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If there are boys in the house, or girls either, then croup, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis, and sore throat are sure to be there, too, sooner or later. Don't crowd their stomachs with medicine, just have them breathe in the vapor of Vapo-Cresolene; they'll like it, and it will give immediate relief. In this way you put the medicine right on the place that needs it. For whooping-cough it's the perfect cure.

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. VAPOR-CRESCOLENE CO. 150 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

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## Pond's Extract

Reduced one-half with pure soft water, applied frequently with dropper or eye cup, the congestion will be removed and the pain and inflammation instantly relieved.

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## WEAKNESS

### OF MEN AND WOMEN

Could we read the hearts of every man we meet, what a load of sorrow and despair would be disclosed. Indiscretions and Blood Diseases have caused more physical and mental wreckage than all other causes combined. They strike at the foundation of manhood; they sap the vital forces; they undermine the system, and not only do they often disrupt the family circle, but they may even extend their poisonous fangs into the next generation. If you have been a victim of early sexual habits, remember the seed is sown, and sooner or later you will reap a harvest. If your blood has been diseased from any cause do not risk a return later on. Our New Method Treatment will positively cure you and you need never fear any return of the disease. We will give you a guarantee good to that effect. We would have you sincerely against the promiscuous use of mercury, which does not cure blood poisons but simply suppresses the symptoms.

**WE CURE OR NO PAY.**

Don't Let Your Life be Drained Away, which weakens the intellect as well as the body. There is no room in this world for mental, physical or sexual dwarfs. Our New Method Treatment will stop all the natural losses, Purify the Blood, Strengthen the Nerves, Restore Vitality, and make a man of you. If you are in trouble, call and consult us. Consultation is Free. We treat and cure Drains, Blood Diseases, Venereal Losses, Stricture, Urinary Discharges, Gleet, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Etc., etc., etc. No detention from business. Everything confidential. Consultation Free. Books Free. Question Blank Free for Home Treatment.

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Stamping Bone

**SANTAL-MIDY**  
Standard remedy for Gonorrhea and Runny Nose in 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

# THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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"Mon Dieu! The police! I do not know where your prisoner is!"

"I believe you, madame," said Buckford, with unexampled calmness. "I certainly believe you. But now let us talk about something else."

### CHAPTER VIII.

THE KIDNAPING OF MME. DU BARRY.

MME. DU BARRY'S face became whiter still. It was evident in a moment to Buckford that there were subjects the mention of which she dreaded even more than that of the missing prisoner.

"Oh, monsieur, have mercy!" she wailed. "I am but a poor, weak woman!"

"Madame," said Buckford sternly, "your history is one of crime. I shudder even when I look at you and think of the misery you have caused in this world."

"Alas! It is not all true. I am not so bad as they say."

"Heaven! If you were but half as bad! Oh, madame, I assure you we know you well, but even the police do not think you are quite as bad as your enemies would declare."

"Enemies! My enemies! Have I enemies, then, who denounce me to the police?"

Buckford laughed easily. He saw now that he was gaining ground.

"Enemies! Madame, I have learned more in three days from your friends than I ever hoped to know."

"My friends! Name them! Tell me one secret of mine which my friends told the police, and I will assist you in any work you want—that is, monsieur, of course, with an eye to my own safety."

Better and better.

"Why," said Buckford, "do you happen to know a M. Vandal? Well, I got from his own lips a portion of the story of the murder that was committed in your house last night."

"Mon Dieu! That Vandal! And he is to become my husband?"

Buckford laughed long and low—a meaning, insinuating laugh.

"My dear madame," he said, "pardon my rudeness, but it seems incomprehensible that a woman of your intelligence should be so easily gulled. Vandal to become your husband! Why, it was but a short time ago I overheard a conversation between him and your other friend—shall I call him simply Casparin?—about a young girl of Deneslia he was to marry."

"Vandal!"

"No other. It was as a reward for service done for Casparin. The girl is young and beautiful."

"Oh, oh! This is too much! It is well sometimes to receive visits from the police. They learn everything."

"We do that, indeed," said Buckford. "And M. Reber? You know him well?"

