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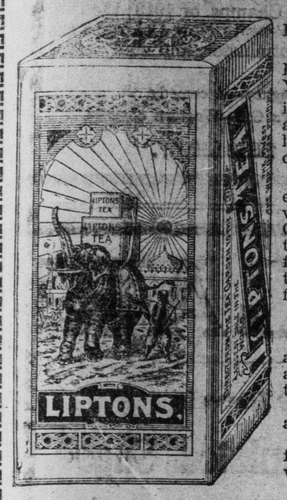

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in ¼, ½ and 1 lb. double air-tight bags, and in 5 lb. patent air-tight decorated tins.

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Potatoes, Cabbage, Bananas!

Due Thursday, August 14th, per "Florizel,"

100 barrels Potatoes,
50 barrels Cabbage,
50 bunches Bananas.

GEORGE NEAL.

'Phone 264.

"Molassine" Meal

is as useful in Summer as in Winter.

"MOLASSINE" MEAL helps all animals to get greater nourishment out of their other foods and digest them.

Worms cannot exist in animals fed on "MOLASSINE" MEAL. It is therefore a necessity during the grazing season.

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Try "MOLASSINE" DOG CAKES on your Dog.

Harvey & Co.'y.

Wholesale.

Thursday, 14th Aug., 1913.

Per "Florizel" to-day:

50 brls. Green Cabbage.
50 bunches Fine Bananas.
50 brls. New Potatoes.
30 cases Sweet Oranges.

Also,
50 kegs Purple Grapes.
30 cases Silverpeel Onions.
Canned and Dried Fruits.

Aug. 14th, 1913. EDWIN MURRAY,

Is There Peace in Your Home?

By RUTH CAMERON.

Have you ever happened to notice how in some houses there is an almost palpable atmosphere of peace and harmony, while in other homes unrest and discord are just as obviously in the air.

A friend of mine recently gave up a room in a lovely house for a much less attractive location. I knew there was no financial reason for the change, and rathered wondered at it until she explained.

"Yes, my dear, the house itself, and the furniture and appointments were beautiful and my room was thoroughly comfortable. I couldn't ask anything better in a material way, but I wasn't happy there, and now I've come away I'll tell you why. I didn't like the atmosphere. The people in that house didn't love each other; there was always discord between them. Of course they were too well bred to actually quarrel before me, and they were always kind and obliging as far as I was concerned, but I couldn't help feeling a lack of peace and harmony in the atmosphere and it troubled me. Where I am now an atmosphere of peace is just as evident. The people speak to each other in pleasant voices, they remember the little courtesies and are always doing little thoughtful things for each other. I can't tell you how much happier I've been myself since I've been here."

My friend's face and manner bore out her words. She seemed happier than I had ever seen her. And yet she had given up several material comforts to make the change.

An atmosphere is an intangible thing but it is as vital and powerful a force for or against happiness as many things which we can touch and handle.

When I see children being brought up in a house where there in an atmosphere of discord and unrest I am sorry for them, no matter how many luxuries they may have.

I read the other day of a middle aged man and woman who have just been divorced. They had a grown son, and the wife told the court that although she and her husband decided when that son was a baby that they were incompatible, they had made up their minds to bury their dissensions and live together in harmony until he had grown, for his sake. And they had done this so successfully that neither he nor any of their friends had the least idea that there was any lack of harmony.

Wasn't that a tremendous and beautiful thing to do for a child?

An atmosphere of perfect peace is a wonderful and beautiful thing. The child who is brought up in a home where peace abides will have a blessed childhood even if he lacks many luxuries.

Is there peace in your home?

Ruth Cameron

Lost a Bride and Won the Derby

A Sensational Elopement of the Last Century in Which a Noted English Politician of To-Day Was the Central Figure.

The story of the greatest romance in the annals of the Derby which centres around the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., ex-president of Agriculture and of the Board of Trade is told in a current number of Cassell's Saturday Journal.

If you turn up an encyclopaedia or a biography you will find that Mr. Chaplin is the son of a clergyman, and son-in-law of a Duke; ally by marriage with many of the most notable families in England and father-in-law of the future Marquis of Londonderry, and of Mr. Densmore, a well-known Canadian of British Columbia. The Government once printed a special edition of the Gazette in his honor, to repair the omission of his name from the list of Privy Councillors.

The Chaplins are descended from one of the old line of merchant princes who helped to give us an Empire in the days of Queen Bess, and the head of the house was Lord Mayor of London more than two centuries ago.

But no history or biographical directory will give a clue to the great romance of Mr. Chaplin's life, nor hint that he figured as the victim of the most sensational elopement of the last century, nor that he was the winner of the most famous of all races run for the Derby.

The parson's son proved a veritable Nimrod, carried out great sporting trips in America and elsewhere, and gained fame as a hunter of big game in India long before the excellence of guns had made that pursuit safe and easy. On returning to England to enter into possession of his property he established a racing stable.

His well-wishers desired to see him happily married and many a matron, anxious for the weal of her daughter, looked encouragingly in the direction of the dashing young squire with his estate worth a round half million sterling. He was, however, thought an extremely fortunate young man to win the heart of Lady Florence Paget, daugter of the Marquis of Anglesey, for Lady Florence was one of the great beauties of the day. She was called the "pocket Venus," and was famed as much for her wit and gaiety as for her physical charms. The bridegroom-elect was three-and-twenty; the bride-to-be was still younger, and Society was promised the wedding of the season. Preparations for the marriage were well advanced, and not long before the date which had been fixed the young couple drove with a lady friend out shopping to complete the lady's trousseau.

