

serious lung troubles be-
with a tickling in the
You can stop this at
a single night; a dose
time puts the throat at
rest.

Cherry Pectoral

Cure is so easy now, it's
thing any one should run
of pneumonia and con-
on, isn't it? For asthma,
whooping-cough, bron-
consumption, hard colds,
r coughs of all kinds,
Cherry Pectoral has
one great family medi-
cine for sixty years.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

cannot supply you, send us one
will express a large bottle to you,
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address, J. C. A. & Co.,
Adelaide, N. S.

HOUSE'S FIRE COMPANY.

Opportunity to Fight Flames,
Useful in Other Ways.
Ager went into the engine house
street and asked questions.
was enlightened he said to his

have been some changes in the
since I was in it. I reckon you
nd of the Touse volunteers?
ormant never had.
is the name of the town. It's
a-o-a. It was a lively place in
the lower end of Buch-
nt, Mo.—county that St. Joe's
as a volunteer outfit, the com-
n was a hand engine, and
n was red shirt, blue pants
ed top boots and oilcloth cap.
see any cape like them now."
many runs?"

fires. There wasn't but one
e town in two years, and that
ystack."

didn't much to do, then?"
well. We was in demand all
Touse was a great place in its
unaway couples to get married,
e captain of the volunteers was
e of the peace, he always called
company to be present at the
ities, as he called them, and
no marriage until we got there.
e there was a dance after the
in the public square, and the
to allemande left and sawny
member of the volunteers be-
lid with her husband.

We used to have foot races on
h of July, and whenever there
nty fair we were the ones al-
oly. In the winter time, when
e rider came to town and got
rel, we always turned out, and
ers didn't come to town as liv-
ly would pull straw to
ould go up as mourners, and
in the revival would be prolonged.
ways understood that the one
d the short straw had the priv-
ksliding after the season was

were no secret orders in Touse
me, so when a prominent citi-
d the bucket, as we said of a
he died, the Touse volunteers
d planted him with Masonic
ellow honors, according to the
his friends. There was no
e town, so we put the de-
engine. If his friends want-
ic honors over his grave, our
ould toot the trumpet; if it was
w honors that was demanded,
he bell, and in that way stran-
se always known which way
sed had settled, so to speak.
There wasn't much in Touse
valunteer didn't take a hand

The Original.



Who are you, my little man?
Oh, I'm the man with the hoe!"

An Angel of Peace.
o hear a man speak well of his
said.
been doing it now?" she asked.
own," she answered. "I heard
that no man could quarrel with
e as he."

he said. "He explained that
ward. He says her ability to
ades the possibility of any man
a word of a controversial na-

Was Pale
and Languid

McLaughlin, 95 Parliament
ronto, states: "My daughter
weak, languid and very nerv-
pette was poor and change-
could scarcely drag herself
house, and her nerves were
unstrung; she could not
more than half an hour at a
out starting up and crying
statement."

was growing weaker and
became alarmed, and got a
Chase's Nerve Food. She
treatment for some weeks,
the first we noticed a decid-
ent. Her appetite became
gained in weight, the color
to her face, and she gradu-
ne strong and well. I can-
much in favor of this won-
derment since it has proven
suing to my daughter."

Chase's Nerve Food is the most
treatment for the ailments and
of women that is obtainable.
box, at all dealers, or Ed-
dies & Co., Toronto.

Chase's Nerve Food.

BEAUTY'S EYES.

A LOVER'S FASCINATION.

Delightful, Dashing, Daring.

Continued from last issue.

about young master's apartments.
is a dreadful thing to say, but I am
almost afraid that he has quarreled
with his young bride. I heard loud
and angry words from their boudoir
a little while since, then he rode away
from the house like one mad. Make
some excuse to go and speak to her.
She will have little enough sympathy
from his mother or Miss Claverling,
poor thing! They have been trying
to set him against her since he
brought her here. It's a poor place
for a bride in a mother-in-law's
house."

"I will go down to her at once,"
said Gregory, with her kindly face
full of sympathy.
She hurried through the long
marble corridors to Florabel's room.
The door was ajar. She pushed it
open and entered. Gregory was
startled at the ghastly face turned to-
ward her.

