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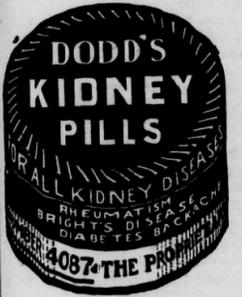
\$10 Cash \$2.50 Weekly BROS.

SATAN SANDERSON

—BY—
HALLIE ERMINE RIVES

Hugh started. A sickly pallor came to his shallow cheek. That salient chin, that mouth close-gripped—those words, vengeful, vindictive, the utterance of a wrath so mighty in the feeble frame as to seem almost uncouth—smote him with a mastering terror. Hugh started. A jail-bird! That was what his father called him! Did he mean to give him up, then? To have him arrested—tried—put in prison? When he had vanced the risks of discovery, he had imagined a scene, bitter anger—perhaps even disheritance. His marriage to Jessica he had reckoned, would cover that extremity. But he had never thought of something worse. Now, for the first time, he saw himself in the grip of that impersonal thing known as the law—handcuffs on his wrists, riding through the streets in the "Black-Maria"—standing at the dock an outcast, gazed at with contempt by all the town—at length sitting in a cell somewhere, no more pleasures or gaming, or fine linen, but dressed in convict's dress, loose, ill-shapen, hanging on him like bags, with broad black-and-white stripes. He had been through the penitentiary once. He remembered the sullen, stolid faces, the rough hob-nailed shoes, the cropped heads! His

mind turned from the picture with fear and loathing. In the thoughts that were darting through Hugh's mind, there was none now of regret or of pity for Jessica. His fear was the fear of the trapped spoiler, who discerns capture and its consequent penalties in the patrolling bull's-eye flashed upon him. He studied his father with hunted, calculating eyes, as the old man turned to Harry Sanderson. "Sanderson," said David Stires, once more in his even, deadly voice, "Jessica is waiting in the room above this. She will not understand the delay. Will you go to her? Make some excuse—any you can think of—till I come." Harry nodded and left the room, shutting the door carefully behind him, carrying with him the cowering helplessness look which Hugh saw himself left alone with his implacable judge. What to say to her? How to say it? As he passed the hall, the haste of demolition had already begun. Florist's assistants were carrying the plants from the east room, and through the open door a man was rolling up the red carpet. The cluttered emptiness struck him with a sense of fateful symbolism—as though it shadowed forth the shattering of Jessica's ordered dream of happiness. He mounted the stair as if a pack swung from his shoulders. He paused a moment at the door, then knocked, turned the knob, and entered. There, in the middle of the blue-hung room, in her wedding-dress, with her bandaged eyes, and her bridal bouquet on the table, stood Jessica. Twilight was near, but even so, all the shutters were drawn save one, through which a last glow of refracted sunlight sifted to fall upon his face. Her hands were clasped before her, he could hear her breathing—the full hurried respiration of expectancy. Then, while his hand closed the door behind him, a thing unexpected,



Sore Throat Hacking Coughs Bronchial Troubles

November, the windy month, the month of climatic changes is often responsible for Bronchial Troubles. Bronchial Troubles aggravated cause sore throat, coughs, colds and lung troubles. Be prepared for these climatic changes by carrying a package of Lozenges in the pocket to relieve that Sore Throat or Hacking Cough.

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- Smith Bros. Cough Drops, " 10c
- Smith Bros. Menthol " 10c
- Medicated Throat Discs " 25c
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- Paraformic Throat " 25c
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We also have Cough Lozenges in bulk, Linseed Licorice & Chlorodyne, Menthol & Eucalyptus, Menthol Plain and Paregoric Drops.

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"The Rexall Store"

DOCTOR ADVISED AN OPERATION

Read Alberta Woman's Experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Provost, Alberta.—"Perhaps you will remember sending me one of your books a year ago. I was in a bad condition and would suffer awful pains at times and could not do anything. The doctor said I could not have children unless I went under an operation. I read testimonials of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the papers and a friend recommended me to take it. After taking three bottles I became much better and now I have a bonny baby girl four months old. I do my housework and help a little with the chores. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and am willing for you to use this testimonial letter."—Mrs. A. A. ADAMS, Box 64, Provost, Alberta.

Pains in Left Side

Lachine, Quebec.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I suffered with pains in my left side and back and with weakness and other troubles women so often have. I was this way about six months. I saw the Vegetable Compound advertised in the 'Montreal Standard,' and I have taken four bottles of it. I was a very sick woman and I feel so much better I would not be without it. I also use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I recommend the medicines to my friends and I am willing for you to use my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. M. W. ROSE, 880 Notre Dame St., Lachine, Quebec.

