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Soft worsted, lined with silk, cut in the newest London and New York styles, and faultless fitting.

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DISTRICT DOINGS.

WABASH.

Russell Kelly has returned home. Tom Robinson and Arch Phillips are buying horses and cattle through this vicinity.

Timothy Kelly is sawing wood at Fred Kelly's and Wallace Burwell's. John and Will McKerricher are cutting wood for Arch Phillips.

Miss Mina Howden has returned to Hamilton.

Miss Blue, our new teacher, assumed her duties Monday, Jan. 15. Prayer meeting was held Friday night at Robert Arnold's.

Aaron Kerby is drawing wood for Arch Phillips.

David Cutler and Jim Kelly spent Saturday in the Maple City.

Miss Bullis has returned to Chatham.

WHEATLEY.

The Baptists will hold anniversary services on Sunday, Jan. 21. Rev. Mr. Hudson, of Windsor, will conduct the services at 10:30 a. m. and

7 p. m. On Monday evening they will give an old-fashioned tea meeting in Gibson's Hall and a concert in the church.

Philemon Patnode has returned to the school for telegraphy at Toronto.

Orlo and Carliss Lounsbury left Monday for Woodstock, where they will take a course in the business college.

Mrs. Barnhart has returned to her home in Chatham after spending a few days here.

Russell Finch, of Comber, spent a few days last week with his uncle, J. H. Healey.

Wm. Chute has gone to London to take a three months' course at the barracks.

Miss Henning, of Pelee Island, is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Ed. Lounsbury.

Mrs. Daniel Fitzpatrick has returned from the hospital and is making a rapid recovery.

Happiness, when at a distance, appears so great as to touch the sky. When it enters our door it so dwindles that very often we no longer recognize it.

25¢

That Cough

which ordinary remedies have not reached, will quickly yield to

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

It cures those heavy, deep-seated coughs—takes away the soreness—beats the throat—strengthens the lungs. None the less effective because it is pleasant to take. Just try one bottle and see how quickly you get rid of that cough. At your druggists. 25c. bottle.

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WILLIAM STREET LAUNDRY.

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Life is a casket, not precious in itself, but valuable in proportion to what fortune, or industry, or virtue has placed within it.

The LUST of HATE

BY GUY BOOTHBY

Author of "A Beautiful White Devil," "A Bid For Fortune," "The Marriage of Esther," "Dr. Nikola," Etc

Continued from Yesterday.

On coming to the surface again, I shook myself and looked about me. Behind me was the great vessel, with her decks by this time almost on a level with the water. In another instant she would be gone. True enough, before I had time to take half a dozen strokes there was a terrific explosion, and next instant I was being sucked down and down by the sinking ship. How far I went, or how long I was beneath the waves, I have no possible idea. I only know that if it had lasted much longer I should never have lived to reach the surface again or to tell this tale. But after a little while I found myself rising to the surface, surrounded by wreckage of all sorts and descriptions.

On reaching the top, I looked about me for the boats, which I felt sure I should discover; but, to my surprise, I could not distinguish one. Was it possible that the entire company of the vessel could have gone down with her? The thought was a terrible one, and almost unnerved me. I raised myself in the water as well as I was able, and as I did so I caught sight of two people within a few yards of me. I swam towards them, and to my joy discovered that they were Miss Maybourne and the child upon whom I had fastened the cork life-preservers a few minutes before.

"Oh, Mr. Wrexford, cried Miss Maybourne, in an agonized voice. 'What are we to do? This poor child is either dead, or nearly so, and I can see no signs of any boat at all.'"

"We must continue swimming for a little while," I answered, "and then we may perhaps be picked up. Surely we cannot be the only survivors?"

"M. poor, poor child," she cried. "Can he have perished? Oh, it is too awful!"

