NOVEMBER 12, 160

and had thought about them a deal during a sleepiess, unensy their simplicity, their straig ward unconsciousness, had at her in spite of her cynicism. The first suspicion of myster withdrew into herself rather hily. "Do speak out, i beg, Missloner; for if there be one thin makes me impatient, it is tranything implied."

"I am quite of your opinion plied Phillis, with equal haughonly it sat more strangely girlishness. "That is why I at to-night—just to inquire after foot and explain things."

Well?" still more impatienthis woman was a spoiled chi

this woman was a spoiled chi hated to be thwarted, and w disciplined and imperious eno ruin all her own chances of

ruin all her own chances of ness.
"I told you that we were poor," went on Phillis, in and steady voice; "out that seem to distress you much, thought how noble that was," ing her breath in an instant, will make a difference and she dradfully, as it did Mr. Drawhen I tell you we are dress—Nan and Dulce and I; at ie will be our future occupation "Ah, just so!" ejaculate Mewlstone; but she said it vlips far apart, and a misting into her sleepy blue eyes. though she was stout and aged, and breathed a little tily at times, she remember ago when she was young and had to wage a bitter with world—when she ate bread and drank the bitter dependence and felt herself ished by such unpalatthle su

bread and drank the bitter dependence and felt herself ished by such ungalatable su "Oh, just so, poor thing!" A tie round tear dipped on to f searlet, fleecy wooi.

But Mrs. Cheyne listened to noucement in far differe There was an incredulous Phillis, as though sie susp of a joke; and then she left by harsh laugh, plassin to hear.

"Oh, this is droll, passin she said, and leaned bee cushions and drew her Ir

"Oh, this is droll, passir she said, and leaned bac cushions and drew her Ir mere round her, and frowne "I am glad you find it so, Phillis, who was nonpluse and did not know what to was a little angry in con and then she got up from with a demonstration of am glad you find it so; I it is sad earnestness!"

"What! are you going?"

Cheyne, with a keen glam strain go tall and strain you going? "Theyne, with a keen glam straining so tall and strain paceity of resources," with the reason for taking so straining so training will be the sold and t

ip curled a fittle, pertarily.

"We must make dress for our fingers are cleve brains," replied Phillis, d she knew nothing about powers were so immatt fledged that she had ne wings, and had no no she could fly or not, an had; a clearer head. "Work that we know we and we mean not to bour occupation. In the

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THE SISTERS

An Interesting Story of the Life of Sisters whose circumstances varied.

......

2

"Well, it is nothing to me," he re-turned in a chilling manner; "we all know our own mind best. If an angu-lar lantern-jawed fellow like Burlar lantern-jawed fellow like Burton, who, by the bye, does not speak the best English, is to Isabel's taste, let her have him by all means; he is well-to-do, and I dare say will keep a carriage for her by and by; that is what you women think a great advantage," finished Archie, who certainly seemed bent on making himself disagreeable.

Mattic heaved another great sigh,

Mattie heaved another great sigh but she did not dare to contradic but she did not dare to contradict him. Grace would have punished him on the spot by a dose of satire that would have brought him to reason and good nature in a moment; but Mattie ventured only on those la-borious sighs which she jerked up from the bottom of her honest little heart.

heart.

Archie heard the sigh, and felt a shamed of his bad temper. He did not know himself why he felt so suddenly cross; some secret irritation was at work with from hidding his hidding him and he denly cross; some secret irritation was at work within him, and he could searcely refrain from bidding Mattie quite roughly to hold her tongue and not tease him with her chatter. If she expected him in his present state of mind, which was at once contradictory and aggressive, to talk to her about the Challoners, she once contradictory and aggressive, to talk to her about the Challoners, she must just make up her mind to be disappointed, for he could not bring himself to speak of them to her just now; he wanted to hold counsel with his own thoughts and Grace. He would call at the Friary again and see Mrs. Challoner, and find out more of this strange matter; but as to talking it over with Mattie, he quite shrugged his schoulders as he swing open the door.

"Are you going in?" faltered Mattie, as she noticed this movement.

"Well, yes; I have letters to write, and it is too hot for a longer walk," he returned, decidedly; and then, as Mattie stood hesitating and wistful in the middle of the road, he strode off, leaving the door to close noisily after him, and not caring to inquire into, her further movements, such beging the opensional grazulars meaning the coresional contents.

after him, and not caring to inquire into her further movements, such being the occasional graceless manners of brothers when sisterly friendship is not to their liking.

