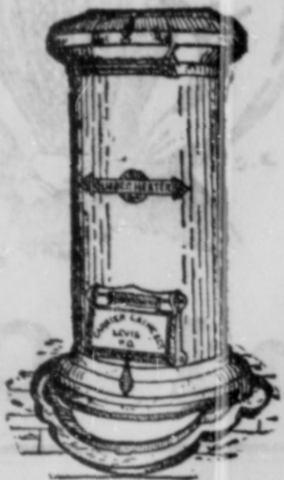


# Roasting Jack Frost



May seem strange, but to those who are using NO GRATE FIRE BRICK LINED, QUEBEC HEATER (Registered) it is all right.

This wonderful stove upsets Old Foggy Ideas on the heating question.

No more clinkers.  
No more escaping gas or smoke.

No more worry for fear the fire will go out.

Not necessary to watch it like a cat watching a mouse—it will burn 48 hours without renewing fuel.

No more shaking—it has no grate—just poke it a little—no more shivering for want of heat.

No more BIG coal bills. Buy one and then wonder why you put up with the old style so long as you did.

Beware of imitations, see that the name

**QUEBEC HEATER**

(Registered) is on the stove you buy. CARRIER LANE & CO., Levis, P. Q.

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We are giving special value in Watches and Clocks until Xmas. It will give us pleasure to show them to you.

**W. N. TANTON**  
Great George St.

# Beaton's Bargain.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

### SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Winington, Lady Mary Hay, Leslie Beaton and Jack Maxwell are members of London's smart society set. Beaton is Mrs. Winington's brother, and being poor resolves to answer an advertisement that promises to get him a rich wife. Lady Mary is a widow whom Beaton admires. Mrs. Winington and Maxwell were lovers before the former married. Beaton, with company with Maitland is introduced to the heiress—Edith Vivian—by the latter's guardian. In the meantime Maitland has fallen in love with Edith, which angers Mrs. Winington, who determines that Edith shall not marry him and lies to her about him. Edith has begun to like Maitland and is mortified to hear Mrs. Winington's false description of him.

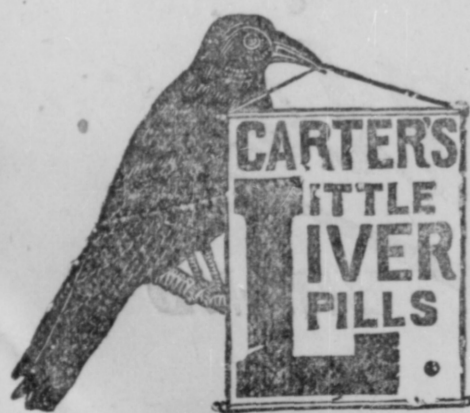
### CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

She was glad to take shelter in the humble haven of Mrs. Miles' motherly companionship, and thought it would be long before she could bear the thought of a lover, if indeed she could ever believe in any man's professions. Mrs. Miles, who was much moved, wept a little and blew her nose a good deal. "Ah, dear Miley," said Edith, at the end of her story. "If you had not deserted me, I might have escaped a good deal. I should not have made so great a fool of myself."

"Ah, dear, but I couldn't help it," cried Mrs. Miles, eagerly. "I won't submit to seem a cold-hearted, selfish creature. I did not desert you of my own free will, that you may be sure. I never said a word against my brother before, but I am vexed with him, and you are wiser and older, and won't betray me. I have had to obey him. He has been hard on me. You know I was left a widow with one boy, a dear son, kind and gentle, but weak and easily led, and the good God only knows what I went through to give him food and clothes and a little schooling. At last I was struck down with illness, and then I was obliged to beg my brother for bread. He wasn't bad, for he gave me a trifle, and set me to look after you. My dear child, it healed my heart to have you to love."

"Well, my brother took Jimmie—you remember Jimmie?—into his office, and promised to do for him, but he was just an unpaid errand-boy. One unlucky day my poor boy, who had fallen in with bad companions, was tempted to try his luck at some game, and won and won, and then lost all. Josiah had, for a wonder, left some gold and notes just inside his drawer where he wrote, and my poor, misguided boy took some of it, thinking he would win back every thing. Then his uncle came in, missed the money, followed Jimmie, and caught him at play. Oh! it was an awful time! Well, he got back his money, for Jim was winning again; but he insisted on sending him ever so far away, to Hull, to a builder there—a very hard place; but Jim hadn't suffered to no purpose, he persevered, he was getting on nicely, he being trusted to pay the men, and I began to hope he might have a holiday and come and see me, when my brother writes to me that he has let the cottage, and that I must leave you, and keep away in spite of what you might say or do. I would not agree, and then he threatened to write off to Jim's employers and warn them not to trust him with cash, as he was a detected thief. What was I to do?"

Here Mrs. Miles rocked herself to and fro, covering her face with her handkerchief.



## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartly Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

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See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills

Edith knelt down on her, and scolded her with tender caresses, exclaiming with indignant fervor against Dargan's unfeeling harshness.

"But why did he want to separate us?" asked Edith with a puzzled look. "Your cousin swears that Josiah sold you to Mrs. Winington and her brother, but was sold himself, because he, Mr. Vivian, turned up. He is a kind, generous man, that Mr. Vivian. I can tell you it is a different matter traveling with him and with my brother. It was he insisted on my taking this drawing-room floor, because the rooms were fitter for you. He is kind and thoughtful."

"Yes, he is, he is indeed; but I am afraid of him; I don't know why, but I am certainly afraid of him."

