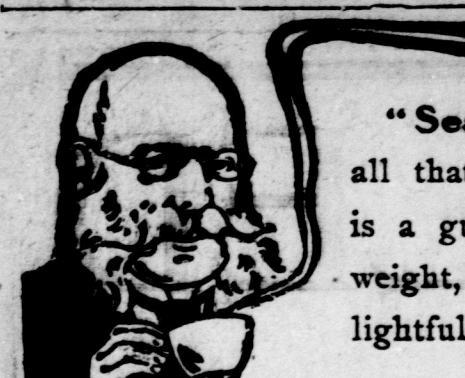


10



"Seal Brand" stands for all that is best in coffee. It is a guarantee of purity, full weight, extra strength and delightful flavor.

In 1 and 2 pound tins to protect you against adulterations and substitution.

"Seal Brand" Coffee

Chase & Sanborn, - Montreal

SWEET AS A ROSE.

Something in the delicate, mingling gait, in the carriage of the silver-tipped cane which he holds in his hands, strikes Paula as being familiar to her, and she watches the figure as it comes nearer, but she does not recognize it until it stands before her and says, in the soft insinuating voice she remembers so well:

"Dare I believe my eyes! Is this too much happiness, or is it—Miss Paula!" and he takes off his mask and extends his hand.

It is the Honorable Major Vericourt, his smooth face, on which not a wrinkle shows, not a day older, nay, a year younger, if anything, than when she last saw him, more ingratiating even than of yore. It is the ever-green major himself!

Paula stares as if a ghost had arisen, as indeed one has from that first night, never leaves her, and she gives him her hand with a breathless amazement.

"What a wonderful life it is!" says the major, seating himself beside her, and raising his thin, white fingers with a gesture of surprise and delight. "To think that we should meet here, in this corner of the world! And yet, it fulfills my prophecy. You would ask what that is? My dear Miss Paula, the first time I saw you, at the house of our esteemed friend, Mr. Palmer, I said to that worthy gentleman himself, if I remember rightly, 'that young lady is too beautiful, too charming, not to have a good career, and you see I was right. Months elapse, time flies by, we meet again, I the prophet, you the belle of this brilliant assembly.'"

Paula smiles faintly, ironically, but she shakes his powerful hand.

"No, no, it is quite true. You are the belle, the reigning queen. My dear child—pardon an old man's familiarity—your name is on every lip, the women envy you, the men are mad about you. I left a group of young men in the refreshment room to envy him too much, they were—envious—how? Toasting you in champagne—to the fair Moonlight, the most lovely of her sex!" I assure you."

And he lays his white hand on the satin-covered and artistically padded bosom.

Paula looks at him with the same quiet, incredulous smile.

"Do not think I flatter," he says in the soft, insinuating voice she remembers so well; "I speak the plain, vulgar truth—you have the world at your feet tonight, Miss Paula."

Paula laughs, and there is a bitter tone in the laugh. The world! But a year ago she had more than a world at her feet, and where is she?

"Have you seen my sister Alice?" she says, for the sake of saying something.

"Yes," says the old courtier, "and she, too, has her triumphs. But it is she who have won the minutes, not I. I cannot. It would be to contradict you," says Paula, wearily, "but the world is easily won."

And she sighs.

"It is always so," he says, toying with the lace that he holds in his left hand—"always so, I came, I saw, I conquered. That you envy him too much, Ah, how happy and proud my dear young friend—if he will permit me to call him so—must be!"

Paula is silent.

"Happy Mr. Palmer!" he says, laying his hand on his heart, and eyeing her with a gallant smile.

Paula looks down gravely.

"Now," he goes on with a light air, "should go and congratulate him on his good fortune, which I have heard of tonight for the first time; but I cannot. In simple truth, I envy him too much. But my dear Miss Paula, I may wish you every happiness."

Some impulse she cannot resist compels Paula to retort:

"You did that on a former occasion, Major Vericourt."

He looks at her out of the corners of his eyes.

"I do not forget, my dear child, but I did it with compunction. You, a young girl, to envy him, I knew I even ventured to say—that he was not worthy of you."

Paula is silent, but her eyes fix them on these remedies.

NEVER NEGLECT EVERY-DAY ILLS.

