

Denton & Deeks

MERCHANT TAILORS and IMPORTERS OF WOOLENS

Fall importations of stylish goods for this season are complete. Every pains will be taken to please those who favor them with their orders, which will be made up in the most fashionable style, with the best quality of trimmings and workmanship.

384 Richmond St., London.

A King's Gentleman.

"Yes, and never had another crumb of pie nor cake all that week," laughed Molly. "That was years ago, but I remember it perfectly. Come, Auntie Hetherford, give me a kiss for old times' sake, and don't go away in anger."

"There, there! O, Molly! I always said you'd be like sunshine in our house, and you'd be the making of Reuben, and now you say you won't. These you needn't try to coax me round, for I won't be coaxed. If you want me for a friend you've got to give in and come over to my house. Come, now, be a good child and say you will, and let Reuben drive the sled over for you before night. Say you will, now, that's a pretty one."

"I am so sorry, so sorry to displease you, dear, kind friend; but I cannot, I must not. It is my duty to stay here, and I can do nothing else."

The pain in her kind heart in thus breaking off, as she knew she did, the ties of a life-time in familiar companionship and neighborly kindness, if not in real love, showed itself plainly in her face and in her voice; but the angry mother only put the slight to her son, and the mother resented the young girl's resistance to her entreaties and effort; so with no reply save an indignant toss of the head, Mrs. Hetherford plucked her cloak from Molly's clinging fingers and plunged out into the snow. At a little distance waited the sled on which she had come, with Reuben standing besides the horse's head. He looked eagerly toward the door as it opened, but, perceiving at a glance that his mother had failed in effecting reconciliation, turned suddenly away, with no response to Molly's forced smile and salutation.

"And there go," said she aloud, as she closed and bolted the door, "almost the only friends I ever claimed outside this house, and now they are enemies. Had it not been for you, Francois, I could hardly have said Mrs. Hetherford nay, though I would never have married her son. Truly, Valerie may be a little grateful to me for my care of her lover."

CHAPTER XV.

The sleepless nights, the anxious days, passed on, stealing the color from Molly's cheeks, the roundness from her form, the elasticity from her step, until the sixth morning arrived, and Amariah presented himself in the kitchen, fully equipped for a journey; but as he looked steadily in her face, his own shadowed with concern, and in his kindly, homely voice, and half paternal way, he exclaimed:

"Why, Molly, child, how you have fell away, and how pale you look! You don't eat enough tonight, though I've brought in two chickens, and as much as two dozen eggs, beside all you had in the house. I'm main sorry you fell out with Reuben, and so stayed here all alone. It ain't no use to ask you to go over there tonight, though I'd like to see you. Not a bit of use, Amariah. So you are going to start directly?"

"Yes, right away. I'll get over to Falmouth before night, and the stage will be along in the morning; so you can look for us tomorrow before dark. I've engaged Reuben's horse to sleep in the barn tonight, so if you get scared you've only to blow the horn, same as you would for me, and he'll fetch in some fresh water in the morning. You've got wood enough."

"Enough for a week, I should think," said Molly, smiling merrily.

"And there's nothing more that I can do for you before I go?"

"No. Here is a little note for my father, and I want you to give it to him when he is alone."

"I understand, and I'll do it all right. Well, I guess I'd better be going. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Amariah." And closing the door, Molly watched until the comfortable box-sleigh, well filled with blankets and rugs, drove away; and then, still like the mother-bird flying back to the wounded nestling, she hastened into the bedroom, and stood for a moment looking anxiously down at her patient.

"Yes, he is a great deal better," said she half aloud, and Francois, looking affectionately up at her, murmured in reply:

"Yes, better, much of better." "But are you enough better to bear moving?" asked Molly anxiously. "My father and mother are coming home tomorrow, and you must not be here unless you will trust them as well as me."

Francois shook his head, saying eagerly, "No, no! I can trust no one but Marie."

"Then I must hide you. Will it hurt you very much to go through the cold house and up into a cold garret? I am afraid it will."

"Tell again, my Marie; I not to understand."

