

Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

> It keeps their delicate skins in good order.
>
> Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Faintly but exquisitely aro-

> > Beware of imitations.

THE QUESTION

THE DAY

McConnell's, Park St.,

Has a supply of A 1 Vinegar, just the kind to make good pickles, also our spices, whole and ground, are fresh and

Ginger Snaps, per lb..... Try our 25c Mixed Tea.

Crockery at our usual low price.

Park St., Kast Phone 190.

In Using Baking Powder

Nothing but the purest should be

It is a well known lfact that this article of food has been grossly adulter-ated and to such an extent that "The Government" has now deemed it advisable to prosecute all vendors of

Baking Powder Containig 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.

Central c. H. Gunn Drug

Store

TIMOTHY SEED. SEED PEAS, CORN, BARLEY

All kinds of GARDEN SEEDS, guaranteed new no old stock. FLOUR AND FEED Baled Hay and Straw

Tennent & Burke



sina Drug Co, Windsor, On. Co

MARGARITAE SORORI

late lark twitters from the quiet skies, And from the west. Where the sun, his day's work ended, ers as in content, ere falls on the old gray city influence luminous and seren A shining peace.

The smoke ascends In a rosy and golden haze. The spires Shine and are changed. In the valley Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun, Closing his benediction, Sinks and the distribution. Sinks, and the darkening air Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night-Night, with her vrain of stars And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and screne,

The Extraordinary Experience of a Strolling Player.

.............. I was the leading man. We had been "barnstorming" through the provinces for some months, and the season was drawing to a close. So, too, was the time for a certain note I had drawn when the season began. Not having money enough to purchase my stage dresses, I had borrowed from a London Shylock, telling him that as leading man my salary was princely. My bill was already overdue, when, by some unfucky chance, my sharp creditor heard of the smallness of my salary. He wrote fiercely to demand the amount of the bill I had given him or threatened immediate proceedings. I put him off as well as I could, hoping for something to turn up that might enable me to satisfy his demands.

Three nights before we closed my bene-fit was to come off. I had put up "Hamfit was to come off. I had put up "Ham-let" and "The Road to Ruin." My an-nouncing the former of these much an-noyed the manager, who had not suffi-cient confidence in my experience to trust me with the Danish prince, but he at last gave way. Perhaps his compli-ance was the more easily obtained through the influence of his daughter Amy, who was to play Ophelia.

Amy, who was to play Ophelia.

Well, every billboard bore the announcement in bills half a yard in length: "Hamlet, prince of Denmark, by Mr. Arthur Stanley; Ophelia, by Miss Amy St. John; for rest of characters see small bills." Things went well. Every seat in the boxes was let, and the tickets for pit and gallery had gone off so well that less than the average amount taken at the doors would overflow the house,

The old church clock tolling the impor-tant hour of 6 warned me to hurry from my lodgings to that temple of fame in which I fondly hoped I had secured a niche for myself. As I walked along I began to taste the pleasure of celebrity. Shopmen nudged each other as I passed A couple of young ladies, whose profes-sion appeared to be "millinery," looked at me from under their bonnets and then repeated—my name in a whisper loud enough for me to hear half a dozen yards

"This is indeed renown." I muttered.
"What matters it that my salary is small when my fame is becoming so great?"

As I said the words I felt a hand upon of exultation still suffusing my cheek.
"Mr. Arthur Stanley, I believe, sir,"

said the accoster.
"That is my name," I replied, trying to hurry on.

"Excuse me, sir, then," returned the man, "but you must come with me. At the suit of Moses Cohen for 25 pun 10 He handed me a small slip of paper-

dare say you can guess its contents-and took me by the arm. "This is most unfortunate," I said.
"Had it been but one night later I should not have minded."

"Case of 'hook it,' I suppose," said the "On the contrary, I should have been

"On the contrary, I should have been able to have discharged the amount. I suppose you couldn't put off the arrest till after business this evening?"
"Not on any account," replied my captor, and I saw that he quite meant what

This, then, was the end of my ambitious aspirations. Instead of the glare of the footlights and the plaudits of an audience I was to have the darkness and stillness of a jail! I folded my arms in

despair and defied my fate.
"Let us go," I said, "for tonight was appointed for my benefit. But no matter. Denmark's a prison—a goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons." Lead on." As I turned to accompany the bailiff's man, a messenger

accompany the bains s man, a messenger from the theater accosted me. "Oh, Mr. Stanley," the man said, "I am sent to tell you that we've no ghost; Figgins has just come in awfully drunk." I was about to answer him, when my Phone 106:

Cor. K ng and 5th
Streets

Oor. K ng end 5th
Streets an amateur theatrical club and the ghost of Hamlet's father had been one of his most successful attempts. If I liked, he would sustain the part on this occasion, and, thus keeping his eye upon me, would postpone my arrest until after the performance. I saw that vanity instigated the offer, but as drowning men clutch at straws I accepted the proposal and hurried off to the theater with all speed, accompanied by my obliging Nemesis. In companied by my obliging Nemesis. the difficulty the manager consented to my supposed friend's offer, and, a few hints sufficing to take the place of rehearsal, half an hour before the curtain was to rise saw the bailiff's man donning the armor of the inebriated Figgins.

