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WOMEN weak, pale, tired, nervous, despondent, no ambition, losing flesh, fretful, overworked, given to worry and solitude, headache and dizziness, nerves, astrung, sleepless nights, limbs tremble, faint feeling, 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, Bashfulness, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Loss of Sleep, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evil-Forbidings, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Dreams and Night Losses, Deposits in 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.

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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 a rosy sediment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen and color be 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.

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A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR
ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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that you are concerned with the differences between our two great countries. It is supposed that you hold important military information, state secrets that might be got out of you, squeezed out of you, if they put you in a tight place. You may decline our offer. That is your own affair. But, sir, let me conjure you to carry a six shooter on all occasions. Go nowhere—well, to no strange or unusual places—alone.

"I trust it is not quite so bad as all that, Mr. Snuyzer. Still, I am grateful, and I shall certainly remember you, if, sir."

"You survive? Yes, sir, but do not leave it too late. You have been hurt down, captain, and they will strike at you, somehow, soon; today, tomorrow, at any time. They contend that the McFaught millions were acquired by spoliation and sharp practice."

"Is there any truth in that?" I broke in hurriedly.

"Bully McFaught was a smart man, and struck some close things, but he was no more entitled to state prison than those he fought with on Wall street. Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, and your enemies will talk tall about surrendering his gotten gains, because it is a good show card. I do not think you need be awake wondering whether you should make restitution to the widow and the fatherless—anyway, not till it's forced upon you, as it may be."

"And you can save me from that?"

"Or worse. We think you will be well advised to consider our offer. If we can be of any service to you, remember our telephone number is 287-356, and I shall reply personally or by proxy at any time, day or night. You have also my address, 39 Norfolk street, Strand. I reside there, on the premises. I shall be proud to receive your instructions, and—if it is not too late—to come to your assistance on the shortest notice. Good day, captain. Think well of what I say."

How was I to take all this? Seriously? I had read in every schoolbook of the snares and pitfalls of great wealth, but had never dreamed—who could?—of dangers so strange and terrible as those that now menaced me, if I were to give credence to this extraordinary tale.

Some one hailed me as I passed down Piccadilly, and, turning, I recognized a man I knew, Lawford by name, a big, burly, fat voiced man, with jet black beard so unmistakably dyed that it increased his years and gave an unwholesome tinge to his pallid complexion. He had greasy, fawning manners—an assumption of bonhomie that you instinctively distrust. I never cared for him much, but he always pretended to be devilish fond of me. I had met this Lawford on the other side of the Atlantic, in the South American city where I had spent some time in a recent mission. He gave it out that he was prospecting for gold in those parts, but many believed that he was a spy and secret agent of the American government. Then we came home together in the same steamer, and I was much thrown with him on board. He was on his way to England to make his and every one's fortune, mine included. I confess the fellow amused me, his schemes were so tremendous; he had such a profound belief in himself and in the simplicity of the British public.

"Yes, sir, I shall spell them; stick them up and carry off a pile of plunder. You'll do well to cut in with me, captain. You'd strike it rich; yes, sir. I can dispose of 75,000 acres of real estate which is just honeycombed with gold. The greater part belongs to me, Rufus Lawford, but I won't part till your damned capitalists have unbittened. But they will that when they've seen my prospectuses and heard my wretched tongue."

Lawford had not found the innocents of the city so easy to beguile. He passed through many phases of good and evil fortune in the months that followed his arrival. I saw him from time to time, now gorgeous, now looking like a sweep. Sometimes he was on the eve of pulling off some gigantic operation; at others he was in the depths of despair and borrowed a sovereign "on account" of the great fortune he meant some day to force on me. He evidently did not prosper in his schemes of promotion. But he still hung upon the frontiers of finance, in the neutral, debatable ground where every man's hand is against his fellows and frank brigandage is more or less the rule.

I was surprised to find him in the west end, and told him so, as he overtook me with the "fifth" Globe in his hand.

"Hello! Hello! I'm taking a holiday. Those saloons outward went."

bite, and I thought I'd give myself an airing in the park. Never expected to see you," which was a deliberate lie, for I had reason to know later that he had come out for that very purpose. See your name in the papers. Presume it's you? They've got the whole story. Fine fortune, young sir; fine. Wish you joy."

I thanked him, not overcordially perhaps; for the man bored me, and I guessed that his was only an early attack upon my new found millions.

"Now, Captain Wood, I am delighted to have met you, for I may be able to give you a little advice. You will be assailed on all sides. You capitalists are the natural game of the promoters. Give them a wide berth. There's a mass of villainy about. Don't trust them—not a man of them. If you're in any difficulty, if you've got a few thousands to play with at any time, you come straight to me. I shall be delighted to serve you—for yourself, mind, and for the sake of old times, for I knew Bully McFaught well."

"Ah, indeed? Tell me about him. You knew him," I was eager to hear more of the man from whom my strangely unexpected fortune had come.

"I knew old McFaught—knew him well and did business with him, but not so much as I could have liked—worse luck! If I could have got upon his shoulders, I should have waltzed into unbounded wealth. But you had to be with him, not against him. He made some men, but he ruined more—stock, lock and barrel. It don't matter to you anyhow whether he piled up the dollars on dead men's bones or robbed the saints. Guess you can freeze on to what he gathered."

