

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under its personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 27 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

BERNHARDT WANTS MONEY

Great French Actress Seeks New Fortune in America.

Paris, Oct. 18.—Unless Sarah Bernhardt brings back from South and North America a very large sum of money, it is probable her well-known theatre in Paris will never be opened again as the theatre, Sarah Bernhardt. All along her friends have known she was having a hard time with the enterprise, but only this week it was learned that she would be unable to go on.

The city fathers treated her with all consideration, allowing the rent of the theatre to remain unpaid for three years, and refraining from the strict levying of the many taxes justified according to law. This was done because she was the only Parisian who had the glory of dramatic art, contributing largely to educational interests, and also contributing to keep Paris prominent as the home of dramatic art.

The truth is that Sarah is not a good business woman. She spent money whether she had it or not, lavishing large sums on staging poor plays. In fact, "L'Aiglon" still remains the worst, if not the only play which she has produced. The theatre opened six years ago. Her artistic conscience would not allow of doing things cheaply, while, on the other hand, she had other drains. Her son, Maurice Bernhardt, is not allowed to want for anything, both as he and his wife living on as large a scale as ever.

Each arrondissement of Paris is controlled by law to wash, scrub, polish and generally renovate the exterior of its buildings, says the House Beautiful, and all must be completely by Oct. 1. Two arrondissements are washed every year, and in 10 years the whole city has been cleaned and beautified.

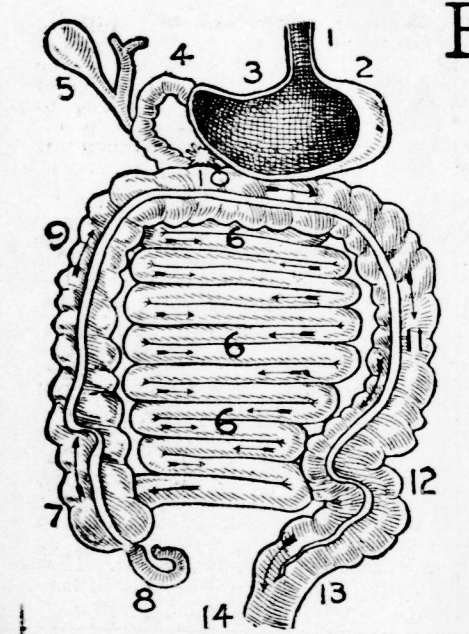
MOTHER GRAVES' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

If we could only hock our troubles the pawpaws would be full. It is possible for a man to keep his troubles to himself, unless drink is one of them.

Always Remember the Full Name
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days
on every box 25c

E. H. Lox

Your Thirty Feet of Bowels



is simply Weakness, or Laziness of the Bowel-Muscles. Want of Exercise, Indoor Employment, weakens these Bowel-Muscles, just as it weakens Arm and Leg Muscles. Castor Oil, or Glycerine, will grease the passages for one load of Food at a time, but these lubricants can't help the Cause of Delay.

"Physic" like Salts, Calomel, Jalap, Phosphate of Soda, Mineral Waters, simply flush-out the Bowels for the one occasion only. They do not remove the Cause of Constipation.

Moreover, they waste so much of the precious Digestive Fluids, in the flushing process, that it takes a bigger dose every succeeding time to move the Bowel load. But it is different with Cascarets.

Cascarets act on the Muscles of the Bowels and Intestines. They act just as Cold Water, or Exercise act on a Lazy Man. They act like exercise.

A Cascaret produces the same sort of Natural result that a Six Mile walk in the country would produce.

The Vest Pocket Box is sold by all Druggists, at Ten Cents. It should be carried constantly, because a Cascaret should be eaten when you first suspect you need one. Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Co., and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "C.C.C."

A sample and the famous booklet "Curse of Constipation" Free for the asking. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

ANTIQUE THE RAGE

France Gives Up Modern Styles for Those of Eighteenth Century.

Paris, Oct. 18.—Wide attention has been attracted by interviews with leading decorators regarding styles in furniture. According to nearly all those quoted, so-called modern furniture, as interpreted at present, has had its day.

Development of taste is producing a reaction and leading to a return to favor of the eighteenth century styles. The Exposition Mobilier in the Grand Palais, which is just closing, has not thrown much light on the subject.

