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He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert."

Baby's Own Soap.

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

Beware of imitations.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mrs. MONTREAL.

Don't Make... ..A Mistake YOU WILL

If looking for a birthday, wedding or Xmas present, purchase before seeing the fine selected stock of fancy china goods, at McConnell's, Park St., East. A large variety to choose from at prices that will please you. We have the largest window display of fancy china in the city. Call and see it.

Saturday, Nov. 24

We will have a 10c, 15c. and 25c. counter.

New goods, latest designs and very pretty.

WE SELL
Dinner sets, \$2.50, 97 pieces.
Tea sets, \$3.00, 44 pieces.
Chamber sets, \$1.95 each.

Our grocery stock is now complete. Our prices, why! they can't be beat. Roasted coffee, in berry, or ground. Only eighteen cents per lb.

Pork and Beans, 5c. per can.
Pickles, 10c. per bottle.
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New Prunes, 10c. per lb.
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Sign of the Star

In Using Baking Powder

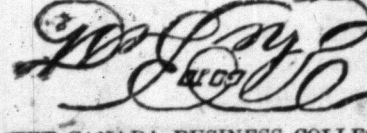
Nothing but the purest should be used.

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.
Price 25c per lb.
Manufactured at

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THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE, CHATHAM, ONT.

Stands unrivalled among Canadian business schools, both as to its course of instruction, and the assistance it gives its graduates in placing them in good positions.

352 of our pupils secured good positions in the year ending Sept. 1st. Since our last list was prepared, which appeared in a recent issue of this paper, nearly 40 others have been placed. Pressure of business has prevented us from getting it ready for this week, but watch for it next week. Write for catalogue and list of pupils placed.

D. McADAM & CO., Chatham, Ont.

The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

me for it. But I think I know one of them without being told. It is that other face-like of Leoline and myself who died in the robber's ruin.

"Exactly. You and she and Leoline were triplets."

"And who is the other?"

"Her name is La Masque. Have you ever heard it?"

"La Masque? No, never!" exclaimed Hubert, with some energy in his voice at last. "You but jest, Sir Norman Kingsley."

"No such thing. It is a positive fact. She told me the whole story herself."

"And what is the whole story; and why did she not tell it to me instead of you?"

"She told it to Leoline, thinking probably she had the most sense; and she told it to me, as Leoline's future husband. It is somewhat long to relate, but it will help to beguile the time while we are waiting for the royal summons."

"It struck me," concluded Sir Norman, "that it would be better to procure any papers she might possess at once, lest, by some accident, they should fall into other hands; so I rode there directly, and, in spite of the cantankerous old porter, searched diligently until I found them. Here they are," said Sir Norman, drawing them forth.

"And what do you intend to do with them?" inquired Hubert, glancing at the papers with an unmoved countenance.

"Show them to the king, and through his mediation with Louis, obtain for you the restoration of your rights."

"And do you think his majesty will give himself so much trouble for the Earl of Rochester's page?"

"I think he will take the trouble to see justice done, or at least, he ought to. If he declines, we will take the matter in our own hands, my Hubert; and you and I will seek Louis ourselves. Please God, the Earl of Rochester's page will yet wear the coronet of the De Montmorencies."

"And the sister of a marquis will be no unworthy mate even for a Kingsley," said Hubert. "Has La Masque left nothing for her?"

"Do you see this casket?" tapping the one of carved brass dangling from his belt; "well, it is full of jewels, worth a king's ransom. I found them in a drawer of La Masque's house, with directions that they were to be given to her sisters at her death. Miranda being dead, I presume they are all Leoline's now."

"This is a queer business altogether," said Hubert, musingly; "and I am greatly mistaken if Louis will not regard it as a very pretty little work of fiction."

"But I have proofs, lad. The authenticity of these papers cannot be doubted."

"With all my heart. I have no objection to be made a marquis, and go back to la belle France, out of this land of plagues and fog. Worth some of my friends here be astonished when they hear it, particularly the Earl of Rochester, when he finds out that he has had a marquis for a page! Ah, here comes George, bearing a summons from Count L'Estrange at last."

George approached and intimated that Sir Norman was to follow him to the presence of his master.

"Ah, reverend, then," said Hubert, "you will find me here when you come back."

Sir Norman, with a slight tremor of the nerves at what was to come, followed the king's page through the halls and ante-rooms, full of loiterers, courtiers and their attendants. Once a hand was laid on his shoulder, a laughing voice met his ear, and the Earl of Rochester stood beside him.

"Good morning, Sir Norman; you are abroad betimes. How have you left your friend, the Count L'Estrange?"

"Your lordship has probably seen him since I have; and should be able to answer the question best."

"And how does this suit progress with the pretty Leoline?" went on the gay earl. "In faith, Kingsley, I never saw such a charming, little beauty, and I shall do combat with you yet—with both the count and yourself, and outwit the pair of you."

"Permit me to differ from your lordship: Leoline would not touch you with a pair of tongs."

