

Great Clearing Sale
OF
FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Denton & Deeks,

Merchant Tailors and Importers,
have decided to clear out their
superior stock of Fall and Winter
Scotch Goods at cost to make
room for their spring and sum-
mer importations.

DENTON & DEEKS
384 Richmond Street.

Her Life's Love

And when, in the dusk, after, after Mlle. Reynier had sung a few bars, there broke in, like a lark in the dusk of the morning, a clear, fresh soprano, the very voice he had heard behind him in church. Roderick felt himself literally trembling. He was im-
pressionable, it was true—almost as much so as a woman; there was a deal of the woman in him, for all his manliness—rather, I should say, with all his manliness, since the best woman has always somewhat of a man's strength, the noblest man a woman's gentleness; but no impressionability could account for the delight—yes, the ecstasy with which he listened to the song.

It was not much of a song—the girl's voice made it all; but when it ceased he awoke, as out of a dream, and looked round as for something he had been in search of all his life long.

"Mamma," she said, still in French, and creeping, French girl fashion, close to her mother's side, "I shall be very happy to speak English to monsieur, whom I think I have seen before—on the Terrace at Bernes today. It is he, mamma, who, as I told you, did us the honor to be so charmed with our beautiful mountains."

Then she, too, had observed him. But she had come home and told the incident at once to her mother. He now, could not have told it to any mortal soul.

"It is mademoiselle who honors me by even a passing remembrance," answered Roderick, striving hard to infuse into his blunt speech—how rude and blunt it seemed!—even a tinge of her gracious courtesy for the delight—yes, the ecstasy with which he listened to the song.

"No, Scotch. There is a difference, is there not? though I fall to make mamma understand it. Papa was a Highlander. He said this in English, speaking slowly but with great purity and correctness, pronouncing all her 'h's' and 'th's'."

"Mademoiselle has a perfect accent; she must of course have visited our country," said Roderick eagerly.

"No; I have never left my mountains. I am entirely Swiss; only papa used sometimes to talk to me of Scotland and tell me I looked almost like a Scotch laird. Do you?"

"Heaven forbid!" the renegade was near exclaiming, but contented himself by explaining in a very eccentric and confused manner that he had certainly the fair hair and blue eyes of the North.

"So had papa; but he was little, and I am tall—very tall for a Swiss girl. That was why he thought I resembled the girls of his country, and especially a cousin he had whom he loved—like a brother. That English word—very much. But here I am going on talking of ourselves and our affairs, which is very impolite, you know. But we are always so glad to meet any English person, mamma and I; I must go and tell her. She will be so pleased that you think me a little—just a little—like papa's country-women."

He would have told her that the thing she was most like was an angel, but of course such a point-blank truth was quite impossible, and, besides, she had already flown away on her invisible wings and hid herself among the crowd of ordinary girls. That was nothing for him, poor man! but to go and make love, or rather politeness, to her mother, with all the skill and the best French of which he was capable.

"Mademoiselle has a most beautiful voice and sings charmingly," said he at last.

"Ah, monsieur is to kind. But indeed it is true. And she does everything charmingly. If another may be pardoned for saying so. But she is the last of a very old and her father is dead. We are alone together, she and I. Then suddenly changing into brightness, "Perhaps monsieur is of a numerous family?"

"No, I have only three sisters, and my father too is dead—my dear father!"

"Ah!" with a quick intuition; and after a kindly hand was laid on the young man's arm. "But monsieur has his mother still living? and a happy woman in possessing him is Madame—; pardon, but I did not catch the name."

"Jardine—Roderick Jardine."

The Swiss lady drew a little with a surprise that he could not have failed to observe, had he not been wholly preoccupied in the difficult task of trying at once to be polite to her, and to see and hear all that was passing at the far end of the room.

"Madame, I perceive your daughter is going to sing again, and I am so fond of music. May I go and listen?"

He was off as if there were wires to his feet. Poor fellow! it was a very bad mistake, but not the first, nor probably the last, that has happened in this world.

However, he maintained his composure very creditably, talked courteously to all the Demoiselles Reynier at once, turned over their pages, examined their music, French, Italian, and German, and at last, lighting upon an English song, asked if any of them sung it.

The girls all shook their merry heads pointing to the one whom he had not addressed, scarcely even glanced at, though he knew exactly how she looked, sitting there at the piano with her blue eyes cast down, and a faint color like a China rose, on her soft cheek.

"She sings it; ask her."

"Will mademoiselle do me that honor?" said Roderick, quite humbly, feeling more timid than he had ever felt in his life.

"It is written for a tenor voice, monsieur. It is not a young lady's song."