M. Jansen, who has two fine establishments in the Rue Royale, said: "We have given up the present style entirely. In its present form it is dead. Majorelle's work in this direction, as seen in the Exposition du Mobilier, deals the last blow. Eighteenth century style continues to be great favorites for furnishing apartments. There is a tendency, however, to modify their pomposity and their gilt bronze ornaments, which are considered too rich. The idea is to make them more comfortable, less of the opposition of certain customers."

M. Collin, head of the Maison Kreiger, said: "There is evident a reaction against the use of dark wood and painted wood, as they enable manufacturers of shoddy XVI style, and this appears to be the case. Light wood, to which the natural color is left is in vogue. Gilt wood still prevails for chairs, but there are indications that marquetry furniture in 'Adam's style' is about to become fashionable."

"We give a more solid appearance to chairs, together with a kind of adaptation of Louis XVI style, and this appears to suit the public taste for furniture of the directorate period."

DELICIOUS SANDWICHES can be made by spreading Clark's delicious chicken or ham between bread well buttered.

What should be almost a record canary is in West Kensington, England. Its owner had had it just two months over 24 years. The only sign of age about the bird is that its wings and tail have dropped and the bird is therefore unable to fly up to its perch. This long-lived bird still resides in the cage in which it was hatched, and leaves it only periodically when it has to be cleaned and whitewashed.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Let me introduce my son to you, Miss Florence King—Mr. Dyson," said Lady Dyson. Florence, cast down her eyes demurely. Mr. Walter Dyson bowed very low.

The drawing-room at Barfield was full of people. It was the night of the grand party. Mr. King and his three grandchildren were present; Lord and Lady Berrymann, who were the chief country magnates; two or three squires and squires; a couple of clergymen and their womenkind, and, of course, Lady Honoria, who was still staying in the house.

"Dinner is served," announced the butler, and everybody got up and marched themselves two and two in correct order.

"This is the funniest thing that has ever happened to me in the whole course of my life," whispered Florence to her partner, as she passed her hand under her arm.

"Funny, do you call it? Well, it's not my idea of fun," retorted Walter Dyson, savagely. "Here have I been, for the last ten minutes, obliged to stand and listen to that old creature, that grandfather of yours telling me the whole history of your engagement to Mr. Norman Allingham. I had actually to congratulate him!"

"I should have thought you would have been intensely amused."

"Amused? Fancy a man having to congratulate another on the engagement of his own wife!"

"I suppose," he said, presently, "I shall have to shake, hush!" interrupted Florence, looking round apprehensively. The guests were just settling down into their places at the dinner-table.

"Surely," she said, after a minute's pause, during which the rising buzz of conversation again made it impossible to hear anything that was said, "surely there can be nothing to make you angry, Walter? Remember, 'who wins laughs'."

"We haven't," he said, with a companion, sulkily.

"We should never win at all if it were for me," she answered, rather scornfully.

They eat their soup in silence.

A NEW PENALTY

"I don't think it will rain," objected Norman.

"Never mind. I am never easy without an umbrella; pray go back and fetch it. You will find it in the morning-room."

Norman, as in duty bound, went back to the house and made straight for Stella's morning-room. What, however, was his astonishment, upon opening the door, to see Stella herself, stretched upon the sofa, face downward, in an attitude of utter despair, sobbing wildly and passionately.

Norman stood aghast. Stella's grief was so excessive that she was quite unconscious of his entrance, when suddenly he knelt down by her side and took her hands, she started almost in a fright, and seemed to be terrified at the sight of him.

"For Heaven's sake, tell me what is the matter, Stella," he said, looking himself the picture of distress at the sight of her tear-stained face; "has anything happened?"

"Nothing—nothing, whatever; pray leave me."

"My dear Stella, how can I leave you in trouble?" he said, with a low voice, looking at her meaningly; "that that is to be the relationship between us?"

"Pray do not speak so to me," she answered, trembling violently, and endeavoring to withdraw her hand, which he still held.

"No, it is not right now, I know; but, Stella, I sometimes think you and I have misunderstood each other throughout."

"What does it signify? It is of no importance," she said, hurriedly.

"I should like to understand you better," he said, wistfully.

"Pray do not try to do so. What good can it possibly do now?" The last word was spoken in a low, husky whisper—she had meant to say it, but it had slipped out.

"If you have forgiven me the past," he began, excitedly.

"I never forgive—my temper is too bad," she said, quickly, half laughing; "but I don't want to mar your happiness, yours, and Florence's, you know."

She paused, looking at him significantly, and Norman hung his head in consciousness—she had forgotten Florence's existence.

