

"All Dunlop Tires in 1900"

Your guaranty of goodness in a Dunlop tire is the guarantee from the makers.

The Dunlop detachable tire is guaranteed against all defects of workmanship, materials or design, for one year from date of purchase.

No other tire is guaranteed thus.

Dunlop tires on all good wheels without extra charge.



The Dunlop Tire Co., Limited  
Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, St. John

## In Using Baking 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

## Baking Powder Containing Alum

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.

Price 25c per lb.  
Manufactured at

**Central C. H. Gunn & Co.**  
Phone 106  
Cor. King and 5th Streets

## THE QUESTION OF THE DAY

Is there any one who can get best value in Vinegar and Spices?

**McConnell's, Park St.,**

Has a supply of All Vinegar, just the kind to make good pickles, also our spices, whole and ground, are fresh and good.

Ginger Snaps, per lb. . . . . 50c  
6 Bars S. Soap . . . . . 25c  
Try our 25c Mixed Tea.  
Coffee, per lb. . . . . 110c

Crockery at our usual low price.

**John McConnell**  
Phone 190. Park St., East  
Sign of the Star

Important to Breeders and Horsemen



**Eureka Veterinary Caustic Balsam**

A reliable and speedy remedy for Cuts, Sprains, Swains, Sore-throat, etc., in Horses, and LUMP JAW in Cattle. See pamphlet which accompanies every bottle giving scientific treatment in the various diseases. It can be successfully used in every case of veterinary practice where stimulating applications and blisters are prescribed. It has no superior. Every bottle sold is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Prepared by the Eureka Veterinary Medicine Co., London, Ont.

**A. M. FLEMING**  
**A-R-T-I-S-T**  
STUDIO, SMITH BLOCK  
OFF. MARKET NEAR BANKERS

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

# The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

"That I do not know, madame. Like a ghost, for all the world, though not in such high spirits as a bride should be. Toward evening she complained of a headache and a feeling of faintness; but I thought nothing of it and helped her to dress for the bridal. Before it was over the headache and faintness grew worse, and I gave her wine, and still suspected nothing. The last time I came in, she had grown so much worse; that, notwithstanding her wedding dress, she had lain down on her bed, looking for all the world like a ghost, and told me she had the most dreadful burning pain in her chest. Then, madame, the horrid truth struck me—I tore down her dress, and there, sure enough, was the awful mark of the distemper. 'You have the plague!' I shrieked; and then I fled down stairs and out of the house, like one crazy. O madame, madame! I shall never forget it—it was terrible! I shall never forget it! Poor, poor child; and the count does not know a word of it!"

La Masque laughed—a sweet, clear deriding laugh.

"So the count does not know it. Prudence? Poor man! he will be in despair when he finds it out, won't he? Such an ardent and devoted lover as he was you know!"

Prudence looked up a little puzzled.

"Yes, madame, I think so. He seemed very fond of her; a great deal fonder than she ever was of him. The fact is, madame," said Prudence, lowering her voice to a confidential whisper, "she never seemed fond of him at all, and wouldn't have been married, I think, if she could have helped it."

"Could have helped it? What do you mean, Prudence? Nobody made her, did they?"

Prudence nodded, and looked rather uneasy.

"Why, madame, she was not exactly forced, perhaps, but you know you told me—"

"Well," said La Masque coldly, "to do what I could," said Prudence, in a sort of desperation, "and I did it, madame, and harassed her about it night and day. And then the count was there, too, coaxing and entreating, and he was handsome and had such ways with him, that no woman could resist, much less one so little used to gentlemen as Leoline. And so, madame, we kept at her till we got her to consent to it at last; but in her secret heart, I know she did not want to be married—at least to the count," said Prudence, on serious afterthought.

"Well, well, that has nothing to do with it. The question is, where is she to be found?"

"Found," echoed Prudence. "Has she, then, been lost?"

"Of course she has, you old simpleton! How could she help it, and she dead, with no one to look after her?" said La Masque, with something like a half-laugh. "She was carried to the plague-pit in her bridal robes, jewels and lace, and what about to be thrown in, was discovered, like Moses in the bulrushes, to be all alive."

"Well," whispered Prudence, breathlessly, "O most courageous of guardians, she was carried to a certain house, and left to her own devices, while her gallant rescuers went for a doctor; and when they returned she was missing. Our pretty Leoline seems to have a strong fancy for getting lost."

