

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

By Lillias Campbell Davidson.

"Oh, papa, papa! don't break my heart! You know—every one can tell you—how steady Harry is!"

"That was my earnest belief, or I should never have agreed to your engagement. But Richard tells me there have been some strange stories about him, and—no strange that I have been asking Maylands, as we walked part of the way home together, whether there was any mental weakness in the family. But Maylands declares there was never anything of the kind, and he is in a position to speak with confidence."

"But oh, we may all do wrong once, papa dearest; and if everyone turns from us, how can we ever atone for it?"

"Heaven forbid I should deny any one a chance, little girl. Harry Curzon is young, and there is ample time to amend. But your future must not be risked. We will wait and see how matters stand before I can let things proceed further. Meanwhile, I cannot let you see too much of each other."

"At least I may write?" I implored.

"I prefer you should not do so. I will see him on Tuesday evening at the barracks, when I am with Col. Maylands, and will explain my reasons to him for insisting on at least a fortnight's probation. What—does that seem too hard? A fortnight is not a lifetime, little girl—it is soon past."

But oh, that fortnight never came to its end, for Tuesday evening saw the shipwreck of all my future life.

My dear father came home from the barracks looking ten years older; and when he told me that all was over, his voice broke so that in my agony I failed to understand, and it was long before I could clearly gather all that had taken place.

It seems that he and Col. Maylands were sitting in the ante-room after mess, and talking it all over. Col. Maylands had told my father of his severe reprimand to Harry for the affair on Sunday, and how Harry had seemed overwhelmed with shame and bewilderment, but had annoyed him by obstinately declaring that he had not touched a drop of anything stronger than coffee that morning, when he heard a noise of furious voices from the mess-room, and throwing open the door they found Harry engaged in a violent quarrel with Mr. Vyvian. It seems they had been sitting smoking, when Mr. Vyvian, who is only a boy, and hadn't heard of Harry's and my engagement, began remarking on my cousin Dick's foolish behavior about me, which all the world could see. Harry grew very angry, and told Mr. Vyvian to hold his tongue, and Mr. Vyvian laughed, and very foolishly and impudently said something about my preference for Dick, and the probability of my marrying him. Harry with a dreadful exclamation caught him by the throat, and just as my father opened the door he had seized a knife from the mess-table and would have stabbed Mr. Vyvian with it, had not Col. Maylands just grasped his arm in time.

My poor, poor Harry! he seemed utterly stunned and bewildered, and stood staring at him, flushed and horrified at what he had been about to do. Mr. Vyvian and I were firm friends, and Harry could not have hurt a fly when he was sober—and yet he had hardly touched a glass of sauterne at dinner that night.

Ah, it could not be passed over! I knew it, I knew it! Col. Maylands's affection for Harry, and the desire of every one to spare a son of their old commanding officer, could not hush up a thing like this. Mr. Vyvian, terribly shocked at what had happened, most generously begged the colonel to overlook it; but the mess-writers had seen it, and it could not be hidden. All Col. Maylands could do was to desire Harry to retire from the service before any steps could be taken against him, poor Harry, who loved his profession so, and took such pride in it!

I think I was too heart-broken to resist. I let papa pack up all my little treasures—the ruby ring, the few short notes, the curly lock of raven hair; only I took the glove he kissed that night we parted at the rectory gate, and a few withered flowers, and the dancing card of the militia ball, where the "Henry Curzon" stood out boldly and firmly so many, many times.

They would not let me write a single line of farewell; and when a note came from me from Harry, bottled and sealed—my poor, poor fellow!—mamma put it in the fire, and never told me. She did not mean to be cruel, I'm sure; but mothers never tell of their daughters' quite as much as fathers do, somehow, it seems to me. That night, Dick, coming in, met Harry hanging about the gate, in the darkness and the rain, looking as the groom told mamma's maid afterwards, "more like a ghost than himself."

Oh, my poor boy! He demanded to see me, and that brute Dick ordered him off the grounds. Harry tried to push past him, and Dick, who thinks he's the strongest man in the county, dared to catch my poor boy by the collar. In an instant Harry had knocked him down, and had him by the throat. Dick screamed and ran away, and the stableman and gardeners ran out and dragged Harry off. He just stood looking at them for a moment, in that same bewildered way, and then he turned and disappeared into the night. And I, sitting by the fire in my dressing-room, weeping bitter tears for him, and never knowing! Ah, how glad I was that Dick's coat was torn, and his face cut, and that he couldn't walk without limping for a week!

And save for a week that fell on the newspaper paragraph, where "Lieutenant Henry Curzon resigns his commission in the Second Wiltshire Regiment," I heard no word of my Harry for many a weary month to come.

