

.... DARGIES' NEW CARPET DEPARTMENT

YOU NEED A NEW CARPET

The old one is worn and shabby and when the fall cleaning is done is the time to replace the old one with one of our New Carpets or Squares.

We have just opened a new department and can show you a fresh new stock of

Carpets, Squares, Rugs, Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Also Portieres and Couch Covers in up-to-date designs.

These goods have been marked very low. Get our prices before making your purchases.

CHAS. DARGIE & SON
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

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Bridgetown Foundry Co., Ltd.

WALL PAPERS

In order to make room for New Goods I will close out several thousand rolls of this season's Wall Papers in the latest designs at Bargain Prices. Will call with samples if requested.

Remember you may expect bargains.

F. B. BISHOP, LAWRENCETOWN N. S.

Fall and Winter Millinery

Our Fall Stock has now arrived, and trimming orders are coming in daily. It will be to your advantage to be among the early customers.

Miss Annie Chute
Stores at BRIDGETOWN and LAWRENCETOWN

Fresh Family Groceries

at the
Bridgetown Central Grocery

Canned Vegetables

Beans, Corn, Peas, Pumpkin, Squash and Tomatoes. One dozen each, or assorted, for \$1.00.

Canned Fruit

Blueberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Plums, Peaches, Pears and Pineapples.

Dried Fruit

London Layer Table Raisins, Valencia Layer Table Raisins, California Muscatel Raisins, California Seeded Raisins, Figs, Dates, etc., at the LOWEST PRICES.

Buy at the "entral Grocery", get reliable goods and save money.

J. E. LLOYD

FERNIE'S COKE OVENS

GREAT PLANT IS ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE WEST.

Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. Has Four Hundred and Fifty Ovens Where Coal Dust or Slack is Turned Into Valuable Coke—Russians and Slavs Attend to the Furnaces and Manage to Get Rich on Their Wages.

As the eastern-bound fier, with clanging bell and snorting smoke stack, glides swiftly round the tortuous curve up the incline into Fernie, B. C., the passengers on the observation car see stretching away to their left a long, low line of compact stone buildings, surrounded with a general lurid glow which seems to permeate the atmosphere and partially dispel the murky clouds that hang heavily overhead.

These are the coke ovens owned by the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., Ltd., and there are four hundred and fifty of them, in three solid, substantial rows, numbered 1, 2, and 3. Each row contains ovens on either side, and to distinguish these they are referred to as east and west ovens, respectively, the ovens themselves being numbered individually.

To-day, when nothing is wasted, least of all precious coal dust, it is interesting to follow the process which converts this coal dust, or "slack," as it is called, into marketable coke, and incidentally gives employment to many foreigners in this district.

The coal is mined at Coal Creek, a mining town situated in a deep valley some five miles from Fernie on the Morrissey, Fernie & Michel Railway—the property of the Coal Company—and after being screened on the "tipples," the "slack," or fine stuff, is loaded into special iron cars called slack cars, and which are made with a centre dump and hold thirty tons of slack. A train of some twelve to fourteen cars is then run up the line to the rails over the storage bins, and the dump being opened, the slack drops down into the "larry" beneath; these larrys are constructed of iron, and are capable of holding nine to ten tons, if required. The larrys are then run from under the storage bins by a circular line right on top of the coke oven between the circular opening of each oven, some fourteen inches across, and, arrived in position, the lever being moved, the slack pours into the oven beneath through the aperture either to the east or west, as required.

About six and a half tons of slack is put into each oven at a time, and ignites, of course, spontaneously from the greasy latent heat, and after 72 hours' burning yields four and a quarter tons of coke, the loss being approximately about 35 per cent., the resultant coke making up the balance of 65 per cent.

When the time arrives for the ovens to be drawn, the Russians, the partially bearded open the dried loam and brick door of his oven, and a fierce, blinding heat blazes forth into the darkness, silhouetting his stalwart figure as he stands there, water pipe in hand, gazing on the fiery mass within, and which, when sufficiently cooled off, he presently takes out with a huge iron rake some twelve feet in length and weighing 60 to 70 pounds.

