

Dreadful Deed!

The Mayor of Chicago Murdered in His Own Home.

Carter Harrison the Victim of a Crazy Crank.

The Assassin Surrenders Himself to the Police—Last Hours of the Victim—His Prospective Marriage—Biographical Sketch.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—Another crazy crank has done his deadly work, and Carter Harrison, five times mayor of Chicago, and one of the best known men in the west, lies dead in his home, 231 South Ashland boulevard. Three bullets entered his body, two of them making wounds sufficient to cause death. The murder was committed by Eugene Patrick Prendergast, a paper carrier, who declared that Mayor Harrison had promised to make him corporation counsel and had not kept his word. This he said was his only reason for committing the crime. The only person in the house at the time beside Mr. Harrison was his son, William Preston Harrison, 25 years of age, and the servant. Shortly before 8 o'clock the door bell rang, and when Mary Hansen, the domestic, opened the door, she was confronted by a man about five feet five inches, smooth-shaven, his rather clean-cut features lit up by a pair of dark eyes. "If Mr. Harrison is in," asked the man in a quiet, pleasant voice.

"Yes, sir," responded the girl as she threw the door wider open to permit his entrance. "I would like to see him please," said the man as he walked toward the back end of the hall. Mr. Harrison was in the dining-room, which opens into the rear end of the hall. Hearing the man ask for him, he rose and, stepping into the hall, walked toward Prendergast, who, by the time he caught sight of Mr. Harrison, had advanced about ten feet from the doorway. Without saying a word, Prendergast drew his revolver and commenced to fire. He pulled the trigger but three times and every bullet hit the mark. One ball shattered Mr. Harrison's left hand, another passed into the right side of the abdomen, making a wound that would have been mortal in a few days; the third bullet entered the chest, slightly above the heart. This bullet was the immediate cause of death.

As soon as Prendergast began to fire Mr. Harrison turned and walked rapidly toward the dining-room. He walked through the door, across the dining-room, and passed into a butler's pantry opening off the room, where, weakened by the loss of blood, he fell to the floor. ESCAPE OF THE ASSASSIN. Prendergast did not follow up his victim or make any attempt to ascertain how dead his aim had been. He replaced his revolver in his pocket and walked rapidly out of the door that had marked all his actions and started toward the door. Just as he was passing through the doorway William Preston Harrison, the mayor's son, came tearing down the stairs from the upper portion of the house just as Mr. Harrison's coachman ran into the rear end of the hall. The cries of Mary Hansen directed the son to where his father lay, but the coachman was after other game. He had a revolver of his own and as quickly as he realized what had happened he leveled his weapon and sent a bullet after the disappearing form of the murderer. A second time his revolver spoke, but both bullets went wide.

Running to the door the coachman was prepared to continue hostilities, but several people were entering to learn the cause of the shooting and by the time the coachman had reached the sidewalk Prendergast had been swallowed up in the darkness. Across Ashland boulevard, directly opposite the residence of Mr. Harrison, is the home of W. J. Chalmers, the wealthy maker of mining machinery. Mr. Chalmers was standing upon the front steps of his residence when the shots were fired. He bounded down the steps and dashed across the street, met Prendergast almost out of the gate. "What is it?" said Mr. Chalmers. The man walked rapidly north on Ashland avenue without replying, and Mr. Chalmers hastened into the house. He reached Mr. Harrison's side almost at the same instant that William Preston Harrison had found where his father lay.

"Are you hurt?" asked Mr. Chalmers, and the son of the dying man strove to raise him. "I've got my death, Chalmers," responded the mayor. Noticing a spot of blood on the mayor's waistcoat, Mr. Chalmers said: "I guess so." "I'm shot in the heart, and I'm a dead man," was the only reply. A moment later he said with a voice which was rapidly losing strength: "Unless my vest, Chalmers. There's where the trouble is."

By this time the stricken man had been borne to a couch in an adjoining room, and as quickly as he spoke Mr. Chalmers gently opened his waistcoat. The front of his shirt was soaked in blood, which welled rapidly from two holes, one just above the heart, the other in his abdomen. "It's through the heart," said the mayor, his voice now scarcely above a whisper. A moment later he sank into unconsciousness, and in twenty minutes after receiving the wounds Mr. Harrison was dead.

dramatic, no bravado. He spoke of his crime as though it was a matter entirely to be expected.

THE ASSASSIN. Prendergast was at one time employed on the Chicago police force, and has been trying for some time to get back on the force. The man's actions before the shooting were not such as to attract attention, but his talk and manner since he was placed under arrest leave no doubt as to his insanity. He thought uppermost in the minds of many men was to take the life of the assassin, and all the reserves were massed in front of the city. There were grave fears that some outbreak might occur before the night had passed, but Prendergast is in secret custody.

HARRISON'S LAST HOURS. The details of the shooting to-day do not vary materially from the earlier account. Mayor Harrison had been to the World's Fair with his son Carter H. Harrison, jun., and had returned home about 6 o'clock. The son remained at the fair. Though tired with the day's sight-seeing the mayor was in good humor and chatted gaily with his younger son William Preston Harrison and his daughter Sophia. The three dined together, making a pleasant family party. No cloud of presentiment came over the happy father and children. His betrothed, Miss Annie Howard, was at his son's house a few paces away, and he spoke several times to his son and daughter about her. After dinner, Preston Harrison went up stairs to his room. Miss Harrison went around to her brother's house in Marshallfield avenue. The mayor declared he would rest in the dining-room for a while and shortly before 8 o'clock he had fallen into a light slumber.

About ten minutes to 8 o'clock the assassin left his post of observation and gained admission to Harrison's house as already described. The only warning of death received by Mr. Harrison was the sound of a revolver as Prendergast pulled it out of his pocket and fired the fatal shots.

"I am dying," muttered the mayor, turning toward his son, "bring Annie." But Miss Howard did not arrive until after the mayor had breathed his last. HARRISON'S PROSPECTIVE MARRIAGE. Two weeks from next Tuesday, had Carter H. Harrison lived for that brief period, he would have taken to himself a third wife in the person of Miss Annie Howard, of New Orleans. It is less than two months since his engagement to the only daughter of the late Crescent City millionaire and king bee of the Louisiana lottery was made public. It was only Friday morning that the Times, the mayor's own paper, announced that the wedding day had been fixed for Nov. 7, and that it would be solemnized in the bride's native city. Apparently all concerned had overlooked the fact that Tuesday week was election day, and that if the programme was carried out Mayor Harrison would miss the opportunity of casting his vote. Later in the week word went out that the date of the wedding had been changed to a week later—to Nov. 14.

THE INQUEST. The verdict of the coroner's jury recommended that Prendergast be held for the murder until discharged by process of law. The report of the examination made by Dr. Mitchell says: "I found five wound openings on the body such as usually made by bullets. Number one passed through the left hand, breaking the bone of the little finger and came out in the palm, forming wound number two. Number three passed once through the bowels and lodged in the muscle of the back. Here a bullet was found. Number four wound passed through the tenth rib and liver and a bullet was found in the bowels. Number five wound was just below the front right shoulder, and passed down under the skin about four inches. Here a third bullet was found."

THE PRISONER AT THE JAIL. Prendergast arrived at the county jail from the inquest about 1 o'clock this afternoon. He asked for a paper and read the account of the murder. Then he dropped the paper and said, "I did my duty," repeating this sentence several times. "What was your reason for killing the mayor?" was asked. Prendergast replied emphatically: "I was to have had the position of corporation counsel, but he played false to me, and I only did right to kill him. I did not know that I had fired three shots at him until I read it in the paper."

BIOGRAPHICAL. Carter H. Harrison was born near Lexington, Ky., Feb. 16, 1825. His great-grandfather was father of Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States. His grandfather was first cousin to Thomas Jefferson, and he himself was cousin of John C. Breckinridge and Benjamin Harrison. By the death of his father he was left, when 8 years old, to the care of his mother, who was daughter of Col. William Russell, of the United States army, and a northwestern pioneer. Dr. Lewis Marshall, brother of the chief justice, presaged him for Yale, where he graduated in 1845. After graduating at Transylvania in law and traveling two years abroad he came to Chicago in 1855, invested in real estate and became wealthy. He was commissioner of Cook county from 1871 to 1874, when he went to Congress, serving two terms. He attracted attention during the Hayes-Tilden contest, introduced a resolution for six years' presidential term, and making eligible for one term only, but senators for life. He was elected mayor of Chicago in 1879, 1881, 1882, 1885 and 1893. In 1884 he was the Democratic candidate against Oglesby for governor of Illinois and the same year defeated him for the national convention that nominated Cleveland.

