

Denton & Deeks

MERCHANT TAILORS and IMPORTERS OF FINE WOOLENS

Are showing a large assortment of the latest novelties for Dress Suits in Worsteds, Cheviots, Sicunias; also French and West of England Broadcloths at very low prices. Unexcelled for fit and finish.

384 Richmond Street, London.

The Leaf in the Storm.

Down in the Berceau there were people who would have said, with wise shakes of their heads, "Tut, tut! how easy it is to make believe in a little love when one is a serving maid, and has not a soul, nor a roof, nor a friend in the world, and a comely youth, well-to-do, is willing to marry us."

But Reine Allix knew better. She had not lived 80 years in the world not to be able to discern between true feeling and counterfeit. She was touched, and drew the trembling frame of Margot into her arms and kissed her twice on the forehead, blue-veined lids of her blue eyes.

"Make him happy, only make him happy," she murmured, "for I am very old, Margot, and he is alone, all alone. And the child crept up to her, sobbing for very rapture, that she, friendless, homeless and penniless, should be thus elected for so far a fate, and whispered through her tears, "I will."

Reine Allix spoke in all form to the miller and his wife, and with as much earnestness in her demand as though she had been seeking the hand of rich Jacobo, the tavern keeper's daughter. The people assented; they had not pretense to oppose, and Reine Allix wrapped her cloak about her, and descended the hill and the street just as the twilight closed in and the little lights began to glimmer through the lattices and the shutters and the green mantle of the evening, whilst the red fires of the smithy forge glowed brightly in the gloom, and a white horse waited to be shod, with a boy in a blue blouse seated on its back and switching a hazel the first gray gnats of the early year.

"It is well done, it is well done," she said to herself, looking at the low rising sky, and the pale gold of the evening sky. "A year or two, and I shall be in my grave. I shall leave him easier if I know he has some creature to care for him, and I shall be quiet in my coffin, knowing that his children's children will live on and on in the world, and sometimes perhaps think a little of me when the nights are long and they sit around the fire."

She went in out of the dewy air into the little low, square room of her cottage, and went up to Bernadon and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Be it well with thee, my grandson, and with thy sons' sons after thee," she said solemnly. "Margot will be thy wife. May thy days and hers be long in thy birthplace."

A month later they were married. It was then May. The green leaves of the Berceau seemed to overflow with the singing of birds and the blossoming of flowers. The corn lands promised a rare harvest, and the apple orchards were weighed down with their red and white blossoms. The little brown streams in the woods brimmed over in the grass, and the air was full of a sweet mellow sunlight, a cool fragrant breeze, a continual music of humming bees and scolding larks and mule-bells ringing on the roads, and childish laughter echoing from the fields.

In this glad springtime Bernadon and Margot were wedded, going with their friends one sunny morning up the winding hill path to the little gray chapel whose walls were hidden in ivy, and whose sorrowful Christ looked down through the open porch across the blue and hazy width of the river.

Georges, the baker, whose fiddle made merry melody at all the village dances, played before them tunefully; little children, with their hands full of wood flowers, rang merrily; their old blind poodle snelt its way faithfully by their footsteps; their priest led the way upward with the cross held erect against the light; Reine Allix walked beside them, nearly as firmly as she had trodden the road 70 years before in her own bridal hour; in the hollow below lay the Berceau de Dieu, with its red gables and its thatched roofs hidden beneath the leaves, and its peaceful pastures smiling under the serene blue skies of France.

They were happy—ah, heaven, so happy—and all their little world rejoiced with them.

They came home, and their neighbors entered with them, and ate and drank, and gave them good wishes and gay songs; and the old priest blessed them with a father's tenderness upon their threshold; and the fiddle of Georges sent gladdest dance music flying through the open casements, across the road, up the hill, far away to the clouds and the river.

At night, when the guests had departed, and all was quite still within and without, Reine Allix sat alone at her window in the roof, thinking of her future and of her past, and watching the stars come out, one by another, above the woods. From her lattice in the eaves she saw straight up the village street; saw the straight line of the roof, the gleam of the broad gray water, the whiteness of the crucifix against the darkened sky.

She saw it all—all so familiar, with that intimate association only possible to the peasant who has dwelt on one spot from birth to age.

In that faint light, in those deep shadows, she could trace all the scene as though the brightness of the moon shone on it; it was all, in its homeliness and simplicity, intensely dear to her.

In the playtime of her childhood, in the courtship of her youth, in the joys and woes of her widowhood and widowhood, the bitter pains and sweet ecstasies of her maternity, the hunger and privation of struggles, desolate years of age—in all these her eyes had rested on this small, quiet, leafy street, with its dwellings close and low like beehives in a garden, and its pasture lands and corn land, wood-girt and water-enclosed, as far as the slight could reach.

Every inch of its soil, every turn of its paths, was hallowed to her with innumerable memories; all her beloved white Christ watched them; when her dead were gathered there, where the town should come, she thought, she would rest with them nothing loth.

As she looked the tears of thanksgiving rolled down her withered cheeks, and she bent her feeble limbs and knelt down in the moonlight, praising God that he had given her to live and die in this cherished home, and beseeching him for her children and that they likewise might dwell in honesty and with length of days abide beneath that roof.