"Yet I have often heard young ladies sing it, and very badly too, remembering how he had hated it at Richerden's dinner-parties."

"Perhaps I also—" with an amused look which he knew well by another.

"It was a simple little song; most people have heard it done to death in many a drawing room—" "My Queen." This girl

sung it in her pretty foreign English—not broken English, but of course with a slight accent, which rather increased the charm; sung it, not impetuously, but with a tender reserve, her China roses slowly growing into crimson ones as she did it, till at last she seemed to forget herself in the song—

"Whence and how shall I earliest meet her? What are the words that she first will say? By what name shall I learn to greet her? I know not now; it will come some day. With this self-same sunlight shining upon

Shining down on her ringlets' sheen— She is standing somewhere; she I will honor— She that I wait for—my queen, my queen!

"I will not dream of her tall and stately: I will not say she must speak sedately: Whatever she does, it will sure be right. She may be humble or proud, my lady, Or that sweet calm which is just between; But, whenever she comes, she will find me ready."

To do homage—my queen, my queen! "But she must be courteous, she must be holy Pure, sweet, and tender, the girl I love, Whether her birth be humble or lowly I care no more than the angels above. And I give my heart to her—my queen, my queen! And over her strength on my own shall lean: And the stars shall fall and the saints be weeping. Ere I cease to love her—my queen, my queen!"

"Thanks," said Roderick, in English. It was a mere word, scarcely an acknowledgment, yet it seemed to imply the gratitude, the benediction of a lifetime, given from the man to the woman whom he so soon recognized as the woman sent by Heaven (if he has eyes to see and strength to accept and hold her) to be to him his helpmate, his joy, his crown, and his salvation.

The feeling was so sudden, so solemn, so overpowering that he never attempted to fight against it. Without another word he withdrew from the group—from her, even; indeed, it seemed easier to watch her from a distance than to speak to her—and waited till the mother and daughter should retire, when he was determined to find out from Mlle. Reynier all about them. At this moment—it was almost ridiculous—he actually did not know their names!

Another half hour—spent Roderick scarcely knew how, except that he was talking to half a dozen people and watching the other person all the while—and he saw them retire, passing him with the usual distant bow. He had half extended his hand, English fashion, but happily drew it back in time.

"An revoir, monsieur," responded the mother, with courteous smile; but the daughter merely bent her head without a word.

"A charming pair," observed Mme. Reynier after they were gone. "My husband thought you would like to meet them. Mademoiselle speaks English so well."

"Perfectly."

"And yet she has never quitted Switzerland. Her father lived in the valley of the Alps; a most learned and amiable man, but eccentric—decidedly eccentric. He left them poor. She is obliged to teach—to give music lessons—this dear Mademoiselle Silence."

(To be Continued.)

Dyspepsia seldom causes death, but permits its victim to live on in misery. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles.

It is said that Queen Victoria is proficient in eleven European languages.

SEVERAL VITALIZERS. Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Kidney and Bladder Remedy is the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used. For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75c. Sold by W. T. Strong."

The interior bones of the ear are called the hammer and the stirrup, from their resemblance to those objects.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is earache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

Tageligh—I wonder who started the adage, "Time is money?" Wagleigh—The first pawnbroker.

SHILOH'S CURE is sold on a guarantee. It cures indigestion, Constipation. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent. 25c, 50c, and \$1 per bottle. Sold by W. T. Strong.

The Boston Mother—Do you believe in Santa Claus, Claudius? Claudius—Only as an institution, mamma; not as an entity.

the Best Advertisements. Many thousands of unsolicited letters have reached the manufacturers of Scott's Emulsion from those cured by its use, of Consumption and Scrofulous Diseases. None can speak so confidently of its merits as those who have tested it.

Finagle—There goes a woman with a history. Fangle—That woman who just left your office? Finagle—How do you know? Fangle—She worked for an hour trying to sell it to me.

ATTENT! La Grippe. After the grippé obstinate coughs, lung troubles, etc., frequently follow. There is no remedy so prompt, and at the same time, effective and pleasant, as Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites, which is the latest and best combination of anti-consumptive remedies. Price 50c and \$1 per bottle.

Twelve-sheet calendars may be the best. With these a man can take a month off now and then.

Obstinate Coughs. Obsolete Coughs yield to the grateful soothing action of Norway Pine Syrup. The racking, persistent cough of consumptives is quickly relieved by this unrivaled throat and lung remedy. Price 25c. and 50c.

The burning of the yule log in England is a relic of the Scandinavian worship of the god Thor. His feast was called Yule, or Yule tide.

