

## COUGHS KILL

We know of nothing better than coughing to tear the lining of your throat and lungs. It is better than wet feet to cause bronchitis and pneumonia. Only keep it up and you will succeed in reducing your weight, losing your appetite, bringing on a slow fever, and making everything exactly right for the germs of consumption. Better kill your cough before it kills you.

## AYER'S Cherry Cough Syrup

kills coughs of every kind. A 25 cent bottle is just right for an ordinary cough; for the harder coughs of bronchitis you will need a 50 cent bottle; and for the coughs of consumption the one dollar size is most economical.

"My cough reduced me to a mere skeleton. I tried many remedies, but they failed. After using the Cherry Cough Syrup I immediately began to improve, and three bottles restored me to health. I believe I owe my life to it."

SARAH F. MORSE,  
Oct. 7, 1898.  
Browstown, Va.

## ACHEROUS AND DISLOYAL IRISHMEN.

The New York Tribune scathingly attacks the "Irish Brigade" that the United States as Red Cross men, and took up arms for the when they arrived there—to against their brothers, the Irishmen that were in almost British Regiment in South

Tribune says, "there is much action in observing the attitude of the returning members of Irish Brigade" of the Trans-Atlantic. A number of the latter, ed this city last week. They greeted with no public demon- on, and the one committee did meet them, did so, not welcome and praise, but with e and denunciation, as men who disgraced themselves and race. In this, the committee ed itself, and those whom it re- ted, and gave room for hope the Irishmen of the United would generally show their respect by taking a similar de."

Tribune proceeds to point out the offence of these men does consist in the fact that they for the Boers, or fought t Britain, or fought poorly,

ir offence is that they went der false colors; they went outh Africa, wearing the sym- the Red Cross, sworn not to on either side, but to serve s nurses to the wounded; and the moment they got within per lines, they tore off the broke their oaths, and became s for hire. That was conduct no honorable man, no mat- what his sympathies in the an defend, or condone."

## Every Form of Piles

George Thompson, a leading ant of Blenheim, Ont., states:— "I was troubled with itching piles for a years, and at times they were I could scarcely walk. I tried at many remedies, but never anything like Dr. Chase's Ointment cured me."

Jan. Jackson of the Laurie Spool any, St. Alexis des Monts, Que., s:—"I was troubled for two years that cruel disease, bleeding piles, after using Dr. Chase's Ointment, say I am entirely rid of it. It treasure to all suffering from it."

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

## Chase's Ointment.

Looking for pretty and goods for presents, and the very best and art-

## BEAUTY'S EYES.

## A LOVER'S FASCINATION.

## Delightful, Dashing, Daring.

Continued from last issue.

"I hope you are not going to get jealous of Miss Clavering, my darling," he said. "There is nothing on earth I detest so much as a jealous woman. Jealousy is worse than a scourge. I have never known an instance of deep, passionate jealousy but what it ended in a tragedy."

"But she cares for you, and—and you ought not to encourage it," declared the unsophisticated little bride.

If Florabel had been older and wiser, she would never have made the remark. She would have carefully hid- den such a knowledge from her hand- some young husband.

As it was Max threw back his head with a merry laugh. "Nonsense, my darling. That is merely your imagination," he said; but, nevertheless, manlike, he was rather pleased at the idea that he still had power to make the dark eyes of a beautiful girl grow brighter when he was near, or bring a flush of pleasure to her cheeks at the sound of his foot- steps.

He watched Miss Clavering curiously that evening, and, as the hours were on, he came to the conclusion that Florabel had not been very far wrong, after all.

Up to the time they had come here Max had been accustomed to think of, smile on, talk to only her, his bride. Now all his thoughts, his smiles and conversation were divided with another. It was more than that. His attention was wholly absorbed by that other—so it seemed to poor, beautiful, hapless Florabel.

On the first day which had followed Max's home coming a little event happened which caused the turning point of two lives. Max was showing Florabel the rose garden, and they passed quite close to a rustic seat on which Inez Clavering sat, half lost in a day dream over the latest novel, but without either observing her, they were so engrossed in each other's society. As they passed her Inez heard him say:

"I see no beauty in any face but yours, darling. Other faces are all blank to me."

They walked on, but with the sound of those words in her ears an evil spirit entered Inez Clavering's heart. A laugh that was not pleasant to hear broke from the ripe red lips. "Such boy-and-girl love! Such non- sense! Only one face in the world for him worth looking at, he thinks. It is high time he saw two. Talking to that little simpleton in that way, she will begin to think herself an angel. I will teach him that all faces are not blank. My face shall not be a blank to him."