Oh, that year that followed! how did I ever live it through? I could not be so weak and wicked as to let life be spoilt because its happiness had gone; but oh, how utterly the taste had gone out of everything! I tried to be a good daughter, since I might never be a wife; but sometimes I looked at the little churchyard, and sighed to think how long it might be before I found rest and where during that winter Dick asked me to marry him. I was glad he did, for it gave me a chance of telling him how I despised him for all his conduct about Harry, and how I should love my boy, and him only, to the end of my days, even though we never met on earth again. Dick went away in a passion, and I was anything but sorry that he did.

It was in the last days of the next March that my dear father died. There was little suffering—a sort of gentle, and, as most like a child falling asleep. I think neither mamma nor I realized what was coming till the blow was just about to fall. I was sitting by the sofa that evening, his dear hand clasped in mine when he opened his eyes all at once and said:

"Forgive me, little girl, if ever I seemed hard to you. Tell Curzon I grieved sorely; give the boy my love; if ever you should meet him. Kiss me, Kathleen."

And as I stooped to lay my lips on his, his gentle spirit passed away to the country

which had always been its home.

When I began to recover from the shock of this grievous loss and blow, there began to be borne in upon me a new, vague impulse. I had a great longing to find out Harry, and to give him my father's message. The desire was very strong upon me, and his face once more—to try if a hand held out to help might not even yet have power to save.

Col. Maylands, when he came to my dear father's funeral, had given my mother some small news of him.

"He's gone to the dogs about as fast as any fellow I ever knew," he said. "That tidy little fortune his father left him has all gone, in a year—hardly a few hundreds left, I'm told. Heaven knows how or where he's spent it; I've seen his name in the police courts half a dozen times for street brawls, and disreputable things of that sort. He's too decent-minded a fellow to go in for dissipations of the worst sort, but when he's not racing, he's card-playing. Extraordinary thing! when while he was in the regiment he hated cards—couldn't get him to take a hand at whist—and he hardly ever made a bet. I can only fancy there's some bad stratagem somewhere in the family, though I never knew of it; and it's come out all at once in him. Drink's done most of it, of course; though how a man can keep perfectly the worse for liquor for some nine months, and not suffer in his general health, I can't understand."

Where he was, or how he lived, no one seemed to know. I made up my mind I would go and try to find out. When I told my mother my decision, she was utterly shocked.

"It's altogether impossible, Kathleen!" she said; "you must be mad to suggest it. If womanly feeling on your part doesn't prevent it, your common sense ought to. Don't dream of such a thing."

But I persisted.

(To be Continued.)

Very Hard Indeed.

There are so many things that appear unnecessary, and which for the life of us we can see neither purpose nor end of. It may be corns are just one of those things in the flesh the why and the wherefore of which we cannot see. Nevertheless they are the kind that are easily removed. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor makes short work of them. Try it and see how nicely it coaxes them out. Use none other than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by all druggists.

Plant a crop of good books in your home as regularly as you do seeds in your soil, and when you get old you will not regret it.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general expectorant, Dr. Thomas's Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

If the grumbler would only straighten himself out he would find a great deal less to complain of.

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Mrs. Winslow'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, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

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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.

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That Pale Face.

For Nervous Prostration and Anaemia there is no medicine that will so promptly and infallibly restore vigor and strength as Scott's Emulsion.

Opportunities are bald behind. You must catch them by the forelock.

Piles, one of the most disagreeable and painful of disorders, are generally produced by sedentary habits, indigestion, costiveness or intemperance. This disease should be promptly treated by proper remedies. There is nothing more reliable, by its wonderful curative action, than Pond's Extract Ointment, in which the medicinal virtues of Pond's Extract, very valuable in this complaint, are highly concentrated. It is best, however, to use both the Extract and Ointment. Ask your druggist for it, and be sure you get the genuine.

He who is big in his own eyes is small in other people's.

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Gentlemen,—We have used Howard's Pectoral Balsam in our house for over three years, and find it an excellent remedy for all forms of Croup, Coughs, Colds, and all the troubles it affords instant relief.

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What a miserable aim has he who lives for himself alone.

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Dear Sirs,—I was covered with pimples and small boils until one Sunday I was given three-fourths of a bottle of Burdock Blood Purifier, by the use of which the sores were sent flying in about one week's time.

FRED CARTER, Haney, B. C.

I can answer for the truth of the above.

T. C. CHRISTIAN, Haney, B. C.

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About five years ago I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery from this terrible complaint. I was at that time traveling for Messrs. Walter Woods & Co., Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, and to my great surprise and joy, I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine, and when the third bottle was finished I found I was entirely cured; and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of dyspepsia. (Signed.) T. S. MCINTRE.

