

SUMPTION

Do not think for a single moment that consumption will ever strike you a sudden blow. It does not come that way.

It creeps its way along.

First you think it is a little cold, nothing but a little hacking; then a little loss of weight; then a little loss of sleep; then the fever of night sweats.

After stop the disease it is yet creeping. It cures your cough.

I can do it with

Ayer's Cherry Cough Syrup

The pressure on the chest is lifted, that feeling of suffocation is removed, and you are cured.

You can stop that cold with a 25 cent bottle; harder coughs need a 50 cent size; and on the lungs the dollar size will be economical.

Indicately recommend Ayer's Cherry Cough Syrup to all my patients. It is now in my own family. I feel sure it saved the life of a young child, aged 1, 1888. Fort Madison, Iowa.

Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

RINGING BELLS.

GATES—YOUNG.

An interesting event that has taken place at Seaford, Halifax Co., 'News' last published items was the marriage on Dec. 10, of Mr. Gilbert Gates, of this place, and Miss Lucy Young, of Seaford.

The marriage, the happy couple, their guests, went to the home of Mr. Martin Gates, the father, where a reception was given in their honor. Supper was served by the way, was pronounced delicious, the evening being devoted to music and dancing.

Mr. James Nioforth was the best man, and Mr. Andrew Gates, Ernest Nioforth each favored with a solo, and Mrs. Gates and E. Nioforth, which were much appreciated.

Mr. Simon Nioforth also very interesting account of the wedding in the far West, as the far East. All in all the wedding was most enjoyable. We in the authority of a committee, that the bride's dress was magnificent, that she looked pretty; also that her assistance, Bertha Gates, the groom's mother, was most tastefully and beautifully dressed, and that she too was very pretty.

The wedding is moving into its new phase, the largest and most splendid in the place. Mr. Gates have the best wishes of the community. There was a number of pretty and useful presents.

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Ayer's Form of Piles

George Thompson, a leading physician of Blenheim, Ont., states: "I was troubled with itching piles for years, and at times they were so sore as to prevent me from walking. I tried many remedies, but never anything like Dr. Chase's Ointment cured me."

Dr. Thompson, Blacksmith, N.W.T., states: "For fifteen years I suffered untold agony from hemorrhoids, and have been unwell with well-known physicians. I had 15 tumors removed, but no positive cure. I have since used Dr. Chase's Ointment, and am entirely rid of it. It is sure to all suffering from hemorrhoids."

Chase's Ointment.

For visiting cards at the office, Truro, N.S., printed in script (like engraving), or in any style Roman type, very neat and genteel size; 50 in a package.

BEAUTY'S EYES.

A LOVER'S FASCINATION.

Delightful, Dashing, Daring.

Continued from last issue.

him still more than words.

"My life cannot go on like this," she would cry out to herself.

When early fall set in Mrs. Forrester announced her intention of going to her winter home in Southern Virginia, declaring how pleased she was that Miss Clavering had been induced to accompany her.

"Are we to remain here, Max, or is the house to be closed?" asked Florabel.

bel of her husband, when they met alone together that evening.

"We go with them," answered Max. "I hope the arrangement will suit you," he added, impatiently, as the arrangements were all concluded. We all start next week."

"You made this arrangement, and without consulting me?" she asked, slowly, and with a gasp of dismay.

"I hope, Florabel, you are not going to raise a scene about it," he retorted, coldly. "The project suited me."

She turned away without a word, her heart heavy and cold as death.

"I could be happy there if Miss Clavering were not going," she thought, brushing away the bitter tears from her long lashes. "Her presence will make me hate the place, though it were an Eden."

Forrester Villa was almost an Eden, Florabel saw, when the party arrived there. It was a grand old stone house, all turrets and gables, in the midst of a beautiful park glowing with gorgeous blooms.

A party of young folks had been invited to the villa to meet Max's young wife and Miss Clavering.

Among the guests was Arthur Hurlhurst, a young man who had been for some time past a devoted admirer of Miss Clavering's. Many people wondered why he had been asked to the villa, for he had that worst of all reputations—a male flirt. He was never known to withstand a pretty face.

Of his antecedents little was known. He had a remarkable way of turning the conversation when anything relating to this subject was broached.

His acquaintance with Inez Clavering had come about in a very romantic way.

She was visiting a school friend the winter before in a little village where he was sojourning. A moonlight skating party had been organized by the village maidens, and the handsome stranger from the hotel had accompanied them. No one ever knew how it happened, it was all so sudden, but from their midst rose a terrible cry, the ice parted, and in a flash, Inez Clavering had disappeared from their very midst into the water below.

In an instant the daring young stranger had sprung to the rescue, and at the peril of his own life, saved Inez Clavering's.

From that moment he had no trouble in gaining an entry into the exclusive society in which Miss Clavering moved.