Up went the curtain to a house crowded

to the ceiling. The tragedy commenced with every promise of success, my recep-tion was most flattering and the applicance which greeted my points almost made me forget the presence of my custodian, who watched me with ever vigilant eyes who watched me with ever vigilant eyes from the wing. I was naturally apprehensive of the manner in which the ghost would be rendered, but the interview with my father's shade was as satisfactory as it would have been had Figgins himself embodied the spirit, although it must be admitted that spirits were peculiarly in

As the words "Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, has the words Anied, adied: framet, remember me," were uttered generous applause rewarded the exertions of the stagestruck bailiff. With a sigh of relief I was about to apostrophize heaven.

earth and the other place when, turning, I saw my father's spirit still upon the

"Leave the stage," I whispered, suppos-ing that my friend had forgotten his exit.

To my horror the ghost replied, with an oath, not loud, but deep and emphatic. It was in vain that I reiterated my direc-tions. The ghost would not give up. And feeling that the situation was critcal I went on with my part and strove with extra vehemence to carry the audience with me, so that they might overlook the presence of the implacable shade Either the audience was not at hom with the text or looked upon the ghost's comaining as a new reading, for they gave no sign of disapproval. When it ratio and Marcellus came on, however their wonder almost brought on the en-tastrophe, but I urged them to go on and the act drew to a conclusion, with the novelty of the ghost speaking his in-junction over my left shoulder. The drop down, I showered expostula

tions on my persecuting father's head, but he turned a deaf car to them all. "I'll tell you what it is, guv'ner." he said, "I ain't wishing to be at all annoying or ungentlemanly to you, but I had to arrest a gent in your profession once and obliged him by waiting until the per rmance was over, when, b'owed, if formance was over, when, bowed, if he wasn't shabby enough to get taken down a trap at the end, and bolt. I thought of that while I was on the stage just now with you, and if I leave you again, my mother was a Frenchman." Without going into the question of his parentage. I promised to surrender myself at the end of the evening, but it was to no purpose; he was obstinate. In the absence of the manager, who had been luckily called away. I confessed by dilemma to the ompter, and he, influenced by good feeland the promise of a present on the arrow, consented to allow the tragedy go on, in spite of my being perpetually

In a few minutes the tale was in every essing room, and the company choking with laughter, but as it was not an affair of theirs they did not offer any objection to the constant interpolation of my fa-ther's accursed spirit. Polonius' inter-view was shadowed by his presence, and although the ancient chamberlain took his leave the substitute of Figgins re-mained a fixture. Plagued by Rosencranz and Guildenstern, I was still more bored by the abominable shade, who in truded upon my interview with Ophelia. listened to the scolding I gave the queen and looked on while I stabbed Polonius.

I felt like a man who on the steps

the gailows receives a reprieve. Alas, my head was not out of the noose yet. As was standing at the wing, in readings for my entrance for the fifth act, I no ticed the manager looking on from the other side. I shuddered. I knew his violence and tyranny, and I trembled a his rage should he stay there to witness the ghost's unusual presence. I spoke to the bailiff's man; I implored him to leave me for the rest of the tragedy; I promised him money, anything he should demand but it was in vain. My anxiety to be away from him only confirmed him ta his suspicions that I wanted to use t! e

pportunity to/escape.

Despair made me desperate. I called a scene shifter, and while I pointed to one of the fly pieces, as if it was of that I was speaking, I whispered words of very different import in his ear. The man nodded and hurried away, while I, to keep up appearances, again begged the ghost to remain invisible, of course without making any impression upon h obstinate nature. In a minute the scene shifter returned. "It's all right, sir," be said. "It will be arranged directly." A

glance thanked him. "It you still persist in being at my el-bow," I said to my ghost, "I must trouble you to shift your quarters, as I enter at the back of the scene."

