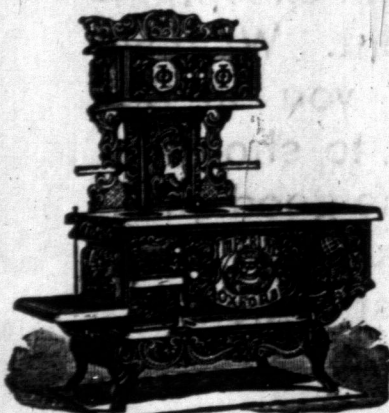


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Ceylon Green Tea. Absolutely free from adulteration.
It's as far ahead of Japan as "SALADA" Black is ahead of all other Black Teas.

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If your kitchen range is old style—burns too much fuel—needs constant "humoring"—and then cast be counted on to bake or cook well, don't blame the poor old thing, but buy the new

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BLOOD POISON.

If you have this awful disease you are in danger until completely cured; the various symptoms you notice should be a warning to take immediate treatment. Don't put it off until too late, as it continually gets worse. If you have sore throat, patches on tongue or mouth, swollen glands, hair falling out, blotches on body, itching skin, or other signs of this awful disease, call on us. We give you a written guarantee to cure you by our LATEST METHOD TREATMENT without Mercury or Potassium, and You Pay When Cured. Each time you call you see Dr. Goldberg personally, who has 18 Diplomas, certificates and licenses received from the various colleges, hospitals and States, which testify to his standing and abilities.

The original testimonials can be seen at our office; \$500.00 reward for any we cannot show; at request of patients we publish only the initials.
I am improving every day. I notice if I eat or scratch myself the sore will heal up. I hope you will not stop treating me as long as there is a sign of that terrible disease. I am more afraid of it than death. I believe you have the right medicine for the disease. I feel so thankful to you for the good you have done me; I was a perfect wreck when I came to you, and was on the verge of suicide. To make a sure thing I would like to continue a while longer, so that it will not return. Very respectfully yours, Mrs. L. S.
CASE NO. 28,082. May 31, 1899.
I am happy to say that your medicine helped my trouble more than any thing I ever took.
CASE NO. 312,094. Oct. 15, 1899.
Your treatment has helped me wonderfully.
CASE NO. 28,116. Nov. 18, 1899.
I have confidence in you as a doctor, for you help more than any one else has, and I feel that you cured me.
A. L.

OUR LATEST METHOD TREATMENT
CURES Blood Poison, Chronic, Nervous, Impotency, Varicose, Stricture, Kidney, Bladder, Liver, Stomach, Female and Rectal Troubles.
CONSULTATION FREE. Call on or write for blank for home treatment. BOOK FREE. Hours 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sundays 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

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WHEAT \$1 PER BUSHEL

Kansas Turkey Red.

Winter Wheat at Cost. Government Refunds Duty

This Wheat yields 40 bushels to the acre and tests 64 lbs. and flour equal to Manitoba Hard. Only one car. First come first served.

Buy Kent Mills Flour. The Best is the Cheapest

The Kent Mills Co., Limited

FROG SPEARING.

A Sport as Full of Thrills as Angling For Black Bass.

To achieve success as a frog spearer ("frog sticker" sounds like slang) one must have a keen eye and a steady hand and be able to refrain from useless discourse. It has some of the elements of fire hunting and some of giggling for fish. Two men get in a boat with a headlight attached to the prow. One of the men handles the paddle or oars, and the other sits close up behind the headlight, spear in hand, and watches out for frogs. When the man with the spear sees a frog, he says "Steady" in a low tone. The paddler brings the boat almost to a halt, and the man in front prepares to strike. This looks easy, but the first time you try it you will find it isn't. The spear is at the end of a long pole 10 or 12 feet long. The spearsman holds it in his right hand, letting it trail in the water. In striking the shaft is sunk, and the point barely comes to the surface. This is the instant when the frog is struck, and he is struck so that he cannot struggle out of the times. As soon as the spearsman is assured of his position and distance he thrusts at the frog. If his aim is true, the frog is impaled and is lifted high out of the water. As soon as the frog is disengaged from the barbed point he is thrown into a bag, which must be kept tightly closed to prevent escape, for a frog is a voracious and indefatigable worker for liberty even when his diaphragm is punctured full of holes.

