

Coated

ook at your tongue. Coated? Then you have a bad in your mouth every ning. Your appetite poor, and food dis- ses you. You have uent headaches and often dizzy. Your ach is weak and r bowels are always stipated. There's an old and re- cure:



Don't take a cathartic and then stop. Be- take a laxative dose night, just enough to e one good free move- the day following. ou feel better the next day. Your etite returns, your pepsia is cured, your daches pass away, r tongue clears up, r liver acts well, and r bowels no longer ou trouble.

Price, 25 cents. All druggists.

have taken Ayer's Pills for 35 and I consider them the best. One pill does me more good half a box of any other kind I ever tried.

Mrs. N. E. TALBOT, 120-122, Arrington, Kans.

AL MILLS, COLCHESTER CO

Our grist mill, which is e skillful management of Mr. McKay and Mr. A. T. Mc- is doing a rushing business on, and show by their ex- trade that they are ex- the work.

w school house is slowly but nearing completion, and it e occupied by our teacher, ie M. Baillie, of this place. ary Murray, of Meadowville, e been visiting her sister, M. Sutherland, has return

ena Sutherland, of Earlton, a visit at her sister's, Mrs. Donald.

S. Ross is doing a rushing this winter in the Eastern Springhill. This majestic ill soon be deprived of its spruce and hemlock. The has been contracted to be his brother, Walter Ross, s the portable saw mill.

M. Sutherland has com- pting up a rotary saw mill erick McKenzie of West River John.

Mary McDonald, who has ree months in Boston, is ain.

Ln R. Sutherland and Mr. McDonald were in town last and report the roads bad Mountain.

ads here, which have been up by the recent snow- are in good condition again. nas is drawing high, and ds are being held.

SNOW BIRD.

ery Form of Piles

George Thompson, a leading t of Blenheim, Ont., states: "I was troubled with itching piles for years, and at times they were could scarcely walk. I tried many remedies, but never anything like Dr. Chase's Oint- It cured me."

a Jackson of the Laurie Spool y, St. Alexis des Monts, Que. "I was troubled for two years at cruel disease, bleeding piles, using Dr. Chase's Ointment. I am entirely rid of it. It asure to all suffering from

D. Thornton, blacksmith, N.W.T., states: "For fifteen suffered untold agony from ching piles, and have been un- ment with well-known phy- I had 15 tumors removed, but no positive cure. I have sur- than I can tell, but can now thanks to Dr. Chase's Oint- am positively cured, and by a half boxes. 60c a box.

our visiting cards at the office, Truro, N. S., printed in script (like engraving), or new style Roman plate, very Ladies' and gents' sizes; 50 e in a package.

Chase's Ointment.

BEAUTY'S EYES.

A LOVER'S FASCINATION.

Delightful, Dashing, Daring.

Continued from last issue.

"Can you remember to have heard our father spoken of, Florabel?" he asked, suddenly.

"Nothing more than that he died when I was very young," she replied.

"He broke our mother's heart," declared the young man, hoarsely.

"Nothing but good should be spoken of the dead; but I repeat that it is quite true. He treated her so cruelly she was obliged to live apart from him; and I—ah! how grieved I am to say it—clung to my father. I was but a boy of ten; how could I dis- criminate between right and wrong?"

"I can remember how my fair young mother came to me, and plead- ed with me on her knees, to leave father and come with her, for she feared his evil example; and I refus- ed. Slowly she raised herself to her feet—'Then from this hour you are as one dead to me,' she said. She turned away, and I never looked upon her living face again."

"You could not understand, even if I were to picture to you, the life my father led and the influences which surrounded me. He was a gambler, and led a reckless, checkered life. On one day he feared as sumptuously as a lord; on the next we went supperless to bed. The wine cup, too, had a most terrible fascination for him. And, oh, Florabel, how can I find words to tell you this—but it must be told. One night, at the gambling table, under the influence of drink, he took a fellow creature's life, and the sentence passed upon him by the law was a life for a life; but the gallows was cheated of its prey. They found him one morning in his cell—dead!"

A wild, bitter cry broke from the girl's lips. Her face was pallid with awful horror too pitiful for words. But if the young man heard he did not heed it. He continued, bitterly:

"Thrown on the world as I was, and steeped at so young an age in per- nicious associates, little Florabel, do not wonder that I went wrong. I have done more harm in the world than good. I followed in my father's footsteps. I was reckless. Evil com- panions led me into a great wrong. I forged my employer's name, Florabel; then fled, horror stricken at my crime."

