

The Superfine in Chocolates

Everything that is used in making Stewart's Chocolates—fruit flavors, sugar, cream and chocolate—must be the finest that money can buy. Our years of

experience tell us just how to blend these choice materials to make the most delightful chocolates obtainable.



Sunset Ranch

(Conclusion.) Sunset station is merely a pine packing box turned sideways, with a telegraph desk inside, and a tank of drinking water on the shady corner. On the north side of the tracks were drawn up a couple of what Sunset called conveyances. One was a buckboard, the other was an automobile, large, deep, bright red, and "mighty comfy," as Nell Wickes said when she caught sight of it.

"I like local color," she said, "but not applied in chunks. I'll take mine as an impressionistic background to the picture and ride in the 'bubble.'"

McGowan was talking to the telegraph operator, dictating a list of messages and talking home chat. His sister tucked herself comfortably into one of the back seats of the automobile and proceeded to wrap her head up in a six-yard veil of pale-green chiffon.

Over near the buckboard stood a couple of figures, quiet, immovable, speechless. One was short and slumped-shouldered, with a round, brick-colored face and inquiring eyes of childlike blue. The other was tall, Lady Scarsdale, standing beside the red automobile, tried to get a more definite impression of him.

As she had stepped from the train ignoring the outstretched arms of McGowan, and the hand of the porter, she had seen only one object in Sunset, this tall figure in khaki-colored garb, his cream-colored comb-over pulled low over his eyes, and those eyes looking steadily at her.

That was absolutely all she could tell of him, and yet, in that second of time that instant when she had stood poised on the car steps and met his gaze full glance for glance, the inner soul, spirit, consciousness, or whatever one might care to call it, was awakened for the first time in her life in Lady Scarsdale.

When McGowan had finished with the telegraph operator and had swung over to the two figures and gripped them by the hands, Isabel took her place beside Mrs. Danforth Wickes.

"Hello, Cherry!" called that lady gayly. "Didn't know me in this outfit, did you? Come over here."

The short figure obeyed with alacrity. Vaguely Lady Scarsdale was glad the tall one had not responded. She leaned back in the leather seat and smiled at Mr. Cherry Barnes.

"The Colonel looks something great, don't he?" he said. "Got fatter since he was up last year, too. Couple of weeks on the range will put a lather of tan on him that'll make him show up like a sure enough Rapahee buck."

"Oh, Tom's looking fine," retorted Mrs. Wickes fervently, with a little side glance at the silent, graceful form beside her. "He's pretty happy today."

And Cherry "tumbled," and wondered what under the light of heaven that slim, sweet girl saw in big, rough Tom McGowan.

"Lady Scarsdale is her name," he said, after the red automobile had rolled down the smooth, dusty stretch of road that led over the country toward the Sunset ranch. "One of your folks, I guess, Harry."

For the next month matters looked as if Cherry were right. Sunset ranch lay at the feet of Lady Bell to do with as she liked, and his owner's neck was beneath her dainty heel. But there were days at a time when the lion Tom was called by the name of his office, down to Cheyenne, and his sister Nell forgot her role of chaperon at large, and motored joyously with her old "pal" Cherry. For more than mere mystery lay between Washington and Wyoming, and the freedom of the range steals into one's blood, and rouses the primitive instincts. Cherry would not have shone at Washington, but he consoled perfectly with the primitive values.

And into the body and soul of Lady Scarsdale there crept, too, this strange, insidious spirit of the open. It is a mythical, inexplicable influence. There is a santheistic mystery to it, a personal mingling with the very forces of nature, until the minor things of life—life such as Lady Scarsdale had known in London, and Paris and Washington—became simply nothing in the general scheme of things. There remained only the grandeur of the open where one might do just as he wanted according to the primitive values.

"If only one never had to go back," she had said one day, when Kincaid had ridden with her along the ridge of sandstone buttes and they had paused to look at a sudden open belt of green, cut by a low, yellowish creek.

"It isn't the going back," Kincaid had answered slowly. "It is the going back—alone."

She had not looked at him, nor spoken again. There was no need. In her silence he read a greater confession than mere words could have said, and she drained her eyes. Through and through they searched her, read her thoughts, and left her unmasked, without pose or balance, until she was conscious of a wild unreasonable longing to put everything behind her, the old artificial life with her mother and sisters, the poor, pitiful brief history had been a relief.

One day she had come home from a ride with Kincaid and found Nell waiting for her on the blue veranda of the one-story ranch house. Keenly, kindly the other woman's blue eyes had looked at her, looked at the light in her eyes, and made her from her pony. When they were alone she said:

"Tom doesn't stand a ghost of a chance, does he, dear? And as Lady Scarsdale was silent: "Why don't you tell him so? It would ease up matters a little."

