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W. W. Everitt,



in the Surrogate Court of the County of Kent.

In the matter of the guardianship of Melvin Ray and Samuel Gordon Sloan, the infant sons of Samuel Sloan, late of the Township of Harwich, in the County of Kent, and Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased. Notice is hereby given that after the expiration of twenty days from the first publication of this notice, application will be made to the Surrogate Court of the County of Kent, for a grant of Letters of Guardianship of the person and estate of the above named infants to Mary J. Sloan, of the said Township of Harwich, widow of the said Samuel Sloan, deceased.

Dated at Chatham this 26th day of September, A. D., 1900.

W. F. SMITH,

The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

and foreign-accented voice.

"Pardon," said the sweet, and ra

ther feminine tones; "it was quite an

had no idea I was in anybody's

way." Sir Norman looked at the voice, or

came, and found it proceeded from

lad in gay livery, whose clear, color less face, dark eyes and exquisite feat

tures were by no means unknown. The boy seemed to recognize him at the same moment, and slightly touch-

ed his gay cap.
"Ah, it is Sir Norman Kingsley

Just the person, but one, in the world that I wanted most to see." "Indeed! And pray, whom have I

the honor of addressing?" inquired Sir Norman, deeply edified by the cold

league boots, or if your errand is one of life and death, that you stride along at such a terrific rate?"

Sir Norman, indignant at his free

'And what is that to you?" asked

"Nothing, only I should like to

keep up with you, if my legs were

long enough; and as they're not, and

as company is not so easy to be had

in these forlorn streets, I should feel obliged to you if you would just

slacken your pace a trifle and take

familiarity of the accoster.

and-easy impudence.

accident, I assure you, monsieur,

rather in the direction whence

•*•*•*•*•*•*•*•*•* nyriad fires. Many persons were any to by a violent effort, he turned to see the cause of the collision, and found himself accosted by a musical hurrying towards St. Paul's to witness it from the dome; and consign-ing his horse to the care of the sentinel on guard at the house opposite he joined them and was soon striding along at a tremendous pace towards the great cathedral. Ere he reached it is long-tongued clock struck 12, and all the churches, one after the other, took up the sound, and the witching hour of midnight rang from end to end of London town. As if by magic, a thousand forked ton-

gues of fire shot up at once into the blind, black night, turning almost in an instant the darkened face of the heavens to an inflamed, plowing red. Great fires were blazing round the cathedral when they reached it, but no one stopped to notice them, but hurried on the faster to gain their point of observation.

Sir Norman just glanced at the magnificent pile—for the old St. Paul's was even more magnificent than the new—and then followed after the rest, through many a gallery, tower, and spiral staircase, till the ome was reached. And there was grand and mighty spectacle before -the whole of London swaying nd heaving in one great sea of fire From one end to the other the city seemed wrapped in sheets of flame, and every street, and lane, and alley rithin it shone in a lurid radiance far brighter than noonday. All along the river fires were gleaming, too; and the whole sky had turned from black to blood red crimson. streets were alive and swarming-it could scarcely be believed that

weeks was unusual,y brilliant days

of cloudless sunshine, nights of cloud-

warm and sultry enough for the

wart the sky, followed by another

if the very flood-gates of heaven had

ever remembered to have seen such

torrents fall, and the populace fled

pefore it in wildest dismay. In five

minutes every fire, from one extrem-

ity of London to the other, was

darkness, and on that night the deep-

est gloom and terror reigned through-

out the city. It was clear the hand

of an avenging diety was in this, and he who had rained down fire on

Sodom and Gomorrah had not lost

his might. In fifteen minutes the

terrific flood was over; the dismal

clouds cleared away, a pale, fair, sil-

ver moon shone serenely out and

looked down on the black, charred

neapes of ashes strewn through the

streets of London. One by one the

stars that all night had been obscur-

ed glanced and sparkled over the town. Everybody had quitted the

lome in terror and consternation;

dome in terror and consternation; and now Sir Norman, who had been lost in awe, suddenly bethought him of his ride to the ruin, and hastened to follow their example. Walking rapidly, not to say recklessly, he

