

## A minute, please.

We want to talk to you!  
We've had the biggest December business in our experience!  
We've sold out pretty near everything we had in stock, and we need room!  
We've got to prepare for our Spring Suits and Overcoats and our new arrangement for physique types.

Most all our lines are broken—there are a few suits and overcoats left that we call "Lonelies."

Do you want a "corn cracker" of a suit or overcoat for ten dollars?

If you do or if you don't, come in and look the "Lonelies" over.

We take out Semi-ready labels.

# Semi-ready Tailoring

LONDON

146 DUNDAS STREET

## Vera's Love Affair

"I fear so. But not even the knowledge that he has been able to keep back the last month's wages of that admirable Durand has been sufficient to console him. Durand was a recluse, a miser, and how is he to be replaced under treble his wages?"

"How, indeed?" says Mr. Peyton dreamily, who was sunk into an untimely reverie, and is apparently shamelessly inattentive to the harrowing tale the younger Miss Dysart is still pouring into his ears.

"You must understand that his precious dahlia has just come to that age when copious waterings are requisite to their future welfare. Their beauty will be marred if a second Durand does not instantly present himself."

"Dahlia! Water!" murmurs Peyton, so absently now that Griselda casts a sharp glance at him.

"I do believe you are dozing," she says, "regularly going to sleep. Have you forgotten where you are, and that not a single instant's unconsciousness may precipitate you into space?"

"I was only thinking, I assure you I was never more wide awake in my life," protests Peyton eagerly. "Well, go on again. This is grievance No. 1. First you, then the gardener—then—"

"No, first you," carefully.

"True—and the third?"

"Poor Vera. Poor darling, of course, she is bound to come in for her share. Now what do you think he wants to do with her?"

"Strangle her?"

"Far worse; he wants to marry her to his son, whether she will, or not."

"To his son?" with every mark of extraordinary surprise. "By Jove, what lines for him!"

"For him"—indignantly—"for her, you mean!"

"No, I don't. I mean for him. What an old rascal that father of his must be!"

"Just what I think. I'm glad there is one subject under the sun on which we can agree. The idea of his wanting to marry her to a man of whom we know nothing except that he is his son!"

"Do you mean Seaton Dysart?" asks Peyton, as if finding difficulty in making sure of this fact.

"Why, whom else should I mean?"

"Not Seaton. Why, he is one of the best fellows going. If she marries him I don't pity her. But she won't."

"You know him?"

"Very well, indeed."

"I think you might have said so before," says Griselda, distinctly offended.

"So I should," says he; "but somehow I never connected our Seaton Dysart with your cousin. How is it that you have so appropriated him?"

"He is such a tremendous chum of Grace's, my sister, Lady Riverdale, you know, for one thing."

"Oh!" She seems so struck by this revelation that she is silent for a moment or two. Then, "Well, I can't say I congratulate Lady Riverdale on her friendship with him," she says with a little tilt upwards of her pretty chin.

"Why, do you mean to say you don't like Dysart?"

Griselda grows thoughtful.

"There is something—something that puzzles me," she says, looking at him earnestly, as one "perplexed in the extreme."

"When I see him, when I am with him, I feel led away into a fancy that I do like him, but afterwards, when he is gone, of course, I remember that I hate him, or at least—"

"—consciously—that I ought to hate him. The members of the club swarmed on the ice, yelled until they were hoarse, and congratulated Burnett."

"So mean of him, I call it, when he has grown thoughtful now, and more than that, astonished."

"Just so," nodding she shapely head.

"So mean of him, I call it, when he knows she can't bear him. All simply to please his father, lest he should cut him off with a dozen useless pennies."

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er than you wish it to appear." "Is that how you call him now? Why, only a moment since you alluded to him in the highest terms as your dearest friend. 'That fellow Dysart! Dear me, what has he done since?' 'Never mind what he has done, though to be paying his addresses to three women all at the same time seems to me to be about as low a thing as I ever heard of any fellow. It is what you have done, please you told him of your walks in the wood with me—'

## A STAR SHOT BY JIM BURNETT SAVED THISTLES FROM DEFEAT

Exciting Finish to a Game in Colts' League Series—Thistles in the Finals.

