

HEARTBURN

Gas, belching, sour risings and such distresses that rob you of life's chief delight—a relish for the good things of the table—are so quickly relieved with one or two

STUART'S Dyspepsia Tablets

that you then tackle pie, cheese, pickles, milk, fried eggs, bacon, onions, sausage and buckwheat cakes with the utmost unconcern. These tablets give your stomach the alkaline effect, they aid digestion, they give the stomach a rest, you really enjoy meals that you were afraid to even look at.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Welsh Coal

Just arriving. To those that have used it, it needs no comment. To those who haven't had it, it is all coal, no slate or stone. Very little ash, with 30 per cent. heat. We can only get a limited quantity. Order early!

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AS SWEET AS SUGAR KILLS THE COMMON BRONCHITIS BROUGHT ON BY THE PRESENCE OF WORMS AND HELPS TO RESTORE THE CHILD TO NORMAL HEALTH.

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Have Musterole handy when a cold starts. It has all the advantages of grandmother's mustard plaster WITHOUT the blister. You just apply it with the fingers. First you feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then comes a soothing, cooling sensation and quick relief.

Made of pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients, Musterole is recommended by many nurses and doctors. Try Musterole for bronchitis, sore throat, stiff neck, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, croup, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back or joints, sore muscles, sprains, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest. It may prevent pneumonia and "flu." 40c and 75c, at all druggists. The Musterole Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.



"THE THIEF OF BAGDAD"

BY AHMED ABDULLAH

Based on Douglas Fairbanks' Fantasy of the Arabian Nights, by Elton Thomas

So the letter, today yellow and brittle and pathetic with age, goes on for several pages. Small wonder, therefore, that throughout the Orient Zobeid's fame spread like powder under sparks, and that there were many suitors for her small, pretty hand—not to mention the great kingdom which she would inherit on her father's death—and chiefly Asia's three mightiest monarchs.

The first of these was Cham Sheng, Prince of the Mongols, King of Ho Sho, Governor of Wah Hoo and the sacred Island of Wak, Khan of the golden Horde, Khan of the Silver Horde, who traced his descent in a straight line back to Gengiz Khan, the great conqueror out of the Central Asian plains, and who had brought under his spurred heel all the North and East, from Lake Balkal to Peking, from the frozen Arctic tundras to the moist, malarial warmth of Tonkin's rice paddies.

The second was Khalaf Mansur Nasir-ud-din Nadir Khan Kuli Khan Durani, Prince and King of Persia, Shah-in-Shah of Khorassan and Azerbaijan, Khan of the Kizilbashis and Outer Tartars, Chief of the Shia Moslems, Ever-Victorious Lion of Allah, Conqueror of Russia and of Germany as far as the Oder, Warrior for the Faith of Islam, Attabeg over all the Cossacks, and descendant of the Prophet Mohammed.

The third was Bhartari-hari Vijramukut, Prince of Hindustan and the South from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, descendant of Ganesha, the elephant-headed God of Wisdom, on his father's side and on his mother's—slightly more modestly—descendant of an illegitimate union between the Flame and the Moon.

All three were due to arrive in Bagdad on the morrow; so the slaves and servants and majordomos and eunuchs of the Caliph's palace were hustling about and perspiring and swearing and appealing to Allah in a fever of preparation for the princely visitors; and loud was the clamoring at Bagdad's outer gate:

"Open up! Open up, O Warden of the Walls! We are porters bringing rare food and rarer wines for tomorrow's feasting!"

Ahmed heard the tumult and turned to Bird-of-Evil.

"Come, O ancient and malodorous parrot of my heart!" he said, climbing up the rope ladder that led to the mouth of the abandoned well.

"Where to?"

"To the palace!"

"The palace?"

"Yes," replied the Thief of Bagdad. "Often and greatly have I desired to see it—from the inside. I wager there is loot in there worthy of my agile fingers and cunning brain."

"Doubtless! But they will not let you in!"

"They may!"

"How?"

"I have an idea, Bird-of-Evil!" And

when the other commenced asking and arguing: "I have no time to explain now. Come. And don't forget your black camel's-hair cloak."

