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Most useful—most popular—suit in a man's wardrobe. Easy—comfortable—dressy.

Single and double breasted. In a range of effects, patterns and color schemes that run the whole gamut of correct style and good taste.

Hand molded and hand tailored—to hold their shape through the hardest of every day wear.



Tweeds, Worsteds, Cheviots, Cassimeres, Huespuns—in all sizes to perfectly fit men, youths and boys.

C. AUSTIN & CO.

Focusing Wireless Telegraphy.

In order to prevent wireless messages from interfering with one another, endeavours have been made to send electrical waves only in one direction, as luminous signals are given off from a concave mirror. Professor Braun has been engaged in experiments of this kind, and in a lecture before the Strasburg University Association of Electricians and Naturalists he announced that these experiments had come to a successful conclusion. Professor Braun's methods are based on the fact that three antennae arranged in the angles of a regular triangle excited by waves of the same period, but of different phases. The inventor states that one of the three antennae begins vibrating by 1-250,000 of a second earlier or later than the two others, this difference in time being kept up, according to experiments, with an accuracy of about one second in three years. This will result in different radiation according to the difference of the space, and by simply inverting a crank the direction of maximum effect can be shifted by 60 or 120 degrees.

Men like to regard themselves as liberal even if they are otherwise.

DRESS HINTS.

Do not allow dust to accumulate on hats and bonnets, for this rapidly makes them shabby.

To be well groomed is one of the most important conditions of the woman who aspires to be well dressed.

Hats when traveling should be pinned on tapes at the side of the boxes or else held in position by crumpled wedges of soft paper.

To have her gowns made with two skirts, a plain short one and a longer trimmed one, is the fancy of one woman. She says there is economy in it.

Hats need a special kind of care if they are to preserve their freshness. Once badly crushed or soiled, they will seldom present a good appearance again.

Do not invest in feathered or flowered hats for ordinary wear. If such luxuries can be afforded, they should be of the best possible quality and worn only on suitable occasions.

Stupid are they who stoop to folly.

SURPRISE

A PURE HARD SOAP.

Cardigan Jackets

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\$1.25 quality for 95c.
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\$1.75 quality for \$1.35.
\$2.00 quality for \$1.50.

Remember the prices good for ONE week only.

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YOU must have a good business education. We will pay best to secure it in a large, reliable school, well known to business men as employers for thorough work and competent graduates. Such a school is the famous

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Under new management it is the best in the land for training young men and women and for aiding them to secure good paying places.

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R. C. WEBB, D. S. T.
Wellington Street, West CHATHAM ONT.

An Early Awakening.

The quiet French town of Annonay had a deplorable thrill of the nerves the other night. The parish church bell ringer awoke at twenty minutes past midnight, read the time for 4 a. m. by mistaking the hands and rushing to the church through the deserted streets, began ringing out the morning "angelus." The church is situated pretty well in the centre of the town, and the unwonted clamor startled the entire population from their beds with apprehension of some imminent calamity. The police had to climb the belfry to put an end to the untimely performance.

CURED HIS MOTHER OF RHEUMATISM.

"My mother has been suffering for many years from rheumatism," says W. H. Howard, of Hubbard, Pennsylvania. "At times she was unable to move at all, while at all times walking was painful. I presented her with a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and after a few applications she decided it was the most wonderful pain reliever she had ever tried. In fact, she is never without it now and is at all times able to walk. An occasional application of Pain Balm keeps away the pain that she was formerly troubled with." For sale by all druggists.

The LUST OF HATE

BY GUY BOOTHBY

Author of "A Beautiful White Devil," "A Bid For Fortune," "The Marriage of Esther," "Dr. Nikola," Etc

(Continued From Saturday)

"There you refer to it's chief charm," replied Nikola, with a grim chuckle. "If it were different in any way to the ordinary hansom, detection would be easy. As it is I am prepared to defy even an expert to discover the mechanism without pulling it to pieces."

"What is the mechanism, then, and what purpose does it serve?" "I will explain."

He placed the lamp he held in his hand upon a bracket on the wall, and then approached the vehicle.

