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We have 21 pair Men's Lawn Tennis Shoes to close at 80cts.

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Tuberous Begonia from 4 inch pots \$1.50 per dozen. Calliopsis, Coreopsis, Canary Vine, Gaillardia, Linaria, Lupinus, Lobelia, Mignonette, Petunias, Scabiosa, Stocks, Verbena, and many others at 25c per dozen.

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The famous Zimmerlikt Porous, Fine Egyptian, silk finish; Balbriggan, shirts and drawers. Prices very low, as we buy direct from the mills.

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Boaters, plain and fancy; Soft Straw, snap brim. Selling low to clear.

The place to get a **STYLISH CUT SUIT** at a low price. Boy's Wash Suits.

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A complete line of WALL PAPERS in all the latest and leading designs, samples sent to any part of the country.

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A few high grade CARRIAGES to clear sold on reasonable terms Phone 19.

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Save money as I am going out of business and must dispose of my stock, at and below cost.

1500 yds. good and serviceable print, per yd.	07
150 yds. dress goods all colours actually worth 40c. only	25
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EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

39 pair Ladies' Lace Boots worth \$2.00 selling for	\$1.49
37 pair Children's Coarse Shoes, sizes 6 to 10 only	07
35 pair Girls' Coarse Shoes, sizes 11 to 2 only	99
A few pair Mens' Elastic Side Shoes, only	1.49

Read very carefully the most profitable reading you have done for years every item is the real truth.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

B. JACOBSON Queen St.

MISS JANE AND LITTLE DOROTHY

A child? A fragment of the morn. —William Watson.

Tears welled into Miss Jane's eyes. Subtly aggrieved always, she felt more than ordinary depression on this spring morning when everything in Nature expressed living hope. "I wish I could help somebody. I might as well be dead."

Mrs. Barnes—Miss Jane's companion for ten years past—did not offer any protest against a complaint to which she had grown accustomed. But something which had happened made the wretchedly depressed woman say, after a moment's deliberation: "That poor soul I told you of, the mother they brought to the almshouse in March, has died."

"I wish I had died," declared Miss Jane passionately.

Mrs. Barnes bent lower over her maid. "Maybe if we didn't trust the Lord to do what's best, we might wonder why he takes mothers sometimes, instead of people who haven't any children."

Meek-spirited Mrs. Barnes was not prone to answer back; Miss Jane straightened herself aggressively.

Instead of waiting for Miss Jane to resume the conversation, however, Mrs. Barnes went on, "I really feel her. The woman made an awful time because she had to die and leave her little girl all alone in the world. You remember, don't you? She lost her husband six months ago, and she was worn out taking care of him, and there wasn't any money, so the selectmen had to put the mother and child into the almshouse."

Miss Jane turned her handsome head languidly. "I remember you told me all this," she said, as if dismissing the subject.

"That just broke the poor soul's spirit," persisted Mrs. Barnes. "She had known a better day, they say. The night before she died, she just begged and begged the matron, Miss Gates, not to keep the little girl there but to send her home for her. And Miss Gates—who's kind-hearted for all she has to do with miserable pauper creatures most of the time—she says she just had to promise so that the woman might die peaceful like. She was telling me about it, down town this morning, and she says she's dreadful put out to know where to find a home for that frightened little girl, who hasn't got any money."

"This had been an unusually long speech for Mrs. Barnes; her hands were trembling and moisture dimmed her spectacles, so that she took misapprehensions."

Miss Jane had no listened closely; she had heard enough, however, to answer readily: "You only make me feel worse, telling me such matters. The woman's a terribly hard place. Hands clasped together, a melancholy droop to her mouth, Miss Jane was a picture of the luxury of grief as she sat there surrounded by the comforts of life.

"The world will be a terribly hard place for that little slip of a girl if somebody doesn't give her a home." Mrs. Barnes began, anxiously folding her work.

"I suppose it's a poor, puny child, —girl, you said? Probably deformed, or has rickets or some such dreadful disease," Miss Jane remarked with a shrug.