"It is not cold today."

"I know. But we shall need the cloak."

"Why?"

"Wait and see, O son of an impatient father."

They were out of the well, ran down the street, and just beyond the corner caught up with the tail-end of the procession of porters that moved through the broad, tree-lined avenue toward the Caliph's palace. There were hundreds and hundreds of them. Most of them were gigantic, plum-colored, frizzy, tattooed Central African slaves, and they stepped along with the tireless lope, the swaying hips and long body-pull of their jungly breed, balancing bundles and bales and baskets and jars on their kinky polls, with Arab overseers trotting on either side and driving on the lagging with knotted, rawhide whips. At the end of the avenue, surrounded by a huge garden ablaze with flowers, the palace closed the vista like an enormous seal of marble and granite. Rising high in even tiers, curving inward like a bay of darkness dammed by the stony sweep of the crenellated, wing-like battlements, soaring North and South into two cube-shaped granite towers, topped by a forest of turrets and spires and domes, it descended beyond the horizon in a bold avalanche of square-clouted, fantastically painted masonry. The frontal gateway was covered by a door—rather a diaphanous, but strong, almost unbreakable net—of closely woven iron-and-silver chains, that rattled down into a groove as the captain of the gate wardens saw the porters approaching and motioned to his armed, turbaned assistants.

The porters passed in singly and by twos and threes. The last was a tall negro who carried an earthen jar filled with golden, flower-scented Shiraz wine. But—wait!—here came still another porter. Not a negro he, but a lithe young Arab, naked to the waist, his legs covered by silken, baggy breeches, and balancing on his head a squat bundle that was hidden by a black camel's-hair cloak.

Just as the man was about to cross the threshold, the captain's narrow eyes contracted into slits. Quickly he motioned to his assistants who raised the chain door.

"Let me in!" demanded the young porter. "Let me in!"

"No, no!" laughed the red-bearded, pot-bellied captain. "No, no, my clever bazaar hound!"

"Let me in!" repeated the other. "Let me in, O gross mountain of pig's flesh. I am bringing a hundred-weight of precious Bokhara grapes for the morrow's feasting!"

Again the captain laughed. "Soul of my soul," he said, "these grapes of yours are curious grapes! Behold! They move—as if they were alive! Hayahi Hayahi!"—raising his

lance and pricking the bundle which thereupon squeaked, squealed, squealed loudly—a bunch of grapes with a human voice! Precious grapes, indeed! Most wonderful and unique grapes of Allah's creation!"

"Pah!" The Thief of Bagdad spat disgustedly. He let drop the bundle which, the camel's-hair cloak dropping away, disclosed Bird-of-Evil, vigorously rubbing his haunches where they had struck the pavement and wailing noisily.

"My darling," continued the captain, nor unkindly, "the Caliph's palace is not a healthy place for robbers."

"How dare you say that?" the other interrupted. "They are humorous eyes—yes! Likable eyes—yes! But not honest eyes! And so—" came the cryptic warning—"be pleased to consider the fate of the donkey?"

"What donkey, O swag-bellied ruffian?"

"The donkey who travelled abroad looking for horns—and lost it ears! Beware, my friend! All day the place is watched by the Caliph's soldiers. And all night—look!"—he pointed through the iron mesh of the door—"do you see these traps, these grooves and grottoes and cages? They contain the warden's of the night: man-eating striped tigers from Bengal, black-maned Nubian lions, and long-armed, dog-toothed gorillas from the far forest! Take heed, my clever bazaar hound!"

"It was your fault, Bird-of-Evil!" Ahmed turned to his friend when the captain had walked away. "Why did you move just as I was crossing the threshold?"

"I could not help it! A flea bit me!"

"And now a mule will kick you!" Ahmed raised his right foot.

Bird-of-Evil squirmed rapidly away. "Wait! Wait!" he implored. "Wait until tonight! Then we shall climb the wall!"

"Impossible, fool! They are too steep!"

(To Be Continued.)