This is hard work, but seems admirably suited to the men who undertake it, mostly Russians and Slavs unable to speak a word of English, but quite happy with their job. For clearing an oven the men get paid \$1, and as when in full work they clear out two and three ovens a shift, working six days a week will get them anything from twelve to eighteen dollars. Living as they do in their own style on from fifteen to sixteen dollars a month, they are soon able to afford a bank account.

The coke is now loaded into cars holding from 35 to 37 tons each, and it is quite a sight to see one of these gigantic cars being filled by the perspiring workmen—Italians now—with their broad sixteen-pronged forks, shovelling away with a steady swing. When full, the cars are dispatched to Trail and Grand Forks, B.C., where the smelters of the Consolidated Smelting & Mining Co. and the Granby Mining & Smelting Co., respectively, await their daily arrival. There have been rumors from time to time of smelters being established in Fernie itself, but at present, and until sufficient ore is found adjacent to the ovens, it is more profitable to ship the coke to the existing smelters than the ore to the coke ovens. The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., Ltd., have other coke ovens besides those at Fernie. At Michel there are 466, and at Carbonado 250, making a total of 1,186 ovens at the three places.

Standing between the rails on top of the ovens calls to mind Doré's picture—the Torture of the Simonists in Purgatory—with the flickering flames lazily licking up and around the sides of the aperture through which the ovens are fed, whilst, again, from the mountainside a most weird theatrical effect is obtained as the dull-red smoke floats in a thick pall over the dark buildings beneath. Except for repairs from time to time, the ovens are never out, and burn with a blood-red heat that would have appalled Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, through the bitter winter weather equally as well as through the torrid days of August, the only difference in the working being that during the summer they are drawn at 9 o'clock at night, whereas in the winter this is done during the day.

Built about nine years ago at a cost of a thousand dollars apiece, the ovens are practically as good to-day as when first constructed. About 100 men are employed at Fernie alone, the loading being accomplished by Italians, and in the history of the ovens it is gratifying to learn that there has never been a serious accident.

Italy is now building four Dreadnoughts, which, it is said, will surpass any existing Dreadnought.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

The Isle of the Crimson Mist

Original Story, written for the Monitor-Sentinel.

H. M. S. "Indestructible," first-class cruiser, stationed in the Pacific, rode at anchor, the calm blue waters lapping lazily against her glistening purity, beautiful to behold; her faultless lines curving gracefully to the water's edge, and her brass fittings shining like gold.

Distant less than a league the innumerable islands of the Low Archipelago dotted the Pacific.

On this fine morning an exploring party was fitted out to visit one or more of the larger ones. The party consisted of Henry Hawtrey, second lieutenant, Bill Jones and Tom Second, midshipmen, and a couple of seamen.

"An ideal day for a trip," said Tom to his crony Bill as the boat fitted over the dancing water. Which one of the islands will you visit first, sir?" turning to the lieutenant.

"That big one over there."

"Not LaMorte?"

"Yes! why not? There is no danger until after sunset and we will be back before then. If you are afraid you can stay and mind the boat while we explore the island."

"Afraid?" echoed the lad. "Not I. Besides I have brought my camera for the express purpose of taking a few snap shots of Lake LaMorte were I so lucky as to see the Crimson mist."

"You will count yourself far luckier if, after seeing the Crimson Mist, you are alive to tell the tale, my fine young fellow. And let me tell you: you will have no opportunity to get your pictures as my orders are imperative to leave with the turn of the tide; which as you know, is about an hour before sunset."

The Isle LaMorte was very fair to the eye. About five miles in extent the western portion rose to a height of about 500 feet above the sea level. The eastern half enclosed a lake between the sandy shore of which and the outer shore rose an impassable wall of rocks. The outer shore was very low, in fact nearly level with the water's edge, so that from a distance the island appeared to be much smaller than it really was. Though fertile and covered with a luxuriant vegetation it was uninhabited on account of the deadly nature of the gas that rose from the surface of the lake evening shortly after sunset. "The Crimson Mist" as it was called by one who experiencing its terrors had yet lived to tell the tale.

Urged by willing hands the boat flew on its way and soon reached the silvery sands. Carefully coasting a narrow shore our friends kept their eyes open for some creek that would give them access to the interior.

They had not proceeded far when they came to the water-way between the ocean and the lake. Tempted by its smooth course they headed their little boat up its channel. Indeed so pleasant was their progress, that neither of the little party was aware of the growing swiftness of the current and inaccessibility of the banks. Tom was the first to call their attention to this latter point.