"In the first place examine these cushions," he said, pointing to the interior. "You have doubtless remarked their softness. If you study them closely you will observe that they are pneumatic. The only difference is that the air used is the strongest anesthetic known to science. The glass in front, as you will observe now that I have opened it, fits into a slot in the apron when the car is closed, and thus, by a simple process, the scenery becomes air-tight. When this has been done the driver has but to press this knob which at first sight would appear to be part of the nickel reinforcement, and a valve opens on either side of the interior—in the match-box in the right window, in the cigar-cutter in the left; the gas escapes, fills the cab, and the result is—well, I will leave you to imagine the result for yourself."

"And then?" "I muttered hoarsely, scarcely able to breathe distinctly, so overcome was I by the horrible stench and ingenuity of this murderous affair."

"Then the driver places his foot upon this treadle, which you see, is made to look as if it works the iron support that upholds the vehicle when resting, the seat immediately revolves and the bottom turns over, thus allowing the body to drop through on to the road. Its very simplicity is its charm. Having carried out your plan you have but to find a deserted street, drive along it, depress the lever, and be rid of your far-seeing and where you please. By that time he will be far past calling out, and you can drive quietly home, conscious that your work is accomplished. Now what do you think of my invention?"

"For a few moments I did not answer, but my head on an upturned box close by, my head buried in my hands. The agony of that minute no man will ever understand. Shame for myself for listening, loathing of my demonic companion for tempting me, hatred of Bartrand, and desire for revenge, all struggled within me for the mastery. I could scarcely breathe; the air of that hateful room seemed to suffocate me. At last I rose to my feet, and as I did so another burst of fury seized me."

"Monster! Murderer!" I cried, turning like a madman on Nikola, who testing the appliances of his awful invention with a smile, of quiet satisfaction on his face, "let me go, I will not succumb to your temptations. Show me the way out of this house, or I will kill you."

Sobs shook my being to its very core. A violent fit of hysteria had seized me, and under its influence I was not responsible for what I said or did. Nikola turned from the cab as calmly as if it had been an ordinary hansom which he was examining with a view of purchase, and, concentrating his gaze upon me as he spoke, said quietly:

"My dear Pennethorne, you are exciting yourself. Pray, endeavor to be calm. Believe me, there is nothing to be gained by talking in that eccentric fashion. Sit down again and pull yourself together."

As I looked into his face all my strength seemed to go from me. Without a second's hesitation I sat down as he commanded, and stared in a stupid, dazed fashion at the floor. I no longer had any will of my own. Of course I can see now that he had hypnotized me; but his methods must have been more deadly than I have ever seen exercised before, for he did not insist upon my looking into his eyes for any length of time, nor did he make any passes before my face as I had seen professional mesmerists do. He simply glanced at me—perhaps a little more fixedly than usual—and all my will was immediately taken from me. When I was calm he spoke again. "You are better now," he said, "so we can talk. You must pay particular attention to what I am going to say, and what I tell you to do you will do to the letter. To begin with, you will now go back to your hotel, and, as soon as you reach it, go to bed. You will sleep without waking till four o'clock this afternoon; then you will dress and go for a walk. During that walk you will think of the man who has wronged you, and the more you think of him the fiercer your hatred for him will become. At six o'clock you will return to your hotel and dine, going to sleep again in the smoking-room till ten. When the clock has struck you will wake, take a hansom, and drive to 23, Great Gunter Street, Soho. Arriving at the house, you will ask for Levi Solomon, to whom you will be at once conducted. He will look after you until you can communicate with you again. That is your program for the day. I order you not to fail in any single particular of it. Now you had better be off. It is nearly six o'clock."

I rose from my seat and followed him out into the passage like a dog; thence we made our way into the yard. To my surprise a cab was standing waiting for us, the lamps glaring like

ferce eyes into the dark roadway which led into the street.

"Get in," said Nikola, opening the apron. "My man will drive you to your hotel. On no account give him a gratuity, for I do not countenance it, and he knows my principle. Good night."

I obeyed him mechanically, still without emotion, and when I was seated the cab drove out into the street.

Throughout the journey back to the hotel I sat in the corner trying to think, and not succeeding. I was only conscious that, whatever happened, I must obey Nikola in all he had told me to do. Nothing else seemed of any importance.

On approaching my residence, I wondered how I should obtain admittance; but, as it turned out, that proved an easy matter, for when I arrived the servants were already up and about, and the front door stood open. Disregarding the stare of astonishment with which I was greeted, I went upstairs to my room, and in less than ten minutes was in bed and fast asleep.

