

Dress Goods Stock

Is now complete. Browns predominate, while navy, reseda, vieux rose are prominent and some gray will be in demand.

"VELOURS." Pretty silk and wool effects; a stripe not distinct, somewhat of a marl, 46 inches wide. Hair brown and white, gray and white, navy and white, Wedgewood blue and white, reseda and white. Worth, according to manufacturer's list, \$1.00, for..... **75c**

Tweed, small broken checks, all pure worsted 46 inches wide. Navy, gray, Wedgewood blue, moss, coachman's drab, hair brown. **90c**

Nettians, taffeta finish, fine worsted, two-tone shot, 46 inches wide. Alice blue, Wedgewood blue, reseda, hair brown, tan brown, golden brown, trout gray. The price..... **\$1**

Gentlemen's Spring Underwear

Natural wool, well made.

Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 in shirts.

Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 in drawers.

The price **\$1.00 the garment.**

Gentlemen's **CASHMERE SOCKS**, black, no seams, all wool, to suit the tender feet. The sizes, 10, 10½, 11, 11½. To you the price..... **371-2c**

"Do you take a BATH?" If so, the greatest luxury, do you know, is one of those large, white

Terry Sheets

soft and luxurious, absorbs the water quickly, to wrap yourself in. You can have them hemmed or tringed. The prices, **\$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.75**

Tailoring Department

Gentlemen, what will it be—black, blue or gray, in check or out of check, a melton or diagonal, England or Scotland? Your choice. The Tuxedo to be in the fashion.

\$22 \$25 \$28

For suit. Fit and finish guaranteed. For cash.

Have You Any Boys?

Some short ends of very good qualities of various makes—enough for a boy, too little for a man. To clear them out,

The Price is Cut in Two.

Gentlemen's Linen Vestings. Your choice in check or spot, perhaps a stripe. The colors, pink, blue or black on white.

Kingsmill's

Kingsmill's

Kingsmill's

Kingsmill's

Test It As You Will

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

Is Guaranteed to be Absolutely Pure and of Incomparable Quality.

Lead Packets Only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c Per Lb. At All Grocers.

Out of the Darkness

"Oh, as to that, of course, I am the talk of the village. How can people help suspecting things when they see even their pastor holds aloof? When you failed to come I knew then what hard things he had been saying about me, and how you had all judged and condemned me in your hearts. Is it not so?" she continued, looking at him full as keenly as he had at her.

"No, Miss Maturin, you are wrong there."

"Wrong in thinking that you have condemned me?"

"Yes; whatever the others may have done, I have refused entire credence to my brother's words till I could come and judge for myself."

"That was kind of you, Mr. Ord, and I thank you for it most heartily. I did not like to think that a clergyman could be so unjust."

"You must remember that appearances are sadly against you," he replied, a little piqued by this implied rebuff on his brother's part. "It is very difficult to say all that one feels to a stranger, but you must pardon me if I add that my brother is a man of strong discernment."

"And of strong prejudices, too," she returned, with a faint smile. "I can not fancy him soon parting with an idea that he has once formed. If I were not afraid of troubling you, Mr. Ord, I would ask you to listen to my defense. It would be such a relief if I might go over it one again."

"Do so, by all means," was the reply. And as the vicar composed himself to listen, the wonderful softness of her voice, and bearing filled him again with a feeling of admiration. If she should indeed be innocent of this grievous sin of conceit, how nobly and well would she have borne herself under the bitterness of their accusation! He thought then that she would be a woman of no common stamp, of whom any one might be proud—worthy to bear comparison with Belle or even with his own Mary; but, all the same, he felt as though he could not hold her guiltless.

So Rotha Maturin told the story of her life, and she told it well. She used few words, she made no attempt to work upon his feelings—a simple statement of facts, ungarlished, almost bare, was all she offered. When she had finished, she sat with her hands folded and her head just a little drooping, waiting for his reply. The quietness of her manner might have been taken for indifference, but the vicar did not misunderstand it.

