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THE QUESTION

THE DAY

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Two lots on S. side of Cornhill St. monthly payments, interest at

Ask for Minard's and take no other

The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER V. The by-path down which Sir Norman rode led to an inn, The Golden Crown, about a quarter of a mile from the ruin. Not wishing to take his horse, lest it should lead to discovery, he proposed leaving it till his return; and, with this intention and a strong desire for a glass of wine — for the heat and his ride had made him extremely thirsty-he dismounted at the door, and consign ing the animal to the care of a hostler, he entered the bar-room. It was not the most inviting place in the world, this same bar-room — being illy-lighted, dim with tobacco smoke, and pervaded by a strong spirituous essence of stronger drinks than malt or cold water. A number of men were loitering about, smoking, drinking and discussing the all-absorbing topic of the plague, and the fires that might be kindled. There was a ent's pause as Sir Norman entered, took a seat, and called for a giass of sack, and then the conversation went on as before. The landlord hastened to supply his wants by placing a glass and a bottle of wine before him, and Sir Norman fell to helping himself, and to ruminating deeply on the events of the night. Rether melancholy these ruminations were, though to do the young gentleman justice, sentimental metancholy was not at all in his line; but then you will please to recollect he was in love, and when people come to that state, they are no longer to be held responsible either for their thoughts or actions. It is true his thoughts or actions. It is true his attack had been a rapid one, but it was no less severe for that; and if any evil-minded critic is disposed to sneer at the suddenness of his disorder, I have only to say, that I know from observation, not to speak of experience, that love at first sight is a lamentable fact, and no myth.

Love is not a plant that requires
time to flourish, but is quite capable of springing up, like the gourd of Jonah, full grown in a moment.

Our young friend, Sir Norman, had not been aware of the existence of the object of his affections for a much longer space than two hours and a half, yet he had already got to such a pitch that if he did not speedily find her he felt he would do something so desperate as to shake society to its utmost foundations. The very mystery of the affair spurred him on, and the romantic way in which she had been found, saved, and disappeared, threw such a halo of interest around her that he was inclined to think sometimes she was nothing but a shining vision from another world. Those dark, splendid eyes, that lovely marble-like face, those wavy ebon tresses, that exall a great deal too perfect for all a great deat too persect for imperfect and wicked world. Sir Norman was in a very bad way, beyond doubt, but no worse than millions of young men before and after many him; and he heaved a great many profound sighs and drank a great many glasses of sack and came the sorrowful conclusion that Dame Fortune was a malicious jade, in-clined to poke fun at his best affecclined to poke fun at his best affections, and make a shuttle-cock of his heart for the rest of his life. He thought, too, of Count L'Estrange; and the longer he thought more he became convinted that knew him well, and had met often. But where? He raked his hears uptil between love. Leoling brain until, between love, Leoline and the count, he got that delicate

In Using Baking Powder

Nothing but the purest should be

organ into such a maze of bewilder-

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

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****************** ment and distraction that he felt he would be a case of congestion shortly if he did not give it up. That the count's voice was not the only thing about him assumed, he was positive; and he mentally called over the muster-roll of his past friends, who spent half their time at Whitehall and the other half going through the streets making love to the honest citizens' pretty wives and daughters; but none of them answer-

ed to Count L'Estrange. He could scarcely be a foreigner — he spoke English with too perfect an accent to be that; and then he knew him, Sir Norman, as if he had been his brother. In short, there was no use driving himself insane trying to read so unreadable a riddle; and inwardly consigning the mysterious count to Old Nick, he swallowed another glass of sack, and quit thinking about him.

So absorbed had Sir Norman been in his own mournful musings, that he paid no attention whatever to those around him, and had nearly forgotten their very presence, when one of them, with a loud cry, sprang to his feet, and then fell writhing to the floor. The others, in dismay, gathered about him, but the next instant fell back with a cry out of, "He has the plague!" At that dreaded announcement, half of them scampered off inconsistently; and the other half with the landlord at their head, lifted the sufferer, whose groans and cries were heartrending, and carried him out of the house. Sir Norman, rather dismayed himself, had risen to his feet, fully aroused from his reverie, and found himself and another individual sole possessors of the premises. His companion he could not very well make out; for he was sitting, or rather crouching, in a remote and shadowy corner, where nothing was clearly visible but, the glare of a pair of fiery eyes. There was a great redundancy of hair, too, about his head and face indeed conabout his head and face, indeed, considerable more about the latter than there seemed any real necessity for, and even with the imperfect glimpse he caught of him the young man set him down in his own mind about as hard-looking a customer as he had ever seen. The fiery eyes were glaring upon him like those of a tiger, through a jungle of busy hair, but their owner spoke never a word, though the other stared back with compound interest. There they sat, beaming upon each other—one flercely, the other curiously, until the respectance of the landlord with a very lugubrious and woe-begone coun-

was about time to start for the ruin; and, with an eye to business he turned to cross-examine mine host a trifle. "What have they done with that an?" he asked, by way re "Sent him to the pest-house," plied the landlord, resting his elbows on the counter and his chin in his hands, and staring dismally at the "Ah, Lord a mercy opposite wall. on us! these be dreadful times.' "Dreadful enough!" said Sir Norman, sighing deeply, as he thought of his beautiful Leoline, a victim of the merciless pestilence. "Have there merciless pestilence. "Have there been many deaths here of the dis-

tenance. It struck Norman that it

temper? "Twenty-five to-day," groaned the O Lord, what will become man.

