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The "Big Store's" specialty Department is ready for the Christmas Trade.

This Department has certainly shown substantial growth since last Christmas. More space has been devoted to it and consequently a lot of new lines have been added. It is really surprising how quickly the shelves are emptied, calling for fresh stock. Don't you think this shows satisfactory service, don't you think this shows good value, and don't you think that in order to do yourself ordinary justice you should drop in to this Department next time you are down town and ascertain what is carried and what the prices are? If you do this you will be sure of securing everything that you will require for your Christmas dinner in this direction. There is nothing like seeing for reminding.

All other Departments are in splendid shape to handle Christmas business. Lots of new, fresh stock, all at the very lowest prices consistent with quality.

WENTZELLS LIMITED
The "Big Store"

TAKES HIS PLAYTHINGS.

The Britisher on Foreign Duty Never Forgets His Games.

Wherever the wandering Britisher may go he takes his playthings with him. In the wilds of far New Guinea he plays his golf, and braves the torrid heat of Port Soudan on sun-baked tennis courts and sandy "greens." Cricket and even football have their devotees, and the nimble Abyssinian pony has much to do with the popularity of polo.

To those who prefer less strenuous forms of recreation, sailing is a favorite pastime, and the turtle, shark, and multi-colored fish that inhabit the tepid waters outside the harbor afford a never-ending source of entertainment. The commercial value of the turtle has yet to be exploited, but the Soudan Government has lost no time in establishing pearl fisheries a little to the north of Port Soudan, with an eye to future revenue.

Large and well-built stores have been erected in the western town by Greek and native traders, whilst the eastern side of the harbor has been reserved for customs offices and enclosures, and shipping sheds and warehouses. A labyrinth of railway lines and sidings foretell the commercial future of the port as surely as the smoke across the desert announces the belated Khartoum mail.

The syren of the mail-boat Prince Abbas, says J. Engledew in The World's Work," gives tongue as though impatient of delay, and the mail train gives an answering call as she rumbles across the cantilever bridge to her appointed station on the quay. The passengers and mails are soon transferred, and the skipper gives more tunes upon his syren, and and starts full speed for Suez, on his weekly voyage of 700 miles.

Along the quay two steamers are unloading machinery and rails and bricks, cement, and lumber, whilst the coal transporting plant at the northern entrance to the harbor relieves the collier Aberdeen of 500 tons of Welsh steam coal per hour.

And through it all old Sheikh Barghut sleeps on, the relic of a day long past. His spirit maybe sees and understands; but whatever else we leave to supposition, the history of the magnificent work that is being accomplished in a country devoid of the bare essentials for human existence, and decimated by the Mahdi's devastating hordes, will be a glorious contribution to the annals of British achievement.

King George's Relatives.

King George V. is a blood relative of four other ruling monarchs — the Czar of Russia, the German Emperor, and the Kings of Denmark and Greece.

The Czar is King George's first cousin, as his mother before her marriage to the late Czar Alexander III. was Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sister of the Dowager Queen Alexandra of Great Britain, King George's mother. King George, by the way, is also a first cousin of the Czarina of Russia, who is a daughter of Princess Alice of Great Britain, King George's aunt.

Kaiser Wilhelm II. of Germany is a first cousin of the British monarch, as his mother was Princess Victoria of England, the "Princess Royal," eldest daughter of Queen Victoria and aunt of the present British ruler. She married the late Frederick William of Prussia, who was Emperor for only 100 days in 1888.

Another first cousin of King George is King Christian X. of Denmark. His father, the late King Frederick III. of Denmark, was a brother of George's mother, the Dowager Queen Alexandra.

King Constantine of Greece is also King George's first cousin. His father, the late King George of Greece, assassinated at Salonika, was a brother of the Dowager Queen Alexandra of Great Britain, the present British monarch's mother.

Didn't Like Tone.

E. A. Freeman, like M. Pierre Loti, was once challenged to mortal combat owing to the aggressive tone of one of his works. Writing in 1878, John Richard Green informs a friend: "Freeman has bequeathed to his country as he fled from her shores a book on the Ottoman Turks, which makes a fearful Bulgarian massacre for my Lord Beaconsfield, my Lord Derby, and Hobart Pasha. Did I tell you that an old admiral, a friend of Hobart's, challenged Freeman to single combat on the sands of Boulogne by way of avenging the Pasha's wrongs?" Hobart's crime—in Freeman's eyes—was having served as an admiral in the Turkish service during the war with Russia in 1877, for which adventure his name was removed from our navy list.

