

A Spring Tonic

Is what every one needs especially by those employed in stuffy offices and others of sedentary habits, in order to get the system in shape for the warm weather to come. To be strong the blood must be pure.

Pike's Extract Sarsaparilla

MAKES GOOD RICH BLOOD, IT RESTORES STRENGTH, RENEWS VITALITY. FOR SALE BY

Central Drug Store
C. H. Gunn & Co.
Phone 106
Cor. King and 5th Sts.

Choice Hams and Bacon

Especially selected for our EASTER TRADE
Nice, Mild Cured Beaver Brand Hams
Nice, Mild Cured Beaver Brand Shoulders
Nice, Mild Cured Beaver Brand Breakfast Bacon, lean
Bologna Sausage and Cooked Lunch Ham always in stock

J. A. Wilson
Queen St. G.H.O.R. Phone 73

An Every Day's Sale

AT
J. P. TAYLOR'S
Grocery

Gran. Sugar, per lb. 5c, 21 lbs.	\$1
Yellow Sugar, per lb. 4c, 22 lbs.	\$1
Dried Peaches, per lb.	13c
Prunes, 4 lbs.	25c
Evaporated Apples, 3 lbs.	25c
Lemon Biscuits, per lb. 9c, 3 lbs.	25c
Ginger Snaps, per lb.	5c
Corn Starch, per package.	6c
Laundry Starch, per package.	6c
No. 2 Flour 12 lbs. 18c, 24 lbs.	35c
Jud Soap, 12 bars.	25c
Jam, 5 lb. pail.	25c
Lemons, per doz.	10c
Salmon, per can.	10c
Sardines, per can.	4c
Rolls Oats, 12 lbs.	25c
Yellow Corn Meal, 18 lbs.	25c
Toilet Soap, per bar.	2c
Ivory, Camco, Tiger Soap, 6 bars.	25c

The above goods are standard quality and guaranteed.

ALL OTHER GOODS AT EQUALLY LOW PRICES

These prices are for cash only.

J. P. TAYLOR
PARK STREET. PHONE 178

Painting and Paper Hanging

Done at Reasonable Prices.
J. B. Martin
Forest St., East.

COYNE
Merchant Tailor
Opp. Grand Opera House Entrance.

Edith Norton

One of Life's Tangles
By Josie R. Nicholls

It was October, the first Saturday in the month, a day set apart by Ernest Steele for a visit to the farm and anticipated with much eagerness. Parish work had kept him busily employed for the past six weeks, and this was the first opportunity he had found to indulge in that which possessed the elixir of youth for him. Edith had become inexpressibly dear; he had watched over her gradual spiritual development with more than pastoral interest, delighted by the perfect freedom with which she questioned him on the requirements of the faith she wished to embrace; and yet with the perversity and dissatisfaction with one's lot which the best of men experience, a tinge of sadness mingled with his pleasure that his age as well as his position of minister enabled her to be thus open with him. This regret he would not even acknowledge to himself, but why, when he called at the post-office for Mrs. Harold's mail before setting out, did he experience a pang at sight of a letter addressed to Edith? There was no postmark by which to identify the writer, though he scrutinized the envelope closely and turned it nervously in his hand, muttering meanwhile, "I ought to know that handwriting. Sure, I cannot be mistaken," and standing still, drew forth a similar specimen and compared them; the latter bore the stamp, "Boonville," in distinct characters. At last he thrust both in his pocket and mounted his horse; but the bright visions which had hovered around him all day were suddenly dimmed; a cloud rested upon his spirit with which he wrestled vainly till half way on his journey.

"I'm a jealous fool," he broke forth impatiently, starting his horse by the violence of the exclamation in the deep stillness of the woods, where naught was audible but the soft sound of the autumn leaves as they rustled to the ground. "What business is it of mine whom she writes to? No doubt she has known him before, since he is so intimately acquainted with her father. I've no right to investigate her past or to control her friendships." And he looked up at the pale sky of autumn and down at the brilliant leaves, and the letter was as his vexed spirit, but nothing would do but memory must recall the volume of Wordsworth containing the name of Egerton, and he must waste time in fruitless conjecture about its history. Alighting at Mrs. Harold's gate, the first sight that met his eye was Edith, her hands full of roses, standing beside the chair where Juliet was seated, forming a wreath, and presenting her diligently with flowers as she needed them.