Mattie felt snubbed, but, for the first time in her life, she did not stake her snubbing meckly. It was too much to expect of her, who was only a woman and not one of Archie's divinities, that she should follow him into the house and hold her tongue ljust because he was pleased to refrain from speaking. Water must find its vent, and Mattie's tongue could it. frain from speaking. Water must find its vent, and Mattie's tongue could not be silenced in this way. If Archie would not tak' to her, Miss Middle-ton would; so at once she trotted off for Brooklyn, thereby incurring Archie's wrath if he could only have known her purpose; for gossip was to him as the sin of witcheraft, unless he stronged to it himself, and

hes he stooped to it himself, and then it was amiable sociability.

Miss Middleton was listening to her father's reading, as usual, but she welcomed Mattie with open arms, litter was the stoopen arms with the stoopen arms to be supplied to the stoopen arms to be supplied to the stoopen arms. welcomed Mattie with open arms, literally as well as metaphorically, for she kissed Mattie on either cheek, and then scolded her tenderly for looking so flushed and tired: "For somebody who is always looking after other people, and never has time for herself, is growing quite thin, is she not, father? and we must write to Grace if this goes on," fluished Miss Middleton, with one of her kind looks.

All this was cordial to poor Mat-tie, who, though she was used to

All this was commanded to be subbing, and took as kindly to it as a spaniel to water, yet felt herself growing rather like a threadpaper and shabby with every-day worten and never an encouraging word to inspirit her.

So she gave Elizabeth a misty little smile-Mattie's smile was pretty, though her features were ordinary-and then sat up straight and begrat to enjoy herself-that is, to talknew remover noticing that Colonei Middleton looked at his paper in a crestfallen manner, not much liking the interruption and the cessation of his own voice.

"Oh, dear," began Mattie; she gen-crally prefaced her remarks by an "Oh, dear!" ("That was one of her

"Oh, dear!" ("That was one of her jerky ways," as Archie said.) "I could not help coming straight to you, for Archie would not talk, and I felt I must tell somebody. Oh, dear, Miss Middleton! What do you think? We have just called at the Friary—and——" but here Colonel Middletons countenance relaxed, and he dropped his paper.

"Those young ladies, eh? Come, Elizabeth, this is interesting. Well, what sort of place is the Friary, senfrom the inside, eh, Miss Drummond?"

"Oh, it is very nice," returned Mattie, enthusiastically. "We were shown into such a pretry room, looking out on the garden. They have so many nice things—pictures and old china, and handsomely-bound books, and all arranged so tastefully. And before we went away, the old servant — she seems really quite a superior person —brought in an elegant little teatray; the cups and saucers were handsomer even than yours, Miss Middleton—dark-purple and gold. Just what I admire so—"

"Ah, reduced in circumstances! I told you so, Elizabeth, 'ejaculated the colonel."

"I never saw Archie enjoy himself so much or seem so thoroughly at home anywhere. Somehow, the girls put us so at our ease. Though they were hanging up curtains when we went in—and any one else would have been annoyed at our intruding

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Take one or two "Fruit-a-tives"
every night, eat plenty of ripe fruit,
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and headaches leave you. 506 a box—
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Challoner fasten the hooks."

Miss Middleton exchanged an amused look with her father, Mattic's narrative was decidedly interesting. "Oh, don't tell him I repeated that, for he is always calling me chatterbox," implored Mattie, who feared she had bee indiscreet, and that the colonel was not to be trusted, which was quite true as far as jokes were concerned. No one understood the art of teasing better than stood the art of teasing better than he, and the young viear had already had a taste of his kindly satire. "Ar-shie only meant to be good-natured and put every one at their case."

"Quite right. Mr. Drummond is always kind," returned Elizabeth, benignly. She had forgotten Mattic's nignly. She had forgotten Mattie's frequent scolding, and the poor little thing's tired face, or she would never have hazarded such a compromise with truth. But somehow Elizabeth always forgot people's weaknesses, especially when they were absent. It was so nice and easy to praise people; and if she always believed what she said, that was because her faith was so strong, and charity that is love was her second nature.

