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Oyster Stews,

Fried Oysters

Lunches, Etc.

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We have a large assortment of Candy and Bon Bons for the Christmas Trade.

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OUR SPRING GOODS are now arriving and as we have selected our stock from some of the leading Canadian factories, we have no doubt the most up-to-date lines that money can buy.

We are the sole agents' for the Relindo Shoe, formerly known as the J. D. King Shoe, which is the leading shoe for ladies' in style and quality, made on the stage last, short vamps, high heel, Good-year welt in

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Misses', boys' and youths' fine and heavy shoes at lowest prices. Now is your time to buy cheap rubbers. We have a full stock on hand for spring. Don't fail to see our trunks, suit cases, and travelling bags. All we want is a call at the Big Shoe Store near the bridge.

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Yes we want you as a customer. Ask us to send you our 1912 Catalogue. It's brim full of all that is good in Flowers, Vegetables, Field Roots, Grains, Plants, Small Fruits, Implements, Bee Supplies, Poultry Supplies, etc.
Valuable information is what we have aimed to give the Farmer, Gardener and Private Planter. All it will cost you is one moment of time and a two-cent stamp.
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| Fashion's Fancy 4th (90957) | Broadhooks Chief (Imp.) -50017- |
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| Fashion 7th | Premier Earl -1281-(48454) |
| Fashion of Maple Hall 2nd | Lancaster -752-(38480) |
| Fashion 2nd | Duke of Airdrie -487- |
| Fashion Helen Mar Albina Late | Grand Duke -674-(4242) |
| | King Cyrus -735- |
| | Nicholas -577-(6248) |
| | Locomotive -149-(4242) |
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THE SECRET of PAUL FARLEY

Continued from page 6.

of her silken skirts. "Tea, darling?" she asked, caressingly, casting a handful of cigarettes into his lap as the door closed.

Hare stood up, threw the remainder of his cigar into the fire and stretched himself lazily.

"I never saw you smoke a cigar, Paul, until yesterday—or the day before was it, or the day before that?—I mean the day we were married, dear?"

"It was the day before that, Rowena. It is difficult to know what has become of this week; we have let the days and hours race ahead or lag behind just as they pleased; we have taken no account of time; we have just breathed, lived and loved."

"Do you care for a cup, Paul?" she asked, laying a hand on his and poisoning the teapot in mid air with the other.

"Not much," he answered, smiling; "but I'll have some if you want me to be sociable."

She set the teapot down, sprang up and moved the table into the centre of the room.

"You don't care for it, dearest, and I am not going to make a martyr of you. I would rather have one midget of a kiss from you than all the tea and dainties in Christendom."

She pushed him back into his seat, dropped gracefully at his feet, curled her arms round his knees, and turned her wondrous face to him.

"How I love you!" she whispered; "how I love you!" Paul—sometimes I can't breathe; I feel stifled, suffocated, with the mountain of love on my heart."

He bent his head, put his lips to hers, and kept them there in one long-drawn-out soulful kiss.

"You have changed," she said, with subtle perception, "and I know the day, the hour, the moment, the change came."

"Tell me, you witch," he said, stroking her gleaming hair.

"'Twas the night you came from town, the night you brought the ring; the moon shone full in your face and I saw."

"Well?" with a tender pleasure, "what did you see, sweet?"

"I don't know—it was not love; it was something that changed the expression of your cold inscrutable eyes. I saw them glitter as if there was a flame at the back which grew stronger and brighter and fiercer each moment."

He laughed softly, drew her closer, and rested his head on hers.

"It was love, Rowena, love that had lain dormant in its rudimentary embryo state for weeks, and you, you sweet fay, you witnessed its heavenly birth!"

"I believe it," she cried, passionately, clinging to him with all her strength; "I do, I will, I must believe it; you wouldn't deceive me, Paul?"

"My darling! In our close intimate relationship could I deceive you? You have surely divined the feeling I have for you? You must feel it in my touch, see it in my eyes, and hear it in my voice; say, dear heart, that you know it's there."

"Yes, I know it; I know it now; it's strange, it seems miraculous, but it is certainly there. Paul—dearest, the knowledge, the happiness, the joy, I think will kill me!"

She gave a sighing sob, as if fatigued by the vehemence of her emotion. He held her in his arms and soothed her with a patient gentleness, with tender epithets and fond endearments. At length he charmed away the oppression, the intolerable sense of a bliss that was half fear. She grew calm, anon smiling and gay, and gradually soared up into her normal, bold, daring brilliancy.

"Shall we dine here or abroad?" he asked, lighting one of the cigarettes she had rolled.

"Here, unless you prefer a change of cuisine?"

"I? No, I am satisfied—quite—and afterwards, Rowena, where shall we go?"

