He ran a mile,

and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bat without the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.

Beware of imitations.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.
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Half Price Neck Wear.

Every evening this week between the honrs of 7 and 9 we will offer

100 PIECES OF
Ladies' Neck Wear
AT HALF PRICE.

Just a sample lot.
Among the lot are Fancy ties, Collars, and Collarettes from

50c to $2.50.

They are priced from 50c to $2.50. They will be placed

ON THE FRONT COUNTER

At 7 p. m. each evening. We will box them if required.

HALF PRICE

Will take any of them.
Suitable for
YOUR SISTER
Or some
Other Fellow's Sister.

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Ever shown in the city, ranging in price
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Call in and see them. Just the thing for
A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
I have a few
CHRISTMAS GLOBES
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TRADE REVIEWS
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R. H. MASON'S
NEWS STAND.

Look...
FOR $6.50
....YOU GET
1 barrel best Family Flour.
2 pounds 28c Tea.
10 pounds Granulated Sugar.
4 gallons best American Oil.
6 bars Oak Leaf Soap.
2 pounds Raisins.
1 pound Currants.
ALL FOR $6.50.
SANDERSON & CO.
Grocers. Victoria Row.

A PAIR OF LYNXES.

A great friend of mine, a Russian keeper, known as Stepan, or Stephen, is no less remarkable as a teller of capital hunting yarns than he is in his own legitimate avocation as woodcraftsman.

"I was once," said friend Stepan, "spending the night in midforest, waiting for the capercailzies to begin their morning tournaments, which would not be until 3 o'clock at the earliest.

"As you are aware, the hours of the night spent thus are apt to hang somewhat heavily upon one's hands unless one passes them sleeping comfortably with one's feet close to the fire, but then if you are alone there is the danger of not waking in time for the capercailzie jaunt. Therefore I preferred to remain awake and listen to the voices of the night—the sighing and rustling of the pines over my head, or the occasional distant howling of a wolf, that most melancholy of all the voices of nature.

"Then it struck me that this would be an excellent opportunity for me to practice some of my animal calls, an accomplishment in which, as you know, I have attained some little proficiency.

"I howled first in the character of a wolf, thinking it just possible that I might attract some of these gentlemen within range of my smoothbore, which I had taken the precaution to load with slugs. But though I howled my best for half an hour I found that my friends were too far away. I could hear them, but they could not hear me, for their natural howlings traveled farther than my artificial tones. Then I bethought me that my lynx call might be growing rusty from disuse, and I started caterwauling like the veriest starving or lovesick lynx that ever roamed the woods after prey or partner.

"There is not much chance of calling up a lynx in our part of the country, for these animals are very rare and scarcely ever honor our particular portion of the forest with a visit; therefore my caterwaulings were designed more for practice than anything else, though, of course, one always faintly hopes. What was my surprise, then, when, after I had called for no longer than five minutes or so, I distinctly heard my cries answered from apparently a distance of a mile or a mile and a half.

"I was tremendously excited, for I had never killed a lynx, and, this being the only Russian animal which had up to now successfully defied all my arts of woodcraft, I felt that, could I only succeed tonight in calling up this gentleman or lady and adding him or her to my list of victims, I should die happy when called upon to bid farewell to these hunting grounds in favor of yet happier ones. I decided to put out my fire before I took any further steps toward securing an interview with my friend, for if one thing is more certain than another it is that anything worthy of the name of a lynx would never approach within a quarter of a mile of a bonfire. So I stamped out every bit of blazing wood and scattered the embers, and I did so not without some sinking of heart, for if the lynx should take his time about approaching my place of ambush it would be mighty cold waiting for him this bitter, frosty March night. Then, having by this time subdued the excited beatings of my heart sufficiently to warrant a careful return to caterwauling, I took up a strategic position behind a thick clump of bushes surrounded by a few yards of open ground convenient for shooting, should I be so unfortunate as to get a shot, and, thus prepared, I carefully and cautiously recommenced the calls which had so excited my caterwauling friend in the distance. The creature had never ceased his most eloquent appeals to me to renew my tale and inform him of my exact whereabouts. Now, though I speak lynx language like a native, I cannot claim to understand much of what is said to me in that tongue, but I felt as certain as cocksureness can go that the lynx was addressing to me every fond and endearing expression to be found in the feline vocabulary.

"It must have been something of this sort, for the poor fellow responded with touching warmth the instant that he heard my voice upraised anew. Indeed he redoubled his exertions to convince me that he only needed to be heard in order to be forgiven and taken back forthwith to my heart. I am sure I gave him every encouragement to come and make it up. I yelled quite as lustily as he did, and the noise we two lynxes made for awhile must have caused the rest of the inmates of this part of the forest considerable surprise and much disgust.

"For a quarter of an hour our duet continued thus, each lynx calling from behind his own ambush. I began to think, somewhat anxiously, that after all I should be obliged to make a compromise by going half way to meet my adorer, when, to my great relief, I realized that he was once more on the move. He came along very slowly and cautiously now. Was he suspicious? I trusted not. However, I determined to sit silent for a minute or two in the belief that my apparent coolness might rouse him to increased ardor. Nor was I mistaken. No sooner did I recommence my caterwauling than his own redoubled in warmth and volume. I could almost distinguish the meaning of his impassioned pleadings. He seemed to entreat me not to deprive him of the rapture of listening to my voice, which, he appeared to say, was music to his ears. I could not therefore, under these romantic circumstances, remain long obdurate to his pleading or turn a deaf ear to his ardor and affection. I caterwauled again more lustily than ever.

