



Pure  
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### Baby's Own Soap

Is specially recommended by many family physicians, for nursery use. Beware of imitations, some of which are dangerous and may cause skin troubles.

A. BERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.  
MONTREAL

### Mayoralty

To the Electorate of the City of Chatham

Ladies and gentlemen:  
I am a candidate for mayor for 1901, and I respectfully ask for your vote and influence.

Faithfully yours,  
W. E. McKEOUGH.  
Chatham, Ont., 19th Nov., 1900

ALDERMEN.  
To the Electors of this City.

Ladies and Gentlemen:  
I am a candidate for alderman for this city for the year 1901, your votes and influence are respectfully solicited. Washing you all the compliments of the season. I remain  
Yours etc.,  
DAVID A. HUTCHISON.

To the Electors of the City of Chatham.

Ladies and Gentlemen:  
I am a candidate for re-election as alderman for the incoming year, and if my past record meets with your approval, I shall be glad to have your vote and influence.

W. S. MARSHALL.  
To the electors of the city of Chatham.

Ladies and Gentlemen:  
At the request of a number of citizens, I have been induced to offer myself as a candidate for alderman for 1901. Your vote and influence I respectfully solicit.  
Yours truly,  
JOHN WADDELL,  
Grain Merchant.

Dec. 21st, 1900.

To the Electors of Chatham.

Ladies and Gentlemen:  
At the urgent request of several representative citizens, I am a candidate for alderman for 1901. I would like your support.  
Yours, W. F. SMITH,  
Barrister.

To the Electors of the City of Chatham.

Ladies and Gentlemen:  
It is my intention to again offer my services as Alderman for 1901. I trust that my record as alderman during 1898 and 1899, and as chairman of the finance committee in the latter year is such as to entitle me to your confidence. If elected, I will, as before, strive to look after the city's interests to the best of my ability, and I respectfully solicit your support.

Yours faithfully,  
S. B. ARNOLD.

SCHOOL TRUSTEE.

To the Electors of Ward No. 2.

Ladies and Gentlemen:  
I am again a candidate for the office of School Trustee. Your vote and influence is respectfully solicited.  
R. M. PAXTON.

To the Electors of Harwich and Blenheim.

Ladies and Gentlemen:  
At the request of a large number of the electors I have again consented to be a candidate for the office of county councillor. Your vote and influence would be thankfully received and, if elected, I promise you to faithfully discharge the duties of said office. My past record is the best guarantee of good work in the future.  
JOHN VESTER.

To the Electors of the Township of Harwich.

Ladies and Gentlemen:  
I am again offering myself as a candidate for the position of reeve for the coming year. I thank you for the splendid support you have given me in the past, and I trust that I may still retain your confidence, by an honest endeavor while in office to guard your interests, and if again elected I will put forth my very best efforts to guard your interests honestly and impartially. Thanking you for past favors and wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year, I am yours faithfully,  
E. B. TOLLE.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

## The Mystery of Agatha Webb.

By Anna Katharine Green.

Author of "The Leavenworth Case," "Lost Man's Lane," "Hand and Ring," Etc., Etc.

Copyright, 1900, by Anna Katharine Green.

with their native town. They had left behind them six small graves in Portchester churchyard, but though evidence of their affliction were always to be seen in the countenances of either they had entered with so much purpose into the life of their adopted town that they had become persons of note there till Philemon's health began to fail, when Agatha quit all outside work and devoted herself exclusively to him. Of her character and winsome personality we can gather some idea from the various conversations carried on that day from Portchester green to the shipyards in Sutherlandtown.

In Deacon Brainerd's cottage the discussion was concerning Agatha's lack of vanity, a virtue not very common at that time among the women of this busy seaport.

"For a woman so handsome," the good deacon was saying, "and I think I can safely call her the finest featured woman who ever trod these streets, she showed as little interest in dress as any one I ever saw. Calico at home and calico at church, yet she looked as much of a lady in her dark sprigged gowns as Mrs. Webster in her silks or Mrs. Parsons in her \$10,000 seal skin."

As this was a topic within the scope of his eldest daughter's intelligence she at once spoke up: "I never thought she needed to dress so plainly. I don't believe in such a show of poverty myself. If one is too poor to do decent, all right; but they say she had more money than most any one in town. He seemed to be going to get the benefit of it."

"Why, Philemon of course. That is, as long as he lives. He doubtless had the making of it."

"Is it true that he's gone clean out of his head since her death?" interposed a neighbor who had happened in.

"So they say. I believe Widow Jones has taken him into her house."

"Do you think," asked a second daughter, the least one of the family, but the brightest, "I'm sorry for Betsy, she always gave me cookies when I went to see Mrs. Webb."

"Betsy was a good girl for a Swede," allowed the deacon's wife, who had not spoken till now. "When she first came into town on the spar of that wrecked ship we all remember, there was some struggle between Agatha and me as to which of us should have her. But I didn't like the task of teaching her the name of every pot and pan she had to use in the kitchen, so I gave her up to Agatha. And it was fortunate I did, for I've never been able to understand her talk to this day."

