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He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Baby's Own Soap."

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

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John McConnell, Park St., has a finely selected stock of China, Lamps, Glassware, Dinner sets, Tea Sets and Chamber Sets. In fact, just the things you want for Christmas presents.

You will save money by purchasing here. The prices sell the goods.

Our Groceries can't be beat in quality and price.

Currants per lb.	12 1/2c
Raisins, best selected fruit, per lb.	10c
15 lbs. Granulated Sugar	\$1.00
20 lbs. Bright Yellow Sugar	1.00
4 lbs. Prunes	25c
5 lbs. Ginger Snaps	25c
Mixed Candy, per lb.	8c
Mixed Peel, per lb.	18c

**John McConnell**  
Phone 190. Park St., East  
Sign of the Star

## In Using Baking Powder Containing Alum

Nothing but the purest should be used. It is a well known fact that this article of food has been grossly adulterated and to such an extent that the Government has now deemed it advisable to prosecute all vendors of

## Baking Powder Containing Alum

We are pleased to say that we can supply you with a Pure, Wholesome Baking Powder, entirely free from alum or any other adulteration, and at a price no higher than is asked for the worthless article.

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**AT THE WINDOW.**  
A pot of lilies on the sill,  
A face behind the pane,  
Within my heart a sudden thrill  
Which words cannot explain.  
Faint echoes stirred within the brain  
Of melodies long still;  
Fair features brought to life again  
Without or wish or will—  
A pot of lilies on the sill,  
A face behind the pane.

Margherita Arlino Hamm in Saturday Evening Post.

## SIR JASPER'S GENEROSITY.

He Made the Girl He Loved Happy by Resigning Her.

The band was playing "A Summer Night in Munich." Out on the terrace colored lights hung like globes of fire, and seats, cunningly placed in secluded corners, invited repose to the dancers. There in the quivering moonlight stood Rosemary Maitland. Her companion looked at the sweet face half turned away from him. Presently he spoke.

"It may be a long, long time," he said softly. And the music died away into a distant echo—it seemed of pain. "Will you spare a thought for me sometimes?" "I shall often think of you," she answered simply.

"Will you give me a flower?" he said and turned to the flower border, filled with quaint, old-fashioned plants—lavender, "boy's love," "balm" and a host of others.

"What would you like?" she asked. And then with a sudden impulse she picked off a piece of an old-fashioned plant and offered it to him.

"There's rosemary for remembrance," she said a little unsteadily.

And as Jim Duncan took the little pungent smelling sprig he kept the hand in his. Surely the hour was come.

"Rosemary," he said, "Rosemary, will you remember me? I love you. Darling, won't you speak to me?" "What do you want me to say?" she whispered, and the light in her sweet blue eyes was quite enough for Jim Duncan, for he took her in his strong arms and murmured all those sweet things which come with all the force of first love.

"It may be only a year," he said, "or it may be longer. Can you wait so long, Rosemary?"

Her answer, spoken softly enough, was distinctly, "Yes."

"I shall keep this," he said, putting the little green sprig carefully away in his pocket, "and when I am far away, darling, that will tell me of Rosemary, for remembrance."

"Rosemary, Rosemary! Where are you, child?"

A tall, dark-eyed woman stood beside them, her shrewd satin train sweeping over the grass. Diamonds glittered in her hair.

"We are going now, dear," she said, looking keenly at Rosemary.

"Ah, is that you, Mr. Duncan? So you are really going abroad?"

"Yes, for a year, I hope not more. I shall hope to come and see you before we sail, Mrs. Maitland."

"We should have been delighted to see you," she said, "but I am afraid we leave town tomorrow for the country. Come, Rosemary."

She swept away, followed by her daughter. And as they stood in the brilliantly lighted hall Jim found time to whisper a last goodbye in Rosemary's ear.

"Goodbye, darling," he whispered as he put her soft, furry cloak over her shoulders. "I shall write to the colonel and you too. Tell me you love me, dearest."

"You know I do, Jim."

Mrs. Maitland glanced curiously at her daughter as she sat still and silent in the corner of the brougham.

"Silly child!" she reflected. "Thank heaven I was in time to nip the thing in the bud."

She said nothing, however, to Rosemary on the subject, and they parted in silence.

It was a week later.

Rosemary still watched feverishly for the postman, happily unconscious of the fact that Mrs. Maitland had had also a deep interest in the post box and its contents, for one morning she had, on carefully examining the post box, selected two letters, one addressed to Colonel Maitland and the other to Rosemary.

These she put in her pocket for further examination, after which they found a last resting place in the fire.

"Hm! Troops sailed yesterday for the Cape," observed the colonel one morning at breakfast. "Hello! Young Duncan went out, I see. Did you know he was going, Grace?"

Mrs. Maitland opened The Morning Post indifferently.

"Young Duncan? Yes, I knew he was off very soon. Rosemary, you are pouring the cream into the sugar bowl."

Rosemary murmured something vaguely about the heat and escaped into the garden, while Mrs. Maitland proceeded to enlighten her worthy husband on the subject, wisely omitting, however, the episode of the burned letters.