"God is good," she murmured, as she stretched herself to sleep beneath the eaves—"God is good, for he has taken me to himself, if I be worthy, he will tell his holy saints to give me a little corner in his kingdom that he shall fashion for me in the likeness of the Berceau."

For it seemed to her that, than the Berceau, heaven itself could hold no sweeter or fairer nook of paradise.

The year rolled on, and the cottage under the sycamores was but the happier for its new inmate.

Bernadon was serious of temper, though so gentle, and the arch, gay humor of his young wife was like perpetual sunlight in the house. Margot, too, was so docile, so eager, so bright, and so imbued with devotional reverence for her husband and his home that Reine Allix day by day blessed the fate that had brought to her this fatherless and penniless child.

Bernadon himself spoke little; words were not in his way, but his blue, frank eyes shone with an unclouded radiance that never changed, and his voice, when he did speak, had a low softness in it that made his slightest speech to the two women with him tender as a caress.

"Thou art a happy woman, my sister," said the priest, who was well-nigh old as herself.

Reine Allix bowed her head and made the sign of the cross. "I am, praise be to God."

And, being happy, she went to the hovel of poor Madelon Dreu, the cobler's widow, and nursed her and her children through a malignant fever, sitting early and late, and leaving her own peaceful hearth for the desolate hut with the delicious ravings and rending moans of the fever-stricken.

"How ought one to dare to be happy if one is not of use?" she would say to those who sought to dissuade her from running such perils.

Madelon Dreu and her family recovered, owing to her tireless care, and she was happier than before, thinking of them when she sat on the settle before the wood fire roasting chestnuts, and spinning flax on her wheel, and ever and again watching the flame reflected on the fair head of Bernadon or in the dark, smiling eyes of Margot.

Another spring passed, and another year went by, and the little home under the sycamores was still not less honest in its labors or bright in its rest.

It was one among a million of such homes in France where a sunny temper made mirth with a meal of herbs, and filial love touched to poetry the prose of daily household tasks.

A child was born to Margot in the springtime with the violets and the primroses, and Reine Allix was proud of the fourth, and as she caressed the boy's healthy, fair limbs, thought that God was indeed good to her, and that her race would live long in the place of her birth.

The child resembled Bernadon, and had his clear and candid eyes. It soon learned to know the voice of "Grammere," and would turn from its young mother's bosom to stretch its tiny arms to Reine Allix. It grew fair and strong, and all the ensuing winter passed its hours curled like a dormouse or playing like a puppy at her feet in the chimney corner.

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

Rheumatism Runs Riot

When there is lactic acid in the blood, Liniments and lotions will be of no permanent benefit. A cure can be accomplished only by neutralizing this acid and for this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier recommended in the public eye.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and effectively, on the liver and bowels.

Genius, like a beautiful piece of machinery, has not much utility until motive power is put into it.

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 confidence."

A counterfeit of a man is he who knowingly sells a counterfeit for the real article.

THERE IS NOT a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary acknowledged efficacy.

It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

All other things being equal, the slower a merchant is to give credit the faster does he become a millionaire.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

Young men launching out into life should be as ambitious to do Right as to be Great.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant, sure and effective. If your drug-gist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Connaisseurs of driving patronize Overmeyer's Hivery, Richmond street north, as he has only the latest style of rigs. Phone 422.

By Mail and Wire

Western Ontario Items From All Quarters.

An Ingersoll Family Narrowly Escape Cremation.

Aylmer's 'Jack the Hagger' Fined \$25 and Costs—A Windsor Church Loses Its Pastor—Boy of 17 Charged With Abduction—Oil Struck Near Wyoming.

Geo. Mindely, of Plympton, sold 48 oak trees to an American for \$250 lately.

The wife of Mr. W. H. Bailey, M. C. R. agent, Blythwood, died on Sunday night.

An epidemic of la grippe has again struck Aylmer, and the doctors report numerous cases.

J. W. Hilborne, Tilsonburg, was elected township superintendent of Sunday schools at the recent convention held at Mount Elgin.

Oil has been found on the Plympton town line, a short distance south of Wyoming, on Mr. Rawlings' farm. More wells will be put down at once.

Five reckless small boys, on Sunday, jumped on a cake of ice up at Point Edward, the cake broke loose and drifted down stream and finally the lads were rescued by the Hawkesburg near the Huron and Erie docks.

Bradstreet's report announced that a suit to recover \$2,164 has been entered against Mr. J. P. Kidd, druggist, St. Thomas. Mr. Kidd is in Detroit.

The death is announced at Seaforth last week, from consumption, of John Smith, at the age of 24 years. He was formerly on the staff of the Bank of Commerce.

The firm of Little and Glendinning, Wallaceburg, have dissolved partnership. Mr. Little going out of the business, while Mr. Glendinning will continue in the same stand.

The ordination of Rev. Mr. Cranston to the pastorate of Culloden and Verchey churches took place Tuesday at Culloden. In the evening a reception and tea meeting was held.

