IN THE RACE FOR FAVOR

Baby's Own Soap

has distanced the field

Its scientific preparation and the purity of its ingredients make it the best of soaps for the delicate skins of ladies and children.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL

MAKERS ALSO OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS

MONEY AND BUSINESS.

J. R. R. MCCANN, ACCOUNTANT AND Real Estate Agent. Money to loan at lowest rates. Estates managed. Office 352 King st., over Wade's Drug Store.

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POWER & SON, ARCHITECTS, MERchants Bank Building, corner Brock and Wellington streets. 'Phone 212.

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FORMERLY OF SUNBURY, ONT., HAS opened an office and surgery at 132 Sydenham street. Telephone 535.

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BURNS'S LIVERY OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. Telephone 94.

INSURANCE.

London, Liverpool and Globe Fire Insurance Company.

Funds over $20,000,000. In addition to which the policy holders have the security of the unlimited liability of all the stockholders.

FARM AND CITY PROPERTY insured at lowest possible rates. Before renewing old or giving new business get rates here.

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W. J. FOX, special Agent, King Street, opposite Bank.

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Two Hundred Thousand Dollars in sums from one thousand to ten thousand dollars. For particulars apply at

Godwin's Insurance Emporium,

Over Express Office, Market Square.

See the line of GAS BURNERS in our window.

I. H. BRECK, - ELECTRICIAN,

89 KING STREET.

EXPOSITION ENGAGEMENT OF

Mrs. Schell.

Millinery in all the latest styles. Trimmed Hats from $1 and upwards.

10 dozen Sailors in all the latest shapes, ranging in price from 25c and upwards. All other styles Hats up-to-date. Everybody buy a new hat.

Dressmaking a specialty at

9 Montreal Street.

Immunity from Dyspeptic troubles follows the free use of the

CALEDONIA MINERAL WATERS.

Sold by best dealers everywhere.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER.

The Republicans Miss The Promised Land.

NO SOLID VOTE WAS CAST.

POLITICAL RULES WERE ENTIRELY REVERSED.

Democracy Has Two Homes in New York—A Comparison of the Two—One a Stately Palace, the Other a Bare Room—The Effects of the Late Election to Remain After the Electors Have Returned to the Dust.

Special Correspondence Letter No. 142.

New York, Nov. 18. Stunned, dazed, deafened, blinded, I sit here with my neighbors around me, almost unable to think, my newspaper on my knees, trying to figure out the causes that led up to such a tremendous defeat, while the despairing republicans, who saw the promised land from Pisgah's heights, but dimly and afar off, now find themselves sitting in the delightful shade of somebody else's vine and fig tree with none to molest them or make them afraid.

But why didn't you say something about the election in your last? That's the very question I wanted you to ask. It was thusly. I knew that every seven by nine newspaper from Dan to Beersheba and from Beersheba to Dan would devote that week's issue to the election. I had been in every election fight for nearly half a century and knew that in the brief space accorded the Broadbrim letters it would be impossible to give a clear and intelligent review of a subject so important, and which will leave its impress on our political administration long after the generation that shaped the fight and fought the battle shall have returned to the dust from which it sprang. Politics is a dangerous subject for a man to write about these latter days if you would escape being bulldozed and then drummed out of camp.

There is a class in every community that makes by time on politics a business; to them the odds either on democrat or republican means failure or success, but whether victorious or defeated the bounden duty was to make a noise.

The most embarrassing handicap to the casting of horoscopes in the late campaign was that at no time could four speak of either party as a whole, that would march up to the polls a solid phalanx and cast its vote with the tremendous force of a catapult. But that was not done, and could not be done on the late election, for all of the rules that guide a politician's judgment were completely reversed. It was a sort of "catch as catch can." If you win you win, and if you don't, you don't.

