

ALL FOR HER

People did not refuse an invitation to dine at The Grange unless they were positively compelled, for the squire's dinners were as nearly perfect as they could be; and those who did not set their hearts on the dinner found the prospect of a couple of hours spent in the Grange drawing-room with Olivia to talk to, and perhaps to sing for them, equally irresistible; and all the guests the squire had named to Olivia came up to time on the twenty-ninth.

It was an early dinner, for the entertainment commenced at eight, and all but the squire, whom wild horses would not have drawn out of his house after dinner to an entertainment, were going to Aunt Amelia's concert.

Annie and Mary Penstone had driven over in the afternoon to snatch a very precious quiet hour with Olivia, and they were both on the tip of feverish curiosity and excitement about the mysterious Mr. Faradeane.

"Is he so very strong, Oly, dear?" asked Mary, eagerly, and in a hushed voice. "We hear such extraordinary stories—all invented, of course—but do tell us! What is he like? Of course, we know he is handsome. Annie says that he is the handsomest man she has ever seen; but that's nonsense while Lord Granville is here. What does he seem like? What does he talk about?"

"Papa could tell you that better than I can," replied Olivia, smiling. "I have only spoken to him once or twice. He has a very pleasant voice, and—but you heard him at the picnic."

"Oh, yes, wasn't that awful! I shall never forget the look of his eyes! If he had looked at me like that, so—so, not contemptuously quite, but so calmly and indifferent—I can't express it—as he looked at Mr. Bradstone, I should have gone through the ground."

"Like one of the patent tube wells," said Olivia.

"Don't laugh at me, I mean what I say, dear," said Mary, pouting. "I'm sure I shall be afraid to speak to him, in case he should snub me. He looks as if he could be awfully severe."

"He is not, I assure you; a child could play with him," said Olivia.

"There you are, laughing again. It's all very well for you; of course, he'd be nice to you, everybody always is; nobody could be otherwise to such a dear, beautiful girl; but poor Annie and me—"

"Poor Annie and me will be quite safe," laughed Olivia. "Mr. Faradeane does not even bark, least of all bite." This was a few minutes before dinner, and the squire, Bertie, and Bartley Bradstone stopped the interesting conversation.

"We are only waiting for Mr. Faradeane," said the squire, standing at his watch after the usual greetings had been got through.

"Faradeane?" said Bartley Bradstone as he stood in an easy—too easy—attitude, his evening suit cut in the very latest fashion, and a costly diamond blazer in the center of his white shirt-front. "Faradeane? Is he coming?"

And his brows came down with the half-sullen, half-suspicious frown. "Yes, said the squire, 'and I am glad to say we have struck up a friendship. He is one of the pleasantest men—'

"He might be polite as well as pleasant," said Bartley Bradstone, looking at his watch. "It isn't quite the thing for a new-comer to keep us all waiting."

Bertie cut in quickly. "It wants two minutes to six," he said. "Your watch is fast, Mr. Bradstone."

"It's one of Dent & Frodsham's chronometers," he retorted.

"It's fast, all the same," said Bertie, firmly, but pleasantly. "I timed mine at the station an hour or two ago. Before Bartley Bradstone could meet this argument, the door opened and the footman announced Mr. Faradeane, and the great hall clock chimed the hour.

Every eye was, not unnaturally, turned upon the latest guest, and Olivia thought that Annie was right as she glanced at the tall figure and handsome face. Unlike Mr. Bartley Bradstone, his dress-suit was not in the latest cut, and instead of a blazing diamond was a plain black pearl.

An expression of approval shone in the squire's eyes, for Faradeane's appearance in evening dress confirmed the squire in his good opinion of him. "You have just come in to prevent a duel of timeliness," he said.

"I, at any rate, was sure Mr. Faradeane was not late," said she, graciously.

"Then, as a reward, you shall be taken in by him," said the squire, offering his arm to Mary. Bertie, the highest in rank, escorted Annie, and Faradeane having Aunt Amelia, Olivia was left to Bartley Bradstone.

"This is a rough-and-scramble meal," said the squire, as the butler lifted the cover from the fish, "but if you will perpetrate such follies as penny reading, you must pay the penalty."

"My brother ridicules our humble efforts to amuse and instruct our brethren. Mr. Faradeane, however, is always doing good himself which he never mentions."

"Nor permits anyone else to mention," said the squire, "that he has taken in by him." "Do not let your right hand know what your left hand doeth," as the man said who put a bad shilling in the collection box," said Faradeane.

Annie and Mary almost started. Was this the mysterious stranger whose dark, contemptuous eyes had stared at them with awe? And could it be possible that his first words should be a frivolous jest? They began by being astonished and continued, as during the whole of the meal, for Mr. Faradeane, if he did not quite "set the table in a row," kept them all perpetually amused.