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.

OBJECTIONS TO PROTECTION.

[By Enos Carter, Toronto.]

Advantages draw, protection drives, fertility, abundance, suitability of location, the best route all attract; men seek their advantage just as naturally as water runs down hill. Men required no coercion to drive them to the gold field of California, to the coal mines of Pennsylvania, to the prairies of the west. Even the buffalo sought the richest pastures and an unerring instinct teaches the bird whither to migrate. Surely man has as much judgment as the beasts of the field or the fowls of the air. Protection says nay, man must be driven to the right place for his supplies. Protection appeals to one motive only, the fear of a penalty or an injury. It imposes an infliction.

My first objection, therefore, to protection is that

IT IS A SYSTEM OF COERCION.

When I raise a crop of grain, to whom does that crop belong? By every instinct of the moral judgment, it belongs to me. To procure that grain I give my toil, my energy, my time, a part of my life. Therefore, if I am to own myself, that crop belongs to me. Now, when I work I want the best pay, the highest wages. I offer that wheat, in exchange for drygoods, hardware or groceries. A man in Manchester offers so much, another in Boston so much, another in Montreal so much. Shall I be at liberty to accept the highest bid? "No," say protectionists. Accept the offer only where we prescribe or we will inflict a punishment. What would have been profitable we will make unprofitable.

My second objection to protection is that

IT REFUSES TO ALLOW ME TO ACCEPT THE HIGHEST BID.

What is trade, genuine trade? When I am raising cattle, I am not raising them for myself. I expect by these cattle to procure furnishings for my home, comforts for my family, books for my library, and implements of my trade. I am one of the social organisms. I fulfill one function—raising food for myself and for my customers. Why do I not do everything else for myself? Work out my own philosophy, organize my own postal service, work my own telegraph, build my own roads and railroads? Why not? Could I live if I raised myself? Let each man follow his own trade and let his neighbor follow his, and humanity is inestimably richer. Protection means starvation. Co-operation through division of labor and exchange, means civilization. This trade is an ineffable blessing. Where is it a curse? No where. It is universally a blessing. It is on this trade that the existence of civilization depends. Protection tries to prevent this co-operation, this exchange of benefits.

My third objection to protection is that

IT CALLS A BLESSING A CURSE.

Where shall I get my supplies? Where nature and other conditions conspire to make the most advantageous. Am I doing anything wrong? Am I committing any crime when I seek oil from the best wells, coal from the most convenient mines, lumber from the most convenient forests, goods from the factory that suits me best? Is it any crime to resort to the locality best suited to my circumstances, or must I consult my neighbors, and ask their consent? When thus following my best judgment, when thus acting according to my common sense, I am simply following out the impulses and instincts implanted in me by the Creator. Against all this protection imposes penalties.

My fourth objection to protection is that

IT INFLECTS PUNISHMENTS ON THAT WHICH IS NO CRIME.

What is government, and why does it exist? It is unquestionably it is to do for the citizen that which he is unable to do for himself. As a citizen I can call on the aid of the government to prevent the imposition of wrong, oppression and injustice. I have raised a crop. I want to exchange it to my greatest advantage. For that purpose I submit to taxation to build roads, bonus railroads, subsidize steamships, dredge harbors and maintain light-houses. Having paid for these facilities, shall I be at liberty to trade them as my advantage and best judgment clearly indicate? "No," says protection, "we will use the power of government to prevent you procuring your greatest advantage."

My fifth objection to protection is that IT THOROUGHLY PERVERTS THE VERY PURPOSE FOR WHICH GOVERNMENT EXISTS.

To my neighbor I owe certain duties. As a part of a community I have a right to say something as to the method of government. But I must be exceedingly cautious that I do not extend this power beyond the limits that righteousness would prescribe. Shall I interfere with my neighbor when he goes to trade? If he desires to trade with Jones rather than Brown, shall I impose a penalty to prevent him dealing with Brown, shall I tell him if he deals with Brown I will deprive him of 20 per cent, or 30 per cent, of his crop, or that I will aid the government to do that? Not by any means. I may have something to say as to the side of the road he shall drive on to prevent collisions, but I have no right to drive him from the road which he knows is the best for his purpose.

My sixth objection to protection is that

IT ASKS ME TO INTERFERE IN THAT WHICH IS NONE OF MY BUSINESS.

