

It's Your Nerves.

It's the Condition of Your Nerves That Either Makes Your Life a Round of Pleasure or a Useless Burden.

To many women life is one round of sickness, weakness and ill health. To attempt even the lightest household duties fatigues them. Many of the symptoms accompanying this state of decline are: a feeling of tiredness waking, faintness, dizziness, sinking feeling, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, cold hands and feet, headache, dark circles under the eyes, pain in the back and side and all other accompaniments of a run down and weakened constitution.

All these symptoms and conditions are simply the result of a poor quality and defective circulation of the blood, with a wasting away of the nerve forces.

By feeding the system with

Dr. Ward's BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS.

You strike at the root of the disease and lay a solid foundation on which to build. Soon the weight increases, the sunken cheeks and flattened bust fill out, the eyes get bright and the thrill of renewed health and strength vibrates through the system.

50 cts. per box; five boxes for \$2.00; all druggists.

DOCTOR WARD CO.
Toronto, Ont.
Sole agents—**WATSON & SPOON**, 1510
THE RETURN TRIP.
Self case is pain. The only rest is labor for a worth end.—Whittier.

Don't Make... A Mistake YOU WILL

If looking for a birthday, wedding or Xmas present, purchase before seeing the fine selected stock of fancy china goods, at McConnell's, Park St., East. A large variety to choose from at prices that will please you. We have the largest window display of fancy china in the city. Call and see it.

Saturday, Nov. 24

We will have a 10c, 15c and 25c counter.

New goods, latest designs and very pretty.

WE SELL
Dinner sets, \$6.50, 97 pieces.
Tea sets, \$3.00, 44 pieces.
Chamber sets, \$1.95 each.

Our grocery stock is now complete. Our prices, why! they can't be beat. Roasted coffee, in berry, or ground. Only fifteen cents per lb.

Pork and Beans, 5c. per can.
Pickles, 10c. per bottle.
Figs, 5c. per lb.
Ginger candy, 5c. per lb.
New Prunes, 10c. per lb.
New selected Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Figs and Apples, sugar cured smoked shoulder, 12 to 1-2 per lb; hams and bacon, best corn cured.

Leave your order with us and we will give it our prompt attention.

John McConnell

Phone 190. Park St., East.
Sign of the Star

In Using Baking Powder

Nothing but the purest should be used. It is a well known fact that this article of food has been grossly adulterated and to such an extent that "The Government" has now deemed it advisable to prosecute all vendors of

Baking Powder Containing Alum

We are pleased to say that we can supply you with a Pure, Wholesome Baking Powder, entirely free from Alum or any other adulteration, and at a price no higher than is asked for the worthless article.

Price 25c per lb.
Manufactured at

Central C. H. Gunn & Co.
Phone 100
Cor. King and 5th Streets

NEW, PURE Kettle Rendered Lard
At the Pork Packing House
F. Chaplin Phone 240.

The Face Behind the Mask

A ROMANCE.

"There was one, in particular, possessed of even more devouring curiosity than the rest, a certain young countess of miraculous beauty, whom I need not describe, since you have her very image in Leonie. The Marquis de Montmorency, of a somewhat indomitable nature, loved her almost as much as he had done his mother, and she accepted him and they were married. She may have loved him, but still to this day I think it was more to discover the secret of La Masque than for any other cause. I loved my beautiful new mother too well to let her find it out; although from the day she entered our house as a bride, until that on which she lay on her deathbed, her whole aim, day and night, was its discovery. There seemed to be a fatality about my father's wives; for the beautiful Leonie lived scarcely longer than her predecessor, and she died, leaving three children—all born at one time—you know them well, and one of them you love. To my care she entrusted them on her deathbed; and she could have scarcely have entrusted them to worse; for, though I liked her, I most decidedly disliked them. They were lovely children—their lovely mother's image—and they were named Hubert, Leonie and Honore, or, as you know her, Miranda. Even my father did not care for them much; not even as much as he cared for me; and when he lay on his deathbed, one year later, I was left, young as I was, their sole guardian, and trustee of all his wealth. That wealth was not fairly divided; one-half being left to me and the other half to be shared equally between them; but, in my wicked ambition, I was not even satisfied with that. Some of you will remember that I resolved to be clear of these three stumbling blocks, and recompense myself for my other misfortunes by every indulgence boundless riches could bestow. So, in the night, I left my home, with an old and trusty servant, known to you as Prudence, and my unfortunate little brother and sisters. Strange to say, Prudence was attached to one of them, and neither of the rest—that one was Leonie, whom she resolved to keep and care for, and neither she nor I minded what became of the other two.