abruptly knocked against some one

sauntering leisurely before him, and

nearly pitched headlong on the pave-

ment. Recovering his center of grav-

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Baled Hay and Straw

enched in the very blackness of

pened for s second delu

The boy's face in the moonlight, in everything but expression, was exactly like that of Leoline, to which plague-injested city contained half so many people, and all were unusually softening circumstances may be attrihopeful and animated; for it was popularly believed that these fires would effectually check the pestilence. buted Sir Norman's yielding to the request, and allowing the page to But the angry fiat of a Mighty Judge "I've met you once before tohad gone forth, and the tremendous arm of the destroying angel was not

night?" inquired Sir Norman, after a prolonged and wondering stare at to be stopped by the puny hand of

It had been said the weather | for Yes, I have a faint recollection of seeing you and Mr. Ormiston on London Bridge, a few hours ago, and, by the way, perhaps I may mention I am now in search of that same Mr less moonlight, and the air was month of August in the tropics. But Ormiston." "You are? And what may you now; while they looked, a vivid flash of lightning, from what quarter, of the heavens no man knew, shot ath-

want of him, pray?" "Just a little information of a private character—perhaps you can di-rect me to his whereabouts?"

and another, quick, sharp and blinding, then one great drop of rain fell "Should be happy to oblige you, my like molten lead on the pavement. Then a second and a third—quicker, dear boy, but, unfortunately, I cannot. I want to see him, myself, if I and faster, and thicker, until down it rushed in a perfect deluge. It did could only find anyone good enough to direct me to him. Is your besinot wait to rain; it fell in fleodsness pressing?" in great, slanting sheets of water, as

Very-there is a lady in the case; and such business, you are aware, is always pressing. Probably you hav heard of her-a youthful angel, virgin white, who took a notion to jurap into the Thames not a great

wille ago. said Sir Norman, with start that did not escape the quick eyes of the boy, "And what do you

vant of her?' The page glanced at him. "Perhaps you know her yourself, Sir Norman? If so, you will answer quite as we'l as you friend, as I only want to know where she lives.

"I have been out of town to-night," said Sir Norman, evasively 'and there may have been more la dies than one jump into the Thames during my absence. Pray, describe your angel in white." "I did not notice her particularly

myself," said the boy, with easy indifference, "and I am not in the habit of paying much attention to streets at night and jump promiscu ously into rivers. However, this one was rather remarkable for being dressed as a bride, having long black hair, and a great quantity of jewelry about her, and looking very much like me. I need not add she is hand-

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! muraured Sir Norman, meditatively. "Perhaps she is a relative of yours, Master Hubert, since you take such an interest in her, and she looks so ch' like you.

Not that I know of," said Hubert, in his careless way. "I believe I was minus those common dome afflictions, relatives; and I don't take the slightest interest in her, either; don't think it!"

"Then why are you in search "For a very good reason; because I've been ordered to do so.

"By whom-your master?" "My Lord Rochester," said that notherman's page, waving off-the in-sinuation, by a motion of his hand and a little displeased frown; "he picked her up adrift, and being composed of high, inflammable materials, took a hot and vehement fancy to her, which fact he did not discover until your friend, Mr. Ormiston, had carried her off."

Sir Norman scowled. And so he sent you in search

Exactly so, and now you ceive the reason why it is quite im-We do not know where he has taken her to, but fancy it must be some where near the river,"

You do? I tell you what it is, my " exclaimed Sir Norman, sudden ly, and in an elevated key, the best thing you can do is to go home and go to bed, and never mind young la-dies. You'll catch the plague before

dies. You'll catch the plague before you'll catch this particular young lady—I can teil you that!"
"Monsieur is excited," lisped the lad raising his hat and running his taper fingers through his glossy, dark