In the eyes of the members of the Thistle Curling Club, Jim Burnett was the hero of the hour at the north end rink yesterday afternoon, for it was by a splendid shot by him that the club was saved from being put out of the race for the Western Ontario Colts' League trophy.

The Thistles were pitted against Ingersoll, two rinks a side, one rink being skipped by Burnett and the other by John Purdom. When the latter completed the play for his rink, he was six shots to the good, and when the Burnett rink was through, with the exception of the last stone by the skip, it was six stones down. One shot only was necessary to keep the Londoners in the match, and that was a dead draw. Burnett was equal to the occasion, for with the last stone he succeeded in placing it exactly on the button. There was a scene of the wildest enthusiasm when it was seen that the Thistles had won the match. The members of the club swarmed on the ice, yelled until they were hoarse, and congratulated Burnett.

The play for the trophy commenced at 2 in the afternoon. St. Marys, Parkhill, Ingersoll, Stratford, the Londoners and the Thistles were represented, and the draw was as follows: Stratford vs. London, Thistles vs. Ingersoll, and St. Marys vs. Parkhill. Stratford did not have much difficulty in putting the Londoners out of the contest, winning by 13 shots. The first of the Stratford rinks was altogether too much for the home players, making a score of 23 to 16, but in the second rink the Londoners did better, being victorious over Parkhill, a coincidence being that, as in the London-Stratford match, the first rink should have a heavy lead, while the second one should be tied. The Thistle-Ingersoll match, as already stated, was won by the Thistles, leaving the Thistles and St. Marys to fight it out for the final with

"This is the second time you have accused me of being in love with my cousin," interrupts Griselda with suspicious calmness. "Now, why?" "Have I no reason to doubt you? Do you think I'm blind? The moment I said he was engaged to another girl you grew very red and said, 'I did not get fiery red. I really wish you would choose your language better,'" says Griselda, now growing hot within her. "Is that all? Is that your accusation?"

[To be Continued.]

Stratford. The Thistles won, Burnett's rink having a lead of five shots, and the Purdom rink a lead of eight shots. Stratford and the Thistles are playing off this morning for the trophy, which has been in the possession of Stratford for the last year.

Yesterday's scores were as follows:

W. J. McCully, 45	W. R. Hobkirk, 32
D. D. Hay, 41	A. Tume, 32
A. H. Montith, 39	W. Smith, 32
H. E. Baker, skip, 29	J. A. Carlick, skip, 16
R. Stevenson, 32	J. McVean, 32
F. Vanstone, 32	B. Wilcox, 32
M. Hummer, 32	M. McAlpine, 32
P. Stewart, skip, 16	J. W. Couse, skip, 16
Total, 45	Total, 32

Ingersoll, 32	A. E. Barbour, 32
J. Seach, 32	C. Preston, 32
W. J. Elliott, 32	J. O'Neill, 32
R. D. Harris, skip, 16	J. Burnett, skip, 11
P. Meyers, 32	J. McVean, 32
A. Sumner, 32	A. Hiltman, 32
M. J. Fair, 32	B. W. Glover, 32
W. A. Edgar, skip, 15	J. Purdom, skip, 21
Total, 32	Total, 32

St. Marys, 32	Parkhill, 32
S. Hubble, 32	D. N. McLeod, 32
W. H. Toveil, 32	J. Russell, 32
B. McNeil, 32	O. Griffin, 32
M. Mennie, skip, 22	J. Mitchell, skip, 8
J. Hyland, 32	T. Grieves, 32
T. Sinclair, 32	E. A. Dickson, 32
S. J. Foxworth, 32	T. Magdalen, 32
C. Stewart, skip, 15	H. Ellis, skip, 15
Total, 37	Total, 32

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