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A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

beeing that 1 had difficulty in

beeing that 1 had difficulty in 22-cioung, ne broke into the pause I made. "If I can read your mind," he said. "you are thinking that perhaps this offer is a deep-laid scheme to obtain your address. But, to show you that it is not so, I will leave you before you have given instructions to the driver." "I will take the cab, since you are so kind," I stammered.

With curious perversity, I was now rather sorry that he should not hear my address, because, not knowing it, there was practically no chance that we should ever see each other again.

But I could not betray sentiments so unworthy of my bringing up. In silence I allowed myself to be helped into the hansom which was to be sacrificed to me, and, with a faint murmur of gratitude, I took the purse which he picked up from the pavement and handed to me, after wiping off a few spots of mud with his own handkerchief.

"Good-nigh" he said, lifting his hat.

chief.

"Good-nigh" he said, lifting his hat.
I noticed that his dark, close-cropped hair grew very nicely over his forehead, and was ashamed of myself for noticing

"I faltered. He was moving away, as he had promised to do, without hearing the direction I should give the cabman. In another second he would be gone.

I felt the blood rushing hotly to my cheeks, and was conscious that I had called after him, not knowing quite what I intended to say. He looked at me questioningly, his hat still in his hand.

"I—I—only wanted to ask if—if you've

"I-I-only wanted to ask if-if you've told me all the reason why you followed me—I mean us?" I stammered, in great

confusion.

"No," he said, sharply. "No. I have told you the true reason. But I have not told you all."

"Will you tell me now?" I demanded.

"I wish I could. But I can..ot do that. It would be impossible that I could ever tell you."

He did not say this as if, with a little urging on my part, he might have

He did not say this as if, with a little urging on my part, he might have been persuaded from his decision. Somehow, I knew that nothing that I could say would induce him to change. I was pierced with keenest curiosity, and I was vexed as well—more with myself, than him. "Then—good-night," I exclaimed, almost sharply.

He moved away, and I waited until ne had gone too far to overhear before I bade the cabman drive me to the Copurg Hotel. This was to punish myself, not him.

burg Hotel. This was to pulsar self, not him.

The hansom was briskly turned, and I was drawen off at a good speed.

"What could have been his other reason?" I asked myself. "The reason it was impossible to tell?"

My mind dwelt upon it, repeating again and again that, as he had confessed, the explanation he had given was a lame one. It was not rational to suppose that a man should have risen in the midst of an absorbing play to follow two women from the theatrefollow one of them miles away from

to follow two women from the theatrefollow one of them miles away from
the theatre-merely because an impulse,
inexplicable and uncontrollable, had
goaded him to do so. There was something strange behind it all.
Where was my mother? I had hopelessly lost track of her long ago. And
how was I to know whether some terfible evil had not befallen her?

CHAPTER III.

My Mother Comes Home. By this time my mother might have rrived at the hotel, to find me playing truant. If this were the case, I could ploture her anger, and I shrank from he thought, for the beautiful, sad woman whom I loved knew how to make herself feared as well. Yet I prayed that she might have been before me, and was ready to endure her reproachs rather than hear that she was still

I fancied suppressed amazement on the face of the hall porter who helped me from the hansom, and handed up my fare to the cabman. "Do you know if Lady Cope has come

"I've only just come on duty, midnight, miss," the hall porter piled. "I haven't seen her ladyship."

I felt unpleasantly sure that the big man suspected that I had been guilty of some imprudent escapade, which of I was anxious that "her ladyship" should not discover, and from the good-natured twinkle in his eyes as he held the door open and watched me fly towards the lift, he probably wished me luck.

But in an instant I had forgotten him and his conjectures. I asked no more questions as to my mother's return, but hurried straight to our rooms on the second floor.

I threw my cloak over the back of a chair, and knocked at my mother's door, softly calling her name in a voice that would tremble.

There was no answer, and I turned the handle to peep in. Her room was in darkness. Perhaps, I thought, she had returned, and gone straight to bed, taking it for granted that I was safely in the house, and not wishing, for reasons of her own, to see me until morn-

"I ventured to switch on the light, which was near the door. The bed was empty, the cover temptingly turned down, a stlk night-dress and robe de chambre laid ready by the maid, who would be waiting at this very moment for her delayed summons.