No Equal To It. As a cure for Frost Bites, Chills, Burns and Scalds, Chapped Hands, Inflamed Breasts, Sprains, Wounds, Bruises, Hayward's Yellow Oil is the most reliable remedy on the market.

A gigantic lion's head of the finest Greek marble was recently unearthed in the Crimea.

Dr. Seiger's Angostura Bitters, a pure vegetable tonic, makes health and health makes bright, rosy cheeks and happiness.

The great theater of Bacchus was built at Athens about B. C. 470.

Wife—There comes the tramp that I gave some of my biscuits to the other day. Husband—Impossible! That must be his ghost.

A HARD-HEARTED HYPNOTIST

Made a Drudge of His Wife and Then Had Her Confined in an Asylum.

The Woman Says That She Is Perfectly Sane.

(Rochester Union and Advertiser, Jan. 21.) Mrs. Anna Hess, wife of William J. Hess, the Gates milkman, who has been shamelessly abused by her husband on numerous occasions, made an application for protection from her husband, and gave notice that she intended to sue for divorce.

Mrs. Hess is a neat-looking woman of perhaps 28 years of age. She is of Swiss extraction, and appears to have had more her little curly-headed infant, with whom she fled from the house on Bull avenue after having been beaten by her spouse.

Mrs. Hess had been sent to the city attorney by the postmaster, to whom she had applied for aid for herself and child.

Mrs. Hess has been persecuted very unjustly, so it seems. She has been confined in the asylum at Canandaigua nine months by her husband, she has been beaten over the head by him while he was intoxicated, and she has been subjected to other indignities.

"They say that I have been crazy," said the poor woman to a Union reporter this morning. "Well, I haven't been crazy, but more is the wonder that I haven't. I have had more trouble than I thought the world contained. After we were married we went to Windsor Beach to live, and while there my constitution began to fail me. My husband made me do about as he wanted me to. I did not seem to have the most power over my own mind."

"During the year that I lived down there, I had to be up at all hours of the day and night. I cooked my husband's breakfast at 1 o'clock in the morning and called the hired men at 3 in the morning. I used to have to hitch up the horse and do the men's work besides my own. I was a slave."

"I began to fail in health and to lose all account of events and time. Pretty soon I knew nothing but was at the beck and call of my husband. I remember only that he looked at me and I did his bidding. This was kept up for a long time—how long I don't know. Then I became so weak that I could not drag myself about the house. Then they sent me to Canandaigua. I was kept there a long time and finally released."

"I was not insane. I was simply under the control of my husband. He could make me do what he willed me to do. I was as a woman in a spell. But after I had been back to him some time he struck me cruelly over the head one day, and this spell was broken. I saw him then without fear and realized what a brute he was. He has never had me in his power mentally since."

"I am here to get whatever relief the law will give me. I don't want to see my husband if I can help it; not that I fear him. Oh! no. But I loathe him. I am living with my sister, Mrs. G. H. Stevenson, of Mount Hope avenue. My husband has property, and I have no reason why he should not provide for me. I am willing to submit to an examination to determine whether I am insane or not."

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

At the Botanical Garden—Professor—Here, young ladies, you observe a tobacco plant. One of the Young Ladies—Ah! how very interesting, professor. Pray, how long will it be before the cigars are ripe?

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat, or run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

"Marion," said the Mormon gentleman, "shall I read you the letters I wrote you when I was courtin'?"

"Yes," said the wife. "I allowed you had. I wish you would get 'em out so I can use 'em. I got another wife in view."

Ask your dealer for Corol Russet Shoe Dressing. High polish, waterproof and non-injurious. Try it. Price 15c.

A Dakota court is struggling with a prisoner named Szczzy. We don't know what he has charged with, but from his name we suspect it is soda water.

Though not without a bottle of Pond's Extract in the house since you can remember, have you ever read the book which surrounds each bottle, and the list of disorders on the wrapper, and noted how many ailments from which you may have suffered or have attempted to cure with other remedies you might just as well have cured with your ever-ready bottle of Pond's Extract? You use it for some purposes, your neighbor for others, and both are equally delighted with the results. Why not use it as much as you can?

Every seventh year among the ancient Jews was a Sabbath year. No labor was done, and the inhabitants of Judea lived on the natural produce of the earth during this year.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.—DYSPEPSIA CONQUERED.—A GREAT MEDICAL TRIUMPH.—Gentlemen, My medical adviser and others told me that I could not possibly live when I commenced the use of Northrup & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia.

My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat, and my weight decreased from 215 to 115 pounds. All the food I took for three months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over 20 dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life, as I never expected to recover when I first commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to contribute this testimony, and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia. (Signed) JEAN VAL-COURT, general merchant, Wotton, P. Q.

