



Cut glass and bric-a-brac should always be washed with Sunlight Soap. Shave enough Sunlight Soap into a pan, one-quarter full of lukewarm water and whisk into a lather. Wash the articles thoroughly and dry with a soft cloth. This insures that brilliancy and sparkle and dry with a soft cloth. This insures that brilliancy and sparkle so much admired in cut glass articles. Sunlight Soap can be used to clean and brighten all through the household. It is the purest and best soap made.

# SUNLIGHT SOAP

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR.  
Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white without injuring the hands.  
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.

## THE BEAUTIFUL COQUETTE.

By Laura Jean Libbey.

It was late when Aurelia put in an appearance; she came dancing in to the old kitchen like a veritable sunbeam, and before midnight everybody about the farmhouse had declared it was quite a different place since Miss Aurelia had come back. Gay, variable as April sunshine, all felt the subtle influence of her presence, and worshipped her on sight. It pleased Margaret to see her idolized, but her pleasure was mixed with one great fear—would Gerald's heart go out to beautiful Aurelia, as the hearts of all the others had gone out to her? And the pale lips murmured over and over again: "Heaven will keep him true to me—he is all I have."

That night passed much as the previous one, and again on the morning Margaret rose early, for this was the day of Gerald's return. He would reach the farm early in the afternoon. The noon meal was over, and both girls rose from the table simultaneously. "What are you going to do with yourself, Margy, to kill time?" queried Aurelia.

"I—I have something very important to do," replied Margaret, with a deep blush. "I think I'll take a book and go down to the orchard and read," declared Aurelia, adding, petulantly: "I think it would make me desperate to live this kind of a life, Margy—I should die of ennui. I have only been here two days, but it seems two years."

"If you're busy yourself with work like your sister does, you wouldn't find time hanging so heavily on your hands," said Mrs. Romaine, sharply, looking at the petulant little beauty over the rim of her spectacles. "The lovely red lips curled scornfully. "Margy loves to work; I don't," said Aurelia, tossing back her dark, curly hair; "and, every one to her fancy, Aunt Romaine. I like a butterfly life—I don't see why I wasn't born one—resting on a rose-leaves, flitting about in a sunshiny world, that is full of laughter and leisure."

"You are just about as useless as one, my dear," declared Mrs. Romaine, adding, emphatically: "Book-learning may be a good thing, but all the fine schoolin' you got—and it cost a heap o' money—hain't put much sense in your head, that's certain. The idea of a sensible young woman wishin' she had been born a butterfly! Good Lord! Who ever heard o' the like!" "I thought you said that I was not sensible," said Aurelia, with a gay, malicious little laugh. "Caught with this parting shot she caught up her book and sun-hat, and danced merrily out of the old farmhouse kitchen, in the direction of the orchard that lay beyond."

Meanwhile Margaret walked slowly through the waving corn-fields, in the direction of the main road. There was an old-fashioned stile, which separated the farm from the road, and when Margaret reached this she paused. "I shall not have to wait long," she murmured, glancing eagerly at the sun-dial hard by; "Gerald will be here very soon now."

ing for him to have walked. The advancing figure came nearer and nearer with great swinging strides—so near now that Margaret could see his face. Yes, it was Gerald. The girl's face flushed and paled, and she clasped her hands nervously over her heart to stop its wild, glad throbbing. "How dearly I love him," she said to herself, the smile deepening on her lips; "how much, only Heaven knows." By the time Gerald Romaine approached, the flush had faded from her face, the wild heart beats had died down—only the sweet, rare smile remained on her face—the same smile that she always greeted him with eagerly forward, "finding you here to welcome me is indeed a surprise." He had gained her side, and, stooping down, laid his lips lightly, carelessly, upon the white forehead of the fair face upturned to him, and clasped in both of his her extended hand. "It cannot be possible that you have missed me!" he said, laughing. "I think I have, Gerald," she answered in a low voice, "but that is not what brings me here; I—I wanted to have a little talk with you."

