



Look in your mirror today. Take a last look at your gray hair. It surely may be the last if you want it so; you needn't keep your gray hair a week longer than you wish. There's no guesswork about this; it's sure every time.

To restore color to gray hair—
AYER'S Hair Vigor

After using it for two or three weeks notice how much younger you appear, ten years younger at least.

Ayer's Hair Vigor also cures dandruff, prevents falling of the hair, makes hair grow, and is a splendid hair dressing.

It cannot help but do these things, for it's a hair-feed. When the hair is well fed, it cannot help but grow.

It makes the scalp healthy and this cures the disease that causes dandruff.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"My hair was coming out badly, but Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling and has made my hair very thick and much darker than before. I think there is nothing like it for the hair."

CORA M. LEA,
April 25, 1896. Yarrow, I. F.

Write the Doctor.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you desire from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

CONSERVATORY CONCERT.

Opera House, Dec. 27th.

Programme.

PART I.

Orto in G Minor. Mendelssohn.
Malto allegro confucuo.
Andante.
Presto.
Malto allegro vivace.
Serenade. Moskowski.
Miss May Jamieson.
Solo, Waltz. Chopin.
Miss Eva Fulton.
Concerto, violin and piano.
J. B. Accolay.
Violin Solo. Les Sylphes.
G. Bachman.
Miss Susie Webb.
I sit within a collar cool.
German Ballad.
Dr. Randall.
Solo, Polacca. Weber-Liszt.
Miss Ella Fraser.
Solo-Sylvia. Martini Marsick.
Moto Perpetuo. N. Paganini.
Miss Susie Webb.

PART II.

Orto of the Toys—A Children's
Mas Operetta.

Cast.

Soloists.
Miss Jamieson.
Master Frank Lewis.
Sandle Griffin.
Charlie Stuart.
Lloyd Linton.
Miss Jessie Jarvis.
Miss Alice Linton.
Faith, Hope and Charity.
Leta Craig, May Jamieson
Myrtle McCallum.

Choruses—

May Archibald.
Helen Smith.
Eva Murray.
Gladys Ryan.
Alice Linton.
Jessie Jarvis.
Sandle Griffin.
Charlie Stuart.
Lloyd Linton.
Fred Davidson.
Laurie Stevens.
Bunnie Olive.
Harrington Henderson.
Claus—Earl Lewis.

Useful in Every Home.

know the virtues of Dr. Chase's ment and the innumerable uses to it as a friend of inestimable value. It quickly relieves the rash itching which torture him while the heat and sun scald head, eczema, and all sores, ulcers and chafing. It cures the itching of the skin, gives relief to the itching which they suffer, and positively cures eczema, salt rheum and piles. Dr. Chase's Ointment is most gently used for piles, which are cured by exposure to cold and dampness or by bodily derangements. It is the only guaranteed cure for hemorrhoids and protruding piles. Get a box at all dealers, or E. D. Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

BEAUTY'S EYES.

A LOVER'S FASCINATION.

Delightful, Dashing, Daring.

Continued from last issue.

go back and wait until to-morrow. I never feel comfortable among strangers," she added, piteously. Max Forrester laughed lightly. "Don't be so much of a child, Florabel," he retorted, more sharply than he really meant. "Not meet the guests! Why, they are invited here for the sole purpose of welcoming us home. This is our wedding reception." Max knew how she would cling to him like a frightened school girl when they entered the spacious drawing room. It would be a little embarrassing; and at that moment he really wished that this sweet little bride had more dignity and self-possession. A moment later Max rapped on his mother's boudoir door. "Come in," she answered; and her voice sounds like no other voice he ever heard, it is so chilling, strained and unnatural. The door is flung open, and on the threshold stands Max and his bride. "Mother," cries Max, springing forward and clasping his arms about her in the old, impulsive, boyish fashion, "have you no welcome for your son, no welcome for Florabel, my bride and your daughter?" And unclasping his arms from about her he led Florabel forward.

