TES OF NOVA COTIA

thing exactly

right for the rms of consumption. Better kill your cough fore it kills you.

ils coughs of every nd. A 25 cent bottle just right for an ordiry cough; for the arder coughs of bronnitis you will need a 50 ent bottle; and for the oughs of consumption e one dollar size is ost economical.

My cough reduced me to a mere eleton. I tried many remedies, they all failed. After using the erry Pectoral I immediately bent to improve, and three bottles stored me to health. I believe I my life to it." SARAH F. MORGAN,

REMEMBERED A DEAD COMPANION.

Vindsor Tribune has the fol-

. H. Blanchard received from the Mess Secretary of cers of the 5th Regiment C. oria, B. C., of which our latownsman, the late Capt. rd, was an officer, and as we hat anything that concerns Blanchard is of interest to ders, we ask permission to the letter, which is as fol-

Victoria, B. C., Nov. 30th, 1900. Blanchard, Esq.,

indsor, N. S. Sir,-At a meeting of the of the 5th Regiment C. A., the 27th inst., the following ion was passed and directed to to you: "Moved by Capt. and seconded by 2nd Lieut. pt. Martin, that the Secrerite Capt. Blanchard's fath essing to him and his fam-

deep sympathy of of the Regiment, at the their brother officer, the late lanchard, and to mention the teem in which he was held by ther officers, and further, to to him the thanks of the for the enlarged photograph late Capt. Blanchard, which an forwarded to the Command-

ght also mention that perhad been asked to put up in ll Hall some memorial for your d the other members of the nt who lost their lives in Yours truly, Africa.

P. S. LAMPMAN, Capt., Mess Sec'y 5th Regt. C. A.

ery form

George Thompson, a leading nt of Blenheim, Ont., states:— troubled with fiching piles for years, and at times they were could scarcely walk. I tried many remedies, but never nything like Dr. Chase's Oint-

as. Jackson of the Laurie Speol I was troubled for two years cruel disease, bleeding piles, using Dr. Chase's Ointment. I am entirely rid of it. sure to all suffering from

D. Thornton, blacksmith, N.W.T. states :- "For fifteen unfered untold agony from ling piles, and have been unnent with well-known phy-I had 16 tumors removed, but no positive cure. I have suf-e than I can tell, but can now thanks to Dr. Chase's Oint-am positively cured, and by a half boxes. 60c a box.

Chase's Ointment.

e masted schooner Evadne,

CHSKILL BEAUTY'S EYES

A LOVER'S FASCINATION.

Delightful, Dashing, Daring.

Continued from last issue.

best: but I think pale pink satin and diamonds out of place at a family dinner. It is not as though there was a party. I lived with one of the most | fashionable society ladies of Lexington Avenue before I came here, and she never was in full dress on such occasions."

Usually Florabel profited by Greg ory's hints; but now she said, hurriedly:

"My husband wishes it; and he knows what is right."

So the beautiful shoulders and slim, white neck were bared. The slender, girlish figure was

robed in the elegant pink satin dress. A suit of magnificent diamonds completed a toilet admirably suited for a state ball or a grand fete, but quite out of place for a small family din-

Florabel was in blissful ignorance. She looked at herself in the large mirror, smiling at the lovely reflection with all a girl's pride in her own fair beauty. "Max will be sure to be pleased with me, she murmured. "Miss Clavering will look no better, I am quite sure."

On entering the dining room, the poer child was greatly shocked at the contrast she presented to her mother-

in-law and Inez, who were already seated at the table, the expected guest having failed to put in an appearance. Was it only her fancy, or did she hear a suppressed titter among the servants as she took her place at the

There was amazement depicted upon old Mrs. Forrester's face; intense

amusement on Inez Clavering's. Florabel flushed a deep, burning red. It suddenly flashed across her that she had made a terrible mistake in choosing the pink satin dress.

For a moment there was an awkward pause. Mrs. Forrester was looking at the gorgeous toilet with a black frown

"You are evidently expecting visitors," she said, coldly. "I am afraid you will be disappointed. We dine

A moment later the door opened' and Max came in. Florabel raised her eyes, and read the same startled wonder on his face when he saw her, that his mother and Inez had exhibited. She grew awkward and confused and nervous. Then the luncheon be-

Max noticed her pitiful confusion, and did his best, by kindly words and smiles, to put her at ease; but she knew, poor child, he was comparing her to Inez Clavering, who had, after her ride, donned a cool, plain muslin dress with a simple rose at her belt. His mother was dressed, as usual, in a robe of rich dark silk, severely plain.

