round McKenzie, Lang Tammies would have stopped by using his fists to the glory of God, had seen no minister, they said, and disbelieved in the existence of the mysterious Egyptian.

"Lads, they are to trade," Spens declared to his companions, "but now and again they speak truth, like a standing clock, and I'm beginning to think the minister's lassie was invented in the square."

"Not so," said the preceptor, "for we saw her control a short year since, and Hendry Munn there allows their townfolk that has passed her in the glen mair recently."

"Only allowed," Hendry said cautiously, "that some one talk had shot up against her in the town. Then that pretends a woman that her says she jokit quick out of sight."

"Ay, and there's another quick in that," responded the suspicious preceptor.

"I've uphaid the minister's lassie in the manse in his slippers by this time," Hendry said.

"I'm willing," replied Whamond, "to gang back and spect, or to search Caddam next, but let the matter drop I winna, though I ken you're a' awid to be hame now."

"And naturally," retorted Tosh, "for the night's coming on as black as pick, and by

the time we're at Caddam, we'll no even see the trees."

Toward Caddam, nevertheless, they advanced, hearing nothing but a distant wind and the wish of their legs against broom.

"Whaur's John Spens," Hendry said suddenly.

They turned back, and found Spens rooted to the ground, as a boy becomes motionless when he thinks he is within arm's reach of a nest, and a bird sitting on the eggs.

"What do you see, man?" Hendry whispered.

"As sure as death," answered Spens, awestruck, "I felt a drap o' rain."

"It's no rain we're here to look for," said the preceptor.

"Peter Tosh," cried Spens, "it was a drap!" Oh, Peter! How are you looking at me so queer, Peter, when you should be thanking the Lord for the promise that's in that drap?"

"Come away," Whamond said impatiently; but Spens answered, "No till I've offered up a prayer for the promise that's in that drap. Peter Tosh, you've forgotten to take off your bonnet."

"Think twice, John Spens," gasped Tosh, "before you pray for rain this night."

The others thought him crazy, but he went on, with a catch in his voice:

"I felt a drap o' rain myself, just afore it came on dark so hurriedly that drap impulse was to wish I could carry that drap about wi' me, and look at it. But, John Spens, when I looked up I saw sic a change running over the sky that I thoct hell had taken the place o' heaven, and that there was waterpouts gathering there for the drowning o' the world."

"There's no water in hell," the preceptor said grimly.

"Genesis ix," said Spens, "verses 8 to 17. A hoot, Peter, you've startled me. I'm thinking we should be stepping hame. Is that a light?"

"It'll be in Nanny Webster's Hendry said, after they had all regarded the light for a time.

"I never heard that Nanny needed a candle to light her to her bed," the preceptor muttered.

"She was awa to meet Sanders the day as he came out o' the Tilledrum jail," Spens remembered, "and I daresay the light means they're hame again."

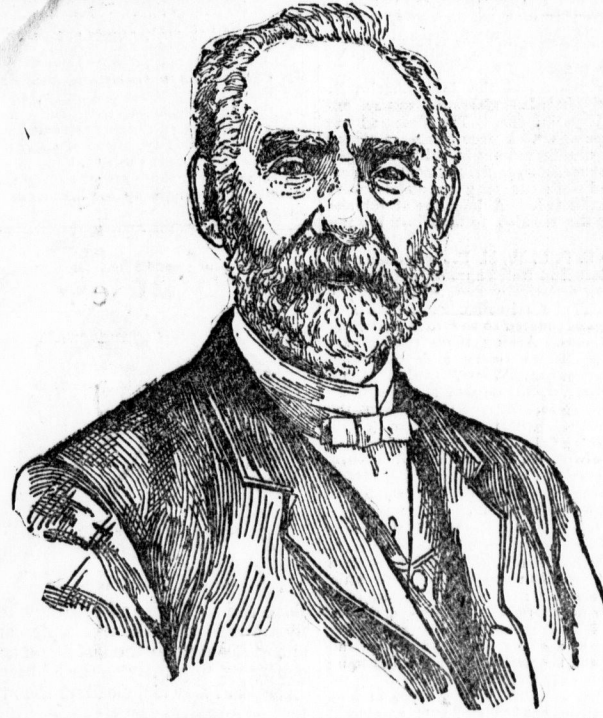
"It's weel kent—," began Hendry, and would have recalled his words.

"Hendry Munn," cried the preceptor, "if you've minded anything that may help us, out wi' it."

"I was just minding," the kirk-officer answered reluctantly, "that Nanny allows it's Mr. Disnart that has been keeping her frae the poorhouse. You canna censure him for that, Whamond."

