If You Want Up-to-date
STATIONERY
at right prices, call
t. Pleasant Drug Store
M. A. W. Co.
ritt Block, Mount Pleasant.
A Snap in Toilet Soap.

Mt. Pleasant Advocate

$1 per year, Six Months 50c, Three Months 25c, Single Copy 5c.

Devoted to the interests of Mt. Pleasant, Central Park, South Vancouver.

GO TO LEONARD'S
COFFEE PALACES
The Arcade or Granville Street
For Light Lunch
Baked Apples—like home—with Pure Cream.
Genuine Boston Baked Beans
Open from 7:30 a. m., to 12 p. m.
Sunday from 9 a. m. to 12 p. m.

Legislative Assembly
OCT 31 1904
VICTORIA, B. C.

Established April 8, 1899; Whole Number 223. [229] MOUNT PLEASANT, VANCOUVER, B. C., SATURDAY Oct., 29, 1904. Sixth Year, Vol. 6, No. 23. [29]

Subscribers are requested to rt any carelessness in the delivery "The Advocate."

Changes for advertisements should be before Thursday noon to insure their lication.

Local Items.

The McCnaig Auction and Commis- Co., Ltd., next to Carneige Library, stings street, buy Furniture for Cash, nduct Auction Sales and handle krupt Stocks of every description. isfaction guaranteed. Phone 1070.

—:o:—

There are a few mild cases of scarlet er and diptheria in the 301 District.

—:o:—

Mrs. J. Martin of Ninth avenue, who been confined to her bed for two ek with an attack of acute indeges- n, is improving.

—:o:—

Follow the crowd and work for R. B. lis, the first name on the voting er. Let it come out on top.

—:o:—

Dr. T. Glenden Moody of the New rk Dental Parlors, accompanied by s. Moody, made a business trip to ctoria this week.

—:o:—

READ Stark's Glasgow House offer Mt. Pleasant Women! Do not miss —Monday morning early.

—:o:—

For the benefit of the travelling pub- , the B. C. Electric Railway Com- ny has placed signs on the street cars ting their destination and the route ken.

—:o:—

The Japanese Consul, Hon. Mr. orikawa and Mrs. Morikawa have ued invitations for an "At Home" for dnesday November 2d, in honor of Emperor of Japan's birthday.

—:o:—

Mrs. W. W. Merkley has received ew shapes in all the latest styles in ats, Toques, Tricorn, Directoire and icture Hats, just opened yesterday. ll and select one before they are pick- over.

—:o:—

The funeral of Percy Alexander ugh, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas ompkins of Thirteenth, 254 Thirteenth enue, took place Tuesday morning. any sympathizing friends sent flora okens. Rev. A. W. McLeod officiated. he funeral arrangements were in harge of Armstrong & Edwards.

—:o:—

Amalgamation Sale.—We have cut f one-third of the price on all footwear. ouths' Hand-made Shoe $1.45; Youths' Shoes (broken sizes) $1.00; Men's Shoes, egular $5, now only $3.50; Men's, regu- ar $3 to $4 Shoe, now only $2 50. R. Mills, 18 Cordova street and 540 Granville street.

—:o:—

Mr. and Mrs. Martin have sold their home on Twelfth avenue and rented Mr. J. J. Gavin's cottage corner Twelfth and Quebec, for the winter. Mr. Martin will build on his lots on Westminster avenue in the spring

—:o:—

Read the advisement of Stark's Glasgow House in today's "Advocate." Special bargains are offered Mt. Pleasant buyers.

—:o:—

Mr. Chas, Netherby will open up a drug store in one of the new stores just built by Mr. McCutcheon on Westminster avenue, near Ninth. Mr. Netherby was Manager for Mr. J.W. Morrow's Mt. Pleasant Drug Store for a while and is well-known to Mt. Pleasant citizens. The new drug store will be up-to-date in stock and fixtures, and particular attention will be given to filling prescriptions carefully and promptly. The new store will open for business the latter part of next week

—:o:—

By telling merchants they saw their advertisements in THE ADVOCATE our readers will confer a favor and help the paper greatly.

—:o:—

The Evangelist Meetings conducted by Rev. E. H. Shanks and wife in the Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church have been well attended this week and have awakened much interest. The meetings will be continued for another week. Sunday services will be held as follows: 10 a. m., a meeting for prayer and consecration; at 11 a. m., Rev. Mr. Shanks will preach on "The Law of Christ"; 3:30 p. m, a Young People's Rally at which Mr. Shanks will give an address on "Chains"; 7:30 preaching by Mr. Shanks, solo by Mrs. Shanks and special music by the Choir.

—:o:—

The opening Social took place in the new Seacome Road Sunday School Hall, South Vancouver, on Thursday evening. A short program was given of music and addresses. Mrs. Vermilyea sang several solos which were highly appreciated, and address were given by Rev. J. F. Betts, District Chairman; Rev. Dr. Robson, W. J. Andrews, H. Harris, G. Beaver and J. Frost. Refreshments of excellent quality were served A collection was taken for purchasing an organ. During the winter Social evenings will be a monthly occurrence. Rev. Dr. Robson will preach in the new Hall on Sunday evening at 7:30.

NEW YORK DENTISTS.

OUR REPUTATION AS PAINLESS DENTISTS is shown by the DAILY INCREASE IN OUR PRACTICE. We have gained a world-wide reputation with our latest discovery which, when applied to the gums, teeth can be extracted absolutely painless. Our patients are so pleased with the results that they not only tell their friends, but personally bring them to our parlors that they may receive the same treatment. In this way, together with the highest-class dentistry done by our specialists, our practice has gradually increased until we are again forced to enlarge our parlors.

By the use of our DOUBLE ADHESIVE SUCTION CHAMBER we are able to fit the most difficult casts. WHERE OTHER DENTISTS FAIL WE MEET WITH SUCCESS. If your teeth drop when you try to eat with them, or if you are afraid of them striking the pavement when you sneeze, there is something wrong; they do not fit. Our Double Adhesive Suction Chamber overcome this difficulty and is OUR OWN INVENTION AND CAN NOT BE USED BY OTHERS.

Gold Crown, Gold Filling, Bridge Work and all other Dental Work done, painless, and by specialists and guaranteed for 10 years.

147 Hastings St., E. Vancouver, B. C.
Opposite the Carnegie Library. Telephone 1566.
Office Hours: 8 a. m., to 9 p. m.; Sundays 9 a. m., to 2 p. m.

Vote for Ellis, the Conservate Candidate without a Boss.

—:o:—

Mrs. Fairbairn returned Monday from a three months visit in New Brunswick.

—:o:—

Sixteen new members were initiated at the regular meeting of the C. O.C F., on Thursday evening.

—:o:—

Any one having friends or knowing of strangers visiting on Mt. Pleasant will confer a great favor by informing "The Advocate." Telephone B1405.

Just arrived at Mrs. Merkley's new shapes and trimmings in Millinery.

—:o:—

Mr. Becker is building a new house on the Brown road in the 301 District, near Mr. Hamilton's.

—:o:—

Miss Irvine entertained a number of her young lady frienbs on Saturday afternoon last from 4 to 7. Music was one of the pleasures of the occasion.

—:o:—

The City Grocery delivers groceries every day on Mt. Pleasant; 'phone 286

Trade Persuaders
For This Week

Halibut		Prunes
Finnan Haddie	Dry Salt Cod	Sweet Spuds
Smoked Salmon	Kippers	Crab Apples

Another shipment of first-class Apples

Our prices are always the lowest. Qualities the BEST.

J. P. Nightingale & CO.
Westminster & Seventh Aves. Mt. Pleasant. Tel. 1360

Special rates are to be given Settlers along the route of the South Vancouver tram line by the B. C. Electric Company, beginning November 1st. See advertisement in this paper. The special rates are for Settlers, and will entitle the holder to a continuous ride from any point on the Cemetery Line to any point on the Vancouver Railway System; transfers made at Westminster and Sixteenth avenues. Ten rides, good at any time, to be used by Settler or his household, 60c; fifty rides, good at any time, but to be used during month of issue only by party in whose name issued, $2.50.

—:o:—

FOR RENT: a six-roomed house, 286 Ninth avenue, between Westminster ave. and Westminster road. Apply to J. Mason, Real Estate Agent.

—:o:—

Four large potatoes weighing seven pounds were presented to "The Advocate," on Saturday last. They were grown on Mr. S Garvin's place in the 301 District, South Vancouver, and were from a crop planted last May and were not specially selected. That the soil is exceeingly productive is manifested by vegetables and fruits from South Vancouver District.

—:o:—

Mr. R. Mills, the well-known Shoe Dealer, has closed out his Granville street branch, the stock being moved to the Cordova street store, where one of the largest and best assorted display of goods in this line in Vancouver can be found.

—:o:—

If you know any items of Mt. Pleasant news—Social, Personal or any other news items—send them in to "The Advocate," or by telephone—B1405.

—:o:—

Mrs. Duncan and family have moved from Fifteenth avenue to Eighth avenue into her son's—Mr. Henry Duncan—residence, next to Capt. Moran's home.

—:o:—

The Mt. Pleasant "Advocate" on sale at all the Newsdealers in the city.

—:o:—

THE ALEXANDRA
ELECTROLYSIS PARLOR of Hairdressing, Manicuring, Facial Massage and Scalp Treatment for Ladies and Gentlemen. Superfluous hair, warts and moles removed by Electrolysis.
Valuable information given to every lady patron on "How to take care of yourself."
Skin Food for building up the wasting tissue. Orange Flower Cream to prevent and heal sunburn.
MADAME HUMPHREYS, 589 Granville street.

King's Market
2321 Westminster Ave.
Mt. Pleasant.
E. H. Peace, Proprietor.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Meats of All Kinds. Tel. A1206
Vegetables and Poultry in season.
Prompt Delivery.

There was a large attendance of young people at the "Handicap" Social on Monday evening at the Methodist Parsonage, Eleventh avenue. It was under the auspices of the Epworth League Social Committee and the head of the Social department, Miss G Glover, deserves much credit for the splendid program and the pleasant novelties introduced. The "handicap" feature proved amusing; the moment one used the right hand it was tied up by one of the Committee. The program was varied and entertaining, the following taking part: Miss Ethel Sim, instrumental selection; Misses F. and G. Harford, duet; Mrs. Chas. Keeler, recitation; Miss Olive Armstrong and Miss Ethel Flewelling, duet; Miss Minnie Verge, song; Miss Collins, recitation; Miss Swift, song; Miss Stewart, recitation; Mr. Joe Mathers, recitation. Rev. A. E. Hetherington gave an address of welcome. He wanted the young people to feel free to visit the parsonage and assured them they would be welcome; he intended to arrange to be at home one evening a week specially for callers. Refreshments were served, and about 11 o'clock all went home well pleased with the evening's enjoyment.

—:o:—

HALF PRICES prevail in our two stores on many lines, and even the newest goods just received are offered at cost price. We must have room in one store to do our business in future. Early callers have the pickings.
R. MILLS, 18 Cordova street and 540 Granville street

HEATERS
The season has arrived when you will be asking yourself: "Where shall I go to find the BEST Heaters for the least money."
Ask your friends and they will tell you FLETT, Mt. Pleasant, has the best you will find in the city.
OUR PRICES are always right.
J. A. FLETT,
Mt. PLEASANT HARDWARE STORE. Tel. 447.
W. R. OWENS, Manager.

Good Dairy Butter
20c per pound.
Creamery Butter
1-lb. prints 25c.
H. O. Lee, 2425 Westminster Ave. 'Phone 322

EXTRA SPECIAL IN DRESS GOODS and FURS
LADIES' CLOTH, extra fine finish, 54-in. wide; regular $1.50, special for $1.25 a yard. NUN'S VEILINGS, special 30c a yard. WHITE LUSTEE, extra fine finish; regular 65c, special for 50c a yard
FURS.—Red Fox, large size, special for $15: Muskrat Ruffs, collar shape, length 82 inches, special $8; Sable Ruff, collar shape, six tails, 80 inches, special $15; Sable Ruff, extra fine quality, collar shape, four tails, 54 inches, special $18; Sable Ruff, 44 inches, 6 tails, special for $8; Sable Ruffs, collar shape8 tails, special for $10.50: Oppossum Ruff, 72 inches, 2 large tails, special for $3.25. Also a large assortment of Ladies' Fur Collarettes and Children's Furs in sets and single Ruffs and Muffs.
A. ROSS & CO., 30, 32 and 34 Cordova St. Telephone 574.

MOUNT PLEASANT Central Meat Market
Cor. Ninth Ave., & Westminster Rd. Telephone 984.
Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in all kinds of FRESH and SALT MEATS. Fresh Vegetables always on hand. Orders solicited from all parts of Mount Pleasant and Fairview. Prompt Delivery.
Woodrow & Williams. Frank Trimble, MANAGER.

"MEET ME IN THE RED ROOM."
Mt. PLEASANT WOMEN
Will Profit by These.
These Bargains for MONDAY are for Mt. Pleasant folk ONLY, and the goods at the prices wont last long—probably all will be gone before night-fall. So you had better come early.
The Biggest Bargains We Have Offered for a Long Time.

$1.25 Dress Goods 65c.
56 inches wide, Flaked Tweed Suitings—the season's most stylish material for tailored costumes, skirts, etc. Regular price $1.25, MONDAY only 65c.

65c Silks 40c. 21 inches Tamoline Silks, dainty, stylish and serviceable. Regular price 62c, MONDAY only 40c.

25c Linen Towels 12½c. Pure Linen Towels, half-bleached, size 17x31 inches. Regular price 25c, MONDAY only 12½c.

Roller Towelling Half Price.
Pure Linen Scotch Crash Roller Towelling, 16 inches wide. Regular 15c, MONDAY only 8c.
Pure Linen Roller Towelling, red border, 16 inches wide. Regular 8c, MONDAY only 5c.

Stark's Glasgow House New Store, 170 Cordova St. Corner of Cambie Street

Full Line of Fancy and Staple
GROCERIES
Prices to compare with any.
J. P. HALDON
Cor. Westminster ave., & Dufferin St.

Mount Pleasant Fish Market
2311 Westminster ave. cor. Seventh ave.
ALL KINDS OF Fresh, Smoked, Salt and Canned Fish for sale. Poultry and Eggs bought and sold. Game in season. ORDERS left at the shop Promptly attended to. DAST & LAWRENCE, Props.

Lawn Grass Seeds
Clover and Timothy Seeds,
Pratt's Poultry and Animal Foods,
Pratt's Lice Killer,
Holly Chick Food, Beefscraps, Etc.
FLOUR and FEED.
S. KEITH Corner NINTH avenue & WESTMINSTER ROAD.
Telephone 1637.

JUMPING Ahead
of all our past recoods means we are being recognized more and more every day as the leading Clothiers and Tailors.
Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats and Trousers.
Doing the largest business means doing it right, in fact there isn't a store anywhere better able to supply your needs without charging too much. Of course you want a fine assortment to choose from and this we give you, coupled with style and novelty, We never had so much worth your seeing. Money back if dissatisfied.
FIT-REFORM.
THOS. FOSTER.
333 Hastings St. Vancouver, B C.
Mail Orders promptly attended to. Self-measurement Blanks and Samples sent on application.

FANCY
CHOCOLATES
Bought at a Snap. Sold at a Snap.
Regular 40c, NOW 25c per pound.
The City Grocery Co.
Tel. 286. Westminster Ave. & Princess Street.

THE BEER With Out a Peer.
Cascade
Brewed right here in Vancouver by men of years and years and years experience, and a brewery whose plant is the most perfect known to the Art of Brewing. Is it any wonder that it has taken a place in the hearts of the people which no other beer can supplant? Doz., quarts $2. Doz., pints $1.
Vancouver Breweries, Ltd.
Vancouver, B. C. Tel. 429
For Sale at all first-class Saloons, Liquor Stores and Hotels or delivered to your house.

Furs
A splendid collection of small Furs in almost every fur you can think of. In the proper styles. We have sold already a great quantity, which means our prices must be right.
Millinery
We have on sale a beautiful display of ladies trimmed hats. We have made a choice lot at the very small price of $5.00. A good variety to choose from at $5 Plenty to supply the demand for this week at the special price of $5.
DID IT EVER occar to you to have a dressmaker manufacture your dresses who understands her business and can give you satisfactory fit and finish without any trouble whatever to yourself, even if it costs a trifle more, is a great saving to your health as well as of your money. Well if that part is clear in your mind, let us advise you that we have just the dressmaker you are looking for.
THE OLD KENNEDY STAND
303 Hastings street.

McTaggart & Moscrop
DEALERS IN
HARDWARE
RANGES, STOVES and GRANITEWARE.
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
344 Carrall St., Vancouver, B.C.
Templeton Block.

FREE
FOR
Royal Crown Soap Wrappers
Return 12 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers and we will send free your choice of 30 pictures. Or for 25 wrappers choice of 150 books. Books and picture lists on application.
The Royal Soap Co., Limited,
VANCOUVER, B.C.
—AT—
Norton's Grocery
PRICES ARE RIGHT. COME and inspect our Stock of FRUIT, VEGETABLES & GROCERIES.
Westminster Rd., and Walter St. (301).

Diamonds
We carry the largest stock of those beautiful stones in the province and can therefore offer you a larger variety to select from and a better value than you can get anywhere else.
We can and will give you honest expert advice in all and every transaction you have with us.
We are satisfied with a fair profit, so that our prices are always reasonable.
Trorey
THE JEWELER.
Corner Hastings and Granville Sts.
Official Watch Inspector C. P. R.

Mr. Noble of Tenth avenue, is building a cottage on Eleventh avenue, between Quebec street and Westminster avenue.

—:o:—

Mrs. Dalzell and little daughters returned Tuesday from a short visit to Seatle

Advertize in the "Advocate."

The Crime of Hallow-E'en:

-OR-

THE HEIRESS OF GRAYSTONE HALL.

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Author of "A Broken Betrothal," "The Heiress of Cameron Hall," "Parted at the Altar," Etc.

The great clock in the valley struck the hour of midnight in hoarse, clanging strokes; as the last vibration died away, out of the very depths of the Black Pool —out of the inky waters—a face seemed to gather shape—a man's face peering up at her from over her shoulder in the water into which she gazed with wide, terror-stricken eyes.

It was not the features of her handsome lover, Le Roy Pierpont, whose bride she was to be on the following week, that she saw.

Like one petrified, she was staring down with frightened eyes into the face of Basil Severne, the man whom she had detested at first sight.

The man whom Le Roy had called an evil genius, a modern Bluebeard.

Bonnylin staggered back, threw up her hands with a wild shriek, and fell down in the long grass in a dead faint on the very brink of the Black Pool.

CHAPTER III.

When Bonnylin regained consciousness, she found herself supported against the trunk of a tree; some one was bending over her, laving her face with the water of the Black Pool.

"Well, Miss Dare,' said a harsh, cold voice, "I am glad yo see you yourself again. I thought you had more stamina in your nature than *to faint at the reflection of a* face looking over your shoulder"— this very grimly.

Bonnylin opened wide her great, blue, velvety eyes and stared up into the dark, grim, haughty face of Basil Severne.

"I did not know; I thought — I thought——" She stopped short in consternation and dismay.

