

The March of "Progress"

"Progress Brand" Clothing is progressive.

Progressive in quality, in workmanship, in style.

Progressive in sales as well. More and more well dressed men are wearing it.

"Progress Brand" marches at the head of the clothing procession. It appeals to every man's good taste. It gives back a dollar-for-dollar service that men demand when once they have experienced it.

Have you seen the new styles? Ready.

C. AUSTIN & CO.

District Doings

THORNCLIFFE.

Mrs. Wise is visiting her son at Charleston.

Mr. Frank Houston has returned home from the sugar factory, Wall-Roseburg.

Mrs. Wesley Kendall is visiting her father, Mr. Bennett, who has been very ill. He is recovering slowly.

Mr. John Garrison intends moving his family to the lake in the near future. They will be much missed in this community, where they have lived for a number of years.

The death of Mrs. H. H. Hoyle, of Superville, was reported last week. This, we are pleased to say, was an error. She has been seriously ill, but is steadily improving.

Watch service was held here on New Year's Eve.

The Free Methodist congregation were disappointed Sunday night on account of district quarterly meeting. Miss Maggie Taxler spoke to the people a short time.

NORTH BUXTON.

Old tales to the beautiful weather. The cold snap will make ice, but it gets cold enough.

A good fall of snow is needed for the wheat, which has done very nicely so far this fall.

Rev. I. W. Smith, of the Baptist church, is still confined to his bed. Much interest is being taken in the expected work on the M. C. R. in the spring. It is the intention of the Railway Company to complete their double track through Canada. The part from Ridgeway to Tilbury will be rushed through this spring, which completes the western end of the road.

Andrew Newby is convalescent. His many friends hope to see him around again soon.

Mr. Geo. Cromwell, graduate of C. C. I. and Chatham Model school, has been engaged to teach in the school here. It is hoped he may make a success of it.

The trustees have installed a coal stove in the school, as wood is most supplied the stove and coal.

Washington Lodge had a very interesting meeting last evening. Two new members were initiated. The lodge, which was only started recently, has a good membership.

Thomas R. Clark, M. C. R. operator, of Chicago, is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

When an ordinary, every-day woman does meet with an accident she then sends for her press agent. An actress sends for her press agent.

Never put off till to-morrow.

The LUST of HATE

BY GUY BOOTHBY

Author of "A Beautiful White Devil," "A Bid For Fortune," "The Marriage of Esther," "Dr. Nikola," Etc.

Continued from Yesterday.

Casting one last glance at the bound water below me, and with a shudder at the thought of what I had contemplated doing when I first arrived upon the Embankment, I made my way back into the Strand. It was now close upon three o'clock, and already a few people were abroad. If I were not out of London within a few hours, I might be caught. I would go directly I had decided what it was imperative I should do. Up one street and down another I toiled until at last I came upon what I wanted, a small restaurant in a back street, devoted to the interests of the early arrivals at Covent Garden Market. It was only a tiny, shabby place, in the extreme, but as it just suited my purpose, I walked boldly in, and ordered a cup of cocoa and a plate of sausages. While they were being prepared I seated myself in one of the small compartments along the opposite wall, and with my head upon my hand, tried to think coherently. When the proprietor brought me the food, I asked him if he could oblige me with the loan of writing materials. He glanced at me rather queerly, I thought, but did not hesitate to do what I asked. When he had gone again I dipped the pen into the ink and wrote a note to the proprietor of my hotel, telling him that I had been suddenly taken out of town by important business, and asking him to forward my boxes, within a week, to the clock room, Aberdeen railway station, labelled "to be called for." I chose Aberdeen for the reason that it was a long distance from London, and also because it struck me that if inquiries were made by the police, I should be able to explain my real reason, which would certainly not be in that direction. I then wrote a cheque for the amount of my account, enclosed it, and having done so sealed up the letter and put it in my pocket. On an adjoining table I saw a newspaper, which I made haste to secure. Turning to the column where the shipping advertisements were displayed, I searched the list for a vessel outward bound to one of the ports I had chosen. I discovered that the *Southampton* was to sail from Southampton for Cape Town at 11 a.m. on this self-same day. She was of 4,000 tons burden, but had only accommodation for ten first-class passengers and fifty in the steerage. What pleased me better still, she would only call at Teneriffe on the way. The steerage fare was fifteen pounds, and it was by this class I determined to travel. My mind once made up, the next thing to decide was how to reach Southampton without incurring suspicion. To catch the boat this could only be done by rail, and to further increase my store of knowledge I had again to borrow from the proprietor of the restaurant. From the time table he lent me I found that a train left Waterloo every morning at six o'clock, which would get me to the docks before nine o'clock, thus allowing me two full hours in which to make my preparations and to get on board in comfortable time; that is, supposing she sailed at the hour stated. But I had still three hours to put in London before the train would start, and how to occupy them without running any risk I could not tell. It was quite possible for me to remain where I was, and yet to go out and walk about the streets would be dangerous in the extreme. In that time Nikola might get hold of me again, and I believe I should be able to make my way to the docks before the train would start. Suddenly I was struck by what seemed a splendid idea. What if I walked out of London to some station along the line where the train would pick me up? In that case I should be able to remember seeing me start from Waterloo, and I should be believed to be still in London. The thought was no sooner born in my brain than I picked up my hat and prepared to be off.