So Molly, with patient iteration and gesture, explained her plan, and Francois at length understood. In fact, even in five days these two had invented a language quite their own, although compounded of both French and English, besides that muffled language previously mentioned, and used during some portion of their lives by most persons, at least those of sensitive organization. But as our two linguists did not reduce their invention to written characters or indeed seek to adapt it to popular comprehension, it is impossible to transcribe it precisely; and

in relating that Francois or Molly said thus and so, it is understood that the language is not precisely their own, but rather its interpretation.

Thus, then, after their own fashion, the two arranged their plans, and chatted merrily and happily until the twilight fell, and Molly prepared a little supper for her charge, watched him with maternal satisfaction as he took it, then, making everything that she could for the night, sat down beside the bed and began to sing softly one of the old hymns her father had retained from his early training in the church.

Francois lay and looked at her for a while, and then said:

"I am glad you sing nothing gay, and I am glad your voice is so deep and rich. It is not in the least like a bird song."

"And why are you glad of that?" asked Molly in surprise.

"Because I could not bear that any woman should sing to me in a high, clear voice, trilling and soaring like a lark, so sweet, so penetrating, so mad-making. He repeated into French in his last words, and Molly drew away the hand he had seized in his.

"I suppose Valerie sang like that, and you could not bear that I should try to imitate her," said she impetuously, and so rapidly that Francois did not understand a word, except the name.

"Valerie!" repeated he, almost sternly; "what do you mean by Valerie?" "Nothing. You have spoken the name in your delirium, that is all. Pardon my freedom in repeating it," said Molly coldly; and then she rose and went into the other room, and never knew when Tabitha rubbed against her feet and purred her sympathy, for she thought through the uncurtained window with eyes that saw nothing for the bitter tears that blinded them.

Suddenly out of the darkness shaped itself a face, the mean, repulsive face of Reuben Hetherford looking steadily in upon her. A sharp terror seized upon Molly's heart; not for herself in any case, but for that helpless stranger whose life and liberty she had promised to defend to the uttermost. Could Reuben from that angle see past her into the bedroom? Had he heard voices? Did he suspect something, or was it only herself for whom he was looking?

Not daring to answer these questions by an appeal to himself, and yielding to the terror and repulsion of the moment, more than to reason, Molly sharply drew the curtain across the window, making sure that every crevice was covered, and then flying to the door satisfied herself that it was securely bolted. As she did so, a low rap upon the panel startled her, and Reuben Hetherford's voice called:

"Molly, Molly! It's Reuben!" But at the same moment another voice in the opposite direction called also:

"Marie! Chere Marie! Venez-ici de grace!"

Running light and swift as a cat across the intervening room, Marie stood beside her patient's bed, and grasping his outstretched hand whispered:

"Be quiet, be quiet, Francois, for heaven's sake! Someone is outside." Then back came to the door to say coldly and forbiddingly:

"Is that you, Reuben? What do you want?"

But no one replied; and this sudden abandonment of his purpose in a man so obstinate as Hetherford, always Molly more than any persistence could have done; for it seemed as if, his suspicions having been in some way confirmed, he had retreated to take action upon them.

"I will not delay an hour after daylight," said Molly aloud as she returned to the bedroom; and then, sitting beside Francois, her hand again in his, she told him of Reuben's visit, and of all the causes for her terror of him.

(To be Continued.)

Rheumatism Runs Riot. When there is lactic acid in the blood. Lintments and lotions will be of no permanent benefit. A cure can be accomplished only by neutralizing this acid and for this purpose Sarsaparilla is the best medicine because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and effectively on the liver and bowels. 25c.

My name and memory I leave to men's charitable speeches to foreign nations and to the next age.—Bacon.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which action cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of headache, Parmentier's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmentier's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

Calumny shall make me set a surer guard on myself, and keep a better watch on my relations.—Ben Johnson.

A Baby's Life Saved. "My baby had croup and was saved by Shilo's Cure," writes Mrs. J. B. Martin, of Huntsville, Ala. For sale by W. T. Strong.

One part of knowledge consists in being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known.—Cicero.

Free and easy expectation immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.—Shenstone.

Consumption Can Be Cured By the use of Shilo's Cure. This great Cough Cure is the only known remedy for that terrible disease. For sale by W. T. Strong.

Covetousness swells the principal to no purpose, and lessens the use of all property.—Jeremy Taylor.

A Great German Prescription. Dissolved blood, constipation of kidney, liver and bowel troubles are cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea.

