

Denton & Deeks

MERCHANT TAILORS and IMPORTERS OF WOOLLENS

Fall importations of stylish goods for this season are complete. Every pains will be taken to please those who favor them with their orders, which will be made up in the most fashionable style, with the best quality of trimmings and workmanship.

324 Richmond St., London.

My Charming Lodger

By Mrs. Lynn Linton.

"Why, yes, its queer enough," I answered; "and I scarcely know what to say to it. It seems a pity that you should leave London and your business just for this. Why not pack up all these jewels you speak of and send them back to the lady, saying you cannot keep them because you cannot marry her, and then go back to work with your hands quite free? That's what I would do if I were in your place. I would not let myself be frightened or banished for any old woman in the world."

He sighed. "Ah! you don't know women as I do," he returned. "Nor have I told you quite all. There is another woman in the case—Mary Edwards, Lady Aspin's orphan niece, whom I love and who loves me. If I were to do this she would turn poor Mary out of doors, and I do not know what would happen then! For the dear girl has no money, and she would be ruined. No, I dare not do that!"

I confess I did not see the logical consequence which seemed so clear to my Charming Lodger, but I supposed he knew his own business best, so did not urge my side of the question. It was evidently a danger, take it how one would, and too delicate a matter for the interference of a stranger.

But I did not like the idea of those jewels given in friendship and kept in estrangement. It seemed to me as if the very elements of honor demanded their return, and for my own part I could not have slept another night with them in my possession had I been in Montgomery Somerset's place. To him, however, this seemed not only to be quixotism, but actually criminal, in view of Mary Edwards, and that curious non sequitur—her probable dismissal from the house should they be returned.

This story perplexed me a great deal. There were features in it I did not like, and it puzzled me how to make it hang together. And more than all, it seemed to take away a certain portion of the romance I had had on my Charming Lodger—to rub off some of the glamour which he had thrown over me. Well-mannered he was, certainly, but I saw for the first time a certain artificiality in his good breeding, as if it had been an art acquired and not inherited—a certain dash of obsequiousness in his compliance which hitherto I had taken simply as good temper and quasi-carelessness. I remembered his restlessness, his waywardness, his first came, and those eager glances scanning the small world on the platform when he arrived—restlessness and anxiety which I had put down to the over-strain of London life and the nervousness resulting. But now I scarce knew what to think. The story, as he told it, did not explain things to my satisfaction, and this lessened glamour gave me a clearer insight. But was in a cleft stick, and without grounds for hostile action had I even the wish to take it.

It was in the bitterest time of the winter months when Montgomery one day said to me, "I must go to Lancaster tomorrow."

"You'll have a cold drive," I said. "He could not drive, so I knew he would not ask for my pony."

"How can I get a car?" he asked. "Oh! I'll manage that," I answered; "and I'll come with you for the sake of the outing."

I thought he looked disturbed at this, but I had an uneasy feeling about this trip. I did not want to lose sight of my Charming Lodger, who, by this time, owed me for nearly three months' board and lodging, and I wanted to see the end of the drama.

"But I mean to stop a few days," he said.

"Do you?" Well I will come back before you," I continued. "At all events, the jaunt will not be unpleasant even in this bitter weather, and we shall enjoy it better together."

"All right," said Montgomery, in a tone that suggested it was all wrong. I got the trap and we set out over the rough roads which the winter rains and storms had made worse than before. We were a little behindhand to start with. Montgomery had taken an unaccountable time to dress, and by his bulky appearance had stuffed all he possessed into his pockets. This delay lost us our train, and when we got to the station there was nothing for us but blankness and disappointment. There were but two trains out in the day—this at noon, which we had lost, and one at four to catch the up mail train at Lancaster.

"What shall we do?" I said when our fiasco was made apparent.

To my surprise and indignation my lodger's only reply was a torrent of about the foulest oaths I had ever heard from human lips.

"Swearing won't help us," I said gravely; "and please remember I am a clergyman."

Montgomery seemed to pull himself together upon this, and made an apology of a sort.

"Let us go for a drink to the pub," he said.

"All right," I answered. "You can have your drink, and I'll have some tea."