"You thought I was a ghost, or a ghoul, or something of the sort," he said impatiently; "but I am neither the one nor the other, Miss Dare; my presence here is most easily explained. Cutting across lots home, I came across you quite by accident. I had something to say to you, something which I could not find time to tell you during the evening, as every moment of your time was so filled up; yet I had come to Graystone Hall to-night for the sole purpose of speaking with you on an important subject, and but for this opportune meeting, I should have gone home with the words unspoken. I must have approached you too hastily and frightened you, for you fell at my feet in a dead faint."

By this time Bonnylin was quite over her fright.

"What could you have of such great importance to say to me?" she inquired, with all a young girl's keen curiosity. "I will listen to what you have to say now, if you like; that is, if it will not take you too long to tell it."

"The sum and substance can be told in a few simple words," he said, leaning nonchalantly back against the trunk of a tree, and folding his arms deliberately as he gazed at her; "you must break your engagement with young Pierpont without delay, for you can never marry him."

"Sir!" cried Bonnylin, springing to her feet and staring at him with unfeigned astonishment that was deepening with each breath into the most intense anger; "you are either a fool or a madman—or perhaps intoxicated—that's the plain English of it. Step out of the path and let me pass; I won't listen to such nonsense. If Le Roy was here he would give you a sound thrashing, and throw you into the pool in the bargain."

"Sit down on that fallen log," said Basil Severne, frowning darkly; "you shall not pass until you hear what I have to say."

"I suppose you would use your strength to prevent me from going," cried Bonnylin, white to the lips with anger.

"I shall if necessary," he replied, calmly.

Bonnylin reflected a moment. Perhaps it would be best to pretend to comply with his request by reseating herself—that would throw him off his guard—and then she could spring to her feet and dash past him.

She sunk back on the mossy log, eyeing him contemptuously.

"Well, now! what reason can you offer as to why I shall not marry the gentleman I love?" she demanded.

"For the simple reason fate has a different husband in store for you," he replied, advancing a step nearer to her.

"Fate is very kind to meddle with my affairs," cried Bonnylin, ironically, cresting her golden head and curling her red lips scornfully, "but all the same, when it comes to marrying, I'll be likely to suit myself. Perhaps—as you know so much about the matter—you can tell me who the party is, to whom Mr. Pierpont's place should be given."

"Fate showed you his face reflected with your own in the Black Pool."

The idea was so ludicrous Bonnylin laughed aloud.

"What—not yourself?" cried the girl, fairly convulsed with laughter—even though her words were tinged with cutting sarcasm.

"Yes," he replied; "when you hear what I have to tell you — here and now—there will be no hesitation, I fancy; you will consent to be my bride within the hour."

"Did ever a man have such a wild, mad fancy?" cried Bonnylin, angrily. "Why, you might as well imagine the night would turn suddenly into day, that pool yonder into seething fire, and I from a sane person—well, into an idiot. The days are over when men can force young girls into marrying them."

"I said you will marry me of your own free will," replied Basil Severne, coolly. "There will be no coercion—no persuasion. After you have heard all I have to say you take fate into your own hands—you can answer me yes or no—you will see there is method in my madness, as you call it."

"There is nothing you could tell me—nothing under the high heavens that would influence me to give up my lover, and marry a man I hate—yes, you may as well know the exact truth—I hated you from the first moment I saw you. Why, I would as soon think of killing you as of marrying you—so there!"

"You would as soon think of killing me, would you?" he repeated hoarsely. "Then let me tell you you would not be the first Dare whose hand would be stained with human blood, and who was destined to face the gallows!"

Bonnylin sprung to her feet in the wildest terror.

"Surely she was in the presence of an escaped maniac," she told herself, and like a startled fawn she attempted to dash headlong past him; but he anticipated her movement, and reaching suddenly forward, grasped both of her fluttering, slender wrists.

"I must force you to listen to me, since it must be so," he said sternly, even haughtily.

And, standing there under the trees on that fatal Hallow-e'en, Bonnylin Dare listened to the strangest, most startling revelation that ever fell from mortal lips.

He had long since dropped her wrists, but the girl made no attempt to fly; she stood before him transfixed with horror, like an image carved in stone, scarcely breathing in her intense excitement and anxiety to catch every syllable he uttered.

"I have finished now, Miss Dare," he concluded, "and now I stand here waiting your decision. Remember, I wish it plainly understood I use no coercion; I do not attempt to force your inclinations in any way; I simply say, will you marry me—yes, or no?"

"For the love of Heaven give me time to think!" cried Bonnylin wildly and incoherently. "My brain is dazed—I am going mad, mad, mad!"

"Will an hour's time suit you?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Bonnylin, wildly. "Go, leave me; give me an hour to think; and remember, if you come back and find me dead, it is your words that have killed me."

"What if I had not told you—what then?" he demanded.

She shivered like a tender flower in a winter blast.

"It is best—that—I—know!" she answered, with a wild sob.

He glanced at his watch by the radiant white light of the moon.

"I will be back in one hour," he said; and turning, he left her, walking rapidly away.

As the echo of his footsteps died away on the dead leaves, poor Bonnylin flung herself face downward on the grass, uttering the wildest cries that ever welled up from a torn and bleeding heart.

"Oh, God, if I could but die!" she moaned, piteously. "Oh, Le Roy, my love, my darling—the other half of my very soul—the God whom I thought so just has parted you and me. Heaven teach me how to live without you. I cannot bear the thought—oh, I cannot bear it! How can the flowers bloom, the sun give light, and the world move on, and we, who love each other so well, walk in different paths? Oh, God, send me death and end it all, for if I live I must be this man's bride; he knows there is no need to coerce or persuade—God pity me—he knows I dare not refuse. You will curse me, darling; I shall shrink beneath the hot blast of your scorching words, uttering no retort. Each word will be a dagger thrust; the pity of it is that they will not kill me, and end it all."

The moments came and went, dragging their slow lengths by.

At last the hour was up.

Slowly, like the knell of death, Bonnylin heard Basil Severne's returning footsteps.

He did not see her at first, and stood motionless as he entered the glade.

"She is not here," he said grimly to himself.

Then he saw something golden a little further on, on which the moon was shining, and he knew she had not fled as he had at first expected.

Slowly she rose to her feet and confronted him, and for a moment they stood gazing steadily into each other's face.

"Your answer, Miss Dare," he said calmly. "May I hope it is yes?"

"You know it is yes!" cried the girl, stormily and recklessly. "I will marry you; but, remember, I will kill you sooner than be forced to live with you, and then kill myself."

He merely smiled at the awful threat, remarking it was like the fable of the pretty white kitten who attempted to slay the fierce lion, and met a cruel fate for its audacity.

"But come," he said, wrapping her in the thick cloak and veil she had thrown off, "my horse and carriage are close at hand. We have a long ride before us."

Without remonstrance, Bonnylin allowed him to lift her into the vehicle.

The terrible ride was over at last, and Basil Severne drew rein before a small stone chapel in the heart of a deep wood.

"This is the lady, reverend sir," Bonnylin heard Severne say, and she knew by that they had been expecting her.

The white-haired minister bowed gravely, and they took their places.

Five minutes more and the cruel fetters that bound Bonnylin Dare to Basil Severne were securely forged — the fatal words were uttered which made her his bride.

"Now, Mrs. Severne," said her husband, as he helped her again into the buggy and picked up the reins, smiling grimly to see how she shrunk in horror from the title, "I will tell you my plans for the future as we ride along.

"You shall go back to Graystone Hall to-night and pass the next three days there as usual, preparing in the interim for an extended tour abroad.

"You can keep our marriage a secret until I come for you, if that suits you best, or divulge it if you care to do so. This is Monday night. You may expect me at Graystone Hall Thursday morning."

No answer fell from the bride's rigid lips.

"Do you hear me, Bonnylin— Mrs. Severne?" he asked grimly.

Bonnylin bowed her beautiful golden head in silence. By this time they had reached the dark, covered bridge that spanned the deep, wide, rock-bedded river.

As Basil Severne guided his horse into the shadow of the dark portals, something tall and dark sprung from the bushes that skirted the roadside at that lonely spot—a tall figure wearing a long cloak, and whose face was covered by a black crape mask, and at that instant Severne's horse was hurled back on its haunches, and the command, "Halt!" was thundered out hoarsely.

In a trice Severne had grasped his whip and sprung from the vehicle, and the next instant a terrific encounter ensued, mingled with such frightful curses and imprecations that the terrified girl's blood ran cold in her veins. Soon it became apparent to her that they were struggling on the very brink of the bridge; one moment more and, locked in each other's embrace, they had crashed through the railing and went down together—down into the dark waters below.

For one awful moment Bonnylin fairly held her breath.

Great Heaven! neither rose again.

No doubt they had been caught, locked in each other's deadly embrace, between the jaws of the huge rocks in the river bed.

Even in the widening circles had died away now that had marked the spot where they went down.

Bonnylin clutched the reins with a wild, terrified cry; then they fell from her nerveless grasp.

Freed for the moment of all control, the fiery black horse darted forward, dashing headlong over the bridge, up the serpentine road, whirling and crashing down the valley, through bushes and brambles, swift as a lightning flash—too swift for the revolution of the wheels of the buggy it was dragging after it; too swift for the terrified girl who was clinging to the dashboard to utter a prayer.

A great sycamore tree stood at the cross-roads.

Bonnylin was conscious that it loomed up tall and dark between her and the moonlight.

The next instant there was a frightful collision, a crash, and a fearful blow on the head.

The black horse, freed from his burden, dashed madly on toward the mill pond, and went over the brink of it. The carriage, crushed into fragments, lay in the roadside, and a motionless figure, clad in blue tulle, lay apparently lifeless under the sycamore tree, her stark face and staring eyes turned up to the night sky.

CHAPTER IV.

At Graystone Hall the merriment went on long after Bonnylin had stolen away.

At length the guests noticed her protracted absence and began commenting upon it.

Half an hour ago Miss Rochester had called Le Roy Pierpont aside and disclosed to him the startling fact that Miss Dare was nowhere to be found. He had quitted the ballroom without attracting attention, and together they ransacked the old house from cellar to garret, the garden, park and orchard, but there was no trace of Bonnylin.

Mr. Pierpont had grown white to the lips.

He looked at Miss Rochester in keen alarm.

"Can you get me a lantern?" he asked hoarsely. "I am going down the road to search for her. When the hour comes for the breaking up of the party, make some excuse for Bonnylin's absence; your woman's wit will suggest what to say."

Silently the lantern was brought, and with a nameless foreboding at his heart, Le Roy Pierpont hurried away.

For long hours he searched, calling loudly on the name of Bonnylin; but only the wierd echoes among the trees answered him.

In the gray dawn of the early day he reached the cross-roads marked by the old sycamore tree, fully ten miles from Graystone Hall; and there, among the debris, he found her—that slender, rigid figure, still robed in the sky-blue tulle, and the dark cloak wrapped around her.

With a mighty cry and a bound he was at her side.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" he cried out sharply. "She is dead!"

But no; placing his hand frantically over her heart, he found that it still fluttered feebly.

God had spared her to him; she was not dead.

Lifting her in his strong arms as though she had been an infant, he bore her to a clear, rippling brook close by, and proceeded to lave her face and her little white hands.

After fully an hour's labor he was rewarded by seeing the lovely blue eyes flare open.

One glance into that beloved face, and she threw up her white hands with a piteous, heart-rending cry:

"Oh, Le Roy, Le Roy, it was a horrid dream, wasn't it?" she murmured, cowering close to him and clinging to him with a frantic grasp; then she sprung from his arms and looked at him with wide, frightened eyes, and face as pale as it would ever be in death.

In a flash memory had returned to her, and with the shock she went off into another dead faint more alarming than the first.

At that moment a farmer's wagon rolled leisurely up the road. Mr. Pierpont hailed the farmer, and a few words sufficed to explain the situation, and he willingly consented to go out of his way to convey Miss Dare back to Graystone Hall.

"Do not question her about this escapade when she comes to," continued Le Roy, as he placed her in Miss Rochester's arms. "No doubt she will tell us all about it in her own good time. She was evidently riding along that road, for I found her amidst the debris of broken carriage wheels."

Strange to say, Bonnylin had had a most miraculous escape from injury, the long, thick grass having deadened the fall. No bones were broken, the tender skin even was not bruised.

Yet for three days Miss Rochester forced her to keep her couch.

"You look as pale as a ghost child," she declared, wondering vaguely why the doctor's medicine did her no good. "This is Friday," she went on, "and you have forgotten, dear, next Monday is your wedding-day—this white face won't do at all."

A bitter cry that quite upset Miss Rochester's nerves fell from Bonnylin's lips.

"There will be no wedding," she moaned, turning her face to the wall. Had the girl gone stark mad?

Miss Rochester looked at her aghast.

Suddenly Bonnylin sprung to her feet with a startled cry.

"Friday," she whispered sharply; "did you say to-day was Friday?"

Miss Rochester nodded.

Bonnylin's features worked convulsively.

"He—my terrible foe—must have found death beyond all doubt in the dark waters," she muttered below her breath, "for he said he would come for me Thursday," and with the thought came another, his death made her free.

"My darling, what excites you so?" asked Miss Rochester, curiously, as she wrung her little white hands together and commenced to pace the floor hurriedly.

"Nothing," muttered Bonnylin, faintly.

"So much has happened since you have been ill, dear," Miss Rochester went on, hoping to divert her attention; "you remember Mr. Severne, the tall, dark gentleman who was at your Hallow-e'en party? Well, he, too, met with a serious accident that night—ay, I may say a fatal one. Two days later his dead body, terribly mutilated, was found in the bend of the river; he was identified by his linen handkerchief, which bore his name in full stamped upon it, which was found clutched tightly in his hand.

"But a truce to such sad subjects. I must speak to you of graver things," declared Miss Rochester, taking Bonnylin's white hands affectionately. "Now, tell me, dear, why you persist in refusing to see your lover from day to day? Poor Le Roy is almost heart-broken over it, he cannot understand you. Is your heart changed toward him?"

Bonnylin shook her curly golden head, uttering a sobbing:

"No."

"I wondered if it could be," smiled Miss Rochester, "for up to the time of the Hallow-e'en party you seemed so fond of him.

"He came over from the village twice a day to see you," she went on. "I haven't the heart to send the poor fellow away again to-day; you must see him, Bonny, darling. I cannot understand why you refuse."

Long after she had left Bonnylin, the girl sat at the window with tightly clasped hands and white face.

"Why not see him?" the still small voice in her heart whispered; "and why not let your contemplated marriage with him proceed? The horrible barrier that rose up between you for one short hour has been swept away by the hand of fate. Marry your lover and be happy. Unless you divulge that midnight sacrifice yourself, he will never know of it. How can you give him up? Think what life would be to you through the long years that lie in the future without him. Would it not be a living death?"

"It would be a thousand times more bitter than death!" sobbed Bonnylin. "Oh, no, no, no, come what may, I cannot live without you, Le Roy, darling; I cannot give you up! Let the marriage go on. I will carry the horrible secret down to the grave with me!"

And the marriage did go on; a week from that fatal Hallow-e'en night a dozen pretty bridesmaids were robing fair Bonnylin in her bridal dress.

* * * * * *

It was an intense surprise for Mrs. Pierpont when she received the intelligence of her handsome son's marriage.

She had never even been informed of his engagement, and now he had been married quite two months.

She fluttered down to the library, where she had left her lovely guest half an hour before, with the open letter in her hand.

Miss India Margrave, the dark-eyed beauty whom Mrs. Pierpont had set her heart on Le Roy marrying, and who was her guest for the holidays, was deeply engrossed over the pages of a letter to which she was just signing her name.

Ere she hurriedly seals and despatches it—for the obliging postman outside is waiting for it—we will take a peep at its contents:

"Dear Mamma," it commenced; then broke abruptly into the vital subject uppermost in the writer's mind.

"The holidays are over, and still Le Roy Pierpont does not put in an appearance; nor has his mother heard from him for over two months; and yet he knew I was coming here. Another girl would be disheartened by this lack of interest on his part, but not so your daughter India. I have vowed this handsome son, heir to the Pierpont millions should be mine, and I would wade through a sea of raging fire to gain the ultimatum. Nothing shall stand between us!

"I think I must have been mad, yes, mad, when I engaged myself to Richard Harcourt, the poverty-stricken lawyer of our village, a year ago; many a time I have regretted it. Yet I am afraid— yes, afraid— to break with him. I almost think he would have murder in his heart if I told him all was over forever between us. I wish he were well out of my way at any cost.

"I received a bitter letter from him yesterday, in which he said, 'I will never give you up, India; never—so help me God! I have heard you are going to Mrs. Lincoln's ball on the 20th of this month. I, the struggling village lawyer, could never hope for an entree into that fashionable society, but mark you, India, I shall find my way somehow into the conservatory. Meet me there at the stroke of ten, India. I shall be standing in the dense shadows of those tall magnolias at the left of the entrance near the fountain. Fail me if you dare! for then and there we shall have a final settlement. You must settle all this sickening doubt by taking me to your hostess, and introducing me as your affianced husband.' I would die sooner than do that," India wrote. "I repeat, I shall never be safe while that man lives!"

A moment after India had sealed, and handed the letter to the postman, Mrs. Pierpont fluttered into room still clutching the open missile.

"I have had such startling news, India," she said, sinking into a seat. "Le Roy is married! He has been wedded for over two months, and writes me he will be here with his bride by the time this letter reaches us."

India Margrave sits bolt upright in her chair, her face grows pale, and her hands clutch the ebony and gold table for support; the world seems to whirl around her, and the sunshine to grow dark.

(To be Continued.)

WESTERN CANADIAN EDITORS.

A series of articles describing their lives, their aims and their influence.

No. 2.

R. G. McCUISH

of the Morden Chronicle.

R. G. McCUISH,
Editor and Proprietor of the Morden Chronicle.

In many respects, the editor of the Morden Chronicle is typical and representative of the breadth of vigor of western Canadian journalism. He touches life at many and varying angles. In the range of his sympathies and interests, and in the variety of his activities, he is the human counterpart of the "wideflung, fenceless prairies," in which his youth and young manhood have been passed.

Mr. McCuish, like the great bulk of western Canadians, hails originally from Ontario, being born near Parkhill, in April, 1877. Of the older province, however, he has no early personal recollections, for his parents came west while he was yet an infant, settling near Morden. It was at the public school of this prosperous town that Mr. McCuish received his elementary education, going from thence to Manitoba College, Winnipeg. From the university to the country school teacher's desk is in Manitoba a natural—almost an inevitable—step, and Mr. McCuish was next to be seen as a rural schoolmaster near MacGregor. But, as with many another, he found that the material rewards held out to the teachers of youth were not such as to tempt him to remain in the profession. And, in any case, he had other ambitions. When a school boy in Morden he had been an almost daily visitor at the Chronicle office, and the smell of the news ink and the attractive variety of newspaper work had marked out for him his career. He came to Winnipeg, and secured a position on the reportorial staff of the Tribune. His natural liking for athletics made the sporting column his chosen sphere, and ere long he was placed in charge of that department. And, in the days of Mr. McCuish's control, the sporting columns of the Tribune, in raciness, in brightness, in impartiality and in reliability, would bear comparison with those of any newspaper anywhere. The fact that the Tribune's competitors were morning papers gave them considerable advantage, since most athletic events came off in the afternoon or evening, but this handicap Mr. McCuish managed to more than compensate for, by the manner in which he handled his news, and not infrequently he secured a number of important "beats" and "scoops" on his competitors. There was widespread and sincere regret among all sportsmen in Winnipeg when Mr. McCuish stepped up from his position on the Tribune to become the owner and editor of the paper in his old town. The wishes expressed for his success among those who knew him—and who didn't—were equally hearty and general.