Inez Clavering was a girl of insatiable vanity. She had been so much worshipped all her life for her mar- vellous beauty that she considered the heart of every man she met her lawful prey. She had but little trouble in winning them. A gleam from her splendid eyes—a touch of her white, jeweled hand—a smile from her beautiful lips—and the coldest masculine heart was sure to throb more quickly. She had never had the least trouble in making a conquest. Like most all women who are fair of face, she was cruel of heart. If she thought the conquest of any particular person worth winning, it mattered little to her how many broken hearts stood in the way. All that her victims won in return were a few smiles, a few tele- phones, and then they had to make room for another.

Very soon the beautiful Inez had attracted Max's attention, as she felt sure she should. She had started him out of his calmness.

"He knows now there is another fair face in the world beside Flor- bel's," she told herself one day, with a laugh, "and he will be puzzled soon as to which is the fairer."

"You have not asked me to sing for you, Mr. Forrester," said Inez to Max one evening. "I marvel at that, for your mother has often told me you are such a worshiper of music."

"Then let me hasten to ask you now," he replied, smiling and leading her to the piano, taking his position near her to turn the leaves.

"I want you only to listen: never mind turning the leaves," she said, in a low voice. "The songs I know best I know by heart. Sit down in that chair and dream."

"I shall dream more vividly if I can stand here where I can look at your face," he answered, gallantly.

Every word of this dialogue had fallen upon the sharpened ears of the golden-haired girl standing in the bay window. Her face turned from the light and warmth within to the cold moonlight that lay pallid and white outside.

Florabel had been too much of a fun-loving romp in those girlish days to devote herself, to any great extent, to music.

She often regretted since her want of power to please the fastidious musical taste of her young husband; but never so bitterly as now, when she

saw that power in the possession of another, and that other a beautiful girl whom Max's mother had openly hinted he might have wedded but for her.

Music was Inez Clavering's strong point. She could play the piano with exquisite skill and sing divinely. When Miss Clavering began to sing, then, indeed, Max Forrester quite forgot the little shrinking figure at the further end of the room, sitting in the deep shadow of the bay window. The room rang with glorious melody.

Her voice was a rich, soft contralto. It was like no human voice Max had ever heard, it was so full of passion and tenderness. A voice that told its own story in the love song she was singing. She sang of love, mighty and wondrous, that carried the heart of the great world by storm.

As Inez sang she raised those dark, languishing eyes to Max Forrester's face, for she knew Florabel was watching, her poor little heart on fire with bitter jealousy.

Florabel was watching them, with a deadly faintness stealing over her— watching her handsome, laughing young husband and his mother's guest, who appeared so taken up with each other, and entirely oblivious of her presence.

She arose to her feet and stood motionless, her face white as death and her hands clenched, watching them. Yes, they had forgotten her—forgotten her very presence in the room.

A sensation of deadly sickness came over her. She saved herself from crying out to them by a great effort of self command.

Turning, she fled precipitately from the room; but they did not hear her light footsteps; they did not miss her. She could not stay there where the sound of that music distracted her.

"No one will miss me," thought the poor child. "Here, in my own husband's house, no one cares for me. I am only in the way; no one will miss me."

She passed out into the moonlight grounds, where the fragrant night air was whispering to the trees and the nodding roses, a gnawing jealousy and injured love burning to the very core of her childish heart.

Who was she to take her place amongst such brilliant and accom- plished ladies as this? How was she to hold her own? She felt more like an ignorant, untrained school girl. A deadly fright seized her, that, com- paring her shortcomings to other girls' accomplishments, Max would tire of her.

Heaven help her! Was that thought a dark foreboding of the pitiful doom awaiting her?

She went where the sound of the music could not reach her, knelt down in the long, green grass, and turned her weary young face to the fair young moon that hung like a crescent jewel in the star-gemmed sky, weep- ing the bitterest tears that ever welled up from a human heart.

"What every one predicted is coming true!" she sobbed, wildly. "Max is tiring of me. Oh! if I could but die!"

Down, lower and lower, amidst the odorous green leaves and the crushed blossoms, fell the white face, until it rested on the green, shaven lawn; then a merciful oblivion stole over her.

The moon shone full upon her; the starlight was cold and white; the wind played around her, drifting the rose leaves over her breast; the dew fell on the curly, golden hair and white upturned face.

From the lace-draped window music and laughter floated out. No one missed her; no one knew or cared that one in the rose garden a young heart, stabbed to death with jealousy, was slowly breaking.

## CHAPTER VII.

How long Florabel lay unconscious in the long grass, her white face up- turned to the white sky, she never knew. When she opened her eyes she heard Max and Miss Clavering still singing duets together in the parlor.

