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and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert."

BABY'S OWN SOAP

and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases. The National Council of Women of Canada have recommended it as very suitable for nursery use.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MONTREAL.

Makers of the celebrated Albert Toilet Soap.

THE QUESTION

—OF—

THE DAY

Is where can I get best value in Vinegars and Spices?

McConnell's, Park St.,

Has a supply of A 1 Vinegar, just the kind to make good pickles, also our spices, whole and ground, are fresh and good.

6 Bars Soap, per lb. 5c
5 Bars S. Soap 25c
Try our 25c Mixed Tea.
Coffee, per lb. 10c

Crockery at our usual low price.

John McConnell

Phone 190. Park St., East
Sign of the Star

In Using Baking Powder

Nothing but the purest should be used.

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

Baking Powder Containing Alum

We are pleased to say that we can supply you with a Pure, Wholesome Baking Powder, entirely free from Alum or any other adulteration, and at a price no higher than is asked for the worthless article.
Price 25c per lb.
Manufactured at

Central C. H. Gunn & Co.
Phone 106
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Radley's Drug Store

Removed near door to Geo. E. Young's Grocery, opp. the Standard Bank.

Radley's Stomach and Liver Pills

The Best Antibilious Pills in Use. Cures Dyspepsia and all Stomach and Liver Complaints. Have you ever tried them? There is nothing better.

RADLEY'S DRUG STORE

A. M. FLEMING
A-R-T-I-S-T
STUDIO, SMITH BLOCK
OPP. MARKET NEAR BAKER'S

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

"Madame La Masque," said Sir Norman, flushed and haughty, "love is not a question of time."
"Sir Norman Kingsley," said the lady, somewhat sadly, "I am aware of that. Tell me what you wish to know, and if it be in my power, you shall know it."
"A thousand thanks! Tell me, then, is she whom I seek living or dead?"
"She is alive."
"She has the plague?" said Sir Norman.
"I know it."
"Will she recover?"
"She will."
"Where is she now?"
"La Masque hesitated, and seemed uncertain whether or not to reply. Sir Norman passionately broke in: "Tell me, madam, for I must know!"
"Then you shall; but, remember, if you get into danger, you must not blame me."
"Blame you? No, I think I would hardly do that. Where am I to seek for her?"
"Two miles from London, beyond Newgate," said the mask. "There stands the ruins of what was once long ago a hunting-lodge, now a crumbling skeleton, roofless, and windowless, and said, by rumor, to be haunted. Perhaps you have seen or heard of it?"
"I have seen it a hundred times," broke in Sir Norman. "Surely you do not mean to say she is there?"
"Go there and you will see. Go there to-night, and lose no time—that is supposing you can procure a license."
"I have one already. I have a pass from the Lord Mayor to come and go from the city when I please."
"Good! Then, you'll go to-night?"
"I will go. I might as well do it as anything else, I suppose, but that is quite impossible," said Sir Norman firmly, not to say obstinately, "that she can be seen there."
"Very well—you'll see. You had better go on horseback, if you desire to be back in time to witness the illumination."
"I don't particularly desire to see the illumination, as I know of; but I will ride, nevertheless. What am I to do when I get there?"
"You will enter the ruin and go on until you discover a spiral staircase leading to what was once the vaults. The flags of these vaults are loose from age, and if you should desire to remove any of them, you will probably not find it an impossibility."
"Why should I desire to remove them?" asked Sir Norman, who felt dubious, and disappointed, and inclined to be dogmatical.
"Why, you may get a glimmering light—hear strange noises, and if you remove the stones, may possibly see strange sights. As I told you before it is rumored to be haunted, which is true enough, though not in the way they suspect, and so the fools and the common herd stay away."
"And if I am discovered peeping like a rascally valet, what will be the consequences?"
"Very unpleasant ones to you; but you need not be discovered if you take care. Ah! Look there!"
She pointed to the river, and barge and boatmen looked. A barge gayly painted and gilded, with a light in prow and stern, came gliding up among less pretentious craft, and stopped at a flight of stairs leading to the bridge. It contained four persons—the oarsman, two cavaliers sitting in the stern, and a lady in the rich fivery of a court page in the act of springing out. Nothing very wonderful in all this, and Sir Norman and Ormiston looked at her for an explanation.
"Do you know these two gentlemen?" she asked.
"Certainly," replied Sir Norman, promptly. "One is the Duke of York, the other is the Earl of Rochester."
"And that page, to which of them does he belong?"
"The page?" said Sir Norman, with a stare, as he leaned forward to look. "Pray, madam, what has the page to do with it?"
The two peers had ascended the stairs, and was already on the bridge. The page loitered behind, talking, as it seemed, to the waterman.
"He wears the livery of the Earl of Rochester," said Ormiston, speaking for the first time, "but I cannot see his face."
"He will follow presently, and be sure you see it then; possibly you may not find it entirely new to you."
She drew back into the shadow as they advanced, talking earnestly behind Sir Norman and Ormiston. Both raised their hats with a look of recognition, and the salute was courteously returned by the others.
"Good night, gentlemen," said Lord Rochester; "a hot evening, is it not? Have you come here to witness the illumination?"
"Really, said Sir Norman, "we have come for a very different purpose, my lord."
"The fire will have one good effect," said Ormiston, laughing; "if they clear the air and drive away this stifling atmosphere."

