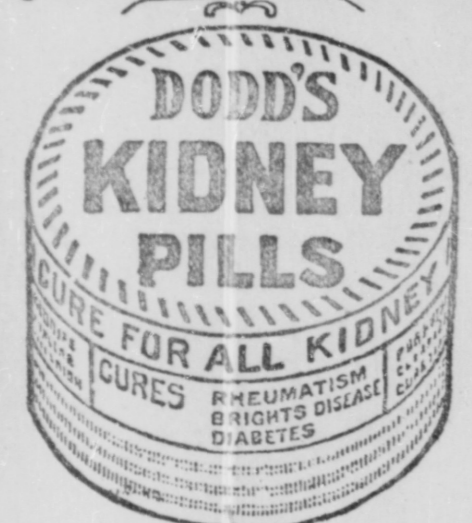


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D-O-D-D'S GRAND Provincial Bazaar

NEW ST. DUNSTAN'S CATHEDRAL - TO BE OPENED IN THE - Cathedral Basement Hall, Ch'town - ON - Monday Evening, October 16th at eight o'clock, and to be continued on - Tues. Wed. Thur. and Fri. Oct. 17th, 18th, 19th & 20th

A cordial invitation tendered to every man, woman and child in the Province. Ample room for every person who attends. Excellent meals provided for all visitors. Select musical entertainments every evening by the League of the Cross Band (New \$600 set of silver instruments), and other sources of amusement.

Come one—Come all. Cheap Excursion Tickets to the City will be issued at all stations on TUESDAY, OCT. 17th, good to return on same and following day, and again on THURSDAY, OCT. 19th, good to return on same and following day, at the following REDUCED RATES, from all stations between Tignish and Piusville, inclusive:

Tignish and Piusville, inclusive	\$1 25
Blomfield and Portage	1 15
Conway and Richmond	95
Wellington and St. Eleanor	85
Summerside and Freetown	75
Emerald and Fredrickton	60c
Clyde and North Wiltshire	45c
Colville and Loyalist	35c
Cape Traverse and Kinkora	75c
Souris and Bear River	85c
Rollo Bay and Midgell	75c
Marie and Douglas	60c
St. Andrews and Tracadie	45c
Bedford and Suffolk	35c
York	25c
Union	20c
Georgetown and Perth	75c
48 Road and Peake's	60c
Pisquid	45c

Passengers holding Railway Tickets will be required to have them stamped by the Bazaar Committee, before they will be honoured for return on the trains. By order of committee.

THOMAS DRISCOLL, Secretary

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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Sept. 28th, 29th, 30th Oct. 2nd & 3rd

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On Sept. 28th, 29th and 30th, Round Trip Tickets to

Ottawa, Ont.	\$16.80
Toronto, Ont.	
Detroit, Mich.	\$23.30
Port Huron	
Niagara Falls, Ont.	\$24.65
Chicago, Ill.	\$29.65

Tickets good to return leaving destination up to and including October 16th, 1899.

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For rates to other points call on any ticket agent in Maritime Provinces, or write.

A. J. HEATH, Dist. Passr. Agent, C. P. R. St. John, N. B.

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THE EXPOSURE OF LORD STANSFORD

By ROBERT BARR.

(Copyright, 1899, by Robert Barr.) (Continued)

"I want you," she said, "to dress my hair in an artistic way and yet in a manner that will seem as if no particular trouble had been taken with it. Do you understand me?"

"Ah, perfectly, mademoiselle," said the polite Frenchman. "You shall be so fascinating, mademoiselle, that—" "Yes," said Miss Linderham, "that is what I want."

At 8 o'clock she had on a dainty gown. The sleeves were turned up as if she were ready for the most serious work. The spotless pinafore which covered this dress had the most fetching little frill around it. All in all, it was doubtful if any studio in London, even one belonging to the most celebrated painter, had in it as pretty a picture as Miss Maggie Linderham was that afternoon. At 3 o'clock there came a ring at the telephone, and when Miss Linderham answered the call the voice which she had heard before said:

"I am very sorry to disappoint you, madame, but Lord Stansford resigned this afternoon. We could send you another man if you liked to have him."

"No, no!" cried Miss Linderham, and the man at the other end of the telephone actually thought she was weeping.

"No, I don't want any one else. It doesn't really matter."

"The other man," replied the voice, "would be only 2 guineas, and it was 5 for Lord Stansford. We could send you a man for a guinea, although we don't recommend him."

"No," said Miss Linderham. "I don't want anybody. I am glad Lord Stansford is not coming, as the little party I proposed to give has been postponed."