Mr. J. Griffin, St. Thomas, has received a telegram from Winnipeg stating that Mr. Elliott, one of their travelers, had fallen down a shaft in the Winnipeg factory and was instantly killed.

Two brothers named Clouse were arrested in Simcoe on Saturday by Constables Crib and Tisdale, after a hard fight, on suspicion of stealing wheat from the premises of Mr. J. H. Woolsey, near Simcoe.

Wm. Price, the alleged "hugger," who was tried for indecent exposure, was on Tuesday found guilty by the Aylmer police magistrate, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$25 and costs, or in default to three months' hard labor at Hotel "Moore."

Following are the names of those persons who won prizes at the Alvington carnival Friday evening: First prize, ladies, Miss Maud Walker. Wm. Miller won first prize for the gentlemen. Gertrude Patterson took the girls' and R. Patterson that of the boys.

Mr. John Black died very suddenly Monday morning at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Archie McLarty, Argyle, Ont. He was 81 years of age, and resided in Yorkmouth for the past 65 years. Her husband died 20 years ago. Deceased leaves five children.

A dispatch from Cleveland, O., announces the ordination of Rev. J. A. Davidson, who was connected with the G. T. R. shops in Stratford some time ago, during which time he was a member of the Congregational Church.

Rev. A. J. Vining, pastor of Bruce Avenue Baptist Church, Windsor, has resigned to accept the pastorate of the Second Baptist Church, Winnipeg, from which he received a unanimous call some months since. His resignation was accepted with great reluctance by the congregation. Mr. Vining has been in Windsor for about two years, going there from Wallaceburg.

Columbus Ross, the retiring reeve of West Zorra, was on Friday night made the recipient of a handsome gold watch and chain, accompanied by an appreciative expression of his friends' appreciation of his services as an officer of the county and the high estimate placed upon his many amiable qualities. Angus McKay, reeve, and Deputy Geo. S. McLeod read the address.

John J. Noonan, of Minto, who was married to Miss Hayes a week ago, had a narrow escape with his bride and his wife put up at the Palace Hotel, on King street, and on retiring blew out the gas. Fortunately the landlady of the house smelled the gas. Their room was broken into and they were found in the heavy sleep which precedes unconsciousness and asphyxiation. The young couple soon recovered.

Claude Haines, aged 17 years, has been lodged in Elgin county jail and committed for trial on a charge of abduction and theft. Claude has been keeping company with Sarah Ethel Jacques, who is a minor under 14 years of age. Sarah resided with her sister, Maggie Jacques, at Eagle, and the latter presented to her sister keeping company with Claude, who, it is alleged, stole the girl away. The prisoner is also charged with stealing a shawl from the grandmother of the girl.

The family of Geo. Sprague, Ingersoll, had a narrow escape from being burned to death early Sunday morning. Mr. Sprague was awakened shortly after 2 o'clock to find the house full of smoke and himself as well as his family nearly suffocated. Mr. Sprague sprang from his bed and seized two of the children, who were sleeping near by, while Mrs. Sprague grabbed the way out of the house, clad only in their night apparel. The house and contents were destroyed. Insurance \$250, but this will not cover the contents.

The Sting Within.

It is said there is a rankling thorn in every heart, and yet that none would exchange their own for that of another. Be that as it may, the sting arising from the heart of a man is real enough, and in this land of tight boxes every common complaint also.

Man's Painless Corn Extractor is a never failing remedy for this kind of heartache, as you can easily prove if afflicted. Cheap, sure, painless. Try the genuine and use no other.

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MRS. HYAMS' EVIDENCE

Taken Before the P. M. at Her Brother-in-Law's House.

Toronto, Jan. 29.—The evidence of Mrs. Harry Hyams in the case of conspiracy to murder against Dallas Hyams was taken yesterday before P. M. Denison, at the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr. Aylesworth. Mrs. Hyams looked exceedingly frail and delicate. Her examination lasted for an hour and a half. It is about the first time that she has been able to sit after a four months' illness. She states that in July of 1904 she was in Montreal with her husband, Harry Hyams, and had at that time made application herself for \$10,000 insurance. He had talked the matter over with Harry, but Dallas knew nothing about this or any other policies. She afterwards found that the application had not gone through. At that time she had one policy for \$10,000 on Harry's life in her possession. In December of 1904 she and Harry had decided to take out of a policy for \$50,000 on her life would be a good investment, and she had come to Toronto to effect that purpose. Dallas had nothing to do with it. Ledger, the Montreal agent, it is alleged, had told her about a policy for \$100,000, and this had frightened her, at that time, but Harry had said she believed Ledger was wrong, and she believed about this or any other policies. She afterwards found that the application had not gone through. At that time she had one policy for \$10,000 on Harry's life in her possession. In December of 1904 she and Harry had decided to take out of a policy for \$50,000 on her life would be a good investment, and she had come to Toronto to effect that purpose. Dallas had nothing to do with it. Ledger, the Montreal agent, it is alleged, had told her about a policy for \$100,000, and this had frightened her, at that time, but Harry had said she believed Ledger was wrong, and she believed about this or any other policies. She afterwards found that the application had not gone through. At that time she had one policy for \$10,000 on Harry's life in her possession. 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