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FASHIONABLE TAILORS,

384 Richmond St.

A Lost Gem

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Why should I go to see your new little friend?" said Lady Val, idly. "I'm not philanthropic, Charlie."

She was sitting in a low chair beside a little scarlet table, in a pleasant, luxuriously-furnished room overlooking the park. Through the high windows one could catch glimpses of soft blue sky and pale green foliage that showed the approach of summer days. Every table in Lady Val's drawing-room was crowded with pots and vases of flowers; they were her one extravagance, she used to declare. Other people thought that she had considerably more than one.

Opposite Lady Val, on another low chair, sat Charlie Rutherford. He was stooping forward to play with the ears of a dainty little dog—Lady Val's latest favorite—but the attitude was evidently assumed to conceal some trace of nervousness or embarrassment, and his hostess' quick eye noted the reason without loss of time.

"Don't tease Chico," she said, "but sit up and tell me about your protégé—oh, that isn't the right word, I see! Never mind who is she, why should I take an interest in her?"

"She comes from your part of the country, Lady Val," said the young man solemnly, "and she is very unhappy and in want of friends."

"Yes, but my dear boy, I can't go and see everybody who is in want of friends! Why is she in want of friends? Isn't she in our set? I will have nothing to do with any quixotism, remember; it is not in my line."

"You have changed, Lady Valencia," said Captain Rutherford, reproachfully. "You used to be always so ready to help."

"That was in the days when I was a nobody," said Lady Val, composedly. "It did not matter much then what I did or where I went. Times are changed, Charlie, and I have changed with them—perhaps."

"But not in that way!" said Charlie, with the warm-hearted simplicity which was characteristic of him. "You cannot have grown less kind, less sympathetic than you used to be, although you are so much richer and grander, Lady Val! If I thought that I should regret the change, indeed, but everybody knows that you are one of the most generous women in London."

"Does your young friend want a five-pound note?" said Lady Val, with a pleased but, looking light in her fine dark eyes. "I am quite open to flattery, I acknowledge; but the sooner you let me know what is required of me, the better, Charlie."

"She is not in want of money so far as I know," answered Charlie—far too much in earnest to respond in a suitably light-hearted manner to Lady Valencia's jesting; "but she wants friendly counsel and advice. She is a mere child, although a married woman, and she has married against the wish of her friends—they are not taking any notice of her."

Lady Val had taken up a great scarlet and black fan which lay on a painted milking-stool beside her, and she was swaying it slowly backwards and forwards. She now let it rest against her lips, and listened more intently, a slight frown making itself visible on her curved black brows.

"And she is awfully grieved about it; she seems to be so fond of her father, and it is so sad for her to be alone in London without a friend. Her husband—well, I suppose she's fond of him, but a man can't always be at home, you know, and she sits alone and—and cries her eyes out." And then Charlie leaned back in his chair looking quite overcome by the picture that he had drawn.

"It cannot be," said Lady Valencia, with more than her usual crispness of enunciation. "that you are trying to enlist my sympathies on behalf of Alan Moncreiff's runaway daughter?"

Charlie looked at her. "I never heard that it was a crime for a girl to marry the man she loved, even if it were against her father's will," he said, stiffly.

"Against her father's will! Her father never was asked," said Lady Val, dryly. She laid down her fan; the color had leaped into her face, and her eyes were unnaturally bright. "Excuse me, Charlie, I know the circumstances, and I know Molly Moncreiff—that is to say, I used to know her. She behaved very badly to her father—who is one of the most upright, honorable, kind-hearted men in Scotland—and I cannot say that I am altogether sorry if she now finds her position disagreeable."

Charlie rose from his chair. "If that is the view you take of it I won't trouble you any longer, Lady Val," he said, with a fine dignity, which was perhaps a little bit impaired by something of boyish tremor in his voice. "My father and Mr. Moncreiff were friends so long that I can't help thinking of Mrs. Harrington as a friend, too, and I don't like to hear her conduct put in what seems to me an unjust light. I think I must be going now, and I'll—I'll wish you good afternoon, Lady Valencia."

He bowed and made his way to the door, quite forgetting to shake hands with his hostess. Lady Val let him proceed down the long drawing-room without a word of reply; but she watched him with a very inscrutable look in her eyes, and when he was flinching with the door-handle she broke into a little laugh and called him back to her.

