

FINE TAILORING

Importation of Fall and Winter Goods just arrived, consisting of
Suits,
Trousers and an
Overcoatings

In the newest colorings from the best European makers.

Denton & Deeks
384 Richmond St., London.

The Face in the Glass.

Fixing himself comfortably Mr. Whitting gazed his wide-awake eyes upon the serene profile and waited. Yet through the slow hours of the night that slumber never came.

The cheerful voice of a distant chanter ushered in the grey dawn. Luna's sickly pallor mingled with it, dissolved into it, yielded itself up to annihilation, and it was day for a brief half hour Mr. Whitting yielded to tired nature's demands and dozed. When he awoke the first soft rays of the rising sun were streaming in. The mysterious profile at the window was gone.

Miss Florimel laughed cheerfully when he related his experience, and declared "it was the nuts and ale and things." They had disturbed her own digestion, she admitted, but had not carried her length of seeing ghosts. Mr. Whitting was not convinced. It was the agent's business to protect his tenants against annoyance of this species. He decided against Florimel's discreet counsel, to complain to the agent, to protest, and otherwise vent his indignation.

"The agent heard his story in silence. 'Last week,' he said briefly, 'the owner of the manor, the rector, returned from abroad. He is on his way to visit friends in Boston, and has stopped with us for a few days. I have told him your story, and he is not very strong, may get completely rested before continuing the journey. I had best let him hear your complaint—' he will explain. 'And there is Miss Denton now. Miss Frances, will you tell your papa there is a gentleman here to speak to him, please?'

"The young man had come languidly out upon the porch from an adjoining apartment. She had carelessly taken up her station in front of the latter, standing with her back turned toward them, her hands clasped in front of her and her gaze fixed on the distant hills.

Still as a statue the girl stood until the agent's voice aroused her from apparent lethargy. The likeness was complete! Whitting was so startled that he felt himself growing pale, for this, with a ghostly difference, was the very picture that had kept him awake all night.

"He was in no mind to be trifled with now, and by Jove, if this pale-faced maid with the white hair and insipid face thought to play upon his superstition by masquerading as a ghost to frighten the tenants off she would pay for her prank—he would tell her father—he would sue the agent—he would move!

"Please will you step into the other room? Papa is not feeling well this morning, and is lying down," said a timid voice at his elbow.

The agent had vanished. Whitting was alone, looking silly enough, doubtless with the flush and frown of anger adding their unbecoming emphasis to the deep sunburn he had lately acquired, owing to Florimel's whim of making him tramp for miles in the air every morning after breakfast.

"Ah," he murmured, sarcastically, on the impulse of the moment, "this is the young lady, I presume, who has such a vast amount of fun at my expense by haunting my window at Hallowe'en. I trust you didn't get cold, and that you enjoyed it more than I did."

"I," she faltered, making a little gesture with her hand—a gesture of scorn and hurt dignity. "I haunt your window, madam?"

The scorn expressed in that soft, contemptuous tone of slow disdain would have cut a less sensitive man to the quick, especially her way of saying "madam."

"Ere he had time to rally from the attack a deep voice called from the other room:

"Frances, my love!"

"Coming, papa!"

Miss Denton's deigned to turn her flashing eyes—heaven knows there was no lack now of expression to the angry face she turned upon him—in his direction as she imperiously waved him into her father's presence.

"Papa," she began at once, "this man—your manor tenant—comes here with a strange complaint. He says—he dares to say—that I masqueraded before his window last night as a ghost or something."

"My daughter, my daughter, do not be hasty. You forget the"—and the white-haired rector drew his daughter to his side and murmured something.

To Whitting's amazement the expression of haughty anger and insulted pride instantly faded from the girl's face, giving place to one of pensiveness, as when one recalls some tender memory inseparable from sorrow.

"Sir," said the old rector, courteously, "you sleep in the first, comfortable bedroom in the back wing, do you not? But I know you do, else you had not been employed. A few years ago I lived in the old manor-house with my wife and my two daughters. My children were born there, and they had never known any other home. I brought my wife there a bride. I buried her."