His mother raised her eyes, and saw a lovely, dimpled young face framed in a mass of crinkled, tawny, curling hair; a pair of brown, startled, hazel eyes, and a red, quivering mouth. With a sudden impulse, Florabel stepped forward, shyly lifting her eyes to that cold, hard face.

"I hope you will love me," she murmured, softly, "if not for my own sake, for Max's. I have never known a mother's love since I was a very little child, and I have yearned for yours so much." And the next instant two soft white arms were around Mrs. Forrester's neck and two sweet rose-bud lips sought hers in a timid kiss.

The heart of the old merchant prince went out to Florabel on the spot, but his wife was prejudiced against her. She groaned out in spirit:

"A pretty face—that much I grant. But, oh! how unsuited to my handsome Max! I shall not like her. Would to Heaven he had married Inez Claverling instead!"

Meanwhile Inez Claverling was being presented to Max and his bride. Max Forrester bowed low before the queenly girl, and Florabel, looking into her face, read startled admiration there, and a fierce pang of jealousy shot through her undisciplined little heart. Max was thinking as he gazed on the wondrous beauty of that fatally lovely face, that this was the most beautiful young girl whom he had ever beheld.

She held out her white, jeweled hand to Max with the charming smile peculiar to her, and kissed Florabel's red mouth sweetly. And Florabel, looking into that dark, sparkling, wondrous face, wondered vaguely why Max had ever chosen her when he might have wedded this peerless, dark-eyed beauty.

How beautifully she was dressed, too! How was Florabel to know that the mad idea had taken possession of Inez to outshine the little bride's fair loveliness to outlive her—that she might pale into insignificance when contrasted with her own dark, dazzling splendor. Then Max Forrester would see what he had lost, and regret, perhaps, that he had not chosen her.

When Florabel found herself alone in her room a few moments later, she could not repress the flood of tears that welled up to her eyes.

"I wish Max and I had never come here!" she sobbed. "We were so happy before! A horrible chill has come over me ever since I entered the house!"

Poor child! How little she dreamed that it was the shadow of the pitiful doom that was to fall upon her all too soon! Ere the grand reception was over a thrilling event happened.

CHAPTER IV.

"What is love that all the world Talks so much about it? What is love that neither you Nor I can do without?"

"You are surprised to hear of my marriage, mother," said handsome Max, breaking the uncomfortable silence, that had fallen since Florabel had left the room.

"I was something more than surprised," she replied. "I was shocked. I have not recovered from it yet."

"I ought to have written and told you all about it. I own, frankly, mother, that I ought to have consulted you. But love must be my excuse. You will try to love little Florabel for my sake?"

She turned away without answering him.

"She is very young, mother," he went on, hurriedly, "and very timid. You will put her at her ease. She has not had the advantage of social training, and her education has been sadly neglected. I have great hopes

that she will improve rapidly under your charge, mother."

"My dear son," returned Mrs. Forrester, in some irritation. "Heaven grant that I may have patience with this girl you have married and brought home to us—you who might have wed the best in the land."

That was the first intimation Max had of the true state of his mother's feelings.

"Florabel is a lady," he said, quickly, his handsome face flushing.

His mother held up her white, jeweled hands.

"Do not discuss the question!" she cried. "I cannot endure it."

Max Forrester looked up quickly and anxiously into his mother's face.

"You do not like my little Florabel?" he asked, bending forward eagerly, and watching every expression of that cold, proud face.

"My dear Max," she replied, slowly, "I may as well be candid with you. This marriage has broken my heart. I do not like your wife at all. I am sorry to pain you. After the entire devotion of my life to you, I hoped that you would bring me a daughter-in-law somewhat to my taste, and one whom I could love. You have not done so. You might have consulted me."

She never forgot the little cry of pain that came from his lips, nor the haggard expression that seemed in one moment to crush out the beauty of his face. "I acknowledge I should have consulted you, mother," he answered; "but, even though you had disapproved—forgive me for saying so—I should have married Florabel all the same. In love and marriage a man is supposed to please himself. It is the one great action on which the comfort or misery of his life depends."