There was a pause, during which Prudence looked at her with a face full of mingled fear and curiosity. At last.

"Madame, how do you know all this? Were you there?"

"No; not I. Indeed. What would take me there?"

"Then how do you happen to know everything about it?"

"La Masque told me."

"A little bird told me, Prudence. Have you returned to resume your old duties?"

"Madame, I dare not go into that house again. I am afraid of taking the plague. You are a perfect idiot! Are you not liable to take the plague in the remotest quarter of this plague-infested city? And even if you do take it, what odds? For I have only a few years to live at the most, and what matter whether you die now or at the end of a year or two?"

"What matter?" repeated Prudence, in a high key of indignant amazement. "If any make no matter to you, madame, but it makes a great deal to me, I can tell you; and into that infected house I'll not put one foot."

"Just as you please, only in that case there is no use for further talk, so allow me to bid you good-night."

"But madame, what of Leoline? Do stop one moment and tell me of her."

"What have I to tell? I have told you all I know. If you want to find her, you must search in the city or in the pesthouse."

Prudence shuddered and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, my poor darling, so good and so beautiful. Heaven might surely have spared her! Are you going to do nothing further about it?"

"What can I do? I have searched for her, and have not found her, and what else remains?"

"Madame, you know everything—surely, surely you know where my poor little nursing is, among the rest."

Again La Masque laughed, another of her low, sweet, derisive laughs.

"No such thing, Prudence. If I did I should have her here in a twinkling

depend upon it. However, it all comes to the same thing in the end. She is probably dead by this time, and would have to be buried in the plague-pit, anyhow. If you have nothing further to say, Prudence, you had better bid me good-night, and let me go."

"Good-night, madame," said Prudence with a sort of groan, as she wrapped her cloak closely around her and turned to go.

La Masque stood for a moment looking after her, and then placed a key in the lock of the door. But there is many a slip—she was not fated to enter as soon as she thought; for just at that moment a new step sounded beside her, and a new voice pronounced her name, and looking around, she beheld Ormiston. With what feelings that young person had listened to the neat and appropriate dialogue I have just had the pleasure of immortalizing, may be— to use a phrase you may have heard before, once or twice—better imagined than described. He knew very well who Leoline was, and how she had been saved from the plague-pit; but where in the world had La Masque found it out? Lost in a maze of wonder, he inclined to doubt the evidence of his own ears, he had stood perfectly still, until his lady-love had so coolly dismissed her company, and then roused himself just in time, he had come forward and accused her. La Masque turned round, regarding him in silence for a moment, and when she spoke, her voice had an accent of mingled surprise and displeasure.

"You, Mr. Ormiston! How many more times am I to have the pleasure of seeing you again to-night?"

"Pardon me, madame; it is the last time. But you must hear me now."

"Must I? Very well, then; if I must, you had better begin at once, for the night air is said to be unhealthy, and as good people are scarce, I want to take care of myself."

In that case, perhaps you had better let me enter, too. I hate to talk on the street, for every wall has ears."

"I am aware of that. When I was talking to my old Prudence two minutes ago I saw a tall shape that I have reason to know, since it haunts me, like my own shadow, standing there and paying deep attention. I hope you found our conversation improving, Mr. Ormiston?"

"Madame," began Ormiston, turning crimson.

"Oh, don't blush; there is quite light enough from yonder lamp to show that. Besides," added the lady, "I don't know as I had any objection; you are interested in Leoline, and must feel curious to know something about her."

"Madame, what must you think of me? I have acted unparadically."

"Oh, I know all that. There is no need to apologize, and I don't think any the worse of you for it. You come to my house, since it haunts me, like my own shadow, standing there and paying deep attention. I think I told you I wanted to get in. What may you want of me at this dismal hour?"

"Oh, madame, need you ask? Does not your heart tell you?"

"I am not aware that it does. And to tell you the truth, Mr. Ormiston, I don't know that I even have a heart. I am afraid I must trouble you to put it in words."

"Then, madame, I love you."

"Is that all? If my memory serves me right, you have told me that little fact several times before. Is there anything else tormenting you, or may I go in?"

Ormiston ground out an oath between his teeth, and La Masque raised off levelled, snowy, taper finger reprovingly.

"Don't, Mr. Ormiston—it's naughty, you know! May I go in?"

"Madame, you are enough to drive a man mad, as the love I bear you worthy of nothing but madness."

"No, Mr. Ormiston, it is not; that is, supposing you really love me, which you don't."