After completing his fourth term as mayor, he made a trip around the world, and wrote "A Race With the Sun." In 1890 he visited Alaska and the national parks, and his book on "A Summer Outing" also added to his literary fame. In 1891 he purchased the Chicago Times, which he edited till election day last April, and with his sons, William Preston Harrison and Carter H. Harrison, jun., now own. He was married in 1855 to Sophia Preston. She died in Europe in 1876. In 1882 he married Marguerite E. Stearns, who died in 1887, and he was to have been married a few days hence to Miss Anna Howard, of New Orleans. He was at the time of his death a candidate for United States Senator. During the past six months he has received officials and delegates visiting the World's Fair and different congresses and conventions from all parts of the country and the world, and his welcome addresses constitute a volume of happy thoughts and suggestions. His last address of welcome was made yesterday to visiting mayors and municipal officers. The campaign previous to the nomination

convention which chose Harrison as Democratic candidate for mayor was one of the most active in the political history of the city. Three candidates presented themselves to the ranks of the Democratic party, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Cregier and Washington Heising. The convention which was called together on March 1 was one of the largest ever held in Cook county, and some of its scenes were dramatic in the extreme. The contest in convention was between Mr. Harrison and Mr. Heising, and both of them sat side by side on the platform. After several hours, during which the wildest excitement reigned, Mr. Heising withdrew his name, and Mr. Harrison was made the unanimous choice of the assembly for World's Fair mayor. The campaign preceding the election was one of the most spirited in the political history of Cook county. Opposed to Mr. Harrison, as the Republican candidate, was Samuel W. Allerton, who had the support of every newspaper in the city, with the exception of Mr. Harrison's own paper, the Times. Nothing daunted, however, by the confident prediction of the press that he stood not the ghost of a show for re-election, Mr. Harrison pursued his campaign with the vigor of his campaign, and by perfect organization and by his presence night after night at political meetings, and by a vigorous protection of his interests through his own efforts, and by the aid of his opponents by beating Mr. Allerton by a plurality of over 20,000 votes. The result was all the more surprising because of the confident predictions which had been made that Mr. Allerton was the choice of the city's citizens, and that Mr. Harrison's fifth race for the mayoralty did not meet with the sanction of the people.

Late Canadian News. A Warwick Man Ends His Life With Paris Green—A Flamboyant Man Wants a Divorce.

About 200,000,000 feet of lumber will represent the output of the Ottawa sawmills this season.

Bradstreet's reports these assignments: Mr. E. Stewart, millinery, Hamilton; J. D. Falls, general store, Kendal.

A 15-year-old lad named Eddie Brown had his arm torn off in the Lakeport cannery factory, at Colborne on Friday.

The steamer Labrador, from Liverpool, brings 60 cabin passengers, 73 intermediate, 124 first class children and 146 steerage passengers.

It is said here that the C. P. R. propose to push the construction of the Vaudreuil branch to Ottawa, and will make it the regular line to Montreal.

The sawmill, stock and stables of Davidson & Davidson at Cape Chin, Georgian Bay, were completely destroyed by fire on Thursday. Loss about \$4,000; no insurance.

It is proposed to incorporate a company to construct a line of railway from the Gulf of Georgian Bay to the city of New Westminster, B. C.

Joshua Nicholas Filman, of East Flamboro, Wentworth county, gives notice that he will apply for divorce from his wife next session on the grounds of adultery and desertion.

Benjamin Coombs, of the township of Warwick, took a dose of Paris green yesterday with suicidal intent, from the effects of which he died the same evening. De spondency is the supposed cause.

Nominations for the general elections through New Brunswick were held Friday. The Government won one seat, Ferryland, by default. There is a contest in every other constituency. Voting next Friday.

Wm. Morrison, a cigarmaker, was found dead on Saturday on the Grand Trunk Railway track a short distance east of Kingston Junction. He was seen around the junction Friday night in an intoxicated condition.

Miss Elsie Cronan, of Halifax, N. S., whose funeral occurred Saturday, left half of her wealth, \$200,000, inherited from the estate of her brother, the late Daniel Cronan, to charities of various kinds and embracing different denominations.

Joseph Smith and J. J. Girty, two of the British former delegates who were in Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia looking over the country, have returned to Ottawa. They express themselves as being well pleased with the country.

S. J. Dawson, of Algoma, who was in Montreal Saturday, said the silver industry of Ontario showed signs of revival. All that was needed, said he, was a settlement of the silver question and the removal of the depression in the American steel and iron trade.

CONCISE CULLINGS. All the American sewer pipe manufacturing companies are to unite in a joint stock company. The capital will be \$100,000,000.

The whisky trust has given notice of an advance of 1 cent a gallon in the price of spirits. This is an advance of 3 cents a gallon in two weeks.

The Olympic Club of New Orleans refuse Brulter Corbett's demand to give a guarantee of \$10,000 that the purse for the fight between him and Mitchell will be forthcoming whether the authorities interfere or not.

The final vote on the question of silver repeal will probably be taken Monday at 2 o'clock in the American Senate.

Silver continues to decline, the London price now being one-fourth of a penny lower than Friday, with the tendency downward. It is now 33 1/2 pence per ounce.

Prof. J. D. Dana, of Yale College, fell unconscious in front of the New Haven postoffice Saturday. He is in a critical condition. He is one of the leading scientists of the country.

THE SILVER FIGHT. Repeal Near at Hand—The Amendments Voted Down.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—The Repeal Bill was taken up. All the amendments were disposed of and the bill was reported to the Senate.

Sir John Abbott's End Very Near.

MONTREAL, Oct. 29.—Sir John Abbott, ex-Premier of Canada, is in a very low condition. At a late hour to-night he took a sudden turn for the worse, and the doctors had to be summoned to his relief. The worst is feared.

Died on the Gallows.

MADISON, Ga., Oct. 28.—Like Williams (colored) the penalty of death on the gallows here yesterday for the murder of Harriet Williams, also colored. Williams was calm to the last moment, and said he had his passport to heaven.

this point. Admiral Lebrado toasted the noble traditions of the British navy, and its great aspirations for its future, in which, he said, the Italian navy found reciprocal sources of sympathy.

Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Culmer Seymour, commander-in-chief of the British Mediterranean squadron, replied to the toast, saying the British officers returned the sentiments expressed by Admiral Lebrado.

Spanish Troops Bitten.

MADRID, Oct. 29.—The Spanish troops at Melilla began to throw up earthworks for the defense of the men who build the forts on the heights of Sidi Guairach.

Shortly after the work was begun the treacherous beggars firing from their trenches upon the Spaniards. They then advanced from the trenches and tried to surround the Spanish forces, which were obliged to retire.

Gen. Margallo, commander-in-chief of the Spanish troops, was shot dead while leading a sortie. Seventy of his men were killed and 122 others were wounded. The sortie was not successful.

This morning Gen. Ortega, who succeeds Margallo, was shot dead while leading a sortie. Seventy of his men were killed and 122 others were wounded. The sortie was not successful.

Gen. Ortega has telegraphed to Madrid that the situation is serious and reinforcements are imperative.

Tragic Death of a Noted London Detective.

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Whither He Had Gone to Look After Poachers.

Mysterious Circumstances Surrounding the Sad Affair—A Warning-Premonition of Trouble—Sketch of the Officer's Life.