A cold is one of the everyday ills of life. People of all ages, in summer and in winter, are liable to catch cold, and a cold is always dangerous, because it is the beginning of catarrh of some internal organ—head, lungs, stomach or pelvic organs. Any remedy that will cure a cold should cure the effects of a cold. That is why Smith's Triple Cure is so popular, why people are so enthusiastic after experiencing its wonderful curative power. Smith's Triple Cure promptly cures colds and catarrh wherever located, because it acts directly on the depressed nerve centers, giving strength and vigor to the nerves, removing the congestion of the circulation and imparting renewed vitality to the mucous membranes.

Picture to yourself the horrors of bronchial catarrh—the terrible cough, disgusting expectoration, wheezing breath and loss of strength, or the torments of female catarrh—the swollen bowels, shooting pains, offensive discharges, displacements and burning distress, and then realize, if you can, how thankful these sufferers are for Smith's Triple Cure which has delivered them out of their troubles. Is it any wonder that Smith's Triple Cure is rapidly displacing all other catarrh treatments in hospitals and sanitariums and is prescribed by the medical profession generally? It meets a want for centuries, yet for the first time in this strange life of ours is never before. Smith's Triple Cure cures catarrh sufferers of all ages, makes the sick well and the weak strong; it builds up healthy digestion, makes strong nerves and enriches the blood. That is why all the world is praising it, why its magical curative power is talked about in the homes and on the streets. Smith's Triple Cure consists of four separate preparations, three remedies taken internally acting on the mucous membranes, stomach, liver and digestive organs, purifying and enriching the blood, and a catarrh cream used locally in allaying all inflammation and killing all disease germs in the nasal passages, throat and lungs. A full two weeks' treatment of combined remedies, sold for only 50 cents by all dealers, the greatest value for the money ever offered. If your druggist won't supply you send 25 two-cent stamps by mail today, and we will send it postpaid and guarantee satisfaction. Address: W. F. Smith Co., 185 St. James St., Montreal.

LAST FOOTHOLD IN NEW WORLD

Only St. Pierre and Miquelon Left to France.

SINCE THE SHORE SETTLEMENT

Story of Famous Controversy That Came Close to Bringing On War Between Britain and France.

London, Nov. 17.—Now that the Chamber of Deputies, by an overwhelming vote, has ratified the Anglo-French colonial treaty, the famous controversy between Newfoundland and France vanishes finally, and a very grave question is settled for all time. When the treaty was announced a year ago, great were the rejoicings, but though they have been not premature, it was pointed out that the French Chamber of Deputies had a peculiar trick of throwing out agreements of the sort, and that in the time which must elapse before the matter could be disposed of, many incidents might occur to prejudicially influence the temper of France, and result in a rebuff for M. Delcasse. Fortunately no such accident has occurred, and Foreign Minister Delcasse and Lord Lansdowne are to be warmly congratulated. Mr. Chamberlain has had a hand in the matter, but, according to the French Premier, the greatest credit of all is due to Kink Edward, whose tact, more than anything else, has opened this new door for diplomacy.

The abandonment by France of its claims to exclusive jurisdiction of the north shore of Newfoundland is not to be regarded as a concession. It is only a matter of common justice to Newfoundland, which has borne the crushing burden of an imposition of the most trying character. In claiming and exercising her remarkable authority in Newfoundland, we must now assume that France was wittingly in the wrong. Most pertinaciously she clung to the idea that she was within her most solemnly guaranteed treaty rights. It was, perhaps, a recognition of this good faith on the part of France that prompted a serious quarrel with Great Britain. At the same time it is extremely doubtful if any impartial tribunal in the world would award the opportunity of converse, Monsieur, I resign her to your charge," and the major, with an elaborate bow, turned as elaborately by the Frenchman, retired.

Paula takes the glass in her hand, but it trembles so that she can scarcely hold it. "Rick Rick Rick!" she had suspected it long ago, but—

"Mademoiselle is not, wearied?" says the young Frenchman, in accent of despair, "and it is very faint. I have been so long."

"No, no," says Paula, pushing the thick glass nearer to her eye, "but it is so hot, and the music is so loud!"

"I understand," he says, eagerly. "Let me conduct you out of the hearing of the band—excellent, but loud," and he offers her his arm.

Paula takes it mechanically. The Frenchman looks round eagerly. Nothing would delight him more than to have her to himself for a quiet five minutes. He looks round, and at last sees a wide doorway heavily masked by thick tapestry curtains.

"Here will be some quietude," he says in his quaint English, and he steers her through the crowd to the door, and opening it leads her through.

