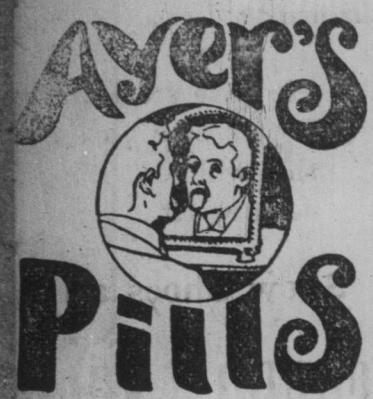


# Coated

Look at your tongue. Is it coated?

Then you have a bad taste in your mouth every morning. Your appetite is poor, and food distresses you. You have frequent headaches and are often dizzy. Your stomach is weak and your bowels are always constipated.

There's an old and reliable cure:



Don't take a cathartic dose and then stop. Better take a laxative dose each night, just enough to cause one good free movement the day following. You feel better the very next day. Your appetite returns, your dyspepsia is cured, your headaches pass away, your tongue clears up, your liver acts well, and your bowels no longer give you trouble.

Price, 25 cents. All druggists.

"I have taken Ayer's Pills for 35 years, and I consider them the best made. One pill does me more good than half a box of any other kind I have ever tried."

Mrs. N. E. TALBOT, March 30, 1899. Arrington, Kans.

## THE FEDERATION OF AUSTRALIA.

A FEDERAL SONG, 1900.

George Essex Evans, the Queens-  
p. et, has written the following  
in praise of the unity of Aus-  
tralia:

the greyness of the dawning we  
have seen the pilate star,  
the whisper of the morning we  
have heard the years afar.  
Shall we sleep and let them be  
When they call to you and me?  
We break the land asunder God  
has girdled with the sea.  
For the flag is floating o'er us,  
And the track is clear before us,  
The desert to the ocean let us  
lift the mighty chorals  
For the days that are to be.

ave flung the challenge forward.  
Brothers, stand or fall as one!  
Come out to meet us in the  
spendor of the sun,  
From the graves beneath the  
sky,  
Where her nameless heroes  
lie.  
The forelands of the future  
they are waiting our reply.  
We can face the roughest  
weather,  
If we only hold together,  
Bling forward to the future,  
Marching shoulder-arm to-  
gether,  
For the Nation yet to be.

the greyness of the dawning, all  
the mists are overpast,  
The glory of the morning we shall  
see Her face at last.  
He who sang, "the yet will  
be,"  
He shall hail her, crowned  
and free,  
We break the land asunder God  
has girdled with the sea?  
For the flag is floating o'er  
us,  
And the Star of Hope before  
us,  
The desert to the ocean, brothers,  
lift the mighty chorals,  
For Australian Unity.

George Thompson, a leading  
ant of Blenheim, Ont., states:—  
I am troubled with itching piles for  
1 years, and at times they were  
I could scarcely walk. I tried  
at many remedies, but never  
anything like Dr. Chase's Oint-  
ment cured me."  
Jas. Jackson of the Laurie Spool  
any, St. Alexis des Monts, Que.,  
states:—"I was troubled for two years  
that cruel disease, bleeding piles,  
after using Dr. Chase's Ointment  
say I am entirely rid of it. It  
rescued me from all suffering from  
it."

W. D. Thornton, blacksmith,  
W. N.W.T., states:—"For fifteen  
years I suffered untold agony from  
itching piles, and have been un-  
der treatment with well-known phy-  
sicians. I had 15 tumors removed, but  
no positive cure. I have suf-  
fered more than I can tell, but can now  
say, thanks to Dr. Chase's Oint-  
ment, am positively cured, and by  
a half boxes. 60c a box.

## Chase's Ointment.

Submitting your subscriptions to  
the "Weekly News" in advance,  
is inconvenient to enclose 60  
cents \$1.00, and get a re-  
newal for 60 cents.

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

# BEAUTY'S EYES.

## A LOVER'S FASCINATION.

Delightful, Dashing, Daring.

Continued from last issue.

He started and wheeled suddenly  
around.

A startled cry escaped her lips.  
The face that she had never seen stern  
nor anger before was both now, and  
his eyes were flashing and stormy.

He tried to make himself feel  
sure that Florabel would clear away  
all the unpleasant mystery by a few  
simple words.

He did not attempt to touch her,  
and as he looked down into the lovely  
face—so dainty, so sweet, so pure and  
loving—the words he had sent for her  
to hear seemed more bitter than  
death to utter. Yet pride demanded  
it. Yes, he must speak, and the sooner  
it was gotten over with the better.

"Florabel," he said, sternly and  
abruptly, "I have sent for you to ex-  
plain to me, if you can, the mystery  
of last night's meeting which I wit-  
nessed in the rose arbor."