London's Sensations.

The sensations of the foreigner in London have often been analysed and described. A characteristic story on the subject is to be found in the late Richard Middleton's newly-published book, "Monologues." "To the alien, I suppose," writes Middleton, "London must remain a kind of scattered museum, full of interesting things, not very well arranged. Yet once, at all events, it seemed to me that, to a man newly fallen from Scotland, there had been granted a glimpse of the only London that is really ours. I found him startling the echoes of the Adelphi arches with his laughter, and as he was alone in a place not greatly mirthful, I asked him a reason for his merriment. 'Oh, I'm just laughing at Glasgow,' he said."

A Ducal Bull.

The Duke of Abercorn made a queer oratorical muddle in a speech he delivered one day. He was speaking of the great siege of Londonderry and of how bravely the citizens had defended their city against the besieging army. "They withstood the siege," he went on, "in order that they might hand down their birthright to their ancestors, who are yourselves!"—London Mail.

Many down with pleurisy.

Doctors say the country is full of it. First comes a chill, then cold develops—the inflammation grows—you can't draw a long breath—lungs and sides get sore, and pleurisy sets in. A good home-cure consists in taking twenty drops of Nerviline every four hours. Supplement this by vigorously rubbing the sides and chest with Nerviline, and when warmth and circulation are established, put a Nerviline Porous Plaster over the aching spot. Nerviline Treatment is always successful in colds, neuralgia, and pleurisy. Try it yourself.

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Daily Investment News
Halifax, Dec. 9, 1913.

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If you compare the yield of your muturing bonds with the higher rate of income obtainable now from similar, or even more desirable securities, you will grasp the point of our argument. Re-investment can be most profitably made NOW.

Make a list of such bonds as are approaching naturity within the next two or three years.

Send this to our Halifax office and we will suggest a most attractive basis of exchange and also outline what in our opinion would constitute the SAFEST and most PROFITABLE long term investment for you.

You obligate yourself to nothing in doing this and the information will be of undoubted value.

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CROWE'S
GREEN BRICK STORE.

VIEWS OF HALIFAX—New Edition, enlarged. 80 pages, 37 views. Views of Memorial Tower, new views of Gardens and modern buildings. Send a copy to your friends. Price, 25 cents. For sale by all booksellersan, by the publishers, McALPINE PUBLISHING Co, Ltd., Halifax, N. S.

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

One step at a time, and that well placed,
We reach the greatest height;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows,
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, and a palace rears
Aloft its stately head;
One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft through,
And a city will stand where the forest grew
A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sand of life
Will slowly all be run;
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time, and our lives speed by
Into eternity!

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored,
Another, and more on them;
As time rolls on your mind will shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell
"One thing at a time, and that done well,"
Is wisdom's proven rule.

Act Quickly
Don't wait until you have some ailment caused by poor digestion, biliousness, or by inactive bowels which may lead to a serious sickness. Immediate relief is afforded by that best corrective and preventive

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

The Siege of the Seven Suitors

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

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CHAPTER IX—(Continued.)

"Miss Hollister," I said, "my time is yours to command. My office is well organized, and I am sure that my assistant is equal to any demands that may be made upon him. Pray state in what manner I may serve you."

"I am going far, I know, Mr. Ames, but I beg that you will not be in haste to leave my aunt's house. She must have been strongly prejudiced in your favor or she would not have asked you here on so short acquaintance. I am confident that she has no thought of your leaving. She expressed her great liking for you at luncheon, and I am sure that she will see to it that you do not lack for entertainment. I assume that you must have gathered from what Mr. Wiggins told you of my acquaintance with him the peculiar plight in which I am placed."

I bowed. If she groped in the dark and needed my help in finding the light, I was not the man to desert her. I had dropped my plumb line into too many dark chimneys not to feel the fascination of mystery. As I expressed again my entire willingness to abide at Hopefield Manor as long as she wished, the footman announced Mr. Hartley Wiggins.

We had hardly exchanged greetings before another man was announced, and then another. I should say that it was at intervals of about three minutes that the sedate servant appeared in the curtained doorway and announced a caller until nine had been admitted. My spirits soared high as the gentlemen from the Prescott Arms appeared one after the other. The earlier arrivals rose to greet the later ones, and as they were all in evening clothes I experienced, as when I had seen the same gentlemen in their afternoon raiment crossing the stile, a sense of something fantastic and eerie in them. In the interest of brevity and to avoid confusion, I tabulate them here with a notation as to their residence and occupation, taking such data from the notebook in which, at subsequent dates, I set down the facts which are the basis of this chronicle.

