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Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Cresolene complete, \$1.50. Extra supplies of Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 350 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

## The Whole Story in a letter

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From Capt. P. L. Lyle, Police Station No. 4, Montreal:—We frequently use Fernald's Pain-Killer for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, frost bites, chilblains, cramps, and all ailments which betfall men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that Pain-Killer is the best remedy to have near at hand.

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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.

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Soothe tired muscles, relieve aches and pains, and give the body a feeling of comfort and strength. Don't take the weak, watery witch hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sores and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

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**Our Bread, Pies, Cakes, Buns, etc.,**  
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Will GIVE YOU AN APPETITE! MAKE YOU STRONG! MAKE YOU WELL!  
Dr. Eugene M. D.L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the best remedy for all ailments of the lungs, throat, and chest. It is the only remedy that gives you the strength and vitality that you need. It is the only remedy that is pure and safe. It is the only remedy that is guaranteed to cure you.

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**KENNEDY & KERGAN**  
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DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

## THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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"--to that, we might have done it before," said Vandal. "We can bury him in the cellar. But you had other plans."

"Yes, I know I did. I thought it would puzzle the police in a different way. I did not think they would prove so stupid as they seem now. It is better to leave them in their stupid error than to stir the mess all up again."

"I agree," said Vandal.

"I agree," said Reber and Robello.

This delightful quartet reached the house of Mme. du Barry and stood outside looking stupidly—at least all but Casparin, who knew little of the place—at the windows, which were darkened, but which were usually ablaze with light till nearly morning.

"What is wrong here?" muttered Vandal. "Mme. du Barry must be ill. The house looks like a funeral."

"It will be a place of a funeral soon," chuckled Reber. "That chap I found on the bridge! Ho, ho! He didn't know what was good for him. But, after all, what is the difference between the cellar of madame's house and the Seine?"

"Yes, what?" added Robello.

"Shut up," said Vandal roughly. "I tell you I don't like this. It means something."

Vandal, being a favorite of madame's and having use for her convenient house sometimes when she was out, carried a key. He opened the door. The hall was dimly lighted. A servant sat nodding in the hall.

"Hello, Francois! What is this? Where is madame?" asked Vandal.

Francois looked up sleepily.

"I don't know, monsieur," he said. "I have not seen madame since she went this morning to lie down with her headache. She is out; so much I know, for the cook, who was coming from the markets, saw her leave the house."

"And did she leave no word with any one?"

"Not a word, monsieur."

"That is strange. Well, sit up for madame. We are going up stairs. In a short time you may hear us moving about. We may even bring our own wine from the cellar. There will be no need of attending us. Do you understand?"

"I understand, monsieur."

Francois did more than understand. He rejoiced, for he was sleepy.

The four passed on up stairs. They entered the room in which they had held the conference overheard by Buckford.

"Get a light, Reber, while I unlock this door," said Vandal.

"Poof!" muttered Reber, moving about slowly to obey. "It is time we got that thing out of there. Poof! And it is not so very hot either."

"Yes, it is high time," said Robello. Reber having found a lamp and lighted it, Vandal took his key from his pocket and opened the door. He stepped in with the lamp. The others followed him.

Vandal stood with the lamp raised above his head. The other three stood grouped around him gazing stupidly at him and at each other. Casparin was the first to recover his speech.

"There is something wrong here," he said. "Some one has removed the body."

"Impossible!" blurted out Vandal.

"None but Reber and myself have the keys."

"You are surely mistaken. The door was locked. Look! Has it been tampered with?"

Vandal handed the lamp to Reber and examined the door and lock.

"It is in order," he said. "I do not understand this—I swear I do not."

"Some one certainly has access to this room," said Casparin. "You told me you two held the keys."

"And so—that is the truth. I myself had this partition placed here. I put on that lock with my own hands. There were two keys with the lock, and I gave one to Reber. As I live, these are the only keys that will unlock this door."

"Then account for this mystery. We left a dead man locked in here. He is gone, and yet you alone could open the door."

"And we thought he was getting—ho, the window is open!" said Reber. "It was not so this morning."

"That is a still greater mystery!" said Vandal. "The window was locked on the inside. Some one has managed to come up and get it open and take out the American."

Casparin laughed—a long, low hissing laugh of anger and derision.

"I am beside myself with delight," he said. "I came from Deneslia to find men who were quick and shrewd in planning. I thought the French could excel in that. Why, we have plowmen in Deneslia who are better."

