An Indian Legend.

THE MORNING STAR. from Saturday's article on

Yucatan) was a vestal of the temple. The the lamps and the copal-incense sacred vessels before the Inner had been replenished, the altar with fresh flowers and fat ears corn piled high before it in ving for the abundant harvest

red and stored. Ek, the Morning Star, was Not only were her sacred duties performed, but joyous tidings een brought to her. Ah May, the young warrior, the tallest and of them all, had just won a victory over the Caribs of the their old-time enemies. rould he be among them to be ed hero, and, in time, the Highief, his place by right among the

had been-dedicated until her ed days should be ended and aid become a woman, to the serthe temple.

anged by even the thickness of none could seek to influence whether as wife or moe loved one of some noble such father had been before the flintarts of the Cupules sent him ard to the Sun, or as Priestess e Temple, Mother of the Vestals, ide their chaste young lives along light blue path of innocence, she must make the choice.

Nature, who bends to no man's or if she bends in seeming, it out to mock them yet more rudely Nature had whispered into the al's ears the name and by the mirof her eyes had reflected upon her ng heart the image of Ah May. ah May, with that reverence g man sometimes feels for sacred ings set apart for time or for eternrom mortal thought and aims, did lift his eyes in deep humility as passed him in the temple on her

he two

r with-

years.

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boy at night. No I

w too old for them, and shout,

to glow with m ey're about; the heat and strife an

d, I pray to be a l

no lofty pface or jet

y spirit young and

them; nay wrinkle deep n my hair to white me to those I love night.

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ene Byrnes

ature laughs at all of these things akes light of them as she does of er laws of man's own weaving. and once only, did the unbridled of man meet the unguarded gaze maid, and there was wrought the ous work of Nature's alchemy. hearts were melted into one, and time nor force could change more. It was an unalterable thing

one save when as wife and moments to pray and offer sacrification of the west earth pleasures, of the ties that the below, to become a priestess of the temple, a mother of the vestals. Below the temple, a mother of the vestals. Below the temple, the broad platim was black with teeming people, ove, the priests and nobles, clad in ments of their orders, were groupabout the massive serpent columns.

ence of a waiting multitude.

The voice of the Vestal, sweet, yet shrill with feeling, was heard through all the temple. It even reached the plain below, and the jet-black heads moved like the surging of the waves growling of an angry jaguar, until it rose up to the temple and there broke like the single pole. Brother of the Sun! My heart and my hopes call me downward. Let me go with them."

Again the High Priest called out to the temple and there broke in the distance.

But not a hum came from the mighty multitude. At first it seemed in the distance, like a wild bee's hum; then it grew louder and deeper, like the growling of an angry jaguar, until it rose up to the temple and there broke like the surging of the Sun! My heart and my hopes call me downward. Let me go myriad voices.

The voice of the Vestal, sweet, yet multitude. At first it seemed in the distance, like a wild bee's hum; then it grew louder and deeper, like the growling of an angry jaguar, until it rose the mournful cadence rose and fell like echoes in the distance.

The voice of the Vestal, sweet, yet multitude. At first it seemed in the grow louder and deeper, like the growling of an angry jaguar, until it rose the mournful cadence rose and fell like echoes in the distance.

The voice of the Vestal, sweet, yet multitude. At first it seemed in the last time, What is your choice?"

The voice of the Vestal, sweet, yet multitude. At first it seemed in the grow louder and deeper, like the grow louder and deeper, like the grow louder and there broke grow louder and there broke louder. The voice of the Sun! At first it seemed in the grow louder and deeper, li bout the massive serpent columns vitness the choice of the vestal. The High Priest, clad in his richest

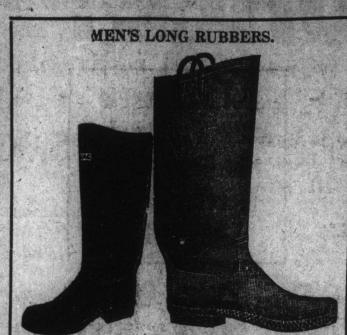
She stood with the white-robed vest-als in the deep of the temple shadow. Jeweled pendants of the sacred jadetone hung glistening from her ears. About her slender, neck were entwined fretted links and lace-like globes of

Ek, Child of the Temple, what is your a song as she said: thoice?" he said.

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there is none so awesome as the silhopes, my desires call me earthward in its tones the meurnful cadence rose
ence of a waiting multitude.

Oh, let me go with them!"

and fell like echoes in the distance.

ded words, and slow, "O Noh Ek, the ming Star, stand forth that all may you."

