



His babyship

will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

This soap is made entirely with vegetable fat, has a faint but exquisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed as a nursery and toilet soap.

Beware of imitations.
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.
MONTREAL.



Dr. Spinney & Co.

Detroit's Old Reliable Specialists.

Ripe in Age, Rich in Honor, and the Experience of a Third of a Century. Whose successes are Without a Parallel; the Sufferer's Friend; the People's Specialist.

WOMEN weak, pale, tired, nervous, dependent, no ambition, losing flesh, fretful, overworked, given to worry and solitude, backache and headache, nerves unstrung, sleepless nights, limbs trembling, faint feelings, Leucorrhoea, painful periods, or any Female Diseases, quickly cured by our FAMOUS PRESCRIPTION.

YOUNG MEN led into evil habits, not knowing the harm, and who are suffering from the vices and errors of youth, and troubled with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Headache, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Sleepless Nights, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evil-forbodings, Bull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Dreams and Night Losses, Disposition to the Urine, Frequent Urination, sometimes accompanied with slight burning, Kidney Troubles, or Diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs can here find a safe, honest and speedy cure. Charges reasonable, especially to the poor. CURES GUARANTEED.

VARICOCELE and PILES, and KNOTTED VEINS of the Leg cured at once without operation. Doctors will deny this. But we are proving our claims every day. The method is simple, the cure is certain and permanent. \$1,000 for Failure.

RUPTURE and FISTULA CURED. The SIGNS of SYPHILIS are blood and skin diseases, painful swellings, bone pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loss, pimples on the back and watery growths. We cure these for life without injurious drugs.

Have you the seeds of any past disease working in your system? IMPOTENCY or Loss of Sexual Power, and do you contemplate MARRIAGE? Do you feel safe in taking this step? You can't afford to take any risk. Like father, like son. We have a never failing remedy that will purify the Blood and positively bring back Lost Power.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN. — There are many troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposits aropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen, and color of a thin milky hue, again changing to a dark, torpid appearance. There are men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. The doctors will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

BOOK FREE—Those unable to call should write for question list and book for home treatment. Thousands cured at home by correspondence. Our honest opinion always given, and good, honest, careful treatment given to every patient.

Dr. Spinney & Co

Office Hours—9 to 8 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 11 a. m., also 2 to 4 p. m. Consultation free.
230 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Private entrance, 12 E. Elizabeth St.

Before After. Wood's Phosphorine, The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Its packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness. All effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Optism or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1. Six, \$5. One sent please, etc will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Wood's Phosphorine is sold in Chatham by all druggists.



A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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just at my elbow, having transferred himself there by the same mysterious process that brings a tout all the way from a railway station to your front door to unload the luggage.

"Don't take no more cabs, gov'nor," he whispered hoarsely in my ear, and next moment he was gone. Who had sent him in such a roundabout way to tell me this? Who, indeed, had set him on to watch me? It must have been a friend, of course, and I gave the credit to Mr. Snuyzer. They were evidently smart people, Messrs. Saraband & Sons, when there was a chance of business coming their way.

The night was not over yet—a night of dark doings and unexplained mysteries, all of which seemed to center in me. I could not quite believe why should I?—that the scraps of conversation I was now to overhear referred to me. And yet, had I been gifted with second sight—had I, indeed, been more alive to the warnings I had received—I might have been spared much misery. But I am anticipating.

When I reached the opera the act "drop" was down, and I thought to cast a look on the house before I made my way to the box where I was hidden. My hosts were strangers, and I rather wished to see Lawford first, that he might present me to them in due form. So I entered by one of the side ways into the stalls and stood there, watching the audience for a time.

In the midst of this I became suddenly aware that a pair of bright eyes were fixed upon me from another direction, and I saw that I was an object of interest—more of a passing interest, perhaps—to a well-dressed, charming woman in a box on the pit tier.

Then suddenly Lawford touched me on the back, saying: "Oh, off! So you are here. Come right along. Let me present you to the duchess. She's mighty set upon seeing you," and he led the way along the corridor to the box No. 27A.