With a pat on the back for my meal, and also for the note paper with which the proprietor had obliged me, I strode out of the restaurant and down the street into the Strand again. Surbiton, I reflected, was twelve miles from Waterloo, and besides being quiet, it was also one of the places at which I had noticed that the train was advertised to call. I had almost three hours before me in which to do the distance, and if I walked at the rate of five miles an hour it was evident I should accomplish it with ease. To Surbiton, therefore, I would go.

Having made my way back to Charing Cross, I passed down Whitehall and over Westminster Bridge to the Lambeth Palace Road. Under the influence of my new excitement I felt easier in my mind than I had been since I made my awful discovery three hours before but still not easy enough to be able to pass a policeman without a shudder. Strangely enough, considering that I had no sleep at all, and had been moving about all night, I was not conscious of the least fatigue, but strode along the pavement at a swinging pace, probably doing more than I had intended when I had first set out. The snow had ceased, but a nasty fog was rising from the river to take its place. I pictured the state of London when day should break, and devoutly thanked Heaven that I should be well out of it by that time. I could imagine the newsboys running about the streets with cries of "Another 'horrible murder'! A millionaire the victim!" I seemed to see the boards stuck before shop doors with the same ghastly headline, and I could realize the consternation of the towns, when it awoke to find the mysterious assassin still at work in its midst. Then would follow the inquiry. The porter at the Monolith Club would be called upon to give evidence, and would affirm that he had seen the deceased gentleman step into a smart hansom, driven by a cabman dressed in an oilskin cape and a sou'wester, and would probably remember having noticed that the cabby was a gruff fellow with a bushy black beard. The next witnesses would be the finders of the body, and after that the same verdict would be returned—"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown"—as had been given in the previous cases.

Only Nikola remained faithful to me. I should probably have time to get out of England before the police could stop me, and, once among the miners of the Rand, I should be able to arrange matters in such a way that recognition would be almost an impossibility. With a sigh of relief at this comfortable thought, I pushed on a little faster along the Wandsworth Road until I reached Clapham Junction Station. As I did so I looked at my watch. It was just a quarter to four, and already the footpaths were becoming dotted with pedestrians.

Leaving Clapham Junction behind me, I passed along the Lavender Hill Road, through Wandsworth, and struck out along the road to West Hill, then across Putney Heath, through Kingston Vale, and so into Kingston. From that quiet old riverside town to Surbiton is but a step, and exactly as the church clocks in the latter place were chiming a quarter to six, I stood on the platform of the railway station prepared to board my train when it should come in sight. The last four miles had been done at a fast pace, and by the time I had taken my ticket I was completely worn out. My anxiety was so keen that I could not sit down, but waited until I should be safely on board the train. The cries of the newsboys seemed still to be ringing in ears—"Another 'horrible murder'! Discovery of the body of a famous millionaire!"

To while away the time I went out of the station again and explored the deserted streets, passing houses in which the owners still lay fast asleep, little dreaming of the miserable man who was tramping along in the cold outside. A biting north wind blew over the sun, and the leaden hand of despair was pressing hard upon my heart, and when I looked at the rows of trim, matter-of-fact residences on either side of me, and thought of the gulf that separated their inmates from myself, I groaned aloud in abject misery. At five minutes to the hour I returned to the station, and just as I reached it, punctual almost to the tick of the clock, the train made its appearance round the end of the line. With the solitary exception of an old man I was the only passenger from this station; and, as soon as I had discovered an empty third-class compartment, I got in and stowed myself away in a corner. Almost before the train was out of the station I was fast asleep, dreaming of Nikola and of the horrible events of the night just past. Once more I drove the cab along the snow-covered streets; once more that strange woman's face arose before me in warning; and once more I descended from my seat to make the horrible discovery that my enemy was dead. In my agony I must have shrieked aloud, for their inmates from myself, I groaned aloud in abject misery. At five minutes to the hour I returned to the station, and just as I reached it, punctual almost to the tick of the clock, the train made its appearance round the end of the line. With the solitary exception of an old man I was the only passenger from this station; and, as soon as I had discovered an empty third-class compartment, I got in and stowed myself away in a corner. Almost before the train was out of the station I was fast asleep, dreaming of Nikola and of the horrible events of the night just past.