This was September, 1901, when Mr. McCuish was but 24 years of age. The paper he had purchased was one that enjoyed a reputation as wide as Western Canada. It was one of the oldest papers in the West, having been founded in 1880, and it had had the good fortune to be controlled by a man of much force, breadth, ability and common sense—Mr. J. F. Galbraith, one of the pioneer publishers of the province. Among newspaper men in the West the Chronicle was regarded as perhaps the best printed and edited of all the papers printed outside the cities. Hence Mr. McCuish had no easy man to follow, for the newspaper standard in Morden was high. His success, therefore, is all the more striking, for it is indubitable that the Chronicle is to-day, in all respects, a stronger paper than when he assumed control. Its circulation is larger, its make-up is better, and and its advertising patronage is greater than three years ago, and its opinions command as much respect as ever. Mr. McCuish is a strong party man, a Liberal who is upright and downright in his views, and fearless in uttering and defending them. The Chronicle, in these respects, is a faithful reflection of its editor, being a vigorous and athlethic champion and exponent of Western Liberalism, and a centre of influence to the party it supports.

Newspaper men in the West have been quick to recognize Mr. McCuish's ability, and the W. C. P. A. last year elected him its first vice-president. In the local politics of his district he is a tower of strength. He is secretary of the Liberal associations for both the provincial and federal constituencies, and was the first president of the Morden Young Men's Liberal Association, for the founding of which he was chiefly responsible. He is a ready and convincing platform speaker, and has done yeoman service for the Liberal party in recent campaigns.

Though he has been a resident of Morden only three years, his fellow townsmen, at the last municipal election, returned Mr. McCuish as alderman by acclamation—a striking tribute to his known public spirit and personal popularity. His interest in all forms of athletics continues, despite increasing demands on his time. Mr. McCuish is secretary of the Morden Turf Club, the leading sporting institution in the town, and of football, lacrosse and other games he is a foremost supporter.

Mr. McCuish is unmarried—as yet. This, however, is understood to be a fault that time—a very short time—will cure. Recently reports have been circulated to the effect that in the middle of September the editor of the Chronicle will hie himself east, and that he will not return alone. Mr. McCuish has been at much pains to deny these rumors, but his very obvious efforts in this direction have only succeeded in giving them greater currency and more general belief. In default of an admission of his guilt by the defendant, we feel somewhat diffident about offering congratulations. Nevertheless, we do so, and with the utmost sincerity and heartiness, voicing in this regard, we feel assured, the feeling of Mr. McCuish's hosts of personal and professional friends. If Mr. McCuish still persists that these congratulations are misplaced, we trust that he will return them, but do not believe we will ever have to pay express charges on the returned parcel.

The only lawful claim to place a cockade on the hat of a servant arises out of the fact of his master being in His Majesty's service.

Teacher: "What part of speech is the word 'egg'?" Boy: "Noun, sir." "What is its gender?" "Can't say, sir, till it is batched." "Well, then, my lad, you can't tell me the case?" "Oh, yes, sir—the shell."

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all the virtues.

A fireproof chimney made entirely of paper has been erected in Breslau, Prussia. It is fifty feet in height.

One reason why the little Japanese soldier can march twenty-five miles a day with a burden of one hundred pounds is that his lung-power, and hence his whole physical system, is developed by habitual deep breathing.

Visitor: "Do you have any difficulty in getting servants?" Hostess: "None whatever. We've had ten different ones in the last month!"

THE SNIPE'S DRUMMING.

A Naturalist's Theory as to How the Sound Is Produced.

It is disputed whether the snipe's drumming—a curious noise, suggestive of a miniature thrashing machine—is made by the bird with its wings or by its tail or by both wings and tail. Some recent observations incline me strongly to believe that the tail plays, at any rate, the more important part. During the performance the bird flies at a great height round and round in a wide, sweeping circle. At intervals he makes a sudden and rapid descent, holding his wings partly flexed and his tail spread to its full extent. The outermost tail feather on either side points outward at a greater angle than those adjoining it, so that when the bird is watched through a good field glass daylight shows between it and the next, and, if I am right in my view, the drumming sound is due to the rush of air against this isolated feather. The snipe's tail feathers seem so puny that it is at first difficult to believe that they can produce so great a result. But if an outer one be taken—it is slightly scimiter shaped, with the outer web much reduced—and swung rapidly through the air the drumming noise may be distinctly heard, though it seems but a very faint echo of the loud, throbbing bleat that startles one when it suddenly descends from an ethereal height, and the small bird is descried, hardly more than a speck to the naked eye, circling round in wild career and now and then swooping headlong downward and thrilling the air with his weird music.—London Nature.

THE LITERARY DETECTIVE.

His Hunt Is One That Adds Spice to His Reading.

There is a certain type of literary man who seems content to take little part in the struggle of letters beyond keeping an eye on his contemporaries and pouncing down on them every now and then to accuse them of having given a meaning to such and such a word which that word should not possess. It is strange that the number of these literary detectives is not larger, for there are few more fascinating occupations than this. It lends a spice to one's reading. The dullest book becomes as readable as the most deftly written novel. Certain words have taken to themselves meanings in the course of time which they have no right to possess. "Phenomenon" is a very hardened offender. To use this word as meaning something "strange" instead of something "that appears and is visible" is to insure arrest at the hands of the detective. Lately the word "temper" has been exposed. Through long impunity it has come to imply bad temper, whereas, if it had its rights, it should mean just the reverse. We strongly advise every one who desires a never failing source of amusement to read the next novel he takes up with the eye of the detective. Starting with the easier words, like "phenomenon," the novice may go on from strength to strength until before long nothing can escape him. The exercise, moreover, is not only a pleasure, but a duty.—London Globe.

WEST AFRICAN CANNIBALS.

They Cultivate Their Fields, but Plow Fully Armed.

An interesting story is told by the commissioners who have been engaged for the last eighteen months in fixing the Anglo-German frontiers in west Africa between the town of Yola and Lake Tchad.

The region traversed is little known owing to the hostility of the tribes. The Fulani villages were found quite friendly, but beyond Lau, a large town on the Bernu, there lies a mountainous region inhabited by pagans who in many cases are cannibals.

They were found to be a most industrious people, who cultivated their fields with a good deal of method. In most cases, says Reuter, they were practically naked, but were always armed. Even when at work in the fields plowing they carried a full kit of spears, shields and poisoned arrows.

The arrows are much dreaded, for they are tipped with a deadly poison extracted from vegetables and from dead bodies. This is carried in small bottles, and when fresh it proves fatal in a few minutes.

These people are adepts at game stalking and disguise themselves as birds and animals in order to approach their prey.

They are smaller than the Fulani, being often quite dwarfish, and they live in flimsy grass huts perched in inaccessible nooks among the mountains.

At Kuka the sheik of British Bornu rode out to greet Colonel Jackson at the head of 300 horsemen and a large number of men on foot. He was accompanied by a band and dancing girls.

His people carried enormous spears, and some wore old armor, while the horses were caparisoned with housings like those of the crusaders.

The survey has proved that existing maps are to a large extent inaccurate and has placed the boundary farther to the east, thus enlarging the British sphere.—London Express.

New Kongo Route.

A meeting was recently held at the Sorbonne in Paris in honor of Captain L'Enfant, the African explorer, who has found a new road into the interior of that country which, it is claimed, will altogether supersede the present Kongo route. The aim of his mission was to find a means of communication between the Benone and the Logone and to see if it was possible for a barge leaving the mouth of the Niger to reach Lake Tchad by following a water route—that is, the Niger, Benone, Mayo-Kebi, Tonbori, Logone and Chari. Captain L'Enfant carried along with him a steel barge, taken over in sections, and successfully accomplished the journey. He says the route can easily be made navigable, shortening the time of the Kongo passage to sixty-five days and reducing the cost of carrying merchandise from $400 to $100 per ton. The link of communication between the Niger and Lake Tchad being thus discovered, a solution has been afforded of one of the greatest African problems.

To Weed Out Baronets.

A permanent tribunal for the investigation of all new claims to baronetcies and all existing doubtful ones has been suggested. The proposal comes

Spondulix.

As a slang name for money "spondulix" has its origin in the Greek word spondulos, a shell. Shells of a certain species were once used as money, both in Greece and Egypt.

Borax.

As used by physicians, borax not only softens but purifies water, heals ulcers and boils, relieves bruises, sprains and burns, allays inflammations and prickly heat, is useful in catarrh and acidity of the stomach and as an antiseptic in typhoid fever, cholera and smallpox.

Why Windmills Burned Down.

Of the production of fire by the friction of wood against wood windmills of the old construction gave on a large scale some disastrous examples. When the force of the wind increased the miller was obliged to bring each of the sails in succession to the ground in order to unclothe it, but when sudden squalls came on this was impracticable, and the mill in extreme cases ran away—that is, could not be stopped.

Everything was now done to increase the grip of the wooden brake round the great wheel on the driving shaft, and water was poured copiously over them, but in spite of all this flames would sometimes burst out from the intense friction and the mill be probably burned down as the result. The beautiful machinery of the modern windmill, by which the miller controls the action of the sails from the interior of the building, has reduced this danger to a minimum.—Notes and Queries.

King James II.

The following is an extract from the manuscript diary of King James II. of England, preserved in the Imperial library of Paris: "I did not retire from the battle on the Boyne from a sense of fear, but that I might preserve to the world a life that I felt was destined to future greatness."

Combs.

Combs are found in the earliest known graves.

Men Only Allowed.

Malwatchin, on the borders of Russia, is the only city in the world peopled by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to live in this territory, but even to pass the great wall of Kalkan and enter into Mongolia.

Royal Pastimes.

Members of the court of King Charles II. of England were innocent in some of their amusements, if not in others. Among their favorite games were "blind man's buff" and "hunt the slipper."

Snail Eating Sheep.

The excellent quality of the Southdown mutton is said to be due to the fact that the sheep eagerly devour the snails which abound on the pastures in the early morning. These snails are the cause of the rich succulence characteristic of the mutton raised in the south of England.

Portugal's Colonies.

When Portugal was annexed to Spain most of the colonies belonging to the former were taken by the latter, but were soon conquered by the Dutch.

The First Wooden Bridge.

The first wooden bridge, so far as known, was the Sublician bridge at Rome, built in the seventh century.

Breechloading Guns.

The breechloading gun is not, as many persons believe, an invention of modern times. There is on view, in the shop of a Dublin gunsmith, a breechloading rifle that was offered to the British war office at the close of the eighteenth century. It was rejected, it is said, because it took too much ammunition.

MOUNT PLEASANT ADVOCATE

VANCOUVER, B. C.

A GLASS OF WATER.

en to Drink It and the Effects It Will Produce—Modus Operandi and the Science of the Thing.

rink a glass of water when you t out of bed in the morning. Nev- mind the size of the glass. Let e water be cold if you will. Some ople prescribe hot water, but that 't necessary. You may have wash- your face already and relished the perience. You may have taken a ld plunge into the tub and de- hted in the shock and its reac- on. The brisk use of the tooth- ush has left your mouth clean and e breath sweet. But your are ty still. Drink a glass of cold ter and enjoy the sensation of ing clean inside. All that is lux- ious in the cold bath cleansing e outside is artificial. That which ould prompt the glass of water er sleeping is natural. As a test, l the nine-year-old protestant ainst his morning scrub of cold ter that he may escape it by inking half a pint of the fluid. He ll jump at the opportunity.

Sleep has drawn upon the water the blood, and the instinct of the mal under natural conditions is replenish the circulatory system d distend the blood vessels anew. e food in the stomach which had much to do toward inducing ep has disappeared, leaving a cous substance in the alimentary nal. Yet man would wash his e and leave these half-clogged ca- ls do the duties of another day.

Drink a glass of cold water in the me of cleanliness. It becomes one the shortest and easiest of toilet ties. It is swallowed in a second, d in five minutes it has passed m the stomach, taking with it the gging secretions of the alimentary cts. It has left behind the stimu- s that goes with cold water, and filling the arterial system to the rmal it puts a spur to the circula- n that has grown sluggish in the t. It is one of the greatest of akeners and one of nature's own mulants.

Drink a glass of water before eakfast, another before luncheon d another before dinner. Water is e best, cheapest and pleasantest dicine.

RELIC OF PARNELL.

sket Presented by City of Edinburgh Now in Pawnshop.

There is in the window of a pawn- op in South London, among a er of unredeemed pledges, a er casket, which recalls the most thetic political tragedy of our mes, says The London Daily News. is surmounted by the thistle; it rs an imposing coat of arms; and raved upon it is the legend: "Cas- presented by the Corporation of nburgh along with Burgess Tick- conferring the Freedom of the ty on Charles Stewart Parnell, q., M.P., July 20, 1889."

hat touching relic of Parnell lies ere for sale. Beside it is a label ting that the price asked is £50.

Chatting recently in the lobby of e House of Commons with Mr. T. O'Connor, M.P., one of our repre- ntatives mentioned this unhappy rcumstance, and "T. P." put for- ard the suggestion that the casket ght to be bought for the Irish na- n.

"Someone wrote me a letter about " said Mr. O'Connor, "evidently ing that I would be the purchas- But all I could reply was that it a most interesting relic of Par- l, and I was sorry to hear what happened to it, but I had not money to enable me to buy it. is, indeed, an interesting relic, d one's heart is touched to know at it is lying in that place. I'm t quite sure in what way it could done, but I think that such a relic after all—ought to belong to the ish nation. It is pitiful to see ch things scattered as the sport of te; and of this at any rate, we n rest assured, that in years to me such a relic would be treasured those who will come after us."

Eastern Funeral Rites.

Some curious details have just ached Paris concerning the funer- ceremonies of Norodom, the late ng of Cambodia. Immediately af- r death the body was placed on a ed of state, while cannon boomed warn the populace to shave their eads. Next day the body was em- almed, according to ancient cus- om. The face was covered with a old mask studded with diamonds d other precious stones. On the ead was placed the ancient crown, nd even the slippers on the feet listened with rare jewels. Then the ody was placed in a kneeling pos- ure and incased in an upright sheath f gold and was sealed up in a mas- ve casket of solid gold. Thus it ill remain in the throne room, with onzes praying night and day un- the completion of the sanctuary which the body will be cremated. nly after this ceremony will the ew king be crowned.—London Globe.

It Certainly Was Odd.

The Duke of Roxburghe has in his astle at Kelso a number of fine fam- ly portraits.

Some of the rooms at Kelso are hrown open to the public on cer- ain days. The Duke sometimes tells f a remark that he once heard a stranger make while looking through hese rooms.

The stranger had halted beneath wo paintings that hung side by side. They were portraits of the third Duke and his son, but the father had been painted in his childhood, the son in his old age.

It was this that perplexed the stranger. He studied the portrait a long time. Then he said:

"Is it possible that this gentleman was an old man when his father was born?"

Summer Croup

A croupy cough is a dangerous thing for the little folks in summer time. The fever that accompanies it is liable to cause serious illness. Give them

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It is pleasant to take, will cure them quickly and has no unpleasant after effects.

At all druggists, 25c, 50c and $1.00 a bottle.

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A DANGER TO BABY.

Doctors have preached against the so-called soothing medicines for years, but they are still used altogether too much. The fact that they put children to sleep is no sign that they are helpful. Ask your doctor and he will tell you that you have merely drugged your little one into insensibility — that soothing medicines are dangerous. If your little one needs a medicine give it Baby's Own Tablets, and you give it a medicine guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. You can give these Tablets just as safely to a new born infant as to the well grown child, and they will cure all the minor ills of childhood. Mrs. J. M. Gilpin, Bellhaven, Ont., says: "Since I gave my little one Baby's Own Tablets there has been a marvellous change in her appearance, and she is growing splendidly. You may count me always a friend to the Tablets." Ask your druggist for this medicine, or send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get a box by mail post paid.

What is the difference between a bouquet of flowers and the "bouquet" of wine?—One makes a nosegay, and the other a gay nose.

Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers made.

Why ought pawnbrokers be good chess players?—Because they are always handling "pawns."

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

A clergyman at Sing Sing recently prefaced his remarks to the prisoners by saying that he was "glad to see so large a number present."

GREAT THINGS FROM LITTLE CAUSES GROW.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

Why is an author looking for writing fluid like a coroner discharging the duties of his office?—Because he is holding an ink quest.

ANAEMIA—POOR BLOOD.

Headaches, Dizziness, Heart Palpitation and Consumption Follows.

Anaemia — watery blood — is a treacherous trouble. It steals insidiously from slight symptoms to dangerous disease. The thin, watery blood shows itself at first in pale lips, wan face, breathlessness, heart palpitation, lost appetite. If the trouble is not checked and cured consumption follows; coughing, spitting, clammy night sweats, a total breakdown and death. What the anaemic sufferer needs is more blood —more strength. And there is nothing in the whole wide world will give new blood and new strength so surely and so speedily as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to send new, rich, red blood coursing through the system, bringing strength to weak lungs and all parts of the body. Thousands testify to the truth of these statements, among them Miss Enerine Vilandre, St. Germain, Que., who says: "While attending school my health began to give way. The trouble came on gradually and the doctor who attended me said it was due to overstudy, and that a rest would put me right. But instead of getting better I grew weaker. I suffered from headache and dizziness, and at night I did not sleep well. I was troubled with pains in the back, my appetite left me and I grew pale as a corpse. Finally I became so weak I was forced to remain in bed. As the doctor did not help me any, I asked my father to get me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had used two boxes there was an improvement, and when I had taken a half dozen boxes I was again in perfect health. I believe all weak girls will find new health if they will take the pills."

Anaemia, indigestion, heart trouble, rheumatism, kidney trouble, and the special ailments of women are all due to poor blood, and are all cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The only lawful claim to place a cockade on the hat of a servant arises out of the fact of his master being in His Majesty's service.

Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and kindred ailments, take wings before the healing qualities of South American Nervine. Thomas Hoskins, of Durham, Ont., took his preacher's advice, followed directions, and was cured permanently of the worst form of Nervous Prostration and Dyspepsia. He has recommended it to others with gratifying results. It's a great nerve builder.—12

Lime on land sown with wheat hastens the maturity of the crop. Professor Johnston says the same is true of nearly all cultivated crops.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Certain albuminoid, mucilaginous, and saccharine vegetable juices make excellent sympathetic inks; among the best are the juices of lemon, orange, apple and pear.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The Lesson of the Hour.—Sixty seconds make a minute, sixty minutes make an hour.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects. 38

Sartorial Diversion.

"I expected to find that suit done," stormed the customer.

"Oh, well, here's the other suit dun," said the tailor, who was a low wag, and who had a bill in his hand.

In the Same Spirit.

Larry—I sent Maude a garter snake in alcohol for a joke. Harry—What did she do? Larry—Oh, she returned it in the same spirit in which it was sent.—Princeton Tiger.

THREE CENTURIES.

Annapolis Royal's Celebration During the Week Ending June 25—Some Canadian History Restated.