The cork lifebelts were keeping them up famously, and on that score I felt no anxiety at all. But still the situation was about as desperate as it well could be. I had not the least notion of where we were, and I knew that unless we were picked up we should be better drowned at once than continue to float in this state of starvation. However, I was not going to frighten my only conscious companion by such gloomy anticipations, so I passed my arm round the child's waist and bade Miss Maybourne strike out for the spot where the ill-fated Fiji Princess had gone down. At the same time I asked her to keep her eyes open for a boat, or at least a spar of some sort, upon which we could support ourselves until we could find some safer refuge.

On the horrors of that ghastly swim, it will not be necessary for me to dilate. I must leave my readers to imagine them for themselves. Suffice it that for nearly a quarter of an hour we paddled aimlessly about here and there. But look as we might, not a sign of any other living soul from aboard that ship could we discover, nor anything large enough upon which three people could rest. At last, just as I was beginning to despair of saving the lives of those whom Providence had so plainly entrusted to my care, I saw ahead of us a large white object, which, upon nearer approach, proved to be one of the overturned lifeboats. I conveyed the good news to Miss Maybourne, and then, with a new burst of energy, swam towards it and caught hold of the keel. She was a big craft, and, to my delight, rode high enough out of the water to afford a resting-place for myself and the child I carried on to her, and to drag Miss Maybourne up after me, was the work of a very few moments. Once there, we knew we were safe for the present.

CHAPTER VII.

For some minutes we lay upon the bottom of the overturned boat too exhausted to speak. I still held the unconscious form of little Esther Bailey in my arms, and protected her, as well as I was able, from the maddening seas. Though the waves about us upheld many evidences of the terrible catastrophe, such as gratings, broken spars, portions of boat gear, still, to my astonishment, I could discover no signs of any bodies. Once, however, I was successful in obtaining possession of something which I knew would be worth its weight in gold to us: it was an oar, part of the equipment of one of the quarter boats I imagined; half the blade was missing, but with what remained it would still be possible for us to propel the boat on which we had taken refuge.

What a terrible position was ours, lodged on the bottom of that overturned lifeboat, icy seas breaking upon us every few seconds, the knowledge of our gallant ship, with all our friends aboard, lying fathoms deep below the surface of the waves, and the remembrance that the same fate might be ours at any moment; no possible notion of where we were, no provisions or means of sustaining life, and but small chance of being picked up by any passing boat!

It was Miss Maybourne who spoke first, and, as usual, her conversation was not about herself.

"Mr. Wrexford," she said, and her teeth chattered as she spoke, "at any risk something must be done for that poor child you hold in your arms, she will die. Do you think we could manage to get her up further on to the boat and then try to chase her back to consciousness?"

"By all means let us try," I answered, "though I fear it will prove a difficult matter. She seems very far gone, poor little mite."

but once the child was placed between us we set to work rubbing her face and hands and trying by every means in our power to restore consciousness. Suddenly a great thought occurred to me. I remembered the flask I had taken from the cabin where I had found the clothes. In an instant I had dived my hand into my pocket in search of it, almost trembling with fear lest by any chance it should have slipped out when I had dived overboard, but to my delight it was still there. I had pulled it out and unscrewed the stopper before anyone could have counted a dozen, taking the precaution to taste it in order to see that it was all right before I handed it to Miss Maybourne. It was filled with the finest French brandy, and, having discovered this, I bade her take a good drink at it. When she had done so I put it to the child's mouth and forced a small quantity between her lips.

"Surely you are going to drink some yourself," said my companion, as she saw me screw on the top and replace it in my pocket.

But I was not going to do anything of the sort. I did not need it so vitally as my charges, and I knew that there was not enough in the bottle to justify me in wasting even a drop. I explained this and then asked her if she felt any warmer.

"Much warmer," she answered, "and I think Esther here feels better too. Let us chafe her hands again."

We did so, and in a few minutes the satisfaction of hearing the poor mite utter a little moan. In less than an hour she was conscious once more, but so weak that it seemed as if the first breath of wind that came our way would blow her off her feet.

