PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

ISUMPTION

Do not think for a single moment that consumption will never 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 gh; then a little loss eight; then a harder gh; then the fever the night sweats.

etter stop the disease ie it is yet creeping. ter cure your cough ay.

ou can do it with

yer's herry ectoral

The pressure on the st is lifted, that feel- of suffocation is re- ved, and you are cur- You can stop that e cold with a 25 cent tle; harder coughs l need a 50 cent size; It's on the lungs the e dollar size will be st economical.

confidently recommend Ayer's rry Pectoral to all my patrons. using it now in my own family. y years ago I feel sure it saved life." A. S. EDSON, M.D., . 4, 1898. Fort Madison, Iowa.

ite the Doctor at any time. Ad- , DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

AL ECONOMY, COL. CO.

7.—Capt. John Ellis arrived t week.

Moore, and his sister, Mrs. raham, spent a few days k in Truro.

S. Moore is visiting friends

Soley has moved one of his Pleasant Hills.

Gray and family have mov- ve Islands for the winter.

cKim, teacher, intends going ua to teach, after vacation; the climate does not agree here—and perhaps the high- y has something to do with ge.

Jennie McLaughlin arrived m Boston recently.

Erving, a little boy nine ld, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse ied on Saturday, the 15th, onia.

Laura Shipley and Miss E. Murray expect to attend achers' Institute at Great this week.

furray took a sleigh drive to last week, to visit the and people as well.

eeze Lodge, Lower Economy, ery interesting, as well as ve public temperance meet- aturday evening, Dec. 8th. A ogramme was well carried ev. F. E. Roop and Rev. A. ave addresses on the occa-

Moody is running his bach- all this winter again. He housekeeper in the summer, nnot keep her in the cold

. McLaughlin is quite sick.

B. Moore has a year old the woods yet, so wild that nnot get him out. A. M.

ery Form of Piles

eorge Thompson, a leading t of Blenheim, Ont., states:— troubled with itching piles for years, and at times they were I could scarcely walk. I tried many remedies, but never nything like Dr. Chase's Oint- It cured me."

as. Jackson of the Laurie Spool y, St. Alexis des Monts, Que., —"I was troubled for two years at cruel disease, bleeding piles, er using Dr. Chase's Ointment. ay I am entirely rid of it. It easure to all suffering from

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

Chase's

BEAUTY'S EYES.

A LOVER'S FASCINATION.

Delightful, Dashing, Daring.

Continued from last issue.

The affair which appeared so monstrous, so cruel in Florabel's eyes had simply came about in this way:

Florabel had scarcely quitted her room ere Miss Clavering regretted not having accompanied her; the park would be so full of equipages; and, flying quickly to her own apartments, donned one of her prettiest costumes and flew out to the steps; but Florabel had driven away a moment before.

She returned to the parlor, threw off her hat and gloves, and, for want of better amusement, sat down at the piano to try the latest song Max Forrester had brought her.

As for Max, his business arrangements being concluded early in the morning, he had come home, thinking he might be in time to drive Florabel out. Finding her gone, he had stepped into the parlor, attracted there by Miss Clavering's singing.

It was only natural they should practice the new music, he had brought the day before, over together.

And perhaps it was only natural, when Max admired the great cluster of roses she wore at her belt, for Inez to laughingly offer him the sweetest and fairest, and for him to gallantly kiss the white jeweled hand that had given him the rose.

There was not much in the action, but it shot with the bitterest pain through the heart of Florabel, who had just come down, and was about to enter the parlor. It smote her with the bitterness of death; her face grew pale to the lips; she looked like one whose heart had suddenly been transfixed with a sharp sword.

She gazed with bated breath upon the scene, the memory of which never left her while her life lasted.

The long, dim parlor with its rich adornings of pale gold and creamery white; the lovely girl seated at the piano, toying with the crimson roses at her belt, and Max—her Max—bending over her with a look on his face that made her heart throb with the bitterest jealous pain. Inez was looking up into his face with those wondrous, dark Southern eyes, and a smile on her crimson lips. It was more than human nature could bear. She turned and fled through the long corridor out into the rose garden.

Over the brightness of the summer day a cloud had fallen; a funeral pall lay over the gold of the laburnum, and the purple of the lilacs; a dark mist hid the buddng roses and the lily leaves. What was this fiery, horrible pain that made her heart bleed?

"He is mine," she murmured, piteously, raising her eyes to the sunlit sky. "Why should she try to take him from me? He is mine!"

CHAPTER IX.

The memory of that kiss was a burning pain to Florabel. It tortured her. How was she to bear it?

Was his love so light that a few glances from a pair of dark, brilliant eyes, and a few smiles from rosy lips, could take his heart from her?

When she returned to the house she found Max reading the morning paper in her boudoir.

She made up her mind that Miss Clavering should never know how bitterly jealous she was. She should not triumph over her. She would meet her with a smile on her lips, though the bitterness of death lay in her heart.