"Pray God they drive away the plague!" said the Duke of York, as he and his companion passed from view.
The page sprang up the stairs after them, humming, as he came, one of his master's love ditties—songs, said tradition, saving anything but the order of sanctity. With the warning of La Masque fresh in their minds, both looked at him earnestly. His gray livery was that of Lord Rochester, and became his graceful figure well, as he marched along with a jaunty swagger, one hand on his side and the other toying with his beautiful little spangle, that frisked in open violation of the Lord Mayor's orders, commanding all dogs, great and small, to be put to death as propagators of the pestilence. In passing, the lad turned his face toward them for a moment—a bright, saucy, handsome face it was—and the next instant he went round an angle and disappeared. Ormiston suppressed an oath. Sir Norman stifled a cry of amazement—for both recognized that beautiful colorless face, these of perfect features and great, black, lustrous eyes. It was the face of the lady they had saved from the plague-pit.
"Am I sane or mad?" inquired Sir Norman, looking hopelessly about him for information. "Surely that is she we were in search of!"
"It certainly is," said Ormiston, "where are the wonders of this night to end?"
"Satan and La Masque only know; for they both seem to have united to drive me mad. Where is she?"
"Where, indeed?" said Ormiston; "where is last year's snow?" And Sir Norman, looking round at the spot where she had stood a moment before, found that she, too, had disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

The two friends looked at each other in impressive silence for a moment, and spoke never a word. Not that they were astonished—they were long past the power of that emotion; and, at a cloud had dropped from the sky, at their feet, they would probably have looked at it passively, and vaguely wondered if the rest would follow. Sir Norman especially, had sunk into a state of listless indifference, and he felt feeble to describe. Ormiston, not being quite so far gone, was the first to open his lips.
"Upon my honor, Sir Norman, this is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of. That certainly was the face of our half-dead bride! What, in the name of all the gods, can it mean, I wonder?"
"I have given up wondering," said Sir Norman, in the same helpless tone. "And if the earth were to open, and swallow London up I would not be the least surprised. One thing is certain, the lady we are seeking and that page are one and the same."
"And yet La Masque told you she was two miles from the city, in the haunted ruin; and La Masque most assuredly knows."
"I have no doubt she is there. I shall tell her she is astonished if I find her in every street between this and Newgate."

"Really, it is a most singular affair! First you see her in the magic caldron, then we find her dead, and when next I find her, he it were it may, I shall take care she does not slip so easily through my fingers."
"I cannot forget that page," said Ormiston, musingly. "It is singular, since he wears the Earl of Rochester's livery, that we have never seen him before among his followers. Are you quite sure, Sir Norman, that you have not?"
"Seen him? Don't be absurd, Ormiston! Do you think I could ever forget such a face as that?"
"It would not be easy, I confess."