"Nonsense, my dear; he will be a good, kind friend, and he will not stand any of Josiah's tricks. God forgive him, he has been no brother to me; many a sore heart I owe him."

"Well, thank Heaven, we are together again," said Edith, drawing a chair, and laying her head on Mrs. Miles' shoulder. "I want no more finery or grand people, only to be at rest and safe."

Then the tears stole from under her downcast lids, and she had the relief of a copious though quiet flood of tears.

### CHAPTER XI. INTERREGNUM.

David Vivian found ample occupation between his young cousin, of whom he constituted himself protector and champion, and Dargan, whose life he made a burden by his persistent searching into accounts and demanding vouchers. Under his influence Mr. Tilly began to assert himself somewhat, and occasionally paid his ward a visit. He was extremely gratified by her interest in some old prints he had picked up on his way to see her one day. She listened with evident pleasure to his explanations, and showed such quick perception that the old antiquarian offered to read her a few chapters of his unpublished work on monumental brasses.

He was very careful not to mention either Mrs. Winington's or Beaton's names, and once, when Edith, in the innocence of her heart, asked him how long he had known Mrs. Winington, he answered testily:

"Too long; and I don't want to hear any more about her. She has wasted such a quantity of your money on a lot of useless clothes; she can have no principle."

This conversation took place at tea one warm afternoon, and Edith was glad enough to let it drop. Soon after Mr. Tilly bid his ward good-bye and departed.

"It is a lovely evening," said Vivian, who had walked to and fro once or twice in silence; "one can hardly breathe in doors. Get your hat, Edith, and your sketch-book; we'll have a hansom and drive up to Hampstead. There will be some air to be had on the heath. I'd like to see you draw a tree or a house on the spot. It seems a wonderful thing to be able to do it."

"Very well," said Edith, readily enough. She was always glad to shake off thought and memory by motion, and missed more than she would have liked to say her frequent dives with Mrs. Winington.

They were soon en route. Vivian, who was usually either profoundly silent or extremely talkative, lit his pipe without asking leave, and smoked without speaking till they reached "Jack Straw's Castle," where they alighted. He then knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and exclaimed with a sniff:

"Ah, the air is fresher up here; it may bring some color to your cheeks, little cousin. I don't like to see you so white."

"It's my nature, David."

"If you could get the breeze on one of the big, wide plains of South Africa, or from the mountain-side, you would know how delicious air could be. Cities, and the crowds of men who build them, take the freshness and fragrance out of the atmosphere. Ah! I think you would like colonial life well enough." And he talked on, not badly, describing his hunter's life, his adventures among the Beers, whom he greatly disliked, the character and career of a favorite horse, etc. Edith listened with interest and sympathy, asking a leading question here and there and in good humor with each other, they reached a spot where Edith thought she might attempt a sketch.

In a hollow, widening as it sloped downward, displaying a country indulating far into the blue distance, stood a clump of beech trees, and a thatched hut, possibly a shelter for some goats at night.

"I think I might manage that," said Edith, and looking round, found a suitable seat on the grassy edge of a small sandy hole. David relit his pipe, and lounging by her side, watched her pencil with lazy pleasure.

Edith was not easily satisfied with her work and rubbed out a good deal;

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## THE BARGAIN CORNER

# W. D. MCKAY

at last she succeeded in making a very fair representation of the scene before her, which elicited strong expressions of approbation from her cousin.

She began slowly to close and strap her book and pencil case. Vivian rose, stretched himself, and sat down again. "I say," he exclaimed, as if making up his mind to some difficult utterance, "wasn't it rather nasty of old Tilly mentioning those clothes, hey?"

"He did not mean anything unpleasant," returned Edith, coloring faintly.

"Perhaps not; but I say, Edith, if you'd rather not have them wasted, or you'd like just to stamp out all memory of that unlucky business, I am quite at your service. Suppose you marry me?—then you know you'd get the property back again."

He looked at her earnestly as he spoke, but without the least of a lover-like expression.

Edith almost dropped her book, "What can have put such an idea into your head?" she exclaimed in profound amazement.

(To be Continued)



When a baby smiles in its sleep it is the mother's fond belief that an angel is kissing it. No woman attains the supreme joy of womanhood until she knows the caressing touch of a first-born's fingers. No woman knows the supreme sorrow of womanhood until she sees her baby in the cold embrace of death.

Thousands of women daily achieve womanhood's supremest joy, only to meet, a few days or weeks or months later, its supremest sorrow. This is because so many babies are born into the world with the seeds of death already sown in their little bodies. If a woman would have healthy, robust children, strong and able to withstand the usual little illnesses of childhood, she must "look before she leaps."

If a woman will take the proper care of her health in a womanly way, during the period of prospective maternity, she may protect herself against much pain and suffering and possible death, and insure the health of her child. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest of all medicines for prospective mothers. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity and makes them strong, healthy, vigorous and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones the tortured nerves. It banishes the usual discomforts of the expectant period and makes baby's advent to this world easy and almost painless. It insures an ample supply of nourishment. It is the greatest known nerve tonic and invigorator for women. All good dealers sell it. Say "No" and stick to it when urged to accept a substitute said to be "just as good as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

"I had miscarried twice and was so weak I could not stand on my feet," writes Mrs. Minnie Smith, P. M., of Lowell, Lane Co., Oregon. "I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and now have a healthy baby and am stronger than for twelve years."

The quick constipation-cure—Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Never gripe. Accept no substitutes or imitations.

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