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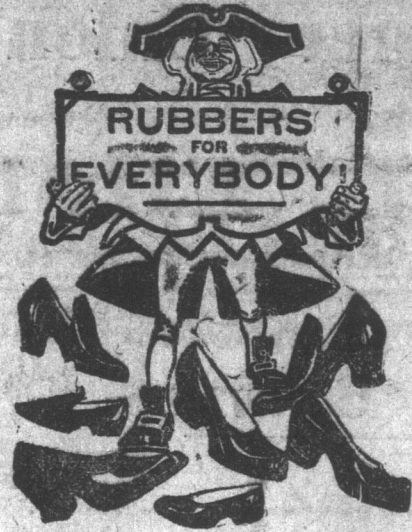
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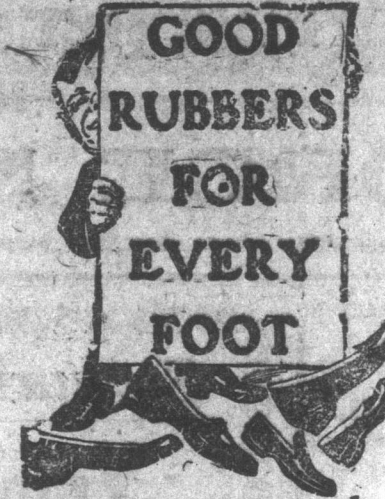


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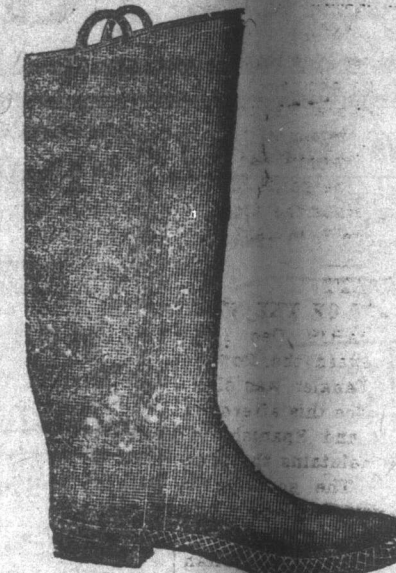
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F. SMALLWOOD

The Home of Good Rubbers
218 and 220 Water Street

Under False Colors

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"The accursed scoundrel!" muttered the baronet. "I saw his yellow face as the carriage passed!"

For a minute the clergyman left the room, but came back, saying:

"Follow me to the vestry, please, through the passage that communicates with the rectory. Make as little noise as possible."

The whole party obeyed, on the very tip-toe of expectation, Sir John leaning on the arm of Markham, and Captain Campbell walking between his son and wife.

"Where is Castlemon?" demanded Sir John, a little harshly, the scar growing a fiery red.

"I am here," was the sadly-spoken reply, and James Castlemon limped painfully into the room, his head and face swathed in bandages.

All eyes were turned upon him, and Sir John started to his feet, saying: "Heaven forgive you, Castlemon! We were friends once. Why could you have tortured and bled one all these years? Tell me that Campbell—my sister's husband—yet lives!"

Castlemon's eyes were fixed upon Mrs. Campbell; then, suddenly pushing one of the bandages back from his face, he cried:

"Do you not know me? It is I, Harry Campbell, in very truth! Castlemon died many years since, of fever, in the jungle, after deserting the army. Now, can you understand my revenge? I stand before you in dust and ashes! My shame is more than I can bear; but, if God spares me, I will lead a new life—for the enduring faith of my injured wife, for the priceless gift of so noble a son."

"Oh, Harry!" cried his wife. "I cared for you through it all; I will not desert you now!"

She clung to him, while his tears fell on her upturned face.

Noel was startled, but he stepped forward, saying, boldly, for he saw that Sir John had averted his face:

"Father, if I did not stand by you now, I should be an unnatural craven indeed!"

"I do not deserve this!" murmured Captain Campbell. "I never understood the meaning of love until now. Sir John and I were enemies and rivals. We have done each other many bitter wrongs in the past; but the crime of conspiring to ruin the fair name of his wife, and those that should bear his name, by a mock marriage, is unpardonable. I make no excuses; the scheme was mine and Castlemon's, because we hated Sir John. We met with Lawson at the gaming-table, and attracted by his glib tongue and knowledge of Biblical quotations, we laxed him with being a parson, but he strongly denied it, though he confessed to having studied for the church."

"I was ashamed of being seen in so wicked a place," the clergyman interposed, "though I had been driven by lack of funds to try my luck."