Democracy is defined in the minds of most men as a condition of very moderate means, which is its zenith, and from that down to absolute poverty, which is its nadir; hence it is that democracy finds its stronghold in the quarter of the city where poverty dwells, saint, loan and hungers, where the cry of the tarnished wolf alarms the day and scarifies the still hours of the night, while well fed and carefully groomed aristocracy challenges the brilliant light of day in all the glory of purple and fine linen. Sunshine and cloudless glory for the one, suffering, sorrow and want for the other, till death comes. Let us walk up those scarcely marble steps. You see the splendid palace is elevated several feet above the street, as if to serve notice on the passing wayfarer that he who dwells within is not of the common herd. And this is the home of democracy! Even so. See those costly drapery, the rich hangings of Shiraz and Samarcand, and the brilliant tapestries of Persia and India looms, which for beauty stands unchallenged in any country on the face of the globe. In the arrangement of the floral plan to pay every known genius to create and the will to do so. The rich man pays with satisfaction for the wants that the poor man supplies, and the poor man receives with gratitude that which will supply his needs.

The crowds who built this stately palace had searched in every land for the wealth of its equivalent. Ransacked his great for gold even but a few years ago perished on the highway, robbed, unclothed and stricken. Poverty and misery go paid him. He will be certainly troubled in his dreams. Then he golden rule rolled in so swiftly that it overwhelmed him. The poor man's prayer was answered, and he knew not the angel of peace had spread her crown wings and veiled his heartbreaking and tears. Yes, it was the poor man's money that built this palace, and he knew it not. Democracy built it, and democracy lives in it, but democracy knows it not. The poor man's money built it, and the poor man knows it not. Democracy built it, and democracy lives in it, but democracy knows it not.

This is the home of the Waldorf-Astoria, and the most famous house devoted to high purposes in the United States. Now, if some of your lions or jackals of commerce or Bills over protective tariff Sunset mattings of Persian manufacture of the weavers, or with their cushions, foot protectors or seventeen brackets, Terrence, Mike and Shook, you may not enter here for an angel entertain, be prepared with a flaming shillalah ready to show him the way to the back door, and if he wants to see some real good old Irish in the wool, warranted to wash and shrink not in the least, the real genuine, let him go to Tammany hall, and there he will find him or the little democratic club around the corner.

But while the Waldorf-Astoria democrats the club has its elegant quarters, in the heart of most world fosters, don't think for one moment that the Waldorf club on Fifth avenue is the only place in New York where a democrat can get a good feed of devilled bones and a pot of ale and ale. There is a democratic club, but it is some distance from the fashionable Fifth avenue. This club does not believe in the gilded, frescoed ceilings, no costly paintings hang upon the walls, no magnificent silk hangings conceal the alcoves and display the glories of the weaver's art. Till within a few weeks a two dollar and a half chromo, displaying the glories of the twin arc and the rival champions, ready for battle, was considered ample adornment for the humble followers of him who proclaimed to the world, "I am a democrat." And why not, if the gilded dome of the Waldorf-Astoria palace dazzling its crowning splendor—why shall we not honor those who furnish the power with a solid foundation to justify their hope of victory in the future? It has been an open secret for years past whose home is in the palace on Fifth avenue, and there were those who were not violently in love with Mr. Croker and it is with passing justice to say that Mr. Croker had no violent affection for them. If they had an occasion to see the Fifth avenue magnate, their business was formal and their stay was brief. Democrats on Fifth avenue hardly knew except by hearsay that there was any other organized democratic association but themselves, except when election day approached, when Jack is as good as his master. Then Dives unbends for the time and Lazarus was allowed to gather the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. This was the picture not many months ago. Lo! behold the change! The richest carpets now adorn the floors, the costly hangings on the wall invite no beggars to the feast; Midas and Croesus and all the rest do their share with checks and let the roughs and toughs do the work and take the hard work and take the hard knocks. Just now the swallowtails are trying to down Croker because he lost the governorship in the late election and they think the democratic party is smashed all to pieces and that it never will come together again. Keep your eye on Croker and long before the election there will be a love feast and the grand old democracy will be solid as Gibraltar's rock.