A petition has been sent to the Turkish Government for the restoration at public expense of the supposed grave of Aaron.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c. Sold by W. T. Strong.

Nearly one-sixth of the wheat crop of last year in the United States was used as food for farm animals—My medical adviser and others told me that I could not possibly live when I commenced the use of Northrup & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia.

The fire loss in Chicago for 1894 was \$4,500,000, an increase of \$820,303 over the loss of 1893.

Trafford's prices for furniture beat everything. I don't see how he does it. A fine rocker for \$1; sideboard \$6.50; bedroom set, \$10. See them. At \$6 and 71 King street.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.

Castoria allays Feverishness.

Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.

Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.

Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.

Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.

Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.

Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.

Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of

Jas. H. Pitcher

is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

TIE THE MEN AND BOYS WITH FINE, HIGH-CLASS GOODS

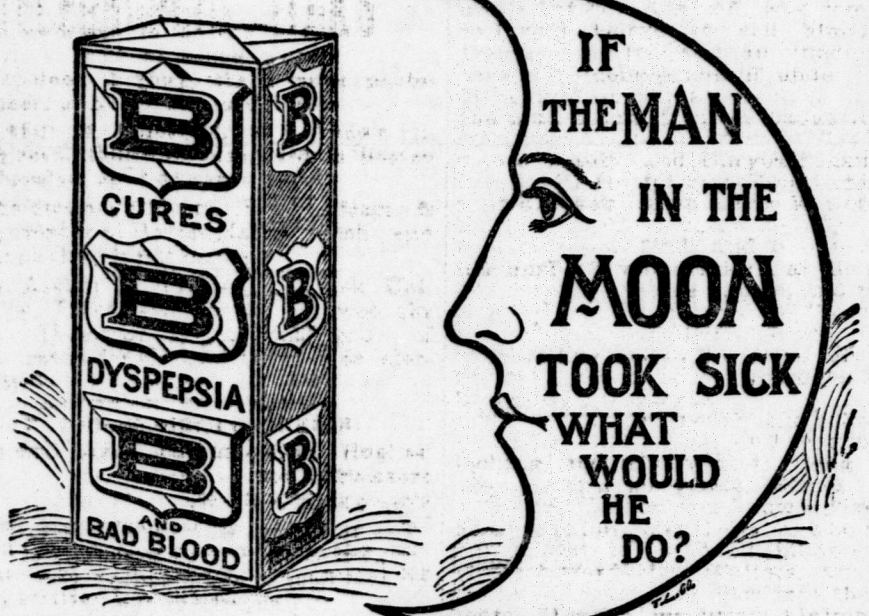
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JUST SPEND HIS FOUR QUARTERS FOR A BOTTLE OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS AS ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE DO; BECAUSE IT CURES DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, BAD BLOOD, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

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GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

EPPS' COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maledices are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

CURE FOR ALL!!!

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases. It has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at 78, NEW OXFORD STREET (late 258, OXFORD STREET), LONDON, and sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. 27. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, W. 1, it is not the genuine.

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Reclining Study and Invalid Chairs, Also a special line of Wheel Chairs for street use.

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Lee King, Chinese Laundry, The best work in the city. 47 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

Shirt collars ironed straight so as not to hurt the neck. Stand up Collars ironed without being broken in the wing. Ties done to look like new. Ladies' Dresses fluted and Vests ironed—This work is done by Joe How, late of San Francisco, and a proprietor will guarantee satisfaction in this line at cheapest rates. Give me a call. If you are not suited, no pay. Washing returned in 24 hours. Please open parcel and see that your work is properly executed. If our work suits you, please recommend us to your friends.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEAR

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

W. G. DUNN & CO.

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Illustration represents a very attractive pocket pin cushion. Ask your Grocer for one.

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School of Art

Has Reopened.

Classes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 7 to 9 p.m. in French, model and mechanical Drawing, Modeling, etc. Fees for 36 lessons, \$3. Extra classes for China, Oil and Water Color Painting, Monday, Friday and Saturday, from 2 to 4 p.m. Mechanics' Institute, Dundas St. Send for Circulars and Particulars to John H. Griffiths, Principal.

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Frutti all they want and they will grow up, enjoying robust health.

See that no imitation is palmed off on you.

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largest and best in the city. Rooms \$1 per day and up. Send for circular. Half a block from 12th street exit of the new Michigan Central station. All baggage delivered free from Michigan Central depot. No cab fares necessary. Look out for our porter at the station. If you want comfort, convenience and economy, stop at the new

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