"Oh, my dear young lady, you are
in trouble!" she cried, hastening to-
ward her.
Florabel looked up with startled
eyes.

"Yes, I am in great trouble, Greg-
ory," she said. "I may tell you—the
whole world will know it soon—my
husband has left me!"

As she uttered these words her lips
quivered, and the hot, bitter tears
fell like rain down her face.

"Left you!" echoed Gregory. "Oh,
surely you don't mean it, ma'am.
He has not left you for good. No
man in his senses could have done
that."

"It is quite true, Gregory," she an-
swered, and her voice sounded like
nothing human. "He has gone never
to return."

"Oh, poor child!" and the woman
paused; her horror was too great for
words. "Poor child!" she gasped,
"what shall you do? and you loved
him so well."

"That is it, Gregory," she answer-
ed, piteously. "What shall I do? I—
I have heard of such things, but I
hardly thought they were real. Oh,
Gregory, what do other wives do
when their husband's forsake them?
I—never thought what those wives
did—never dreaming that such a thing
could ever happen to me."

And the hapless girl turned in her
agony to the older woman, who had
seen and knew more of life.

"Are you quite sure there is no mis-
take?" said Gregory. "It seems so
impossible."

"It is quite true," faltered Florabel,
tears still falling like rain down her
pale cheeks.

"Then, poor child, you ought to
send for your relatives at once."

She never understood why Florabel
drew back, looking so white and
scared.

"I cannot stay here, Gregory," she
sobbed. "I will go away. Think of
the bitter anger and reproaches his
mother and Miss Claverling would cast
upon me if I were to stay here. They
have made life bitter enough for me
already."

"If you would but stay here, and
not mind them, I am sure he would
come back when his anger had time to
cool. Most men are hasty. They
always repent."

"He will never come back," wailed
Florabel. "He said so. He left me
with almost a curse on his lips," she
cried, wringing her hands. "No, no,
Gregory, I will not stay here. I am
going away. You must help me to
get my things ready. I am going to
New York by the midnight express."

In vain the maid pleaded. Florabel
was firm. His mother and Miss Claver-
ling should not gloat over her ter-
rible misfortune to her face, telling
her they were right glad Max had left
her at last, and that it was the wis-
est step he had ever taken. No, no,
she could never endure that.

When Gregory found that she was
firm in her purpose, with weeping
eyes he helped her to pack the little
hand-satchel she had brought with
her.

"That was my mother's, she sob-
bed. "I shall take that with a few
necessary articles. All the rest I shall
leave behind."

"But your jewels!" cried Gregory,
aghast. "Why, they are worth a
small fortune, child. Surely you
wouldn't leave them behind you?"

"Yes," said Florabel, resolutely.
"I shall leave them here."

In vain Gregory protested. She
would not touch the jewels. Nor
would she allow the faithful maid to
accompany her to the railway station.
When the midnight train started, it
carried with it poor Florabel.

She had left a note pinned to the
cushion on her table. They would
find it on the morrow, and that would
explain all.

As for Max, he had parted from
Florabel in such bitter anger he hard-
ly knew what he was saying. An
hour's hard riding cooled his fevered
brain.

"Had he been too hasty?" he asked
himself. "Would it have been wiser
and better to plead with his young
wife to clear up the mystery, than to
command her?"

She was a spirited little thing; he
remembered that she always rebelled
against coercion.

To would not ruin two lives by be-
ing too hasty. He would temporize
with her.

He turned his horse's head about,
and rode slowly back through the
dewy fragrance of the night.

Those notes might have meant noth-
ing which Hurlhurst slipped into
Florabel's hand; perhaps the name
of some piece of music, or a new
book, and that meeting in the rose-
arbor might have been accidental, af-
ter all. He would not believe the fel-
low was anything to Florabel; that
might have been an ingenious manner
she had adopted to test his love for
her, to allow him to imagine so.

He was fiery-tempered—the curse
of the Forresters for generations back
had been passionate jealousy; it had
led to grave results before now; and
Max resolved to combat, step by step,
the family foe.

