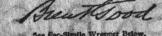
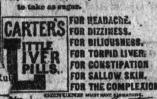
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Secret...

By Mrs. M. J. Holmes...

For three weeks she hovered be

For three weeks she hovered between life and death, whispering oft of the "horrid shape which had met her in the woods, robbing her of happiness and life." Winding her feeble arms around Madam Couway's neck, she would beg of her most piteously "not to cast her off-not to send her away from the only home she had ever known-for I couldn't help it," she would say. "I didn't know it, and I've loved you all so much—so much! Say, grandma, may I call you grandma all the same? Will you love poor Maggie a little?" and Ma love poor Maggie a little?" and Madam Conway, listening to words whose meaning she could not fathom, would appears by the could not fathous the could not whose meaning she could not fath-om, would answer by laying the ach-ing head upon her bosom, and try-ing to soothe the excited girl. Theo, too, was summoned home, but at her Maggie at first refused to look, and covering her eyes with her hand she whispered scornfully, "pinched and blue, and pale; that's the very look. I couldn't see it when I coul-

she whispered scornfully, "pinched and blue, and pale; that's the very look. I couldn't see it when I called you sister."

Then her mood would change, and motioning Theo to her side, she would say to her: "Kiss me once, Theo, just as you used to do when I. was Maggie Miller."

Toward Arthur Carrollton she from the first manifested fear, shuddering whenever he approached her, and still exhibiting signs of uneasiness if he left her sight. 'He hated her,' she said, 'hated her for what she could not help;' and when, as he often did, he came to her bedside, speaking to her words of love, she would answer mournfully, 'Don't, Mr. Carrollton; your pride is stronger than your love. You will hate me when you know it all."

Thus two weeks went by, and then with the first May day, reason returned again, bringing life and strength to the invalid, and joy to those who had so anxiously watched over her. Almost her first retired.

those who had so anxiously watched over her. Almost her first rational question was for Hagar, and if she

had been there.
"She is confined to her bed with "She is confined to her bed with inflammatory rheumatism," answered Madam Conway, "but she inquires for you every day, they say; and once when told you could not live, she started to crawl on her hands and knees to see you, but fainted pear the gate and was carried back."

"Poor old woman!" murmused.

back."
"Poor old woman!" murmured Maggie, the tears rolling down her cheeks as she thought how strong must be the love that half-crazed creature bore her, and how little it was returned, for every feeling of her nature revolted from claiming a mear relationship with one whom she had hitherto regarded as a servant.

The secret, too, seemed harder to divulge, and day by day she put it off, saying to them when they asked what had so much affected her, that

what had so much affected her, that she could not tell them yet—she must wait till she was stronger."

So Tkeo went back to Worcester as mystified as ever, and Maggie was feet much alone with Arthur Carrollton, who strove in various ways to win her from the melancholy into which she had fallen. All day long she would sit by the open window, seemingly immovable, her large eyes, now intensely black, fixed upon vacancy, and her white face giving no sign of the fierce struggle within, save when Madam Conway, coming to her side, would lay her hand curessingly on her in token of sympathy. Then, indeed, her lips would quiver, and turning her head away, she would say, "Don't touch me—don't."

To Arthur Carrollton she would

Could Not Lie On Her Left Side.

WAS TROUBLED WITH PAIN IN HER HEART FOR SIX YEARS.

Expected Her Friends Would Find Her Dead.

Mrs. C. Bondreau, Campbellton, N.B., was completely cuced by

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Old Hagar's From an Awful Skin Humour.
Scratched Till Blood Ran.
Wasted to Skeleton.

CURED BY CUTICURA

One Application Soothed Him to Sleep. Cure Speedy and Permanent.

"When my little boy was about three months old his head broke out with a rash, which was very itchy and ran considerable watery finid. We tried everything we could, but he got worse all the time till it spread to his arms, legs, and then to his entire body, and he got so bad that he came near dying. The rash would itch so that he would scratch till the blood ran, and a thin yellowish stuff would be all over his pillow in the morning. I had to put mittens on his hands to keep him from tearing his skin around his wrists. He got so weak and run down that he took fainting spells like we would think him dying. He was almost a skeleton and his little hands were thin like claws.

"He was had about eight months when we tried Cuticura Remedies. I had not laid him down in his cradle in the daytime for a long time. He had got so that he just slept in our arms all the time. I washed him with Cuticura Soap and put on one application of Cuticura Ointment and he was so soothed that I put him in the cradle. You don't know how glad I felt when he felt better. It took one box of Cuticura Ointment, pretty near one cake of Cuticura Ointment of the cate of Cuticura Ointment of the cate of t

You don't know how glad I felt when he felt better. It took one box of Cuticura Olntment, pretty near one cake of Cuticura Soap, and about half a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, to cure. I think our little boy would have died only for the Cuticura Remedies, and I shall always remain a firm friend of them."

Mus. M. C. MAITLAND, JASPER, ONTARIO.

