

### Three Prizes \$30.00 Each TO BE GIVEN BY THE ORANGE MEAT COMPANY

Open to all persons who use ORANGE MEAT. For every five packages of ORANGE MEAT... A NEW PACKAGE OF ROLLED OATS... A NEW PACKAGE OF CORN MEAL... A NEW PACKAGE OF RICE... Competition to close Jan. 1, 1906. "ORANGE MEAT," Kingston, Ont.

### Do You Like Vienna Bread?

There's but one way to make it good, and that way is the "Warnock Way." Try some other fellow's Vienna Bread first; then get a loaf of Warnock's and you'll know that we are fully justified in calling it the best. There are good and sufficient reasons for its bestness but you don't care "why" so long as it "is." Phone 534.

494 Sussex St. **WARNOCK.**  
Phone 534.

**Corticelli Wash Silks**  
Are used by Art Societies everywhere

### The Christmas Hearth

is not complete without scuttle, and irons, fire tongs and spark guard. Our showing of these lines imported direct from a famous house in England is complete and careful provision for your needs in this line has resulted in a unique display, at prices which you gladly will pay.

**BLYTH & WATT,**  
FINE HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE.  
Phone 1350. Bank & Somerset Sts

**Hockey Boots**  
Youths' Hockey Bats... \$1.00 up  
Boys' Hockey Bats... \$1.25 to \$2.00  
Men's Hockey Bats... \$1.50 to \$2.50  
**I. PRATT & CO.**  
290 WELLINGTON ST.  
Next to H. F. MacCarthy's.

**OTTAWA'S CARPET AND CURTAIN HOUSE.**

### New Portiere and Over Curtain Materials.

We have just taken into stock an extensive range of beautiful Velours in plain and figured effects, suitable for Portieres and the new over curtains that are a striking feature of window drapings in modern dwellings.

We are booking large orders for these goods and arranging them according to the different approved methods, which include the deep as well as shallow lambrequin styles, festoon (or swag) effects, and the full window length, gracefully draped, ideas.

**LIGET & CLEGHORN,**  
36-38 O'Connor. Just off Sparks

**T. LAWSON & SONS, Limited.**  
Iron and Brass Founders and Machinists  
28 WELLINGTON AND CORNER LYON AND QUEEN STS., OTTAWA.  
Manufacturers of Mill Machinery, Water-was Supplies, Hydrants, Valves, Engineers' Goods, Builders' Supplies. New and second-hand boilers and Engines for sale. Estimates furnished. PHONE 90.

**ELIZABETHGRAD BURNING.**  
Russian Fortress Town Fired by Mob, Which is Killing and Plundering in Jewish Quarter.

Vienna, Dec. 12.—A despatch to the Neue Freie Presse from Bucharest, Roumania, says: "Reports received here through refugees, declare that since Sunday the town of Elizabethgrad, Russia, has been burning and that a mob has been killing and plundering in the Jewish quarter. A regiment is proceeding to Elizabethgrad from Kishineff to restore order there." Elizabethgrad, also written Elisabethgrad, is a fortress and district town in the government of Kherson, it has a population of over 57,000.

**SICK HEADACHE**  
**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Positively cured by these Little Liver Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Nausea, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costive Tongue, Pain in the Side, BRUISED LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.  
Genuine Must Bear Face-Similar Signature  
**Beutelschlag**  
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

### For Love of Marjorie.

CHAPTER III.

Just twenty hours later the duke was seated in his library at Armadale Hall. A pile of letters lay before him, all filled with flattering congratulations, a shadow of annoyance rested upon his face. He would have given much to be left in peace.

There was a faint rustle at the library door, and Lady Rona came in. Her face was pale, for her heart was beating violently, but in her superb dark eyes was a softened light.

"Alfred," she said gently. There was something appealing in her voice, and the duke looked up quickly.

"Cousin Rona," he cried impulsively, "I have already repented of my unkindness—of my ingratitude!"

He sprang up and held out his hands. The wild rose color returned to her cheeks and tears glistened on her eye-lashes.

"I was annoyed," the duke went on. "I detest noise and fuss. I wished to return home quietly and, instead, was greeted by a yelling crowd. It was all so unexpected that I was dismayed, angry. The music sounded discordantly in my ears—it maddened me! You were ill-advised, Rona, I thought that you understood my wishes in all things."