"Not exactly! I love this mysterious beauty too well to do that, and when next I find her, he it were it may, I shall take care she does not slip so easily through my fingers."
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One does not see such every day. And yet—and yet—it is most extraordinary!"

"I shall ask Rochester about him the first thing to-morrow; and unless he is an optical illusion—which I vow I half believe is the case—I will come to the truth in spite of your demoniac friend, La Masque."

"Then you do not mean to look for him to-night?"
"Look for him? I might as well look for a needle in a haystack. Not if I have promised La Masque to visit the old ruins, and there I shall go forthwith. Will you accompany me?"

"I think not. I have a word to say to La Masque, and you and she kept talking so busily, I had no chance to put it in."

"Besides, I have no doubt it is a word you would not like to utter in the presence of a third party, even though that third party be your friend and Pythias, Kingsley. Do you mean to stay here like a plague-sentinel until she returns?"

"Possibly; or if I get tired I may set in search of her. When do you return?"

"The fates, that seem to make a football of my best affections, and kick them as they please, only know. If nothing happens—which, being in the hands of the gods, I cannot say—until he reached the King's Arms—a low inn on the bank of the river. To his dismay he found the house shut up, and bearing the dismal mark and inscription of the pestilence. While he stood contemplating it in perplexity, a watchman, on guard before another plague-stricken house, advanced and informed him that the whole family had perished of the disease and that the landlord himself had died of it."

"Why not here? It is as good a place as any."

"With all my heart. Where do you propose getting a horse?"

"At the King's Arms—'but a stone's throw from here, Farewell,' said Ormiston. And wrapping his cloak close about him, he leaned against the doorway, and watching the dancing lights of the river, prepared to await the return of La Masque."

With his head full of the adventures and misadventures of the night, Sir Norman walked thoughtfully on until he reached the King's Arms—a low inn on the bank of the river. To his dismay he found the house shut up, and bearing the dismal mark and inscription of the pestilence. While he stood contemplating it in perplexity, a watchman, on guard before another plague-stricken house, advanced and informed him that the whole family had perished of the disease and that the landlord himself had died of it."

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HUMOR

TIME LOST.

An Instructive Fable by Deaf Old Uncle Bill.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]
One day as the Sage was passing along a highway he came upon several Travelers who were standing around the body of a man lying upon the earth. "What is this?" asked the wise man as he looked about.

"We cannot agree as to the man lying here," replied one of the Travelers. "I contend that, being a Traveler like myself, he should not pay a poll tax."

"And I contend that, being a Peasant, he must pay the tax," added a second.

"Under the law he must be a Traveler."

"Under the law he must be a Peasant."

Thus they argued and wrangled and discussed, and the Sage looked down at the man in silence. It was finally agreed to leave it to the wise man to decide, and he lifted up his voice and said:

"My dear friends, you may cease your wrangling and go your ways in peace. While you have been arguing the question the poor man has died of starvation, and he is therefore neither a Traveler nor a Peasant, but a cold corpse."

Moral—You'll find it in Washington or Porto Rico.

Spilling His Joke.
"Tea is way up," said the boarding house wiper as he slyly looked about the table.

"How high?" inquired unsuspecting little Miss Jenks.

"Shanghai!" cried the funny man, with a violent snort.

There was a dead silence.

"Shang-hai-ee, if you please, Mr. Bunker," said Miss Tippet of the staff of the summer school.

Helping the River.
"What are those people along the shore and in boats doing?" asked the maiden in the pale blue taffeta shirt waist.

"They seem to be dragging the river," replied the interested masculine observer.

"Good land! Does the river run so slow that it has to be pulled along?"

First Aid to the Impecunious.
Grapher—I left my pocketbook at home, and I haven't a penny in my clothes. Say, lend me a fiver, will you? I'll return it tomorrow.

Phony—I'll do better. Here's a nickel; you can go home and get your pocketbook.

Especially in Chicago.
"Do you think there is too much courtesy mixed with business nowadays?"

"No, I think we ought to mix more courtesy with our business and less business with our courtesy."

Useless to Linger.
"I am waiting," said the old codger, "to find a friend without fault."