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Chief Williams was the first to receive the news. It came by telegraph, and the message was dated from Simcoe, Ont., the county town of Norfolk. From what has been learned, Mr. Allan's death may have been caused by the accidental discharge of the gun which he is supposed to have been carrying at the time, and in another respect the affair has the appearance of a murder. This doubt will likely be cleared up at the inquest.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT. Mr. Allan, though a member of the county constabulary, was very often engaged in private cases. At the time of his death he was working in the interests of a party of wealthy Englishmen on the Island of Long Point, Lake Erie, a few miles from the shore of Norfolk county. This island is, under the statutes of Ontario, included as part of the county. The island, with the exception of 82 acres, is owned by a party of English sportsmen, who visit this country every year during the deer season. These gentlemen had been, for some time past, stocking the island with their portion of it, with deer. The hunters commenced the season's sport. Latterly, however, occupants of the 82 acres were suspected of poaching on the rest of the island and shooting the game. To prevent this Mr. Allan was engaged by the Englishmen to protect their interests. The game season having opened, and Allan not arriving, a letter was addressed to him in this city, offering him good remuneration and urging him to come right away. Accordingly he left on Oct. 20, taking with him a month's supplies, a gun and everything necessary to the equipment of a sportsman. With professional caution and to conceal his identity, he purchased a pair of high boots, a hunting cap and a heavy blanket hunting shirt. It was his intention to go among the occupants of the smaller portion and discover, if possible, if any poaching was going on. Whether the poaching occurred on this section or not is as yet unknown.

Last Friday morning Allan shouldered his gun and went out for a day's work. After he had left the cottage some time he returned and found the door ajar. He reached the door and found two men named Price and Bennett turned in the direction and after a few minutes' travel a ghastly sight met their gaze. Lying at full length on the ground was the body of the unfortunate detective. His forehead was badly burned, and between the eyes was an ugly wound. From all appearances the weapon had been very close to his head. Beside him was a gun, a double-barrelled one—with one barrel empty. A few yards further away was a deer, which had been shot and its throat cut. The latter is usual among sportsmen, as it allows the blood to pass and preserves the meat.

The detective's body was taken to Simcoe and identified. Just how the shooting occurred is not at present clear. The fact of only one barrel of the gun being empty, of two shots being heard, and of a deer being shot a few yards away are very puzzling. Immediately on hearing that Mr. Allan had been shot, Mr. P. McPhillips, barrister, of this city, telephoned to Simcoe, and obtained the above facts from Messrs. Tisdale & Reid, a law firm of that town.

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"Well, Ben, are you going?" was asked. "Before you go, then," said Mr. Schram, "I would advise you to get your life insured and secure as much insurance as possible."

Mr. Allan laughed at this and departed. He returned again in hunting outfit and again bade his chief farewell. Mr. Schram again warned him not to go and said he did not expect to see him alive again. There was a tough game down there.

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A year ago this month Detective Phair was slain in the discharge of duty. On Saturday Detective B. B. Allan, of this city, met his death, whether under similar circumstances it is at present hard to say.

Chief Williams was the first to receive the news. It came by telegraph, and the message was dated from Simcoe, Ont., the county town of Norfolk. From what has been learned, Mr. Allan's death may have been caused by the accidental discharge of the gun which he is supposed to have been carrying at the time, and in another respect the affair has the appearance of a murder. This doubt will likely be cleared up at the inquest.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT. Mr. Allan, though a member of the county constabulary, was very often engaged in private cases. At the time of his death he was working in the interests of a party of wealthy Englishmen on the Island of Long Point, Lake Erie, a few miles from the shore of Norfolk county. This island is, under the statutes of Ontario, included as part of the county. The island, with the exception of 82 acres, is owned by a party of English sportsmen, who visit this country every year during the deer season. These gentlemen had been, for some time past, stocking the island with their portion of it, with deer. The hunters commenced the season's sport. Latterly, however, occupants of the 82 acres were suspected of poaching on the rest of the island and shooting the game. To prevent this Mr. Allan was engaged by the Englishmen to protect their interests. The game season having opened, and Allan not arriving, a letter was addressed to him in this city, offering him good remuneration and urging him to come right away. Accordingly he left on Oct. 20, taking with him a month's supplies, a gun and everything necessary to the equipment of a sportsman. With professional caution and to conceal his identity, he purchased a pair of high boots, a hunting cap and a heavy blanket hunting shirt. It was his intention to go among the occupants of the smaller portion and discover, if possible, if any poaching was going on. Whether the poaching occurred on this section or not is as yet unknown.

Last Friday morning Allan shouldered his gun and went

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—BROWNING.

If you trust in God and yourself
you can surmount every obstacle. Do
not yield to restless anxiety. One
must not always be asking what may
happen to one in life, but one must
advance fearlessly and bravely.

—PRINCE BISMARCK.

London, Monday Oct. 30.

—It is to be regretted that some Canadian newspapers continue to print what purports to be a telegram from Edmonstone, N. E., detailing a none too creditable escapade in which it is represented Lord Haddo, the eldest son of the Governor-General, participated. Lord Aberdeen assures us that there is absolutely no truth in the allegation made. Lord Haddo is but a young school boy, and moreover he has never been in New Brunswick. With the least possible inquiry the falsity of the dispatch could have been established. What is the motive for its continued publication?

Sir Henry Tyler, president of the Grand Trunk Railway, reiterates the statement that the duty on coal costs the company \$45,000 a year. It is to be hoped that the reported early repeal of the tax is correct. A gratifying announcement in Sir Henry's address was the declaration that notwithstanding the purchase of Lackawanna and Western stock by the Vanderbilts the Grand Trunk will still continue to exchange traffic with the company. The Grand Trunk possesses its own line to Chicago—a direct one, too—and thus is in a position to bid for the carriage of western freight to and from the seaboard, both in summer and winter.

The enthusiasts who have been hooting the Huron and Ontario Ship Canal scheme, which it was alleged would carry all the Northwest lake traffic to the seaboard by way of the Georgian Bay and a short cut to Toronto, and render the Welland Canal next to useless except for local business, have received many rebuffs in recent weeks, but none more withering than that extended to them by Mr. Keefe, C. E., who says that the scheme contemplates having a summit level cut about ten miles in length of continuous cutting, averaging 90 feet, and being nearly 200 feet in depth at the deepest place. Without taking into account other questions, adds Mr. Keefe, this cutting alone stamps the whole enterprise as commercially impracticable. Engineers know the danger of encountering slides in the material, and in some cases a tendency in the cutting to close in on both sides and destroy all the work that has been accomplished. Mr. Keefe continues:

"For the summit level cutting of the Huron and Ontario Canal, with the certainty of trouble from water, and very possibly quicksand, the difficulties and amount of money required for the execution of the work would be simply impossible to estimate. The only parallel for this summit level cut is to be found on the abandoned Panama Canal, where the Culebra cut, intended to be about the same length and depth, stands partly excavated to not more than half its depth. This cut obliged some of the wealthiest and most experienced European firms of contractors to succumb before its difficulties, and was probably one of the chief factors in the failure of the whole enterprise, a failure so disastrous, that while only about one-third of the excavation of the whole canal, 47 miles in length, was completed, obligations amounting to several hundred millions of dollars have been incurred."

By the way, if the promoters of the proposed canal are genuine capitalists, why do they persistently refuse to permit the publication of their names?

A BRITISH PHILOSOPHER ON THE QUESTION, "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

It is an inspiration to read an address by Sir Edwin Arnold. There are no gloomy forebodings, no fearful borrowing of trouble in the make-up of this distinguished Englishman. He is convinced that life is worth living, and that to the man who lives as he ought to live there is nothing fearful in death. He is further assured, after a long and busy career and after travelling in all parts of the globe, that the world is getting better.

Thirty-five years ago, when a youth of 21, newly graduated from Oxford, Edwin Arnold left the town of Birmingham, and he did not go back until the other day, when, as a savant worthy of that distinction, he returned to deliver his inaugural address as president of the Midland Institute. He chose for a topic, "Some Aspects of Human Life," free, of course, from all theology and politics. At the outset he indulged in this cheerful review of the progress of humanity.