As we got close to it I saw the door was ajar and I was attracted by the sound of voices talking Spanish, which I knew. Lawford held me back, possibly fearing to be indiscreet and to intrude upon some family quarrel. What was said did not impress him, perhaps, for I think he did not understand Spanish. The voices were raised high enough to be plainly audible to any one outside—a man's coarse, harsh and menacing; a woman's in reply, pleading softly, yet firmly.

"You know the conditions and you are bound to assist. The man has been handed over to us. He is our game, our quarry. What he has must be ours—all of it, the whole vast fortune."

"I would much rather be left out of the business. I despise myself so! I hate and detest the part you would have me play. I will not go against him."

"Sanctissima Virgen! Defend me from a woman's scruples. I tell you you must—there is no alternative. Captivate him, win his devotion. Why not? He is a comely youth (guapo chico); you have made eyes at worse. You must and shall. By heaven, if I thought you meant to play me false!"

He checked himself abruptly and with a sudden peremptory "b-sh," and came out to invite us most cordially to enter the box. There was nothing to show that any difference of opinion had but just agitated its occupants. Both husband and wife were smiling sweetly; the duke's voice (he was a small, spare man, with gleaming eyes and glistening teeth in his dark olive face) was now so smooth and silky that I could not imagine that it was the same I had heard in such harsh and rasping, angry tones. His manner, too, was full of that punctilious formality that goes with the highest breeding in the blue blooded don.

The lady (it was she who had been staring at me) sat now perfectly quiet and self-controlled. There was no trace of emotion about her as she welcomed me—with marked anxiety to be pleasant and make me feel at home.

The entrance was not yet ended, and the duchess, swept her soft draperies aside to give me room by her side in the front of her box, where I was in full view of the whole house, Frida Fairholme included.

"Why, Captain Wood, this is really kind of you," she began, "to take us in this informal way. Directly I read of your accession to old Mr. McFaught's fortune, I was most anxious to meet you. We knew your uncle—no—well, your relative, Mr. McFaught was a friend of our family in the old days. I never knew him myself, but I have often heard my father speak of him and of his great wealth. Will you let me congratulate you—and, Pepe"—this was to the duke—"have you congratulated Captain Wood? Of course you have."

"Es claro—of course—I know that Captain Wood is one of the chief of fortune's favorites. But believe me, senior mio, you have also come into great trouble. To use it aright is a grave responsibility. Especially so when you will pardon me, Captain Wood—it has come undeserved."

"But, Pepe, it is not fair to say that. Captain Wood was a relation—he had a right to inherit."

"I only mean that Captain Wood does not know, probably will never know, whether there were not others with greater claims—moral claims, I mean—on Mr. McFaught. That thought would always rankle with me. Vaya, I would rather it was you than me!"

"Do not let him disturb you, my dear Captain Wood. The duke has rather extreme views in theory, but he knows that wealth is wealth. Although we have no vast store, he would be sorry to surrender it."

We got very friendly, quite confidential, together, she and I, as we talked on, tete-a-tete, the duke having gone off somewhere with Lawford. Captain Wood—of course you have not yet tasted the joys of possession. It is all very new to you still."

"I hardly realize it, indeed, or what I shall do with it!"

"Your first business, Captain Wood, believe me, will be to keep your fortune." She spoke very gravely, looking at me intently over her fan. "Half the world will be in league to rob you. Ah, but yes, I am in earnest! You men fall naturally into three classes—rogues, fools, and policemen."

"And to which, pray, do I belong?" I asked lightly, not taking this bitter remark at all seriously.

"Not the first, I am sure; it would be a bad compliment to say the second, but if you were wise, you would certainly become the third. A whole police force in your pay would not be too many to protect you."

"Are you in earnest?" I said, suddenly struck with something in her eyes.

"Very much so, Captain Wood. If I were a friend, an old friend, let us say, I would counsel you, strongly urge you, to be constantly on your guard, very much on your guard."

As she spoke a deadly pallor overspread her face, which was high colored, as is often seen in very fair haired women, even when still quite young. Her husband had returned silently, and she first had caught sight of him standing there behind me. Why was she thus terrified? Because the duke had heard her last words?

