FOR EVERY

CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle. CUTICURA OINTMENT to instantly allay itching, inflamma-tion, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RES-OLVENT to cool and cleanse the blood. ASINGLE SET of these great skin curatives is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, crusted, scaly, and pimply skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

hair, when all else fails.

Millions of People use Cuticura Soar Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and so thing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use Cuticura Soar in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excordations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all skep purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in One Soar at One Price, the first skin and complexion soap, and the baser toilet and baby soap in the world.

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The Ghosts of The Brig.

HE Boston brig,"Mayflower," was high poop, sheering prow and stumpy spars reminded one of Vanderdecken's phantom ship. When she left Rosario in Argentine, bound down the river Montevideo to finish loading hides for home, I was second mate of her. Of course, the first night out I was considerably under the weather, and hardly know how I managed to stand

my watch. At seven bells in the morning I was roused by a fracas on deck. The cap-tain was vehemently exhausting all the sulphurous combinations in the lin-gua-Franca of the high seas. Inciden-tally, he was accusing the sailors of looting the cook's galley during the night.

"No, sir; 'tweren't us," chorused the six shellbacks. When the captain paused for breath

one rascal remarked.
"It must ha' been the ghosts, sir." At that the old man turned on his heel and went below.

The sailors, holding on to their sides, The sallors, holding on the foreastle.
The cook declared himself, vigorously, incoherently, to the main course.
"What's upset the old man?" I asked,

approaching the mate.
"It's those dern ghosts," he an-

"What ghosts, sir?" "Humph! Don't you know the yarn? The brig's haunted—has been ever since those two fellows were washed off the fib-boom. It was in the Gulf Stream. The brig was running off be Stream. The brig was running off before a nor east squall, and they were stowing the flying-jib. The old man was at the wheel, and he let her come ap suddenly—he must have been drunk. She plunged her nose into a sea, clean to the foremast, and, of course, the men on the boom were washed away. It was murder, all right, and awar since off and on, those fellows' sver since, off and on, those fellows' shoets have haunted the ship. Shortly after four o'clock this morning the lookout came running aft, frightened out of his wits. Going forward, I saw two white figures on the top-gallant

round the capstan. I'm not superstitious, but I can tell you I got a scare."
The mate looked at me lugubriously. "S'pose the ghosts rifled the doctor's lomain," laughed I. "Maybe not," said the mate. "But when anybody mentions ghosts the old

fo'castle, dancing a devil's hornpipe

man buttons up his lip and ups-atick for his whisky flask."

The brig sped along merrily, keeping close to the sou'west shore. The captain was on the lookout for a pampero and a while before midnight we shortened sail. The ship was then four or five miles below Buenos Ayres. It was dark night-very dark for that part

f the world. As I was about to sing out "Eight belis!" two hands in my watch came running aft, crying incoherently. The captain muttered aghast, "The ghosts again," and hastened below. With rol-licking recklessness, I went forward to

investigate. Sure enough! There on the fo'castle head stood two figures looming ghostly through the gloom. Spellbound, I watched them for what seemed an age Suddenly they emitted a shrick and jumped over the windlass towards me.
I did not wait to ask their business with me, but skedaddled aft. When reached the poop, the shricking phantoms were at my heels. Seizing a pump-handle, I made a sweep at one of them as he was clambering up the poop-ladder. But I struck only air. The swing of the heavy bar nearly carried me overboard. Had the handle passed through an unsubstantial shade? No! The ghost had dodged, and now was stammering in fright.
"Don't kill me, Mr. A—. I'm not

ghost-I'm only Sam." The ghosts tore white sheets from their shoulders and stood disclosedtwo dern shellbacks. Perhaps I didn't feel like slaughtering the pair of them for making such a fool of me! forward, you scoundrels," I stormed. "Away with you, or I'll make ghosts of

you for sure." "Good heavens, sir, let us be," they exclaimed. "The real ghosts were after us. Didn't you see 'em?"

"What are you fools frightened of? What are you giving us?" I roared.
"The ghosts are forward, sir, the real ghosts. They came up out of the water, dripping, ghastly. We'll never play ghosts again—never, sir!"

At that instant the pampero struck

the brig, shrieking through the rigging like a litany of Lucifer. The captair sprang on deck, but there was nothing The brig, under a single topsail, like a race-horse before the leaped squall. In an hour or so the pampero passed without doing any damage, and we started to set sail again. The mate called his watch to loose the jibs, but not a man would go on the boom.

