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Trouserings and
Overcoatings
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Denton & Deeks

384 Richmond St., London.

The O'Connors

of Castle O'Connor.

By Anthony Trollope.

I had now quite forgotten my misfortune, and was beginning to think how well I should like to have Fanny O'Connor for my wife. In this frame of mind I was bending over toward her as a servant took away a plate from the other side, when a sepulchral note sounded in my ear. It was like the moan of the old Roman—

as though some one pointed in the midst of my bliss to the sword hung over my head by a thread. It was the voice of Larry, whispering in my agony just above my head:

"They're destroying my poor feet, intirely, so they is! I can't bear it much longer, yer honor." I had committed murder, like Macbeth, and now my Banquo had come to disturb me at my feast.

"What is it he says to you?" asked Fanny.

"Oh, nothing," I answered, once more in my misery.

"There seems to be some point of confidence between you and our Larry," she remarked.

"Oh, no," said I, quite confused; "not at all."

"You need not be ashamed of it. Half the gentlemen in the county have their confidences with Larry—and some of the ladies, too, as he told you. He was born in this house and never lived anywhere else; and I am sure he has a larger circle of acquaintances than anyone else in it."

I could not resist my self-possession for the next ten minutes. Whenever Larry was on our side of the table I was afraid he was coming to me with another agonized whisper. When he was opposite, I could not but watch him as he hobbled in his misery. It was evident that the boots were too tight for him, and had they been made throughout from the finest of leather, he would have been less capable of yielding to the feet. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. And I pitied myself also, wishing that I was well in bed upstairs with some feigned malady, so that Larry might have had his own again.

And then for a moment I missed him from the room. He had doubtless gone to relieve his tortured feet in the servants' hall, and as he did so was cursing my cruelty. But what mattered it? Let him curse. If he would only stay away and do that I would appear to his wrath when we were alone together with pecuniary satisfaction.

But there was no such rest in store for me. "Larry, Larry!" shouted Mr. O'Connor, "where on earth has that fellow gone to?" They were all cousins at the table except myself, and Mr. O'Connor was not therefore restrained by any feeling of ceremony. "There is something wrong with that fellow to-day; what is it, Jack?"

"Upon my word, sir, I don't know," said Jack.

"I think he must be tipsy," whispered Miss O'Connor, the maiden sister, who always sat at her brother's right hand. But a whisper though it was, it was audible all down the table.

"No, ma'am! It ain't drink at all," said the coachman. "It is his feet as does it."

"His feet?" shouted Tom O'Connor. "Yes, I know it's his feet," said that horrid Tizzy. "He's got on great thick nailed shoes. It was that that made him tumble down in the hall."

I glanced at each side of me, and could see that there was a certain consciousness expressed in the face of each of my neighbors; on Kate's mouth there was decidedly a smile, or rather, perhaps, the slightest possible inclination that way; whereas on Fanny's part I thought I saw something like a rising sorrow at my distress. So at least I flattered myself.

"Send him back into the room immediately," said Tom, who looked at me as though he had some consciousness that I had introduced all this confusion into his household. What should I do? Would it not be best for me to make a clean breast of it before them all? But, alas! I lacked the courage.

The coachman went out, and we were left for five minutes without any servant, and Mr. O'Connor the while became more and more savage. I attempted to say a word to Fanny, but failed—Vox fanebus hoest.

"I don't think he has got any others," said Tizzy—at least none others left."

On the whole I am glad I did not marry into the family, as I could not have endured that girl to stay in my house as a sister-in-law.

"Where the dickens has that other fellow gone to?" said Tom. "Jack, do go out and see what is the matter. If anybody is drunk send for me."

"Oh, there is nobody drunk," said Tizzy.

Jack went out and the coachman returned; but what was done and said I hardly remember. The whole room seemed to swim round and round, and as far as I can recollect the company sat mute, neither eating nor drinking. Presently Jack returned.

"It's all right," said he. "I always liked Jack. At the present moment he just looked toward me and laughed slightly."

"All right," said Tom. "But is the fellow coming?"

"We can do with Richard, I suppose," said Jack.

"No—I can't do with Richard," said the father. "And I will know what

It all means. Where is that fellow, Larry?"

Larry had been standing just outside the door, and now he entered gently as a mouse. No sound came from his footfall, nor was there in his face that look of pain which it had worn for the last fifteen minutes. But he was not the less abashed, frightened, and unhappy.

"What is all this about, Larry?" said the master, turning to him. "I insist upon knowing."

"Och, thin, Mr. Green, I wouldn't be after telling again yer honor, in case I wouldn't thin, av' the master would only let me hould my tongue." And he looked across at me, deprecating my anger.