Learning teaches how to carry things in suspense without prejudice till you resolve.—Bacon.

Call at TRAFFORD'S and select the cover for a parlor suite, Turkish chair, Spanish couch, divan or fancy rocker, Christmas present, and save money now and worry at the last moment.

FRESH ROQUEFORT CHEESE. DIRECT IMPORTATIONS. Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co. 140 DUNDAS STREET.

Their First!

And It Was in Every Way "A Daisy."

Banquet of the Oxford County Constables' Association.

A Host of Genial Spirits Gather Round the Festal Board—Sound Suggestions Spiced with Humor—Hearty Praise for Chief Skirving—Those Who Were There—The Menu—The Toasts—Preliminary Business.

(Advertiser's Agency, City Bookstore.)

Ingersoll, Dec. 3.—The regular meeting of the Oxford County Constables' Association was held in the council chamber yesterday afternoon. President Tisdale occupied the chair. The following members were present: Chief Skirving (secretary), Chief Willis (treasurer), A. M. Anderson, J. Anderson, Chief A. Pow, J. E. Hadcock, J. R. Edwards, G. C. McKay, A. Mares, R. Clark, W. J. McConnell, John Long, R. Martin and James Thornton.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. It was resolved to establish a Dominion constables' bureau, and a committee was appointed, including President J. C. Tisdale and Chiefs of Police Pow, Skirving and Willis.

The meeting indorsed the establishment of an official organ of the association. Mr. Patience, of the Chronicle, submitted a specimen of the Canadian Detective's and Police Gazette, which was adopted. This journal will be published monthly at the Chronicle office here.

W. J. McCready, J. Sherlock and W. R. Smith were made members of the association.

It was resolved to make an effort to protect the officers from malicious prosecution, such as Mr. Skirving, the defendant in an action for damages.

After passing a vote of thanks to the mayor and council for the free use of the council chamber on this occasion the meeting was adjourned. The all-important question of the meeting was THE BANQUET.

In the evening at the Daily House. A glance at the menu provided by G. L. Thompson, the genial proprietor of the house, will give those who were not present some idea of the banquet as enjoyed by all present, which proved so attractive and ended so successfully.

MENU.
New York Oysters.
SOUP.
Oyster. Oxtail.
Duck.
Goose.
Cold Fowl.
Turkey.
Pressed Chicken with Jelly.
COLD MEATS.
Pork, Lamb, Oxtongue.
VEGETABLES.
Boiled and Cream Mashed Potatoes.
Steamed Corn.
CELERY IN BRANCH, Red Cabbage, Chutney Sauce, Mixed Pickles, Worcestershire Sauce, Tomato and Mushroom Catsup.

RELISHES.
Chicken, Cabbage.
ENTREES.
Macaroni Cheese.
Apple Pie, Lemon Pie, Peach Tart, Raspberry Tart, Vanilla Ice Cream.

Claret, Port Wine, Sherry.
CAKES.
Chocolate, Cocoanut, Caramel, Walnut.

FRUIT.
Florida Oranges, Snow Apples, Bananas, Catawba Grapes, O'Neil's Layer Raisins, Dates, Figs.

CHEESE.
Millsar's Paragon, McLaren's Imperial, Brie, Camembert, French Cheese.

Chief Skirving is noted far and wide as an able and efficient police officer, but we may venture to say that he never "roped in" such a distinguished aggregation as was present last evening.

Among the guests were: Messrs. Jas. Stevens, J. P. Rev. Mr. Hazlewood, High Constable Tisdale, A. Macaulay, Chief Skirving (Ingersoll), Chief Pow (Tilsonburg), Detective McRever (Chatham), Rev. Mr. Murphy, Mr. Hadcock (Mount Elgin), George Edwards (Ingersoll), J. M. Anderson, R. Martin, A. M. Anderson, H. Willis, L. Walper, L. Clement, D. McLeod, R. Gunn, W. Farrell, G. Norman Smith (Woodstock), Wm. Watterworth (Ingersoll), Joseph P. W. Ashdown, G. L. Thompson, W. J. McCready, Dr. Walker, J. B. Jackson, H. H. Scofield, J. Smith, C. Kennedy, Dr. Rogers, Dr. Lucas, S. Gibson, R. Keating, John Ross, A. McCarty, J. W. Cooke, G. W. Riley, W. M. Skirving, H. Thompson, E. B. Dundas, F. A. Brady, C. W. Bowman, Geo. P. Barr, Mr. Ryall, H. Richardson, Jas. P. Boles, W. H. Thompson, R. Smith, W. Morrison, T. A. Bellamy, C. J. Jones, C. R. Patience, H. Rowland and many others.

