

Sweet Goods.

Such as MAPLE SYRUP, SUGAR SYRUP and HONEY are always very palatable with pancakes, hot biscuits and new bread. In these goods we have:

Nice Extracted Honey, at 10c per lb., or in jelly glasses at 10c each.

Section Honey at 10c and 12c each, as to quality.

Then we have Perfection Syrup as clear as crystal, for 15c per quart, and a bright Sugar Syrup at 12c per quart.

Maple Syrup, in bottles, at 25c each.

J. A. Wilson

GROCER.

Queen St. Phone 1

MY STOCK

—OF—

SPRING SHOES

Is arriving daily, and for style and cheapness they cannot be surpassed. They can be had only at

Sign of the Big Clock

King Street.

Maple City

Creamery

Cor. King and Adelaide Sts.

Business is booming at the Creamery. We received Monday morning 6007 pounds of milk, and received milk from several new patrons. The demand for creamery butter has exceeded the supply and an order received last week for thirty-five six pound boxes of Maple City Creamery Butter for the export trade cannot be filled until the end of this week. The local trade is rapidly increasing and several of our leading grocers are selling Maple City Creamery Butter. Owing to the increased supply of milk it is necessary to churn four times a week instead of three as heretofore. We will be separating and churning on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Call and sample our butter-milk. Visitors always welcome.

The Maine

Thing at present

Dewey

Laundry your shirts, collars, cuffs, and handkerchiefs—if not, why not give us a trial and you will see.

Hav-ana

more laundered elsewhere.

The Parisian Steam Laundry Co. of Ontario, Limited

If You Are In Need

Of winter footwear it will pay you to call on A. HALL and examine his large stock of Boots and Shoes. A good selection of Rubbers to fit all sizes and widths of shoes.

Custom work a specialty.

ALEX HALL

Opp. "Merchant Bank," Chatham.

GAS

GAS IS POSITIVELY A CHEAPER FUEL THAN COAL OR WOOD.

Why not have a gas range in your home at once, and do away with the bad and unsanitary of your present coal or wood range?

Ladies who use them say that they would not be without them at any cost. Shown of all styles are sold by the Gas Company at cost, of from \$10 to \$20 many dollars each. Shown are connected for change where service pipes are in the house.

Call at the Gas Office, see the stoves in operation, have them correctly explained, and order one at once.

CHATHAM GAS CO. Ltd.

IN F. J. C.

A track of moonlight on a quiet lake Whose small waves on a silver sandal shore Whence of peace and with the low winds make Such harmonies as keep the woods awake And listening all night long for their sweet note.

A green level slope of meadow, covered o'er By angel troops of lilies, awaying light On violet stems, with folded wings of white. A slumberous stretch of mountain land, far seen.

Where the low western day, with gold and green, Purple and amber, softly blended, fills The wooded vales and moles among the hills.

A vine fringed river, winding in its rest On the calm bosom of a stormless sea. Bearing white upon its placid breast. With earthly flowers and heavenly stars im-pressed.

The lines of true and of eternity. —J. G. Whittier.

HER DIAMONDS.

"Sir! Lady to see you on most urgent business. Waiting in the library—A Mrs. Otterburn."

My knife and fork were down in an instant—a fatal, never forgotten instant. Perhaps I alone knew that it was madame's unexpected deposit of \$500,000 which not so long before had saved the collapse of our private concern by the most thrilling margin. And madame herself was—well, the most impressive and fascinating woman that had ever swept through the bank doorway.

"Close the door!" she whispered quickly, then leaned across. "Dear Mr. Henry, I had such a vital reason for intruding so late. There, take them!" She whisked a battered morocco case from her seal muff and sank back with an indescribable relief.

"Thank heaven, now I can dare to breathe!" I trust you, and—well, you may have guessed by this that I am not so sure of my husband. Indeed, no, they're part of the family jewels. My aunt is dead, you know, and they only came into my hands today. I came here like the wind. Look for yourself. Look them away, and—mind—give them up to no one save myself in person. The key—here. Mr. Henry, aren't they magnificently superb?"