"One of our daughters gave her heart to a worthy man, and they were shortly to be married, when quite unexpectedly he was summoned to Europe to attend home, and he died of a relative. He called home, however, that he would surely be back in time for the wedding, which had been the original date set for the wedding, so that no change need be made in the cards. As she

was in somewhat delicate health, being at all times constitutionally fragile, she retired early to her chamber that evening—the small back one on the ground floor—in order that she might gather fresh strength for the morrow. 'There came up that night one of those sudden, violent thunderstorms so common here in the summer time. As she stood dreamily beside her little window, looking out through the pane at the grandeur of the storm—the crashing branches and bending trees—a fearful flash of vivid lightning suddenly enveloped the whole world in blinding brightness, flaring full upon her face and figure, and by some curious freak photographing both in the glass! But my child uttered one piercing shriek and fell to the floor—dead.'

"But why was the pane of glass never removed? that would be a very easy mode of getting rid of this annoyance to your future tenants, who may not know the story, but may be even frightened off by it if they be of a superstitious turn."

"My poor wife pleaded that the wonderful picture of our child painted upon the glass by the hand of God, as it were, might never be destroyed or removed. 'It would be almost sacrilege to touch it,' she said. 'It always stays, promise me.'

"The strangest part of it is the face of my daughter cannot be seen from the outside of the window y broad daylight or at close quarters, except vaguely."

"The investment policies maturing in the North American Life Assurance Company during the current year are giving the same results realized on similar policies in past years. Mr. F. W. Holt, civil engineer, of St. George, N. B., in acknowledging the Company's check under his policy, writes: 'The cash results of my lifetime Endowment Policy, No. 2,580, which I have had a good fortune to hold in your Company, have been highly satisfactory to me, and gratifying to find that all, if not more, of the cash results that were represented to me at the time I insured in the North American Life have been fully realized. This experience, together with the liberal treatment that I have always received from the North American, enables me to recommend the Company to others.'

"F. W. HOLT." "Undoubtedly the North American Life Assurance Company has attained that degree of solidity which can best be understood by comparison with any of the large companies. In all essentials—especially those of acquired surplus and surplus-earning power—it is not excelled today by any other company."

—Extract from Consulting Actuary's Report, January, 1895.

Full particulars regarding rates and investment policies can be secured at the Head Office of the Company, Toronto.

Hard Drinkers Die Sudden Deaths. So many men, whose excessive fondness for liquor is a standing grief to their friends, give as a reason for not wishing to take the Cold Cure now, that they have important business to arrange before they can go. A lamentable instance of the tendency of drinking men to postpone this, the most important business they have ever been called upon to transact, was afforded last week.

Once a wealthy and respected citizen, this gentleman had required years of experience at drinking liquor, before arriving at the consequent incapacity, were the sole and only cause of the financial disasters which overtook him, left him dependent upon others and a physical wreck. A few weeks ago he concluded to take the famous treatment given at Lakehurst Institute, Oakville, so soon as he should attend to some "important business." A few days ago he died.

Does it ever occur to you sudden death to you also? Do not delay further, no business can possibly be of greater importance. Take the cure—Send to 23, Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto, for fuller information and terms.

Connoteurs of driving patronize Overmeyer's Livery, Richmond street N.W., as he has only the latest style rigs. Phone, 423.

Mr. C. D. Anderson, photographer, can be had by special time during Fair week by dropping word at his office, 340 Richmond street, or Telephone 773. Work first-class.

WE DON'T FOLLOW in the wake of our competitors. We have struck out in new paths. We buy and sell for spot cash, and so can afford to sell cheaper than any one else in the furniture trade. Come and see for yourself. KEENE BROS., 127 King street, opposite Market.

Feather beds and hair mattresses renovated. We do all renovating on the premises. First-class work guaranteed. We are manufacturers of first-class mattresses and pillows. Dealer in stoves, spring beds and furniture. JAMES F. HUNT, 533 Richmond street north. Telephone 597.

Have you seen Trafford's new arrivals in bird's eye maple, curly birch, and quartered oak rockers; also latest style bookcases and secretaries and box couches in corduroy, at 35 and 37 King street. Phone, 864.

LORD NAPIER AND ETRICK, who just before the war was British Minister at Washington, and later was ambassador at St. Petersburg and at Berlin, has just celebrated his golden wedding.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly, and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

The Scrap Bag

The flower-sending noodle has been getting in her work at the trial of Durrant, the alleged San Francisco murderer, very effectively, and, having succeeded in attracting all the notoriety she could desire, has now left her husband, for which he ought to be eternally grateful. Some day we shall do these things better in America, but while foolish, silly women are admitted to murder trials and the atmosphere of sensationalism is not dispelled by dignified jurisdiction, prisoners will continue to be made absurd and the whole business turned into a farce.

