FINE TAILORING

Importation of Fall and Winter Goods just arrived, consisting of

Suitings,
Trouserings and
Overcoatings

In the newest colorings from the best European makers.

Denton & Deeks
384 Richmond St., London.

The Last Doubt

BY DORA RUSSELL.

"Winny! dear Winny," he said, "there is to be no good-bye—I have not come to say good-bye—I shall never say it—I will not part with you."

For a moment or two Winny's head lay still on his breast; then she looked up with her tear-stained eyes into his face.

"Yes, Hugh," she said, almost firmly, "I—love you too well, dear, to injure you."

"You injure me by talking thus," answered the young man. "Only tell me one thing quite truly, Winny, are you afraid to share a life of poverty with me?"

"No, no," she said. "Oh, Hugh, you know I am not."

"I hoped so, Winny. Well, dear, then let us consider our future, and try to make the best of it together—we won't part, that's settled, Winny."

What did the girl answer? What loving girl would answer differently? She had intended to give him up, but love is sweet, and Winny knew in this hour of trial that Hugh Roden did love her, and so hand-clasped she listened while he planned and hoped for happier days.

"Look, dear little girl," he said, "my uncle isn't a bad man on the whole, you know. Now, I'll tell you what I shall do. I'll tell him we've made up our minds in the first place—he can leave Greylands to whom he likes—but I'll ask him to give me a helping hand, and we will be together, Winny, and that will be everything.

And young Hugh acted upon these words. Shortly after his return to the manor house from his interview with Winny, he asked to see his uncle, and perhaps awkwardly and diffidently enough, he tried to make the old man understand his meaning.

Mr. Roden was silent while his nephew endeavored to express that he meant to keep to his engagement, but hoped that his uncle would help him to find some way of making an income for himself and his proposed young wife.

"And you are quite determined upon this?" presently asked the Squire, as the young man paused in his somewhat disjointed sentences.

"Yes, uncle, quite determined—but you see I gave up my post at the bank to come here, and if you will help me—use your influence to get me another berth I shall be very grateful."

"It is but just," said the Squire, after a moment's reflection. "I brought you here, and though you will not do as I wish you, still it is but just that I should provide for you to a certain extent. How much could you and this young woman contrive to live on, Hugh?"

"Oh, very little," said Hugh, with a laugh.

"Well, I'll consider," said the Squire; "in the meantime, tell them to send for Wilcox, the lawyer, and I'll see about the necessary alterations in my will at once—let me see. Miss Southwell ought to have been brought up economically—three hundred a year would be a fair income for you, I think, Hugh—with your work?"

"Oh, yes, uncle," said the young man, gratefully.

"Three hundred a year," repeated the old Squire, "and you are willing to give up as many thousands for this silly girl's love, eh Hugh?"

"I have decided, you know, uncle," answered Hugh, with an honest laugh, and the old man nodded his head.

"It's well to be young," he said, and then he sighed, perhaps regretting that his day for such love and faith was over.

But he kept his word to his nephew. The lawyer, Mr. Wilcox, duly arrived, and had a long interview with the dying Squire. Then some of the old servants were called up to witness the signature to the altered will, and it was understood in the household that Mr. Hugh had thrown away his inheritance for the sake of marrying Miss Southwell.

"More fool he," said the old servants, and some of the young ones were ready to agree with them.

But while his "folly" was being freely discussed in the servants' hall, Hugh Roden was very happy with his pretty Winny at the parsonage. The sacrifice he had made to win her for his wife naturally drew her closer to him, and as these two sat hand-clasped how small seemed the lost wealth in the world of wonderful joy and brightness in which for the present they both lived.

This world seemed so entrancing to Hugh Roden, that the night was growing late when he turned his steps homeward to the manor house. It was a stormy night, the wind moaning and sighing through the great trees, which stood by the house, and a half-moon overhead which shed its glinting beams through the broken and fast drifting clouds. A stormy night—and as the old Squire lay and listened to the wind, he grew restless and excited, and began moaning and tossing on his bed.

"Where is Hugh?" he presently asked, and when he was told that Mr. Hugh was at the parsonage, he began murmuring and talking to himself.

"Have I done right—I wonder have I done right?" one of the old servants heard him mutter; and then, as he tossed and sighed, his watchers came to the conclusion that the old man's weary spirit was about to flit away.

"Send for Mr. Hugh," they whispered one to another, and so just as Hugh reached the house, the messenger dispatched for him met him on the doorway.

