

Great Clearing Sale

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Denton & Deeks,

Merchant Tailors and Importers, have decided to clear out their superior stock of Fall and Winter Scotch Goods at cost to make room for their spring and summer importations.

DENTON & DEEKS

384 Richmond Street.

Her Life's Love

One sob; just one, no more. Nothing in his life had ever touched Roderick like the strong self-command by which this frail girl in her utmost agony controlled its expression, and, recollecting herself, summoned all her courage, dignity, the sacred dignity of sorrow, which asks no help, no consolation.

"You must forgive me; my grief is new. Are these your flowers? Thank you; they are very sweet."

And taking them from him, she began arranging them in the folds of the shroud gently and carefully, as if she were dressing a baby, then drew the kerchief once more over the dead face.

"Now you must go away."

"I will," he answered—the first words he had uttered. "Only, just once!"

Tenderly removing the face-cloth again, Roderick stooped and pressed his lips upon the marble brow of this dead mother, inly making a solemn vow—would that all men made the same, and kept it, to other dead and living mothers! Something of its purport must have been betrayed in his look for when his eyes met those of the girl opposite she slightly started, and a faint smile suffused her cheek. Fading, it left her dead pale; she staggered rather than fell, though alone, refusing all help, into the next room.

There she sat down, Roderick standing beside her. The door was open between, he could see the foot of the coffin and its white drapery. Though now, for the first time, he was alone with his chosen love, knowing well, and having an instinct that she must know, too, that she was his love, and ever would be, there was a great awe upon him that he could not speak one word, even of the commonest consolation or sympathy. And, though he could have fallen on his knees before her and kissed her very feet, he dared not touch even the tips of her poor little pallid fingers, so strangely idle, their occupancy gone.

"What am I to do without my mother?" Silence said at last, with a piteous appeal not to him or to anybody, except, perhaps, that One to whom alone the orphan can always go.

Roderick could bear it no longer; his manhood wholly deserted him. He turned away his head and wept. The two sat there ever so long, sobbing like children; and, like children—how it came about he hardly knew—holding one another's hands. That was all! No more, indeed was possible, but it seemed to comfort her. Very soon she rose from her chair, quite herself—her quiet, grave self, robed in all the dignity of sorrow.

"Thank you; you have been very kind in coming today and in wishing to come this afternoon, as I hope you will."

Roderick had forgotten all about the telegram and his mother—everything in the world except Silence Jardine.

He drew the paper out of his pocket and laid it before her. "Read this; I got it half an hour ago. Say, what must I do?"

Silence read, slowly, and putting her hand once or twice over her forehead, as if trying hard to understand things, then looked up at him with compassionate eyes.

"Your mother! I! I am so sorry for you." Then, after a minute's pause. "You will go—and at once!"

"Yes, at once."

Both spoke in whispers still, as if conscious of some sacred presence close beside them. He was, at least, feeling this; as if a soft dead hand were laid on his wildly beating heart, and sealing his passionate lips, as he could not possibly have controlled himself as he did.

"I feel I ought to go. But my mother may be better soon. She is seldom ailing. As soon as ever I can, I shall come back again to Neuchâtel—to you. You believe that?"

"Yes. One little word, uttered softly, with bent head, and, after an instant, repeated, 'Yes.'"

Roderick felt his brain almost whirling with the strong constraint he put upon himself.

"One thing more you shall decide," he said. "The train starts this afternoon at the very hour I ought to be—do you know where. Shall I delay my journey—just for one day?"

"Not for an hour!" Silence answered, almost passionately. "Remember, you never can have but one mother. Go to her at once!"

And so he went, without another word, scarcely another look; he dared not trust himself to either.

The two or three minutes he stayed were occupied in explaining to Silence Jardine about the telegram, his mother's illness, his compelled journey, and his certain return as soon as possible.

"You will say all this to Monsieur Ruyner? And I shall find her with you when I come back?"

"Certainly. Yes."

"You will take care of her?"

"I will."

He looked at kind Sophie. There was the tender light of her love for her own good young pastor shining in her eyes. "Thank you!" Roderick took her hand and kissed it, and was gone.

He got to Biberden about four in the morning—a thorough Biberden morning, or rather night—of sleet and snow and binding rain. Entirely worn out with fatigue, he came at last to his mother's door.

For the moment he hardly believed it was his mother's, but that he must have made some egregious mistake. For the house was all lighted up, carriages were going and coming, doors were flung open, and the entrance-hall was evidently the breaking up of some festive entertainment.