"From Paris we went to Dijon, where we dropped Hubert into the care of the convent door, with his name attached, and left him where he would be well taken care of, and no questions asked. With the other two we started for Calais, en route for England; and there Prudence got rid of Honore in a singular manner. A packet was about starting for the island of our destination, and she saw a strange looking little man carrying his luggage from the wharf into the boat. She had the infant in her arms, having carried it out for the identical purpose of getting rid of it, and, without more ado, she laid it down, unseen, among boxes and bundles, and, like Hagar, stood afar off to see what became of it. That ugly little man was the dwarf, and his amazement on finding it among his goods and chattels you may imagine; but he kept it, notwithstanding, though why, is best known to himself. A few weeks after that, we, too, came over, and Prudence took up her residence in a quiet little village a long way from London. Thus, you see, Sir Norman, how it comes about that we are so related, and the wrong I have done them all."

"You have, indeed," said Sir Norman, gravely, having listened, much shocked and displeased, at this open confession: "and to one of them it is beyond our power to atone. Do you know the life of misery to which she has been assigned?"

"I know it all, and have repented for it in my own heart, in dust and ashes! Even I, unlike all other earthly creatures as I am, have no conscience, and it has given me no rest night or day since. From that hour I have never lost sight of them; every sorrow they have undergone has been known to me, and added to my own; and yet I could not, or would not, undo what I had done. Leonie knows all now; and she will tell Hubert, since destiny has brought them together; and whether they will forgive me I know not. But yet they might, for they have long and happy lives before them, and we can forgive everything of the dead."

"But you are not dead," said Sir Norman, gravely, having listened, much shocked and displeased, at this open confession: "and to one of them it is beyond our power to atone. Do you know the life of misery to which she has been assigned?"

"I know it all, and have repented for it in my own heart, in dust and ashes! Even I, unlike all other earthly creatures as I am, have no conscience, and it has given me no rest night or day since. From that hour I have never lost sight of them; every sorrow they have undergone has been known to me, and added to my own; and yet I could not, or would not, undo what I had done. Leonie knows all now; and she will tell Hubert, since destiny has brought them together; and whether they will forgive me I know not. But yet they might, for they have long and happy lives before them, and we can forgive everything of the dead."

"But you are not dead," said Sir

Norman, "and there is repentance and pardon for all. Much as you have wronged them, they will forgive you; and heaven is not less merciful than they."

"They may, for I have striven to atone. In my house there are proofs and papers that will put them in possession of all, and more than all, they have lost. But life is a burden of torture I will bear no longer. The death of him who died for me this night is the crowning tragedy of my miserable life. And if my hour were not at hand, I should not have told you this."

"But you have not told me the fearful cause of so much guilt and suffering. What is behind that mask?" "Be it so!" she said, "asked in a terrible voice, "and die?" "I have told you it is not in my nature to die easily, and it is something far stronger than mere curiosity makes me ask."

"He saw it but for one fearful instant—the next she had thrown up both arms, and leaped headlong into the loathly plague-pit. He saw her for a second or two, heaving and writhing in the putrid heap; and then the strong man reeled and fell with his face on the ground, not feigning, but sick unto death. Of all the dreadful things he had witnessed in his life, there was nothing so dreadful as this; of all the horror he had felt before, there was none so equal what he felt now. In his momentary delirium it seemed to him she was reaching her arms of bone to drag him in, and that the skeleton face was grinning at him on the edge of the awful pit. And covering his eyes with his hands, he sprang up and fled away."