No wonder, when he saw Inez Clavering's sharp, black eyes scrutinizing Florabel, he felt his face flush with annoyance, and he half wished Florabel understood better the manners. habits and customs of the class of people with whom, for the future, she had to live.

the luncheon was to his young wife: From the depths of his heart he thanked Heaven that the family was

"If any of my friends had been here, I should have been disgraced. My wife would have been the laugh and the talk of every club in town.'

"You made a little mistake, my darling, about wearing satin and diamonds to-day, did you not?" Max

asked, when they were alone. His young wife looked up at him with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Max, I was so ashamed and so distressed," she cried. "What must they have thought of me; but you told me a recherche toilet, and thought you-you would think I looked best dressed as I was."

"Recherche does not always mean full dress, nor yet fine," he replied. "It means what Miss Clavering's dress was-distinguished, graceful, and so contrived to look beautiful without attracting attention."

"When shall I ever learn to be a fine lady?" she cried out in despair. "I am so unhappy here. You must take me away. You must, Max, indeed."

"Nonsense. You ought to be contented here, darling," he declared, briskly. "There is so much enjoyment to be found here. Now, if you were more like Inez-" Like a flash Florabel had wheeled

around and fled precipitately from the room.

puzzled wonder.
"What a beautiful, willful little fury my Florabel is developing into,"

he told himself with a smile. "If she has really set her heart up- Instead, she saw a black, yawning on going away, of course, go it is," abyss, upon whose very brink she he mused. I shall not be able to get my business into shape much before a fortnight, though, to take her. I wonder what is coming over Florabel of late. I am beginning to believe about the easter windows ere Inez Clavering came hurriedly into Florabel's boudoir.

In her dressing room beyond, Florabel was pacing the door with quick, nervous tread, her little hands pressed

tightly over her heart. "I can see how it will end," she muttered, piteously. "He is tiring of me. She will win my love from me. Then I shall die."

CHAPTER VIII.

With a pertinacity truly wonderful -if it had not been so pitiful-Inez Clavering, the spoiled beauty, persisted steadily in her purpose of outshining the timid little bride who had won handsome Max Forrester, heir to the Forrester millions.

Out of pure revenge upon Florabel, she made herself most attractive to him, and exercised all her powers of fascination when in his company. She directed against him the whole artillery of her charms, yet so adroitly he never once realized it.

Although never very strong at resisting the advances of a beautiful flirt, handsome Max never dreamed of a flirtation with brilliant, piquant Inez Clavering, his mother's guest.

He met her smiles with smiles, repartee with repartee. In justice to him it must be said, he behaved in the same manner to her when Florabel was present as when she was absent.

He was rather amused that this beautiful, dark-eyed girl seemed to prefer his society to that of the marriageable young fellows who sought her so eagerly; it pleased his vanity, and there is nothing in this world more fatal than raising a man's vanity. In his heart, he cared nothing for her. He thought her brillian and amusing; he admired her wit and accomplishments, but he was not the

least in love with her. All the love in his heart was his darling Florabel's; at the same time, if a pretty girl admired him, could he be so ungallant as to treat her coldly because of that preference? Certainly not.

Almost insensibly he drifted into a sort of half sentimental kind of flirtation, and Florabel, watching them. uttered no word-her pride kept her from that,-but there was danger in her brooding.

Had the poor little child-bride known how it was to end, she would | have drawn back in horror from the abyss toward which she was drifting. In the days that flew swift winged past them, Florabel found her power of self command rapidly waning.

How she watched them when they were together; and when she saw her handsome young husband linger by the beauty's side, her heart would beat so fiercely she nearly went mad

with the pain of it. "I must not think of her," Florabel cried out to herself, one day; but her own heart answered: "Would to Heaven I could not! Her face, with its false, alluring, fatal beauty and winning smile, is before me night and day. Not think of her! Heaven help He could see what a trying ordeal me! I believe when I am dead my

heart will burn with hatred of her." Picking up the morning paper she read one day of a young wife seeking the divorce court, to separate her from her husband. It was an old story--a beautiful woman had come between them, a happy home was broken up, a wife's heart broken;

she had left him. "I could not leave Max," she muttered, with a dry, hard sob. "My curse is, that I love him so well] could not live without him."