"I could talk with her right well," lisped the little one. "She never called things by their Swedish names unless she was worried, and I never worried her."

"I wonder if she would have worshipped the ground under your feet, as she did that under Agatha?" asked the deacon, eying his wife with just the suspicion of a malicious twinkle in his eye.

"I am not the greatest hearted and most capable woman in town," retorted his wife, clicking her needles as she went on knitting.

In Mr. Sprague's house on the opposite side of the road Squire Fisher was relating some old tales of bygone Portchester days. "I knew Agatha when she was a girl," he avowed. "She had the grandest manners and the most enchanting smile of any rich or poor man's daughter between the coast and Springfield. She did not dress in calico then. She wore the gayest clothes her father could buy her, and old Jacob was not without means to make his daughter the leading figure in town. How we young fellows did adore her, and what lengths we went

to win one of her glorious smiles. One of us, John and Jacob Zabel, have lived bachelors for her sake to this very day, but I hadn't courage enough for that. I married and— Something between a sigh and a chuckle filled out the sentence.

"What made Philemon carry off the prize? His good looks?"

"Yes, he had good looks. It wasn't his snap, of that you may be sure. James Zabel had the snap, and he was her first choice, too, but he got into some difficulty. I never knew just what it was, but it was regarded as serious at the time, and that match was broken off. Afterward she married Philemon. You see, I have never thought she would be satisfied with a brick doored cottage and a husband of failing wits. But no one, to my knowledge, has ever heard a complaint from her lips, and the dignity of her afflicted wifehood has far transcended the haughtiness of those days when she had but to smile to have all the youth of Portchester at her feet."

"I suppose it was the loss of so many children that reconciled her to a quiet life. A woman cannot close the eyes of six children, one after the other, without some modification taking place in her character."

"Yes, she and Philemon have been unfortunate, but she was a splendid looking girl, boys. I never see such grand looking women now."

"My baby is dying. I tried to go for the doctor, but my knees bent under me. Help me, as you are a mother—I—"

"I must have fallen again, for the next thing I remember I was lying by the hearth, looking up into her face which was bending over me. She was white as the rag I had tied about my

body's throat, and by and by her breast heaved she was either very much frightened or very sorry."

"I wish you had the help of any one else," said she. "Babies perish in my arms and wither at my breast. I cannot touch it, much as I yearn to. But let me see its face. Perhaps I can tell you what is the matter with it."

"I showed her the baby's face, and she bent over it, trembling very much, almost as much indeed as myself."

"It's very sick," she said, "but if you will use the remedies I advise I think you can save it." And she told me what to do and helped me all she could, but she did not lay a finger on the little darling, though from the way she watched it I saw that her heart was set on his getting better. And he did. In an hour he was sleeping peacefully, and the terrible weight was gone from my heart and from hers. When the storm stopped and she could leave the house, she gave me a kiss, but the look she gave him meant more than kisses. God must have forgotten her goodness to me that night when he let her die so pitiable a death."

At the minister's house they were commenting upon the look of serenity observable in her dead face.

"I have known her for 30 years," her pastor declared, "and never before have I seen her wear a look of real peace. It is wonderful, considering the circumstances. Do you think she was so weary of her life's long struggle that she hailed any release from it, even that of violence?"

A young man, a lawyer visiting them from New York, was the only one to answer.

"I never saw the woman you are talking about," said he, "and know nothing of the circumstances of her death beyond what you have told me. But from the very incongruity between her expression and the violent nature of her death I argue that there are depths to this crime which have not yet been sounded."

"What depths? It is a simple case of murder, followed by theft. To be sure, we do not yet know the criminal, but money was his motive. That is clear enough."

"Are you ready to wager that that is all there is to it?"

"That was a startling proposition to the minister."

"You forget my cloth," said he. The young man smiled. "That is true. Pardon me. I was only anxious

to show how strong my conviction was against any such easy explanation of a crime marked by such contradictory features."

Two children on the Portchester road were exchanging boyish confidences.

"Do you know what I think about it?" asked one.

"Now. How should I?"

"Well, I think old Mrs. Webb got the likes of what she sent. Don't you know she had six children once and that she killed every one of them?"

"Killed 'em, she?"

"Yes, I heard her tell granny once all about it. She said there was a blight on her house. I don't know what that is, but I guess it's something big and heavy, and that it fell on every one of her children as fast as they came and killed 'em."

"Then I'm glad I ain't her child."

To be Continued.

A Bull by Lord Russell.

"The late lamented Lord Chief Justice Russell had, I believe, little in his accent to indicate that he was born on the other side of the St. George's channel," says a correspondent, "but now and then, like all his countrymen, he would betray his nationality by perpetrating what is called a bull. I remember, a good many years ago, I was at a political meeting at Balmaloe. It was in 1880 or thereabouts, when coercion was the burning question. Lord (then Sir Charles) Russell made an impassioned speech in favor of liberty, in the course of which he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, if the government coercion bill is carried no man in Ireland will be able to speak upon politics unless he is born deaf and dumb."

