



### Up-To-Date

Surprise Soap possesses all the qualities that go to make an up-to-date soap.

It removes the dirt with the least amount of rubbing, keeps the hands soft and smooth, and saves the temper of the laundress.

It differs from other soaps in that it gives superior quality at a price asked for poorer soaps.

Remember the name—SURPRISE.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.

St. Stephen, N. B.

### Allen's Lung Balsam

The Best Cough Medicine. **ABSOLUTE SAFETY** should be the first thought and must be rigorously insisted upon when buying medicine, for upon its safety depends one's life. **ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM** contains no opium in any form and is safe, sure, and prompt in cases of Croup, Colds, deep-seated Coughs. Try it now, and be convinced.

### Did You Ever

NOTICE that sweet, delicious taste that our baked goods always have?

Our Bread, Pies, Cakes, Buns, etc., are always fresh and tasty. Once a customer you will stay with us.

**Wm. Somerville, Confectioner**

Next Standard Bank Chatham.

You May Need

### Pain-Killer

For Cuts Burns Bruises Cramps Diarrhoea All Bowel Complaints

It is a sure, safe and quick remedy. There's only one PAIN-KILLER. **Farr's Pain-Killer.** Two sizes, 50c and 90c.

### Sewer Pipe and Portland Cement

We have a large variety of Sewer Pipes from 4 to 24 inches, and the best Portland Cement at LOWEST PRICES.

**John H. Oldershaw,** Wellington St. Near Harrison Hall Phone 401.

### WEAKNESS OF MEN AND WOMEN

Could we read the hearts of every man we meet, what a load of sorrow and despair would be disclosed. Indigestion and Blood Diseases have caused more physical and mental weakness than all other causes combined. They strike at the foundation of manhood; they sap the vital forces; they undermine the system, and not only do they often disrupt the family circle, but they may even extend their poisonous fangs into the next generation. If you have been a victim of early sinistral habits, remember the seed is sown, and sooner or later you will reap a harvest. If your blood has been diseased, from any cause, do not risk a return later on. Our New Method Treatment will positively cure you and you need never fear any return of the disease. We will give you a guarantee bond to that effect. We would warn you sincerely against the promiscuous use of mercury, which does not cure blood poison but simply suppresses the symptoms.

### WE CURE OR NO PAY.

Don't Let Your Life Be Drained Away, which weakens the intellect as well as the body. There is no room in this world for mental, physical or sexual dwarfs. Our New Method Treatment will Stop all Urinary Losses, Purify the Blood, Strengthen the Nerves, Restore Vitality, and make a man of you. If you are in trouble, call and consult us. Consultation is Free. We treat and cure Drains, Blood Diseases, Venereal Lesions, Stricture, Urinary Discharges, Gleet, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. No cutting or operations. No detention from business. Everything confidential. Consultation Free. Books Free. Question Blank Free for Home Treatment.

**DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN** Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St. DETROIT, MICH.

### HOW I MARRIED MY GRANDMOTHER

It was five years ago. The affair began then, but before I say any more let me recall to your mind the fact that I was always regarded in the family as my grandfather's heir. The title and entailed estate would go, of course, to his eldest son, my uncle, but the greater part of his vast wealth would come to me. In fact, he had so declared. I had lost both parents when but a child, and I had grown to manhood under his immediate care, for he had long been a widower. My father had been his favorite son. What more natural than that I should be the preferred one? There was this understanding, however, between my grandfather and myself: I must never marry without his approval. Marry! I had no thought of it. My rollicking bachelor life pleased me too well to exchange it for any other.

And that sort of existence lasted until I was twenty-seven, and then it was brought to an abrupt close by—what do you suppose? Well, a girl's face, nothing more—a girl's face seen for a brief moment only at a window as I was changing carriages at Bolton station. You smile. I don't wonder, but I declare to you that from thenceforth I knew no peace of mind. That face was ever before me, looking out from under a dainty gypsy hat, pale, pure, perfect in outline, with a luxuriant mass of soft brown hair full of shiny ripples, dark eyes, a little red mouth and shining white teeth.