"Mr. Green?" said Mr. O'Connor. "Yes, yer honor. It's all along of his honor's thick shoes," and Larry stepped backward toward the door, lifted them up from some corner, and coming well forward, exposed them with the soles uppermost to the whole table.

"And that's not all, yer honor; but they've squeezed the very toes of me into a jelly."

There was now a loud laugh, in which Jack and Peter and Fanny and Kate and Tizzy all joined; as too did Mr. O'Connor—and I also myself after a while.

"Whose boots are they," demanded Miss O'Connor, with her severest tone and grimest accent.

"Deed then, and the devil may have them for me, Miss," answered Larry. "They war Mr. Green's, but the likes of him won't wear them again after me—barring he wanted them very particular," added he, remembering his own pumps.

I began muttering something, feeling that the time had come when I must tell the tale. But Jack, with great good nature, took the story, and told it so well that I hardly suffered in the telling.

"And that's it," said Tom O'Connor, laughing till I thought he would have fallen from his chair. "So you've got Larry's shoes on—"

"And very well he fills them," said Jack.

"And it's his honor that's welcome to 'em," said Larry, grinning from ear to ear, now that he saw that "the master" was once more in good humor.

"I hope they'll be nice shoes for dancing," said Kate.

"Only there's one down at the heel, I know," said Tizzy.

"The servant's shoes!" this was an exclamation made by the maiden lady, and intended apparently only for her brother's ear, but it was clearly audible by all the party.

"Better that than no dinner," said Peter.

"But what are you to do about the dancing," said Fanny, with an air of dismay on her face which flattered me with an idea that she did care whether I danced or no.

In the meantime Larry, now as happy as an emperor, was tripping around the room without any shoes to encumber him as he withdrew the plates from the table.

"And it's his honor that's welcome to 'em," said he again as he pulled off the table cloth with a flourish.

And why wouldn't he, and he able to follow the bounds better than any Englishman that ever was in these parts before; anyways so Mick says."

Now Mick was the huntsman, and this little tale of eulogy from Larry went far toward easing my grief. I had ridden well to the bounds that day, and I knew it.

There was nothing more said about the shoes, and I was soon again at my ease, although Miss O'Connor did say something about the impropriety of Larry walking about in his stocking feet. The ladies, however, soon withdrew to my sorrow, for I was gathered on swimmingly with Fanny; and then we gentlemen gathered around the fire and filled our glasses.

In about ten minutes a very light tap was done, the door was opened to the extent of three inches, and a female voice, which I readily recognized, called to Jack.

By my word, and in a second or two put his head back into the room and called to me—"Green," he said, "just step here a moment, there's a good fellow." I went out, and there I found Fanny standing with her brother.

"Here are the girls at their wits' ends," said he, "about your dancing. So Fanny has put a boy upon one of the horses, and she proposes that she should send another line to Mrs. Meenan at Ballyglass. It's only ten miles, and he'll be back in two hours."

I need hardly say that I acted in conformity with this advice. I went into Mr. O'Connor's book room with Jack and his sister, and there scribbled a note. It was delightful to feel how intimate I was with them, and how anxious they were to make me happy.

"And we won't begin till they come," said Fanny.

"Oh, Miss O'Connor, pray don't wait," said I.

"Oh, but we will," she answered. "You have your wine to drink, and then there's the tea; and then we'll have a song or two. I'll say it out, see if I don't." And so we went to the front door, where the boy was already on his horse—her own nag, as I afterward found.

"And, Patsey," said she, "hide for your life now; and Patsey, whatever you do, don't come back without Mr. Green's pumps—his dancing shoes, you know."

And in about two hours the pumps did arrive, and I don't think I ever spent a pleasanter evening, or got more satisfaction out of shoes. They had not been two minutes on my feet before Larry was carrying a tray of negus across the room in those which I had worn at dinner.

"The Dillon girls are going to stay here," said Patsey, as I wished her good-night at 2 o'clock, "and we'll have dancing every evening as long as you remain."

"But I shall leave tomorrow," said I.

"Indeed you won't. Papa will take care of that."

And so he did. "You had better go over to Ballyglass yourself tomorrow," said he, "and collect your own things. There's no knowing what else you may have to borrow of Larry."

I stayed there three weeks, and in the middle of the third I thought that everything would be arranged between me and Fanny. But the aunt interfered, and in about a twelvemonth after my adventures she consented to make a more fortunate man happy for his life.

THE END.

Impure blood is the cause of boils, pimples, and other eruptions. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and cures these troubles.