The sight of her dispelled temporarily the dark shadows which had haunted him all during the night, but that letter was a sensible thorn in the flesh which made its presence felt; and ere he had reached the spot where the girls were, intent upon their work, he had drawn the offensive missive from his pocket, and hardly waited for their hearty welcome of him to subside ere he presented it to its owner. Both girls had laid aside their hats, allowing the breeze to blow their hair into a charming disorder, and as Edith looked up the minister was struck with the fresh, happy expression that her features wore, not a careless gaiety, but the outward testimony of a deep, inward sentiment, a light in the eyes which is never lit in thoughtless childhood.

She received her letter silently, but at a glance recognized the handwriting, and feeling Steele's eyes bent intently upon her, her color came and went fitfully. But Juliet was close at hand



"Did you care so much for him?" to render her assistance by making demands upon Mr. Steele's attention for her pretty, spoiled fashion, claiming his ready sympathy upon everything that pleased her with an easy companionship he had encouraged in her from childhood.

"Do you know what I am doing, Mr. Steele?" she cried eagerly, holding up her wreath so as to present the front to view, which was adorned with three cotton balls in various stages of opening. "Making a very pretty but curious crown," he responded, smiling.

"In the Springtime Ladies' fancies lightly turn to thoughts of . . ."

Gas

So that they may have a cool kitchen and perfect luxury in cooking. Gas Ranges and Stoves sold at cost at almost any price.

CHATHAM GAS CO., Limited
Minard's Liniment Cures Disasters.

"What led you to think of this charming beauty with utility?"

"Not your sermons," she replied with saucy archness, "but the poetic inspiration of the African mind. The cotton picking is nearly over, and as usual the young folks have been running races with each other to prove which could do the most. Our girl, Alice, has won each time, and the colored people wish the celebration in her honor to-night to crown her queen of the field. She asked me to write her a 'speech' for the occasion, and I have been racking my brains for an appropriate address ever since. How do you think this would do:

"Queen of the field, my crown I wear, To none I yield in weather fair; From row to row I quickly fly, Bolls empty grow and baskets high. Nor hill, nor bottom my like has seen, Bow to King Cotton and Mrs. Queen."

"Excellent," said the pastor, approvingly. "You could not have chosen the language better. It says just enough, and in a simple manner, which may be readily appreciated by the queen's subjects."

"I promised to make the wreath," Juliet continued, "and told her to come for it when she was dressed, because I wanted to see how she would look; she is such a pretty girl for a mulatto. I only wish the celebration was to be on our own plantation, that we might witness it. Don't you think it a poetical affair?"

"Very, and it was your own fancy to introduce these trophies of the victory into her crown," he said, bending down to examine the wreath once more.

"Yes, they are as pretty as flowers any day."

But while Steele appeared interested in watching the deft fingers of the fair worker, his voice had a little tone of constraint in it, which betrayed that his thoughts were far from the subject.

Why should Edith change color at sight of that letter? Since he wrote to her she must have known him before; and yet could it be possible, he questioned, that in pain, that she met him for the first time and been captivated by his winning manners, without knowing anything about him?

Suspicious are an evil brood, which multiply rapidly, and by the time he found himself in the midst of the family circle, in the happy atmosphere of the parlor, Steele's mind was so harassed by the possibility that it was impossible for him to converse coherently upon any subject but one, and by that strange phenomenon which we term mind acting upon mind, Mrs. White suddenly introduced the object of his reflections into the discussion, by regretting that Dr. Egerton had left the neighborhood.

Steele noted the faint flush rise again to Edith's cheek at mention of the doctor's name, the increasing heave of her bosom as she bent with engrossed interest over some needle-work which she had picked up for employment, and he became closely observant of her for the least change of bearing as he said, with assumed indifference: "He spent a long while upon his vacation. It was time long since that he should have returned to his family."

He saw distinctly now a suppressed start at the sound of his words, though the girl did not look up as Mrs. White echoed the shock she had sustained for her. "His family! Dr. Egerton is not married, surely."