It is a poor sort of "joke" to fill a cake with china dolls, and expect the eater thereof to be pleased when one lodges in his throat and nearly causes suffocation.

Pish-Tush was a Chinaman who (it is whispered, at least, as a fact) Once wedded a maid named Pooh-Pooh.

And forever repented the act. Close related to them Were Tut-Tut and Ahem, And Pi-Fi was a relative too.

Whenever Pish-Tush said "Pooh-Pooh," She would think he was angry, and weep; When she murmured "Pish-Tush!" then anew She wept, for his anger was deep; And they grew after years, So accustomed to tears, That they christened the baby "Boo-Hoo!"

—Nannie Fitzhugh Maclean.

It takes a bright woman to rebuke another woman's rudeness, a general statement well borne out by a story from the Atlanta Constitution.

A lady entered a railway train and took a seat in front of a newly-married couple. She was hardly seated before they began making remarks about her. Her last year's bonnet and cloak were fully criticised, with more or less giggling on the bride's part, and there is no telling what might have come next if the lady had not put a sudden stop to the conversation by a bit of strategy.

She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the groom, and in the smoothest of tones said:

"Madam, will you please have your son close the window behind you?" The "son" closed his mouth, and the bride no longer giggled.

Here are some darts for wives, from a Boston exchange:

Don't expect impossibilities from your husband.

Don't snub him in the presence of strangers.

Don't henpeck him just because you know he is quiet and will stand it.

Don't treat him as if you had come down off a pedestal to marry him.

Don't worry him to death because you can not have your dearest wish granted.

Don't run to your mother with all his faults; rather keep his good qualities to light and hide his failures.

Don't think that now when you are married he doesn't care whether you curl your hair or not.

Don't expect him to be amiable with a breakfast of tough steak, greasy potatoes, cold rolls, and muddy coffee.

Don't have cold suppers. Remember the nearest way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

Don't sit up waiting for your husband. Go to bed; get all the sleep you can. In the morning when you are looking and feeling the best, if you have anything to say, say it; nine chances out of ten you will win.

Apprehensive—A youth, who is yet classed as a small boy, in whose family there is a physician, came home recently from a visit to the M. D., and seemed to be full of knowledge. "I am not going to play games with kissing," he announced to his own family; "no more kissing games for me." He was pressed for a reason. "Well, he responded, with the air of a child having just made an important discovery, 'there is so much disease going around, and most of it is caught by kissing; and who knows what the girls may have?'"—Washington Post.

"Did your boy do well in college, Mr. Wilkes?"

"Very. He led his class in Latin and Greek."

"Good. His vacation will be a pleasant one with the consciousness of having done so well."

"Well, no; he's got to study all summer. He was flunked in his English."

Mrs. Cumso (severely)—Johnny, I heard you use that expression 'those kind' after I told you it was wrong.

Johnny Cumso—But, mamma, it was right this time, I am sure.

Mrs. Cumso—It is never right to say "those kind," Johnny.

Johnny Cumso—But, mamma, persistently Johnny, I was speaking of those kind girls who helped me up when I fell off my bicycle.

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

I wonder why it is we are not all kinder than we are?—Drummond.

BREAKFAST—Apples and Pears. Lyonnaise. Potatoes. Small Sauces. Hot Graham Bread. Coffee.

DINNER—Regout of Beef. Sweet Potatoes. Celery. Corn on Cob. Sliced Tomatoes. White Bread. Browned Corn Mush. Maple Syrup.

SUPPER—Bread and Butter. Omelet. Sliced Tongue. Stewed pears. Cake. Tea.

GRAHAM BREAD. One cup white flour, 2 of Graham. 1 of warm water, 2 cakes Yeast. 3 tablespoons molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-2 soda, dissolved in the water. In well-greased pan, let rise overnight. Bake for breakfast in morning. Bake for dinner in afternoon. Bake for supper in evening. This makes an oblong loaf.

Were Marie Louise living she would consider it necessary to warn us as well as her daughter regarding the folly of extremes in dress. The coming season will be as gorgeous in attire as the court of Marie Antoinette, and we shall vie with one another in our efforts to secure the richest coloring. Indiscent is the keynote of the season. Everything glimmers with a mixture of coloring, while palmette trimming, made in large varieties, is at hand for our use. The spangles are not limited to any one color, or made of a color, but are made to match any conceivable gown.