"Some dreamy little chit," I said to myself again and again, "with a pretty face and a head full of romance. I wish I had never seen her. At all events, it is highly probable that we have met for the first and last time; so I'll forget her."

Brave words! I could not forget her, and just then, to add to my perplexity, my regiment was ordered off to India.

A few days before embarking I received a letter from my grandfather, Sir John Halbrooke, urging me to run down to The Towers in order that I might meet the lady who was destined to be my future wife. My answer was short and to the point:

"Dear Grandfather—I have no desire to marry. Besides, I start for India in two weeks, so I have no time for courtship. But I shall run down to The Towers to see you. Your affectionate, etc."

The old gentleman's answer was equally concise and explicit:

"My Dear Grandson—if you come to The Towers with the intention of getting yourself married, I shall be overjoyed to see you. If you attempt to enter my house with any other intention, I'll have you kicked out, and if you go to India, I hope to heaven that you'll be shot. Your affectionate, etc."

What could be done in the face of such an epistle as this? Evidently nothing, so I cheerfully made my preparations for departure, and before we sailed—I am glad to remember this—before we sailed I wrote again to Sir John, but this time it was a letter full of gratitude and affection and earnest regrets that I could not do as he desired.

To this I received no answer, but a month after my arrival in India I read the announcement of the baronet's death, and the same paper contained his marriage notice. A letter from his solicitors explained the mystery.

My grandfather had been severely injured while overlooking some renovations which were being made at The Towers, and, feeling that death was fast approaching, he had almost at the last moment married the only child and heiress of Hubert Monckton, Esq. "Moreover," wrote the lawyer, "by your grandfather's will you inherit something above £50,000, provided you consent to marry the lady with whom he went through the ceremony of marriage on his deathbed. Otherwise you receive not a penny of his fortune."

Had the man gone mad? Marry my grandmother? For, word it as they might, the ugly fact was still there—the woman was my grandmother.

Bristling with indignation, I wrote to Sir John's lawyer—not very civilly, I fear, but very energetically, I am sure. In the first place, I said I would not accept a penny of Sir John Halbrooke's fortune as a free gift. In the next, I would not accept the whole of it burdened with a single restricting clause, and, in conclusion, I not only refused to marry the widow, but absolutely declined holding any communication whatever with her.

"And say to my grandmother," I added, "that the world is wide enough and there are men enough in it for her to seek whom she may devour elsewhere and not among those whom the law of the land now declares to be her own kith and kin. Let her cast her eyes among the strangers at her gates and not upon her grandson!"

That ended the matter, and I was troubled with no more letters about it. Two years afterward I returned to England on leave, and then fate, in the person of General Ashland, led me down to Surrey for a fortnight's shooting.

Ah, my dear fellow, it is only the old story over again. I went down to Surrey and met there—whom do you suppose? Well, the girl whose face—seen but for a moment only—had haunted me for years.

She was a distant relative of my host. Yes, and I loved her desperately not for her beauty alone, but for the pure goodness, kindness and unselfishness of her heart, which were constantly and unthinkingly revealing themselves in a thousand artless little ways.

So, as you may guess, my two weeks at Ashland Park wore on to four, and I still lingered, even until the dying leaves were rustling feebly in the mellow air of a belated autumn.

And one clear, starlit evening, when

Helen and I were sauntering among the trim flower beds that were cut in the soft green turf of the terrace, I told her the secret of my heart—its hope, its fear, its sweet unrest.

When I ceased, my companion looked up at me wonderingly, and, upon my honor, tears were glistening in her pretty eyes.

"What?" she said. "Are you sure? Do you love me—me? Oh, Colonel Halbrooke, how could you? Indeed, it cannot—cannot be!"

"Because your heart is given elsewhere, I suppose? But, Helen, I cannot let you go from me! I love you! Oh, my darling, how shall I live all the long weary years of my life without you?"

"Hush!" she cried sharply. "Sir, do you know—who you know who I am?"

