

IN PRISON

inst McNamara... Case.

Regarding Alleged Plans.

Nov. 4.—That J. J. he has been... plotting to "get"...

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GILLET'S PERFUMED EYE



FOR MAKING SOAP, SOFTENING WATER, REMOVING PAINT, DISINFECTING SINKS, CLOSETS, DRAINS, ETC.

Winsome Winnie

"My dear Miss Caerlyon, stop a minute, please," he said, haughtily. "You are laboring under a mistake, Mr. Pascoe. You cannot be very long in the mine office in Tolgooth, sir, or you would have known me," he added, suppressing an explosion of quarter-deck wrath for the sake of the young girl by his side.

"Well, no, indeed, sir," said Mr. Pascoe, smiling again; "but I did not know you would bring to my mind at all, sir—but that you were a stranger, and a young maid like Miss Winnie Caerlyon, you can not be too particular, sir, I say now."

"He had edged himself up to Captain Trednick's side, and was beginning to chat fluently, with an evident intention of constituting himself a third in the party. If he calculated on the sailor's easy good-fellowship and pleasant conversation, he was fated to be instantly undeceived."

"Sir," said the Captain of the Chitroor, halting abruptly, and surveying Mr. Pascoe with the hauteur of the proud Trednick's of Tregarthen, and a fresh accession of the haughty quarter-deck politeness of a presuming inferior, "I will take care of the young lady for the rest of the way, and will wish you a very good morning, sir."

"Good-bye, sir," said he, very much. Her timid hand just touched his, and the downcast, pained girlish face, that had not been raised since the encounter at Tregarthen gates, was upturned just for a very few moments, gazing anxiously into his own.

cap of white and violet crepe. "Waited, dear aunt? Of course I have." "Without a cup of coffee or chocolate or anything after your long walk?" exclaimed Madam, sitting down before her silver breakfast equipage. "For I understand from Trewella, my maid, that you have actually been out of the house since daybreak."

"Yes, I have," said Captain Trednick—mentally adding, "I wonder how Trewella knew it?" "Where did you walk?" inquired Madam. "Give me some of that Straasburg pate, please, Stephen. Did you go to Tregarthen?"

"No, I did not," replied Stephen Trednick, without adding that he had never thought of it until he had returned to the door of Roseworthy Hall. "By the way, aunt, I saw your little friend going home this morning."

"Indeed, Stephen," said Madam, and a rather amused malicious smile curved her lips. "Where did you meet her?" "Oh, on the road by the Head," answered her nephew, silently resuming his roll and Straasburg pate. "And you escorted her safely home, I hope, with your usual thoughtful consideration?"

"Yes, of course. That is a wild, lonely road for a girl like her to travel, of course I went along with her until I saw her safe."

and barter, still one ought to make the best exchange, and barter as equally as possible. Looking at the matter from a commercial point of view, a pretty young girl, with a fair share of brains and social attractions, and of decent family, might barter herself for something better than mere clothes and food given to her by a very ill-favored lubber of a fellow whom she detests."

"Bravissimo, Stephen! I begin to have some hope of you! You are growing romantic!" Then, quite suddenly, looking into the coffee urn she spoke, Madam asked her third searching question: "How do you know that she detests him, Stephen?"

"Because—have you not just said that she does not admire him? I am sure a girl could!" "This was an evasion with a vengeance, and Captain Trednick felt ashamed of it, and coughed two or three times, and resolved to tell Madam the whole story of the morning. It was odd the disinclination that came over him to deliver that short recital in the cold, clear morning sunlight, with Madam Vivian's keen eyes watching his face—about his invitation, and Winnie's refusal to go into Tregarthen House—about the tangled tress of hair, his request for a keepsake, Pascoe's coarse taunt, and all ending with poor Winnie's one passionate allusion, as they went down the hill together, to the scene of which his delicate sympathy for her mortification would not suffer him to make any mention.

"You must wonder at me and my friends, sir," she had said, bitterly; "it is my misfortune that that man can claim my relatives as his, though he is neither my relative nor friend of mine. He hates Tregarthen House—about the tangled tress of hair, his request for a keepsake, Pascoe's coarse taunt, and all ending with poor Winnie's one passionate allusion, as they went down the hill together, to the scene of which his delicate sympathy for her mortification would not suffer him to make any mention."

"Do you really consider the girl pretty?" she asked, with a smile of compassion for his utter ignorance of the requisites of beauty. "Poor little Winnie! Why the child has not a single good feature in her face; certainly her eyes are nice and bright, but so are most young persons."