Once more I drove the cab along the snow-covered streets; once more that strange woman's face arose before me in warning; and once more I descended from my seat to make the horrible discovery that my enemy was dead. In my agony I must have shrieked aloud, for their inmates from myself, I groaned aloud in abject misery. At five minutes to the hour I returned to the station, and just as I reached it, punctual almost to the tick of the clock, the train made its appearance round the end of the line. With the solitary exception of an old man I was the only passenger from this station; and, as soon as I had discovered an empty third-class compartment, I got in and stowed myself away in a corner. Almost before the train was out of the station I was fast asleep, dreaming of Nikola and of the horrible events of the night just past.

its last. Then would follow the inquiry. The porter at the Monolith Club would be called upon to give evidence, and would affirm that he had seen the deceased gentleman step into a smart hansom, driven by a cabman dressed in an oilskin cape and a sou'wester, and would probably remember having noticed that the cabby was a gruff fellow with a bushy black beard. The next witnesses would be the finders of the body, and after that the same verdict would be returned—"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown"—as had been given in the previous cases.

Only Nikola remained faithful to me. I should probably have time to get out of England before the police could stop me, and, once among the miners of the Rand, I should be able to arrange matters in such a way that recognition would be almost an impossibility. With a sigh of relief at this comfortable thought, I pushed on a little faster along the Wandsworth Road until I reached Clapham Junction Station. As I did so I looked at my watch. It was just a quarter to four, and already the footpaths were becoming dotted with pedestrians.

Leaving Clapham Junction behind me, I passed along the Lavender Hill Road, through Wandsworth, and struck out along the road to West Hill, then across Putney Heath, through Kingston Vale, and so into Kingston. From that quiet old riverside town to Surbiton is but a step, and exactly as the church clocks in the latter place were chiming a quarter to six, I stood on the platform of the railway station prepared to board my train when it should come in sight. The last four miles had been done at a fast pace, and by the time I had taken my ticket I was completely worn out. My anxiety was so keen that I could not sit down, but waited until I should be safely on board the train. The cries of the newsboys seemed still to be ringing in ears—"Another 'horrible murder'! Discovery of the body of a famous millionaire!"

To while away the time I went out of the station again and explored the deserted streets, passing houses in which the owners still lay fast asleep, little dreaming of the miserable man who was tramping along in the cold outside. A biting north wind blew over the sun, and the leaden hand of despair was pressing hard upon my heart, and when I looked at the rows of trim, matter-of-fact residences on either side of me, and thought of the gulf that separated their inmates from myself, I groaned aloud in abject misery. At five minutes to the hour I returned to the station, and just as I reached it, punctual almost to the tick of the clock, the train made its appearance round the end of the line. With the solitary exception of an old man I was the only passenger from this station; and, as soon as I had discovered an empty third-class compartment, I got in and stowed myself away in a corner. Almost before the train was out of the station I was fast asleep, dreaming of Nikola and of the horrible events of the night just past.

Once more I drove the cab along the snow-covered streets; once more that strange woman's face arose before me in warning; and once more I descended from my seat to make the horrible discovery that my enemy was dead. In my agony I must have shrieked aloud, for their inmates from myself, I groaned aloud in abject misery. At five minutes to the hour I returned to the station, and just as I reached it, punctual almost to the tick of the clock, the train made its appearance round the end of the line. With the solitary exception of an old man I was the only passenger from this station; and, as soon as I had discovered an empty third-class compartment, I got in and stowed myself away in a corner. Almost before the train was out of the station I was fast asleep, dreaming of Nikola and of the horrible events of the night just past.

Once more I drove the cab along the snow-covered streets; once more that strange woman's face arose before me in warning; and once more I descended from my seat to make the horrible discovery that my enemy was dead. In my agony I must have shrieked aloud, for their inmates from myself, I groaned aloud in abject misery. At five minutes to the hour I returned to the station, and just as I reached it, punctual almost to the tick of the clock, the train made its appearance round the end of the line. With the solitary exception of an old man I was the only passenger from this station; and, as soon as I had discovered an empty third-class compartment, I got in and stowed myself away in a corner. Almost before the train was out of the station I was fast asleep, dreaming of Nikola and of the horrible events of the night just past.