He had pictured to himself the silent house—the night of anxious vigil over sick-

ness—death; for even that last terror had, as he neared home, forced itself upon his weakened nerves. Instead, he came in at the end of a ball!

"My mother—how is my mother?" were the first words that passed his lips—they had been kneeling themselves into his tired brain for the last hundred miles.

There she was, standing half way up the staircase, in her ruby velvet, point lace, and ablaze with diamonds—a little tired and a little looking, as was natural, at four in the morning, but beaming with health, good nature, and the exuberant enjoyment of life.

What a contrast to the dead mother whom he had left in her coffin so many hundred miles away!

Waiting for a pause in the stream of guests, Roderick hid himself behind the shadow of the door till Mrs. Jardine's voice, loud and hearty, had repeated a series of hospitable adieus. These he emerged, a somewhat forlorn figure, into the brilliant glare of light.

"Goodness me, Rody! is that you, my dearest boy? Girls, your brother is here!"

"No, my darling; what should there be? Oh, I remember—the telegram."

A sudden cloud came over her face, which was repeated with added shadow on her son's.

"Yes, the telegram. I thought you were ill, and I came home as you bade me, immediately. Never mind. Good-night."

"Stop my dear. Just stop."

But he would not; and went straight up stairs to his own room.

CHAPTER VII.

Roderick did not appear among his family until the next day, or rather the same day, for it was four in the morning before the last guest departed and the household sunk into quietness. Then, Bell Jardine, knocking at his door, had been greeted with a fraternal growl; and the trayful of food which, according to the family faith that the way to the heart is through the stomach she brought up to him, was left unopened on the door-mat.

"Let me alone; I will see you all at breakfast," were the only words that could be got out of him. Angry, sorrowful, and utterly worn out in body as well as mind, he threw himself on the bed in the cold fireless room—evidently he had not been expected so soon—rolled himself up in a bearskin rug, which he had bought at Neuchâtel, in planning that never-to-be-forgotten day at Lausanne, and slept for many hours. Sleep he had, but it was a heavy sleep, long after mid-day, he was surprised to find the fire lighted and a dainty little breakfast standing beside it; also his feet stretching outside the rug, were carefully wrapped up in one of his mother's slippers.

She had been in his room, then making him comfortable, as was her habit to do, as much as she could—perhaps giving him a hint, the kiss that he might not have cared for, for the tear which would only have vexed him. Poor mother! And he was her own, her only son!

Roderick was touched. When he came down stairs the first thing he did was to look for her over the house, and when they met he kissed her affectionately.

"Forgive my being so rude as to go to bed at once; but I was very tired. And you? You have been up, in spite of your fatigues, and looking after me?"

"I did so enjoy my nice breakfast! Thank you mother."

(To be Continued.)

Beyond Comparison

Are the good qualities possessed by Hood's Sarsaparilla above all its purities the blood, thus strengthening the nerves; it regulates the digestive organs, invigorates the kidneys and liver, tones and builds up the entire system, cures Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Catarrh and Rheumatism. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

It cures all liver and bile diseases, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache, etc. A grain of gold after leaving the goldbeater's hands will cover 56 square inches.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removes ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

"I don't see why Ethel has so many admirers," she remarked. "She neither sings, plays, paints nor speaks French."

"H'm," he replied, reflectively, "maybe that's why."

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the best medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c. Sold by W. T. Strong.

He-There's only half an hour until train time, and your trunk isn't half packed. She-Don't worry, dear; I have my bonnet on.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

The vast region called Western Siberia forms less than one-fifth of all Siberia, but contains two-thirds of the population, numbering nearly 3,000,000 souls.

SHILOH'S CURE is sold on guarantee. It cures Infant Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose: 25c, 50c, and \$1 per bottle. Sold by W. T. Strong.

The British Government possesses the greatest number of distinct flags, excluding those used for signal purposes, the number being 26.

REYNOLD'S EXTRACT.

There is no better safer or more pleasant cough remedy made than Hagar's Pectoral Balsam. It cures Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

A piece of iron was found in an air passage of the great pyramid which has been there since 3700 B. C.

They Do Not Despair.

An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of Consumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress is arrested by use of Bickie's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil made as palatable as cream.

"The three most difficult things are to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of one's leisure."

THE PLAY TRUTH.

CONSTIPATION, Headache, Biliousness and Bad Blood are promptly cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, which act upon the stomach, liver, bowels and blood, curing all these diseases.