He accompanied me as requested, fol-lowed by the scene shifter, and as we stopped I heard the cue given for my entrance. I turned to my ally, who stamp ed sharply on the stage, and a knock underneath replying to his signal, he seized the ghost as the trap upon which they stood opened, and in a moment they were both hidden from my sight. The bailiff's man knew enough of stage mech anism not to venture upon a struggle while descending a trap, and, although he gave me a parting look of reproach and anger, he knew that he was unable and anger, he

oppose his fate. Thus relieved in mind I hurried on for the grave scene with a lightened spirit, and everything went well accordingly. My quips with the gravedigger, my Yorick speech, "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay," all brought a torrent of applause, and when I leaped into the rave the whole house was enthusiastic. I had just said to Laertes, "I, prithee, take thy fingers from my throat," when I felt other hands besides those of Ophelia's brother assailing me. I knew oo well who grappled me, and, assured that the time for expostulation was gone I prepared for a short struggle to get rid of the ghost, at any rate for that scene. At the same moment I heard the deep tones of the manager, but in the confusion I could not understand what he said. I had not long to wait, however, before I saw the execution of his orders The first gravedigger, advancing from the back of the scene, seized the ghost by the arms, and, giving him a preparatory swing, slung him on his shoulders and walked off the stage with him. The

violence of the motion had loosened the fastenings of the helmet, and the final jerk shook it from the bailiff's head, displaying a vast quantity of unkempt car-roty hair. The house was in a roar, and when, amid the din, the angry ghost was heard threatening in language far from Shakespearean and certainly not polite, the audience seemed a congregation of lanatics. I jumped from the grave, but soon such a storm of laughter bailed me that, with one look of terror at the audience, I rushed off the stage as I heard the manager's indignant orders for the prompter to "ring down."

I did not dare ask the manager to re-

new for next season. I knew it would be hopeless. I lost no time in writing for engagements elsewhere, but I met with constant rebuffs. One manager declined négotiation, "as he did not keep a bailiff's man in the theater." Matters at last became serious. The funds remaining from my benefit were gone. A vacancy for a clown occurred. I replied as Signor Antonio, obtained the engagement and six months after I had played "Hamlet" for my benefit I went an as a clown in a pan-tomime. "To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"-Argonant.

A Surplus Now. The Sentimentalist-Poets, you The Materialist—Oh, yes, I know! But if there were any demand for the goods a poet factory would be started inside of

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All these symptoms and conditions are simply the result of a poor quality and de ective 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 build. Soon the weight increases, the sunken cheeks and flattened busts fill out, the eyes get bright and the thrill of renewed health and strength vi-brates through the system.

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British may Find that Guns have Been Sown Among Transvasl Kopjes.

Real War, However, Has Ended, and Police Work has Begun in Costly Conqu red Territory.

London, Sept. 26.—Balfour and Chamberlain, the Earl of Kimberley and scores of canvassers have been speaking within 24 hours. But Roberts has done the most effective work for the unionists. The South African war has ended with the destruction of guns and ammunition on the edge of te hfrontier, and with the disarming of the refug es by the Portugues offi-cials. Every mile of railway in the two Dutch states is now under British control and every important town is garrisoned. Roberts has finished his work, and can return to England, after proclaiming a state of peace, in which be ligerents will be liable to summary punishment as outlaws and

murderers.

The Delagga Bay railway, which has played an important part in the Boer plan of campaign, will now become an instrument of peace. The neutral bass, without which the Boers could no thave armed themselves and kept ap a year's campaign, is converted by the completion of Roberts' campaign into a centre of commerce, with the victorious army and the mining camps behind it, and the merchants of Delagoa Bay are settling down for a period of brisk trade with Pretoria and Johannesburg. The entire influence of the neutral base will now be thrown on the British side against a prolongation of a hopeless struggle by train

Incidents which now fill Roberts' bulletins are details of police work, the closing episodes of a campaign which has cost more in blood and treasure than any war in the Queen's wreckers. reign, and the unionists press finds it convenient to display them with large headlines for political effect as proofs that hostilities have really ended and that the electors are called on to decide whether the "soldiers of the Queen" have fought their battles and shed their blood in vain.

There are croakers who forecast a

long period of brigandage, in the conquered territory, and assert that the British will find the last stage of Dutch resistance more difficult than guerrilla warfare. They assume that thorough disarming of the Boers will require years of systematic surveillance, since guns have been sown like dragons' teeth among the kopjes.



The Dainty White Things

Soap-a little Surprise Soap and still less labor-are not only clean but un-You want the maximum wear out

of your clothes. Don't have them ruined by poor soap-use pure soap. SURPRISE to a pure hard Soap

beautiful rooms in the south wing, one furnished in crimson and gold, for Rob and Joe, and the other in blue and white, for Bell and her little sister.

The sunless bedroom below and closet adjoining were converted into a pleasant back parlor. Bright camp chairs were interspersed to counteract the sombre effect of the old-fashioned black haircloth furniture, the walls, formerly bare, were ornamented with choice engravings.

On Christmas morning more surprises were in store, for a heavily loaded dray appeared early in the day. Soon a fine upright piano was placed in the parlor.

in the parlor.

A long, mysterious box containe Joe's longed-for violin. An express package held a fine black silk dress for Sister Hannah, and Brother Silas was almost lost in the luxurious easy was almost lost in the luxurious easy chair where rheumatic pangs might be mitigated. The family were soon highly entertained by the music of violin and piano. Father's "blue spells" actualy vanished at the sound of the lively music.