No return in 14 years. Mrs. Mattland writes, under date of Feb. 24, 1903, that the cure is permanent.

"It affords me much pleasure to inform you that it is fourteen years since my boy was cured of the terrible skin disease from which he suffered.

"He has been permanently cured and he hearty and strong."

disease from which he suffered.

"He has been permanently cured and is hearty and strong."

Cuticure Resolvent, liquid and in the form of Chocoleise Coated Fills, Outicure Distance and Cuticure Scap are sold throughout the world. Depois a London, if Chartes house Say, Faris, alone 12 dominion. The Chartes of the Chartes

tapering notis left their impress in her flesh, so hard she strove to seem indifferent. Once when they were left together alone he drew her to his side, and bending very low, so that his lips almost touched her marble cheek, he told her of his love, and how full of anguish was his heart when he thought that she would die.

"But God kindly gave you back to me," he said: "and now, my precious Margaret, will you be my wife? Will you go with me to my English home, from which I've tarried now toe long because I would not leave you? Will Maggie answer me?" and he folded her lovingly in his owner.

not leave you? Will Maggie answer me?" and he folded her lovingly in his arms.

Oh, how could she tell him "No," when every fibre of her heart thrilled with the answer "Yes!" She mistook him-mistook the character of Arthur Carrollton, for though pride was strong within him, he loved the heautiful girl who lay trembling in his arms, better than he loved his pride; and had she told him then who and what she was, he would not have deemed it a disgrace to love a child of Hagar Warren. But Margaret did not know him, and when he said again, "Will Maggie answer me?" there came from her lips a piteous, wailing cry, and turning her face away, she answered mournfully, "No, Mr. Carrollton; no, I cannot be your wife. It breaks my heart to tell you so; but if you knew what I know, you would never have spoken to me words of love. You would have rather thrust me from you, for indeed I am unworthy."

"Don't you love me. Maggie?" Mr.

derness that Maggie burst into tears

his voice there was so much of tenderness that Maggie burst into tears, and involuntarily resting her head upon his bosom, answered sadly, "I love you so much, Arthur Carrolton, that I would die a hundred deaths could that make me worthy of you, as not long ago I thought I was. But it camet be. Something terrible has come between us."

"Tell me what it is. Let me share your sorrow," he said; but Maggie only answered, "Not yet, not yet. Let me live where you are a little longer. Then I will tell you all, and go away forever."

This was all the satisfaction he could obtain; but after a time share promised that if he would not mention the subject to her until the first of June, she would then tell him everything; and satisfied with a promise which he knew would be kept, Mr. Carrollton waited impatiently for the appointed time, while Maggie, too, counted each sun as it rose and bet, bringing mearer and nearer a trial she so much dreaded.

CHAPTER XX.

Two days only remained ere the first of June, and in the solitude of her chamber, Maggie was weeping bitterly. "How can I tell them who I am?" she thought. "How bear their pitying scorn when they learn that she whom they can Maggie Miller has no right to that name?—that Hagar Warren's blood is flowing in her veins—and Madam Conway thinks so much of that! Oh, why was Hagar left to do me this great wrong? Why did she take me from the pine-board cradle, where she says I lay, and make me what I was not born to be?" and falling on her knees the wietched girl prayed that it might prove a dream, from which she would ere long awake.

Alas for thee, poor Maggie Miller! It is not a dream, but a stern reality, and you who off have spursed at birth and family, why should you murisur now when both are taken

rom you? Are you not still the same beautiful, accomplished and refined, and can you ask for more? Strange that theory and practice so seldom should accord. And yet it was not the degradation which Maggie felt so keenly, it was rather the loss of love she feared; alty could not avail to make her

rather the loss of love she feared; alty could not avail to make her happy.

Maggie was a warm-hearted girl, and she loved the stately lady she had been wont to call her grandmother with a filial, clinging love, which could not be severed, and still this love was naught compared to what she felt for Arthur Carrollton, and the giving up of him was the hardest part of all. But it must be done, she thought; he had told her once that were she Hagar Warren's grandchild, he should not be riding with her how much less, then, would he make that child his wife and rather than meet the look of proud disdain his face wou'd wear, when first she stood confessed before him, she resolved to go away where no one had ever heard of her or Hagar Warren. She would leave behind a letter telling why she went, and commending to Madam Conway's care poor Hagar, who had been sorely punished for her sin. "But whither shall I go, and what shall I do when I get there?" she cried, trembling at the thoughts of a world of which she knew so little. Then, as she remembered how many young girls of her age went out as teachers, she determined be go at all events. "It will be better than staying here, where I have no claim," she thought, and nerving herself for the task, she sat down to write the letter, which, on the first of June, should tell Madam Conwey and Arthur Carrollton the of June, should tell Madam Conway and Arthur Carrollton the story of

and Arthur Carrollton the story of her birth.