It is a lucky trick that escapes skinning. The best happiness will be to escape the worst misery.

H. O. E'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "H. O. E's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used. For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75c. Sold by W. T. Strong."

One talent well used gives its possessor greater satisfaction than five talents buried beneath the rust of idleness and sloth.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Windsor council will officially welcome Gen. Booth.

Reeve Watterworth, of Oxford, is making a visit to his mother, and a brother of E. Watterworth, ex-M.P.P. of Glenora.

Chatham's water supply in Raleigh township gave out on Monday, and the citizens have been forced to drink river water.

Rev. R. A. Howey, a supernumerary minister of the Methodist Church (London Conference), died at his home near Cotten on Saturday morning last.

Luke Thompson, a North Chatham billiard room proprietor, was fined \$5 and costs on Monday for allowing minors to frequent his establishment.

The employees of the Brantford Export office presented J. J. Hurlie, foreman of the job department, with a handsome marriage time-piece as it came on the occasion of his marriage.

Theodore Goodyear, for forging the name of A. E. Simlae, of Harrow, to a \$75 note, was given three years in Kingston by Judge Heald at Sandwich on Monday George Allie, for picking the pocket of his friend, Alex. Cameron, got eighteen months.

Mr. Henry Brownlee, a prominent farmer and stock raiser, of Brook Township, died suddenly the other morning, aged about 70. He was a brother of the late Mrs. W. Mulligan, of Southwold. Rev. W. Brownlee, of Gorrie, is a son, and Mrs. J. W. Edy, St. Thomas is a niece.

Robert McAllister, con. 4, Culross Bruce county, broke his leg in two places a few days ago. He was helping to load sawlogs and the skid slipped, letting the log roll on McAllister's leg on Monday George Allie, for picking the pocket of his friend, Alex. Cameron, got eighteen months.

Alex. St. Louis has taken out a quo warranto against Deputy Reeve Reaume, Councilors Sylvester, St. Louis and Robinson, of Sandwich East. The defendants were elected this month, and it is alleged by the relator that a number were allowed to vote who were not on the lists.

A very sad accident happened on the St. Clair River on Friday at Courtwright. A young man, whose name was run over and killed by an iceboat. In his efforts to get out of the way he fell and was run over. The iceboats run from 30 to 40 miles an hour, so it can be easily understood where the danger lies. A few days ago one of them ran into an air hole and gave the occupants a thorough wetting.

ALVINSTON.

(Advertiser) Agent, P. A. McDiarmid.)

The funeral of the late Mr. A. E. Cummer, proprietor of the Alvinston Free Press, was largely attended, being a striking token of the esteem in which the deceased was held.

A hockey club was organized in town last Saturday evening with the following officers: President, Arthur Hunt; captain, Dr. J. B. Martyn; secretary, treasurer, H. J. D. Cooke. Every indication points to the success of the club.

The Quaternary Orchestra will hold a carnival on Wednesday evening, Jan. 30. Prizes will be given to the best character representation by gentlemen, lady, boy and girl. A grand time is expected.

During the next week we will have entertainments galore. On Thursday evening, Jan. 31, the Cosgrove quartet will give an entertainment in the Music Hall, and on Tuesday evening, Feb. 5, Miss Alice H. Galbraith, of London, Ontario, a solo-singer and dancer, and her talented company, will appear in the Music Hall in the interests of Hannibal Camp, Sons of Scotland.

The ice harvest is in full swing now. Our hotel men, butchers, bakers and many private citizens are laying in a large supply. No prospects of famine next summer.

During the good sleighing the town takes on its old-time business appearance. Logs and heading in large quantities are being brought in to the stage and heading works, and our merchants generally report an increased volume of business.

Miss Lena Morrison is very low at present with inflammation. We hope for her a rapid recovery.

Negotiations are on foot to have the town lighted by electricity in the near future. Our town is bound to adopt all the latest improvements.

A STANDING OFFER.

Efforts to Put Down a Scheme to Defraud—Reward Given for the Discovery of the Perpetrators.

TORONTO, Jan. 30.—The offer of a reward for information that will lead to the exposure of the persons who have in a couple of Canadian cities, attempted to palm off substitutes for Dodd's Kidney Pills still holds good. The proprietors of this remedy are determined to guard the interests of the public who may be deceived by a worthless preparation, which a human life may depend on the patient getting the genuine remedy. They will be glad if any person will notify them of any such attempt to defraud, and their offer of a reward for such information is a standing one.

