

The Uncolored and Doctored Teas of Japan Affect  
your Sight, That's Sure.

# "SALADA"

Pure uncolored Natural Leaf Ceylon Green Tea.  
Sealed Lead Packets only. Never sold in Bulk form. 30c and 40c.  
One trial will captivate the taste of any Japan tea drinker.

## High-Class Tailoring

Tailoring is a business that by virtue of merit or demerit must rise or fall.  
Those who aim at and succeed in producing the BEST GARMENTS will win  
the trade of gentlemen who have a just appreciation of ARTISTIC APPAREL.  
We cordially invite every gentleman in quest of FASHIONABLE FABRICS and  
WELL STYLED GARMENTS at MODERATE COST to pay us a visit.

ALBERT SHELDRICK

Importer and Merchant Tailor. Opposite Grand Opera House  
AGENT FOR PARKER'S DYE WORKS.

## Skates for the Boys and Girls

Hockey  
Sticks  
and  
Pucks

Geo. Stephens & Co  
have the best assortment  
of

Club and  
Hockey Skates

in Chatham. Their prices  
are right.

## Geo. Stephens & Co.

### Wanted Immediately ...KENT MILLS...

LARGE QUANTITIES OF WHEAT, OATS, BARLEY, NEW AND OLD BEANS

BUY KENT MILLS FLOUR  
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

Flour made by the Gyrator System takes more water, and gives you a larger  
whiter and sweeter loaf, and makes more cakes to the barrel than any other flour.  
Stevens' Breakfast Food and Family Cornmeal, freshly ground, always on hand.  
Farmer's Feed ground on quick notice by a three reduction roller process, much  
ahead of the old system of chopping.



### HOW ABOUT Your WATER AND STEAM HEAT

or your furnace; are they going to work  
all right when old Boreas makes you a  
sudden visit? Cold weather will be  
here soon now, and it is well to have  
your heating apparatus put in order be-  
fore you start your fires! We will  
overhaul them or put in new hot water,  
steam or hot air furnace and heating  
apparatus at a reasonable cost.

GEO. STINSON  
Telephone 221, King St. East

## Hay... and Oats

Tel. 209

Tennent & Burke

SCANN BLOOM

## THE MESSENGER FROM KHARTOOM

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Dr. Jack," "Dr. Jack's Wife," "Miss  
Caprice," Etc., Etc.

### SYNOPSIS OF THE OPENING CHAP- TERS.

The story opens at Cairo, where Mr. Grimes, who passes as an American silver king; Sandy Barlow, a newspaper correspondent; Mr. Tanner, a millionaire traveller, and his daughter Molly, all meet. Mr. Grimes informs Grimes that his dahabab on its way down the Nile picked up Mynheer Joe, a messenger from Gordon. As both Grimes and Sandy know Joe they go down to the boat to find him. Joe gives them the first news of the fall of Khartoum and Gordon's death. They bring Joe up from the boat to meet Molly, Millionaire Tanner's daughter, who recognizes him as a girl he once saved from drowning at Malta.

Presently the lights of the grand square flame up beyond. Here, at least, darkness does not hold sway over the old City of Cairo. The various cars, that greet the ear in this quarter are, indeed, refreshing after experiencing the dead hush that hangs over the main city, although hitherto Sandy and the silver king have been rather inclined to consider all the clap-trap a bore. Comparisons may be odious, but they open the eyes to a true appreciation of things.

Generally speaking, it is the traveller who has broad views of life and the stay-at-home whose ideas are as narrow as the little world his eyes daily rest upon. Passing through the square, the little party, having dismissed their light-bearer, draw up at Shepherd's Hotel. Here, as usual, there are scenes of gaiety; it is the central attraction of the whole plaza. Lights gleam, voices are heard, laughter and music float upon the balmy air. Men throng certain points, smoking and chatting, while others engage in dancing; for on this night in February the hotel has given a "hop."