"Look in the paper, darling," she said, coaxingly, "and pick out something nice. We have been to the theatre three nights running, so perchance we have exhausted the best, the tip-top pieces."

"I don't think so," he said, drawing a shapely forefinger down the theatrical column. "Why, sweetheart, you said you must see Sarah Bernhardt—here we are—'La Tosca!'"

She clasped her hands in the old familiar childish way.

"Let us have a box; just we two; a dear, sweet little gilded box quite near the stage. I want to see the divine Sarah close, and I want to be alone with you.— Telephone, dear; go down and telephone for the nearest box to the stage."

He laughed, threw the paper down, went outside, and stepped into the elevator, while Rowena, in her ecstatic delight, raised her trailing skirts and revolved around the room, pirouetting gracefully before the pier-glass at the end of the room.

"What shall I wear?" she asked, waiting up to him on his return; "shall I put on the frock that I wore at the Masked Ball?"

IT WAS STONE IN THE BLADDER

GIN PILLS PASSED IT

"Five years ago, I was taken down with what the doctors called inflammation of the bladder—intense pains in the back and loins, and difficulty in urinating, and the attacks, which became more frequent, amounted to unbearable agony. I became so weak that I could not walk across the floor."

My wife read in the papers about GIN PILLS and sent for a box. From the very first, I felt that GIN PILLS were doing me good. The pain was relieved at once, and the attacks were less frequent."

In six weeks, the Stone in the bladder came away. When I recall how I suffered and how now I am healthy and able to work, I cannot express myself strongly enough when I speak of what GIN PILLS have done for me!" JOHN HERMAN, Hamilton, Ont.

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Jewish-looking cosmopolitan, one of a gesticulating knot of well-dressed habitués. "Ciel! Vot a grand conception! vot a magnificent woman!"

Hare heard it, and looked jealously down on the corn-colored head.

"It's yours," she said, lifting her face in consonance with his disturbing start, "the beauty, the magnificence, the conception, whatever there is to admire and to enjoy in me is all yours, Paul—on this planet and through all the divers phases of our dual existences."

He pressed the arm clinging to his, murmured something about his queen of beauty, and then gallantly handed her into the compact box next the stage, and looked around upon the dense, massed throng.

She bent forward and gazed upon the sea of faces beneath her, and presently touched Hare's knee with her fan. He had drawn himself within the shadow of the curtain. His heart palpitated, he felt strange and weak.

The woman's beauty was overwhelming, it affected his senses like the faint but powerful fragrance of hot-house blooms, and the weird, sobbing music from the orchestra appealed too forcefully, and helped to bewilder him.

"You look pale," she said, forgetting of the reason she desired his attention. "What is the matter with you?"

"Indigestion," he answered, smiling. "I ate my dinner too quickly."

"I am sorry; you won't enjoy the play. Would a cigarette between the acts help it, darling?"

"Possibly; I'll try it later—look! The curtain is up, sweet."

She bent forward, engrossed. Hare became unmindful of his indisposition, and when, later, the curtain dropped, made no attempt to withdraw and test the proposed remedy.

Instead, he leaned back in his seat, his hand in Rowena's lap, discussing and challenging the merits and demerits of the remarkable scene.

The night wore on, the gifted actress was at her best. Her lover was being tortured in an inner chamber; she, barred outside, mad with grief, impotent rage, and vibrating with the pain wrung from the racked man, smote with maniacal frenzy upon the panels of the door. The cries, the prayers, the entreaties, the terrible despairing, agonizing sobs, echoed and re-echoed through Rowena's head and round the region of her heart. She turned once to look for Hare's hand, and, grasping it, refastened her great, tearless eyes upon the crushed, kneeling woman.

With the deafening plaudits the curtain dropped, the tension snapped, the strain was over. She lay back quivering, listening to the storm of applause, her fan before her face, her eyes closed.

"Shall I get you some wine, dearest?" Hare asked, stroking her inert hand.

"Wine? No; look! I am myself again! Oh, Paul—" she put her hand to her heart, "it was a cruel poignant scene. I felt, love, as if the pain were yours."

"He laughed lightly, pinched her ear, and patted her shoulder; then he stooped over her tenderly, excused himself, and left the box to procure a breath of purer air. He was not absent long; a few minutes sufficed to cool himself and drain a tiny glass of liqueur; indeed, he was back before she missed him; before she knew of his return."

