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BY FREDERICK R. BURTON.

Author of "Her Wedding Interlude," "Josef Helmuth's Goetz," "A Pot of Gold," "The Strange Object of Thornton Wetmore," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.-THE MALIN-GERER.

Mrs. Warren met the doctor and Father Reardon at the door. She courtesied respectfully to the priest, and opened the sitting room door. "May I speak with the doctor a mo-ment, Father?" she asked, "before you

'Of course, Mrs. Warren," replied the "It is you who have sent for me, and you must know whether the summons is urgent." "I am very sure the patient is in no

see the patient?"

immediate danger," she said, "and I shall detain you but a moment." There was a bright light in her eyes and a red spot glowed on either cheek as she withdrew the doctor into the hallway. He could not tell whether her changed manner were expressive of

hope or excitement due to renewed "Doctor," she said, "I believe he is as conscious as you or I."

"Have you spoken with him?" "I have spoken to him, but he has not answered." 'What does he do?"

"He keeps his eyes intently on me, listens to all I say, but gives no sign. Sometimes he seems to wander, as if he were trying to remember something, but the expression of his eyes is intelligent. There is none of the vacancy of delirium in them."

"H'm," murmured the doctor. "What do you think?" This, doctor: that he knows my face, but cannot yet understand where Mrs. Warren, without moving. he is or how he came here. Doctor, if he comes to speak, I beg you let me be the one to hear him."

'But you asked me yourself about the priest last night.

"Yes, I remember. I thought then he was going to die." 'I had but just got home when Father Reardon came jogging by. He, too, had been at a bedside pretty much all night, for his parishioners, you know, are as scattered as my patients—and as few in number, I guess. Well, you are acquainted with him, as we all are, and you know how readily his sympathies are aroused. I never appealed to him in vain. When I told him about the stranger of his faith who had fallen into trouble, and of the inquiry you had made, there was no other course open to him, and he saw it, but to come."

"I wouldn't for anything," said Mrs. Warren, as if speaking to herself, 'stand between Freeman and his religion. It is more than probable that he would like to see the Father, and it is more probable still that he would speak to the priest when he would not to me. Dr. Nason," and she looked up at him appealingly, "is it true that Catholic priests always respect the secrecy of the confessional?"

never heard of an instance," he replied gravel, "where a priest dis-closed a single word told to him in his capacity as confessor. Even if there plain determination to shut him out, were exceptions, I am sure that you could trust Father Reardon."

"Yes, yes, he is a good man, and yet, I wish he had not to hear—doc-You won't permit this Mr. Golding to speak with the patient?"

The doctor drew a long breath. "Not without your permission," he "Thank you," she said. "Will you

"Certainly. As the curer of the body I must see that he is in safe condition the sick room. to meet the father."

Dr. Nason entered the sick chamber and Mrs. Warren watched him as he stood by the bed, felt Dutton's pulse and asked him in a cheery voice how Dutton's eyes contracted slightly as

he gazed at the doctor doubtfully. Then he turned them upon Mrs. Warren steadily for a moment, finally closing them and answering nothing. The doctor did not repeat his question, but thrust a thermometer into Dutton's mouth. The patient took it in as matter-of-course fashion as if he were perfectly alive to the situation, but he kept his eyes closed and uttered no sound.

Presently Dr. Nason put up his thermometer and went into the hall, closing the door behind him. There is no danger to the patient."

he said, "in the priest's visit, no matter how serious their conversation may be." Father Reardon was accordingly

"Is he in extremis, doctor?" he asked, as he stepped toward the sick

"Far from it, apparently." returned

The priest bowed slightly and passed on, and after he had entered the chamber Mrs. Warren opened the door from the sitting room into the hall and sat down near it. Had she tried she could not have overheard the words of the priest by the patient's bedside, but she was not listening for words, nor was

the doctor, who stood beside her. Both | was an incomprehensible smile on his listened, however, with the same pur- lips as he answered: pose, but with very different views of

At first they heard only the low murmur of Father Reardon's voice. He appeared to be asking questions of the sick man, and Dutton seemed to be treating his inquiries as he had those of Mrs. Warren and the doctor.

After two or three minutes of this there was the sound of another voice, speaking apparently in impatience, and Mrs. Warren exclaimed, without looking up at the doctor: "He speaks. I knew he would tell

the priest," and she buried her face in her hands. Dr. Nason made no comment, but he looked very thoughtful, and his face grew even graver as the patient's

voice continued, losing its sharp quality of tone and sinking to a steady, even murmur, as of a man telling a Meantime Mr. Warren had gone to

the kitchen, where he was trying to reassure Elsie, who was in a very nervous condition. He had not intended to go into the sick room unless summonbut he was almost glad that his daughter's apprehensions gave him so convenient a means of keeping clear of Golding.

