



Ceetee
UNSHRINKABLE
UNDERWEAR

Is made of the finest quality two and three ply Australian wool—much finer than Canadian wool, because grown in a warmer climate.

The more strands there are in a rope the stronger it is, weight for weight. On the same principle, a two or three ply yarn is more durable than a single strand.

Ceetee Underwear will not shrink nor get out of shape, and until worn out retains all the original qualities of wool—its softness and elasticity.

Your Dealer will replace any Ceetee garment that shrinks.

Made at Galt, Canada, by
The C. TURNBULL CO., Limited
and sold by all reliable retailers.

To Look Clean

Is gratifying!

To be Clean

Is satisfying. You will enjoy both when you place your linen with us, for we do our work by the most modern methods known to our art.

The Parisian Steam Laundry Co. Phone 20

THE NEW LAUNDRY

ST. CLAIR STREET,
NORTH CHATHAM,

Solicits Washing of all kinds. Ladies' waists a specialty. Our work is all done by hand with the use of any chemicals.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Parcels called for and delivered promptly.

SING LUNG,
PROPRIETOR

ICE CREAM PARLORS

OPPOSITE BANK OF MONTREAL

One of the finest assortments of Candy in the city, fresh every day.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Ice Cream or goods delivered to any part of the city. Light lunches served.

J. H. Rhody

In Wigzell's Old Stand.

Harry and Tom,

WILLIAM STREET LAUNDRY.

We do all kinds of Laundry and Family Washing. Prices reasonable and work guaranteed.

GIVE US A CALL.

HARRY & TOM

PHONE 484 OPPOSITE C.P.R.

The Coming Building Material

Cement Block manufactured by **BRIGHT & FIELDER**

Any persons desirous of building will do well to inspect these blocks. The electric road is using them for its new power house. After seeing them you will use no other.

Plant open. Public Library

Queen St.

Weather Strips

E. W. HAZLETT, Harvey St., has secured the Local Agency for the celebrated CHAMBERLAIN METAL STRIPS, and will give estimates for fitting in residences or public buildings. Call at residences or drop a card to the R.O.

The LUST OF HATE

BY GUY BOOTHBY

Author of "A Beautiful White Devil," "A Bid For Fortune," "The Marriage of Esther," "Dr. Nikola," Etc.

Continued from Yesterday.

"Ere yer are, sir," orrible murder in the West End," he said, running to meet me, and wanting something to occupy me until breakfast should be ready, I bought a copy and went in and seated myself by the hall fire to read it. On the second page was a column with the following headline, in large type:

"SHOCKING TRAGEDY IN THE WEST END."

Feeling in the humor for this sort of literature, I began to read. The details were so graphic, and so graphic, that I was almost unable to read. It was the story of a ghastly tragedy which occurred last night in the West End. The victim was Major-General Charles Brackington, the well-known M.P. for Pollington, whose speech on the Short Service Extension Bill only last week created such a sensation among military men. So far the whole affair is shrouded in mystery, but it is believed, the police are in possession of a clue which will ultimately assist them in their identification of the assassin. From inquiries made we learn that Major-General Brackington last night visited the Royal Shakespeare Theatre in company with his wife and daughter, and having escorted them to Chester Square, where his residence is situated, drove back to the Veteran Club, of which he is one of the oldest and most distinguished members. There he remained in conversation with some brother officers until a quarter past twelve o'clock, when he hailed a passing hansom and bade the man drive him home. This order was given in the hearing of one of the Club servants, whose evidence should prove of importance later on. From the time he left the Club until half-past one o'clock nothing more was seen of the unfortunate gentleman. Then Police-Sergeant Macdonochie, while passing along Piccadilly, discovered a man lying in the centre of the road almost opposite the gates of the Royal Academy. Calling the constable on the beat to his assistance, he carried the body to the nearest gas lamp and examined it. To his horror he recognized Major-General Brackington, with whose features he was well acquainted. Life, however, was extinct. Though convinced of this fact, he nevertheless obtained a cab and drove straightway to Charing Cross Hospital, where his suspicions were confirmed. One singular circumstance was then discovered—with the exception of the left eyebrow, which had been cut completely away, evidently with some exceedingly sharp instrument, there was not a wound of any sort or description upon the body. Death, so the medical authorities asserted, had been caused by an overdose of some anaesthetic, though how administered it was impossible to say. The police are now engaged endeavouring to discover the cabman, whom it is stated, the Club servant feels sure he can identify.