"What do you think, then?" asked Vandal.

"What do I think? My God! Are you still in the dark! What do I think! I know. The man you left in here was not dead. He recovered consciousness, climbed out of that window and made his escape. We now have him against us and at liberty. We might better have left him in the Palais de Justice. There was no certainty he would be believed."

"He must have escaped," said Vandal, having a thought only for the disaster.

"He must have escaped. Yes, he must surely have gone out of the window," said Reber and Robello.

"And of course, since you are so wise, you gentlemen," said Casparin, "you can associate his escape and the disappearance of your Mme. du Barry with each other."

"No, no! Surely not!" said Vandal.

"Surely yes! Was her room not under this?"

"Her room is there."

"Her room no longer, my friend. I fear you will find the lady dead in her room. It was not Mme. du Barry the cook saw leaving, but the American dressed in madame's clothes."

At this a horrified cry came from Vandal, and he rushed for the door. He led the way and the others followed him to the floor below. The door of madame's room was not locked. Vandal entered, expecting to see a most ghastly sight.

He saw nothing but a bed, slightly rumpled, and articles of female clothing lying about.

"I own my mistake," said Casparin with a laugh. "The American has not killed madame. He has eloped with her."

Vandal cursed roundly and well. Reber and Robello shivered.

Mme. du Barry knew their secrets. Not a crime had been committed by either of them in years that Mme. du Barry did not know. And now she had gone with her foe—the American.

"We will follow them! I will kill them both!" cried Vandal.

"Take my advice and go to bed," said Casparin. "We can do nothing before daylight. There is nothing to fear at once, for the American will not give himself up to the police before he ascertains what fate they have in store for him. A reward of 5,000 francs is offered for his apprehension."

Reber slapped his leg.

"Good! It was worth 5,000 francs to us for him to escape. We will run him down and earn the reward!"

"My friend, you are quick to think, but you invariably think the wrong thing. We shall do nothing of the kind. We will run him down, but the police shall never see him."

"Oh, as to that, you are able to pay the 5,000 francs."

"And will. Now get some rest. We must be early astir."

They obeyed him, and early in the morning they were ready and eager for the chase.

It proved to be far from difficult to trace Mme. du Barry. She was well known in that quarter.

It was soon learned by persistent questioning on the part of Vandal that Mme. du Barry, in company with another woman, "beautifully dressed," had been seen on the street. No one knew the other woman.

Bit by bit they traced madame, and finally the clew led to the bank.

"It is surely an elopement," said Vandal. "She has drawn her money."

"Then they are on the way to America," said Reber.

The trail ended at the bank. It was in a quarter where no one knew Mme. du Barry. They returned to the house much discouraged. It was imperative that the American be found before he had time to warn the Prince of Deneslia of the plot against him.

At the house they found a telegram from Mme. du Barry at Strassburg. It was addressed to Vandal:

"I am in Strassburg without money. Have been the victim of a police agent."

"What mystery is this!" demanded Casparin. "Have the police regained possession of the American? He may be dead, after all. Come, things may not be so bad. We must go to Strassburg."

"To Strassburg? Why not send money to madame to return?"

"Such would be the thing if we were certain the man was dead. But we are in doubt. If he is alive, as indeed seems probable, he is either in the hands of the police or in Strassburg with madame. In the first instance, we must take ourselves out of Paris at once, and, in the second, we must get to Strassburg as soon as possible. You see we kill two birds with one stone. We must go to Strassburg."

The four were soon in a train bound for Strassburg. Vandal had the telegram from madame. It bore the name

## CAUSE TO REJOICE.

The earth was not made in a day, neither is rheumatism cured in a day. Mrs. Jacob Dairmaid, Black River Bridge, Prince Edward County, Ont., suffered intense pain in both limbs for a year and a half, and two physicians were unable to give her relief. Half a bottle of Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure gave her case and five bottles, with the Climax Iron Tonic Pills, effected a permanent cure. Her many friends are rejoiced at her recovery. This great blood purifier is put up in bottles containing ten days treatment. Price 50 cents at all drug stores or The Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

## Children Cry for CASTORIA.

of no hotel. It had been sent from the railway station.

Having reached Strassburg they went no farther than the station to begin their search.

They found madame asleep on one of the benches with two infuriated employees angrily ordering her to sit up or they would call the police.

She opened her eyes, saw Vandal and leaped to her feet with a cry like that of a tigress.