"You seem rather disheartened," said Sir Norman, pouring out a glass of wine and handing it to him. "Just drink this, and don't borrow trouble. They say sack is a sure specific against the plague." Mine host drained the bumper and

wiped his mouth, with another hol-"If I thought that, sir, I'd not be sober from one week's end to the other; but I know well enough I will be in a plague-pit in less than O Lord, have mercy on

"Amen;" said Sir Norman impatiently. "If fear has not taken away your wits, my good sir, will you tell me what old ruin that is I saw but a little above here as I rode up?" The man started from his trance of terror, and glanced, first at the fiery eyes in the corner, and then at Sir Norman, in evident trepidation of

the question. "That ruin, sir? You must be stranger in this place, surely, or you would not need to ask that ques-

"Well, suppose I am a stranger? What then?"
"Nothing, sir, only I thought
everybody knew about that ruin."
"But I do not, you see. So, fill
your glass again, and while you are
drinking it, just tell me what that
everything comprises." What then?" everything comprises."

Again the landlord glanced fearfully: at the fiery eyes in the corner,

and again hesitated. "Well," exclaimed Sir Norman, at once surprised and impatient at his taciturnity, "can't you speak, man! I want you to tell me all about it." "There is nothing to tell, sir," replied the host, goaded to desperation. "It is an old, deserted ruin that's been there ever since I remem-ber: and that's all I know about it."
While he spoke the crouching shape

and keeping his fiery eyes still glar-ing upon Sir Norman, advanced into the light. Our young knight was in the light. Our young knight was in the act of raising his glass to his lips; but as the apparition approach-ed he laid it down again, untasted, and stared at it in the wildest sur-

and stared at it in the wildest surprise and intensest curiosity. Truly it was a singular-looking creature, not to say a rather startling one startling one. A dwarf of some four feet high, and at least five feet broad across the shoulders, with immense arms and head—a giant in everything but height. His immense skull was set on such a trifle of a neck as to be scarcely worth mentioning. to be scarcely worth mentioning, and was garnished by a violent mat of coarse black hair, which also overran the territory of his cheeks and chin, leaving no neutral ground but his flery eyes and a broken nose all twisted awry. On a pair of short, stout legs he wore immense jackboots, his Hertulean shoulders and chest were adorned with a leathern doublet, and in the belt round his waist were conspicuously stuck a pair of pistols and a dagger. Alto-

gether, a more ugly or sinister gen tleman of his inches it would have been hard to find in all bread Eng-land. Stopping deliberatel, before Sir Norman, he placed a hand on each hip, and in a deep, gutteral voice, addressed him:

ceive you are, you are anxious to know something of that old riun yonder?" "Well," said Sir Norman, so far ecovering from his surprise as to be

"So, sir knight, for such I per-

able to speak, "suppose I am? Have you anything to say against it, my little friend?" "Oh, not in the least," said the

dwarf with a chuckle. "Only in-stead of waisting your breath asking this good man, who professes such utter ignorance, you had better apply to me for information."

Again Sir Norman surveyed the little Hercules from head to foot for moment in silence, as one, nowadays, would an intelligent guerilla. You think so-do you? what may you happen to know about it, my pretty little friend?"
"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the landlord to himself, with a frightened face, while the dwarf "grinned hor-

"So much, my good sir, that I would strongly advise you not to go near it, unless you wish to catch something worse than the plague. There have been others-our worthy host there, whose teeth, you may perceive, are chattering in his lead, can tell you about those that lave tried the trick, and-"Well?" said Sir Norman, curious-

ribly a ghastly smile" from ear to

'And who have never returned to tell what they found," concluded the little monster, with a diabolical leer. And as the landlord fell, gray and gasping, back in his seat, he out into a loud and hyenabroke like laugh.

"My dear little friend," said Sir Norman, staring at him in displeased wonder, "don't laugh, if you can help it: You are unprepossessing enough at best, but when you laugh, you look like the very (a downward gesture) himself!"

Unheeding this advice, the dwarf broke again into a unearthly cachinnation, that frightened the landlord nearly into fits, and seriously discomposed the nervous system even of Sir Norman himself. like a baboon, and still transfixing our puissant young knight with the same tiger-like and unpleasant glare he nodded a farewell, and in this fashion, grinning and nodding and backing, he got to the door, and concluding the interesting performance with a third hoarse and hideous laugh, disappeared in the

darkness. To be Continued.