"What length of time elapsed from the time of our heading the boat before daylight came to cheer us, I cannot say, but, craning up as we were, the darkness seemed to last for centuries. For periods of something like half an hour at a time we sat without speaking, thinking of all that had happened since darkness had fallen the night before, and remembering the rush and agony of those last few dreadful minutes on board, and the awful fact that all those whom we had seen so well and strong only a few hours before were now cold and lifeless for ever. Twice I took out my flask and insisted on Miss Maybourne and the child swallowing a portion of the spirit. Had I not brought that with me, I really believe neither of them would have seen another sunrise.

Suddenly Miss Maybourne turned to me.

"Listen, Mr. Wrexford," she cried, "what is that booming noise? Is it thunder?"

I did as she commanded, but for some moments could hear nothing save the splashing of the waves upon the boat's planks. Then a dull, noise reached my ears that might very well have been mistaken for the booming of thunder at a great distance. Thunder it certainly was, but with me, I really believe, neither of them would have seen another sunrise.

"That was the thunder of surf, and that being so, I knew there must be land at no great distance from us, I said her my conjecture, and then we set ourselves to wait with what patience we could command, for daylight.

What a strange and, I might almost say, weird dawn that was! It was the beginning of a new life under strangely altered conditions. The first shafts of light found us still clinging to the keel of the overturned boat, gazing hopelessly about us. When it was light enough to discern our features, we two elder ones looked at each other, and were horrified to observe the change with the terrible sufferings of the night had wrought in our countenances. Miss Maybourne's face was white and drawn, and she looked years older than her real age. I could see by the way she glanced at me that I also was changed. The poor little girl Esther hardly noticed either of us, but lay curled up as close as possible to her sister in misfortune.

As the light widened, the breeze which had been just perceptible all night, died away, and the sea became as calm as a mill pond. I looked about me for something to explain the noise of breakers we had heard, but at first could see nothing. When, however, I turned my head to the west I almost shouted in my surprise, for, scarcely a mile distant from us, was a comparatively large island, surrounded by three or four reef-like smaller ones. On the larger island a peak rose ragged and rough to a height of something like five hundred feet, and upon the shore, on all sides, I could plainly discern the surf breaking upon the rocks. As soon as I saw it I turned excitedly to Miss Maybourne.

"We're saved!" I cried, pointing in the direction of the island, "look there—look there!"

She turned round on the boat as well as she was able and when she saw the land, stared at it for some moments in silence. Then with a cry, "Thank God!" she dropped her head on to her hands and I could see her shoulders shaken by convulsive sobs. I did my best to console her, but she soon recovered of her own accord, and addressed herself to me again.

"These must be the Salvage Islands of which the Captain was speaking at dinner last night," she said. "How can we reach the shore? Whatever happens, we must not drift past them."

"Have no fear," I answered, "I will not let that happen, come what may."

So saying, I shifted my position to get a better purchase of the water, and then using the broken oar began to paddle in the direction of the biggest island. It was terribly hard work, and a very few moments showed me that after all the horrors of the night I was as weak as a kitten. But by patience and perseverance I at last got the boat's head round and began to lessen the distance that separated us.

At the end of nearly half an hour we were within a hundred yards of the shore. By this time I had decided on a landing-place. It was a little bit of open sandy beach, perhaps sixty yards long, without rocks, and boasting less surf than any other part of the island I could see. In addition to these advantages it was nearer, and I noted that that particular side of the island looked more sheltered than the others.

Towards his haven of refuge I accordingly made my way, hoping that I should not find any unexpected danger lurking there when I should be too close in to be able to get out again. It was necessary for every reason that we should save the boat from damage for by her aid alone could we hope to make our way out to passing ships, or, if the worst came, to strike out on our own account for the Canary Islands. That the rocks were now making were the Salvage Group, as Miss Maybourne had said, I had no doubt in my own mind, though how the skipper came to be steering such a course was more than I could tell.