Drawing out his camera, he said: "I must have a picture of these walls, they remind me of the entrance to the Grand Canyon."

"I don't altogether like the look of things," said Hawtrey. "I think we had better haul the boat up somewhere, and continue our journey on foot. That roar we hear is in all probability a waterfall, and should we continue our present course we might experience some difficulties in returning. I think we had better turn the boat's head."

This was easier said than done. So rapid had the current now become that it was impossible to turn about. Neither could they effect a landing where the rocky walls towered high above their heads.

The light grew dimmer and dimmer. At length the walls meeting in an arch overhead they found themselves traveling swiftly through an ever narrowing tunnel, the roar of waters growing louder every moment.

Instinctively the men clutched hold of the sides of the boat and cast anxious glances toward their leader. No word was spoken, or if spoken, was drowned in the roar of waters. Suddenly their boat was lifted as by giant hands and flung outwards into the sunlight.

They did not have far to fall not more than six feet, and the shock of their precipitation was almost wholly on account of the extreme velocity which carried the boat nearly half way out into the lake.

Half stunned and wholly bewildered by the sudden change from the dark tunnel into the dazzling sunlight the men gradually came to a realization of their surroundings.

It was a strange place into which they had fallen a curious round lake about a mile and a half in circumfer-

ence probably the crater of an extinct volcano. A high rocky wall surrounded a good portion of the lake, in which was the round opening of the tunnel, from whence it poured its miniature waterfall into the lake below. A careful navigation reveals another and a lower opening on the further side of the lake presumably leading to the sea. This they are only able to conjecture as the waterway is entirely submerged, only the rippling whirl-pool giving evidence of its existence.

Hawtrey and his men now proceeded to explore the island.

Going up the steep slope that led to the higher ground, the middies, who were somewhat in advance of the others, had their attention attracted by the brilliant lustre of a piece of crystal that was reflecting the ardent rays of the sun in a dozen different hues. Bill picked it up and showed it to Hawtrey, who after carefully examining it, pronounced it to be a diamond.

All hands at once set to work to hunt for more of the precious stones and several smaller pieces rewarded their efforts. So anxious were the men to possess themselves of this unexpected treasure that the difficulties and dangers attending their return were not anticipated.

Our friends spent several hours in exploring this veritable garden of the gods. Immense clumps of flowering shrubs with a profusion of wax-like blossoms, stately palm, and soft mosses adorned the hillside. From time to time Hawtrey cast uneasy glances at the tide which by this time was momentarily burying deeper and deeper their sole mode of exit. If it rose much higher there was a certainty, that before the tunnel was uncovered the sun would set.

The two midshipmen in the lead as usual, during their wanderings discovered a cave and proceeded to explore it with boyish enthusiasm. Before they had proceeded twenty paces they came rushing back to the rest of the party.

"Mr. Hawtrey, Smith, Murphy, come quick, we have discovered a gold mine. And such a gold mine!"

The floor of the cave was literally strewn with nuggets of all sizes of the purest gold, while the walls and roof glistened with veins of the precious metal. Gold which in all probability no other human eye had ever beheld. Stripping off their coats the men proceeded to fill them with as many of the gold nuggets as they could conveniently carry, while the two boys went on eagerly exploring the cave.

In about half an hour they returned each with his hat full of diamonds which they showed to Hawtrey.

"Where did you find them?" said he. "About a quarter of a mile in. But so close in there, smells awfully of sulphur. I thought we'd choke before we got out."

With a guilty start Hawtrey glanced hastily at his watch. There was no time for further exploration. Reluctantly he gave the command, and all hands hastened to return to the boat. Of what avail were gold or gems if they should be caught in the Crimson Mist.

All too soon the sun sank, but by this time they had reached the beach and placed their precious cargo aboard the boat. According to Hawtrey's calculations the tide had yet to fall about four feet before the mouth of the tunnel would be navigable.

The boat had been dragged down to the water's edge. Tom got out his camera in readiness for anything that offered. Fifteen minutes passed, the others lounging idly beside the boat, their gaze fixed on the wall of rock, anxiously watching for the reappearance of the tunnel.

Suddenly there came a shout from Tom and simultaneously the click of the camera.