"You must forget my foolish tears. I am all right now," she continued, lightly. "I was low-spirited—foolish—there was no reasonable cause for them. Now go and find Florence."

"And we are friends," he said, leaving reluctantly the door.

"Yes," and for the first time her bright smile beamed full upon him as she held out her hand to him; "yes, we are friends."

"What a mistake I have made!" he said to himself, as he went thoughtfully out in quest of Florence. "If I had waited, she would have forgiven me—she would have loved me! Great heavens, what a terrible misfortune has befallen us both!"

Half an hour later he came back alone, and found Stella again where he had left her, staring at him in silence and thought.

She looked up in surprise as he entered.

"Have you seen Florence?" he inquired.

"No, has she not been with you?"

"No, I have never been able to find her. I have looked everywhere, and she is nowhere to be seen."

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"What an exceedingly disagreeable person you are when you are jealous!" replied Florence, quietly, without a trace of irritation. "You were not half so unpleasant in Paris."

"No, because there I had things all my own way," he answered, somewhat mollified by the allusion.

"So you shall have it your own way again some day, you old goose; only you ought to recollect what were my 'things'."

"They are uncommonly hard ones, Florence."

"You agreed to them at the time; and pray don't call me by my Christian name, somebody might hear."

"What am I to call you, Miss King?" and then they both laughed. "I am sure," said Walter Dyson, "ever since the evening we arrived, when I dropped you at the Wrexham gates, I have never had a single quiet hour with you. You must own that it is hard to bear."

"And what about the meetings in damp corners of the house? You would where I am always going? You ungrateful man!"

"Yes, yes, you have one ear and one eye upon the whole time, and are hardly capable of listening to a word I say. Why, the other morning, when you ran away from your attempt, I was only a few feet away from you."

"Oh! yes, you are clever enough," said the young man, rather ungraciously; "but you know it's not pleasant to be followed."

"Well, it wouldn't be pleasant for me to starve."

"And how long is the comedy going to last, if you don't make up your mind as if he might live ten years?"

"I have found out from Mrs. Finch that he has got heart trouble; he said the doctor on the 15th—he might die any day," she said, with hopeful cheerfulness; "at any rate, his will is worth waiting for. He will be fifty thousand pounds, I believe."

"You had better take care, you will be getting yourself into some horrid scrape if you don't look out. They would be wanting you to marry this jackanapes soon."

"A! I have no particular fancy for penial servitude. I am not likely to do that," answered Florence, tranquilly.

"By the way," looking round the table, "where is Honoria?"

"Oh! not at dinner, of course, but she will appear in the evening. My mother wouldn't even have let her be seen then. I am going to ask her to join us."

"I shall see her then. I suppose you amuse yourself by flirting with her?"

"No," answered the young man, laughing.

Meanwhile, Lady Honoria sat on Sir Edgar's left hand, the picture of beam- ing happiness. She had been told that he was a very good fellow, and she had begun to be pretty generally bruted abroad among the gossips of the county. That there was, or at all events, that there was a reasonable ground for the rumor had reached her, and she had decided to give him a trial.

She looked at him with a good deal of interest, and he looked at her with a good deal of interest. They had the same tastes, and in a great measure the same notions about things; and Lady Honoria was so well disposed toward Sir Edgar that there was no day upon which he might have offered her his hand, which she would not have been quite prepared to accept it.

She was not a woman who was at all likely to be easily deceived. She had never, indeed, thought of such a thing as she knew that when she married she was to be a poor woman.

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THE SATISFACTORY STORE

Open at 8 a. m. Closes at 6 p. m. Saturday Included.

This store can truthfully be called the SATISFACTORY STORE. Our policy assures satisfaction to all who deal with us. All our goods are carefully selected from the foremost makers of the world. They're honest, high-grade goods, bought to please critical and particular people, both in regard to quality and price. Cheap, trashy merchandise is ignored by our buyers. We don't desire to sell a certain class of goods just because they are cheap. They not only fail to give satisfaction; they reflect discredit on the store that sells them. If you want high class goods at right prices, courteous treatment, entire satisfaction, come to the SATISFACTORY STORE—SMALLMAN & INGRAM'S—and you won't be disappointed. As an additional guarantee of satisfaction goods are exchanged or money refunded if not suitable. Mail Orders are filled just as carefully as if you were here in person. Now for today's interesting news.