Hospital for Sick Children

67 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO

Dear Mr. Editor:— Your readers have probably had their appetite for statistics salivated during the past few months. Still they will, no doubt, want to know something of the work accomplished by the hospital to which they have so generously contributed in the past. They are shareholders in a Mission of Mercy. Their dividends are not paid in coin of the realm. May I trespass upon your space to outline what those dividends are? Firstly, the daily average of children occupying cots in the Hospital for Sick Children was 255. The total cared for as in-patients was 6,397. That is equivalent to the population of a good-sized Ontario town. And secondly, the out-patient department. This is a wing of offices given over to consultation and minor operations. On an average there were 190 young callers a day. That is where the dividends are earned—in the difference made in the lives of thousands of children through the voluntary contributions which render it possible to maintain an institution where pallid cheeks become rosy and twisted limbs are made straight. If that were not dividend enough, one might try to estimate the enormous salvage of child-life in Ontario which has taken place since "Sick Kids" doctors and "Sick Kids" nurses have been going out through this province equipped with a knowledge of children's diseases, which they could not get except in some such highly specialized and pre-eminently efficient institution as the Hospital for Sick Children. On this year's service the Hospital expended \$345,126 and finds itself in the hole to the extent of \$134,284. What comes in around Christmas-time keeps the Hospital going. So long as the word "Christmas" retains its original significance could any charity possibly enlist more of the sympathy of your readers or entitle itself to more of their support? Faithfully yours, I. E. ROBERTSON, Chairman Appeal Committee

A MINUTE OF MERCY COSTS FIFTY CENTS

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ONE 50c BOX BROUGHT HEALTH

Years of Constipation Ended By "Fruit-a-tives"

The Wonderful Fruit Medicine

Anyone who suffers with miserable health; who is tortured with Headaches; and who is unable to get any real pleasure out of life; will be interested in this letter of Mrs. Martha de Wolfe of East Ship Harbor, N.S.

Mrs. de Wolfe says, "For years I was a dreadful sufferer from Constipation and Headaches and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicine seemed to help me. Then I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and the effect was splendid; and after taking only one box, I was completely relieved and now feel like a new person." 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

habit. The same pain of mind that I had spurred him, on that long-ago night, to the admission she had heard, had started to new life a bared, a scathed, a rekindling sin.

"It is all true," he said. It was the inveterate voice of conscience that spoke. "I have been deceiving myself. I was my brother's keeper! I see it now."

She did not catch the deep compunction in the judicial utterance. In her agony the very composure and restraint cut more deeply than silence. She stood an instant quivering, then turned, and feeling blindly for the door swept from their sight.

White and breathless, Jessica climbed the stair. In her room, she took a key from a drawer and ran swiftly to the attic-studio. She unlocked the door with hurried fingers, tore the wrappings from the tall white figure of the Prodigal Son, and found a heavy mallet. She lifted this with all her strength, and showered blow upon blow on the hard clay, her face and hair and shimmering train powdered with the white dust, till the statue lay on the floor, a heap of tumbled fragments.

Fateful and passionate as the scene in the library had been, her going left a pall of silence in the room. Harry Sanderson looked at David Stires with pale intentness.

"Yet I would have given my life," he said in a low voice, "to save her this!"

Something in the tone caught the old man. He glanced up.

"I never guessed!" he said slowly. "I never guessed that you loved her too."

But Harry had not heard. He did not even know that he had spoken aloud.

Continued on Page Eight

Glycerine Mixture Prevents Appendicitis

Simple glycerine, buckthorn bark, etc., as mixed in Adlerika is excellent to guard against appendicitis. Most medicines act only on lower bowel but Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removes all gasses and poisons. Brings out matter you never thought was in your system. Helps any case of gas on the stomach in TEN minutes. E. A. CAUGHILL & CO.



Figured in Historic Sod Turning

This antique looking wheelbarrow and spade do not appear capable of very hefty service now, but nearly half a century ago they carried the weight of a very important event—the ceremony marking the commencement of the construction of the Canada Central Railway through Pembroke, Ontario. Following the ceremony, the spade with which the first sod was turned and enthusiastic crowd, were presented to Miss M. P. Moffat, daughter of a very Reeve of the village, the lady who performed the ceremony of the naming of the road and christening it with a bottle of champagne. They recently passed into the hands of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which company took over the Canada Central lines in 1881, and will be added to a museum of relics connected with the early days of the railroad which is being formed in Montreal.

So much for the actual ceremony. The Pembroke "Observer" for September 3rd 1875 says: "The assembly then adjourned to a spacious booth that had been specially erected for the occasion, where champagne and beer had been provided for the purpose of drinking several toasts which had been previously agreed upon, by the committee; but a number of individuals, apparently more intent on drinking champagne than doing honor to any toasts, took possession of the tables, and the regular order of the programme had to be abandoned. The Pembroke Brass Band was present and performed some popular airs."