With a feeling of interest, for which I could not at all account, seeing that both the victim and the cabman, whom the police seemed determined to associate with the crime, were quite unknown to me, I re-read the paragraph, and then went in to breakfast. While I was eating I turned the page of the paper, and propping it against the curtain, scanned the "fashionable intelligence." Sandwiched in between the news of the betrothal of the eldest son of a duke, and demise of a well-known actress, was a paragraph which stirred me to the depths of my being. It ran as follows:

"It is stated on reliable authority that Mr. Richard Bartrand, the well-known Australian millionaire, has purchased from the executors of the late Earl of Mount Channington the magnificent property known as Channington Castle in Shropshire, including several farms, with excellent fishing and shooting."

I craned the paper up and threw it angrily away from me. So he was going to pose as a county magnate, was he?—this swindler and liar!—and upon the wealth he has filched from me? If he had been before me then, I think I could have found it in my heart to kill him where he stood, regardless of the consequences.

After breakfast I went for another walk, this time in a westerly direction. As I passed along the crowded pavements I thought of the bad luck which had attended me all my life. From the moment I entered the world, nothing seemed to have prospered that I had taken in hand. As a boy I was notorious for my ill-luck at games; as a man good fortune was always conspicuously absent from my business ventures, and when at last a chance for making up for it did come in my way, success was stolen from me just as I was about to grasp it.

Turning into Pall Mall, I made my way in the direction of St. James' Street, intending to turn thence into Piccadilly. As I passed the Minerva Club the door swung open, and to my astonishment my eldest brother, who had succeeded to the baronetcy and estates on my father's death, came down the steps. That he recognized me there could be no doubt. He could not have helped seeing me even if he had wished to do so, and for a moment, I felt certain, he did not know what to do. He and I had never been on good terms, and when I realized that, in spite of my many years' absence from home, he was not inclined to offer me a welcome, I made as if I would pass on. He, however, hastened

ed after me, and caught me before I could turn the corner.

"Gilbert," he said, holding out his hand, but speaking without either emotion or surprise, "this is very unexpected. I had no notion you were in England. How long is it since you arrived?"

"I reached London yesterday," I answered, with a corresponding coolness, as I took his hand. For, as I have said, there was not a pleasure at seeing me.

He was silent for half a minute or so, and I could not help being wondering how he could best get rid of me.

"You have heard of our father's death, I suppose?" he said at last.

"I learnt the news in Sydney," I replied. "I have also received the five thousand pounds he left me."

He made no comment upon the smallness of the amount in proportion to the large sums received by himself and the rest of the family, nor did he refer in any other way to our parent's death. Any one who had not his mind might have been excused had they taken us for casual acquaintances, so cool and distant were we with one another. Presently I enquired, for politeness sake, after his wife, who, the daughter of the Marquis of Helms, and whom I had, so far, never seen.

"Ethelberta unfortunately is not very well at present," he answered. "Sir James Peckleton has ordered her complete rest and quiet."

"I shall not be able to see much of you as I otherwise should have hoped to do. Is it your intention to remain very long in England?"

"I have no notion," I replied, truthfully. "I may be here a week, or for the rest of my life. But you need not be afraid. I shall not force my society upon you. From your cordial welcome home, I gather that the less you see of me the more you will appreciate the relationship we bear to one another. Good morning."

Without more words I turned upon my heel and strolled on down the street, leaving him looking very uncomfortable upon the pavement.

There and then I registered a vow that some what might, I would have no more to do with my own family.

Leaving Pall Mall behind me, I turned up St. James' Street and made my way into Piccadilly. In spite of the slippery roads, the streets were well filled with carriages, and almost all like me, turned off to my left hand, and made my way towards Oxford Street. I was still thinking of Bartrand, and it seemed to me that, as I thought, my hatred became more and more intense. The very idea of living in the same city with him, of breathing the same air, of seeing the same sights and meeting the same people, was hideously repulsive to me. I wanted him out of the world, but I wanted to do the deed myself, to punish him with my own hand. I would see him lying before me with his sightless eyes turned up to the skies, and his blood crimsoning the snow, and be able to assure myself that at last he was dead, and that I, the man he had so often despised, had triumphed.

What would it matter? Supposing I were hung for his murder! To have punished him would surely have been worth that. At any rate I should have been content.

When I reached Oxford Street I again turned to my left hand, and walked along the pavement as far as the Tottenham Court Road, thence down the Charing Cross Road into Shaftesbury Avenue. By this time the thick fog had fastened upon the homeless wretches were crouched in every sheltered corner, and once a tall man, thin and ragged as a scarecrow, rose from a doorway, where he had been huddled up beside a woman, and addressed me.

"Kind gentleman," he said in a voice that at any other time could not have failed to touch my heart, "for the love of God, I implore you to help me. I am starving, and so is my wife, and my children are dying of cold and hunger. We have not touched bite or sup for nearly forty-eight hours, and unless you can spare us the price of a night's lodging and a little food I assure you she will not see morning."