"As long as you like, dear," he said. It was the first time he had ever uttered the word "dear" to her, and Margaret never forgot the sound of it on his lips. "Shall I be here, Margaret?" he asked. "No," she said a little nervously. "We will walk slowly to the house and talk as we go."

Margaret and Gerald walked on hand in hand, together in their utter silence, for a moment. "You wanted to talk to me, Margy," he said smilingly, "but you seem in no hurry to begin."

"I wanted to tell you first of all, Gerald, that Aurelia has come," she said, raising her shy sweet eyes to his. "Why, to be sure, so she must have," said Gerald. "I declare I actually forgot to ask you about it—of course you are wiser than I."

"I suppose she is quite a fine lady," he pursued—"young girls just home from boarding school always imagine themselves that—and farm life will be dull for her. Is she looking well?" "You shall soon judge for yourself," said Margaret, wistfully. "This is what I wanted to speak to you about, Gerald—I have must favor to ask of you, which you must grant; and without asking my reason."

"Consider the promise given beforehand, Margaret; you know you could ask no favor that I would not grant if it lay within my power." "Still she hesitated. "You know you may speak to me freely, Margaret," he added earnestly—"why do you hesitate?" "I am afraid my request will seem strange," said Gerald, "but I—I want you to promise compliance with that which I ask—simply to please me."

"You arouse my curiosity wonderfully, Margy," he declared. "It is only this which I want you to promise me, Gerald," she said, the color coming and going swiftly on her cheeks; "that you will not let Aurelia know of our betrothal just yet. Promise me, Gerald, that you will not. I have made the same request of your father and mother, and to—please me they have agreed to—say nothing about it."

"Do you know, Margaret," he said, looking at her keenly, "that I always believed you incapable of keeping one single thought back from one whom you loved? you surprised me; of course I will not mention it to her if you say so; anyhow I should suppose you would like to break anything of that kind to your sister yourself. Of course, I promise you, Margaret, I shall not mention it until you wish me to do so. Does that satisfy you?"

"Yes," she answered tremulously, and the little hand that he still held clasped in his, trembled slightly. "Come around by the orchard and I will present you to Aurelia; she is reading there under the trees; you know she has not seen you since you were a boy—she would not remember you—come, Gerald."

"Not just yet, Margaret," he said, quickly; "why, I have had hardly a moment to talk to you; I want to tell you of my trip to New York, and the result of it." They walked up and down together an hour under the trees, while he told her of his hopes and future plans, and that. Heaven help her, was the happiest hour of Margaret Lancaster's life. As Gerald talked to her, her hopes rose like a fairy air-ship. Ah, how mad she had been to let the cruel cloud of doubt overcast her sky even for a moment. He would be loyal to her to the heart's core, her noble Gerald.

"He had never shown such demonstration of affection, but then it was not his nature to be demonstrative; still, he must love her, a man surely must have a deep, true love for the young girl whom he asks to be his wife," she said to herself toward the house, and their way led through the orchard. They were talking earnestly together, as they walked along under the trees, both absorbed in the conversation, when suddenly Gerald Romaine stopped short, riveted to the spot—the words he was uttering died on his lips, he forgot to finish the sentence.

Raising his eyes suddenly, as he advanced, he had caught sight of Aurelia, and Gerald Romaine stood still with surprise, and the heart of the girl by his side turned cold as she saw the passionate admiration in his face. He stood like one fascinated, unconscious of everything around him but the dazzling brilliancy and the exquisite beauty of the girl before him. He saw a slight, girlish form in a pink mull dress, standing under an old apple tree; her face was turned slightly toward them, and her two arms—white, rounded, and beautiful—were raised, and the little white fingers were breaking off sprays of white blossoms from the drooping boughs.