"I was coming for you, sir," said this messenger, "they say the old Squire is about to get away."

"To die?" asked young Hugh, in genuine surprise and sorrow. "Why, he seemed so well and clear this afternoon."

"Margary thinks he's going, sir," said the man, "and he's asked for you, and seems uneasy in his mind."

"Poor old man," said Hugh, and he went with his light step at once to his uncle's room.

The dying man heard that light step, and opened his dim eyes as Hugh entered.

"Uncle!" said Hugh, and went up to the bed and took the old man's hand, who loked at him with strange, beseeching eyes.

"Hugh," he said, "forgive——"

"I have nothing to forgive, uncle," answered Hugh, who was touched and shocked by the change in his uncle's face.

"Forgive—" again murmured the dying man and then muttered a few words Hugh could not understand.

And so muttering and sighing while the wind moaned and sighed outside, the Squire lay until the great clock in the hall struck one. As the single stroke fell, for the last time on earth the Squire spoke.

"I'm an old man," he said, "the old learn to doubt, but I trust you, Hugh."

They were his last words. The next moment a strange shivering fit seized him, and after a few brief struggles Margary, the housekeeper, who was watching him, cried out the old master was gone.

And this was so. Mr. Roden, of Greylands, was dead, and during the next few days his neighbors speculated and talked about who would be his heir. It was known young Hugh Roden had offended his uncle by his engagement, and people said what a pity it was, and some were sorry for Winny, and some for Hugh.

But on the third day after his death the old Squire was buried, and after the funeral was over his friends and neighbors were called into the library at the manor house by Mr. Wilcox, the lawyer, to hear the contents of the will. It was a lengthy document, and was dated back a year, and in it, after enumerating all his lands and other possessions, Mr. Roden left everything to his nephew, Hugh Roden.

"But," said the lawyer, after reading this will, "it is now my duty to inform you that Mr. Roden added a codicil to this will on the very day of his death, and as this codicil is his last testamentary arrangement, it of course supersedes all others."

Expectation was now writen on almost every face present, and after clearing his throat as if conscious of the importance of what he was about to read, and with a glance at Hugh Roden, Mr. Wilcox commenced.

"I, Hugh Roden," read the lawyer, "being near my last hour, do now make this final codicil to my will, and in it leave and bequeath all the lands and possessions before mentioned to my nephew, Hugh Roden, on one condition only, which condition is, that he marries Winifrid Southwell, daughter of the Rev. James Southwell, and I also request that this marriage take place one month after my death, for I wish thus to mark my approval of my nephew's truth and honor, by which he removed from my mind a last doubt of his honest worth."

"What!" cried Hugh Roden, starting to his feet as the lawyer paused. "What!"

"Such is your uncle's last testament, Mr. Roden," said the lawyer, smiling blandly at the heir, "and I may add that he requested me to ask you to forgive him for ever having doubted your faith and honor."

* * * * * * * *

There is not much more to tell after this. Now up and down the broad oaken staircase in the grey Northumbrain manor house, where the weary feet of the old Squire had wandered so long, the light patter of little children may be heard, and instead of the old man's melancholy and bitter words, there is a young wife's blithe and happy voice.

THE END.

Did You Ever Think

That you cannot be well unless you have pure, rich blood? If you are weak, tired, languid and all run down, it is because your blood is impoverished and lacks vitality. These troubles may be overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure, rich blood. It is, in truth, the great blood purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion. d

A Candid Estimate—An old member of the British Parliament was striving the other day to impress his audience with his diligence. "As a member of that committee, gentlemen," he said, "I asked no fewer than 600 questions!" "What a hignorant hass you must be, then!" came clearly from the body of the hall.

It Saves Lives Every Day.

Thousands of cases of Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Colds and Croup are cured every day by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by W. T. Strong.

Winifred (insinuatingly)—Mr. Randolph comes to see you every day, doesn't he? Julia (with the sailor hat)—Oh, yes, but he's easily entertained. Winifred—He must be.

All Recommend It.

Ask you physician, your druggist and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption. They will recommend it. For sale by W. T. Strong.

Rev. J. L. Prevost, an Episcopal missionary in Alaska, in a recent report tells of meeting on one of his tours a party of Talana Indians, who had traveled over 300 miles with the bodies of a woman and a child that they might receive Christian burial.

The Ills of Women.

Constipation causes more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant cure for Consumption. For sale by W. T Strong.

