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Every wearied mother finds in Surprise Soap those qualities which rob wash day of its terrors. It does the work in half the time of other soaps; it makes the clothes clean and wholesome; it allows the housewife plenty of time to attend to other important duties. Surprise Soap contributes more to the sum total of domestic happiness than any other article that enters the household.

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St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co.
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.



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on your corns, but call on us for our

Jordan's Corn Cure

It will remove the corn slick and clean, and you will be relieved of all pain.

Health and Happiness will be the result if you use our Medicines.

Our stock of proprietary Medicines is complete, and will be found equal to almost every ailment. Our Prescription Department is fully equipped to supply anything and everything the doctor orders.

Davis' Drug Store

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No matter how serious your case may be or how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it. The "worn-out veins" return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The organs become vitalized and manly powers return. No temporary benefit, but a permanent cure assured. NO CURE, NO PAY. NO OPERATION NECESSARY. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.

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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 tissue, hence removes the stricture permanently. It can sever 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.

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And get the best work in the city.

WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

THE COURIER OF THE CZAR

By Jules Verne

Michael Strogoff and Nadia, lying down at the back part of the raft, endured without complaint this additional suffering. For a man who was reckoning soon to attain his end Michael Strogoff seemed singularly calm. Besides, in the most grave situations his energy had never abandoned him. Already he looked forward to the moment when at last it would be permitted him to think of his mother, of Nadia, of himself. He only feared one last and evil chance. It was lest the raft should be absolutely stopped by a barrier of thick ice before having reached Irkutsk. He did not think of anything but that, being, moreover, decided if it were necessary to attempt some supreme act of daring.

Nadia, refreshed by some hours of repose, had recovered that physical energy which misery had sometimes been able to subdue without ever having shaken her moral energy. She was thinking also that in case Michael Strogoff should make a new effort to attain his end she must be there to guide him. But at the time that she was approaching Irkutsk the image of her father was pictured more vividly in her mind. She saw him in the invested town, far from those he cherished, but—for she did not doubt it—struggling against the invaders with all the dash of his patriotism. Before many hours, if heaven should at length favor them, she would be in his arms, reciting to him the last words of her mother, and nothing should again separate them.

The raft still moved on, unperceived, amid the mass of floating ice. Up to this time no Tartar detachment had been signalled on the high banks of the Angara, and this indicated that the raft had not yet come on a live with their outposts.

Meanwhile it was necessary to maneuver with more care in the midst of the ice, which was fast closing. The old mariner rose up, and the mujiks took up again their boathooks. All had as much as they could do, and the management of the raft became more and more difficult, for the bed of the river was becoming obstructed.

Michael Strogoff had moved softly to the fore part of the raft. Alcide Jolivet had followed him. Both listened to what the old sailor and his men were saying.

"Guard there on the right!" "Look! The blocks of ice are thickening on the left!" "Keep it off! Keep it off with your boathook!"

"Before an hour we shall be stopped!" "If God wills it!" replied the old sailor. "Against his will nothing can be done."

"You hear them?" said Alcide Jolivet. "Yes," replied Michael Strogoff, "but God is with us."

Meantime the situation became more and more serious. If the raft once ceased to make headway, the fugitives would not only never reach Irkutsk, but they would be obliged to abandon their floating apparatus, which, crushed by the ice blocks, would not be long in sinking under the waters. The willow bindings were already breaking, the fir trunks, violently separated, were becoming entangled under the hard crust, and soon the unfortunate people would have no other refuge than the ice itself. Then, when daylight should come, they would be perceived by the Tartars and massacred without pity.

Michael Strogoff returned to the back part of the raft, where Nadia was waiting for him. He approached the young girl, he took her hand and put to her that invariable question, "Nadia, are you ready?" to which she answered as usual:

"I am ready."

For some versts more the raft continued to make its way through the floating ice. If the Angara should be choked up with ice, it would form a barrier, and consequently it would be impossible to follow the current. Already the passage down the river was slower. At every instant there were collisions, or time was lost by having to make long turnings. Here they must take a narrow pass between it—in fine, many anxious drawbacks.

And now only a few hours of the night remained. If the fugitives did not reach Irkutsk before 5 o'clock in the morning, they must give up all hope of ever entering there.

At length, at half past 1, in spite of all their united efforts, the raft struck against a thick barrier and stopped altogether. The ice which was floating down the river cast itself upon it and forced it against the obstacle and held it motionless as if it had been driven upon a reef.

At this place the Angara becomes narrowed to not more than half its normal breadth; hence the accumulation of ice blocks, which were by little and little piled one upon another under the action of the double pressure, which was considerable, and of the cold, whose intensity was redoubling. At 500 paces down the river again became wide, and ice blocks, detaching themselves by little and little from the lower edge of that field, continued to float down to Irkutsk; hence it is probable that without that narrowing of the banks the barrier would not have been formed, and the raft could have continued to descend the current. But the evil was irreparable, and the

fugitives had to give up all hope of reaching the end of their journey. If they had had at their disposal the tools which the whalers usually employ to open out canals across the icefields, if they had been able to cut this field as far as the place where the river became wider, perhaps the time would not have been wanting, but not a single saw, not a pickaxe, nothing with which to cut the crust, which the extreme cold had rendered as hard as granite.

What should they do?

At that moment rifle shots were heard on the right bank of the Angara. A shower of bullets was directed upon the raft. Had the unhappy men been perceived? Evidently, for other detachments resounded on the left bank. The fugitives, caught between two fires, became a target for the Tartar marksmen. Some were wounded by these balls, although in the midst of the great darkness they only fell by chance.

