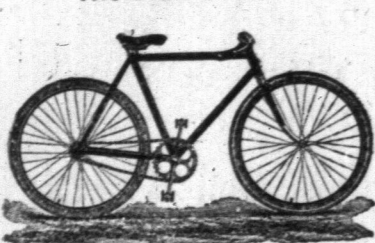


Choice  
**Hams & Bacon**  
Especially selected for our  
EASTER TRADE  
Nice, Mild Cured Beaver  
Brand Hams  
Nice, Mild Cured Beaver  
Brand Shoulders  
Nice, Mild Cured Beaver  
Brand Breakfast  
Bacon, lean  
Bologna Sausage and  
Cooked Lunch Ham  
always in stock

**J. A. Wilson**  
Queen St. 614 RR Phone 78

...The...



**"Chicago"**  
Bicycle  
Is fitted with all the latest improve-  
ments and sells for

**\$35.00**

AT THE  
**Planet Office, Chatham**

BEFORE MAKING YOUR PURCHASE  
IT WILL PAY YOU TO SEE  
THIS WHEEL

**Painting and  
Paper  
Hanging**

Apply to  
**J. B. Martin**  
Forest St.,  
East.

New Store

**Teas, Coffees,  
Spices**  
AND GROCERIES

**Crowe's Store**

Baldwin St., North Chatham

**C. M. STILES**

**SEEDS**

ALSIKE, RED CLOVER AND  
TIMOTHY SEED,  
SEED PEAS, CORN, BARLEY  
AND BEANS.

All kinds of GARDEN SEEDS, guaranteed new,  
no old stock.

**FLOUR AND FEED**

Baled Hay and Straw

Wholesale and Retail.

**Tennent & Burke**  
Phone 100, Seaside Block

**In providing office  
equipment**

to facilitate your business, have you  
secured a

**LONG DISTANCE**

TELEPHONE?

The charges are moderate.

The Local Manager of The Bell Tele-  
phone Company will be pleased  
to quote you rates.

## Edith Norton

One of Life's Tangles

By  
**Joseph R. Nichols**

"It would be needless and cruel to dwell upon the indifference of your mother's conduct," Mrs. Harold continued, "or to condemn her duplicity. She suffered enough to expiate the fault. Infatuated by the romance of believing herself in love, she consented to his proposition, and they were married privately at the nearest village. Great was the grief and disappointment of her deceived parents, who were ambitious that their promising daughter should make a fine match. In anger her father pursued the runaway couple and overtook them after a week's search. The girl being under age, he caused the marriage to be annulled by law, and brought her home. The unhappy young man, who was delicate and subject to heart disease, did not survive the excitement many months. As for your mother, she was treated with a severity which was cruel and hardened instead of leading her to repentance. When her child was born—"

Edith started, but Mrs. Harold laid a calming hand upon her shoulder. "It was a boy, my dear, and that was thirty years ago. The baby was sent away to the care of those who engaged to keep the matter quiet, and treat the child as their own. Your mother never saw the little one's face. All young people did everything in their power to make amends for their severity. Ten years later she met my brother. She was a brilliant woman then, no expense having been spared to give her every worldly advantage. She was the belle of Western when he first saw her and paid her attentions. They were married, and if ever a redeeming opportunity entered the life of any woman it was at that moment, for she loved your father devotedly, so devotedly that she felt that every inch in her past life should be revealed. His jealousy of her, added to these compunctions of conscience, yet made her afraid to tell him the truth. Col. Harold was living in Western at the time, and I saw great deal of you mother. She was exceedingly fond of me, too, and shortly before your birth she confessed to me the trouble that weighed upon her spirits, and asked my advice. I urged her to tell her brother all, and end her distress. I felt sure that she could trust his affection to play more than condemn, but the rigorous school in which she had been brought up made her pitifully fearful. She vacillated weakly in her determination, postponing the trial from day to day, and so lost the most favorable opportunity to make the disclosure. (I attribute your mother's disclosure, my love, to direct inheritance of your mother's state of mind at that time.) All this secrecy ended in estrangement from her husband, for though she could not forgive herself, she told him, the deed she practiced haunted her. For awhile she was possessed with a frantic desire to find her lost child, but all her search only gained her the information that the boy had run away from the guardianship to which he had been entrusted. This was a new source of unhappiness to your mother, and at last she began to settle conscience by a fashionable life, and became reconciled to the child's disappearance, hoping and praying, as she told me afterwards, that death had removed the witness to her folly. But come, dear, there is the tea bell. We will not keep them waiting, and all this is between ourselves."