I wish I had a Daniel to interpret the handwriting on the wall for me. There was no "Tekel, Upharsin" in mine. There has been all week a feeling of unrest as if something unfortunate was about to happen. Sometimes I think of another Manila and another Santiago. Whoever gets whipped this time will stay whipped, at least till the huckleberries are ripe, and "don't you forget it."

BROADBRIM.

THIS BEATS FICTION.

Ernest Hastings, An American Actor Left A Legacy Of $22,500.

Two friends sat chatting in a hotel in New York two years ago. One was Ernest Hastings, an actor, the other was a business man who was about to take a trip to England. They were old friends. The latter boxed a photo of the former, just for old friendship's sake.

"I'm sorry," said the actor, "but really I haven't a photo of myself, unless you call this blue print one. I will have some in a day or so."

"But I have to leave this afternoon," was the friend's rejoinder. "Here, Ernie, give me that blue print. I'll carry it in my pocket-book."

The print was handed over.

The friend sailed for England and remained abroad for a year. While travelling through Lancashire he met, by chance, a Mrs. William Hastings and in conversation with her mentioned the name of his New York friend, Ernest Hastings. In the natural course of the conversation the old blue print was produced. By some occult influence, Mrs. Hastings was fascinated by the handsome face. She begged the picture, and it was given to her.

Mrs. Hastings was a widow, whose husband had left her a handsome fortune. She had had but one son, by a remarkable coincidence named Ernest, but he had died while in the bloom of youth. His memory was ever fragrant to her. She had no kindred near or near. A malignant disease that she had been fighting all her life became worse, soon after the receipt of the old blue print, and Mrs Has ings began thought her of the inevitable. She made her will, willing all her property, real and personal, to the man whom she had never seen, but whose blue print picture was a vivid reminder of her own dead child. She requested that the blue print be attached to her last will and testament in order to afford a means of identification of her heir. And then, two weeks ago, she died.

Ernest Hastings was born in Parkhill, Ont., in 1866. He is the son of William Hastings, a prominent resident of that town. He graduated from Toronto University in 1888, and became a barrister at Osgoode hall in 1889. He never practiced law, but immediately after his graduation from Osgoode hall joined Maxtone Rhea's dramatic company, then touring in Canada, and played many parts. To day he is the leading man in a stock company in San Francisco, drawing $150 a week. Last week a wire from his New York lawyer informed him

Mrs. Hastings Lancashire, Eng., left him a legacy of $22,500.

C. W. Hastings, a student at Trinity university, Toronto, received a letter from his brother Ernest yesterday narrating the above details of the story, and stating that he (Ernest) had never met or heard of the Mrs. Hastings, who had so romantically endowed him with a fortune.

THE UNIVERSAL DREAD

Of Disease—South American Kidney Cure Dispels the Fear—Proves And Heals.

A pain in the back may be the cry of the kidneys for help. Have you a suspicion of so germ a tenant as kidney disease in your form? Perhaps it is diabetes, nature's penalty for high living—in form of kidney disease more mostly or universally prevalent. South American Kidney Cure is the tried and tested specific for kidney troubles. It dispels the impurities and foreign matters, cleanses the system. Sponsor heals and cures. Sold by W. H. Walker.

Evenpure Headache Powders will relieve that pain in the head. Be a lucky at Sills' drug store.

Officers now in Cuba are preparing for the reception of American regiments, which will sail for Rio on within ten days.

DON'T DRUG

Yourself With Injurious Medicines. Use

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE.

Most catarrh remedies contain cocaine or some equally poisonous and injurious drug, which deadens the membrane and causes permanent injury.

Thomas Hays, analytical chemist, Toronto, Ont., says: "I have made an examination of Dr. A. W. Chase's Catarrh Cure for cocaine or any of the compounds from samples purchased in the open market, and find none present."