"Well, my dear, Jim Duncan is a very nice young fellow," he ventured to say, "and if the child likes him."

"Really, George, you are quite absurd. Why, the boy has scarcely enough to keep himself. Besides, you know Sir Jasper Carew is only waiting for a little encouragement to come to the point."

"Time passed—time which waits for no man—and as each day slipped by and not a word came from across the sea Rosemary grew more and more hopeless. She was forgotten, and the spirit of rosemary was doubtless lying unheeded in the fire or had floated away on the rolling waves.

The June sun beat down fiercely on the green meadows of Padstow Court as Rosemary walked slowly down the avenue to meet the old postman. He gave her one letter—a thin, foreign letter, with a blurred looking postmark. Had it come at last? With trembling fingers she tore it open.

There lay, dry and discolored, a sprig of rosemary, a mute reproach.

Dear Miss Maitland—My dear old chum, Jim Duncan, asks me to write these few lines, which he cannot write himself. His hours are numbered, and, strikes on with fever, he has not long to live. He begs me to include the sprig of rosemary and to remind you—though without reproach—that it was given for remembrance. He has never forgotten you. I am, yours sincerely,

RURICK MOORE.

A little gasping sob escaped her lips. He was ill—dying—dead!

What did he mean by reminding her of the rosemary for remembrance?

He had not remembered—and now? With vacant, aching eyes she looked again at the little withered sprig and took her way homeward.

In the hall Mrs. Maitland met her.

## It's Your Nerves.

**It's the Condition of Your Nerves That Either Makes Your Life a Round of Pleasure or a Useless Burden.**

To many women life is one round of sickness, weakness and ill health. To attempt even the lightest household duties fatigues them. Many of the symptoms accompanying this state of decline are: a feeling of tiredness, waking, faintness, dizziness, sinking feeling, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, cold hands and feet, headache, dark circles under the eyes, pain in the back and side and all other accompaniments of a run down and weakened constitution.

All these symptoms and conditions are simply the result of a poor quality of blood and defective circulation of the blood, with a wasting away of the nerve forces.

By feeding the system with

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You strike at the root of the disease and lay a solid foundation on which to build. Soon the weight increases, the sunken cheeks and flattened busting fill out, the eyes get bright and the thrill of renewed health and strength vibrates through the system.

50 cts. per box; five boxes for \$2.00; all druggists, or

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and, in horror at the sight of the white, agonized face, she exclaimed:

"Rosemary! What is it?"

The girl held out the letter with shaking fingers.

"Don't speak to me!" she said hoarsely. "I can't bear it yet. Mother—with a wild cry—'mother, my heart is broken.'"

It was a year later.

Time, the great healer, had laid a gentle hand on Rosemary's wild sorrow, hushing it to rest, soothing the dull agony. Still, there lay in a little drawer of her bureau that envelope, with its sprig of faded rosemary, and the faint odor never failed to bring back the old, sad memories.

Sir Jasper Carew was very tender in his honest devotion. One day he told her of his love. Very gently, very tenderly, he told her of his love.

"I have always loved you, dear," he said. "Is there no hope for me at all?"

Rosemary looked up into the sunny garden regretfully.

"Listen to me first before I answer your question," she said softly. "I know I can trust you, and I should like to tell you all. There was—some one else—and I can never love in the same way again. But—"

She paused, and Jasper took her hands in his.

"Rosemary," he said, and his voice trembled. "I will be content with very little love if you will only let me take care of you. Will you be my wife?"

Rosemary looked at him steadily.

"If you love me," she said softly, "I will do my best to make you happy."

It was a strange, an almost pathetic, wooing, but Jasper Carew felt amply rewarded for his years of faithful devotion and patient waiting.

It was September when they were all at Padstow Court again. The wedding was to take place in December, and Mrs. Maitland, quite in her element, was very busy arranging all those hundred and one details which must attend the marriage of an only daughter.

Jasper felt that his cup of happiness was full, and he and Rosemary sauntered slowly homeward one glorious evening.

Passing along a green lane, they heard footstep behind them, and a voice at their side said courteously:

"Could you kindly tell me the nearest way to Padstow Court?"

They turned and faced the speaker. At the sight of him Rosemary started back, pale to the very lips, while he started forward with a cry.

"Rosemary!"

"Jim!"

With all the deadly rapidity of a flash

Bill Board

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ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., St. Stephen, N.B.

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of lightning Jasper Carew realized what had happened, and he saw at once that all his dreams of future happiness were at an end. He turned away for a moment, for at first the sight of his (alas, no longer) Rosemary lying sobbing in Jim's arms was too much for him to witness. But at last Rosemary remembered all, and she turned pleadingly to Jasper.

"Jasper," she pleaded, "Jasper, forgive me—forgive me!"

"Dear," he said hoarsely, "I see it all. And now," he turned to Jim and held out his hand—"welcome home, Duncan," he said. "You see, I know who you are. Rosemary, you can do one thing for me—make him happy."

