

Use Morey's COAL.
Just landed and to arrive
North Sydney Coal,
OLD MINES.
ANTARCTIC COAL—Furnace,
Egg, Stove, Nut.
You can safely rely on the quality of
Our Coal, it's Good Coal.
M. MOREY & CO.

A Royal Smoke
BENGAL,
Little Cigars
Win immediate favor everywhere through their attractive Mildness, Delightful Fragrance and High Quality. Ten for 20 cents.

CASH'S
TOBACCO STORES.

COAL!
Just received ex S.S. "Mercator,"
600 Tons
North Sydney COAL.
Also, in Store,
Anthracite,
Nut, Stove, Egg and
Furnace sizes.

H. J. STABB & Co.
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For Ladies and Gentlemen. We carry an immense variety of paper, cloth, leather, calf and lambskin binding.

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POPULAR BOOKSTORE.

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Washington Pies, 10c. ea.
Tea Buns, 10c. dozen.
Sweet Bread, 4 cents bun.

M. J. WALSH,
East End Bakery.

ALL FOR RICHES.

CHAPTER XL.
NED CAMERON'S LETTERS.
Instantly she recognized the form and when she looked up, it was her old lover, who said:
"After years of misunderstanding and estrangement, dear May, I have come to hear from your lips the words of forgiveness needed to give me assurance to ask you the one boon I crave. Is all forgiven?"
For all answer, she leaned her head upon his shoulder and placed her hands in his own.

The old housekeeper, who had seen a gentleman come down the hill, and wondered who he might be, and why he did not pass the house, had put on her bonnet and stooped to the shade of the willows fringing the brook. Parting the branches, she saw the minister bending his head to the sweet face upon his shoulder, and with horror exclaimed, below her breath:
"For massy sake! If it ain't our minister! He's a-luggin' and kissin' our May! A sabbath-day, too! Lord sakes alive! what don't they do? I should think May Mellen might be ashamed of herself, but she lolls right up against him as if she ain't got strength enough left to stand up! I'm ashamed for her; and, Lord a' massy! if the critter ain't got both arms around his neck, and he a-lookin' as tickled as a boy with new boots on. There'll be another wedding pretty quick, I reckon;" and with these words the old lady marched to the house, well satisfied with the result of her observations.

An hour later Ned Cameron walked up the shaded road leading to the farmhouse. May Mellen leaned upon his arm, and upon her sweet face a new joy shone.

They entered the well-remembered keeping room, and the minister waited there while May went upstairs to prepare to accompany him to the third service in the village church.

The carriage was at the door when she came down, and together they went away leaving the old housekeeper to run across the fields to neighbor Jackson's and tell the news. With firm tread the young minister led May up the narrow church aisle and seated her in his own pew, then ascended the pulpit stairs, and from the fullness of his heart preached a sermon from the text: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

There was not a dry eye in the house as he finished his discourse. He had spoken from the bitter experience of his own heart, and those who heard him were moved to tears.

One in that assembly treasured every word he spoke, for to her the sermon had a peculiar meaning.

Then followed singing and prayer, and the minister descended from the pulpit to offer his arm to May and escort her to the carriage and her home. When noon the next day the minister was waited upon by the elders who had been entrusted with the story of May's fall from grace, and who had once waited upon her and demanded her withdrawal from the Riverbrook Church.

WOMEN MAY AVOID OPERATIONS

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.

Here is her own statement.
"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement. I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for seven months without much relief and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. Today I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise my friends who are afflicted with any female complaint to try it."
—Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Michigan.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for women's ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women. Why don't you try it?

They were men of integrity, and after a brief consultation they agreed to visit the minister and demand an explanation of his strange conduct. While they were speaking, a note was handed them, requesting their presence at the parsonage.
Throwing aside their farming implements, they started at once for the minister's home. Entering the library to which he led them, and offered seats there, Rev. Mr. Cameron placed in their hands Goldie's letter.
After reading this, one of the elders remarked:
"It was a bitter wrong you done that girl."
"But Brother Cameron erred upon duty's side," quickly returned the other. "Do you not see that his heart was nearly crushed by the painful necessity?"

"The church knows not of this chapter of our lives. Miss Mellen can be restored to fellowship with the church as quietly as she withdrew," said one of the good men.

"It will be better so, for she has done nothing to deserve that the scandalmongers be allowed to handle her name as they will if this is made public. You owe her this, Brother Cameron," said the other.

"It shall be as you suggest. May will become my wife in October," replied the minister.

It was no secret that the minister was to marry May Mellen. Everybody in Riverbrook was talking of it, and it was reported that the Rev. Mr. Cameron had given his intended wife five hundred dollars to buy her wedding clothes with.

There was some foundation for this report, for one day in September the minister rode over to the farm. Finding May alone in the keeping room with the tables and chairs literally covered with new dry goods he drew an envelope from his vest pocket, and placing it in her hand, said:

"Allow me to present you with a trifle toward purchasing your wedding outfit, May. It was given me before I went to the South in February."

May blushed scarlet as she recognized the envelope and her own hand writing, and exclaimed reproachfully: "Oh, Ned! you knew I gave it, and would not use it!"

He replied:
"How could I, darling? Believing as I did, how could I?"

The five hundred dollars was used to furnish the library in the new parsonage, which was built in the following year.

To be continued.

A MYSTERIOUS QUEST.

CHAPTER II.