"Just because Harry Kincaid isn't the boy to butt into another man's game," retorted Mrs. Wickes, coolly. "These boys up here play a square deal in love as well as other things. They're not your Continental breed. You can't give Harry a fair show until you've fired Tom."

McGowan came back from Cheyenne that night. And the following morning the red automobile took the road for Sunset station that the "colonel" might catch the noon train for Omaha.

Standing on the veranda, with her eyes red and swollen from crying, Nell turned a glowing, proud face on the woman beside her.

"Isn't he game, though?" she exclaimed. "I knew he would clear out if you once told him there was no show. I'm awfully sorry for him, but he'll pull up all right. Tom's game."

Kincaid understood, too, without her telling him. He went to the station with McGowan, and when he came back to the ranch, she had gone for a ride, Nell said. He knew where to find her, just as he had known all the way home that she would be waiting for him. And the letter he carried

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



FOR OPERA MATINEE.

Opera matinee and evening opera are two different things, so far as the dressing of society is concerned. Nevertheless one sees some very interesting novelties at these daytime performances which are very much worth while from a fashion viewpoint. For instance, the pictured coat and muff of lace and chinchilla, brought over from Paris especially for the opera season by a young society matron

whose fancy for horses and taste in clothes is well known. The body of the coat is of white silk applique over white satin and trimmed with a pointed collar of chinchilla with pendant cord ornaments in white. A wide fur hand finishes the bottom of the coat and the Japanese sleeves. The muff is of the applique hand and draped with the chinchilla.

HAD A STAB-LIKE PAIN THROUGH THE HEART. MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS CURED HER AND SAVED HER LIFE.

There is no one, we imagine, sets about deliberately to do injury to the heart, yet in the excitement and excesses of present-day living the nervous system is done violence to, and the heart and nerve being so intimately bound up with one another, disorganization of the one means disease and disorder of the other.

When you find your heart the least bit out of rhyme, your nerves unstrung, don't wait until you are prostrated on a bed of sickness. Take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They'll put you in such condition you'll never know you have a heart, make your brain clear and active, your nerves strong, your blood rich and pure, and your whole being thrill with a new life.

Mrs. John C. Yensen, Little Rock, Ark., writes: "I was troubled with a stab-like pain through my heart. I tried many remedies but they seemed to do me more harm than good. I was advised by a friend to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after using two boxes I was completely cured. I cannot praise them enough for the world of good they did me for I believe they saved my life."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct, receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ried grew heavier, it seemed, with every mile he covered.

She was sitting at the base of a big, blasted pine on Devil's Peak when he found her. Near by grazed the black pony McGowan had picked for her. In her riding outfit, with her short, curly hair, and loose, pongoe waist, she looked younger, and more girlish than ever. As Kincaid looked at her in his arms, she beamed back at him, and said, "I'm never going back any more," she whispered.

"I've had to sweatheart, sometimes," she said. "For our sake, I've told Tom that I will leave the ranch. It had to be you know. He understood. But listen to me. I am not rich—"

"She placed her hand over her lips imperatively. "I won't listen," she exclaimed. "There are other places besides the Sunset that we can go to aren't there? I don't want you to be rich, I only want to be with you, somewhere, anywhere."

"Do you think it's fair? Do you think I have a right to ask?"

She laughed and closed her eyes. Kincaid kissed her and the letter in his pocket fell less weightily.

Lying at her feet under the old, blazed pine, he handed her the envelope later and watched her read what it contained. It was a brief business letter, from the late Lord Scarsdale's barrister in London and merely notified Mr. Henry Kincaid of the death of his father's cousin in some months previous, and of their difficulty in locating the whereabouts of the said Mr. Henry Kincaid. They traced it would arrive in England shortly as the estate was in a somewhat tangled condition and required Lord Scarsdale's personal direction.

Isabel let the letter fall to the ground and looked at the tanned, strong, young face of the man beside her. She had known vaguely that her husband's heir was a distant kinsman, and that no trace had been found of him, but that fate should have led her across an ocean and a continent to the place where he was, secured inscrutable.

"You know sweetheart, I couldn't help it," laughed Kincaid. "You'll still be Lady Scarsdale, my lady."

"But not there, Harry, not over there," she pleaded, and looking across the range, purple and gold in the sunset glow, the new Lord Scarsdale solemnly promised Lady Bell that they would found a Wyoming dynasty of the barony of Whittford.