She crept noiselessly into the house and up to her own apartments. In the upper corridor she met Greg- ory, the maid. The girl started back in affright when she caught sight of the white face. The dew lay heavy on the golden curls, and the skirt of her dress was dragged and wet with it.

"Do you need me, ma'am?" asked Gregory, looking curiously at the per- sistently averted face, and turning back as though to accompany her to her boudoir.

"No," said Florabel, shaking her head. "I—I would rather be alone."

She turned her face to the wall when she found herself alone, and again bitter, passionate sobs shook her frame. "She will win him away from me," she thought, in terror, "and when that hour comes I shall die."

It was days, an hour before Max

came to the boudoir. Florabel utter- ed no word of reproach. With her keen woman's instinct, she perceived that he was not one who would like a woman's reproach and tears.

"Did you enjoy yourself this even- ing, Max?" she asked, with childish wistfulness.

And he laughed heartily as he an- swered: "Yes."

He repeated some of Miss Clavering's wittiest speeches, as though they had amused him very much.

"Miss Clavering is very witty," said Florabel. And he did not see the expression in the lovely hazel eyes, or note the suppressed sob in the tremulous voice.

"Very," he answered, carelessly.

The next instant he had forgotten all about Miss Clavering.

Florabel crept into the shelter of his arms, whispering, softly: "I wish that I were witty, Max."

"So you are, my 'darling,'" he laughed.

"Not as witty as Inez Clavering," she said, tremulously.

"I should not wish you to be witty after the same fashion, Florabel," he declared. "Miss Clavering is what we call chic. You are original and poetical, which is much better."

"Are you sure it is better?" she asked, a smile like April sunshine breaking over her fair young face.

"Yes; there is no doubt about it," he answered. And a terrible weight was lifted from Florabel's jealous heart, only to fall with crushing force as the next words he uttered fell from his lips.

"I have promised to take Miss Clavering riding to-morrow through Central Park. Would you like to accom- pany us?" he asked.

She turned away with a hasty— "No!"

"Miss Clavering is a charming horseback rider," he went on. "She is the poetry of grace in the saddle. You must learn to ride, Florabel."

"Must you go to-morrow, Max?" she asked, wistfully. "You promised to think about taking me to the flower show, you know. Do alter the arrangement. You can take her riding to Central Park some other time."

She never dreamed but that he would eagerly meet her wish. To her intense surprise, he answered, quickly:

"I am sorry, my darling, but I have arranged so completely with Inez that I cannot disappoint her. She has asked me to show her the various points of interest in the park. I cannot draw back now, or I would."

Her face flushed. He had chosen to please Miss Clavering instead of her; but she would not let him see that it grieved her.

As Max and Inez rode away the next morning, they saw a smiling face looking down at them from the lace- draped window. Max never dreamed they were scarcely out of sight ere it was covered with great passionate tears.

How beautiful Inez had looked in her tight fitting riding habit, that fitted her slim, graceful form to per- fection, and the drooping plumes that fluttered back from her dimpled face. Inez Clavering was never seen to such advantage as on horseback; and the spoiled beauty knew it well.

"We shall be back in time for luncheon," Max had said as he kissed Florabel good-bye. "I do not know but what one of my friends may drop in," he added. "So mind, darling, I shall expect to see you in a recherche toilet. You must not let Miss Clavering eclipse you."

He spoke half-jestingly; for in his own mind he did not think any one could ever equal, much less eclipse, his lovely young wife. But Florabel took his words most seriously.

"A recherche toilet!" thought the young girl, when she commenced to dress for luncheon. "Ah, then, I had better wear satin and diamonds."

She tried to remember what kind of a toilet Miss Clavering had worn the day before; but she had been too excited to notice. She retained only the vivid impression that Inez looked very beautiful and graceful. She teased the maid and perplexed her- self. It turned out, after all, that Gregory's ideas were better than her own.

"Indeed, Mrs. Forrester, you know

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, ringing cough, makes breathing easy and prevents suffocation. It is mothers' favorite remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough and asthma.

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 MacDonald street, Barrie, Ont., says:—"Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing croup and croup. My little girl has been subject to the croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of it."

25 cents a bottle, all dealers, or Ed- manson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

## For Xmas.



WITH THE HOLIDAYS IN MIND wouldn't it be wise to come in now and look at the splendid line of

## Gift Books

in sets and single volumes, which we are showing From the Picture Books for children to

Handsome Library Editions of standard works we can supply all needs at low prices. And our

Bibles and Prayer Books deserve particular attention too.

Such values are seldom found at the figures we quote. Also Boys and Girls Annuals, Leisure Hour, and Sunday at Home.

STATIONERY. We have a large assortment of Fancy Stationery in beautiful boxes, very suitable for Xmas Presents.