Bazaar At Bethany. Bethany, Nov. 21.—A very successful bazaar and sale of work took place at Bethany Methodist Church on Thursday evening. The affair was held under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid and the Church was filled to capacity. Refreshments were provided and Miss Ruth Miller and Miss Margaret Miss Ruth Miller and Miss Margaret Goodman entertained the assembly with songs, recitations and music. Mrs. James Miller presided at the organ.

A nice sum of money was realized on the sales and all present were delighted with the entertainment.

Notes From Florida. Florida, Nov. 22.—Mr. and Mrs. William Shillington and baby, of Cole Lake, visited at John Peters' Mr. and Mrs. Earl Lucas and children, of Maple Avenue, were Sunday visitors at Edward Martin's. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Babcock at Walter Compton. Edwin Jeffrey, of Hartington, visited at C. W. Jeffrey's. Willie Bathgate has returned after spending a couple of months in the west. John Peters has returned on Saturday bringing a fine deer.

The Pleasure

We have enjoyed through selling over \$20,000 worth of goods the past three weeks has been through the people buying several times more than they anticipated, because of the extraordinary savings with every purchase made—The Sale

Prices Have Been Put Through The Wringer Again

There are hundreds of odds and ends—the natural result of a vast clearance—These odd lots, this "flotsam and jetsam"—these orphans that have been left behind have been gathered in, arranged in display bins, and prices put on them that are only a fraction—a mere fraction of their former prices—Come on Folks! Enjoy the Bargain Feast!

McKelvey & Birch, Limited

PRODUCE MARKETS

Table with columns for produce items and prices. Includes items like Apples, Pears, Bartlett pears, Quinces, Grapes, etc.

THE WHIG'S ZOO

UP in the arctic regions lives The monster polar bear. It loves the coldness of the ice. And climate found up there. It often weighs a thousand pounds and measures eight feet tall; The king of bears because it is The biggest of them all.

Hinds, spring, lb. 23-30 week for Miss Nora McDonald, who was united in marriage to Raymond Lamb chops. 25-30

Mutton, carcass, lb. 15-18 Poultry: Fowl, lb. 13-25 Chickens, lb. 23-28 Chickens, crate fatted, each, 30-40

Notes From Outlet. Outlet, Nov. 23.—The cold weather has put a stop to the ploughing for the present, and finds some of the farmers finished. Several from here attended the bazaar in the Lyceum at Gananoque. Mrs. W. A. Deir and children, spent a few days recently in Lyn, Miss Madeline Vanderburg is recovering from an attack of la grippe. The boys who went west are beginning to return home. J. Reed has returned from Pleura, where he spent a few days deer-hunting. Several from here attended the shower held the latter part of last

A lot of people get cut by dealing in sharp practices.

Demand BROMO QUININE A Safe and Proven Remedy for Colds, Grip and Influenza.

The First and Original Cold and Grip Tablet

Look for this Signature E. H. Brown on the Box. 30c. Made in Canada.

This Christmas

A pen or pencil worthy of its owner

A FINER, more perfect Wahl Eversharp is ready for you this coming Yule-tide. A pencil which is a real tribute to the skilful blending of modern mechanical methods with the jeweler's art in pencil making.

The Wahl Unbreakable Pen of age-enduring metal is companion to Eversharp and combines light weight, fine balance, greater ink capacity, strength and beautiful lines. The pen is of perfect gold—the point iridium-tipped.

A wonderful Christmas gift—handsome, useful, appropriate.

The Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl Pen give pleasure alike to those who literally have everything as well as to those for whom they fill a long-felt want, because Wahl value and utility are supreme everywhere.

And the gift box is in keeping with the gift. A Wahl Unbreakable Pen and Eversharp in a matched set, beautifully cased, bring a sparkle to the eye, for each is a possession well worthy of its owner.

Made in Canada by THE WAHL COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO. Manufacturers of Wahl Eversharp and Wahl Unbreakable Pen.

Eversharp—122 Models from \$1.00 up. Wahl Unbreakable Pen—23 Models from \$2.50 up. Matched Set—in 75 combinations from \$3.50 up.

A Merry Christmas



The New WAHL EVERSHARP & WAHL PEN PERFECTED

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