"You might have done so well," said his mother, despairingly, "and now—Ah, well! I am bitterly disappointed in you! Max," she said at length, crossing over to him, and laying her hands on his shoulders and looking eagerly into his face—"Max, are you quite sure there is no flaw in this marriage?"

"Flaw!" he cried. "Certainly not. I took care of that. Why do you ask such a question?"

"If there had been," she replied, despairingly, "I hate this marriage so much that I should have asked you to set it aside."

The look of startled dismay, anger and pained wonder that flashed from his eyes and darkened his face was terrible to see.

"Mother," he cried, "if you mean that as a jest, I must say that I consider it a very cruel and ill-timed one. It is vile—horrible. I will not believe you meant it. If there were a flaw, you may believe me that I would very soon have the ceremony performed a second time. Oh, mother! I wish you had never uttered such horrible words."

"I repeat them," declared Mrs. Forrester. "I hate the very idea of this marriage. I would give half my fortune to see it annulled. From the moment I heard of it, I hoped that some formalities had been omitted by which—"

"Mother," he cut in, sharply, "I think you are mad. I cannot and will not believe you are in earnest in speaking as you have. If I thought so, I should take my wife away from here at once, and, so help me Heaven, I should never look upon your face again."

"I could never be parted from you, Max," cried Mrs. Forrester, in consternation. "You are my only son!"

"Then be kind to my wife," he answered, gently. "I will try to forget what you have said to-night, mother, as I would try to forget a hideous dream. Remember, I love her with all my heart. Life would not be worth living to me without her."

"We will say no more about it, Max," she answered, adding, hastily, "Has your wife a maid with her?"

"No," he answered. "I thought you would be kind enough, mother, to recommend one. Florabel has not had much experience in that way."

"She will need the assistance of some one to help her with her toilet to-night. I will send my own maid Gregory."

Gregory tapped twice upon the door at Florabel's boudoir ere a voice answered, "Come in!" and it sounded like a very tearful, sobbing voice, too.

"I am sent by Mrs. Forrester to assist you, ma'am," said Gregory, pushing open the door and entering, courtesying as she spoke. "What can I do for you first?"

"I do not know," said Florabel, in bewilderment, adding, with childish candor, "I never had a maid, so you will know best, perhaps. Do for me what every other maid does for her mistress."

"A new kind of mistress," thought Gregory. "A timid Mrs. Forrester will be a novelty in the family annals."

maid's presence to forget for a few brief moments the dark chill and loneliness that oppressed her; but she did hope the maid would not see that she had been crying.

For some minutes Gregory busied herself about the room, taking furtive glances into the mirror which reflected the young bride's tear-swollen face.

"My marriage to Mr. Forrester must have been a great surprise to his mother," murmured Florabel, under her breath, quite oblivious to the girl's presence, and never dreaming she had been overheard.

"It was, indeed, ma'am," retorted the obsequious maid; "leastwise as she had set her heart on the young gentleman marrying Miss Claverling; and Miss Claverling had set her heart on the same thing, too. Why, you ought to have heard the way she took on in her own room, thinking no one heard her, when the news came that

he was married, and was bringing his bride home. I am right glad she was disappointed in getting him, and it serves her right, too, for laying herself out to win him by coming here on a visit to his mother."

When Max entered Florabel's apartment to accompany her down to the drawing-room, where the impatient guests were awaiting her, he found her sitting alone by the window, her curly, golden head buried in her two little white hands.

With some light, gay word, he crossed over to where she sat.

But at the sight of the pale, agitated face she raised to his, he started back in surprise and dismay.

"What is the matter, darling?" he cried, catching her up in his arms in a close embrace, and kissing the rosy, dimpled mouth over and over again.

"Can it be that there are tear drops on those long lashes? Oh, my darling, what could bring them there?"