"Reber! That fool! He muddles things. He got a fool of an American mixed up in an affair that"—

"I know—the prisoner who escaped and came to your house."

"Alas, he did come, I admit, monsieur! But I swear I do not know at the present time where he is."

Buckford leaned forward and in his most impressive manner said:

"But I know, madame. The plans of your friends have not all succeeded. I have been through your house, madame, and the prisoner is gone."

Madame heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Good! Then I am not under arrest?"

"Not for that."

"Oh, oh! Then I am still—I am"—

"Madame, listen to me. We do not start out with only one charge in our guns. We are ready at any moment to turn from one quest to another, as circumstances demand. I came here to find that prisoner. I learn that he is gone. Now, I have other matters to attend to, and it will be greatly to your advantage, madame, to follow my advice."

"I am ready, monsieur," said Mme. du Barry, with a shiver. It was impossible to foretell what advice this inscrutable agent of police might give her. But—there was that murder in her house, and how many other crimes there is no guessing.

"Madame, you are a true Frenchwoman, I believe?"

"Ah! Am I not! All for the honor of France."

"Ah, France is indeed safe when her honor rests in such hands! Then know, madame, that this Casparin, who assumes a title to which he has no right, is really a spy in the service of Germany."

"Mon Dieu! Is it so? Then Vandal is?"

"Quite true, madame. M. Vandal is acting in accord with a spy and of course is subject to the law."

"Then seize him, monsieur. Oh, that serpentlike scoundrel! He claimed, monsieur, that he loved me."

"I wonder that he did not, madame. It would have been one virtue among his hideous faults."

"Oh, but you cannot know half! They would have killed that prisoner too. But then that makes little difference to him. You—oh, I forgot, monsieur, that I was talking to one of the police!"

"But you need not fear to speak."

What were you about to say concerning the prisoner?"

"Why, it seems that he was as bad as his enemies. Why they want to kill him I do not know. But the police want him—oh, how the police want him! I saw it all this morning in the papers."

"So it has leaked out, has it? Have you the papers handy, madame? I left home early and have had little time to read this morning. There may be something in the papers to change my plans."

Eager to please this agent of police, who held she knew not how many secrets against her, Mme. du Barry hurried around the room and brought him that morning's copies of two papers.

Sitting near the door, so that the woman could not escape, Buckford found the articles referring to his escape from the depot and read them with a certain grim satisfaction and yet with dismay.

It was evident from the tone of the article in each paper that it had been practically decided that he was guilty of the murder of M. de Bullion. The articles had evidently been inspired by the spiteful police authorities who could not forgive an American for escaping from their celebrated Palais de Justice.

The connection of M. Monroe, the rich American, with the case was dwelt upon at length. His successful hoodwinking of Magistrate M. Senecal; his appearance at the depot in disguise; the entire plot as it appeared to the police—it was all in print.

An interview was published in which the American minister expressed his hope that his countryman was innocent. But there was nothing said about any vigorous effort in his behalf.

It was hinted that Buckford, desperate as he was known to be, having been aided by M. Monroe's courage and interest, had murdered him and robbed him to gain money to effect his escape from France and also leave behind no one who knew the secret of his manner of escape.

When Buckford read this, his lips pressed together white and thin.

A reward was offered for the recapture of the prisoner, dead or alive.

He would not escape again. The police would see to that.

As Buckford read and digested this article the whole force of the awful truth came upon him.

He was suspected now of two murders.

His escape from the Palais de Justice had so exasperated the authorities that he felt sure no appeal to them would lead to a search for the truth. Even if he was not executed for the murder of M. de Bullion, he would certainly suffer at the hands of the vengeful police.

The position of the American representative left no great hope that his country would act vigorously in his behalf. And he knew that nothing except the most vigorous action would avail anything.

The reward offered for his recapture was so large that no matter to whom he might show himself in Paris he was almost certain to be turned over to the police.

Monroe was the only friend he could have trusted, and Monroe was dead, and he was accused of murdering him. He might, with a stupendous nerve and confidence in French justice, go to the prefecture and tell the whole story. But he had already told two stories at the prefecture, and both had been doubted. He had no wish to try again.

There was but one thing open to him—escape from France.

Then there came to him a longing for revenge, a great thirst for the punishment of the men who had brought this terrible disaster upon him.