The horrible words died away in  
utter silence. He saw the question  
strike her as a keen, blighting  
draught of chilly air strikes a hot-  
house flower. She quivered from  
head to foot, and drooped before the  
pitiless anger of his stern, accusing  
voice.

The color fled from her crimson  
lips, and the light died from her beau-  
tiful eyes, raised so pathetically to  
his. She tried to answer, but the  
words died away in a faint gasp.

It seemed to her that the great  
chandelier above her head went whirl-  
ling around her, the garish light of  
day faded into utter darkness; yet,  
through it all, she could see Max For-  
rester's white face and angry eyes.

"Do you deny that you were  
there?" he asked, bitterly. "That  
you met Arthur Hurlhurst there, and  
by appointment? Remember, I saw  
you, and I saw him. Do you deny  
it?"

"Ah, no!" she gasped, piteously.  
"How can I, when—you—you saw me?"  
she stammered, with a hard  
sob, that might have melted a heart  
of stone. But his anger was so thor-  
oughly aroused he did not heed it.

She clasped her little white hands  
together, as though she were utter-  
ing a silent prayer in piteous agony.

"Florabel," he said, "tell me the  
object of that secret meeting, that I  
may judge if there be any circum-  
stance that extenuates or explains such  
an action. Be frank with me."

The tone of his voice might have  
warned her.

The golden head drooped, a look of  
terror stole into her eyes. She must  
not betray Arthur; no, no. Heaven  
help her—she dare not!

"Will you tell me why you met  
Arthur Hurlhurst in the rose arbor?"  
he asked again.

"I—I cannot, Max," she gasped,  
oh! so faintly.

"Tell me what is this man to you?"  
he cried, his face awful with  
dark, grim fury. "I will be answer-  
ed! I will know!"

"You are strong and I am weak;  
you might kill me—strike me dead at  
your feet—but, oh, Max, I could not  
answer. I dare not!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

It was the most terrible moment of  
beautiful, hapless Florabel's life. A  
hushed silence had ensued between  
them since that fatal answer had fal-  
len from her lips—"Oh, Max, Heaven  
help me! I—I cannot tell you what  
Arthur Hurlhurst is to me."

She had sunk on her knees before  
him, her beautiful golden hair falling  
in abandon about her death-like face,  
her little hands clenched tightly over  
her heart. She quite believed it was  
breaking, there was such intense pain  
with each throb.

She could feel his eyes burning  
down into her very soul; he was  
standing before her in the attitude of  
a judge before a criminal.

"What shall I say to you?" he  
cried, bitterly. "You have done that  
which, in the eyes of the world,  
would seem most appalling; the situa-  
tion does not seem to strike you. Oh,  
fair of face and false of heart, you  
shall tell me what took you to the  
rose-arbor—why you kept that appoint-  
ment."

"Do not judge me so harshly, Max,"  
she wailed out despairingly; and she  
was so lovely in her utter woe that  
his heart was touched in spite of him-  
self.

He stepped nearer to her, and laid  
his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"Answer me this, Florabel," he  
said, in a low, hoarse, constrained  
voice, as though he hated the thought  
that prompted the question: "Has  
this man—any—any—claim upon  
you?"

The blood almost froze in his veins  
as he saw her bow her golden head in  
token of assent. He staggered back  
with a cry of anguish never to be for-  
gotten.

"I ask from Heaven what I have  
ever done that I am so terribly pun-  
ished?" he cried.

But from the blue heaven to which  
he appealed there was no reply.

"Some men meet with a cruel  
fate," he said, "but they deserve it.  
In my life I may not have done  
much good, but I have done no great  
harm. I am too honorable a man to  
be made a dupe of. I have no words,"  
he continued, slowly, "in which to  
upbraid you; they are all weak and  
meaningless. To speak to you I want  
words that lash, scourge and burn."

"Have pity," the poor girl gasped,  
tears falling like rain down her face.  
"You deserve none," declared Max  
Forrester, bitterly. "I did wrong,  
perhaps, in persuading you to marry  
me. You were very young and inex-  
perienced. I thought you cared for  
me. You never told me you had a  
lover; you befuddled me."

Her white lips parted in horror and  
dismay. She tried to answer him—to  
refute the cruel charge—but the words  
died away in her throat.

"It is time that we came to an un-  
derstanding," he cried. "Never more  
shall you be wife of mine until this  
mystery is cleared. Do you hear me,  
Florabel? Though it wrecks my life!  
I will cast you out of my heart. Our  
paths shall lie asunder. I will give  
you to-day in which you can decide  
whether you will confess all to me.  
If by midnight you still refuse, I  
shall return to New York, and my ob-  
ject will be to secure a separation  
from you."