"Goodness! Gracious! What is that? A crocodile?"

As Tom spoke from somewhere near the centre of the lake rose a terrible looking creature. It was about fifteen feet long in appearance its body some what resembled a crocodile, but its fore and hind legs were much longer. It was also equipped with an enormous pair of bat-like wings. Whether it was able to use these in the air as well as in the water our friends had no means of ascertaining. Its rough, scaly hide was a dull dirty greenish color. It had an immense mouth with two rows of sharp glistening teeth, a forked serpent-like tongue hanging from its under jaw. Fiery red eyes, a broad snout and handy legs with sharp talons upon its toes.

Pat Murphy gave a howl of terror. "It's the devil! It's the devil! Holy saints preserve us, it's the Old Bhoys himself."

The others were scarcely less frightened by the terrible looking monster. "I wonder what it is?" muttered

Hawtrey. "It certainly isn't a crocodile! It looks like the picture of a dragon that adorns our coin of the realm. It is an unusual beast anyway to be able to live and breathe the poisonous air of this lake."

Slowly it moved toward that portion of the beach occupied by the exploring party making a low moaning sound as it did so.

Just then the top of the tunnel appeared in view. Then our adventurers saw a strange sight. A wave of phosphorescence suddenly pervaded the waters for a few minutes the lake seemed to be a fire. With a roar the huge beast charged up the beach.

"Launch the boat!" yelled Hawtrey, turning and firing the contents of his Colts' revolver at the advancing foe, but the bullets harmlessly rebounded like hailstones from a duck's back. Then a column of white vapor shot up from the bosom of the lake, up, up, like smoke till it hung like a cloud over the island; the crimson gleam faded, and a soft white mist settled down enveloping everything in its poisonous folds. A sickening smell of sulphur, mingled with some sweetish odor, assailed their nostrils. Scarlet spots danced before their eyes. Frantically the men urged the little boat out into the lake and had nearly reached the mouth of the tunnel when a new danger asserted itself. Clinging to the branches of a creeper that overhung the opening was a long snake-like feeler which once seen can never be forgotten—that of the giant octopus or as it is sometimes called the devil fish.

Hastily the men backed the boat. To pass this grim "Keeper of the Gate" meant sure death for all on board. Even as they slewed the boat sidewise to avoid the onrush of the foe in the rear, the stupefying mist overpowered them. One by one they sank to the bottom of the boat. Tom was the last to yield to the action of the vapor. Carried past the boat by the fury of its onrush the fearful monster was met by the vindictive attack of the octopus. With snorts of fury and roars of defiance the battle raged, but ere the fight was brought to a finish, Tom also had slipped down beside his unconscious companions. Guided by an Unseen Hand the boat swung out into the middle of the current. For a few moments it hung at the mouth of the tunnel, then it passed through and with its unconscious burden went merrily bobbing along towards the outlet.

Meantime the octopus finding its formidable beak and pliant suckers made no impression on its mail clad adversary gradually grew weaker and weaker. Neither able to fight nor fly its soft body was doomed to speedily fill the rapacious maw of its scaly antagonist.

The shades of night were falling fast as the little boat shot out into the calm waters of the open sea. The ship had been advanced to within half a mile of the island.

Full of anxiety the captain had sent out a search party which came along just in the nick of time to assume charge. Hastily taking the boat and its occupants in tow they returned with all speed to the ship; where it required the combined services of the ship's doctor and his assistants for two hours to resuscitate its unconscious inmates.

Two days passed before either of them were sufficiently recovered from the effects of their terrible experience to tell their story.

Even then it would have been treated as the hallucination of an overwrought brain, had not Tom produced the startling testimony of his camera, to corroborate their testimony. This was only in part however as the snap-shot indefinitely outlined the shape of the monster advancing amid a haze of spray created by its own passage. In the excitement of the moment they were supposed to have mistaken a particularly gnarled and hideous crocodile for the fabled monster of heathen mythology.

It is not surprising, however, that none of their ship-mates were tempted by the lust for gold to visit the treasure-trove. For as Pat Murphy sagely remarked "Yis, mates, the gold and the diamonds is there all right, but must pass through the lake of fire and brim stone to get them, and the devil himself it is who guards the treasure."