The sensation that a 12 inch frog can send into your arm through the medium of a ten foot pole is equal to the shock that a three pound bass conveys up the length of a split bamboo rod, and when a man has once speared a frog he never is satisfied until he has repeated the feat, and he isn't satisfied then, for he is sure to try it again.

Of course you don't need to be told that frog legs are good to eat, but possibly you may not know that not one restaurant in a hundred prepares them properly. They should be treated precisely like spring chickens are treated by old time southern cooks.

HIS IDEA OF A WIFE.

The Bride Who Answered the Little Widow's Matrimonial Ad.

"Love" said a short letter to the advertisement window.
"Speaking from experience?" inquired the young man who splices ink and answers questions about the weather.

"Yes, hard experience."

"Can you confide?"

"I suppose so. You see, I inserted a personal in the paper the other day."

"So I remember."

"And I only received one reply."

"Was that satisfactory?"

"I must confess that it was not."

"How was that?"

"Well, I just tell you all. You see, it has been two years since I lost my last husband, and naturally I feel alone in the world. So I hit on the idea of a personal in the paper. I went on to say that I was a widow, with a child, and would marry a man who could appreciate true love. Here is how my lone bride of a correspondent replied:

"Dear Madam—In reply to your personal will say that I am an old bachelor and the owner of a 1,000 acre farm. I was considered handsome before the sun wrinkled my neck and the rain formed wrinkles as big as cart runs in my face. Madam, here is a note to you: A wife that can read novels and makes caramels on the kitchen range has my dislike; a wife that can put up fruit and make quills has my liking, but a wife that can milk 12 cows before sunrise, feed 30 farmhands, put up preserves on wash day, make soft soap on Saturday night, patch my clothes and then go to meet on Sunday with a fresh milk has my love. If you come under the latter, let me know, and I will meet you at the depot with the farm wagon. Always the same. CYRUS KALL."

"He doesn't want much for his love," remarked the clerk.

"It's a brute!" said the little widow.

"Then I suppose you will decline?"

"Decline? Why, I would rather drift alone forever than ever meet such a monster."

The Kicking Tree at Wells.

The "kicking tree" is a landmark half way between Wells college and the nearest village, which bears evidence of peculiar treatment from the students of that well known educational establishment. It is described as a large elm, whose branches shade the walk traversed by the college girls whenever they go to the town to make purchases, and it is about half a mile from the college. For two or three feet from the ground its trunk is sadly marred. There are scars on it and indications that it was once properly covered with a tree's usual growth, but all of it is gone now. The college girls have done it. Years ago some erratic girl started the fashion of walking as far as the tree and marking the progress by administering a vigorous kick upon its side. The fashion came to stay. Now not a college girl thinks of walking by it without touching her foot against the trunk in a casual, matter of fact way. Millions of times, probably, has the old elm been thus assailed.

He Captured Goethe.

There is no such luxury as privacy to him whose name is Goethe.

Some no doubt enjoy the distinction, but the majority must detest the intrusion.

Goethe once arrived at such a pitch of irritability from the prying curiosity of visitors that when a tourist would not be denied he descended from his study, lighted candle in hand, and without a word of greeting merely placed the candle on a table and sat still. In the noise of the candle he caught the tourist calmly seized the candle and went round and round the great man, examining his physiognomy with deliberate scrutiny. Whereupon the poet broke into a laugh and ordered wine.

And this persistent visitor, needless to remark, was an American—Argonaut.

Compensation.

Clevertown—I find nowadays that if a man wants to marry a girl he has to work till he gets her.

Dashaway—But it's the right girl he doesn't have to work afterward.

Engineers are always adjusting their machinery so that there is no lost motion. Some people are all lost motion.—Athenian Gleaner.

In Germany a tramp is called a "chaus-siergrabenarbeiter."