Day by day the iron of jealousy entered deeper and deeper into the soul of the poor little bride, and one or two events happened which fanned it | ing of intrigue a out them. into a fatal flame.

There had been a grand wedding in the neighborhood, and, as is quite customary in some places, each lady present received a portion of the bride cake as a souvenir of the happy event.

"What a pity it is, Florabel, that your days of romance are over," said Inez, with a little, low laugh, as they parted for the night. "I intend to dream over mine," she added, "and if there is any truth in that quaint old superstitious belief, I shall behold in that mystic land of dreams my hero, my future husband. I will tell you in the morning whose face I see, providing I am not destined to be an old maid and see no one at all." "Why shouldn't I dream over mine,

too?" thought Florabel. "At eighteen the romance and love of one's life Max Forrester looked after her in | should be just beginning-not ended." That night the curly golden head rested above the mystical souvenir, but Florabel did not see the face she had expected to see in her dreams.

"Oh! I never was so provoked in all my life!" she burst out, breath- [lessly, with girl-like abandon. "I shall never believe in signs again! I

dreamed of some one, certainly. You never could guess who it was, so I might as well tell you, and you will enjoy the joke with me. It was no less a personage than Mr. Max Forrester.'

DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF

For a single instant a deathlike silence ensued. Florabel regained her composure by a great effort. She never remembered what reply she made to Inez.

"Wasn't it provoking to think I only saw Mr. Forrester?" laughed Inez. "I shall never believe in peeping into the veiled mysteries

She glanced up quickly at Florabel, but the beautiful young face had been hurriedly turned toward the window. Florabel was white with terror. Every word Miss Clavering had uttered had struck into her heart like a dagger's are showing. From the Pictu: e

She was bitterly jealous before of this beautiful, brilliant Southern girl; now terror was mixed with the burning jealousy.

"Aren't we going out for a drive?" asked Florabel, faintly, anxious to change the unpleasant conversation. Miss Clavering vawned.

"I'm not half awake so early in the morning. If you will excuse me and go by yourself I shall be delighted. I feel wonderfully inclined to take my ease today, so don't be surprised to find me still in my dressing gown and slippers upon your return."

"I think I shall be obliged to go by myself, then," said Florabel; "for when Max went down town this morning he remarked that be would

not return before noon." A little later Florabel was bowling along the avenue to the park. The sun shone upon her the blue sky, the green trees waved above her; school children gazed admiringly at the pretty, golden-haired young lady in the natty phaeton, as she passed them by; but Florabel never saw them. Her heart was full of but one thought:

"Will Heaven take my leve from me and give him to her?" Her morning drive wearied her, and she determined to return home again at once, even though she had

been out but half an hour. doir, and have time to thin's and remove the traces of the tears that had

would not intrude upon her there, beher drive for several hours, and Max had said he would not be home before

As she ascended the broad stone steps she was surprised to hear Miss Clavering's voice singing, in the direction of the parlor. "She must have changd her mind pretty quickly about changing her

morning dress and coming down to the parlor," thought Florabel with a Suddenly the sound of Miss Clavering's rich, musical laughter floated

out to her, mingled with a rich, masculine voice she knew but too well. Florabel stood quite still in the marble vestibule, her hands pressed

tightly over her heart, her face white as death, and listened. It flashed over her distorted mind how Max had urged her to go and take a ride, declaring she was growing pale. Was this a pre-concerted plan between him and Miss Clavering to get her out of the way? The pain of death, passing from this world to eternity, could never be bitterer than

the torturing pain that burned the poor child bride's heart as she stood She opened the door with her latch key, and silently closed it. Many a woman would have crept up to the door and listened to what they were saying. Not so Florabel. She would

have shrunk in horror from the bare She hurried down the corridor and up to her own room, throwing herself face downward upon the lilies of the velvet carpet, crying out she knew how it would end. Miss Clavering was winning him from her!

Alas! that so many innocent occurences in this life have all the color-

To be Continued.