"I return to Birmingham just as when I left it. I have found life in the highest degree charming and interesting, and this notwithstanding an ample share of what

are styled, sometimes, I think, a little too querulously, its 'pains and sorrows.' I quit Birmingham in the pleasant beginning of my days, glad to live; I come back to it, after many experiences and many labors, glad to have lived—well satisfied with my share in the world, and a resolute philosophical opponent of those who love dismal dialectics and drape the universe in the black hangings of pessimism. If there have been ages in which because it did not know much—our race had good reason not to hope much—the time seems to me to be now arrived when the despair which has been so fashionable grows foolish as well as needless. From the lowest point of view, hope is very cheap and gladness a very cheap medicine. Consider the social, moral and individual advantages of a cheerful view of life contrasted with the cheerless view. Sunshine has not a stronger effect in developing the mind and lightening the heart in bringing forth all which is best in men and women. We have partly found this out as regards children, and society compensates pretty generally nowadays to render their early years happy. The Japanese knew that high duty 2,000 years ago, and possess in consequence the best-mannered and most joyous little ones in the world. But why stop at childhood? There is nothing better than to be happy; joy is the real root of morality, no virtue is worth praising which does not spring from minds contented and convinced and free of dread and gloom. Upon the face of facts is life, even were it transient, so bad a thing as some people make out? Look at common modern existence as we see it, and note to what rich elaboration and large degrees of comfort it has come. I leave aside for the moment uncivilized nations and the bygone struggles of our race. I invite you briefly to contemplate an artisan's existence in the great Birmingham. Let alone the greatness of being an Englishman and the safety and liberty of his daily life, what king of old records ever fared so royally? What magician of fairy tales ever owned so many slaves to his high pleasures and pleasures as a wish? Observe his dinner board. He can fare at home as no Heliogabalus or Lucullus ever fared, and then, for a trifle, his daily newspaper puts him in command in imagination from the globe. At work, machinery of wonderful invention redeems his toil from servitude, and elevates it to an art. Is he fond of reading? There are free libraries open to him, full of intellectual and imaginative wealth. Is he artistic? Galleries rich with beautiful paintings and statues rich prepared for him. Has he children? They can be excellently educated for next to nothing. Let fancy fill up the imperfect picture with the thousand helps and adornments that civilization has brought even to lowly lives; and does it not seem stupid and ungrateful to say—as some go about saying—that such an existence, even if it were transitory, is not for itself distinctly worth possessing?"

It is right to rejoice over the achievement of the tremendous advance, and to be optimistic in regard to the future even though one knows that there are still many reforms to bring about, many inequalities to remove. The work can be more easily accomplished by cheerful hearts than by hearts depressed by pessimistic gloom, the product of semi-despair.

Taking up the statistics of crime in England, Sir Edwin was able to show that though the population increases, crime steadily diminishes. There were 87,668 "habitués" in 1885; now the evil roll is only 52,153. Pauperism is declining. In 1870, 1,079,391 persons were in receipt of relief; in 1891, with an addition of more than 7,000,000 inhabitants, there were only 774,901. Are not these substantial changes for the better?

To the question, "will this improvement last?" Sir Edwin replied decidedly in the affirmative. He said:

"So far as we have gone, the 'cosmic process,' as Prof. Huxley calls it, has led us. Yet that justly famous expositor of science, in his Romanes lecture at Oxford, arranged the cosmos for immortality and declared that the ethical progress of society depends not on imitating the cosmic process, but on combating it. How was it possible that so luminous a mind could overlook the fact that the ethical faculty and the ethical ideal, which he contrasted with the course of nature, have likewise come, by evolution, forth from the cosmic process, just as much as those things that shock him in the natural world. The cosmic process is not immoral, not even cruel. On the contrary, it is supremely equitable and ultimately tender. Out of the simple instinct of gregariousness we see nature making something like citizens even of bees and ants, penguins and seals, teaching rudimentary ethics by lessons of the savage struggle itself, and in the brain and heart of man she attains to that goal of all morality embodied in Christ's golden rule. Is there not a clear demonstration here of the fundamental and far-off beneficence of the cosmic process, if we will only get two foolish notions out of our heads, one that the universe was made for us alone, and the other that death is an ending and an evil?"

WOMEN TO VOTE.

New Zealand Elections for Parliament to be Participated in by Both Sexes. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 28.—News comes from New Zealand by steamer yesterday that an electoral act has been passed by the Legislature of the colony, giving the franchise to all women over 21 years old. The temperance party hope to get aid from the women. It is expected a large proportion of the women will appear at the polls. If the experiment is successful it will probably be adopted by other colonies. Of the 668,650 voters in New Zealand nearly one half are women.

Dr. Rainsford's Idea Condemned.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—The idea of the "church saloon" fostered by Dr. Rainsford, of New York, received a significant, although incidental, condemnation yesterday afternoon by the bishops, presbyters and laymen in the last hour of the Missionary Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which has been in session here since Sunday. Bishop Walker, of North Dakota, in discussing "Missions in Cities," and the various methods employed in Christianization, said, among other things: "These so-called rescue missions, with their billiard rooms, card tables and all, may be very well, but the church saloon is May God forbid!" The speaker's words were echoed from every part of the house with an earnest "Amen."

The deliberations of the council were closed with an address by Bishop Perry, of Iowa, on "The Past and Future of the Church in the United States."

Parlor suites, bedroom sets, easy chairs, divans, Albert lounges, extension tables, secretaries, leather couches, trunks, your own price at Wm. Trafford's, 95 and 97 King street.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

Only Twenty-Nine Cases in London the Past Two Months.

The Carling Creek and Wortley Road Trenches Again Discussed by the Board of Health.

Has London got an electric railway? No; but the idea seems to have got abroad that it possesses such, and at the meeting of the Board of Health last night the following communication was read from the Street Railway Review:

"Press dispatches say that the city authorities are about to put ambulances in the electric system. This is a magnificent stride in advance and hope that the dispatch in correct. Will you give us all the information possible?"

The communication was referred to the London West Board of Health. A communication from T. H. Luscombe complained of the unhealthy condition of a box drain running from the Trenches House to Talbot street, between York and the G. T. R. tracks. Several collars are now flooded, and the present condition is dangerous to public health. The matter was referred to the board from the Board of Works, and the city engineer and medical health officer reported in favor of making the necessary repairs. It was decided on motion of Ald. Parnell that the drain be laid, any person using it to be assessed. The chairman will complete arrangements.

The medical health officers stated that during the past two months only 29 cases of infectious diseases have been reported. In view of the extremely dry weather this is a comparatively small number. Of these cases thirteen were diphtheria, the remainder being typhoid fever. Of the diphtheria cases seven occurred in Ward 6, where the drainage from the Carling Creek is still being done.

After the report was read, the question of the South London drainage was again brought up. This matter has been discussed by the Board of Works several times, but nothing definite seems to have been accomplished. The report was adopted.

Carling's creek west of Adelaide street seems to be a receptacle for filth of the worst description. The engineer's report as to the number of closets emptying in the creek was adopted.

The board recently decided to let the contract for removing night soil to a private firm. The resolution was referred to the city solicitor, who expressed the opinion that the arrangement suggested was beyond the power of the board. Referred back to the sub-committee.

Dr. Hutchinson read a list of correspondence from Mr. F. Leonard, Mr. John Labatt and the Dominion Government in regard to the dumping of sewage into Carling's creek. The Department of Militia intend sending their architect to London to arrange for the disposal of the sewage from the Military School. Messrs. Leonard and Labatt are also willing to come to a satisfactory arrangement of the affair, and on motion of Ald. Parnell the entire matter was left over till next meeting.

Ald. Parnell moved "That this board, in view of the medical health officer's report regarding the proposed Wortley road drain, recommend to the council that all possible haste be made to complete the said drain."

A notice of motion by Dr. Gardiner was in effect "that the minimum depth be ten feet from the bottom of sewers to street surface with a fall of not less than one foot in each 200 feet if possible; also that plans for new sewers be submitted to this board."

Of the board's appropriation of \$2,000, but \$1,808 44 has been spent, and the balance will be made to last the remainder of the year.

Present: Ald. John Heaman (chairman), Parnell, Stevely, Scarrow, Dr. Gardiner, Dr. Hutchinson, Secretary Bell and Inspector Bell.

The man who makes the most noise in a quarrel is usually believed to be in the right.

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Ready-Made Clothing!

FOR CHILDREN.

SUITS, \$1 95, \$2 25, \$2 50, \$2 75, \$3, \$3 50, \$4.

OVERCOATS, \$3 50, \$3 75, \$4, \$4 25, \$4 50.

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SUITS (three piece), \$3 25, \$3 50, \$3 75, \$4, \$4 50, \$5, warranted to wear and give satisfaction.

OVERCOATS, \$4, \$4 50, \$5, \$5 50, \$6. Plain and fancy materials.

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SUITS, \$5, \$6 50, \$7 50, \$8 50, and \$10. Good honest Tweed Suits.