Gerald Romaine's eyes traveled from that slim, perfect form, which would have charmed a sculptor, to the girl's exquisite face—dark, dimpled, and sparkling—with a flush on the cheek and lips like the crimson heart of a red wild rose, crowned in dark, curling hair, and eyes so dark, dazzling and intense, that as she turned them on him in a startled way, the light in his bosom seemed to throb with a new sensation—a sense of pleasure so great, it was almost pain.

Gerald looked into Gerald's flushed face and kindling eyes, and her own face grew white to the lips with the horrible fear that had seized her. She controlled herself by the greatest effort, and taking Gerald by the hand, advanced. "Aurelia," she said, and the sound of her voice was so weird, she wondered that they did not notice it. "This is Gerald, the playmate of our childhood; surely you have not forgotten him?"

Aurelia took a step forward, her red lips parting in a dazzling smile as she held out her slim white hand. She gave him one of those wonderful eyes, and great wine-dark, wonderful eyes, and he never afterward had a distinct idea of what she said, or how he answered her. "Let us sit down here in the grass, in the shade of this old tree and chat," said Aurelia, and without turning to ask Margaret's pleasure in the matter, she flung herself straightway at the beauty's feet. "Sit down, Margy," said Aurelia, in her sweetest voice, "while Gerald sits at my feet. I suppose you and I chat over old times, and it is the proper thing to do—to call you Gerald. Mr. Romaine sounds so awfully formal."

"Do call me Gerald," he cried, eagerly, and he had to check himself from adding impulsively: "The name never sounded so sweet on woman's lips before." He seemed to quite forget that Margaret was standing there. "Do sit down, Margy," repeated Aurelia, gayly; and, although Gerald did not second the invitation, Margaret sat down. An hour passed, and still the conversation was kept up between Gerald and Aurelia with unflagging interest. Once or twice Margaret turned to Margaret with some commonplace remark, but as one bright smile from Aurelia he instantly forgot her again.

Ab, he never looked at her with eyes like that, nor was his manner so impassioned or eager. This was a phase of Gerald's nature that was new to Margaret. Still, for all that, now to Margaret, excuses for him in her thoughts. No woman liked to believe that her empire over the heart she craves, and which in time past she loved her, is completely overthrown. No, she will not bring herself to believe it until the knowledge is forced upon her. Margaret tried to convince herself that Gerald was trying to make himself agreeable to Aurelia for her sake. At length an interruption came, in the shape of a message for Aurelia, from the farmhouse, that Mrs. Romaine wanted her.

Aurelia arose at once, shaking the white blossoms from her lap, tossing them all in a shower over Gerald, with the sweetest, gayest laugh in the world, and hurried away, leaving Gerald and Margaret sitting there alone. Would he turn to her eagerly, glad that they were alone together again? No; his eyes followed the slim, girlish form flitting over the clover meadow, and his whole heart was in that gaze; and there was a dreamy, mus-

ing smile on his lips. Margaret saw him raise one of the white apple blossoms that had fallen on his breast to his lips. She touched him on the arm, and that gentle touch recalled him to himself. He started violently. "Is not Aurelia beautiful?" she asked. "As beautiful as a poet's dream—the very embodiment of girlish loveliness," he declared, and as he spoke his cheeks flushed, and his eyes kindled again. "How strange it seems to me, Margaret," he went on musingly, "that you and Aurelia are twin sisters; you are no more alike than sunshine and shadow." "Which is like shadow, Gerald?" she asked in a low voice. He looked greatly confused; the words had sprung from his lips unconsciously. "Your sister is like the cool, sweet, restful shade. She is so gay, so wise—so calm—so sensible—Ah, well, why follow up comparisons where both are so perfect, parisons where both are so perfect, each in her own way. Come, Margaret, let us go into the house—it is through sitting here."