We turned up to the little village, where the Wheatsheaf held out all

manner of promises of good cheer for man and beast. In the bar parlor was found among others old Bob Lant, lounging about as usual. As we entered and gave our orders—Montgomery for his brandy and I for my tea—I saw the old fellow's eyes fixed on my companion with an anxious scrutiny. After a minute he went out, and I could see through a small pane into the door what Montgomery could not—the old constable alternately reading a sheet of paper and looking at Montgomery.

Then he went into the street, and I watched him go into the postoffice, which was also a telegraph office.

Was there any connection between this and his scrutiny of my lodger?

We were lingering about the place, Montgomery resolute to go to Lancaster by the 4 o'clock train, and I as resolute to wait at Fellside with him—I thought to his chagrin—when the noise of an engine panting into the station was heard. It was at an entirely unaccountable hour, and it meant a special. It meant something more; for presently two policemen walked up the cobbled street and turned into the Wheatsheaf, accompanied by Bob Lant. My lodger and I had gone back there for shelter from the rain, which was falling steadily.

When they entered I saw Montgomery start, turn white, and as it were cower. The elder of the two came up to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"I arrest you in the Queen's name," he said, "for stealing Lady Aspin's jewels."

"Stealing!" I cried; and I knew that I was as white as my friend, my Charming Lodger.

"Yes," said the man, stolidly. "This man, Jim Brown, was Lady Aspin's confidential butler, and made off with her jewels on the 20th of October last. Since then we've missed him, and only found out he was up with him. But now he's safe," he added, clicking the bracelets sharp and firm.

So I had taken to my home as an equal and a man of honor a clever and unprincipled thief, and confounded the superficial "gentility" of a sharp butler's quick study, with the gentleness of one of the purple-born. It was a lesson never to be forgotten nor repeated. Since then I have elected to my solitude unopened, and to give myself away no more to lodgers, charming or otherwise. For the bargain was a bad one; and I lost by the arrangement all round.

(The End.)

"The Common People."
As Abraham Lincoln called them, do not care to argue about their ailments. What they want is medicine that will cure them. The simple, honest statement, "I know that H. O. S. Sarsaparilla cured me," is the best argument for this medicine and this is what many thousands voluntarily say.

Hood's Pills are the best after dinner pills, as at digestion, cure headache. 25c.

Baron Larry, who was surgeon in ordinary to the Emperor Napoleon III., died recently. He left to the state most of his collection of Imperial relics and souvenirs. Some of these were bequeathed to him by his father, the physician of the first Napoleon.

Angerura Bitters are endorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists, for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits and ask for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

"Curiously enough," remarks the London Saturday Review, "Lord Dunsford has a perceptible, though subdued Yankee twang. If you heard him speak, without knowing who he was, you might put him down as a swaggy New Yorker."

A Baby's Life Saved.
"My baby had a cold and was saved by Shiloh's Cure," writes Mrs. J. B. Martin, of Haverhill, Mass. W. H. Strong.

Frederick Engels, the late German Socialist writer, gave directions that his body should be burned and the ashes cast into the sea. His ashes were accordingly gathered into an urn, which was taken out to sea five or six miles and cast into the water.

Consumption Can Be Cured
By the use of Shiloh's Cure. This great Cough Cure is the only known remedy for this terrible disease. W. H. Strong.

William E. Gladstone's physicians find it impossible to compel the grand old man to do less mental work. He pursues his studies as energetically as he did at the age of 20.

A Great German Prescription.
Diseased blood, constipation and kidney, liver and bowel troubles are cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea.

Of late Queen Victoria has absolutely refused to obey the orders of her physicians. The World says she still believes that she possesses at least the divine right to defy a doctor.

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

Thirty years ago it is said England had 20,000 miles of toll roads and 1,647 turnpike roads. There are now no tolls and the roads are better than they were then.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, of Carswell Postoffice, Ont., writes: "I have used Parmelee's Pills, and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Prospectors are very much elated over a find of unfading green and purple slate just north of Castletown, Vt., which they say is very valuable.

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

Fifty-dollar Parlor Suites reduced to \$35. These are the best value ever offered in London. Come and see them. KEENE BROS., 127 King street, opposite Market House.

ALL THIS WEEK

Fitzgerald, Soandrett & Co., 169 Dundas St.

We are Cooking with Cottolene

Drop in and have lunch with us. We are sure you will be pleased.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.