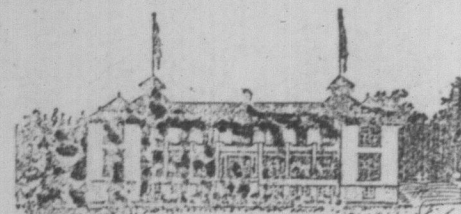
But this is the least of its terrors, for there must ever remain the Crimson Mist; and no man, however reckless voluntarily braves its deadly embrace.

Whether the creature seen by Hawtrey and his companions really was a dragon; or whether the poisonous gas so effected their brains that they were deceived by some fancied resemblance the reader must form his own opinion.

LYNNE REED.

Would You Provide for the Care of Canada's Needy Consumptives?

THEN SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE
**MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL
FOR CONSUMPTIVES**



MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES. MAIN BUILDING FOR PATIENTS.

A national institution that accepts patients from all parts of Canada. Here is one of hundreds of letters being received daily:—

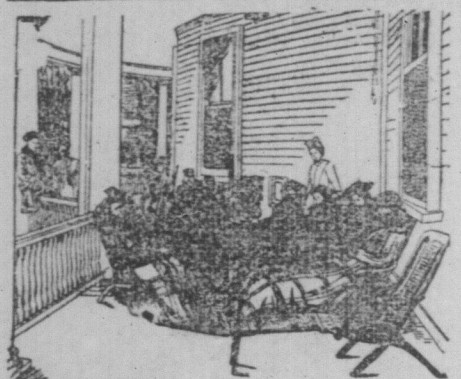
John D. McNaughton, New Lis-leard, Ont.: A young man not belonging here, and suffering from, it is believed, consumption, is being kept by one of the hotels here. He has no means and has been refused admission to our hospital. The conditions where he is offer him no chance. Could he be admitted to your Free Hospital for Consumptives? If not, could you inform me where he can be sent, and what steps are necessary to secure prompt admittance? NOT A SINGLE PATIENT HAS EVER BEEN REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL BECAUSE OF HIS OR HER INABILITY TO PAY.

Since the hospital was opened in April, 1902, one thousand five hundred and twenty-four patients have been treated in this one institution, representing people from every province in the Dominion. For the week ending November 29th, 1909, one hundred and twenty-five patients were in residence. Ninety-six of these are not paying a cent for their maintenance—absolutely free. The other twenty-nine paid from \$2.00 to \$14.00 a week. No one pays more than \$4.00.

Suitable cases are admitted promptly on completion of application papers.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT

Norah P. Canham: Enclosed you will find receipt for my ticket from Gravenhurst, hoping that you will be able to oblige me with the fare. I was at your Sanatorium ten months, and I was sent away from there as an apparent cure. I am now working in the city, and I am feeling fine. I was most thankful for the cure I got from the doctors and staff, and I must say that I spent the time of my life while I was there.



TAKING THE CURE IN WINTER AT MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives is dependent on the good-will and gifts of the Canadian public. Money is urgently needed at the present time to make it possible to care for the large and increasing number of patients that are entering the institution.

Will you help?
Where greater urgency?
Truly, Canada's greatest charity.

Contributions may be sent to W. J. Gage, Esq., 84 Spadina Ave., or J. S. Robertson, Sec'y-Treas. National Sanitarium Association, 847 King St. W., Toronto, Canada.

DIDN'T KNOW 'T WAS LOADED.

Amherst, December 14.—The little hamlet of Mapleton, a few miles from Springhill, was the scene of a shooting fatality last Saturday afternoon. Everett Brown and eleven-year-old son, Laurie called at the home of a relative named Westley Bird. Bird has a young son aged seven years, and the two lads were left playing in the kitchen together. Mr. Bird's son took down a rifle from the wall to exhibit to his young visitor. Neither had known that the rifle was loaded, and in examining its works the rifle was discharged when the barrel was not a foot removed from young Brown's head. The ball penetrated between the eyes, killing the unfortunate lad instantly. The funeral took place yesterday and was attended by the whole country side. Much sympathy is felt for both lads in the terrible accident.

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Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and all Lung Trouble. None just as good. At all leading drug stores, 25c. and 50c. bottles. Manufactured by the Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ontario. Warren's Drug Store Special Agent.