"Do not look at me with such hor- ror in your eyes, Florabel. I have re- pented it. But, alas! the way of the transgressor is hard. I am hounded down. I would be shown little mercy, even though I made restitu- tion dollar for dollar."

"Now you know why I dared not openly claim you as my sister, Florabel darling, and why I am in disguise in name as well as in appearance. They are on the outlook for Arthur Dean. I tremble at the sound of a footstep. My heart almost stops beat- ing at the sound of a strange voice. There is no sensation in life more ter- rible than the knowledge that a man has a price set upon him; the feel- ing that he is hunted like a wild beast; that the man who gives him food and drink would surely betray him if he knew who he was. There is no hell so terrible to a man as the reproach of his own conscience. Be kind to me, Florabel. I have thrown myself unreservedly upon your mercy. You will not betray me?"

She looked up into the white, hand- some face. "No, brother," she said, slowly, "I will not betray you. Would to Heaven the knowledge of all this had been spared to me! It has shadowed and darkened my life."

"I could not be near you without the fear, in some unguarded moment, impulse might overcome judgment. If I had stooped to kiss you or take you in my arms, you would have shrieked aloud—alarmed your hus- band; then my identity would have been revealed; and you know what that would mean."

At her husband's name a low cry came from Florabel's lips. What a web of sorrow, shame and disgrace was woven about her! A felon's daughter! The sister of a forger! God pity her! Max would surely leave her if he knew that.

"Florabel," said Arthur, sadly, "let me hear you speak my name once. Say God bless you, brother Arthur, before we part; for I leave the villa to-night. I have already said good-bye to its inmates."

She turned her fair, sad face toward him, and he never forgot it as he saw it then. The breath of the summer wind was not more faint than the voice that said:

"God bless you, Arthur! My un- happy brother, farewell!"

He dared not clasp her in his arms, pillowing the drooping, golden head on his breast—wipe away her tears and comfort her; he felt that in her sweet innocence and guileless purity she was far above him as an angel from heaven. He could have knelt at her feet, but he dared not clasp her in his arms.

"If you had sent me from you in anger and disgust, dear, I should have gone straight to the bed," he

murmured, "but for your sake I will try to live a new life—I will, indeed, Florabel."

Neither of them saw the dark figure of a woman, stealing as stealthily as a shadow down the path that led from the rose arbor to the house. It was Inez Clavering; she had seen Florabel steal from the house, and had follow- ed her, seeing the meeting between herself and Arthur Hurlhurst.

It must be admitted she was not above listening; but they talked so low, not a word was audible from where Inez stood, concealed by the flowering plants.

Suddenly a cruel thought came to her. She would go and fetch Max. He should witness their clandestine meeting, and if it parted them, so much the better.

She acted upon the thought at once.

She found him smoking on the west- ern terrace. She glided up to him, noiselessly, and laid a little, white jeweled hand on his arm.

"Oh, it's you—is it, Miss Claver- ing?" he said, rising hastily, and courteously placing a seat for her. "I thought it was Florabel, my wife. I had almost forgotten that she went up to her room with a sick headache, with the avowed intention of not join- ing us this evening."

CHAPTER XII.

"Max," said Miss Clavering, de- clining the proffered seat and taking a step nearer him—"I wonder if I should be accused of interfering, if I were to tell you of something I ob- served a few days since, and which seems to have led to quite an unlook- ed-for climax to-day."

"By no means," he declared; he should be only too pleased to listen.

"She is so very young and knows so little of the world, I feel it my duty to speak, that you may warn her against any step, which might seem—well, a little imprudent."

"What has Florabel been doing?" asked Max, with a smile. "Has she broken some terribly severe law of etiquette?"

"It is not that—but of our late vis- itor, Mr. Hurlhurst, I would speak. He was a very handsome young man, and one who could fascinate where he chose."

"Well, and what can that have to do with Florabel's shortcomings?" demanded Max, surprisedly.

"On the first day of his arrival we all remarked how much he seemed struck with Florabel. Mind, I insin- uate nothing against him. He is only a man of the world, but I believe he has been trying to get up a sentimental friendship with her."

"What makes you think so?" asked Max, indifferently, for he saw nothing remarkable in any one admiring his beautiful young wife.

"I noticed a little circumstance which struck me rather unpleasantly," replied Inez. "I saw him on two occasions slip a note into her hand."

"You must be mistaken, Miss Claver- ing," declared Max, his face flush- ing hotly. "My wife would never receive a letter from any one."