He was a gay, handsome young fellow, who had gone through all the different stages of love's sweet dream unscathed. Mothers were sure to say to their daughters when speaking of him:

"You must not believe him when he talks nonsense and poetry to you. He means nothing."

This was the young man who was invited to Forrester Villa.

Those who witnessed the young man's presentation to Florabel laughed.

"If she were not already married, I should say she had certainly made a conquest," they said.

One glance at that lovely face, and he turned deadly pale.

"What do you think of Max's wife?" asked Inez Clavering, as she stood with Arthur Hurlhurst on the terrace a little later.

"She is perfection," he answered, adding, with suppressed eagerness: "Who do you say she was before her marriage?"

"A mere nobody," laughed Inez, derisively. "I have really forgotten her name."

During the fortnight that followed, Arthur Hurlhurst hovered about Florabel like a veritable shadow. Of course he meant nothing by it, and no one laughed more at it than Max Forrester.

Max's mother was by no means pleased, and Inez Clavering was bitterly angry at the thought that a young man who had hitherto been her devoted admirer should find another face equally as fair, and above all, the sweet, dimpled face of Florabel.

It was no laughing matter to Florabel. She, in the small world of her narrow experience, had never met or even heard of a male flirt like Arthur Hurlhurst. She did not, could not, understand him. A woman of the world would have laughed at him, as all worldly women did. It simply frightened Florabel. She took all his compliments and idle sighs seriously.

what, to every one else, was an idle jest, and studiously avoided him on every possible occasion.

"He sees I am not fitted for my husband's rank of society and takes advantage of it," she told herself, with hot, bitter indignation. "How dare he speak to me, and look at me as he does!"

Once she appealed to Max against his friend, but he only looked annoyed, assuring her Arthur Hurlhurst's attentions meant simply nothing.

"I shall never allow any man to forget that I am a married lady, and not to be made love to!" declared Florabel, with hot pride.

Max's face grew dark.

"How can you mistake me so, Florabel?" he cried, angrily. "If any man dared attempt to make love to you I would lash him. You simply make a mistake. You do not see the difference between this merely fashionable, nonsensical trifling and reality."

and he added, slowly and thoughtfully:

"The poor fellow is as much in love with Inez Clavering as it is in his power to be with any one save himself."

"Oh, how I wish from the bottom of my heart she would marry him, then, and that he would take her," Florabel burst out, turning away.

Florabel watched their guest closely the next day, but she could not see that he was the least in love with Inez Clavering. Instead of watching Inez he always appeared to be watching herself, and with a look in his eyes she could not understand.

"I will keep silent no longer," murmured Arthur Hurlhurst one day, as he passed restlessly up and down beneath the beeches. "I must see Florabel and tell her all."

Seeing Florabel was easier said than done; she avoided him so persistently. In sheer despair he thought himself of writing a note and slipping it to her unobserved, urging her to see him, for he had something of the greatest importance to say to her, and that no one must know, for his very life almost depended upon her observing the strictest secrecy in regard to this note; and his prayer that she should meet him in the drawing room that night, if but a few moments, just after tea.

He wrote the note, and watched his opportunity of giving it to her unobserved. At last his opportunity came.

She was searching through Lord Tennyson's poems for some particular quotation and missed it.

"Let me assist you in looking for it," said handsome, gallant Arthur Hurlhurst, stepping to her side. He laid the note between the pages.

"Do not refuse my request," he whispered. "I pray you, for your own sake as well as mine, see me again and give me time to explain."

As he turned away hastily, he saw her draw back with anger and dismay.

He had risked almost his life itself, as he had said, on a daring venture. Would she betray him? He dared not think.

Giving her the note was admittedly managed; but it happened, unfortunately, that Inez Clavering witnessed the little transaction. She saw Florabel read over the few lines, her hazel eyes darkening with anger; then contemptuously tear up the note and fling it to the winds.

Arthur Hurlhurst waited patiently in the drawing room quite an hour after tea; but Florabel did not come, and he grew desperate.

"I must see her," he said, as he paced nervously up and down. "How madly I have acted. I must see her and explain all."

Florabel longed to go directly to her husband and tell him of the note she had received, and its contents but the fear that he would laugh at her sealed her lips in silence.

She did not deign to notice the note, but avoided the sender more scrupulously than ever.

Then Arthur Hurlhurst wrote again. "I must see you," he said, as he thrust the note into her unwilling hand, "and alone. Let the prayer of a desperate man influence you. You will not regret having seen me. Come down to the rose arbor at dusk."

Again the watchful eyes of Inez Clavering observed the note; and she promised herself that she would find out the meaning of this secret correspondence—unearth the mystery.

When Florabel read the second note she was in despair. What could he have to tell her of such grave importance? She wondered. That night when the moon was shining on the flowers, a fate most pitiful drew Florabel to the rose arbor to keep the strange, unwilling appointment.

