His Magnum Opus.

By LULU JOHNSON. ohted, 1907, by M. M. Cun

on the typewriter carriage and addhim. He caught up the last few s and reread them with a glow of titen a story of flash and blood in-ad of the mildly innocuous romances at had added to his bank account, t not to his fame. Ever since that night six months be-

cesed heme to find the note on the fairing ser of his room notifying him that her her had considered his best friend, he As



ST ONLY THE BLACKENED SHEETS REMAINED.

had worked with feverish energy upon

sed the continent with her that she should be far removed from all who

As they sat in the car, the child lost in wonder at the constantly shifting ene, he had planned the story, and ace he had made his new home he had set to work.

All the bitterness of his heart he had written into the book. It was the plain tale of his own experience, told with the simple directness of one who feels deeply, except that into the last chapter he had written an ending such as he wished that she might suffer. Almost gloatingly he drew the picture of remorse and shame that followed the desertion, and now reading it over the shuddered at the evil picture his

wn fierce desire had conjured up.

For years he had sought a theme
that should lead him to his great accomplishment. Agnes, too, had sought to help him, but their lines had fallen In the pleasant places, and he wrote things that were salable, but not great, Then she had left him for Tredgar, a

Then she had left him for Tredgar, a man who had done things, and his inspiration had come. He knew that he had done well, that this book would wring him fame and opportunity, and the smiled as he gathered the sheets together and prepared them for mailing. He had kept in touch with his east-

ern connections, and Blauvelt, the publisher, had asked for the first reading.

He was bent over the desk writing the address when there came the pat-

"All done, dear," he said, with an af Tectionate pat on the package at his elbow. "I was so interested that I even forgot my little Elsie."
"And it's going to make you a great big man?" she demanded. "It's going to make you famous and happy, dad-

of her mother's fall painted in words of bitterness such as only wounded of her mother's fall painted in words of bitterness such as only wounded pride and dead love can conjure. She would see her mother's soul in all its nakedness, and his would be the hand that had thrown aside the garments of time and charity.

"Are you sleepy, daddy?" Poindexter roused himself.

"Not a bit," he declared, "What makes you think that, daughter?"

"You are so still," she explained, "and you don't talk."

"Daddy's a little tired," he explained.

ed.

"Shall I tell you a good night story?
The child nodded her head contented
ly, and Poindexter begun a fantasti
tale. He had a fertile fancy, and these tale. He had a fertile fancy, and these good night stories were glorious moments in the child's life. There were times when she stole softly about the house lest she interrupt his writing, but when bedtime came and she lay curied up in his lap while his rich voice recited weird tales of giants and fairies and dragons she had him for her very own and was content with the sacrifice.

As they neared the climax his voice grew soft, and when at last the end came he waited for the usual applause of "That was lovely, 'daddy." Instead, soft lips brushed his cheek and the tired child sank off to sleep.

Tenderly he bore her to her bed and tucked her in as gently as a woman might have done. Reverently he pressed his lips against the rosy mouth and tiptoed from the room.

The library seemed cold and cheerless when he returned. The child's visit had but emphasized his lonelliness, and he sat blankly at the table on which lay the package with its address but half completed.

He avenue his chelly about that he

dress but half completed.

He swung his chair about that he

might not see it; but, though he had turned his back upon it, the script still danced before his mental vision. still danced before his mental vision. He could still see the uncompleted tail of the "y" he had been writing when Elsie had come in and the ink blotch in the corner where the pen had rolled against it. A dozen times he half turned to complete the address, and as often there came to his memory the words of his daughter.

Some day she would read the book with a clear vision and perhaps she

with a clear vision, and perhaps she would understand. There is always some one to disillusion with awkward speech. Perhaps she might never know how true to life the story was. Then again some chance remark might bear in upon her the truth.

Agnes by her action had forfeited all right to his forbearance, but there was still his duty toward his child. It

was still his duty toward his child. It seemed like murder to destroy this masterpiece, and yet—
He went over every incident of his life since his marriage. She had married him, ambitious for his future, and he, utterly content, had been happy in his moderate success save for those moments when her urgings spurred his ambition. One purpose in writing this very book was to show her, when it was too late, that he could accomplish those successes for which she had longed; that he could write as brilliantly as the man for whom she had left him.

left him.