"Oh, yes, of course," returned Matlittle soul to doubt Archie's kind-ess-for a moment. Was he not the ride and ornament of the family he domestic pope who issued his ulls without possibility of contradiction? Whatever Archie did must be right. Was not that their domestic creed?—a little slavish, perhaps, but still so exquisitely feminine. Mattie was of opinion that—well, to use a mild term—irritability was a necessary adjunct of manhood. All men were cross sometimes. It behooved their womankind, then, to throw oil on the troubled waters—to speak peaceably, and to refrain from sour looks, or even the shadow of a frown. Archie was never cross with Grace; Whatever Archie did mus Archie was never eross with Grace; therefore it must be she, Mattie, on whom the blame lay; she was such a silly little thing. And so on. There is no need to follow the self-accusa-tion of one of the kindest hearts that ever beat.

"Did not your visit end as pleasant-"Did not your visit end as pleasantly as it began?" asked Elizabeth, who,
though she was over merciful in her
judgments, was not without a good
deal of sagacity and shrewdness.
Something lay beyond the margin of
Mattic's words, she could see that

Mattie's words, she could see that plainly; and then her father was getting impatient.

"Well, you see, that spoiled everything," returned Mattie, jumbling her narrative in the oddest manner. "Archie was so sorry, and so was I; and he got quiet—you know his way when he feels uncomfortable. I thought Miss Challoner was joking at first—that it was just a bit of make-believe fun—until I saw how grave Miss Phillis, that is the second one, looked; and then the little one—at least, she is not little, but somehow one fancies she is—seemed as though she was going to cry."

"But what did Miss Challoner say to distress you and Mr. Brummond so?" asked Elizabeth, trying patiently to elicit facts and not vague statements from Mattie.

"Oh, she said—no, please don't think I am exaggerating, for it is all true— that they had lost their money, and were very poor, and that she and her sisters were dress-makers."

"Dress-makers!" shouted the colonel, and his ruddy face grew almost purple with the shock; his very mustache seemed to bristle. "Dress-makers! my dear Miss Drummond, I don't believe a word of it! Those girls! It is a hore, a bit of recoverse from he

This pass. "They have got a great carved wardrobe—I thought that fanny in a sitting-room; but of course it was for the dresses—ano...Acr groan from the colonel—"and there was a sewing-machine, and a rosewood davenpert for accounts, and a chiffonier of course to one thus handicapped.

These things are the direct results of a sluggish liver—constipated bowels—dry skin — overworked kidneys — in short, of a body whose sewers are clogged.

Nothing opens up these outlets of the waste, and clears the system of poison so gently, yet so effectively, as "Fruit-a-tives." "Fruit-a-tives" are the juices of oranges, apples, figs and prunes combined—by a process that greatly increases their medicinal value—with valuable tonics and internal antiseptics, and made into tablets.

Take one or two "Fruit-a-tives"

n her mind. "It is sheer girlish nonsense — might say foolery; and the mothe must be a perfect idiot!" began the colonel, angri!y.

for \$2.50. Trial size 25c. Fruitatives Limited, Ottawa.

So soon—actually, before we were in the room a moment, Archie was on the steps, helping the eldest Miss Challoner fasten the hooks."

Miss Middleton exchanged an amused look with her father, Mattie, was against his nice code of honor that women should do anything out of the usual beaten groove; innovations that would/make them conspicuous were heinous sins in his eyes.

"Come. Mattie, you and I will

"Come, Mattie, you and I will have a chat about this by ourselves," observed Elizabeth, cheerfully, as she observed Enzabeth, cheerfully, as she noticed her father's vexation. He would soon cool down if left to himself; she knew that weil. "Suppose we go down to Miss Milner, and hear what she has to say; you may depend upon it that it was this that made her so reserved with as the other day."

"Oh, do you think so?" exclaimed Mattie; but she was charmed at the idea of fresh gossip. And then they set off together.

Miss Milner seemed a little surprised to see them so soon, for Matrie had already paid her a visit that day; but at Miss Middleton's first word a look of annoyance passed over her goodnatured face.

"Dear, dear! to think of that leak ring out afready," she said in a vexed voice; "and I have not spoken to a soul, because the young ladies asked me to keep their secret a few days longer. You must give us till next Monday," one of them said this very morning; by that time we shall be in order and then we fan set. In n order, and then we can set to

"It was Miss Challoner who told m herself, observed Mattie, in a de-precating manner. "My brother and I called this afternoon; you see, being the clergyman, and such close neigh-bors, he thought we might be of some use to the poor things."

bors, he thought we might be of some use to the poor things."