An English paper, the Birmingham Daily Post, has a curious printer's error. Referring to the sporting proclivities of some of the M. P.s, the article says: "The new House of Commons contains a pretty large contingent of spoutsmen."

A Prominent Lawyer Says:

"I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

A certain little girl of 6 who had been very thoroughly taught the text, "Love your enemies," was recently asked, "What is an enemy?" Quickly and brightly she replied, "An enemy is somebody you love."

Mr. C. D. Anderson, photographer, can be had any special time during Fair week by dropping word at his office, 340 Richmond street, or Telephone 779. Work first-class.

FOUND HIS SWEETHEART.

A Relative of Mrs. Langtry's Husband Accidentally Finds His Youthful Love.

New York, Sept. 23.—Mr. Charles Langtry, of East New York, was married last evening to Miss Ella Ward. The marriage is the outcome of a pretty romance. Langtry, who is a distant relative of the husband of the famous actress, was born in England, and in his boyhood regarded a little girl in his neighborhood as his sweetheart. His parents, however, brought him to this country when he was quite young, and he lost all trace of his little girl sweetheart for some years.

The news finally reached him that she was about to become the wife of a gentleman in the royal mail service, and he gave her up as lost to him. A short time ago Langtry visited Glen Island, and while in the big Zoological Garden he picked up a lady's pocketbook. He was more than surprised on opening it to discover in it a photograph of himself, taken years before in England. He reported the fact of finding the pocketbook to the management, but no one called to claim it. So great was his curiosity to ascertain the name of the owner that he advertised that the pocketbook could be obtained by the owner only on a certain date upon application at the Museum of Natural History. He was on hand. A handsome woman claimed the pocketbook ,and Mr. Langtry at once recognized her as his sweetheart of twenty years ago.

The old love was revived. Miss Ward had also come to this country, and had often wondered what had become of her boy lover. Their meeting was purely accidental, and resulted in a numer of visits, culminating last night in the marriage. Miss Ward had been residing for a year with a married sister in Harlem, but will in the future live in a neat little cottage in the 26th ward. She is a handsome brunette, and in speaking of the romantic meeting with her husband said last night that it fully demonstrated that truth was certainly stranger than fiction after all.

SMUGGLING WITH SNOWBALLS.

Clever Ruse of Russian Soldiers to Hoodwink the Customs Officials.

(From the New York World.)

Until within recent years the Russian frontier on the German boundary was guarded in a surprisingly weak manner for a nation so completely under military rule as the Czar's great empire. But now there is a strong cordon of garrisons only a few miles apart, and a careful patrol service between them. The chief duty of these garrisons is to prevent smuggling and the introduction of nihilist literature into Russia. The duty is hard and monotonous, and the Czar does not like to have his best trained and most effective regiments sent out along the boundary line.

For the most part these garrisons consist of young recruits from the eastern ond central provinces of Russia. They are seldom expert soldiers, and the lax discipline they are under is further weakened by their excessive drinking. Their small pay is doled out to them twice a month, and every kopeck of it is immediately expended in vodka. After the vodka is gone they employ their spare time in making raids across the boundary line into the German farm yards to supplement their meager rations.

Along the entire boundary line between these two countries there is a series of great open plains. Over these an icy east wind blows in winter, and the only way the soldiers can keep alive on their patrol is by the building of wood fires between the posts. Even then the patrols frequently have their limbs frozen in their monotonous marches to and fro. Hence it is not at all difficult to smuggle across the boundary, and indeed it is suspected that the soldiers often add to their small pay by making deals with the smugglers and turning their heads the other way when they pass by.

Two very novel attempts were made last spring by the smuggling fraternity, both of which proved successful. In one case late one night a band of men in Germany began snowballing some villagers on Russian territory,and the Russians returned the attack. In the snowballs thrown from Germany, however, yards of fine Brussels lace were concealed. This method proved most successful, for even the secret police did not discover it, and the guard of the frontier certainly had no idea of what was going on. Quite as efficacious was the bringing in of thousands of nihilistic proclamations through Silesia under the very eyes of the garrison. These proclamations were in the hollow staves carried by a body of men who passed themselves off as pious pilgrims entering Russia on a sacred journey.

THE ST. CATHARINES OPERA HOUSE FIRE.

St. Catharines, Sept. 22.—The fire which destroyed the opera house in this city Saturday morning originated in the dressing room of the opera house, which is a total loss. It is owned by the Canadian Permanent and Loan Savings Company, Toronto, and is valued at about $18,000. The total loss will probably amount to $30,000. The opera house a few years ago was purchased by H. G. Hunt, manager of the new Grand at St. Thomas, for $9,000. He leased it to Messrs. Lalor & Bros. Mr. Hunt carried an insurance of $9,000. The original cost was $18,000.