"No," returned Mrs. Barnes. "It's a well-favored, old-fashioned looking little girl, told Miss Gates to bring her over this afternoon to see if any of my Mary's clothes would do for her. The child misses her mother." Mrs. Barnes continued eagerly: "It must have been terrible for the mother. I can feel just how she felt. Only I missed my little girl,—that's the difference—Mary didn't have to miss her mother."

Mrs. Barnes went precipitately out of the room. Miss Jane sat apathetic thinking. Deep down in her heart, self-pity was stirring at the thought that she herself had had no child to grieve over.

She was a woman of about fifty years, with dark, restless eyes, hair just whitening, and a fresh complexion she was fairly vigorous in health—despite her extreme care for herself—and full of nerves, full of imaginary troubles. Always generous of money, she seldom gave of herself Her fellow townfolk spoke of her as the rich Miss Peters, who's going to be queer if she doesn't look out."

Miss Jane was alone in the world, save for an older bachelor brother, who visited her punctiliously and briefly, twice a year, and who under no consideration would have taken up his abode in the old New England homestead with his aimless, low-spirited sister.

"What time is that child coming?" queried Miss Jane, when Mrs. Barnes, as usual, announced dinner precisely

All Sensible People Drink Ale and Stout! Why Not You?

about the slight figure and said: "You haven't any home now?"

"No. O, yes, the poorhouse. The child corrected herself with a trembling lip, yet with a quick grateful glance at Miss Gates, who had stopped talking to look up at heaven.

"How old are you, dear?" Miss Jane asked.

"Four years old last January," the voice was like delicate music.

"Dorothy?"

"Will you come to live with me, Dorothy?" asked Miss Jane, struggling to control her voice.

"Haven't you any little girl?" questioned the child shyly.

"No, Dorothy."

"I haven't any mover here now," said the child slowly, "and you haven't any little girl?"

"No," said Miss Jane; then, with a strange new tenderness in her voice she repeated: "Will you come to live with me?"

"I like you," sighed the child leaning forward in wistful abandon against Miss Jane's shoulder.

Mrs. Barnes stared out of the window, swallowing great sobs. Her plan had met with a success far beyond her expectations.

"She may as well stay now," Miss Gates spoke very gently. "I can send over her things by old Tim."

"I will send for them immediately," Miss Jane looked up, already defensive.

"That evening when the earth and the trees had been lulled into quiet by the south wind, Miss Jane sat in the dimly-lighted hall upstairs, just outside the spare-room where Dorothy lay asleep.

"She seems like a flower—that dear little face and that big white pillow!" Miss Jane said, rather incoherently, to Mrs. Barnes, who had just wandered restlessly out from her own room.

"There's nothing like a baby, in all the world, except two babies—or, twenty!" replied Mrs. Barnes unthinkingly.

"It's just as selfish of old maids as it is of married women not to have children, maybe worse," continued Miss Jane. "The Bible says more are the children of the unmarried than of them who have husbands. I shall be proud of my bonnie baby girl."

Years had dropped from Miss Jane as if by magic. Her face glowed with a new life.

"When folks are proud, they have things taken away from them." Mrs. Barnes' voice trembled.

"If the Lord should take away this little girl, I would find another one," said Miss Jane, with solemn conviction. "I suppose you never thought of anything as my adopting the child."

Mrs. Barnes was spared answering, for Miss Jane went on, eagerly: "In fact, when Dorothy is eight or nine years old, I think I shall adopt another child, and keep on adopting one every few years, as long as I live. Each child will be selfish, as for me, being spoiled and self-satisfied, it will mean that I shall always have something around of the morning and the springtime. That is just what children are—morning and springtime."

For the remainder of the evening Miss Jane kept watch over the sleeping child, while Mrs. Barnes, in her room, sat in the dark, thinking.

CRUSHED TO DEATH BY TRAIN AT TRURO.

George Doyle, a Brakeman, Killed in I. C. R. Yard—Elias Barber Lost His Life at South Mattland.