"I don't want anything to eat, Aunt Amy. I don't feel right in my head. It is so queer—I can't—I can't think at all."

"My poor child, don't try to think; lie down here, and try to rest." Edith obeyed in silence, but when Mrs. Harold had left her, with a kiss, and murmured prayer for God's blessing and protection upon her, she buried her face in the pillow and wept from a painful sense of sympathy. When Mrs. Harold returned, an hour later, she found her in a strangely excited state, her pulse quick, her words wild and feverish. Alarmed by the repeated questions if it really were all true, mingled with incoherent references to herself, Mrs. Harold sat down beside her and vainly strove to divert her mind to calming thoughts. The morbid condition had continued too long, reaction set in with violence, and the over-strained system could find relief only by venting its pent up forces upon the brain. Her aunt had nursed through sickness before, but never during one of those doubly alarming cases where the mind had been the source of the disorder. All night she watched over the increasing delirium, and none could appreciate the gravity of the ordeal save those who have been situated in a similar desolate position, the nearest physician five miles away.

The anxiety of those days cannot be described, when Steele's face became a daily visitor, and he and Mrs. Harold, feeling that all might have been avoided, with useless self reproach and aching hearts, well nigh despaired of the life of the sufferer, while Mr. and Mrs. White anxiously discussed the strain that Amy was enduring, and Juliet moped about, lonely and miserable at being excluded from the sick room, where she was positively sure she could be of service.

When, after six weeks, the fever burned itself out, and Edith's natural strength of constitution prevailed, she woke to consciousness, frail and fair as any lily, too weak to talk or think, and lay in restless passivity in an atmosphere of gentle words and kindly attentions. Mr. White never failed to bring home some wild flowers from his walk around the plantation, his wife exerted all her skill in preparing dainty dishes, and Juliet checked her noisy enthusiasm, to amuse her, and told her daily how beautiful she looked, comically declaring that she would willingly con-

counter all that her cousin had endured for the lovely and have such transparent hands.

Mrs. Steele and Mabel came, also, to cheer the weakness of her convalescence, and the pastor never failed in his constant visits, but from them all Edith's eyes would ever wander back to the sweet, pale face that had watched beside her during all those long nights of anxiety, untiring, and rest on it with a soothing pleasure in its presence, for it had become a necessary part of her existence, and she had grown accustomed to fall asleep with her hand clasped in her aunt's and wake to find her there.

### CHAPTER XVII

EGERTON HEARS THE VOICE OF AN ANGEL.

It was Sunday, a day of rest in every sense of the word, no sound breaking the stillness of the air save the hum of insects about the flower gardens of Dayton. The streets were almost deserted, for the church bells had long ceased ringing, and the devout inhabitants of the village were assembled in the various places of worship, when a solitary stranger emerged from the Tobin hotel, walking with nervous haste. He had arrived upon the night train, and his brow had a careworn, anxious expression. At the entrance of St. Stephen's chapel he paused and looked within. The congregation was kneeling, and he stepped inside, waving off the usher, who advanced to meet him. Swiftly his eye glanced along the pews until it rested upon the figures of four persons, a white haired old man, and three ladies, one of them dressed in deep mourning. The form he sought was not there. A sickening dread swept through his frame, and he leaned for support against the pillar, which screened him from the view of the pulpit.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," was borne to his ear from within, and he changed his position with limitation under the solemn admonition. A hush followed, and then the organ broke in upon the stillness with a deep throbbing music. As the slow rolling notes vibrated through his being, he thought with a suffocating sensation of how she had told him that she loved him, and how she had loved him. There came a pause in the thrilling music, then its deep chords were repeated, and a voice well known, yet as an angel's voice above his head, seemed to float down from Heaven on the wings of song.

Oh, how distinct were the words as he followed each accent of the beloved utterance:

"Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaks,  
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee."