Strangely enough, considering the excitement of the previous twenty-four hours, my sleep was dreamless. The time I closed my eyes till I was awake again, yet the hands of my watch had stood at half-past six a. m. when I went to bed, and when I opened my eyes again they chronicled four o'clock about. So far I had fulfilled Nikola's instructions to the letter. Without hesitation I rose from my bed, dressed myself carefully, and when I was ready donned my overcoat and went out for a walk.

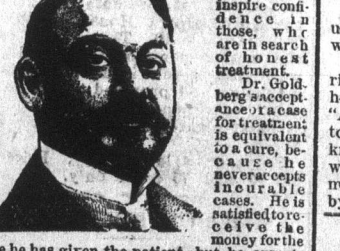
The evening was bitterly cold, and heavy snow was falling. To keep myself warm I hurried along, and as I went I found my thoughts reverting to my life at Markapurle, and the cat-and-dog existence I had passed there with him. Then the memory of poor old Ben's arrival at the station came back to me as distinctly as if it had been but yesterday, and with its coming the manager's brutality roused me afresh. I thought of the fight we had had, and then of the long weeks of nursing at the wretched Wall Change on the plains. In my mind's eye I seemed to see poor old Ben sitting up in bed and telling me his secret, and when I was once more convalescent, over, day by day, my journey to the Booga Ranges, and dreamt again of the dreams of wealth that had occupied my brain then, only to find myself robbed of my fortune at the end. Now the man who had stolen my chance in life was one of the richest men in England. He had in his possession all that is popularly supposed to make life enjoyable—the living, while he entertained royalty, bought race-horses and yachts, and enjoyed every advantage in life at my expense, left me to get along as best I might. I might die of starvation in the gutter for all he would care. At that moment I was passing a newsagent's stall. On a board before the door, setting forth the contents of an evening newspaper, was a line that brought me up all standing with surprise, as the sailors say. "Bartrand's Generosity.—A Gift to the People," it ran. I went inside, bought a copy of the paper, and stood in the light of the doorway to read the paragraph. It was as follows:

"Mr. Richard Bartrand, the well-known Australian millionaire, has, so we are informed, written to the London County Council offering to make a free gift to the city of that large area of ground recently occupied by Montgomery House, of which he has lately become the possessor. The offer makes but one stipulation, and that is that it shall be converted into public gardens, and shall be known in the future as Bartrand Park. As the ground in question was purchased at auction by the millionaire last week for about the sum of fifty thousand pounds, the generosity of this gift cannot be over-estimated."

To the surprise of the newsagent I crushed the paper up, threw it on the ground, and rushed from the shop in blind rage. What right had he to pose as a public benefactor, who was only a swindler and a robber? What right had he to make gifts of fifty thousand pounds to the people, when

He Will Cure You First Then You Pay Him

The physician, who has not sufficient confidence in his own ability to cure his patients, will accept of a fee before he receives his pay after the patient is cured. Dr. Goldberg is not like those men. He is a man of honor, and he will cure you first, and then you pay him.



Dr. Goldberg has given the patient, but he expects to prove his worth and show positive and satisfactory results before he asks for the fee. So, should he fail to cure the case, the patient loses nothing, while the doctor, when he cures the patient, has given him what is worth much more than money—he has given him his health back. Dr. Goldberg is the first specialist in the United States who has had sufficient confidence in his ability to say to his patients that not a dollar need be paid until cured. There is no question about his method. He is a known expert in his chosen specialty, and offers you the best, and only the best treatment. When your life or your health is at stake, inferior treatment (which leaves after-effects worse than the disease itself) is dear at any price. Dr. Goldberg has 14 diplomas and certificates from the various medical and state medical examinations, which should be sufficient guarantee as to his standing and ability. It makes no difference who has been unable to cure you, or what disease you have, or how long you have been suffering from it. He will cure you, and he guarantees a positive cure for all chronic, nervous, blood, physical and mental troubles. All medicines for patients are prepared in his own laboratory to meet the requirements of each individual case. He has a booklet on the subject, which contains the 11 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. All useful cases for Canadian patients sent by mail. Out, duty and transportation prepaid. Address: 511 St. S. S. Goldberg, 511 Woodward Ave., Suite 511, Detroit, Michigan.

it was only by his villainy he had obtained the money? But ah! I chuckled to myself, before many hours were over I should be even with him, and then we would see what would happen. A hatred more intense, more bitter, than I could ever have believed one man could entertain for another, filled my breast. Under its influence all my scruples vanished, and I wanted nothing but to cry quits with my enemy.

