

CAPTURE POLI FORTS

Free Italian Infan- to Retire.

Feet Leaves for ish Waters.

Atrocities Com- by the Arabs.

The report that all
at Tripoli are in the
arks is confirmed in well-
here. The Italians hold
the city proper.

ENGAGEMENT.

The Turks tried
to set up a few guns to the
and opened fire. This
e, as most of the shells
e. The Italian artillery
guns and forced the ene-

ck last evening. Turk-
the line of defenses and
Italian Infantry to re-
Carlo Alberto soon lo-
sh artillery, and by a
vigorous fire silenced

SAILS FOR TURK- WATERS.

It is reported that
fleet has left Tripoli
The government has suppress-
between Tripoli and
the leakage of news to
All the mails from Tri-
to run the gauntlet of

ATROCITIES.

In the absence of
ings from the news
Tripoli, interest tem-
the reports of Ital-
testimony of English
abled, directly con-
an official statement.
alluded to in the Ital-
parently censorship has
production of such in-
people are unable to
detail. Hence it is not
here is great indigna-
Italian public, who be-
lish stories are a part
campaign carried on in
and elsewhere.

condemners' letters from
confirm the statement
perpetrating atroc-
the Abyssinian cam-
of horrors. The realiza-
of the reports were con-
ditions are created,
apprehensions of the
eter. The Italian sol-
of the spirit of possi-
s. It is also pointed
well known, the Arab
than the men in
ment of any white race, and
of the horrible female
to destroy the last
feelings on the part
ose comrades suffered

CHILDREN

Scholars Need Attention.

Members of the
School Board were
night when a re-
ed by the medical
showing large
of schools of the
eye trouble among
ed or so new cases
in addition the U-
that if spread
there was a likeli-
of all the schools
cases are consider-
of local doctors in
number of cases of
ve shown alarming

T STORES

ation to Take Business.

F. W. Woolworth
a new corpora-
formed under the
oolworth Company.
ness of F. W. Wool-
York; S. K. Knox
& Co.,
P. Charlton Co.,
C. S. Waterworth,
Moore, Waterworth,
pore & Son, Scherer,
controlling interest
ness of F. W. Wool-

will own and con-
and ten-cent stores
parts of the United
and England.
the capitalization
is to be \$15,000,000,
stock and \$50,000,

LLAR LOAN.

Col. Matheson, Pro-
nounced to-day that
of the province next
million dollar five
from succession de-
to the public. It
the Government to
as a guarantee.
only had the Gov-
less authorized
the market.

Sweet Miss Margery

The writer told how, on returning
earlier than he had anticipated, he had
entered the house through the window
of his "den," from the grounds. This was
barred after him by his servant; and
thus he became an unintentional eaves-
dropper to the sad meeting between his
wife and her cousin; and he ended by
extracting Stuart to let no obstacle
stand in his path, but to consummate
Margery's and his own happiness by a
speedy marriage.

With the letter of the dead man close
to his heart, Stuart buried all compunc-
tion and regret, and waited and longed
for Margery to speak; but she was si-
lent. She was racked by conflicting emo-
tions. Day and night the image of her
dead husband hardly left her mind; for
evidence of his great love still sur-
rounded her. Court Manor being her
own house, bequeathed to her when the
rest of the estate passed to the next
heir. She could not banish the regret
and remorse that had seized her. Again
and again she longed for the past to re-
turn, so that she might act differently.
And yet her love for Stuart had not
grown less; he was still her hero, her
king. It was doubt and nervous, sensi-
tive pain that kept her from him; and
day by day the pain grew greater, till
she knew not what to do.

Had she been allowed, Margery
would have remained at Court Manor, in
spite of the sad memories that clung to
it, but Miss Lawson took care not to
insist on such an arrangement. She dic-
tated to the young Countess of Court
as she dictated in the old days to Mar-
gery Daw; and unobscuredly the girlish
widow obeyed, as she had always done,
and allowed her friend to rule. They
had spent the first six months following
the earl's death at Beecham Park, then
Miss Lawson took Margery abroad be-
fore paying a brief visit to the manor.
Now she accompanied Lady Court to
Weymouth, at Margery's own request.
Personally, she thought the little village
too quiet for the girl, but Margery seem-
ed to like its peaceful monotony, so she
raised no objection. As time went on,
however, she found the sad apathy in-
crease, instead of decrease, the govern-
ess began to consider how she ought to
act.