"Ah, then, when it comes off, madame, I hope"—

But Miss Linderham hung up the receiver and did not listen to the recommendations the man was sending over the wire about his hired guests. The chances are that Maggie Linderham would have cried had it not been that her hair was so nicely yet carelessly done. But before she had time to make up her mind what to do the trim little maid came along the gallery and down the steps into the studio with a silver salver in her hand and on it a card. Miss Linderham picked up the card and read, "Richard Stansford."

"Oh!" she cried joyfully. "Ask him to come here."

"Won't you see him in the drawing room, miss?"

"No, no; tell him I am very busy, and bring him to the studio."

The maid went up the stair again. Miss Linderham, taking one long, careful glance at herself, looking over her shoulder in the long mirror, and, not caring to touch her wealth of hair, picked up her crayon and began making the sketch of the striking man even worse than it was before. She did not look round until she heard Lord Stansford's step on the stair; then she gave an exclamation of surprise on seeing him. The young man was dressed in a wide awake hat and the costume which we see in the illustrated papers as picturing our friends in South Africa. All he needed was a belt of cartridges and a rifle to make the picture complete.

"This is hardly the dress a man is supposed to wear in London when he makes an afternoon call on a lady. Miss

Linderham," said the young man, with a laugh, "but I had either to come this way or not at all, for my time is very limited. I thought it was too bad to leave the country without giving you an opportunity to apologize for your conduct last night and for the additional insult of hiring me for two hours this afternoon. And so, you see, I came."

"I am very glad you did," replied Miss Linderham. "I was much disappointed when they telephoned me this afternoon that you had resigned. I must say that you look exceedingly well in that outfit, Lord Stansford."

"Yes," said the young man, casting a glance over himself. "I must admit that it is rather becoming. I have had the pleasure of attracting a good deal of attention as I came along the street."

"They took you for a cowboy, I suppose?"

"Well, something of that sort. The small boy, I regret to say, was so unfeeling as to sing 'He's got ee on' and other ribald ditties of that kind, which they seem to think suited the occasion. But others looked at me with great respect, which compensated for the disadvantages. Will you pardon the rudeness of a pioneer, Miss Linderham, when I say that you look even more charming in the studio dress than you did in ball costume, and I never thought that could be possible?"

"Oh!" cried the girl, flushing, perhaps because the crimson paint on the palette she had picked up reflected on her cheek. "You must excuse this working garb, as I did not expect visitors. You see, they telephoned to me that you were not coming."

The deluded young man actually thought this statement was correct, which in part it was, and he believed also that the luxuriant hair tossed up here and there with seeming carelessness was not the result of an art far superior to any the girl herself had ever put upon canvas.

"So you are off to South Africa?" she said.

"Yes, the Cape."

"Oh, is the Cape in South Africa?"

"Well, I think so," replied the young man, somewhat dubiously, "but I wouldn't be certain about it, though the steamship company guarantees to land me at the Cape, wherever it is."

The girl laughed.

"You must have given it a great deal of thought," she said, "when you don't really know where you are going."

"Oh, I have a better idea of direction than you give me credit for! I am not such a fool as I looked last night, you know. Then I belonged to Spink & Co., and was subtlety by them to old Huckle; now I belong to myself and South Africa. That makes a world of difference, you know."

"I see it does," replied Miss Linderham. "Won't you sit down?"

The girl herself sank into an armchair, while Stansford sat on a low table, swinging one foot to and fro, his wide brimmed hat thrown back, and gazed at the girl until she reddened more than ever. Neither spoke for some moments.

"Do you know," said Stansford at last, "that when I look at you South Africa seems a long distance away?"

"I thought it was a long distance away," said the girl, without looking up.

"Yes, but it's longer and more lonely when one looks at you. By Jove, if I thought I couldn't do better, I would be tempted to take that £2,000 a year offer of yours and"—

"It wasn't an offer of mine!" cried the girl, hastily. "Perhaps the lady I

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has a studio at South Kensington, and who is herself, when dressed up as an artist, prettier than any picture that ever entered the Royal Academy. That's what I told Spink."

The girl looked up at him, first with indignation in her eyes and then with a smile hovering about her pretty lips.

"You said nothing of the sort," she answered, "for you knew nothing about this studio at that time. So, you see, I am not going to emulate your dishonesty by pretending not to know you are referring to me."

"My dishonesty!" exclaimed the young man, with protest in his voice. "I am the most honest, straightforward person alive, and I believe I would take your two thousand a year offer if I didn't think I could do better."

"Where? In South Africa?"

