

So many persons have hair that is stubborn and dull. It won't grow. What's the reason? Hair needs help just as anything else does at the roots. The roots receive feeding. When stops growing it

AYER'S Hair Vigor

It is almost instantly such hair. It takes new life in hair bulbs. The effect is astonishing. Hair grows, becomes thicker, and all dandruff is removed. And the original color of early life is restored to faded or gray hair. This is the case.

100 a bottle. All druggists. Have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and am really astonished at the results. It has done in keeping my hair from coming out. It is the tonic I have tried, and I continue to recommend it to friends.

MATTIE HOLZ, Burlington, N. C. 24, 1898.

STEWIACKE EAST, COL. CO

The lumbermen who are going for Mr. Dickie, are getting for the winter's work. Mr. Dickie is on the Stewiacke River, miles above Eastville; Mr. Dickie is, and is going to continue a mile or two above while Smith & Graham are at the same place.

Mr. Dickie visited friends in Middle Musquodoboit, on the 6th inst.

Mr. Dickie, of Boston, who is visiting his home in Pemberton, is to return to Boston on the 10th. We are glad to see him again, and as he is a gentleman, will be sorry to see him go so soon again. His sister, Mrs. Dickie, is going to Boston, where she will spend some time.

Mr. Dickie's application for the various scenes, were read and instructive, and with his very spicy jokes, audience in constant good laughter. After Mr. McKinnon had spoken, a hearty vote of thanks was moved by Mr. Samuel Johnson, and seconded by Mr. Ezra Johnson, accordingly tendered to him chairman, Rev. D. S. Fraser, JOHANNICULUS.

Mr. Dickie is lumbering for Mr. Dickie, some six miles above Mr. Dickie, is at work some from Eastville, and Messrs. Graham are in the same vicinity out in that district will be large.

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BEAUTY'S EYES.

A LOVER'S FASCINATION.

Delightful, Dashing, Daring.

Continued from last issue.

you bid me go away and forget you, I could not do it. I cannot live without you; so say 'Yes,' dear."

Pretty little Florabel looked up at him, so bewildered between sorrow and joy, so dazzled by the happiness that fate had sent her, yet so piteously uncertain, that handsome Max was more charmed with her than ever.

The glamor of love was upon him; he could see no faults in artless little Florabel.

True, she knew little of learning or books. She was like an untamed roe—beautiful as a wild flower is beautiful—a child of nature, not art; and Max, used as he was to city belles and their caprices, declared to himself he liked Florabel all the better for being simple, sweet and true.

Other men had cared little enough for the world's opinion, and had married just such girls, and had had a happy life of it. Why shouldn't he?

He stood beside her, watching the confidant going on in the girl's heart.

"I lay my life, my love and my happiness in the two little white hands I am clasping," he murmured. "Remember, the fate of two hearts depends upon the answer you give me."

He was so handsome, so eager, so thoroughly the impassioned lover. His hands were clinging to her own—his pleading, bonny blue eyes regarding her so intently.

He forgot the terrible stern anger of the stern father, who never forgot or forgave, which would be so sure to follow. Handsome Max forgot everything save his love for the fair young girl standing beside him.

As for Florabel, she was young and impressible. It was sweet to be wooed in such a fashion—to have such promise of love and devotion made to her, and hear such a loving voice pleading with her—and then it would be so nice to have a husband to care for and protect her.

With the girl's natural craving for love and protection, it could end but one way.

"Is it to be 'yes,' or 'no,' Florabel?" he asked, eagerly.

The peachy bloom on her face deepened.

"Yes," she murmured, shyly, and in the prettiest girlish confusion.

He caught her to his heart in a rapture of delight.

"We will be married at once," he declared; "delays are dangerous sometimes. From this hour we belong to each other. We will be made one in name as well as in heart within the hour. Are you willing?"

And again she answered, "Yes."

The wind that stirred the lily-bells and the roses near her seemed to die over the river in a long, low wail, as though it knew and realized that a human soul was in danger—aye, in most piteous peril. The birds flew from their nests in the apple tree above their heads with startled cries, as though they were warning her to beware. But if Florabel heard, she did not heed them.

She married handsome Max—and that was the beginning of one of the most pitiful stories that ever was written. And yet young girls will sigh for love, even though they weep tears of pity over beautiful, hapless Florabel's sad fate.

CHAPTER III.

The ceremony was over, and the news of the marriage was soon blazoned over the village.

The strange romance connected with the affair delighted everybody, and before nightfall every one in Deepdale knew the romantic story of how the great New York millionaire's handsome, reckless son had fallen in love at first sight with the pretty, dimpled face of shy little Florabel Dean; and how he had passed himself off as a common gardener, that he might be thrown into her society; of the cruelty of the Pemberton girls in asking her to leave the Hall after the old squire's death; and how handsome Max Forrester had thrown off his disguise and married her.

