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We also have on hand some nice clams in the shell. Meals and Lunches at all Hours

**NOTICE**

The Ladies of the George Street United Baptist Church will hold a Rummage Sale, beginning next Wednesday at ten o'clock in the old Bank of New Brunswick building, York St.

**THE LESSON OF LIFE**

(Continued.)

The place was muddy, and she picked her footsteps daintily. Perdue had been expecting her, but there had been some trouble with one of the donkey-engines used for hoisting girders to the upper stories, and he had undertaken to straighten matters out, believing that he could get the matter settled before time for her arrival. It proved to be more troublesome than he had at all expected, and in the absorption of his task, he quite forgot to keep a lookout for her.

When she had fairly made her way into the great enclosure, she climbed upon a massive granite block and looked about. Soon she saw him standing on the dizzy end of a great girder extending over empty space at a distance of a hundred feet above the ground. He was shouting loud instructions to a gang of men below. She had never seen him in his careless working-rig before, and as he stood there on the narrow beam, with nothing but the sky for background, he fascinated her.

He was in his shirt-sleeves, but she could see what she believed to be his coat hanging at the junction of two slender iron rods, crossed, x-fashion, not far from him. He wore a small cap, pushed back upon his head. His trousers were tucked into lime-spotted boots. His whole garb was stained with mortar and the red paint which had rubbed from structural iron markings. He had a small stick in his hand, and with it he pointed as he called his orders.

The absorption of the task had, for weeks, made him forgetful of his personal appearance, and his hair was much longer than he usually permitted it to grow. It was long enough so that she could see it wave beneath his cap in the free breeze. She heard two men talking near her. One of them pointed toward Perdue.

"He's th' boss," said he. Bat's heart warmed. "Hustler, ain't he, an' nothin' but a kid!" said his companion.

Bat could have hugged him. Then, for a moment, admiration of the man whom she had come to meet, and appreciation of the place which he had evidently taken among men made her quite forget the resentment which burned dully in her, nowadays, almost every time he met her, with his airs of wisdom and paternal solicitude. And, also, for a moment she quite forgot her woman's fears for him in what seemed to her his perilous perch. Then anxiety flooded on her, and she caught her breath.

An instant's thought, however, showed her that the situation must be about the usual thing, for none of the men were sufficiently impressed by what seemed to her his imminent danger even to look up at him. Slowly, evidently in obedience to

Perdue's orders, an iron beam swung upward from the ground and toward him. She could hear the creaking of the chains hooked about it even above the quick volleying of the donkey-engine's puffs.

At first she scarcely believed her eyes when she saw that a man astride the beam intended to go up with it. He clung to the taut hoisting-chains with one hand and rose, rose, rose.

She could hear Perdue shout, the sound faint because of distance and partly smothered by the multitude of other noises—the clinking of unseen hammers, the rattle of compressed-air riveter hidden somewhere, the whistling of steam craft on the river the roar of a passing train upon the lording tracks, an angry teamster's vociferous condemnation of his straining horse nearer by.

Now the wind shifted, and the noises from the building and the shore were swept out toward the river and a new set of sounds came to her from the street behind the fence. There were the crying of a baby, the shouting of some boys, the tinkle of a street-car bell. Even the warbling of some sparrows sounded louder to her ears than did the voices of the mighty powers which were, before her eyes, rearing the great skeleton of metal towering toward the sky. Bat had never glimpsed at the actual processes of Perdue's work before, and there was something in the sight, now that she saw them going on before her, which almost abashed her.

So this was what he did! It was not astonishing that he should fail to think of a mere girl!

Standing there upon an attenuated beam reared between earth and heaven, it was his place to make all things go as he had planned, and well—it was his hand which waved the signals which let loose the power of steam; his brain which put sequence and effectiveness into the labor of the swarming little men who puttered round about him! Bat reflected that it had been impertinence in her to ask of him attention to the details of her little life, when these things waited at his hand for him to do.

The beam rose slowly. Presently there was some trouble somewhere, and it stopped. The shifting wind blew toward her for an instant, bringing her the words which Perdue shouted, and she gloried in their sharp incisiveness, their quick command, their thrill of confidence in his own ability to control the task confronting him.

After he had called his orders, and while the men hurried to obey them, there was a moment's lull, and while it lasted, he took off his cap with his free hand, stuffed it into a trousers-pocket, pulled out a handkerchief and vigorously wiped his face. (To Be Continued.)