BLACK COATS and VESTS, \$8 50, \$10, \$12. All wool. Workmanship and fit guaranteed.

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LUCK, OR PLUCK?

CHAPTER XXVI.

When Tramiel had good-bye to his new partner a few moments after the partnership was verbally formed he wondered which to do—first to return to the club and announce his good fortune to the several other iron men who were members, or to go home and leave the mind of his wife. As he wondered he was not alone. The young man, who was already starting at a rapid pace, returned, and said, in a low tone:

"Can't you imagine?"

The older man took his partner's hand, and seemed to want to say something.

"What is it, Mr. Tramiel?" asked Phil, for the silence was somewhat embarrassing.

"My dear fellow," said the merchant, "a man who has just given away his daughter is usually supposed to have done a great favor."

"As you certainly have done," Phil replied.

"Thank you, for I want to ask one in return. Fathers aren't sole proprietors of their daughters, you know. Tramiel, when you speak to her about the affair, of course, you will, be as he—do—be your most considerate, courteous self, won't you?"

"I beg you will trust me for that," said Phil.

"I'm sure I can—or could, if you understood such matters as well as some day you may."

"I have a mother, you know," suggested Phil.

"True, but she had no daughters, I believe. Mothers and daughters—well, they're not exactly like mothers and sons. Mrs. Tramiel respects you highly, I know; but she may not have assumed the friendship to you as you could have liked. Try to forget that, won't you—and forgive it if it has made you uncomfortable."

"I would forgive a bitter enemy to-night, I had one," said the excited youth.

"That's right, that's right, a man has so few chances to feel that way that he ought to improve them all. You'll even be patient, wouldn't it be necessary?"

"As patient as Job," promised Phil.

"Thank you! God bless you!" said the merchant, wringing Phil's hand and turning away. Phil again started. The merchant walked toward the club, stopped after taking a few steps, looked in the direction Phil had taken, drew his hat down over his eyes, hurried to his house, entered the basement door, sneaked up the back staircase as if he were a thief, and quietly entered his own room, which, to his great relief, was empty.

Meanwhile, Phil had reached the house and been admitted. He had not to ask for Lucia, for he heard through the open door of the piano some piano chords which he knew were touched only by her fingers. Lucia did not hear him enter, and as he stopped to look at the clock, he saw to his dismay that it was nearly midnight. He had never seen her looking so—so plain, he would have said, had she been any one else. There was no color in her face, and her cheeks seemed thin and drawn. An involuntary motion startled her, and she turned, exclaiming:

"How you frightened me! I was in some way for it," said Phil, approaching her.

"It was so late that I did not imagine any one would call," the girl exclaimed.

"It was quite late, but the earlier part of the evening," said Phil, "and I needed to see your father."

"Business is horrid," said Lucia, "I should think you would avoid the adoption of a which, while not doing any harm, will promote domestic and hasten the ruin of honest, economical men."

"And, as usual, he sent you home for some horrid papers of some kind."

"No, not exactly," said Phil. "How uncomfortable it is to have a dream disappear—on a day dream! All along the way to the house he had imagined just how she would look, he could see the flash of her cheek through the half mile of darkness that had traversed his path had seemed illumined by the light of her eyes, and he was pallid, and her eyes had none of their customary luster, and her mental condition did not seem at all appropriate to the conversation which he had had with her, imagined and upon which he had set his heart that night. Well, he would be patient. A heart never won fair play."

"Aren't you a little weary, he asked him, for his devotion to business?" he ventured to ask. "Out in the country we have an old saying, 'Make hay while the sun shines.' The sun never shines brighter than now on the iron business."

"Yes, I know," replied Lucia wearily. "It's always something for business' sake. Yes, we have the same dreadful saying in New York."

"But it's all for the sake of women that men are so absorbed in business," argued Phil. "What would you do if you were a business, if it weren't for his wife and charming daughters and younger children? He never sees iron, I imagine, he is too busy talking about it, not even thinks of the money for its own sake. Greenbacks and notes and gold and bonds all transform themselves in his eyes, I suppose into dresses and clocks and bonnets and opera boxes and trips to Europe and—"

"You silly fellow!" said Lucia, with the first smile upon which she had ventured that evening. "I wonder where you get such notions. If you don't give them up you will some day find yourself writing poetry—something about the transmutation of railroad iron into gold. Think how ridiculous that would seem!"

"But when iron attempts to be gold refined gold—to paint the lily," said Phil, "as it does in your father's case, why, 'twould be worth dropping into poetry to tell of at least one instance where Shakespeare's conclusion was wrong. You know the rest of the quotation?"

"Yes, evidently Lucia knew it, for her cheek glowed prettily and her eyes sparkled, which, while somewhat awkward, reached its mark by the help of Phil's eyes. As for Phil, his heart began to be itself again, whose heart was asked him, under the consciousness of having given one second of pleasure to that dear girl!"

"You seem to be in a romantic mood to-night," said Lucia. "I know my father is the best man alive, and I suppose you liked him a little, but I can't imagine what should have impressed you so strongly with him to-night."

Phil studied the toes of his boots, the tints of the patternless rug, the design of the framed ceiling. Lucia watched him with an amused face, and finally said, "Even you don't seem to know."

"I know," said Phil, slowly, "and I'm trying to think how to express properly."

Poor fellow! how he did despise himself, that what he had hurried there to say would do some to his lips properly! Such a story had seemed easy enough when he had read, in books, of how other men to a little—so easy, indeed, that he had come to have very little patience with that portion of novels. Of course he could not tell it while Lucia was

laughing—laughing at him, too. Perhaps he could lead conversation back to the desired tone; but no, for just at that instant Lucia flew into the room, exclaiming, before she fairly entered:

"Oh, Lu, isn't it awful? I just went across the room for something, and my dress caught the table cover, and over went an ink stand on my very, velvet white—Why, Phil, I didn't know you were here."

"I wish I knew what would take ink stains from my very, velvet white—"

"On, no! I—What shall I do, Lu? Do tell me at once."

"Perhaps," suggested Phil, with a gleam of hope for Lucia and several for himself, "your landlady can tell."

"The very thing," said Lucia. "What a blessing you are! I wish you were always here." Then she flew out of the room, but not until she had flung a meaning look at her sister and another at Phil. Both blushed, and Phil felt uncomfortable, but as he stole a look at Lucia he mentally blessed Margie, for Lucia was no longer laughing, and she was looking unusually pretty; her eyes, slightly downcast, seemed a more heavenly blue than ever.

"The reason I have your father's goodness on my mind to-night," said Phil, breaking the silence to abate the awkwardness of the situation, "is because to-night he has made me his partner in business—his own equal."

"Oh, Phil!" exclaimed Lucia, her whole face suddenly aglow and her eyes looking full into his. "I mean, so glad—so glad for you—for him, I mean, for both of you. What I meant to say was—Oh, how did it happen?"

"Oh, I chanced to get an order which he was kind enough to think the greatest honor of business that any firm has made this season. So he asked me my price, and while I was wondering what to say he made me the offer."

"Just like his dear, noble heart," said Lucia.

"Oh, Phil, rising, and pacing to and fro in front of the piano, and fixing his eyes on the floor; "and all the nobler it seemed on account of the sordid, grasping way in which I took it. I wasn't satisfied with that, but wanted more. I hope he'll never have cause to think unkindly of me for it."

"More?" said Lucia, wondering, and somewhat soberly. "What more could you want than to be a prominent merchant?"

"As we say in the country, guess," said Phil, approaching the piano stool and opening his arms.

Lucia guessed.

"What a deal he had to say to her while still they stood there! He knew it was not polite to keep a lady standing, but while he was supporting her so strongly, though tenderly, it did not seem that Lucia would weary of the position; nor did she. And what a lot of questions each asked and answered—questions and answers that would seem silly to anyone else as they were interesting to those they concerned. Perhaps there came occasional moments when Phil could look down at the golden middle just about at the level of his lips, and think how much more precious it was than all the gold that railroad iron could be changed into by the alchemy of endeavor."

(To Be Continued.)

Prevention is Better

Thou cure and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent the attack by using Hood's Pills and free from the dread of the disease. You can rely on Hood's Pills as a remedy for rheumatism, also for every form of scurvy, salt rheum, boils and other diseases caused by impure blood. It cures and vitalizes the whole system.