There was just one hope left, and I tle room occupied by my mother's maid, Swift,

maid, Swift.

In a moment she appeared.

"Oh, miss," she began, "I was just beginning to be afraid something was the matter. Her ladyship said you would be coming straight back after the theater."

"Then she hasn't sent any word?" I

hen she hasn't sent any word. I asked. This had been the one hope I had still relied upon.

"No, miss. No word has come for me. Isn't her ladyship with you?"

"She she has gone with—a friend,"
I faitered, trying to make my voice sound asthral for mother was not one I faitered, trying to make my voice sound natural, for mother was not one who would tolerate having her private affairs discussed by a servant. "I came back alone. But—I thought she would have been at home by this time, or let me know that she was not to be expected till later. No doubt it is all right. Only I—I can't help feeting a little anxious."

little anxious."
"Oh, if her ladyship is with a friend, there's nothing to worry about," Swift cheerily assured me. She had been with us for a long time, ever since I was quite a child. in fact. and I would

for which Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only certain cure. In Dropsy the Kidneys are actually dammed up, and the water, which should be expelled in the form of urine, flows back and lodges in the cells of the flesh and puffs out the skin. Remove the filth which plugs up the drain. Restore the Kidneys to health. There is only one Kidney Medicine

Dodd's KIDNEY

creet questions, for it was just possible that she was more in mother's confi-dence than I was. But I put the thought behind me, and steeled myself in patience.

"You look as white as a ghost, miss," the maid went on. "I do hope you haven't got a chill. Better have a cup of chocolate, and let me get you to bed. By the time you're ready, her ladyship's sure to be here."

"I'm not at all cold, and I'm not sleepy," I protested. "I don't feel like being undressed yet, thank you. You can go to bed, and when Lady Cope omes I will do everything that she needs. If she should be ill, or really want you, why, of course, I will ring, and you can slip into a dressing-gown." Swift murmured gratefully that she was "much obliged for my kindness," but though she decorously retired, there was that in her eye which told me she did not mean to avail herself of my permission. I had spoken calmly, I flattered myself, but I had not been able to conceal from her experi-

wait, clothed and alert, for any emergency. Never shall I forget the next hour Though I had said I was not cold, I shivered with a nervous trembling, and mechanically sat down by the fire, stretching out my hands towards the blaze, which Swift had stirred into re-

ence that something unusual had oc-

curred, and doubtless she intended to

newed life. On the mantel stood a small clock, that ticked in a whisper, and every quarter-hour uttered a silver note. The hands scarcely seemed to move; days have passed more swiftly for me than those lagging quarter-hours. I imagined my mother trapped by a villainous plot into which she had fallen; murlered even, it might be-for crude trady did break into peaceful lives, ever n this opening of an enlightened cen-

tury. As I so thought, the deep silence the room was ruffled by a faint, all but inaudible, sound. It was as if someone outside had brushed against the handle of the door in going by. I sprang up, and, running across the room, threw the door open, just in time to eatch my mother in my arms as she swayed and

fell forward. She was a Juno in height and build while I was a slender girl, whose fore-head came on a level with her chin, if we stood side by side; yet-somehow I

I haid her down, and sank on my knees beside her. I was quivering all over, and for a moment was powerless to move. When I could rise, I rang the bell for Swift, and rushed to my own room for eau de Cologne.

I was back again before the mald could come, bathing my mother's forehead, and begging her to speak, in strange, weak little voice, that did =:

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opened her eyes—those wonderful eyes, with the haunting shadow that hid their depths. She was gazing straight into mine, yet I knew that she did not see me, and felt, with an eerie chill, that she was looking through me at

omething else. So unearthly was the expression of the white face that involuntarily I turned my head over my shoulder, half expecting to see that someone had stolen noiselessly into the room, to stand close behind me. But no one

was there. Her lips were moving stiffly. I bent over her as she lay among the cush-ions, and her breath, as it rustled past my cheek, was cold, or I fancied it.
"The scar—the scar!" she was whis-

