

Make Child's Play of your Wash Day

M you follow the directions

It makes an easy day of Washday. Does away with boiling or scalding and hard rabbing—giving the whitest harmless to the hands. Surprise is a pure hard

soap, which means economy. St. Croix Soap Mig. Co. ST, STEPHEN, N. B.

Could we read the hearts of every man re need, what a load of sorrow and despair mond be disclosed. Indiscretions and somed be disclosed. Indiscretions and Electronic bare caused more physical and mental, wrecks than all other causes continued. They strike at the foundation of manchood; they sap the vital forces; they make make the system, and not only do they after disrupt the family circle, but they are the ment generation. If you make he a victim of early sinful habits, remember the seed is sown, and sooner. rely against the promiscuous use

WE CURE OR NO PAY. protest, physical or sexual dwarfs. Our less flethod Treatment will Stop all Unsubural Losses, Purify the Blood, Strengtination Steepers, Restore Vitality, and make stand of you. If you'are in trouble, call of cassult us. Consultation is Free. We end and core Drains, Blood Diseases, Vanade, Stricture, Unnatural Discharges, hat, Eidney and Bladder Diseases. No recipied or operations. No detention from whoses. Everything confidential. Comparison of the process of the p

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

Michigan Ave. and Shelby St. DETROIT, MICH.

Builders Supplies

| [and at the lowest possible prices, call | and see us when wanting anything in

J. J. Oldershaw, Office and Warerooms, King St., West

Branch Office and Yards next to Kent Mills. Telephone No. 85. **********

Does Your PIANO Need Tuning?

AT F. P. WELDON'S DFFICE; Scane block Belle Isle Rep. Heintyman Pia Chatham

TAKE YOUR SOILED LINEN

> TO THE PARISIAN

STEAM LAUNDRY

And get the best work in the city,

WORE CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED **********

»···· Did You Ever

NOTICE that sweet, delictous taste that our baked goods always have?

(ur Bread, Pies, Qakes, Buns, etc., are always fresh and tasty. Once a customer you will stay with us.

Somerville, Confectioner Next Standard Bank Chatham

IONE * A BROKEN LOVE DREAM *

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "A Broken Betrothal," "Parted by Fate," "Parted at the Altar," "Heiress of Cameron Hall," "Miss Middleton's Lover," Etc., Etc.

It was terrible to see how she crept to the brink and looked over it. was scarcely a moment since Ione had fallen in, but to Elaine it seemed an endless interval. Should she cry out for help to save the girl whom Arthur Rochester loved?

Her heart almost ceased to beat at the thought. Her first terrible folly commenced in not putting the thought from her; there was danger in ruminating over it, a peril so horrible that she would have shrunk from it. The tempting voice of conwhispered more boldly because she had listened to it

'Why should you save the girl who stands between you and happiness? Arthur Rochester's heart will never turn to you while she lives. You would but have to stand motionless the yacht clave the waters, leaving her far behind.

"Decide your own future. Will you her whom your lover loves, when to save her means endless misery, flery jealousy, and innumerable heart pangs for you?"

She did not cry out for help again. She did not see the waters cleave and the lovely white face rise above it for an instant, then as quickly disappear again. It was a weird, horrible scene to see Elaine crouch there, her face all wild with horror, gazing down into the waves where Ione had

She had listened to the tempter's voice too long. She knew that she could have raised her voice, and with one word, one cry, have saved Ione; but she did not utter it. The terrible force of the mightiest temptation that ever sued for the mastery of a human heart had overcome her. The moment was gone.

She sank cowering back in her chair; the yacht sped on through the moonlit waters; and Ione was left by her rival to her terrible fate. As she sat there she heard some one break out into a happy song in a rich, trolling, masculine voice. A moment later three or four of the

gentlemen joined in.
"They would not sing if they but knew," muttered Elaine, with a gasping, terrible shudder

She listened to the words that fell from Arthur Rochester's lips, and her heart grew bitter, cold and hard, for she knew that he was singing for Ione's benefit, thinking she must be listening to him.

The words seemed to have a double meaning to her now, invested with all the yearning pathos of Arthur's fine voice.

to the railing and gazing fearfully down into the curling waves.