Truro, August 21—An accident which resulted this evening in the death of Brakeman George Doyle, occurred in the new Intercolonial yard this morning. He was run over and killed by the fast freight No. 176 from Mulgrave, the first pair of engine truck wheels passing over him before the engine was stopped. No. 67, was in charge of Engineer Al Stevens, of Truro. It is supposed that Doyle while in the act of closing the switch ahead of the freight lost his grip on the switch handle, fell across the track in front of the train, and struck his head on the sleepers losing consciousness. The switch was found open with Doyle's lantern beside it. Engineman Stevens did not see the man lying on the track, but stopped for the open switch. Doyle was about twenty-three years of age and has been in the employ of the I. C. R. a comparatively short time. He leaves a widow and two children.

Elias Barber, of South Mattland, sixty-five years of age, was killed yesterday while at work loading lumber into a schooner at that place. Barber was attending the sling by which the cargo was being conveyed from the shore to the vessel. He lost his foot hold and fell fifteen feet to the rocks, striking his head and fracturing his skull.

Find the Finder

If you found a purse you first impulses would be to look in the "Lost and Found" columns of our paper.

If you have lost a purse don't you think the finder would do the same.

If you wish to find the finder use our Classified Want Ads.

Japan Takes Over Korea

TWELVE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE AND VAST TERRITORY TO BECOME PART OF JAPAN.

Tokio, Aug. 21 — Within the week "the hermit Kingdom" and the Empire of Korea will become historical terms, twelve millions of people will be added to the population of Japan, and territory as large as England will become part of the Japanese Emperor's dominions. The Treaty of Portsmouth, which settled the war between Japan and Russia reads that Japan shall have the "guidance, protection and control" of Korea, and the last stage of this agreement is now becoming an actuality after three years of experimenting to discover a practical method of conserving the national entity of the Korean peninsula.

If your liver is sluggish and out of tone, and you feel dull, bilious, constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets tonight before retiring and you will feel all right in the morning. Sold by all dealers.

A NEW TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

One day in July, 1909, a Presbyterian clergyman in the city of Armagh persuaded twelve hard drinkers to sign the pledge. Before parting with them he said: "Now perhaps each of you could bring a pal to my house tomorrow and induce him to sign." "I think I can catch my pal," said one of the men, and that was the origin of the "Catch My Pal" movement now sweeping over the north of Ireland. Scarcely a town or village in Ulster is without an enthusiastic band of members, each of whom wears an enameled brass button bearing the words, "Catch My Pal Union." The public houses in many of the provincial manufacturing towns have lost fully fifty per cent of their trade. Of the three thousand inhabitants of Cookstown, County Tyrone, over seven hundred men joined the union in November and December, and the percentage is equally great in other towns. And in this movement Ireland seems determined to pay back Scotland for the legendary gift of St. Patrick. Missionaries have been sent already to west of Scotland, and the movement is said to have taken root in Glasgow.

NEGRO GIRL WORTH FIVE MILLIONS.

Perhaps the most unique personality among the wealthy women of the United States is Isabel Lewis, a thirteen year old negro girl. She is the richest girl in Oklahoma and lives in a little log cabin in an obscure part of the State.

Years ago one hundred and sixty acres of land were allotted to the father of the girl, a former slave of the Creek Nation, a trifle in Indiana. Then, some one discovered oil on the land, and the young negro, to whom the land was accredited, found herself the possessor of an income of from \$200 to \$650 a day, and owning land exceeding in value \$5,000,000.

Life is an arrow—therefore you must know
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow—
Then draw it to the head and let go—
—Henry Van Dyke.

Headaches—nausea—indigestion—muddy complexion—pimples—bad breath—these are some of the effects of constipation. The mild, sensible, reliable remedy is

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

They contain the latest discovered and best evascent known, which empties the bowels without the slightest discomfort and without disturbing the rest of the system. Constantly increased doses are not necessary. 25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them. 25 National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

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