My lips parted simultaneously with the lid. I stared down with a sort of sick feeling that I had certainly never experienced at sight of treble the value of coin. There were a few opals and a little packet of seed pearls—but it was the diamonds, a necklace and a tiara of them. I snapped the lid and looked across at madame incredulously. Did she mean it?

"Not here—why, no!" she exclaimed, guessing. "To be lodged at the bank, in the safe, you understand. Mr. Henry, if my husband had the barest idea, he would come flying back from his shooting in Scotland at once, so I place them with you in case of anything. Poor Otterburn!" she sighed. "It is his temperamental, but he would realize upon himself, if he could!"

"To be given up to no one save yourself. Very good, you will lock it and retain the key, please. Till morning—yes, for the time being they ought to be safe enough in this cabinet. One moment, madame. You must have a receipt."

I was conscious all the evening of a vague uneasiness—12 o'clock. My wife had retired—the servants also. It was the queerest coincidence that I decided to smoke another cigar in solitude, and that the weed burned for nearly an hour, for just at the end of that time the strangest thing happened.

The hall bell gave an uncertain tinkle. So down I went, turned on the electric switch there, opened the door—and there stood—

"Mrs. Otterburn!" I said just above my breath.

"Me!" Looking past me, she said it in a dull, muzzling voice. "I have come for my jewels. Let me have them, please."

Her carriage—where was it? And madame herself, as she stepped past me into the hall, seemed somehow a different person. How I could not tell, but the richness was missing from her voice, she was strangely white and haggard, and she stared ahead as if some nameless trouble had overtaken her in that six hour interval. Could it be—no, it was madame herself.

"My jewels, please!" she repeated, just a break in her dull voice. "He says—he says I am to bring them back, or something will happen. I must."

She followed me into the library. "There, madame, just as you left them," and I handed her the case.

"Thank you, thank you." As she said it I noticed a striking fact: Her teeth were gone—the two white rows I had often admired. False, then. That explained the alteration in her voice. But she was moving off without another word.

"Madame!" I gasped. Her hand was actually upon the door catch. "Really, I must insist upon seeing you safely home in the circumstances. If you will wait one moment!"

I ran up the stairs for hat and boots. But I had barely reached my room when I heard the door below click and close.

And it was not until I had got back to the smoking room that I recollected I had actually omitted to ask her for the return of that receipt.

A week passed. I had heard nothing of madame or her jewels. Another week. When at last she was announced one morning, I felt positively nervous for the moment. Then she swept, her teeth as white, her step as stately, her smile as fascinating as ever. Dear Mr. Henry! About those troublesome missing chairs—should she sell or hold?

"Hold, by all means!" I said back, with a smile of relief. "Er—I see I need not ask as to whether you reached home safely with your treasures. Do you happen to have that receipt with you, madame, or did you destroy it?"

"Jewels! Destroy it?" Not in a dozen years shall I forget my sensations as madame repeated that, her smile fading into a fixed stare. "Mr. Henry! What-

ever do—why, you have my jewels in the bank here!"

"W-what?" Was she really mad? How long we sat gazing at each other I do not know. "Indeed!" I got out at length. "You surely—Mrs. Otterburn, I cannot appreciate jokes of this order!"

"Jokes!" She had swayed to her feet. "Jokes!" she whispered again. "Mr. Henry! I put them into your own hands in your own house!"

"Certainly you did. And Ben called at my house an hour after midnight, on the same day, and took them away again."

"I called at your house again and—Mr. Henry, explain yourself, do I was never at your house but the once in my life. I gave you the case and took your own receipt. Really, I—this is too ridiculous!"

"Mrs. Otterburn, think! It was about 1 o'clock. You rang the bell twice. You seemed to be in trouble—your husband, you simply said, had told you to get back the jewels. I gave them to you, and you left the house before I could get my hat. You don't remember—that?"

"I've been robbed!" She put out a shaking hand. "Mr. Henry, as heaven bears me, I have not touched that case since I put it into your hands. I did have words with my husband that night when he came home, but for you to say—I go straight to the police. Please allow me to pass!"

"Madame, one moment!" I was gathering my wits. I must not let her go off impulsively like that. "Will you wait—just three days? In three days nothing transpires, I'll call in the first detective in London at our own expense. Madame, you must. If there is any mystery behind this, it is the most extraordinary one that ever saw the light. Will you promise that?"

