

2 in 1

SHOE POLISH

The Public knows better than to take any substitute for 2 in 1. The dealer knows better than to offer a substitute if he wants to retain his reputation.

Black and all colors.
10c & 25c tins



AGENTS

YOU can't beat the Nursery Stock proposition when you've a good firm behind you.

Pelham Nursery Co's reputation does half the selling. Every piece of stock offered is guaranteed hardy and the varieties for Western Canada are all recommended by the Brandon and Indian Head Experimental Farms. All kinds of Ornamental Trees and Shrubs—Fruit Trees—Small Fruits—Forest Seedlings and Seed Potatoes.

Government Certificate accompanies every shipment.

Reliable Agents wanted NOW in all parts of the West—whole or part time—pay weekly—Outfit (including handsomely lithographed plate book) free. Write Manager PELHAM NURSERY CO., Toronto, for particulars.

Central Business College

WINNIPEG, MAN.

CATALOGUES FREE.

F. A. WOOD WM. HAWKINS

Principals

Stops Colic

—and all stomach and bowel disorders.

Makes puny babies plump and rosy. Proved by 50 years' successful use. Ask your druggist for it—

Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure

—25c —6 bottles \$1.25.

National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited Montreal.

INVENTIONS

Thoroughly Protected in all countries

EGERTON R. CASE,

Registered Solicitor of Patents, and expert in Patent Causes, Notary Public for Ontario, Commissioner for Quebec Province

Temple Bldg., Toronto.

FREE ADVICE AS TO PATENTABILITY OF INVENTIONS

Beneath the Sea.

By MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"It's an awful sort of business," said the diver, "but it fascinates one for all that. It's owing partly, I suppose, that very few take to it who weren't born with a liking for the water. For my own part, I never go down without a shiver, and I'm never on dry land, even in the blessed sunshine, for many hours at a time, till I begin to pine for my next descent to the bottom."

There's an awesomeness about it that will take hold of the bravest of men when they have twenty fathoms of water between them and any living thing except the tribes of the sea. It's partly the darkness and partly the pressure of tons upon tons weighing one down, with nothing but that slender tube carrying the breath of life as they pump it from the apparatus above, and the knowledge that any tangling of the flexible air-pipe would cut that short and leave as dead a mass by the time they could draw one to the top as we ever sent up from the depths below.

"That's one of the worst features of all. Friends that want the dead bodies of them that have been drowned in sinking ships, know nothing of the horror that the touch of a corpse gives even through one's armor, and the sight is always hideous by the gruesome light."

"But there was none drowned in the *Fond Pride*?" half-asked, half-asserted Vivian Aubrey, trailing her fingers through the pale-green water.

"None. Two of the crew were lost and there was a passenger swept from the deck just as the boats were lowered; but there wasn't a soul on board when the sloop went down—so the captain says, and I've seen nothing to contradict him. This sort of wreck is the exception. The sloop is sunk in about fourteen fathoms of water, fair on her keel in a bed of firm white sand that reflects the light, so there's very little of the awfulness of deeper water. Our job is to get out the most valuable part of the cargo, since it isn't possible to raise her, and my mate and I are going down on a sort of holiday trip to-morrow, to do some further prospecting, until we get more help from the wreckers for hoisting it up."

"Oh, I'd give the world to go down," cried Vivian, wild with the idea in an instant, but the diver smiled as he shook his head.

"It would be a dubious piece of business for a gentleman as isn't used to the water, and not to be thought of for a lady," said he.

The boat full of pleasure-seekers drifted slowly away from that in which the diver stood, his helmet at his feet, and the great drops of briny sea-water rolling down his rubber suit. Vivian drew a ring from her finger, a slender affair with a tiny heart of carbuncle glowing in an invisible setting, and leaned over the side.

"What are you doing?" asked Warren.

