

THE QUESTION —OF— THE DAY

is where can I get best value in Vinegars and Spices?

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 good.

Ginger Snaps, per lb. 5c
6 Bars S. Soap 25c
Try our 2c Mixed Tea
Coffee, per lb. 16c

Crockery at our usual low price.

John McConnell

Phone 190. Park St., East
Sign of the Star

STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Branches and agents at all principal points in Canada, U. S. and Great Britain. Drafts issued and notes discounted. Savings Bank Department deposits (which may be withdrawn without notice), received and interest allowed thereon at the highest current rates.

G. P. SCHOLFIELD, Manager,
Chatham Branch.

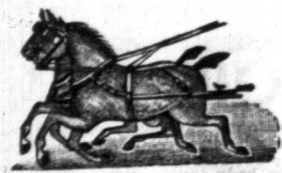
BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817

Capital (all paid up) \$12,000,000
Reserve Fund 7,000,000
Drafts bought and sold. Collections made on favorable terms. Interests allowed on deposits at current rates in Savings Bank Department, or on deposit receipts.

DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager,
Chatham Branch.

Important to Breeders and Horsemen



Eureka Veterinary Caustic Balsam

A reliable and speedy remedy for Cuts, Sprains, Swellings, Sore-throats, etc., in Horses, and LUMP JAW in Cattle. See pamphlet which accompanies every bottle giving scientific treatment in the various diseases. It can be successfully used in every case of veterinary practice where stimulating applications and blisters are prescribed. It has no superior. Every bottle sold is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Prepared by the Eureka Veterinary Medicine Co., London, Ont.

EGGS for Hatching

From Bred Plymouth Rocks, and Black Minorcas, all from the best selected stock, good healthy birds. Received first prize at the Poultry Exhibitions for heaviest eggs. Price for setting of 13 eggs \$1, special price for large quantities. All orders promptly filled.

W. W. Everitt,

GERHARD
HEINTZMAN

Pianos

Canada's Greatest Piano-makers—Send for Catalogue and Price.

B. J. WALKER

22 Ossington Ave.
TORONTO

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 25th day of September, A. D. 1900.

W. F. SMITH,
Solicitor for Applicant,
Chatham, Ont.

The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

myriad fires. Many persons were hurrying towards St. Paul's to witness the funeral of the late Sir Norman, who had been the guest of the city for some time. The funeral was held at the great cathedral. Ere he reached it, long-tongued clock struck twelve, and the church bells rang from end to end of London town. As if by magic, a thousand forked tongues 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, glowing 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 at the rear, through many a gallery, tower, and spiral staircase, till the dome was reached. And there was a grand and mighty spectacle before him—the whole of London swaying and heaving in one great sea of fire, and the whole sky had turned from black to blood red crimson. The streets were alive and swarming—it could scarcely be believed that the plague-infested city contained half so many people, and all were unusually hopeful and animated; for it was popularly believed that these fires would effectually check the pestilence. But the angry fiat of a Mighty Judge had gone forth, and the tremendous arm of the destroying angel was not to be stopped by the puny hand of man.

It had been said the weather for weeks was unusually brilliant days of cloudless sunshine, nights of cloudless moonlight, and the air was warm and sultry enough for the month of August in the tropics. But now, while they looked, a vivid flash of lightning, from what quarter of the heavens no man knew, shot athwart the sky, followed by another and another, quick, sharp and blinding, then one great drop of rain fell like molten lead on the pavement. Then a second and a third—quicker, and faster, and thicker, until down it rushed in a perfect deluge. It did not wait to rain, it fell in floods—in great, slanting sheets of water, as if the very flood-gates of heaven had opened for a second deluge. No one ever remembered to have seen such torrents fall, and the populace fled before it in wildest dismay. In five minutes every fire, from one extremity of London to the other, was quenched in the very blackness of darkness, and on that night the deepest gloom and terror reigned throughout the city. It was clear the hand of an avenging deity was in this, and he who had rained down fire on Sodom and Gomorrah had not lost his might. In fifteen minutes the clouds cleared away, a pale, fair, silver moon shone serenely out and looked down on the black, charred heaps of ashes strewn through the streets of London. One by one the stars that all night had been obscured glared and sparkled over the town. Everybody had quitted the dome in terror and consternation; and now Sir Norman, who had been lost in awe, suddenly bethought him of his ride to the river, 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 pavement. Recovering his center of gravity.