"Certainly, he is a married man," Steele returned, with as much composure as he could command, for though there was no outward agitation discernable on the stilly, chiselled face, the profile of which he was intently watching, Edith's breath was coming short and quick and there was an expression of suffering upon her face which struck him with remorse as he saw the startled look upon her face, the hasty announcement. And now Mrs. White's eyes were pouring out upon him all her aroused curiosity, questioning if the doctor had married, and how long he had been married—all of which he is compelled to answer with

that pained face with its voiceless revelation before his eyes. Stunned as if a sudden blow had struck her, with only sufficient reason left to be conscious that she must not betray herself, Edith sat motionless, suppressing feeling by a wonderful exertion of will power, and longing for an opportunity to escape from that ordeal and not be forced to remain and hear her doom reiterated in cold, clear what before was incomprehensible, leaving no room for even a glancing doubt. Oh, for some excuse to fly from the parlor, whose atmosphere was becoming intolerable. She must be alone, she must collect her thoughts out of that sickening mass of misery which threatened to crush in upon the brain. And relief was mercifully sent to her aid, for at that moment one of the servants put a black head in at the door with a timid appeal: "Miss Amy."

"Let me go, aunt," she cried, eagerly, and without pausing for reply, darted almost too impetuously from the room.

Escaping from the scrutiny she dreaded, Edith followed the cook to the pantry and mechanically fulfilled the petty requirement. Then speeding upstairs to her own room, she locked the door, and drawing his letter from her pocket, read it eagerly in the gathering twilight, afraid to attract attention by using a lamp. Divining the contents, which she could scarcely decipher, she read it over and over, seeking why for some clue to falsify the conviction which was surely creeping over her.

Nothing! Nothing but passionate sweetness, which made her heart ache now, instead of bound with joy, and she paused again bewildered. Back flew her mind over the past, those dark sayings which she had not understood, those intimations of trouble in her own life—their meaning was but too clear now. Was there not some mistake?

Oh, it was so cruel in him not to have told her before, a few months back the intelligence could not have wounded her. She could have borne it so easily then—but now, now when she had learned to love him! How long she sat gazing stupidly at the chattered fragments of her dream she never knew. She heard Mr. Steele's departing footsteps, and then darkness closed around her; but she did not move till a gentle tap came at the door. Thrusting the letter back into its hiding place, and forcing back the tears which had stood in her eyes as if frozen there by an affliction too deep for such relief, she rose obediently to answer the summons.

"Edie, Alice has come; don't you want to see her?" asked the voice of Juliet from the hall, and she went out to her in silence.

"You don't know how pretty she looks," Juliet continued, excitedly. "She has trimmed her dress with the cedar and flowers!" She paused abruptly, for the light from the hall lamp fell full upon them, and she was shocked at the change it revealed in her cousin.

"What! Edie, you don't look well; what's the matter with you?" she cried, passing her arm affectionately around her.

Her cousin's answer was to draw her out the veranda, and sink down on the nearest seat, dropping her head on Juliet's shoulder, for the pain at her heart seemed eased temporarily by clinging to some one, and by the silent awe by the misery she witnessed, then she stooped and whispered the question which reality she had suspected. "Did you care so much for him?"

"Yes, in a voice that was almost a sob, and again there was silence, until Edith spoke once more. "Julie," she moaned, in an almost inaudible tone, "Oh, Julie, I feel so old, so strange, and as Juliet pressed her hand, she added, imploringly: "Promise me you will tell no one," and then she quivered from head to foot with suppressed emotion. Together they sat in the cool night air, two dark figures dimly outlined against the white of the house. There was no moon; only the stars, looking pitifully down upon them, like two young, the one to endure this bitter heart experience, the other to bear the part of confidante, though Juliet had no idea how deeply her cousin was involved in the mire of real misery, and rendered her sympathy to a sentimental grief. Still her feeling was genuine enough to make her forget all about the pretty little secret, and which she had looked forward all day when Alice, crowned first by her own hands, should repeat the verses she had composed for her, till Mrs. Harold's voice calling her name roused her.

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"No, dear, no! I have something—I must do," and her voice shook with a nervous tremor between the words. Reluctantly Juliet left her; and starting up, her heart almost bursting from this contact with human sympathy, Edith fled back to her chamber to bury her pain in agonized prayer at her bedside to the Healer of all sorrows, pleading the might of their mutual attachment against an inexorable fate: "Oh, God, have mercy upon me—upon him."

How often, how terribly often, those impotent petitions are repeated in this world of inexplicable contradictions! It is hard, almost impossible for the young to accept the meaning of that solemn word "Never." How will we resist, it had come to her in a hurry, so unsought, so unintentionally, this awakening of her affections, surely there must be a happy issue out of this pain somewhere, and in the midst of the turmoil, a voice far down in the depths of her being whispered Peace, and hushed into silence, she listened breathlessly to the mysterious Comforter. For a moment she felt superior to her own suffering, in awe of that ineffable Presence, then feeling surged back in self-pity. That distant promise spoke of things afar off, which could not remove the painful duty of the present, whose conscience unswervingly pointed out.