"Madame!"

"Oh, you needn't flush and look indignant. It is quite true. I do love you, and I tell you the truth, Mr. Ormiston, I don't know that I even have a heart. I am afraid I must trouble you to put it in words."

"I have seen you. Do you think I am blind?"

"My face, I mean. I don't consider that you can see a person without looking in her face. Now you have never looked in mine, and how do you know I have any face at all?"

"Madame, you mock me."

"Not at all. How are you to know what is behind this mask?"

"I feel it, and that is better; and I love you all the same."

"Mr. Ormiston, how do you know but I am ugly?"

"Madame, I do not believe you are; you are a perfect not to have a perfect face; and even told me that otherwise, I still love you!"

She broke into a laugh; one of her low, short, deriding laughs.

"You do! O man, how wise thou art! I tell you, if I took off this mask, the sight would curdle the very blood in your veins with horror; would freeze the life-blood in your heart, I tell you! I passionately cried, 'there are sights too horrible for human beings to look on and live, and this—this is one of them!'"

He started back and stared at her aghast.

"You think me mad," she said in a less fierce tone, "but I am not; and I repeat it. Mr. Ormiston, the sight

of what this mask conceals would blast you. Go, now, for heaven's sake, and leave me in peace, to drag out the rest of my miserable life; and if ever you think of me, let it be to pray that it might speedily end. You have forced me to say this; so now be content. Be merciful, and go!"

She made a desperate gesture, and turned to leave him, but he caught her hand and held it fast.

"Never!" he cried fiercely. "Say what you will; let that mask hide what it may, I will never leave you till life leaves me."

"Man, you are mad! Release my hand and let me go!"

"Madam, hear me! There is but one way to prove my love and my sanity, and that is—"

"Well!" she said, almost touched by his earnestness.

"Raise your mask and try me. Show me your face, and see if I do not love you still."

"Truly, I know how much love you will have for me when it is revealed. Do you know that no one has looked in my face for the last eight years?"

He stood and gazed at her in wonder.

"It is so, Mr. Ormiston, and in my heart I have vowed to plunge headlong into the most loathsome plague-pit in London rather than ever raise it again. My friend, be satisfied. Go and leave me, and forget me."

"I can do nothing until I have ceased to forget everything else earthly. Madam, I implore you to hear me."

"Mr. Ormiston, I tell you you but court your own doom. No one can look on me and live."

"He said, with an incredulous smile. 'Only promise to show me your face.'"

"Be it so, then," she cried passionately. "I promise, and be the consequences on your own head."

His face flushed with joy.

"I accept then. And when is that happy time to come?"

"Who knows? What must be done, had best be done quickly; but I tell thee it were safer to play with the lightning's chain than tamper with what thou art about to do."

"I will take the risk. Will you lift that mask now?"

"No, no, I cannot. But yet I may before the sun rises. My face"—with bitter scorn—"shows better by darkness than by light. Will you wait out to see the grand illumination?"

"Most certainly."

"Then meet me here an hour after midnight, and the face so long hidden shall be revealed. But, once again, on the threshold of doom, I entreat you to pause."

"There is no such word for me!" he said fiercely and exultingly cried, "I have your promise, and I shall hold you to it. And, madam, if, at last, you discover my love is changed as fate itself, then—may I not dare to hope for a return?"

"Yes, then you may hope," she said, with cold mockery. "If your love survives the sight it will be mighty, indeed, and worthy a return."

"And you will return it?"

"I will."

"You will be my wife?"

"With all my heart!"

"My darling," he cried rapturously, "for you are mine already—how can I ever thank you for this? If a whole lifetime devoted and consecrated to your happiness could repay you, it shall be yours."

During this rhapsody her hand had been on the handle of the door. Now she turned.

"Goodnight, Mr. Ormiston," she said and vanished.

To be Continued.

**Songs of Praise**

OTTAWA, JAN. 20, 1899.

I have used SURPRISE SOAP since I started house and find that it lasts longer and is better than other soaps I have tried.

J. Johnston.

FREDERICTON, N.B., DEC. 18th, 1899.

Having used SURPRISE SOAP for the past ten years, I find it the best soap that I have ever had in my house and would not use any other when I can get SURPRISE.

Mrs. T. Henry Troup.

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

I have to wash for three brothers that work on the railroad, and SURPRISE SOAP is the only soap to use. We tried every other kind of soap, and it felt every body why our overalls have such a good odor.