Stuart had not been mentioned be-
tween them for weeks, though Miss Law-
son had to send a daily report to the
eager, anxious man. Something must
be done, she declared, mentally, as she
turned to meet Margery entering the
room in her heavy black robe and large
black hat, to banish the morbid remorse
and sadness that were preying upon the
life of the young girl.

"I am glad to see you are sensible," she
observed, nodding at sight of the hat.
"Now come along; it is a beautiful at-
ternoon."

Margery smiled faintly at the sharp
words, yet gentle voice, and together
they left the house.

They walked on in silence to the very
edge of the sea, and stood watching the
suds that created waves come rolling in.
Margery was deep in thought, and Miss
Lawson watched her anxiously. Her
heart prompted her to speak out, to
urge the girl to cast off her burden of
gloom and turn once more to joy and
happiness, but the sad young face look-
ing across the sea stopped her.

The afternoon sun descended lower
and lower, and still Margery stood
gazing at the sea.

"The great sea, faultless as a flow'r,
Throbs trembling under beam and
 breeze
And laughs with love of th' am'rous
hour."

At last, as a gray cloud obscured the
golden light for a time, she turned to
Miss Lawson.

"Let us go back," she said, hurriedly,
with a little shudder. "I am tired
now."

Miss Lawson walked with her in si-
lence.

"I am an old woman," she mused to
herself. "This is beyond what we have
waited long and wearily, and yet she
goes no better. I shall give in, and leave
the rest to Stuart."

A message sped swiftly from the fish-
ing village to the great city. It was
short, yet it brought a thrill of intense
joy to Stuart Crosbie's heart. There
was no hope breathed in the words, but
hope lived within his breast, as it had
lived through all his weary waiting. He
longed impatiently for the night to be
gone—for the morning to come, and
when the sun rose over the still sleeping
city, he was speeding away from it to
the sea.

"Where shall we land you, sweet?
On fields of strange men's feet,
Or fields near home,
Or where the fire-flows blow,
Or where the flow'rs of snow,
Or flow'rs of foam?"
We are in love's hand to-day."

So sung his heart in glad anticipation
of its joy. Happiness had been so long
absent, it must come now. Misery, de-
spair, sorrow, were all forgotten—he
lived again!

"You will be back to-night?" asked
Margery, as she put a water proof round
Miss Lawson's form. "You promise
me?"

"I promise," said Miss Lawson, prom-
isely. "Ugh, what a day! Margery, take
my advice; don't go out."
"It will not hurt me; I like the wind
and the spray."

"Then wrap up well, Pauline!"—turn-
ing to the maid—"if her ladyship does
go out, see that she puts on something
suitable."

"How little you trust me!" said Mar-
gery, with a faint smile. "But are you
sensible about it, may I ask?"
"For once, under proof, glasses,
and an umbrella," observed Miss Law-
son quickly. "Usually she felt a thrill
of anticipation; Margery seemed bright-
er, more content, more her old self to-
day."

"Then goodbye, dear," Margery put
her eye to the other woman's. "Give

my love to Mrs. Fothergill and the doc-
tor."

"I am an old fool," she declared mes-
sage to herself, as she felt a tear roll
down her cheek, "and I only hope I shall
keep out of the way for some good!"

Left alone, Margery stood for awhile
at the window, gazing at the rough, sea-
ry sea; then she asked Pauline for her
cloak and hat.

"Will misad that I go with her?"
asked the maid, in her broken English.
Margery shook her head.

"I shall not go far; and this wind
does you no good, Pauline."
"Mistake is so kind. If she will per-
mit, I think that hat will not be wise.
See this capuchon—so warm! It will be
best."