"Oh! Ah! You have come, then!" she said. "Have you brought knives and pistols to kill a beast? Well, that is what you must do. I have sat here since last evening. I am nearly dead with loss of sleep and my awful hunger. For the love of the good God, get me something to eat."

Vandal obediently took her to the cafe, and she attacked her meal with the eagerness of the famishing.

"And now," said Casparin, "while you are eating, madame, please tell us what happened to you, and why an agent of police brought you here."

"Bah! Those police! I was asleep in my room. I was to find a young man there. He ordered me to be quiet. He said he was an agent of police in search of a prisoner. He declared he had searched my house and was assured the prisoner was gone. I knew he had not found that little room up stairs where the prisoner was. Well, he then had other fish to fry. He was after some spies against the government. You were one, Vandal; you, your highness, were another. He commanded me to obey and threatened to take me to the Palais de Justice. You all know whether that would be agreeable. I obeyed. He made me dress him as a woman. Oh, I laughed when I disguised him! I gave him that fine silk gown you gave me, Vandal—that one with the flowers on it. Well, you will know that madame when you meet her. She has on that gown. Then we went to the bank. I drew a thousand francs, and he took it all. We came to Strassburg, and here I am. Where the agent of police is I do not know. When we arrived here, he told me to remain here while he went to engage a carriage. That was the last I saw of him or my thousand francs."

Reber and Robello gazed wonderingly. Vandal looked at Casparin for the solution of this great mystery.

"My friend, you have been badly sold," said the prince. "The supposed agent of police was no other than our prisoner. He climbed from his room to yours. He assumed the role of police to frighten you into obedience. He had no money, of course, just coming from the Palais de Justice. You kindly accommodated him with a thousand francs."

"He brought you here and left you without money in order to prevent your telling us until he had had time to escape."

"This matter is more serious than it seems. It proves that this American, instead of being, as we supposed, a youth who was easy to dupe, is shrewd and farseeing. He will be an enemy worthy of our steel."

"But undoubtedly he is now on the way to America," said Reber.

"Nonsense. One scarcely goes from Paris to America by way of Strassburg. He had but a thousand francs. It would not carry him there after his expense of bringing himself and madame here. He has gone to Deneslia. That, my friends, is where we shall find him—in Deneslia. And we must find him soon or our game will be knocked into rubbish."

"But what, then, of me?" asked Mme. du Barry. "Am I to starve or be dragged to Deneslia with you?"

"I think you had better go home. I will furnish you the money," said Casparin.

To be Continued.

To Copy Writing.

To copy writing instantly add a little sugar to the ink, with which write the letter to be copied; then lay a sheet of unsized thin paper damped with a sponge on the writing. Pass lightly over it a flatiron very moderately heated, and a reverse impression of the writing will be accurately taken off.

Goose Quills.

In the eighteenth century geese were raised in Russia and Poland in vast flocks almost entirely for the sake of their quills.

Ancient Money.

According to Prescott the money of the Aztecs consisted of quills full of gold dust and bags of chocolate grains. Before the introduction of coined money into Greece skewers or spikes of iron and copper were used, six being a drachma or handful.

Lima Beans.

Ordinary lima beans, it has been stated, are good for allaying thirst.

The English Sovereign.

The English sovereign, value 20 shillings, was first used in 1826. In 1890 the largest coin in general use in England was the noble, value 15 shillings.

Plants of Asia.

No other fibrous plant except cotton is grown to any extent in central Asia. In a few places mallow hemp is found in small quantities, and a long, durable yarn is made from it, but the industry has not reached any commercial importance, the yarn serving for household use only among the natives.

Doctored in Turkey.

Among the peasants of Turkey almost all the doctoring is still done by women. In Constantinople there are laws against these healers, but they flourish nevertheless.

Kills Cholera Germs.

The juice of limes and lemons is as deadly to cholera germs as corrosive sublimate or any other disinfectant.



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(ST. MICHAEL'S WINE)

Gives a Beautiful Complexion by natural means.

It has never failed to make pure, rich, red blood, that flows warm and colored through the veins and thus gives a clear rosy complexion, bright eyes and red lips to the palest woman, even if her natural complexion is pale and sallow.

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## IRON-OX Tablets;

the formula of a reliable physician, composed of the finest drugs, and recommended only for those complaints which it will certainly cure.

## They Cure Constipation and Indigestion.

Fifty tablets—in a dainty aluminum box—Twenty-five cents.

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