"Don't go like that, you dear, silly boy—excuse me, Charlie, but you know I always look on you as one of my younger brothers, and I take the privilege of speaking my mind. Come back and tell me about Molly; I'm really sorry for the poor child, although she did make such a—such a fool of herself! Perhaps it was not altogether her fault, however; she is certainly a child—a mere child!"—and a quick sigh followed the words.

"Yes, indeed, Lady Val, and so innocent-minded and candid," said Charlie, much relieved by his hostess's change of front, and eager to seat himself again and talk of Molly's many perfections. "Of course it was not her fault; it was all that fellow, John Harrington's, no doubt. I hope he knows what a prize he has got, that's all."

"I hope he does," said Lady Val. "Molly has no harm in her, I am sure of that; and a pure-minded, affectionate girl, even if she has been a little silly to begin with, might still make him an admirable wife."

"Well, Jack Harrington used to be rather a great friend of mine," avowed Lady Val, courageously, "and I'm not going to hear him abused by the world. I must say I think the two have made a great mistake. But it may turn out well in the end."

"You don't take the romantic view; some people say 'all for love and the world well lost'; don't they?" said Charlie, awkwardly.

"They do, and I'm not sure whether I don't agree with them," said Lady Val. "I don't agree with them, but the world well lost where John Harrington is concerned"—she spoke bitterly—"can you imagine that he was so simple-minded?"

"You don't mean that he did not care for her?" said Charlie, turning red.

"No, of course not," she answered hastily. "What was I saying? I only made a general remark, and you need not ruffle up your feathers over it that way, Charlie. I hope, by the by, that you are not going to pose as poor Molly's defended and preux chevalier? That is of the way to do her any good. A young pretty girl, married to a man of her own sex, not men of your age. Don't go round championing her as you have been today."

MOTHERS AND BABIES.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

TRUTHFUL ANSWERS.

Do you admire bright, healthy and good-natured babies?

Bear in mind that such babies are brought up on Lactated Food.

Would you have your own baby praised and admired by your friends?

Feed it on Lactated Food, and you will soon see that your little one is worthy of admiration.

Do you desire your baby to be robust and strong, so as to resist the diseases that the summer weather brings?

Then commence at once with Lactated Food, and your desires will be realized fully.

Do you wish baby's peevishness, crossness and fretting to cease?

Then have it fed altogether on Lactated Food, and you will have your baby cool, happy and contented all day long.

To Make Pure Blood.

There is no medicine better for the people equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the standard spring medicine and blood purifier, and it possesses the merit which others try in vain to reach. It really makes the weak strong. Do not neglect to purify your blood this spring. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with everyone who tries them. 25c.

"Algy and May have taboored ham-mocks." "Why?" "One was the cause of their first falling out."

Dr. Seigert's Angostura Bitters possess an exquisite flavor and are a sure preventive for all diseases of the digestive organs.

Paper is being used as an insulating agent for three main telephone wires that are being laid in Nottingham.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer more or less from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

It is probable that in a very few years it will be a common thing to sell electricity jars, like milk.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidotes to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

The dome of the Palais de Justice in Brussels is of papier mache and it weighs sixteen tons.

A Fact Worth Knowing.

Consumption, La Grippe, Pneumonia and all Throat and Lung diseases are cured by Shilo's Cure.

Greece stands lowest in point of wealth of all the countries in Europe.

Pills Do Not Cure.

Pills do not cure Constipation. They only aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Tea gives perfect regularity of the bowels.

Temptation is the beautiful doorway to a wretched interior.

Nerves on Edge.

I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross. Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy.

Something more than finite power is needed to prepare mankind for an infinite condition.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

It isn't always the man who has money who has a smiling countenance; it's the man who wants to borrow it.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Stratford will pay the Twenty-eighth Battalion Band \$200 for ten open air concerts.

Margaret L. Shepherd is lecturing in western Ohio. The Christian Review warns people against her.

The Sydenham glass works at Walsingham are nearly completed, and 150 hands will be shortly employed.

Wiles & Harper, proprietors of the Woodstock laundry, have left the town. They leave a number of creditors.