Hood's Pills are easy and gentle in effect.

Belle—I can't bear to think of my 20th birthday. Alice—Why, dear—what happened?

Burdock Blood Purifier cures constipation, biliousness and dyspepsia, by acting on the stomach, liver and bowels.

The entire revenue of all the Protestant missions of the world is computed at \$20,450,000.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confused with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills as they are extremely unlike them in every respect. They are the only safe and sure.

"Idleness," said Uncle Eben, "makes or man talkative. Some folks it's impossible for man to be idle as long as he's nuffin' simultaneously."

Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures colds. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup breaks the lungs. The malice of gold is so great that a sheet of foil, it is said, can be beaten as thin as the slice of ham in a railway sandwich.

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

Either—Did he kiss you? Tena—He hadn't the nerve to do that. Either—it would require considerable.

For all throat and lung diseases, coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, etc., Norway Pine Syrup is a sure cure.

Her religion is very much like her dress; she can put it on or off just as she pleases. "Yes, and like her husband's at that—there isn't very much of it."

Should you suffer from toothache try Gibbons' Toothache Gum.

Mamma—Harry, I want you to come in now and nurse the baby. Harry (aged 5)—You'll have to excuse me, mother; I'm not in the least comely line.

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, earache, bruise, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

A Presbyterian church in New York, for which Rev. Dr. Wylie is now pastor, has had six ministers since the church was organized, 137 years ago.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. J. Kellogg's Dysentery Cereal is with us the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhea, cholera and all summer complaints, are sicknesses, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

Georgia lays claim to the meaneast man. He is said to jump the fence every day for fear that frequent opening of the gate will wear out the hinges.

Scrofula, had blood, pimples, blotches and skin diseases can be cured by B. B. D. the great blood purifier and tonic.

The largest estates in Austria are those of Prince Schwarzenberg, 510,000 acres; Prince Liechtenstein, 460,000 acres, and Archduke Albert, 365,000.

Novelties in Literature.

A work of tremendous size is about to be installed in the library of the British Museum. It comprises 1,000 big books wherein are bound up the 5,020 native volumes of the wonderful Chinese encyclopedia. This is the only perfect copy in Europe, and even in China there are not more than five copies of this edition.

In the November number of Harper's Magazine Mr. Frederic R. Conder discusses arbitration as a means of avoiding war; Rezin W. McAdam contributes an interesting article about Oklahoma, the New Indian commonwealth as he calls it; Richard Harding Davis talks delightfully about London in the season, and Julian Ralph recounts some of his experiences along the Bayon Teche. Col. T. A. Dodge, U. S. A., reviews French tales of Turkey, and Daniel Roberts relates a reminiscence of Stephen A. Douglas. Brander Matthews tells a capital story called "The Frog that Played the Trombone," and there are other stories and poems. This magazine is splendidly illustrated.

Louis Honoré Fréchet, the poet laureate of Canada, is to contribute to the November Forum a presentation of French-Canadian sentiment with regard to annexation or independence. Mr. Fréchet is one of the most capable leaders of the younger French element in Canada, and his views should be of unusual interest and importance.

John Murray is about to bring out an interesting book dealing with the latter days of Napoleon's rule in France. "The Letters of Lady Burghersh," who was afterward Countess of Westmoreland. It will be ready next month. Lady Burghersh attached herself to the allies after the battle of Leipzig, and her tea table became a rendezvous of generals, noblemen and crowned heads who there discussed the great issues of the time. Lady Rose Wigham, daughter of Lady Burghersh, has prepared the book for the press.

Of James Whitcomb Riley's new volume of verse, "Poems Here at Home," the Century Company sold two editions before the work was ready, and orders are now coming in for a third.

Scribner's Magazine finely illustrated for November presents a number of writers familiar, perhaps, by name, but not wholly familiar as magicians. Col. Colville of the Grenadier Guards describes a British invasion of Upper Burma; Miss Ida Tarbell tells of Mme. Roland, who, like Kempfeldt, is known most widely because she died; Agnes Birrell tells of the British House of Commons; Mrs. Porter describes Prof. Freeman at home. The interesting series of "Historic Moments" is continued by Mr. Bromley's story of the nomination of Lincoln. Familiar names are not wanting in the table of contents; Mr. Doubleday ends his discussion of French illustrators, and Mr. Frederic as strong serial, "The Copperhead."

The December issue of the Delinquent is called the "Christmas Number," and is rich in material pertaining to the holiday season. The styles for the month are exceptionally handsome and appropriate, and the family member of the family receive special attention in an illustrated article entitled "Party Dresses for Misses and Girls." There is also an appropriate article on "Fashions in Fur Garments," besides many other gossip contributions. Delinquent Publishing Company, Toronto.

Quitting for November opens with a strangely interesting story called "Imagination," from the pen of Edgar Savette. That one's imagination may be a dangerous thing if allowed to run free is demonstrated in a highly original manner. Other notable features of an excellent number are: "The Victory of the Vigilant," by Capt. A. J. Keeney; "Trapping and Home-made Traps," by Ed. W. Sandys; and "Fossil, Retrospective and Prospective," by Walter Camp.

An Awful Tragedy! Thousands of lives have been sacrificed, thousands of homes made desolate by the fatal miasma of the "cold-chill" physicians, still persisted in by some, notwithstanding the light thrown upon the subject by modern research, that Consumption is incurable. It is not. Consumption is a curable disease, and if the seat of the complaint must and will cure it. Such a remedy is Dr. Pierce's Great Medical Discovery. It is a certain specific for all serous complaints, and was never known to fail if given a fair trial, and that is why the manufacturer sell it under a positive guarantee that if it does not benefit or cure the money paid for it will be refunded. The only lung remedy possessed of such remarkable curative properties as to warrant its makers in selling it on trial!

When a man laughs in his sleeve it is not because his funny-bone is there.

A Man Made Happy.—GENTLEMEN.—For five years I have been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, and there was no rest either day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad, she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it.

Signed, MARYVILLE B. MARSH, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

"And what are you going to make of your son, Smith?" asked the vicar. "A shoe-maker, like yourself!" "Oh no, sir," was the reply. "You see he's uncommon fond of animals, and so we think of making him a butcher!"

As Old as Antiquity.

Either by acquired taint or heredity, those old foes Scrofula and Consumption, must be faced generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.

Gentlemen, send your last season's overcoat to the London Cleansing and Repairing Works and have a new collar put on, and have it pressed and cleaned, and it will do you this season as well. Office of work in Arcade Barber Shop, Richmond Street, Phone 981.

What is

CASTORIA

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.

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

Dr. C. C. O'Connell, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I have the dry it 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 harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchell, Conway, Ark.

Allen C. Smith, Pres., UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

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

H. A. Auer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"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."

THE CENTURY COMPANY, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

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THE CENTURY COMPANY, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

What is

RIPANS TABULES

act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse the system effectually; cure dyspepsia, habitual constipation, offensive breath and headache. One TABLE taken at the first indication of indigestion, biliousness, dizziness, distress after eating or depression of spirits, will surely and quickly remove the whole difficulty.

Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you suffer from Headache, TAKE **RIPANS TABULES**

If you are Bilious, Constipated or have a Disordered Liver, TAKE **RIPANS TABULES**

If Constipation is Slow, or you suffer from Distress after Eating, TAKE **RIPANS TABULES**

If Offensive Breath and all Disorders of the Stomach, TAKE **RIPANS TABULES**

Ripans Tabules are prepared from a prescription widely used by the best physicians, and are presented in a form acceptable to the stomach. An infallible cure if given a fair trial. Contain nothing injurious.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

EASY TO TAKE, QUICK TO ACT.

SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY

W. T. STRONG, Druggist, 184 Dundas St., LONDON, . . . ONTARIO.

AND ALSO AT RETAIL BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

CALENDARS FOR 1894.

SAMPLES NOW READY.

NEW AND EXQUISITE DESIGNS IN IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC

Chromo Lithographs.

BANNERS, SHAPES, PANELS, ETC.

Come and see them, or drop us a card and one of our travelers will call on you.