"What! Back so soon?" exclaimed Max, as she advanced towards him. "Why, I did not expect you to return before noon."

"I suppose not," replied Florabel.

And she could not hide the sarcasm that crept into her voice.

"You should have stayed out longer," declared Max. "The morning air has flushed those cheeks, and lent a wonderful brightness to those hazel eyes. I shall insist upon your driving out for an hour or two every morning after this."

How little he dreamed that it was suppressed emotion that flushed those cheeks and gleamed from her eyes.

A strange, angry smile curved Florabel's crimson lips, and the unnatural sparkle deepened into a lurid flame in her hazel eyes.

The angry retort sprang to her lips:

"No doubt you would like to have me away that you might make love to Miss Clavering."

But she checked the words just in time. Prudence restrained her.

She crossed the room, and laid her lovely white arm round his neck.

"Max," she asked, in a low voice that sounded very like a sob, "do you really love me?"

"Is it not rather late in the day to ask that question, my darling?" he said, surprisedly.

"But do you?" persisted. "Do you love me better than any one else?"

"Yes, ten thousand times better. I love you with all my heart and soul. I have onthought, no wish, that does not begin and end with you, Florabel."

"Then," cried the girl, "why do me, why do you torture me?"

He looked at her in amazement.

"I torture you, Florabel?" he exclaimed. "Why, my darling, what strange words! What can you mean?"

"You will not understand," she said, with a bitter cry; and, turning away, she left him lest he should see the tears she could not restrain.

Max soon forgot Florabel's words. He was of a singularly bright and happy temperament. He had a certain vague idea that all women had highly strung nerves and were never to be properly understood. When Florabel said anything that was not quite comprehensible to him he attributed the want of clearness to the fact that she belonged to the sex supposed to be swayed by feelings without reason.

He wondered a little sadly and a little gravely over the word "tortured." What could Florabel mean?—his pretty, golden-haired Florabel whom he loved so well.

As the days flew on the fever of distrust and unrest increased in Florabel's heart. Her whole life became one dream of watching and pain. Ah! how would it end?

We all know how the eye of jealousy magnifies the merest trifles. If Max looked at Miss Clavering with laughing eyes, paid her a compliment, talked or sang with her Florabel's heart beat with the keenest alarm. She grew pale and strange. Max was alarmed at the change in the lovely dimpled face.

More than once he sought a secret counsel with Miss Clavering, to confer with her upon this alarming subject. Florabel often came upon them suddenly, and found them talking together in low whispers, and her keen eyes detected how quickly they turned away and changed the subject as she approached. She knew by instinct they had been talking about her.

Many a woman could have crept up behind them and listened. She could never have done that, even though many a night she tossed restlessly upon her pillow, vainly speculating as to what they were saying of her. She wonderend if Max were telling her that he regretted his marriage, and that he had found out, too late, how unsuited they were to each other? And was she pitying him because of his wasted life?, No wonder Florabel grew pale and thin, torturing herself with needless, foolish fancies.

One day, in speaking of the matter—the great change in Florabel—to Miss Claverng, Inez turned to him with an uneasy laugh.

"Do you know, Max," she said, "I am grieved to say it, but indeed, I believe Florabel is jealous of me."

"Jealous!" cried Max. "And of you! You must be mistaken, Inez. Jealous! Why?"

"I cannot tell why," she replied; "but many people have noticed it. I begin to think that it is a common subject of remark."

"Florabel jealous!" he cried again, "and people remarking it.! There must be some mistake. It cannot be true. Why, I have never given her cause for jealousy. Never!"

"For your sake, I wish I was mistaken," she replied. "Rumor says I am not."

"Do you mean to tell me, Inez," he cried, "that my wife and my domestic affairs are the subject of common gossip?"

"It is very unpleasant," she said, sympathizingly; "but I fear it is Florabel's own fault. She shows her unfounded jealousy of me in public. What can you expect? And I—I—am going to draw my visit to your dear, dear mother quickly to a close on account of it," she sobbed.

Max Forrester's handsome face grew white with rage. This was intolerable.

"You shall not go away, Inez, for any reason so absurd," he declared. "Stay and show the world how perfectly absurd and unfounded such a rumor is. I will go and speak to Florabel about it at once."

"Better not," she replied, carelessly. "Let the gossip die away—if die it will."

But Max Forrester went in search of Florabel.

He found her in her favorite nook in the rose arbor.

He went up to her at once, and sat down by her side.

"I wish to ask you a plain, honest question, Florabel," he said. "You will please give me an equally sincere answer."

She raised her clear, true eyes to his disturbed face.

"That I will certainly do," she replied, timidly. "What is it, Max?"

"Is that true which people are speaking of?" he asked, abruptly. "Are you, my wife, jealous of Ines Clavering, my mother's guest?"

The lovely dimpled face flushed; the brown hazel eyes filled suddenly with tears.

"Then," he cried, "why do you from me," she answered, piteously. "She is trying to usurp my place, and I—yes, I may as well own it to you as to weep over it in secret—I am bitterly jealous of your attentions to her. I am not happy. Oh, Max," cried the girl, "do you not see that my heart is bleeding? Can you not see it—you who once loved me so well?"