And what is more surprising, among the above are the names of many brother veterans, whom we would have expected to have kept out of the clutches of our chief. But as all agreed, the bait was too attractive to resist.

The banquet was the result of a movement on the part of the constables of Oxford, to make the public acquainted with their recently organized association, known as the Oxford County Constables' Association. The public speak in the highest terms of the kind and courteous treatment they received when under the police process on the Daily House last night. The highly satisfactory results of the banquet were largely due to the untiring zeal of Chief Skirving, the secretary of the association, and the hearty manner in which the crowd sang "He's a Daisy: Who Can Deny It?" showed the esteem in which they held the subject of the song, Chief Skirving.

THE BANQUETING ROOM. The room in which the feast was spread was tastefully decorated with the national colors. On the walls and over the windows, and draped from the center of the ceiling to the corners, were strips of bunting, red, white and blue.

At the head of the room was a large picture of Queen Victoria. The tables were six in number, arranged in rows of three across the room, at each end, with an aisle in the center.

At the head of the center table at the west end of the room, and under the picture of her Majesty, appeared the family face of James Brady, sheriff of the county of Oxford. At the head of the other center table, facing the sheriff, was the vice-chairman, J. C. Hegler. To the right of the sheriff among others sat Wm. Watterworth, Chief Skirving and High Constable Tisdale; while on his left sat Rev. A. Murphy, Joseph Gibson and Rev. Mr. Hazlewood and others.

THE TOASTS. After the guests had shown in a practical way their satisfaction at the banquet, the toast of the evening was disposed of in the following order:

"The Queen and the Royal Family," in proposing which, Sheriff Brady, expressed his great pleasure at being tonight back again in his old native town; also that he had the honor of acting as chairman of the meeting. He said he saw before him the best men of society from the county and towns. Continuing, he stated that he could heartily say, "Ingersoll, with all thy faults, I love thee still." He suggested a little music, and as the crowd arose and drank the health of the royal family, the orchestra played "God Save the Queen," while all the people sang the national song.

"For He's the Jolly Good Fellow," followed the toast to the Governor-General, with whom was coupled the Lieutenant-Governor.

The Army and Navy and Volunteers" was next proposed, and Major Hegler was asked to respond. He believed that while we have no need to supplement the work of the constabulary by means of the militia, that still the volunteers would be found ever ready when called upon, our own volunteers will be found willing to do their duty. They always do their duty, both in times of war and times of peace. Yet we pray that they may never be called upon to defend our country from war.

The orchestra played "The Maple Leaf Forever" and the British Grenadiers."

Chief Vance was called, but was not present.

The sheriff then asked A. H. Skirving, secretary of the association, to read some letters and telegrams he had received from different prominent persons who were unable to be present.

The chairman then asked all to fill their glasses and drink to "The Oxford and Visiting Constabulary." This called forth songs to the tune of "He's a Daisy: Who Can Deny It?" in words like "They Are Daisies," "Ge Your Handcuffs," and "They'll Arrest You Just Now." This was responded to by Rev. A. Murphy, who probably delivered the best speech of the evening. He spoke at some length on the objects of the association, namely, mutual help throughout the county and province in the arrest of criminals; also to effect provisions in the way of insurance for the family of any member in case of disability or death. He then spoke of the two positions in which the constables stood, and referred to the attitude of the people toward the constables, and their attitude towards the people. He believed that the police officers did not receive the legal protection which they should have, nor the financial support to which they were entitled. He thought much more effective work would be done if the salaries were lowered. Further, he thought a law ought to be enacted that the families of officers who are killed while in the discharge of their duties be granted a respectable sum. Those who depend upon the officers who are martyred should be looked after by law. He referred to four desirable qualities which should be had by every officer. First, education; every one should at least be able to write his own name before being appointed a police officer. Second, physique; see what longitude and latitude you have in your chief here. You need big men and powerful. Third, character. "Oh, I do think if there is any man who ought to have a genuine good character, it is the police officer," said he. "Treasure your character like the little emerald treasures its fur of spotless white." The one great essential was character. Fourth, faithfulness. And he closed with a stirring appeal that all police officers of the association make faithfulness their motto.