A Tragic End.

The Idol of the Hungarian People Meets With a Shocking Death.

The Vienna correspondent in Vogue writes thus:

Once again Vienna is mourning a beloved prince, and, in their touching loyalty and heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved royal house, the major portion of the population have donned sable garments, in order to show how deeply they feel this new sorrow which has overtaken the Hapsburg family.

Deeply was young Archduke Ladislaus loved, nay, almost adored, for his looks and his manner, which were two of his most marked characteristics, in Hungary especially he was the idol of the warm-hearted Magyars. His death is therefore regarded, both here and at Buda-Pesth, in the light of a national calamity, and is hardly a person, whether poor or rich, who does not feel for the unhappy mother whose fortune and extreme devotion have been well worthy of her exalted race and rank.

To find it seems impossible that the merry young prince who was known by all under the endearing appellation of Unser Latzi has left us for ever, I will never forget the first occasion on which I saw him. It was at the marriage of his sister to Prince von Thurn und Taxis. He was dressed as a page, and held up the bride's long train with a grace far beyond his then tender years. So beautiful did he look that the ladies of the court, and even the ladies about him, threw flowers under his little satin-shod feet, and accorded him far more attention than they did to the bridal couple. Winsome to a degree, bright and clever, Unser Latzi soon became the pet of the entire court, and any other child would have been irretrievably spoiled by the adulations of which he was the object. When he grew up to manhood, he can be said to have more than fulfilled the promise of his early youth, and his loss has produced an effect corresponding with the place he held in all Austro-Hungarian hearts.

The something inexpressibly melancholy in the face of one so young and dear to all, for had he been less so, and especially had he belonged to less exalted a sphere of society, his life would in all probability have been saved. The may at first hearing sound like a paradox, but still the fact remains that if the doctors at Arad, who first attended his case, had not felt how very precious was the existence they were to preserve by their skill, they would not have receded from undertaking the operation which, if attended to immediately, would have prevented the prince from dying miserably from gangrene on a hospital bed at Buda-Pesth.

The same feeling caused the companions of the archduke who were with him on the day of the accident to allow him to bleed almost to death before the arrival of the physicians who had been hastily summoned. He dared to attempt any kind of bandaging for fear of doing more harm than good to the imperial patient.

It was in pursuing a wild cat, which he had wounded through some tangled bushes of bracken in the forest of Hungary, where he was hunting, that the archduke allowed his loaded gun to become entangled in some drooping branches, with the result that the fall charge was shot off in the upper portion of his leg. The limb was horribly mangled and torn, and nothing can give an adequate idea of the consternation of the prince's entourage when they saw him lying torn and deluged with blood at their feet. So frightened were they, indeed, that a long time elapsed before they thought of summoning assistance, contenting themselves with sponging off the blood as best they could with their handkerchiefs; and even when the doctors appeared upon the scene they also felt the weight of their responsibility so heavily that instead of losing no time in transporting the archduke from the spot where he had lain so long, one of these litterers of pine branches went to carry their wounded comrades, the prince, to a cart from neighboring farm, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the unfortunate prince was conveyed into Arad.

Wonderful were the patience and calmness of the wounded man during these long hours of torture. Not a complaint escaped his white lips, and he managed to speak repeatedly in a cheerful tone to his companions, assuring them that he really did not suffer from his wounds, and that he could be all right very soon. An eye-witness told me yesterday that nothing could be more heart-breaking than the sight of the young archduke who so shortly before had been shouting with merriment at the game sport he was enjoying with that day, lying in a pool of blood which had dyed the green forest grass a dull crimson, his fair head pillowed on the lap of an old Jager, who was weeping bitterly and answering in a gentle, feeble voice to all inquiries as to his sufferings, nay, even summoning up a smile occasionally in order to reassure his well-meaning distracted friends.

So matters went on, the Arad doctors absolutely refused to undertake the removal of the pellets of shot which had penetrated deeply into the flesh, and sent their imperial patient on a special train, through the bare, sun-dried, pine-clad mountains to Buda-Pesth, where some of the most eminent physicians of Austro-Hungary could be found, and where the poor father and mother, Archduke Joseph and the Archduchess, awaited their boy, to accompany him to the hospital.