"Indeed, yes! The sweetest little girl in the wide world!"

"No, sir, I am not. Colonel Halbrooke, I am your grandmother!"

My grandmother! Talk of sudden shocks after that, won't you? I tried to speak, but my voice failed me. I reached out my hands and touched her. Yes, she was there, real enough, and I was not dreaming.

"Tell me all!" I gasped.

And standing there by the broad stone coping she told me all—how her parents had died when she was little more than an infant, and Sir John, her guardian, had watched over her with jealous care; always keeping her at school, however, until he brought her home to The Towers, a young lady.

She had heard of me. She knew all about her guardian's intentions and my persistent refusal to see her. And when Sir John lay dying and appealed to her to marry him, in order to secure certain property which would otherwise pass to the next of kin she consented.

"Not for myself, Colonel Halbrooke," she continued, "for I inherited a fortune, but for you. The property has been sold, according to instructions, and the money coming from the sale is yours. Sir John wished you to take it. He often said that your allowance was paltry compared with what should have been yours and would have been, too, had your father not left so many debts behind him."

"You are privileged to speak as you please about my father," I murmured. "Were he living, you would be his mother."

"Don't be ridiculous, sir!" cried her ladyship sharply. "And if you are trying to mortify me you may as well understand that you cannot succeed. I meant to do right, and I regret nothing that I have done. I did not know anything of your grandfather's foolishness about us until his will was read."

"Do I understand that the money is really mine, Helen?"

"Yes, all yours."

"Well, I want it."

"You shall have it. Never fear. But are you so frightfully in debt?" asked my companion in a low, awed whisper, her big eyes full of gentlest sorrow.

"In debt? Thank heaven, no! But I can receive nothing from you unless you give yourself to me also."

"Would you marry your grandmother?" she asked between a sob and a laugh.

"I would! And my great-grandmother, too, if she came to me like this."

Then a smile like the full sunshine wreathed my darling's perfect lips, and, leaning well, to me that prim old terrace became then simply Eden, a garden of all delights.

She is my wife now. I like my family far too well to think of marrying out of it.

**Cardinal Newman.**

A friend of Cardinal Newman says in The Cornhill that eminent man spent every day from 9 to 2 or 3 o'clock in his study. "He always kept on his table the edition of Gibbon, with the notes of Guizot and Milman, Dollinger's 'Heldenthum und Judentum,' almost always the copy of 'Athenaeus' which had belonged to Bossuet and which contained in the margin notes in the handwriting of the great bishop—the 'last of the fathers,' as Newman delighted to call him. Newman had also always near at hand some Greek poet or philosopher."

"Talking to me one day about Greek thinkers, he said—and I believe he was mistaken in it to others—that he owed little or nothing intellectually to any Latin writer, with one exception. The exception was not St. Augustine, but Cicero. He always maintained that he owed his marvelous style to the persistent study of Cicero. This will strike, no doubt, many people as most strange. St. Augustine, one would think, would have appealed to Newman, and his Latin was more picturesque than that of Cicero."

"Again, authorities say that Newman wrote better English than Cicero Latin. Nevertheless he constantly insisted on his obligations to the great Roman statesman."

**Black Days.**

In the calendar of the nations there are quite a number of "black" days. "Black Monday" was April 14, 1860, a day so dark and cold that many of the army of Edward III, king of England, which lay before the city of Paris, were frozen to death. An immense bush fire occurred on "Black Thursday" in Australia, Feb. 6, 1851. Two events are commemorated by "Black Friday" in England—Dec. 6, 1755, when the news reached England that the pretender had arrived at Derby, and May 11, 1860, when the failure of Overland, Gurney & Co. brought on a most disastrous panic. A panic in New York occurred Sept. 25, 1860, which was afterward known as "Black Friday." "Black Saturday" is the name applied to Aug. 4, 1621, when a great storm occurred at the time parliament was sitting to enforce episcopacy upon the people.

**VIN ST MICHEL**

The most Powerful Blood making and Strength giving Tonic Wine

Gives **HEALTH, STRENGTH and VIGOR** To Pale, Weak, Sick Men, Women or Children.