Margery agreed, and tied the comfort-
able hood round her delicate, lovely race,
looking sweetly fair with her halo of
red-gold curls and her deep, lustrous
blue eyes. She turned toward the shore;
the roaring and dashing of the sea ex-
cited her, the strong, soft wind
seemed to blow away the clouds of doubt
and pain that hung over her. Her sor-
row was lost in the pleasurable excite-
ment that thrilled her as she stood,
wind-blown and rain-drenched, and
watched the great waves come rolling in,
with their thunderous voices and moun-
tainous spray. The tempest seemed to
suit her humor; she reveled in the free-
dom and wildness of the elements as in
the birth of a new life—a life with hope
springing glorious within.

She moved on as quickly as the wind
would allow, stopping every now and
then to gather her cloak closer round
her. The gales had blown her curls in
rough fashion all over her hood; there
was a light in her eyes, a glow of color
on her fair cheeks; for the moment she
looked the Margery of old, not the sad
girl-widow of present days.

Few of the fisher-folk were about;
but in the distance she could see some
children running to and fro on the shore
and the wind now and then waited their
voices to her ears. Tired at last, her
brave almost spent, she turned inland,
in a cross direction, determining to
rest at one of the cottages before going
home. The wind blew her along at times,
almost taking her off her feet; and she
had to drop upon the wet beach more
than once to gather strength. At last
she sighted the cottages, and struggled
to the first one. The women knew her
well; she was a great favorite, and they
were never tired of dwelling on her
youth, beauty, and history and good-
ness and generosity.

She knocked at the rough door, and
it was opened immediately.

"May I come in and rest, Mrs. David?"
she asked, leaning back against the dor-
post, almost breathless.

"Lor' bless me, my lady, in course!
Come in at once!" exclaimed the bustling
fisherwoman. "It is a sight too wild for
you to be out. It is rough here, tho'my
lady. The chair is hard; but—"

"It is most acceptable," sighed Marg-
ery, sinking with a sigh of fatigue, into
the great wooden chair. "I have been
walking along the shore. How rough the
sea is to-day. And how have you been,
Mrs. David? You look sad—are you not
troubled?" "Oh, catching sight of a small
form covered with blankets lying in a
warm corner by the fire—your child is ill!"

Mrs. David put her apron to her eyes.
"He is better now, my lady," she re-
plied, with a sob in her voice; "but he
was all but gone this morning. Oh, dear
me, it fair broke my heart to see him—
him, my only one, my lady!"

"What happened?" asked Margery,
quickly, her heart full of sympathy. She
knew the child well—a beautiful, rosy,
cheeked boy, the very light and joy
of his parents' life. "Is he very ill?"

"He went out the morning, your lady-
ship. My mind misgave me as I saw him
go; but he loves the sea. My man is
away over to the coast to-day; and Jim
he begged to go out; and watch the
waves; and he went too near, my lady,
and got drawn in by the tide, and
would have been washed away if it
wasn't for a gentleman—Heaven bless him!
—didn't tore off his coat and plunged
in. I thought my Jim was dead when I
saw him carried in white, and all drip-
ping; but the gentleman he raised him
and rolled him in blankets. And now he
is sleeping like a lamb, and see, my lady,
But, oh, I nearly died!"

"It was dreadful!" said Margery gen-
tly, rising and putting her soft, white
hand on the rough tanned arm of the
mother. "But don't cry, Mrs. David. Jim
is all right now, poor little fellow. You
are nervous and upset. Can you send up
to my house this evening? I will have
some nice things made together for him
that will soon make him well."

"Heaven bless you for your goodness,
my lady!" returned Mrs. David. "I ain't
one to give way to tears often; but
you can understand—"

"Yes, I understand," whispered Marg-
ery, standing and looking down at the
sleeping child, while Mrs. David went on
with her account of the accident.

"It was just the merest chance the
gentleman was on the spot," she said.
"He'd come from the town, and was
walking to Weymouth, along the shore
when he saw little Jim washed off his
feet, and he was in the water in an in-
stant."

"He was brave!" Margery interjected
quickly.

"Ay, that he was; and I'll never be
forgotten by us, though we live to hurt
dread! But won't you sit down with
my lady? I expect the gentleman here ev-
ery minute to inquire after Jim."

"I am rested now, and I think I will
make a start."