"I believed that I did, Alfred," Lady Rona said, "and when you wrote to me that you were coming home—that you were tired of your wanderings—I hoped—I thought that time had softened the bitterness of the past." She stood before him with downcast eyes, and there was a ring of tender pathos in her tones.

"Forgive me, Rona!" the duke said. "It is true that time has softened the pain; but for me there can never be happiness again. I have no inclination to mingle with those of my order whose lives are one continual fete. I owe nothing to society, and society owes nothing to me. I have no ambition—no earthly desire beyond wishing to spend my life in my own way. Neither do I need anyone to teach me my responsibilities. The tenantry are well looked after—their wants are the first consideration of my men of business. Rona, you would not have me say more?"

A crimson wave passed over her face and she bit her lip in anger, disappointment—humiliation that was even more bitter than death. Her eyes blazed with passion, then became dull with despair.

"Is it for this that I have waited so long—so long?" she moaned.

"The duke started, his face contracting with sudden pain. He had no intention to mingle with those of my order whose lives are one continual fete. I owe nothing to society, and society owes nothing to me. I have no ambition—no earthly desire beyond wishing to spend my life in my own way. Neither do I need anyone to teach me my responsibilities. The tenantry are well looked after—their wants are the first consideration of my men of business. Rona, you would not have me say more?"

"I am bound to admit it, Rona," the duke replied. "My love for you was nothing more. We parted upon friendly terms and I experienced no self-reproach. You taunted me—you jested with me. You accused me of caring for someone else. Dear heaven, you little dreamed how true your words were. Rona! I loved as a man can love but once in his life, and a few months later the woman I worshipped became my wife."

"Lady Rona uttered a faint cry. "For a little while I was indescribably happy. I had made a secret marriage. Lady Rona. You remember that my father's health was bad, and I feared to disappoint him. My wife, though in herself a lady, was a child of the people. The Armadales had never before married out of their own order, and who knew my father's intense pride of race better than I did? I look back now and sometimes wonder if my marriage was only a brief happy dream. I see a cottage, with roses and sweet peas climbing up the walls; I see a flood of sunshine around and, at the door of the cottage, a gold-haired girl with misty blue eyes waving me 'Good-bye!' The scent of wood violets is still in my nostrils, the chant of the summer birds in my ears, and my darling's smile is enshrined for ever within my heart! Oh, Margaret, Margaret!"

"The strong man bowed his head and wept. Lady Rona glided forward and laid a cool white hand upon his head.

"Alfred," she whispered softly, "I have heard enough. Your wife is dead!"

The duke sprang up, the veins on his brow standing out like purple cords.

"Dead!" he repeated. "Yes—killed by a viper of her own sex! I have but one wish, one prayer, and that is that Heaven's bitterest punishment may be visited upon that woman!"

Lady Rona covered her eyes with her hands and shrieked away.

"Alfred," she said faintly, "I am glad that you have told me this—glad and sorry. My sweetest dream has been cruelly shattered. I do not think that I have understood you until now. My heart is full of sorrow; it aches for you."

"You must let me read some of your poems," she added; and he promised to gratify her. "I want to talk with you, Eric," her ladyship continued, "and there could not be a better time than the present. The duke is busy with the land steward, and mamma is enjoying her usual forty winks."

"I am entirely at your service, Lady Rona," Cheslyn replied quickly. "Shall we take a turn on the terrace?"

His handsome face, with its crisp, curling brown locks, and good-looking eyes, was bright with animation, and lit up with a rare smile. He was listening to her ladyship.

"I have been talking to the duke," she was saying, "and you were the subject of our conversation. Eric. You do not mind if I call you 'Eric,' do you? Until yesterday we had met but once in our lives, and I confess that I had forgotten that you ever existed."

She cast a bewitching glance upwards, and showed two rows of dazzling white teeth.

"I have never forgotten you, Lady Rona," he replied. "I was only a boy when I first saw you, and shall I tell you what I thought of you?"

"I hope it was something nice!"

"I thought that you were the most beautiful woman I had ever seen or ever wished to see."

"Flatterer!" she cried gaily, and her face flushed with pleasure.