She did eventually, and walked out to her carriage like a person thoroughly dazed.

Those three days went by—how I could never say. I had done nothing. Was merely waiting in an agony of suspense. And then on the third evening I received a telegram. It was from madame. "Come here instantly."

I stood in a sweat of hesitation for awhile, and then took a cab direct to the office of a well known private detective. By the merest chance he was in. Five minutes later that pair of us were howling along toward madame's house and—what?

A maid, looking scared, showed us up at once to madame's boudoir. There lay madame on a couch, and there was a stench of eau de cologne, and a doctor, stooping over her, held up a finger in warning, but madame had said to me: "She sprang up with almost a scream, and held something out."

The jewel case!

"Mr. Henry! Mr. Henry! It was there in my dressing drawer under some rubbish, and it was not there three hours ago. See, they have not been touched. But—oh, heavens—it was not there three hours ago! Mr. Henry, come here! I never called for them—I never did in this world!"

I took the case mechanically. Yes, there were the pearls and opals safe enough—and the diamonds, above all. The one thing that seemed clear now was that madame's mind had gone.

What else?

"Er—let me see those." It was the detective's quiet voice at my shoulder. "H'm! I suppose the lady knows that these stones are only the very best paste!"

"It's false," came madame's husky whisper. "It's!" she broke off.

The door behind had opened, and a small, dark, pale man stood staring in the opening.

Before we could think or he could turn a husky whisper hissed across the room and made us all start.

"Ah-h!" it said, and his finger reached out at him. "You—you dare to move. Otterburn, you got the case from Mr. Henry. You know how it was got, how it was put back there."

"Don't be a fool," he said, leaning toward his wife. "The case—you got it yourself. Oh, you may stare. I saw you with my own eyes. You never walked in your sleep, did you?"

"There's Mr. Marsh. He'll tell you that he has known about madame's indiscretions for years. Her brain impels her to do outrageous things in her sleep, but she'll always deny it."

"Quite so." The doctor, looking round from the couch, was the first to speak. "I know Mrs. Otterburn too. If I may say so, this gentleman here says—well, he states that the real stones have been extracted. Perhaps that can be explained away too."

He halted, looking around. No one smiled. No one spoke. Of a sudden he snatched a small packet from his vest pocket and flung it toward the couch.

"All right, then, doctor's her real precious stones. Now she can say and do what she likes, can't she?"—Tit-Bits.

Poland's Salt Mines.

The salt mines of Wieliczka, near Cracow, Poland, were mentioned in 1244, and have been worked since 1244. The first map of the mines was made in 1628 by Martin German, a Swedish mine surveyor. The eight shafts now in existence are from 207 to 285 feet deep, and the length of the levels now open is 245,000 feet, with 115,500 feet of underground train lines. Between 1773 and 1882 about 2,000,000 cubic yards have been excavated of salt. Machine drills are now used, and compressed powder is employed in blasting. About 1,187 pounds of powder are used per ton of salt produced. The present levels are 2½ feet high by 6½ feet wide.

Many Enough.

The old man sighed as he took the golden haired, laughing little boy upon his knee, and stroking his shining tresses, said, "Ah, how the pink I should like to feel like a child again!"

Little Johnny ceased his laughter, and looking up in his grandfather's face, remarked, "Then why don't you get mamma to spank you?"—Exchange.

A DESERTED CITY.

One Said to Exist in North Hastings, Ontario.

Palatial Buildings of Marble—The Result of a Gold Mine Stampede.

New York World.

In the county of North Hastings, Ont., is a deserted town called Bridgewater, which is built entirely of marble. About twenty-five years ago a farmer's wife was searching in the woods for a pig that had strayed away. In a particularly dense part of the forest she found a cold spring of crystal water and stooped to drink from it. As she did she slipped on a round stone which rolled from under her foot and fell into the water. Attracted by the peculiar color of the stone she fished it out and took it home. Investigation showed it to be a twenty pound nugget of almost pure gold.