It was a great concession for a man
of his proud nature to make—to re-
turn, once more, and plead with her,
for the old love's sake, to set the mat-
ter straight that was drifting them
apart.

If it was a lesson to cure him from
dirtling with Inez Claverling, he
would heed and profit by it. Young
and foolish wives had been known to
try such experiments, to see if their
liege lord's love had waned. He al-
most smiled as he entered the gates.
There was a faint light in Florabel's
room. She was expecting him to re-
turn, he told himself; all the rest of
the house was dark as the tomb.

The hour was too late, he put up
his horse without disturbing the
groom; then hurried into the house,
and no warning came to him of the
blow that awaited him when he
should reach his wife's boudoir.

He tapped lightly, but, assuring
himself he did not hear, he entered
unceremoniously.

He was not losing her beauty-
sleep, by sitting up waiting for him—
that was evident.

So many pretty little trifles, re-
minding him of Florabel, lay strewn
about.

He saw her jewel case, with the lid
open, lying on the marble mantel.
Ah! that was very careless of Florabel,
indeed, to lay her jewels about like
this. He must speak to her about it.

Of course, the servants were all very
honest, still it was best not to tempt
them like this.

He closed the lid on the sparkling
gems, and carried them in his hand
toward the inner apartment.

"Florabel," he said, gently, thrust-
ing aside the pale blue plush portie-
res, hesitatingly, with his white
hand. "Florabel, my darling!"

There was no answer. The still-
ness that reigned was oppressive. No
golden-haired little creature sprang
forward to meet him, flinging herself,
with sobe, into his outstretched arms,
crying out how unhappy she was, be-
cause they had quarreled. Where
was Florabel?

CHAPTER XV.

Max Forrester stood quite still in
the boudoir, and glanced uneasily
about him.

As his eye roved past the center
table near him, he saw a letter lying
on it, addressed to himself. At the
first glance he had recognized Florabel's
delicate chirography. What
could that mean?

Then there came to him the convic-
tion that there was some terrible sor-
row in store for him. He turned up
the gas jet, and, sinking down in the
nearest seat, tore the envelope open.

As he read, great drops of moisture
gathered on his forehead; the wav-
ering words seemed to be half hidden
beneath a blood-red mist.

There were but a few lines, which
read as follows:

"Max—When this falls into your
hands I shall be far away from For-
rester Villa. When you know all,
you may find it in your heart, per-
haps, to pardon Arthur for my sake.
I am going to him now, to plead with
him to come to you, and tell you all,
for I could not—no, no, I could not.
You took me into a life for which I
was unfitted, and the end has come.
When you hear our terrible story—for
all the world must know it sooner or
later, Arthur says—by the old love I
plead with you not to curse me, even
though you bitterly regret your proud
old name was ever linked with mine.
Yours unhappily,

"Florabel."

He sprang from his seat with a cry
of rage and pain that startled the
whole household in that dead hour of
the night, and brought the servants
hurrying around him. They found
him standing there in the middle of
the room, his face as white as death,
and intensely excited, as they gather-
ed about him.

His mother and Miss Claverling had
thrown on their dressing-gowns, and
came hurrying to the scene; but
where was Florabel, his young wife?

"I will go for his wife," cried the

for the inner apartment. "She is not
there. My wife has fled—gone to
Arthur Hurlhurst. I have no wife!
She has gone! Do you hear me? She
has fled from me!"

The servants fell back with a cry
of consternation; his mother fainted.
"Heaven help us!" cried the house-
keeper. "Our young master must be
mad to say such a thing."

Faithful Gregory uttered no word.
Max strode from the room, leaving
them in little groups talking the mat-
ter over. Miss Claverling followed
him out into the corridor, laying a
little white, fluttering hand on his
arm.

"I am sorry for you, Max," she
said; "but you are best without her.
I saw how it would end long ago,
and I warned you. Let her go. Never
let your heart break over the falsity
of a woman."

"Think of the disgrace, Inez," he
groaned. "By to-morrow every one
will know it."