"Well, Mr. Ord," she said at last, as he still sat silent, revolving her last words. Then he got up and walked about the room with his face still turned from her.

He almost wished now that she had not told him her story; it made him so full of pity for her. What an unloved, hard-working youth! Was it any wonder that amid such temptations the longing for what was not hers should cleave to her? Would Robert or his hands have been cleaner if they had been placed in the same circumstances? Good man as he was, he almost shrank from asking himself the question.

"Neither do I condemn thee," The words came to him again and again.

Golds or Fevers
Are broken up in a single night, and serious illness prevented, by taking

Hood's Pills
All druggists. 25 cents

as he paced the room. Should the servant be less merciful than the master? Was it for him to cast the first stone at this erring child because he and his wife were so sorely injured? The hardness of his prejudice was dying out as far as he was concerned; he could tell himself with a clear conscience that he had forgiven her. But would he be fulfilling his duty? Ought he not to refrain from his pity until she had been led to acknowledge her fault? The world might gloss over and exonerate it, but until she had owned that she had "covered and desired other men's goods," he ought not to throw open his heart and home to her; until she had confessed her sin the forgiveness must be qualified.

Poor Rotha! She did not need any words to tell her of her condemnation. She sat watching the vicar with dry hot eyes as he walked heavily to and fro. Her little story had failed them? Why was her word always to be doubted? For a moment, as she sat apart, she thought she would fling all her hated possessions away, and go out of Bryn empty-handed and with head erect; they must believe her then, she thought. But a few minutes' reflection showed her the folly of this impulse. Where was her endurance? Would it not be cowardly to fly from her troubles? Was she sure that such a reckless step would clear her in their eyes? Would it not be nobler to live it down? Ay, and she would do it, too. "God defends the innocent," she said, with an inward sob, and then the vicar came to her side and took her hand.

"My child," he said in a low tender voice, "you do not know how earnestly I desire to be your friend." And as she lifted up her sad eyes to him in some surprise, he added, "I have no less your friend because I cannot hold you perfectly guiltless in this thing."

She tried to answer him, but she could not; her head dropped lower and lower. "Oh, my God! do not try me above what I am able to bear," came from her inmost heart, but her lips were firmly closed.

"Do not mistake us," he continued, still more earnestly, "we shall not be hard on you. My brother is prejudiced, but even he spoke most feelingly of your youth and temptation. You are not the first who has been gravely tried and has fallen."

The drooping head was raised a little. "The shock of our disappointment is broken now," he went on. "You need not fear that we shall grudge you your possessions. All we ask you is to acknowledge that you have wronged us by word if not by deed, and to show some sorrow for the wrong."

The head was raised higher—higher; the firm lips unclosed.

"Mr. Ord! Would you have me perjure myself?"

"My poor child! I ask me such a question?"

"Would it not be perjury myself if I took a lie on my lips? How can I tell you I have done this thing when I am innocent? Why will you all persist in believing what is false?"

"My dear Miss Maturin!"

"Mr. Ord," she said passionately, "we are both traversing a circle, but we shall never meet, for you are on one side and I on another. Can I make you see with my eyes when my very whiteness is blackness to you? Why do you ask me to defend myself when you know—when you know you will believe my word?"

"I would believe you if you would

only be candid with me in this matter."

Then she rose, drawing up her slender figure to its full height, so that he was obliged to rise also.

"Do you wish to dismiss me, Miss Maturin?"

"No, Mr. Ord; I am not quite so ungracious as that. But I owe it to my own dignity not to talk any longer on this matter."

"Do you know you are grieving me terribly?" he went on.

"I am sorry for that, Mr. Ord."

"I did so desire to be your friend, but now you are setting yourself so deliberately apart from us; how can I help you if you will not be persuaded in this thing?"

"You cannot help me," she returned hurriedly. "No one can help me who does not believe my word. Don't look so sad, Mr. Ord; I can feel how kind and good you are in spite of all this miserable misunderstanding. It will not be your doing if I am talked out and slandered by the whole village."