"Is he not Aurelia beautiful?" she asked. "As beautiful as a poet's dream—the very embodiment of girlish loveliness," he declared, and as he spoke his cheeks flushed, and his eyes kindled again. "How strange it seems to me, Margaret," he went on musingly, "that you and Aurelia are twin sisters; you are no more alike than sunshine and shadow." "Which is like shadow, Gerald?" she asked in a low voice. He looked greatly confused; the words had sprung from his lips unconsciously. "Your sister is like the cool, sweet, restful shade. She is so gay, so wise—so calm—so sensible—Ah, well, why follow up comparisons where both are so perfect, parisons where both are so perfect, each in her own way. Come, Margaret, let us go into the house—it is through sitting here."

"We must have our usual moonlight ramble to-night, Margaret," he said, adding earnestly, "and perhaps you will get Aurelia to join us, too." Aurelia went with them, and the hour that followed was but a repetition of the afternoon scene; Aurelia enjoyed it—there was but one heavy heart amongst the trio, and that beat in Margaret's breast. From them that night, "has been the happiest day of my life." Aurelia blushed—Margaret's face grew as white as the white roses on the clambering vines outside the window.

CHAPTER VII. "Margaret," cried Aurelia, when the two girls found themselves alone together that night, "how does it happen that in describing Gerald Romaine to me, you never told me how very agreeable he was?" "I am very glad you find him so, dear," replied Margaret, trying to smile. "I wonder, too," Aurelia went on, "that knowing such a man, you have never fallen in love with him. You must be as unimpressionable as marble. But then, perhaps, he is not your ideal."

"I like him better than anybody I have seen so far," declared Aurelia, "but I cannot say whether I should like him well enough to marry him or not." "You must not think about marrying him—until he asks you," murmured Margaret, in a very low, husky voice. "He is sure to do that very soon," declared Aurelia, laughing a low, soft laugh. "Why, Margy, did you not see?" "See what?" asked Margaret, in a voice more husky still. "Why, that he was in love with me from the first moment that we met! I feel it—I am sure of it. Don't look so terribly shocked. I do actually believe he could have asked me to marry him then and there. I saw it in his eyes."

Margaret listened with a face pale, but calm, though the fiery lashes of which she could not have stung her more than those thoughtful words Aurelia had uttered. Was his love for her so weak that it would die at sight of a fairer object? No, she would not—she could not believe it. "I cannot imagine what is coming over me," she muttered, impatiently, stopping short under the trees. "I cannot rest—I cannot eat—I cannot sleep. Life seems all different with me since this afternoon."

In one moment a star has fallen from heaven—in one moment earthquakes have destroyed fair cities—in one moment Gerald Romaine had awakened from a slumber that had wrapped like a mantle about his heart the first throbs of real love his heart had ever known, as he stood there transfixed in the orchard, his eyes riveted for the first time upon the glorious beauty of Aurelia Lancaster.

He thought it was admiration that thrilled through his heart with such an electric shock; he never dreamed it was love—he would never have owned it—he would have been the first to deny it most bitterly, and would have believed in his own denial; but all the same it was perfectly true that when he first looked into Aurelia's dazzling face, he loved her with a love that was his doom.

He walked up and down under the trees asking himself what could be the meaning of these strange sensations that had that flushed his face when he thought of Aurelia's dark bright eyes, and the cold that froze him and gave him a foretaste of the bitterness of death when he said to himself that it was because he was to be her future—brother. When he closed his eyes, in sleep that night his last thought was of Aurelia—when he opened his eyes the next morning, he found her name on his lips—he had been dreaming of her. The summer days glided on, and at the end of the drama in real life was being enacted. Two hearts were bithe and gay enough—and one was breaking.

There was no more rambles alone over the pink clover fields for Gerald and Margaret, for he was always anxious that Aurelia should come with them, and Margaret wrapped herself in a mantle of pride, making no complaint. One incident happened at last that changed the whole course of the three lives of those who were drifting on so swiftly and so surely to the brink of a precipice, and it happened in this way: They had gone out for a row on the water one moonlight night, and at Aurelia's suggestion they headed

their skiff for a little island down the river far out in midstream. "What a regular Eden," cried Aurelia, springing out of the boat, disdaining Gerald's eager hand; "what a delightful spot for a picnic—do let us explore it." "Not to-night," said Margaret, "I feel tired, my head aches." She might have added, too, with truth, "and my heart pains worse than my head." "Sit down and rest here," Margaret said, "and I will show you the island, I will show her around it—she shall rest."