"Within a very few moments I became aware that my friend or relative or lover—not understanding the drift of his remarks, I could not be sure as to what was the exact relationship in which I stood toward him—had approached quite close, and, could I but see him, must now be within easy range of my gun. But, alas, it was still pitch dark, and I could no more discern any object at a distance of 25 yards than I could take to myself wings and fly over the pine tops.

"Edging the open space around my ambush was the usual cover, chiefly pine trees, with an occasional clump of low bush. I made up my mind that my companion was ensconced behind a certain dense patch of scrub which I had noticed while there had been light from the fire. This patch lay at a distance of about 30 yards from my own position, and if the other lynx should be so unkind and suspicious as to refuse to cross the open in search of me I resolved that as soon as I could see so far I would hazard a shot, trusting that at least one or two of the slugs which went to make up the charge in my smoothbore might find a billet.

"The duet continued meanwhile. He would address an amorous but gently reproachful remark to me, and I would reply with soft answers, designed to turn away wrath. Perhaps I told him I had a game leg and could not walk or that I was busy over a delicious meal of hare which I dare not leave on account of the known dishonesty of the denizens of this part of the forest. I don't know what I said, but whatever it may have been he would not move, but only repeated the arguments which, even though I could not understand them, were, I felt, growing exceedingly stale. He was a very unimaginative lynx and scarcely varied the monotony of his remarks from beginning to end of our long conversation. Neither did I, of course, but then I had at least the grace to be heartily ashamed of the sameness of my observations.

"This sort of thing continued till presently the light had increased sufficiently to afford an indistinct view of the surroundings. I now carefully weighed the chances. I could take the risky course of hazarding a blind shot into the bush on the offchance of killing the animal supposed to be lurking behind it, or I could creep aloug until I reached his ambuscade, then jump up and perhaps secure a running shot at my friend, though, being a lynx, it was exceedingly unlikely that he would wait for me there.

"After much meditation I at last decided upon a plan of action. I resolved to make a movement of a portion of the small bush behind which I lay, in the hope of so exciting the ardor of my friend opposite by this sign of life that he would be unable to resist the impulse to rush across the open and fly, as it were, to my arms.

"No sooner thought of than carried out. Stretching out one foot, I stirred the branches in such a way as to give the impression that an animal was moving behind them, caterwauling lustily the while.

"Then of a sudden a most awful thing happened. A deafening report rang out from the direction of the scrub opposite, while at the same instant I distinctly heard and almost felt the whistle and rush of a charge of slugs which, though they did not actually touch me, passed within an inch or two of my ears. I sprang to my feet with a yell, while a dusky form, which was not that of a lynx, rose from behind the patch of bush opposite and came running across toward me. Will you believe me," old Stepan ended, "when I assure you that it was that confounded poaching blackguard Simeon, not yet a keeper at that time? And the most annoying part of the whole business was that I had taught him all his lynx calling myself.

"I went off after the capercailzies a few minutes later and missed three of them, one after the other—sitting shots too. The disappointment had been too much for me. Just fancy my caterwauling all night for a fellow like Simeon to have a cockshot at me at the end of it! Eah!

"Since that day I have called up several lynxes, but Simeon then and there gave up the practice, because I vowed that very morning that if he ever tried it again I should stalk him and shoot him."—Fred Whishaw in Longman's Magazine.

Lumbago

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The common use of soda to relieve heartburn and sour stomach is a habit which thousands of people practice, almost daily, and one which is fraught with danger; soda gives only temporary relief and in the end the stomach trouble gets worse and worse.

The soda acts as a mechanical irritant to the walls of the stomach and bowels, and cases are on record where it accumulates in the intestines, causing death by inflammation or peritonitis.

Dr. Harlandson recommends as the safest and surest cure for sour stomach (acid dyspepsia) the daily use after meals of an excellent preparation, sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. These tablets are large 20 grain lozenges pleasant to the taste and contain the natural peptones and digestive elements necessary to good digestion and which all weak stomachs lack.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets used regularly after meals digest the food properly and thoroughly before it has time to ferment, sour and poison the blood and nervous system.

Dr. Wuerth states that he invariably uses and recommends Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in all forms of stomach derangement and find them a certain cure, not only for our stomach, but by causing prompt digestion of the food they create a healthy appetite, increase flesh, and strengthen the action of the heart and liver.

They are not a cathartic and contain no violent drug, but are intended only for stomach diseases and faulty digestion, and generally acknowledged to be the most reliable cure for any stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets now enjoy an international reputation and popularity and are sold by druggists everywhere in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

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Rev. S. A. Duprau, Methodist Minister, Consecon, Prince Edward County, Ont., states:—"I was troubled with itching and bleeding piles for years and they ultimately attained to a very violent form. Large lumps or abscesses formed, so that it was with great difficulty and considerable pain that I was able to stool. At this severe crisis I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but I had little or no faith in it, as I had tried various remedies before and to no purpose.

"Now, imagine how great and joyous was my surprise to find that just the one box cured me, so that the lumps disappeared, and also the external swelling. I feel like a different man to-day, and have not the least doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me from a very dangerous and painful operation and many years of suffering. You are at perfect liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit for the benefit of others similarly afflicted."

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