Alone with Thee—  
The voice faltered, and there was a world of hidden agony beneath the beauty of its articulation.

"And the mystic shadows,  
The solemn hush of Nature newly born  
Alone with Thee—"

And the word rang with the ecstasy of a soul that rose superior to the sense of isolation in the grandeur of that loneliness.

"Alone with Thee in breathless adoration  
As in the dawn of the waveless ocean,  
The image of the morning star doth rest  
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only  
Thine image in the waters of my breast."

"So shall it be at last in the bright morning,  
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee  
Oh in that hour fairer than daylight dawning  
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee."

The sweet voice died suddenly away, but the ecstasy of triumph seemed to linger and echo through the arches overhead as the exalted strains reverberated in the hearts of the hearers. In the still silence that ensued, but to that listener without their melody told a tale of pitiless self-abnegation, their beauty was as the voice of the swan, sweetest in the pangs of death. He could not stay when the sermon commenced, but hurried out into the street, again haunted by those notes which spoke of agony conquered, of a soul that rose superior to the sense of isolation in the grandeur of that loneliness. Here he stood, a girl, the trembling, clinging child, his heart remembered, for behold, a seraph had answered him from the distance of immeasurable space that his pity was not required. Here consolation was accorded; and though his ardent desire to behold her beloved face once more was ungratified, Dr. Egerton proceeded on his way to Florida that night as he intended.

Steele's sermon was not long that day, but how much its fervent delivery was inspired by the offertory hymn was the minister's own secret.

Mrs. Harold paused at the foot of the stairs that led to the choir, as her niece came down, accompanied by a fair-haired young man, who ardently admitted her voice. Edith was more than beautiful that morning, in her simple white dress. The pale pink roses on her breast were less delicate in hue than the faint color in her cheeks, while the eyes that looked out from her spirituelle face seemed to have grown larger and deeper. With a gracious nod of dismissal to her escort, she passed her arm through her party, who waited, surrounded by their acquaintances, in cheerful interchange of greeting. For each Edith had a word, a smile of recognition, but once seated in the carriage, after a few solicitous cares that Mrs. Harold was well wrapped up, she leaned back silent, while her face settled into a submissive tranquility.

Six months had elapsed since the events recorded in the last chapter, and the tumult of emotion which yet surged within her breast had been trained never to appear upon the placid surface.

Miscard's Liniment for sale every-  
where.

## SICK WOMEN

The following women were all sick from diseases peculiar to their sex. Everyone of them will tell you that they have been cured by Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. No other remedy has ever cured so many women. They cure permanently, quickly and cheaply.

We never publish a testimonial of a lady unless it is in every way genuine. We do not have to, for we have thousands waiting their turn to be published. You do not know, or you never have heard of any remedy having such a great record of curing. If you ask why, we will tell you that the remedy is good; it is not like those cure alls or old-fashioned and expensive remedies. Ours is modern and cheap. Fifty Red Pills for 50c, will last longer than any \$1.00 liquid remedy advertised to cure everything. If you stop to think, and consider what we tell you, you will want to know more, and we tell you again that Dr. Coderre's Red Pills cure women.



Mrs. H. Warner, 205 Valley St., Providence, R. I., writes:  
"All sick women ought to take Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, for I do not believe that there is a better remedy. I have taken them for women's troubles and general weakness. I, at the same time, took the Purgative Tablets, and I am really surprised at the good results. Two remedies have done me more good at all sick to-day. I wish I had known this remedy long ago."

Mrs. L. Taylor, 1277 Gilbert St., Grand Rapids, Mich., writes:  
"I have taken Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for sick headache and biliousness. I was always tired, weak, had no courage and had severe backaches. I find this remedy to be the best I have ever taken; it is also the cheapest. I will never be without it again."

Mrs. J. Williams, 167 First Street, Detroit, Mich., writes:  
"I am glad to inform you that Dr. Coderre's Red Pills have cured me of what the Doctors told me was a very bad case of kidney trouble. I have suffered for years without being helped by medicine or Doctors. Your remedy is the one that has cured me. I honestly recommend this remedy to all sick women."