That energetic, resourceful individual had joined the group of neighbors at the log in the yard, and was further instilling their minds with the poison of suspicion, while he kept his eyes open for the reappearance of "You see how serious it is," he said,

"when the doctor thinks it advisable to bring a priest to the unfortunate man's bedside." "I thought you said last evening," remarked King, who had been pro-feundly impressed by Mr. Warren's defiance, "that this Dutton or Free-

man, as you called him then, had done

a great wrong." "So I did, and it was true. But lowered her arm. didn't I say that Freeman would come with me and do as I said? I had in mind what I could not very well tell you then, that I was following him in a spirit of forgiveness. The man had long been my friend and partner. What if he had gone wrong for once? And, especially now, shouldn't I be the first to defend him and look after his

"Guess that's so," said King, knowing what else to say, but feeling a doubt, nevertheless, as to Golding's sincerity. Had either of the others at that moment declared their belief in Warren, King would have hastened to rank himself on the old soldier's side as against all strangers and against

After several minutes had passed, Golding could not resist the impulse that drew him to the house, and he went around to the front door and knocked genty. Mrs. Warren opened it for him. She did not invite him to

"Madam," he said, "with the shadow of death upon my friend, you cannot refuse me the privilege of seeing him, the small hope of a last word with "I do not think he will die," replied

"But the presence of the priest-"He was sent for when the case looked dangerous." "Then Freeman is better?"

"I think so." She would have attempted to withdraw, but Golding was clearly set silence. upon urging his requests anew, when Father Reardon opened the door of the sick room and came out, closing it carefully behind him. He stepped into the sitting room to get his hat, while the doctor rose, and Mrs. Warren gazed at him apprehensively, and Golding edged his way into the hall. The priest found his hat, and as he turned to go he made some commonplace remark about the weather.

"Father Reardon," said Mrs. Warren, "we have but recently finished breakfast. You have a long way to go. Won't you have a cup of coffee or tea and let Elsie get you something to

eat?" "I have had breakfast, thank you," he replied. "but I would be glad of a cup of coffee."

Mrs. Warren called to Elsie, who

promptly opened the door at the end of the hall, and gave her the needed instructions. Then, while Father Reardon went down the hall to the kitchen, followed by the doctor, Mrs. Warren turned and closed the front door. Golding was standing on the threshold, but he was not proof against her and he stepped back without a word. She bolted the door and went into the sick room. Dutton's eyes were closed, but he opened them as she came in, tor, you will let him be the only one? and for an instant he looked as if he were about to say something. Mrs. Warren eagerly approached the bed, but he shook his head very slightly and closed his eyes again. Mrs. Warren opened the door into the kitchen, and drawing a chair to the threshold, see the patient before the priest goes sat down where she could keep her in?" the same time what might go on in

Father Reardon was seated at the table sipping his coffee and chatting pleasantly with Mr. Warren about farm topics and such other matters as entered into the ordinarily uneventful life of Granite people. The priest and the old soldier were more than acquaintances, though their friendship could hardly be said to be close. They entertained a high regard for one another, and never met without pausing for more or less conversation. Father Reardon was evidently not disposed to talk at length this morning, for he declined a second cup of coffee and pushed back his chair, preparing to go. Just then Golding stalked in at the back door, his face marked with a

frown of determination. "Father," he said at once, "I make no complaint against the people of this house, who see fit to keep me from my friend's dying bed, but I appeal to you in the name of Christianity and ordinary humanity. Freeman Dutton is my friend and partner. I have the

right to know-"Pardon me," interrupted the priest, rising; "Dr. Nason is here. Your question properly should be addressed

to him. I am not a physician for the body." "Well, but," protested Golding; "here is a dying man, and his closest friend is forbidden the house. Won't you tell me whether he has spoken to you? Is there no message that he confided to you for me? My name is Ben

Golding-The priest shook his head, and there

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"The patient spoke to me, yes. He gave me no message for you or anybody else. As to what else passed, I can only say with absolute frankness that the man in that room had no need or desire for the services of a

priest. Golding stared his discomfiture, while the priest bowed gravely and left the room. He turned back after he had entered the hall to add:

"You will, of course, interpret nothing that I have said as meant to influence in the slightest degree the conduct of my friends in a matter that apparently concerns only themselves. Mr. and Mrs. Warren are their own judges as to what is right to do.'