I laughed a little uneasily; but, after all, who was this Lawford, and why should I care for what he said? It was probably untrue.

"Will you be going over to God's country any time soon, Captain Wood? Wish you'd take me with you. I'll want a sheep dog, and I guess I'm pretty fit."

"You're very good. I shall remember, but I doubt my going just at present. Now, I think I'll turn in here."

We were passing the portals of my club, the Nelson and Wellington, commonly called the N. and W.

"This your shanty? Pretty smart place, I take it. Can they sling a Manhattan cocktail any?"

But the hint was lost on me. I had had enough of Mr. Lawford and wished to be well rid of him.

"Well, good day," he said. "If you change your mind about crossing the pond, be sure you send for me. But I suppose London's good enough for you. It's a pleasant place, I reckon, with the spongers to spend, and I guess you can have the best of it—holds now, if it's worth the buying. See you next time."

Could it? There was one thing I hungered for keenly, and was by no means certain of securing. Lawford's chance words brought it home to me with much emphasis. My chief object at this time was to try how far one fortune would favor me with another.

How would Frida Fairholme be affected by the news of my great good luck? I had been asking myself this morn-



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Let children know something of the worth of money by earning it; over pay them if you will, but let them get some idea of equivalents; if they get distorted notions of values at the start they will never be righted—Talmage.

THE QUESTION EVER since I had seen Mr. Quinlan. At one time I hoped for the best, next moment I was greatly cast down. Now I leaned against the railings in the row, in my best hat and frock coat, with a brand new flower in my buttonhole, hoping she might see me and that I might get the chance of a word.

But she never came, and at last I left the park, disappointed and disconsolate, and returned to my rooms to dress for dinner. Here some one pushed past me just as I was letting myself in with my key; a man meanly dressed, one of the poor wails, as I thought, who so often infest street corners, ready for any job.

The incident made no particular impression on me at the time, but it was brought home to me as one link in a chain of singular events that were near at hand.

CHAPTER IV.

A MILLIONAIRE'S FRIENDS.

Directly I was inside the house, Savory handed me a letter from Lawford:

Dear Captain Wood—When I left you in Piccadilly, I ran up against some friends who are much set upon making your acquaintance. They are the Duke and Duchess of Tierra Sagrada. He is a Spanish don, she an American beauty; Susette Bygones they called her in New York, where she and her family were well acquainted with your uncle, Mr. McFaught.

Won't you come to the opera tonight to be introduced to the duchess? They beg me to say that their box is No. 27A, upon the pit tier, where they will be entirely delighted to receive you. Send back a line at your early convenience and oblige, yours very faithfully,

HURON W. LAWFORD.

I had no engagements that night but a couple of balls, for neither of which, after my disappointment in the park, I was now very keen. Besides, I had no wish to be very late that night. I saw on my table an official "box" straight from the office and knew that it contained the great scheme for the attack on New York, which was referred to me for examination and report. I meant to give it my best attention in the early morning hours next day and so promised myself to get to bed betimes. A little good music would soothe me, I thought, so I wrote a few lines accepting the invitation and proceeded to dress.

It was then, as I stood before the glass in the window that gave upon the street, I caught a glimpse of the same forlorn creature looking up at my house. Was it mere accident? After I had heard that day the smallest matter all still unexplained assumed a certain importance.

When I left the club after dinner, my "shadow" was still there. He sank slowly and, as I thought, reluctantly out of sight when I entered the



Savory handed me a letter from Lawford, Hanson and told the cabby to drive to Covent Garden. Remembering Mr. Snuyzer's communication but a few hours before, this espionage caused me some uneasiness. Yet it was done so clumsily that I half believed the fellow wished rather to attract than escape my notice. Of this I had such a clear proof.

When I alighted from the cab just short of the colonnade approach of the opera house, I saw him, heard him.

To be Continued.

SCENTS OF A CENTURY.

Perfumes That Own Their Being to the Chemists' Art.

Among the many developments of which the last century may or may not get the credit, says The London Daily Graphic, is the advance in the science of scent. As creatures of sensibility we have not developed our sense of smell beyond that possessed by the beaux and belles of Georgian days. Bitter almonds, vanilla, heliotrope, though then it was called cherry pie, verberna, tonka bean, sweet woodruff, lavender, musk, andorris root were the scents of 1801, as well as of 1901; and the few that have been added to their number, such as Ylang Ylang, or new mown hay, are only rearrangements of the old constituents. The century has advanced, however, in the chemical manufacture of scents. The oil of bitter almonds is no longer made by crushing apricot stones, but by operations with test tube, heliotrope is now "amethylene ether," and sweet woodruff and the scent of new mown hay float to us through the medium of "orthohydroxycinnamic anhydride." Not all scents have such a disturbing chemical origin as that; the hawthorn blossom's fragrance is derived from "amethol," and the odor of fresh violets is potically prepared from "ionone." Even the sacred oil of "otto of roses" has at last succumbed to the chemist, and some day that, like the other scents, may be reduced to a hundredth part of its former cost in manufacture. With all this practical development the theoretical side of the sense of smell and its physiologic causes and effects have remained stationary. Perhaps the new "Science of Smells" is reserved for this century.

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