For more than half an hour I hurried along, scarcely heeding where I went, thinking only of my hatred, and gloating over the hideous revenge I was about to take. That I was doing all this under Nikola's hypnotic influence I now feel certain on my own initiative, and Nikola to be only playing the part of the deus ex machina.

At last I began to weary of my walk, so, halting a hansom, I directed the driver to convey me back to my hotel. As I passed through the hall the clock over the billiard-room door struck six, and on hearing it I became aware that in one other particular I had fulfilled Nikola's orders. After dinner I went into the smoking-room, and, seating myself in an easy chair before the fire, lit a cigar. Before I had half smoked I was fast asleep, dreaming that I was once more in Australia and the crowd at the Melbourne race track. A more vivid dream it would be impossible to imagine. I saw myself, pale and haggard, lying upon the bed, unconscious of what was passing around me. I saw Bartrand and Gibbs standing looking down at me. Then the former came closer, and bent over me. Next moment he had taken a paper from the pocket of my shirt, and carried it with him into the adjoining bar. A few minutes later he returned with it and replaced it in the pocket. As he did so he turned to the landlady, who stood watching him from the doorway, and said—"You're sure he's delicious, that he's not shamming?"

"Shamming? Poor beggar," answered Gibbs, who after all was not such a bad fellow at heart. "Take a good look at him and see for yourself. I hope I may never be as near gone as he is now."

"So much the better," said Bartrand with a sneer, as he stepped away from the bed. "We'll save him the trouble of making us his legates."

"You don't mean to steal the poor beggar's secret, surely?" replied Gibbs. "I wouldn't have told you if I'd thought that."

"More fool you then," said Bartrand. "Of course I'm not going to steal it, only to borrow it. Such chances don't come twice in a lifetime. But are you sure of your facts? Are you certain the old fellow said there was gold enough there to make both of them millionaires half-a-dozen times over?"

"As certain as I'm sitting here," answered Gibbs.

"Very good; then I'm off to-night for the Booga Ranges. In ten days I'll have the matter settled, and by the time that dog there gets on to his feet again we'll both be on the high road to fortune."

"And I'm only to have a quarter of what you get? It's not fair, Bartrand."

Bartrand stepped up to him with that nasty, bullying look on his face that I knew so well of old.

"Look here, my friend," he said. "You know Richard Bartrand, don't you? You also know what I can tell about you. I offer you a fourth of the mine for your information, but I don't give it to you for the reason that I'm afraid of you, for I'm not. Remember I know enough of your doings in this grog shanty to hang you a dozen times over; and, by the Lord Harry, if you make yourself a nuisance to me I'll put those on your track who'll set you swinging. Stand fast by me and I'll treat you fair and square, but get up to any hanky-panky and I'll put such a stopper on your mouth that you'll never be able to open it again."

Gibbs leaned against the door with a face like lead. It was evident that however much he hated Bartrand he feared him a good deal more. A prettier pair of rogues it would have been difficult to find in a long day's march.

"You needn't be afraid, Mr. Bartrand," he said at last, but this time in no certain voice. "I'll not split on you as long as you treat me fairly. You've been a good friend to me in the past and I know you mean me well though you speak so plain."

"I know the sort of man with whom I have to deal, you see," returned Bartrand with another nasty sneer. "Now I must get my horse and be off. I've a lot to do if I want to get away to-night."

He went out into the verandah and unlatched his reins from the nails on which they were hanging.

"Let me have word directly that carter in there comes to himself again," he said, as he got into the saddle. "And be sure you never breathe a word to him that I've been over. I'll let you know all that goes on as soon as we've got our claim fixed up. In the meantime, mum's the word. Good-bye."

To Be Continued.

A Mighty Desert Wind.

The samiel is a hot, noxious electrical wind which passes over the sandy deserts of Arabia and Africa. It moves with the quickness of lightning and passes in narrow currents for a few minutes at a time. It deals instant death to every man or beast happening to face it, and it is said that it so decomposes them that their limbs fall asunder. The approach of it is indicated by thick haze in the horizon, and travelers, if they have time, throw themselves on their faces, with their feet toward it, till it has passed. The samiel is another blighting wind, which prevails in Italy and adjoining districts about April. The West Indian hurricanes are of a totally different description, being simply vortexes of great force, and they have been known to blow heavy cannon out of a battery and carry a man over a ten foot wall.

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