The priest said "Good morning all round, and when he departed Mrs. Warren was standing in the doorway that led from the kitchen to the sick room, Golding near the kitchen stove and Elsie, her father and the doctor, in the hall. The latter three went into the sick room.

"I've done with appealing," exclaimed Golding, after a moment. "I demand the privilege of speaking to Freeman. The priest says he spoke to him. He'll speak to me. I'm sorry to make trouble, but this is my right, ing. and I intend to assert it."

This was spoken in a voice that was perfectly audible in the spare room, and during the speech Dr. Nason kept his eyes fixed upon the patient. Mrs. Warren did not stir. She leaned slightly against one jamb of the door and extended her right arm to the other, indicating her resolution to prevent Golding from entering. Dr. Nason bent to her ear and whis-

"I advise letting him come in. I feel very sure there will be no danger with your family present. I will withdraw if you like. "No, stay," she returned, and she

"You may come in," she said to Gold-

He stepped quickly forward with a triumphant expression and approached the bed. Mr. and Mrs. Warren stood just back of him, looking on with painful anxiety, while Elsie and the doctor were a little apart, but still where they could see and hear everything that happened. The patient' eyes opened as Golding bent over him

"Freeman, do you know me?" Dutton gazed steadily into the man's eves for a moment, and then turned a vacant, meaningless glance upon the others. It could not be said with certainty that he had recognized his part-

"Freeman," whispered Golding, bending lower and speaking with appealing earnestness, "what have you done with?-where is the 'President' The sick man's eyes took on a slightly puzzled expression for an instant, and then they closed, while he sighed wearily.
Man, man!" exclaimed Golding. feverishly, "aren't you going to tell

Dutton remained motionless. After a moment of waiting Golding straightened up and gazed fiercely at the group about the bed. Mrs. Warren glanced inquiringly at the doctor. evidently anxious that he should inand end the scene on the ground that the patient was being unduly excited, but Dr. Nason smiled in

"Well," blurted Golding, striding across the room, "there are other ways. You've got him in your power and under your control now, but we'll see, my fine friends, we'll see!" He unbolted the front door and went

Dr. Nason motioned to his friends to follow him and led them into the sitting room. "You see I was right, Mrs. Warren."

he said. "Yes," she responded, with evident relief; "but wasn't it a dangerous experiment?"

"I think not. Shall I tell you why?" All three looked their intense in-"I believe that the man is malinger-

"Malingering," repeated Mrs. War-ren, doubtfully; "what does that mean?" "Your husband knows," responded the doctor with a smile.

"A malingerer, Martha," said Mr. Warren, "is a soldier who feigns illness in order to escape duty."
"And you think Freeman is well, exclaimed Mrs. Warren, in

amazement. "He's not well, but the fever has abated; he is conscious, as we know from the fact that he talked with Father Reardon, even if there was no other proof. I should call him a convalescent with every chance of speedy recovery. I know nothing of his reasons for feigning non compos mentis, but it is pretty evident, isn't it, that he doesn't intend to have any talk with your man Golding? Believe me, Mr. Dutton is perfectly able to speak, and speak as intelligently as any of us."

(To be Continued Tomorrow.) "The Common People," As Abraham Lincoln called them, do not care to argue about their ailments. What they want is a medicine that will cure them. The simple, honest statement, "I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me," is the best argument in favor of this medicine, and this is vhat many thousands voluntarily say. many thousands volunterily say.

Hood's Pills are the best after dinner pills ass st digestion, cure headache. 25c. a The recent election contest in Kingston has taken a new turn in the summoning of Mr. W. T. R. Preston, provincial librarian, on a charge of havof Kingston, Mr. J. D. Ross, with the intent that it should be used for purposes of bribery in the election. Mr. Preston emphatically denies the charge. 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.

Charles Peel was crushed beneath an unused brick wall which was being pulled down at the Sawyer-Massey works at Hamilton on Friday. He died from his injuries. 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

Brampton's water mains are dry, owing to a fall in the level of Snell's Lake, from whence the supply is procured. DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION

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., write "Parmlee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have

A dispatch received from Shanghai says it is reported that anti-foreign riots have occurred at Chang Pu, 50 miles southeast of Amoy, and at Fu Kien, where the chapels of the English mission were destroyed, the mandarins openly refusing to inter-

METHODIST MISSIONS.