"Foor things indeed!" ejaculated Miss Milner. "I cannot tell you how bad I felt," she went on, her little gray curls bobbing over her high check-bones with every word, "when that dear young lady put down her head there"—pointing to a spot about as big as a half-crown on the wooden counter—"and cried like a baby. 'Oh, how silly I am!' she said, sobbing-like: 'and what would my sisters say to me? But you'are so kind, Miss Milner; and it does seem all so strange and horrid.' I made up my mind, then and there," finished the good woman, solemnly, "that I would help them to the best of my powers. I have got their bits of advertisements to put about the shop, and there's my new black silk dress, that has lain by since Christmas, because I knew Miss Slasher would spoil it; not but what they may ruin it finely for me; but I mean to shut my eyes and take the risk," with a little smile of satisfaction over her own magnania-ity.

Elizabath strateful out her board of the control of the contr

animity. Elizabeth stretched out her hand

"Miss Milner, you are a good creature," she said softly. "I honor you for this. If people always helped each other and thought so little of a sacother and thought so inthe of a ser-rifice, the world would be a happier place. And then, without waiting for a reply from the gratified shopwo-man, she went out of the library with a thoughtful brow.

a thoughtful brow.

"Miss Milner has read me a lesson," she said, by and by, when Mattie had marveled at her silence a little. "Conventionality makes cowards of the best of us. I am not particu-

Consumption is, by no means, the dreadful disease it is thought to be—in

the beginning. It can always be stopped—in the beginning. The trouble is: you don't know you've got it; you don't believe it; you won't believe it—till you are forced to. Then it is dangerous. Don't be afraid; but attend to it quick—you can do it yourself and at home. Take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of Cod Liver Oil and live carefully every way.

This is sound doctrine, what-ever you may think or be told; and, if heeded, will save life.

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World." SCOTT & BOWNE



After suffering eight years, this woman was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Read her letter.
Mrs. A. D. Trudeau, Arnprior, Ontario, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:
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"One day I saw an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the paper. I sent for some and before I had used five bottles I was entirely cured. I hope every suffering woman will take my advice and use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

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Why don't you try it?

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if you need advice about your sickness. She will treat your letter in confidence and advise you free. Because of her vast experience she has helped thousands. Address, Lynn, Mass.

arly worldly-minded," she went on harly worldly-mindee, "but all the same
I must plead guilty to feeling a little shocked myself at your news; but
when I have thought a little more
about it, I dare say I shall see things

about it, I dare say I shall see things by a truer light, and be as ready to admire these girls as I am now to wonder at them." And after this she bade Mattie a kindly good-bye.

Meanwhile, Phillis was bracing herself to undergo another ordeal. Mr. Drummond and his sister had only just left the cottage when a footman from the White House brought a note for her. It was from Mrs. Cheyne, and was worded in a most friendly manner.

She thanked the sisters gracefully for their timely help on the previous evening, and though making light of her accident, owned that it would keep her a prisoner to her sofa for a few days; and then she begged them to waive ceremony and come to her for an hour or two that evening.

"I will not ask you to dinner, be "I will not ask you to dinner, because that will perhaps inconvenience you, as you must be tired or busy," she wrote; "but if one or both of you would just put on your hats and walk up in the cool of the evoning to keep Miss Mewlstone and myself company, it would be a real boon to us both." And then she signed herself, "Magdale, Chayne." Magdalen Cheyne.'

Phillis wore a perplexed look on per face as she took the note to Nan, who was still in the linen-closet.

Very kind; very friendly," com-mented Nan, when she had finished reading it; "but I could not possibly go; Phil. As soon as I have done reading it; "but I could not possibly go; Phil. As soon as I have done this I have promised to sit with mother. She has been alone all day. You could easily send on excuse, for Mrs. Cheyne must know we are busy."

"I don't feel as though an excu

"I don't feel as though an excuse will help us here," returned Phillis, slowly. "When an unpleasant thing has to be done, it as well to get it over; thinking about it only hinders one's sleep."
"But you will surely not go allone!" demanded Nan, in astonishment. "You are so tired, Phil; you have been working hard all day. Give it up, dear, and sit and rost in the garden a little."
"Oh, no," returned Phillis, discon-

garden a little."