The east glowed with the first blush of the dawn when at last he rose from the chair and threw aside the curtains to let in the morning light and the

to let in the morning light and the fresh air.
Slowly he crossed the room to the empty fireplace and laid the package in the grate. A tiny tongue of flame crept along the wrapper, biting deeperas it grew. At last only the blackened sheets remained, and he turned away.
"For Elsie's sake," he whispered and added, with a sign, "and for Agnes' too. God pity her." His magnum opus was sound not in accomplishment, but in renunciation.

Korea's Seven Wonders.
The seven wonders of Korea are: (1)
The marvelous mineral spring of Kiushanto, one dip in which is a sovereign cure for all the ills that human flesh is heir to. (2) The double springs which, though far apart, have a strange, mysdoor, and he looked up from his work.
"What is it, daughter?" he asked as he took the little nightgowned figure

terious affinity. According to Korean belief, there is a connection underground, through which water ebbs and flows like the waters of the ocean, in such a way that only one suring is full. in his lap.

"I was lonesome," explained Elsie.

"Tou didn't come to kiss me good night fike you said you would, daddy. I waited and waited and waited. Them I just had to come. Is you most done daddy?"

"All done, dear," he said, with an affectionate pat on the package at his chow. "I was so interested that I before."

"The indestructible pine forest, the trees of which grow up again as fast as they are cut down. (5) The floating that has no trees of which grow up again as fast as they are cut down. (5) The floating stone, a massive block that has no visible support, but, like Mohammed's coffin, remains suspended. (6) The warm stone, situated on the top of a hill, and said to have the peculiarity of spreading warmth and beat all around it. (7) A drop of the sweat of Büddha, for thirty paces round which no flower or vegetation will grow, nor will birds or other living things pass over it.

to make you famous and happy, dad-dy?

"Famous and happy," he repeated.

"It's my great work, dear."

"Tm so glad," she whispered contentedly, patting the pale cheek, wasted to thinness by his sorrow and absorption in his work. "Some day when I get a big girl, a great big girl, I'll read it and tell all the other girls that my daddy wrote that great book, and they'll all be mad because their pañas can't write books like my papa can."

Poindexter shivered and drew the little form closer to him. Not once in all these months had he thought of that result. He had worked steadly with one purpose—of holding this woman who had been his wife up to shame. He had given no thought to the child. Not once had he realized that there would come a day when she would read with understanding the story of her mother's disgrace. He had let her think that Agnes was dead. Simple statement sufficed the childish mind, but the day would come when perhaps the curtain might be drawn aside. Some old friend from the east might seek him out and unwittingly betray his secret to the girl, and sald to have the peculiarity of spreading warmth and heat all around it. (?) A drop of the sweat of Buddin, for thirty paces round which no hower or vegetation will grow, nor will birds or other living things pass ever it.

Men and Goesip.

"When it comes to discretion, if there is a scandal in society, a dark cloud over-hanging the ministry, an ominous rumor about a newspaper or a bank, where is it first discussed? Why, in the men's clubs. Thence it reaches the female gossips, and if they in turn mention what 'my husband heard at the club' they are at once set down as scandal mongers, while the originators of the scandal go scot free. In, the country houses, too, are not the men as ready to tell tales as the women, as ager to bring forward the latest news, political, social or financial? Many women let their tongues run on, it is true, but so do many men."

Treated Continually by Best Doctors
—Sores Behind Ears Spread to
Cheeks—Could Hardly Bear Itching—Medicines Fail—Instant
Relief by "Magic Three" and

WORDS CAN NOT EXPRESS GRATITUDE TO CUTICURA

"Words are inadequate to express my gratitude for Cuticura Remedies. I had been troubled with eczema for five years on my ear and it beganto extend on my cheek. I had been doctoring with the best physicians, but found no relief whatever. When informing them that I could not bear the itching I was told by one of our best doctors, "not to scratch." As the medicines and salves did me no good I thoughs I would get the "Magic Three," Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills, costing me one-half of one visit to my physician. After using as directed, with plenty of hot water, I can truthfully state that I found instant relief. When I had used three boxes of Cuticura Cintment and two cakes of Cuticura Cintment and two cakes of Cuticura Soap I found my skin as soft and fine as a baby's. My circle of friends is very large, and I am persuading them to use Cuticura Soap must be likewise.