Even as he uttered the words he did  
not mean them; it was simply his  
intention to frighten the truth from  
her.

She uttered no word, no cry. She  
rose from her knees, turned slowly,  
and staggered from the room.

"I thought you were jealous of  
me," he cried out after her, with a  
harsh, bitter laugh. "Bah! With  
what consummate skill you played  
that little comedy. It is I who have  
every reason to be jealous of you."

She did not turn her head. She  
walked slowly down the corridor and  
up to her own room. She had barely  
strength to lock the door. She shook  
as in ague. She was cold. Her head  
reeled. Absolute pain and agony kept  
her from fainting. She lay down on  
her couch, with her face turned to  
the wall, trying to think, for now she  
had need of all her powers to know  
how to meet this terrible fate.

"I cannot betray poor Arthur,  
whom they are hunting down," she  
wailed. "If I told Max who he was,  
he would put the officers of the law  
on his track at once. Yet, how can I  
endure his suspicions? Oh, Heaven  
help me! I see a wrecked life either  
way!"

Suddenly it occurred to her to write  
to Arthur. He could tell her what to  
do. He could advise her.

She hurried to her writing desk and  
penned a short note, which, in her  
thoughtlessness, she gave to one of  
the servants to mail.

"Take it yourself, and quickly, to  
the village post-office, John," she  
said, nervously, "and find out if it is  
in time for the ten o'clock mail. You  
will have barely time to reach there."

The servant mailed the letter, then  
reported to Florabel that he had been  
successful in getting the letter in just  
before the mail closed, and by this  
time it was on its way.

It so happened, as the man left  
Florabel's door, he met young Mr.  
Forrester in the corridor. At any  
other time he would not have deigned  
to pry into his wife's affairs; now he  
waived aside these delicate feelings.  
Intense curiosity had mastered him.

"John," he asked, sharply, "what  
did my wife want?"

And he flushed uneasily as the man  
turned and looked at him, surprised  
at the question.

"She wanted me to take a letter in  
great haste to the post office, sir, and  
see if it would go out soon. I was  
telling her I was just in time to get it  
in the out-going mail."

"John," said Max Forrester, speak-  
ing with difficulty, "you have been  
in the family long years, or I should  
not ask you the question I now ask;  
but I expect a straightforward an-  
swer. Did you see to whom that let-  
ter was addressed, and where it was  
going?"

"I could not help but notice, sir,"  
the man answered, respectfully. "It  
was addressed to the gentleman who  
just left here—Mr. Arthur Hurlhurst,  
New York City. I cannot remember  
the street and number."

He saw Max Forrester's face turn  
white as death as he wheeled about  
and strode down the corridor towards  
his wife's apartments.

"Heaven help me! I hope I  
haven't said anything wrong,"  
thought the old servant, in dismay.  
"There is a look on his face I don't  
like. Can there be any trouble be-  
tween young master and his bride, I  
wonder? Her eyes were swollen, as  
though she had been weeping. I am  
afraid there is something wrong."

Max Forrester passed on with hur-  
ried footsteps to his wife's boudoir,  
and in answer to his impatient rap  
there was a faint—

"Come in."

He opened the door and strode into  
the room.

the window, her face curled in her  
hands. She sprang up as he entered,  
and looked piteously into his face.

Had he come to make friends with  
her—to take her in his arms and kiss  
away her tears, whispering that no  
shadow must ever come between  
them?

But no. He strode up to her, seizing  
her white wrist with angry vehem-  
ence—with a force that would have  
shamed him if he had realized it.

"Florabel!" he cried, hoarsely,  
"how dared you write to Hurlhurst?  
What was in that letter?"

She started back, quivering like a  
leaf. Then like a hunted fawn driven  
at bay, she turned and faced him.

The husband and wife looked at  
each other. Anger, temper, pride  
shot out from "eyes that had once  
looked love to eyes that spite again."

"You are silent!" he cried. "An-  
swer me! I will get at the depths of  
this matter. Did you write him of  
that little scene down in the drawing  
room?"

"Yes!" answered the poor child,  
incoherently.

He had taken her so much by sur-  
prise she did not have the opportunity  
of thinking up a suitable reply.

"Will you tell me what else you  
wrote?"

His voice, in its low, hoarse inton-  
ation, might have warned her, but it  
did not.

"No," she replied, faintly: "I can-  
not."

At that instant the blotter on her  
writing desk, which she had so lately  
used, caught his eye.

By some strange fatality the blotter  
was a new one, used only on that  
occasion, drying the ink on the hastily  
written note she had penned to Ar-  
thur.