This stationery embraces all the most fashionable styles and is selling at marked down prices for Christmas.

Those desiring something very special in this line, should call and see what we can give for a little money.

## PURSES.

Ladies Purses and Card Cases of the very best qualities and in the newest styles.

Men's Pocket Books and Card Cases in Seal and Alligator leathers, etc.

## FOUNTAIN PENS.

Waterman's "Ideal" Fountain Pens fully guaranteed; nothing more suitable for Xmas Present for gentle- men or Ladies than one of these pens.

## FANCY GOODS.

Photo Frames in Celluloid, Solid Brass and Gold-plated, all decorated and very pretty. Dressing Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Vase Boxes and Basket. Manicure Sets, Shav- ing Sets, Smoking Sets, Writing Desks, Hand Mirrors, also Hundreds of small articles for Christmas pre- sents, Iron Trains, Toys, Games, Dolls—dressed and undressed, also Rubber Dolls.

Prices Low Enough to Suit Every Pocket Book.



## CONFECTIONERY.

Ganong's Chocolates and Bon Boms in beautiful boxes, imported especially for Xmas trade.

Robinson Bros. Orange Mixture and Pearls are the best goods made for the price asked by us.

We also have G. J. Hamilton's and the White Candy Co's best Con- fectionery, as well as Harry Webb's Celebrated Fudge the chocolate of which we are making a specialty, try them.



## J. M. O'BRIEN, Prince and Inglis Streets.

## MONEY TO LOAN

On real estate security. Straight loans, interest 5 per cent, at accord- ing to amount and locality, payable yearly and half yearly, or monthly payment plans, 4 to 15 years.

For 8 year plan the Monthly pay- ment is \$13.10 per 1000, or at same rate quarterly or half yearly. Other dates at same rate.

Plenty of money for the right se- curity, town or country. Apply to

W. P. KING, TRURO.

Just arrived from Cross & Bly wall, England, a shipment of firm's goods, such as pickles, gallon jars and quart bottles; mar- lade in seven pound tins and one two pound bottles; also anchovy, dine and Blonter paste in pots; oes, Lee & Perring's Worcester's Mushroom Ketchup; Ess. of An- vies, Capers, etc.; seasoning, such Sage, Summer Savory, Mint, Parsley and Mixed Herbs; these all fine goods, put up in patent glass bottles that are always used. A. F. Ross & Co., Inglis street.

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

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

## ARRIVALS.

From Halifax.

No.	Local
75 Accommodation	2.50 a
25 Express, C. P. R.	9.50 a
85 Express, C. B. Flyer	3.10 p
33 Express, Maritime	4.35 p
37 Accommodation	5.10 p
57 Freight	6.55 p
13 Express, Local	7.35 p

From North.

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

## DEPARTURES.

For Halifax.

14 Express, Local	6.10 a
58 Freight	7.30 a
18 Accommodation	10.50 a
34 Express, Maritime	3.10 p
20 Express, Mulgrave	4.50 p
2 Express, St. John	5.50 p
86 Express, C. B. Flyer	7.50 p
26 Express, C. P. R.	8.50 p

For North.

23 Freight	8.00 a
25 Express, C. P. R.	10.00 a
1 Express, St. John	11.05 a
33 Express, Montreal	4.45 p
15 Freight	6.35 p
For Pictou and Mulgrave.	
55 Freight	7.30 p
19 Express	10.45 p
85 Express, C. B. Flyer	8.15 p
17 Express for Pictou and New Glasgow	8.35 p

## TRURO POST OFFICE

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

For Amherst, St. John, Upper

Vincent and U. S. A., 9.40 a. m.

4.30 p. m.

For St. John and Way Station

10.50 a. m.

For Halifax (Accommodation)

1 a. m.

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

For Halifax and Shubenacadie,

p. m.

For Halifax, Way Stations,

Western Counties, 5.45 a. m.

5.25 p. m.

For Pictou and Eastward, 10.25 a.

For Pictou and New Glasgow

Short Line, 8.15 p. m.

For Old Barnes, 11.30 a. m.

For Onslow (Daily) 11 a. m.

For Camden and Harmony, Mon-

day and Thursday 11.30 a. m.

For Upper Brookside, Tuesday

Friday, 11 a. m.

For North River and Marikova,

Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 11

English Mail, via Edmunds, Fri-

4.30 p. m.

English Mail via New York, Mon-

day and Thursday, 9.40 a. m.

Box at Victoria Square opened

a. m., 10.20 a. m. and 4.20 p.

Box at Corner of Prince and Ch-

Streets 9.30 a. m., 10.15 a. m.

4.15 p. m.

## TRURO FIRE ALARM

Box No. 13—Corner of King