"You will have to face it," she de-
clared. "Face it bravely, like a For-
rester should."

"I'll tell you what I shall do!" he
cried. "I will follow Hurlhurst to
the end of the world and hunt him
down, showing him less mercy than I
would a dog. Such men are not fit to
live. He tempted Florabel away,
and he shall answer for it by his life,
or he shall take mine."

Inez Claverling was terribly fright-
ened.

"Oh, Max," she cried, "do not do
it. Your life is worth more than a
thousand fickle hearts like Florabel's.
She was only a—"

He stopped her short by an impera-
tive gesture. "No matter what she
has done, do not say anything about
my poor little Florabel," he com-
manded. "I could not endure it,"
and he turned on his heel and left
her, strode back to Florabel's deserted
boudoir, and locked himself in.

Meanwhile the train bearing Florabel
was whirling swiftly toward New
York.

Flight from her home seemed to
Florabel, even in her excited, ill-
reasoning state, a terrible step. But
on the other hand, now that Max had
deserted her, would that Max had
stayed, for they hated her.

When she reached New York she
took a cab, and shortly after found
herself at the street and number her
brother had given her.

She rang the bell, and a tidy maid
showed her into the parlor.

"No card?" she said, lifting her
eyebrows in surprise. "Then who
shall I say is waiting for Mr. Hurl-
hurst?"

"His sister," responded Florabel,
simply.

A few moments later and Arthur
Hurlhurst came hurrying into the
room. He cried out in alarm when
he saw her white face:

"Great Heaven, Florabel!" he gasped.
"What is the matter? Why are
you here? What has gone wrong?"

"My life has gone wrong," she an-
swered, simply. "My husband has
left me, Arthur."

If a clasp had suddenly yawned
beneath his feet—a thunderbolt from
a clear sky fallen on his head—he
could not have been more astounded.
He had not as yet received her letter.

"I—I do not understand, Florabel,"
he cried. "I think my ears must be
deceiving me. What is it you say?"

She stood before him like a droop-
ing lily, her pale face, her lovely
golden hair disheveled, her hands
clasped nervously together, her tear-
wet, hazel eyes regarding him intent-
ly, and oh! so piteously.

"I said that my husband had left
me, Arthur. He has gone out of my
life forever. I—I could not remain in
his mother's house, for she hated me,
and so I came away."

He fell back thunderstruck. He
was literally speechless.

"Take off your hat and cloak and
sit down and tell me about it, Florabel,"
he said, nervously.

She unfastened her long travelling
duster, and there, in picturesque dis-
array, were the blue mull and white
lace evening dress she had worn the
evening before, with a spray of faded
rosesbuds clinging to the corsage.

He looked on in utter dismay.

"Great Heavens, did you travel in
that?" he cried—"an evening toilet!"

To be Continued.

Indigestion and Dyspepsia

Mr. Henry Moore, Pickering, Ont.,
states:—"I used three boxes of Dr.
Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for Con-
stipation and Stomach Troubles, and
never found anything to compare with
them. I had suffered from these com-
plaints for many years and taken
many kinds of medicine, but it remain-
ed for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
to cure me; am now well and strong."

Mr. Patrick J. McLaughlin, Beau-
harnois, Que., states:—"I was troubled
with Kidney Disease and Dyspepsia for
20 years and have been so bad that I
could not sleep at nights on account
of pains in the back, but would walk
the floor all night and suffered terrible
agony. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
made a new man of me, and the old
troubles seem to be driven out of my
system."

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dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co.,
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Kidney-Liver
Pills.



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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.
18 Express	10.00 a.m.
85 Express, C. B. Flyer	8.10 p.m.
37 Express, Maritime	4.35 p.m.
13 Accommodation	5.10 p.m.
57 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.

19 Accommodation	9.40 a.m.
56 Accommodation	8.35 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.
38 Freight	7.50 a.m.
18 Accommodation	10.50 a.m.
84 Express, Maritime	8.10 p.m.
20 Express, Mulgrave	4.50 p.m.
2 Express, St. John	5.50 p.m.
86 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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