"I hesitate to send you the enclosed picture as it has been lying around in my desk for two years and is very soiled. At the time it was taken my ears were scaly and you will find some remnants of Cuticura Cintment on it, and, to me, it is very precious, as I can now say when looking at it that Cuticura is a blessing, and that is why I nave kept it even though it was soiled. Miss Netta Ayers, 131 Franklin Ave., Brocklyn, N. Y., Sept, I and 15, 1906."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for sensor of Uticura Soap to Ceanage the Skin, Cuticura

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults con-sists of Cultiura Scap to Cleanse the Skin, Cultiura Cintiment to Heal the Skin, and Cutieura Resolvent for in the form of Checolade Coated Pills, in visia of the County the Blood, Soid throughout the world to Curry the Blood, Soid throughout the world power of the Complete Coated Pills Boston, Mass.

Sustaining His Reputation.
A story is told of the Prince de Conti, whose reputation for cruelty stood high. He was going to mass with some ladies when his balliff asked for instructions concerning a poacher who had just been caught on the grounds, "Give him 100 stripes and imprison him in a dungeon for two years," was

the answer.

One lady, horror stricken, went to the bailiff afterward, but he only laughed in her face.

"The prince only said that to keep up his reputation. His royal highness came to me directly after mass and begged me to see that the poor wretch was only sent away from the neighborhood for two months and that his family was well looked after during his absence."

Never Forsake a Friend. Never Forsake a Friend.
Whatever happens, never forsake a triend. When enemies gather, when sickness falls upon the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scenes of distress betray their hypocrisy and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studled your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain bim in adversity. Let him feel that his love was not threwn away. Real fidelity may be rare, but away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.—Exchange.

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass when he made one

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Breaksport See Pac-Simile Wrapper Below. to take as sugary



GURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE PARALYTIC DODGE.

Effective Cure For an Imposter In English Prison.

English Prison.

Paralysis is often imitated by beggars and so closely that there is no detecting the imposition. A fellow is directed how to hang his wrist loosely down dropping the fingers of one hand and to drag the limbs in such a manner as to imitate a paralytic stroke to the life. He is drilled up to the proper business mark by marching him around the beggars' kitchen for hours at a stretch and night after night. This is continued until the patient can bear a sudden and unexpected prick with a needle or even the touch of a redhot from without relapsing into his normal attitude.

needle or even the touch of a redhot iron without relapsing into his normal attitude.

Not many years ago one of these mock paralytics, who was accustomed to throw off his seeming infirmity and play the burglar by way of a change, was caught in the very act of breaking into a house and committed for trial. Here he got up such a semblance of hopeless paralysis as deceived everybody. When the trial came on he was carried into the court on a stretcher and laid at full length in the dock. Everybody, including the judge and jury, commiserated the case, and he escaped with one year's imprisonment instead of a long term of penal servitude.

The doctor of the prison of which the convict was next transferred felt sure that the whole thing was a sham and tried all the ordinary methods of detection, including a liberal use of the galvanic battery, but without effect. At length a great heap of damp straw was collected in the jail yard, and the scoundrel, still stretched on his pallet which he never quitted was placed thereon. The straw was fired on all sides throwing out a little flame and dense volumes of choking smoke. This did the business, and quickly too. In less than a minute the paralytic astonished everybody but the doctor by bouncing out of the straw with the agility of a deer.

"The game is up!" he exclaimed, with a laugh, when he had done coughing, adding in a tone of triumph, "Anyhow, I have cheated the law out of six years!"

The torture such people inflict on themselves for weeks and months at a time and voluntarily is simply incredible.

QUEEN'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Queen Alexandra Keeps Snap-Shots Published In London Newspapers.

Queen Alexandra, who takes the keenest interest in photography, is busily adding to her collection of scrap-books during her stay in Denmark. Most of the Queen's scrapbooks are filled with snapshots taken by her self. Many of these she had developed and printed, but as a rule she sends the films to a professional photographer.

