

GOLD SOAP

Best for the Clothes.

The D.L. Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil

Will

GIVE YOU AN APPETITE!

TO NEURVUS!

MAKE YOU STRONG!

Dr. Burgess, Med. Sup't. of the Prot. Hospital for Insane, Montreal, prescribes it constantly and gives it in preference to any other.

Miss Clark, Sup't. Grace Hospital, Toronto, writes they have also used with the best results.

50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited.

The Chatham Loan & Savings Co

Capital \$1,000,000

Money to Lend on Mortgages. Borrowers wishing to erect buildings, purchase property or pay off incumbrances, should apply personally and save expenses, secure best rates and other advantages. Money advanced on day of application. All letters promptly answered. Telephone connection.

S. F. GARDINER

Manager.

The Whole Story

in a letter

Pain-Killer

(PERRY DAVIS)

From Capt. F. Love, Police Station No. 4, Montreal: "We frequently use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, headache, cramps, and all afflictions which beset men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy I have ever used."

Used Internally and Externally.

Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

Did You Ever

NOTICE that sweet, delicious taste that our baked goods always have!

Our Bread, Pies, Cakes, Buns, etc.,

are always fresh and tasty. Once a customer you will stay with us.

Wm. Somerville,

Confectioner

Next Standard Bank Chatham.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

will positively cure deep-seated

COUGHS,

COLDS,

CROUP.

A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Cold.

A 50c. Bottle for a Heavy Cold.

A \$1.00 Bottle for a Deep-seated Cough.

Sold by all Druggists.

VARICOCELE

No matter how serious your case may be, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it. The "wormy veins" return to their normal condition and leave the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The organs become healthy and young again.

Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT absorbs the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business.

NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.

STRICTURE

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, sharp cutting pains at times, weak organs, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE! Don't let doctors experiment on you by cutting, stretching or tearing you. This will not cure you, as it will return. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT absorbs the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened, the nerves are invigorated, and the bliss of manhood returns.

Cures Guaranteed

We treat and cure BLOOD POISON, NERVOUS DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, SEMINAL LOSS, BLANDER AND KIDNEY DISEASES. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. CHARGES MODERATE. If unable to call, write for a QUESTION BLANK for HOME Treatment.

DRS.

KENNEDY & KERGAN

148 Shelby St. Detroit, Mich.

Children Cry for

CASTORIA.

THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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It flashed into the mind of Vandal that the paltry amount of a thousand francs was not sufficient loss to cause three men to chase across Europe at an expense beyond that to recover it. "Why, so far as we could ascertain," he answered, "the rascal took in money 12,000 francs, several diamond ornaments, ladies' jewelry and a fine gold watch."

Another flash of intelligence from old Robard to his son.

"Well, my friend," said the old man, "I can explain the matter of the gown very easily. There came to this inn from the train yesterday a young man who claimed to be a peddler. In fact, he had a valise, and in that valise he carried this gown, which he offered for sale. It took the fancy of my wife at once, and she made a bargain with him. She took the gown, he took the money, spent the night here and this morning departed."

"What sort of a man? How did he look?" asked Vandal.

"Oh, a young fellow. He spoke French, but I fancied he was more like those accursed English. He spoke also German to the wife."

"Smooth face, dark brown hair, good eyes?"

"The same. Evidently the same. Though a thief who steals like that would not own good eyes long."

"Oh, this fellow was a good actor. He can appear to be anything."

"He must be a marvel!"

"He is. Which way did he go?"

"Well, now, to tell the truth, I do not remember. I think he went on toward Trolle. At least he purchased a horse of me."

At this point the two frightened associates were brought in, and their eyes opened at seeing the man they had left at the bottom of a heap struggling for life now at the top of the heap with the interest and attention of all concentrated on him.

"Our man has gone on toward Trolle," said Vandal. "Our friends here did not know they were letting a prize slip through their fingers. Why, there is a prize of 5,000 francs offered by the Paris police for the return of the man to them. Oh, you should have held him!"

Again that quick flash from father to son.

"I suggest," said Vandal, "that, now our explanation is complete and good will be established, we drink the health of the Frau Robard and get some rest. In the morning we will continue our journey."

"I agree. I agree," said Reber and Robello.

In an hour the three were in bed, and a consultation was being held below between Robard and his son.

"Well, luck has at last come to us," chuckled the old villain to the younger one. "Twelve thousand francs, diamonds and a watch on him and 5,000 francs for returning him to the Paris police. But where is all that money? Six hundred francs only we found."

"Well, we took his purse, thinking that contained all his wealth. A peddler with 900 francs is a rare bird. But 12,000! Is he safe for awhile yet?"

"Well, I gave him a good dose. But, God, suppose I had killed him, as I intended at first, and lost that 5,000 francs! Oh, if those three wise Frenchmen only knew their thief was asleep in this house! Well, we would have to kill him. We must not lose this prize."