Advertiser Printing Company

SOLE AGENTS IN CANADA FOR

THE CALVERT LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY

DETROIT, MICH.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

Corrected May 2, 1893.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

Wabash Express (A).....	8:35 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
Limited Express.....	8:45 a.m.	8:50 a.m.
Accommodation.....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A).....	12:10 p.m.	12:20 p.m.
Day Express.....	12:30 p.m.	12:40 p.m.
Reading Express (A).....	3:10 p.m.	3:15 p.m.
Wabash Express (A) (P).....	4:20 p.m.	4:25 p.m.
Mixed (P).....	4:30 p.m.	4:40 p.m.
Freight Limited (A).....	11:30 p.m.	1:40 p.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

Chicago Express (A).....	8:11 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
West End Mixed.....	8:40 a.m.	8:50 a.m.
Reading Express (A).....	10:15 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
Freight Limited.....	11:30 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
Wabash Express (A).....	11:30 a.m.	11:35 a.m.
Accommodation.....	11:30 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
Pacific Express (A).....	11:30 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
Accommodation.....	11:30 a.m.	11:40 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

Limited Express (P).....	8:45 a.m.	8:50 a.m.
Atlantic Express (P).....	11:30 a.m.	11:35 a.m.
Accommodation.....	11:30 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
Reading Express (P).....	11:30 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
Mixed.....	11:30 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
Accommodation.....	11:30 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
Freight Limited (P).....	11:30 a.m.	11:40 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

Chicago Express (P).....	8:45 a.m.	8:50 a.m.
Accommodation.....	8:45 a.m.	8:50 a.m.
Reading Express (P).....	10:15 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
Accommodation.....	10:15 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
Pacific Express (P).....	10:15 a.m.	10:20 a.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

Express.....	8:10 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
Mail.....	8:10 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
St. Marys and Stratford Branch.	8:10 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
Mixed—Mail.....	11:15 a.m.	11:20 a.m.
Express.....	11:15 a.m.	11:20 a.m.
Express.....	11:15 a.m.	11:20 a.m.
Express—Mixed.....	11:15 a.m.	11:20 a.m.

Toronto Branch.

Hamilton—Depart.....	8:10 a.m.	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:35 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:50 a.m.	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Hamilton—Arrive.....	8:10 a.m.	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:35 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:50 a.m.	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
12:30 p.m.	12:35 p.m.	12:40 p.m.	12:45 p.m.	12:50 p.m.	12:55 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	1:05 p.m.	1:10 p.m.	1:15 p.m.	1:20 p.m.	1:25 p.m.

* These trains for Montreal.
1. These trains from Montreal.
(a) Runs daily, Sundays included.
(b) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(c) No. 30 carries passengers between London and Port Hope only.
(d) This train connects at Toronto for all points in Ontario, the Northwest and British Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.
E. De La Hogue, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, the "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas streets.

LONDON & PORT STANLEY R.Y.
Taking effect Monday, Sept. 26, 1893.

Going South.

Leave London.....	8:10 a.m.	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:35 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:50 a.m.	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Arrive St. Thomas.....	8:10 a.m.	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:35 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:50 a.m.	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Depart St. Thomas.....	8:10 a.m.	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:35 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:50 a.m.	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Arrive Pt. Stanley.....	8:10 a.m.	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.	8:25 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:35 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:50 a.m.	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.

Wall Paper

Newest Styles and Designs
Arriving Daily.

O. B. GRAVES,

222 Dundas Street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED TILL 8 p.m. at 44 Stanley street, W. H. WESTON.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED AT CHAS. E. COLWELL'S Popular Music House, 180 Dundas street and 429 Princess avenue.

LICENSES ISSUED BY THOR GILLEAN, Jeweller, 422 Richmond street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES—NO WITNESSES required at Shuff's Drug Store, 620 Dundas street east, Residence Dundas street, corner William. Take Dundas street car.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

MARRIED.

ROACH-POWELL—On Oct. 27, by Rev. Father Mark, John J. Roach, M.D., of Detroit, to Katharine, daughter of Michael Powell, Esq., of East London.

DIED.

SONSER—In this city, on Oct. 28, 1893, Sadie D. Sonser, of inflammatory group, aged 7 years and 7 months. Her end was peace. Funeral private.

SPRUDEL!

Has no equal as a table water, a curative and for bar use. It is the king of mineral waters. As a table water it is the most palatable of all carbonated waters.

ANOTHER LARGE CONSIGNMENT JUST RECEIVED.

FOR SALE BY—
J. W. SCANDRETT,
Wine Merchant, 177 Dundas Street.



This Brand of Flour Always makes the BEST BREAD OR PASTRY. USE NO OTHER. J. D. SAUNBY 157 York Street. Telephone 118.

Spruce Cherry

Nothing is better, and nothing cures colds quicker than this favorite remedy—Sprecher's Cherry.

Tar.

NOVELTIES

AT MRS. MARTIN'S,
—THE LATEST—
Chippewa Sailer,
Fancy Hair Pins and
Lovely Tam's for Children
208 Dundas Street. zxy

Hunt Bros.

Koal, Wood and Coke.

We Sell the Celebrated

PLYMOUTH COAL,

Call and See Us Before Buying.

Office, 263 Richmond Street.



FURS! FURS!

Latest styles. Inspection solicited. Get your repairing done before the rush at REATON'S.

NEW FALL STYLES

GENTS! Laced, Gaiters and Wauken-phast Shoes.

LADIES! Secure new fall lines. They are works of art.

The best value for your money that you have ever seen in Ladies' and Gents' fine dress

Shoes, Slippers, etc.

We have the trade, our styles and prices must be correct.

POCOCK BROS.

PHONE 30

JUST ARRIVED

—AT—

Priddis Bros.

A SMALL STOCK OF

SAMPLE

JACKETS

CLOAKS

CAPE

—AT—

HALF PRICE.

If You Want Fresh Oysters

CALL OR TELEPHONE TO THE

NEW YORK STORE

FOR A QUART OF

SELECTS.

And you will use no other.

ANDERSON & BARNARD

STOVES! STOVES!

Our stock is most complete in all lines. Upwards of 150 patterns, sizes and styles to select from at lowest possible prices. We furnish repairs for all makes of Stoves.

STEVELY'S,

RICHMOND STREET. zxy

PHONE 452.

FINE WEATHER.

TORONTO, Oct. 29—11 p.m.—Pressure is now comparatively low in the Northwest Territories and in the Lower St. Lawrence Valley and high elsewhere. A moderate to fresh gale prevailed over the lake region during yesterday and last night, accompanied by light snow in many places.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: Equinix, 45°—50°; Calgary, 24°—54°; Qu'Appelle, 14°—42°; Winnipeg, 12°—42°; Port Arthur, 18°—28°; Toronto, 32°—40°; Montreal, 36°—42°; Quebec, 34°—42°; Halifax, 50°—60°.

TO-DAY'S PROBABILITIES. Toronto, Oct. 30—1 a.m.—Probabilities for the next 24 hours for the lower lakes region (covering the peninsula and as far east as Belleville): West: Westerly to southerly winds; fine, stationary or slightly higher temperature.

—THE—

People's Shoe Store

Discount sale of 10 per cent. off the lowest prices in the city. Get prices before you buy.

R. KIRKPATRICK,

180 DUNDAS STREET. zxy

TURN OUT

The Best

Ordered

Clothes

IN THE CITY AT

RIGHT PRICES!

CALL ON THEM.

N. WILSON

& CO.,

136 Dundas Street

Opposite Market Lane. zxy

Parisian Steam Laundry

MAIN OFFICES,
London, Toronto & Detroit.

Goods collected and delivered on shortest notice. CHILDER & VIE, Proprietors. J. K. EBY, Manager. Phone 559. zxy

London Advertiser.

Telephone Numbers.

107.....BUSINESS OFFICE

131.....EDITORIAL ROOMS

175.....JOB DEPARTMENT

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

—Pleasure and pain walk hand in hand, they say: There is no joy without a tinge of sorrow: The doctor's heart breaks his head today: Will fill the doctor's heart with joy to morrow.

—Miss A. Mara, drygoods merchant, city, was registered at the Carlton, Jacksonville, Fla., last week.

—Miss May Somerville, who has lately been making her home in Detroit, is visiting her London friends.

—M. E. Neale, of Stratford, has disposed of his drug and book business in Atwood to D. Campbell, of London.

—Mr. Percy Bruce Wallace, of London, is home for holidays with Mr. James A. Wallace, [Brantford Exporter].