He looked at her for the first time in his life with bitter anger and resentment.

"Do not be angry with me," she cried; "but oh, Max! I plead with you, by the love that once was mine, to give up Miss Clavering."

He drew back, white to the lips, repeating the words:

"Give up Miss Clavering—why, what is she to me? What have I to do with her?" he demanded, haughtily—coldly.

"She talks with you; she sings with you; you kiss her hand. I saw it. Oh, Max, you must give her up," she sobbed out. "Keep away from Miss Clavering."

"I have nothing to give up," he replied, coolly. "Because a lady happens to be young and beautiful, and to show, as Miss Clavering does, an innocent preference for my society, I cannot be rude to her."

"Keep away from that false, beautiful woman, Max," repeated Florabel, piteously clasping her little white hands, and bowing her curly, golden head in dejection. "Tell her you have no time to spare for her."

"I cannot," replied Max Forrester, proudly and angrily. "Every one would laugh. They would say that I was under petticoat government."

"But it is for my happiness," said Florabel. "Sometimes, when she looks up into your eyes and smiles, it seems to me as though my heart were burning. For my sake, Max—"

"I have never wronged you in thought, act or deed," he interrupted. "You are a needlessly jealous woman. I never dreamed you had such a disposition when I married you. It is intolerable to me. You make me wretchedly unhappy."

She trembled like a flower suddenly exposed to the cold, cruel blast.

"Do not be angry with me, Max," she pleaded—oh, so piteously! "Ah! how unhappy I am to have brought this unhappiness upon you! What a cruel mistake has been made!"

"If you mean our marriage," he replied, "you force me to agree with you."

These were the bitter words, uttered in a moment of anger, that broke a loving heart.

With bitter resentment in his heart, he turned and strode away, leaving Florabel standing there among the pitying roses. Surely, the sadest sight the golden sunshine ever shone on, for the bitter prayer was falling from her lips that angels up in heaven must have heard and wept over. She was praying to be shown which way to die, for the horrible fear that overshadowed her life—the sword which had hung so long over her—had fallen at last on her hapless head.

CHAPTER X.

From the hour poor Florabel had confessed her jealousy of beautiful Inez Clavering a coolness had sprung up between Max and herself. He was greatly annoyed. He showed it by words and looks of stern displeasure that were far harder to bear than any amount of angry words would have been.

He was one of the proudest of men, and certainly one of the most sensitive. That his young wife should have shown a feeling so paltry as jealousy of his mother's lovely guest amazed him. He was more incensed than words could express.

So the clouds deepened, and the bitter end drew near day by day, and day by day they drifted further apart.

Florabel would have given up her life—poor foolish child—if he would have taken her into his arms and forgiven her and kissed her tears away.

But Max was polite, cold and courteous. No gleam of love or tenderness ever escaped him, and her love turned upon itself and ate her heart as the canker eats the heart of the fairest bud all unnoticed.

She no longer pleaded with Max to take her away, and the resigned, desolate expression of her face annoyed

To be Continued.

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

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

ARRIVALS.

From Halifax.

No.		Local time.
75	Accommodation	2.50 a. m.
25	Express, C. P. R.	9.50 a. m.
1	Express	10.30 a. m.
85	Express, C. B. Flyer	3.10 p. m.
33	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.
	From Pictou and Mulgrave.	
18	Accommodation	9.40 a. m.
56	Accommodation	3.35 p. m.
20	Express	4.25 p. m.
86	Express C. B. Flyer	7.40 p. m.

DEPARTURES.

For Halifax.

14	Express, Local	6.10 a. m.
58	Freight	7.30 a. m.
18	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.
86	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.
33	Express, Montreal	4.45 p. m.
15	Freight	6.35 p. m.
	For Pictou and Mulgrave.	
55	Freight	7.00 a. m.
19	Express	10.45 a. m
85	Express C. B. Flyer	3.15 p. m.
17	Express for Pictou and New Glasgow	8.35 p. m

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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 Eastward, 10.25 a. m.

For Pictou and New Glasgow and Short Line, 8.15 p. m.

For Old Barns, 11.20 a. m.

For Onslow (Daily) 11 a. m.

For Camden and Harmony, Monday and Thursday 11.20 a. m.

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

For North River and Earltown, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 11 a. m.

English Mail, via Bimouski, 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. 13—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.

On the discovery of a fire, the first duty of every citizen is to run to the nearest Iron Fire Alarm Box, break the glass in the small red wooden glass front box, beside the alarm box, and get the key of alarm box, and give the alarm by pulling the hook, with a strong quick pull to the bottom of the slot, then let go and close the box.

The number of strokes the box so operated upon gives on the gong at the Electric Light Station, and the Pumping station, and in the houses of members of the Fire Company, locates the fire.

The general alarm for the town is given by repeating the strokes on the box on the steam whistle at the Electric Light Station.