Instantly, as if by magic, the scene is changed. Behind the thick, half-decorated, lit by wax candles, and furnished in a tasteful though luxurious fashion. A large table stands in the center of the room, and a circle of men and women.

She is wondering why they are seated there so silently, when suddenly there sounds the voice of the croupier, calling in a monotone, in French—"Ladies and gentlemen, the game is over."

Then it strikes her suddenly that they have entered the gaming-room of the saloon. It comes home to the young Frenchman at the same moment, and he makes a half-turn, but Paula does not respond, and they stand looking on in mute silence.

The usual group surrounds the table. Old men and young, painted women and women with gray hair, are seated, eagerly watching the revolving needle as it spins round the red and black table.

Gambler of the most pronounced type, sit elbow to elbow with novices who have just dropped in to try their luck and stake a few good pieces.

They are all so intent on the game that they scarcely look at the half-dozen figures who have intruded on their domain. Fascinated by the silence, Paula slips her hand from her cavalier's arm and draws nearer to the table.

As she does so a door at the other end of the room opens noiselessly, the footmen make way, and a tall, stalwart figure enters.

With slow, listless step it approaches the table, stands for a moment looking at the game, then turns, and with a cold, cold look, and sinks into a chair.

The red wins, and the new-comer takes up his winnings. As he does so he lifts his face, and the light of the wax candles falls upon it. A handsome, haggard face, marked with heavy lines of sorrow and the worst of all cares—ennui; a face prematurely old, pale, and wayward, and bitterly sad; a face that the gods might weep over—so hopeless, so youthless is it.

Paula, standing opposite it, feels attracted by it with an awful kind of attraction, and gradually lets her eyes fall upon it.

As she does so, the dark eyes, which bend a strange, mournful beauty to the haggard face, rise and meet hers, and with a sudden thrill, an awful shock, as if something had laid a cold hand on her heart, she knows that it is Sir Herick!

[To be Continued.]

COAL MINES TIED UP

Several Thousand Miners on Strike in West Virginia Fields.

Charleston, W. Va., Nov. 17.—Several thousand miners are now on strike in the Kanawha coalfields, and about 50 mines are tied up. The miners will hold a meeting here today to decide how they shall meet the situation. The operators are employing non-union men to fill the places of striking miners.

John Nugent, president of District No. 17, United Mine Workers of America, has issued a statement in which he denies the allegations of the Kanawha coal operators, that the mine workers will not submit the question of dispute to arbitration, according to the agreement of last May.

Underwear Sale on Saturday!

WE bought at less than 50c on the dollar, over three hundred dozens Ladies' and Children's Wool and Fleece-Lined Underwear, and as our lease will soon expire, we must turn the goods into money. Therefore, on Saturday we offer:

Children's Wool Ribbed Vests, regular 25c, for	12c
Children's Wool Ribbed Vests, regular 30c, for	15c
Ladies' Ribbed Vests, regular 25c, for	19c
Ladies' Ribbed Vests, regular 30c, for	21c
Ladies' Ribbed Vests, regular 35c, for	25c
Ladies' Combination Suits, regular \$1, for	50c
Children's Combination Suits, regular 75c, for	40c

These are all seasonable goods and came into our possession through someone's misfortune. If you are on hand Saturday we will turn their misfortune into your good fortune.

TWO OTHER SATURDAY SPECIALS.

1—Two dozen only, Men's Umbrellas, shepherd's crook handles, silver trimmings, heavy cover, strong frame. Regular \$1.25. SATURDAY ONLY, for **75c**

2—The "Beatrice" Kid Glove—about 200 pairs to choose from—browns, tans, white, and black, picked skins, perfectly dyed, newly made, handsome, strong and stylish. Regular \$1. SATURDAY ONLY, for **51c**

SPECIAL EMBROIDERY SALE TOMORROW.

We have a few thousand yards of handsome colored Cambric Embroidery, usually sold by Whiskard at 5c, 8c, 10c and 15c, which we will offer all day Saturday at 2c a yard. This is an extra good bargain.

Thousands of other bargains from end to end of the store. We are in selling humor now—we see the end of our lease in sight. We had to move the stock from Whiskard's old stand because he sold the building, and now we must move the stock into the homes of the people, because we only have a short time before Mr. Sreaton takes possession again of this store.

