WHO LOVES WELL FORGIVES NOTHING Now that my end is near and I must render my account to God, Bend o'er me, dear.

Dearest, while yet I live, All was have hated me, or done me ill,

Save thee alone. Ah, no! I cannot pardon thee thy slightest fault— I loved thee so! com the Spanish of Campoamor, "John-a-

THE TRUANT.

"I am aware that the truth of midnight floes not exclude the truth of noonday, though one's nature may lead him to dwell in the former rather than the latter.' The wall surrounding the Place of Yel-

low Brick is built of the same material, and partly in steps, because the ground runs down hill. Outside its northern face are a broken road, disheveled palings, a clump of stunted fir trees and breeny brown downland stretching into the mist of distance; inside it pigstles, gas works and vegetable plots. All this part of the scenery is fixed. Nobody but the county council can alter it, and it likes it as it is.

Four o'clock on a November afternoon.

A man hoeing one of the vegetable plots, and the sun looking at the whole map of them siantwise with a watery smile. A thrush in the fir clump mingling its song with the click of the hoe against the flints. That particular scene can never be reproduced, not even by the county council. At the end of the last row but three of his plot the man stopped and looked back

"Only three more," he said, "and then"— He checked himself, and with an uneasy, haggard glance at the wall bent

to his task again.

Another row done; another halt. Then an uncontrollable impulse seized him, and he knelt down, covering his eyes with his

"Lend us not into temptation." he said "Why do they give me a plot so near the wall? It comes over me worse today.'
He continued hoeing with an effort. It was a cold day, but the perspiration stood thick on his forehead, because there was semething in his head working, too, harder than the hoe. It was perhaps only coincidence, but the last row was finished just as the head work became too swift and pressing to permit of it. He did not raise his eyes, but looked hard at the ground at his feet. The cloud lifting from his brain created a strange series of pangs, which made him afraid to move.

"It's almost past bearing," he said The thrush was singing louder in the fir clump, and the sun cast one final gleam before disappearing behind the bank of

black cloud in the west. 'It is my last chance," said the mar louder. And the yellow wall cast it back

in his teeth—"last chance."
That decided for him. He shouldered his hoe and shuffled down between the rows to the wail, stopping opposite a but-Without further thought of bow or why he planted the hoe against the wall, crooked his fingers round the farther side of the buttress, and placed a heel on a projecting brick. In a moment his other foot was on the top of the hoe and his hand touched the coping. The drop on the out-er side was a yard more than he had to climb, and the shock sent him staggering into the muddy road with a sensation of arred heels and knees unstrung. A strange, dead pain shot through him as he straight ened himself and looked round. The feeling of guiltiness had disappeared. He left it with his hoe on the other side of the wall. He had no fears now-no, nor doubts. His path was clear, across the With a quick step he set out, stumbling over the flints and little, stubborn bushes, now picking his way, now pushing doggedly ahead, regardless of obstacles. In spite of the roughness of the ground, in spite growing breathlessness, there came to him

Farther and farther. The mist, it seemed to him, must be getting much nearer now, though it looked as far off as ever. Suddenly the well known tones of a bell made him start and wheel round. was the wall a few hundred yards away, and the chimneys of the dreadful place be had left standing out sharply against the sky. He stood for a moment irresolute. The dusk was sweeping up in waves now as the jagged ropes of black cloud filed one by one into the waning light. He welcomed it-the coming darkness. It would be a time for peaceful reflection after the turmoil of the last few hours. Only be must find a hiding place first. Anywhither then, as his feet might lead him. It would not take very long, and he was not quite tired out. On he went, in a zigzag course athwart the slope, in his own imagination striding along, without looking right or left, and compelling his grow-ing thoughts within their lair, till he ould have leisure to draw them forth. The decrepit figure, with its wildly waving hands, made a strange appearance as it ambled across the rutty road at the foot of the slope and dived helplessly into the hoarse panting sounded strangely through the still air, and he was muttering be-tween his sobs. You might have heard him had you been there for some seven minutes more. Then would have fallen on your cars a sound of crackling twigs; silence. Sinking down where the straight stems of hazel grew thin in the middle of the shaw, a delicious sense of wrapt up solitude stole over him, shutting out everything but self, and wafting him imperceptibly into a strange land of half awakened memories and half unrealized dreams. The damp moss on which he rest ed became to him as light as clouds, and he floated on it to and fro, in a gradually

brightening paradise, which was his own.