Imported direct from the Chateau of Count Jean de St. Michel, Bordeaux, France, by the sole agents for America.

**BOVIN, WILSON & CO., MONTREAL, CANADA.**

WEEDS, POTTER COY., 360 WASHINGTON, BOSTON, MASS. UNITED STATES DISTRIBUTING AGENTS.

### The Season for W-I-R-E

And the necessity of fencing is approaching and Geo. Stephens & Douglas wish to announce that they have a complete stock of all kinds of wire and wire fencing, hooks, staples, slats and fence tools. Their prices are lower than that of the average dealer and it will pay any person from a distance to call at their store in Chatham, and get prices before buying elsewhere. Wire promises to be firm in price and all orders booked now will be guaranteed in price until April 1st next.

### Geo. Stephens & Douglas.

### We Know Our Business.

You wouldn't patronize a druggist who did not. There is no risk when you trade here. We have made the drug business a careful study for years. Prescription work is of vital importance. With us you can depend upon skillful service.



We have in stock a large line of

**Frost King** Boys, made of chamolite lined with flannel.

**Frost Queen** Chamolite Vests for Women and Girls, made of chamolite covered with French flannel.

Perfect protection against cold and sudden changes—against coughs, colds, pneumonia, and all chest and lung troubles. Just the thing for children going to school. Price, \$1.00. Children's sizes, \$2.00.

### Central Drug Store

**C. H. Gunn & Co.,** Cor. King and 5th Sts.

### A Few Dollars

Added to what you would pay for a cheap carriage will buy you one of the **best make**, and which will outwear two of the cheap kind. You don't buy a vehicle every week, so why not buy a good one while you are about it.

With our long experience we believe we can save you money and give you complete satisfaction.

**The Wm. Gray & Sons Co., Limited**



### Never Use The Knife

on your corns, but call on us for our

### Jordan's Corn Cure

It will remove the corn slick and clean, and you will be relieved of all pain.

Health and Happiness will be the result if you use our Medicines.

Our stock of proprietary Medicines is complete, and will be found equal to almost every ailment. Our Prescription Department is fully equipped to supply anything and everything the doctor orders.

**Davis' Drug Store** Garner Block

### Dried Fruits

Some dried evaporated fruits to take the place of green apples and very much cheaper.

Prunes, 2, 3, 4 lbs. for 25c.  
Evaporated Apples, 2 lbs. for 25c.  
Dried Apples, 10c per lb.  
Apricots, 20c per lb.  
Peaches, dried, 15c per lb.  
Jams, any flavor, 25c and 45c per pint.  
Strained Honey, pt. jars 30c  
Maple Syrup, qt. jars 30c.

**S. E. Smith Grocer** Next Burt's Drug Store King St. East.

### Wide Awake

People are the ones who look after their own affairs. They know the quality of groceries without explanation. The price is the interesting point they look for.

McConnell will sell till Wednesday the 5th of February.  
Ginger Snaps, 6c per lb. crisp and fresh.  
Sodas, just in, 8c pound.  
New Dates, 5c pound.  
4 lbs. Prunes, 25c.  
25c. bar Dishcloth soap for 20c.  
Pure Quebec Maple Syrup, 30c qt.  
New Cooking Figs, 5c lb.  
Broken leaf Japan Tea, 13c per lb.  
Black Tea Dust, taken from the best teas, 13c lb.  
8 lbs. Wheatlets, for 25c., a new delicious breakfast food.  
Jams, 9c. per lb. assorted fruits.  
We have a new blend coffee at 20c a lb.  
Best Canadian Oil, 15c. per gal.  
Genuine American Oil, best quality, 20c per gal.  
The quantity of dinner, tea and chamber sets we are selling speaks louder than words how pleased the people are with quality and price.  
China, glassware, lamps, and opal ware are moving out at reduced prices. Come and secure bargains.

**John McConnell** Park St. East 'Phone 190

Minard's Liniment for Sale Everywhere.