"Then it was," proceeded Campbell, "that our scheme began to ripen. We confided in Lawson, but I'll acknowledge that we did not obtain

his consent until he had been paid fifty rupees and had a promise of fifty more when his work was done. In a few days an expected uprising of the natives took place, and we seized that opportunity to get Sir John and the girl that he had cheated us both of, to go through a marriage ceremony that was to be in reality no marriage at all. Our colonel had been killed, and his daughter, who was affianced to Sir John, needed protection. I do not think that I need dwell longer upon this horrible subject. Only let me say how thankful I am to Heaven that Mr. Lawson deceived us! To me there have been long weeks of bitter—bitter remorse!"

For a minute he was shaken with emotion.

"In self-vengeance," put in the clergyman, "let me say that before joining in the shamful plot, I made full inquiries about Sir John Sterne and Miss Mervin, and knew that no harm could result from a legal marriage between them. Then the affair entirely escaped my memory for years."

Suddenly Sir John spoke:

"I have been terribly punished, but I am by no means blameless. It is true that Campbell and I hated each other, as young men. But let it be forgotten. When I discovered the fancied wrong that had been done to me, and my little child, I was not responsible for my actions. I searched high and low for Campbell and Castlemon, with murder in my heart. At length I heard that Campbell had

fallen in battle, and I resolved to mutilate his dead body, or finish him, if any life were left. My unerring instinct guided me to him. He was half-buried among a heap of slain. I flashed my sword in his face, and he begged for mercy. He was parched with fever's burning thirst. Satisfied that he was dying, I laughed at him, wished him a speedy journey to a darker world, and left him."

He held out his hand to Campbell, and added:

"I believe that I deserved your hate, but I forgive all for my sister's sake."

Captain Campbell was too overcome to reply, but he grasped Sir John's outstretched hand, not letting go until Mr. Lawson exclaimed:

"The butler and Lord Somerton's valet have gone into the church. The earl is not far behind."

Even as he spoke, the Park carriage appeared at the foot of the hill, and as it passed the rectory Captain Campbell stood at the window, by the side of Sir John.

(To be continued.)

"You, Charlie—you, who always quiz me so unmercifully of my love of misery?"

"Pooh, dear! that was in the old times, when I teased you for the pleasure of making it up again," he answered, with a quiver in his voice that brought the tears into her eyes. "Let me have my way, Lil. When I cannot praise your purchases, I can criticize them, and it will be a real advantage to have something more to look at and think about than my own aches and pains."

There was no denying this; and his cheerfulness was so infectious that

after a little hesitation Lady Ormsby and her daughter yielded to his wishes. The bride's trousseau was ordered, the pleasant bustle of preparations for the auspicious event commenced, and so heroically did Charles Ormsby keep his sufferings out of sight that it was only at times his parents were reminded that ere long they must expect to lose him.

"Isn't it too early for you to leave your room, my dear boy?" Sir George asked, as he supported the attenuated frame of his son, and led him to an easy-chair near the breakfast table.

"It was Lil's canaries that lured

me from my downy couch," was the reply, spoken with a smile, although the young man was evidently exhausted with the exertion of coming downstairs. "I listened to their warbling till it translated itself into 'Up, sluggard—up! Make the most of the sunshine,' and so here I am."

"And you are already so fatigued that you will be fit for nothing for some hours," the anxious father murmured.

"Never mind, sir. I like to be with you while I can," words which had such an ominous sound that Sir George buried himself in his newspaper, while Lily began to talk as fast as she could about some piece of current news to keep back the drops that would persist in welling into her blue eyes whenever her brother made any allusion to his helpless state.

A little while, and the trio were chatting as tranquilly as if one of their number was not keeping up a continual wrestle with pain and languor, and his companions hiding aching hearts under their smiling faces, but presently Charlie pointed to the pile of letters lying beside his father's plate.

"Has last night's debate proved more engrossing than your correspondence? As you have such a very large batch of epistles lying there, sir, it would be a charity to transfer a few to Lil. There was only one in the bag for her, and so she has been reduced to sit with it in her lap, and read it, and read it—let me see, how many times have you devoured that precious effusion, my poor child?"

Sir George laughed at the question, and Lily, with a blush and a pout, slipped the tiny billet-doux into her pocket.

"How absurd you are, Charlie! Halbert only writes to remind me that I promised to go with him to the Dudley Gallery."

"Did you need reminding?" she was provokingly asked. "You seem to have been afflicted with a great many lapses of memory since you have known the Lord of Effingham; for I observe that he has to send you two or three of those scented reminders daily."

"Not two or three, Charlie—at least not every day. Pray, don't exaggerate."

ate so!" murmured Lily, deprecatingly.