Whether or not the Duke of Tierra Sagrada had even heard his wife when so earnestly counseling me to be upon my guard, I was unable to judge; at least, he made no sign. His manner was perfectly quiet and natural, and he spoke in an unconcerned tone when he pressed me to keep my seat in the front of the box.

At the next interval he said very courteously: "Do you propose to stay for the 'Cavalleria Rusticana'? Would you care to accompany us? Our carriage is here. Sussette will be very pleased to present you."

"You are very good," I said. "I should like to go very much if I may run away early. I have a couple of balls tonight."

It was a curious and not unimportant circumstance, when viewed by the light of later events, that the three houses I was to visit that night were within a stone's throw of each other.

The first, that of the Dos Rios minister, to which I was introduced by the Duke and Duchess of Tierra Sagrada, was in Rutland Gate. The next, Mrs. Collingham Smith's, was in Prince's Gardens, and the last, Lady Delane's, in Prince's Gate. My new friends would have sent me on in their carriage, especially when they learned I had not far to go. This near neighborhood was remarked on by the duke, when, observing that the reception did not greatly amuse me, he asked if I was not dying to get to my dancing, and where, exactly, I was going.

"You must let us send you on to Prince's Gardens in the carriage," he said, very civilly. "We have brought you out of your way to a not very bright entertainment and now we ought to speed your departure. We must stay on here for an hour or so more, but there is no reason why you should."

I protested that Prince's Gardens was only a few yards off, round the corner, in fact, and I really preferred to walk. Besides, I only meant to look in for a moment. My real destination was Lady Delane's, which was also quite close at hand.

"To be sure, yes, certainly, I know. Well, well, if you will not be persuaded. But the carriage is entirely at your disposition. Is that not so, Sussette?"

It occurred to me that the duchess was not altogether pleased at this off-hand disposal of her carriage. So I refused the kind offer and left them with the pleasurable sensation of having made a couple of charming new acquaintances.

There was another acquaintance, if I might so call him, whether friend or foe, waiting for me outside—the same shuffling, slipshod creature whom I had seen so often that evening. Directly I went out I saw him emerge from the portfolio of an unfurnished house and follow me to the very door in Prince's Gardens.

He was still on the watch when I left Mrs. Collingham Smith's, having found nothing to detain me there—no sign of Frida Fairholme, whom I had hoped to run down. I would now have confronted this pertinacious "shadow," calling him to account for thus dogging my footsteps, and if he gave no satisfaction, had him over to the police. But it would have taken time and I felt I had none to lose.

It was already long past midnight. I might miss Frida, and that was not to be borne. Mrs. Fairholme, her mother, could give me no news of her charge. "Yes, Frida is here, somewhere. That is all I know," she answered in a weary, far-off, semi-soliloquy voice, as, no doubt, she had answered a dozen similar queries. "But I have not seen her for an hour or more. I do wish, Mr. Wood, you would find her and bring her to me," she said plaintively.

As I wandered about dejectedly, all at once I heard, "Captain Wood, Miss Fairholme wants to speak to you," and I saw a hated rival, with no friendliness in his face, pointing to where Frida sat behind a great mass of flowering azaleas.

She was as gracious a sight as ever, one of the fairest and brightest of a sex created for the delight and torment of mankind. Her dress is beyond my powers of description. I think it was a pale blue satin with pink roses, but that is all I can say, except that from the feathery aigret that crowned her sunny hair to the tip of a tiny shoe pushed up the carpet, she was the most absolutely charming woman I had ever seen.

"I don't think I shall speak to you," TO be Continued.

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"I don't think I shall speak to you," TO be Continued.

More Light.

A sexton of a certain New York church declares he will never again be guilty of going to sleep during the service.

It was a very warm evening, and after the sermon began the sexton turned down the gas in the body of the church.

The text that evening was, "Let there be light." As the sermon proceeded the sexton unconsciously yielded to a desire for sleep. He came suddenly to his senses, however, when the minister exclaimed loudly, "More light! More light!"

The sexton sprang to his feet, hurriedly went to the stop-cock and turned on a full head of gas.