"No," he went on gravely—"I have

The duke turned his eyes wearily upon her. His face looked aged and drawn. He held out his hands to her, saying softly:

"Roughly as it will be terrible to lose you; but sooner or later the day must come. Let us forget the confession I have made; and, if I can atone to you, heaven knows that I will! My heart is dead, and my eyes are ever turned backward to the past that never can be recalled. You know now why I have been a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and has turned a deaf ear to the pleadings and the censures of my fellow-men. You know now why Eric Cheslyn is here. In the absence of a son of my own the boy is heir to my title. As I have no son, I desire to become acquainted with Cheslyn. I am anxious for the title and estates of Armadale to fall into good hands. Cheslyn appears to be a noble fellow—a little self-willed and independent, but thoroughly good at heart."

Lady Rona listened like one in a dream.

"I feared as much," she thought. "Eric Cheslyn is my bitterest enemy."

"As to the future," continued the duke, sighing wearily—"the world expects something from me, and, for the sake of posterity, I must not be utterly neglectful. You are my kinswoman, Rona, and I can safely leave all arrangements in your hands. We must find Eric Cheslyn a wife—and, being my heir, he will be able to choose from among the noblest women in England. You may give a ball, if you like—I have absolute confidence in your good sense. For Eric's sake I am even ready to endure some of the irksome duties of town life. He understands my views. I care not if the future Duchess of Armadale is poor, but her family must be beyond reproach."

Lady Rona turned away her face to hide the scornful curl of her lip, the sullen fire in her eyes.

"I understand, Alfred," she murmured gently; "but I want you to be plain with me in all things. Are you confident that Eric Cheslyn will be tractable—will bow to my will against the dictates of his own heart? His handsome dreamy face, his fine physique must have set many hearts throbbing even in the doubtful circle of a poet's lady acquaintances."

There was a half-smiled sneer in her ladyship's tones, and the duke glanced at her sharply.

"If Eric disobeys me, it will be with a full knowledge of the consequences," he said, coldly. "He does not believe in love—he does not understand it. His ideal of perfect womanhood is not of earthly mold, and in his present frame of mind he would marry from a mere sense of duty. In any event my title will be his; but the wealth of the Armadales is at my absolute disposal!"

"Poor Eric!" sighed Lady Rona. A sudden light came into her eyes, and a ripple of low laughter passed her lips. "It is absurd to regard our young kinsman in the light of a cynic. I have heard that he is clever—something of a genius in his way—but I have never cared to inquire too closely. Our relationship is so far removed that I rarely connected the Armadales with the Cheslyns. Young men with ideals are usually difficult to deal with."

"Not in this case," the duke remarked, turning to his letters.

But Lady Rona only smiled. She rose, saying:

"You have not been through the flower gardens yet, Alfred. Can I tempt you to have a look at them?"

She spoke half playfully, and the duke smiled.

"Yes, Rona," he said, "it will give me much pleasure to accompany you."

From the hour of her confidential interview with her cousin the duke, Lady Rona's manner towards Eric Cheslyn changed entirely. She tried to flatter him in mentioning one of his books, and he turned upon her in surprise.

"We quarreled yesterday upon the subject," he said. "Is it wise to reopen it, your ladyship?"

"It is wise to me, she said, laughing. "I often oppose the views of others for the mere sake of argument. You poets are too sensitive. I can hardly believe that you have spent years in the dry study of law."

"It is true that I am a barrister," he replied; "but I have no taste for the calling. I am sorry if I misunderstood you, Lady Rona."

Her ladyship laughed gaily.

"I merely suggested that you would be a gentleman in the future," she said.

"And I," he retorted warmly, "replied that I hoped that I had always been a gentleman. Your words conveyed a sneer which I resented. A man may earn his living honestly by the use of his pen and still be a gentleman. Even were I the duke's heir ten times over, the art I love would be dearer to me than argot else!"

"I am fast becoming a convert, Eric," her ladyship said softly.

She turned her brilliant eyes upon her companion, and he responded with a smile.

"You must let me read some of your poems," she added; and he promised to gratify her. "I want to talk with you, Eric," her ladyship continued, "and there could not be a better time than the present. The duke is busy with the land steward, and mamma is enjoying her usual forty winks."

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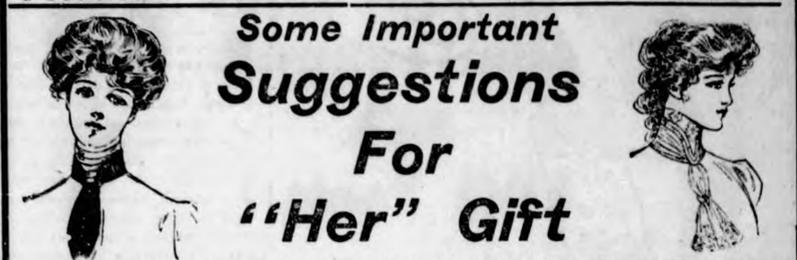
"I thought that you were the most beautiful woman I had ever seen or ever wished to see."