The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

leasly caught him by the shoulder, and began a series of shakes and pokes and digs; while Sir Norman stood near and contemplated the scene with a pensive eye. At last, while undergoing a severe course of this treatment, the watchman was induced to open his eyes on this mortal life, and transfix the two beholders with an intensely vacant and blank stare.

"Hey!" he inquired helplessly.

"What was you a-saying of, gentlemen? What is it?"

"We weren't a-saying of anything as yet," returned Hubert; "but we mean to shortly. Are you quite sure you are wide awake?"

"What do you want?" was the cross-question, given by way of the answer.

"What do you want, my friend, I want to know."

"Keep civil, friend, we wear swords," said Hubert, touching with dignity the hilt of the little dagger he carried; "we only want to ask you a few questions. First, do you see that house over yonder?"

"Oh, I see it," said the man, gruffly; "I am not blind."

"Well, who was the last person you saw come out of that house?"

"I don't know who they was!" still more gruffly. "I ain't got the pleasure of their acquaintance."

"Did you see a young lady come out of it lately?"

"Did I see a young lady?" burst out the watchman, in a high key of aggrieved expostulation. "How many more times this blessed night am I to be asked about that young lady? First and foremost, there comes two young men, which this here is one of them, and they bring out the young lady and have her come along another way, and she comes all the particulars, and by the time he gets properly away, somebody else comes and brings her back like a drowned rat; then all sorts of people goes in and out, and then fall asleep, and before I've been in that condition about a minute, you two come punching me and waken me up to ask questions about her! I wish that young lady was in Jericho—I do!" said the watchman, with another growl.

"Come, come, my man!" said Hubert, slapping him smoothly on the shoulder. "Don't be savage, if you

can help it! This gentleman has a gold coin in one of his pockets. I believe, and it will fall to you if you keep quiet and answer decently. Tell me how many have been in that house since the young lady was brought back like a drowned rat."

"How many?" said the man, meditating, with his eyes fixed on Sir Norman's garments, and he, perceiving that, immediately gave him the promised coin to refresh his memory, which it did with amazing quickness.

"How many—oh—let me see; there was the young man that brought her in, and went off, and came out again, and went away. By-and-bye he came back with another, which I think this as gave me the money is him. After a little they came out, first the other, then this one, and went off, and the next that went in was a woman in a mask, with a mask on, and right behind her came two men; the woman in the mask came out after awhile; and about ten minutes after, the two men followed, and one of them carried something in his arms, that didn't look unlike a lady with her head in a shawl. Anything wrong, sir?" as Sir Norman gave a violent start and caught Hubert by the arm.

"Nothing! Where did they carry her to?"

"What did they do with her? Go on! go on!"

"Well," said the watchman, eyeing the speaker curiously. "I'm going to. They went along down to the river, both of them, and I saw a boat shove off, shortly after, and a boat shove off, with its head in a shawl, lying as peaceable as a lamb, with one of the two beside it. That's all—I went to sleep about then, till you two were shaking me and wakening me up."

Sir Norman and Hubert looked at each other, one between despair and rage, the other with a thoughtful, half-inquiring air, as if he had some secret to tell, and was mentally questioning whether it was safe to do so. On the whole, he seemed to come to the conclusion that a silent tongue maketh a wise head, and frowning and saying "Thank you" to the watchman, he passed his arm through the door of Leoline's house.

"There is a light within," he said, looking up at it; "how comes that?"

"I found the lamp burning when I returned, and everything within turbed. They must have entered noiselessly and carried her off without a struggle," replied Sir Norman, with a sort of groan.

"Have you searched the house—searched it well?"

"Thoroughly—from top to bottom."

"It seems to me there ought to be some trace. Will you come back with me and look again?"

"It is no use, but there is nothing else I can do, so come along."

They entered the house, and Sir Norman led the page direct to Leoline's room, where the light was.

"I left her here when I went away, and here the lamp was burning away. I can't see so, it must have been from this room she was taken."

Hubert was gazing slowly and critically around, taking note of everything. Something glistened and flashed on the floor under the mantle, and he went over and picked it up.