Hartley Wiggins, lawyer and farmer, Hare and Tortoise club, New York.

Linnaeus B. Henderson, planter, Roanoke, Va.

Cecil Hugh, Lord Arrowood, no occupation, Arrowood, Hants, England.

Daniel P. Ormsby, manufacturer of knit goods, Utica, N. Y.

S. Forrest Hume, lecturer on Scandinavian literature, Occidental university, Long Trail, Okla.

John Stewart Dick, pragmatist, Omaha, Neb.

Pendennis J. Arbuthnot, banker and horseman, Lexington, Ky.

Percival B. Shallenberger, novelist and small fruits, Sycamore, Ind.

George W. Gorse, capitalist, Redlands, Cal.

We rose and stood in our several places when a moment later Miss Octavia entered. She greeted the suitors graciously and then in her most charming manner called one after the other to sit beside her on a long davenport, the time apportioned being weighed with nicety, so that none might feel himself slighted or preferred. These interviews consumed more than half an hour, and the movement thus occasioned gave considerable animation to the scene.

It may seem ridiculous that nine gentlemen thus paying court to a young woman should call upon her at the same hour, but I must say that the gravity of the suitors and the entire sobriety of Cecilia did not affect me humorously, nor did I feel at all out of place in this strange company. I found myself agreeably engaged for several minutes in discussing Ibsen with the Oklahoma professor, who proved to be a delightful fellow. His experience of life was apparently wide, and he told me with an engaging frankness of his meeting with the Hollisters in France and of his pursuit of them over many weary miles the previous summer. As no one had elected his courses in the university at the beginning of the fall term, he had been granted a leave of absence, and this accounted for his freedom to press his suit at Hopefield Manor at this season. He was a big fellow, with clean cut features, and bore himself with a manly determination that I found attractive.

He alone, I may say, of the nine men who had thus appeared in Miss Octavia's library met me in a cordial spirit. Even Wiggins seemed not wholly pleased to find me there again, though he had asked me to remain. The manner of the others expressed disdain, suspicion or fierce hostility.

When the last man rose from the davenport Miss Octavia called me to her side. She seemed contrite at having neglected me during the day, but assured me that later she hoped to place an entire day at my disposal. As we talked the nine suitors sat in a semicircle about Cecilia, while the group listened to an anecdotal exchange between Professor Hume and Henderson, the Virginia planter. My opinion of Cecilia Hollister as a girl of high spirit, able to carry off any situation no matter how difficult, rose to new altitudes as I watched her. If this strange wooing was not to her liking she certainly made the best of it. She capped Henderson's best story with a better one in negro dialect, and no professional entertainer could have improved upon her recital. As she finished we all joined in the general laugh, Lord Arrowood's guffaw booming out a trifle boisterously, when Miss Octavia quietly rose and excused herself. About five minutes later, when the company had plunged into another series of anecdotes, I suddenly became conscious that the fireplace, near which I sat, had all at once begun to act strangely. Much in the manner of its performance the previous night, it abruptly gasped and choked, the smoke ballooned in a great swirl and then poured out into the room.

After my examination of the flues in the morning I had dismissed them from my mind, and this extraordinary behavior of the library fireplace astounded me. It is not in reason that a perfectly normal fireplace, built in the most approved fashion and with chimneys that rise into as clear an ether as October can bestow could act so monstrously without the intervention of some malign agency. We had discussed all the possibilities the previous night, and I was not anxious to hear further lay opinions. The chimney's conduct was annoying, the more so that to my professional sense it was inexplicable.

Lord Arrowood had retreated discreetly toward the door, and the others had risen and stood close behind Cecilia, whose gaze was bent rather accusingly upon me.

A dark thought had crossed my mind. As our eyes met I felt that she had read my suspicions and did not wholly reject them. Henderson was valiantly poking the logs, while one of two of the other men gave him the benefit of their advice. I crossed the hall to the drawing room, but no one was there. I went back to the billiard room, but saw nothing of Miss Octavia. Cecilia had rung for the footman, and I passed him in the hall on his way to answer her summons. I stopped him with an inquiry on my lips, but I could not ask the question. Even in my perplexity as to the cause of the chimney's remarkable performances I did not so far forget myself as to communicate my suspicion to a servant.

"Nothing, Thomas," I said, and the man passed on.

