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We mean our little picture here. There's a vaporizer, you put some Vapo-Cresole in it; there's a lamp, you light it. Then you just naturally breathe in the vapor. You can read, or sew, or study, the care goes right on all the time. Now you see why the doctors all speak so highly of Vapo-Cresole for throat troubles. It takes the medicine just where it's most needed, and it is a perfect cure for whooping-cough.

Vapo-Cresole is sold by druggists everywhere. The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Vapo-Cresole, 85c, extra supplies of Vapo-Cresole 25c and 50c. Illustrated booklet containing physician's testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresole Co., 130 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

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Reduced one-half with pure soft water, applied frequently with dropper or eye cup, the congestion will be removed and the pain and inflammation instantly relieved.

CAUTION!—Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract which really burn and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

BLOOD POISON

If you ever contracted any blood disease you are never safe unless the virus or poison has been eradicated from the system. At times you see alarming symptoms, but live in hopes no serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore Throat, Ulcers on the Tongue or in the Mouth, Hair Falling Out, Aching Pains, Itchiness of the Skin, Sores or Blistches on the Body, Eyes Red and Smart, Dyspeptic Stomach, Sexual Weakness—indications of the second stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin your system with the old fogey treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppress the symptoms for a time, only to break out again, when happy in domestic life. Don't let quicks experiment on you. Our New Method Treatment is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantee are backed by bank bonds, that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our New Method Treatment for over twenty years. No experiment, no risk—not a "patch-up," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited. We treat and cure Nervous Debility, Sexual Weakness, Gleet, Blood Poison, Stricture, Varicose, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, and all diseases peculiar to men and women.

CURES GUARANTEED.

Consultation Free. Books Free. If unable to call, write for question blank for home treatment.

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ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

will positively cure deep-seated COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP.

A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Cold.
A 50c. Bottle for a Heavy Cold.
A \$1.00 Bottle for a Deep-seated Cough.
Sold by all Druggists.

Money to Loan on Mortgages at 4 and 5 per Cent.

FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.

Frame house, two stories, 12 rooms, lot 50 ft. front by 115 deep, \$1,000.
Brick house, two stories, 7 rooms, lot 40 feet front, by 208 feet deep, \$1,100.00.

Frame house, 10 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 194 ft., \$900.00.
Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 feet, good stable, \$1,100.00.

Two vacant lots, each 60 feet front, by 104 feet.
House, 8 rooms, lot 60 feet by 208 feet, \$1,000.

Farm in Howard, 32 1-2 acres, house, stable and orchard, \$1,000.

Farm in Chatham Township, 110 acres. All cleared. Good house, barn, stables and sheds, \$5,700.00. Will trade for 25 or 50 acre farm, part payment.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 50 acres. All cleared. Good house and barn, \$3,750.

Farm in Township of Chatham, 98 acres. All cleared. New frame house, large barn, stable, granary and drive house and other buildings, \$7,500.

Farm in Township of Chatham, 50 acres. All cleared. Good house, and barn, \$2,500.

Valuable suburban residence, 11 rooms, with 11 acres of land. Good stable, \$3,500.

Apply to
W. F. SMITH,
Barrister.

Wood's Phosphorine
The Great English Remedy.
Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered for the cure of all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess. Mental Worry, Excessive use of the Brain, Ophth or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1.00. One half price, two packages \$1.50. One half price, three packages \$2.00. Write to any address.
The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Wood's Phosphorine is sold in Chatham by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store.

THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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"Why, I went back to M. Jacques' inn last night, as you instructed me. The conspirators had tracked me. It seems, and knew that I had betrayed them to you. They did not, however, let me see this at first. I was invited to meet the president of the order. I was taken to a room back of a hair-dresser's in another square. Here three of the scoundrels attacked me, and I shot two of them. In defending myself I leaped against a door. It opened, and I was precipitated into a cellar. From



The three looked at him with cold, condemning eyes.

this I made my way to the rear street. I heard searching parties after me. I saw the watchman sitting near the new buildings. I gave him 5 francs for the use of this jacket and hat. He took the money and was about to go when he returned to get the keys. I kept them to complete the illusion that I was the real watchman. He told me the big brass key was to the door of M. de Bullion's floor and that M. de Bullion did not like to be disturbed. I had no idea then of disturbing M. de Bullion, but the rascals who wanted my life still hung about, and while four of them were there I saw the watchman returning, drunk. I knew he would betray me and hurried away. I thought of M. de Bullion. I resolved to wake him and ask his protection. I knocked on his door, but received no answer. I opened the door with the brass key and found M. de Bullion dead. Then the police came, and I was arrested.