From this delectable conversation it will readily be gathered that only a portion of the story told by Robard to Vandal was true. Buckford, as will be remembered, gave Mme. du Barry the slip at Strassburg. He left Strassburg by the first train toward Denesle and on the way managed to resume his natural appearance and placed the gown of Mme. du Barry in his valise.

Arriving at Ontro, he had seized the first opportunity to get rid of the gown and had presented it to the wife of his host.

She, pleased with the gaudy thing, accepted it.

Judging that a man who could give away a gown that was better than any his wife had ever had must have plenty of money, Robard had given the traveler a room into which he had a way of going by stealth.

In this room he and his son had crept after the unsuspecting Buckford was asleep and had drugged him heavily.

They had then proceeded to rifle his clothes, till, having found his purse, they had taken it, leaving him in his stupor while they thought of a way to either explain his loss satisfactorily or kill him if he made any fuss.

They had given him more of the deadly stuff than they intended, and he had slept all that night and all day.

But as has already been seen, Buckford had a constitution of iron and rallied from attacks that would kill ordinary men.

He rallied from the effect of the drug, at first slowly, with a bewildering sense of trying to recall where he was. Gradually his senses came back to him, and he remembered the inn at Ontro.

He felt somewhat ill, the natural effect of taking into his lungs the fumes of a stupefying drug.

He lay on his bed expecting some one to come to him. He knew that in any inn—any well regulated inn—when a guest slept too long there would be

an investigation.

But the hours passed and no one came.

Buckford had a feeling as if he had been ill a long time. He knew that one day had elapsed since he came there, but knew not how many more.

The longer he lay there the better he felt. The strength was returning to his limbs.

He did not even feel the pangs of hunger.

He at last got out of bed and went to the door to call some one. He found it locked.

There was another door on another side of the room. He opened that. It led into a space now evidently used as a closet, but from which, on the opposite side, another door led somewhere.

This he tried, but could do nothing save push, as there was neither knob nor latch.

While he was in the closet he heard voices.

"The fellow is the very devil for escaping," said a voice. "First he eludes us at Paris, then at Strassburg and now at Ontro. It is a pity, old Robard did not hold him. That 5,000 francs would pay for the trouble."

Buckford's heart beat rapidly. He recognized the voice of Vandal.

"Has he gone to Trolle as a peddler?" asked Reber. "This is a strange game. Why did he sell the gown to that woman?"

"Oh, to get money to buy the horse, I suppose. But that was a gay story about his stealing diamonds and 12,000 francs. Well, I had to try something. Three of us would not chase across all Europe for 1,000 francs."

Buckford, panting in the closet, wondered what it all meant. Evidently they were under the impression that he had gone on toward Trolle. They had also been told that he had sold the woman the gown when he had presented it to her.

These things, together with his strange sensation of illness, made him suspicious. He stepped quickly back to his room and felt for his purse. It was gone.

"Ah!" he said bitterly. "I have fallen among thieves again. This rascal, an innkeeper has robbed me. Now, how shall I get out of this scrape with no money and my enemies in the very house?"

He crept back to the closet.

The three pursuers of the thief who stole so much wealth had been given two connecting rooms. Reber and Robello occupied one, and Vandal was alone in the other. Their conversation, carried on while they were preparing for bed, was necessarily a little loud. Buckford heard it easily.

"How far is Trolle from here?" Robello was asking. "When will he arrive there?"

"How old is a goose? It all depends on the horse the innkeeper sold him. If it was a good one, he can do it in two days."

"Two days! And we are a day behind him."

"Well, we will get the best horses to be had and try to overtake him. I saw some horses in the stable today—not handsome beasts, but strong, and they looked speedy."

"The stable! Did you find a stable? This inn is the only stable I saw."

"Well, there is a stable for horses in the rear."

The conversation now ceased, and Buckford went back to his room. He was now in a thrill of excitement. He had lost his sense of illness. His mind was alert and quick. His eagerness to find a way to escape had overcome the effect of the drug.

He had taken off his clothes before retiring and now dressed himself. He then made an examination of his room. He remembered that the window looked out toward a large building, for he had seen it at the twilight hour when he had entered. This must be the stable spoken of by Vandal. He next cautiously opened the window, making as little noise as possible.

It was a dark night, there being no

moon and but few stars to be seen.

The great peak of the barn rose like a black mountain a short distance away.

He knew that he was on the ground floor of the inn. There seemed to be the roof of a shed under him.

He was about to let himself down from the window when a key turned in the lock of his door, and he heard the voices of Robard and his son.

At the same moment he heard the rolistering voices of three or four half drunken fellows under his window.

He was caught between two forces. To drop from the window at that moment was to drop into their hands. Robard would at once call out, and he would be taken.

While he was debating what to do Robard and his son entered.

"Ah, my friend, you have slept long," said Robard. "We feared you were ill."

"No, I was only very weary," said Buckford.