High Constable Tisdale next delivered a brief address.

He was followed by Chief Skirving, of Ingersoll, who gave a short address on the work of the association.

Detective McRever, of Chatham, arose to the occasion and expressed his pleasure at being present. After some remarks relative to the Oxford Constables' Association and the Dominion Association, which was organized in Toronto a few years ago, Chiefs Pow and Willis were called upon, but did not appear.

Regarding the former, the sheriff remarked that "Archie" was a bashful man from the south he had ever met who was bashful.

Dr. Lucas, Dr. Rogers and J. B. Jackson and the Rev. Mr. Hazlewood briefly replied to the toast of "The Learned Professionals."

"Our Guests" was ably handled by Mr. Joseph Gibson, who highly approved of the great necessities referred to by Mr. Murphy. Continuing, he referred to the recent criminal trials and highly complimented the state of our country in recognizing as just and binding the verdicts rendered by our courts of justice, although private opinions may differ widely. He believed that this respect of justice was the basis of England's greatness. His patriotic references evoked loud applause, amid which he took his seat.

Messrs. Stevens, Watterworth and King delivered brief addresses, each expressed his satisfaction at being present, and complimented their entertainers on the success which had attended their efforts.

The sheriff said that when young he had a wholesome dread of police officers. But they were a necessary evil. Continuing, he said: "You can't expect a Skirving everywhere, and you will have to raise his wages, or you will spoil him. With our lives and property in his care we can sleep sound and feel safe."

Mr. Watterworth said that the association made no mistake in coming to Ingersoll, and in bringing their friends here to partake of the sumptuous repast so bountifully provided.

"The Press" received short addresses from Mr. R. Rowland, of the Tribune, and C. R. Patience, of the Chronicle.

Mr. Bellamy spoke at some length, and alluded to the deterrent effect the press had on crime.

"The Ladies" received gentle treatment at the hands of three favorite "Ladies' men," Mr. W. R. Burke, in a brief speech, referred to the great influence of a good mother.

Mr. George H. White had no words to fully express admiration of the fair sex.

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ladies' man. He had one lady, not ladies. It was very evident that his experience was exceedingly agreeable to him.

Mr. Skirving, in answer to "Our Host and Hostess," on behalf of Mr. Thompson, said that as Mr. Thompson was feeling fatigued over his efforts on behalf of the association he thanked the friends one and all for their attendance and appreciation of the dainties they had enjoyed and would long remember.

It was with a good deal of feeling that the sheriff replied to the toast of the chairman. He drew forth the sympathy of all present as he recited how neuraigia was stealthily attacking him. It even condescended to his bed that afternoon, and he wondered how he could do without coming to Ingersoll. Happily, however, he was able to be present.

J. C. Hegler sang "The Mountain Dew" and was cheered.

Mr. Long sang "The Accent On." Mr. Lucas sang "Swim Out O'Grady." Mr. Farrell, of Woodstock, sang "Nothing's Too Good for the Irish." The songs were interspersed with the speeches, and were heartily received. The music could not have been better. What need to go to London for the

harpers when we have such an orchestra as was present at this banquet? The orchestra is composed of Tom Wilson, leading first violin; E. Chambers, flute; W. Fry, cornet; McDonald, second violin; H. Chambers, trombone; and N. McCarty, piano.

The singing of "God Save the Queen" brought to a close the initial banquet of the Oxford County Constables' Association. It is safe to say this will not be their last, and when the next annual gathering comes around, they may be assured of an attendance far beyond their most sanguine expectations.

Ingersoll, Dec. 3.—Miss Hart returned a missionary from Japan, who has been the guest of Mr. W. Braden, left for her home in Picton Monday. She will stop off at Toronto and address the ladies of the Metropolitan Church on Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Kelsa attended the funeral of her father in Tilsonburg, Sunday.

ANGOSTUA BITTERS is known as the great regulator of digestive organs all over the world. Have it in your house. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. Seigert & Sons.

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 Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and alls 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.