"Do you really wish to show me around, and—leave me here?" faltered Margaret, in a low voice. "Yes," he asserted eagerly, "you shall not tire yourself. We will manage without you, I feel quite sure." Margaret sat down upon a mossy stone, and it was not until the sound of their gay, laughing voices were lost in the distance that she gave herself up to the full abandon of her grief, laying her face down upon the cold stone and sobbing as though her gentle heart would break.

She was beginning to see matters of blinded delusion were falling from her eyes at last. Was this the end of her dream of a happy home and a loving husband, who was to love her better than her whole world besides? Had he loved her with so feeble an apology of affection that it had died out of his heart when he saw the fair face of Aurelia? If so, what was such a love worth? Had she tasted happiness but to lose it? Had she dreamed a love-dream but to wake and find it vanished? Ah, Heaven! she had been unspeakably happy, and now, without warning, the cup of happiness had been dashed from her lips—the blissful delusion had been dispelled.

In her despair she realized how much she loved him as she knelt there lonely, weeping, broken-hearted. Was it fair because Aurelia had had the brightness of the stars in her eyes, and lilies and roses in her dimpled cheeks and curved lips, that she should take her lover from her? Was it fair that he should go off so happily with Aurelia, while she sat there neglected, stretching out her arms to an empty air?

An hour passed slowly by, and yet another dragged its slow length along, and yet Gerald and Aurelia had not returned to her. Margaret had been terrified at being left so long alone, and called aloud to them at length. Surely they were, the island wherever they were, but only the echo of her own voice came back to her. Again she called to them, but with the same result, and with a nameless fear in her heart, she started not to shape into words, she started out to search for them. Surely this was but a cruel jest—if they intended it for that—to tease her. She made a tour of the entire island, calling them as she hurried along. At last she reached the spot where the boat had been tied. One glance, and then a great cry of terror broke from her ashen lips—the boat was gone! She threw up her white hands, and, without a moan, sunk down on the very brink of the tide-washed sands in a deep faint.

Slowly the tide rose, creeping nearer and nearer to the stark, white, upturned face, framed in its long, curling hair. It would not be long ere those curling, feathery waves would creep over that still, white face, and shut it out from the gaze of the pitying moon—for the water was rising higher and higher. Owing to the recent heavy freshets thereabouts, the river was swollen. It was no unusual thing for the little island to be completely submerged for days at this season of the year.

But to return to Gerald Romaine and Aurelia. They had wandered over the island, and he had pointed out to her land, a beautiful nook about the place until at last she grew tired of the rough, uneven paths. "If you would but lean on me, Aurelia," he breathed gently, "or sit down here and rest awhile, and let me talk to you." "This is the boat down there; I would rather sit in that," she answered.

Gerald was only too eager to obey her slightest wish. In helping her into the boat he had held her in his arms for an instant, and the sweet passion maddened him. An uncontrollable longing came to him to have her all to himself for a few brief moments to talk to her, if he could but sit with her name clasped in his for a little while, earth could hold no greater bliss for him.

He was not strong enough to withstand the sweet temptation. "I will untie the boat and we will drift with the tide a few yards down the stream," he said; "you shall take a lesson in rowing back, if you will." To this Aurelia agreed, and the little boat with its two occupants was soon floating down the stream with the tide. It was so sweet to sit there alone with this girl whom he had learned to idolize so madly—in the bright white moonlight, and watch her dazling, beautiful face, and the little white hands trailing idly through the waters in which the stars danced as golden as in the night sky overhead which reflected them. Her beauty fairly bewitched him.

