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Used 102 years  
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A sure relief for  
coughs, colds, sore  
throat, cramps, chol-  
era morbus, diarrhea,  
cuts, burns, bruises,  
sprains, etc.

25c and 50c  
everywhere  
I. S. JOHNSON  
& CO.,  
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**Noted Surgeon To Attend Russian  
Heir**

London, Nov. 20.—The Berlin surgeon, Professor Israel, has been summoned to Tsarskoe Selo, where Dr. Federoff has been in attendance since the Russian imperial family returned from Spala, says a despatch to the Daily Mail from Petersburg.

The circumstances point, according to the correspondent, to the continued gravity of the illness of the young crown prince. The court doctors admit that it is a serious surgical case.

**Loose Tea Loses Flavour**

—deteriorates in quality and flavour before half your last purchase is used up, but

**"SALADA"**

Tea, in its sealed lead packages, always has a delightful freshness. You buy it in pound or half-pound packets from your grocer just as you require it. Besides, you know, "SALADA" was picked just fifteen weeks ago in Canton.

**Bearing Down Pains**

What woman at sometime or other does not experience these dreadful bearing down pains. Mrs. E. Griffith, of Main street, Hepworth, Ont., says: "A heavy bearing-down pain had settled across my back and sides. I was often unable to stoop or straighten myself up. Many times each night I would have to leave my bed with the irregular and frequent secretions of the kidneys and just as done out in the morning a on rearing. I was languid and would have to let my house-work stand. Nothing I had tried would benefit me. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and concluded I would try them, which I did and soon found the long sought relief. My back strengthened and I began to feel better and stronger. I now enjoy my sleep without being disturbed and feel grateful to Booth's Kidney Pills for what they did for me."



Booth's Kidney Pills are a boon to women. She would know less of back-aches if she took more of these wonderful pills. They are nature's greatest specific for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. All druggists, 50c. box or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

**First Train Over The Trans-continental.**

MONCTON, Nov. 20.—The first regular train over the Transcontinental railway in this province left Moncton this morning for Edmundston with several passengers and railway officials thus inaugurating a tri-weekly service. The train was in charge of conductor Cecil McManus; formerly in the employ of the I. C. R.

A citizens' association in Washington has asked the commissioners of the District of Columbia to provide a penalty for anyone who while riding a horse, bicycle, tricycle or motor cycle, or driving, operating or in charge of a vehicle of any kind, shall collide with any person or vehicle and fail to stop and disclose his identity to the police.

**Thin Hair**

A Liberal Offer

When the hair thins out on the top of the head and the bald spot is getting ready to appear in public, don't get discouraged or irritable. Just go to your Druggist and ask for Parisian Sage Hair Tonic. He will charge you 50c. for a large bottle but if it does not cause hair to grow where the hair is thinning out nothing on this earth will.

And we want to say to everybody, man, woman and child, that you can have your money back if Parisian Sage isn't the best hair grower, hair saver, hair beautifier and dandruff cure on the market to-day.

It stops itching scalp and falling hair and makes hair grow thick and abundantly. All druggists everywhere sell Parisian Sage or postpaid from The Groux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont. See that the girl with the Auburn hair is on every bottle. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

**THE RESCUE OF REBEKAH.**

(Country Life)

"Here, come out of that, you young imp! Leave that water-cress alone."

"Oo says?" His honor, standing at the top of the bank and looking down at the tumbled figure embedded in the knees in cresses, replied to the effect, that the order had issued from himself.

"And 'oo are you?" Possibly the young person looking up at him might have been 12 years old, but her face in its shrewish shrewdness, in its unchildlike pallor, suggestive of a long acquaintance with foul air and fouler life, forbade the supposition.

Her big eyes, black, or as nearly black as eyes ever contrive to be outside the pages of sensational literature, regarded him with a look half humorous, half-defiant, wholly contemptuous, not easily to be borne by an elderly gentleman of fine, if full proportions, who has been accustomed for many years to the lavish obsequiousness of his world, and his honor made haste to annihilate the intruder.

"I happen to own this pool and the next two or three miles of the stream, which runs through it—at least, I have the fishing rights—also this is my field. I observe that you have left the gate open. Perhaps that will convince you that I am the proper person to forbid your committing a trespass upon these grounds."

"That don't mean that the 'ole show belongs to you—do it?"

His interlocutor had waded in to the bank, and was busy cramming her dripping bundle of cresses into the remains of a basket. "Oo give it to you?"

"My cousin." His honor thought it superfluous to explain that the gift had been by inheritance.