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is wonderfully effective in the cure of catarrh, and will not injure the most delicate system. It soothes and allays the inflammation, heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, makes breathing free and easy, sweetens the breath, restores hearing and absolutely cures catarrh.

25c. a box. Blower free.

At all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Love In A Hospital.

That brown-eyed nurse with wavy hair,
And voice just like the voice of June,
Is false to me—she's false I swear!
And fickle as the changeful moon.

She lays her velvet hand on me
And smiles and talks so softly sweet,
And makes me thrill, and seems to be
So pained that I'm not on my feet;

And then when I'm on fire for her,
And strive love's impulse to resist,
She thrusts a glass thermometer
Into my mouth and feels my wrist.

Then scores she down upon the chart
A rising fever; though I'm sure
'Tis wrong that she who steals my heart
Should likewise take my temperature!

"77"

STOPS A

COUGH.

DON'T COUGH.

There is nothing more irritable to a cough than coughing.

Constant coughing is like scratching a wound; so long as it is done the wound will not heal. When tempted to cough draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and soothes every air cell, and some benefit will soon be received from this process. The nitrogen which is thus refined acts on the mucous membrane, allays the desire to cough and gives the throat and lungs a chance to heal. At the same time the use of "77" will aid nature in her efforts to recuperate.

At druggists or sent prepaid, price 25c and $1, large size (equal to 3 small size) $1.00 by Humphreys' Medical Company, New York. Be sure to get

"Humphreys' Manual (96 pp.) on Diseases and their Cure" mailed free.

H-U-M-P-H-R-E-Y-S

BOBITY

For Fun.

BOBITY

The Great Game.

BOBITY

Sold throughout Canada as the Game of Games.

If your dealer does not handle the great game of

BOBITY

write G. A. Holland & Son, Manufacturers, Montreal.

Trade supplied all over Canada with

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EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL. COMFORTING.

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the Nervous and Dyspeptic. Sold only in lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

EPPS'S COCOA

The D. & L. EMULSION

CONSUMPTION and all LUNG DISEASES, SPITTING OF BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest.

By the aid of The D. & L. Emulsion, I have gotten rid of a hacking cough which had troubled me for over a year, and have gained considerably in weight.

T. H. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal.

50c. and $1 per Bottle

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Montreal.

BILLIARDS!

BILLIARD	Remember the "XXth Century Electric all Hard Cushions," the most improved cushion for Billiard and Pool Tables, new and second-hand, ready for market.	POOL
BILLIARD		POOL
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BILLIARD	$25 to $150	POOL

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT IN THE DOMINION.

E. L. ETHIER & CO.,

38 St. Denis Street, Montreal.

Cold Air Drafts

Are dangerous.

They can be avoided.

No shuttering of doors.

No throwing of grass.

Eclipse Door Checks and Springs.

Simple—Durable—Best.

We sell them.

Corbett's Hardware,

Cor. Princess and Wellington Streets.

The glee club of McGill university, Montreal, contemplates a trip through the Ottawa valley after the holidays.

GERALDINE'S LETTER.

To many of their friends in Canada, Lord and Lady Aberdeen sent a charming little farewell souvenir, in the form of a reprint of the day dream, "Where Dwells Our Lady of the Sunshine," which Lady Aberdeen wrote as an introduction to Morang's Midsummer Annual. The little souvenir has a dainty cover of white and gold, with an outer sheet, bearing the word "Good-Bye," underneath which are the autographs of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and the date of their departure. On the last page is a verse that is pretty enough to bear repitition; it is called:

"GOOD-BYE, GOD BLESS YOU."

This seems to us a sacred phrase,
With reverence impassioned—
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly but nobly fashioned.

It well becomes an honest face,
As dot trust's round and cheerful;
It says the only in his place,
And so thus the weak and fearful.

Into the porches of the ears
It steals with subtle suction,
And in your heart of hearts appears
To work its gracious function.

And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you—
We're sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "good-bye, God Bless you!"