"No, in South Kensington. I think that when the lady learns how useful I could be around a studio—oh, I could learn to wash brushes, sweep out the room, prepare canvases, light the fire, and how nicely I could hand around the cups of tea when she had her 'at homes' and exhibited her pictures! When she realizes this and sees what a bargain he is getting, I feel almost certain she will not make any terms at all."

The young man sprang from the table, and the girl rose from her chair, a look almost of alarm in her face. He caught her by the arms.

"What do you think, Miss Linderham? You know the lady. Don't you think she would refuse to have anything to do with a cad like Billy Huckle, rich as he is, and would prefer a humble, hardworking farmer from the Cape?"

The girl did not answer his question. "Are you going to break my arms as you threatened to do his wrists last night?"

"Maggie," he whispered in a low voice, with an intense ring in it, "I am going to break nothing but my own heart if you refuse me."

The girl looked up at him with a smile.

"I knew when you came in you weren't going to South Africa, Dick," was all she said, and he, taking advantage of her helplessness, kissed her.

(to be continued)

Screamed... WITH.. Agony

From the Terrible Itching, Burning Eczema on the Scalp

Some of the cures effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment are more like miracles than anything else. The case recorded here was one of the worst ever brought to the attention of Toronto's best physicians, and when doctors gave up all hope of recovery Dr. Chase's Ointment was successful in producing a perfect cure.

Mr. James Scott, 136 Wright Ave., Toronto, states: "My boy Tom, aged ten, was for nearly three years afflicted with a bad form of Eczema of the scalp, which was very unsightly and resisted all kinds of remedies and doctor's treatment. His head was in a terrible state. We had to keep him from school, and at times his head would bleed, and the child would scream with agony. For two and a half years we battled with it in vain, but at last found a cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment. About five boxes were used. The original sores dried up, leaving the skin in its normal condition. To say it is a pleasure to testify to the wonderful merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment is putting it very mildly."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, at all dealers, or Edimanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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War With the Afghans "Lord Robert's Kandahar" and "The Storming of Peshawar" a noted Afghan Stronghold, produced with over two hundred British Sailors and Soldiers from the Garrison, a number of whom actually took part in the Afghan War.

Fireworks Galore. Magnificent Display Every Evening. For Prize List and all information apply to J. E. WOOD, Man. and Secy

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Apply to OLIVER MASON, Sep. 21 at: Revere Hotel

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Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drop and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria. "Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children." Dr. G. C. Osgood, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.

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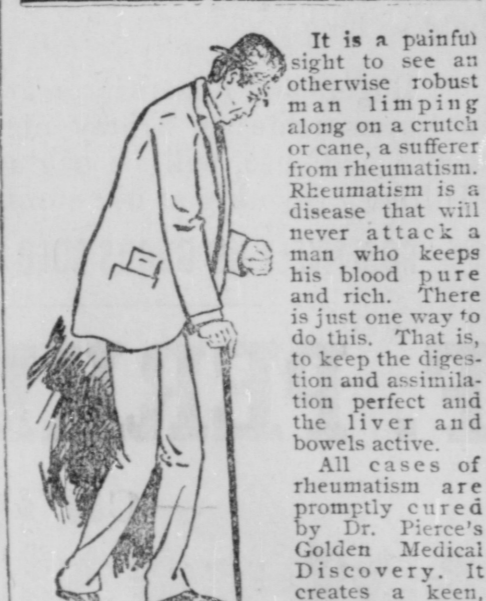
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"I have been afflicted with rheumatism and kidney trouble," writes Mr. C. B. White, of Grove, Genesee Co., Ohio. "I suffered untold pain. I was afraid I would lose my mind. At times was almost entirely helpless. There had not been a night for three years that I could rest in any position. I tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I used three bottles of it and am well of both diseases."



"I thought it was a long distance away," said the girl.

was thinking of wouldn't have agreed to it even if I had spoken to her about it."

"That is quite true. Still I think if she had seen me in this outfit she would have thought me worth the money."

"You think you can make more than £2,000 a year out in South Africa? You have become very hopeful all in a moment. It seems to me that a man who thinks he can make £2,000 a year is very foolish to let himself out at 5 guineas an evening."

"Do you know, Miss Linderham, that was just what I thought myself, and I told the respectable Spike so too. I told him I had an offer of £2,000 a year in his own line of business. He said that no firm in London could afford the money. 'Why,' he cried, waxing angry, 'I could get a duke for that!'"

"Well," I replied, "it is purely a matter of business with me. I was offered £2,000 a year as ornamental man by a most charming young lady, who