

NAY
T
DS

ocks.

ontage

Improved

location

is sell-
to \$300

e.

ock and be

e. We offer

an acre.

merits.

Baker

nce Agents

Medicine Hat

Moved.

orth Railway St.

ck is complete.

S.

CORTH

Moved.

RS'

ORS.

mas

Why

shed in

2

ta

vn.

er,

tos must be

907. After

elled.

Fall Opening at the Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

New Fall Suits, good style. Choice selection of New Fall and Winter Coats and Skirts varied styles and colors. Also a good assortment of Ready-to-Wear and Trimmed Hats, American styles.

Everything New and Up-to-Date

15 per cent off all remaining Suits and Ready-to-Wear Hats.

The Wilson Bolton Co.

Frederick W. Brown

City Stables

Livery Feed and Sale Stables General Contractor
Dealer in Hay, Grain, Flour and Feed

Stables—Phone 85
Residence—Phone 196

Corner Third Avenue and Montreal Street
MEDICINE HAT, ALTA.

Chas. Watson

Has purchased the business lately conducted by Gadsden & L.

Livery, Draying, Transfer and General Teaming.

Contracts and prices similar to those adopted by the late owner.

M. C. SACKRIDER

GENERAL CONTRACTOR

THIRD AVENUE, NEAR REVELSTOCK LUMBER COMPANY, PHONE 142. MODERN HOUSES FOR SALE

C. LEAN

Lumber Dealer

Toronto Street North

All Kinds of Building Material Kept in Stock

Also Fence Posts

Announcement

We are now open for business in our new store on Main Street next to Stewart & Tweed's. We carry a complete and up-to-date line of shelf and heavy hardware. Inspection invited. See our stock of Jewel Gas Stoves and Heaters.

THE R. E. Walton Hardware COMPANY

With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN
Author "The Sowers," "Roden's Corner," "From One Generation to Another," Etc.

Copyright, 1904, by HARPER & BROTHERS

CHAPTER I

"My dear madam, what you call heart does not come into the question at all."

Sir John Meredith was sitting slightly behind Lady Cantourne, leaning toward her with a somewhat stiffened replica of his former grace. But he was not looking at her, and she knew it.

They were both watching a group at the other side of the great hall-room.

Sir John Meredith on heart, said the old lady, with a depth of significance in her voice.

"And why not?"

"Yes, indeed. Why not?"

Sir John smiled with that well bred cynicism which a new school has not yet succeeded in imitating. They both belonged to the old school, these two, and their worldliness, their cynicism, their conversational attitude belonged to a bygone period. It was a cleaner period in some ways—a period devoid of stunts. Ours, on the contrary, is an age of stunts, wherein we all dabble to the detriment of our hands—mental, literary and theological.

Sir John moved slightly in his chair, leaning one hand on one knee. His back was very flat, his clothes were perfect, his hair was not his own, nor yet his teeth, but his manners were entirely his own. His face was eighty years old, and yet he smiled his keen society smile with the best of them. There was not a young man in the room of whom he was afraid conversationally.

"No, Lady Cantourne," he replied. "Your charming niece is heartless. She will get on."

Lady Cantourne smiled and drew the glove farther up her stout and motherly right arm.

"She will get on," she admitted. "As to the other, it is early to give an opinion."

"She has had the best of trainings," he murmured. And Lady Cantourne turned on him with a twinkle amid the wrinkles.

"For which?" she asked.

"Cholera!" he answered, with a bow.

The object of his attention was the belle of that hall, Miss Millicent Chyne, who was hemmed in a corner by a group of eager dancers anxious to insert their names in some corner of her card. She was the fashion at that time, and she probably did not know that at least half of the men crowded round because the other half were there. Nothing succeeds like the success that knows how to draw a crowd.

She received this compliment possessively enough, but with that hauteur affected by belles of balls-in-books. She seemed to have a fresh smile for each new applicant—a smile which conveyed to each in turn the fact that she had been approached all along to get her programme safely into his hands. A haughty manœuvre you will not be expected to explain how she compassed this, beyond a gentle intimation that masculine vanity had a good deal to do with her success.

"She is having an excellent time," said Sir John, weighing on the modern phrase with a subtle sarcasm. He was addicted to the use of modern phraseology spiced with a cynicism of his own.

"Yes; I cannot help sympathizing with her a little," answered the lady. "Nor I. It will not last."

"After all," she said, "she is my sister's child. The sympathy may only be a matter of blood. Perhaps I was like that myself once. Was I? You can tell me."

He fumbled at his tips, having reasons of his own for disliking too close a scrutiny of his face.

"That is more than probable," he answered rather indistinctly.

"Then," she said, tapping the back of his gloved hand with her fan, "we ought to be merciful to the faults of a succeeding generation. Tell me, who is that young man with the long stride who is getting himself introduced now?"

"That," answered Sir John, who prided himself upon knowing every one—knowing who they were and who they were not—"is young Oswald."

"Son of the eccentric Oswald?"

"And where did he get that brown face?"

"He got that in Africa, where he has been shooting. He forms part of some one else's bag at the present moment."

"What do you mean?"

"He has been apportioned a dance. Your fair niece has begged him."

The other young men rather fell back before Guy Oswald—scared, perhaps, by his long stride, and afraid that he might crush their puny toes. This enabled Miss Chyne to give him the very next dance, of which the music was commencing.

"I feel rather out of all this," said Oswald as they moved away together.