"Ah! she has better taste than you give her credit for; but if I should fail I know what to do to console myself."

"May I ask why?"

"Yest, there is Hubert, as like her as two peas in a pod. I shall dress him up in lace and silks and gewgaws, and have a Leoline of my own already made to order."

"Permit me to doubt that, too! Hubert is as much lost to you as Leoline."

Leaving the volatile earl to put what construction pleased him best on this last sententious remark, he resumed his march after George, and was ushered at last into an ante-room near the audience-chamber. Count L'Estrange, stood near a window overlooking the courtyard, and as the page saluted and withdrew, he turned round and greeted Sir Norman with his sweetest air.

"The appointed hour is past, Sir Norman Kingsley, but that is partly your own fault. Your guide hither tells me that you stopped for some time at the house of a fortune-teller, known as La Masque."

"I was forced to stop on most important business," answered the knight, still resolved to treat him

as the count, until it should please him to doff his incognito, "of which you shall hear anon. Just now our business is with Leoline."

"True! And as in a short time I start, with yonder cavalcade, there is but little time to lose. A propos, Kingsley, who is that mysterious woman, La Masque?"

"She is, or was (for she is dead now), a French lady of noble birth, and the sister of Leoline."

"Her sister! And have you then discovered Leoline's history?"

"I have."

"And her name?"

"And with the proudest blood of France in her veins, living obscure and unknown—a stranger in a strange land since childhood; but with God's grace and your help, I hope to see her restored to all she has lost before long."

"You know me, then?" said his companion, half smiling.

"Yes, your majesty," answered Sir Norman, bowing before the king.

CHAPTER XXIII.

As the last glimpse of moonlight and of Hubert's bright face vanished, Leoline took to pacing up and down room in a most conflicting and excited state of mind. So many things had happened during the past night; so rapid and unprecedented had been the course of events; so changed had her whole life become within the last twelve hours, that when she came to think of it all over, it fairly made her giddy. Dressing for her bridal, the terrible announcement of Prudence; the death-like swoon; the awakening at the plague-pit; the maniac flight through the streets; the cold plunge in the river; her rescue; her interview with Sir Norman, and her promise; the visit of La Masque; the appearance of the count; her abduction; her journey here; the coming of Hubert, and their suddenly-discovered relationship. It was enough to stun anyone, and the end was not yet. Would Herbert effect his escape? Would he be able to free her? What place was this, and who was Count L'Estrange. It was a great deal easier to propound this catchword to herself than to find answers to her own questions; and so she walked up and down, worrying her pretty little head with all sorts of anxieties, until it was a perfect miracle that softening of the brain did not ensue.

Her feet gave out sooner than her brain, though; and she got so tired before long that she dropped into a seat, with a long-drawn sigh, and closed her eyes, with fatigue and watching, she at last fell asleep.

And sleeping she dreamed. It seemed to her that the count and Sir Norman were before her, in her chamber in the old house on London Bridge, tossing her heart between them like a sort of shuttlecock. By and by, with two things like two drumsticks they began hammering away at the door of her little fluttering heart, as if it were an anvil, and they were a pair of blacksmiths, while the loud knocks upon it resounded through the room. For a time she was so bewildered that she could not comprehend what it meant; but at last she became conscious that someone was rapping at the door. Pressing one hand over her startling heart she called out "Come in," and the door opened and George entered.

"Count L'Estrange commands me to inform you, fair lady, that he will do himself the pleasure of visiting you immediately, with Sir Norman Kingsley, if you are prepared to receive them."

To be Continued.

HE WANTED A BOOK.

AND HE WAS QUITE A DISTINGUISHED LOOKING MAN.

So it was small wonder that the bookseller made a few blank entries in his bookkeeping the different Warrens he had for sale.

The elderly, distinguished looking man had been hovering around the open air secondhand bookstall for several days. The cloth bound volumes did not appear to gain his attention. He devoted himself exclusively to the stacks of fiction, paper bound in the old fashioned way—about 14 inches long by 10 inches wide—and he even thumped over the nickel and dime "libraries" with great apparent interest. The thickest proprietor of the secondhand bookstall noticed the elderly, distinguished looking man the other afternoon and strolled out to the pavement.

"Can't find what you're looking for, eh, judge?" inquired the proprietor of the stand pleasantly.

The elderly, distinguished looking man appeared to be somewhat embarrassed: "No, no," he replied diffidently. "I suppose I'm on a fruitless quest."

He didn't name the nature of the quest, however.

"You won't find anything in Arabic in those paper bound piles, you know," said the proprietor of the stall experimentally.

"No?" said the elderly, distinguished looking man.

"There used to be a Gibbon's 'Roman Empire' in paper covers, but it's out of print years ago," remarked the proprietor of the stall after a pause.

"That so?" said the stranger. "Don't believe I ever saw that edition."

"We've got a whole lot of Omar Khayyam in cheap cloth covers, though," pursued the bookstall man, scratching his head in a puzzled sort of way and staring up at the distinguished looking man out of the tail of his eye.