Within six months the wilderness had blossomed into the bustling town of Bridgewater, with 5,000 inhabitants. There were old forty-niners from the Pacific slope, amateurs from Great Britain and the United States, prospectors from every field. Shafts and tunnels were driven by the hundreds. In the sinking of a shaft a mile south of the town, on the claim of R. Flint, of Belleville, who is now a member of the Canadian Senate, a vein of white marble was discovered. At the suggestion of Flint, who wanted little or nothing for the material, the town of Bridgewater was built of solid marble. It has even to this day a court-house, school, church, hotel, stores and private dwellings constructed wholly of this material.

While the town was booming the entire country round about was prospecting. Some of the shafts and tunnels driven were more than 100 feet in depth, but remarkable as it may seem, there was never enough gold found to pay the cost of a single mine in the district.

The place where the original nugget was found was called "Ashcroft's Cave," and the land in its vicinity sold at fabulous prices. One farmer whose farm adjoined the cave sold five acres to an English syndicate for \$100,000 cash. The syndicate spent another \$100,000 developing the claim, but never obtained an ounce of free gold. An aged Irishman at Bridgewater, Patrick Keough, received an offer of \$125,000 for his farm, which consisted of 100 acres of rock-quartz, barren land. He refused the offer, holding out for \$150,000, which he never got. To-day anyone could buy the property for a dollar apiece.

Within a couple of years it became apparent to all that mining in Bridgewater would never pay and the prospectors and citizens departed, leaving the marble town to settle down to a future of desolation.

IN CRIPPLE CREEK

A Wonderful Streak of Gold has Been Made.

It is Said to Run Over \$50,000 to the Ton of Ore. Richest Mine Ever Known.

Denver, Jan. 31.—A special to the News from Cripple Creek says of the recent strike in Isabella ground.

One correspondent saw chunks of sylvanite that were three inches thick and solid metal, and chunks of the oxidized ore of the same width that he whittled with his pocket-knife. No assays have been on the rock, but pieces of the free gold ore, if ore it can be called at all, run over \$500,000 per ton. The Mollie Gibson never produced any ore that carried more ounces in silver per ton than this Isabella ore does in gold. With every hour's work the streak is lengthening and widening.

Joining this metallic body there is six feet of quartz that will run from \$1,000 to \$2,000 per ton.

RICHEST EVER KNOWN.

Manager Kilburn said to his correspondent: "I do not like to say anything that will excite the people any more than they are at present. The metallic ore body has doubled in size each week since yesterday morning. Some of the pieces of ore are 80 per cent. gold. I never saw such mineral and I do not believe that its like was ever mined in this or any other camp in the world. We had no assays taken on the rock, but a ton of it could be picked out that would run anywhere from \$20,000 to \$25,000 per ton."

Armed guards are watching the property. The strike was made in the new ore body at a depth of 920 feet below the surface. The chute has been cut at the seventh level, 280 feet above, and also at the fifth. At the latter place an assay was obtained in the breast of the drift in two feet of ore that went better than \$1,000 per ton. There is at least blocked out in the one level between the ninth and seventh levels \$5,000,000 worth of ore.

So much depends upon the purity of the blood that by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla many different diseases are cured.

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

A pure hard Soap
Last long—lathers freely.

5 cents a cake.

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Independent of parties, devoted to good government, it will not hesitate to accuse or disapprove, whatever the situation may be.

ART
The leading artists of the country will contribute to the pages of the WEEKLY, as heretofore, making it the foremost illustrated weekly.

Cuba and the Philippines
Special articles will appear on these two countries by Messrs. Phil Robinson and F. D. Millet, both of whom made special journeys to the islands.

Hawaii and Porto Rico
These places will be similarly treated by Messrs. Whitney and W. Stevedale, who likewise made a study of the places.

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Is what HARPER'S WEEKLY has been in the past and will be in the future. The great work accomplished in the late Spanish-American war is characteristic of the WEEKLY's live and energetic policy.

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Injure your eyes—feel clumsy—stick
in the mud—fill with snow—cold,
clammy, needless (Rubbers). New
leather shoe—wet-proof, snow-proof, stylish, warm. Made
by the famous Goodyear Welt process, which gives elasticity to the sole, and durability to the shoe. \$5.00 per pair

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Made of our own make of goods. See our \$3.00 Suits; see our \$5.00 and \$9.00 Suits reduced to \$6.50. We have the best all-wool Pants in the world. Come and see them.

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