During the past few months, however, the Queen has been collecting snapshots of herself published by enterprising London newspapers, and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, with whom she is staying at the tiny villa which they jointly leased near Copenhagen, looks with envy on these "tributes" to a Queen who does not fear anarchists.

In Russia the Dowager Empress was rarely snapshotted, simply because any one with a camera in a crowd would be immediately arrested on suspicion of carrying a bomb, whereas Queen Alexandra is "taken" by amateurs and professionals alike a dozen times in the course of a short public journey.

Queen Alexandra has her little Published In London Newspapers.

a dozen times in the country public journey.

Queen Alexandra has her little weaknesses like all women, and she has scribbled little notes against all the newspaper snapshots in her new scrap books. In several cases she has written: "Looking my best," in others, "Very poor snapshot."

KAISER IS NIMROD.

Emperor's Hunting Achievements Entirely Outclass Those of Roosevelt.

Among the many trials that President Roosevelt has had to bear is the accusation that he resembles the Emperor of Germany. The fondness of both for hunting has been pointed out.

accusation that he resembles the Emperor of Germany. The fondness of both for hunting has been pointed out as an example of the likemindedness of the President and the Kaiser. Statistics have recently been published which cast light upon the hunting achievements of William II. They make Theodore Roosevelt's occasional excursions in search of well-deserved rest and a few grizzly bears seem Sunday school picnics by comparison. They put the strenuous occupant of the White House forever in the class of milksops and mollycoddles.

The official statistician to the huntsman Kaiser reports that his Majesty has bagged a total of 47,514 pieces of game in a period of thirty years. Over eighteen thousand pheasants were assassinated, and seventeen thousand hares were cut off in their prime. One can go on down the list of boars, rabbits, stags, etc., until there seems to be scarcely a variety of bird or beast that has escaped the imperial bullet. The Emperor even invaded the realms of Neptune, for we are told that one lone, solitary whale perished in supreme honor and agony. On one short winter's day the Kaiser, unaided, shot 1,058 pheasants.

"Annie Laurie."

"Annie Laurie."

William Douglas whose love ballad,
"Annie Laurie," has become one of
the famous lyrics of the world, wooed, but did not win, Annie Laurie.
The real Annie Laurie gave "her promise true" to Douglas, but wedded
another, a wealthier suitor, Fergusson, of Craigdarroch. Douglas who
was ready to "lay me doon and dee."
went to the wars and when he came
back married also and left a goodly
crop of heirs. The tender melody
that has won the hearts of people the
world over was set to the words many
years after by Lady John Scott. Annie Laurie was born Dec. 16, 1682, at
the home of her father, Stephen Laurie, at Maxwellon, Scotland, an oldfashioned stone mansion fortress
that had once been the castle of the
earls of Glencairn.



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BATES BROS. William Street --SOLE AGENTS

Girls to Be Pitled. Girls to Be Fitted.

I know of many well to do middle class families where the daughters, having received the education of canary birds, are launched on a sea of gayety with a cargo of pretty smiles and frocks to captivate husbands.—London Madame.

Riches of Simplicity.

Poverty is relative. Thousands who tall themselves poor would be rich on their incomes if they would abandon a senseless and vulgar competition with their neighbors and live more simply.—London Truth.

Where it Fails.
"Silence is golden," remarked the party with the quotation habit.
"Perhaps it is," rejoined the contrary man, "but a dentist has never yet been able to fill teeth with it."

Soul Mated "She declares they were made for

"How does she make that out?" "He earns about the monthly amount she'd like to spend."

For Alderman TO THE ELECTORS

Ladies and Gentlemen: I desire to announce myself as a candidate for alderman for the year 1908. My record of the past year is before you. If it has met your approval, I would appreciate your support very much.

Yours truly,

SAMUEL BULLIS.

TO THE ELECTORS

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am a candidate for the office of Mayor of our city for 1908, and respectfully ask for your support. If you elect me I shall endeavor to discharge the duties of the office without fear or favor, and to the utmost of my ability.

Yours faithfully, THOMAS SCULLARD.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—

I am a candidate for the position of Alderman for the coming year, and respectfully solicit your vote and influence.