Margery walked to the little window
and looked out. The wind was raging
just as fiercely as ever, and the rain was
beating furiously against the pane.

"Let me give you some tea, my lady,"
urged Mrs. David. "I'll have it ready in
an instant."

"No, thank you, Mrs. David; I must
be gone. I will."

"A sharp knock came at the door, and
a man came in, saying that the vessel
was ready to start. Margery rose, and
went to the door, and saw that nothing
could be seen but

the sea, and she returned to the room,
and sat down to rest.

"I know this gentleman, Mrs. David,"
she said steadily, though her limbs
were trembling. "He is my cousin—"

"Your ladyship's cousin?" exclaimed
the woman in surprise. "Oh, sir, that
brings you closer to my heart! I've
told my lady all about it."

"How brave you were!" murmured
Margery, as she drew her hand from
Stuart's firm clasp.

"Brave! I did nothing. But, come
cousin—you ought to be going. Shall
I see you home? Will you let me?"

"If you please."

Margery bent and kissed the child
softly, then put out her hand to Mrs.
David.

"I will come to-morrow and see how
he is. Don't forget to send to-night."

"I will not, thank you again and
again, my lady."

Margery smiled, and walked to the
door. The small homely room seemed
suddenly illuminated by a strange mys-
terious light, golden and strong as the
sun. Stuart drew the door after them,
then put out his hand without a word,
and Margery placed her hand in his.

He led her from the cottage to a shel-
tered spot, and then stood looking down
at her with eyes that shone like stars
in the passion of his love.

"I love you," he said quietly. "I have
come to you. Have you no word of
hope for me?"

She stood silent for an instant, then
raised her lovely eyes to his.

"One word," she whispered. "Stay."
"My darling, my own, my own for-
ever, it has come at last!"

(The End.)

ARE YOU AS WELL AS A YEAR AGO?

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Point the Way to Health and Strength.

Ask yourself the important question
whether you are as strong as you were
a year ago, as bodily fit as you should
be. Many a reader has to confess "No."

Some weakening ailment has during the
past year laid hold of the system, im-
pairing you for the duties of life and
seriously clouding the outlook of the
coming days. It may be rheumatism
with its sharp twinges of pain, indiges-
tion, headache, nervous debility, depres-
sion and lack of energy, or the pains
and ailments which only common folk
know. It is well to know that all these
weakening disorders arise from an im-
poverished condition of the blood. Re-
new and enrich your blood and all your
troubles will cease. This is a strong
statement, but it is made on the testi-
mony of thousands who once suffered,
but who have gained health and
strength by the aid of the new, rich
blood supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills. We can quote the words of cases
similar to the following: "Mr. Jos.
Grandmaison is a young man well
known in the town of St. Jerome, Que.
He says: 'For a couple of years I had
been to find my strength failing, but did
not dream that the trouble was serious.
As I grew weaker I began to doctor,
but it did not help me. The last ex-
ertion made my heart palpitate violently,
my stomach heaved out of order, and
my whole system became so run down
that I was finally forced to quit work.
I had no sleep, no appetite, no energy,
no strength, and was a mere shadow of
my former self. At this juncture I was
in a case similar to many others, and
through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills, and decided to try them. I took
the Pills faithfully for about two
months, gradually growing stronger and
at the end of that time I was as well
as any man could be. I shall always
praise the medicine that raised me from
dispair to the blessing of good health.'"

Sold by medicine dealers everywhere,
or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six
boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams'
Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE HEALING VAPOR OF CA- TARRHIZONE LOOSENS THE COUGH, STOPS ALL DIS- CHARGES, PREVENTS SNEEZ- ING.

The real danger in Catarrh lies in put-
ting off treatment. You may have Cat-
arrh, yourself, but you may not know it.
Before the disease spreads from your
nose to the stomach, lungs, or bronchial
tubes, root it out—cure it with "Ca-
tarrhizone." Look over the following
symptoms—then examine yourself:

Bad Breath Stuffy Nostrils
Frequent Sneezing Ears Buzzing
Watery Eyes Hacking Cough
Bad Taste Droppings
Raising Phlegm Difficult Breathing

Don't continue to burden your sys-
tem for another day when the germs of
such a filthy, loathsome disease as Cat-
arrh. Get Catarrhizone to-day—inhale
its soothing vapor, fill your breathing
organs with its balsamic essences, and
all trace of Catarrh will forever depart.