Who has not known the delights of "lovers' hours" that fit by swift-winged? What lover counts them, or knows how they have passed? They seemed like moments gliding by, sweet and bright as a beautiful dream. He gave himself up to the magic witchery of the hour; he bent nearer Aurelia, and drew her little white hand from dimpling waves, and his brain: Ah, would that he could hold it clasped thus, forever and forever. He wondered if, had he been free, he could ever have won the love of a peerless girl like this. If—he had—but been free! Great Heaven! that thought brought him with a shock to—Margaret.

They had gone out for a row on the water one moonlight night, and at Aurelia's suggestion they headed

the river far out in midstream. "What a regular Eden," cried Aurelia, springing out of the boat, disdaining Gerald's eager hand; "what a delightful spot for a picnic—do let us explore it." "Not to-night," said Margaret, "I feel tired, my head aches." She might have added, too, with truth, "and my heart pains worse than my head." "Sit down and rest here," Margaret said, "and I will show you the island, I will show her around it—she shall rest."

"Do you really wish to show me around, and—leave me here?" faltered Margaret, in a low voice. "Yes," he asserted eagerly, "you shall not tire yourself. We will manage without you, I feel quite sure." Margaret sat down upon a mossy stone, and it was not until the sound of their gay, laughing voices were lost in the distance that she gave herself up to the full abandon of her grief, laying her face down upon the cold stone and sobbing as though her gentle heart would break.

She was beginning to see matters of blinded delusion were falling from her eyes at last. Was this the end of her dream of a happy home and a loving husband, who was to love her better than her whole world besides? Had he loved her with so feeble an apology of affection that it had died out of his heart when he saw the fair face of Aurelia? If so, what was such a love worth? Had she tasted happiness but to lose it? Had she dreamed a love-dream but to wake and find it vanished? Ah, Heaven! she had been unspeakably happy, and now, without warning, the cup of happiness had been dashed from her lips—the blissful delusion had been dispelled.

In her despair she realized how much she loved him as she knelt there lonely, weeping, broken-hearted. Was it fair because Aurelia had had the brightness of the stars in her eyes, and lilies and roses in her dimpled cheeks and curved lips, that she should take her lover from her? Was it fair that he should go off so happily with Aurelia, while she sat there neglected, stretching out her arms to an empty air?

An hour passed slowly by, and yet another dragged its slow length along, and yet Gerald and Aurelia had not returned to her. Margaret had been terrified at being left so long alone, and called aloud to them at length. Surely they were, the island wherever they were, but only the echo of her own voice came back to her. Again she called to them, but with the same result, and with a nameless fear in her heart, she started not to shape into words, she started out to search for them. Surely this was but a cruel jest—if they intended it for that—to tease her. She made a tour of the entire island, calling them as she hurried along. At last she reached the spot where the boat had been tied. One glance, and then a great cry of terror broke from her ashen lips—the boat was gone! She threw up her white hands, and, without a moan, sunk down on the very brink of the tide-washed sands in a deep faint.

Slowly the tide rose, creeping nearer and nearer to the stark, white, upturned face, framed in its long, curling hair. It would not be long ere those curling, feathery waves would creep over that still, white face, and shut it out from the gaze of the pitying moon—for the water was rising higher and higher. Owing to the recent heavy freshets thereabouts, the river was swollen. It was no unusual thing for the little island to be completely submerged for days at this season of the year.

But to return to Gerald Romaine and Aurelia. They had wandered over the island, and he had pointed out to her land, a beautiful nook about the place until at last she grew tired of the rough, uneven paths. "If you would but lean on me, Aurelia," he breathed gently, "or sit down here and rest awhile, and let me talk to you." "This is the boat down there; I would rather sit in that," she answered.

Gerald was only too eager to obey her slightest wish. In helping her into the boat he had held her in his arms for an instant, and the sweet passion maddened him. An uncontrollable longing came to him to have her all to himself for a few brief moments to talk to her, if he could but sit with her name clasped in his for a little while, earth could hold no greater bliss for him.