But, heeding this remonstrance, her brother went on:

"It's no joke for a man to have to commit himself to paper so frequently, besides being expected to make no end of flowery speeches by word of mouth. Poor Halbert! the strain on his mind must be something intense."

"Not with the effort of inventing flowery speeches," cried Lord Effingham's betrothed. "Halbert is too sensible to make those."

"For is, say was. No man can be quite sane while he is under the influence of la grande passion."

"I suppose I may not contradict anything asserted by such an authority as Mr. Charles Ormsby," said his sister, demurely.

(to be continued.)

How to Make Fine Cough Syrup at Home

Has no equal for prompt results. Takes but a moment to prepare and saves you about \$2.

You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest.

Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and syrup. The "syrup" part is usually plain sugar syrup.

To make the best pine cough remedy that money can buy, put 2½ ounces of Finex in a 16-oz. bottle, and fill up with home-made sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you make 16 ounces—more than you can buy ready-made for \$2.50. It is pure, good and pleasant—children like it. You can feel this takes hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. The cough may be dry, hoarse and tight, or may be persistently loose from the formation of phlegm. The cause is the same—inflamed membranes—and this Finex and Syrup combination will stop it—usually in 24 hours or less. Splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or any ordinary throat ailment.

Finex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is famous the world over for its prompt effect upon coughs. Beware of substitutes. Ask your druggist for 2½ ounces of Finex with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction, or money refunded. The Finex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Maddolena's Story

AND

The Cameo Bracelet.

CHAPTER I.

Lily, who was fondly attached to her brother, would have had her marriage postponed, that she might devote herself to the task of nursing him, but Charles Ormsby had not lost with his health courage or spirits, and, to the great relief of the earl, he put his veto upon any such sacrifice.

"It must be an invalid," he declared, "don't make a melancholy one of me, or force me to think that I am parting two fond lovers." Besides, I am to be amused, my doctor says, and what can be more amusing to a bachelor than the fuss of a wedding? If you really wish to please me, Lily, you'll begin your preparations at once, and let me have the exquisite felicity of assisting at them."

End Corns

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Blue-jay

The Aches and Pains of Muscular Strains

AFTER this job come the after-effects—soreness and stiffness of muscles, exposure results—rheumatic twinges, lumbago, sciatica.

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Sloan's Liniment is the ever-ready, ever-effective, standard remedy of its kind. It leaves no stained skin, no plaster or ointment muckiness. Penetrates with-
out rubbing. It goes further, acts quicker, relieves better. For 38 years it has been the favorite liniment of families everywhere.

Three sizes—1½, 7½, \$1.40, the largest lasts longer and costs less. More than your money's worth, whatever the size.

Sloan's Liniment is always sold by DEALERS you know and can trust.

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AT O'MARA'S DRUG STORES.

The Straight 'Un'

Request for Tombstone Epitaph in the Will of a Solicitor's Clerk.

A strange request for an epitaph appears in the will of Mr. Fred Stoddley of Charles House, Lyme-road, Crewkerne, solicitor's clerk, who left £2,500. The will states:—

"Now, though I do not claim to be any better than I ought to be or as good, I should like my trustees to try to get the Burial Board's consent to my epitaph (terminating with the words, 'Nicknamed the Straight 'Un' and having such engraved according to—"

"How absurd you are, Charlie! Halbert only writes to remind me that I promised to go with him to the Dudley Gallery."

"Did you need reminding?" she was provokingly asked. "You seem to have been afflicted with a great many lapses of memory since you have known the Lord of Effingham; for I observe that he has to send you two or three of those scented reminders daily."

"Not two or three, Charlie—at least not every day. Pray, don't exaggerate."

You Can Get Strong and Well Just as I Did by Using

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

King George

Federalists in Mexico by Power Waters

GREECE WITH

The Greek nation has suffered changes, will to a King, and the aged Adonis filled a similar position to the King's absence, pending the national assembly's decision. It is that when Queen depart for another king, ed for good from the Revolutionary. The decisive decision at the polls, temporary dismissal monarch who had to accede. Allied states made representation of their Government, pulion of the king, save the situation, Venizelos, who is invited to undertake the reply is not yet received call comes. According to situation remains great anxiety for although the ton press is comparat

KING GEORGE OF GREECE

The expulsion of Greece announced patches from Athens comment from diplomat upon the notable democracy manifestries of Europe years. The extent they observed, King who has made war; the monarch ed being those of Austria, Bulgaria, Egypt and German federated aris.

LEAVE ATHENS

King George will leave Athens, it is announced here to-day.

King George, son of the late ed to the Thirteenth, after forced to abdicate. Platinas revolt months Republic

To Me

See

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food