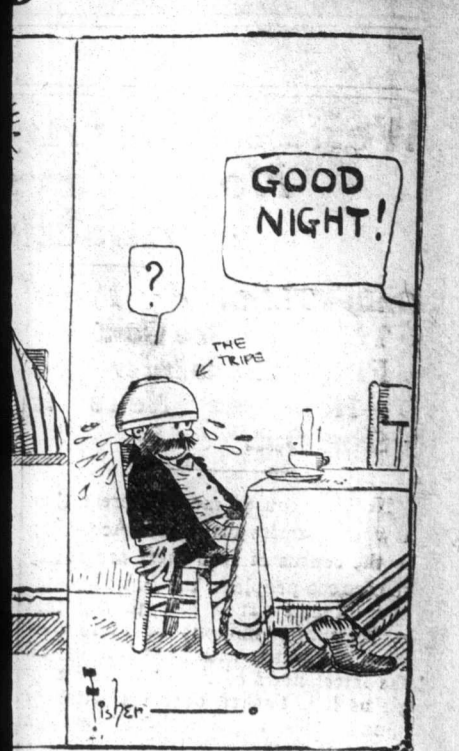


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 G. H. W. BECK, 132 Market St.

**The Best Place for Good Eye Glasses**  
 Specialist Examinations free of charge  
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 8 South Market Street,  
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 "Tea as You Like It"  
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 First-class Equipment and Prompt Service at Moderate Prices  
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 From all Stations in Ontario To certain points in  
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 Sept. 25th to Oct. 10th inclusive  
 From all Stations in Ontario at very low rates to:  
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 One-Way Second-Class Tickets Only Will Be Issued.  
 Proportionate low rates to other points.  
 Full particulars, reservations, etc., from any Grand Trunk Agent.  
 Thos. J. Nelson, C.P. and T. A. Phone 88.  
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**T. H. & B. Railway**  
**Week-End Excursions**  
 Hamilton - - - 85c  
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 Good going any Saturday and return following Monday.  
 G. C. Martin, H. C. Thomas, G.P.A. Phone 110. Agent

**Mann's Coal**  
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is by no means a rare thing these times. But it is a rarity with us, because we take care to buy only the best grades of coal, as we know our customers would not buy from us any inferior qualities— not twice anyway. At it is our policy to keep our customers, we could not afford to give them any but the best coal, all weight, without dirt or rubbish and at a reasonable price.

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that new range or heater do not fail to see our large stock of new and remodelled stoves. The prices will surprise you.

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I am now in a better position than ever to handle all kinds of carting and teaming.  
 If you require any Carting, Teaming, Storage, Moving, Vans, Pianos Moved, Sand, Gravel, or Cellars Excavated place your order with me and you will be sure a good job done promptly.

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 The Guaranteed "ONE DYE" for All Kinds of Cloths.  
 Clean, Simple, No Chance of Mistake. TRY IT!  
 Send for Free Color Card and Booklet.  
 The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal

## With Edged Tools

By Henry Seton Merriman,  
 Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Bros.

He could not have done it better in his keenest day. Guy Oscar was



"Ah—Mr. Oscar—how d'ye do?" seated in the huge, roomy carriage before he had realized what had happened to him.  
 "Your man will look after your traps, I suppose," said Sir John, hospitably, drawing the fur rug from the opposite seat.  
 "Yes," replied Guy, "although he is not my man. He is Jack's man Joseph."  
 "Ah, of course! Excellent servant too. Jack told me he had left him with you."  
 Sir John leaned out of the window and asked the footman whether he knew his colleague Joseph, and upon receiving an answer in the affirmative he gave orders, setting Sir John's mouthpiece, that the luggage was to be conveyed to Russell square. While these orders were being executed the two men sat waiting in the carriage, and Sir John kept saying:  
 "I am glad," he said, "to have this opportunity of thanking you for all your kindness to my son in this wild expedition of yours."  
 "Yes," replied Oscar, with a transparent reserve which rather puzzled Sir John.