PRESSMEN IN COURT

CINCINNATI, Nov. 13.—Patrick McMiller and George L. Berry national officers of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, were in Federal Judge Thompson's court yesterday to answer charges of contempt preferred against them by attorneys representing the Typothetae, an organization of employing printers. It is asserted Berry and McMiller disregarded the injunction ordering them to desist from in any manner provoking or declaring a strike of union printers or pressmen against members of the Typothetae by reciting and sending out thousands of circulars ordering members of the printing pressmen and assistant union to strike on Nov. 18, unless their employers, members of the Typothetae grant them the eight hour day from Nov. 18.

Attorneys for the union printers said that the circulars were intended merely to secure an expression from members of the union as to whether the union shall have an eight-hour day as one of its principles.

Judge Thompson, after hearing argument on the motion to hold in contempt, stated that as there was a disagreement and pleading on the facts of the original case he would reserve his decision on the motion for contempt until after he had heard the original case.

A CANADIAN MAYOR

ST. CATHARINES, Nov. 12.—W. L. Hepton, the new lord mayor for the city of Leeds, England, who has just been elected by acclamation, is a gentleman well known in Canada, where he has travelled extensively in the interests of his firm, Messrs. Hepton Bros., Ltd. He is also well known in Muskoka, being the owner of Lion Island, on which he has erected one of the best summer houses in the district. He is the owner of the fast steam yacht, the Willouder. Mr. and Mrs. Hepton are married, and have three children, two boys and one girl, to three months almost every summer at their Muskoka home. Mr. Hepton is also a member of the Tourist Fishing and Hunting Club of Quebec.

that he takes great interest in Canadian affairs. Naturally so, as he has a Canadian wife born in St. Catharines, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McLaren, Bleak House. Many friends in Canada will extend congratulations to the new Lord Mayor and Lady Mayress of Leeds.

Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments must be combined. One is the local treatment, but both are important, both essential.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional. The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—restores the mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue, and all blood elements.

work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous membrane, banishes local weakness and discharges, while the Restorative, excites nervous system, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—It's Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well the "Night Cure."

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
673 DEER SHIPPED
BANGOR, Nov. 12.—The October statement for game shipments over the Bangor & Aroostook railroad shows that 673 deer, 54 moose and 17 bears were handled, or only about 80 per cent. of last year's total on deer and moose, when the figures were 838 deer and 10 moose.

Greenville leads the list for deer with 191, a falling off of 15 from last year; Norcross leads with 15 moose, and Paten is second on general shipments with 65 deer and 7 moose.

Read and Profit BY WILCOX BROS.' OFFERINGS FOR THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

- 120 DOZ. MEN'S 15c. LINEN COLLARS. Sale price ... 3 for 25c.
48 DOZ. MEN'S \$1.25 MOCHA GLOVES. Sale price ... 98c.
50 DOZ. MEN'S \$1.00 ALL WOOL BLACK SWEATERS. Sale price ... 69c.
25 DOZ. MEN'S \$1.50 ALL WOOL SWEATERS, all colors. Sale price ... 98c.
10 DOZ. MEN'S \$1.50 ALL WOOL CARDIGAN JACKETS. Sale price ... 96c.
75 DOZ. MEN'S 85c. WHITE DRESS SHIRTS. Sale price ... 42c.
65 DOZ. MEN'S 65c. STRIPE DUCK SHIRTS. Sale price ... 48c.
12 DOZ. MEN'S \$1.00 JERSEY FLEECE TOP SHIRTS. Sale price ... 75c.
20 DOZ. MEN'S 75c. WHITE DUCK OVERALLS, with Bibs. Sale price ... 42c.
300 PAIRS MEN'S 75c. BLUE DRILL OVERALLS, with Bibs. Sale price ... 42c.
MEN'S 35c. BRACES. Sale price ... 19c.
120 DOZ. MEN'S WHITE LINEN HANKERCHIEFS. Sale price ... 8c. each.
MEN'S \$2.00 HEYSON TWEED PANTS. Sale price ... \$1.58.
MEN'S \$2.00 OXFORD TWEED PANTS. Sale price ... 1.48.
MEN'S \$8.00 BLACK FLEECE OVERCOATS. Sale price ... 5.98.
MEN'S \$12.00 BLACK BEAVER OVERCOATS. Sale price ... \$9.98.
MEN'S \$18.00 BLACK MELTON OVERCOATS, Double lap seams. Sale price ... 12.48.
MEN'S \$10.00 REEFERS, All Wool Fleece, Fur Lined. Sale price ... 6.48.
MEN'S \$5.00 REEFERS, All Wool Fleece. Sale price ... 3.48.
BOYS' \$5.00 OVERCOATS, to Fit Age 10 to 16, Long Fashionable Cut. Sale price ... 1.98.
BOYS' \$5.00 REEFERS, Storm Collar. Sale price ... 1.98.
MEN'S \$16.00 OVERCOATS, English and Scotch Tweed. Sale price ... \$2.25 to \$4.48.
MEN'S \$3.00 KING HATS. Sale price ... 1.98.
MEN'S \$4.00 SHOES. Sale price ... 2.98.
500 PAIRS MEN'S FELT SLIPPERS. Sale price ... \$2.98.