Montreal.

Can't get wife to use any other soap. Says SURPRISE is the best.

Chas. C. Hughes.

**SURPRISE is a pure hard SOAP.**

## ..Money to Loan..

ON MORTGAGES  
At 4% and 5%  
Equal Terms and privileges to borrowers.  
Apply to  
**LEWIS & RICHARDS,**  
Barristers, Etc.,  
Old Fellow Temple, King Street, Chatham.

**MONEY TO LOAN**  
Money to loan at the very lowest rates of interest on mortgages. Apply to  
**Henry Dagneau,**  
Office in Rutherford's Block, opposite Dr. Rutherford's Office.  
Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

## MATRON AND MAID.

Mrs. Mary Preston Slosson of Laramie, Wyo., has been nominated for member of congress by the Prohibitionists of the state. Mrs. Slosson is the chaplain of the state penitentiary.

Mrs. Amelia Folsom Young, one of the wives of Brigham Young, made her first journey to Utah 45 years ago largely by wagon, and is now at work upon a volume of memoirs of early Mormon times.

Mrs. Stanislaus Vergh, the representative of the Polish photographers of Chicago at the recent convention of the American Photographic association in Milwaukee, is one of the few women professional photographers in the United States.

Miss Rose E. Cleveland, sister of ex-President Grover Cleveland, was in Rockville, Me., recently accompanied by Miss Ames of Boston. Miss Cleveland has just bought the Warren farm at Park Harbor, Labrador, one of the finest pieces of property at that resort.

Mrs. William Astor, who is looking remarkably well since her recent return from Europe, is partial to a costume of black crepe de chine. The hat is ornamented with a white plume and the cape, which completes the costume, is a combination of black and white lace over tulle.

Mrs. Clara L. Howard of Atlanta appeared in court against a person who owed her in a suit against a person who owed her money to a firm for which she was collector. Women are not admitted to the bar in Georgia, but Mrs. Howard, who has studied law, hopes to have a chance to practice some day.

Miss Vivian Sartoris has this season added to her former accomplishments that of golf, and is said to be one of the strong players of Richfield Springs, where, with her grandmother, Mrs. Julia Grant Sartoris, her mother, Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, and her sister, Miss Rosemary Sartoris, she is spending the season.

A few weeks ago Miss Sarah Carr of Boston was a cloak model in a department store. Now she is Mrs. Frank Skinner, Jr., wife of a millionaire and mistress of one of the finest homes on the Back Bay. While accompanying his aunt on a shopping expedition, the young millionaire saw the girl who became his wife, and his parents made no objection to the match.

A newspaper correspondent who recently had a long conversation with Mrs. William J. Bryan says that the wife of the Democratic candidate for president is the best story teller of all the women but one the correspondent has heard, and always has a good story to relate. Mrs. Bryan is an unusually good mimic and imitator of dialects, by which qualifications she makes her anecdotes the more effective.

## CHINESE PROVERBS.

A wise man forgets old grudges.  
A bird can roost but on one branch.  
Disease may be cured, but not destiny.  
He who pursues the stars regards not harvest.  
The gods cannot help a man who loses opportunity.  
Riches come better after poverty than poverty after riches.  
The error of one moment becomes the sorrow of a lifetime.  
Who swallows quick can chew but little (applied to learning).  
The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor a man perfected without trials.  
A vacant mind is open to all suggestions as the hollow mountain returns all sounds.  
If the root is left, the grass will grow again (the reason given for exterminating a traitor's family).  
A wise man adapts himself to circumstances as water shapes itself into the vessel that contains it.  
For "Enough is as good as a feast" the Chinese say "A horse can drink no more than its fill from the river."  
A wife may not spend her husband's money in thought even, taking the gown in gratitude, asking no more. If few she shall not desert herself in languid demeanor, but shall walk with energy, as though well pleased.

## THE DOMINIE.

Lincoln Park church, at Cincinnati, has a mother's gallery, with a nursery supplied with cots, easy chairs and other conveniences adjoining it.

Mrs. Favier, the Roman Catholic bishop of Peiking, holds, by virtue of a decree of the emperor, the local rank of mandarin of the grade equal to that of the governor of a province.

A new Catholic church is being erected at Vancouver, B. C., at a cost of \$150,000. It will be finished in October and will be the most magnificent edifice on the Pacific coast.