"Remarkable! A remarkable combination of circumstances," exclaimed the prefect. "Do you not think so, messieurs?"

"I could reply better if I understood this peculiar commission you gave him," said the chief of detectives. "What was it?"

The professional jealousy of the chief was aroused. He smelled a rat. It was clear that the prefect had attempted to carry on an important case that should properly come under his hand.

"I simply did that to satisfy the man," said the prefect. "He came to me, as he says, with a strange story of a plot against a certain prince now visiting in Paris. I did not believe the yarn, because the prince is neither French nor Russian and could not have so many enemies in Paris. However, I allowed him to continue the investigation, and he was to report to me. This ending of the affair was entirely unexpected."

"To you and to him also, I imagine," said the commissaire dryly. "The question is," said the chief of detectives, "if he did not murder M. de Bullion, who did murder him? It was done for robbery, no doubt?"

"Certainly," for robbery. Commissaire Perraud of that district is making the examination of the premises. I expect him in at any moment."

"I must go there myself," said the chief of detectives. "I have already sent two men, but this case seems destined to become celebrated. It involves the liberty of an American. I will take charge of it myself."

"Is there anything further to be done with this man? What do you think of his story?"

"Well, you yourself corroborate a portion of it. But he should certainly be held pending the investigation. And, as in all other cases, it would be wise to examine his person now."

Buckford was ordered to take off the leather jacket. This revealed his own neat fitting coat, slightly wrinkled from the jacket.

"I will see what he has in his pockets," said the chief of detectives. A few letters were brought to light and turned over to the prefect. His watch and chain were scrutinized. They were not particularly valuable. A pocketknife, a small bunch of keys, a handkerchief, a fountain pen and some loose change followed.

"Well, you don't carry all your money in one pocket, then," said the detective as he brought out the pocket-book that the conspirator had given Buckford the previous day.

"That pocketbook was given to me by the man I met at M. Jacques'." The detective said nothing, but took the pocketbook to a table and turned out its contents.

"Here is a pretty sum of money—115 francs," he said. "And here are some more papers—what—what is this? Ha, messieurs, we have the murderer of M. de Bullion!"

The commissaire and the prefect sprang to their feet.

"See this!" exclaimed the chief of detectives, handing them two folded papers. They opened them. They were receipts for bills. They bore the name of Alphons de Bullion.

"Well, so instead of being interested in defeating crime, you commit it!" said the prefect. "Now I believe your story was a hoax all the way through. Remove this man to the depot. The judge d'instruction will have to take up this case. I am through with it."

Without ceremony poor Buckford was hustled away and in a very short time was locked in a cell in the detention bureau of the Palais de Justice. Certainly his interest in protecting an unknown prince had led him into a pretty scrape.

The affair became known in the city. The name of M. de Bullion was well known for his wealth and eccentric ways. A murder with so much of the mysterious element in it was a novelty even in Paris, where one breathes mystery with the microbes in the street.

The investigating magistrate was M. Senecal. His interest in his work was supreme. He strived at all times to take up a case absolutely without prejudice. His name was synonymous with fair play. It seemed to be the happy that M. Senecal had charge of the case. It insured a rigid and impartial investigation.

Different magistrates have different ways of going to work. Many would, believing it to be in the interest of justice, have had an interview with the prisoner first. Others would have learned the known facts from the police records.

M. Senecal did neither of these. His experience had shown him that the police records at that stage of the case, or of any case, were almost certain to be incorrect in some important details, and having learned a thing which proved to be false, he then had the difficulty to unlearn it and begin over again. He also had discovered that a prisoner examined in the first heat of his capture invariably made statements that were controverted at the regular examination.