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the first symptons make them take Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, and then you need fear nothing, as they will come out of that period as fresh and healthy as you wish to have them. This is true; before going any further, get the proof of what we tell you. We do not fear, for, just as sure as there is a sun, Dr. Coderre's Red Pills will do for your

daughters what they have done for so many others. To prove the truth of our statements we give you the names and addresses of the following ladies to whom you can write:

Mrs. Isabel, West Main Street, Chickopee Falls, Mass., writes:

"I had to take my daughter Lilly from school, she used to
faint with the least fatigue. She was not developed for her age.
She is now 15. My physician encouraged me to give her Dr.
Coderre's Red Pills. She has not been sick since she took the
first box. She is now strong and has a good appetite. She is
regular and the symptoms have disappeared."

Miss I any Jewel, Box 353, Sherbrooke, Que., writes:

"I have not been well since I was 14 years of age. Sometimes I thought I would die. My periods sometimes would come twice a month. I only used Dr. Coderre's Red Pills once when I found that they were helping me. My heart ached terribly and I was that they were helping me. My heart ached terribly and I was very nervous. I could not dress without fainting. Everything atte, gathered like a ball in my stomach. I had to have my hair ut on account of my headaches. I was pale and thin, and so weak that my limbs would tremble under me. It is Dr. Coderre's ted Pills alone that have cured me."

Maude Slater, 167 Cedar Grove St., New Bedford, Mass.:
I have been sick in bed and I was so weak that I could not
rest my handa. The doctor though that I was in consumprest my handa. The doctor though that I was in consumpit ooughed and had pains everywhere. It is surprising
what good Dr. Coderre's Red Phils have done me. My
appetite is good, I sleep well and feel rested in the morning.
I can do all my work without getting tired."

to their own ignorance, for they will surely die intended for any bad purpose and married on your hands or be invalids for years and a women can take them under any conditions. burden to you. But if you take proper care of them, they will come forth from girlhood to them, they will come forth from girlhood to the womanhood, healthy, strong and cheerful. Is it not your greatest ambition to have them so? At

specialty for woman's diseases should be given the preference in all cases. If you have been suffering for years, we wish you would write our doctor specialists, or go and see them at their offices. They will give you advice by mail or at the office, absolutely free. Their success in treating women's diseases is wonderful. It is well worth your while to consult them if you are sick. Send us your

name on a postal card and we will mail you free, our doctor's book for Pale and Weak Wo-Constipated women should not depend upon Dr. Coderre's Red Pills to cure that trouble, for the pills are not purgative.
Women who suffer thus, should take Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets together with the
Red Pills. These two remedies have a wonderful effect upon the system. The Tablets sell at 25c. a box and the Red Pills at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50. You should read care-fully the directions around each box of pills and follow them strictly. Our pills are for sale by all first class druggists. Beware of imitations.

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beats railroad train, pneumatic tube

carrier pigeon or even any conceivable speed of an airship.

There's nothing new in the idea either, though the cannon-ball post has been more often used in the Boer war

than ever before. Th besieged Ladysmith garrison sent. the Boers a Christmas card, inclosed a fifty-pounder, on the morning of December 25 last. Not to be outdone in politeness, tThe Boers, on New Year's Eve, fired two plugged Palliser shells into the British camp. On one was inscribed the compliments of the season. The other contained a real English plum-pudding, accompanied by a-for a Boer-faceticusly ironical letter of greeting. It was, perhaps, the most deadly missel ever fired.

It seems to be agreed that Gen.

White succeded in sending news to Gen. Buller from Ladysmith by firing shells containing messages to points Indicated by wig-wag signals. During the long seige of Mafeking many messages were fired into and out

of the beleaguered town. Toward the end of the seige many of the shells fird by Baden-Powell were marked "With the compliments of Cecil Rhodes." Similarly, during the Franco-Prussia war, the German bembarded Strasburg with shells ironically marked "a Berlin"—"on to Berlin" having been the cry of the French at the outbreak of the war.

Later, during the investment of Paris hundreds of shells filled with letters were fired from the city. Many were captured by the Germans, some went astray and were lost, but some were picked up by French peasants, and reached those for whom they were in-

These letter-filled bombshells liable to bury themselves in the ground by their own impact. One such unearthed not long since in a wood near Vincennes. It contained some two hundred letters, the dates upon which showed that the shell containing them had been fired during the early days of the siege.

The earliest recorded instance of the

use of the letter-filled bomb was at the siege of Tournay, when the garrison hit upon this expedient for opening communications with the outside world. It was owing to one of their aerial post offices, filled with plans and dispatches, falling short, and thereby coming into British hands, that the discovery was made of the position of that subterranean store of sunpowder afterward known as the "Great Mine," A portion of the camp was found to

be within the danger-zone, and was removed to a safer locality. The Dutch, however, refused to take warning, believing the whole affair to be a ruse of the enemy. The result was that over four hundred of them were blown to pieces in the explosion which took place early in the morning of the following day.

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ments and general appli-ances—and best by test in completeness—durability—economy—goodcooking and baking qualities—and for all-round satisfactory service? If you contemplate busing a range you owe buying a range you owe yourself the satisfaction of buying the best.—Aerated Ovens are a special fea-ture. Sold everywhere.

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