"You must excuse me," said the old gentleman, sitting rather stiffly. "If I suppose to ask a somewhat uninteresting interest in this great scientific discovery, of which there is no time to do anything but follow. The man had already run the bell and Lady Cantourne's butler was holding the door open. There was something in his attitude vaguely suggestive of expectation. He looked at his eyes from Sir John Meredith's face, as if on the alert for an unspoken order.  
 Guy Oscar followed his companion into the hall, and the very scent of the house—each house speaks to one senses—this one man he leaped in his broad breast. It seemed as if Meredith's presence was in the very air. This was more than he could have hoped. He had not intended to call this afternoon, although the visit was only a few days postponed for twenty-four hours.  
 Sir John Meredith's face was a marvel to see. It was quite steady. He was upright and alert, with all the directness of his mind up in arms. There was a light in his eyes, a gleam of light from other days not yet burned out.  
 He laid aside his gold headed cane and held back his shoulders.  
 "Is Mr. Meredith upstairs?" he said to the butler.  
 "Yes, sir."  
 The man moved toward the stairs.  
 "You need not come," said Sir John, holding up his hand.  
 The butler stood aside and Sir John held the way up to the drawing room.  
 At the door he paused for a moment. Guy Oscar was at his heels. Then he opened the door rather slowly and stepped gracefully with his left hand to Oscar to pass in before him.  
 Oscar stepped forward. When he had crossed the threshold Sir John closed the door sharply behind him and turned to go downstairs.

**CHAPTER XXIII.**  
**GUY OSCAR** stood for a moment on the threshold. He heard the door closed behind him, and he took two steps farther forward.

Jack Meredith and Millicent were at the fireplace. There was a heap of disordered paper and string upon the table, and a few wedding presents

Instantly Relieves Swollen, Inflamed Nose, Head, Throat—You Breathe Freely, Dull Headache Goes—Nasty Discharge Stops. Try "Ely's Cream Balm."  
 Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped-up air passages of the head will open, you will breathe freely, dullness and headache disappear. By morning the catarrh, cold, inflamed nose, foul mucous droppings in the throat, and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless. Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear.

these thoughts, for he presently spoke of standing in the midst of their packing. Millicent's pretty face was white. She looked from Meredith to Oscar with a sudden horror in her eyes. For the first time in her life she was at a loss, quite taken aback. "Oh, Jack!" she whispered, and that was all.

The silence that followed was tense, as if something in the atmosphere was about to snap, and in the midst of it the wheels of Sir John's retreating carriage came to a halt, where the three persons in the drawing room.

It was only for a moment, but in that moment the two men saw clearly. It was as if the veil from the girl's mind had fallen—leaving her thoughts confessed, bare before them. In the same instant they both saw—they both stood back in thought to their first meeting, to the hundred looks of the chain that brought them to the present moment—they knew; and Millicent felt that they knew.

"Are you going to be married tomorrow?" asked Guy Oscar deliberately. He was not from a successful appeal for the slightest mitigation of justice could have been made. His dealings had ever been with men, from whom he had exacted an scrupulous honor as he had given. He did not care for women are different—that honor is not their proper point.  
 Millicent did not answer. She looked to Meredith to answer for her, but Meredith was looking at Oscar, and in his low eyes there glowed the singular affection and admiration which he had bestowed long time before on this simple girl—his mental inferior.  
 "Are you going to be married tomorrow?" repeated Oscar, standing quite still, with a calmness that frightened her.  
 "Yes," she answered, rather feebly. She knew that she could explain it all. She understood her position, and to either of them separately, but both together, somehow it was difficult. Her mind was filled with clamorous arguments and explanations and plausible excuses, but she did not know which to select first. None of them seemed quite equal to this occasion. These men required something deeper and stronger and simpler than she had to offer them.

Moreover, she was paralyzed by a feeling that was quite new to her—a world feeling that something had gone from her. She had lost her strength, her single arm—her beauty. This seemed to have fallen from her. It seemed to count for nothing at this time. There is a time that comes as surely as death will come in the life of every beautiful woman. A time of transition, a time of realization, a time of trial, a time of change, a time of loss. Millicent's eyes were full of tears. She was naturally interested in the affair of tomorrow, and she kindly undertakes to keep up to date on our behavior. You will come in with me?" Oscar remembered afterward that he was rather puzzled, that there was perhaps in his simple mind the faintest tinge of suspicion. At the moment, however, there was no time to do anything but follow. The man had already run the bell and Lady Cantourne's butler was holding the door open. There was something in his attitude vaguely suggestive of expectation. He looked at his eyes from Sir John Meredith's face, as if on the alert for an unspoken order.  
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**CASTORIA**  
 For Infants and Children  
 In Use For Over 30 Years  
 Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