Maud and Evelyn Pemberton heard the whole story with the greatest amazement and dismay, and their intense anger and rage toward Florabel knew no bounds.

Now they understood why they had waited in vain for the coming of Max Forrester. Florabel's pretty face had been the magnet that had attracted him from them.

"Just think of all the scoldings he has heard us give that girl when we supposed he was only the new gardener," groaned Evelyn.

"It cannot be helped now," returned Maud. "He's married now, and there's no use wasting your thoughts and regrets on a married man."

"True," cried Evelyn, bitterly; "but I shall always hate Florabel for this. But for her, either you or I might have been Max Forrester's bride."

"The love marriage he has made

will be a bitter blow to his relatives, and to that New York heiress who felt so sure of winning him," returned Maud, maliciously. "I shall write and tell them she need not claim relationship with us; none of our blood flows in her veins. Revenge is sweet, you know. I shall give her a good setting out." And, true to her word, the letter was sent.

Max took his little bride to Washington. He knew that everything there would be a novelty to her—hotel life, perhaps, the greatest of all—and Florabel was quite as delighted as he had expected she would be.

A week passed away like a happy dream to both of them.

Max was too much in love with pretty little Florabel to notice any imperfections in her. As yet there was not the faintest cloud to mar their happiness.

A thousand times each day handsome Max thanked Heaven that he had wedded this fair young girl-wife.

It was so blissful to be loved for himself with such passionate devotion, and Florabel loved him so dearly.

Her education had been rather neglected, it was true; but what did it care for that? A few little eccentricities were less than nothing compared with her wonderful beauty. Besides, he could teach her.

"I suppose we may as well think about going home soon," he said one morning to Florabel.

She looked up at him with startled eyes.

"We are so happy here, Max," she answered, piteously. "Must we really go?"

And her heart grew heavy at the thought.

"Yes," he declared. "We cannot stay here forever. Besides, father will be needing me."

"Are we to live with your relatives, Max?" she asked, wistfully.

"For the present," he answered. "You know you have married a rich man's son; but I haven't much in my own right yet," he continued. "Eventually I shall inherit my father's wealth—though Heaven grant the time be distant—as I am his only son and heir. I may as well tell you something else, too. My father and mother have always had grand views for me. They expected me to marry well. By that I mean some one in their own social rank."

Tears began to gather in the lovely, childish, hazel eyes, shaded by the long curling lashes.

"I am so sorry, Max," she said, faintly. "I am afraid they will be angry with you for marrying me, and—and—want to take you from me. Then I shall surely die."

He laughed merrily.

"By telling you this I merely wished to explain to you a few matters, Florabel," he said. "Be reasonable and listen."

She came to his side obediently, knelt down on the velvet hassock by his chair, and looked up wistfully in his face.

"There is a young girl visiting the house, whose parents are dear friends of mother's. They—my father and mother—have always been badgering my life out about marrying this girl. I have never met her, having seen only her portrait. But when it comes to marriage I believe every man should choose for himself."

"Is this young girl pretty, Max?" asked Florabel, in a low voice.

"Rather, judging from the portrait," he answered, lightly. "You see, their hopes have been set upon my marrying Miss Clavering, and their surprise will be great when I bring home a wife. They will soon learn to love you for your own sake as well as mine, dear," he added quickly. Then he talked to her of the glowing future they should spend together, and how happy life was to be for them; but through it all, Florabel's heart was strangely heavy. But, then, it does take a great deal of nerve for a shy young bride to meet her husband's critical relatives, especially when she knows they had set their hearts on her young husband's marriage to another.

That same morning Max telegraphed his father that he would be home the following day, and that they might get up an appropriate reception, if they liked, for he was bringing home a bride.

But Maud Pemberton's letter had already been received, falling like a bombshell into the peace and quiet of the old merchant prince's household.

It must certainly have been a very malicious, cruel letter, for Mrs. Forrester went into hysterics long before she had read the half of it.

"To think that my son, of all the young men in the world, should contract a low marriage!" she groaned; "and I have always had such a bitter horror of anything of the kind!" and the proud old lady wrung her jeweled hands, crying out the greatest sorrow of her life had fallen upon her, and she did not know how to meet it. If she had heard that her only son—her handsome, idolized Max—had committed a forgery or a murder, Mrs. Forrester could not have been more affected.

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"Did you read the last line of Miss Pemberton's letter?" she cried, turning to the old merchant prince, who still held the letter in his hand. "She says the girl is uneducated, a regular little barbarian, who has nothing to recommend her but a pretty, gypsyish face; and this is the girl my son is bringing home to us. Of course he has fallen desperately in love with her, after the fashion of young men nowadays; and, being in love, is blind to her faults," she added, with another groan. "I was so sure he would take a fancy to Inez Clavering when he came to see her, and that it would end in a marriage."