"Come, Nadia," whispered Michael Strogoff in the ear of the young girl.

Without making any observation, ready for everything, Nadia took the hand of Michael Strogoff.

"I am thinking of crossing the barrier," he said to her in a low voice. "Guide me, but let no one see us leave the raft."

Nadia obeyed. Michael Strogoff and she glided quickly over the surface of the icefield in a silence that was broken here and there by the firing.

Nadia crept on in front of Michael Strogoff. The balls fell around them like a shower of hailstones and crashed upon the ice. The surface of the field, rugged and with sharp edges, made their hands bleed, but still they kept advancing.

Ten minutes afterward the lower border of the barrier was reached. There the waters of the Angara again became free. A few large blocks of ice, becoming by degrees detached from the field and floating with the current, descended toward the town.

Nadia understood what Michael Strogoff wished to attempt. She saw one of those blocks of ice that was only held by a narrow tongue.

"Come," said Nadia.

And both lay down on this morsel of ice, which a slight rocking loosened from the bank, which became very unsteady.

The block began to make its way down the river. The river itself became wider, and the route was free.

Michael Strogoff and Nadia could hear the firing of guns, the cries of distress, the shouts of the Tartars that made themselves heard up the river. Then little by little those cries of deep anguish and of ferocious joy were lost in the distance.

"Oh, those poor companions!" whispered Nadia.

For half an hour the current quickly carried along the block of ice which was bearing Michael Strogoff and Nadia. At every moment they feared that they might sink under the water. Being caught in the stream, it followed the middle of the river, and it would not be necessary to give it an oblique direction there was question of making for the shores of Irkutsk.

Michael Strogoff, with his teeth set and his ears ready to catch the least sound, did not utter a single word. Never was he so near attaining his end. He felt that he was about to succeed.

Toward 2 o'clock in the morning a double row of lights lit up the sonorous horizon on the two banks of the Angara.

On the right was the glare from the lights of Irkutsk, on the left the fires of the Tartar camp.

Michael Strogoff was not more than half a verst from the city.

"At last!" whispered he.

But suddenly Nadia gave a cry.

At that cry Michael Strogoff rose up from the block, which became very unsteady. His hand stretched out toward the head of the Angara. His face, all lit up with the reflections of blue lights, became terrible to look at, and then, as though his eyes had been reopened to the light, he cried:

"Ah, God himself is against us!"

CHAPTER XVII.

IRKUTSK, capital of eastern Siberia, has in ordinary times a population of 30,000 souls. A high hill of solid rock, surmounting the right bank of the Angara, serves as a splendid position for its churches, crowned by a high cathedral, and for its houses, built in picturesque disorder along its slopes.

To be Continued.

The London Daily Mail publishes an alarmist dispatch from Madrid giving opinions of various prominent politicians concerning the gloomy outlook in Spain and their fears that the coronation of King Alfonso next May may be the signal for a revolution.

The old maid may work the census man, but she can't deceive the old man with the scythe. Father Time is the daddy of them all.

The littleness of a service has nothing whatever to do with its value in God's eyes. God appraises all service by the spirit in which it is performed.



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Frost Queen Chemola Vests for Women and Girls, made of chemola covered with French flannel. Perfect protection against cold and sudden changes—against coughs, colds, pneumonia, and all chest and lung troubles. Just the thing for children going to school. Price, \$5.00. Children's size, \$2.00.

Central Drug Store

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THE LADIES

know a stylish carriage when they see one, and for that reason we like to have them call and look over the beauties we have set up on the floor. Our advice to men is to bring the ladies with them when they select a new vehicle. They will know what best suits the case.

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Chatham's Millinery Store Chatham's Millinery Store

For The Holiday Season.

We have some very handsome Ribbons from 45c to 90c per yard. Sale price 25c

One Table of Hats at \$1.00

Worth from \$1.50 to \$2.50 at

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This is the time to secure them. It is stock taking time and during this stock taking we will sell at reduced prices. Here is a leader—

1 Berliner Gram-o-phone, worth \$15 for \$12.

6 Ladies' Solid Gold Watches, worth \$25 for \$15 each.

And other articles equally as cheap. At the Sign of the Big Clock.

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Money to Loan on Mortgages at 4 1/2 and 5 per Cent.

FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.

Frame house, two stories, 12 rooms, Lot 50 ft. front by 115 deep, \$1,000. Brick house, two stories, 7 rooms, Lot 40 feet front, by 208 feet deep, \$1,100.00.

Frame house, 10 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 104 ft., \$800.00. Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 feet, good stable, \$1,100.00.

Two vacant lots, each 60 feet front, by 104 feet. House, 8 rooms, lot 60 feet by 208 feet, \$1,000.

Farm in Howard, 32 1-2 acres, house, stable and orchard, \$1,000. Farm in Chatham Township, 110 acres. All cleared. Good house, barn, stables and sheds, \$5,700.00. Will trade for 25 or 50 acre farm, part payment.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 50 acres. All cleared. Good houses and barn, \$3,750.

Farm in Township of Chatham, 98 acres. All cleared. New frame house, large barn, stable, granary and drive, ouse and other buildings, \$7,500.

Farm in Township of Chatham, 50 acres. All cleared. Good house, and barn, \$2,500.

Valuable suburban residence, 11 rooms, with 11 acres of land. Good stable, \$3,500.

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Not those soft kind that are nearly eaten up with a cheap acid vinegar, but a good firm pickle, equal in flavor to some of the more expensive brands.

Large bottle Challenge Brand, 10c per bottle.

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Bulk Pickles, 15c a quart.

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