"Nice and bright!" these pleading, sad, true, deep dark eyes, with a world of feeling in their light and shadow! He did not understand them thus far, perhaps, but he felt, as a noble intelligent nature would, the power and worth and truth of the soul which shone through them, and had not noted in them—which Madam Vivian doubtless never had—the fire of passion and glow of beauty created by that soul's strongest emotion.

"She has beautiful hair, though," Madam added presently. Stephen Trednick, by a method best known to himself, by this time had arrived at the conclusion that he had better leave the beauty of Winnie's beautiful hair alone.

WEAK STOMACHS

Need New, Rich Blood to Restore Them to Healthy Condition

Actually in need of food to nourish the body, you are afraid to eat because of the racking agony that follows. That is the condition of the sufferer from indigestion—a choice between starvation or merciless torture.

The urgent need of all dyspeptics, of everybody whose organs of digestion have become unfit to perform their important duty, is for stronger stomachs than can extract nourishment from food. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give weak stomachs just the strength they need by enriching the blood supply, thus giving tone and strength to the stomach and its nerves, and enabling it to do the work nature intended it to do.

Thousands of cases of indigestion have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, of which the following is but one instance. Miss L. A. Brown, Port Albert, Ont., says: "For a number of years I was a terrible sufferer from indigestion, and as a result I became nearly completely run down and suffered from backache and nervous troubles as well. I had to force myself to eat, but never enjoyed a meal owing to the awful pains that followed eating. Life was becoming a burden, and as medicine after medicine failed to help me I felt I was doomed to go through life a constant sufferer. Finally a married sister strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I bought a bottle. I was so thankful that I followed her advice, they have fully restored my health, and I can now enjoy all kinds of food without the least discomfort, and my friends say I am looking better than I have done for years. At all events I know I feel like a new person. So shall always praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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

parted lessons in vocal music, as they ceaselessly swooped, and dived, and soared, and shrieked around the crazy cliffs. Winnie, aroused from her lounge by the low white breastwork that hemmed in the little yard or terrace before the house, where she had been mechanically watching the seabirds' flight, the tossing of the green, froth-crested waves in the cold March sunlight, and the flitting lights and cloud shadows out on the great rippling expanse of ocean before her—Winnie's only relaxation, amusement, or pleasure in this world, but one that she could not give up, to Roseworthy—took up the baby obediently, who resisted, as she did so, with loud peevish cries; but perseverance in kisses and caresses, and showing the gulls, and the "pretty, pretty sea," and the "beautiful little ships," stilled baby's lamentations at length, and she sat up in her sister's arms, in her little blue hood and cloak, like "a beautiful little dearie," as Winnie said.

This child, the youngest and frailest and sickliest of it, the seven, it had almost entirely taken into Winnie's lap to nurse and care for by day and night, from her stepmother's prolonged indisposition at her birth and other causes. Winnie had "got the way" of managing, feeding and soothing the little one better than any one else; hence, washing, dressing, nursing and putting to sleep were all left entirely to the patient loving hands that never shook or slapped the wailing, fretful little creature—as its mother would in a fit of temper sometimes—that were always ready by day or night to "take baby."

The young girl's rest, leisure, amusements, were all curtailed or cut off on account of "baby"—poor little fifteen-months-old Louie—who turned her piteous little face and out-stretched arms away from every one to "Ennie." Sister "Ennie" sacrificed herself ceaselessly and patiently, because of the love, the strong, tender, unselfish mother-love, that rose above all self-consideration in her true womanly nature, for the helpless babe dependent on her.

A WONDERFUL CASE

Three Months in Hospital and Came Out Uncured.

Zam-Buk Cured Him in Few Weeks. Mr. Fred Mason, the well-known upholsterer and mattress manufacturer, of St. Andrews, N. B., says: "I had eczema on my knee, which caused me terrible pain and inconvenience. The sore parts would itch and burn and tingle, and then when rubbed or scratched, would become very painful. When the knee got warm, it burned worse, and the itching and burning and smarting were almost unbearable. I tried various remedies, but got no better, so I decided to go to Montreal and take special treatment. I received treatment at the Montreal General Hospital for thirteen weeks, but at the end of that time I was not cured, and almost gave in. A friend advised me to give Zam-Buk a trial.

"Almost as soon as applied Zam-Buk stopped the itching and the irritation. I persevered with the balm, and it was soon evident that it would do me good. Each day the pain was reduced, the sore spots began to heal, and by the time I had used a few boxes of Zam-Buk I was quite cured." "Since then Zam-Buk has cured blood poison in my finger, and at a time when my finger was in such a terrible condition that I feared it would have to be amputated."