If elected I will do my utmost to keep down the expenses of the city. I appreciate the vote you gave me last year, and hope I may hold the sonfidence of your support this year.

Respectfully yours, FRANK E. BAXTER.

TO THE ELECTORS OF CHATHAM

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

At the request of many good citizens, I am again in the field for alderman for 1908. I have already served two terms in the City Council to the entire satisfaction of my supporters, as I fully believe. As the funny man said, "Money is tite," and large numbers of our worthy workingmen and laborers are thrown out of employment just when they need it most. If elected, I shall advocate the city pushing through all possible works during the winter to aid the unemployed workingmen and laborers. I shall advocate bringing to the city all desirable industries and factories, so long as the city is amply secured as to any advances.

The city assessments require some The city assessments require some modifications, which will receive my attention.

The good ladies will support me, of course, as they instinctively know a good thing when they see it.

GEO. G. MARTIN.

Chatham, 5th December, 1907,

To the Electors of the City of Chatham

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN .-

I am a candidate for the office of Mayor of the City of Chatham for 1908, and respectfully ask for your support at the coming election.

As an Alderman, I trust my conduct has been such as to meet with your approval.

As a Taxpayer, I am desirous of keeping down the tax rate, and I am sure that much may be done by practicing rigorous economy, and, if elected, I will adopt and insist upon the most careful scrutiny of all accounts with a view to cut off all useless expenditures. I believe that the City's business can be done efficiently without waste or extravagance.

The prosperity of our City depends on the condition of our mechanics and laborers, if they are prosperous our merchants and property-owners share in the good times. Any industry or enterprise, therefore, which will create a steady demand for labor at good wages will have my hearty support. With this view I would be ready to offer reasonable inducements to any new, substantial industry proposing to locate here. Each case should be regarded strictly as a business proposition, on the part of the City, to be dealt with on its merits, and with reference to the particular circumstances. I supported the Chaplin Wheel Works Bylaw because I thought it a good business proposition, and I opposed the Beet Sugar By-law because I thought it a bad business proposition.

I stand for a progressive policy based on sound business principles and methods.

I have lived here a great many years, and have received many kindnesses at the hands of my fellow citizens. I thank you for the support you have so generously given me in the past, and if you see fit to elect me to the highest office in your gift, I will do all in my power to merit your confidence by faithful, honest, and zealous work.

Wishing you the Compliments of the Season.

I am.

Faithfully yours,

THOMAS SCULLARD

TO THE RATEPAYERS

I am a Candidate for the office of Mayor for the year 1908, and respectfully solicit your vote and influence. My record as an Alderman for the past three years is before you and if my endeavors to serve the City's interests have been approved of by you I will be pleased to have

I have never hesitated as an Alderman in letting you know where I stood with regard to any public question.

If elected Mayor I shall advocate the most rigid economy in public expenditures the coming year. The construction of pavements, how-ever desirable, should practically cease until part of the present large Debenture Debt is paid off, in order that our tax rate may be reduced to a more reasonable figure.

I am in favor of encouraging New Industries that give promise of permanence and stability.

I will ask you to accept this public intimation as intended for you personally, as at this busy season of the year the demands of business are such that I cannot take the time to have personal interviews with all of you

Any assistance you may render in the way of favorably influencing your neighbor, to whom I may not be personally known, will be much appreciated,

Respectfully yours, CHAS. AUSTIN

***** To the Ratepayers and Electors of the City of Cakes Chatham:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN-LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—

I desire to announce myself as a candidate for the office of Mayor for the year 1908, and if elected will guard your interests with zealous care. I have been a member of the City Council for five years, three years of which I have been Chairman of the property committee, one of the most important committees in the City Council, and I have endeavored to carry out in every particular the duties of the office.

If elected Mayor, I can assure

the duties of the office.

If gleeted Mayor, I can assure you that I will endeavor to keep down the expenses of every department where it can possibly be done without impairing the progress of our city.

I believe that we snowld have more manufacturing industries in our midst, and will give every assistance I possibly can in encouraging the same.

In conclusion, my record as an Alderman for five years is before you If that record meets with your approval I will be thankful to have your support in the coming election Yours respectfully,

Yours respectfully,

WM. POTTER.

Dr. Neil Smith ...DENTIST ...

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