

It's Your Nerves.

It's the Condition of Your Nerves That Either Makes Your Life a Round of Pleasure or a Useless Burden.

To many women life is one round of sickness, weakness and ill health. To attempt even the lightest household duties fatigues them. Many of the symptoms accompanying this state of decline are: a feeling of tiredness, faintness, dizziness, sinking feeling, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, cold hands and feet, headache, dark circles under the eyes, pain in the back and side and all other accompaniments of a run down and weakened constitution.

All these symptoms and conditions are simply the result of a poor quality and defective circulation of the blood, with a wasting away of the nerve forces.

By feeding the system with

Dr. Ward's
BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS

You strike at the root of the disease and lay a solid foundation on which to build. Soon the weight increases, the sunken cheeks and flattened busts fill out, the eyes get bright and the thrill of renewed health and strength vibrates through the system.

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Toronto, Ont.

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A Mistake
YOU WILL

If looking for a birthday, wedding or Xmas present, purchase before seeing the fine selected stock of fancy china goods, at McConnell's, Park St., East. A large variety to choose from at prices that will please you. We have the largest window display of fancy china in the city. Call and see it.

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We will have a 10c, 15c and 25c counter.

New goods, latest designs and very pretty.

WE SELL
Dinner sets, 50, 97 pieces.
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Our grocery stock is now complete. Our prices, why? they can't be beat. Roasted coffee, in berry, or ground. Only eighteen cents per lb.
Pork and Beans, 5c. per can.
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Selected Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Figs and Apples, sugar cured smoked shoulder, 12 1-2c. per lb; hams and bacon, best corn cured.
Leave your order with us and we will give it our prompt attention.

John McConnell

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Powder

Nothing but the purest should be used.

It is a well known fact that this article of food has been grossly adulterated and to such an extent that "The Government" has now deemed it advisable to prosecute all vendors of

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We are pleased to say that we can supply you with a Pure, Wholesome Baking Powder, entirely free from Alum or any other adulteration, and at a price no higher than is asked for the worthless article.
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Sideboards, Smyrna Rugs, Axminster and Royal Rugs, Art Squares, Lamps, Clocks, Etc. Tables.

Head Office and Store,
Rice Block, Market Square

The Face
Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

have ever known and the most awful one of my life."

"And the end is not yet. Leoline waits to decide between us."

Sir Norman shrugged his shoulders. "True! But I have little doubt what that decision will be. I presume you will have to deliver up your prisoners before you can visit her, and I will avail myself of the opportunity to snatch a few moments to fulfill a melancholy duty of my own."

"As you please; I have no objection; but in that case you will need someone to guide you to the place of rendezvous; so I will order my private attendant, yonder, to keep you in sight, and guide you to me when your business is ended."

The count had given the order to start, the moment they had left the ruin, and the conversation had been carried on while riding at a break-neck gallop. Sir Norman thanked him for his offer, and they rode in silence until they reached the city, and their paths diverged; Sir Norman's leading to the apothecary's shop where he had left Ormiston, and the count's leading—he best knew where. George—the attendant referred to—joined the knight, and leaving his horse in his care, Sir Norman entered the shop, and encountered the spectral proprietor at the door.

"What of my friend?" was his eager inquiry. "Has he yet shown signs of returning consciousness?" "Alas, no!" replied the apothecary, with a groan, that came wailling up like a whistle; "he was so excessively dead, that there was no use keeping him; and as the room was wanted for other purposes, I—prayer, my dear sir, don't look so violent—I dear sir, in the pest-cart and had him buried."

"In the plague-pit!" shouted Sir Norman, making a spring at him; but the man darted off like a greyhound into the inner room, and closed and bolted the door in a twinkling.

Sir Norman kicked at it spitefully, but it resisted his every effort; and, overcoming a strong temptation to smash every bottle in the shop, he sprang once more into the saddle, and rode off to the plague-pit. It was the second time within the last twelve hours he had stood there; and, on the previous occasion, he who now lay in it, had stood by his side. He looked down, sickened and horror-struck. Perhaps, before another morning, he, too, might be there; and feeling his blood run cold at the thought, he was turning away when someone came rapidly up, and sank down, with a moaning, gasping cry on its very edge. That shape—tall and slender, and graceful—he knew very well; and leaning over her, he laid his hand on her shoulder, and exclaimed: "La Masque!"

CHAPTER XXI.

The cowering form rose up, but, seeing who it was, sank down again, with its face in the dust, and with another prolonged, moaning cry.

"Madame Masque!" he said, wondering, "what is this?"

He bent to raise her; but, with a sort of scream, she held out her arms to keep him back.

"No, no, no! Touch me not! Hate me—kill me! I have murdered your friend!"

Sir Norman recoiled as if from a deadly serpent. "Murdered him! Madame, in heaven's name, what have you said?"

"Oh, I have not stabbed him, or poisoned him, or shot him; but I am his murderer, nevertheless; she wailed, writhing in a sort of gnawing inward torture.