"And where did 'e get it, and was it give 'im wiv every little bit o' grass and drop o' water for himself? 'Cause if 'e said so 'e's an old liar, and I don't believe 'im. If all the water and the trees an' everything belonged to the people as lived there, what 'ad we do as don't 'ave any? What abaht drinking? Why, we'd 'ave to 'ave beer—so there."

Upon my word," said his honor to himself, "the spawn of a socialist." Aloud he changed the subject. "I suppose you have come with the hop-picker?"

The young person nodded. "I'm at Creddenill. A lidy as lives by us, Mrs. 'Eadstone, she brings me down to pick 'ops an' mind 'er baby, but there's a bit too much bibby an' a little too few 'ops for me, so I comes aht 'ere for the cresses—the pram's rahnd the cornder; don't fright the kid—and I wheels 'em off into Bid-dleborough, it p'sys me best."

"Well! well! Go home now like a good child, and don't let me see you here again." He turned away. This was the beginning of their acquaintance. His honor thought it the end, but in that he was considerably out of his reckoning.

He had called her "the spawn of a socialist," but that was his mistake; her thoughts were clothed in the language of the public house orator, but her germ was in her gypsy blood. It was impossible for her to believe that wild creatures and wild products belonged to any particular individual.

The only child of her mother's first marriage, for the gypsy husband had disappeared within a year—as to the manner of his going it had never occurred to his daughter to inquire—it

was her stepfather who had fed and clothed her indifferently badly for larger portion of her life, and who had changed her name Rebekah into the more homely and comports pseudonym of "Bacca."

A miserable knock-kneed wisp of a jobbing tailor, an almost half-witted creature, but honest in the main, who earned by the sweat of more than his brow something—it were exaggeration to call bread—for himself and his brood of gypsy-eyed children. Now and then his wife would return from her life of wandering, but after a few days, or weeks, of maudlin affection, the wander lust would return upon her and she would go.

He was incapable of anything more determined and his stepdaughter, having realized the fact, drove him in her mother's manner, but to better ends. She had appreciated early the fact that it was a man's duty to provide for his dependents, and that when he cannot or will not, fulfil this duty it falls upon his womankind, an understood thing, however bitterly to be resented; consequently, the tailor being out of work, she had seized her chance of hop-picking as the guardian of "Car-line 'Eadstone's" baby.

Rebekah Gow overrode circumstance—with the help of the Headstone baby's perambulator and his honor's water-cress. A succession of deliberate lies, persisted in even under the threat of Mr. Headstone's fist, had prevented others of the hop-picker's children from spoiling her trade, and it was small wonder that she had no intention of abandoning it now at the mild suggestion of such an amiable gentleman as his honor.

When next he found her retreating from his cress bed, the perambulator overflowing with her spoil, surprise made his honor angry, and his wrath made just so much impression upon Bacca that she decided to come earlier for the sake of peace, and because then she need not be encumbered with the baby.

All might have been well, but trampled water weeds and diminished cresses told their own tale. He rose early—disgustingly early, it seemed to him—though in the cool morning light the white mist was creeping away across the meadows and the air was something never tasted by lie-abed lips.

Down in the pool was Bacca, her arms full, her black hair advertising it long divorce from brush and comb in the straggling locks which emerged from under her frowsy hat. His honor was cold and cross; I fear that he swore.

"Come out at once! I shall take you to the police!"

His honor frowned, but the young person merely looked contemptuous, though the tail of her eye cast a regretful glance at her basket in danger of a trampling as it lay at his feet.

"You got to ketch me fust, aint you?"

"I shall catch you as soon as you come out."

"Will you realy? Didn't it never 'cur to you that the water had anuther side?"

She waded toward the further bank, but his honor's blood was up, his feet already wet. He stepped in after her drew a deep breath as the chill of the water struck through him, remembered

that he had no definite idea as to the depth of the pool, cried "Take care!" and at the same moment heard a squeak of surprise from the child, saw her free hand shoot out, clutching wildly at a clump of rushes, then her head was under water and she was gone.

His honor ran on splashing through the reeds and water-cress as fast as his stately legs would carry him. He might well have paused to ask himself if his life was sufficiently worthless to be risked for the chance of saving one of the thousands such as hers; but all the spare portion of his brain was occupied in wondering whether he could still swim. He had not attempted such a thing for years.

When the bottom suddenly forsok him and he plunged into deep water, his principal wonder was as to whether he could swim at all, and on finding that the accomplishment had not wholly deserted him, as to how long he would be able to keep up. He was elderly, stout unpracticed and rheumatic, and the water was cold also.