"You can kill me, sir," said Sam, "but I won't go forward of the windlass. Them ghosts are waiting for us, sure. Last night the starboard watch played ghosts to frighten you, sir. To-night Bill and I were playing for the benefit of the second, but the real ghosts came over the bows and nearly napped us. Ask old Riley? He was watching the fun from the fo'castle, and he seen 'em

rise behind us." Those scared shellbacks got on the mate's nerves, and, in consequence, the jibs were not set till daylight.

When the cook turned out that morn ing, he found that his galley had been looted another time. Of course, he went for the crew, but those shellbacks had nothing to say. Somehow, I did not like it. If they had been in the galley their protestations would have been profuse enough. But they were plainly perplexed, and even appalled. "It must have been the real ghosts, this time," they muttered among themselves.

The following night I had charge of the deck from twelve to four. A while after two bells the ghosts began to de-clare themselves. Startling shrieks, lood-curdling groans issued from the bows. My watch clambered on the poop; my hair crept all around my head. In a few minutes the mate's watch came piling out of the forecastle like greased lightning. They ran to the poop, too, and, huddling together, we listened with chattering feeth to the raised by the ghosts. After a

their shipmates. To accuse one's shipmate of robbery is a dangerous business. The mate, bearing the angry voices and fearing trouble, made enquiries. On his suggestion, the forecastle was turned wrong side out, but neither pipes nor tobacco were found.
"The ghosts must have been here last night," said the mate. "They probably don't like the sort of smoke going among spirits and wanted a pull at a sailor's pipe."

The sallors cooled down at once.

The sallors cooled down at once.
That day it blew a little, and we battened down hatches fore and aft. At night the sallors along it the night the sailors slept in the waist and stood their watches there, too. Even a handspike wouldn't persuade them to go forward to the fo'castle. At intervals the ghosts made their presence

Next morning when I opened the forepeak hatch, two haggard, hairy beings jumped on deck, clamoring for food and drink.

"The ghosts!" growled the men, runming aft. I ran, too. The ghosts followed leisurely, laughing fit to split. The captain was on the poop, and he blocked the retreat.
"Who the devil-what are these scar-

"The ghosts," says I, as solemn as "Yes," said the tall, lanky one,

"we're the ghosts, and we're hungry and thirsty, too." "How did you get aboard?" asked the old man. "Over the bows. How do you suppose

ghosts would come?"
"Blast your impudence!" roared the
old man. "I'll teach you to be funny with me. Get forward! I'm going to lock you in the carpenter-shop." "But, captain, we're hungry and thirsty. For Heaven's sake, give us

something to eat and drink."
"Get out," grinned the old man, "ghosts should live on air. Another word and I'll throw the both of you

Thereupon, he seized a handspike, drove them forward, and locked them in the dark and dingy carpenter-shep.
"Now, my fine lads," he said, "you'll have time to think over the foolhardiness of frightening honest folk.".

Every half-hour the captain marched

up and down by their prison, taunting them. They begged for, something to eat, something to drink, but the old man had no pity for them. "Ghosts shouldn't eat or drink," he laughed, ironically.

A while after dinner the prisoners changed their tactics. "Captain," roared a deep, sepulchral voice audible all over the ship, "captain, you're a murderer. Why did you drown us that way and make it neceseary for us to haunt the brig? You think we are stowaways, but we are not. Lord have mercy on your miser-able soul, captain, but we are the ghosts of those drowned men sent to drive you from this ship." The captain broke into a volley of

"You infernal rascals," he stormed; "I'll hale you out of there and knock Hail Columbia out of you."

He went into his cabin, got his keys and went forward to lick those fools. He opened the slide, looked in-and then drew back with a face as white as a sheet. "Well captain, what's the matter?" asked the mate. "Have you seen a

"They're gone," exclaimed the old man, in a weak, tense voice. are had indeed like ghosts. No wonder the captain

had turned white. At three in the afternoon the bris anchored off the City of Montevideo The captain went ashore immediately. At sundown, neither captain nor boats' crew had returned. The mate hailed bumboat, and hoisted up his chests. "I'm going to clear out," he explained; "I wouldn't stop another night aboard this craft for anything. The old man won't come back, you bet."

After he had departed, the sailors dumped their dunnage over the side into a boarding-house runner's boat. I didn't object; I gathered up my luggage and went ashore with them. Some time during the evening the police boat found the brig deserted and put a man aboard to watch her. ghosts, however, kicked up such a hideous racket that he got scared and swam ashore. In the morning the haunted brig was the topic of conversation along the water-front. The cap-tain resigned his command. The agents took charge and put a watchman aboard for the day. The ghosts were relied on to protect her from water-

thieves during the night. The agents the following day offered fabulous wages for a skipper and crew to take her home, but without success. In the afternoon a tall man, middleaged and clean-shaven, accosted me on the street. After a few random observations, he remarked: "You hold a master's ticket, I be-

"Yes." "Would you like a captain's berth at good salary?"
"Certainly; I'd jump at a chance." "Well, I can put you, in the way of one, but-

'Well, what?" He watched me narrowly for a space "How did you get on with the captain of the 'Mayflower?' he asked, at length.