"Madame, I do not understand you at all. Surely you are raving when you talk like this."

Still moaning on the edge of the plague-pit, she half rose up, with both hands clasped tightly over her heart, as if she would have held back from all human ken the anguish that was destroying her.

"No—no, I am not mad—prayer heaven I were! Oh, that they had strangled me in the first hour of my birth, as they would a viper, rather than I should have lived through all this life of misery and guilt, to end it by this last, worst crime of all."

Sir Norman stood and looked at her with a dazed expression. He knew well enough whose murderer she called herself; but why she did so, or how she could possibly bring about his death was a mystery altogether too deep for him to solve.

"Madame, compose yourself, I beseech you, and tell me what you mean. It is to my friend, Ormiston, you allude—is it not?"

"Yes—yes; surely you need not ask."

"I know that he is dead and buried in this horrible place; but why you should accuse yourself of murdering him, I confess I do not know."

"You have no hand in it," he answered, with a cold chill at the tone and look, "for he loved you."

"I have had a hand in it—I alone have been the cause of it. But for me he would be living still."

"Madame!" exclaimed Sir Norman in horror.

"You need not look as if you thought me mad; for I tell you it is heaven's truth! You say right—he loved me; but for that love he would be living now!"

"He told you that, did he?"

"He did." He told me you were to remove your mask, and if, on seeing you, he still loved you, you were to be his wife."

"Then you to him for ever having extorted such a promise from me. Oh, I warned him again and again, and again. I told him it would be, I begged him to desist, but he was blind; he was mad; he would rush on to his own doom! I fulfilled my promise, and behold the result!"

She pointed with a frantic gesture to the plague-pit and wrung her beautiful hands with the same moaning of anguish.

"I do hear aright," said Sir Norman, looking at her, and really doubting if his ears had not deceived him. "Do you mean to say that in keeping your word," and showing him your face you have caused—his death?"

"I do. I had warned him of it before. I told him there were sights too horrible to look on and live, but nothing would convince him! Oh, why was the curse of life ever bestowed upon such a hideous thing as this!"

Sir Norman gazed at her in a state of hopeless bewilderment. He had thought, from the moment he saw her first, there was something wrong with her brain, to make her act in such a mysterious, eccentric sort of way; but he had never positively thought her so far gone as this. In his own mind, as set forth above, as being mad as a March hare, and accordingly absolved in that soothing tone people use to imbeciles.

"My dear Madame Masque, pray do not excite yourself, or say such dreadful things. I am sure you would not wilfully cause the death of anyone, much less that of one who loved you as he did."

La Masque broke into a wild laugh almost worse to hear than her former despairing moans.

"The man thinks me mad. He will not believe, unless he sees and knows for himself. Perhaps you, too, Sir Norman Kingsley," she cried, changing into sudden fierceness. "Would you like to see the face behind this mask?"

"Certainly," said Sir Norman. "I should like to see it, and I think I may safely promise not to die from the effects. But, surely, madame, you deceive yourself; no face, however ugly, even supposing you to possess such a one—could possibly produce such dismay as to cause death."

"You shall see."

She was looking down into the plague-pit, standing so close to its cracking edge, that Sir Norman's blood ran cold in the momentary expectation to see her slip and fall headlong in. Her voice was less fierce and wild, but her hands were still clasped tightly over her heart as if to ease the unutterable pain there. Suddenly she looked up and said, in a hoarse tone:

"You have lost Leoline."

"And found her again. She is in the power of one Count L'Estrange."

"And if in his power, pray, how have you found her?"

"Because we are both to meet in her presence within this very hour, and she is to decide between us."

"Has Count L'Estrange promised you this?"

"He has."

"And you have no doubt what her decision will be?"

"Not the slightest."

"How came you to know she was carried off by this count?"

"Voluntarily."

HEADACHES

Have you ever heard a woman young or old say that she never suffered from headache. It seems to be her main complaint. What is the cause of all these female troubles? Of course, there is no necessity for them. Many women, although they complain of headache all the time, do not try to cure themselves nor realize the importance of the symptoms. There are many other complaints peculiar to women. All women understand what we mean and they should try to cure themselves. When we recommend Dr. Coderre's Red Pills to them, we are right and we know the efficacy of this remedy and we can prove what we say, although we do not want to say too much. We would rather leave it to someone who has been cured by our remedy. We give you the names and addresses of the following ladies to whom you can write if you are in doubt:

Mrs. Louise Lachapelle, 105 Hart Street, Bay City, Mich., writes:

"I am so glad to hear that a few months ago, as I was suffering terribly from headaches and backaches. I was very much run down and was discouraged. I took Dr. Coderre's Red Pills and they did me a world of good. I have cured me. I will never be without Dr. Coderre's Red Pills again, for they do not cost much and they are so good."