"It is true," said Inez. "I repeat, I saw it." She saw his face grow dark.

"If that fellow has dared to write nonsense to my wife, I would follow him and thrash him," he cried. "I can see how it is. Florabel did not mention these notes. She was afraid I would quarrel with him."

"I think I can make a pretty accu- rate guess at the contents of the last one," said Inez, quietly. "It must have been an appointment to meet him in the rose arbor to say good- bye; for she has gone there, and there they have met. She is not in her room, but in the rose arbor now. I am sure there can be nothing wrong. With a few well-chosen words you can put her on her guard. She is so very young and inexperienced. If he had requested her to meet him, she would go, not knowing how to refuse."

Max Forrester sprang to his feet, and, with one bound, had cleared the terrace, and was flying over the lawn to the rose arbor, his foot-falls mak- ing no sound on the long, green grass.

As he neared the arbor he heard voices—low, whispered voices—and the next instant two figures stepped out into the white, bright moonlight.

At the first flash of light he saw that Inez's words were true. It was indeed Arthur Hurlhurst and Florabel, and the sight struck him motionless and dumb. He had come to a sudden halt, standing there like a statue, stunned and bewildered.

What were they doing here—his handsome friend and Florabel? Had the skies fallen at his feet he could not have been more startled or amazed.

He had believed in Florabel so im- plicitly, in her guileless truth, her freedom from every taint of the

God! what could it mean?

He tried to spring forward and con- front them, but his limbs refused to move. He stood watching them like one paralyzed, unable to speak or move.

He saw Arthur Hurlhurst hold out his hands to Florabel, and he heard him say:

"It shall not be farewell forever, dear little Florabel. I shall soon come back to you, and then—"

The wild moaning of the wind among the trees drowned the rest of the sentence.

He tried to call out to them with mighty fury, but the words he would have uttered died away in his throat, leaving no sound. He could only stand there like a man turned to stone, incapable of action, hidden from them by the trees, while they passed down the path, and out of sight.

After parting with Arthur, Florabel hurried to the house. She stood for a moment panting in the corridor, lean- ing against a marble Cylind, her hand pressed tightly over her heart to stop its wild throbbing, ere she dared en- ter the drawing room where she ex- pected to find Max.

He must not notice her agitation. By a supreme effort she controlled it, and threw open the door. Max was not there. Nor was he smoking his cigar, out on the terrace, as was his custom, at about this time.

What if he had walked out into the grounds, tempted by the beauty of the night, and by any horrible chance saw her at the entrance of the rose arbor with Arthur!

Her heart almost ceased to beat as the thought flashed through her brain. Then she put it from her with a shuddering cry. Ah, no, fate would be too kind to her to allow anything like that to happen.

She walked slowly and thoughtfully up to her room.

"A convict's daughter! A forger's sister!" she murmured. "Heaven pity me! How quickly Max would leave me if he knew that!"

That night, while darkness and sil- ence fell upon the villa, there was one beneath its roof who seemed to die a living death. That night a fair young face lost its radiance and youth; a pure, loving heart rebelled bitterly against dark, stern fate; a golden head tossed wearily to and fro; and in the darkness came but that one thought:

"If Max knew, he would despise me and send me from him."

In the rose garden which lay back of the villa a different scene was trans- piring. Max Forrester was pacing up and down like one driven mad.

He had followed Arthur Hurlhurst to the station, and it would have ended in a tragedy if fate had not inter- fered. He arrived there a few min- utes after the train had started, bearing his handsome guest with it.

Max Forrester retraced his steps to the villa, but it was hours before he could control himself sufficiently to enter the house and go up to Florabel's boudoir.

The house was wrapped in gloom and darkness. No doubt she slept. What he had to say to her must wait until to-morrow.

All night long he paced the library—surely, one of the most unhappy men the world ever beheld.

Early the next morning he sent for Florabel.

"Would she go down to the draw- ing room? Mr. Forrester was wait- ing there to see her." That was the message her maid delivered.

She threw on her pretty blue morn- ing robe, and hurried down stairs. She pushed the door open softly.

Max stood before the mantel, his fair, handsome head leaning on his hand against the cold, pulseless mar- ble, his back turned toward her.

How dejected and unhappy he look- ed; or, perhaps it was only her fancy. Florabel tiptoed shyly to his side, and glanced up into his handsome face. How strange, haggard and white he looked.

It was a wonder that the odor of the pale rose she wore did not warn him of her near presence; it usually did. He was so much engrossed in his thoughts that he appeared never to see nor hear.