* * *

If Kipling had never written anything but "The Ship that Found Herself" ("The Day's Work," published by Morang, Toronto), he would surely have gained his place in literature, for there is poetry of the imagination in every line of it. We have heard the groaning and creaking of a storm tossed vessel, but who would have thought of personifying the parts as Kipling has done? The complaints of rivets, valves, web frames, etc., pour so distinctly on the grievances that each would naturally feel, and all the parts that compose the ship as a whole realize their individual importance so conclusively that they are strongly suggestive of human beings. Each appeals to the other for justice, and occasionally one says "I can only give what I can get," but when the bulwark plate puts its use, and exclaims "Evidently that's what I am made for," we feel that a victory has been gained, and that the ship has begun to "find herself." We can give an admiration for the Stoker as it goes about encouraging one, laughing at another, and "jollying" them all, and we draw a breath of supreme satisfaction when the deep sea voice is heard. Then the small parts cease from troubling; the ship finds herself; her soul is awakened, and her voice is heard for the first time. Her utterance, too, is worthy of notice. "It's my conviction that I have made a fool of myself," and this decision is reached just as she comes into port. What a moral and this it all! The story of our lives is like "the ship that found herself." Each may work it out differently to suit his own case, but the same conclusion will be reached, and, waking up from our delusions as we approach port, the new voice is tempted to exclaim, "It's my conviction that I have made a fool of myself!" Lucky for us, it will be, if we "find ourselves" before the last port is reached, so that, like Kipling's Dimtola, we may have a rest at the wharf, and then——"we'll do it all over again."

* * *

"Bob, Son of Battle," by Alfred Ollivant is another new book published by Morang. The story centres around the champion challenge cup, the shepherd's trophy, which has to be won three years in succession before it becomes the property of the master of the winning dog. There is intense rivalry between "Bob" and "Red Wull"—two dogs between whom there is no similarity except that each was the one time winner of the cup. The owners of these dogs are also bitter enemies, and the book is full of many unpleasant passages. Much as must needs be in the story of a man who loves no one in the world but his dog, and who has only to call the vicious monster to his side to keep all his enemies at a civil distance. There are some harrowing scenes between Wullum and his son, and we turn the pages quickly over pages of the book, and yet it is a tale that will doubtless be enjoyed by many for the exciting plot start to run in the close is profoundly dramatic. The wretched man finds that the shepherds have killed his dog, and his soliloquy over the animal's dead body reminds us that "a man that hath friends must show himself friendly." After Wullum had had brought his mate home to his mother, his sons, and his dog. He lost each in turn, and the reader cannot but feel a very terrible uncertainty and a miserable end of a miserable life.

* * *

Miss Berry is usually glad of her home at the disposal of the "Circle of the King's Daughters," which met last Monday evening. The cozy table was in charge of Misses Lorraine Leslie and Ethel Kirkpatrick, Misses Grace Grant, Mabel Stringer and Miss Mackenzie presided at the tea table, and assisting in the dining room were Misses Florence Gunn, Gertrude and Mabel Carter, Miss Berry, who was most gentle in the role of proprietress, also was hostess of a very cosy and well appointed table, presided over by Miss Isabel Ross, Miss Kathleen Harty and Miss Mackenzie, and served by Miss Edith Folger, Miss Florence Hardy, Mr. McFarlane (Montreal), Miss Carrie Waddell, and Mr. Ernest Cunningham.

* * *

Mrs. Norman Ferguson held her post nuptial reception in Kingston Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, and her attractive little home on lower Alfred street was thronged with callers. The bride looked very pretty in a pale blue silken gown trimmed with white chiffon. Miss Kathleen Rowat and Miss Annie Nash assisted in receiving the guests in the drawing room, and Miss Richmond and Miss Ella Power presided over the handsomely spread tea table in the dining room.

* * *

This evening the first meeting of the Ladies' Whist Club was held at Fort-de-Kock Barracks on Tuesday night, when the members were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Nelson.