"Curiously enough, nobody laughed. Every one seemed so overpowered by the eloquence of the speaker that the bull to all appearance passed unnoticed, a testimony surely to Lord Russell's power as an orator."—London News.

Cleopatra and Her Pearl.

It is said that Cleopatra made a banquet for Antony, the coquetry of which excited his astonishment, and when Antony expressed his surprise Cleopatra took a pearl earring, which she dissolved in a strong acid, and drank to the health of the Roman triumvirate, saying, "My draft to Antony shall far exceed it."

There are two difficulties in this anecdote. The first is, that vinegar would not dissolve a pearl, and the next is that any stronger acid would be wholly unfit to drink. Probably the solution is this: The pearl was sold to some merchant whose name was synonymous with a strong acid and the money given to Antony as a present by the fond queen.

The pearl melted, and Cleopatra drank the health of Antony as she handed him the money.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

## Live



Life's path is beset with many terrors this time of year.

La Grippe, colds, persistent hacking coughs, sore throat, headaches and streaming eyes and nose indicate that the germs of disease are attacking the system. The system must be strengthened to throw off these dangerous illnesses.

### Powley's Liquefied OZONE

will give you oxygen in concentrated form to build up the body and destroy the germ life. Neglect these first symptoms and you may die. Powley's Liquefied Ozone will cure you at any stage of your sickness. Take Ozone and live.

#### A Household Remedy.

I feel I ought to say to you I owe largely my present health to your Ozone. I had a gripple several times, which left me in a very bad condition. I felt that I was an old man, though young in years. I could not walk far at a time, nor could I eat or sleep. In fact I felt all my powers as a man materially weakened. Was advised by a friend to try Ozone. I am pleased to say that in a short time I was my former self again. Your remedy seems to have the power to drive out of the system all traces of disease. I found it toned up my blood and stomach splendidly. Wishing your remedy could be used in every family, I am, yours very truly—(Signed)—R. S. Thompson, corner Terauley and Elm sts., Toronto.

Powley's Liquefied Ozone is at a large size, 50c small size, at druggists, or from the laboratories of the Ozone Co., of Toronto, Limited, 48 Colborne street, Toronto.

## Look at This

Sterling Silver Novelties  
All at 35c Each

## Westman Bros.

Big Hardware and Implement House  
CHATHAM.

## "Souvenir" Superiority

is so apparent that it takes mighty little talk to convince. And is it any wonder that the "Souvenir" (with its Aerated Oven idea) should be made the standard for quality from whatever point one may choose to view it? Merit will get to the top—and "Souvenir" popularity proves it. The best by test and comparison; most economical—most durable—best appointed—most perfect cooker and baker—handsomely fitted for general good service without a fault. Will you take time to examine the "Souvenir"? Sold everywhere—and one will last a lifetime.



GEO. STEPHENS & CO. Local Agents CHATHAM

The Gurney-Tilden Co., Limited, Hamilton  
Wholesale Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg

### Christmas Cake

Orders should be placed early—Christmas is but a few weeks away, and this season we will double last year's sales. First, because our customers last year were delighted, and found our cake as good, in fact better, than represented. Secondly, because we bought our fruit largely at inside figures before the last tremendous jump in prices, enabling us to sell at last year's price, 25c per lb.

Somerville's  
NEXT STANDARD BAKING, CHATHAM  
Phone 36.

### Chimney Sweep

Charles King and Prince St.  
Orders left at Geo. Taylor's Barber Shop.

James Scott.

SUGAR CURED  
HAMS and  
BREAKFAST BACON  
12 1/2c a Pound  
At the Pork Packing House  
P. Chaplin Opens Home Block PHONE 240.

#### Notice to Riders.

Notice to riders of bicycles in Chatham. I have removed all my bicycle machinery and tools to Donald block, where I shall be glad to see old and new customers for all kinds of repairing, such as bicycle cleaning, inside and out; sharpening saws, scissars, knives, skates; repairing locks, keys, umbrellas, rubber bags. I have the best machinery for gumming cross-cut saws in the country. Call and see me. Let me have your wheel to clean for winter storing.—Fried, 50c.

Harry Church. Late with Brice.

## A Crash And a Smash

Not in the goods but in the prices of our

CHRISTMAS CHINA, OPAL AND GLASSWARE, DINNER SETS, CHAMBER SETS AND LAMPS

They are going fast. We had to send a SECOND ORDER for these pretty OPAL GOODS that have arrived—just the thing for a

### Christmas Present

This year's sales of these goods exceed any previous year. Save your dollars by buying these goods.

John McConnell, Park St., East Phone 190.

... The Sign of The Big Star ...

### Custom Tailoring

J. R. Johnston & Son

Eberts Block Chatham