I stopped and faced him.

"What will you do for it?" I asked, with a note in my voice that frightened even myself. "I must have a bargain. If I give you money, what will you do for me?"

"Anything," the poor wretch replied. "Give me money, and I swear I will do anything you may like to ask me."

"Anything?" I cried. "That is a large word. Will you commit murder?"

"I will do anything," he said, and under the intensity of my gaze he half-shrunk away from me.

"Murder?" he echoed faintly.

"Murder? Yes, murder," I cried, hysterically. "I want murder done. Nothing else will satisfy me. Will the man I'll show you, and you shall have all you want. Are you prepared to do so much to save your life?"

He wrung his hands and moaned. Then he pulled himself together.

"Yes, I'll do anything," he answered hoarsely. "Give me the money; let me have food first."

As he spoke his wife rose from the doorstep, and came swiftly across the snow towards us. She must have been a fine-looking woman in her day; now her face, with its ghastly, lead-colored complexion and dark, staring eyes, was indescribably horrible. On her head she wore the ruins of a fashionable bonnet.

"Come away!" she cried, seizing the man fiercely by the arm. "Don't you see that you are talking to the devil, and that he's luring your soul to hell? Come away, my husband, I say, and leave him! If we are to die, let us do it here in the clean snow, like honest folk, not on the scaffold with ropes round our necks. There is our answer, Devil!"

As she said this she raised her right hand and struck me a blow full and fair upon the mouth. I felt the blood trickle down my lip.

"Take that, Devil," she shouted; "and now take your temptations elsewhere, for you've met your match here."

As if I were really the person she alluded to, I picked up my heels and ran down the street as hard as I could, not heeding where I went, but only conscious that at last I had spoken my evil thoughts aloud. Was I awake, or was I dreaming? It all seemed like some horrible nightmare, and yet I could feel the hard pavement under my feet, and my face was cold as ice under the cutting wind.

Just as I reached Piccadilly Circus a clock somewhere in the neighborhood struck one. Then it dawned upon

a stir in one of the principal boxes on the prompt side of the house, and a moment later two ladies and three gentlemen entered. Who the ladies and two of the gentlemen were I had no notion; the third man, however, I had no difficulty in recognizing, he was Bartrand. As I saw him a tremor ran through me, and every inch of my body quivered under the intensity of my emotion. For the rest of the evening I paid no attention to the play, but sat watching my enemy, and writhing with fury every time he stooped to speak to those with whom he sat, or to glance surreptitiously round the house. On his shirt front he wore an enormous diamond, which sparkled and glittered like an evil eye. So much did it fascinate me that I could not withdraw my eyes from it, and as I watched I felt my hands twitching to be about its owner's throat.

When the play came to an end, and the audience began to file out of the theatre into the street, I hastened to the front to see my enemy emerge. He was standing on the steps with his friends, putting on his gloves, while he waited for his carriage to come up. I remained in the crowd, and watched him as a cat watches a bird. Presently a magnificent tandem, drawn by the very same pair of thoroughbred horses I had seen in the morning, drew up before the portico. The footman opened the door, and the man I hated with such a deadly fervour entered the carriage. I saw him get in, and having placed them on the seat, he himself as the vehicle rolled away the bitterest curse my brain could frame followed it. Oh, if only I could have found some way of revenge myself upon him, now gladly I would have seized upon it.

Leaving the theatre I strolled down the street, not caring very much where I went. A little snow was falling, and the air was bitterly cold. I passed along the Strand, and not feeling at all like being turned off to my left hand, I made my way towards Oxford Street. I was still thinking of Bartrand, and it seemed to me that, as I thought, my hatred became more and more intense. The very idea of living in the same city with him, of breathing the same air, of seeing the same sights and meeting the same people, was hideously repulsive to me. I wanted him out of the world, but I wanted to do the deed myself, to punish him with my own hand. I would see him lying before me with his sightless eyes turned up to the skies, and his blood crimsoning the snow, and be able to assure myself that at last he was dead, and that I, the man he had so often despised, had triumphed.

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Just as I reached Piccadilly Circus a clock somewhere in the neighborhood struck one. Then it dawned upon

me that I had been watching for two hours. I stood for a moment by the big fountain, and then crossed the road, and was about to make my way down the continuation of Regent Street into Waterloo Place, when I heard the shrill sound of a policeman's whistle. Almost immediately I saw an officer on the other side of the road dash down the pavement. I followed him, intent upon finding out what had occasioned the call for assistance. Round into Jermyn Street sped the man ahead of me, and close at his heels I followed. For something like three minutes we continued our headlong career, and it was not until we had reached Bury Street that we sounded a halt. Here we discovered a group of men standing on the pavement watching another man, who was kneeling beside a body upon the ground. He was examining it with the assistance of his lantern.