"I hope nothing of that kind will happen," he returned; and then Rotha quietly told him the remarks she had overheard.

"That will never do," he exclaimed, much concerned. "Mary must call on you at once; I think it would not be wise, under the circumstances, for you to come to the vicarage—at least for the present; but no time must be lost in letting people know that Mrs. Ord has called."

Rotha hesitated for a moment, and a great yearning for kindness and sympathy seized her.

"Yes, yes, you may send her. Do not leave me all alone here," she pleaded; and now her eyes shined over with tears. "You and Mrs. Ord may say what you like to me, and I will try and bear it if you will only let me hear sometimes a kind voice from the outer world. Meg is always so sad, and it is so dreary."

The pathetic voice, the childishness of the appeal, which came nevertheless from a woman's wrong heart, were too much for the vicar, and he stretched out his hand to her.

"I will come, my child—I will come, and Mary, too, never fear; and perhaps in a little while you will not be afraid to confide in us. Have you anything else to say?" he continued, for she seemed as though she were about to speak.

"Yes; I was going to ask you if you would find me some work. You don't know what it is for two women to sit here all alone and eat their hearts out. Give me something to do for those who are more wretched than I—I am a work—I would not refuse the meanness of it."

"Refuse you, poor child? Who am I, after all, that I should judge of your worthiness or unworthiness? I was only considering the difficulties attendant on your proposition. Perhaps, for the present, I will not put you on our regular staff of workers; but there is an old blind woman who would be most thankful if anyone would read her a chapter daily, and there is a poor girl dying of consumption, who has a drunken mother—it is a very sad case, indeed. I do not know whether you would care to undertake such a painful duty?"

"Try me," was Rotha's answer. And then, with sweet humility, "If there be any work that Mrs. Ord or you wish done, and that you think the other ladies will not like, I hope you will reserve it for me."

"Very well—then that is a bargain," he replied, cheerfully, not caring to show how much he was touched. "I shall come up and see you again about these cases, and perhaps I had better take you to poor Annie myself; one can never tell what sort of reception a lady is likely to meet with from that wretched woman, I have taken you to your word, Miss Maturin, the task is no easy one, I assure you."

"I am not afraid," returned Rotha simply.

"Perhaps Mrs. Carruthers might be induced to help us with our school and clothing club? I am afraid I am very covetous, but I must turn that magnificent voice of hers to account. I wish it were possible to make her choirmaster."

"That reminds me that I have another favor to ask, Mrs. Ord. You see," with a faint smile, "your kindness is making me bold. Do not, please, be angry with Miss Underwood; I wish she meant it kindly last night."

The vicar's face grew dark. "It was very dubious kindness then, Miss Ma-

turin. I am greatly disposed to be very severe on the subject with Miss Nettie."

"Yes, but you will not?" she pleaded earnestly. "I know how wrong it was to you all—how very, very wrong, but I am sure she meant good to us all; miserable as I was, I could not help feeling that, and I did so hope you would forgive her."

"Well, well, we shall see about it," returned the vicar, but his smile was a little forced, and then he bade her good-by. It might have been the force of old habit, but he went through the glass door out on the lawn, and so to the green door in the wall. As he let himself out he glanced back, and saw Rotha standing among the lilies watching him.

It was noticed by every one at the

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



A SHIRT BLOUSE OF SMART LINES (6721).

Now that the shirt blouse is so necessary to every woman and girl, the designs for this garment must be as varied as possible. A waist which will not fall to please the particular woman has a stole yoke, which is completed at each side with tucks of becoming depth. The yoke appears in back and two groups of tucks lend further adornment and tapering lines. Together with the long sleeves, those of three-quarter length are also provided for, and may be finished with pretty little cuffs of the same or a contrasting material. While simple, the waist is one of undeniably good style, and for wear with the suit or old skirt will prove most fetching. Any seasonable fabric may develop it. The medium size calls for 3½ yards of 37-inch material.