Once more I drove the cab along the snow-covered streets; once more that strange woman's face arose before me in warning; and once more I descended from my seat to make the horrible discovery that my enemy was dead. In my agony I must have shrieked aloud, for their inmates from myself, I groaned aloud in abject misery. At five minutes to the hour I returned to the station, and just as I reached it, punctual almost to the tick of the clock, the train made its appearance round the end of the line. With the solitary exception of an old man I was the only passenger from this station; and, as soon as I had discovered an empty third-class compartment, I got in and stowed myself away in a corner. Almost before the train was out of the station I was fast asleep, dreaming of Nikola and of the horrible events of the night just past.

Once more I drove the cab along the snow-covered streets; once more that strange woman's face arose before me in warning; and once more I descended from my seat to make the horrible discovery that my enemy was dead. In my agony I must have shrieked aloud, for their inmates from myself, I groaned aloud in abject misery. At five minutes to the hour I returned to the station, and just as I reached it, punctual almost to the tick of the clock, the train made its appearance round the end of the line. With the solitary exception of an old man I was the only passenger from this station; and, as soon as I had discovered an empty third-class compartment, I got in and stowed myself away in a corner. Almost before the train was out of the station I was fast asleep, dreaming of Nikola and of the horrible events of the night just past.

Once more I drove the cab along the snow-covered streets; once more that strange woman's face arose before me in warning; and once more I descended from my seat to make the horrible discovery that my enemy was dead. In my agony I must have shrieked aloud, for their inmates from myself, I groaned aloud in abject misery. At five minutes to the hour I returned to the station, and just as I reached it, punctual almost to the tick of the clock, the train made its appearance round the end of the line. With the solitary exception of an old man I was the only passenger from this station; and, as soon as I had discovered an empty third-class compartment, I got in and stowed myself away in a corner. Almost before the train was out of the station I was fast asleep, dreaming of Nikola and of the horrible events of the night just past.

Once more I drove the cab along the snow-covered streets; once more that strange woman's face arose before me in warning; and once more I descended from my seat to make the horrible discovery that my enemy was dead. In my agony I must have shrieked aloud, for their inmates from myself, I groaned aloud in abject misery. At five minutes to the hour I returned to the station, and just as I reached it, punctual almost to the tick of the clock, the train made its appearance round the end of the line. With the solitary exception of an old man I was the only passenger from this station; and, as soon as I had discovered an empty third-class compartment, I got in and stowed myself away in a corner. Almost before the train was out of the station I was fast asleep, dreaming of Nikola and of the horrible events of the night just past.

Cardigan Jackets

...FOR...

One Week Only

We Will Sell

\$1.25 quality for 95c.
\$1.50 quality for \$1.15.
\$1.75 quality for \$1.35.
\$2.00 quality for \$1.50.

Remember the prices good for ONE week only.

SUITS TO ORDER

...AT...

The T. H. Taylor Co.

ing Captain Hawk's does not wait for anything or anybody."

I thanked him for his courtesy and left the office, buttoning up my ticket in my pocket as I went down the steps. In four hours at most, all being well, I should be safely out of England; and, for a little while, a free man. By half-past nine I had purchased a small outfit, and also the few odds and ends—such as bedding and mess utensils—that I should require on the voyage. This done I hunted about till I found a small restaurant, again in a back street, which I entered and ordered breakfast. As soon as I smelt the cooking I found that I was ravenous, and twice I had to call for more before my hunger was appeased.

Towards the end of the meal a paper boy put in an appearance, and my heart well-nigh stopped when I heard the girl beyond the counter enquire if there was "any startling news this morning."

"No other terrible murder in London," answered the lad with fiendish gibes; and as he spoke my overtaxed strength gave way, and I fell back in my chair in a dead faint.

I suppose for a few moments I must have quite lost consciousness, for I can recollect nothing until I opened my eyes and found a small crowd collected round me, somebody sponging my forehead, and two people chafing my hands.

"How do you feel now?" enquired the nervous little man who had first come to my assistance.

"Better, thank you," I replied, at the same time endeavoring to sit up. "Very much better. What has been the matter with me?"

"A bit of a faint, that's all," another answered. "Are you subject to them?"

"I've been very ill lately," I said, giving them the same reply as I had done to the man in the train, "and I suppose I overtaxed my strength a little this morning. But, thanks to your kindness, I feel ever so much better now."

As soon as I had recovered sufficiently, I paid my bill, and, having sincerely thanked those who had assisted me, left the shop and hurried off to the docks as fast as I could go. It was now some few minutes after ten o'clock.

To Be Continued.

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM.

The Slightest Backache, if Neglected, is Liable to Cause Years of Terrible Suffering.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system.