**Dr. DeVans' French Female Pills**

A reliable regulator; never fails. While these pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system, they are strictly safe to use. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at \$5.00 a box. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont. A. J. Ryan, Central Pharmacy, Special Agent.

**MR. F. B. CARVELL, M. P., ON THE VALLEY RAILWAY**

(St. John Globe.)

Mr. F. B. Carvell, M. P., of Woodstock, is in the city today for the purpose of settling some business affairs before the opening of the session at Ottawa. He expects to leave for the capital next week. Speaking to the Globe he said the people along the river counties are still as keenly interested as ever in the Valley Railway project, but have lost confidence in the suggested plan of electrical operation, as he claimed that the recent excursion to Aroostook showed there was not sufficient power. Mr. Carvell said it is his impression the scheme put forward was simply a plan of the C. P. R. to secure control of the territory, and that if they had secured the franchise through Mr. Gould they would never have attempted to operate the road electrically. He did not blame the C. P. R., as it was simply good business on their part but if anyone else allowed the wool to be pulled over their eyes they would be to blame.

Mr. Carvell said he believed a valley railway from Grand Falls to St. John would be commenced within the next two years. For the accomplishment of this he looked to one of the other big railways. He thought there could be no doubt as to the advantages of the valley route and as a simple business proposition the road is bound to be built, and that at an early date. @

When leather armchairs look shabby they should be wiped with a soft cloth moistened with olive oil.

**VICTIM OF MURDER BELONGS TO OTTAWA**

Seattle, Wn., Nov. 14.—Ernest Welch, alias Tommy Walsh, the long-shoreman who died from a beating he said was administered by a gang of thugs Saturday night, is the son of Prof. Thomas Welch, of Ottawa, Ont., according to the dead man's wife, Mrs. Margaret Welch. She says that Welch was born in Liverpool, and at an early age ran away to sea. He did not communicate with his parents, Mrs. Welch relates, until ten years ago, when he was found by his father, who wrote to him.

**GOING TO ENGLAND.**

Mr. J. W. Y. Smith expects to leave about the 3rd of December on a trip to England, and to visit other European countries.—Times.

**THE PIETY THAT PAYS**

More and more we are convinced that what this country most needs is a religion or training that will make a man pay his debts. Shouting does not settle account with God or man. Some people want to bounce a fellow right out of church because he goes fishing on Sunday, but never says a word about the pious scamp who never pays his debts, and such people are doing the church more harm than any lot of Sunday deserters, but there are more of them in the church. Reader, are we getting close to you? Then lay down this paper and go pay up and you can read on at ease. And don't you stop paying because the 'statute of limitation' excuses the open account which you made for bread and meat. You must pay it in cash or God will make you pay it in fire and brimstone. God knows no such excuse for paying as homestead exemption. When you raise that excuse to keep from paying your debts you can stop singing 'When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies.' You've got none up there.—Chatham World.

**LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDRENS' COATS**

Have just received a large consignment of Ladies, Misses and Children's Fall and Winter Sample Cloth Coats bought from one of the largest Manufacturing Cloak Companies in Canada. These goods we bought at a greatly reduced price and we mean to give our patrons the benefit of same.

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Now is your opportunity to buy Furs, all reduced in price.

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A Trip to the beautiful  
Isle of Jersey**ORCHESTRA**

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**GEM**  
TO-NIGHTTHE LAW AND THE MAN.  
Western, (Nestor.)

WON IN THE FIFTH ROUND.

A Boxing Picture, (Star.)

AJOCIE'S SENICAL.

AN INVETERATE SMOKER'S  
MARTYRDOM.

(Comic)

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TO-NIGHT

**THE BROKEN DOLL**A Great Biograph  
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CHILDREN'S HATS—Full line of pretty styles for children. Black, white and colored beavers and felts in drooping styles.

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\$ 5.25 Ladies' Coats for	.....	\$ 4.50
\$ 5.25 Children's Coats for	.....	\$ 3.75
\$ 4.50 Children's Coats for	.....	\$ 3.50
\$ 3.75 Children's Coats for	.....	\$ 2.50
\$10.00 Black Thibet Stole for	.....	\$ 6.00
\$ 4.50 Brown Coney Stole for	.....	\$ 3.00

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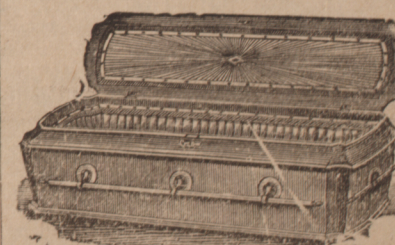
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