The Scrap Bag

"I notice," said Mr. Binks, as he folded up his London "Advertiser," "that the pictures of the autumn girl's new gowns give her a waist belt not quite as large round as her neck. Now, if that is to be the latest fashion, I pity Mrs. Binks, for what she is going to do with her superfluous inches is beyond my comprehension. Evidently those fashion plate young ladies are bound to sow misery among their imitators. 'Pon my word, though, if girls are to nip themselves till they can wear their collars for belts, or vice versa, we might as well order flowers at once! It will be a first-class funeral for some of them."

Queen Victoria's night cap—the real article, be it understood—is not a cap at all, but a very fine Shetland shawl, which protects the royal head from all insidious draughts. Besides, it is more becoming.

Forget six counties overhung with smoke, Forget the smothering steam and piston stroke, Forget the spreading of the hideous town:

Think rather of the packhorse on the down, And dream of London, small, and white and clean, The clear Thames flowing through its meadows green;

Think that below the bridge green lapping waves Smite some few keels.

—William Morris.

An Ohio woman has had her speech restored after six years of speechlessness. She probably wanted to ask for a bicycle.—Nashville American.

Among the neighborhood stories told and implicitly believed in the Massachusetts town of W. is one which we should be slow in asking any reader to credit, but which is interesting as an example of the local wit in story-making.

The wife of Deacon Saunders, an excellent citizen of the place, is said to have possessed a parrot of exceptional intelligence and remarkable conversational powers.

On one occasion Mrs. Saunders was making cucumber pickles. She had the cucumbers on the kitchen table, and was stirring a kettle of hot vinegar and spices over the fire with a wooden spoon. While thus engaged she chanced to turn about, and saw the parrot making off with one of the cucumbers.

"Ha, you rascal! You've been stealing pickles!" she exclaimed, and threw the wooden spoon, dripping with boiling vinegar, at the bird.

It struck him on the top of the head, and though it inflicted no serious injury, its effect was to take the feathers entirely off the bird's head, leaving him bald for a season.

Some time after a minister from another town came to preach at the W. church, and took dinner at Deacon Saunders'. He was quite bald, and eyed the top of his head with a close and highly interested scrutiny.

And then the bird called out harshly: "Ha, you rascal! You've been stealing pickles!"

A mouthful of pretty teeth is a great encouragement to good nature.

Few people are aware of the quantities of lemons consumed in the United States. Three lines of steamships are engaged solely in keeping continuous cargoes afloat, so as to daily arrive within Uncle Sam's domain, the importations in sum total amounting to fully \$10,000,000 annually.

Old Mercator (to little Billy Ducks, just left school, who applies for a situation as office boy, and produces testimonial from clergyman)—"We don't want you on Sundays, my good little boy. Have you a reference from anyone who knows you on week-days?"

Sydney Bulletin.

The "Telegraph Age" tells how a telegraph editor in a Boston newspaper office wrote a note of remonstrance to the telegraph operator, because the latter in his copy had entirely omitted the letters "r" and "k" where they should have appeared. The operator replied to this note as follows: Mr. Editor,—Mistakes are liable to happen in the best of regulated phantoms and to type writers as well. It is, indeed, a very unfortunate affair, but the "eph" and "cay" phell out and are lost. This morning I called at the office of the gentleman whom I rent this outfit, but he phell to phind him in; in phact, the "ophide cid" says he will not return phor phour or phive days. I do not lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling myseph, but will get the specials apther a phastion. I, myseph, consider this no joque, but a serious apthair. Phathphully yours, J. Logan."

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burdens behind us.—Jeremy Taylor.

BREAKFAST—Bananas, Graham Mush, Ham, Cream Gravy, Baked Potatoes, Southern Corn Bread, Oatmeal Crackers, Coffee.

DINNER—Corned Beef, Currant Jelly, Mashed Potatoes, Beets, Lettuce, White and Graham Potatoes, Sherry, Irish Moss.

SUPPER—Cold Meat, Irish Moss, Blanc Mange, Cherry Marmalade, Cake, Bread and Butter, Tea.

SHARON PUDDING. Soak two-thirds cup of rice in one quart milk; add cup of cream and half cup milk; butter size of an egg; one cup sugar, salt; one-half teaspoon cinnamon and two-thirds cup raisins.

Every one who desires to secure and to strengthen a healthy and useful brain must not only labor physically but mentally; must really labor; and that daily, and not to little.