"What have you there?" asked Sir Norman in surprise; for the boy had started so suddenly and flushed so violently that it might have astonished anyone.

"Only a shoe buckle—a gentleman's. Do you recognize it?"

"Though he spoke in his usual careless way, and half-hummed the air of one of Lord Rochester's love songs, he watched him keenly as he spoke. It was a diamond buckle, exquisitely set, and of great beauty and value, but Sir Norman knew nothing of it.

"There are initials upon it."

"In the springtime Ladies' fancies lightly turn to thoughts of . . ."

Gas

CHATHAM GAS CO., Limited.

Here is the Place

SIGN OF THE BIG CLOCK

A. A. JORDAN

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff

there!" said Hubert, pointing, and still watching him with the same powerful glance. "The letters 'C' and 'S' can't stand for Count L'Estrange."

"Who, then, can it stand for?" inquired Sir Norman, looking at him fixedly, and with far more penetration than the count page had given him credit for. "I am certain you know."

"I suspect," said the boy, emphatically, "nothing more; and if it is as I believe, I will bring you news of Leoline before you are two hours older."

"How am I to know you are not deceiving me, and will not betray her into the power of the Earl of Rochester—if, indeed, she be not in his power already?"

"She is not in it, and never will be through me. I feel an odd interest in this matter, and I will be true to you, Sir Norman—though why I should be I really don't know. I give you my word of honor that I will do what I can to find Leoline, and to restore her to you; and I have never yet broken my word of honor to any man," said Hubert drawing himself up.

"Well I will trust you, because I cannot do anything better," said Sir Norman, rather dolefully; "but why not let me go with you?"

"No, not that would never do! I must go alone, and you must trust me implicitly. Give me your hand upon it."

They shook hands silently, went downstairs and stood for a moment at the door.

"You'll find me here at any hour between this and morning," said Sir Norman. "Farewell now, and heaven speed you!"

The boy waved his hand in adieu, and started off at a sharp pace. Sir Norman turned in the opposite direction far about, to cool the fever in his blood, and think over all that had happened. As he went slowly along in the shadow of the houses, he suddenly tripped up over something lying in his path, and was nearly precipitated over it.

Stopping down to examine the stumbling-block, it proved to be the right body of a man, and that man was Ormiston, stark and dead, with his face upturned to the calm night sky!

CHAPTER XVII.

When Malcolm Ormiston, with his usual cool, sensible penetration, took himself off, and left Leoline and Sir Norman tete-a-tete, his steps turned as mechanically as the needle to the North Pole toward La Masque's house. Before he wandered around it, he wandered about it, and he was lost in speculation about the hidden face, and fearfully impatient about the flight of time. If La Masque saw him hovering aloof and unable to tear himself away, perhaps it might show him the door, and cause her to shorten the dreary interval, and summon him to her presence at once. Just then someone opened the door, and his heart beat with anticipation; someone pronounced his name, and, going over, he saw the animated bag of bones—otherwise his lady-love's vassal and porter.

"La Masque says," began the attenuated lackey, and Ormiston's heart nearly jumped out of his mouth; "that she can't have anybody hanging about her house like a shadow; and she wants you to go away, and keep away, till the time comes she has mentioned."

So saying, he jerked out of his door, and Ormiston's heart went down to zero. There being nothing for it but obedience, however, he slowly and reluctantly turned away, feeling in his bones that if ever he came to the black and empty of calling La Masque Mrs. Ormiston, the gray mare in his stable would be by long odds the better horse. Unintentionally his steps turned to the water-side, and he descended the flight of stairs, determined to get into a boat and watch the illumination from the river.

Late as was the hour, the Thames seemed alive with light and bar-gees, and their numerous lights danced along the surface like fireflies over a marsh. A gay barge, filled and cushioned, was going slowly past; and as he stood directly under the lamp, he was recognized by a gentleman within it, who leaned over and hailed him:

"Ormiston! I say, Ormiston!"

"Well, my lord," said Ormiston, recognizing the handsome face, the animated voice of the Earl of Rochester.