There was no impatience in his soul for the full glory of the vision. He would wait gladly for its appointed time. To look from side to side and see softly illu-mined faces in constant gaze on his was enough, almost more than enough. And now be sank a little farther back and raised one arm above his head. The light was brighter, and an indistinct outline of houses rose out of the cloud. The faint
"wop wop" of a blackbird, who had been
disturbed by this intrusion into his native
shaw, and who was now returning by stages from a far corner, aweke him. The bird, as is its wout, flew past, uttering a shriek opposite to his hiding place. He did not quite realize where he was. Darkness had settled on black and impenetra-ble, and the chill of night was beginning nee, and the chill of night was beginning to numb his hands and feet. But he woke enough to know that he had been dreaming, and that the growing brightness of the vision was really the gradual clearing of his brain. The reason of his life within the yellow wall all came to him dimly. But a hattlest its reason of his life within the yellow wall all came to him dimly. But as he tried to reckon up the years he became tired and returned to the vision. The faces were clearer and the land brighter.

EXPERIENCE HAS PROVED IT. A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of Pulmonary Consumption, but by its continued use, health and vigor could be fully restored.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neural-

It was crowded with things more or less distinct. A bridge and a roadway thereby were the clearest. He dared not stare too hard because of the strain on his eyes. Eyes! The word brought something more to him. He had been warned not to strain his eyes, and by a doctor, too, who lived in a street near the bridge.

lived in a street near the bridge.

The blackbird lit on a hazel twig close to him, and shricked again. The sound awoke him a second time, and he listened dreamily as his disturber uttered a final cry and retreated across the open space to

a clump of junipers.

He winked his eyes against the velvety darkness and gathered up the skein of the vision again. The sense of security which he associated with being in the dark now explained itself. He had been warned not to use his eyes much. But he aid it—did it, always was doing it—against orders. What said the vision? It was brighter still, and showed him something more. The little views of the street and the canal and the smiling faces were ranged together evenly, each in its little frame of cloud. The fineness of their lines was exquisite. He crawled forward for a moment to examine them, and saw that they were almost too fine. Then he withdrew his

gaze with a guilty start.

A cart came into hearing and rattled over the flints in a newly mended bit of road, tumbling the vision out of sight and bringing him back to a rude realization of the shaw and the damp moss and the darkness. Then the congeta meaning oc-curred to him. He had been a steel en-graver once. How long ago he could not tell. It was a battle between his eyes and the lines in the steel. And the lines had won, pushed his brains sideways, as it seemed to him, so that one day he dropped his tools on the floor and cried for help and vowed not to ill use his eyes againtoo late.

The vision came to his help once more. It was more radiant and wonderful. The faces were known to him now. They were portraits of his wife and three children, and the peculiar design of the vision fol-lowed closely in style a frontispiece for a book of Christmas stories by Charles Dickens. It was the most perfect portrayal of life in the world or out of it, and all his own. The faces could speak. He could hear the echo of steps on the path under the bridge. Even the peculiar smell of the place came back to him. The hum of voices was pleasant music and the smile was a smile of universal recognition. Life, health and happiness were concentrated in the moving scene. It occurred to him further that the street was Shepherdess walk and the bridge spanned the Regent's

There remained one final transfiguration before the whole vanished. He could never escribe it properly because the unearthly beauty of the scene declined to be commit ted to words. But he said that he saw over all the face of the great showman who orders and governs all visions and dreams. And he added that the meaning of everything he had seen was made mani-fest to him, including the meaning of his life within the Place of Yellow Brick. His mind was raised out of the darkness, and he looked just for the moment on the bril-liant landscape, Shepherdess walk, the Regent's canal, the people in the carts and on the pavements, all lit up with one dazdling iridescence reflected from the face of

Whether by design or coincidence it may not be known, but at this second the moon leaped suddenly from behind a ridge of clouds and shed a sheaf of her rays on his closed eyes. He stretched out his hands and awoke slowly and painfully. There seemed to be a harsh voice telling him that it was time to forsake visions and grasp the real world. It must have seemed a very harsh voice indeed to a man newly awakened in body and soul alike, whose clothes were wet, whose limbs were chilled and stiff, and whose chief sensations were those of acute hunger. But he obeyed it. With his hands to his forehead he stag gered forth from the shaw across the scrul into the road, a trembling but sane man.

They found him-the two keepers wh had been sent to search—walking steadily toward London. He turned back with them without comment or demur. Only when they arrived within sight of the Place of Yellow Brick he asked to be blind folded-for the sake of his eyes, he said doctor, as are all truants from the Place of Yellow Brick.
"This is a bad case," said the head doc

There was no reply.

"A disappointment, too, to me," he went on. "I thought you were much better. Take your hand away from your

The truant dropped his hand to his side and murmured, "I was much better, sir He spoke very softly, for fear the dread-ful old self should hear and awake. Consequently the other did not hear him, but sequently the other did not hear nim, but merely leaned back and looked warily in-to his eyes. After half a minute, during which they remained in mutual gaze, the head doctor sighed and reached forward to an electric bell on the table. Then he wrote on a half sheet of paper: "No. 471.
Watch carefully and report." As the pen
moved over the paper, No. 471 knew that
the old terror had begun again, and as the knowledge came home to him he felt the cloud settling on his brain.