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### Ottawa's Greatest Christmas Store.

SPARKS AND O'CONNOR L. N. POULIN SPARKS AND O'CONNOR



Some Important Suggestions For "Her" Gift

Gift purchasing is easy when the "other fellow" does the choosing. That's what we'd like to do for you. We've spent a whole year in selecting—and buying—We've been weeks in opening up these scores of beautiful things and the ladies who do not find what they want in Fancy Neckwear, cannot find it in Ottawa—or Canada. It simply amounts to this—If you are thinking of some dainty piece of Neckwear—or Belt—or a Handkerchief—Our assortment will render you the very finest choice at the most reasonable prices you can find anywhere. LET THIS LIST GUIDE YOU IN YOUR SELECTIONS.

**SPECIAL GIFT COLLARS AND NECKWEAR**  
Particularly selected for Christmas presents. Beautiful in every particular, and boxed for those who wish it. The assortment comprises stocks—Cape Collars—Shoulder Collars—Berthas, etc., and the remarkably low prices are as follows:

- Ladies' Fancy Stock Collars, all colors, from 15c to \$3.50
- Lace Applique Cape Collars in White, Cream and Ecru, from 90c to \$5.00
- White Cream colored and Black Silk Applique Shoulder Collars, from 40c to \$9.75
- Black Sequin Shoulder Collars from \$2.00 to \$4.50
- Lace Berthas, from \$3.00 to \$3.50

**TURNOVERS AND SETS**  
Ladies' Turnover Collars in White, Cream, Ecru and Colored, from 15c to 45c  
Collar and Cuff Sets in White and Colored, from 35c to \$2.00

**LADIES' SCARFS**  
Lace Scarfs in White, Cream and Ecru, from 50c to \$2.00  
Ladies' Crepe de Chine Scarfs in White, Black and Colors, from \$1.00 to \$3.00

**CHOICE CHEMISETTES**  
Lace Chemisettes in White and Cream, from 60c to \$1.75  
Black Silk Chiffon Chemisettes, at \$1.25 to \$1.50  
White Silk ..... \$1.25 to \$1.50  
White Lawn ..... 50c  
White Linen Emb'dy. .... \$1.50 to \$2.00

**Christmas Belts for Ladies'**  
A Belt for every day is indeed none too many, especially if they are chosen from this select stock. We've scoured the market for belts and have amassed such a lot of perfect beauties that it would be utterly impossible to give them an adequate description. To get an idea of the wonderful range of prices we mention the following:

- Black Silk Belts, shirred, pleated and with buckles, from 25c to \$2.00
- Silk Belts, all colors, from 25c to \$3.00
- Elastic Belts, with cut steel buckles from \$1.50 to \$7.50
- Ladies' Silk Cord Coat Girdles, from \$1.25 to \$3.00

**Handkerchiefs**  
Such Splendid Gift Handkerchiefs. It was one of those dry, matter-of-fact men of figures and statistics who estimated that one-third of Santa Claus' annual gift distribution consists of handkerchiefs. You'll believe him when you stand in the midst of a snowy shower of snowy bits of fine linen and note how the swift-flying needles have elaborated borders and corners. Who can describe a complete stock of gift handkerchiefs?—certainly we're not equal to the task. You'll find exactly what you want long before you'll see all we have to show you. To give you an idea of the wide range we show, see these prices:—Linen White Hemstitched, Dec. 10c, 15c, 18c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c.

### COMPANY STRANDED.

Theatrical People on Their Up-appeal to Friends to Patronize Benefit.

Patrons of the Grand Opera house and all who have a warm spot in their hearts for people in hard luck, will be given a chance of showing practical sympathy tonight. During the latter part of last week a company put on a play entitled "Chimnie of Chatham Square" which met with indifferent success. In fact the play was rather poor and the company did not do the best work. The result is that on Saturday two members of the company left suddenly and the remainder are stranded in Ottawa. Manager Bird-whistle has with characteristic generosity placed the Grand Opera house at their disposal for tonight and the company will put on a benefit performance. Chimnie of Chatham Square will be embellished with numerous specialties of merit and a pleasant night's entertainment will be given. Those going tonight will not only be entertained but will be doing a kindness worthy of this season of the year.