It is interesting to note the various stages through which a certain idea will go in women's fashions. Take the blouse. That at first was the old-fashioned garment full in both front and back. My lady decided that a loose back was ugly, so that was retired, and in its place came the tight-fitting back without any seams. No woman on earth is ever satisfied, and



FOR EARLY AUTUMN.

the comfortable, loose-fitting blouse front became an object of irritation. It did not hang, it did not protect the under arm curve, one of the most graceful lines in a woman's figure. And she tugged at it and tried to make it hang flat in the center, when an idea took possession of her. She would make the front of her gown tight fitting, and on top of it, would put a very large flat box-plait, tucking it under the belt. That answered beautifully for slim maidens, and is still very much in favor with them, but those who are blessed with a sufficient quantity of flesh have gradually flattened that plait, with the result that they are wearing plain bodices.

To make them appear slim some have carried the long lines of the skirt up to the bodices in the gown pictured. It is of blue crepe, with plaited panels of golden brown taffeta set in the skirt. The waist is slashed at each side, the front, and similar panels, which meet those in the skirt are inserted.

For Milady's Head.

The fall hat differs from the summer one in one particular very strongly. Whereas the summer hat had to be picturesque or lose all claim to distinction, autumn's leader has to be merely chic. Broad brims, crowns of many indentations and the like are tabooed and the trim little shapes which are most capable of developing into the "chic" beneath a skillful milliner's touches have taken their places.

Bows of stiff ribbon, ospreys, quills and wings are the trimmings most favored for fall wear. They are set upon the hat with a sort of mathematical precision which is very charming when that adorns a fresh, young face, but which is trying in the extreme to worn ones.

The flower garden effects of the summer are, happily, to disappear. These fall hats which boast any flowers at all will have them all of one variety. The warmer colored blossoms will be popular, such as nasturtiums and geraniums. Whenever they are used they are set in the midst of leaves, so that their brilliancy is toned down somewhat.

Some of the fall hats have set among their ribbon bows bunches of bright colored berries, which appear at this season of the year. A spray of barberries, a cluster of crimson partridge berries, a bunch of the red seed pods which come upon wild rose bushes in the fall, or a few bits of bitter-sweet berries are regarded as appropriate as well as pretty adornments.

A hat suitable for early fall wear is a combination of brown and white. The shape is a somewhat wide-brimmed, low-crowned alpine and the material brown felt. The trimming consists of a low bow of brown ribbon placed exactly in the center of the front, with two white wings and a white osprey rising from it. The rim is edged with brown silk cord.

A low, round-cornered walking hat in brown trimmed with brown ribbon, close balls of brownish-red ostrich feather and a brownish-red osprey is a pretty piece of fall headgear. Brown and yellow and brown and red are, by the way, two of the favorite fall combinations. A brown hat ablaze with nasturtiums ranging from pale lemon color through glowing reds and into rich brown is a triumph of the milliner's skill.

For the Children.

Small girls will blossom forth into Scotch lassies in remarkable numbers this fall. The bright plaids of the various clans will be used to make them kilted skirts and blouse waists, while Scotch caps turned back jauntily with quills will give the crowning touch to their Highland appearance.

Short, double-breasted jackets will be worn by little girls this fall to the exclusion of every other small style of wrap. Big pearl buttons and small gilt buttons are both correct for fastening them, but it is needless to say that the brighter style is the more pleasing to the youthful wearers.

A sleeveless velvet zouave jacket is a pretty addition to a little girl's bright silk or woolen dress. Only the merest scrap is required to make it and it is not only pretty but comfortable on chilly autumn days.

One of the new adornments permitted to children in this period of severe simplicity is the deep collar. Round ones of various Van Dyke designs are pretty, and so are the square sailor collars of grasscloth and lace or of embroidery. The addition of either of these transforms a plain little frock into a thing of beauty in the eyes of its youthful wearer.

The Home of the Emperor of Austria.

The residence of the emperor of Austria in Hungary, where he is supposed to assume his character of king of Hungary, is in the great palace, or house, which crowns the rocks at Ofen overlooking the Danube and the splendid city of Pesth. It was there where was preserved the crown of St. Stephen, king of Hungary, presented by Pope Sylvester A. D. 1,000, and regarded as the palladium of the Hungarian nation. The crown was removed by Kossuth during his campaign, but was returned to the chapel of the house in 1867. The palace is reached from Pesth by crossing the great suspension bridge which the students attempted to pass in vain recently.

What is

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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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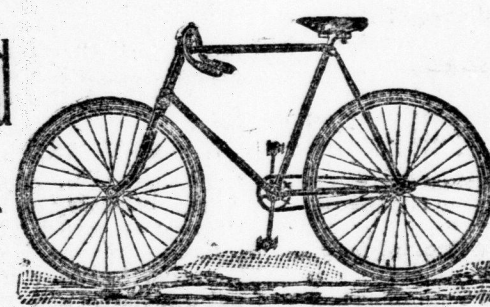
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