"Oh, no," returned Phillis, disconsolately, "I value my night's rest too much to imperil it so lightly; besides, I owe it to myself for a penance for being such a coward this afternoon." And then, without waiting for any further dissuasion, she carried off the letter and wrote a very civil but vague reply, promising to walk up in the evening and inquire after the invalid; and then she dismissed the messenger, and went up missed the messenger, and went up to her room with a heavy heart. Dulce came to help her, like a dut-ful sister, and chattered on without

"I suppose you will put on your best dress?" she asked pest dress?" she asked, as she dived lown into the recesses of a big box. Phillis, who was sitting wearily on the edge of her bed, roused up at

nearly so tired now; but it is getting late, and I must run off." And so she did untit she had turned the corner and then in spite of herself, her steps became slower and more lag-

CHAPTER XX.

YOU ARE ROMANTIC.

Human nature is prone to argument. A person will often in the course of a few moments bring himself or herself to the bar of consciself of herself to the bar of consei-ence and accesse, excuse, and sum up the case in the twinkling of an eye. On arriving at the lodge-gates Phil-lis began to take herself to task. Con-science, that "unakes cowards of us all," began its small inner remon-strance; then followed self-flagella-tion and much belaboring of herself with many remorseful terms. She tion and much belaboring of herself with many remorseful terms. She was a pitiful thing compared to Nan; she was conventional, there were no limits to her pride. Where were that freedom and nobility of soul which she once fancied would sweep over worldly prejudices, and carry her into purer air? She was still choking in the fogs of mere earthly exhalations; no wonder Nan was a little disappointed in her, though she was far too kind to, say so. Well, she was disappointed in herself.

By this time she had reached the

appointed in herself.

By this time she had reached the hall door; and now she began to hold up her head more boldly, and to look about her; when a very solemn-looking butler confronted her, she said to herself: "It will be all the same a bundred veers hence and I am deto herself: It will be all the same a hundred years hence, and I amdetermined this time not to be beaten;" and she asked for Mrs. Cheyne with something of her old sprightliness, and nothing could exceed the graceful ease of her entrance.

All the Challoners walked well. There was a purity of health about them, that made them delight in movement and every bodily exercise an elasticity of gait that somehow at

racted attention.

No girls danced better than they. No girls danced better than they. And when they had the chance, which was seldom, they could ride splendidly. Their skating was a joy to see, and made one wish that the ice would last forever, that one could watch such light, skimming practice; and as for tennis, no other girl had a chance of being chosen for a partner where the Challegers grade naturally. unless the Chalioners good-naturedly held aloof, which ten times out of twelve they were sure to do. Phillis, who from her pale com-

Philis, who from her pair com-plexion, was supposed to possess the least vitality, delighted in exercise for its own sake. "It is a pleasure only to be alive and to know it," was a favorite speech with her on summer mornings, when the shadows were blowing hither and thither, and the birds had so much to say that it fook birds had so much to say that it took them until evening to finish saying

Mrs. Cheyne, who was lying on her couch, watched with admiring eyes the girl's straightforward walk, so alert and business-like, so free from fuss and consciousness, and held out her hand with a more cordial welcome than she was accustomed to show her visitors.

It was a long room; and as the summer dusk was falling, and there was only a shaded lamp beside Mrs. Cheyne, it was full of dim corners. Nevertheless Phillis piloted herself without hesitation to the illuminated circle.

ed circle "This is good of you, Miss Challon-er, to take me at my word. But where is/your sister? I wanted to look at her again, for it is long since I have seen any one so pretty. Miss Mewlstone, this is the good Samari-

"Ah, just so," returned Miss Mewl stone. And a soft, plugg hand touched Phillis's, and then the went on picking up stitches, and taking no further notice.

"Nan could not come," observed Phillis "She had to run down to report progress to mother. We hope she is coming home to-morrow. But as you were so kind as to write, I thought I would just call and inquire about your foot. And then it would be easier to explain things than to write about it.'