CANADIAN PACIFIC EARNINGS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—The Canadian Pacific road reports for December gross earnings of \$1,554,859, a decrease of \$73,025; expenditures, \$986,416, a decrease of \$7,546. For the year 1894 the gross earnings were \$18,752,168, a decrease of \$2,210,149; expenses, \$12,328,558, a decrease of \$892,043; and net, \$6,423,610, a decrease of \$1,315,106.

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about the use of Northrup's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cold, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore, but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrup & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle, and when I had used about one half the bottle showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared, and my general health was improving fast. I was all ways of a very bilious habit, and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using three bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer that I know of."

The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true scale would be found very indigent and needy.

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

One talent well used gives its possessor greater satisfaction than five talents buried beneath the rust of idleness and sloth.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, those things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



If he was an artist he would be just as pleased with a Kohinoor Pencil.

Ask to see one of these pencils at your stationer's.

The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Oak Hall

The Great One-Price Clothiers.

OUR MIDWINTER REDUCTION SALE OF

MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING!

A sweeping reduction of prices in all departments. See our surplus stock. All broken lines, all odds and ends, must be cleared out. Our prices will tell the tale. Nothing carried over. We must have room for spring goods.

OAK HALL,

148 and 150 Dundas Street, London.

Alfred Taylor, Manager.

ADVERTISE in the ADVERTISER.

City Coal & Wood Yard

We have a large stock of nearly all maple wood at workingman's prices. A special price in three cord lots and over. Also a large consignment of coal, No. 1 quality, at lowest prices.

CAMPBELL & CHANTLER

176 Bathurst street. Phone 347.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED NOV. 18, 1894.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Lehigh Express (W.)	4:02 a.m.	4:07 a.m.
Wabash Express	4:15 a.m.	4:20 a.m.
Accommodation	4:25 a.m.	4:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A.)	4:35 a.m.	4:40 a.m.
Day Express	4:45 a.m.	4:50 a.m.
Wabash Express (A.)	4:55 a.m.	5:00 a.m.
Mixed (C.)	5:05 a.m.	5:10 a.m.
Detroit Express	5:15 a.m.	5:20 a.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (A.)	2:15 a.m.	2:20 a.m.
Lehigh Express	2:25 a.m.	2:30 a.m.
Wabash Express (A.)	2:35 a.m.	2:40 a.m.
Accommodation	2:45 a.m.	2:50 a.m.
Pacific Express (A.)	2:55 a.m.	3:00 a.m.
Mail	3:05 a.m.	3:10 a.m.
Accommodation	3:15 a.m.	3:20 a.m.

Branch Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Lehigh Express (W.)	4:02 a.m.	4:07 a.m.
Accommodation	4:15 a.m.	4:20 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A.)	4:25 a.m.	4:30 a.m.
Day Express	4:35 a.m.	4:40 a.m.
Mixed (C.)	4:45 a.m.	4:50 a.m.
Accommodation	4:55 a.m.	5:00 a.m.

Branch Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (W.)	2:15 a.m.	2:20 a.m.
Lehigh Express	2:25 a.m.	2:30 a.m.
Wabash Express (A.)	2:35 a.m.	2:40 a.m.
Accommodation	2:45 a.m.	2:50 a.m.
Pacific Express (A.)	2:55 a.m.	3:00 a.m.
Mail	3:05 a.m.	3:10 a.m.
Accommodation	3:15 a.m.	3:20 a.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Express	9:45 a.m.	9:55 a.m.
Mail	6:25 p.m.	6:35 p.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Mixed-Mail	11:10 a.m.	11:20 a.m.
Express	2:45 p.m.	2:55 p.m.
Express	8:15 p.m.	8:25 p.m.

Toronto Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Hamilton-Depart	6:45 a.m.	6:55 a.m.
Hamilton-Arrive	8:20 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Hamilton-Depart	8:20 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Hamilton-Arrive	8:35 a.m.	8:45 a.m.

* These trains for Montreal.

(a) Runs daily, Sundays included.

(b) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.

(c) Carries passengers between London and Paris only.

E. DE LA HOOKE, City Passenger Agent, and Ticket Agent, the "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas streets.

ERIE AND HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

	A.M.	P.M.	P.
Blenheim.....	8:20	12:05	6
Largo.....	8:35	12:22	6
Chatham (C. P. R.).....	9:00	12:42	6
	9:10	4:45	
M. C. R. Junction.....	11:17	6:57	
	11:31	7:00	