It was a harder task than she supposed—writing that farewell; for it seemed like severing every hallowed tie. Three times she wrote, "My dear grandma," then with a throb of anguish she dashed her pen across the revered name, and wrote simply, "Madam Conway." It was a rambling, impassioned letter, full of tender love—of hope destroyed—of deep despair—and though it shadowed forth no expectation that Maowed forth no expectation that Ma-dam Conway or Mr. Carrollton

of deep despair—and though it shadowed forth no expectation that Madam Conway or Mr. Carfoliton
would ever take her to their hearts
again, it begged of them most
touchingly to think sometimes of
"Maggie," when she was gone forever. Hagar was then commended to
Madam Conway's forgiveness and
care. "She is old," wrote Maggie,
"her life is nearly ended, and if you
have in your heart any feeling of
pity for her who used to call you
grandma, bestow it, I pray you, on
poor old Hagar Warren."

The letter was finished, and then
suddenly remembering Hagar's
words, that "all had not been told,"
and feeling it her duty to see once
more the woman who had brought
her so much sorrow, Maggie scole
cautiously from the house, and was
soon walking down the woodland
toad, slowly, sadly, for the world
had changed to her since last she
trod that path. Maggie, too, was
changed, and when at last she
stood before Hagar, who was now
able to sit up, the latter could
scarcely recognize in the raile hagable to sit up, the latter could scarcely recognize in the pale, hag-gard woman the blooming, merry-hearted girl once known as Maggie

Miller. "Margaret." she cried. "you have come again—come to forgive your poor old grand— No, no." she added. as she san the look of pain pass over Maggie's face, "I'll never insult you with that name. Only say that you forgive me, will you, Miss Margaret?" and the trembling voice was choked with sobs while the

Margaret?' and the tremlling voice was choked with sobs, while the aged form shook as with a palsied stroke.

Hagar had been ill. Exposure to the damp air on that memorable night had brought on a second sovere attack of rheumatism, which had bent her nearly double. Anxiety for Margaret, too, had wasted her to a skeleton, and her thin, sharp face, now of a corpse-like pallor, contrasted strangely with her eyes, from which the wildness all was gone. Touched with pity, Maggie drew a chair to her side, and thus replied: 'I do forgive you, thus replied: "I do forgive you, Hagar, *for I know that what you did was done in love: but by telling me what you have, you've ruined all my hopes of happiness. In the new scenes to which I go, and the new associations I shall form, I may become contented with my lot, but never can I forget that I once was Maggie Miller."

"Margaret." gasped Hagar, and in

gie Miller."

"Margaret," gasped Hagar, and in her dim eye there was something of its olden fire. "if by new associations you mean Henry Warner, it must not be. Alas, that I should tell you this! but Henry is your brother—your father's only son. Oh, horror, horror!" and dreading what Margaret would say she covered her face with her cramped, distorted hands.



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in knowing that she was not quite friendless and alone, for, Henry would protect her, and Rose, indeed, would be to her a sister.

"Henry Warner my brother!" she exclaimed. "How came you by this knowledge?" And very briefly Hagar explained to her what she knew, saying that Hester had told her of two young children, but she had forgotten entirely their existence, and now that she was reminded of it, she could not help fancying that Hester said the step-child was a boy. But the peddler knew, of course, and she must have forgotten. "When the baby they thought was you died," said Hagar, "I wrote to the minister in Meriden, telling him of it, but I did not sign my name, and I thought that was the last I should ever hear of it. Why don't you curse me?" she continued, "Haven't I taken from you your intended husband, as well as your name?"

mame?"
Maggie understood perfectly now why the secret had been revealed, and involuntarily she exclaimed: 'Oh, had I told you first this never need have been,' and then hurriedly she explained to the repentant flagar how at the very moment when the dread confession was made, she, Maggie Miller, was free from Henry Warn r.

From the window Maggie saw in the distance the servant who had

From the window maggie saw in the distance the servant who had charge of Hagar, and dreading the presence of a tilrd person, she arose to go. Offering her hand to Hagar, she said: "Good-by. I may never see you again, but if I do not, remember that I forgive you freely."

'You are not going away, Maggie.
Oh, are you going away!" and the
crippled arms were stretched imploringly toward Maggie, who answered: "Yes, Hagar, I must go. Honor requires me to tell Madam Conway who I am and after that you know I cannot stay. I shall go to my brother." (To Be Continued.)

CLERGYMAN DISAPPEARS. CLERGYMAN DISAPPEARS.

Extreme anxiety is felt by the friends of the Rev. Oyril Anderson, recently of Kingsville, as to his welfare. Mr. Anderson resigned his parish in January intending to take a two months' holiday before he accepted another charge. He went to New York, and from there intended taking a trip to the West Indies. Some time having elapsed from the date of his intended sailing, his family, not hearing from him, became very much alarmed. From inquiries it was learned that he had never sailed, and the gravest fears are entertained that he is not alive. The matter has been placed in the hands of a detective.

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