"What's the matter, mate?" inquired the officer whom I had followed from Piccadilly. "What have you got there?"

"A chap I found lying in the road yonder," replied the policeman upon his knees. "Have a look at him, and then be off for a stretcher. I fancy he's dead; but, anyway, we'd best get him to the hospital as soon as maybe."

My gaze knelt down, and I saw his light full upon the victim's face. I peered over his shoulder in company with the other bystanders. The face we saw before us was the countenance of a gentleman, and also of a well-to-do member of society. He was dressed in evening dress, over which he wore a heavy and expensive fur coat. An opera hat lay in the gutter, where it had probably been blown by the wind, and an umbrella marked the spot where the body had been found in the center of the street. As far as could be gathered without examining it, there was no sign of blood about the corpse; one thing, however, was painfully evident—the left eyebrow had been severed from the face in its entirety. From the cleanness of the cut the operation must have been performed with an exceedingly sharp instrument. A more weird and ghastly sight than that snow-covered pavement, with the fallen body lying there, and fast upon it, the grisly road, the old-fashioned policeman, the curious bystanders, and the silent figure on the ground, could scarcely be imagined. I watched until the man I had followed returned with an ambulance stretcher, and then accompanied the mournful cortege a hundred yards or so on its way to the hospital. Then, being tired of the matter, I branched off the track, and prepared to make my way back to my hotel as fast as my legs would take me.

My thoughts were oppressed with what I had seen. There was a grim fascination about the recollection of the incident that haunted me continually, and which I could not dispel, try how I would. I pictured Bartrand lying in the snow exactly as I had seen the other, and fancied myself coming up and finding him. At that moment I was passing Charing Cross Railway Station. With the exception of a policeman sauntering slowly along on the other side of the street, a drunken man staggering in the road, and a hansom cab approaching us from Trafalgar Square, I had the street to myself. London slept while the snow fell, and murder was being done in her public thoroughfares. The hansom came closer, and for some inscrutable reason I found myself beginning to take a personal interest in it. This interest became even greater when, with a spluttering and sliding of feet, the horse came to a sudden standstill alongside the footpath where I stood. Next moment a man attired in a thick cloak threw open the apron and sprang out.

to Be Continued.

MAKES MEN SOUND AND STRONG

Detroit Specialist Making Men's Diseases a Specialty for Years. Will Accept Your Case, Giving you a Difficult Treatment. You may Use it in the Privacy of Your Own Home.

Will Pay When You are Cured. A Detroit Specialist who has 14 diplomas and certificates from medical colleges and state boards for treatment, and who has a vast experience in doctoring diseases of men, a positive he can cure a great many so-called incurable cases.

Dr. S. Goldberg.

In order to convince patients that he has the ability to do so he says, Dr. Goldberg will accept your case for treatment, and you need not pay one penny until a complete cure has been made; he wants to hear from patients who have been able to get cured, as his guarantee is a positive cure for all kinds of diseases, blood and skin diseases, which he accepts for treatment. He not only cures the condition itself, but likewise all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder, kidney, blood, blood poison, physical and nervous debility, lack of vitality, stomach trouble, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up; so he has a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you, and when you are cured, he feels sure that you will be able to pay him a small fee. It seems, therefore, that it is the best interest of everyone who suffers to write the doctor confidentially and lay your case before him, which will receive careful attention, and a correct diagnosis of your case will be made free of charge; if you have lost faith, write him, as you have everything to gain and nothing to lose; you must remember not one penny need be paid until you are cured.

All medicines for patients are prepared in his own laboratory to meet the requirements of each individual case. He will send a booklet on the subject, which contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him simply: Dr. S. Goldberg, 208 Woodward Ave., Room 111, Detroit, Michigan. Medicines for Canadian patients sent from Windsor, Ontario, consequently there is no duty to be paid.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Clothes washed by Sunlight Soap are cleaner and whiter than if washed in any other way.

Chemicals in soap may remove the dirt but always injure the fabric. Sunlight Soap will not injure the most dainty lace or the hands that use it, because it is absolutely pure and contains no injurious chemicals.

Sunlight Soap should always be used as directed. No boiling or hard rubbing is necessary. Sunlight Soap is better than other soap, but is best when used in the Sunlight way.

5c. Buy it and follow directions. 5c. \$5,000 REWARD will be paid to any person who proves that Sunlight Soap contains any injurious chemicals or any form of adulteration.

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