Vo d for word Elaine repeated the efter him as he sung them. Of ourse they were meant for Ione, not

'What have I done that one face And follows me in fancy through the

Why do I seek your love? I only That fate is resolute, and points the

To where you stand, bathed in an amber light: Sin e first you looked on me I've seen no night, What have I done?

'What can be done? As yet no touch Only a gaze across your eyes' blue

Better it were, sweetheart, to dream like this. Then afterward to shudder and awake.

Love is so very bitter, and his ways Tortured with thorns-with wild weeds overgrown. Must I endure-unloved-these love-

less days?
What can be done?

Miss Carriscourt, who had been talking to a party of ladies, looked about carelessly for Ione.

'We are alu to the young lady nearest her. "Ione will be sorry. Young people are never satisfied with their fill of pleasure, I often think."

As she spoke she arose, and with smile on her lips started in search of her charge among the throng laughing, merry, chattering girls. Where was Ione? She did not see h.r. A moment later the yacht touched the dock, and the nimble-footed lasses and their escorts were not slow, midst laughter and mirth, in reaching terra firma. Miss Carris-court looked around blankly.

"Ione," she called, "come this way my dear. I do not see you. Even as she spoke her heart sank

with a strange misgiving. No lovely face turned toward her. "Ione," she called again, raising her voice, "where are you?" Arthur Rochester was making his

way swiftly toward her. What is the matter, Miss Carriscourt?" he asked, anxiously. She raised her terrified eyes to him, whispering in a fright: "Oh, Mr. Rochester! I cannot find

Ione. Where can she be? What can it CHAPTER XXVIII.

"The crowd is not so great but what she can be easily found," re-plied Arthur Rochester, as Miss Carriscourt repeated her query;
"Have you seen anything of Ione?

He made a quick but thorough search for her. It was quite true; was not there, and to add his dismay, no one remembered hav-

ed. "Can it be possible she has been left behind at the villa?" "No," three or four of them clared, for they had talked with Ione on board the yacht after she had set

No doubt she is playing a practical joke upon us," laughed one of the young girls. "She has hidden from us and managed to get on shore without being observed when the yacht touched the dock, and is watching us from some convenient

place to see what we will do. Arthur shook his head. He knew Ione too well to believe that she would indulge in a practical joke, but they all seemed to have the same opinion; and this was the sorrowful message he brought back to Miss Carriscourt, who, like himself, scouted the idea at once. She came nearhis face.

"Do you think harm has befallen her?" she whispered. "Could cha her?" she whispered. "Could she have—have—"

"Have fallen into the wahe interposed. certainly not. Such an accident could not have happened within sight and earshot of so many people without attracting some one's atten-

could never have left the yacht and proceeded home without returned Miss Carriscourt, gravely, shaking her head. "I will not believe it. Oh, Mr. Rochester!" not believe it. she added, with a sob, "I feel in my heart that there is something terri-

The young girls who clustered around her laughed heartily at her

find Ione there," they declared, with one accord; and against her better free access thereto, he opened the judgment, she yielded to the opinion of those around her.

She went at once to Ione's room as soon as she returned home, but there was no trace of Ione's pre-Her maid had not seen her since early morning, nor had any of the servants. She was not at the house, they were positive of that, "Can I of the for she could not have entered without the knowledge of the footman or

some one of the servants. White with fear, Miss Carriscourt went down to the library, where she knew she would find Colonel Whit-

"You are late, my dear," he said, "She cannot hear him," she mur- without raising his eyes from the as he turned away. mured, with a wild laugh, creeping paper he was perusing. "What kept you so late, Ione?"

"It is not Ione, Colonel Whitney; it is I," said Miss Carriscourt, He arose at once, laying aside his paper and placing a chair for her. He noticed how white her face was, and that she seemed either nervous or confused, which was something very uncommon for this self-possess-

'I hardly know how to begin what I have to tell you," she began, in trepidation. "For the first time in

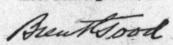
ny life words fail me."
The colonel looked at her in wonder. What could she possibly have to say that affected her like this? He waited in courteous silence for

her to proceed. And in a few brief words she told

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

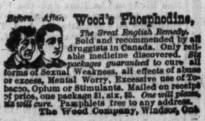


See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION 36 Cons Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.



Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Chat-am by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central

"It is believed that she avoided landing," she went on, "I expected to find her here, but the servants assure me she has not arrived home. I am be-Colonel Whitney turned white as The veins stood out like

like aspen leaves. "Suddenly disappeared!" he re-peated. "My God! can it be true?" "You are very ill, Colonel Whit-ney," cried Miss Carriscourt: "Let me ring for one of the servants to

and his hands trembled

bring you some wine." "No, no," he answered, "do not ring for any one. Pray leave me to myself for a little while. My brain is in a whirl, and my mind is in sore distress. I am obliged to make a confidant of you at last, madame. Ione has gone voluntarily from us. There is no use in searching for her sail, and, indeed, up to a short time -none! There are reasons which make me confident of this," he went on, with a moan. "I—I—half expected it; but I beg you, madame, not to mention it.'

Too surprised for words, Miss Carriscourt rose slowly to her feet, and, seeing that he was best alone, quitted the room. When the door closed after her, strong man though he was, Colonel Whitney broke down

utterly. "Heaven forgive me! it is all my fault," he cried, pacing the floor, almost mad with despair and bitter "I should not have accepted sacrifice such in the first place. Better that my er to Arthur, looking up fearfully in life should be wrecked than hers ruined by parting her from the man she loved, and persuading her into marrying another."

He thought of the terrible wrath of Lyons when he should discover what had happened. "He will wreck his vengeance upon

me." he thought. But the thought was robbed of all past terrors. 'Let me remember that I am an old soldier and a brave man,' told himself, "and meet the foe unflinchingly. Oh, Ione! my poor darling! come back, and I will free you from your promise at the expense of my life, dear!" he cried, holding out

his arms to empty space. With a slow and feeble step he ascended to his room. Peters, one of the servants, in passing his master's room half an hour later, was quite sure he heard groans issuing from his apartment. Having

door without delay. The colonel was sitting in his armchair before the window, with his face buried in his hands. He raised his head as the servant

entered, and the man was struck with the wild expression of his eyes and the pallor of his face. "Can I do anything for you, sir?" "Leave me alone," whispered the colonel, hoarsely; "that is the great-

est kindness you can do me. Do not disturb me. I will ring if I want 'Master looks ill, if a man ever did." was Peter's mental comment

that night; she was sorely distressed in regard to lone. Why should she seek to leave such beautiful home? What was it that the colonel had hinted at which had driven her out into the world? was late before her troubled brain lost consciousness that night in slumber. She was awakened early next morning by a hurried rap

her door. It was one of the at "Oh, Miss Carriscourt!" she cried, wringing her hands, "do come down quickly; there is something terribly

rong in master's room!" Hurrying on her morning robe, Miss Carriscourt quickly preceded the girl to Colonel Whitney's apartment. She met Peters at the door. What is the matter with the col-

onel?" she asked, anxiously. "He is-dead, ma'am!" answered the man, huskily

A low cry broke from Miss Carrisshe echoed. "Oh. Peters it cannot be! When I left him last evening he was alive and well; surely death could not have claimed him so

suddenly." "He is quite dead, ma'am," re-turned Peters. "Last night he pac-ed the floor of his room for long hours after the house was still and dark; it was a habit he had fallen into of late. When I came to him a little while since I found him seated in his chair by the window. On glance at his stark, white face, and I knew the truth—the colonel was dead! Oh, ma'am, where is Miss Ione? She must be sent for at

To be Continued.

Taps.

A young recruit, having returned to his native town from camp at Montauk, was being entertained by some friends. He was very willing to tell all he knew.

"What do you mean by 'taps?" asked one of a group of girls. "They play taps every night on the bugle. It means 'lights out.' They play it over the bodies of dead sol-The girl was puzzled. At last she asked, "Well, what do they do they haven't any dead soldier?"

Canada in English Papers. The London scribe who tells of the beautiful illumination of the Thousand Islands as he viewed it from Toronto is wise in his generation. Another sample of what English papers do not know of Canada is

given in the Liverpool Mercury, which heads an article "Destructive Prairie Somebody ought to start a night school in London for journalists, to teach them something about Can-

Actions and words are carved upon eternity.-Froude.