Seven years ago the City of St. John's celebrated with appropriate ceremonies and festivities the 400th anniversary of John Cabot's landing on the coast of Newfoundland. During the week ending June 25, Annapolis Royal, in Nova Scotia, and St. John, in New Brunswick, rendered similar honors to the memory of De Monts and Champlain, who 300 years ago explored the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and gave the history of Acadia a beginning. During most of the century intervening between the events thus commemorated, North America had been neglected. Distracted by the Reformation and religious wars, the enterprising nations of Europe had not much thought for colonization, especially in the latitudes north of Mexico. It is true, adventurous mariners who had friends at court were enabled to make voyages to the Atlantic Coast of this continent. From England came Sebastian Cabot, John Cabot's son. Several years later came Verrazzano from France. In 1534 Jacques Cartier began his voyage from St. Malo. Fishermen and fur traders kept up some connection with this side of the Atlantic, but the era of colonization did not begin till the opening of the 17th century.

Chauvin had made three unsuccessful attempts to establish the fur trade at Tadousac, where the Saguenay empties into the Lower St. Lawrence. The Winters proved too severe for him. When he died Aymar de Chastes, who had fought against the League and won the friendship of Henri IV., obtained from that King a monopoly of the North American fur trade. He formed a company, to which were admitted the principal merchants of the West ports, who had been associated with Chauvin, or had engaged in the fur trade on their own account. Samuel de Champlain had just returned from the West Indies. A place on the expedition was offered to him by his friend de Chastes. To Pontgrave, who had been at Tadousac with Chauvin in 1600, was given the command. But de Chastes was not destined to be more successful than his predecessor. Pontgrave and Champlain went to the St. Lawrence in 1603. The commercial results were disappointing, and when they returned the first news they heard was that de Chastes was dead.

Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts, Gentleman-in-Ordinary of the King's Chamber, and Governor of Pons, succeeded to the monopoly held by de Chastes. His patent gave him power to colonize Acadia, a region defined as extending from the 40th to the 46th degree of north latitude. Over this vast extent of continent he had vice-regal powers. He preserved de Chestes' old company. To obtain settlers for his projected colony he was authorized to impress idlers and tramps, and many a vagabond was forced on one or other of the two vessels with which De Monts put to sea in 1604. Catholic priests and Huguenot ministers took passage with them. Baron de Foutrincourt and other noblemen accompanied De Monts, Pontgrave and Champlain. De Monts sailed from Havre de Grace on April 7, 1604. Pontgrave, in command of the second vessel, followed a few days later. Between the Calvinist ministers and the Catholic clergy on board there was much controversy and some fighting. So, at all events, we are told by Champlain, who has left an account of this voyage, and of the subsequent explorations and attempts at settlement.

Like Pontgrave and Champlain, De Monts had some experience of the St. Lawrence. He had been with Chauvin at Tadousac, and the hardships suffered at that place warned him away from it. He steered further south, hoping to find there a milder region. His first landing place was what is now called Liverpool harbor, on the south-east coast of Nova Scotia. He was joined further down the coast by Pontgrave, who had seized four Basque fur traders found trespassing. The southern shore of Nova Scotia was rounded, and the exploration of the Bay of Fundy was begun. Poutrincourt was captivated by the beauty of Annapolis Basin, with its narrow entrance and wide land-locked expanse. He asked and obtained a grant of it from De Monts. Poutrincourt called his possession Port Royal. It held that name till the place was captured by a British expedition from Massachusetts in 1710, after which it was called Annapolis—the City of Anne—in honor of the Queen then reigning over the United Kingdom. In the present name, "Annapolis Royal," a part of the old one survives. It is not known on what day De Monts entered the basin, but the people of Annapolis adopted June 21 as a very close approximation to the date, and their tercentenary celebration was accordingly begun on Tuesday.

It is known, however, that the River St. John was entered by De Monts on St. John's Day, and named by Champlain accordingly.

Dating its beginning from 1605 Annapolis Royal can claim to be the oldest settlement in Canada, and the second oldest in North America, St. Augustine, in Florida, alone exceeding it in age. It is three years older than Jamestown, the first permanent settlement in Virginia, and it is sixteen years older than Plymouth, the colony founded by the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts. Not till three years after he had helped to establish the Port Royal colony did Champlain found the old City of Quebec.

64 Years of Penny Post.

It is now 64 years since the penny postage was established, and it may interest those who were not born then to know that previous to that time (1840) it took 1s. 2 1-3d to post a letter from London to Kilmarnock.

For cramps from chill apply a mustard poultice over seat of pain.

Your Liver

Is it acting well? Bowels regular? Digestion good? If not, remember Ayer's Pills. The kind you have known all your life. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FIFTY CTS. R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

CURE THE MOST EXTREME CASES

Stone in the Kidneys Cannot Stand Before Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, of Ottawa, Permanently Cured after Years of Suffering by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 22.—(Special). While all Canada knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the standard remedy for all Kidney Complaints, it may surprise some people to know they cure such extreme cases as Stone in the Kidneys. Yet that is what they have done right here in Ottawa.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, the man cured, is the well-known proprietor of the Bijou Hotel on Metcalf street, and in an interview he says: "My friends all know that I have been a martyr to Stone in the Kidneys for years. They know that besides consulting the best doctors in the city and trying every medicine I could think of I was unable to get better.

"Some time ago a friend told me Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a last resort I tried them, and they have cured me.

"I could not imagine more severe suffering than one endures who has Stone in the Kidneys, and I feel the greatest gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

If the disease is of the kidneys, or from the kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

Wilson's Fly Pads will clear your house of flies.

What is the difference between a man in a 'bus and one in passion?—One rides in a stage, and the other strides in a rage.

Kidney Duty.—It is the particular function of the kidneys to filter out poisons which pass through them into the blood. When the kidneys are diseased they cannot do their whole duty, and should have the help and strength that South American Kidney Cure will afford in any and all forms of kidney disorder. It relieves in 6 hours.—14

This is how a pious French priest gave out an announcement of a procession that was to take place on the next day: "If it rains in the morning, the procession will take place in the afternoon; and, if it rains in the afternoon, the procession will take place in the morning."

IT NEEDS NO TESTIMONIAL.—It is a guarantee in itself. If testimonials are required they could be furnished by the thousands from all sorts and conditions of men in widely different places. Many medicines are put forth every year which have but an ephemeral existence and then are heard of no more. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has grown in reputation every day since it first made its appearance.

For Penny-a-Liners. — A balloon ascent should always be described in inflated language.

Those Worrying Piles! — One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of Blind, Bleeding, or Itching Piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Eczema and all itching and burning skin diseases. It acts like magic. 35 cents.—15

Exemption from care is not happiness; on the contrary, a certain degree of care is essential to promote enjoyment.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

Wilson's Fly Pads are sold by all Druggists and General Sores.

The beginning of faith is action; and he only believes who struggles—not he who merely thinks a question over.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart acts directly and quickly, stimulates the heart's action, stops most acute pain, dispels all signs of weakness, fluttering, sinking, smothering, or palpitation. This wonderful cure is the sturdy ship which carries the heart-sick patient into the haven of radiant and perfect health. Gives relief in most acute forms of heart disease in 30 minutes.—11

Limit your wants. The "must" is hard; and yet solely by this "must" can we show how it is with us in our inner man. To live according to caprice requires no peculiar powers.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

J. M. CAMPBELL.

Bay of Islands.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

WM. DANIELS.

Springhill, N. S.

I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

GEO. TINGLEY.

Albert Co., N. B.

He was bound to be accurate, and so he deemed it prudent to describe the woman's costume thus: "She wore an elegant suit of something or other cut bias, and trimmed endwise."

AN END TO BILIOUS HEADACHE.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect on the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

When Boys Take the Rod Meekly.—At fishing time.

Aged Norwegian Settlers.

A rather humorous case has come before the Department of the Interior respecting a Norwegian who came to the immigration agent at St. Paul. The man, whose name is Gilbertson, gave his age as 73, and stated that he was on his way to Wetaskiwin to take up a homestead, so that he could make a home for his mother whose age was 103. The lady is said to be hale and hearty and able to take care of a home, and Gilbertson himself is a man who would not be taken for more than 55 years of age.

Knockers for Bedroom Doors.

No late sleepers to break fast will be able to make excuses that "they did not hear themselves called" in the future, and housemaids' knuckles will escape a sore trial at the hands of unwilling risers, for door knockers are now fastened to up-to-date bedroom doors, says The London Daily Mail. They are not only exceedingly useful, but very quaint and ornamental, being exact replicas in brass of a smaller size of the famous Irham Sanctuary knocker. This knocker with its gargoyle head dates from the Norman times, when it was the privilege of the church to protect fugitives at her portals. The fugitive had only to knock, and at any hour of the day or night the door would be opened to him by the porter who dwelt in rooms above. The moment he was within the church a bell would announce that some one had taken sanctuary. He was robed in a black cloth gown with St. Cuthbert's yellow cross upon the left shoulder, and was taken to a room, where he was kept in safety for forty-seven days.

Photographs on Cotton.

A man in Maine has recently completed a process for photographing in indelible ink on cotton cloth. The process is said to be exceedingly simple, the desitizing, toning and sizing being done at the same time with one solution. The sensitizing medium will keep for a long time unless exposed to the light. When the sensitized cloth is exposed to the light in a printing frame only a few seconds of sunlight are required to print the outline of the image, which develops fully in a vigorous print in clear water. The color is a solid engraving black, but by a simple toning process before the prints are dried can be changed to a warm brown, black or sepia. These colors are fast and will stand washing with soap.

Visited Parliament Tower.

During the last fiscal year 12,799 persons visited the tower of the House of Commons in Ottawa, and registered. From Ontario there were 7,946; from Quebec, 2,635; from Nova Scotia, 8 from New Brunswick, 68; from British Columbia, 52, from Prince Edward Island, 8; from Manitoba, 92; from the Northwest Territories, 78 from the United States, 1514 and from Europe, 325.

Wilson's Fly Pads Three hundred times cheaper than sticky paper.

Suites to the feet,—Bridal Trousseaux.

ENGLISH SWIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains; all sore and swollen throat, coughs, colds. Save $50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish cure ever known.

Cruel.—Fair One (during an interval in the waltz): "You're very fond of dancing, aren't you?" Brown: "Yaas, I go in for it a good deal." Fair One: "I wonder you don't learn!"

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It is said that a tablespoonful of turpentine added to a pail of water will disinfect a cesspool instantly, and in the sickchamber will prove a powerful adjuvant against germs and bad odor.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Teacher: "What part of speech is the word 'egg' Boy: "Noun, sir." "What is its gender?" "Can't say, sir, till it is hatched." "Well, then, my lad, you can tell me the case?" "Oh, yes, sir—a shell."

Wilson's Fly Pads the original and only genuine, Avoid imitations.

It is the temper of a blade that must be the test of a good sword, and not the gold of the hilt or the richness of the scabbard; so it is not his grandeur and possessions that make a man considerable, but intrinsic merit.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the ills of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine when obtained in sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. Its gradual and judicious use the best systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which quinine exerts on nature's own restores. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of mind despondency and lack of interest to life is a disease, and by tranquilizing nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthens the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased sustenance—result improved appetite. Wrthrop & Lyman of Toronto have given to the public their Superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate and, guaged by the opinion of scientists, the wine reaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

We double all evils of our fate by dwelling on them; a scratch becomes a wound; a light an injury; a jest an insult, a mill peril a great danger, and a qualm sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

A little Sunlight soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes. 48

No man can see that in another which is the true man. The animal man he can perceive; but that which is carried within—the soul—no man can see. We see the body: and we infer that the mind is by what it works out into distinct or visible conditions.

Taking Persons.—Policemen.

Much of the biliousness and gout which come under the notice of the medical profession is due to the close and stifling condition of our atmosphere—in other words, to the want of proper ventilation, and chiefly to an insufficiency of air inlets.

TROUBLE WITH THE KIDNEYS.

Ailments of the Most Painful Nature Result—Prompt Cure Comes With the Use of

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

From every part of the broad land come letters of recommendation for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

They seem to be well suited to the needs of many people, who obtain no benefit from ordinary kidney medicines.

When you wait to think of the hosts of cures they are making it is no wonder they have such an enormous sale.

Mrs. Caswell Reid, Orrville, Muskoka, Ont., writes:—"For nearly twenty years I was troubled with kidney disease, and have recently been completely cured by using three boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I have tried a great many remedies, but never seemed to get anything to do me much good until I used these pills."

Mr. John Gearin, an old resident of Thorold, Ont., states: "For twenty years I was badly afflicted with kidney troubles, indigestion and bladder derangements. During that time I was a great sufferer, and had to get up six to twelve times nightly to pass water. I tried different doctors and used all sorts of medicines to no avail.

"Finally I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and soon found relief. Thus encouraged I continued to use these pills, and after having taken twelve boxes was again in perfect health and vigor. I can sleep undisturbed, the pains in my kidneys and back are gone, and I am feeling well and strong. I consider Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a great boon to suffering humanity, and had I known about them when I was a young man could have escaped suffering all the best years of my life."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

FARMERS will find it to their advantage to consign their GRAIN to

ROBERT MUIR & CO., Winnipeg

WHO pay highest prices and make prompt returns. Advances made on consignments. Correspondence solicited. Established 1886. Reference—Union Bank of Canada.

Do You Want SOME ONE TO HANDLE YOUR SHIPMENTS TO CONSIGN YOUR GRAIN TO A RELIABLE FIRM PROMPT SERVICE AND CAREFUL ATTENTION ?

If so, the undersigned wants your business and will endeavor to give satisfaction.

Cash advanced on Consignments. Reference: Union Bank of Canada.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANT IN WINNIPEG.

Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

S. SPINK

MARCH-WELLS GRAIN CO.

Grain in car lots bought on track or sold on commission. Reasonable advances made. Prompt returns. Correspondence solicited. Reference: Any Bank in Winnipeg.

ROOM 414, GRAIN EX. BLDG., WINNIPEG.

Are You Building? If so, use

EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING

The Best Building Paper Made.

It is very much stronger and thicker than any other (tarred or building) paper. It is impervious to wind, keeps out cold, keeps in heat, carries no smell or odor, absorbs no moisture, imparts no taste or flavor to anything with which it comes in contact. It is largely used not only for sheeting houses, but for lining cold storage buildings, refrigerators, dairies, creameries, and all places where the object is to keep an even and uniform temperature, and at the same time avoiding dampness.

Write our Agents, TEES & PERSSE, Winnipeg, for samples.

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, HULL.

Erskine puzzled the wits of his acquaintance by inscribing on a teachest the words "Tu doces." It was some time before they found out the wit of this literal translation—"Thou teachest."

Wilson's Fly Pads. One 10 cent packet has actually killed a bushel of flies.

Very Natural Philosophy.—"Why does lightning so rarely strike in the same place?" asked a Boardschool teacher of the new boy in the class of natural philosophy. "Oh," said the boy, "because it never needs to!"

The principal centres for the manufacture of coral ornaments are Genoa, Naples, Leghorn, and Marseilles. At Leghorn more than a thousand women are employed in the manufacture of coral beads for necklaces, etc.

To make a good coating for tarpaulins, add twelve ounces of beeswax to one gallon of linseed oil and boil well for two hours. First prime the canvas with this mixture, and then use it instead of plain oil for mixing the paint.

Testing a Razor.

The economical young man took his razor to one of the best barbers in town to be honed. Returning to get it, he found it ready for him.

"I'll warrant that edge," said the barber.

"It does look pretty sharp," said the man, and he began to feel of the edge with his thumb.

"But I won't warrant it if you do that," declared the barber. "It's the worst thing you could possibly do. You might better cut your nails with it than run your finger across the edge once, or shave with it for a month. There's nothing like knowing a thing or two," the barber added.—Exchange.

Made It Brief.

Dr. John Kerr, in his book of memoirs, recalls a number of humorous Scotch stories. For example, there is the story of the "argumentatively tipsy" Scot, who, calling on the minister and being told to go home and return the next day when he was sober, replied, "Man, minister, when I'm sober I dinna care for religious conversation." Then there is the story about Thomas Thorp, who died leaving his fortune to a poor relative on condition that a headstone with the name of the said Thomas Thorp and a verse of poetry be erected beside the grave. Costing so much a word to chisel letters in the stone, the poor relative ordered that the poetry should be brief. Upon his refusal to approve on account of their too great length the lines

Here lies the corn
Of Thomas Thorp,

the following was finally offered and accepted:

Thorp's
Corpse.

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

THE GREAT KNOWN REMEDY.

TESTIMONIAL from the late SIR SAMUEL BAKER, the famous Nile Explorer.

"Newton Abbot, Devon. Dear Sirs—I have delayed my thanks as I wished to test the effect of Blair's Pills by a sufficient interval of time.

"For ten years I had suffered acutely from Gout and life had lost its attractions owing to the uncertainty of health and sudden visitations of the enemy which prostrated me for months, or weeks according to the virulence of the attacks.

"Blair's Pills have rendered me immense service, as I no longer fear an attack of Gout.

"For the last twenty months I have been comparatively free, as one or two attempted visitations have been immediately stamped out by the assistance of Blair's Pills.

"Truly yours (Signed) Saml. W. Baker.

Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal and Toronto; The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg; and Martin, Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg.

A Novel Night Clock.

A novel night clock of Professor Hirth of Munich contains an electric lamp which lights up when a button is pressed and which throws an enlarged shadow of the dial upon the ceiling. Though the shadow has the size of a church clock the greatly magnified hands and figures are sharp and distinct.

Sauce.

"The impudence of that young brother of mine!" exclaimed Mrs. Nagger. "He just told me I was no chicken when I married you."

"Well," replied her unsympathetic husband, "that's true enough. You weren't a chicken, were you?"

"No, I was a goose."

Ayer's

Why is it that Ayer's Hair Vigor does so many remarkable things? Because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair, puts new life into it. The hair

Hair Vigor

cannot keep from growing. And gradually all the dark, rich color of early life comes back to gray hair.

"When I first used Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was about all gray. But now it is a nice rich black, and as thick as I could wish." —Mrs. Susan Kloppenstien, Tuscumbia, Ala.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for

Gray Hair

The Crime of Hallow-E'en:

-OR-

THE HEIRESS OF GRAYSTONE HALL.

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Author of "A Broken Betrothal," "The Heiress of Cameron Hall," "Parted at the Altar," Etc.

The great clock in the valley struck the hour of midnight in hoarse, clanging strokes; as the last vibration died away, out of the very depths of the Black Pool —out of the inky waters—a face seemed to gather shape—a man's face peering up at her from over her shoulder in the water into which she gazed with wide, terror-stricken eyes.

It was not the features of her handsome lover, Le Roy Pierpont, whose bride she was to be on the following week, that she saw.

Like one petrified, she was staring down with frightened eyes into the face of Basil Severne, the man whom she had detested at first sight.

The man whom Le Roy had called an evil genius, a modern Bluebeard.

Bonnylin staggered back, threw up her hands with a wild shriek, and fell down in the long grass in a dead faint on the very brink of the Black Pool.

CHAPTER III.

When Bonnylin regained consciousness, she found herself supported against the trunk of a tree; some one was bending over her, laving her face with the water of the Black Pool.

"Well, Miss Dare,' said a harsh, cold voice, "I am glad yo see you yourself again. I thought you had more stamina in your nature than to faint at the reflection of a face looking over your shoulder"— this very grimly.

Bonnylin opened wide her great, blue, velvety eyes and stared up into the dark, grim, haughty face of Basil Severne.

"I did not know; I thought — I thought——" She stopped short in consternation and dismay.