What did those warning lines mean?  
He snatched it in his hand, an old  
college trick returning to him, and  
held it before the mirror.

Oh, God! the pity of it! There,  
standing out in bold relief, he read  
these words, and they convicted poor,  
innocent, hapless Florabel in his  
eyes:

"Dear Arthur—I am in great  
trouble. Come to me an comfort me.  
My heart is breaking. Max sus-  
pects—"

This was all that was legible, but it  
was quite enough. Max Forrester  
turned to her with a bitter cry, his  
face fairly livid with passion.

"No need for me to ask what this  
man is to you, after such a proof as  
this!" he cried, hoarsely. "Now lis-  
ten to what I have to say. To-night  
—aye, this hour—I leave you forever.  
I pray Heaven I may never look on  
your fair, false face again!"

Ere she could call out to him he  
was gone.

## CHAPTER XIV.

A moment later she heard the swift  
galloping of a horse going down the  
chestnut drive. Every clatter of the  
iron hoofs struck a death knell to her  
heart.

No cry came from her white, closed  
lips that looked as though they would  
never open again; no statue, carved  
from stone or marble, was ever more  
silent or motionless. Outside the  
wind stirred the leaves of the trees,  
dying away in a low moan over the  
rose garden; but she never heard; she  
was deaf, dumb and blind under this  
great stroke of mortal anguish.

She was trying to realize that he  
was gone from her; that of his own  
free will he had left her—the lover  
who had wooed and wedded her; that  
she should never look upon his face  
again. It was utterly impossi-  
bly absurd.

She heard the sound of a wild  
laugh, and was startled by it, not  
knowing that it was her own.

He had gone out of her life forever,  
to return no more, and he—her own  
husband—given to her before Heaven  
and man—how could he have left her  
forever?

Gradually the mist clears from her  
brain; her thoughts grow distinct,  
and she realizes the full horror of the  
awful sorrow that has fallen upon  
her.

There must have been a sense of  
something wrong in the household,  
for when John reached the servants'  
hall and saw Gregory, the maid, he  
said, hurriedly:

"I do not like the looks of matters  
To be Continued.

# Suffocating With Croup

Croup is the terror of every mother  
and the cause of frequent deaths  
among small children. Dr. Chase's  
Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine  
brings prompt relief to the loud, ring-  
ing cough, makes breathing easy and  
prevents suffocation. It is mothers'  
favorite remedy for coughs, colds,  
croup, bronchitis, whooping cough and  
asthma.

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald  
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tried your medicine, my faith is very  
high in its powers of curing cough and  
croup. My little girl has been subject  
to the croup for a long time, and I  
found nothing to cure it until I gave  
Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Tur-  
pentine. I cannot speak too highly of  
it."

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manson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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of Linseed  
and Turpentine



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## I. C. R. TIME TABLE

(For Truro.)

In Effect Monday, Nov. 26, 1900.  
(Daily, except Sunday.)

## ARRIVALS.

| No. | From Halifax.        | Local time. |
|-----|----------------------|-------------|
| 75  | Accommodation        | 2.50 a.m.   |
| 25  | Express, C. P. R.    | 9.50 a.m.   |
| 1   | Express              | 10.50 a.m.  |
| 85  | Express, C. B. 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   | 3.00 p.m. |
| 2  | Express, St. John   | 5.35 p.m. |
| 24 | Freight             | 7.25 p.m. |
| 26 | Express, C. P. R.   | 8.20 p.m. |
| 18 | Accommodation       | 9.40 a.m. |
| 56 | Accommodation       | 3.35 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 a.m. |
| 84 | Express, Maritime   | 3.10 p.m.  |
| 20 | Express, Mulgrave   | 4.50 p.m.  |
| 2  | Express, St. John   | 5.50 p.m.  |
| 86 | Express C. B. Flyer | 7.50 p.m.  |
| 26 | Express, C. P. R.   | 8.30 p.m.  |

### For North.

|    |                                       |            |
|----|---------------------------------------|------------|
| 23 | Freight                               | 8.00 a.m.  |
| 25 | Express, C. P. R.                     | 10.00 a.m. |
| 1  | Express, St. John                     | 11.05 a.m. |
| 33 | Express, Montreal                     | 4.45 p.m.  |
| 15 | Freight                               | 6.35 p.m.  |
| 55 | Freight                               | 7.00 a.m.  |
| 19 | Express                               | 10.45 a.m. |
| 85 | Express C. B. Flyer                   | 3.15 p.m.  |
| 17 | Express for Pictou and<br>New Glasgow | 8.35 p.m.  |

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curity, town or country. Apply to  
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vinces and U. S. A., 9.40 a.m. at  
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