But as they led him from the room he managed to say, "It was true, sir, while it lasted-worth anything to me!

door closed.—Temple Bar. His Revenge.

The theatrical agent who goes out ahead of a show always has many funny experiences and especially with the seeker after free passes in the rural cities. Ramsay, who is an advance man, tells a funny story about a trip to Pittsburg. He lingered over to see the show open Monday night, and while standing in the box office of the theater in the afternoon he heard the ticket seller having an argument over the telephone with some one. Finally the ticket seller hung up the reseiver with an oath:

Mr. Morris inquired what was the mat-ter. The ticket seller said:

"That is from M——, the dramatic critic.
He never fails to work every advance man

He never fails to work every advance man for four passes to the show."
"Guilty," said Mr. Morris. "I gave him four; but what's the trouble?"
"Well," said the ticket seller, "that fel-low pays his board with those passes and buys groceries and does other things. He has just called up here to tell me to take up two passes tenight and refuse admit-tance to the holder. He says that he gave them to his grocer for two dozen eggs, and that the eggs were bad, and he wants to get even."—New York Tribune.

The vast collection of the state papers of Thurloe, Cromwell's state secretary, which make about 700 volumes, was discovered by accident. They had been hidden in the false ceiling of a room in Lincoln's Inn. By accident, the fastenings having rusted away, the ceiling fell, and this precious collection came to light

CASTORIA

RESTAURANTS IN RUSSIA.

The Dishes on Which One Dines-A Gas-One of the most fashionable restaurant in Moscow is the Hermitage, and another is the Moskoyski Traktir, or Grand Hotel de Moscow, near to the entrance of the Khitagorod. At both of these it is much the custom to begin dinner at the table it self with two or three commanded dishe of the zatuska. A tablespoonful of the shining appetizing caviare, with a slice of lemon and a corner twisted from the hot kalusch, accompanied by a radish and an with the inevitable "little glass," leads to the "cold plates" and "sauces," for the Muscovite chef serves his fish in the middie, not in the beginning, of the repast.
Among dishes of game the gelinotte is noticeable (the Russian ryabehik), but this bird is mere welcome in the disguise of an bird is more welcome in the disguise of an okrochka than cooked whole. In a mayonnaise also the ryabehik is highly popular. This gelinotte, or "double snipe," has been very truly described as a bird partaking of the characteristics both of the grouse and the partridge, with a slight underflavor—in which it resembles the caper callzie—of turpentine. Such a peculiarity is no doubt due to its habit of feeding upon the tender topmost shoots of the fir tree. The Russian peasants have legends about every bird and beast, and they say that the gelinotte had once the finest breast that the gelinotte had once the finest breast of all birds, but it vexed its Creator, who took this away and gave it to the ryper.
There is a preparation of mutton, styled schashlik, which might be worth importing hither, and beef is curiously metamorphosed from its British forms into the zrazi, the shtoffade and the azu tatarsk. zrazi, the shtoffade and the azu tatarsk. Kidneys, potchki, with truffies, may appear along with omelets and cretes de coq mingled with sweethreads in a ragout or pojarski de poularde aux legumes, a plate named after the here who delivered holy Russia from the tyrannies of Poland. The zarkoe, or roasts, will include tejyatin—i. e., veal and turkey, which is called indyk, the duck, ootka, the cock of woods, teterev, as well as, when in season, the quail, perepel, the dvoper and the teal, cherok.

The dish par excellence, however, of the

The dish par excellence, however, of the Russian bill of fare is certainly sterlet, which, whether served en anneau a la Russe or made into an ooka or blended with slices of sturgeon in a solyanka, must be recognized as a notable discovery for all travelers. The sterlet is a gelatinous, semi-sturgeonlike fish, but much smaller than the sturgeon, having a long, ugly nose and no bones, but very nice as a mate lotte, when, however, a single portion will cost the guest at least 2½ rubles. A solyanka des sterlets is charged 3 rubles the portion, while the finest fried sturgeon is not more than a third of that price. This specialty of the Volga river is, past all question, a great gastronomic luxury. The white, dissolving, nutritious fiesh has all the delicacy of the trout, all the crispness of the turbot, all the digestibility of the sole, united in a manner to make many a foreign sea and stream jealous, with very good cause, of the cold and turbid Volga. The pleasant hot dinner cakes, already spoken of as kalatsch, should be eater along with steriet.—London Telegraph.