Introduce Yourself to a New Skirt

In our Mantle Section there are 50 skirts waiting to be introduced to a half hundred women. They won't wait long. THURSDAY'S winning price will make many anxious to meet them. After seeing them, they will be only too eager to add them to their wardrobes. We advise an early introduction.

50 SKIRTS, All-Wool Serge, navy and black, panel pleated, inverted back, perfectly made and finished, assorted lengths, fashioned in our own work-rooms by skilled artists. Thursday morning on sale for only.....\$1.95

These Tweeds Will Please

Small doubt about it. Good 85c value for 65c. That ought to please most everybody whose inclination leans towards tweed. They're all-wool tweeds. Splendid wearing qualities. Pretty check patterns. Seasonable dark colorings. Very suitable for street wear. Just the goods for girls' smart jacket suits. Ask to see them.....65c

Waiting for These

We, you've been waiting. At last they are here. The Black Patent Belt, Boulevard style, at our notion counter, only each.....30c

Boxes and Boxes of Handkerchiefs

Have arrived within the last week or so. Our fall importations, you know, and the best collection of handkerchiefs we've ever placed in stock. We would like to SHOW them to you. Just SHOW them. We won't urge you to buy. And here's a hint: Ask to see the Handkerchiefs in the beautiful illustrated boxes. They would make appropriate gifts—and Christmas is not so far away. Come any time.

Ladies' Plain Hemstitched Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, from each illustrated box, for.....40c
Ladies' Hand-Made Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, unaltered, Irish linen, each.....12c
Ladies' Plain Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, Irish linen, 1/2 dozen in illustrated box, for.....75c
Gents' Plain Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 1/2 dozen in illustrated box, for.....\$1.00
Gents' Plain Hemstitched, fine quality, Irish linen, 1/2 dozen in illustrated box, for.....\$1.25

SMALLMAN & INGRAM

149, 151, 153 and 155 Dundas Street.

CARE OF "DOUKS"

A BIG PROBLEM

Ruled by Fanatic Leaders Who Delude Them Into Strange Pilgrimages.

Winnipeg, Oct. 18.—It is the testimony of all who are familiar with their colonies that the mass of the Doukhobors are sensible, industrious, honest and law-abiding people; but several hundred of them are so fanatical that they cannot be controlled. Two in breath, they are in the midst of a great deal of trouble for the police and other officials. One of their peculiarities is that they refuse to acknowledge the authority of their government, so to speak, and they refuse to acknowledge the authority of their government, so to speak, and they refuse to acknowledge the authority of their government, so to speak.

The word "Doukhobors" is a Russian term, meaning "spirit wrestlers" and was originally applied to a sect of dissenters from the orthodox Greek Church, which organized in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The basis of their belief was that by wrestling with the Holy Spirit they could accomplish more than by struggling with their fellow men. They are non-combatants; they do not believe in war or in the use of force, or in legal remedies of any kind. They are opposed to human laws, courts, police authorities, armies and military and civil authorities of all descriptions. They are communists and hold everything in common. They have no official religion, and they do not believe in following self-appointed leaders. In whom they have confidence. They have no ordained priests or preachers, but, like the Quakers, wait for the spirit to move them, both to speech and action. They are vegetarians and use neither liquor nor tobacco. They are opposed to all modern sciences—including medicine, electricity and chemistry, and live as simple a life as is possible.

A Broadway (N.Y.) car conductor has received a lesson in court as to politeness toward his passengers. The lesson cost \$5.

The state of education in Russia may be judged from the fact that there is only one village school for every 12,000 persons in the country. A fool begins to acquire sense after he is divorced from his money.

A marriage was stopped at Manchester, N. H., because both bride and bridegroom fainted.

THE NEVER-FAILING medicine, Holway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc., even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

The state of education in Russia may be judged from the fact that there is only one village school for every 12,000 persons in the country. A fool begins to acquire sense after he is divorced from his money.

THE best range thermometer ever invented will not produce satisfactory baking from a poor oven. A fluctuating oven heat means guess-work baking.

The Imperial Oxford oven has a steady, even heat. You don't require to touch the fire or move a damper. Baking with an Imperial Oxford is an exact science. Just place the article in the oven and time it—the oven does the rest. It is the Diffusive Flue of the

Imperial Oxford Range

that makes this possible. This flue draws in fresh air from outside the range, it is superheated and discharged through a grating into the oven. This heated fresh air permeates every part of the oven and keeps it at an even high temperature.

Write us for literature explaining more fully the exclusive features of the Imperial Oxford Range and the address of the nearest dealer who can show it to you.

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