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Croup is the terror of every mother and the cause of frequent deaths among small children. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine brings prompt relief to the loud, ringing cough, makes breathing easy and prevents suffocation. It is mothers' favorite remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough and

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Ont., says: - "Havin: tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing cough and croup. My little girl has been subject to the croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Tur
Dr. Chase's Syrup of L pentine. I cannot speak too highly of

25 cents a bottle, all dealers, or Ednanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Hot meals served from 7 a.m. till 10 p.a. Lunches served any time of day at moderate prices. Choice Fruits. choice Confectionery, Fine Imported and Domestie ligars, Vigareites and Tobacco Our supply of Cigars for Xmas trade is something fine, put up in boxes, plush lined, with 10, 25 and 50 Cigare in each. Buy a box of these

smokers and be happy.

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Plenty of money for the right security, town or country. Apply to W. P. KING,

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> I. C. R. TIME TABLE. (For Truro.)

In Effect Monday, Nov. 26, 1900. (Daily, except Sunday.)

ARRIVALS.

From Halifax. Local time 75 Accommodation 2.50 a. m 25 Excpress, C. P. R. ... 9.50 a. m 85 Express, C. B. Flyer 3.10 p. m 33 Express, Maritime ... 4.35 p. 1 17 Accommodation 5.10 p. r

From North. 16 Freight, daily 9.45 a. m 34 Express, Montreal ... 3.00 p. m 2 Express, St. John ... 5.35 p. n

18 Accommodation 9.40 a. n

Express

86 Express C. B. Flyer 7.40 p.

DEPARTURES.

For Halifax. 14 Express, Local 6.10 a. 1 58 Freight 7.30 a. n Ladies Purses and Card Cases of 18 Accommodation 10.50 a. n Express, Mulgrave 4.50 p. n 2 Express, St. John 5.50 p. R 86 Express C. B. Flyer 7.50 p. n 26 Express, C. P. R. ... 8.80 p. n

23 Freight .. 25 Express, C. P. R. ... 10.00 a. 1 Express, St. John 11.05 a. 1 33 Express, Montreal 4.45 p. n 15 Freight 6.85 p. m

For Pictou and Mulgrave. Photo Frames in Celluloid, Solid 19 Express 10.45 a. o 55 Freight 7.00 a. n Express for Pictou and

New Glasgow 8.35 p. n

TRURO POST OFFICE Office hours 7.30 a.m. to 9.30 p. n (local time). Money Order Offic Hours 8 a .m. to 6 p. m. Mall are made up as follows:

For Amherst, St. John, Upper Previnces and U. S. A., 9.40 a. m. an 4.30 p. m. For St. John and Way Station

10.50 a. m. For Halifax (Accommodation) 10.2 For Halifax (C. P. R.) 8.15 p. m.

For Halifax and Shubenacadie, 2. For Halifax, Way Stations, a Western Counties, 5.45 a. m. 5.25 p. m.

For Pictou and Eastward, 10.25 a. For Pictou and New Glangow and Chort Line, 8.15 p. m.

For Old Barns, 11.20 a. m. For Onslow (Daily) 11 a. m. For Camden and Marmeny, Mor and Thursday 11.80 a. m. For Spper Brookside, Museday

Friday, 11 a. m.

For North River and Earlings, M. day, Wednesday and Friday, 11 a. English Mail, via Rimouski, Frida 4.30 p. m. English Mail via New York, Monda

and Thursday, 9.40 a. m. Box at Victoria Square opened 9.3 a. m., 10,20 a. m. and 4.20 p. m. Box at Corner of Prince and Churc Streets 9.30 a. m., 10.15 a. m. a. 4.15 p. m.

TRORD FIRE ALARM.

Box No. 13-Corner of King Box No. 15-At Electric Light S

tion, King street. Box No. 24-On flag staff at Po Office, Prince street. Box No. 25-At Kent's coal shed

Arthur street. Box No. 26-On pole at corner Pleasant and Arthur streets. Box No. 32-North side or Buck

Boyd's store, corner of Prince Inglia streets. Box No. 33-South side of Passen Station, near centre of building,

Railway Esplanade. Box No. 34-At Pumping Station Walker street. Box No. 35-On Felegraph Po

near the corner of Prince and Lym Box No. 38-Corner of Alice

On the discovery of a fire, first duty of every citizen is run to the nearest Iron Fire Ala Box, break the glass in the small wooden glass front box, beside alarm box, and get the key of a box, and give the alarm by po the hook, with a strong qu the bottom of the slot, them

The number of strokes the bo