C. B. KEENLEYSIDE,

134 DUNDAS STREET.

MADE RESCUE 'MID BOUNDING SEAS

Crew of Coasting Ship Have Terrible Experience.

DECK AWASH; SWEEP BY WAVES

Vessel's Sails Blown Away and Craft Stands Under Bare Poles in a Terrific Hurricane.

New York, Nov. 17.—Eight shipwrecked sailors, the captain and crew of the three-masted schooner Islesboro, who were rescued from their storm-battered, waterlogged craft after a terrible experience in the hurricane which swept the Atlantic seaboard early in the week, were brought here today on the British steamer Athol, which arrived from Yokohama and other far eastern ports. The rescue was made in the dangerous seas off Cape Henry, north of Hatteras, while the waves were breaking over the helpless craft fore and aft. Huddled on the narrow roof of the after-house, where they had nearly abandoned hope, until their decks were awash and swept by every wave, the crew of the Islesboro had nearly abandoned hope when the steamer hove in sight, and in

answer to their signal of distress sent a boat to their assistance. Once on the Athol, the men were given food and warm clothing, and made so comfortable that they showed little of the effects of their terrible experience when they arrived here today.

According to the story told by Capt. Trim, of the Islesboro, he sailed from Savannah, Ga., on Nov. 4, bound for New Bedford, Mass., with a cargo of yellow pine. On Sunday, Nov. 13, the wind assumed hurricane proportions. The vessel's sails were blown away and she scudded under bare poles in a tremendous sea for twelve hours. At midnight some of the crew went to the fore-cabin to see the men elung to their precarious positions on the narrow roof while the Islesboro was pounded by the sea, until taken off by the Athol.

COLONIES MOVE QUICKLY

Says Reciprocity With U. S. Means Political Union.

London, Nov. 17.—Alfred Baldwin, M.P., speaking at Worcester, said it was impossible to continue in the same old groove because things in the colonies were shaping themselves very quickly, and if they did not take care they would be left behind. Canada already had given a reduction in tariffs, which had resulted in great advantage to the trade of the country, but America was only too anxious to bring about a reciprocity treaty with Canada, and the day that was done would seal the fate of Canada, for commercial union would inevitably lead to political union.

The St. James' Gazette, referring to Lord Milner congratulating the Transvaal on the rapid strides made towards an adequate railway system, says of Col. Grouart: "That admirable expert is not to be turned to the comparative failure up to the present; running an ordinary line in peace time did not fall into his particular province, and his successor, doubtless a more practical, though a more prosaic business man, will work effectively upon the foundation already laid to bring the railway to a pitch of perfection necessary to the proper opening up of the country."

TRAIN ROBBERS CAUGHT

Men Who Held Up Rock Island Passenger Train Run to Earth.

Las Vegas, N. M., Nov. 17.—Special Officer W. O. McIntosh, of the Rock Island Railroad, and two deputy United States marshals from the Indian Territory, have arrived here with John and James Black, twin brothers, and John Murphy, who are charged with having committed the train robbery at Fort Logan, N. M., last July. In the latter part of July four men stopped the Rock Island passenger train and blew up the express car and the safes. The railroad officials say the robbers obtained little booty. The fourth man was supposed to be Thomas Boswell, who ten days ago was shot and killed while leading a break from the United States prison at Fort Leavenworth, where he was serving a sentence for stealing.

The value of artificial and chemical fertilizers annually used in Italy is estimated at \$5,250,000.

ALL THE SAME TO CUPID

Elderly Couple Woo by Mail and Marry on Meeting.

Corry, Pa., Nov. 17.—The old adage that Cupid cares not for age was proven when the marriage of A. Straight, who resides between Jamestown and Sinclairville, and Mrs. Rhodes, of Corry, became known. Straight and his bride are past three-score and ten years of age, yet they loved each other without meeting personally. They saw each other for the first time last Wednesday, when they were married in Jamestown. The romance dates back to grape-picking time, when the old lady heard of Straight. A correspondence sprang up and Straight sent his photograph and then a ticket. Both were pleased, and the wedding resulted. The marriage was made public, when many friends offered congratulations. The happy couple left for their home on the farm.



2 Overcoats in One

if it's a Cravenette

Cravenette Rain Coat might be called a spring and fall overcoat—for dress as well as every-day wear. They are absolutely waterproof, and are made of the finest material. At leading dealers.

BELTING Our Extra

Will reduce running expenses—write us

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