"You thought I was a ghost, or a ghoul, or something of the sort," he said impatiently; "but I am neither the one nor the other, Miss Dare; my presence here is most easily explained. Cutting across lots home, I came across you quite by accident. I had something to say to you, something which I could not find time to tell you during the evening, as every moment of your time was so filled up; yet I had come to Graystone Hall to-night for the sole purpose of speaking with you on an important subject, and but for this opportune meeting, I should have gone home with the words unspoken. I must have approached you too hastily and frightened you, for you fell at my feet in a dead faint."

By this time Bonnylin was quite over her fright.

"What could you have of such great importance to say to me?" she inquired, with all a young girl's keen curiosity. "I will listen to what you have to say now, if you like; that is, if it will not take you too long to tell it."

"The sum and substance can be told in a few simple words," he said, leaning nonchalantly back against the trunk of a tree, and folding his arms deliberately as he gazed at her; "you must break your engagement with young Pierpont without delay, for you can never marry him."

"Sir!" cried Bonnylin, springing to her feet and staring at him with unfeigned astonishment that was deepening with each breath into the most intense anger; "you are either a fool or a madman—or perhaps intoxicated—that's the plain English of it. Step out of the path and let me pass; I won't listen to such nonsense. If Le Roy was here he would give you a sound thrashing, and throw you into the pool in the bargain."

"Sit down on that fallen log," said Basil Severne, frowning darkly; "you shall not pass until you hear what I have to say."

"I suppose you would use your strength to prevent me from going," cried Bonnylin, white to the lips with anger.

"I shall if necessary," he replied, calmly.

Bonnylin reflected a moment. Perhaps it would be best to pretend to comply with his request by reseating herself—that would throw him off his guard—and then she could spring to her feet and dash past him.

She sunk back on the mossy log, eyeing him contemptuously.

"Well, now! what reason can you offer as to why I shall not marry the gentleman I love?" she demanded.

"For the simple reason fate has a different husband in store for you," he replied, advancing a step nearer to her.

"Fate is very kind to meddle with my affairs," cried Bonnylin, ironically, cresting her golden head and curling her red lips scornfully, "but all the same, when it comes to marrying, I'll be likely to suit myself. Perhaps—as you know so much about the matter—you can tell me who the party is, to whom Mr. Pierpont's place should be given."

"Fate showed you his face reflected with your own in the Black Pool."

The idea was so ludicrous Bonnylin laughed aloud.

"What—not yourself?" cried the girl, fairly convulsed with laughter—even though her words were tinged with cutting sarcasm.

"Yes," he replied; "when you hear what I have to tell you — here and now—there will be no hesitation, I fancy; you will consent to be my bride within the hour."

"Did ever a man have such a wild, mad fancy?" cried Bonnylin, angrily. "Why, you might as well imagine the night would turn suddenly into day, that pool yonder into seething fire, and I from a sane person—well, into an idiot. The days are over when men can force young girls into marrying them."

"I said you will marry me of your own free will," replied Basil Severne, coolly. "There will be no coercion—no persuasion. After you have heard all I have to say you take fate into your own hands—you can answer me yes or no—you will see there is method in my madness, as you call it."

"There is nothing you could tell me—nothing under the high heavens, that would influence me to give up my lover, and marry a man I hate—yes, you may as well know the exact truth—I hated you from the first moment I saw you. Why, I would as soon think of killing you as of marrying you—so there!"

"You would as soon think of killing me, would you?" he repeated hoarsely. "Then let me tell you you would not be the first Dare whose hand would be stained with human blood, and who was destined to face the gallows!"

Bonnylin sprung to her feet in the wildest terror.

"Surely she was in the presence of an escaped maniac," she told herself, and like a startled fawn she attempted to dash headlong past him; but he anticipated her movement, and reaching suddenly forward, grasped both of her fluttering, slender wrists.

"I must force you to listen to me, since it must be so," he said sternly, even haughtily.

And, standing there under the trees on that fatal Hallow-e'en, Bonnylin Dare listened to the strangest, most startling revelation that ever fell from mortal lips.

He had long since dropped her wrists, but the girl made no attempt to fly; she stood before him transfixed with horror, like an image carved in stone, scarcely breathing in her intense excitement and anxiety to catch every syllable he uttered.

"I have finished now, Miss Dare," he concluded, "and now I stand here waiting your decision. Remember, I wish it plainly understood I use no coercion; I do not attempt to force your inclinations in any way; I simply say, will you marry me—yes, or no?"

"For the love of Heaven give me time to think!" cried Bonnylin wildly and incoherently. "My brain is dazed—I am going mad, mad, mad!"

"Will an hour's time suit you?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Bonnylin, wildly. "Go, leave me; give me an hour to think; and remember, if you come back and find me dead, it is your words that have killed me."

"What if I had not told you—what then?" he demanded.

She shivered like a tender flower in a winter blast.

"It is best—that—I—know!" she answered, with a wild sob.

He glanced at his watch by the radiant white light of the moon.

"I will be back in one hour," he said; and turning, he left her, walking rapidly away.

As the echo of his footsteps died away on the dead leaves, poor Bonnylin flung herself face downward on the grass, uttering the wildest cries that ever welled up from a torn and bleeding heart.

"Oh, God, if I could but die!" she moaned, piteously. "Oh, Le Roy, my love, my darling—the other half of my very soul—the God whom I thought so just has parted you and me. Heaven teach me how to live without you. I cannot bear the thought—oh, I cannot bear it! How can the flowers bloom, the sun give light, and the world move on, and we, who love each other so well, walk in different paths? Oh, God, send me death and end it all, for if I live I must be this man's bride; he knows there is no need to coerce or persuade—God pity me—he knows I dare not refuse. You will curse me, darling; I shall shrink beneath the hot blast of your scorching words, uttering no retort. Each word will be a dagger thrust; the pity of it is that they will not kill me, and end it all."

The moments came and went, dragging their slow lengths by.

At last the hour was up.

Slowly, like the knell of death, Bonnylin heard Basil Severne's returning footsteps.

He did not see her at first, and stood motionless as he entered the glade.

"She is not here," he said grimly to himself.

Then he saw something golden a little further on, on which the moon was shining, and he knew she had not fled as he had at first expected.

Slowly she rose to her feet and confronted him, and for a moment they stood gazing steadily into each other's face.

"Your answer, Miss Dare," he said calmly. "May I hope it is yes?"

"You know it is yes!" cried the girl, stormily and recklessly. "I will marry you; but, remember, I will kill you sooner than be forced to live with you, and then kill myself."

He merely smiled at the awful threat, remarking it was like the fable of the pretty white kitten who attempted to slay the fierce lion, and met a cruel fate for its audacity.

"But come," he said, wrapping her in the thick cloak and veil she had thrown off, "my horse and carriage are close at hand. We have a long ride before us."

Without remonstrance, Bonnylin allowed him to lift her into the vehicle.

The terrible ride was over at last, and Basil Severne drew rein before a small stone chapel in the heart of a deep wood.

"This is the lady, reverend sir," Bonnylin heard Severne say, and she knew by that they had been expecting her.

The white-haired minister bowed gravely, and they took their places.

Five minutes more and the cruel fetters that bound Bonnylin Dare to Basil Severne were securely forged — the fatal words were uttered which made her his bride.

"Now, Mrs. Severne," said her husband, as he helped her again into the buggy and picked up the reins, smiling grimly to see how she shrunk in horror from the title, "I will tell you my plans for the future as we ride along.

"You shall go back to Graystone Hall to-night and pass the next three days there as usual, preparing in the interim for an extended tour abroad.

"You can keep our marriage a secret until I come for you, if that suits you best, or divulge it if you care to do so. This is Monday night. You may expect me at Graystone Hall Thursday morning."

No answer fell from the bride's rigid lips.

"Do you hear me, Bonnylin— Mrs. Severne?" he asked grimly.

Bonnylin bowed her beautiful golden head in silence. By this time they had reached the dark, covered bridge that spanned the deep, wide, rock-bedded river.

As Basil Severne guided his horse into the shadow of the dark portals, something tall and dark sprung from the bushes that skirted the roadside at that lonely spot—a tall figure wearing a long cloak, and whose face was covered by a black crape mask, and at that instant Severne's horse was hurled back on its haunches, and the command, "Halt!" was thundered out hoarsely.

In a trice Severne had grasped his whip and sprung from the vehicle, and the next instant a terrific encounter ensued, mingled with such frightful curses and imprecations that the terrified girl's blood ran cold in her veins. Soon it became apparent to her that they were struggling on the very brink of the bridge; one moment more and, locked in each other's embrace, they had crashed through the railing and went down together—down into the dark waters below.

For one awful moment Bonnylin fairly held her breath.

Great Heaven! neither rose again.

No doubt they had been caught, locked in each other's deadly embrace, between the jaws of the huge rocks in the river bed.

Even in the widening circles had died away now that had marked the spot where they went down.

Bonnylin clutched the reins with a wild, terrified cry; then they fell from her nerveless grasp.

Freed for the moment of all control, the fiery black horse darted forward, dashing headlong over the bridge, up the serpentine road, whirling and crashing down the valley, through bushes and brambles, swift as a lightning flash—too swift for the revolution of the wheels of the buggy it was dragging after it; too swift for the terrified girl who was clinging to the dashboard to utter a prayer.

A great sycamore tree stood at the cross-roads.

Bonnylin was conscious that it loomed up tall and dark between her and the moonlight.

The next instant there was a frightful collision, a crash, and a fearful blow on the head.

The black horse, freed from his burden, dashed madly on toward the mill pond, and went over the brink of it. The carriage, crushed into fragments, lay in the roadside, and a motionless figure, clad in blue tulle, lay apparently lifeless under the sycamore tree, her stark face and staring eyes turned up to the night sky.

CHAPTER IV.

At Graystone Hall the merriment went on long after Bonnylin had stolen away.

At length the guests noticed her protracted absence and began commenting upon it.

Half an hour ago Miss Rochester had called Le Roy Pierpont aside and disclosed to him the startling fact that Miss Dare was nowhere to be found. He had quitted the ball-room without attracting attention, and together they ransacked the old house from cellar to garret, the garden, park and orchard, but there was no trace of Bonnylin.

Mr. Pierpont had grown white to the lips.

He looked at Miss Rochester in keen alarm.

"Can you get me a lantern?" he asked hoarsely. "I am going down the road to search for her. When the hour comes for the breaking up of the party, make some excuse for Bonnylin's absence; your woman's wit will suggest what to say."

Silently the lantern was brought, and with a nameless foreboding at his heart, Le Roy Pierpont hurried away.

For long hours he searched, calling loudly on the name of Bonnylin; but only the wierd echoes among the trees answered him.

In the gray dawn of the early day he reached the cross-roads marked by the old sycamore tree, fully ten miles from Graystone Hall; and there, among the debris, he found her—that slender, rigid figure, still robed in the sky-blue tulle, and the dark cloak wrapped around her.

With a mighty cry and a bound he was at her side.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" he cried out sharply. "She is dead!"

But no; placing his hand frantically over her heart, he found that it still fluttered feebly.

God had spared her to him; she was not dead.

Lifting her in his strong arms as though she had been an infant, he bore her to a clear, rippling brook close by, and proceeded to lave her face and her little white hands.

After fully an hour's labor he was rewarded by seeing the lovely blue eyes flare open.

One glance into that beloved face, and she threw up her white hands with a piteous, heart-rending cry:

"Oh, Le Roy, Le Roy, it was a horrid dream, wasn't it?" she murmured, cowering close to him and clinging to him with a frantic grasp; then she sprung from his arms and looked at him with wide, frightened eyes, and face as pale as it would ever be in death.

In a flash memory had returned to her, and with the shock she went off into another dead faint more alarming than the first.

At that moment a farmer's wagon rolled leisurely up the road. Mr. Pierpont hailed the farmer, and a few words sufficed to explain the situation, and he willingly consented to go out of his way to convey Miss Dare back to Graystone Hall.

"Do not question her about this escapade when she comes to," continued Le Roy, as he placed her in Miss Rochester's arms. "No doubt she will tell us all about it in her own good time. She was evidently riding along that road, for I found her amidst the debris of broken carriage wheels."

Strange to say, Bonnylin had had a most miraculous escape from injury, the long, thick grass having deadened the fall. No bones were broken, the tender skin even was not bruised.

Yet for three days Miss Rochester forced her to keep her couch.

"You look as pale as a ghost child," she declared, wondering vaguely why the doctor's medicine did her no good. "This is Friday," she went on, "and you have forgotten, dear, next Monday is your wedding-day—this white face won't do at all."

A bitter cry that quite upset Miss Rochester's nerves fell from Bonnylin's lips.

"There will be no wedding," she moaned, turning her face to the wall. Had the girl gone stark mad?

Miss Rochester looked at her aghast.

Suddenly Bonnylin sprung to her feet with a startled cry.

"Friday," she whispered sharply; "did you say to-day was Friday?"

Miss Rochester nodded.

Bonnylin's features worked convulsively.

"He—my terrible foe—must have found death beyond all doubt in the dark waters," she muttered below her breath, "for he said he would come for me Thursday," and with the thought came another, his death made her free.

"My darling, what excites you so?" asked Miss Rochester, curiously, as she wrung her little white hands together and commenced to pace the floor hurriedly.

"Nothing," muttered Bonnylin, faintly.

"So much has happened since you have been ill, dear," Miss Rochester went on, hoping to divert her attention; "you remember Mr. Severne, the tall, dark gentleman who was at your Hallow-e'en party? Well, he, too, met with a serious accident that night—ay, I may say a fatal one. Two days later his dead body, terribly mutilated, was found in the bend of the river; he was identified by his linen handkerchief, which bore his name in full stamped upon it, which was found clutched tightly in his hand.

"But a truce to such sad subjects. I must speak to you of graver things," declared Miss Rochester, taking Bonnylin's white hands affectionately. "Now, tell me, dear, why you persist in refusing to see your lover from day to day? Poor Le Roy is almost heart-broken over it, he cannot understand you. Is your heart changed toward him?"

Bonnylin shook her curly golden head, uttering a sobbing:

"No."

"I wondered if it could be," smiled Miss Rochester, "for up to the time of the Hallow-e'en party you seemed so fond of him.

"He came over from the village twice a day to see you," she went on. "I haven't the heart to send the poor fellow away again to-day; you must see him, Bonny, darling. I cannot understand why you refuse."

Long after she had left Bonnylin, the girl sat at the window with tightly clasped hands and white face.

"Why not see him?" the still small voice in her heart whispered; "and why not let your contemplated marriage with him proceed? The horrible barrier that rose up between you for one short hour has been swept away by the hand of fate. Marry your lover and be happy. Unless you divulge that midnight sacrifice yourself, he will never know of it. How can you give him up? Think what life would be to you through the long years that lie in the future without him. Would it not be a living death?"

"It would be a thousand times more bitter than death!" sobbed Bonnylin. "Oh, no, no, no, come what may, I cannot live without you, Le Roy, darling; I cannot give you up! Let the marriage go on. I will carry the horrible secret down to the grave with me!"

And the marriage did go on; a week from that fatal Hallow-e'en night a dozen pretty bridesmaids were robing fair Bonnylin in her bridal dress.

* * * * * * *

It was an intense surprise for Mrs. Pierpont when she received the intelligence of her handsome son's marriage.

She had never even been informed of his engagement, and now he had been married quite two months.

She fluttered down to the library, where she had left her lovely guest half an hour before, with the open letter in her hand.

Miss India Margrave, the dark-eyed beauty whom Mrs. Pierpont had set her heart on Le Roy marrying, and who was her guest for the holidays, was deeply engrossed over the pages of a letter to which she was just signing her name.

Ere she hurriedly seals and despatches it—for the obliging postman outside is waiting for it—we will take a peep at its contents:

"Dear Mamma," it commenced; then broke abruptly into the vital subject uppermost in the writer's mind.

"The holidays are over, and still Le Roy Pierpont does not put in an appearance; nor has his mother heard from him for over two months; and yet he knew I was coming here. Another girl would be disheartened by this lack of interest on his part, but not so your daughter India. I have vowed this handsome son, heir to the Pierpont millions should be mine, and I would wade through a sea of raging fire to gain the ultimatum. Nothing shall stand between us!

"I think I must have been mad, yes, mad, when I engaged myself to Richard Harcourt, the poverty-stricken lawyer of our village, a year ago; many a time I have regretted it. Yet I am afraid— yes, afraid— to break with him. I almost think he would have murder in his heart if I told him all was over forever between us. I wish he were well out of my way at any cost.

"I received a bitter letter from him yesterday, in which he said, 'I will never give you up, India; never—so help me God! I have heard you are going to Mrs. Lincoln's ball on the 20th of this month. I, the struggling village lawyer, could never hope for an entree into that fashionable society, but mark you, India, I shall find my way somehow into the conservatory. Meet me there at the stroke of ten, India. I shall be standing in the dense shadows of those tall magnolias at the left of the entrance near the fountain. Fail me if you dare! for then and there we shall have a final settlement. You must settle all this sickening doubt by taking me to your hostess, and introducing me as your affianced husband.' I would die sooner than do that," India wrote. "I repeat, I shall never be safe while that man lives!"

A moment after India had sealed, and handed the letter to the postman, Mrs. Pierpont fluttered into room still clutching the open missile.

"I have had such startling news, India," she said, sinking into a seat. "Le Roy is married! He has been wedded for over two months, and writes me he will be here with his bride by the time this letter reaches us."

India Margrave sits bolt upright in her chair, her face grows pale, and her hands clutch the ebony and gold table for support; the world seems to whirl around her, and the sunshine to grow dark.

(To be Continued.)

WESTERN CANADIAN EDITORS.

A series of articles describing their lives, their aims and their influence.

No. 2.

R. G. McCUISH

of the Morden Chronicle.

R. G. McCUISH,
Editor and Proprietor of the Morden Chronicle.

In many respects, the editor of the Morden Chronicle is typical and representative of the breadth of vigor of western Canadian journalism. He touches life at many and varying angles. In the range of his sympathies and interests, and in the variety of his activities, he is the human counterpart of the "wideflung, fenceless prairies," in which his youth and young manhood have been passed.

Mr. McCuish, like the great bulk of western Canadians, hails originally from Ontario, being born near Parkhill, in April, 1877. Of the older province, however, he has no early personal recollections, for his parents came west while he was yet an infant, settling near Morden. It was at the public school of this prosperous town that Mr. McCuish received his elementary education, going from thence to Manitoba College, Winnipeg. From the university to the country school teacher's desk is in Manitoba a natural—almost an inevitable—step, and Mr. McCuish was next to be seen as a rural schoolmaster near MacGregor. But, as with many another, he found that the material rewards held out to the teachers of youth were not such as to tempt him to remain in the profession. And, in any case, he had other ambitions. When a school boy in Morden he had been an almost daily visitor at the Chronicle office, and the smell of the news ink and the attractive variety of newspaper work had marked out for him his career. He came to Winnipeg, and secured a positfon on the reportorial staff of the Tribune. His natural liking for athletics made the sporting column his chosen sphere, and ere long he was placed in charge of that department. And, in the days of Mr. McCuish's control, the sporting columns of the Tribune, in raciness, in brightness, in impartiality and in reliability, would bear comparison with those of any newspaper anywhere. The fact that the Tribune's competitors were morning papers gave them considerable advantage, since most athletic events came off in the afternoon or evening, but this handicap Mr. McCuish managed to more than compensate for, by the manner in which he handled his news, and not infrequently he secured a number of important "beats" and "scoops" on his competitors. There was widespread and sincere regret among all sportsmen in Winnipeg when Mr. McCuish stepped up from his position on the Tribune to become the owner and editor of the paper in his old town. The wishes expressed for his success among those who knew him—and who didn't—were equally hearty and general.