"The scar—the scar:" she was whispering. "After—all—these years. What a fearful revenge! It is—my death."
"Mother!" I cried, my voice breaking into a sob. "Don't say that; you shall not die. I am here—your Sheila."
Her eyes slowly came back from that world where she had been, and she saw me at last. I could see the recognition coming like water that moves under ice; but no light of love came with it, only a sudden, bleak gleam of horror-or hate, I dared not

think which. "You-you" she said. "If it had not been for you—" Her voice died, then rose again, chokingly. "To atone—" she cried, aloud. "Shella—save—find—you must find—"

Her breath went with a garn. She

Her breath went with a gasp. pressed her hand over her heart, half sitting up, her face convulsed with pain. I slipped an arm behind her shoulders, and laid her gently down again. She yielded; but as her head touched the pillow once more she raised both hands, laying one on each of my shoulders; and then I saw a terrible thing that almost forced a scream from my lips. I held it back by force, out my forehead was wet, and a wave

of sickness swept over me. My mother invariably wore long sleeves with her evening dresses, though sometimes, as to-night, they were of thickly shirred chiffon or

I knew the reason for this whim of hers—for a whim those in ignorance of the truth might have called it. On one of those beautiful white arms of hers there was a thing to hide—the same thing which that other woman had so ostentatiously displayed in the

theater. Now, as she lifted her arms, the sleeve fell back from the right one, cut and torn from wrist to shoulder, spotted here and there with crimson. And where the purple scar had been there was a fresh, raw burn, as if the flesh had been cauterized with red-hot iron. "The West Wing," she panted.

West Wing."
I knew that she strove to say some thing that she could not utter, and 1

"The West Wing, at home?" I asked "Is there something I can do for you

She answered only with her eyes. They seemed to say: "Yes—a hundred times yes!" And having said it, they closed. Her hands slid from my shoulders, and, faint and shuddering, I softly laid the poor hurt arm down by her

As I did so, Swift came forward. 1 "Go and tell them to send for a doc had not hea tor," I exclaimed. "Quick-she is very

Swift went away again. It seemed to me that she was gone a long time, though I do not suppose it could have been more than five or six minutes. bathed my mother's forehead and hands with the eau de Cologne, but she did not speak or open her eyes. "Have you seen her ill in this way before?" I asked Swift, when she had

returned. "Never so bad," the woman answered, "Never so bad," the woman answered, in an awed tone. "But she has suffered with attacks of palpitation of the heart sometimes. She told me I was never to mention it to you, and I haven't till now. There's some medition in the new trees. eine in the next room, I've dropped for her more than once. I think it's called digitalis. Shall I get it now, and try

what it will do?"

I nodded assent; and presently Swift came back with a small bottle.

"The label's been torn off lately," the frightened maid announced. "I the frightened what the dose was. I the frightened maid announced. "I can't remember what the dose was. I daren't give it to her ladyship, miss. And, oh, only look at her! Her teeth are locked together. It would be hard to seat her to swallow anything now."

To be Continued.

An Australian Mole. The Australian mole burrows obliquely in the sand, going two or three inches under it and never betraying its passage except by a slight undulation of the soil. In digging it uses its conical nose, which is protected by a horny plate, and the strong, mattock shaped claws of its fore feet. The hind feet, which are wider and spade shaped, throw the sand back, so that no trace is left of the tunnel which it hollows. It comes to the surface a few yards farther on and then buries itself again, all without making any noise.

A Witty Retort. Having once lost a case in New York, Counselor Nolan sadly remarked, My poor client is little likely to get

justice done here until the judgment "Well, counselor," said the court, "if I have an opportunity I'll plead for the poor woman myself on that day." "Your honor," replied Nolan, "will have troubles of your own upon that

Precocious Discernment Little Gertrude—I'm going to be pinster, like you, Aunt Gertrude. Aunt Gertrude-Why do you want to be a spinster, dearle? Little Gertrude-'Cause, Aunt Gertrude, a spinster doesn't have to try to

look pretty, an' she can comb her hair any old way. Appalled.

Doctor—I am slightly in doubt as to

whether yours is a constitutional dis-Patient-For heaven's sake, doctor, pealing to the United States supreme court to find out whether it is Grand?

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. What is

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