**ABERDEEN M.B.A.**  
Miss Mary Tway Elected President at Annual Meeting—Held at Government Printing Bureau.

The seventh annual meeting of the Aberdeen Mutual Benefit association was held in the distribution room of the Government printing bureau, when the following officers were elected: President—Miss Mary Tway. Vice-President—Miss Rosie Belaire. Treasurer—Miss Lizzie Porteous. Secretary—Miss Tessie Whelan. Convener of sick committee—Miss Lizzie Guthrie.

**"UNCLE JAKE" DEAD.**  
Kingsville, Dec. 12.—Jacob Wigie, familiarly known throughout South Essex as "Uncle Jake," is dead. He was 82 years of age and was born and lived his entire life within a few miles of Kingsville.

**IS THIS THE REASON?**  
(Canadian Associated Press.) London, Dec. 12.—The Canadian Associated Press understands that a movement is on foot in Galway to induce Sir Anthony McDonnell to stand for Galway city in the room of Charles Devlin.

**SUPREME COURT.**  
In the supreme court, yesterday the arguments in Spindler v. Farquhar were concluded and judgment reserved. The next appeal heard was the Inverness Railway and Coal company v. McIsaac. The respondents sued the company for damages appraised under an alleged arbitration, and award, for damages on account of cutting trees and excavations done by the company in using a portion of the plaintiff's land at Strathmore, C.B., for a gravel pit, and for trespass. The company contended the award as having been made without a proper nomination of arbitrators or any notice or submission of the questions at issue in writing. At the trial Judge Townshend held that the award was invalid and that the trespass had been waived by the consent to arbitration or appraisal, and dismissed the action. His judgment was set aside by the judgment appealed from. Messrs. and Fraser, J.J., being in favor of granting plaintiffs \$950 amount of the award, and Russell, J., considered that the evidence as to the trespass was incomplete, but that the award was invalid and therefore a new trial was necessary to assess damages for the trespass committed by the company. Newcombe, K.C. and McNeill, K.C., for appellants, D. McNeill and A. Mackay for respondents. The hearing will be continued this morning.

**SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIAL.**  
Billings' Bridge Presbyterian purpose holding their annual Sabbath school social and entertainment in the Township hall, at Billings' Bridge on Thursday evening. Tea will be served by the ladies of the congregation at 6 p.m., when it is hoped, not only the children, but parents and others belonging to the congregation, will be present in large numbers. The public is cordially invited to attend the enter-

### Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, lost appetite depression and languor. It takes so great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz.: constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

The great point is to cure it, to get back bounding health and vigor.

### BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

is a rapidly effecting cure of dyspepsia because it acts in a natural yet effective way upon all the organs involved in the process of digestion, removing all clogging, impurities and making easy the work of digestion and assimilation.

Mr. R. G. Harvey, Ameliasburg, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for several years and after using three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters was completely cured. I cannot praise B.B.B. enough for what it has done for me. I have not had a sign of dyspepsia since." Do not accept a substitute for B.B.B. There is nothing "just as good."

### Happy at Last

Her Husband no longer gets intoxicated—Samarina Tasteless Remedy Cured Him.  
This lady says: "For the first time since I have been married I can say I am happy and content—my husband is cured of his bad habit of drinking. Several months ago you sent me a free sample of your remedy at my request, and without my husband's knowledge I gave it to him in his tea and food. I then got a full treatment and gave it regularly. It is wonderful, and I cannot sufficiently thank you for the blessed change it has brought to my home."  
Free Package particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence strictly confidential. Address: THE SAMARINA REMEDY CO., 40 Jordan Chambers, Jordan St., Toronto, Canada. Also for sale by Graham & Elliott, 90 Sparks Street.

### "How's Your Stomach?"

is the way people in China say "Good Morning." The greeting of almost every nation is an inquiry after health. The Chinese have the root of the matter. A strong stomach is the foundation. Look after this organ and the general health cares for itself. Man is so constituted it cannot be otherwise. It is the mission of

### BEECHAM'S PILLS

to keep the stomach well, the liver active and the bowels regular. They dispel sickness and create health. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness or Constipation cannot exist when Beecham's Pills are used according to directions. For over 50 years they have cured disordered stomachs, and are now a world-famous remedy. They merit your confidence. Sold Everywhere in Canada and U.S. America. In boxes 25 cents.