All these delays, together with the heat and fatigue of the voyage and the great loss of blood sustained by the young man, caused gangrene to set in shortly after his arrival at Buda-Pesth, and with sorrowful faces and heavy hearts the medical men broke the hopeless news of the case to Archduke Joseph. The death was a painful one, painful beyond all description, but to the very last the brave boy thought of nothing else but of softening the blow to his parents, and it was with his head resting on his mother's breast that he breathed his last, blessing her in a whisper "for having been the best mother a boy ever had."

THE ONLY HELP.

A Victim of Bright's Disease for Many Years—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Neepawa (Special), Nov. 11.—Mrs. T. H. McKee, formerly of Listowel, came here as a last resort. Had suffered ten years with Bright's disease. Reported to be past help and dying, her reappearance on the street in apparent good health was a pleasant surprise. The explanation given was that her little boy had insisted that she should use Dodd's Kidney Pills and prophesied that they would cure her. She says: "From the first few doses I began to feel better, and after taking four and a half boxes, I say it with heartfelt gratitude, I am perfectly cured. Dodd's Kidney Pills is the only medicine in the world that has ever cured a case of Bright's disease at such a stage."

A LEGLESS LOVER.

Strange Story of Hypnotism and Marriage from Montreal.

Montreal, Nov. 11.—A story which reads more like a novel than a statement of the actual experience of a young lady has been brought to light by the arrest of a young man named Ludger Larose, a professor at the Commercial Catholic Academy. Miss Maria Lamare, a pretty girl of 21 summers, who has lived all her life with her parents in Longueuil, was on Sept. 9 last married by the Rev. Abbe Cousineau to a man named Paulas Beauty. Beauty has no legs and also has a deformed back. How he came to fall in love with Miss Maria is not known, but it would appear that he did, and very much so.

How she was induced to marry him seems the sicker, until the father says—the girl was so successfully mesmerized that she knew not, neither did she care what she did, or what became of her. In order to have the marriage performed by the abbe it was necessary to have the archbishop's consent, and His Grace only gave this when a supposed relative made the application. It is now claimed that Larose said he was her cousin, and in this way secured the consent and the marriage was solemnized. When Mr. Lamare learned what had taken place, he set out to find the authors; hence the arrest of Larose. Some interesting particulars are expected.

AFTER THE WRECK.

Twenty of the Detroit Disaster's Victims Buried Saturday—Relief for the Bereaved.

Detroit, Nov. 11.—Twenty of the victims of Wednesday's disaster were buried on Saturday. Sympathy, substantial as well as sentimental, was tendered to the families of the dead and injured at the meeting held at the Auditorium on Saturday night. It was not a large gathering, but it was made up of the very best kind of people in the city and their dollars and quarters went to swell the sum raised for the relief of the unfortunates, as well as the larger sums that came in checks. Altogether \$11,750 was reported to the meeting to be used as a general fund, of which \$3,000 comes from the Press fund, \$2,000 from the Newberys and \$500 from Senator McMillan. This will not be the sum total raised. The meeting feared that collections be taken up in the churches, the theatres, and even the saloons, and the concert of next Sunday night is expected to yield a good sum.

Too Much Medicine

The People Are Too Apt to Imagine Themselves Slaves to Disease.

It Is a Mistake to Pour Down Medicine for the Simple Ills of Life.

Common complaints are often the most dangerous. This is so because they are generally disregarded and ultimately become chronic, or lead to more serious complications. Take, for example, constipation of the bowels. There is no more general a complaint known to man, and yet it is lightly dismissed as a trifling ailment. The fact remains that thousands of our best men and women are slaves to supposed diseases, which baffle all skill, because the seat of the trouble is not reached. Nature needs nature's remedies, which is common sense, as all will recognize. Would our symptoms be out of order most of the time were it not for our stomachs and what we take into them? Ask your physician the most common of all foundation for the ravages of disease and from which grows languor, dizziness, nervousness, headache, salivary and bad complexion, and in fact almost all the ills that afflict mankind, and he will tell you, "CONSTIPATION." To cure it permanently it must be done carefully and without the use of harsh drugs, and the only safe and best cure known at the present time is Karl's Clover Root Tea, which is composed entirely of herbs, nature's greatest remedies. As a spring medicine it cannot be equaled, and the words below from a well known Ohio man testify to the facts:

New Vienna, O., May 12, 1894.
Messrs. S. C. Wells & Co., Le Roy, N. Y.—Gentlemen: For some years I have been troubled with a skin disease which was very annoying. I tried several so-called blood purifiers, but without avail. At last I was induced to try Karl's Clover Root Tea, and am happy to say it was just the medicine I needed. My doctor was astonished at the cure, and says there must be great merit in such a medicine. Karl's Clover Root Tea is marvelous in its effect, and deserves all the praise given it. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from aggravated or chronic cutaneous affections. Very respectfully yours, A. H. HUDSON.

The American projectors of this boon to mankind have unbounded faith in this great regulator of the bowels, and from the wonderful cures worked out, as attested by hundreds of testimonials unhesitatingly recommend it to all sufferers.

Karl's Clover Root Tea may be obtained at W. T. Strong's. Samples free.

GRATTFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

(Civil Service Gazette.)
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in packets, by grocers, labeled thus: "EPPS'S CO. LTD. HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, LONDON, ENGLAND."

HEALTH FOR ALL!!!

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, and BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford Street (late 53, Oxford Street), London, and sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Boxes and Pots. If the address is not 78, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

What is**CASTORIA**

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osborn, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kinschloe, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

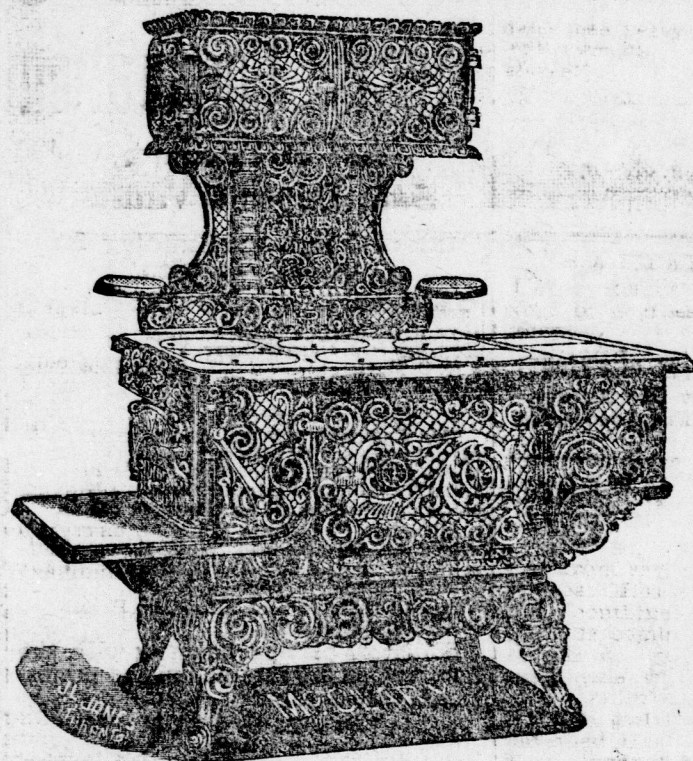
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARNOLD, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.



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Our stock is still large and fully assorted in all lines. The Famous Active Range is a perfect baker and the most economical in fuel. We guarantee every stove we sell so our customers run no risk. We have a nice line of Gas Radiators and Oil heaters at very low prices. Stove and Furnace repairing promptly done. Repairs furnished for all makes of Stoves.

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An examination of our immense assortments will certainly convince the most critical observers of our claim.

Examine Critically Our Fashionable

Winter Overcoats, \$5 50 to \$15.

Examine Critically Our Fashionable

Business Suits, \$5 to \$10.

Examine Critically Our Tasty

Children's Overcoats, \$2 50 to \$5.

Examine Critically Our Boys'

Overcoats, \$4 50 to \$6 50.

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Never Let Up**In Advertising****Is the Secret****Of Success.****READY-MADE CLOTHING---BOYS' OVERCOATS.**

Children's Suits, \$1 and up.
Men's Tweed Pants, \$1 25 and \$1 50.
Men's All-Wool Overcoats, \$4 95.
Men's Heavy Lined Ulsters, \$7 50.
Men's Beaver Overcoats, \$9 50.

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