It was possible, of course, that Miss Octavia knew more than she cared to tell about the erratic ways of the library chimney, or she might indeed be the cause of its vagaries. Sufficient time had elapsed after retirement from the library to allow her to gain the roof and clap a stopper on the chimney pot. This did not, however, account for the fact that on the previous evening she had been present in the library when the same chimney had manifested a similar sulkiness. I was still pondering these things when I heard loud laughter from the library and on returning found the logs again blazing in the fireplace, from which the smoke rose demurely in the flue.

"This fireplace is like a geyser, Mr. Ames," said Cecilia, "and spurts smoke at regular intervals. As I remember, the clock on the stair was striking 9 last night when the smoke poured out, and there—it is striking 9 now!"

She tossed her head slightly, and this was, I thought, in disdain of the suspicion that must still have shown itself a little stubbornly in my face.

I withdrew again in a few minutes and followed the great chimney's course upward. Miss Octavia's apartments were at the front of the house, her sitting room windows looking out upon the Italian garden. Her doors were closed, but I knew from my examination in the morning that the flue of her fireplace tapped the chimney that rose from the drawing room and had nothing whatever to do with the library chimney.

From the fourth floor I gained the roof by the route followed on my inspection of the house in the morning. The smoke from the library chimney was rising in the crisp, still air blithely. I leaned upon the crenelations and looked off across the hills, enjoying the loveliness of the sky, in which the planets throbbed superbly. There was nothing to be learned here, and I crept back to the trap door through which I had come, made it fast and continued on down to the library.

There somewhat to my surprise I found that in my absence all but Hume had taken their departure. As I paused unseen in the doorway I caught words that were clearly not intended for my ear.

Cecilia sat by the long table near the fireplace. Hume stood before her, his arms folded.

"You are kind. You do me great honor, Professor Hume, but under no circumstances can I become your wife."

I retreated hastily to the billiard room, where I took a cue from the rack and amused myself for perhaps fifteen minutes, when, hearing the outer door close and knowing that Hume had departed with his congee, I returned to the library.

Cecilia sat where I had left her, and at first glance I thought she was reading. But she turned quickly as I crossed the room. She held in her hand an oblong silver trinket not larger than a card case. A short pencil similar to those affixed to dance cards was attached to it by a slight cord, and she had, I inferred, been making a notation of some kind on a leaf of the silver bound booklet. Even after she had looked up and smiled at me her eyes sought the page before her. Then she closed the covers and clasped the pretty toy in her hand. As though to divert my attention she recurred at once to the chimney in a vein of light irony.

"You see," she said, "there is ample reason for your remaining here. You would hardly find anywhere else so interesting a test of your professional powers as Hopefield Manor offers. The house is haunted beyond question, and I can see that you are not a man to leave two defenseless women to the mercy of a ghost who drops down chimneys at will."

I suffered her chaff for several minutes, then I asked point blank:

"Pardon me, but have you the slightest idea that Miss Octavia is behind this? It is not possible that she was responsible last night. But she was not on this floor awhile ago when the smoke poured in here. I should be glad to hear your opinion."

"I saw that you suspected her before you left the room, Mr. Ames, and I must say that the idea is in no way creditable to you. If you entertain such a suspicion you must supply a motive, and just what motive would you attribute to my Aunt Octavia in this instance?"

Her tone and manner piqued me or I should not have answered as I did.

"It is possible," I said, "that some of these gentlemen who came here tonight were not to her liking, and it may have occurred to her to get rid of them by the obviously successful method of smoking them out."

She rose, still clasping the little silver backed notebook, and looked me over with amusement in her face and eyes.

"You are almost too ingenious, Mr. Ames. I hope that by breakfast time you will have some more plausible solution of the problem. Good night."

And so, tightly clasping the little book, she left the room. I followed her to the door, and at the turn of the stair she glanced down and nodded. Her face as it hung above me for an instant seemed transfigured with happiness.

(To be Continued.)

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Genuine
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Must Bear Signature of
Brent Good
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION
Purely Vegetable. Brent Good
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

She wears large boots.