"Have you any engagements for the next half-hour? If not, do me the favor to take a seat here, and watch London in flames from the river."

"With all my heart," said Ormiston, running down to the water's edge and leaping into the boat. With all this bustle of life around here, one would think it were noonday instead of midnight.

"The whole city is astir about these fires. Have you any idea they will be successful?"

"Not the least," said Ormiston, my lord, the prediction runs that the plague will rage till the living are no longer able to bury the dead."

"It will soon come to that," said the Earl, shuddering slightly. "If it does now daily. How do the bills of mortality run to-day?"

"I have not heard. Hark! There goes St. Paul's tolling twelve."

"And there goes a flash of fire—the first among many. Look, look! How they spring up into the black darkness!"

"They will not do it long. Look at the sky, my lord. Up at the midnight sky, of a dull and dingy red color, except where black and heavy clouds were heaving like angry billows, all dingy with smoke and streaked with bars of fiery red."

"I see. There is a storm coming, and a heavy one. Our worthy burghers and most worshipful lord magistrates will see their fire extinguishers shortly, and themselves sent home with wet jackets."

"And for weeks, almost months, there has not fallen a drop of rain," remarked Ormiston, gravely.

To be Continued.

ON THE ROAD

All the time, eating irregularly, sleeping irregularly, exposed to every disease latent in bad cooking or poor food; that's a summary of the traveling man's life. The result is "stomach trouble"; that general term which covers various forms and stages of disease of the organs of digestion and nutrition. The traveling man can't avoid the troubles which spring from his business obligations. But he can avoid "stomach trouble." If Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is used when the early symptoms of the derangement of the stomach manifest themselves, the cure will be quick and radical. But even if the disease has become chronic, the "Discovery" will cure ninety-eight times out of every hundred if tried fairly and faithfully.

Mr. Ned Nelson, the celebrated Irish comedian and mimic, of 37 Roydon, Camden, N.Y., writes: "We fulfilled an engagement of twelve weeks and the consequence was a bad attack of that dreaded disease called dyspepsia. I had tried everything possible to cure it, but without success. I then procured a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, tried it, and, thank God, with good results. I feel like a new man. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 30 stamps for the same book cloth-bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y."

MACHINE TRICKS.

What is Believed to be a Plot to Steal the Elections.

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 4.—To prevent the perpetration of a widespread fraud, A. W. Wright and T. W. H. Leavitt, Conservative organizers, have issued a circular letter to all Conservative candidates in Ontario, requesting them to instruct their scrutineers to be on their guard against what appears to be a desperate plot to steal the elections. The organizers have received what they regard as positive information that it is the intention of the "machine" to run in as voters a large number of unauthorized persons whose names are not on the voters' list. Section 6, sub-section 2 of the Franchise Act, provides that persons whose names are left off the list by reason of their holding official positions may nevertheless vote. The scheme of the machine is to have gangs of pluggers represent that their names have been accidentally left off the lists and claim that under the section quoted they are entitled to vote. By courtesy, the trick cannot be worked except by the connivance of dishonest deputy returning officers, and the appointment of a sufficient number of such officials is part of the scheme. The circular issued by the organizers requests all scrutineers to object to every vote that may be attempted to be polled in this way, have their objections noted, secure the names and addresses of those who attempt to vote, and take means to secure their future identification. The organizers request that a notice to the following effect be served upon every deputy returning officer immediately upon the opening of the polls:—

"Take notice that you have no right to supply a ballot paper to any person unless his name is on the list of voters supplied to you, except those who come under the Dominion Franchise Act of 1880, section 6, who are by reason of their official position, left off the list; and further take notice that if you allow others than those entitled to vote to receive a ballot from you, you will be liable, and held responsible under the statute for the penalty for so doing."

This notice should be signed by the candidate, or, in his absence, by one of his agents, and handed to the deputy returning officer. The organizers also point that persons who may have been appointed to office since the last provisions of the list do not come within the provisions of the act, as their names were not left off by reason of their being office-holders.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take an enema.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE. Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.