Miss Margaret Cahill, 50 Orange St., Manchester, N. H., writes:

"Dr. Coderre's Red Pills have restored me to my former health. I would not have thought that a few months ago, as I had such terrible headaches and pains everywhere. I was getting weaker and weaker. I was discouraged, having used so many remedies without effect. I will never be without Dr. Coderre's Red Pills again, for they do not cost much and they are so good."

Mrs. Reynolds, 222 Reynolds St., Grand Rapids, Mich., writes:

"When I bought a box of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills I was nearly dead with headaches and backaches. I was so nervous that I could not sleep at night. I was discouraged and lost all ambition. I tried a lot of remedies, but all of no use, and I lost all faith in medicine. How glad I am that I found your Red Pills, for they have cured me. How much money I would have saved if I had only known about them sooner. They are cheaper than anything I have ever taken. I will always have some in my house."

Headache is not the only thing that Dr. Coderre's Red Pills will cure. Headaches are only dependent on other symptoms peculiar to women, such as derangement, irregularities, stomach troubles, and in fact all those symptoms which suffering women know so well. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills get right to the root.

of these symptoms and they cure them. We receive testimonials every day from women who have been suffering nearly all their lives, telling of the wonderful good these Red Pills have done for them. We have several thousand good, strong testimonials at our office, which will be published as fast as possible. It is the great number of women who are cured that prove the efficacy of our remedy.

Our Doctor Specialists will be pleased to answer every one of your letters if you will write them and give a full description of your case, or if you would rather call and see them at their offices, they will give you good advice, free. There is no doctor who can give you better advice than our Doctors, for they treat women's diseases only, and they should know more than ones who are treating all diseases of men and women.

Write to-day for our free book, Pale and Weak Women. It is interesting to all women. It is a fact that nearly all women are constipated, and we wish to advise them that Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are not a purgative. Therefore, we recommend the use of Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets together with the Red Pills. These two remedies taken together act wonderfully. Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets are the best cathartic in existence.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women are sold by all first class druggists at 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50. If you cannot procure them where you live, or if you are afraid of imitations or substitutions, write to us sending the money and we will mail them to you the same day upon receipt of price. Each box contains fifty Pills for 50c.

Address all correspondence to
THE FRANCO AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO.
Boston, Mass. Office: Montreal, Can. office: 241 Tremont St. 274 St. Denis St.

For sale by O. H. Gunn & Co., Chatham.

THE UNTOLO.

Why Mrs. Cavil Failed to Be Informed by Her Husband.

"I didn't tell you, did I, Mildred," said Mr. Cavil to his wife, "that I saw your sister Jane down town this day week?"

"No, you didn't, Charles Augustus Cavil," replied Mrs. Cavil. "Why didn't you?"

"Well, you see—"

"Yes, I see. You meet the only sister I have in the world, and instead of coming straight home and telling me about it the same day, as any respectable husband would have done, you keep the matter secret a whole week and then ask carelessly if you have mentioned the fact that you saw her."

"But, my dear—"

"Don't but me, Charles Augustus Cavil. I have no doubt that she sent me a message by you, and you not only failed to deliver it, but by this time you have forgotten what it was about. Tell me if this isn't the case."

"My dear, it was this way—"

"Don't tell me it was that way, Charles Augustus Cavil. I know exactly how it was. You simply didn't care a straw whether I knew that you had seen Sister Jane or not or you would not have waited a whole week to tell me you had seen her."

"But I didn't say I saw her." Mr. Cavil said at length.

"Then I'd like to know what you did say, Charles Augustus Cavil."

"I asked you if I told you that I saw her," explained Mr. Cavil.

"Well, why didn't you tell me?"

"The reason I didn't tell you was because I didn't see her; that's all."

Mrs. Cavil gasped and was speechless.

A Trick of Indian Thieves.

In some of the thieves' schools in India a regular course of training is gone through in the art of "pouching," or concealing articles of value in the throat. The Englishman, a newspaper published in Calcutta, thus describes the process:

"At first a small piece of lead, attached to a thread, is swallowed and guided by the action of the tongue to the office of the sac in the throat. As soon as this has been thoroughly learned the lead is coated with lime. This casts into the sac and enlarges it. The size of the article to be pouches is gradually increased until it is said that many of the Indian thieves can pouch 8 or 10 rupees at once."—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Casting Metals.

As is well known, some metals are unsuitable for casting, while others, like iron, can readily be cast in any desired shape. The property of casting well is said to depend upon whether the metal contracts or expands on solidifying from the liquid form. Iron, like water, expands in solidifying, and hence the solid metal may be seen floating in the liquid from about it. The expansion causes it to fill the die into which it is poured, and so it can be cast easily. Gold and silver contract in cooling and therefore are not suitable for casting.

Every man is the son of his own works.

Do not let your bicycles stand all winter with rusty bearings. Have them cleaned for winter storage at Bisco's.



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Every range they sell is fully

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