"Take my advice then," said the fellow who tells unpleasant truths, "and cease waiting. Move on. You'll never find him."—Philadelphia Call.

He Didn't Know.
She—How did you come to marry a widow?

Ho—She asked him why he didn't marry, and he thoughtlessly replied that he didn't have to.—Smart Set.

Asking Too Much.
"Harry, this pamphlet says vinegar will take rust off the spokes of your wheel."

"Yes; but it says 'rub briskly.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

The Return Trip.
"Will you have plenty of fresh fruit at that farm where you go, Alice?"

"Yes, Arthur says he will bring a big basketful every night."—Detroit Free Press.

A Trivial Offense.
Judge—So you stole from this man a gold watch with a plated chain? Prisoner—Only the chain, your honor. But the watch was hanging on to the end of it.—Helter Skelter.

When Hearts Are Trump.
O woman, we, the men, have joked and laughed with easy grace. O'er how you "jugged" and you "revoked" and "killed" your partner's ace. Forgetful quite that you're a game. Where we but pose as clumps. Where rules employed are not the same. As whilst—And hearts are trump.

"Is not required that all be grave. For talk and laughter ring; A queen not only takes a knave, But also takes a king. And here, amid the pasteboard pranks And various escapades, The knave of diamonds oft outranks The honest king of spades.

Ed you who marvel at the ways Of woman vis-a-vis. Look at her in black and white. Then, "how" for "high" plays she. Remember that this plan has been Since Eve in constant use. For woman, when she's bound to win, Delights to play the deuce. —Edwin J. Sabia in Brooklyn Life.

Grand Promenade Concert

WEDNESDAY EV'G, OCT. 10th AT 7 O'CLOCK

The Band leaves King St. for the Exhibition Grounds at 7 o'clock, marches out and gives a splendid concert until 8.30. The Grounds and Buildings will be well lighted and all displays will be open for your inspection. At 8.30 short addresses will be given by the

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Messrs Geo. Stephens and T. A. Smith

Your attendance will help the fair along. You will hear good interesting speeches. You will see attractive exhibits. Over 1500 entries up to to-night. Lots for you to see.

JAMES CHINNICK, President. W. A. HADLEY, Sec. Speed Com. HENRY ROBINSON, Secretary.



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Varicocoele and Stricture.

VARICOCELE—If you are tired of being experimented upon, you will find our Latest Method Treatment is a guaranteed cure for varicocoele without use of knife or loss of time. It absorbs the varicocoele, restores the parts, thereby bringing back lost power.

STRICTURE—Thousands of you have stricture and do not know it! If you have been inured, or back, nervous debility, or if you are not the man you should be, it may be the direct, or indirect, result of stricture. If you are in doubt, call and see us, as we will examine you free of charge; our Latest Method Treatment absorbs the stricture, thereby making cutting or stretching unnecessary, and you pay when cured.

Kidneys and Bladder. Don't neglect these important organs, as you will regret it. Have you a dull feeling or pain in the back, frequent desire to urinate, deposits in urine? Our Latest Method Treatment is a guaranteed cure for such conditions. The original sworn affidavits or testimonials can be seen at our offices. \$500.00 reward for any we cannot show: at request of patients we publish only the initials.

Your Latest Method Treatment acted the way you said it would: my stricture are cured, and the varicocoele entirely disappeared, and I feel stronger than ever. My bladder and kidneys do not trouble me any. I can stoop all day, do a hard day's work without my kidneys troubling me as before. I took your Latest Method Treatment; it has cured me after others have failed; if I had consulted you sooner, I would have saved a great deal of money which I wasted on other doctors. I am your grateful patient. E. M. F. Dr. Goldberg has DIPLOMA certificates and licenses received from the various colleges hospitals and states which testify to his standing and abilities.

Pay when cured. Cures guaranteed. We cure Blood Poison, Chronic, Private Nervous, Impotency, Varicocoele, Stricture, Kidney Bladder, Liver, Stomach, Female and Rectal Troubles. Consultation free. Call or write for question blank for home treatment. Book on diseases of men free. Hours 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sundays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

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