75 Ladies' Sample Coats, no Two Alike.

- LADIES' \$18.00 SAMPLE COATS, Fancy Plaids, Sale Price ... \$12.98
LADIES' \$14.00 FANCY PLAIDS AND TWEED COATS, Sale Price ... 9.98
LADIES' \$10.00 FANCY PLAIDS AND TWEED COATS, Sale Price ... 6.98
LADIES' \$30.00 ENGLISH BEAVER COATS, Black or Blue. Sale Price ... 25.00
LADIES' \$18.00 ENGLISH BEAVER COATS, Black or Blue. Sale Price ... 12.98
LADIES' \$14.00 ENGLISH BEAVER COATS, Black or Blue. Sale Price ... 9.98
LADIES' \$8.00 SILK WAISTS, Latest fashionable cut. Sale Price ... \$5.98
LADIES' \$6.50 SILK WAISTS, Latest fashionable cut. Sale Price ... \$5.00
LADIES' \$5.50 SILK WAISTS, Latest fashionable cut. Sale Price ... \$4.98
LADIES' \$2.75 SILK WAISTS, Latest fashionable cut. Sale Price ... \$2.48
LADIES' \$1.50 ALL WOOL CLOUDS, all desirable shades. Sale Price ... \$1.15
LADIES' \$1.25 ALL WOOL CLOUDS, all desirable shades. Sale Price98
LADIES' .75c. ALL WOOL CLOUDS, all desirable shades. Sale Price48c.
BOYS' AND GIRLS' .50c. ALL WOOL TOQUES. Sale Price38c.
BOYS' AND GIRLS' .35c. ALL WOOL TOQUES. Sale Price28c.
BOYS' AND GIRLS' \$2.25 ALL WOOL GOLF VEST. Sale Price ... \$1.65
CHILDREN'S \$2.00 WHITE BEAR SETS. Sale Price ... \$1.45
CHILDREN'S \$1.50 WHITE BEAR SETS. Sale Price ... \$1.08.

Ladies, Get Your Corsets.

- LADIES' \$1.25 P. C. CORSETS, Sale Price ... 98c.
LADIES' \$1.00 P. C. CORSETS, Sale Price ... 78c.
LADIES' .75c. P. C. CORSETS, Sale Price ... 48c.
LADIES' .40c. TAPE GIRLIE CORSETS, Sale Price ... 25c.
LADIES' \$1.25 D and A. CORSETS, Sale Price ... 98c.
LADIES' .75c. D and A. CORSETS, Sale Price ... 58c.
LADIES' .50c. D and A. CORSETS, Sale Price ... 38c.
25 LADIES' SHORT BOX COATS \$3.98 to \$9.00.
LADIES' SKIRTS, all desirable patterns, Fashionable cut, \$2.98 to \$10.00.
\$7.00 ALL WOOL BLANKETS. Sale price ... 4.48
\$6.00 ALL WOOL BLANKETS. Sale price ... 4.48
\$5.00 ALL WOOL BLANKETS. Sale price ... 4.48
SHAKER BLANKETS. Sale price ... \$1.25 to \$2.00 per pair.

\$5,000 WORTH OF Ladies' Fashionable Furs!

To be sold at a discount of 20 PER CENT.

All are up-to-date Mink, Grey Squirrel, Muskrat, Sable and many others too numerous to mention.

Remember these prices are for Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Try and supply your wants at our prices.

WILCOX BROS. Dock Street and Market Square

"BRICK'S TASTELESS" Renovates the entire system. Is palatable and can be easily assimilated. Cod liver oil is nauseous—Knocks out the stomach, So that very few persons can take it. Take a dose of "Brick's Tasteless" And note how pleasant it is—Starts you eating at once—relieves That tired feeling which Every one speaks of from time to time, and the Languid feeling disappears immediately. Every bottle taken is guaranteed to show improvement; So why should you hesitate to take it? See your druggist today about "Brick's Tasteless." Two Sizes—8 ounce bottle 50c; 20 ounce bottle \$1.00

Times Want Ads. ARE WILLING WORKERS.

JAPANESE EXPOSITION WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—The Japanese embassy was advised today that the National Exposition of 1912 at Tokio would be held between April 1 and October 31, thus covering both the chrysanthemum and cherry blossom seasons. The exposition is designed to be as international as possible, and exhibits from for-