If it had not been so perfectly natural and free from the appearance of effort, it would almost have seemed as if he were playing the part of the wit with a purpose; but the musical voice was quite easy and unrestrained, and the dark eyes were cloudless and unreserved. The squire glowed with sympathetic delight as epigrams after epigram fell from his lips, and the guests, and Bertie's eyes sparkled with fun as he laughed at the dry humor and happy repartee.

Only two persons seemed unmoved. One was Bartley Bradstone, who sat in half-sullen, half-envious silence, taking no part in the conversation beyond a monosyllabic response, and inwardly and palpably chafing at the success the newcomer was obviously making.

The other was Olivia. At first she had smiled with the rest, but presently she happened to glance round the table, and saw the squire and Mr. Faradeane, and at that instant she caught his face off his guard as it were, and saw a strange sadness falling like a shadow on his eyes and hovering about his lips. It was gone in a moment, but its remembrance haunted her, and she knew that the wit and the humor and the light-heartedness were assumed, and magnificently assumed, to hide some secret sorrow.

And as she listened as he told a story which convulsed Bertie and Annie and Mary, and made the squire laugh the hearty laugh which was so rare to him, there flashed upon her the well-known anecdote of the comedian who succeeded in convulsing a theater with laughter while his thoughts were fixed upon his favorite child, who lay dying while he played.

"A most delightful man!" exclaimed

Bankrupt Prices! Winter Drygoods!

Only occasionally do valuable stocks of Drygoods come on the market these good times at bankrupt prices, for very few men fail. Now and again, however, a fine stock is to be had at a sacrifice on account of some unexpected occurrence. Such has just happened, and we are offering to the Public \$10,000 worth of Staple Drygoods, Clothing and Gents' Furnishings, Etc., at Bankrupt Prices.

These Goods were bought at 57c on the Dollar, and it is a Sale to the finish.

The public remembers with pleasure the bargains offered while running off the Whiskard stock. Better things are offered now, for this is a stock of staple every-day bread and butter goods used by every householder.

The Sale Opens Saturday a.m., Dec. 31st, '04. Be on time. Here are a Few Bargains.

Dress Goods.

The knife has gone very deep into prices in this department. In many cases goods are marked at less than half the original price. Space will not permit us to quote prices, so come and see the values.

Clothing.

Men's Tweed Suits, \$6.50, for.....\$4.00
Men's Tweed Suits, \$10.00, for.....\$7.00
Men's Tweed Suits, \$12.00, for.....\$8.00
Men's Odd Pants, black serge, \$1.75, for.....\$1.25
Men's Odd Pants, \$3.50, for.....\$2.50
Men's Odd Pants, \$1.50, for.....\$1.10
Men's Overcoats, \$7.00, for.....\$4.50
Men's Overcoats, \$11.50, for.....\$8.00
Boys' Suits (3 piece), \$5.75, for.....\$3.25
Boys' Suits (3-piece), \$4.00, for.....\$2.00
Boys' Overcoats, \$5.00, for.....\$3.25

Other Clothing Cut to Correspond.

Flannelettes.

Regular 8c, for.....6c
Regular 9c and 10c, for.....7½c
Regular 12½c, for.....10c
Regular 14c, for.....12c

Wrapperettes.

Regular 10c, for.....7c
Regular 12½c, for.....9c

Ladies' Underwear.

Vests and Drawers, regular 85c, for.....65c
Vests and Drawers, regular 65c, for.....42c
Vests and Drawers, regular 50c, for.....39c
Children's Vests, regular 39c, for.....20c
Children's Vests, regular 25c, for.....12c

Furs. Furs.

Ladies' Capelines, regular \$6.50, for.....\$3.25
Ladies' Capelines, regular \$7.00, for.....\$4.00
Ladies' Ruffs, just in, regular \$11.60, for.....\$8.50
Ladies' Ruffs, just in, regular \$5.65, for.....\$4.00
Ladies' Ruffs, just in, regular \$5.75, for.....\$4.00
Ladies' Ruffs, just in, regular \$9.50, for.....\$7.50

Gents' Furnishings.

Silk Four-in-Hand Ties, regular 50c, for.....30c
Silk Four-in-Hand Ties, regular 25c, for.....19c
Silk Bow Ties, regular 25c, for.....19c
Negligee Shirts, regular \$1.00, for.....75c
Negligee Shirts, regular 85c, for.....60c
White Shirts, regular \$1.00, for.....75c
Suspenders, regular 25c, for.....15c

Table Linen, Bed Spreads, Ducks, Shirts, Tickings, Denims, Hosiery, Men's Underwear, Braces, Ties, Caps, Hats, Shirts, Clothing, Robes, Rugs, Mitts, Gloves, Smallware, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc., all to be cleared out far below value. Prices are cut to the bone for a quick sale.