"Can I no?" retorted Whamond. "What business has he to be befriending a woman that belongs to another denomination? I'll see to the bottom o' that this night. Lads, follow me to Nanny's, and dinna be surprised if we find bairn the minister and the Egyptian there."

(To be Continued.)



REV. J. C. LAIRD.

A Past President of the Toronto Conference.

A Well-known and Respected Minister of the Methodist Church Tells What Paine's Celery Compound Has Done for Him—Magnetism, Electricity, and Mineral Springs Failed in the Work—Strong, Clear and Honest Testimony That Should Give Fresh Hope to Every Sufferer.

The character and standing of the individuals who testify in favor of Paine's Celery Compound is of itself sufficient proof of the great worth and efficacy of that noble remedy. No other medicine known to the people of Canada has ever come forward with such honest and convincing letters. No other medicine has ever been favored in the same degree by the best class of Canadians, who have not considered it derogatory to their dignity and standing to have their letters and photos published for the benefit of sufferers.

Amongst the well-known people of our country who have cause for thankfulness and joy is the Rev. J. C. Laird, of London, Ont. For years he suffered terribly and made use of everything he could hear of—was treated by the best physicians—but no restoration came until Paine's Celery Compound was used. Mr. Laird says:

442 King Street, London, Ont., March 28, 1892.

Wells & Richardson Co.: Dear Sirs,—Having received great benefit from the use of Paine's Celery Compound, it affords me pleasure to give my testimony in favor of its beneficial effects. Suddenly I became so prostrated that I was unable to perform my duties. I was then closing my 38th year in the active work of the ministry in the Methodist Church. Until then I had been a strong, vigorous man, and an earnest worker in church work, and an earnest pleasure to give my testimony in favor of its beneficial effects. Suddenly I became so prostrated that I was unable to perform my duties. I was then closing my 38th year in the active work of the ministry in the Methodist Church. Until then I had been a strong, vigorous man, and an earnest worker in church work, and an earnest pleasure to give my testimony in favor of its beneficial effects.

For about two years I tried everything I could hear of, such as magnetism, electricity, Clifton Springs, etc., and applied

to several physicians but obtained no permanent relief. About four years ago a friend brought me a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound; I experienced some benefit from its use; I got some more and soon realized great benefit from it. Soon I slept well, my organs and nervous system became greatly restored, and my dread of being alone was removed. I will continue to use them. If I go from home, to guard against sleeplessness, I take a supply with me. I do not expect to be made young again, as I am now in my 69th year, but I am a very different man compared to what I was four or five years ago. Had I known of this remedy when first afflicted with nervousness, my conviction is that, with the Divine blessing, I would not yet be on the list of retired ministers. Yours respectfully, J. C. LAIRD, Methodist Minister.

In a subsequent letter, dated April 2, 1892, Rev. Mr. Laird says: I have not the slightest objection in your using my testimonial in your advertising work. I might have said more in favor of Paine's Celery Compound, as it has greatly helped me; it may be a benefit to others, and no doubt will. I am feeling very well at present; have not felt so comfortable at the opening of any spring since my first attack as I do now.

The Bank of England employs 1,100 people. The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Bickle'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.

Mexico street cars are used for funerals. Gentles in the hair industry the tortoise. Ask for Minard's and take no other. Perla owns but one vessel. 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 and other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

K. D. C. is "worth its weight in gold," "like hot cakes," "is all it is recommended," "an excellent remedy" and "the best dyspepsia remedy ever offered to the public." See testimonials.

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All the Nutritious Constituents of Prime Beef are preserved in **JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF**

An invaluable food for all who need strong nourishment in an easily-digested form.

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The National Melodrama Brand, PATROL, Is Sure to Be a Winner.

Messrs. Brener Bros., the successful manufacturers of Nos. 182-190 Horton street London, are in the field with a new leader, which has been happily named "THE PATROL." They intend to make this cigar popular wherever the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes float. It is a Cuban hand-made cigar, of which the filler is all Havana, mild and fragrant. The label, which is the design of the Patrol Co., is strikingly original. The words in which the names of the manufacturers occur at appropriate intervals. Nothing in the way of a label that is so simple, and at the same time so rich and attractive, has been originated, and it would be impossible to present to the trade a more elegant package. "The Patrol" cigar is certain to win instant recognition, and to increase largely the annual output of its manufacturers. For sale at 182-190 Horton street, London; 63 College street, Montreal; 92 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.; 206 La Salle street, Chicago.

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## Ferguson &amp; Sons' Fine Finished Furniture

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French Beans,  
French Mushrooms,  
French Macedoines.

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