Squire Thompson, of Oakland, the oldest man in Brant county, celebrated his 94th birthday Saturday. He is still hale and hearty.

Alexander Campbell, of Kincardine, has been appointed license inspector for the south riding of Bruce, in place of the late John Irving, of Paisley.

Dr. Evans, of Elmwood, Perth county, has fallen from the riding. He is one of six who have become heirs to an estate in Belfast, Ireland, valued at over \$500,000.

The collectorship of the port of Southampton is again vacant, and Mr. McNeill, the member for the riding, is finding it difficult to give the appointment to everybody in the village.

Mrs. Eliza Arnold, wife of Thomas Arnold, foreman of public works, St. Thomas, died Saturday from the effects of a virus green, administered with suicidal intent. She was 45 years old. An inquest will be held.

George Elphick, of Pinkerton, one of the oldest residents of the village, died there from cancer on Wednesday. Mr. Elphick was about 65 years of age and had been in the village for many years. The greater part of his life.

A. J. C. Shaw, owner of Camdenview Farm, secretary of the East Kent Agricultural Society and Farmers' Institute, and license commissioner for East Kent, lying on the Thames River road, Camden township, four miles from Thamesville, was severely injured Saturday, having been kicked in the face by a horse, which broke his nose, besides producing other injuries. His condition is serious.

ITS FAME SPREADING.

A New Remedy in General Use in Manitoba and the Northwest.

Winnipeg, May 27.—The effects of the regular waves of sickness which sweep over the portion of the Dominion in the spring are noticeable in the increasing amount of the druggists' sales. There has been quite a run on the kidney remedy now so well known under the name of Dodd's Kidney Pills. The recovery from the effects of Mr. Arthur Coley, of Somerset, through their use, an account of which appeared in the papers, gave a considerable impetus to the sale, and the remedy has become indispensable to many Manitoba households, its fame having penetrated into the remotest parts of the Province and Northwest Territories.

MIDDLESEX.

Early on Friday fire was discovered at the general store of M. V. Morrill, Florence, and the building was completely destroyed. One part of the building was occupied by Wm. Thompson as a tailor shop. Total loss, \$5,000.

"Advertiser" City Agents.

Where the Busy Citizens Can Find the London "Advertiser" on Sale.

In addition to the large regular staff of carriers and the army of street news-vendors, we have a delivery of the London "Advertiser," it can be found on sale at any of the following addresses:

SOUTH LONDON.

George Shaw, corner Wortley road and Craig street.

J. A. Childs, corner Wortley road and Craig street.

Geo. Thompson, corner Wortley road and Bruce street.

J. C. Lea, corner Wortley road and Briscoe street.

Geo. B. Deacon, 153 Wharnciffe road.

Mrs. Doyle, 122 Wharnciffe road.

S. Watford, 87 Wharnciffe road.

E. R. Newmans, 79 Wharnciffe road.

S. S. Armitage, corner Stanley street and Wharnciffe road.

W. H. Weston, 64 Stanley street.

Richard Parsons, corner Wellington road and High street.

Mrs. Knowles, Wellington road and Craig street.

Mrs. Thompson, Wellington road, corner Maryboro Place.

Mrs. Chambers, corner Chester and High streets.

EAST LONDON.

G. F. Robertson, book store, 650 Dundas street.

Wm. Moore, book store, 868 Dundas street.

Mrs. W. Allister, book store, 760 Dundas street.

S. Wray & Son, 374 Dundas street.

Mrs. Austin, 964 Dundas street.

A. Matteson, 1,006 Dundas street.

J. A. Tucker, 342 Egerton street.

J. A. Depotte, 252 Egerton street.

R. E. Wharnciffe, 418 Hamilton road.

D. McDonald, 468-410 Hamilton road.

Mrs. Gould, 203 Hamilton road.

Benj. R. Sloan, corner Lorne avenue and Elizabeth street.

Mrs. Buckingham, 752 York street.

George Stinson, corner Rectory and Campbell streets.

Mrs. Timbrell, corner Adelaide street and Dufferin avenue.

E. L. Lidcott, 866 Dundas street.

H. W. Healey, corner Adelaide and Elias streets.

A. Cattenach, 672 Adelaide street.

C. A. Wagner, 682 Adelaide street.

LONDON WEST.