In the course of their expedition their carriage stopped at the front of Swan and Edgar's in Piccadilly Circus. Leaving her swain and chaperon in the vehicle, the bride-elect tripped into the shop, bidding them await her return. And that was the last time Mr. Chaplin ever saw her as Lady Florence Paget!

The two in the carriage waited and waited, but the lady did not return. They entered the shop to seek her. She was not there. High and low they searched, but searched in vain. A lady does not, without extraordinary reason, vanish suddenly from a fashionable London establishment in broad daylight, with her chaperon and her sweetheart at the main entrance. The reason here was extraordinary enough to satisfy the taste of the most ardent seekers after sensations.

Rivals for the Lady's Hand.

The truth is that, as the Chaplin equipage drew up at the front door of the shop, a hansom cab which had been following it stopped at a side door. In it was the Marquis of Hastings. Lady Florence, leaving Mr. Chaplin in his carriage, passed straight through the shop and out by way of the side door. She hurriedly entered the waiting hansom, drove off with the Marquis, and straightway married him, while her unfortunate lover was still kicking his heels at the draper's in Piccadilly Circus.

Harry Plantagenet, fourth and last Marquis of Hastings, who descended, as his name implies, from the royal line of England, was a year younger than the man whom he thus cruelly wronged. Like Mr. Chaplin, he was the owner of a racing stud, and in that sense the two had been rivals. That they had been rivals also for the hand of the Lady Florence none of their intimates had known.

There was a certain sold chivalry about the young squire which engaged the sympathy of decent people, but the mob were fascinated by the daring and unscrupulous feat of the swash-buckling Marquis.

Now it happened that among the horses which Mr. Chaplin had bought upon the advice of the astute Captain Machell, was one called Hermit. It was entered to run in the Derby of 1867, three years after the loss by Mr. Chaplin of his bride.

As soon as the gambling upon this Derby opened, Lord Hastings began to lay heavily against the squire's nomination. Now, between the owners and trainers of racehorses and the touts who spy out form there is always a bitter feud. On this occasion the touts were pitted against the wits of Captain Machell, under whose watchful eye the animal was trained. One day he had Hermit out for a trial, well knowing that hidden touts had the horse keenly under observation. The horse was sent a gallop at racing pace. When it pulled up, the wily captain rushed to its head, pressed his handkerchief to its nose, withdrew it open, and exhibited it with apparent consternation. For the handkerchief was bedaubed with crimson. Within an hour the report was telegraphed all over the country that Hermit had broken a blood-vessel.

The horse was not withdrawn from the race, but the odds laid against it were such that none but Mr. Chaplin's confidants ventured a penny upon it. His and they did, however, and the reckless Marquis tauntingly laid as much as they desired, until, when the hour for the race drew near, he stood to lose $575,000 if Hermit won.

Derby day came, and Hermit had, apparently, not a friend. Its coat seemed to have been rubbed the wrong way, and the story of the broken blood-vessel was so well remembered that none gave the animal a second look. To make matters worse, storms of rain and snow swept over the course, and Hermit looked like a big drowned rat. But when the flag fell there was only one horse in the race, and that was the Squire of Blankney's despised Hermit.

As the race ended Lord Hastings staggered for a moment, for he had lost over $500,000 to his rival.

To meet his liabilities the Marquis had to sell his princely Scottish estates of London, but his were the first debts settled on the race. That was Mr. Chaplin's revenge. It was deadlier than he meant. The Marquis went headlong to ruin, and within a year was hooted out of the ring, a defaulter to the extent of $200,000. He died beggard at twenty-six, four years after his runaway wedding. "Hermit broke my heart, but I did not show it, did I?" he said shortly before his death. With him the Marquisate expired. His rival married a daughter of the third Duke of Sutherland, entered Parliament, and developed into the steady-going statesman of whom Mr. Balfour speaks of "My old friend and colleague, Harry Chaplin."

The widowed Marchioness, cause of the strife, married two years later, Sir George Chetwynd, and lived to see her own daughter a Marchioness.

Had a Stroke of Paralysis

And Found a Cure in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is always better to prevent serious diseases of the nerves. There are many warnings, such as sleeplessness, irritability, headaches and nervous indigestion.

Prostration, paralysis and locomotor ataxia only come when the nervous system is greatly exhausted. Even though your ailment may not yet be very serious, there is a great satisfaction in knowing that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will cure paralysis in its earlier stages.

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EXTRA VALUES.

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Ladies' Black and Tan Cotton, Cashmere, Rib and Plain, 25c. pair.

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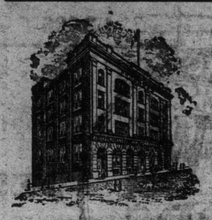

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Megaphones for ships' use, Walker's latest "Cherub" Log, Rotators, Governors and Lines.

Dioptric Lenses for ships' side lights, masthead lights and anchor lights.

Spirit Compasses, all sizes; Brass Scuttles with Glasses 3 to 7 inches in diameter; Portable Glasses, 6 to 16 inches diameter, ½ to 1¼ inches thick; Chronometers on sale or for hire; Compasses adjusted in iron ships.

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