* * *

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Norton Taylor gave an At Home for her guest, Miss Lockhart of Toronto. The crostily arranged tea table, centred with white chrysanthemums, was in charge of Mrs. W. Norton Taylor, Miss Edith Folger, and Miss Constance Norton Taylor, while Miss Lorraine Leslie and Miss Kirkpatrick presided over the ice cream table.

* * *

Cards are out for a dance at the Royal Military College on Thanksgiving Eve.

* * *

Cards are also out for an "At Home" at Mrs. Hague's on Tuesday afternoon when Miss Winnie Hague will make her debut.

* * *

Two fair-haired girls are to be debutantes at the college dance next Wednesday night.

* * *

Rev. Father Huntington gave an address at St. George's Cathedral on Monday night. Father Huntington was on his way to Toronto and remained over for one day to make arrangements about the mission which he hopes to conduct in this city next January.

* * *

The tea cent teas are as numerous as ever; already cards are out for three of these next week.

* * *

Miss Edith Carmichael, Mack street, gave an "At Home" on Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Stella Merton, of Toronto, who is her guest.

* * *

Mrs. Coleman, who was Mrs. McFarland's guest, left for Toronto yesterday.

* * *

Miss Ramsey, Peel street, Montreal, gave a luncheon party on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Henry Joseph.

* * *

Mrs. Drury returned from Montreal to-day after a two weeks' visit with Mrs. Porteus.

* * *

Miss Etta Macpherson left on Wednesday to visit Mrs. Frederick Taylor at Montreal.

Miss Mabel Gilmour, of Brockville, was a bright visitor at Mrs. Briggs' this week.

Mrs. E. O. Bickford returned to Toronto last Monday.

Miss Butler, of Deseronto, is visiting the Misses Murphy, "Romilly House."

Miss Clements' many friends are glad to welcome her home again, after a six months' visit to the old country.

Mrs. Harley Roberts returned to Toronto yesterday, after spending a week at Lieut. Col. McGill's.

Mrs. Cappon has returned from Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Joseph arrived this afternoon to spend Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Walkem, "Queen's cote."

Mrs. Leigh returned on Wednesday from a fortnight's visit with Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Toronto.

Miss Bonner returned to Toronto on Tuesday.

GERALDINE.

THE TO N.

Elephant Escapes From a Circus at Argentine, Kan

Argentine Kan., Nov. 18.—Rajah, the big elephant that escaped from the winter quarters of a circus here on Tuesday morning, was captured at four o'clock the same afternoon after thirty bullets had been fired into his body. None of the bullets penetrated a vital spot, and the animal will survive his injuries.

Rajah spent the night in a corn field, and the people remained awake behind securely bolted doors. Early in the morning the circus employees and a large posse of citizens renewed the attempt to capture him. So serious was the hurt that it was impossible to get near him. After wallowing for an hour in the Kaw river, Rajah charged a crowd that had gathered on the bank, and several persons were severely bruised in the scramble that followed. He then started for the business part of the city, and it was loaded to kill him. Thirty shots were fired but it was not until one bullet struck Rajah's knee, severely wounding him, that he allowed his keeper to approach him. He was returned to his quarters, where he is now heavily loaded with chains.

The only evil case at the Napanee assizes is Milling vs. London mutual fire insurance company, an action brought by Juna Milling, South Fredericksburgh, against the company, claiming the obtaining by fraud from him of a promissory note for $500.

It is rumored that several large business blocks may be erected in Deseronto next summer.

The Sloping-Shouldered Man.

—Usually "Slender" and "Sloping," or "Stooping" and "Sloping," combined.

Mail orders should specify which combination.

The effect of sloping shoulders is to make the figure seem narrow-chested, and the neck seem unusually long.

This can be overcome by wearing "Sloping-Shoulder" "Fit-reform" suits, in which the shoulders are built up to normal height with genuine hair cloth and padding, care being taken to round them naturally, so the sleeve will not wrinkle where the padding ends, and the real shoulder begins.