R. A. Jones, 55-52 Wharnciffe road.

Mrs. Tillman, 60 Blackfriars street.

James McKee, 48-50 Blackfriars street.

Geo. Finnegan, 45 Blackfriars street.

Mrs. Lawrence, corner Wharnciffe road and Saundby street.

CITY PROPER.

Mrs. Clarke, corner Talbot and Horton streets.

D. J. Langdon, corner York and Talbot streets.

S. B. Laird, corner Pall Mall and William streets.

D. O'Donnell, 607 Richmond street.

W. H. Shovelier, 903 Richmond street.

R. W. Sharpe, 721 Richmond street.

F. T. C. Richardson, 723 Richmond street.

George Loveless, 727 Richmond street.

C. R. Rollston, 729 Richmond street.

Connor Bros., 751 Richmond street.

Edward Shea, corner Oxford and Waterloo streets.

Wm. McKellar, corner Oxford and Waterloo streets.

A. Garrett, 774 Waterloo street.

Miss J. Wilson, book store, 262 Dundas street.

John Mills, book store, 404 Richmond street.

E. B. Leach, corner Princess avenue and Colborne street.

M. Shea, corner Cheapside and Colborne streets.

Miss Gyle, 443 Horton street.

Mrs. Summers, 187 Richmond street.

W. Bridgman, Tecumseh House news stand.

Mrs. Goddard, 398 Ridout street.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, corner Waterloo and Simcoe streets.

H. S. Rollston, corner York and Burlington streets.

Miss Mercer, 619 Richmond street.

Peter Conlon, 601 Richmond street.

Mrs. Smith, 665 Richmond street.

Mrs. McEwen, 501 Richmond street.

Thomas Hall, corner Mill and George streets.

Mrs. Porteous, 627 Talbot street.

E. H. Cowan, corner Richmond and Regent streets.

Mrs. Ashworth, Talbot, corner Bathurst street.

A. J. Clarke, Central avenue, corner Maitland street.

Wm. Smith, Clarence, corner Simcoe street.

James Johnston, Clarence, corner Horton street.

Mrs. Miller, Princess avenue, corner Cartwright street.

James Fitzgerald, Dufferin avenue, corner Maitland.

W. W. Rampling, Adelaide street, corner Princess avenue.

D. Ashwell, Piccadilly, corner William street.

W. D. Thomas, Piccadilly, corner Maitland street.

Mrs. McArthur, Adelaide street, corner Central avenue.

S. S. Casey, St. James, corner Maitland street.

Thomas Tapp, Colborne, corner Pall Mall street.

F. M. Fleming, Pall Mall, corner Maitland street.

Mrs. T. Hammond, Clarence, corner Horton street.

R. H. Cullis, 257 Wellington street.

Miss Hanlon, Wellington, corner Horton street.

Rutherford, 203 Wellington street.

Miss Johnston, 111 Wellington street.

Hough Bros., 85 Wellington street.

G. E. Ward, Waterloo, corner Hill street.

John Geary, Waterloo, corner Hill street.

Mrs. Quigley, Grey, corner Maitland street.

T. McKay, Hill, corner William street.

T. M. Sanborne, Hill, corner William street.

Mrs. Hobbins, York, corner William street.

F. L. Ross, Hamilton road, corner William street.

J. Proctor, Wellington, corner Grey street.

James Johnston, Clarence, corner Horton street.

Mrs. J. E. O'Dell, 155 Hamilton road.

G. W. Hard, 261 Wellington street.

Grand Trunk news depot, G. T. R. station.

Walter Powell, Colborne, corner Hill street.

So few women are great geniuses because so many women are so nearly that.

Some men would rather not pray than to have their trousers bag at the knees.

Song of the Washboard.

Endless rubbing—tiresome, ruinous, back-breaking; wear and tear on things rubbed; wear and tear on temper and health; wear and tear on everything—even the washboard itself. It's all done away with, if you use Pearline. There is no washboard; no rubbing; there's no wear, and there's little work. It's the only sensible way of washing—easy, economical, and above all things, absolutely safe.

Send it Back.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as" Pearline. IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back. 413 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

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Baseballs, Rubber Balls, Baseball Bats, Baseball Gloves, Footballs, Boxing Gloves.

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