The Rev. Henry B. Smith, rector of St. Paul's church, Ardmore, I. T., who has just been ordained to the priesthood in the Episcopal church, is a full blooded Cherokee Indian. He will soon leave St. Paul's church to become a member of the staff of the cathedral at Milwaukee.

## SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

In a perfectly dry atmosphere animal life can exist at a temperature of 500 degrees F.—that is, 58 degrees above the boiling point of water.

Recent discoveries tend to increase the belief that the sun's corona, the mysterious, lacelike, pearl colored halo that is seen surrounding the sun in a total eclipse, is an electrical phenomenon similar to the aurora.

M. Metchnikoff of the Paris Pasteur Institute has communicated to the Academy of Medicine his discovery of a lymph which regenerates the red globules in the blood of lepers. He thinks that when he has improved his serum he may be able to rejuvenate the organs of the human body.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Paint stains on your coat will probably yield to alternate applications of turpentine and benzine. The turpentine must be used first.

Rooms that smell close and musty or are "smelly" for any reason may be fumigated by burning a little flowers of sulphur on hot coals, using an iron vessel. It is death to germs.

Make frequent use, wherever slopes, refuse or waste is thrown, of copperas water during hot weather. Use it plentifully in the sink, waste pipe, drains, stop pans, etc. The proportion is a pound and a half of copperas to a gallon of water.

**TWO HEATERS** are not better than one.

**The Famous Florida**

Coal Furnace will heat every nook and corner of your house at little cost.  
Built like a Baseburner and as economical as one.  
Fire travels three times the height of furnace before entering smoke pipe.

**SAVES FUEL**

Heavy Firepot; Steel Radiator, and dome heats quickly; clinkerless grates; gas proof throughout; direct or indirect drafts.

**The Famous Baseburner**

Other stoves have two fires, the Famous has three, giving one-third more heat than any other make, with the same fuel.  
All parts exposed to fire are extra heavy.  
Two sizes with a good baking oven. Three sizes without oven. Every stove double heater.

Estimates and Pamphlets FREE  
from our local agent or our nearest house.

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER.

**THE McCLARY MFG. CO.**  
H. Macaulay, Local Agent, Chatham

**Shoes by mail.**

If you don't live in a town where there is a "Slater Shoe" Agency, you can get your exact fit, in shape, size and width, and you can choose the precise leather you want, from "The Craft of St. Crispin," the handsomest and most complete shoe catalogue ever published in America. It tells all about The "Slater Shoe," and accurately describes the different kinds of leathers—the kind of wear they're good for, and how to care for them.

Price: \$3.50 and \$5.00.

Write for one, it's free.

**Trudell & Tobey—The 2T's—Sole Local Agents**

**The Best Way**

The best, cheapest and most satisfactory way in which you can get your rigs is to buy them of us.

Of course you know that we are among the largest makers in the country. Of course you know that a big business like ours means high grade workmen, modern methods, fine materials and reliable, perfect goods.

Without these no such business as ours could have been built up. We have on hand a large variety of styles. We can give you precisely what you want and can assure satisfaction.

**The Wm. Gray & Sons Co.**

Our business methods enable us to do superior work and we can stand behind everything with our personal guarantee.

**WHEAT \$1 PER BUSHEL**

**Kansas Turkey Red.**

Winter Wheat at Cost. Government Refunds Duty  
This Wheat yields 40 bushels to the acre and tests 64 lbs. and four equal to Manitoba Hard. Only one car. First come, first served.

Buy Kent Mills Flour. The Best is the Cheapest

**The Kent Mills Co., Limited**

**Beresford Cigar 10c**

MANUFACTURED BY STIRTON & DYER, LONDON, FOR SALE AT

**Bennett's Cigar Store**  
100 O. F. BUILDING.

**Wm. Somerville**  
THOMAS M. West Standard Bank.

**FRESH PORK**

Frankforts, Tenderloins and Sausages—  
For Saturday  
At the Pork Packing House  
F. Chaplin  
Opposite House Block  
PHONE 260.

**NEW GOODS**

New Watches . . . . . \$15.00 to \$25.00  
New Rings . . . . . \$5.00 to \$10.00  
New Chains . . . . . \$2.00 to \$5.00  
New Clocks . . . . . \$3.00 to \$10.00

These goods are purchased exclusively for the Fair, Oct. 10 and 11, and will be sold during these days, at the

**SKIN OF THE BIG CLOCK**  
A. A. JORDAN