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

Bread Seems to Be Falling In Favor lighting up with quite a new sensation at the recollection. "I tell yo handsome doesn't begin to describe her! She is beautiful! lovely! angelic divine—" Here Sir Norman of adjectives beginning to give out, he came to a sudden halt, with a the table to the sky at sun "Ah! I did not believe them, when they told me she was so much like

dit it. Strange, is it not, that nagreatest earthly chef d'oeuvre?' "You conceited young jacknapes! growled Sir Norman, in deep dis pleasure. "It is far stranger how such a bundle of vanity can contrive to live in this work-a-day world. You are a foreigner, I perceive?" Yes, Sir Norman, I am happy

say I am."
"You don't like England, then?" "I'd be sorry to like it; a dirty, beggarly, sickly place as I ever saw." Sir Norman eyed the slender speci-

as you describe. I shall begin to cre

men of foreign manhood, uttering this sentiment in the sincerest of tones, and let his hand fall heavily on his shoulder. "My good youth, be careful! I happen to be a native, and not altogeth er used to this sort of talk. How long have you been here? Not long, I know myself-at least, not in the

Farl of Rochester's service, or would have seen you." "Right. I have not been here a month; but that month has seemed "They call me Hubert—for want of a better name, I suppose," said the lad, easily. "And, may I ask, Sir Norman, if you are shod with sevenlonger than a year elsewhere. Do you know, I imagine when the world was created, this island of yours must have been made late on Saturday night, and then merely thrown from the refuse to fill up a dent in the ocean.'

Sir Norman paused in his walk, and contemplated the speaker a mo ment in severe silence. But Master Hubert only lifted up his saucy face and laughing black eyes, in dauntless

sang froid. "Master Hubert!" began Master Hulert's companion, in his deepest and sternest bass, "I don't know your other name, and it would be of no consequence if I did—just listen to me a moment. If you don't want to get run through (you perceive I carry a sword), and have an untimely end put to your career, just keep civil tongue in youe head and don't slander England. Now, come on!" Hubert laughed, and shrugged his

"Thought is free, however, so I can have my own opinion in spite of ev-erything, Will you tell me, 'monerything. Will you tell me, sieur, where I can find the lady?'

"You will have it, will you?" ex-claimed Sir Norman, half drawing "Don't ask questions his sword. but answer them. Are you French?" "Mousieur has guessed it."

"How long have you been with your present master?" Monsieur, I object to that term," said Hubert, with calm dignity. "Master is a vulgarism that I dislike: so in alluding to his lordship, take the trouble to say patron."

Norman laughed. "With all my heart! How long have you been with your present pa-

"Not quite two weeks." "I do not like to be impertinent nified a gentleman, but perhaps you would not consider it too great a liberty, if I inquired how you be-

"Monsieur shall ask as many que tions as he pleases and it shall not be considered the slightest liberty." said the young gentleman politely. I had been roaming at large about the city and the palace of his ma--whom may heaven preserve and grant a little more wisdom!in search of a situation; and amore that of all the nobles of the court the Earl of Rochester's livery struck me as the most becoming, and so locally concluded to patronize him."

What an honor for his lordship Since you dislike England so much however, you will probably soon throw up the situation and patron ize the first foreign ambassador-"Perhaps! I rather like Whitehall, however. Old Rowlie has taken rather a fancy to me," said the boy, speaking with the same easy familiarity of his master as he would of a lap dog. "And what is better, so has Mistress Stuart -- so much so that heaven forefend the king should become jealous. This, however, is enter nous, and not to be strictly

oken of on any terms." Your secret shall be preserved at risk of my life," said Sir Normen, laying his hand on the left side of his doublet; "and, in return, may I ask if you have any relatives lives -any sisters, for instance?' I see, you have a suspicion that

the lady in white may be a sister of Well, you may set your mind at rest on that point-for if she is it is news to me, as I never saw her in my life before to-night. Is she a particular friend of yours, Sir Noryou mind that, my dea

'Never boy; but take my advice and don't trouble yourself looking for her; for, ost assuredly, if you find her I shall break your head."
"Much obliged," said Hubert

touching his cap, "but nevertheless I shall risk it. She had the plagu I shall risk it. though, when she jumped into the river, and perhaps the best place to find her would be the pest-house.

shall try. To be Continued.