"It was really nothing, Max," she exclaimed, impatiently. "I assure you I have no cause in the world to weep—none in the world. Do not distress yourself about my moods. You know they are as variable as the April sunshine. The truth is, I felt just a little bit lonely."

"Are you pleased with me, Max?" she asked, wistfully, putting away his clinging arms, and stepping a little way off that he might admire her costume.

Who could have helped admiring the fair, young, dimpled face, framed in its sheen of golden hair, the bright hazel eyes, and the slim, girlish form, draped in white silk and billowy lace, through which the beautiful shoulders and round, white arms gleamed like ivory. She was the fairest picture of youth and beauty under the sun.

"You are simply perfection, my darling," cried the young husband, enthusiastically. "I am proud of you," he declared, as he took her hand and led her down the broad stairway toward the lighted drawing-room.

Inez Claverling watched eagerly and intently for her appearance, a strange smile curving her lips, and a strange light in her restless black eyes. The interior of the mansion was one blaze of light and warmth. The large chandeliers of the drawing-room poured down a flood of light on the elegant room and its occupants. The magnificent parlors beyond were one mass of blooms. The rooms, with their throngs of guests, were grand enough to strike awe to one not used to elegant surroundings.

Inez Claverling calculated that all this would produce that effect upon Max's young wife.

"She will be surprised, dazzled and confused," thought that clever young lady. "Then she is quite sure to be awkward, and the first impression she makes upon her husband's friends will be a bad one."

Inez Claverling had made this resolve. She had whispered no vow of vengeance to herself. She had not, even to her own self, whispered the word "revenge." None the less skillfully had she laid her plans.

Nothing kills love like ridicule. And Inez said to herself that, under the guise of friendship, she would be merciless to the fair young bride who

To be Continued.

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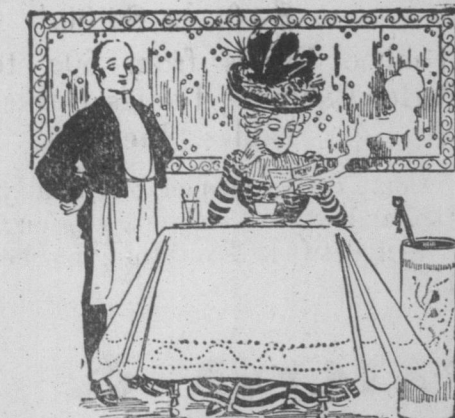


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(Daily, except Sunday.)

ARRIVALS.

From Halifax.

No.	Local	Time
75	Accommodation	2.50 a.m.
25	Express, C. P. R.	9.50 a.m.
1	Express, C. B. Flyer	10.30 a.m.
85	Express, Maritime	3.10 p.m.
33	Accommodation	4.35 p.m.
17	Express	5.10 p.m.
57	Express, Local	6.35 p.m.
13	Express, Local	7.35 p.m.

From North.

16	Freight, daily	9.45 a.m.
84	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.
20	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.
34	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 New Glasgow	8.35 p.m.

TRURO POST OFFICE

Office hours 7.30 a.m. to 9.30 p.m. (local time). Money Order Office Hours 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. M.O.s are made up as follows:

For Amherst, St. John, Upper Pictou and U.S.A., 9.40 a.m. to 4.30 p.m.

For St. John and Way Station, 10.50 a.m.

For Halifax (Accommodation) 10 a.m.

For Halifax (C. P. R.) 8.15 p.m.

For Halifax and Shubenacadie, 2 p.m.

For Halifax, Way Stations, Western Counties, 5.45 a.m. to 5.25 p.m.

For Pictou and Eastward, 10.25 a.m.

For Pictou and New Glasgow Short Line, 8.15 p.m.

For Old Barns, 11.30 a.m.

For Onslow (Daily) 11 a.m.

For Camden and Harmony, Monday and Thursday 11.30 a.m.

For Upper Brookside, Tuesday and Friday, 11 a.m.

For North River and Maritown, day, Wednesday and Friday, English Mall, via Rimouski, 4.30 p.m.

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