A Remarkable Adventure.
(continued)

The number which had been given him was 391—street, and, though he had never been in just the locality indicated by this address, he thought he knew the region and what to expect there. Had he not passed through many of these uptown streets, even to the water's edge, and found them to vary only in the size and pretention of their long and monotonous rows of similarly fashioned brick or stone houses, unless it were by the intrusion of a brewery or a church?

It was, therefore, an agreeable surprise to discover that the especial block in which he was for the moment interested, was not like other blocks, even in this quarter, but was broken up by a stretch of odd-looking houses, which, if somewhat worn and dilapidated, still preserved an air of picturesque sordid lacking in most of our third-rate dwellings.

There were four of them, all of a size, all of a grayish-brown color, all with carved strips over-hanging the window-tops, and all with square wooden pillars in front. Though their general appearance suggested just wealth, it also as certainly betokened present indigence, notwithstanding the fact that before one of them there stood at this moment a carriage of style and elegance sufficient to prove it the private equipage of a person of means.

Being in an artistic mood, he was greatly attracted by these old-fashioned structures and felt quite an unreasonable desire to enter them. Long before he came near enough to be sure of the numbers they bore, he had begun to reckon onward from the one he was passing, to see which of 391 would be found on any of them.

THE SAUCE

The Ingredients—
Choice Oriental Fruits and Spices—Pure Malt Vinegar.
The Making—
A Secret.
The Result—
A Delicious, Thick, Fruity Sauce—quite unique.

He soon came to the conclusion that it would, and presently was quite sure of it, and, as he approached nearer, he was pleased to see that it was upon the house before which the carriage was standing. Why he was pleased at this, he would have found it hard to tell. Perhaps, because the house looked a little sordid and oppressive as he came within full sight of its closely shuttered windows; and to one of his gay and careless temperament, any hint of companionship was always welcome.

There was a bell at the entrance, but he did not ring it. For just as he stretched out his hand toward it, the door opened, and he saw before him a young servant-girl of a somewhat vacant countenance, who quickly beckoned him in. As his foot crossed the threshold, the clock from a neighbouring church pealed out the stroke of eight. "I am prompt," he inwardly ejaculated.

The hall into which he stepped was dark and seemingly unlighted. There was no carpet on the floor, and if there were any doors in sight, they were all closed. Feeling it a somewhat chilly welcome, he looked helplessly at the girl, who immediately made another gesture in the direction of a staircase that rose in a spiral a few feet beyond him.

"Does Signor Montelli live upstairs?" he inquired.

She gave no indication of hearing, but continued to point to the staircase. His "dear" was his mental inquiry. It would seem so. Somewhat dashed in his spirits, he went up the first flight and paused again. Darkness and solitude were before him.

"Well, well," thought he, "this will not do." And he was about to turn about and retreat, when he remembered the bank-bill in his pocket. "That was not sent to me for nothing," he concluded; and, taking a closer look into the silent space before him, he perceived four doors.

Making his way to one, he knocked. There was a hurried sound from within, and presently the door was opened and the face of an old crone looked out. Her features lighted up as she saw him, but she did not speak. Pointing as the girl below had done, she indicated the room he should enter, and then withdrew her face and shut the door.

"This is an adventure," was his mental comment, but he had no further notion of retreat.

Following the guidance of her finger he crossed the hall and pushed open the door toward which she had pointed. An ordinary room of faded aspect met his eyes.

But barely had he entered it, when he was met by the old crone, and led rather than escorted through another door into an apartment so brilliantly lighted, that for a moment he found himself dazzled and unable to perceive more than the graceful figure of an elegant woman dressed in the richest of carriage attire, bending over what seemed to be a heavily draped couch.

But in another instant, his faculties became clear, and he perceived that what he supposed to be a couch, was in reality a bed of death, and that the woman before him was engaged in strewing blossoms of the richest beauty and most delicate fragrance over the body of a young girl whose face as yet he could not see. Some of the lilies lay on the floor, half on, half off the edge of a snowy drapery of soft wool, which fell from the couch, taking from it the character of a bed, and lending to the whole scene an aspect of poetic beauty, which was in no wise diminished by the rows of wax candles that burned at the head and the feet of the dead.

It was a picture; and for a moment he looked on it as such; but in another, the lady, whose occupation he had interrupted, turned, and, seeing him, stood upright, meeting his gaze with astonishment and half-veiled delight. In her fine violet eyes, then, as she did not speak and hardly remembered to bow, she colored slightly, and with a strange, swift movement, that took him wholly by surprise, glided from the room.

Then, indeed, he started and tried to follow her. But it was too late. Ere he had reached the threshold, he heard the front door shut, and, in an instant after the carriage drive away. Strange adventure! For though he did not know her name, he knew her face; had seen it once in a large crowd, and charmed by its perfect lineaments, had brooded upon its memory till he had idealized it into the picture which we have already described as the chief ornament of his studio.

To be continued.

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To be continued.

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9053.—A POPULAR SHIRT WAIST MODEL.



Ladies' Shirt Waist.

This model has deep tucks over the shoulders, which may be stitched to yoke or waistline depth. The front is finished with a box plait. The sleeve is the regulation style of shirt sleeve, finished with a straight cuff. All shirtings, silk, velvet, corduroy, serge and flannel may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for the 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps the cutest swindler ever worked.

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- Grey Squirrel Muffs, various styles, at \$5.90, \$8.00, \$9.30, \$9.50, \$10.30, and \$11.50.
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- Large assortment of Russian, Marten and Smoke Hare Scarves, Throw Overs and Muffs at All Prices.
- Grebe Necklets, at 90c., 95c., \$1.50, \$2.80 and \$7.50 each.
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