Sandy knows and appreciates the desire of his friend to be observed as far as possible, and he manages it so that they pass into the hotel without undergoing a critical survey. Indeed, the condition of Mynheer Joe is hardly such as would warrant him appearing in the presence of ladies. Naturally his figure is good, and he makes a fine appearance, but just now his clothing, as he has shown them, has been badly cut in the awful affair at Khartoum and from his frequent immersions in the river shrunk so that it clings to him like a friend and a brother. Yes, Mynheer Joe is hardly in a condition to meet the fair girl whose face he has carried in his memory ever since saving her life at Malta. A man dislikes appearing as a scarecrow before one whose good opinion he values. No doubt there have been occasions when lovers have thus been forced into the presence of their sweethearts.

"Now, Mr. Grimes, bring him back to this spot as soon as you can," says Sandy, seating himself at a desk where he may handle pen and paper. They leave him there, busily engaged in writing out in "long hand" the narrative of Khartoum's fall and the death of Gordon, which he took down in shorthand as the story fell from the lips of the one survivor of that terrible day.

Mr. Grimes himself leads the way to his room, which is one of the best Shepherd's affords. Here the traveller finds a hotel run much more on the American plan than most European countries. Even in Alexandria the guest is charged for a candle, for a piece of soap, for the most trivial service in fact. It becomes an abominable nuisance. No wonder then that Shepherd's is always a favorite stopping place for all our citizens "doing" the wonderful country of the Nile.

Mr. Grimes fastens his door, and then with true hospitality begins to spread the contents of his trunk before Mynheer Joe.

"Choose anything you please, friend. I am only too happy to be at your service," says the silver king, blandly, and the messenger from Khartoum takes him at his word.

He makes his ablutions, assumes a modest check suit that fits him remarkably well, combs his hair and beard, and in a brief space of time has effected a wonderful change in his appearance. Then it can be seen that this nomad, who has wandered all over the earth with such men as Stanley, Schwatze and other adventurous spirits is about as fine-looking a man as one would meet in a month in London or New York. He is as brown as a berry, from exposure to the hot sun and peculiar winds of Egypt; but that is the common fate of all who dwell beneath the sky of the tropics. Besides, most women admire a bronzed warrior, when compared with the pink-and-white city dandy. Strength and valor are qualities that appeal to their fancy.

When Mynheer Joe announces his toilet as completed, Mr. Grimes, who has been glancing over a paper he picked up, looks at his guest. The expression on his face declares that he is pleased, and that there is no danger that the explorer may not be fit to meet the finest ladies in the land.

Mr. Grimes seems to take a peculiar interest in this portage of his. He watches him when one would not think he is looking, and there is a gleam in his eyes that might mean a good many different things.

"If you are ready, we will go down," he remarks, tossing his paper aside. The other assents, and together they descend to the parlors of the hotel.

where Mr. Grimes leaves him in a small room alone while he goes to hunt up Sandy. Mynheer Joe stands there, observing some attraction seen from the window. The rustle of a dress causes him to turn. A lady has glided into the room; her hand is outstretched, and, remembering the delicate feather fan he noticed upon the table, he noticed her motive in thus entering the boudoir parlor.

As he thus turns, she unconsciously looks up at him; their eyes meet, and they are only some four feet apart. Mynheer Joe starts, and the young girl utters a low, sharp cry, while over her face there flashes a look of sudden pleasure. She comes even closer; the hand that was outstretched to pick up the fan now rests upon his arm, while her gray eyes hold his own spellbound.

"At last," she breathes, "we meet. I have not forgotten you, sir, if you were innocent enough to run away before I could thank you. Perhaps even now you think me rude—you do not remember me?"

"You are Molly Tanner," he says, slowly, his eyes still upon her face. "Ah! You even know my name, and all this while I have had no chance to thank you for saving my life."

She brings a shade of reproach into her voice; and he says quickly: "If you knew all, you would not blame me. I was compelled to hurry away. At the first opportunity I returned, but only to learn that the American traveller and his daughter had left Malta. Until to-night I did not know your name."

"If it is a year late, you will shake hands with me? You will allow me to thank you for your noble deed?" "The first, willingly," as he takes her little hand in his and smiles at the contrast; "but I would prefer that you said nothing about the other. It was my duty to jump overboard; a man would be a coward not to do it; and, besides, I am more than half amphibious, any boy. The water has no terrors for me."