This was September, 1901, when Mr. McCuish was but 24 years of age. The paper he had purchased was one that enjoyed a reputation as wide as Western Canada. It was one of the oldest papers in the West, having been founded in 1880, and it had had the good fortune to be controlled by a man of much force, breadth, ability and common sense—Mr. J. F. Galbraith, one of the pioneer publishers of the province. Among newspaper men in the West the Chronicle was regarded as perhaps the best printed and edited of all the papers printed outside the cities. Hence Mr. McCuish had no easy man to follow, for the newspaper standard in Morden was high. His success, therefore, is all the more striking, for it is indubitable that the Chronicle is to-day, in all respects, a stronger paper than when he assumed control. Its circulation is larger, its make-up is better, and and its advertising patronage is greater than three years ago, and its opinions command as much respect as ever. Mr. McCuish is a strong party man, a Liberal who is upright and downright in his views, and fearless in uttering and defending them. The Chronicle, in these respects, is a faithful reflection of its editor, being a vigorous and athlethic champion and exponent of Western Liberalism, and a centre of influence to the party it supports.

Newspaper men in the West have been quick to recognize Mr. McCuish's ability, and the W. C. P. A. last year elected him its first vice-president. In the local politics of his district he is a tower of strength. He is secretary of the Liberal associations for both the provincial and federal constituencies, and was the first president of the Morden Young Men's Liberal Association, for the founding of which he was chiefly responsible. He is a ready and convincing platform speaker, and has done yeoman service for the Liberal party in recent campaigns.

Though he has been a resident of Morden only three years, his fellow townsmen, at the last municipal election, returned Mr. McCuish as alderman by acclamation—a striking tribute to his known public spirit and personal popularity. His interest in all forms of athletics continues, despite increasing demands on his time. Mr. McCuish is secretary of the Morden Turf Club, the leading sporting institution in the town, and of football, lacrosse and other games he is a foremost supporter.

Mr. McCuish is unmarried—as yet. This, however, is understood to be a fault that time—a very short time—will cure. Recently reports have been circulated to the effect that in the middle of September the editor of the Chronicle will hie himself east, and that he will not return alone. Mr. McCuish has been at much pains to deny these rumors, but his very obvious efforts in this direction have only succeeded in giving them greater currency and more general belief. In default of an admission of his guilt by the defendant, we feel somewhat diffident about offering congratulations. Nevertheless, we do so, and with the utmost sincerity and heartiness, voicing in this regard, we feel assured, the feeling of Mr. McCuish's hosts of personal and professional friends. If Mr. McCuish still persists that these congratulations are misplaced, we trust that he will return them, but do not believe we will ever have to pay express charges on the returned parcel.

The only lawful claim to place a cockade on the hat of a servant arises out of the fact of his master being in His Majesty's service.

Teacher: "What part of speech is the word 'egg'?" Boy: "Noun, sir." "What is its gender?" "Can't say, sir, till it is hatched." "Well, then, my lad, you can't tell me the case?" "Oh, yes, sir—the shell."

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all the virtues.

A fireproof chimney made entirely of paper has been erected in Breslau, Prussia. It is fifty feet in height.

One reason why the little Japanese soldier can march twenty-five miles a day with a burden of one hundred pounds is that his lung-power, and hence his whole physical system, is developed by habitual deep breathing.

Visitor: "Do you have any difficulty in getting servants?" Hostess: "None whatever. We've had ten different ones in the last month!"

THE SNIPE'S DRUMMING.

A Naturalist's Theory as to How the Sound Is Produced.

It is disputed whether the snipe's drumming—a curious noise, suggestive of a miniature thrashing machine—is made by the bird with its wings or by its tail or by both wings and tail. Some recent observations incline me strongly to believe that the tail plays, at any rate, the more important part. During the performance the bird flies at a great height round and round in a wide, sweeping circle. At intervals he makes a sudden and rapid descent, holding his wings partly flexed and his tail spread to its full extent. The outermost tail feather on either side points outward at a greater angle than those adjoining it, so that when the bird is watched through a good field glass daylight shows between it and the next, and, if I am right in my view, the drumming sound is due to the rush of air against this isolated feather. The snipe's tail feathers seem so puny that it is at first difficult to believe that they can produce so great a result. But if an outer one be taken—it is slightly scimiter shaped, with the outer web much reduced—and swung rapidly through the air the drumming noise may be distinctly heard, though it seems but a very faint echo of the loud, throbbing hum that startles one when it suddenly descends from an ethereal height, and the small bird is descried, hardly more than a speck to the naked eye, circling round in wild career and now and then swooping headlong downward and thrilling the air with his weird music.—London Nature.

THE LITERARY DETECTIVE.

His Hunt Is One That Adds Spice to His Reading.

There is a certain type of literary man who seems content to take little part in the struggle of letters beyond keeping an eye on his contemporaries and pouncing down on them every now and then to accuse them of having given a meaning to such and such a word which that word should not possess. It is strange that the number of these literary detectives is not larger, for there are few more fascinating occupations than this. It lends a spice to one's reading. The dullest book becomes as readable as the most deftly written novel. Certain words have taken to themselves meanings in the course of time which they have no right to possess. "Phenomenon" is a very hardened offender. To use this word as meaning something "strange" instead of something "that appears and is visible" is to insure arrest at the hands of the detective. Lately the word "temper" has been exposed. Through long impunity it has come to imply bad temper, whereas, if it had its rights, it should mean just the reverse. We strongly advise every one who desires a never failing source of amusement to read the next novel he takes up with the eye of the detective. Starting with the easier words, like "phenomenon," the novice may go on from strength to strength until before long nothing can escape him. The exercise, moreover, is not only a pleasure, but a duty.—London Globe.

WEST AFRICAN CANNIBALS.

They Cultivate Their Fields, but Plow Fully Armed.

An interesting story is told by the commissioners who have been engaged for the last eighteen months in fixing the Anglo-German frontiers in west Africa between the town of Yola and Lake Tchad.

The region traversed is little known owing to the hostility of the tribes. The Fulani villages were found quite friendly, but beyond Lau, a large town on the Bernu, there lies a mountainous region inhabited by pagans who in many cases are cannibals.

They were found to be a most industrious people, who cultivated their fields with a good deal of method. In most cases, says Reuter, they were practically naked, but were always armed. Even when at work in the fields plowing they carried a full kit of spears, shields and poisoned arrows.

The arrows are much dreaded, for they are tipped with a deadly poison extracted from vegetables and from dead bodies. This is carried in small bottles, and when fresh it proves fatal in a few minutes.

These people are adepts at game stalking and disguise themselves as birds and animals in order to approach their prey.

They are smaller than the Fulani, being often quite dwarfish, and they live in flimsy grass huts perched in inaccessible nooks among the mountains.

At Kuka the sheik of British Bornu rode out to greet Colonel Jackson at the head of 300 horsemen and a large number of men on foot. He was accompanied by a band and dancing girls.

His people carried enormous spears, and some wore old armor, while the horses were caparisoned with housings like those of the crusaders.

The survey has proved that existing maps are to a large extent inaccurate and has placed the boundary farther to the east, thus enlarging the British sphere.—London Express.

New Kongo Route.

A meeting was recently held at the Sorbonne in Paris in honor of Captain L'Enfant, the African explorer, who has found a new road into the interior of that country which, it is claimed, will altogether supersede the present Kongo route. The aim of his mission was to find a means of communication between the Benone and the Logone and to see if it was possible for a barge leaving the mouth of the Niger to reach Lake Tchad by following a water route—that is, the Niger, Benone, Mayo-Kebi, Tonbori, Logone and Chari. Captain L'Enfant carried along with him a steel barge, taken over in sections, and successfully accomplished the journey. He says the route can easily be made navigable, shortening the time of the Kongo passage to sixty-five days and reducing the cost of carrying merchandise from $400 to $100 per ton. The link of communication between the Niger and Lake Tchad being thus discovered, a solution has been afforded of one of the greatest African problems.

To Weed Out Baronets.

A permanent tribunal for the investigation of all new claims to baronetcies and all existing doubtful ones has been suggested. The proposal comes

Spondulix.

As a slang name for money "spondulix" has its origin in the Greek word spondulos, a shell. Shells of a certain species were once used as money, both in Greece and Egypt.

Borax.

As used by physicians, borax not only softens but purifies water, heals ulcers and boils, relieves bruises, sprains and burns, allays inflammations and prickly heat, is useful in catarrh and acidity of the stomach and as an antiseptic in typhoid fever, cholera and smallpox.

Why Windmills Burned Down.

Of the production of fire by the friction of wood against wood windmills of the old construction gave on a large scale some disastrous examples. When the force of the wind increased the miller was obliged to bring each of the sails in succession to the ground in order to unclothe it, but when sudden squalls came on this was impracticable, and the mill in extreme cases ran away—that is, could not be stopped.

Everything was now done to increase the grip of the wooden brake round the great wheel on the driving shaft, and water was poured copiously over them, but in spite of all this flames would sometimes burst out from the intense friction and the mill be probably burned down as the result. The beautiful machinery of the modern windmill, by which the miller controls the action of the sails from the interior of the building, has reduced this danger to a minimum.—Notes and Queries.

King James II.

The following is an extract from the manuscript diary of King James II. of England, preserved in the Imperial library of Paris: "I did not retire from the battle on the Boyne from a sense of fear, but that I might preserve to the world a life that I felt was destined to future greatness."

Combs.

Combs are found in the earliest known graves.

Men Only Allowed.

Malwatchin, on the borders of Russia, is the only city in the world peopled by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to live in this territory, but even to pass the great wall of Kalkan and enter into Mongolia.

Royal Pastimes.

Members of the court of King Charles II. of England were innocent in some of their amusements, if not in others. Among their favorite games were "blind man's buff" and "hunt the slipper."

Snail Eating Sheep.

The excellent quality of the Southdown mutton is said to be due to the fact that the sheep eagerly devour the snails which abound on the pastures in the early morning. These snails are the cause of the rich succulence characteristic of the mutton raised in the south of England.

Portugal's Colonies.

When Portugal was annexed to Spain most of the colonies belonging to the former were taken by the latter, but were soon conquered by the Dutch.

The First Wooden Bridge.

The first wooden bridge, so far as known, was the Sublician bridge at Rome, built in the seventh century.

Breechloading Guns.

The breechloading gun is not, as many persons believe, an invention of modern times. There is on view, in the shop of a Dublin gunsmith, a breechloading rifle that was offered to the British war office at the close of the eighteenth century. It was rejected, it is said, because it took too much ammunition.

MOUNT PLEASANT ADVOCATE

VANCOUVER, B. C.

A GLASS OF WATER.

ten to Drink It and the Effects It Will Produce—Modus Operandi and the Science of the Thing.

Drink a glass of water when you t out of bed in the morning. Nev- mind the size of the glass. Let e water be cold if you will. Some ople prescribe hot water, but that n't necessary. You may have wash- your face already and relished the perience. You may have taken a ld plunge into the tub and de- hted in the shock and its reac- n. The brisk use of the tooth- ush has left your mouth clean and e breath sweet. But your are ty still. Drink a glass of cold ter and enjoy the sensation of ing clean inside. All that is lux- ious in the cold bath cleansing e outside is artificial. That which ould prompt the glass of water er sleeping is natural. As a test, the nine-year-old protestant ainst his morning scrub of cold ater that he may escape it by nking half a pint of the fluid. He ll jump at the opportunity.

Sleep has drawn upon the water the blood, and the instinct of the mal under natural conditions is replenish the circulatory system d distend the blood vessels anew. e food in the stomach which had much to do toward inducing ep has disappeared, leaving a cous substance in the alimentary nal. Yet man would wash his e and leave these half-clogged ca- ls do the duties of another day. Drink a glass of cold water in the me of cleanliness. It becomes one the shortest and easiest of toilet ties. It is swallowed in a second, d in five minutes it has passed m the stomach, taking with it the gging secretions of the alimentary cts. It has left behind the stimu- s that goes with cold water, and filling the arterial system to the rmal it puts a spur to the circula- n that has grown sluggish in the ht. It is one of the greatest of akeners and one of nature's own mulants.

Drink a glass of water before eakfast, another before luncheon d another before dinner. Water is e best, cheapest and pleasantest dicine.

RELIC OF PARNELL.

aket Presented by City of Edinburgh Now in Pawnshop.

There is in the window of a pawn- op in South London, among a er of unredeemed pledges, a er casket, which recalls the most thetic political tragedy of our mes, says The London Daily News. is surmounted by the thistle; it rs an imposing coat of arms; and raved upon it is the legend: "Cas- presented by the Corporation of inburgh along with Burgess Tick- conferring the Freedom of the ty on Charles Stewart Parnell, q., M.P., July 20, 1889."

hat touching relic of Parnell lies ere for sale. Beside it is a label ating that the price asked is £50. Chatting recently in the lobby of House of Commons with Mr. T. O'Connor, M.P., one of our repre- ntatives mentioned this unhappy rcumstance, and "T. P." put for- ard the suggestion that the casket ght to be bought for the Irish na- n.

"Someone wrote me a letter about ," said Mr. O'Connor, "evidently ping that I would be the purchas- But all I could reply was that it a most interesting relic of Par- l, and I was sorry to hear what happened to it, but I had not money to enable me to buy it. is, indeed, an interesting relic, d one's heart is touched to know at it is lying in that place. I'm t quite sure in what way it could done, but I think that such a relic fter all—ought to belong to the ish nation. It is pitiful to see ch things scattered as the sport of te; and of this at any rate, we n rest assured, that in years to me such a relic would be treasured those who will come after us."

Eastern Funeral Rites.

Some curious details have just ached Paris concerning the funer- ceremonies of Norodom, the late ng of Cambodia. Immediately af- er death the body was placed on a d of state, while cannon boomed warn the populace to shave their eads. Next day the body was em- almed, according to ancient cus- m. The face was covered with a old mask studded with diamonds d other precious stones. On the ead was placed the ancient crown, nd even the slippers on the feet listened with rare jewels. Then the ody was placed in a kneeling pos- ure and incased in an upright sheath f gold and was sealed up in a mas- ve casket of solid gold. Thus it ill remain in the throne room, with onzes praying night and day un- the completion of the sanctuary which the body will be cremated. nly after this ceremony will the ew king be crowned.—London Globe.

It Certainly Was Odd.

The Duke of Roxburghe has in his astle at Kelso a number of fine fam- ly portraits.

Some of the rooms at Kelso are hrown open to the public on cer- ain days. The Duke sometimes tells f a remark that he once heard a stranger make while looking through hese rooms.

The stranger had halted beneath two paintings that hung side by side. They were portraits of the third Duke and his son, but the father had been painted in his childhood, the son in his old age.

It was this that perplexed the stranger. He studied the portrait a long time. Then he said:

"Is it possible that this gentleman was an old man when his father was born?"

Summer Croup

A croupy cough is a dangerous thing for the little folks in summer time. The fever that accompanies it is liable to cause serious illness. Give them

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It is pleasant to take, will cure them quickly and has no unpleasant after effects.

At all druggists, 25c, 50c and $1.00 a bottle.

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A DANGER TO BABY.

Doctors have preached against the so-called soothing medicines for years, but they are still used altogether too much. The fact that they put children to sleep is no sign that they are helpful. Ask your doctor and he will tell you that you have merely drugged your little one into insensibility — that soothing medicines are dangerous. If your little one needs a medicine give it Baby's Own Tablets, and you give it a medicine guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. You can give these Tablets just as safely to a new born infant as to the well grown child, and they will cure all the minor ills of childhood. Mrs. J. M. Gilpin, Bellhaven, Ont., says: "Since I gave my little one Baby's Own Tablets there has been a marvellous change in her appearance, and she is growing splendidly. You may count me always a friend to the Tablets." Ask your druggist for this medicine, or send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get a box by mail post paid.

What is the difference between a bouquet of flowers and the "bouquet" of wine?—One makes a nosegay, and the other a gay nose.

Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers made.

Why ought pawnbrokers be good chess players?—Because they are always handling "pawns."

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

A clergyman at Sing Sing recently prefaced his remarks to the prisoners by saying that he was "glad to see so large a number present."

GREAT THINGS FROM LITTLE CAUSES GROW.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

Why is an author looking for writing fluid like a coroner discharging the duties of his office?—Because he is holding an ink quest.

ANAEMIA—POOR BLOOD.

Headaches, Dizziness, Heart Palpitation and Consumption Follows.

Anaemia — watery blood — is a treacherous trouble. It steals insidiously from slight symptoms to dangerous disease. The thin, watery blood shows itself at first in pale lips, wan face, breathlessness, heart palpitation, lost appetite. If the trouble is not checked and cured consumption follows; coughing, spitting, clammy night sweats, a total breakdown and death. What the anaemic sufferer needs is more blood —more strength. And there is nothing in the whole wide world will give new blood and new strength so surely and so speedily as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to send new, rich, red blood coursing through the system, bringing strength to weak lungs and all parts of the body. Thousands testify to the truth of these statements, among them Miss Enerine Vilandre, St. Germain, Que., who says: "While attending school my health began to give way. The trouble came on gradually and the doctor who attended me said it was due to overstudy, and that a rest would put me right. But instead of getting better I grew weaker. I suffered from headache and dizziness, and at night I did not sleep well. I was troubled with pains in the back, my appetite left me and I grew pale as a corpse. Finally I became so weak I was forced to remain in bed. As the doctor did not help me any, I asked my father to get me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had used two boxes there was an improvement, and when I had taken a half dozen boxes I was again in perfect health. I believe all weak girls will find new health if they will take the pills."

Anaemia, indigestion, heart trouble, rheumatism, kidney trouble, and the special ailments of women are all due to poor blood, and are all cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The only lawful claim to place a cockade on the hat of a servant arises out of the fact of his master being in His Majesty's service.

Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and kindred ailments, take wings before the healing qualities of South American Nervine. Thomas Hoskins, of Durham, Ont., took his preacher's advice, followed directions, and was cured permanently of the worst form of Nervous Prostration and Dyspepsia. He has recommended it to others with gratifying results. It's a great nerve builder.—12

Lime on land sown with wheat hastens the maturity of the crop. Professor Johnston says the same is true of nearly all cultivated crops.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Certain albuminoid, mucilaginous, and saccharine vegetable juices make excellent sympathetic inks; among the best are the juices of lemon, orange, apple and pear.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The Lesson of the Hour.—Sixty seconds make a minute, sixty minutes make an hour.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects. 38

Sartorial Diversion.

"I expected to find that suit done," stormed the customer.

"Oh, well, here's the other suit dun," said the tailor, who was a low wag, and who had a bill in his hand.

In the Same Spirit.

Larry—I sent Maude a garter snake in alcohol for a joke. Harry—What did she do? Larry—Oh, she returned it in the same spirit in which it was sent.—Princeton Tiger.

THREE CENTURIES.

Annapolis Royal's Celebration During the Week Ending June 25—Some Canadian History Restated.