Not very well!" I admitted. "He's an old skinflint." . "Good! You won't mind doing bim a bad turn. What I want you to do is to take the 'Mayflower' home. I'm a mate; I'll ship with you, and get you

"My friend," laughed I. "your propo won't go. I've had enough of the lower.' I would not own her, 'Mayflower.' much less sail her."

My would-be mate laughed in turn,

proariously. "The ghosts won't bother you any more," he stammered. "I'll guarantee to lay them for good. I'm one of them." Observing him closely, I noted a re-semblance to the tall, lanky ghost. A clean shave and good clothes made a great difference, but the resemblance was clear. The recognition startled

"Don't get scared again." he re marked, noticing my trepidation. "I'n flesh and blood, I assure you." "But your disappearance!" I ejacu-

lated. "Oh, there was nothing supernatural time the ghostly sounds ceased, and we about that. The brig was formerly drew breath more freely. The sailors fitted up for smuggling. She has a lot camped in the waist, but they did not of secret slides and cunningly hidden below that her less elements. holes, that her last skipper didn't know about. I was mate of her twenty years sleep much.

In the morning there was a row in the forecastle. Two men had lost their their the forecastle. Two men had lost their their two forecastles the tobacco and pipes, and were blaming carpenter-shop down into the hold. A

foren men could hide in some of her bollow beams."

"My chum and I were in a boat. You see, we had been shanghaied aboard a blue-nose barque. While she was lying in the river some miles below Buenoe Ayres, we stole a boat and started for town. Seeing a vessel's light comin down the river, and fearing a pamper we decided to board her. Swinging ut der the bows, we clambered up the bob-stay. Of course I knew the brig at once, and when we clambered over the bows and saw two ghostly figures on the fo'castle head—well, I was a pretty scared man. When they fied aft, however, shrieking with fear, we saw that we were taken for ghosts, and knowing how the captain had drowned two men, we determined to have some

Men who do business on the grea waters are prone to superstition, and even after the mysterious manifestation aboard the brig had been explained, I felt diffident about making another trip in her. But, being a young man, I could not lightly ignore the chance of obtaining a command. My lanky friend appealed to my ambition,

and had his way. The agents engaged me at once, or my own terms. Of course, we kept quiet about the ghosts, and they kept quiet during the voyage home.—"Ains-lee's Magazine."

Promises, but no Fulfilment.

He promised he'd return the lock of She'd given him in those sweet days before her

Love cooled. "Twas but a promise ending there, Like that of any other hair-restorer. -"Catholic Standard."

A Day in a Country Post-office. GAL said tell ye t' hunt aroun

good, the ort t be a letter hyere fer 'er."

The speaker of this deciaration stood on tiptoe, craned his neck and looked in through the delivery window of a first-class fourth-class post-office down in Egypt and unwittingly treated the clerk to an inhala tion of carbonic gas perfumed with onions, tobacco, sorghum molasses and other aromatics. There was no letter "fer Sal" to be found, not even in the waste basket, and as the youngster turned away his looks told me that my reputation for veracity and honesty

"Sal" is only one of many who have vague ideas regarding the postal branch of Uncle Sam's business. Postmasters and their clerks are often held accountable for non-receipt or slow transit of mail. Yet the country postmaster is regarded as the fountain-head of information in his community, and is consulted on vari-ous and unlimited subjects from the infants' diseases to matrimony - and back again - and not infrequently he receives enquiries from points outside his immediate jurisdiction. Some time ago a postmaster received a letter from a man in an adolning county, asking him "t" look out fer my speckled pup with a stump tail," which, he alleged, had been stol-en, and to arrest the thief and hold him till he came. Unfortunately for this man the said postmaster's corps of that time and neither the pup, his tump tail, nor the thief were appre-