To be Continued.

Spell mouse trap with three letters. —Cat.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides, —when the moon is at its full, and when there is no moon.

..Snaps..

McCONNELL'S

During the special sale,
Saturday, May 19th

Buy them—try them and be satisfied.
Ginger Snaps, per lb. 5c
Fine Iced Biscuits, per lb. 8c
Lemon Biscuits, per lb. 8c
Granulated Sugar, per lb. 5c
Yellow Sugar, per lb. 4c
Bananas, per dozen 15c
1 lb. Baking Powder with a nice apron 25c
1 box containing 36 small boxes Maple Leaf Matches. 8c
Rugby, Comet and Crackerjack Soap 2 bars for. 5c
A lot of 10c fancy cans of Cut Tobacco, at each. 5c
Japan Tea, per lb. 20c
We are still selling Dishes—small prices secure large sales.

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Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. 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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Chas. H. Fletcher
APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

THE TREATMENT THAT CURES

THE TREATMENT THAT CURES
P. B. BRAZEL, of Cheboygan, Mich., got little sleep, because of catarrh of the head. Doctors Shultz and Camelon removed 12 polipi from his nose without pain to him, and he has been relieved of all the miseries of catarrh.

ENGINEER C. B. MAXSON, of 163 St. Antoine street, thought he heard whistles and bells when he didn't. Since treating with Doctors Shultz and Camelon he can hear as well as ever.

AUGUST SCHULTZ, of Wyandotte, was choking and gasping with asthma, when he went to Doctors Shultz and Camelon. He hadn't had a good night's sleep for 10 years. Now he is as well as ever.

MRS. ALEX. RIVARD, New Baltimore: "I had been a long and great sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia. Bread soaked in milk was about all that I could eat. I frequently had fainting spells and convulsions. I have been entirely cured, and I have gained 33 pounds in weight."

BLOOD BELCHED
From the Lungs of John C. Loss, of Vassar, Mich.
"I became so weak," says Mr. Loss, "that the least excitement would throw me into a cold perspiration, and I would take additional cold. While sitting at my desk one afternoon something seemed to give way, and I felt my lungs fill up. I gave a little cough, and threw out GREAT MOUTHFULS OF BLOOD." Mr. Loss will tell enquirers that after he had been reduced to what he believed a hopeless condition, through frequent hemorrhages, he submitted his case to Doctors Shultz and Camelon, who soon restored him to perfect health.

REV. MOSES C. STANLEY, Aged 71 years, of 31 Milwaukee avenue, was cured of severe deafness by Doctors Shultz and Camelon.

MRS. M. BRAUER, of 85 Second street, had a hairbreadth escape from being killed by a street car, because she was so deaf she didn't hear it coming. She has been entirely cured of deafness and chronic catarrh.

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to all afflicted with Catarrh of the Throat and Bronchial Tubes, who apply to us during the ensuing week, providing that they can say on their honor, that they are unable to pay. Those who can afford to pay our low fees, we shall expect to do so.

OUR "FREE OFFER" IS OPEN TO ALL THOSE WHO APPLY TO US IN PERSON. PEOPLE LIVING AT A DISTANCE SHOULD WRITE US FOR SYMPTOM BLANK.

Doctors Shultz and Camelon, (Successors to Copeland Medical Institute.)
Suite 203 Chamber of Commerce
Office Hours—9 to 12 a.m.; 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 p.m.; Sundays, 10 to 12 m.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

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Use Kent Mills Flour. The best is the cheapest.

The Kent Mills Co., Limited.
Barred P. Rocks and White Wyandottes
Our Rocks and Wyandottes won 1st Thamesville, Ridgetown, Blenheim and Chatham in hot competition. This year pens better than ever.
Rock pen of selected hens headed by a Brantford exhibition prize winner, score 923, weight 94 lbs., a perfect beauty.
Our Wyandottes made a clean sweep at all the local exhibitions and as show birds and winter layers are unexcelled.
Big hatches reported by 1899 customers. Eggs \$1.50 per 13.

McGeachy Bros.
Chatham, Ont.