After he had seized her, Rebekah still continued to struggle like a cat, and would, no doubt have succeeded in drowning them both.

"What a paragraph it will make for the papers!" his honor thought, as he panted, ears and eyes full of water—had he not by a simple good fortune happened to strike out for the side of the pool where the shallows were nearest. There he found foothold, and half carried, half dragged Rebekah to the bank.

He stood above her, and though his outer man was cold, his heart grew warm within him.

"My dear child,—he stopped—to wring a little of the moisture out of the legs of his trousers—"we ought to be very thankful. We have both of us had a very narrow escape, and we are neither of us a penny the worse for it."

For a moment Rebekah Gow stopped spluttering and fixed him with an eye of ineffable scorn, then pointed to among the fragments of broken reeds and water weeds a black object gradually becoming water-logged and vanishing from the light of day.

"You silly old fool!" she said, "What's the good of you? You've forgotten my 'at!"

After a moment of incredulous silence his honor laughed. He laughed while he ordered her to go home, laughed while he went home himself, laughed at intervals throughout the day, laughed even to his own great hurt and inconvenience when lumbago laid him low.

The local doctor who was called in had never met him before and considered him a most eccentric old gentleman on the strength of his frequent paroxysms of laughter. The truth was that his honor was yearning to tell the story of Rebekah's gratitude and couldn't do it so he fancied a little conscious of his desserts, without posing as a hero, a thing which he had never practiced and for which he had no taste; therefore every time that the story bubbled to his lips he had to choke it down and could not help laughing as he did so.

Mrs. Mackleekum---that was the housekeeper's name---was a very old lady and moreover gave many signs of ever having been young at all; therefore when Rebekah Gow way-laid her as she set out to purchase fresh eggs for her sick master, quite confident that neither of the maids could be trusted upon so important a mission, it was no wonder that the gypsy girl, though trying desperately to be polite jeopardized the success of the attempt at the first remark.

"If yer please, lady are you the ole gent's muvver?" she asked.

Becca's question touched her shrewdly upon the raw in respect to her age, therefore she enlightened her with much acerbity as to her mistake, and concluded by asking her what affair it was of hers.

"Keep yer 'air on, ole lady I adn't sen 'im abaht the last two or free days, though I've been up 'ere lite enough and I kinder though that gettin' in the water after me 'e might 'a' ketch a caught or somethink o' that."

"After you? What do I see and hear?" cried the housekeeper, with a pleasing reversion to hymn-book phraseology. So it was such as you, was it, that His Honor Judge Alexander Kirkman had to risk his precious life for and got such a turn of plumbago as never was? You wicked gel! You'll repent of this if 'e never leaves 'is bed again till 'e departs it to join 'is dear wife that was an', his little boy among the saints in glory. Get away with you."

Too crushed even to put out her tongue, Rebekah got away accordingly. She had not comprehended the whole of the housekeeper's tirade, but had gathered from it, quite unford-edly, that his honor was in danger of losing his life, and the thought, well-nigh broke her heart.

In all their little skirmishes by the pool he had seemed to her to be so particularly gentle that, apart from the commercial side of the matter, it had almost been a pleasure to quarrel with any one in such a friendly way, and her heart was sore within her at the knowledge that he lay ill.

Two or three days later his honor got up, a paler but very little thinner, man. The sun was shining brightly, but for the corn sheaves not yet carried in the adjoining meadows it might have been a June day.

Mrs. Mackleekum having duly tyrannized over him until he put on an overcoat, he went out into the garden, wandered down on the lawn and through the shrubbery, looked meditatively at the roses giving their second crop with a prodigality of sweetness more noticeable even, than in the summer, wandered out to the gate and looked back at the gabled house and wandered as he often did, how little Alexander would have liked this inheritance of his had he lived to be a man.

So musing, he turned into the lane and nearly ran into some one proceeding slowly in the opposite direction. It was Rebekah Gow. She had been dirty when he first saw her, now she was dirtier ragged, but then her rags were dry, now they were wet and stuck with dead leaves and grass as though she had slept through the night's storm under a hedge. Before she had been thin; now she looked half-starved, neglected, fat, some one now had paid her the attention of giving her a black eye.

"You—" she began, and faltered, but thought you were going to kick the bucket. The ole lidy wouldn't tell me. She sent me awiy twice, but I was goin' to tike yer these. These were His honor chuckled, for these were a bunch of his own water-cresses.

"What's the matter with your eye?"

Continued on page 2

**How's This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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