Rowena was leaning forward, her arms on the edge of the box, looking down on the panorama of moving figures in the stalls below. He took his seat beside her, and strove to gain her attention, and falling, he laid a gentle admonishing hand on her arm, and spoke to her. There was no response; she was mute, deaf, blind, dead to the everything save the wild, doubt, the horrible amazement, the repulsive riddle that held her spellbound. With suspended breath Hare's eyes traveled in the wake of her frozen stare, and there, at the back of the stalls, in the middle of the front row of the pit, the light full on his dark, refined face, was Paul Farley. He was standing for a change of posture to ease his cramped limbs, unconscious of aught else save boredom, his face upturned, his glasses glittering, his great melancholy eyes roving round the house in a casual unseeing manner.

Hare could have struck him dead as he stood there, pale and artlessly handsome; he could have bitten his own heart in two in the insensate rage that consumed him. The meeting was ill-timed, preposterous, stupefying; he had meant to have told her himself later on when he had won his way with her past all redemption. It seemed an eternity before she could tear her eyes from that slim, prominent figure to rest them on his face with a wide, steady stare.

They traveled backwards and forwards, deliberately and evenly, from the man's scholarly visage in the pit to his own track likeness, as if each

would read his very soul. She was carefully comparing them while he sat still, composed, a veritable Giant Despair under her scrutiny, the hot tide of life seething and surging through his swollen veins.

A joyous burst of music came from the orchestra, played with wild vivacity. He started in nervous fright, shivered with a moral as well as a physical chill, and looked anxiously at Rowena. She was lying back in her fauteuil grasping her jewelled fan, her beautiful face white and stricken. Hare saw she had solved the riddle and lay writhing, half swooning, with horror. He touched her gently, and she opened her eyes. He raised his forefinger and laid it warningly on his lips.

"Shall we go?" he whispered.

She rose and gathered her cloak about her. H. drew her cold, unyielding hand through his arm, led her along the passage down into the turmoil of the street below. Hailing a passing hansom, he helped her—almost lifted—her in, gave the name of the hotel, and took his place beside her.

Rowena sat upright, a beautiful statue of frozen snow encased in a stony crust of impenetrable sensibility, the wind blowing rudely in her face, a lurid gleam in her hazel eyes. Hare was in mortal dread of her, he knew not what. The drive was agony to him; an intense cold. The horse, impatient for a headlong rush, took them swiftly; but short, sharp, and soon over as it was, the memory of the silent journey was indelibly printed on his brain, and stayed with him for all time.

Continued next week.

CAN WE BETTER OUR POULTRY?

Is this too late for news? The last meeting of the Glenelg Centre Farmers' Club was held on the 19th of March, when the subject of poultry keeping was taken up by Mr. L. Skilton. The amount and value of the poultry products of Canada make the hen worth keeping and also well worth looking after. The general purpose breeds are the best for the farmer and in these he will get both eggs and meat. These breeds include the Plymouth Rocks, Orpingtons, Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds. As to feeding, there are as many different methods as there are poultry pens to be fed. Whatever you do, if you have a plan of feeding that is giving good results, stick to it. Keep the birds at work, and do not allow them to get too fat or too thin. Work is a good indicative of health and laying. The houses should be light and free from draughts, and at the same time dry.

A short report of the Farmers' Club convention was presented by the president. This Club is one of the youngest in the county, and has the largest membership, and also has done as much or more work than any other during the past season. At the convention, a Grey County Board of Agriculture was organized, to promote the agriculture of the county. It is hoped that the farmers will take an increased interest in their work and that the Board will be able to induce more farmers to come to the county. It is also hoped that more capital may be brought into the county to assist in improving farms and increasing the value of the farm lands in the county. A chorus was given by the McMillan boys of Scotchtown, and a song by Mr. Will Connelly. Those who need grass and clover seeds had better get them soon, as the supply of No. 1 is limited, and may be hard to get later on. The next meeting will be on the 9th of April, and the topic will be taken by Mr. Alf. O'Neill.

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Goods delivered anywhere in town.

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A small or large bag of a fine grain white, nutritious flour, is sold as our brand. Have you ever tried it? Get your grocer to give you our kind next time and see the superior baking qualities it possesses. Better and more wholesome, because of a secret process that we put the wheat through.

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The Right Honorable R. L. Borden

SEND OR BRING ALL ORDERS TO OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Even the "has been" never forgets the day when he was IT. It's easier to know what to do than it is to do what you know. A child can save its parents a lot of money by not being twins. Never offer a man advice until you find out just the kind he wants. About the sweetest thing on earth is a girl of seventeen who is still a baby. Don't imagine that people are going to call you a liar every time they think it. Every time a woman changes her mind she thinks it is up to her to air her views. Don't be too modest. People never criticize an old hen for cackling after she lays an egg. If a man has a big family he can seldom be induced to spend his money on anything else that may cause him more trouble. "Why do you put the hair of another woman on your head?" he asked severely. "Why do you," she replied sweetly, "put the skin of another calf on your feet?" After all, there is no higher praise than envy.