hended. "Lemme see some o' yer stamps," said a fellow who had doubtless neve been private secretary to a magnetic healer. I laid out some of the different kinds for his inspection. "These red uns is worth two cents, ain't they? These green uns ain't worth but one cent, air they? Ain't they just as good as the red uns?" I told him they were very nice stamps indeed, but ac ing to the postal regulations and Robinson's arithmetic two ones were required where one two would do. He took a "red un" and handed it to me with his letter requesting me to stamp and "back" it for him. "In what state is the town?" I asked him. "Well, I'll declare," he said. "I've plumb fergot what state it's in, but it's summers in Arkansas." I "backed" the letter and dropped it in the box and received the usual admonition "t' be sure an' send it on the first train." By way of a parting remark he said: "Say, you fellers make a heap o' profit sellin' stamps, don't ye?" I told him we didn't average over seventy-five per cent. He looked incredulous, but left

without further words. Ignorance of postal regulations makes humorous incidents of everyday occurrence. Occasionally a cus-tomer tries to "Jew down" the postmaster on the price of stamped envel-opes. Failing in this, he threatens to bestow his patronage elsewhere, and departs with a bitter feeling for postnasters and millionaires, terms which though regarded as synonymous by

him are often widely divergent. Letters are often uniquely "backed." noticed one addressed to the "N. K. Fairbanks Company, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City." An incoming letter was addressed to "Gran-ny Goddard, Bill Goddard's maw." Before the present form of order came into use, money orders were often

mistaken for receipts and carried in pockets for weeks. A country post-office affords an in-teresting and varied experience, oftentimes amusing, sometimes vexatious, and not infrequently pathetic. The postmaster is called upon to read and write letters on all subjects, and thereby gains possession of secrets such as are prized highly by members of sewing circles where gossiping is prohibited. In a country post-office varied tints of human nature are seen.—Country Postmaster, in "Postmaster's Advo-

Honesty Pays.

Jim-Honesty is ther best policy arter all. How?

Jim-Remember that dog I stole? Bill-Yes.
Jim-Well, I tried two hull days to sell 'im, an' no one offered more'n bob! So I went, like a honest man, an' him to th' ole woman what owned im, and she guv me ten.-"Fun."

A charitable feeling causes some mer when they see a fellow-man in dis-tress to wish some other man would

A Montreal Case

C. C. Miller cured of a Chronic Case of Rheumatism by Powley's Liquified Ozone.

We want you to know about Mr. Miller's case. He suffered from chronic rheumatism and was cured by our preparation. He is a citizen of Montreal. He will tell you

about his cure if you ask or write him. Some years ago Mr. Miller had his health and was able to devote his time to his affairs, which grew and prospered. After a while his blood became impure, he began to suffer pain, and he knew that he was affected with incipient rheumatism. His condition gradually became worse, his joints stiffened, it became difficult for him to walk and each time he

moved it caused him excruciating pain. He was forced to give up his establishment. He consulted eminent physicians and spent a great deal of money in medicines. He was so bad that he regarded anything that gave him relief from pain for five minutes as a splendid preparation. He became down-hearted and looked on his case as absolutely

incurable. One day he heard about the wonderful cures Powley's Liquified Ozone had been making with blood disease, and he purchased a bottle. Although he was discouraged, he received benefit from the first and he kept on. In a short time he was completely cured. This is what he says about Powley's Liquified Ozone:

'Its cure of my case was particularly gratifying. I was so grateful for the benefit it did me that I brought a supply of it with me when I came to Montreal, fearing I would not be able to get it here. My house is never with out Powley's Liquified Ozone now, and I would not be without it, no matter what it cost. I feel as young and active as I did before I was sick. I am able to work every day, in fact, I can do a better day's work than ever before in

(Signed) C. C. MILLER, 2141A St. Catherine St., Montreal.

This is simply a statement of facts. We believe you will profit by considering this case. The cure is remarkable. It shows the power of our preparation to cure disease.

Consult our physician about your case. Write full details and you will get a specialist's advice free. Your letters are absolutely confidential. Address the Consulting Department, The Liquid Ozone Co., 229 Kinzie St., Chicago, U.S.A.

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\$20.00, \$25.00. Rug Suites of good and serviceable rugs, \$32.00, \$38.00, \$45.00, worth \$40.00, \$50.00 and \$60.00.

Bedroom Suites

A Special Line from \$10, \$12. Do not fail to see these Suites. Polished Oak Suits, with british bevel mirrors, \$25 00, \$65.00. We are offering a special line of CARPETS at 50c per yard, worth 60c and 65c per yard. Made and laid free of charge.

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And our store is well stocked, and if right goods and prices count for anything, we will always be the place for careful buyers. Just now, we have an exceptionally fine

line of SINGLE AND DOUBLE HARNESS **BUGGIES AND CARTS**

That have all been bought from the best makers in the Dominion, in large quantities for cash, and careful buyers will find it to their advantage to inspect these goods before buying elsewhere, as nowhere else in Chatham can the value be equalled.

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