"Giving my heart as a tribute to the sea. It has gone where the Doges sent their wedding rings, and I am determined to live heart-free unless old Neptune claims me in return for it," said Vivian, gayly.

She was determined not to encourage Warren, and escaped from his escort when they landed, to accost a man who sat on an upturned boat on the beach.

"Are you the other diver, comrade to the man out there? Then" as he nodded an assent, "I have a friend who will pay you liberally to let him go down in your place to-morrow. He will take the responsibility of any accident occurring. You have only to give him instructions, and lend him your armor, to earn the best day's wages you ever received in your life. I have set my heart on his going, and I know you won't refuse me?"

It was a conceded fact that Vivian could bewitch any one on whom she chose to practice her arts, but the diver hesitated.

"My mate wouldn't like it," he demurred. "There's danger to a green hand where there wouldn't be to us."

"You can manage it in some way, I am sure. Here, you shall have as much more," and she emptied her purse in his hand and ran away before he could make up his mind to refuse the bribe.

A more charming example of inconsistency than Vivian Aubrey it would be hard to find. She was too elated over the prospect she had planned to carry out her intention of being hard-hearted to Warren, and he took advantage of the first opportunity which offered to press the point he had been striving to gain for a fortnight.

"When are you going to give me an answer, Vivian?"

"I have told you no half a dozen times at least."

"And I am determined not to take your 'no' until you give me a better reason for thinking you mean it than you have done yet."

"What reason do you want, Mr. Persistence?"

"I don't want, but shall have to accept it if you give yourself to another man. Nothing less shall shake my faith in you, Vivian—my Vivian. Tell me when you are going to answer me 'yes'?"

"When you bring me back my ring which I threw into the sea," laughed Vivian, darting away from him to encounter her sister's disapproving gaze.

"Vivian, love," began the latter, gravely, in the privacy of their own room that night.

"Minette, if you begin to lecture me I'll go back to the ball-room and dance three sets with Warren, I will, upon my word."

"How will you answer to Warren for it when Clive Amberson comes upon the scene, as he is apt to do any day?" questioned Minette, too much in earnest to be daunted by the threat.

"How can you answer to your own conscience while you owe fidelity to Clive?"

"By changing my mind about owing it, perhaps," muttered Vivian defiantly.

"No fear of that—Clive is the better match," retorted Minette, with a curl of the lip which the younger sister felt she could not resent.

"I know I'm a horrid, mercenary little wretch," she communed with herself when her wilful head touched the pillow. "I ought to tell Warren that I'm to be the future Mrs. Amberson, and I will after to-morrow."

She was stipulating with herself for that much delay because she wanted to see the half-chiding, half-admiring look she was sure to meet in Warren's eyes when she should tell him of the last mad-cap escapade she was planning.

It was a mere stripling who presented himself to the diver, Lambert, next day, and filled out the measure of the reward Vivian Aubrey had promised. I am inclined to think that it was only the shine of silver and gold which blinded his eyes to the fact that this young adventurer was no other than Vivian Aubrey herself, arrayed in garcon, but betrayed by the slender hands and girlish voice which she had not the power to change.

"We are late," said Lambert, as they pushed off from the beach. "My mate has just gone down."

"Gone!" with a little shock.

"It was the best way to fix it so he shouldn't suspicion. Jack English is a good fellow, but he mightn't like my giving way to you." Really, Lambert meant, that for keeping a watchful eye on the greenhorn he might expect half of the price, a condition which his thrifty soul could by no means entertain. "You'll be sure to remember about the signals I have showed you? All ready, then. Down you go!"

A little panic seized upon Vivian, as the leaden weights attached to her

feet drew her down, but that soon passed and the exhilaration of a new and novel experience succeeded it. The deeper she went the stronger was the resistance offered by the water to her progress, but at last her feet touched the sands; she stood, in very truth upon the bottom of the sea, with the shadowy hull of the sunken vessel looming darkly before her, and something—what was it, a monster of the deep?—coming toward her. She could have laughed at her own shuddering horror as she recognized the queer, bald-looking armor which corresponded with her own; but the presence of the diver gave her new courage and activity. Seizing a trailing rope, she clambered over the side of the sloop, but looking back, saw that the other had not followed her. He seemed to be walking back and forth, closely searching the sands.