—Mr. H. T. Smith, superintendent of the London street railway, is visiting his son Harry, the noted Toronto stenographer.

—A convention of the lay workers of the English Church will be held in Woodstock on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

—Mr. Patrick McPhillips leaves on Tuesday for New York to attend the meeting of the heirs of the estate of Robert Edwards.

—"Chips of the Old Block" was repeated before large and well-pleased audiences at the Opera House Saturday afternoon and evening.

—Sir Fax and Frederick Abbott, of London, are included in the talent engaged for the concert on Wednesday night in Petrolia.

—James, William and George Johnston, of Westminster, have been arrested on a charge of stealing turkeys from John Riddell, of the same township.

—The estate of the late James Griffin, seedman, was offered for sale by Aid. J. W. Jones Saturday, but there were not sufficient bidders, and the sale was called off.

—The choir of the Centennial and Colborne Street Methodist churches exchanged before large and well-pleased audiences at the Opera House Saturday afternoon and evening.

—The depth of water at the mouth of the Thames River is only a little more than eight feet. The circumstance is a great obstacle to navigation, and vessel-owners are loud in their complaints. That bar will need radical treatment to keep the channel with a depth sufficient for the large vessels which now visit this port. [Chatham Planet.]

—A member of the London Rugby Football Club complains against the actions of a certain Dundas street bank clerk, who at two or three games forced his way through the gate, refusing to pay the admission fee. At Saturday's game the young man again did the same trick, but was refused admission. He thereupon went to the rear of the grounds and viewed the game over the fence.

—For a long time it has puzzled the Canadian Pacific Railway people to devise a plan whereby they could keep soap from being stolen from the lavatories in the cars, and a machine has now been adopted that evidently will do the trick. It is placed over the soap and contains soap powder. By pressing a knob enough of the powder comes out for a hand wash.

—One of the members of the St. Catharines Football Club received an ugly blow on the head in Sunday's game with London. Dr. Jento, who was on the grounds at the time, had the young man removed to his office, where it was found necessary to put four stitches in the wound. This done, the visitor expressed the desire to resume play, and it was only after a warning from the doctor that the idea was abandoned.

—The case of W. C. Ribble, of London West, against whom a charge of breach of the liquor license act has for a month past been standing, was heard on Saturday before Judge Jarvis. The offense was said to have been committed on Sept. 23, when Mary and Lottie Lally were in company with two young men, supposed to have obtained liquor. Both the witnesses swore that the charge was false and the case was dismissed.

—Rev. Dr. Potts, of Toronto, the eminent Methodist divine and general secretary of education for that city, was in Canada, preaching yesterday morning in Queen's Avenue Church and evening at the Dundas Center. Dr. Potts and his abilities are too well known in London to need extended notice. His appreciation of Methodist education interests were heartily responded to by the large congregations who greeted him. Rev. Prof. Wallace, B.D., of Victoria University, also occupied each of the above pulpits.

—Special services were held in St. Andrew's Church yesterday. It was the Sunday school children's day, and Rev. Mr. Murray's remarks were specially intended for them. In the morning the gallery was filled with the little folk, who paid great attention to the sermon and the pastor's subject was "God calling Samuel." Mr. Thomas, of Radley, sang "Gounod's 'Forever with the Lord.'" In the evening the pastor's remarks were more especially intended for the parents, the subject of the discourse being, "Calling to Moses." The music, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wilson, was especially good.

A \$400 fire.

A supposed incendiary fire destroyed the

butcher shop of Thomas Hamlyn, at the corner of Hill and Colborne streets, at 5:30 Sunday morning. The building is detached from Mr. Hamlyn's residence, and there was no fire used on the premises. The loss is about \$400 and is covered by insurance.

Two men went rushing into the fire station on Saturday night about 11:30 and excitedly told the men there that Bowman's woolyard, opposite the M. C. R. station on Bathurst street, was on fire. The brigade went down the way, and found a couple of men doing some cooking in a shed, while sparks were flying from the stovepipe. That was all.

Musical Rehearsal.

The following is the programme of the pupils' rehearsal at the London Conservatory of Music Saturday afternoon:

Etude.....Miss Edith Woodworth, Delbruck

Sonatina, Op. 28, No. 3.....Clementi

Huzzarett.....Miss Alma Reid, Spindler

Prelude and Fugue No. 2.....Beck

Consolation, No. 3.....Liszt

Song—Voices of the Wood—Rubinstein-Watson

As Matin.....Miss Thacker, Godard

Sonatina, No. 3.....Miss George McKendrick, Kahlaw

Narcissus.....Miss Harriet Powell, Nevin

Scherzetto.....Miss Emma Green, Chalmers

"W. K." Assaulted.

According to a recent telegram from Eau Claire, Wis., Mr. W. K. Atkinson, formerly city editor of the ADVERTISER, has given offense to his predecessor in the mayoralty. The dispatch says: "Mayor Atkinson, editor of the Leader, was assaulted this evening by Dr. D. W. Day, Night Clerk Bulson, of the Eau Claire House, was shot in the hand, and he being unable to give a reasonable explanation, the affair. The Leader stated that a prominent citizen and a young lady had been guilty of improper conduct, and the assault on Atkinson was the result. Day assaulted Atkinson on the street to-night. He will bring an action for assault and battery and also a civil action for damages."

More Jealousy.

There is a woman living near Hyde Park who is jealous of her husband and of his supposed attentions to the wife of a neighboring relative. The woman herself has acquired much notoriety lately from a newspaper point of view through no fault of her own. A neighbor had some what of her own. She dressed herself up in a suit of his clothes and proceeded down a sidewalk. When her husband came along she jumped out at him from a secluded position with the cry, "Your money or your life." The husband didn't care to part with either just then and hit out straight from the hip and her hat coming off gave away the disguise. Explorations are in order.

Quarter Century of A. O. U. W.

The four lodges constituting the representatives of the A. O. U. W. in this city celebrated the 25th anniversary of that fraternity yesterday afternoon by a parade to the Church of St. John the Evangelist. Messrs. M. D. Dixon and Ald. Coe were marshals, and about 400 members, headed by the Cavalry Band, were in line. Commanding the different lodges were: Mr. M. Smith, Star; Mr. Paul Woodhouse; Mr. J. T. Hill read the service and Rev. Canon Davis preached. He dealt chiefly with the principles of true religion—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep "unspotted from the world"—and upon the performing as he believed, upon such lines as those indicated. Such principles, he said, this order uniformly practiced. Religion was not talking but doing, and pure religion would be seen in their unselfish works and deeds. The A. O. U. W. had been established to prevent misery, to help the needy, and to console the friendless. Turning to the history of the order, Canon Davis descended upon the noble, Christ-like work which its quarter-century existence had seen accomplished. On Oct. 27, 1868, the order had been instituted in Pennsylvania. At the beginning of the following year only 50 members were upon the roll. Ten years later the number had been increased to 62,493, and in 1889 the membership, which is now 308,575, had risen to 216,625, and the amount of relief given had totaled \$6,015,520 went to the furtherance of philanthropic enterprises. It is expected that by the close of the present year the membership will have reached 355,000. Altogether since the inception of the order \$46,270,000 have been given to widows and orphans. The Grand Lodge in Ontario was formed in 1879. The number of lodges connected with it now is 594. Since these have a membership of 39,999. Since then last month alone \$56,000 was distributed for such purposes. The cardinal principles of the order, the preacher stated, were charity, hope and protection, and the furtherance of these marvelous success had been secured and wonderful progress attained.

THE OPEN FORUM.

Cows and the Trolley.

To the Editor of the ADVERTISER: If my cow gets killed or injured by the electric street railway can I claim damages? An answer will oblige. F. J. DAVIESVILLE, London, Oct. 27, 1893.

[Cows are not allowed to run at large in London West. If your cow is illegally on the street and is killed or injured by the electric car the company would not be liable for any damages. The loss would be yours.—EDITOR ADVERTISER.]

The most important news of all is that Duacomb's Dark Pills are curing people all around you of Dyspepsia.

LARGE BAGS

WOODCOCK, PARTRIDGE, QUAIL and DUCKS

MADE WITH

Brock's Loaded Shells.

They Cannot Be Beaten!

192 Dundas street, London, Ont. Phone 501.

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