The M. W. M. S. Choose Officers and Au thorize the Expenditu e of \$35.000. Toronto, Oct. 21.-The Women's Mis-

Society of the Methodist Church disposed of important business last week before concluding their convention. The estimates for the home and foreign mission fields were considered and apportioned as follows: Japan. \$14,056; China, \$7,500; Chinese Reserve Home, Victoria, B. C., \$1,500; Indian Girls' Home at Fort Simpson, \$2,450; Fort Simpson Hospital, \$600; Chilliwack Institute, \$2,738; French Work, Montreal, \$1,220; French Institute, \$2,762; interest on building, \$600; Methodist Orphanage, Newfoundland, \$500; literature and publishing committee \$625; extra appropriation, \$200; total. \$35,191 35. Surplus over last year, \$600. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Gooderham, Toronto; vice-president, Mrs. Carman, Belleville; recording secretary, Mrs Kerr, Toronto; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Strachan, Hamilton; treasurer, Mrs. Thompson, Toronto; editor, of Outlook, Mrs. Gordon Wright, Lon-Brampton is the next place of meet-

FOR TEMPERANCE. Meeting of the World's W.C.T U. at Baltimore-Miss Willard's Opening

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 21.-Five hunfred women delegates, from all over world, assembled Friday in attendance upon the 22nd annual con-vention of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union. Miss Frances E. Willard called the conven on to order amid much clapping of

Then the delegates and many of the spectators joined in singing "America." After transacting the usual routine business Miss Willard delivered her address, in which she said: The bicycle is the most influential mperance reformer of the time, and is the favorite beverage of those who ride to win. Men who drink take and more men do not drink at than in any previous year. This s the testimony of railway managers, insurance agents, police captains the general public. Steam and electricity have put level heads at a premium and the trend of invention lies parallel with the white path of personal purity in all the habits of Legislation follows on after inis the universal solvent, bringing brotherhood to the front and sending sectarianism and sectionalism to the

At the conclusion of her address a rge white silk banner, studded with gilt stars, representing the States d Territories wherein the W. C. T. have representation, was presented to Miss Willard.

The superintendent of the narcotics department, Mrs. E. B. Ingalls, of St. Louis, referred to cigarette pictures and called attention to one which represented a baby carriage filled with tobacco and labeled 'A good thingpush it along." She said that Mr. Pullman had been petitioned not to place smoking apartments in his cars and that she understood that the milcar builder was not placing these compartments in the sleeping cars and that smokers would therefore be forced into the ordinary smoking car.

DEATH LEVELS ALL RANKS.

Millionaire MacKay's Son Killed in Paris

-The Father Grief Stricken. San Francisco, Oct. 21.-John W. Mac-Kay, jun., was killed in Paris Friday by being thrown from his horse. He was the eldest son of the Bonanza millionaire, John W. MacKay. He was about 25 years of age, and was born in this city. He and Clarence, aged about 23, were the only children of the millionaire, the Princess Colonna being a step-daughter. For the past six months the young man who met his sudden death Thursday, and his brother, have been spending their vacation in Europe, partly with their mother, partly with their step-sister, the Princess Colonna; and at the time of the fatality, the two brothers and the Princess were together in Paris. Mr. MacKay, senior, is in this city and received only a brief cablegram, announcing the accident and death. The efforts to obtain further particulars were fruitless. Mr. MacKay is overcome

with grief. WORD FROM KOOTENAY. Good Mining Prospects for the Year

and Increased Facilities to

Nelson (Special), Oct. 21.—The mining prospects for next year in this locality are excellent, and a large influx of prospectors is expected. Miners and others coming in have been in the habit of bringing with them large quantities of Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy which they all swear by, and whose virtues they have extolled to such an extent, that the druggists throughout the section have become alive to the necessity of aying in large supplies to meet the greatly increasing demand. The remedy is generally regarded as an indispensable part of a miner's outfit both for its portability and a value in preserving health which cannot be overestimated.

The home missions board of the Baptist Church, at its meeting in Toronto, passed appropriations of \$6,000 to missionaries. A deficit of \$3,000 existed, and \$1,000 was subscribed at the board

All Recommend It. Ask you physician, your druggist and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption.

Trey will recommend it. For sale by W. T.

Sir Philip Currie, the British ambas-sador to Turkey, has received from an Armenian source a warning that the Young Turkey party is very likely to induce some Armenian miscreant to make an attempt on his life for the purpose of disgracing the Armenians. 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 lence."

A call for a natio ti-saloon convention to be held as Vashington on Dec. 17, 18 and 19, has been issued. 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 teeth-

The Women's Missionary Society of the Method st Church recommends the return of Mrs. Large to Japan, and claims the missionary troubles were magnified.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother What is

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