"Cest and Cry Before You Buy"



THE Souvenir invites comparison A and criticism, and if you will compare it on points of price, style, durability, appointments, completeness, economy and service, the

can afford to abide by your judgment. Put it to the test. The best in the world is its place in Stovedom-and it's "at the top" on its merits. It is handsomely mounted and most

modern in the minutest detail of construction. The Aerated Oven is a special feature. Sold everywhere. One lasts a lifetime.

GEO. STEPHENS, QUINN & DOUGLAS. Agents CHATHAM.

Made by THE GURNEY-TILDEN CO., Limited, Hamilton, Canada STOVE, RANGE AND RADIATOR MANUFACTURERS

Exclusive Designs of

Fine_ Furniture

That can not be obtained elsewhere in this city can be seen at H. McDonald's Furniture Store, opposite the Garner House. If we have not got what you want we will show you catalogues and procure any style of furniture for you at the lowest possible cost. Christmas will soon be here and by placing your order for holiday delivery you can rely upon getting what you want and when you

Hugh McDonald



^ Wisdom

Cometh . . With Experience

EXPERIENCE is a wise teacher. Our long experience in the Carriage business has taught us about all the things needed to be known about
vehicles. We will not offer for sale anything that our experience does not
pronounce desirable—the best that is to be had for the money asked. Our
customers trust us implicitly, because we have studied the business from all
sides. Come in and see our stock of

sides. Come in and see our stock of Buggies, Phaetons,

Road Wagons, Surreys, Etc. Also our stock of HARNESS; ask anything you please about them. What we tell you will be proven by the service of the goods.

The Wm. Gray & Sons Co., Limited.

Please Deliver

Your Wheat, Beans, Barley, Oats, Corn, Buckwheat and Grass Seed to the Blenheim Mills, Blenheim, or at Kent Mills, Chatham, where you will Get the highest cash price.

The Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited

Chatham's Millinery Store

************************ Chatham's Millinery Store

JUST IN

Some extra values in Black Plumes, Tips and Fancy Breasts. Special line of Tips, all colors, at 250., worth 45c. Very special bargains in Ready-to-wear Hats from 950 to \$2.00, worth from \$1.25 to \$3.00.

C. A. Cooksley, Opposite the Market

............

McConnell Park St.

.. HAS ...

one of the largest and prettiest selec-tions of Xmas China, Opal and Glass-ware in the city. 10 per cent off on the 30th of November.

Just wend your way to Park street east—it's a pleasure to show goods, when we know we can please you. Our goods are A1; our prices away down. Now is the time to buy Xmas

presents. Dinner, Tea and Chamber sets at cut rate prices.

You ought to know McConnell's is the people's grocer. First in quality—with prices that bring us business from all parts of the city.

NOVEMBER 30TH SPECIALS. Smoked Sugar Cured Shoulder, slic-

ed, 13c. per pound. Smoked Sugar Cured Ham, sliced. 14c. per pound.
Daisy Baking Powder, 10c. per 1b. Aroma packages Teas—25c. packages for 20c., 35c. for 30c., 50c. for 45c. per pound.

Our selected Raisins for 5c. pound

are extra good.

Pickles, 9c. per bottle.

New Dates, 5c. per pound.

Clothes Pins, 1c. per dozen. Lemon Peel, 15c. per pound. A good mixed biscuit 8c. per pound or the day. 3 pounds new Raisins, 25c.

\$2.00 order. For the day only.

McConnell

3 pounds new Currants, 25c. A Dust Pan given away with every

hristmas Cards. New Years Cards. Calenders, Christmas Figaro, London News. Black and White. Pears. Graphic. Holly Leaves Christmas Globe

R. Cooper

Just the Rng

seal of friend-

ship and affec-

You are Wishing for The Ring is the time honored

tion; the gift of And a more complete and attractive stock cannot be found in the city and are too numerous to describe, and prices one-third less than can be purchased anywhere else.

A call will convince you at Sign of . . Big Clock

A. A. Jordan

******* Sewer Pipe and **Portland Cement**

We have a large variety of Sewer Pipes from 4 to 24 inches, and the best Port-land Cement at LOWEST PRICES. John H. Oldershaw,

Wellington St. Near Harrison Hell

**************** ARE YOU

LOSING BUSINESS Because your Telephone is overworked? IT PAYS BETTER To get additional telephone lines than to turn away

business because "Line's Busy." The Bell Telephone Co.,

Of Canada. ********