"Have you been here in Cairo long?" she asks.

And a puzzled look crosses his face; for up to now he has supposed that Sandy sent her in to him.

"I only arrived to-night," he smiles. "Ah, I wondered how in Cairo Europeans and Americans are not so plentiful but that their paths cross before long. Are you—English?" with a glance up at his bronzed face.

"I was born in Philadelphia."

"Indeed?"

"My family come of the old Pennsylvania Dutch stock, of which I am very proud."

"Any one from America, as they call the States abroad, should be proud of his country. I am enthusiastic on the subject, and yet strange as it may seem, my heart is set upon travel—I long to see all parts of the world. If the poor old governor had his way he would be back in Chicago, managing his business, but I shall give him no rest until I have seen India first of all, then China and Japan, and at last Russia, if the dear man can hold out."

Mynheer Joe looks pleased to hear her talk, for as his own heart is set upon travel and discovery he feels as though this must ever be a bond between them. At the same time in imagination he can see the dear little "governor" she speaks of, a mild body, living only to humor his one child of his old age. Joe has the old gentleman's picture down in his mind to a dot, and he is sure he can pick him out in a crowd.

Before he can say what is in his mind their tete-a-tete is interrupted. Voices are heard just beyond the portiere; the door, and the man recognizes them. "I left him in here," says the silver king.

The curtain moves, is tossed impatiently aside, and Sandy Barlow enters. "Ah, here he is! Couldn't find her anywhere. Great Caesar! Look here, Grimes, you see fate is stronger than you and I together."

The girl laughs softly. "I have by accident run across the gentleman who so bravely saved my life at Malta. He has not seen fit to give me his name as yet. Perhaps you, as his friend, wouldn't mind informing me," she says, rapidly.

"I know him as Mynheer Joe," laughs Sandy, "the poor dutchman rescued by our captain from the waters of the Nile." The fair Molly is taken aback by this intelligence—her face shows it; but she is not the one to remain long in such a condition of mind, and her clear laugh serves to brush away the mist that seems to be gathering over the little company.

"This is indeed a pleasure—a peculiar coincidence—you saved me, and one in our employ rescues you from the water," she says. "Kiomet! It is fate," groans Sandy, but they pretend not to understand him, though his meaning is as plain as daylight.

"You will forgive me for speaking of you as the poor German castaway—the peculiar name led me astray?" she goes on, just as Mr. Joe and Sandy were alone in the boudoir.

"It is natural—I am used to it. Be-hold the effect of having a nickname saddled on to one in boyhood. It has followed me everywhere. A waggish companion corrupted the name of 'Mynheer' into 'Mynheer' and tacked 'Joe' to it. Long ago I gave up in despair the at-

tempt to live the name down. Mynheer Joe! It will be to the end of the chapter. There is an oddity about it that strikes her as singularly pleasant. All her gentleman-friends are "Mr." or "Colonel" or the "Hon." This or That. Mynheer Joe stands out alone. It has an individuality that marks it above all others.

## OUR BEARDED LADY.

Designing men, through alluring and cunningly worded advertisements, constantly endeavor to work upon the feelings of sick and ailing women by inviting them "to write to a woman" (9) and secure a woman's sympathy." It is well to remember that the best sympathy is to had at home and not from strangers, perhaps hundreds of miles distant. The object of the sick is to get well, and however precious sympathy may be, it never yet cured a seriously afflicted woman. While the sympathy of your milliner or dressmaker might be appreciated and be just as beneficial, if not more so, than sympathy from a stranger, yet it can not effect your cure if you are an ailing woman.

It is loudly proclaimed through the press that "a woman can best understand a woman's ailments," and on this ground sick women are invited to "write to a woman" and get the benefit of a woman's advice. The sort of "understanding of her ailments" wanted by a sick woman is a trained medical understanding. If a woman has this trained medical knowledge she understands woman's ailments not as a woman, but as a physician. If she is not a doctor she cannot understand the ailments at all, and cannot treat them successfully, because she lacks the necessary training.