A pale green evening gown was trimmed with palmette trimming of four shades of green, and pearl pendants, while another

trimming, of purplish spangles and gilt beads, stood ready for a halcyon gown that was under way.

Louis Seize buckles of brilliants and pearls, and large buttons of brilliants, and their way on our gowns. They are magnificent affairs, and the quiet woman much prefers buckles of steel, which have a modest glimmer, and stand for their true value.

Set of palmette trimmings are sold at the stores, and it is no trouble for my lady to adorn her gown with them, provided she is willing to pay the heavy toll for such luxuries.

Gowns for Home Wear.

In the days when all well-regulated persons eschew the house and use it only as a dormitory, the question of house gowns seems of comparatively little importance. Basting frocks, tennis gowns, garden party dresses, if you will. But house gowns! What earthly interest has any woman with enough money to take an outing in house gowns from June until September? The first chilly evening puts a different complexion on the matter. The first cold day makes the house gown one of the most important features in the mental perspective of the summer girl. When withal shall she be clothed now that fall is upon her and she is forced to spend more or less time in the seclusion of the house? The kindly disposed modiste answers the question for her.

"In the first place," says Madame, "there is the morning gown. That is quite distinct from the negligee, you understand. No gentleman would wear her negligee outside her own boudoir. In her morning gown she may appear at the family breakfast table, in the library after breakfast—anywhere, in fact, in the house. I make very few one-piece morning gowns. They are more apt to look slovenly than the two-piece ones. But I make the skirt to fasten on to the bodice so that there is no comfort lost. The bodice I make in the simple, old-fashioned surplice style, which forms a small, pretty V at the throat, and is admirably adapted to the display of a big fichu such as are to be very much worn this year. The sleeves are loose puffs, ending just below the elbow in a ruffle. The skirt is plain and simple and buttons beneath a ribbon belt to a bodice. I use soft Henriettes, fine cashmeres, silk-worsted woolsens of all sorts and old-fashioned nun's veiling for these. As for color, red is very cheerful, and frequently a man is sent on his way from the breakfast table rejoicing because his wife has worn cheerful red instead of dingy browns. The old blues are pretty, too, and gray is always suitable if it is not a stone or slate gray. The wise woman never wears anything at breakfast which is suggestive of the blues or fits of bad temper."

"Then," said Madame, after a reflective pause, "there are the tea gowns. Never let any one persuade you that a real tea gown is meant to wear at afternoon tea, unless you are in your own room. I am making tea jackets by the score, but not a tea gown. The jackets, some of them, are made almost like blouses, with a high collar, short ruffled basque and a vest of chiffon or lace. Others are more in the Directoire style, close-fitting and longer, with a lace frill falling from the collar at the throat. The materials used are silk and satin, and later in the season velvet will come in for its share of tea jackets. Brocades are particularly well adapted to this style of garment. The brighter colors are used a great deal, and the jackets are worn over black silk, satin or crepon skirts. They are very effective and picturesque. By the way, the sleeve must either end at the elbow in a frill of lace or must come well over the wrist in one of these embroidered or lace-edged tabs so popular now."

"As for the bona-fide tea gown," Madame went on, "it has become nothing more or less than a negligee, and it is not seen in good society outside of the boudoir. It is, therefore, considerably less elaborate than it was in the old days, when it was regarded as able to hold its own in society. The favorite model at present is the student's gown. There is no lining except an under yoke. On to this the silk is shirred about the neck and for a few inches below. Then it falls in voluminous folds to the hem. The sleeves are very big and loose, and end just below the elbow. Lace is jabbed about the neck and all the way down the front of the hem. It is fastened by silk strings, which draw it together here and there down the front. The thin wash silks, either striped or flowered, are most in favor for this gown."

The Art of Pouring Tea.

Few hostesses understand the art of pouring tea and coffee, simple as it appears. As a rule the guest of honor is offered the first cup, which is the weakest, and the children, if served at all, are given the last and strongest. When it is desirable to have all the cups of uniform strength one should pour a little into each and then begin over again, reversing the order. In England this is so well understood that a power of tea or coffee does not begin to replenish the cups till all are before her.

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CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

Do You Know that 33 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?