The female constitution is naturally more subject to kidney disease than a man's; and what is more, a woman's work is never done—her whole life is one continuous strain.

How many women have you heard say: "My back aches!" Do you know that backache is one of the first signs of kidney trouble? It is, and should be attended to immediately. Other symptoms are frequent thirst, scanty, thick, cloudy or highly colored urine, burning sensation when urinating, frequent urination, puffing under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, floating specks before the eyes, etc.

These symptoms if not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy.

Mrs. Mary Galle, Auburn, N.S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Harry and Tom,

WILLIAM STREET LAUNDRY.

We do All kinds of Laundry and Family Washing. Prices reasonable and work guaranteed.

GIVE US A CALL.

HARRY & TOM.

PHONE 434 OPPOSITE C.P.R.

To Look Clean

Is gratifying

To be Clean

Is satisfying. You will enjoy both when you place your linen with us, for we do our work by the most modern methods known to our art.

The Parlour Steam Laundry Co. Phone 20

THE NEW LAUNDRY

ST. CLAIR STREET, NORTH CHATHAM.

Solicits Washing of all kinds.

Ladies waits a specialty. Our work is all done by hand without the use of any chemicals.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED...

Parcels called for and delivered promptly.

SING LUNG,

PROPRIETOR.

NEW YEAR'S

GIFTS.

Have you purchased your New Year's Presents? If not call upon

A. A. JORDAN.

We have a large stock of Gold Headed Silk Umbrellas and Parasols, also Gold Mounted Fountain Pens of the Newest Patterns, which we will sell at a discount. What is a more useful or suitable present for a lady or gentleman. Come and see us at the

SIGN OF THE BIG CLOCK

TELEPHONE 469

ICE CREAM

PARLORS

One of the finest assortments of Candy in the city, fresh every day.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Ice Cream or goods delivered to any part of the city. Light lunches served.

J. H. Rhody

In Wigzell's Old Stand.

Coal AND

Wood

Order your COAL and WOOD from

J. GILBERT & CO.

We have the best quality of coal and at low market prices. Orders promptly delivered.

OFFICE AND YARDS: QUEEN ST., near C. T. R. Crossing. PHONE 110

Fire, Life and Accident

Money to loan at lowest rate of interest.

E. K. ATKINSON

Phone 346, 5th Street. Next to Harrison Hall

I WILL CURE YOU FIRST THEN YOU PAY ME



Dr. S. GOLDBERG.
The possessor of 11 Diplomas and certificates, who wants to money that he does not earn.

I have 14 Diplomas and certificates from the various colleges and state boards of medical examiners which should guarantee to you a standing and abilities. It makes no difference what disease you have, I will be your advantage to get my opinion of your case free of charge.

PHYSICAL DEBILITY

The Latest Method Treatment is a heaven-sent boon to nervous sufferers. There are scores of hundreds of persons suffering from severe nervous disorders resulting from overwork, hurry, worry, business and domestic cares, bereavement, disipation, etc. To cure a life is one continual round of misery, while peace, comfort and happiness are set opposite. They suffer from headache, loss of memory, mental depression, strange sensations, dizziness, disordered digestion, irritability, constant indigestible fear, foreboding, sleeplessness, weakness, trembling, heart palpitation, cold limbs, utter fatigue and exhaustion. In this class of cases almost immediate relief is afforded by my treatment. The use of narcotics and poisonous stupefying drugs is done away with, and permanent cures accomplished.

I Cure Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Stricture, Early Decay and Waste of Power, All Nervous, Chronic, Blood and Skin Diseases.

X RAY EXAMINATION, ADVICE AND CONSULTATION FREE

HOME TREATMENT

If you are in or near the city you should apply for treatment in person, but if you live too far away, write me a full and unreserved history of your case. I will give you careful, conscientious and painstaking attention as if you were in my office daily. As men in different parts of Canada and Mexico, as well as in the United States, residing cured by my system of home treatment. I feel fully justified in claiming that it is the most perfect and successful system ever devised. All physicians coming to me for consultation are over-estimated cases which they are occasionally called upon to treat will receive the usual courtesies of the profession. Medicines for Canadian patients shipped from Windsor, Ont., all duty and transportation charges prepaid.

DR. GOLDBERG, 208 V. Edward Ave., Suite 411, Detroit, Mich.

\$1.25 Gas!

WHY NOT LIGHT YOUR HOUSE WITH GAS...?

If you now use Gas for fuel, you can at very small cost have the necessary piping and fixtures installed, pay a small sum monthly on the completed work, and pay the low price through one meter, for fuel and light, of \$1.25 set per 1,000 cubic feet of Gas.

See The Gas Company About It.