"Warren has hired him to search for my ring," thought she, with a thrill that was not displeasure. Notwithstanding Clive, she cared something for Warren, and the two were side by side in her thoughts as she walked the deck of the sloop and finally made her way down the companionway to the cabin door. It took some force to open it, and when she succeeded, the little light which filtered in through the portholes scarcely served to relieve the darkness which wrapped her surroundings, and the vague awe she had shaken off returned with double force. Something floating in the water struck against her shoulder as she was hurrying away. She looked back to see a ghastly face with the agony of a hundred deaths, as it seemed, stamped upon the discolored features and lusterless, protruding eyes, yet not so altered but that she recognized in that one glance her betrothed husband, Clive Amberson, before she recoiled with a soundless shriek upon her lips, and knew nothing more until she found herself in the clear sunlight on the open boat above.

Meanwhile, while Vivian was exploring the sloop at the bottom, Jack English and his comrade Lambert had come suddenly face to face on the deck at the top.

"What in the name of thunder?"

"Why, Jack, I made sure you had gone below."

"You see, there was a galoot set his head so strong that I finally gave in to him."

"Just my fix, and them there two greenhorns 'll get us in a muck if they do themselves. I depended on you seeing if anything went wrong."

"And I on you."

The two worthies stared in each other's faces for a moment and then Lambert burst out:

"Blanked if I ain't a notion that my 'sub' was a girl, and it's my opinion we'd better haul her up, signal or no signal, but be easy at first."

So Vivian found unconsciousness in the upper air, but there was a murmur from the men clustered about the other rope. Something was wrong there.

"What is it? Oh, who—who—"

as her wild eyes fell upon the two divers, and it did not need their words to tell her who the other had been.

Two dead bodies were drawn up from those depths at a later hour. For Warren—the air-pipe had become entangled, and asphyxia was the result. They thought he must have clutched the sands and shells they found in his clenched hands in his death agony, but Vivian knew it was in his search for the carbuncle heart.

In her first horror she felt responsible for both lives, for it was in his haste to join her that Clive had taken passage in the *Fond Pride*. He had evidently returned to the cabin when the captain supposed he had been washed from the deck.

She was conscience-stricken at first, but for the after-result—well who knows? Nature is nature, and Vivian was a born coquette.

Augustine Birrell, M.P., British Minister of Education: I hold with Thomas Carlyle that religion does not consist of the many things we are in doubt about, but of the few things we really believe.

ENORMOUS

Stock Sold
10 Cents

Few small inceptions of the that may be m ment in stock illustrate what will reproduce official report national Coal ited, Coleman, paid dividend amounting to

The Intern Company, Ltd. 000, shares ha per share. T outstanding a 200,000 shares

Dividends at the rate of the last one making a to paid to share

The latest of the compa shows a surpl

Out of all have operated Nest Pass di achieved as s results than t Coke Co., wh opened its m brief period agement has and have lat years' contr Pacific Railw an advanced also been do naturally had and shares of above par.

The engine an estimate o now on hand from the roo It has also venture that seven miles a

The Intern Company, Lin ing on excha share. Three been bought

To-day the gamated Coa stock at 15 predictions of International as a money share of s value of whi

Should the as remunerat ernational C every dollar now will be investor in t investors in making heav umbia Amal it is only a while before be advanced.

Those who secure even cents a share forget all ab suddenly rea what a sen ment they h

A copy o come to o Guide," issu Co., Ltd., m Winnipeg, well-known as are alwa congregation use of choi who are int of church n to is very and biograp mailed free ing Turner peg, mentio