**OPENS UP NOSTRILS, CLEARS HEAD, ENDS COLDS OR CATARRH AT ONCE**  
 Instantly Relieves Swollen, Inflamed Nose, Head, Throat—You Breathe Freely, Dull Headache Goes—Nasty Discharge Stops. Try "Ely's Cream Balm."  
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"I AM SATISFIED I COULD NOT LIVE If It Were Not For 'Fruit-a-Lives' The Wonderful Fruit Medicine."

FRANCISVALE, ONT., JAN. 25th, 1910  
 For thirty five years (and I am now a man over seventy) I have been a terrible sufferer from Constipation. No matter what remedy or physicians I employed, the result was always the same—impossible to get a cure. About 2 years ago, I read the testimonial of Hon. John Costigan regarding "Fruit-a-Lives" and I decided to give it a trial. I have used "Fruit-a-Lives" ever since. They are the first and only medicine that suited my case. If it were not for "Fruit-a-Lives" I am satisfied I could not live."  
 JAMES PROUDFOOT.  
 Mr. Proudfoot is one of the prominent farmers of Prescott County and has been Treasurer of Caldwell Township for years. "Fruit-a-Lives" is sold at 50c a box, 50¢ for 50—trial size, 25c. by dealers or from Fruit-a-Lives Limited, Ottawa.

**PRAYER.**  
 Prayer gives human weakness with divine strength, turns human folly into heavenly wisdom and gives to troubled mortals the peace of God—Spurgeon.

All manner of good deeds, good examples, religious forms and institutions—all these, in their different ways, go to swell the current of our good thoughts. But still to us, Christians there are two sources, two springs more especially sacred and important, and these are the fountains of morning and evening prayer.—Dean Stanley.

Yes, every morning as day breaks over Olivet The holy name of Allah comes from every minaret. At every eve the mellow call floats on the quiet air: "Lo, God be Great! Before him come, before him come, for prayer!" —John Pierpont.

**MAILED CONTRACT.**  
 SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 7th day of November, 1913, for the construction of the Maritime Mail on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week over the route from Halifax to St. John's, N.S., and back there being another woman in the room that woman would have known that Millicent loved him with the love that comes once only. But men are not very good in such matters; they are not so true as women. He had not intended to call this afternoon, although the visit was only a few days postponed for twenty-four hours.  
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**Department of Railways and Canals, Canada**  
 CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS, Halifax Ocean Terminals Railway, Halifax, N.S.

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## Brantford Business Directory

The Brantford Daily and Weekly Courier appeals to an exclusive clientele. Your card placed in this directory will be an invitation into the best homes. Phone 139 and we will quote you prices.

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**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY**  
 MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.  
 6:40 a.m.—New York Express, daily for Hamilton, Niagara Falls, New York.  
 7:10 a.m.—Lafayette Express, daily for Hamilton, St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, New York.  
 7:30 a.m.—Toronto Express, daily except Sunday for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls and intermediate points.  
 8:00 a.m.—Express, daily except Sunday for Hamilton and Toronto.  
 8:30 a.m.—Express, daily for Port Hope, Peterboro and points east.  
 9:00 a.m.—Express, daily for Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.  
 9:30 a.m.—Express, daily except Sunday for Hamilton, St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Toronto, and intermediate stations. Connected at Toronto for Lindsay and Peterboro.  
 10:00 a.m.—Toronto Express, daily for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.  
 10:30 a.m.—Express, daily for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.  
 11:00 a.m.—Express, daily for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.  
 11:30 a.m.—Express, daily for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.  
 12:00 p.m.—Express, daily for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.  
 12:30 p.m.—Express, daily for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.  
 1:00 p.m.—Express, daily for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.  
 1:30 p.m.—Express, daily for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.  
 2:00 p.m.—Express, daily for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.  
 2:30 p.m.—Express, daily for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.  
 3:00 p.m.—Express, daily for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.  
 3:30 p.m.—Express, daily for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.  
 4:00 p.m.—Express, daily for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.  
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 12:00 a.m.—Express, daily for Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points east, also Toronto.

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