One morning when reading the following letter from her niece, Aunt Belinda felt paid a rate of interest wholly satisfactory:

"Oak Grove, Aug. 11, 18—."

"My Dear Aunt Belinda:
"I can searcely realize that two years have passed since you came to us, came to do us so much good. How much we can never know! Oh, Aunt Belinda, when I look back and see whither we were drifting I fairly shudder! Bob has often averred that you saved him and look a drunkard's

shudder! Bob has often dverred that you saved him and Joe a drunkard's fate. Sam Long and Ed Green, their former boon companions, are now confirmed sots. And, ob, auntie. Mollie Green drowned herself last month and there is reason to believe that Lou Kroler who you remember was my Keeler who, you remember, was my perate deed. Never, no never, could we repay you for your generosity.

"Father seems to enjoy the new order of things. Indeed, he made order of things. Indeed, he hadden many improvements last year, so now we have the finest residence and lawn in the suburbs. Now that he spares himself work and considers health, as il, as money, an object for which to rheumatism. And mother seems al-most as girlish, that sad, weary-oflife errorssion having wholly vanished. We enjoyed this summer a delightful visit from two school friends, and just here, auntie dear, I'll whisp a secret-I empect to become a siste to sweet Helen Holmes some time in the near future, and to welcome the other of our guests, merry Josie Dean, as Jahn's bride, after his admittance the bar. I shall give you ample by cup of joy would not be full you, to whom, under God, I owe nay happiness, are not present, th much love from the whole fashfly, I remain, your loving nice. "Bell Brewster."

Aunt Belinda did not long survive the marriage of her niece. It was found after her death that but \$20,000 is the sum of her bequest to Bob and Boll, and a few thousands to charities which had her approval and aid when living. The bequest of Aunt Belinda would have been much greater had she not wisely preferred to do good with her means during her life. The with her means during her iffe. The philanthropic schemes of would be benefactors oft result in dire failure because their originators fail to execute the design while still upon the conth. Milwayler Wichard earth.-Milwaukee Wisconsin.

No Buddhists in India. Marion Crawford is a true cosmopolite, equally at home in Benares or on Broadway, and yet his imagination seems mostly dominated by the things of the Orient. In the Century he has an interesting article on "Gods of la-dia," treating the subject in his own

graceful, attractive way.

India has served many gods, he says, and the monuments raised in their honor are countless. It appears to be generally believed at the present day that the religion of India is Buddhism. How this common impression gained ground it is hard to say. When Sir Edwin Arnold published "The Light of Asia," he did not think it necessary to state that Gautama the Master had no longer any following in the country which witnessed his birth and holy life; but Sir Edwin's book produced a religious revival, or something very like it, among a certain class of semi intelligent readers who are continual ly foraging for some new titbit of re-ligion with which to tickle the dull sense of their immortality into a relish for heaven.

There are no Buddhists in India. There are many in Ceylon, and there is a sect of them in Nepal, an independent territory to the north, on the borders of Buddhistic Tibet. The re-ligion vanished from India in the early centuries of the Christian era. The neo-Brahmans set up anti-Buddhas, so to speak, in the figures of Krishna, Ma-hadeva and Rama—demigods and idols of the great neo-Brahmanic religious. Vishnu-worship and Siva-worship; and these swept everything else before them until the Mohammedan conquest; and at the present day, in one shape or another, these forms of belief are adhered to by five sixths of the population, the remainder being Mussul-mans. The Buddhists are gone, though not without leaving behind them a rich legacy of philosophic thought, and many monuments of their artistic genius.

To Remove Superfluous Hairs. Some few hairs will frequently grow where they are not wanted, and are often difficult to get rid of. Close shaving and cutting strengthens them and increases their number; the only plan is to pull them out individually with a pair of tweezers, and afterward to dress the part two or three times a day in the following manner: Wash it first with warm, soft water, but do not use soap; then apply with a piece of soft rag, immediately after the washing, a lotion of milk of roses, made according to the following directions, and rub the skin gently till it is dry with a warm, soft cloth: Beat four ounces of sweet almonás in a mortar to a paste, with half an ounce of white sugar; then work in, in small quantities, eight ounces of rosewater, strain the emulsion through muslin, put the liquid into a bottle, return the residuum to the mortar, pound it again and add half an ounce of sugar and eight ounces of rosewater; then strain again; and repeat the process a third time. This will give thirty-two ounces of fluid, to which add twenty grains of bichloride of mercury dissolved in of bichloride of mercury dissolved in two ounces of alcohol. Skake the whole for five minutes and the lotion will be ready for use.

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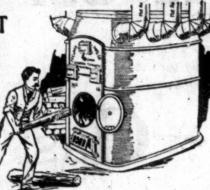
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