To be Continued.



That Snowy Whiteness

can come to your linens and cottons only by the use of **SURPRISE Soap** which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes.

SURPRISE is a pure hand Soap.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.
St. Stephen, N.B.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN
Pianos
Canada's Greatest Piano Makers—Send for Catalogue and Price.
B. J. WALKER
69 Charlotte Ave.
TORONTO

When U=need=A
Package of Laundry done in the very best possible manner sent to you

Parisian Steam Laundry Co.
TELEPHONE 20

A. M. FLEMING
A-R-T-I-S-T
STUDIO, SMITH BLOCK
OPP. MARKET NEAR BARRICKS

Success
THROUGH THE
New System Of Education
There are thousands of Positions Open For Competent People, and the demand is greater than the supply. Why work for starvation wages when you can earn more by learning more?

We can educate you, during your spare time, in Bookkeeping, Steno., Morse, Gas, Locomotive, Civil and Mining Engineering, Telegraphy, Telephony, Phonography, Heating and Ventilation, Architecture, Sheet Metal Work, Chemistry, Mechanical Drawing, Criminology, Detective, Police, Bookbinding, Stenography and Pedagogy.

The International Correspondence Schools employ 9,000,000. Scranton, Pa. 125,000 students write to us for free circulars or to

W. J. Medforth,
Local Representative CHATHAM

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

CHAPTER XXII.

All this time, the attendant, George, had been sitting, very much at his ease, on horseback, looking after Sir Norman's charger, and admiring the beauties of sunrise. He had seen Sir Norman in conversation with a strange female, and not much liking his near proximity to the plague-pit, was rather impatient for it to come to an end; but when he saw the tragic manner in which he did end, his consternation was beyond all bounds. Sir Norman, in his horrified flight, would have passed him unnoticed, had not George arrested him by a loud shout.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Norman," he exclaimed, as that gentleman turned his distracted face, "but it seems to me you are running away. Here is your horse; and, allow me to say, unless we hurry we will scarcely meet the count by sunrise."

Sir Norman leaned against his horse and shaded his eyes with his hand, shuddering like one with an ague.

"Why did that woman leap into the plague-pit?" inquired George, looking at him curiously. "Was it not the sorceress, La Masque?"

"Yes, yes. Do not ask any questions now," replied Sir Norman, in a mothered voice, "and with an impatient wave of his hand."

"Whatever you please, sir," said George, with the flippancy of his class, "but still I must repeat, if you do not mount instantly we will be late, and my master, the count, is not one who brooks delay."

The young knight vaulted into the saddle without a word, and started off at a breakneck pace into the city. George, almost unable to keep up with him, followed, instead of leading, rather skeptical in his own mind whether or not he was riding after a moon-struck lunatic. Once or twice he glanced back into the city, inquiring as to whether he knew where he was going, and that they were taking the wrong road altogether; to all of which Sir Norman deemed not the slightest reply, but rode more and more recklessly on. There were but few people abroad at that hour; indeed, for that matter, the streets of London, in the dismal summer of 1665, were, comparatively speaking, always deserted; and the few now wandering their way homeward were tired physicians and plague nurses from the hospitals, and several hardy country folks, with more love of lucid than of solid, bending their steps with produce to the market-place. These people, sleepy and pallid in the gray haze of daylight, stared in astonishment after the two furious riders, and windows were thrown open and heads thrust out to see what the unusual thunder of horses' hoofs at that early hour meant. George followed dauntlessly on, determined to do it or die in the attempt; and if he had ever heard of the Flying Dutchman, would undoubtedly have come to the conclusion that he was just then following his tracks on dry land. But, unlike the hapless Vanderdecken, Sir Norman came to a halt; in it, and then he suddenly saw that his horse stood on his beam ends, and flourished his two fore limbs in the atmosphere. It was before La Masque's door; and Sir Norman was out of the saddle in a flash, and knocking like a postman with the handle of his whip on the door. The thundering revellie rang through the house, making it shake to its centre, and hurriedly brought to the door the anatomy who acted as guardian angel of the establishment.