CHAPTER XL

To the last day of her life every incident of that fatal night was engraved upon Florabel's memory. She remembered how the night wind

moaned among the beeches, as though it would warn her to turn back. How white the moonlight was that shone on the sleeping flowers, and how her heart throbbed as she neared the rose arbor.

Arthur Hurlhurst was already there, pacing up and down. He turned when he saw her, and came forward eagerly.

"Thank Heaven, you did not refuse my prayer," he said. "You have come."

"It is sorely against my will that I am here," she began, nervously. "Tell me why you have asked for this interview. What can you have to say to me, and in so mysterious a manner?"

"Much," he replied, "that cannot be uttered hastily. Little Florabel, do not fear me. Look at my face. Have I the appearance of a man who sought this interview for any foolish, vain reason?"

She looked at him in bewilderment. His face was pale and sad, that was usually so careless and gay. There was certainly nothing of the trifle in his earnest demeanor.

"You may trust me," he said. "You might trust me with your life. Come into the rose arbor and sit down."

"I can stay but a moment. I prefer standing here," replied Florabel. "As it is, I run a great risk by coming here at all."

"I know it," he said, sadly. "Would to Heaven that I could talk to you openly. Since I have been in this house, aye, since the first moment I looked upon your face, I have longed to tell you what I have brought you here to listen to to-night. I feared, too, my great interest in you would be noticed, and commented upon. Do not draw back in such indignant anger, Florabel," he said sadly. "Has it never struck you who I am?"

"No," she replied, her indignation giving place to puzzled wonder and amazement at the strangeness of his words.

"Have you looked upon my face and never thought of me save as a stranger? Is there not something in my face familiar to you—a strong resemblance to some one whom you have loved and lost?"

"No," she answered again.

In an instant he had swept off the wig of dark hair he wore, and stood revealed before her, singularly fair, instead of dark, as she had always believed him to be.

"Hush! Florabel," he commanded. "Do not cry out. I am your most unhappy brother, who has sought this interview to tell you this in secret, because I dare not reveal my identity publicly, for reasons which I shall explain farther on."

The effect of these words upon Florabel was startling. She caught her little hands over her heart with a loud cry.

"It cannot be true!" she gasped. "I—I had a brother once, but he died in the year I was born."

"You have a brother still. He did not die," replied Arthur Hurlhurst. "Come into the rose arbor and I will tell you about it."

Like one in a dazed dream she permitted him to lead her to the arbor, and place her on a seat, for she was trembling like a leaf.

He stood before her with a white, troubled face, his arms folded over his chest.

"I can readily understand why you know nothing of what I have to tell you. You were too young a child when your mother died to comprehend, even had it been revealed to you, our family history, and the grim skeleton our closet holds," he said.

"A few words will suffice to explain, Florabel," he added; "but before I proceed I will convince you that I am in truth your brother, if you fail to see in my face, now that this dark wig does not disguise it, the exact counterpart of your own, and a likeness to our poor mother. Here is her portrait, and there are letters to me. You see they are in her writing—signed Elsie Dean."

Her hands trembled so that she could hardly hold them. The tawny golden curls that clustered round his temples and the profile of the thoughtful face bore, indeed, a startling resemblance to the fair young mother she had lost so long ago.

To be Continued.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

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

In Effect Monday, Nov. 26, 1906. (Daily, except Sunday.)

ARRIVALS.

No.	Accommodation	Local time.
75	Express, C. P. R.	2.50 a.m.
25	Express, C. P. R.	9.50 a.m.
18	Express, C. B. Flyer	10.50 a.m.
83	Express, Maritime	8.10 p.m.
83	Express, Maritime	4.35 p.m.
17	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.
18	Express, Maritime	9.40 a.m.
15	Accommodation	3.35 p.m.
20	Express	4.25 p.m.
56	Express C. B. Flyer	7.40 p.m.

DEPARTURES.

For Halifax.

14	Express, Local	6.10 a.m.
58	Freight	7.30 a.m.
15	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.
56	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.
83	Express, Montreal	4.45 p.m.
15	Freight	6.35 p.m.
55	Freight	7.00 a.m.
19	Express	10.45 a.m.
55	Express C. B. Flyer	3.15 p.m.
17	Express for Pictou and New Glasgow	8.35 p.m.

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For Amherst, St. John, Upper Pictou 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 Westward, 10.25 a.m.

Short Line, 8.15 p.m.

For Old Bar, 11.20 a.m.

For Onslow (Daily) 11 a.m.

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

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

For North River and Barter, Monday, 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. 18—Corner of King and Victoria streets.

Box No. 15—At Electric Light Station, 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. 33—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 Lyman streets.

Box No. 36—Corner of Alice and Moore streets.