Send what Edward S. Lee, of Sydneyham,
Ont., says of his cure with Catarrh-
zone:

"I was a chronic sufferer from con-
tinuous colds in the throat and nose,
and for many years have constantly
had Catarrhizone, and first that by
using the Inhaler or first that by
using a cold or in a gripe I am able to
stay it in a few hours. I have been
able to breathe through my nose freely
since using Catarrhizone, in fact,
I am completely cured. (Signed) ED-
WARD S. LEE."

Once you try Catarrhizone you'll real-
ize how indispensable it is—the large dol-
lar size contains an indestructible hard
rubber inhaler and sufficient medication
to last two months. Beware of the sub-
stitutes and imitations of Catarrhizone
—the genuine and you'll get cured.

By mail from the Catarrhizone Com-
pany, Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

TRIP THROUGH MANITOULIN ISLAND.

To the tourist one cannot realize any-
thing more pleasing than sailing through
the waters of Georgian Bay, with its
crystal water and its numerous is-
lands, of varied formation of size and
shape, and the richness and beauty of
the foliage. Seated on one of the pal-
ace steamers, on a summer day, to me
it seemed a taste of fairyland. I have
sailed on southern waters, with pleasing
scenery, but the scenery of Georgian Bay
is incomparable, yet the fair short when I
think of the beauties of our own crystal
waters of Northern Ontario.

A sail of twenty hours from Owen
Sound brings you to Manitoulin Island,
our geography says the largest fresh
water island in the world, and the geolo-
gist says the oldest formation of land.
It is more than 100 miles long and
about 15 miles wide, one-third water,
one-third rock and one-third tillable land.
It is more than 100 miles long and
about 15 miles wide, one-third water,
one-third rock and one-third tillable land.

It is more than 100 miles long and
about 15 miles wide, one-third water,
one-third rock and one-third tillable land.

It is more than 100 miles long and
about 15 miles wide, one-third water,
one-third rock and one-third tillable land.

It is more than 100 miles long and
about 15 miles wide, one-third water,
one-third rock and one-third tillable land.

It is more than 100 miles long and
about 15 miles wide, one-third water,
one-third rock and one-third tillable land.

It is more than 100 miles long and
about 15 miles wide, one-third water,
one-third rock and one-third tillable land.

It is more than 100 miles long and
about 15 miles wide, one-third water,
one-third rock and one-third tillable land.

It is more than 100 miles long and
about 15 miles wide, one-third water,
one-third rock and one-third tillable land.

It is more than 100 miles long and
about 15 miles wide, one-third water,
one-third rock and one-third tillable land.

It is more than 100 miles long and
about 15 miles wide, one-third water,
one-third rock and one-third tillable land.

It is more than 100 miles long and
about 15 miles wide, one-third water,
one-third rock and one-third tillable land.

It is more than 100 miles long and
about 15 miles wide, one-third water,
one-third rock and one-third tillable land.

It is more than 100 miles long and
about 15 miles wide, one-third water,
one-third rock and one-third tillable land.

One Box of Them Cured Mrs. Mary A. Cook's Rheumatism From Which She Had Suffered for Fourteen Years.

Manitowish, Ont., Nov. 1.—(Special)—
How quickly and easily Rheumatism can
be cured when you use the right means
is shown in the case of Mrs. Mary A.
Cook, well known and highly respected
here. In an interview regarding her
case, of which all the village know, Mrs.
Cook says:

"I had rheumatism so bad that some-
times I would sit up nearly all night.
I first thought I would try the doc-
tors, but finally I decided to first try
Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"They cured me, and I didn't have to
try the doctors. And just to think that
after fourteen years of suffering one box
of Dodd's Kidney Pills could cure! I
will recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to
anyone who suffers from Rheumatism."