The younger Robard carried a lamp. By the light of this Buckford saw a knife sticking from the pocket of the elder Robard's coat.

With a leap like that of a panther, he was on the old man and tore the knife from the pocket. In another instant his point had found a soft spot between the robber's ribs.

Then, with a blow from his fist that sent the younger Robard reeling and the lamp flying against the wall, Buckford ran to the window and leaped to the roof of the shed below. From this he jumped down to the ground and came plump upon the rolistering party of four, who were startled at this sudden alighting of a rare bird among them.

"Ho! ho! What's this? A robber! Call Robard! Call Robard! Seize this fellow! Hold him till Robard comes!"

"Fools!" cried Buckford as he saw the window of his room lighted with a red glare. "I am a guest of the inn. My lamp upset, and the house took fire. This was the only escape. Do you see?"

"Fire, fire! Robard's inn is on fire!" they shouted, and, sobered by the terrible catastrophe, they released Buckford and ran to the front of the building to gain an entrance.

"Fire, fire!" Buckford could hear the alarm ringing from one end of the house to the other.

Then from the window of the room he had left came screams and yells of wild rage and despair.

"Murder! Robbery! He has gone! After him, you Frenchmen! The thief

They rode like the wind over the hills. You want has just set the house on fire, stabbed Robard and leaped from the window! After him!"

To be Continued.

Corn Whisky.

About 75 per cent of the whisky distilled in this country is made from corn.

Machine Made Horseshoes.

The machine made horseshoe was patented by Henry Burden of Troy, N. Y., in 1835. Other horseshoe patents were issued to him in 1843, 1857 and 1862.

Beet Root.

Beet root is very cooling and highly nutritious owing to the amount of sugar it contains.

Snow and Sound.

It is an extraordinary fact that men buried in an avalanche of snow hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of the snow.

Date of the Flood.

From the date of the creation to that of the flood the Hebrew version calculates 1,656 years, the Septuagint 2,262, the difference being 606 years.

England's Beer Tax.

England has had a beer tax ever since the twelfth century.

Yuruk Rugs.

Yuruk rugs are so called from a band of nomads who dwell among the mountains of Anatolia. They have large flocks of fine sheep and weave rugs of firm, even texture. The colors are very good, the field often of dark brown, ornamented with large designs.

Our First Fire Engine.

The first fire engine used in this country was brought from England to New York in 1781.

Vanilla and Coffee.

The drop of vanilla in a cup of chocolate is familiar, but one housekeeper says the addition of a little vanilla to coffee just before serving improves it.

Locust Swarms.

The expression used by the prophet Joel with regard to the locusts that "they darkened the sun" has often been corroborated by subsequent observers. Even in southern Europe swarms of locusts have been seen in such numbers that they quite obscure the light of the sun.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.



SURPRISE

is SOAP

Pure Hard Soap.



Because they don't think, some people do think

that it doesn't matter what a low-priced article looks like.

Because they don't think, some people do think

that anything is good enough for the working classes.

Because they are bought chiefly by the "working classes," most Proprietary Medicines are turned out in the cheapest possible manner.

We know that the "working classes" appreciate nice things as much as the rich people; and we do business upon that principle.

IRON-OX Tablets

are handsome enough for the millionaire, and none too handsome for the labourer.

And they are as good as they are handsome.

They Cure Constipation and Indigestion.

50 for 25c—50 for 25c—50 for 25c.

The IRON-OX Remedy Co., Limited, Waltherville, Ont.

For Sale

Choice Clover Seed, Timothy Seed, Millet Seed, White and Black Oats, Barley, Corn, Beans, Buckwheat, two Carloads Choice Seed Peas.

For Best Bread

Use Kent Mills Gold Medal Flour.

For Health....

Sleaven's Breakfast Food. "Sunrise" Cornmeal

The Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited

CHATHAM, - - - - - ONT.

Are You Going to Buy Any Wire?

If so Quinn & Patterson now have a complete assortment of all kinds of Fence Wire. No. 9 gal. Smooth Wire, both in medium hard and hard, Barbed Wire, and No. 9 hard crimped Wire, Nos. 12 and 13 Galvanized Wire, No. 11 Oiled and Annealed Wire. All this has been purchased in large quantities for Spot Cash, and it will pay the Farmer to call on **Quinn & Patterson**, and get their prices before buying elsewhere.

Their Hardware Store is just 3 doors east of Market and their Implement Ware Rooms are in the Bright's Opera House Block, opposite the Market.

Quinn & Patterson

CHATHAM'S MILLINERY STORE

This is the Last Week for Fall Hats

We have the Spring Goods coming in fast and must make room for it.

We are preparing for our Spring Opening

C. A Cooksley - King St., Opp. Market

BACK-ACHE ?

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys, there is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

He felt somewhat ill, the natural effect of taking into his lungs the fumes of a stupefying drug.

He lay on his bed expecting some one to come to him. He knew that in any inn—any well regulated inn—when a guest slept too long there would be