At last we were so close that I could see the sandy bottom quite distinctly only a fathom or so below us. A better landing-place no man could have wished for. When we were near enough to make it safe I slid off the boat into the water, which was just up to my hips, and began to push her in before me. Having grounded her I took Miss Maybourne in my arms and carried her out of the water up on to the beach and then went back for the child. My heart was so full of gratitude at being on dry land again and having saved the two lives entrusted to my care that I could have burst into tears on the least encouragement.

Having got my charges safely ashore, I waded into the water again to have a look at the boat and, if possible, to discover what had made her capsize. She was so precious to us that I dared not leave her for an instant. To my delight she looked as sound as the day she had been turned out of the shipwright's yard, and I felt if once I could turn her over she would carry us as well as any boat ever built. But how to do that, full of water as she was, was a problem I could not for the life of me solve. Miss Maybourne's wife, however, was sharper than mine and helped me out of the difficulty.

"There is a rope in her bows, Mr. Wrexford," she cried; "why not drive the oar into the sand and fasten her to that? then when the tide goes out—you see it is nearly full now—she will be left high and dry, the water will have run out of her, and her eyes will be able to do whatever you please to her."

"You've solved the difficulty for me in a very simple fashion," I answered. "What a duffer I was not to have thought of that!"

The mouse can help the lion sometimes, you see," she replied, with a wan little smile that went to my heart.

Having got my party safely ashore, and made my boat fast to the oar, as proposed by Miss Maybourne, the next thing to be done was to discover a suitable spot where we might fix our camp, and then to endeavor to find some sort of food upon which we might sustain our lives until we should be rescued. I explained my intentions to my elder companion, and then, leaving them on the beach together, climbed the hill-side to explore.

On the other sides of the island the peak rose almost precipitously from the beach, and upon the side on which we stood it was, in many places, pretty steep climbing. At last, however, to my great delight, on a small plateau some thirty yards long by twenty deep, I discovered a cave that looked as if it would suit my purpose to perfection. It was not a large affair, but quite big

enough to hold the woman and the child even when lying at full length. To add to my satisfaction, the little strip of land outside was covered with a coarse grass, a quantity of which I gathered and spread about in the cave to serve as a bed. This, with a few armfuls of dry seaweed, which I knew I should be able to obtain on the beach, made an excellent couch.

What, however, troubled me more than anything else, was the fear that the island might contain no fresh water. But my doubts on that head were soon set at rest, for on the hillside, a little below the plateau on which I had discovered the cave, was a fair-sized pool, formed by water running in a rock, which, when I tasted it, I found to contain water, a little brackish it is true, but still quite drinkable. There was an abundance of fuel everywhere, and if only I could manage to find some shell fish on the rocks, or hit upon some way of catching the fish swimming in the bay, I thought we might manage to keep ourselves alive until we were picked up by some passing boat.

Descending to the beach again, I told Miss Maybourne of my discoveries, and then taking poor little Esther in my arms we set off up the hill towards the cave. On reaching it I made them as comfortable as I could and then descended to the shore again in search of food.

To Be Continued.

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A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will convince you that it will stop the cough, soothe the throat, and start you on the road to recovery.

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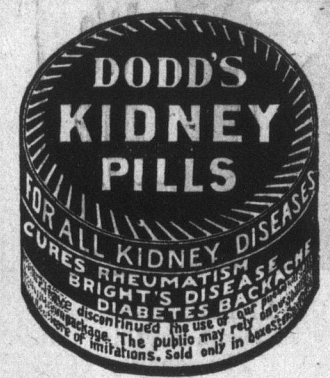
is rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, skillfully combined with the most powerful and soothing and expectorant properties of other medicinal herbs and barks. It is a pleasant, safe and effective medicine for Coughs and Colds, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all troubles of the Throat and Lungs.

Do not fail to accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The genuine is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pines from the trade mark, and the price 25¢.

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"I had a very bad cold which settled on my lungs. I tried many remedies but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend I procured a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Before the bottle was half finished I had not the slightest trace of my cold, and in my opinion Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has no equal as a cure for coughs, colds, or any affection of the throat and lungs."

J. J. Molnar, Woodbine, N.B.



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