"One can never make much dependence upon the future of one's children," replied Mrs. Forrester, pacing up and down the luxurious room, white to the lips.

"The boy will soon tire of her pretty face, if she is all that this letter indicates; but the price of his folly must rest upon his own rash head. Many a young man has wrecked his life upon just such a rock, and lived to rue it while his life lasted. With such a marriage, regret and disappointment are sure to follow. If she has married Max for his money, money will release him. I would give her half my fortune to give him back his freedom," Mrs. Forrester answered, bitterly.

Inez Clavering, their lovely guest, heard of Max Forrester's marriage with a stifled cry of dismay, and that same evening she wrote a hurried letter to her parents in Virginia, breaking at once into the subject uppermost in her mind.

"I might as well come home at once, mamma," she wrote. "My visit here is useless—worse than useless. Mrs. Forrester has just received a telegram from her son that he is married, and is bringing home a bride. That means ruin for us; yet nobody shall know how we are trembling on the verge of bankruptcy, and had hoped that I might win handsome Max Forrester to retrieve our crumbling fortunes. Taking the money to come here, and the strain to keep up appearances, have cost us dear. I may as well stay here until the end of the season, though, despite the torture and bitterness I shall experience in being brought into daily contact with the girl who has won the heir from me. I feel sure I could have won him if he had seen me first, for my beauty is fatal, you have always declared."

"Yours in great haste, Inez Clavering."

Despite Mrs. Forrester's repugnance to the bride Max was bringing home, it was decided that a reception must be given in their honor, or society would gossip.

It might as well be gotten over first as last. But, oh, how Mrs. Forrester trembled at the thought, of introducing the uncultured creature, Maud Pemberton's letter had pictured as her son's wife, to her aristocratic guests. As she thought of it, she almost hated her son; and she hated with a double bitterness the girl he had married.

"I do not know how I shall meet them," murmured Mrs. Forrester, nervously, when the propitious hour drew nigh, and she had stolen away from her guests to her own room to regain something like composure. "I have never felt that it was impossible to be civil before," she said plaintively, to her husband. "What shall I do? My sense and tact fail me. Hark! There is the sound of carriage wheels now."

"May I come in?" asked a voice from the door. And Inez Clavering stood on the threshold.

Mrs. Forrester was glad of her presence. She felt that some one must be near her in this dreadful ordeal.

A closed carriage dashed quickly up the drive that led to the side porch. A white, frightened face peered out from the lace-draped, rose-embowered windows.

"Oh, Max!" cried Florabel, tremulously, as she clung to her young husband's arm. "How I dread the ordeal of meeting your relatives. Do you think they will like me? Oh! there is a party or something going on; let us

To be Continued.

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It is an anxious time for mothers when the little ones get their feet cold and wet, and come home hoarse and coughing, or awaken in the night victims of deadly croup. Then it is that mothers turn gratefully to Dr. Chase, who, through his great Recipe Book and famous family remedies, has time and again saved the little ones and older ones, too, from suffering and death.

It is truly surprising how promptly Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine brings relief when the throat is sore and irritated, when the cold is tight in the chest, and the cough painful and distressing. It allays the inflammation, heals the sore and torn membranes, soothes the nerves and clears the air passages.

People who know of the singular virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine do not think of accepting the cheap substitutes which many druggists offer in its place; 25 cents.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

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Photo Frames in Celluloid, Solid Brass and Gold-plated, all decorated and very pretty. Dressing Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Work Boxes and Baskets, Manicure Sets, Shaving Sets, Smoking Sets, Writing Desks, Hand Mirrors, also Hundreds of small articles for Christmas presents, Iron Trains, Toys, Games, Dolls—dressed and undressed, also Rubber Dolls.

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For Amherst, St. John, Upper Provinces and U. S. A., 9.40 a. m. and 4.30 p. m.

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 Bams, 11.30 a. m.

For Onslow (Daily) 11 a. m.

For Camden and Harmony, Monday and Thursday 11.30 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 Rimouski, Friday, 4.30 p. m.

English Mail via New York, Monday and Thursday, 9.40 a. m.

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ARRIVALS.

From Halifax.

| No. | Local time. |
|-------------------------|-------------|
| 75 Accommodation | 2.50 a. m. |
| 25 Express, C. P. R. | 9.50 a. m. |
| 1 Express, C. E. Flyer | 10.30 a. m. |
| 85 Express, C. E. 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 | 8.00 p. m. |
| 2 Express, St. John | 5.25 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 | 8.35 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 |