"Oh! so your mother is comi home!" returned Mrs. Cheyne, w so much interest in her voice th Miss Mew.lstone left off counting Miss Mewlstone left off counting to look at her. ("Just so, just so," Philis heard her mutter.) "You must have worked hard to get ready for her so soon. When my foot will allow me to cross a room without hobbling, I will do myself the pleasure of calling on her. But that will be neither this week, nor the next, I am afraid. But I shall see a good deal of you and your sister before then," she concluded, with the graciousness of one who knows that soc is conferring an unusual honor.

Continued on page 3

Continued on page 3

Mrs. Smallwood of Hamilton is dead of paralysis.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was so much improved in health as to be able to attend a meeting of his cabinet Wednesday afternoon. Routine business

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

down into the recesses of a big box.

Thillis, who was sitting wearily on the edge of her bed, roused up at this:

"My best blue silk and cashmere, that we wore last at Fitzroy Lodge? Dulce, how can you be so absurd! Anything will do—the gray stuff, or the old foulard. No, stop; I forgot the gray stress is better made and newer in cut. We must think of that. Oh, what a worry it is going out when one is tired to death!" she continued, with unusual irritation.

Dulce respected her sister's mood, and held her peace, though she knew the gray dress was the least becoming to Phillis, who was paic, and wanted a little color to give her brightness.

"There, now, you look quite nice," she said, in a patronizing voice, as Phillis put on her hat and took her gloves. Phillis nodded her thanks rather sadly, and then bethought herself and came back and kissed her.

"The fail you. Pair Dulce: I arg not the second of the said of the continuation of the continuation of the continuation of the continuation.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

Be as careful as you can you will occasionally take cold, and when you do, get a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation and that is certain to effect a quice cure. Such a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation and that is certain to effect a quice cure. Such a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation and that is certain to effect a quice cure. Such a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation and that is certain to effect a quice cure. Such a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation and that is certain to effect a quice cure. Such a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation by do, get a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation by decience. Such a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation by decience. Such a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation

WHA WOULD YOU DO?

In case of a burn or scald what would you do to relieve the pain? Such injuries are liable to occur in any family and everyone should be prepared for them. Chamberlain's Salve applied on a soft cloth will relieve the pain almost instantly and unless the injury is a very severe one, will cause the parts to heal without leaving a scar. For sale by G. A. Ionson. G. A. Ionso

Socialist Vote Decreases. Chicago, Nov. 6.—The Socialist vota in Tuesday's election showed a great falling off from the record in 1904 in the three principal cities of the country in which the Socialism is strongest. The total vote for Mr. Debs, it is estimated, with not exceed 500,000, in place of 1,000,000, which was predicted by enthusiastic Socialists, Gompers influence is blamed for the result.

Sleeps For Weeks. Lowell, Mass., Nov. 6.—Miss Louisa Pietta, who has at various times astonished physicians by her long slumbers, is again asleep. She has not been awake for five weeks.

Miss Pietta seems to suffer no illeffects from her long sleeps, and when she wakes is under the impression that she has slept but a single night.

HOW TO TREAT A SPRAIN

Sprains, swellings and lameness are promptly relieved by Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment reduces in flammation and soreness so that a sprain may be cured in about one-third the time required by the usual treatment. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by G. A. Ionson.

Says Son Was Murdered.

Port Huron, Mich., Nov. 6.—Alex.
Martin of Corunna, Ont., is here looking to an investigation of the death of his son, Alfred Martin, whose body was found floating in the St. Clair river three weeks ago after having been in the water for nearly two reactives. months.
On the left side of the dead

head there was a wound, evide made by some blunt instrument theory advanced by Mr. Marti that the boy was assaulted and body thrown from a boat into river.

Glad to See Fleet Go. Amoy, Chiña, Nov. 6.—The squadron of the American bat fleet yesterday morning steam

The departing warships were given a demonstration in marked contrast to the apathy which was noticeable on their arrival.

The cost of the reception has exceeded \$1,000,000. The Chinese Government has been lavish in its gifts to the American officers and men.

Fifteen hundred men are at work in new buildings in Fernie. If Hamilton will accept the "T" rail

instead of the girder rail the street car company will renew its tracks

CLARENCE E. GILMOUR

Organist and choirmaster St. Jame Episcopal Church, will accept pupil in Piano, Organ, Theory, and Voca work. Studio over Bowman & Co. store, Thames street. Terms on a plication.

MEDICAL.

DR. J. M. COLERIDGE.

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