A ripple of amusement went through the congregation, and the embarrassed sexton realized that he had made a mistake, even before some one told him that the minister had been quoting the dying words of Goethe.

Powers Have Her Approval.

A pretty, talkative little girl, evidently her mother's pet, was riding in a Liverpool tram the other afternoon. Her mother accompanied her.

Freshly and remarkably fat Chinaman, in full Chinese costume, entered, and sat opposite the child. She looked at him in apparent amazement, and then, turning to her mother, whispered:

"Mamma, what's that opposite?" "Sh! That's a Chinaman, my dear," answered the mother in a low tone.

"The same kind of Chinaman papa says the English are killing?" "Yes, my dear. Don't talk so loud."

The child meditated a moment and then said: "Well, I don't blame them."

Ever does wrong action beget its own retribution, punishing itself by waving, and there is no music to cheer the weary feet.—S. J. Nicholls.

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA GREEN OR BLACK.

IS MACHINE ROLLED

"Thanks for the tip" "DRINK CEYLON GREEN."

I found it wholesome, sweet and clean.

Now that I'm sound in limb and brain

I'll never drink Japan again.

ALL GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT.

A free sample of delicious SALADA Tea sent on receipt of postal mentioning which you drink—Black, Mixed or Green Tea. Address "SALADA," Toronto or Montreal.

The Pruning Season

Will soon be here and those who wish to raise good fruit and grow nice trees must prune. Geo. Stephens, Quinn & Douglas have all the necessary tools for this purpose and their prices are right.

Geo. Stephens, Quinn & Douglas

BLOOD POISON.

If you have this awful disease you are in danger until completely cured; the various symptoms you notice should be a warning to take immediate treatment. Don't put it off until too late, as it continually gets worse. If you have sore throat, patches on tongue or mouth, swollen glands, hair falling out, blotches on body, itching skin, or other signs of this terrible disease, call on us. We give you a written guarantee to cure you by our LATEST METHOD TREATMENT without Mercury or Potassium, and You Pay When Cured. Each time you call you see Dr. Goldberg personally, who has 18 Diplomas, certificates and licenses received from the various colleges, hospitals and States, which testify to his standing and abilities.

The original testimonials can be seen at our office: \$500.00 reward for any we cannot show; at request of patients we publish only the initials.

I am improving every day. I notice if I cut or scratch myself the sore will heal up. I hope you will not stop treating me as long as there is a sign of that terrible disease, call on us. We give you a written guarantee to cure you by our LATEST METHOD TREATMENT without Mercury or Potassium, and You Pay When Cured. Each time you call you see Dr. Goldberg personally, who has 18 Diplomas, certificates and licenses received from the various colleges, hospitals and States, which testify to his standing and abilities.

CASE NO. 248,083. May 31, 1899. I am happy to say that your medicines helped my trouble more than any M. G. thing I ever took. Oct. 15, 1899. A. D. CASE NO. 212,001. Nov. 18, 1899. Your treatment has helped me wonderfully. I have confidence in you as a doctor, for you help e more than any one else has, and I feel that you cured me. R. F. M.

OUR LATEST METHOD TREATMENT Blood Poison, Chronic, Nervous, Impotency, Varicocels, Stricture, Kidney, Bladder, Liver, Stomach, Female and Rectal Troubles. CONSULTATION FREE. Call on or write for blank for home treatment. BOOK FREE. Hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sundays 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

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Eddy's Matches

PRODUCE A QUICK, SURE LIGHT EVERYTIME.

By All First Class Dealers

For packing BUTTER, LARD, HONEY, etc.,

Eddy Antiseptic Packages

Wanted Immediately

The Canadian Flour Mills Co.

Successors to the Kent Mills Co., Limited. Large Quantities of Wheat, Barley and Beans.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST. Flour made by the new bolting and dust extracting System takes more water, and gives you a larger, whiter and sweeter loaf, and makes more loaves to the Barrel than any other Flour. Stevens' Breakfast Food and Family Cornmeal, freshly ground, always on hand. Farmers' Feed ground on quicknote by three reduction roller process, much ahead the old system of chopping.