"Max," she called, softly, holding out her little white hands to him.

To be Continued.

Suffocating With Croup

Croup is the terror of every mother and the cause of frequent deaths among small children. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine brings prompt relief to the loud, ring- ing cough, makes breathing easy and prevents suffocation. It is mothers' favorite remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough and asthma.

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I. C. R. TIME TABLE. (For Truro.)

In Effect Monday, Nov. 26, 1900. (Daily, except Sunday.)

ARRIVALS.

From Halifax.

No.	Local time.
75 Accommodation	2.50 a.m.
25 Express, C. P. R.	9.50 a.m.
1 Express	10.30 a.m.
85 Express, C. B. Flyer	3.10 p.m.
33 Express, Maritime	4.35 p.m.
17 Accommodation	5.10 p.m.
67 Freight	6.35 p.m.
13 Express, Local	7.35 p.m.

From North.

16 Freight, daily	9.45 a.m.
34 Express, Montreal	3.00 p.m.
2 Express, St. John	5.35 p.m.
24 Freight	7.25 p.m.
26 Express, C. P. R.	8.20 p.m.
From Pictou and Mulgrave.	
18 Accommodation	9.40 a.m.
56 Accommodation	3.35 p.m.
20 Express	4.25 p.m.
86 Express C. B. Flyer	7.40 p.m.

DEPARTURES.

For Halifax.

14 Express, Local	6.10 a.m.
58 Freight	7.30 a.m.
18 Accommodation	10.50 a.m.
84 Express, Maritime	3.10 p.m.
20 Express, Mulgrave	4.50 p.m.
2 Express, St. John	5.50 p.m.
85 Express C. B. Flyer	7.50 p.m.
26 Express, C. P. R.	8.30 p.m.

For North.

23 Freight	8.00 a.m.
25 Express, C. P. R.	10.00 a.m.
1 Express, St. John	11.05 a.m.
33 Express, Montreal	4.45 p.m.
15 Freight	6.35 p.m.
For Pictou and Mulgrave.	
55 Freight	7.00 a.m.
19 Express	10.45 a.m.
85 Express C. B. Flyer	3.15 p.m.
17 Express for Pictou and New Glasgow	8.35 p.m.

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Office hours 7.30 a. m. to 9.30 p. m. (local time). Money Order Office. Hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

For Amherst, St. John, Upper Pro- vinces and U. S. A., 9.40 a. m. and 4.30 p. m.

For St. John and Way Stations, 10.50 a. m.

For Halifax (Accommodation) 10.25 a. m.

For Halifax (C. P. R.) 8.15 p. m.

For Halifax and Shubenacadie, 2.55 p. m.

For Halifax, Way Stations, and Western Counties, 5.45 a. m. and 5.25 p. m.

For Pictou and Eastward, 10.25 a. m.

For Pictou and New Glasgow and Short Line, 8.15 p. m.

For Old Bams, 11.30 a. m.

For Onslow (Daily) 11 a. m.

For Sackville and Harmony, Monday and Thursday 11.30 a. m.

For Upper Brookside, Tuesday and Friday, 11 a. m.

For North River and Earibova, Mon- day, Wednesday and Friday, 11 a. m.

English Mail, via Rimouski, Friday, 4.30 p. m.

English Mail via New York, Monday and Thursday, 9.40 a. m.

Box at Victoria Square opened 9.35 a. m., 10.20 a. m. and 4.20 p. m.

Box at Corner of Prince and Church Streets 9.30 a. m., 10.15 a. m. and 4.15 p. m.

TRURO FIRE ALARM.

Box No. 13—Corner of King and Victoria streets.

Box No. 15—At Electric Light Sta- tion, King street.

Box No. 24—On flag staff at Post Office, Prince street.

Box No. 25—At Kent's coal shed on Arthur street.

Box No. 26—On pole at corner of Pleasant and Arthur streets.

Box No. 32—North side of Buck & Boyd's store, corner of Prince and Inglis streets.

Box No. 35—South side of Passenger Station, near centre of building, on Railway Esplanade.

Box No. 34—At Pumping Station on Walker street.

Box No. 35—On Telegraph Pole, near the corner of Prince and Lymal streets.

Box No. 34—Corner of Alice and Moore streets.

On the discovery of a fire, the first duty of every citizen is to run to the nearest Iron Fire Alarm Box, break the glass in the small red wooden glass front box, beside the alarm box, and get the key of alarm box, and give the alarm by pulling the hook, with a strong quick pull to the bottom of the