Sale Begins Saturday, December 31st.

C. B. KEENELEYSON

134 Dundas Street.

The St. John's O. H. A. Team Gets Off to Good Start

Defeats St. Marys by a Score of 3 to 1 - Hortons Lost at Stratford.

Two London O. H. A. teams played away from home yesterday, and both made a creditable showing, although but one of them won. The victorious team was the St. John's O. H. A., and it defeated St. Marys decisively, by a score of 3 to 1. The Hortons at Stratford put up a good fight, but were defeated after a hard struggle by a score of 7 to 4.

St. Marys had a heavy team and the St. John's were slightly handicapped on this line. The ice was in excellent condition, however, and here the excellent skating of the local team had telling effect. With a splendid defense in Casselman, Thomson and Ward, and a speedy forward line, the St. John's could be picked as the victors from the first. St. Marys forwards seldom succeeded in getting past Thomson and Casselman, and Ward in goal could be relied upon in case they did make a chance to shoot. The London team went away with a rush in the first half and scored all of their goals in quick succession, the forwards working some pretty combination plays. In the second half the home team buckled to and succeeded in preventing the St. John's team from scoring a single goal, while they put one into the nets themselves. The game was a struggle from start to finish, and with a little more experience in O. H. A. company St. Marys will have a hustling team. Carfield and Tom Woolley put up a fine game in the St. John's forward line. Alisa Craig will play St. John's next Wednesday night, and they should receive excellent support from the citizens.

The line-up: St. John's—Goal, Ward; point, Casselman; cover, Thomson; rover, W. Beech; center, T. Woolley; left wing, G. Beech; right wing, P. Canfield. St. Marys—Goal, Tracey; point, Morrison; cover, Corner; rover, Stricker; center, Hutchins; right wing, Dunsen; left wing, Hutchins. Referee, Harry Peel.

The fight which the Hortons put up against the Stratford Juniors was harder than that which they put up in their first game. The ice was in excellent shape, and Stratford's large rink told against the Hortons. The latter played hard from start to finish and made an excellent impression with the Stratford crowd.

The score at half time was 4 to 2 in favor of Stratford, and three more goals were scored by them in the last half. The Hortons also added two more to their credit, which left the score 7 to 4 in the home team's favor. The excellent defense of the local team counted for much.

The line-up: Stratford—Rankin, goal; Roberts, point; Baker, coverpoint; McCallum, center; Hamilton, right wing; Killer, left wing; Davidson, rover; left wing, Horton; Reynolds, goal; Livingston, point; Vans, coverpoint; Powell, center; Carrothers, right wing; Arthur, left wing; rover, Abraham. Referee, Charles Rankin.

Ottawa, Dec. 29.—The Ottawa Hockey Club will not play the Marlboroughs of Toronto on Saturday night. The Marlboroughs objected to Harry Westwick playing owing to his being a member of the Capital Lacrosse Club, which is regarded by the O. H. A. as will have a hustling team. Carfield and Tom Woolley put up a fine game in the St. John's forward line. Alisa Craig will play St. John's next Wednesday night, and they should receive excellent support from the citizens.

tion that he is a professional, a step the Ottawas will not take.

Toronto Telegram: "Reddy" Hynes presented a report of the Hortons' London, and said that it was a fast, clever exhibition, considering the conditions. He evidently gave satisfaction to both teams from the press reports in London and Stratford.

He stated this morning that his firm had forbidden his playing hockey this winter, but were today prevailed upon to allow him to play in championship matches, so that St. George's will not lose his services.

Brantford, Ont., Dec. 29.—An exhibition game of hockey, played here last night between Hamilton and Brantford, resulted in a win for Brantford by a score of 15 to 2.

Prescott, Ont., Dec. 29.—The hockey season opened here tonight with a one-sided exhibition game between Prescott O. H. A. team and Queen's intermediates, in which the local side trounced the visitors by a score of 8 to 4. There was some really good playing in streaks, but the forwards hunched so the home team did not have to work.

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 29.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the Victoria hockey club, a resolution was passed to enter a formal charge of professionalism against four Ottawa players who were imported for no other purpose than to play hockey. They will be asked to show proof why they must not be branded as professionals, and it is asserted, according to the constitution of the league, they must do so before the club themselves had to put forward proofs of guilt in cases like this where they questioned the standing of a player while this year the onus of proof of innocence rests with the player himself.