Seven years ago the City of St. John's celebrated with appropriate ceremonies and festivities the 400th anniversary of John Cabot's landing on the coast of Newfoundland. During the week ending June 25, Annapolis Royal, in Nova Scotia, and St. John, in New Brunswick, rendered similar honors to the memory of De Monts and Champlain, who 300 years ago explored the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and gave the history of Acadia a beginning. During most of the century intervening between the events thus commemorated, North America had been neglected. Distracted by the Reformation and religious wars, the enterprising nations of Europe had not much thought for colonization, especially in the latitudes north of Mexico. It is true, adventurous mariners who had friends at court were enabled to make voyages to the Atlantic Coast of this continent. From England came Sebastian Cabot. John Cabot's son. Several years later came Verrazzano from France. In 1534 Jacques Cartier began his voyage from St. Malo. Fishermen and fur traders kept up some connection with this side of the Atlantic, but the era of colonization did not begin till the opening of the 17th century.

Chauvin had made three unsuccessful attempts to establish the fur trade at Tadousac, where the Saguenay empties into the Lower St. Lawrence. The Winters proved too severe for him. When he died Aymar de Chastes, who had fought against the League and won the friendship of Henri IV., obtained from that King a monopoly of the North American fur trade. He formed a company, to which were admitted the principal merchants of the West ports, who had been associated with Chauvin, or had engaged in the fur trade on their own account. Samuel de Champlain had just returned from the West Indies. A place on the expedition was offered to him by his friend de Chastes. To Pontgrave, who had been at Tadousac with Chauvin in 1600, was given the command. But de Chastes was not destined to be more successful than his predecessor. Pontgrave and Champlain went to the St. Lawrence in 1603. The commercial results were disappointing, and when they returned the first news they heard was that de Chastes was dead.

Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts, Gentleman-in-Ordinary of the King's Chamber, and Governor of Pons, succeeded to the monopoly held by de Chastes. His patent gave him power to colonize Acadia, a region defined as extending from the 40th to the 46th degree of north latitude. Over this vast extent of continent he had vice-regal powers. He preserved de Chestes' old company. To obtain settlers for his projected colony he was authorized to impress idlers and tramps, and many a vagabond was forced on one or other of the two vessels with which De Monts put to sea in 1604. Catholic priests and Huguenot ministers took passage with them. Baron de Poutrincourt and other noblemen accompanied De Monts, Pontgrave and Champlain. De Monts sailed from Havre de Grace on April 7, 1604. Pontgrave, in command of the second vessel, followed a few days later. Between the Calvinist ministers and the Catholic clergy on board there was much controversy and some fighting. So, at all events, we are told by Champlain, who has left an account of this voyage, and of the subsequent explorations and attempts at settlement.

Like Pontgrave and Champlain, De Monts had some experience of the St. Lawrence. He had been with Chauvin at Tadousac, and the hardships suffered at that place warned him away from it. He steered further south, hoping to find there a milder region. His first landing place was what is now called Liverpool harbor, on the south-east coast of Nova Scotia. He was joined further down the coast by Pontgrave, who had seized four Basque fur traders found trespassing. The southern shore of Nova Scotia was rounded, and the exploration of the Bay of Fundy was begun. Poutrincourt was captivated by the beauty of Annapolis Basin, with its narrow entrance and wide land-locked expanse. He asked and obtained a grant of it from De Monts. Poutrincourt called his possession Port Royal. It held that name till the place was captured by a British expedition from Massachusetts in 1710, after which it was called Annapolis—the City of Anne—in honor of the Queen then reigning over the United Kingdom. In the present name, "Annapolis Royal," a part of the old one survives. It is not known on what day De Monts entered the basin, but the people of Annapolis adopted June 21 as a very close approximation to the date, and their tercentenary celebration was accordingly begun on Tuesday.

It is known, however, that the River St. John was entered by De Monts on St. John's Day, and named by Champlain accordingly.

Dating its beginning from 1605 Annapolis Royal can claim to be the oldest settlement in Canada, and the second oldest in North America, St. Augustine, in Florida, alone exceeding it in age. It is three years older than Jamestown, the first permanent settlement in Virginia, and it is sixteen years older than Plymouth, the colony founded by the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts. Not till three years after he had helped to establish the Port Royal colony did Champlain found the old City of Quebec.

64 Years at Penny Post.

It is now 64 years since the penny postage was established, and it may interest those who were not born then to know that previous to that time (1840) it took 1s. 2 1-3d to post a letter from London to Kilmarnock.

For cramps from chill apply a mustard poultice over seat of pain.

Your Liver

Is it acting well? Bowels regular? Digestion good? If not, remember Ayer's Pills. The kind you have known all your life. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FIFTY CTS. R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

CURE THE MOST EXTREME CASES

Stone in the Kidneys Cannot Stand Before Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, of Ottawa, Permanently Cured after Years of Suffering by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 22.—(Special). While all Canada knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the standard remedy for all Kidney Complaints, it may surprise some people to know they cure such extreme cases as Stone in the Kidneys. Yet that is what they have done right here in Ottawa.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, the man cured, is the well-known proprietor of the Bijou Hotel on Metcalf street, and in an interview he says: "My friends all know that I have been a martyr to Stone in the Kidneys for years. They know that besides consulting the best doctors in the city and trying every medicine I could think of I was unable to get better.

"Some time ago a friend told me Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a last resort I tried them, and they have cured me.

"I could not imagine more severe suffering than one endures who has Stone in the Kidneys, and I feel the greatest gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

If the disease is of the kidneys, or from the kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

Wilson's Fly Pads will clear your house of flies.

What is the difference between a man in a 'bus and one in passion?—One rides in a stage, and the other strides in a rage.

Kidney Duty.—It is the particular function of the kidneys to filter out poisons which pass through them into the blood. When the kidneys are diseased they cannot do their whole duty, and should have the help and strength that South American Kidney Cure will afford in any and all forms of kidney disorder. It relieves in 6 hours.—14

This is how a pious French priest gave out an announcement of a procession that was to take place on the next day: "If it rains in the morning, the procession will take place in the afternoon; and, if it rains in the afternoon, the procession will take place in the morning."

IT NEEDS NO TESTIMONIAL.—It is a guarantee in itself. If testimonials are required they could be furnished by the thousands from all sorts and conditions of men in widely different places. Many medicines are put forth every year which have but an ephemeral existence and then are heard of no more. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has grown in reputation every day since it first made its appearance.

For Penny-a-Liners. — A balloon ascent should always be described in inflated language.

Those Worrying Piles! — One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of Blind, Bleeding, or Itching Piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Eczema and all itching and burning skin diseases. It acts like magic. 35 cents.—15

Exemption from care is not happiness; on the contrary, a certain degree of care is essential to promote enjoyment.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

Wilson's Fly Pads are sold by all Druggists and General Sores.

The beginning of faith is action; and he only believes who struggles—not he who merely thinks a question over.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart acts directly and quickly, stimulates the heart's action, stops most acute pain, dispels all signs of weakness, fluttering, sinking, smothering, or palpitation. This wonderful cure is the sturdy ship which carries the heart-sick patient into the haven of radiant and perfect health. Gives relief in most acute forms of heart disease in 30 minutes.—11

Limit your wants. The "must" is hard; and yet solely by this "must" can we show how it is with us in our inner man. To live according to caprice requires no peculiar powers.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
J. M. CAMPBELL.
Bay of Islands.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
WM. DANIELS.
Springhill, N. S.

I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
GEO. TINGLEY.
Albert Co., N. B.

He was bound to be accurate, and so he deemed it prudent to describe the woman's costume thus: "She wore an elegant suit of something or other cut bias, and trimmed endwise."

AN END TO BILIOUS HEADACHE.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect on the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

When Boys Take the Rod Meekly.—At fishing time.

Aged Norwegian Settlers.

A rather humorous case has come before the Department of the Interior respecting a Norwegian who came to the immigration agent at St. Paul. The man, whose name is Gilbertson, gave his age as 73, and stated that he was on his way to Wetaskiwin to take up a homestead, so that he could make a home for his mother whose age was 103. The lady is said to be hale and hearty and able to take care of a home, and Gilbertson himself is a man who would not be taken for more than 55 years of age.

Knockers for Bedroom Doors.

No late sleepers or breakfast will be able to make excuses that "they did not hear themselves called" in the future, and housemaids' knuckles will escape a sore trial at the hands of unwilling risers, for door knockers are now fastened to up-to-date bedroom doors, says The London Daily Mail. They are not only exceedingly useful, but very quaint and ornamental, being exact replicas in brass in a smaller size of the famous Durham Sanctuary knocker. This knocker with its gargoyle head dates from the Norman times, when it was the privilege of the church to protect fugitives at her portals. The fugitive had only to knock, and at any hour of the day or night the door would be opened to him by the porter who dwelt in rooms above. The moment he was within the church a bell would announce that some one had taken sanctuary. He was robed in a black cloth gown with St. Cuthbert's yellow cross upon the left shoulder, and was taken to a room, where he was kept in safety for thirty-seven days.

Photographs on Cotton.

A man in Maine has recently completed a process for photographing in indelible ink on cotton cloth. The process is said to be exceedingly simple, the sensitizing, toning and sizing being done at the same time with one solution. The sensitizing medium will keep for a long time unless exposed to the light. When the sensitized cloth is exposed to the light in a printing frame only a few seconds of sunlight are required to print the outlines of the image, which develops fully to a vigorous print in clear water. The color is a solid engraving black, but by a simple toning process before the prints are dried can be changed to a warm brown, black or sepia. These colors are fast and will stand washing with soap.

Visited Parliament Tower.

During the last fiscal year 12,799 persons visited the tower of the House of Commons in Ottawa, and registered. From Ontario there were 7,946; from Quebec, 2,635; from Nova Scotia, 83; from New Brunswick, 68; from British Columbia, 52, from Prince Edward Island, 8; from Manitoba, 92; from the Northwest Territories, 78; from the United States, 1514 and from Europe, 325.

Wilson's Fly Pads. Three hundred times cheaper than sticky paper.

Suites to the Sweet.—Bridal Trousseaux.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains; cures sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

Cruel.—Fair One (during an interval in the valse): "You're very fond of dancing, aren't you?" Brown: "Yaas, I go in for it a good deal." Fair One: "I wonder you don't learn!"

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It is said that a tablespoonful of turpentine added to a pail of water will disinfect a cesspool instantly, and in the sick chamber will prove a powerful auxiliary against germs and bad odors.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Teacher: "What part of speech is the word 'egg?'" Boy: "Noun, sir." "What is its gender?" "Can't say, sir, till it is hatched." "Well, then, my lad, you can't tell me the case?" "Oh, yes, sir—the shell."

Wilson's Fly Pads: the original and only genuine. Avoid cheap imitations.

It is the temper of a blade that must be the proof of a good sword, and not the gilding of the hilt or the richness of the scabbard; so it is not his grandeur and possessions that make a man considerable, but intrinsic merit.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea, in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine when obtainable in sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of intrest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto have given to the public their Superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate and, guaged by the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

We double all the evils of our fate by dwelling on them; a scratch becomes a wound; a slight an injury; a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes. 43

No man can see that in another which is the true man. The animal man he can perceive; but that which is carried within—the soul—no man can see. We see the body and we infer that the mind is by what it works out into distinct or visible conditions.

Taking Persons.—Policemen.

Much of the biliousness and gout which come under the notice of the medical profession is due to the close and stifling condition of our atmosphere—in other words, to the want of proper ventilation, and chiefly to an insufficiency of air inlets.

TROUBLE WITH THE KIDNEYS.

Ailments of the Most Painful Nature Result—Prompt Cure Comes With the Use of

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

From every part of the broad land come letters of recommendation for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

They seem to be well suited to the needs of many people, who obtain no benefit from ordinary kidney medicines.

When you wait to think of the hosts of cures they are making it is no wonder they have such an enormous sale.

Mrs. Caswell Reid, Orrville, Muskoka, Ont., writes:—"For nearly twenty years I was troubled with kidney disease, and have recently been completely cured by using three boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I have tried a great many remedies, but never seemed to get anything to do me much good until I used these pills."

Mr. John Gearin, an old resident of Thorold, Ont., states: "For twenty years I was badly afflicted with kidney troubles, indigestion and bladder derangements. During that time I was a great sufferer, and had to get up six to twelve times nightly to pass water. I tried different doctors and used all sorts of medicines to no avail.

"Finally I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and soon found relief. Thus encouraged I continued to use these pills, and after having taken twelve boxes was again in perfect health and vigor. I can sleep undisturbed, the pains in my kidneys and back are gone, and I am feeling well and strong. I consider Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a great boon to suffering humanity, and had I known about them when I was a young man could have escaped suffering all the best years of my life."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

FARMERS will find it to their advantage to consign their GRAIN to

ROBERT MUIR & CO., Winnipeg

WHO pay highest prices and make prompt returns. Advances made on consignments. Correspondence solicited. Established 1886. Reference—Union Bank of Canada.

Do You Want SOME ONE TO HANDLE YOUR SHIPMENTS TO ODNSIGN YOUR GRAIN TO A RELIABLE FIRM PROMPT SERVICE AND CAREFUL ATTENTION ?

If so, the undersigned wants your business and will endeavor to give satisfaction.
Cash advanced on Consignments. Reference: Union Bank of Canada.
THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANT IN WINNIPEG.
Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.
S. SPINK

MARCH-WELLS GRAIN CO.

Grain in car lots bought on track or sold on commission. Reasonable advances made. Prompt returns. Correspondence solicited. Reference: Any Bank in Winnipeg.

ROOM 414, GRAIN EX. BLDG., WINNIPEG.

Are You Building? If so, use

EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING

The Best Building Paper Made.

It is very much stronger and thicker than any other (tarred or building) paper. It is impervious to wind, keeps out cold, keeps in heat, carries no smell or odor, absorbs no moisture, imparts no taste or flavor to anything with which it comes in contact. It is largely used not only for sheeting houses, but for lining cold storage buildings, refrigerators, dairies, creameries, and all places where the object is to keep an even and uniform temperature, and at the same time avoiding dampness.

Write our Agents, TEES & PERSSE, Winnipeg, for samples.

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, HULL.

Erskine puzzled the wits of his acquaintance by inscribing on a teachest the words "Tu doces." It was some time before they found out the wit of this literal translation—"Thou teachest."

Wilson's Fly Pads. One 10 cent packet has actually killed a bushel of flies.

Very Natural Philosophy.—"Why does lightning so rarely strike in the same place?" asked a Boardschool teacher of the new boy in the class of natural philosophy. "Oh," said the boy, "because it never needs to!"

The principal centres for the manufacture of coral ornaments are Genoa, Naples, Leghorn, and Marseilles. At Leghorn more than a thousand women are employed in the manufacture of coral beads for necklaces, etc.

To make a good coating for tarpaulins, add twelve ounces of beeswax to one gallon of linseed oil and boil well for two hours. First prime the canvas with this mixture, and then use it instead of plain oil for mixing the paint.

Testing a Razor.

The economical young man took his razor to one of the best barbers in town to be honed. Returning to get it, he found it ready for him.

"I'll warrant that edge," said the barber.

"It does look pretty sharp," said the man, and he began to feel of the edge with his thumb.

"But I won't warrant it if you do that," declared the barber. "It's the worst thing you could possibly do. You might better cut your nails with it than run your finger across the edge once, or shave with it for a month. There's nothing like knowing a thing or two," the barber added.—Exchange.

Made It Brief.

Dr. John Kerr, in his book of memoirs, recalls a number of humorous Scotch stories. For example, there is the story of the "argumentatively tipsy" Scot, who, calling on the minister and being told to go home and return the next day when he was sober, replied, "Man, minister, when I'm sober I dinna care for religious conversation." Then there is the story about Thomas Thorp, who died leaving his fortune to a poor relative on condition that a headstone with the name of the said Thomas Thorp and a verse of poetry be erected beside the grave. Costing so much a word to chisel letters in the stone, the poor relative ordered that the poetry should be brief. Upon his refusal to approve on account of their too great length the lines

Here lies the corp
Of Thomas Thorp,

the following was finally offered and accepted:

Thorp's
Corpse.

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

THE GREAT KNOWN REMEDY.

TESTIMONIAL from the late SIR SAMUEL BAKER, the famous Nile Explorer.

"Newton Abbot, Devon. Dear Sirs—I have delayed my thanks as I wished to test the effect of Blair's Pills by a sufficient interval of time.

"For ten years I had suffered acutely from Gout and life had lost its attraction owing to the uncertainty of health and sudden visitations of the enemy which prostrated me for months, or weeks according to the virulence of the attacks.

"Blair's Pills have rendered me immense service, as I no longer fear an attack of Gout.

"For the last twenty months I have been comparatively free, as one or two attempted visitations have been immediately stamped out by the assistance of Blair's Pills.

"Truly yours (Signed) Saml. W. Baker.

Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal and Toronto; The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg; and Martin, Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg.

A Novel Night Clock.

A novel night clock of Professor Hirth of Munich contains an electric lamp which lights up when a button is pressed and which throws an enlarged shadow of the dial upon the ceiling. Though the shadow has the size of a church clock the greatly magnified hands and figures are sharp and distinct.

Sauce.

"The impudence of that young brother of mine!" exclaimed Mrs. Nagger. "He just told me I was no chicken when I married you."

"Well," replied her unsympathetic husband, "that's true enough. You weren't a chicken, were you?"

"No, I was a goose."

Ayer's

Why is it that Ayer's Hair Vigor does so many remarkable things? Because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair, puts new life into it. The hair

Hair Vigor

cannot keep from growing. And gradually all the dark, rich color of early life comes back to gray hair.

"When I first used Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was about all gray. But now it is a nice rich black, and as thick as I could wish."
—Mrs. SUSAN KLOPPENSTIEN, Tuscumbia, Ala.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for

Gray Hair

Mt. Pleasant Advocate.
(Eastablished April 8, 1899.)

MRS. R. WHITNEY, Publisher

OFFICE: 2525 Westminster avenue.
ENGLISH OFFICE—30 Fleet street, London, E. C., England Where a file of "The Advocate" is kept for visitors.

Tel. B1405.

Subscription **$1 a year** payable in Advance.
5 cents a Copy.
Notices of Births, Marriages, and Deaths published free of charge.

☞ For all City Advertizing, also South Vancouver Municipal advertizing consult THE ADVOCATE.

Vancouver, B. C., Oct., 29, 1904.

BEFORE another issue of the "Advocate" is published the Electors all over the Dominion of Canada will have declared their choice of men who are to go to the National Capitol to make laws, decide on measures for Canada's weal or woe. It is most urgent that every man entitled to a vote should realize it a responsible duty to cast that vote for men who are statesmen, not for politicians who would sacrifice their country's good for personal gain or through personal vanity. What Canadians want is representatives who are conscientious and willing to serve their country through patriotism even at self-sacrifice. Just as the soldier fights for his native land on the battle field, sacrificing self, should honorable men serve their country in her legislative halls.

We believe the Conservative policy favorable to Canadian interests and their protection, and feel confident that November 3d, will see the dawn of increasing prosperity for the country and the election of a Conservative Government.

The Conservative party have proven themselves the true friends of the working people by establishing Experimental Farms, a Government Bureau at Ottawa which gives employment to hundreds of printters from all parts of Canada, Inter-Colonial Railway, etc., etc., etc.

It is time for a change.

MT. PLEASANT CHURCHES.

BAPTIST.