"Well, I am not a devotee at the Omar shrine," replied the elderly man, turning over another heap of the elongated paper volumes.

The proprietor of the stall walked away a little distance and appeared to be thinking it over.

"You'll find Hugo's 'History of a Crime' and 'Les Misérables' in that bunch," he said, returning to the elderly man at the stall, "but there's hardly any use in buying 'em in that form when I've got 'em cloth bound for as low as a quarter each and sets of Hugo's complete works for \$2."

"I find Hugo hard reading," replied the elderly man of distinguished appearance, wiping his spectacles reflectively. "I knocked off doing literary penance a long while ago."

The proprietor scratched his head some more. He looked like a man up against it. Having a reputation to sustain, however, for stimulating customers in the customers' literary tastes, he returned to the charge after a silence.

"There's some of Goethe's and Schiller's stuff in those paper piles," he said, "but I got all the Schiller and Goethe you want inside in cloth for little or nothing."

"Uh-huh," replied the distinguished looking man, again removing his iron rimmed spectacles and wiping them with a spotless handkerchief. "Glad to hear of your success. I haven't much time to spare myself with Goethe and Schiller. Life's too short."

The bookstall proprietor walked out to the curb and spat musingly.

"How that looked pretty hard up came in here the other day," he said, returning to the elderly gentleman at the stall; "and sold me ten volumes of the plays of Congreve, Wyndham and Vanbrugh at a pretty small figure. Like to look at 'em?"

"No," replied the elderly man. "We can see all the hot stuff that's good for us at the theaters nowadays without resorting to that bunch of degenerates."

"Well, he's on to what he's talking about all right," mused the bookstall proprietor, grinning. Then he said aloud: "Praps you prefer the older English dramatists—Marlowe, Otway, Beaumont and Fletcher and that sort?"

"Well, if I were marooned on a desert island maybe I'd read some of the older English dramatists—in rainy afternoons, when I couldn't hunt mollusks for supper," replied the high grade looking man at the stall.

"Well, this one gets me going right," muttered the bookstall proprietor to himself. "I'll give him another whiff."

Then the bookstall proprietor pulled out from beneath a stack of paper bound literature a yellowed copy of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

"Maybe this is what you are looking for, sir," he said, holding the book up so that the elderly man could see the title.

"No," replied the elderly man; "that is not what I'm looking for. On the contrary, Carlyle gives me a pale pink pain."

This phrase gave the proprietor of the bookstall his opening. He grinned and inquired:

"Well, is there anything particular you're hunting for, sir? I don't want to appear to be curious, but—"

The elderly, distinguished looking man removed his spectacles, put them in his pocket and smiled benignly upon the proprietor of the stall.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you what I'm looking for, seeing that you take such an interest. I'm looking for a work entitled 'The Hallowed Zeb, the Terror of the Blockades.' I've been reading that work ever since about 34 years ago and had just got to the most absorbing part—where Zeb bites the arms of 47 Black-foot Indians in a bunch. If you remember when my mother came along and snatched the book out of my hand. It was a darned interesting and entertaining work, and I'd be willing to pay big money to get hold of a copy and find out how it ended!"

Even the Explosion Failed.

"A terrific explosion blew up one building and started a fire which burned down the remainder of the plant."

"Gracious! Was any one hurt?"

"The night watchman is dead."

"Poor fellow! Blown to atoms, I suppose."

"No; burned to a crisp. They couldn't waken him."

Over the Bridge.

She—These Chinese seem to be perfect fiends. Why, they torture a man to death by keeping him awake. How do they do it?

He—The old way; they give him the baby to mind at night.—Brooklyn Life.

She Had Her Doubts.

Miss Wunder—And is he a real count? Miss Gabbagh—A fear not. He seems to have money.—Baltimore American.

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BEAUTIFUL HATS

Trimmed with Birds, Wings, Quills, Ribbon and Velvet, in all the latest shades, from \$1.98 o 83

C. A. COOKSLEY, Opp. Market

Varicocoele and Stricture.

VARICOCELE—If you are tired of being experimented upon, you will find our Latest Method Treatment is a guaranteed cure for varicocoele without use of knife or loss of time. It absorbs the varicocoele, restores the parts, thereby bringing back lost powers. If you take our treatment, you pay when cured.

STRicture—Thousands of you have stricture and do not know it; if you have been inured, or improperly treated, or notice a smarting sensation, unnatural discharge, weak organs, or back, nervous debility, or if you are not the man you should be, it may be the cause of stricture. If you are in doubt, call and see us, as we will examine you free of charge; our Latest Method Treatment absorbs the stricture, thereby making cutting or stretching unnecessary, and you pay when cured.

Kidneys and Bladder.

Don't neglect these important organs, as you will regret it. Have you a dull feeling or pain in the back, frequent desire to urinate, deposits in urine? Our Latest Method Treatment is a guaranteed cure for such conditions.

The original sworn affidavits or testimonials can be seen at our office, \$500.00 reward for any we cannot show; at request of patients we publish only the initials.

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