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 digestion cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of Headache. Parmelee'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: "Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

Buckingham Palace has received its new coat of paint, and it will be cream white till winter comes.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, 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.

No flowers are allowed at Cologne funerals. The archbishop has forbidden their use.

THERE IS NOT a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a pulmonic of acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most subBuy this messenger, "they say the old Squire is about to get away."

Why is a man in bed like a book unbound? Because he is in sheets.

The most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are ANGOSTURA BITTERS, prepared by Dr. J. B. Siegert & Sons. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for the genuine article.

Have you seen Trafford's new arrivals in bird's eye maple, curly birch, and quartered oak rockers: also latest style bookcase and secretaires and box couches in corduroy, at 95 and 97 King street. Phone, 864.

THE FALL FAIRS.

Annual Exhibitions of the Leading Agricultural Associations—Where and When They Will be Held.

Secretaries of agricultural societies whose exhibitions are not mentioned in the following list are requested to forward the dates to the "Advertiser":

Tavistock, Zorra and Easthope	Sept. 23-24
Exeter, South Huron	Sept. 23-24
Palmerston, Horticultural	Sept. 23-24
Watford, East Lambton	Sept. 23-24
Bayham, Bayham	Sept. 24
Huron Central, Clinton	Sept. 24-25
Zurich, Hay	Sept. 25-26
St. Catharines, Union	Sept. 24-25
West Middlesex, Strathroy	Sept. 25-25
Milverton, Mornington	Sept. 24-25
Paisley, Center Bruce	Sept. 24-25
Cayuga, Haldimand	Sept. 24-25
Berlin, North Waterloo	Sept. 24-25
Wingham, Turnberry	Sept. 24-25
Chatham, Peninsular	Sept. 24-26
Woodstock, North Oxford	Sept. 25-26
St. Marys, South Perth	Sept. 24-25
Clinton	Sept. 25-26
Wiarton, Amabel and Albemarle	Sept. 25-26
Woodstock, Woodstock	Sept. 25-26
Leamington, Mersea	Sept. 26-27
Peel County, Brampton	Sept. 26-27
Stratford, North Perth	Sept. 26-27
Ailsa Craig, Northern	Sept. 26-27
Mosa and Ekfrid, Glencoe	Sept. 26-27
Brussels, East Huron	Sept. 26-27
Seaforth, Tuckersmith	Sept. 26-27
Wyoming, Union	Sept. 27
Bayham, Vienna	Oct. 1
Pelee Island	Oct. 1
Tara, Arran-Tara	Oct. 1-2
Kincardine	Oct. 1-2
Jarvis, Walpole	Oct. 1-2
Granton, Biddulph	Oct. 1-2
Mitchell	Oct. 1-2
Forest, Union	Oct. 1-2
Thamesville	Oct. 1-2
Paris, North Brant	Oct. 1-2
Cookstown, South Simcoe	Oct. 1-2
Walkerton, Northern	Oct. 1-3
Goderich, Great Northwestern	Oct. 1-3
Hamilton, Central	Oct. 1-3
Essex, Great Northwestern	Oct. 1-3
Alvinston	Oct. 2-3
Kirkton	Oct. 2-3
Stayner, North Simcoe	Oct. 2-4
Westminster Ag. So., Lambeth	Oct. 3
Kinloss Branch Ag. Society, Lucknow	Oct. 3-4
Klora, Center Wellington	Oct. 3-4
Fergus, Center Wellington	Oct. 3-4
Galt, South Waterloo	Oct. 3-4
Waterford, Townsend	Oct. 3-4
Bothwell, Zone and Bothwell	Oct. 3-4
Aberfoyle, Puslinch	Oct. 4
Otterville, South Norwich	Oct. 4-5
Springfield, South Dorchester	Oct. 4-5
Staffa, Hibbert	Oct. 7-8
Ridgetown, Howard Branch	Oct. 7-9
Kintore, East Nissouri	Oct. 8
Morris Agrl. Society, Blyth	Oct. 8-9
Tilsonburg, Dereham	Oct. 8-9
Caradoc, Mount Bridges	Oct. 9
Dresden	Oct. 9-10
Clifford, Horticultural	Oct. 9-10
Chippewa Indian Ag. So., Caradoc	Oct. 9-10
Comber, Tilbury W. and N	Oct. 9-10
Thorndale, West Nissouri	Oct. 10
Burford, Burford	Oct. 10-11
Port Elgin, North Bruce	Oct. 10-11
Rockwood, Eramosa	Oct. 10-11
Caledonia	Oct. 10-11
London Township, Ilderton	Oct. 11
Agricultural Society, Delaware	Oct. 15
Simcoe, Norfolk Union	Oct. 15-16
Harrow, Colchester South	Oct. 15-16
Orford	Oct. 17-18
Highgate, Highgate	Oct. 17-18
Erin	Oct. 22-23