M. Senecal's motto was, "Let them all get their wind, and then I can tell who is lying the most." This method of M. Senecal's was responsible for a couple of very bad days for poor Wallace. He remained in the depot, fretting, chafing at what he considered an injustice and wondering if the investigation would ever take place and what the result of it would be, for if the police still refused to believe that he had still refused to believe the plotter, he saw no way of escaping the charge of murdering M. de Bullion.

Now it so happened that this delay was a good thing in more ways than one for Buckford. On the afternoon of the second day, while he was fretting in his cell, a visitor had come to see M. Senecal. The visitor was evidently a person of some importance, for he arrived before M. Senecal's door in a fine carriage, drawn by a pair of splendid horses. An obsequious footman bowed him out of the carriage and to the very door of M. Senecal's residence.

But this visitor seemed not to be one who needed a footman either for assistance or for show. He was a young man not more than 24, of rugged build, somewhat tall, well knit and broad shouldered. He walked with a firm and manly tread and with military erectness.

The card he sent in to M. Senecal meant nothing to that gentleman. "Bosco Duvally" said the magistrate, turning the card over in his hand. "What a peculiar name! Not French, I think, but perhaps—yes. Admit him."

The young man entered the presence of the magistrate with a show of good breeding combined with manly independence that pleased the impartial old judge.

"Be seated, M. Duvally," said M. Senecal. "I have not the honor of your acquaintance. I do not even recall your name. To what do I owe the unexpected honor of your visit?"

"The important fact," said the young man easily, "that you are the investigating magistrate in this case of the American who is under arrest for the murder of M. de Bullion."

"Ah, indeed! Then you are able, perhaps, to shed some light upon the case."

"Unfortunately not. But I wish to

To be Continued.

CEDAR SPRINGS.

Mr. A. F. Smith son of Mrs. A. J. Smith near Cedar Springs has again secured a position with the Southern Pacific Co. at Oakland, California, as assistant agent. Mr. Smith resigned his position at Placerville, Cal. last summer on account of sickness and came east, but soon found that there were no place like California for getting ahead, so he returned there the last of December, and his previous record with the company soon secured him a good position. His wife, who is the youngest daughter of Peter Morgan, started for Detroit on the 18th Feb. to meet him there. They will make their home in Oakland which is situated near the Bay of the Golden Gate.

The D.E. Emulsion
of Cod Liver Oil
Will GIVE YOU AN APPETITE! MAKE YOU STRONG! MAKE YOU WELL!
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do some interesting myself. There are many curious stories about con-



"Ah, indeed! Then you are able, perhaps, to shed some light upon the case."

cerning this case, and one of them touches those who are very close to me and who have commanded me to come to you."

"Ah! I am ready to assist you in any way I can, provided, of course, you ask nothing that will defeat the ends of justice."

"No, to serve them rather. But I will not ask you to do anything in the dark. I will be frank with you. You have perhaps heard the name of Count Rockmilliv?"

M. Senecal started. "I have indeed. And the count—is that illustrious person interested in this small affair?"

"He must be, since the story has been told that the young American became entangled in this mystery through his desire to save us—the count and his family—from annoyance and perhaps attack."

"True, that has been said, and it is so. The prefect of police could tell you much about that."

"I have seen him. What I want now is an order from you to permit me to see the prisoner."

"Ah, that is difficult! Yet for the prince—I mean Count Rockmilliv—I suppose it could be done."

"I trust you will endeavor to please the prince. To drop the incognito, which is farcical between men who understand the case, if it should prove that this young man, who seems to be almost without friends in Paris, has really been engaged in an effort to protect the Prince of Denesle, the Princess Margaret and the Princess Marie, it is the wish of the prince to reward in some substantial way so disinterested and courageous an act. Of course we offer no explanation of the De Bullion affair. We hope, however, that our unknown friend will prove his innocence."

"I hope so too. May I ask what relation you yourself hold to the Prince of Denesle?"

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The Season for W = I = R = E

And the necessity of fencing is approaching and Geo. Stephens & Douglas wish to announce that they have a complete stock of all kinds of wire and wire fencing, hooks, staples, slats and fence tools. Their prices are lower than that of the average dealer and it will pay any person from a distance to call at their store in Chatham, and get prices before buying elsewhere. Wire promises to be firm in price and all orders booked now will be guaranteed in price until April 1st next.

Geo. Stephens & Douglas.

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