"What a beautiful night!" he murmured. "I have a faint recollection of seeing you and Mr. Ormiston on London Bridge, a few hours ago, and the way, perhaps I may mention, I am now in search of that same Mr. Ormiston."

"You are?" he asked, and what may you want of him, pray?"

"Just a little information of a private character—perhaps you can direct me to his whereabouts?"

"Should be happy to oblige you, my dear boy, but, unfortunately, I cannot. I want to see him, myself, if I could only find anyone good enough to direct me to him. Is your business pressing?"

"Very—there is a lady in the case; and I am sure, you are aware, is always pressing. Probably you have heard of her—a youthful angel, in virgin white, who took a notion to jump into the Thames not a great while ago."

"Ah!" said Sir Norman, with a start that did not escape the quick eyes of the boy. "And what do you want of her?"

"The page glanced at him. 'You are?' he asked, and what may you want of him, pray?"

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

Bread Seems to Be Falling in Favor as an Article of Diet.

"I 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 mass 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 patients."

"For nearly all forms of dyspepsia, gout, rheumatism and kindred ailments 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 a crank, 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 new theory is that a well established institution is naturally a little bit slow. But bread is 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."

"Right. I have not been here a month; but that month has seemed longer 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 in from the refuse to fill up a dent in the ocean."

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

"Hubert!" began Master Hubert'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 put on a fancy to me, I will carry a sword, and have an untimely end put to your career, just keep a civil tongue in your head and don't slander England. Now, come out!"

Hubert laughed, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Thought is free, however, so I can have my own opinion in spite of everything. Will you tell me, 'monsieur,' where I can find the lady?"

"You are?" he asked, and what may you want of him, pray?"

"Just a little information of a private character—perhaps you can direct me to his whereabouts?"

"Should be happy to oblige you, my dear boy, but, unfortunately, I cannot. I want to see him, myself, if I could only find anyone good enough to direct me to him. Is your business pressing?"

"Very—there is a lady in the case; and I am sure, you are aware, is always pressing. Probably you have heard of her—a youthful angel, in virgin white, who took a notion to jump into the Thames not a great while ago."

"Ah!" said Sir Norman, with a start that did not escape the quick eyes of the boy. "And what do you want of her?"

"The page glanced at him. 'You are?' he asked, and what may you want of him, pray?"

"Just a little information of a private character—perhaps you can direct me to his whereabouts?"

"Should be happy to oblige you, my dear boy, but, unfortunately, I cannot. I want to see him, myself, if I could only find anyone good enough to direct me to him. Is your business pressing?"

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 man would prefer to gain his ends without effort, 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 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 throw 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 people who gain success on their first throw have my sympathy."

Nansen's Panacea.

From 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 expeditions. 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 panaceas from the lining and asked his friends to share his food. They all refused, however, not caring for the mode of conveyance and bearing. Nansen replied, "More fools you, for let me tell you there's jam in them."

A Good Investment.

"Is marriage a failure?" "I should say not!" remarked an Oregon farmer. "Why, there's Lucindy gets up in the morning, milks six cows, gets breakfast, starts four children to school, looks after the other three, feeds the hens, likewise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep, skims 20 pans of milk, washes the clothes, gets dinner, etc., etc., et cetera! Think I could hire anybody to do it for what she gets? Not much! Marriage, sir, is a success—a 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 acid a transparent varnish is made which will take a high polish and resist hot water. It is particularly adapted to metal objects, such as bicycles, and can be made a vehicle for any desired coloring matter.

No. 1 and No. 2 sold in Chatham at Central Drug Store, C. H. Gann & Co.

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

What is

Castoria

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children. Dr. G. C. Osmond, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me. H. A. ARCHER, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF
Chas. H. Fletcher
APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

THE CERTAIN COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

WHEAT \$1 PER BUSHEL

Kansas Turkey Red.

Winter Wheat at Cost. Government Refunds Duty

This Wheat yields 40 bushels to the acre and tests 64 lbs. and flour equal to Manitoba Hard. Only one car. First come first served.

Buy Kent Mills Flour. The Best is the Cheapest

The Kent Mills Co., Limited

has a larger circulation than the combined issues of any

Four Papers

in this county. An advertiser is guaranteed that his announcement will reach nearly

5,000 Homes

If you are interested we shall be glad to quote you rates.

PLANET PUBLISHING HOUSE CHATHAM.