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

Too Much Medicine

The People Are Too Apt to Imagine Themselves Slaves to Disease.

It Is a Mistake to Pour Down Medicine for the Simple Ills of Life.

Common complaints are often the most dangerous. This is so because they are generally disregarded and ultimately become chronic, or lead to more serious complications. Take, for example, constipation of the bowels. There is no more general a complaint known to man, and yet it is lightly thought of, and passed over. The fact remains that thousands of our best men and women are slaves to supposed diseases, which baffle all skill, because the seat of the trouble is not reached.

Nature needs nature's remedies, which is common sense, as all will recognize. Would our symptoms be out of order most of the time were it not for our stomachs and what we take into them? Ask your physician the most common of all foundation for the ravages of disease and from which grows languor, dizziness, nervousness, headaches, sallow and bad complexion, and in fact almost all the ills that afflict mankind, and he will tell you, "CONSTIPATION." To cure it permanently it must be done carefully and without the use of violent drugs, and the only safe and best cure known at the present time is Karl's Clover Root Tea, which is composed entirely of herbs, nature's greatest remedies. As a spring medicine it cannot be equaled, and the words below from a well known Ohio man testify to the facts:

New Vienna, O., May 12, 1894.

Messrs. S. C. Wells & Co., Le Roy, N. Y.—Gentlemen: For some years I have been troubled with a skin disease which was very annoying. I tried several so-called blood purifiers, but without avail. At last I was induced to try Karl's Clover Root Tea,, and am happy to say it was just the medicine I needed. My doctor was astonished at the cure, and says there must be great merit in such a medicine. Karl's Clover Root Tea is marvelous in its effect, and deserves all the praise given it. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from aggravated or chronic cutaneous affections. Very respectfully yours, A. H. HUDSON.

The American projectors of this boon to mankind have unbounded faith in this great regulator of the bowels, and from the wonderful cures worked by it as attested by hundreds of testimonials unhesitatingly recommend it to all sufferers.

Karl's Clover Root Tea may be obtained at W. T. Strong's. Samples free.

SEXUAL
decline may be arrested before decay; strength may be restored; powers when impoverished by youth's reckless overdrafts may be reinvigorated by our home treatment

CONFIDENCE
never has its citadel in the breasts of those who have weak, shrunken, undeveloped or diseased organs. The evil that men do through ignorance in boyhood and errors of early manhood leaves wasting effects.

RESTORED
to vigorous vitality you might be successful in business, fervent in spirit. Our curative methods are unfailing. Write for our book, "PERFECT MANHOOD," sent *free* sealed.

Correspondence Confidential. ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

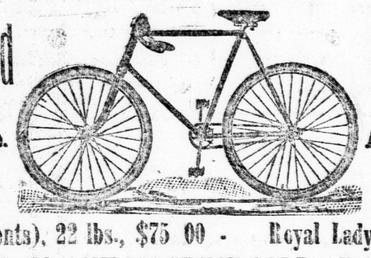
Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, those things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Royal Limited — Royal Lady



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EQUAL TO ANY MACHINE SOLD AT $110 00.

HOBBS HARDWARE CO.

New Fall Suitings to Order.

SCOTCH TWEED SUITS $15.
SCOTCH TWEED SUITS $16.
SCOTCH TWEED SUITS $18.

PETHICK & McDONALD, 393 RICHMOND St., First door north of City Hall.

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Boys Are Hard on Clothing.

The real genuine healthy Canadian boy—romping, happy, full of life and sport—it certainly is no easy matter to keep whole clothes on his active little body. We make a special effort to put the utmost possible wear resisting qualities into our Boys' Suits. In fact, no pains or expense are spared to make our Boys' School Suits ahead of competition.

Sailor Suits, - - - - - - - - - - $1 65 to $3.
Very Strong and Serviceable Suits, - - $2 to $3 50.

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