He was not strong enough to withstand the sweet temptation. "I will untie the boat and we will drift with the tide a few yards down the stream," he said; "you shall take a lesson in rowing back, if you will." To this Aurelia agreed, and the little boat with its two occupants was soon floating down the stream with the tide. It was so sweet to sit there alone with this girl whom he had learned to idolize so madly—in the bright white moonlight, and watch her dazling, beautiful face, and the little white hands trailing idly through the waters in which the stars danced as golden as in the night sky overhead which reflected them. Her beauty fairly bewitched him.

# SURPRISE SOAP

is  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
Pure Hard Soap.

In order to reduce stock I offer SPECIAL reductions on  
**PIANOS, ORGANS**  
—and—  
**SEWING MACHINES**

From NOW until January 1st, 1904. Intending purchasers are invited to call and inspect goods.

## J. J. WETHERUP

Box 415, Lindsay, Cor. Sussex and Peel-Sts.

## HOLIDAY SPECIALS

—AT—  
**W. A. CAMPBELL'S, Woodville**

Oranges	Lemons	Hickory Nuts	Chestnuts
Bananas	Pineapples	Cheocolates	Creams
Grapes	Figs	Bons Bons	Special Mixed
Dates	Cranberries	Maple Sugar	Sugar Sticks
Cluster Raisins	Cocoanuts	Peppermints	Cough Drops
Walnuts	Almonds	Lozenges and	100 kinds of
Filberts	Nigger Toes		
Peanuts	Peanuts		Cent Goods

Pickles, Catsup and Sauces  
Oysters, Finnan Haddie, Herring and Codfish  
Tobacco and Cigars.

**A LARGE DISCOUNT OFF FOR CASH.**  
Mail Orders Personally Attended to.

**COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON TO ALL!**

# 1904.

Start the new year with a Set of New Harness, a Good Warm Robe and a Nice String of Bells.

On Saturday, the 16th of January, we will sell 6 set of Single Harness, 3 set Nickle Trimmed and 3 set Buifs, regular price \$18.00, for \$12.00.

Cutter Foot Mats, regular \$1.50 for \$1.00. Good warm Mitts for 25c. Robes, Bells, Blankets, and Coats at bargain prices.

**SOLE AGENT FOR COLONIAL STOCK FOOD.**  
A Full Line of Trunks and Valises  
**REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.**

## H. J. LITTLE

FORMERLY THE RUDD HARNESS COMPANY

## PASCOE BROS.,

GENERAL MERCHANTS, OAKWOOD.

Ten Departments always kept well assorted.

# Stock Taking Sale

We intend to take stock February 1st, 1904, and are anxious to have all odd lines cleared out by that date. In the following lines you will find special value at greatly reduced prices.

Dress Goods, Waist Ends, Wrapperettes, Heavy Frieze suitable for Overcoating, Winter Trousers, Robe Lining, etc.; Men's Overcoats, Men's Suitings, Men's and Boys' Ready-made Suits and Overcoats; Ladies' Dress Skirts and Under-skirts; Men's and Boys' Long Boots, at less than half original price; Crockery, short ends in Carpet, Floor Oils, and other articles too numerous to mention. Call and get prices.

**ORDERS TAKEN FOR FURS**  
TERMS—Cash or Trade.

## PASCOE BROS.

Early Closing—Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings

IF ANY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY DRINKS the Taste for liquor can be removed permanently by giving Business Samaria Prescription security in food or drink. Failure impossible. Free sample testimonials, price sent on demand. Write SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 87 Jordan Street, Toronto, Can.

## WIVES MOTHERS SISTERS BROTHERS

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Cures Grip in Two Days. on every box, 25c.

**Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.** *E. W. Brown*

This signature, *E. W. Brown*

More than 100,000,000 boxes sold in past 12 months.