Seventh avenue, between Westminster avenue and Quebec street. SERVICES at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Rev. A. W. McLeod, Pastor. Residence 489 Sixth avenue, east.

METHODIST.

Corner of Ninth and Westminster avenues. SERVICES at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m.; Sunday School and Bible Class 2:30 p.m. Rev. A. E. Hetherington, B. A., B. D., Pastor.
Parsonage 123 Eleventh avenue, west. Telephone B1249.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Junction of Westminster avenue and Westminster road. SERVICES at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Geo. A. Wilson, B. A., Pastor. Manse corner of Eighth avenue and Ontario street. Tel. 1066.

ST MICHAEL S, (Anglican).

Corner Westminster road and Prince Edward street. SERVICES at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., Holy Communion 1st and 3d Sundays in each month after morning prayer. 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 a. m, Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Rev. G. H. Wilson, Rector.
Rectory 372 Thirteenth avenue, east. Telephone B1799.

ADVENTISTS.

Advent Christian Church (not 7th day Adventists) corner Ninth avenue and Westminster road. Services 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., Sunday School at 10 a. m. Young peoples' Society of Loyal Workers of Christian Endeavor meets every Sunday evening at 6:45 o'clock. Prayer-meeting Wednesday nights at 8 o'clock.

Young Peoples Societies.

SUNDAY.

Loyal Workers of Christian Endeavor meet at 15 minutes to 7, every Sunday evening in Advent Christian Church, corner Ninth ave. and Westminster Rd.

MONDAY.

Epworth League of Mt. Pleasant Methodist Church meets at 8 p. m.

B. Y. P. U., meets in Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church at 8 p. m.

TUESDAY.

The Y. P. S. C. E., meets at 8 p. m in Mt. Pleasant Presbyterian Church.

See When Your Lodge Meets

MONDAY.

The 2d and 4th Mondays of the month Court Vancouver, I. O. F., meets at 8 p. m.

TUESDAY.

Mt. Pleasant Lodge No. 19, I.O.O.F. meets at 8 p. m.

THURSDAY.

Vancouver Council No. 211a, Canadian Order of Chosen Friends meets the 2d and 4th Thursdays of the month.

FRIDAY.

Alexandra Hive No 7, Ladies of the Maccabees holds its regular meetings on the 1st, and 3d Fridays of the month

For local news subscribe for THE ADVOCATE only $1 for 12 months.

The Conservative Rally.

On Tuesday evening a very large number of the Electors of Mt. Pleasant attended the Conservative Rally in Mason's Hall, and were fully repaid by hearing the speeches. The audience was attentive throughout and no interruptions or unruly behavior occurred, such as frequently happens at a political gathering.

Mr. A. H. B. Macgowan, M. P. P., was the first speaker and dealt with the organization work of the Conservatives locally and spoke on the Grand Trunk Pacific contract, showing that it must under the terms remain a private-owned concern as long and longer as the youngest person present were alive.

Mr. R. Cassidy, K. C., of Victoria, was the next speaker, and gave a splendid speech on the questions of the campaign. He described how the Liberals had assumed the Conservative policy since coming into power, and illustrated the weakness of the Liberal party by the way its strongest and most able men had left it—Mr. Tarte, Mr. Blair and Mr McDougall the Auditor—and said Mr. Blair's resignation and silence spoke louder than words in condemnation of the Laurier Government.

Mr. Ellis, who was introduced as the next M. P. for Vancouver, was received with loud cheers. He dealt at some length with the transportation problem, reminding his hearers that the Grand Trunk Pacific was the last link between East and West that they could forge for the next fifty years, and if the plan of the Government was carried out they would be bound by it to the interests of stockholders and not to those of the people. He then went at length into the details of the contract. He was not going to admit that governments could not operate railways successfully. He noticed that municipalities could control their public utilities to the satisfaceion of the ratepayers, and he had heard no complaint because the City of Vancouver owned its water-works system and operated it. The railway question was a most importantant one, and it was going to turn out the Laurier Government on November 3d. (Cheers).

Mr. C. M. Woodworth of Dawson, was the last speaker and said he would only have a "heart-to-heart tak" with them for a few minutes. He congratulated the present Government on its ability to look after its own. They neglected the fisheries, they left the lumber industry to shift for itself, and they took no notice of the settlers along the line, but they cared for their own. Their style of running elections in the Yukon was original and effective.

A Hallowe'en Frolic.

'Tis the night when the spirit of mischies breaks loose
And the spirites and the spooks join in playing the deuce.

This is the night of all the year when the grown-ups can lay aside dignity like an uncomfortable garment and join with the youngest in an old-fashioned Hallowe'en frolic.

Many are the charms by means of which one may consult the oracle on this one night of all the year and have *perfect faith in the result*, for however mischievous the Hallowe-en sprites may be only good spirits roam the earth on that night.

The Three Bowl Test is warranted to foretell the sort of time one may 'ook for in love affairs. Three bowls are placed upon the table one of which is empty, the second filled with meal and the third with clear water. One after the other the young men are blindfolded and led toward the table being advised on the way to place their right hand in whichever bowl they may select. Of course the selection of the empty bowl indicates a forlorn bachelorhood while the one who dips in the meal will marry a widow and the hand that selects the bowl filled with water will marry a maiden fair. Change the positions of the bowls after blindfolding each one. The time-honored Floury Fate must not be *omitted* or *the frolic will not seem* complete. Form some pastry flour into a loaf by pressing it into a mold after mixing in it a ring and a thimble. Turn out of the mold just before the party arrives, and then during the evening each lady is to cut a slice from the loaf. Whoever cuts the slice containing the ring will be married before the next year or at least have an offer of marriage, while the one who finds the thimble is doomed to single blessedness. In some cases a very tiny toy wash board has been used in such a loaf indicating the occupation or vocation of the one who draws it from the flour.

Ring Cross is always an interesting game, in this case rings of popcorn being provided beforehand. String the popcorn and tie the ends together to form rings. Pass one to each man or boy who will name it for the person he desires for a partner in the old-fashioned Virginia Reel (or Sir Roger de Coverly as it is sometimes called) which is to be danced just before supper is served.

As each person steps into position to throw the ring over a stick which has been placed upright at one end of the room he announces the name bestowed on his particular ring. If successful in throwing the ring over the stick the lady named is his partner, but if he fails some other may choose her name if he wishes to do so. Immediately when the rings have been tossed one takes his partner and the piano sounds a lively. When the dance ends the partners continue their march to the dining table where supper is served.

After supper all gather around the fire in the darkened room and then stories and songs are in order.

Let the last game of the evening be the one which will determine the month in which one is to be married. Light twelve candles naming each as it is lighted for the different months of the table. Blindfold each girl turn her about three times and then let her walk to the table and blow out one of the candles taking it up in her hand close to the table and blowing it out. If the candle fails to expire after being blown the first three times the girl will not be married before next Hallowe'en. If it expires on the first she will be married in the same year in the month for which the candle was named. This sometimes played by allowing three minutes for the girl to blow out all the candles those which are still lighted at the end of that time represent the number of months she must wait before the happy event can take place.

As the guests depart the hostess should give to each of the men a rabbit's foot *mounted in silver which* will bring good luck so long as they carry them about. To each of the girls a tiny bit of wedding cake may be given with these instructions written on the paper in which it is wrapped.

Turn your shoes toward the street
Tie your garters on your feet
Put this cake beneath your head
And you will dream of him you'll wed.

THE ATTRACTIVE GIRL.

Much has been written about "the American girl" and her reasons for being preeminently the most attractive girl in the world. In bringing up girls mothers can't be too careful to let their daughters develop all their natural charms to the utmost.

The crucial epoch of a woman's life is the change from maidenhood to womanhood. It involves the whole body and manifests itself in the nervous disposition at this time.

Nervous or sick women are afforded the opportunity of a lifetime, for the makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now offer *$500 reward* for women who cannot be cured. Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of the Womb, which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"I cannot praise your medicine highly enough," writes Mrs. Jennie Hippenhamer, of Huntertown, Indiana. "I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and took it steadily for six months. I was not once sick at stomach, never vomited once. Took the 'Favorite Prescription' three times a day and when in severe pain took an extra teaspoonful of medicine which checked the pain. I felt pleasant all the time and did not get nervous as I used to. When my baby girl came last August she was healthy. She is now eleven months old. Am thirty-eight years old and never got through so easily in all my life. Why should women suffer when they can get through so easily? I am able to do quite a washing and ironing which I could not do for eight years before."

As a tonic for women who are nervous, sleepless, worn-out and run-down, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled.

For constipation, the true, scientific cure is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Mild, harmless, yet sure. No other pill can compare with them.

FURNITURE

Easy Time Payments.

We carry a nice line of Furniture to suit all classes. Bed Lounges, Bedroom Suits, Rockers, Oilcloth, Linoleum, Stoves, Window Shades, etc. Cash or Easy Payments. No interest charged.

Grocery Dept.

Soap, toilet, 2 boxes	5c
Soap, Brown Windsor, 25 cakes,	1
Milk, Empire, 3 tins	25c
Rolled Oats, Brackman & Ker	25c
Apples, splendid cookers, per box,	55c
Flour, Hungarian	$ 1.60

S. T. Wallace

Westminster avenue & Harris street.
Telephone 1266
Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

LOCAL ITEMS.

A concert was given by the Choir of Mt. Pleasant Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening, the attendance was fair. The program was an unusally good one and greatly enjoyed by those present, and was as follows: Miss Gertie Wood and Miss Kinch, piano duet; Mr. H. C. Kendall, solo; Miss Maggie Ross, solo; Mrs. Dickson and Miss G. Wood, duet; Mr. Lister, solo; Anthem by the Choir; Mrs. Dickson, solo; Quartet by Miss Wood, Miss Ross, Mr. Kendall and Mr. Geo. Wood. The encores were frequent and well deserved. Mr. Kendall's singing was greatly enjoyed, he possesses a rich and musical bass. Miss Maggie Ross is always a favorite, and her sweet soprano voice was heard to advantage in her selections, and she received most emphatic encores. The gathering was in the nature of a farewell to the old church, and the pastor gave a historical sketch of the Mt. Pleasant Presbyterian Church from its beginning to the present time. It was started in 1888, in 1890 a Mission and in 1892 organized as a church with a membership of 64 and Sunday School of 200. At present the membership of the church is 261 and the Sunday School over 400. The first services in the new building will be held on Sunday Nov. 6th. the pastor will be assisted morning and evening by Rev. J. S. Henderson of New Westminster. Monday evening the Rev. Dr. Frast of First Church will deliver a lecture, and on Tuesday evening a congregational "At Home" will be held.

—:o:—

TENDERS WANTED.

TENDERS WANTED for clearing, grading and fencing West Vancouver School Gounds, containing one acre of land. Apply to Secretary, J. BRYANT, corner Westminster and Nineteenth avenues.

—:o:—

Read the New York Dental Parlors advertisement in this paper, then go to New York Dental Parlors for your work

—:o:—

Read "The Advocate" for local news.

—:o:—

THE ADVOCATE is always glad to receive items of social, personal or other news from its readers. Send news items to the office or by telephone, B1405.

—:o:—

☞ Subscribers who fail to get "The Advocate" on Saturday morning please notify this office. Telephone B1405

Argyle House

Some Big Bargains

The Wholesale Stores are clearing their odds and ends at a big reduction before stock-taking, and we are packing up these job lines almost every day, so that we can sell them at Wholesale Prices.

Wrapperettes, worth 12½c and 15c for 10c a yard.

Flannelettes, 5 pieces of cream and 8 pieces of cardinal, worth 12½c for 10c a yd.
" 6 " " " " 2 " " " 15c " 12½c "

White Sheetings, plain and twilled 2¼ yards wide, worth 30c for 25c a yard.

Ladies' Natural Wool Combinations worth $2.50 for $2.00 each.

Ladies' Sample Wool Mitts, worth 25c for 15c a pair.
" " " 30c " 20c "
" " " 35c " 25c "
" " " 50c " 35c "

Ladies' Sample Ready-to-wear Dress Skirts.
Ladies' Skirts, worth $6.00 for $4.50 each.
" " $6.50 " $4.75
" " $7.00 " $5.00
" " $8.00 " $6.00
" " $10.00 " $7.00

Many other Bargains to interest you—call and inspect them.

J. HORNER, 400 Westminster Ave.
Opposite Carnegie Library.

A WOMAN'S VERSION OF THE VAMPIRE.

(With Apologies to Kipling.)

"A fool there was, and she lowered her pride
(Even as you and I)
To a bunch of conceit in a masculine hide—
We saw the faults that could not be denied
But the fool saw only his manly side
(Even as you and I).
Oh, the love she laid on her own heart's grave
With the care of her head and hand,
Belongs to the man who did not know
(And now she knows that he never could know)
And did not understand.
A fool there was, and her best she gave
(Even as you and I)
Of noble thoughts, of gay and grave
(And all were accepted as due to the knave)
But the fool would never her folly save
(Even as you and I).
Oh, the stabs she hid, which the Lord forbid
Had ever been really planned,
She took from the man who didn't know why
(And now she knows he never knew why)
And did not understand.
The fool was loved while the game was new
(Even as you and I)
And when it was played she took her cue
(Plodding along as most of us do)
Trying to keep his faults from view
(Even as you and I).
And it isn't the ache of the heart or its break
That stings like a white-hot brand—
It is the learning to know that she raised a god
And bent her head to kiss the rod
For the man who could not understand."

Before starting on a shopping tour, look over the advertisements in the ADVOCATE.

City of Vancouver.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the Court for the Revision of the VOTERS LIST will be held daily up to November 1st, from 10 a.m., to 12 noon, and from 2 to 4 in the afternoon, and from 7 to 9 in the evening, to give all applicants an opportunity to be heard.

THOS. F McGUIGAN,
CITY CLERK.

Vancouver, B. C., Oct., 26th, 1904.

MUNICIPALITY OF SOUTH VANCOUVER.

NOTICE.

The Fire-arms By-law is now in force, which enacts that

"No person under the age of 18 years shall fire off any gun, fowling piece, rifle, pistol or fire-arm within the limits of the District of South Vancouver."

The penalty for infraction of above is a fine not exceeding fifty dollars or one month imprisonment.

By order.

William G. Walker, C. M. C.
South Vancouver, Oct. 18, 1904.

SOUTH VANCOUVER MUNICIPALITY.

NOTICE.

The Municipal Hall will be open on Tuesday and Friday mornings only till the out door work of the Assessment is done.

William G. WALKER, C. M. C.
South Vancouver, Oct 18, 1904.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor in Council has been pleased to direct the publication of the undermentioned tariff of tolls to be paid by all persons using the Fraser River Bridge at New Westminster.

Adults, each way (Or eight tickets for 25c.)	$.05
Children over 5 & under 12, each way	02
Single rig or waggon, loaded or unloaded, including driver, each way (Or 8 tickets for $1.)	15
Double rig or waggon, empty, including driver, each way (Or 8 tickets for $1.)	15
Double rig or waggon, loaded, including driver, each way (Or 6 tickets for $1.)	20
Cordwood and shingle bolt waggon, including driver, round trip	25
Milk vans, round trips (Or 12 round trip tickets for $1.)	10
Saddle horse and rider, each way (Or 12 tickets for $1.)	10
Cattle, horses, pigs, sheep and calves, per head, each way	05

By Command.

FRED'K. J. FULTON,
Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
29th September, 1904.

CERTIFICATES OF IMPROVEMENT.

NEWCATLE MINERAL CLAIM.

SITUATE in the New Westminster Mining Division of District of New Westminster. Where located.—Britannia Mountain, Howe Sound.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Annie Austin, Free Miner's Certificate, No. 131861, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim

And further take notice that action, under Section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

ANNIE AUSTIN.

Dated this 20th day of October 1904.

BUTTER!

BUTTER!

IS ON THE ADVANCE. **Buy now.** I carry the FINEST CREAMERY BUTTER at **25c** a pound. In quantities for less money.

A large stock of APPLES on hand from 75c a box, and up.

3-lb Evaporated Peaches	25c
Royal Crown Soap, 6 bars	25c
Extra Fine Eggs, per doz	30c
Sardines, per tin	10c
2 large tins Pork-and-Beans	25c
Gallon Jar of Chow Chow	90c

Extra Fine Ham and Bacon, also Cooked Ham FOR LUNCHES.

W. D. Muir

RING UP 'PHONE 443. Mt. Pleasant

New MILLINERY

In Trimmed and Ready-to-wear.

Also Children's Headwear in endless varieties.

Blouses, Wrappers, Dress Skirts, Underskirts. Full line of Ladies' and Children's Hosiery. Children's Bearskin Coats, very reasonable. We have everything kept in a firstclass Dry Goods Store.

W. W. Merkley
BURRITT BLOCK
Westminster Avenue, Mt. Pleasant.

If you miss THE ADVOCATE you miss the local news.

Lee's Guaranteed CLOTHING.

THERE IS only one brand of Men's Clothing that is absolutely exclusive. There is only one Store on earth that sells it, and we control all the territory on this side of Jordan.

Our business existence depends on the goodness of Lee's Guaranteed Clothing. We take every human precaution to have it perfect. We select the cloths and have them made up by the best tailors that money can hire—tailors who have every device and convenience that can aid them in perfecting their work—every appliance that can save loss of time or waste of materials The result is a fair price for Clothing that has beauty of form, fullness of finish, and perfection of fit. Suits $12.50, $14.00, $15.00, $16.00, $18.00, $22.00, $25.00. You are invited to come and look.

A. E. LEES & CO.,
THE CASH CLOTHIERS. FLACK BLOCK.

WANTED FRESH EGGS for which we will pay the highest prices.

IN STOCK

A good assortment of Staple and Francy Groceries, Fruits and Provisions **at lowest Cash Prices.** A trial order solicited.

Andrews Bros.,
2315 Westminster Ave. 'Phone 938.

Jack's Shaving Parlor.
Westminster Ave., next Glasgow House
John Gillman, Proprietor.
THREE CHAIRS, and a first-class Bath Room is run in connection with the Barber Shop—give this place a trial.

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CITY SCAVENGER.
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SOCIETIES Which Meet on Mt. Pleasant

I. O. O. F.
Mt. Pleasant Lodge No. 19 meets every Tuesday at 8 p. m , in Oddfellows Hall Archer Block, Mt. Pleasant.
Sojourning brethren cordially invited to attend.
NOBLE GRAND—O. G. Kenny.
RECORDING SECRETARY—Thos. Mackay, Heather and Eighth avenue.

I. O. F.
Court Vancouver 1938, Independent Order of Foresters meets 2d and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 p. m.
Visiting brethren always welcome.
CHIEF RANGER—W. G. Taylor, 227 Keefer street, City.
RECORDING SECRETARY—W. H. DeBou, 578 Tenth avenue, east.
FINANCIAL SECRETARY—M. J. Crehan, 314 Princess street, City. Telephone

LADIES OF THE MACCABEES.
Alexandra Hive No. 7, holds regular Review 1st and 3d Fridays of each month in I. O. O. F., Hall corner Westminster and Seventh avenues.
Visiting Ladies always welcome.
Lady Commander—Mrs. Fitch.
Lady Record Keeper—Mrs. Mary A Foote, 333 Ninth avenue, east.

CANADIAN ORDER OF CHOSEN FRIENDS.
Vancouver Council, No. 211a, meets every 2d and 4th Thursdays of each month, in I. O. O. F., Hall, corner Seventh and Westminster avenues.
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