Religion is first or it is nothing. It must be uppermost or beneath my feet. Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness. That means the brotherhood of humanity. The pater noster, the "Our Father," means for humanity, the brethren. "Dearly beloved brethren," is a reality or religion is a hoax, a farce, a very delusion. Protection teaches that nations are not mutually beneficent parts of one great family, each tolling for the weal of the others. It depicts the beneficence of one nation to another as an "imposition," a "slaughter," a "cut-throat competition," an act of hostility, to be suppressed by penal laws, that nations must be separated by impediments to prevent their commercial intercourse.

My seventh objection to protection is that

IT IS UTTERLY HOSTILE TO THE TEACHINGS OF CHRISTIANITY, AND INDUCES RELIGION TO A FARCE.

Shall we secure to every young man beginning life the chance that God intended he should have—equal access to the bounties of the Creator? And shall we then leave him to depend on his native energy, his muscle, his brain, his thrift, his manly self-dependence? Shall we teach him to be nobly heroic in his struggle to gain his highest attainments in intellectual power, physical energy, moral tone? Or shall we teach him that he cannot compete with his fellows, that he needs the culling and nursing of a protective government? Or worse yet, shall we let him see that by combining with his fellows to pervert the government to his own selfish purposes, he can gain advantages by crushing his fellows?

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.

What is

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Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division
CORRECTED Dec. 18, 1903.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

LEIGH EXPRESS	ARRIVE	DEPART
Wabash Express (A)	8:15 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Wabash Express (B)	4:15 a.m.	4:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	12:10 p.m.	12:20 p.m.
Day Express	10:50 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Wabash Express (A) (D)	4:20 p.m.	4:35 p.m.
Mixed (C)	5:50 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
Eric Limited (A)	11:20 p.m.	11:40 p.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

CHICAGO EXPRESS (A)	ARRIVE	DEPART
Wabash Express (A)	6:55 a.m.	7:10 a.m.
Wabash Express (B)	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Atlantic Express (B)	11:35 a.m.	11:45 a.m.
Accommodation	12:15 p.m.	12:30 p.m.
Pacific Express (A)	1:35 p.m.	1:50 p.m.
Mail	8:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.
Accommodation	9:30 p.m.	9:45 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

LEIGH EXPRESS (B)	ARRIVE	DEPART
Accommodation	8:15 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (B)	11:35 a.m.	11:45 a.m.
Accommodation	12:15 p.m.	12:30 p.m.
Mixed	5:35 p.m.	5:50 p.m.
Accommodation	8:15 p.m.	8:30 p.m.
Eric Limited (B)	11:35 p.m.	11:50 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

CHICAGO EXPRESS (B)	ARRIVE	DEPART
Accommodation	6:40 a.m.	6:55 a.m.
Lehigh Express (B)	7:40 a.m.	7:55 a.m.
Eric Limited (B)	12:20 p.m.	12:35 p.m.
Accommodation	1:20 p.m.	1:35 p.m.
Pacific Express (B)	2:30 p.m.	2:45 p.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

EXPRESS	ARRIVE	DEPART
Express	8:55 a.m.	9:10 a.m.
Mail	6:40 p.m.	6:55 p.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

MIXED-MAIL	ARRIVE	DEPART
Express	11:15 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
Express	2:05 p.m.	2:20 p.m.
Express-Mixed	6:40 p.m.	6:55 p.m.
Express-Mixed	8:15 p.m.	8:30 p.m.

Toronto Branch.

HAMILTON-DETROIT	ARRIVE	DEPART
Express	8:15 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Express	11:20 a.m.	11:35 a.m.
Express	1:10 p.m.	1:25 p.m.
Express	4:10 p.m.	4:25 p.m.
Express	6:15 p.m.	6:30 p.m.
Express	8:15 p.m.	8:30 p.m.

These trains for Montreal.

* These trains for Montreal.
+ These trains from Montreal.
(a) Runs daily, Sundays included.
(b) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(c) Carries passengers between London and Paris only.
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ERIE AND HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

STATIONS	EXP	EXP	EXP	MIX
Sarnia (G. T. R.)	8:15 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:55 a.m.
Courtright	8:15 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:55 a.m.
M. C. R. Junction	8:15 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:55 a.m.
Chatham (C. P. R.)	8:15 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:55 a.m.
Fargo	8:15 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:55 a.m.
Blenheim	8:15 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:55 a.m.

Trains North.

STATIONS	EXP	EXP	EXP	MIX
Blenheim	8:10 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:50 a.m.
Fargo (M. C. R.)	8:10 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:50 a.m.
Chatham (C. P. R.)	8:10 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:50 a.m.
M. C. R. Junction	8:10 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:50 a.m.
Courtright	8:10 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:50 a.m.
Sarnia (G. T. R.)	8:10 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:50 a.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.