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-You have read of the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you should have perfect confidence in its merit.

as an Article of Diet. look upon bread as an article of food destined to be completely abolished before many years," said a New York doctor, "for the number of persons who are willingly giving up the use of it increases every year. The majority of them do this on the advice of their physicians, who find more ground for recommending abstinence from bread as they see the results that such a course of treatment has on their pa-

"For nearly all forms of dyspepsis gout, rheumatism and kindred allments the patient is first told to shun bread unless it be submitted to certain preparation and be taken only in certain forms. The great increase in the number of hygienic foods that have been put upon the market and the almost invariable success of any of these manufactures which prove an acceptable substitute for bread and other starchy foods are other indications in the change of the public feeling toward bread as a simple food which could be

taken under all circumstances. "Some years ago a man wrote a book devoted chiefly to exposing to the world the harmful qualities of bread. Persons at that time thought he was erank, and little attention was paid to his very sound utterances on the subject. But his opinions are now re-echoed by most physicians, and the great army of abstainers from bread gathers recruits every day. The revolt against such a well established institution is inturally a little bit slow. But bread s destined to be ultimately shunned even more than it is today, and this destruction of a tradition that has lasted centuries is already well under way. Most of its force comes from the complete satisfaction of the persons who do give up bread entirely. They are always the most enthusiastic advocates of the new theory on the subject."

HE TESTED HIS SKILL.

The Result Moved the Philosopher to a Discourse on Success.

"Did you ever realize that the success that one really enjoys comes only through hard work?" asked the philosopher. "I know the average mortal would prefer to gain his ends without hard toil, but few do, and I doubt if those few gain any pleasure from having the plum drop in their laps without any effort on their part.

"I had that fact impressed upon me only the other day. I chanced during an idle moment to pick up an empty ink bottle, and something started my thoughts back to my boyhood days when an empty bottle furnished an ideal mark to throw stones at. Smiling to myself at the childishness of it, I set the bottle on a hitching post, and after carefully selecting a number of stones I stood off about 30 feet and prepared to make a test of my skill. The very first stone that I threw caught the bottle fairly in the center and shattered it into a hundred pieces. I threw away the stones that I had so carefully gathered in disgust. I had accomplished what I had set out to do on my first throw, but I fully realized that it was only a fluke and that I might throw 50 more stones and not

come anywhere near the mark. "Now, if, on the contrary, I had missed, I would have carefully noted where the fault lay and tried to have corrected it on my next throw. The throws that went too low and too high, as well as too much to one side, would have all been valuable lessons to me, and in the end I would have succeeded in placing a stone where I wanted it. That would have been success gained by working for it. The very few peo-ple who gain success on their first throw have my sympathy.

Sansen's Pancakes. boyhood Nansen accustomed himself to the use of snowshoes and would often go 40 or 50 miles on them without taking any food with him. He had a great dislike to any outfit for his excursions. On one occasion he and some of his friends set off on a long snowshoe expedition, all except Nansen having a wallet containing their provisions on their backs. When they got to the first resting place, Nansen unbuttoned his coat and took some smoking pancakes from the lining and asked his friends to share his food. They all refused, however, not caring for the mode of conveyance and heating. Nansen replied, "More fools you, for let me tell you there's jam in

A Good Investment. "Is marriage a failure?" "I should say not!" remarked an Oregon farmer. "Why, there's Lucindy gits up in the mornin, milks six cows, gits breakfast, starts four children to skewl, looks arter the other three, feeds the hens, likewise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep, skims 20 pans of milk, washes the clothes, gits dinner, et cetery, et cetery! Think I could hire anybody to do it for what she gits? Not much! Marriage, sir, is a success-s great success!"

Literary Irrigation. "Your latest novel seems very dry," said the reader of the publishing house to the young but rising author.

"I was pretty sure you would say that," rejoined the author; "consequently if you will count them you will find the heroine weeps real tears on just 253 pages of my story."

A Good Varnish. By dissolving celluloid in acetone or acetic ether a transparent varnish is made which will take a high polish and resist hot water. It is particularly adapted to metal objects, such as bi cycles, and can be made a vehicle for

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children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

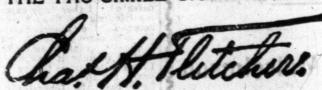
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