And with this sentiment was mingled a strong desire still to aid the Prince of Deneslia, his American wife and the beautiful Princess Marie.

In his own extremity he did not forget them.

# HEART DISEASE

is a symptom of Kidney Disease. A well-known doctor has said, "I never met a post-mortem examination in a case of death from Heart Disease without finding the kidneys were diseased." The Kidney medicine which was first on the market, most successful for Heart Disease and all Kidney Troubles, and most widely imitated is

**Dodd's Kidney Pills**

How was he to manage to encompass his own safety, elude the Paris police, bring the conspirators against the prince to grief, wreak just vengeance upon his own tormentors and finally secure such proof of his own innocence as would forever free him from the charges now lodged against him at the Palais de Justice?

With a watchful eye on the tigerish Mme. du Barry he pondered this momentous problem.

He could not go to America. Even if he reached there in disguise he could never resume communication with members of his family. And in America he could neither punish his own enemies nor defeat those of the prince.

He recalled the conversation on the upper floor. The quartet of rascals intended to follow the prince to Deneslia.

If he could reach Deneslia, he might, with God and fortune on his side, reach the prince in time to save him, punish his own enemies, and, with the assistance of so powerful an ally as the ruler of Deneslia would be, he might reestablish his integrity with the Parisian authorities.

To Mme. du Barry, sitting there panting with fear lest this police agent should, after all, turn on her and carry her off to the dreaded Palais de Justice, there was nothing unusual in the manner of the man who sat near her reading.

He seemed merely to be perusing an article containing police news of more than ordinary interest.

He did not act like a man who was reading his own death warrant.

His smile was not that of a man who was trying to cheat the guillotine of a victim.

"Madame," he said, laying the papers aside, "there is much in these articles that is of great importance to me, though to one not connected with the police they would seem simple enough. I find that my plans must be changed at once. I had thought of inviting you to take a drive with me to the prefecture to see"—

"Mon Dieu! I would never return!"

"But now I think of making a bargain with you. You already know how familiar I am with your affairs. I could, if I wished, place you in a cell within two hours. But on a condition that you obey me explicitly I will for the time forget all I know that concerns you."

"Ah, monsieur! I thank you from my heart."

"Yes, you thank me, but do you agree?"

"Of course, monsieur! What else could I think of doing?"

"Good, then. Now listen! I can tell from reading these articles that the escape of the prisoner, the presence of Casparin in Paris, and a great plot against the security of France, are interwoven; hence, as you can perceive, madame, it is important to seize at once the conspirators against our government. When we have them, we shall have no difficulty in securing the American. Now for your part. You, madame, are a woman of splendid proportions. I think your garments would about fit me. So prepare me a complete outfit of clothing, and let it be of the newest you have."

"Ha, ha! Oh, is that trifling service all that monsieur requires? Indeed, monsieur could have my entire wardrobe for his generosity. I will transform monsieur into a fine madame in

the next few hours."

"These articles are of great importance to me," he said.

"A short time," she laughed gleefully as she spoke. She turned to a closet at one end of the room to bring the required garments.

"First, let me examine the closet," said Buckford.

He convinced himself that there was no hidden exit.

In leaving his chair and going to the door of the closet he missed witnessing a peculiar, indescribable smile that played for the moment on the face of Mme. du Barry.

In Mme. du Barry's mind there were flashing thoughts almost as rapidly as had been the case with Buckford's.

She had at no time doubted that he was an agent of police. She lived day and night in dread of those persecutors of her kind. She did not doubt his story that he had searched her house and found the prisoner gone.

But she did doubt his story that Vandal was intending to desert her. She had been Vandal's friend too long to doubt him now.

She cared little for Casparin, Reber or Robello. But she must save Vandal, her lover.

She was smiling at the simplicity of this agent of police. He was going to wear one of her dresses and track Vandal. She could describe the dress to Vandal, and the police agent would fall a victim to his own trap.

She took a new and somewhat gay gown from the wardrobe. At some new and convulsing thought her face twitched with ill disguised mirth. Buckford saw this.

To be Continued.

There is light enough for those whose sincere wish is to see, and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition.



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