"God bless you!" said Jim as he wrung his hand. "I can never repay you for this act of more than generosity."

"Take her in," said Jasper abruptly, glancing at Rosemary. "We shall meet again presently."

He left them abruptly, and the lovers, left alone, found time for mutual explanations. Jim had almost miraculously recovered and, having been sent up country, had been detained abroad for some time longer.

"Rosemary," he said, "you never answered my letters."

"Letters?" she echoed. "I got none, and I thought—I thought you had forgotten me."

Matters thus arranged, by Sir Jasper's special wish the marriage was not delayed, and the only alteration was that he took the place of the "best man" at his own request. Mrs. Maitland was sorely annoyed at this change, but at the special intervention of Providence, as the colonel called it, she could say no more, though Jim guessed that she had had a hand in the disappearance or nondelivery of those letters.—Woman's Life.

Europe and the Arab.

The conquest of Egypt by the Arabs was not the least important phase of that colossal wave of expansion which fills one of the most wonderful chapters in history. The great and sudden rush of an obscure and numerically insignificant nation to the eastern and western boundaries of the Roman empire and almost to the limits of the orbis veteribus notus is the most amazing event of the second millennium of our era.

There seemed no adequate reason why the flood of conquest should stop when and where it did. The seal for God and his prophet still held when the Saracens were turned back at Tours, and though Europe may justly be proud of her Charles Martel, we may be sure that if the Arabs had really been minded to plant a mosque at Paris, where a shivering museum should chant the call to prayer in a London fog, the army of the Franks could not have stopped them.

It was not Tours alone that saved England from becoming a province of the caliphate. We must also thank our enviable climate. The Arab realized that in the lands of the Hyperboreans there was no sun worth basking in.—Professor Stanley Lane-Poole in Longman's.

ROYAL FINGER NAILS.

A nail professor, a Frenchman, of course, has taken the trouble to study the finger nails of sovereigns and has given to a yearning world his deductions therefrom.

That most prominent of sovereigns, the Emperor William, has a slight hand, a stumpy thumb and flat, colorless nails, indicating a brain wanting in balance.

The emperor of Austria, on the other hand, has a long, slender, tapering thumb, a pair of sensible and rather hairy fists, but the long thumb denotes his blue blood. The nails have a pearly hue and are much incurved, denoting a well-balanced mind.

Victor Emmanuel III has a spoon shaped thumb nail, suggesting a gloomy and relentless character.

The queen of Italy has a fine hand, although the nails are rather conical and incurved much. They show too much white.

The sultan has a delicate white hand with taper fingers. Such a hand can only come of a line of ancestry reared in cotton wool.

Leopold of Belgium was doomed to a life of involuntary flirtation, for he has a plectrum thumb and a squat and square shaped nail.

Queen Victoria's uniformly irregular nails, according to this Frenchman, denote nervous and longevity.

The young queen of Holland has rather short and of common mold. This indicates cheery times for the future Mr. Holland when he talks to pronounce "truly rural" at 8 o'clock in the morning after a heavy day in the city.—Exchange.

PEN, PENCIL AND BRUSH.

Beatrice Harraden, the novelist, boasts that she can harness a horse as well as any cowboy.

Hall Caine, the novelist, is at work on a volume of memoirs chiefly devoted to his intimate friendship with the Rossettis.

Marshall Monroe Kirkman, the second vice president of the Chicago and North-western railway, is the author of a novel just published, entitled "The Romance of Gilbert Holmes."

Benjamin Constant, the artist, is now engaged on two portraits of the Princess of Wales, which he has taken to Paris to finish. He was granted several sittings at Marlborough House and treated as one of the royal family.

Max O'Reil has been ill in Paris and has been forced to cancel many of his engagements for lectures and addresses.

The distinguished Frenchman (in private life he is known as Paul Blomet) is contemplating retiring from the platform and devoting himself, when his health permits even that much effort, to purely literary work.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

Edison's plan to cheapen electric power by abolishing dynamos will cost "hundreds of millions."

In Vienna telephons call boxes, or "booths," are provided with napkins bearing the request, "Wipe, if you please." The cloths are frequently changed, and the practice of wiping the mouthpiece of the transmitter is a sanitary precaution.

Ice has proved successful as an insulator on Mont Blanc. A double line of ordinary galvanized iron wire was laid on the ground between the Grande Mulets at the top of the mountain and the Petits Mulets at the base. Each line was 5,500 feet long. Messages were sent without trouble, and the loss of electricity, as measured by the instruments, was very

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in America. It tells all about The "Slater Shoe," and accurately describes the different kinds of leathers,—the kind of wear they're good for, and how to care for them.

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For a cold to catch you. Have a bottle of Radley's Cough Balm in the house to catch and cure the cold.

A few doses relieves the cough and allays the irritation. Part of a bottle usually cures.

If after using half a bottle it fails in your particular case return the bottle and your money will be refunded.

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—You have read of the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you should have perfect confidence in its merit. It will do you good.

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