Mrs. Phillip Bourque, 303 Carter St., Manchester, N. H., writes:  
"I was suffering with everything that a woman can suffer. In four months I tried three different doctors, none of them could cure me. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills alone have cured me. I am 10 days altogether better."

The great number of women who have been cured by Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are enough to prove their merit. We ask every sick lady to believe what we say, for we say nothing but the truth. We ask them to compare this remedy with cure alls or old-fashioned liquid remedies, and they will find that Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are for women alone and will wonder no more at their great success. They cure female weakness of every kind. They can be taken by old and young women. If you have been suffering for years it does not matter, take a few boxes and send a full description of your sickness to our Doctor Specialists who will be pleased to answer you fully and give you the best advice. It will cost you nothing. If you would prefer, come and see them at their offices. In the meantime send us your name on a postal card and we will mail to your address, free, our doctor's book, Pale and Weak Women.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are not a purgative, they should not be taken for that. Women who are suffering from constipation should take Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets which sell for 25c. a box. The combination of these two remedies always cures permanently and promptly. Read and follow carefully the directions given on the circular. It is very important if you wish to get the best effect.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are sold by all first class druggists at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. We mail them all over the world upon receipt of price. Beware of all red pills sold by the dozen, the hundred pills or at any other price, for they are not ours, they are imitations. In the interest of your health do not be imposed upon. Address all correspondence to  
**THE FRANCO-AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO.**  
Boston, Mass. Office: Montreal, Can. Office:  
241 Tremont St. 1-274 St. Denis St.

For Sale by C. H. Gunn & Co., Chatham.

**THE SLATER SHOE**

**Business Moods.**

When a good man swears on a wet day it's more than likely the profanity comes from his feet.

The shoe that pinches spoils the temper, irritates the nerves, impairs digestion, and obscures the merry sunshine of life.

Success or failure in life oft hinges upon a man's mood at critical moments, and the way his feet feel sometimes sways destiny.

A pair of "Slater Shoes" may unconsciously save a fortune, but can't cost more than \$5.00.

It's cheaper to throw away a shoe that hurts than to keep it, and mark this—new "Slater Shoes" need no breaking in.

A tag on each pair tells just what leather it is made of—how it will affect the feet—and the wear it will, or will not give, according to use.

The makers name and price stamped on the sole protects against imitations of Goodyear Welt, and ensures value every time to the wearer. \$3.50 and \$5.00.

**AGENCY**

Trudell & Tobey—The 2 T's—Sole Local Agent.

**DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN**

No other Medical Firm in the world has the established reputation for curing Men and Women that Drs. K. & K. enjoy. Their New Method Treatment, discovered and perfected by these Eminent Specialists, has brought joy, happiness and comfort to thousands of homes. With 30 years experience in the treatment of these diseases they can guarantee to Cure or No Pay—Balanitis, Gonorrhea, Syphilis, Varicocele, Stricture, Gleet, Secret Discharge, Impotency, Sexual and Mental Weakness, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Their guarantee is backed by Bank Bonds.

**MEN'S LIFE BLOOD**

You may have a secret drain through the urine—that's the reason you feel tired out in the morning. You are not rested, your kidneys ache, you feel despondent and have no ambition. Don't let your Life Blood be drained away. Drs. K. & K. guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

**BLOOD POISON**

Syphilis is the scourge of mankind. It may not be a crime to have it, for it may be inherited, but it is a crime to allow it to remain in the system. Like father-like son. Beware of Mercury and Potash treatment. Drs. K. & K. positively cure the worst cases or No Pay.

**VARICOCELE & STRICTURE**

The New Method Treatment cures these diseases safely and surely. No Pain—No Suffering—No Detention from Business. Don't risk operation and ruin your sexual organs. The stricture tissue is absorbed and can never return. Drs. K. & K. guarantee Cures.

**Kidneys & Bladder**

Don't neglect your kidneys. Your aching back tells the tale. Don't let Doctors experiment on you. Drs. K. & K. can cure you if you are not beyond human aid. They guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

**CURES GUARANTEED. NO CURE NO PAY.** Consultation Free. Books sent Free, (sealed). Write for Question Blank for Home Treatment. Everything Confidential.

**DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, 148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.**