For eczema, blood poisoning, piles, ulcers, sores, abscesses, varicose ulcers, bad leg, cold sores, chapped hands, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin injuries and diseases, Zam-Buk is without equal. 50c. box all druggists and stores or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse imitations.

TELLING DISTANCE BY SOUND.

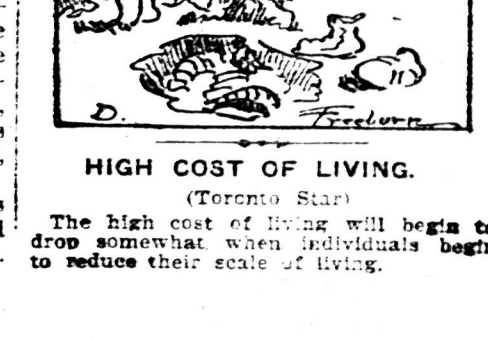
There is an old saying that if you can count five between the flash and the thunder you are safe. Modern science tells us that if you can see the flash at all you are safe, because if it struck you you would have no time to see it. The speed of lightning is about 180 times that of sight.

The old idea was that if you could count five the storm was a mile away, which was considered a safe distance. Sound travels at the rate of 1,142 feet a second, or about a mile in five seconds. In order to count seconds accurately many photographers start by saying to themselves: "No one thousand, one one thousand, two one thousand, three one thousand, etc. This gives about the right space between each count of one, two, three, etc. If you stop at the number of seconds you want to time. With a little practice with a watch beside you this is accurate up to half a minute or more."

MOTHERS RECOMMEND BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Mothers having once used Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones will always be found using them as long as there is a baby in the home. The Tablets are acknowledged by thousands of mothers as being their best friend in keeping the little ones well. Whether it be constipation, colic, indigestion or worms, whether baby is suffering from cold or has simple fever, or whether his teething is difficult, the Tablets are the one safe remedy which will speedily cure him. They are guaranteed by a government analyst to contain not one particle of harmful drug and may be given with benefit to the new-born babe or growing child. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

His First Big Game



THE TRUE SOCIALISM.

Mr. A. C. Benson, in an article on "Real Life" in Public Opinion (a paper which enters its fifty-second year this week) says:—"The plain duty of the man who desires to help on the life of his time is to have an ideal that is both simple and disinterested; he must not claim too large a share of comfort, and he must above all things desire to impart as well as to participate. That, I take it, is the true Socialism, the constructive Socialism not based on confiscation but on participation. The tendency to isolate oneself, to feel superior, to be very conscious of one's rights, to wish to avoid one's duties—that is the individualism with which no terms must be made."

"It is on these lines that I believe our new Democracy is shaping itself, and I rejoice with all my heart to think that it is not a mere vague ideal, but a belief which is amply justified by the signs of the times."

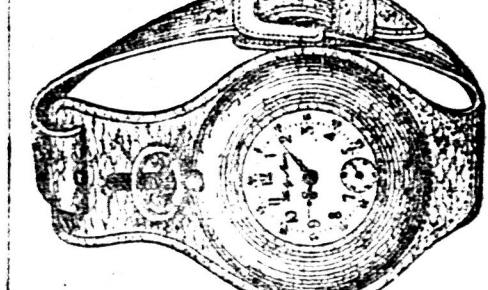
NO GOOD IN THE NORTH.

(Niagara Falls, N. Y. Gazette.) A negative league of housewives, with a central employment bureau, is the plan of Georgia women to solve the current job problem. A blacklist for incompetent, lazy, dishonest or impudent help is the feature of the enterprise. Such an organization exists to work well in the South, where domestic help, mainly negro, abounds, both good and bad. In northern cities, where the dearth of labor of any kind, good and bad, is scarce, the women might find it a difficult proposition to get a servant run up against a union of servant girls.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

(Boston Transcript.) "Her fiancée was worth a million, but she threw it up for another." "Married for love, did she?" "Not in the same way, dear. The other man had ten millions."

WRIST WATCH FREE



A beautiful small size LADIES' WATCH in handsome LEATHER BRACELET given FREE with every order of 12 or more of our Christmas and New Year Cards and Postals. These are the very latest and most exclusive designs. Embossed and photographed in all the natural colors. Approximate value \$1.00. You just show them and take the money. Many of our agents sell a dozen packages in one house. Don't miss this wonderful chance. Write today. You may not see this advertisement again. COBALT GOLD PEN CO., Dept. 206, Toronto, Ont.

CHARGES

Against Girl Al... in Port Hope.

DIES IN FIRE

Badly Burned in... mpted Rescue.

CE GERMAN FOOD.

Germany, Nov. 4.—Scores of were slaughtered to-day and sold to the public in the city...