Yes, it is easy to cure Rheumatism
when you go the right way about it.
Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in
the blood. If the Kidneys are working
right they will strain all the uric acid
out of the blood and there can be no
Rheumatism. Dodd's Kidney Pills always
make the kidneys work right.

TRACK WALKERS' RECORDS.

One Has Covered 177,900 Miles in His Long Service.

George A. Burns, the oldest track walk-
er in point of service on the
Pennsylvania Railroad, has just put his
177,900th mile behind him. In keeping
vigil over the track in his care he has
walked the equivalent of seven and one-
third times around the world in the last
thirty-five years.

Journeying four times a day between
Greensburg, Pa., and Youngwood yard,
a distance of 3.5 miles, he has inspec-
ed 5,725,800 splice plates on half that
many rail joints.

Other Pennsylvania track walkers
who have distance records are William
Young, of Franklin, Pa., with 124,144
miles in 22 years and 8 months; Dennis
Watters, Norristown, Pa., with 111,624
miles in 24 years; Simon Owens, Wash-
ington, D. C., with 135,626 miles in 25
years and 4 months, and Julius Hein,
of Edgewater, Md., who has covered 101,100
miles in 23 years and 3 months.

Track inspection is reduced to an exact
science. A patrolman registers in the
tower at the end of his beat the
hour and minute of his arrival; departs
on a registering clock by which his
trips can be checked to the minute. His
route usually covers about four miles,
but it is less than half this on stretches
where special watchfulness is needed. At
night the inspector works by the light of
his lantern to work by, but he must
see that every frog, switch and signal is
in good order.

If a nearby tree looks dangerous he
must report so that it can be chopped
down. An overhanging rock may be-
come loose—the track walker must
know about it in time to avert a pos-
sible accident. The wash of water must
be examined for danger to teams as
well as to trains.

Other things that demand his vigil
are outlying water and cattle, overhead
wires and crew the station house in
the field. Some of these pedestrians are
on the job every hour of the twenty-
four to smooth the path of the hurrying
millions gliding over the rails.—Pitts-
burg Dispatch.

A "WHEEZY" CHEST

Means your trouble is deep seated. To
delay is dangerous. All the inflamma-
tion will be drawn out in one day by
applying Nerviline. It penetrates
through the pores of the skin, relieves
inflammation and thus prevents serious
consequences. For sore throat, weak
chest and tendency to colds, no pre-
scription is better than Polson's Nervi-
line. For nearly fifty years it has been
Canada's great household remedy. Twen-
ty-five cent buys a large bottle.

NOTES FROM THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

Virginia's coal production is steadily
increasing, the state's output of 6,507,287
short tons last year being far ahead of
any previous record.

Telegraph poles have been dispensed
with entirely in one Welsh town, in
which the residents have permitted the
wires to be strung from house to house.

A German chemist claims to have
melted metals in a vacuum by focusing
the sun's rays upon them, without neces-
sitating the use of a container of high
heat resisting properties.

For both military and industrial pur-
poses an automobile has been built in
France in which the platform tilts to the
ground to receive loads drawn upon it
by a capstan with which it is equipped.

The livers of one hundred codfish are
needed to produce a gallon of oil.

The Japanese process of dwarfing a
pine tree lasts about ten years.

More than forty varieties of mosqui-
toes make their homes in New Jersey.
Nearly 30,000,000 acres of wheat were
planted throughout India this year.
Two Paris department stores use stor-
age battery driven electric tricycles to
deliver purchases to customers.
A steamship line between New York
and Bermuda has equipped its vessels
with an apparatus to take moving pic-
tures of their passengers for their
amusement.
The world's largest iodine works are in
the north of Chile, having an annual out-
put of 400,000 pounds.
Both German and British East Africa
are rapidly becoming richer in the
world's supply of rubber.
Some railroads in Germany are equip-
ping their locomotive cabs with cones
made to absorb the vibration, which is
said to affect the hearing of the men-
bers of their crews.

THE HEALING VAPOR OF CA- TARRHIZONE LOOSENS THE COUGH, STOPS ALL DIS- CHARGES, PREVENTS SNEEZ- ING.

The real danger in Catarrh lies in put-
ting off treatment. You may have Cat-
arrh, yourself, but you may not know it.