"You must excuse uncouthness," said Sir John, looking over his shoulder. "I see no signs of it," laughed Millicent. "You are behaving very nicely. You cannot help being larger and stronger than the others. I should say it was an advantage and something to be proud of."

She gave a little nod. They seemed to be taking up some conversation at a point where it had been dropped on a previous occasion.

"And?" he inquired suavely. The society polish was very thickly coated over the man, but his eyes had a hungry look.

By way of reply her gloved hand crept out toward his, which rested on the chair at his side.

"Jack!" she whispered, and that was all.

It was very prettily done, and quite natural. He was a judge of such matters and appreciated the girl's simplicity of the action fully.

He took the small gloved hand and pressed it lovingly. The thoroughness of his social training prevented any further display of affection.

"Thank heaven!" he murmured.

The music of the next dance was beginning, and, remembering their social obligations, they both rose. She laid her hand on his arm and for a moment his fingers pressed hers. He smiled down into her upturned eyes with love, but without passion. He



"Well," inquired Jack, "have you thought about it?"

never for a second risked the "gentleman" and showed the "man." He was aggressive of a forest pool with a smiling, rippled surface. There might be depth, but nothing had yet reached beyond the surface.

"Jack," said Sir John as they passed on, "when you have been deprived of Miss Chyne's society, come and console yourself with a glass of sherry."

The dutiful son nodded a semi-indifferent acquiescence and disappeared.

"Wonderful thing, sherry," observed Sir John Meredith for his own edification.

He waited there until Jack returned and then they set off in search of refreshment. The son seemed to him his whereabouts better than the father.

"This way," he said—"through the conservatory."

Sir John Meredith and his son stood in silence looking around them. Finally they turned and met.

"Are you in earnest with that girl?" asked Sir John abruptly.

"I am," replied Jack. He was smiling pleasantly.

"And you think there is a chance of her marrying you—unless, of course, something better turns up?"

"With all due modesty, I do."

Sir John's hand was at his mouth. He stood up his full six feet two and looked hard at his son, whose eyes were level with his own. They were ideal representatives of their school.

"And what do you propose marrying upon? She, I understand, has about eight hundred a year. I respect you too much to suspect any foolish notions of love in a cottage."

Jack Meredith made no reply. He was entirely dependent upon his father.

"Of course," said Sir John, "when I die you will be a baronet, and there will be enough to live on like a gentleman. You had better tell Miss Chyne that. She may not know it. Girls are so innocent. But I am not dead yet, and I shall take especial care to live some time."

"What is your objection?" inquired Jack Meredith after a little pause.

"I object to the girl."

"Upon what grounds?"

"I should prefer you to marry a woman of heart."

"Heart?" repeated Jack, with a suspicion of hereditary cynicism. "I do not think heart is of much consequence. Besides, in this case surely that is my province. You would not have her wear it on her sleeve?"

"She could not do that; not enough sleeve."

Sir John Meredith had his own views on ladies' dress.

"But," he added, "we will not quarrel. Arrange matters with the young lady as best you can. I shall never approve of such a match, and without my approval you cannot well marry."

"I do not admit that."

"Indeed?"

"Your approval means money," explained this dutiful son politely. "I might manage to make the money for myself."

Sir John moved away.

"You might," he admitted, looking back. "It should be very glad to see you doing so. It is an excellent thing—money."

"Well," inquired Jack, with a peculiar breathlessness, when they were seated, "have you thought about it?"

(To be continued)

CANADIAN PACIFIC

ANNUAL

Eastern Canada Excursions.

LOW ROUND TRIP RATES TO ONTARIO, QUEBEC AND MARITIME PROVINCES

Tickets on sale Dec. 1 to Dec. 31 inclusive, good to return within three months.

Tickets issued in connection Atlantic Steamship Business will be on sale from Nov. 23 and limited to five months from date of issue.

Finest Equipment. Standard First-class Sleeping and Tourist Cars on all Through Trains.

Western Excursions

Single Fare

Plus \$2.00 for the Round Trip

From all stations in Ontario, west of Port Arthur, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to

Vancouver Victoria AND Westminister

Also to

Okanagan Valley and Kootenay Points

Tickets on sale Decem. 2, 3, 4, 17, 18, 19, 1907. January 4, 5, 6, 22, 23, and 24. Good to return within three months. J24

Apply to nearest C.P.R. Agent for full information.

Canadian Pacific Christmas Goods for Christmas Buyers

ANNUAL

Excursions

TO

U.S. Points

Low Round Trip Rates

St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Chicago, Ill.; Council Bluffs, Des Moines, Fort Dodge, Dubuque and Waterloo, Ia.; Omaha, Neb.; Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo.

Tickets on sale daily.

DEC. 1st to 31st INCLUSIVE, good to return within three months. Apply to nearest C.P.R. agent for information.

PATENTS

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS

Copyrights &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through our office secure for the inventor the largest and best protection. In the U.S. and Foreign.

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms \$5 a year, four months \$2. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York

Diarrhoea

When you want a quick cure without any loss of time, and one that is followed by no bad results, use

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

It never fails and is pleasant to take. It is equally valuable for children. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

W. McF. EVANS

Medicine Hat - Alta.

Draying

General Commission Agent

Real Estate and Insurance

FARM RISKS & REGISTERED LIVE STOCK INSURANCE A SPECIALITY.

Office at Book Store, Colter Block.

PHONE Office No 11, Residence No 41.

IRVINE.

Alberta.

Correspondence Solicited.

Office, South Railway Ave. next to Alberta Hotel.