As far as known, there is no regularly qualified woman physician connected with any proprietary medicine especially designed for women—no one, therefore qualified by learning and experience, to advise on questions of disease and its cure. Dr. Pierce is a regular graduated and qualified physician, and who has, like him, devoted more than thirty years to the special study and treatment of diseases of women. For more than thirty years Dr. R. V. Pierce, a regularly graduated doctor, has been chief consulting physician of the "Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y." On his staff are nearly a score of regularly graduated, experienced, and skillful physicians, each of whom is a specialist in his chosen class of diseases. Every letter addressed to Dr. Pierce as above, has prompt, conscientious attention, and is answered in a plain envelope so your private affairs are kept safe from prying eyes.

tempt to live the name down. Mynheer Joe! It will be to the end of the chapter. There is an oddity about it that strikes her as singularly pleasant. All her gentleman-friends are "Mr." or "Colonel" or the "Hon." This or That. Mynheer Joe stands out alone. It has an individuality that marks it above all others. "And you are the messenger from Khartoum? You come with news of General Gordon?" she continues.

"Yes," he replies simply.

"When did you last see him?"

"On the 26th day of January."

"As long ago as that? But I forget what a tremendous distance Khartoum is away. How glad the whole civilized world will be to hear from him!"

Mynheer Joe bites his lips, but says nothing yet. "The people love him so! I have always hoped to meet him, of all men, if ever I visited Egypt; and just to think he has talked with you, eaten with you, even fought at your side!"

"And died as close to me as you are standing at this moment, Miss Tanner."

"Dead! Gordon dead?" she whispers, aghast.

"It is even so," he replies sadly.

"Can it be possible? Oh, how terrible it is to believe that grand man is no more! What a shock it will cause wherever the telegraph can carry it!" she murmurs.

"That reminds me," exclaims Sandy, with a hasty glance at his watch, "that I have business before me. You will excuse my haste." And, with a parting salute he withdraws.

(To be Continued.)

When we love it is the heart that judges. We always lose the friendship of those who lose our esteem; the mind is more important than its progress. We easily tolerate an authority that we hope one day to exercise ourselves. He who has none of the weaknesses of friendship has none of its powers. What can one put into a mind which is filled, and filled with itself? Gravity is only the bark of the tree of wisdom; but it preserves it. The direction of the young man whom the old men do not find polite. It would be difficult to live at once despised and virtuous; we need support.

He who is afraid of being a dupe while he is young, runs the chance of being a knave when he is old. Those who watch with a malicious eye for the faults of their friends discover them with joy. He cannot be a friend who is never a dupe.

Isn't a man's fault that he was once a baby, but it always makes him ashamed to think of it.

Those who watch with a malicious eye for the faults of their friends discover them with joy. He cannot be a friend who is never a dupe.

Isn't a man's fault that he was once a baby, but it always makes him ashamed to think of it.

Those who watch with a malicious eye for the faults of their friends discover them with joy. He cannot be a friend who is never a dupe.

Isn't a man's fault that he was once a baby, but it always makes him ashamed to think of it.

Those who watch with a malicious eye for the faults of their friends discover them with joy. He cannot be a friend who is never a dupe.

Isn't a man's fault that he was once a baby, but it always makes him ashamed to think of it.

Those who watch with a malicious eye for the faults of their friends discover them with joy. He cannot be a friend who is never a dupe.

Isn't a man's fault that he was once a baby, but it always makes him ashamed to think of it.

Those who watch with a malicious eye for the faults of their friends discover them with joy. He cannot be a friend who is never a dupe.

Isn't a man's fault that he was once a baby, but it always makes him ashamed to think of it.

Those who watch with a malicious eye for the faults of their friends discover them with joy. He cannot be a friend who is never a dupe.

Isn't a man's fault that he was once a baby, but it always makes him ashamed to think of it.

Those who watch with a malicious eye for the faults of their friends discover them with joy. He cannot be a friend who is never a dupe.

Isn't a man's fault that he was once a baby, but it always makes him ashamed to think of it.