6721—Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure. The price of this pattern is 10 cents.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

Address: PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

Corticelli Wash Silks

Wash Silk
is Fast Color. Highest Lustre
Artistic Shades

Why waste your labor using inferior silks—buy Corticelli—and see the difference in results

vicarage that the vicar was not himself that day; he was grave and preoccupied, and scarcely spoke to Robert when he came in to spend the evening. When the boys had gone to bed, and he and Mary were alone, he briefly related his interview with Miss Maturin, and begged her to lose no time in calling at Bryn.

"I will come, my child—I will come, and Mary, too, never fear; and perhaps in a little while you will not be afraid to confide in us. Have you anything else to say?" he continued, for she seemed as though she were about to speak.

"Yes; I was going to ask you if you would find me some work. You don't know what it is for two women to sit here all alone and eat their hearts out. Give me something to do for those who are more wretched than I—I am a work—I would not refuse the meanness of it."

"Refuse you, poor child? Who am I, after all, that I should judge of your worthiness or unworthiness? I was only considering the difficulties attendant on your proposition. Perhaps, for the present, I will not put you on our regular staff of workers; but there is an old blind woman who would be most thankful if anyone would read her a chapter daily, and there is a poor girl dying of consumption, who has a drunken mother—it is a very sad case, indeed. I do not know whether you would care to undertake such a painful duty?"

"Try me," was Rotha's answer. And then, with sweet humility, "If there be any work that Mrs. Ord or you wish done, and that you think the other ladies will not like, I hope you will reserve it for me."

"Very well—then that is a bargain," he replied, cheerfully, not caring to show how much he was touched. "I shall come up and see you again about these cases, and perhaps I had better take you to poor Annie myself; one can never tell what sort of reception a lady is likely to meet with from that wretched woman, I have taken you to your word, Miss Maturin, the task is no easy one, I assure you."

"I am not afraid," returned Rotha simply.

"Perhaps Mrs. Carruthers might be induced to help us with our school and clothing club? I am afraid I am very covetous, but I must turn that magnificent voice of hers to account. I wish it were possible to make her choirmaster."

"That reminds me that I have another favor to ask, Mrs. Ord. You see," with a faint smile, "your kindness is making me bold. Do not, please, be angry with Miss Underwood; I wish she meant it kindly last night."

The vicar's face grew dark. "It was very dubious kindness then, Miss Ma-

turin. I am greatly disposed to be very severe on the subject with Miss Nettie."

"Yes, but you will not?" she pleaded earnestly. "I know how wrong it was to you all—how very, very wrong, but I am sure she meant good to us all; miserable as I was, I could not help feeling that, and I did so hope you would forgive her."

"Well, well, we shall see about it," returned the vicar, but his smile was a little forced, and then he bade her good-by. It might have been the force of old habit, but he went through the glass door out on the lawn, and so to the green door in the wall. As he let himself out he glanced back, and saw Rotha standing among the lilies watching him.

It was noticed by every one at the

The 100 Year Old Cough Cure
If the throat is "raw,"—chest sore—bad cough—and you ache "all over"—take

Bole's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam

Best thing you ever tried. It eases the throat—heals the lungs—breaks up a cold—and cures a cough in no time.

Prepared by the largest wholesale drug house in the world from the formula in use for over a century. Big bottle, 50c. At druggists.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED LONDON, ONT.

There's something better and different about

EDDY'S MATCHES

to those of any other make. And while a few grocers in this country, for the sake of a little extra profit, may urge you to buy imitations of our lines, don't be led astray.

Remember, the energy and experience of over fifty years goes into every box of Eddy's Matches. And in the future, as in the past, all other lines are simply down and out.

The E. B. EDDY CO., Ltd., Hull, Canada
DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond Street, London.

CARLING'S ALE, PORTER & LAGER.

TRY OUR

BOCK

IN BOTTLE BEER IN WOOD

Special Easter Brew.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, 4, F. HUNY & SONS, 593 Richmond Street, Phone 997.

BLANK BOOKS
AND GENERAL BINDING.
CITY BINDERY,
Removed to 355 Richmond Street.