Morning Star took one step in the t

The High Priest spoke once more "O Noh Ek, Child of the Temple, I ask you for the second time, What is your choice?"

dully-gleaming gun-metal. At the High Priest's call she took one step forward could be deepened, was deepened then. loward the light, one step nearer the Once more her clear voice rang over the temple platform, down to the waiting people. Her every heart throb was

"O Father of the Temple, Brother The stillness that fell about them the Sun! I take no shame to me that

was the stillness of the multitude. Of my heart calls out for human love, for . The deep voice of the High Priest The hour had come when Noh Ek, all the silences that this earth holds, the love of a noble man. My heart my a vestal, was to make her final

her, "O Noh Ek, stand forth in the the foot of the great stone altar. The been over all, her voice would not that all may see you!" sharp flint-point, broken, was still in have reached the temple walk, it was thess the choice of the vestal.

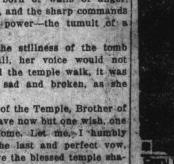
Hight that all may see you!"

Sharp flint-point, broken, was still in have reached the temple walk, it was see lents, called out to her in mea.

Words, and slow "O Noh Fir the words and star took one step farther to just died as the last black demon was said:

the High Priest sat on the tiger seat pray, take the last and perfect vow, and again his voice called out to the never to leave the blessed temple sha-Vestal, though his eyes were kind and dow until called to meet my loved one

"O Noh Ek, stand forth from the temple shadow that all may see you." She stood for awhile like one turn ed to stone; then, shivering as if with stead of moving forward into the light, she seemed to fade into the shadow of



Hymeneal.

the scene of a very pretty and attractive wedding on Thursday, October 20th, when Miss Violet Maude Gullage. laughter of Mr. George Gullage, Catalina, was united in the bonds of holy atrimony to Mr. Albert Edwin Reid, son of Mr. Simeon Reid, Catalina. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. T. Dunn, D.D., in the presence of host of friends and relatives. The oride looked charming in a dress of pale blue georgette, with hat to match, carried a bouquet of carnations and naiden hair fern, and leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. H. Gullage ntered the church to the strains of a ing march, rendered by Mrs. has. F. Snelgrove. Mrs. H. Gullage, sister-in-law of the bride, acted as natron of honor and miss Nellie Reid, matron of honor and miss Nellie Reid, sister of the groom was bridesmaid. Both were dressed in rose silk and wore black picture hats. The groom was supported by his brothef, Mr. Chesley Reid. During the signing of the roll, Mrs. Chas. F. Snelgrove and Miss Jennie Smith sang a duet. After the ceremony the hanny couple drove the ceremony the happy couple dro-to the home of Mrs. Mary Burte



tacking my next a day or two.

This morning What is Life Without the Daily Paperi I had gotten my

house redded up It was an interesting magazine but Although they have become almost Kingston, Ja., taking 1074 quintals of (you see I really I cannot tell you what a sense of in-tas inveterate newspaper readers as am Scotch) and completeness and unsatisfiedness it men, there is one way in which wo- ring and squid shipped by A. E. Hicksat down for my gave me to go without my paper. with the news- part of our lives a newspaper becomes though they read the newspaper

per and picked up an old paper. By some fearful mistake the latest to listen to the bits of news her huspaper had been thrown away and an band chose to read aloud to her. Toten read the paper themselves.

This fact I discovered day nine intelligent women out of to The Methodist Church, Catalina, was house and a third degree of its in- In many homes the feminine time ** ** **

with the lady and mistress. And I know of, at least, one plutocratic home where the lady of the house aweary of waiting for her chance at the choicest parts of the paper (the pages that correspond to the breast meat) ordered a paper of her own. Now she and her spouse both read the paper at the breakfast table. Many Women Read Newspapers BUT to-morrow evening. Not News.

men do not justify their right to be man, Ltd. I do not think we realize what a newspaper readers. And that is alpaper, before at- until for some reason we miss it for many of them do not read the news. They read the gossip of the city and

Men have always been this way, but nation (what else are the tales of tot settled in my it is only recently that, along with divorce and suicide and elopements favorite c h a i r, her other rights, woman has ac and so forth) but they do not read reached out my quired a right to the daily paper the news of the big world. I don't hand for the pahabit. In the old days the woman of blame them for reading the habit. In the old days the woman of and the human interest stuff. I can't because I'm not above it. But I do think they ought to read the news,

Shipping Notes.

S.S. Keystone Tysland is loading at Carbonear for Spain for Messrs. W. & J. Moores and Wm. Duff & Sons. S.S. Digby left Halifax at 9 p.m. Saturday and is due here to-night, The ship is expected to sail for Liverpool

Schr. Mona Marie has cleared for codfish and a quantity of trout, her

Tern schooner Netherton, finished loading Saturday and sails for Bahis as soon as the weather moderates. taking 4,571 quintals codtish, shipped

by Job Bros. & Co. S.S. Manoa arrived at Montreal at 6.30 p.m. on Friday. The ship sails again on Wednesday for this port.

ALL SAINTS DAY. - It was anounced in the R. C. Churches yesterday that Tuesday, Nov. 1st, being All Saints Day Masses would be celebrated at the same hours as on Sunday.

Local Celery!

LARGE AND MEDIUM HEADS. A shipment just received and for sale by the barrel, dozen or head.

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