Those who watch with a malicious eye for the faults of their friends discover them with joy. He cannot be a friend who is never a dupe.

Isn't a man's fault that he was once a baby, but it always makes him ashamed to think of it.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 3, 1900. G. R. C. A. F. & A. M. meets on the first Monday of every month in Masonic Hall, Fifth street, at 7:30 p. m. Visitors brethren heartily welcomed. J. R. BATTISBY, W. M. ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

VETERINARY. S. C. BOGART—Veterinary Surgeon. All diseases of domestic animals skillfully treated. Dentistry in all its branches. Firing done without warring. Office open day and night. Office and residence, south side of market square. Telephone in connection.

MUSICAL. E. J. FORSYTHE—Organist and Choir master; Tenor soloist; lessons given in Voice Culture; pupils prepared for Church and Concert work; Concert engagements accepted; a limited number of pupils received for pipe organ and piano instruction. For terms address P. O. Box 736, Chatham.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marshall, having been appointed organist and choir-master of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, will receive pupils in singing, voice development, piano and organ. Classes in sight singing and church psalmody, on and after Sept. 4th. Residence, Park street, directly opposite Dr. Battisby's residence.

T. DUMONT—Piano Tuner and Repairer. References given by owners of the best pianos in the city. All enquiries will be promptly answered. Address, 464 P. O. St. Thomas, P. O. 521, Chatham. 18-ly

LEGAL.

J. B. RANKIN—Barrister, Notary Public, etc., Eberts' Block, Chatham.

W. C. ARMSTRONG—Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, etc. Money to loan. Thamesville, Ont.

C. F. W. ATKINSON—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., 115 King street, Chatham, Ont.

W. FRANK SMITH—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Office, King street, west of the market. Money to loan on Mortgages.

J. B. O'LENN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office: King street, opposite Marchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

FRASER & BELL—Barristers, Office—Merchants' Bank Building, Chatham. JOHN S. FRASER. EDWIN BELL, LL.B.

SCANE, HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Scane's block, King street. E. W. SCANE, M. HOUSTON, FRED. STONE, W. W. SCANE.

WILSON, KERR & PIKE—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Proctors of the Maritime Court, Notaries Public, etc. Office, Fifth St., Chatham, Ont.

MATTHEW WILSON, Q. C., J. G. KERR, J. M. PIKE. Money to loan on mortgages at lowest rates.

BANK OF MONTREAL. ESTABLISHED 1817. Capital (all paid up) \$12,000,000. Rest Fund 6,000,000.

Drafts bought and sold. Collections made on favorable terms. Interest allowed on deposits at current rates in Savings Bank Department, or on deposit receipts.

DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager, Chatham Branch.

STANDARD BANK OF CANADA. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Branches and agents at all principal points in Canada, U.S., and Great Britain. Drafts issued, and notes discounted. Savings Bank Department deposits (which may be withdrawn without notice), received, and interest allowed thereon at the highest current rates.

G. P. SCHOLFIELD, Manager, Chatham Branch.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Barred Plymouth Rocks, and Black Minorcas, all from the best stock, and of good healthy birds. Received first prize at the Peninsular Exhibition for Levant egg. Price for setting of 13 eggs \$1, special prices for large quantities. All orders promptly filled.

W. W. Everitt, Maple C.V. Dairy.

Blonde Bros.

CHATHAM Builders and Contractors.

Manufacturers and dealers in Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Flooring, Siding, Mill Stuff, Mouldings, Frames, Bath Doors, Blinds, etc. We have a large quantity of Blinds and Pine Lumber, a hand as prompt, also a lot of stock of No. 1 Pine Shingles. Please call before purchasing elsewhere.

Factory and Yard Balcon Street North Chatham.

FOR SALE.

That valuable farm property, being N.W. of Lot No. 19, in the 5th Concession, Township of Dover East, containing 100 acres, more or less.

Good frame house, barn and other buildings, also good orchard on the premises. Possession 1st November, 1900.

Apply to LEWIS & RICHARDS, Solicitors for THOMAS GILMORE, Proprietor.



## CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.