$10.00, $12.00, $15.00, $18.00, $20.00, per suit. Write for Catalogue.

Nearest Agencies—D. W. DOWNEY, Brockville, THE KENNEDY CO., Limited, Montreal.

Special Sale of J. D. King's Shoes.

LOT 1—Ladies' Fine Vici Kid Button Boots, extension sole, made with Goodyear Welt, regular price $3, for $2.25.

LOT 2—Ladies' Fine Kid Button Boots, kid tips, regular price $2, for $1.65.

LOT 3—Ladies' Fine Kid Button Boots, patent leather tips, regular price $2.00, for $1.65.

LOT 4—Ladies' Fine Kid Lace Boots, kid tips, latest style, regular price $2, for $1.65.

Also a few pairs of Ladies' Kid Button and Lace Boots, $4, for $1.50.

Haines & Lockett.

PICTURES

Such as you can see at

Kirkpatrick's Art Store,

Make beautiful presents.

Christmas Novelties arriving. Gallery always open to visitors.

159 PRINCESS STREET.

New Blacksmith Shop.

EMUEL MILK, FORMERLY IN THE EMploy of N. Wilmot for many years, has opened a Blacksmith and Horse-Shoeing Shop in PRINCESS STREET, in rear of S. S. Curry's Undertaking Establishment, where he will be prepared to do first-class work. A call is respectfully solicited.

EMUEL MILK.

INSURED FOR $32,000

Mrs Ireland Applies to the Companies For the Money

Montreal, Nov. 18.—Mrs. Ireland, the wife of the missing Trenton physician, has applied to the Sun life insurance company for forms of proof of death, and these have been supplied to her. Upon these she will be able to state what the proofs of death are, and the company will be able to judge of their reasonableness when the forms are returned to it.

Dr. Ireland is insured for $32,000. Policies for $10,000 were placed with the Sun life, Canada life, $3,000; London and Lancashire, $3,000; I. O. F., $3,000; A.O.U.W., $2,000; Royal Foresters, $3,000, and other companies, $2,000.

H. R. Lloyd, for thirty-five years a respected resident of Pembroke, is leaving for Toronto to take the management of the Canadian branch of a large Philadelphia book concern.

ARE YOU DEAF?

Japanese Catarrh Cure Unstops Deaf Ears—Diseases That Most Frequently Affect the Sense of Hearing are Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Catarrh—By Far the Most Prevalent is Neglected Catarrh in the Head.

One of the saddest and most unfortunate phases that can develop in catarrh is the loss of hearing—and when the ear—the most delicate organ in the human anatomy, is attacked by the disease, there's no time to be wasted in experimenting with untried treatments and surgical operation risks—if an operation fails—the hearing is gone for ever—best start at the root of the evil, the logical point—the point where disease first attacked the patient—in the nasal passages—clear them out—get the obstruction away—reduce the swelling and inflammation in the passages which are so adjacent to and so sympathetic with the aural organs—free them from foreign matters—and the acute sensitiveness will return with all its keenness, and while you've been in process of getting back your hearing you've been ridding yourself forever of the most disgusting and skill-baffling diseases that to the present pervades humanity the world over—Japanese Catarrh Cure acts like magic in clearing the nasal air passages—allows pure fresh air to circulate through the organs—dispels the last vestige of an obstruction and soothes—heals—make well and keeps from the catarrh taint—no catarrh—no deafness—ninety-nine times in a hundred cases.

In every package of Japanese Catarrh Cure is printed a guarantee to cure if directions for treatment are carefully followed—and if a faithful carrying out of them brings no cure—money paid will be refunded.—M. A. Jordan, of Tacoma, Wash., says:—"Japanese Catarrh Cure cured me of a long standing case of Catarrh when physicians and remedies had utterly failed."

Price 50c.—all druggists—or by mail, Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Toronto.