Has to on account of corns—but they can be cured in twenty-four hours with Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Use no other but Putnam's

R. R. TIME TABLES.

I. C. R.	Depart.
Pictou and Sydney Express, daily except Sunday,	7.00 a.m.
Express for Montreal (with connections at Moncton for St. John and Boston) daily,	8.00 "
Ocean Limited, daily,	8.20 "
Truro Accommodation, daily except Sunday,	12.40 p.m
Maritime Express for Montreal, daily except Sunday,	3.10 "
Suburban for Bedford, daily except Sunday,	5.00 "
Express for Pictou, daily except Sunday,	4.40 "
Express for Truro (daily) Stellarton, New Glasgow, Sydneys, (daily except Sunday) Amherst, Sackville, St. John, (daily except Saturday),	8.45 "
	Arrive.
Mixed train from Truro (daily except Sunday),	8.40 "
Express—Truro (daily), St. John (daily except Monday); Sydneys (daily except Sunday),	8.55 "
Express from Pictou daily (except Sunday),	11.55 "
Maritime Express (daily except Sunday) from Montreal,	1.30 p'm
Express from Sydney (except Sunday),	7.50 "
Ocean Limited from Montreal daily,	10.00 "
Express from St. John daily,	10.20 "
D. A. R.	**Depart.**
Express for Yarmouth	7.15 a. m.
Accommodation for Annapolis, leave Richmond,	8.30 "
Express for Kentville (through to Annapolis on Saturday),	2.55 p. m.
	Arrive
Express from Kentville (from Annapolis on Monday's),	9.05 a. m.
Accommodation from Annapolis,	5.45 p. m.
Express from Yarmouth,	6.42 p. m.
All the above are daily except Sunday.	
H. & S. W. RY.	**Depart.**
Express to Yarmouth—Wednesday and Saturday,	6.00 a. m.
Accommodation to Yarmouth—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday,	7.25 "
Accommodation for Liverpool—daily, except Sunday,	3.30 p. m.
	Arrive.
Accommodation from Liverpool—daily, except Sunday,	11.30 a. m.
Express from Yarmouth—Wednesday and Saturdays,	7.45 p. m.
Accommodation from Yarmouth—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday,	8.20 "

SUBURBAN SERVICE

Regular suburban trains stop at all stations. Other trains as below stop at Bedford and Rockingham. Trains run daily except Sunday, unless otherwise mentioned.

DEPART FROM HALIFAX.

Express for Sydney,	7.00 a.m
Express for Yarmouth,	7.15 "
Accommodation for Annapolis leaves Richmond (flagged at Rocky lake),	8.30 a. m.
Mixed for Truro,	12.40 p.m.
Express for Middleton (flagged at Lakeview),	2.35 p. m
Suburban for Bedford,	5.00 "
Express for Pictou,	5.40 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction,	6.20 "
Express for Truro (stop when signalled at Rockingham and Bedford) daily,	8.45 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction,	11.15 "

ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Suburban from Windsor Junction,	7.55 a.m
Mixed from Truro,	8.40 "
Express from St. John (stops at Bedford only) daily,	8.55 "
Express from Middleton,	9.05 "
Express from Pictou,	11.55 "
Bluenose stops at Bedford and Rockingham if flagged,	4.55 "
Suburban from Bedford,	5.55 "
Accommodation from Annapolis,	6.15 "
Express from Yarmouth (Lakeview Flag Station),	6.42 "
Express from Sydney,	7.50 "
Suburban from Windsor Junction,	9.4 "

Ripe Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Lettuce, Celery, Radishes, etc., etc., at T. F. COURTNEY & Co.'s.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

A Great Sale of Silk Mufflers.

We had an opportunity to purchase a great collection of Silk Mufflers at a close figure, which enables us to make the following offers:

Silk Mufflers for Women, 25c.
Silk Mufflers, three styles, 40c.
Silk Mufflers, newest styles, 60c.
Silk Mufflers, usually sold at $1.20, for 75c.
Silk Mufflers, usually sold at $1.50, for 95c.

Suggestions for Christmas Gifts in Fancy Linens.

Hand-made Squares from 25c. up.
Cloth and Napkins in sets, boxed, $5.00.
Five O'clock Tea Sets, Linen, Scalloped Cloth Napkins to match, $3.00 a set.
Damask Cloth, scalloped, $1.10.
Hemstitched Damask Cloth, 8-4, 9-4, 10-4 sizes.
Embroidered Pillow Shams, 19c.
Fine Shams with Runners to match, 28c. each.

A Wonderful Collection of Christmas Neckwear.

Extra Large Chiffon Scarfs with rich floral designs, $1.95.
Medici Collars from 50c.
Beaded Chiffon Scarfs, $1.10.
Splendid selection of Novelties in Neckwear, 75c. up.

Do Your Christmas Shopping At The Old Silver Firm,
W. & C. SILVER.

HAVE YOU TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF OUR
19c. Tie Sale?
DON'T LEAVE IT TOO LATE.
COLWELL BROTHERS, LIMITED,
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MEN'S REEFERS
$6

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