"La Masque is not at home, and I cannot admit you," was his sharp salute.

"Then I shall take the trouble of admitting myself," said Sir Norman, sharply.

And without further ceremony, he pushed aside the skeleton and entered. But that outraged servant sprang in his path, indignant and amazed.

"No, sir, I cannot permit it! I do not know you; and it is against all orders to admit strangers in La Masque's absence."

"Bah, you old simpleton!" remarked Sir Norman, losing his customary respect for old age.

To be Continued.

AFRAID OF BEING KISSED.
Clever Story of a Man, a Maid and an Iron Kettle.

Here is an ingenious Circassian story: A man was walking along one road and a woman along another. The roads finally united, and the man and the woman, reaching the junction at the same time, went on from there together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back. In one hand he held by the leg a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a deep, dark ravine the woman said to the man:

"I am afraid to go through that dark ravine with you. It is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force."

"If you are afraid of that," said the man, "you shouldn't have walked with me at all. How can I possibly overcome you and kiss you by force when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand and a live chicken in the other and am leading a goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot."

"Yes," replied the woman, "but if you should stick your cane to the ground and tie the goat to it and turn the kettle bottom side up and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance."

"Success to thy ingenuity, O woman!" said the man to himself. "I should never have thought of this expedient." And when they came to the ravine he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying, "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat," and then, lowering the kettle from his shoulders, he wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.—Stray Stories.

It is in vain for a man to rise early who has the reputation of lying in bed all morning.

WHY BUSINESS MEN FAIL.



A man's physique must be most powerful to stand the strain his business puts upon it. If the nerves are out of order, power of concentration gone, and heart unsteady, failure is pretty sure to come. Disease germs undermine the system.

POWLEY'S LIQUIFIED OZONE

Will destroy the germs by strengthening the organs of the body. It will prevent or stop the chemical combination of the disease germs with the animal cells of your system. That is the way Ozone acts. It nourishes the body with concentrated oxygen, nature's great life-giving principle.

Powley's Liquified Ozone is \$1.00 a large size bottle, 50c small bottle. All druggists or from the laboratories of the Ozone Company of Toronto, Limited, 45 Colborne street, Toronto.

BETTER BREAD CAN BE BAKED

WITH A FEW PIECES OF WOOD IN A

FAMOUS MODEL

THAN WITH ANY OTHER STOVE

BAKED 212 LOAVES IN 6 1/2 HOURS.

THEY ARE SAVE FUEL

28 STYLES AND SIZES.

THERMOMETER SHOWS EXACT HEAT OF OVEN.

FRESH WARM AIR PASSES THROUGH OVEN.

THEY INCLUDE EVERY MODERN IDEA.

PAMPHLET FREE from our local agent or our nearest house.

The McCLARY Mfg. Co.

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

H. Macaulay, Local Agent, Chatham

Freight Cars vs. Bicycles.

The man who builds freight cars could hardly build a bicycle.

And the men who make coarse shoes could not succeed in making the fine gentlemen's shoe you want to wear.

The "Slater Shoe" is made in the only

factory in Canada where only gentlemen's fine shoes are made.

Goodyear welted, sole stamped with makers' trade mark and price: "\$3.50 and \$5.00."

Shoes by mail. Catalogue free.

Trudell & Tobey—The 2 T's—Sole Local Agents

The Slater Shoe

graph, "Telephone, Eagle Parlor."

Eddy's Matches

PRODUCE A QUICK, SURE LIGHT EVERYTIME.

By All First Class Dealers

For packing BUTTER, LARD, HONEY, etc., use

Eddy Antiseptic Packages