There will be many hockey games in London tonight. The Ramblers, with a strengthened lineup, will meet Paris at the Jubilee rink, while at the Princess a visiting team, and every hockey fan will take place. The St. John's and Bankers will meet in the first game, and the W. M. C. A. and Waterloos will play the second. The Juvenile League games will be played this afternoon. The Waterloo kind of a game from anyone.

London hockey audiences have a tendency to be impatient. On a single evening, especially if the visiting team is winning. After a game is over everyone is ready and willing to give the local players all the credit that is coming, no matter on which side they are, but during the game their intense loyalty sometimes runs away with their heads. This is to be eliminated. London has had a right to be irritated on some occasions—to wit, after the annual meeting of the O. H. A.—but neither London nor any other town has a right to be insulting to a visiting team, and every hockey fan who has the right ring will back up this statement. It is the men who are always ready to "mob the referee" or "hit that fellow on the head," who, if they went away to some other town with a London team, would see how good an impression this sort of conduct makes with the visiting team, and how it hurts the people of the town. The man who struck the Stratford player during the Horton game the other night ought to have been thrown out by the spectators on general principles. London should not stand for this kind of a game from anyone.

Midgets will have the following lineup: Goal, J. Brennan; point, Stewart; cover, Brennan; forwards, W. Woolley, G. H. Hunt, W. Pardon and S. Wilson.

An interesting game of hockey was played on Bennett's pond on Thursday morning, between the Adelades and Vicars, resulting in a victory for the latter by a score of 11 to 4.

Local hockey has got away to a good start. There is not a single local league which will be a "dead one" this year, judging from the starts that have been made, and it is doubtful if the big games will be more appreciated than those in the strictly local leagues. There will hardly be an evening during the winter in which a good match cannot be witnessed. The last couple of years have been of great benefit to hockey in London. At least three good local leagues have been organized, and faster hockey than that played by them could not be hoped for. The teams have players who would make the public as a whole open their eyes, and some of the very youngest of them have developed into speedy skaters and tricky stick-handlers. The teams are evenly matched, and a fight to the finish is assured. As for patronage, it must be said that the purely local leagues are deserving of patronage quite as large, if not larger than the association teams. A good team will eventually come to London from these younger leagues. Some day in the near future London is going to have a team of "home-brews" that will beat all comers.

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Aunt Amelia, as the ladies filed into the drawing-room. "I never laughed so much in my life."

"Do not let your right hand know what your left hand doeth," as the man said who put a bad shilling in the collection box," said Faradeane.

Annie and Mary almost started. Was this the mysterious stranger whose dark, contemptuous eyes had stared at them with awe? And could it be possible that his first words should be a frivolous jest? They began by being astonished and continued, as during the whole of the meal, for Mr. Faradeane, if he did not quite "set the table in a row," kept them all perpetually amused.

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The other was Olivia. At first she had smiled with the rest, but presently she happened to glance round the table, and saw the squire and Mr. Faradeane, and at that instant she caught his face off his guard as it were, and saw a strange sadness falling like a shadow on his eyes and hovering about his lips. It was gone in a moment, but its remembrance haunted her, and she knew that the wit and the humor and the light-heartedness were assumed, and magnificently assumed, to hide some secret sorrow.

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he laughed. "Well, now, take some wine, for we must have a cup of tea with the ladies before you start."

Bartley Bradstone filled his glass, but Faradeane and Bertie left their empty, and a few minutes afterwards they went into the drawing-room.

(To be Continued.)

WRESTLING.
GOTCH FAILED.
Montreal, Dec. 29. Maupas, the French Canadian wrestler, met Frank Gotch, the Pacific coast wrestler, in a bout at Sohmer Park tonight in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. Gotch undertook to throw Maupas three times in an hour, but only succeeded in securing one fall in 29 minutes and 30 seconds.

THE TURF.
YESTERDAY'S TURF WINNERS.
At New Orleans—Gravina, 7 to 2; For Master, 9 to 5; Au Revolver, 7 to 10; Triple Silver, 8 to 1; Moorish Diamond, 13 to 5.

WEALTHY MAN STARVING.
Refused to Expend Money on Proper Food and a Fire.

Sturgis, Mich., Dec. 29. — Mrs. J. Rupert, a wealthy woman living here, was found unconscious in her bed by a neighbor. As there was no smoke coming out of the chimney or anywhere about the house, and it was nearly noon, the neighbors became suspicious that all was not well. An entrance was effected and Mrs. Rupert was found in her bed. She lives alone and has repeatedly refused to have anyone stay with her. When found she was half frozen, having had no fire for nearly 24 hours, and also exhausted from want of proper food, which she had been denying herself. A neighbor had offered to build a fire for her, but she refused, saying she could not afford it. She is about 75 years of age.

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