Events and History. It would be absurd to deny that individ uals are often subject to the decrees of chance and accident. While in the main the character of a man is determined by his inherited qualities, by his bent of mind, it is positive that his training, his surroundings, his occupation, have much influence over his career. The mere accident of turning up one street instead of another, or something no less trivial and accidental, has often decided the future of a person for good or for ill. When, how-ever, we come to the great body of man-kind, it is different. We are too much in the habit of regarding history as the prouct of great generals and of ignoring the conditions under which they have made war. The more intimate we become with the social history of other ages the more we are able to see that the issue of ware has been foreordained by the conditions of peoples, and the more we are able to see that in the main the course of events could hardly have been other than it was. The study of the laws of causation shows that the conditions that exist long after what have been called decisive battles have been fought might have been predicted with a reasonable degree of accuracy. Though Na-poleon had not failed at Waterloo, if such thing were possible, still virtually the social and economic and even political conditions that we find would have succeeded. It is these, at last, that determine wars

and victories.

Manhood in the mass is not exempt from the processes of evolution that are at work throughout the universe. Whether the movement at any time be evolution or dissolution, it cannot be more than mo-mentarily checked. Burke observes that when a great change is to be made in hu-man affairs the minds of men fit them-selves to it. The fact is that it is because men's minds are fitted to it that the change comes, the minds being shaped by a long series of causes. Because we are not al-ways able to read the laws of causation is no proof that they do not operate. The great generals who make history are them-selves but the creatures of ignorant causes and obey laws of which they are ignorant.

—New York Commercial.

His Funeral.

The minister of a colored church in a Connecticut town gave out a funeral no tice one Sunday which came near upset ting the gravity of a visiting elergyman who had come to preside over some cere-mony in the mission church which was

connected with his own society.
"I hab to announce to you, bredren and sisters," said the paster earnestly, "dat de tuneral ob de only surviving son ob de late William Johnson and his widow, Sarah Johnson (formerly Baker), both deceased, will take place and come to occurrence on Tuesday next at 12 m. neon precisely. "And I hab to say, bredren and sisters, dat contributions for carrying out ob dat

funeral will be in order and acceptatious, or else de funeral cannot take place, excepting and save only as a plain burial, for Samuel Johnson has got jes' money enough to bury hisself widout any obsequious ceremonies, such as he deserves."

The visiting clergyman was glad to learn that this remarkable appeal was not without effect and that Samuel "the entitle of the control of the cont without effect, and that Samuel, "the on-ly surviving sou," did not fack proper "obsequious ceremonies"—Youth's Com-

There is a man in England whose water supply is extraordinarily expensive. He is a millionaire, who lives near a village. Not liking the local water, he had a special conduit build for himself at a cost of \$400,000, though he resides there only three menths a year.

Never be burt when you are-hit. Your fellow creatures never hit these whom they cannot burt.—Exchange.

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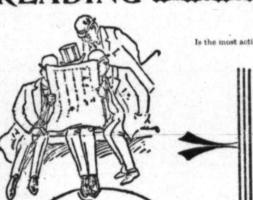
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DOAN'S Many people whose tastes run to the pment in science would like to experiment for themselves with the Xrays, but the cost of the necessary appar-atus deters them. By the time the spectal Crookes tubes and the powerful coils and batteries ordinarily used have been installed a bill of somewhat formidable dimensions has probably been incurred. R. McNefic has devised an apparatus which, while simple and inexpensive, is IDNEY ufficient for the making of radiographs An ordinary incandescent lamp is sub-stituted for the Crookes tube, and an induction coil of unpretentious form sup plies current of sufficiently high potentia plies current of sufficiently high potential to produce the X-rays. The lamp, which is a 52-volt, 16 candle-power, is of German or lime glass. Its top is covered with aluminum foil, which is connected with one terminal of the secondary of the induction coil, while the bottom is connected with the other terminal of the secondary. After turning on the current, the shadows of the bones of the hands and feet, or any other object impenetrable to the rays, can be seen by means of the fluoroscope, when placed between the instrument and the lamp. Some of those who have used this device have complained that their first results were very unsatisfactory. The main reason for this has been that the vacuum was too low. The experimenter can im-Price so cents per Box, or 6 for \$2.50. At Druggists, or Mailed on Receipt of Price by T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto. LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPAN s. Phillips, Pres. A. T. Hunter, L. L. B., Vice-Pres. Robin, Treas. E. Burt, Supervisor. son for this has been that the vacuum was too low. The experimenter can immediately tell when this trouble exists by the appearance of a blue fog in the lamp. If the lamp is placed in the house circuit for twenty or thirty minutes, the high vacuum will be restored by the heat, and will remain good for about fifteen minutes.

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