

Christmas Shopping

And what to buy are serious questions to many.
This year we can show you a greater range of

Christmas Gifts

than ever before.
Gifts that combine usefulness with beauty are always appreciated, such as:
Fine Ebony Hair Brushes
Ebony Mirrors
Ebony Manicure Sets, etc.
We want to call your attention to our line of Sterling Silver Novelties—Prices ranging from \$5 to \$25.
PERFUMES are always acceptable. You can hardly fail to please your friend—especially lady friend—with the leading makes, in the newest and prettiest designs ever shown here.
Call and see them, we'll take special pleasure in showing these goods, whether you intend to buy or not.

Central C. H. Gunn & Co.
Phone 106
Cor. K. St. and 5th Streets

U Kno

Christmas Is at Hand

John McConnell, Park St., has a fine selection of China, Lamps, Glassware, Dinner sets, Tea Sets and Chamber Sets. In fact, just the things you want for Christmas presents.

You will save money by purchasing here. The prices sell the goods.
Our groceries can't be beat in quality and price.

Currants per lb. 12c
Raisins, best selected fruit, per lb. 10c
15 lb. Granulated Sugar, \$1.00
20 lb. Bright Yellow Sugar, \$1.00
4 lb. Prunes, 25c
5 lb. Ginger Snaps, 25c
Mixed Candy, per lb. 8c
Mixed Peel, per lb. 18c

John McConnell

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

DON'T WAIT

For a cold to catch you. Have a bottle of Radley's Cough Balm in the house to catch and cure the cold.
A few doses relieve the cough and allays the irritation. Part of a bottle usually cures.
If after using half a bottle it fails in your particular case return the bottle and your money will be refunded.

RADLEY'S

Reliable Druggists

NEAR GARNER HOUSE

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 prices, 25c per lb.

Somerville's

NEXT STANDARD BANK, CHATHAM
Phone 36.

IN ADVANCE

of the times

The new system of Education, now so popular in Canada, is kept up-to-date.

PRACTICAL WRITERS and TEACHERS

The education they give will RAISE YOUR WAGES and fit you for the BEST POSITIONS. It is a business proposition, so get down to business if you want to earn more—earn more than 250,000 students in all branches, in 71 countries. Are you one of them? Capital \$1,500,000 and 255 teachers.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Scranton, Pa.

W. J. MCDONNELL, Local Representative Chatham Ont.

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.

"I do not know whether to regard her as the victim of her husband's imbecility or of some vile robber's cupidity. Can you find the key to the other drawer?"
"I will try."

"Suppose you begin, then, by looking on her person. It should be in her pocket."



The perfect serenity of her countenance struck him.

"It is not in her pocket."

"Hanging to her neck, then, by a string."

"No; there is a locket here, but no key. A very handsome locket, Mr. Sutherland, with—"

"Never mind, we will see that later; it is the key we want just now."

"Good heavens!"

"What is it?"

"It is in her hand; the one that lies underneath."

"Ah! A point, Fenton."

"A great point."

"Stand by her, Fenton. Don't let any one rob her of that key till the corner comes and we are at liberty to take it."

"I will not leave her for an instant."

"Meanwhile, I will put back these books."

He had scarcely done so when a fresh arrival occurred. It was one of the village clergymen.

CHAPTER IV.

A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN.

This gentleman has some information to give. As he was returning home from the bedside of a sick parishioner some little time before he had been run against on the very evening by a man rushing out of the gateway in a state of great agitation. This man held something in his hand that glinted like a key.

"Yes, yes," I have no doubt it came from her. She was by no means poor, though I myself never knew the extent of her means till lately. Philemon was a good business man once, but he evidently preferred to live simply, having no children living."

"They have lost six, I have been told."

"So the Porchester folks say. They probably had no heart for display or for even the simplest luxuries. At all events they did not indulge in them."

"Philemon has long been past indulging in anything."

"Oh, he likes his comfort, and he has had it too. Agatha never stinted him."

"But why do you think her death was due to her having money?"

"She had a large sum in the house, and there are some who knew this."

"And is it gone?"

"That we shall know later."

As the corner arrived at this moment the minister's curiosity had to wait. Fortunately for his equanimity no one had the presumption to ask him to leave the room.

The corner was a man of but few words and but little given to emotion. Yet they were surprised at his first question.

"Who is the young woman who is standing outside there, the only one in the yard?"

Mr. Sutherland, moving rapidly to the window, drew aside the shade.

"It is Miss Page, my housekeeper's niece," he explained. "I do not understand her interest in this affair. She followed me here from the house and could hardly be got to leave this room, into which she intruded herself against my express command."

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tered, and, though the encounter nearly upset them both, he had not stopped to utter an apology, but stumbled away into the darkness in a dazed and feeble way, showing that he was neither young nor active. The minister had not been able to see his face, but noticed the ends of a long beard blowing over his shoulder as he hurried away.

Philemon was a clean shaved man. Asked if he could give the time of his encounter, he replied that it was after 11 and before 12, for he was in his own house by 12.

"Did you look up at these windows before leaving?" asked Mr. Fenton, for this interview had taken place in the presence of the dead.

"I must have, for I now remember they were both lighted."

"Were the shades up?"

"I think not, or I should have noticed the ceiling of the room. I remember seeing nothing."

"How were the shades when you broke into the house this morning?" inquired Mr. Sutherland of the constable.

"Just as they are now; we have moved nothing. The shades were both down—one of them over an open window."

"Well, we may find this encounter of Mr. Crane's of decided importance."

"I wish I had seen the man's face," remarked the latter.

"What did the object look like you saw glittering in his hand?"

"I should not like to venture an opinion. I saw it but an instant."

"Could it have been a knife or an old-fashioned dagger?"

"It might have been."

"Alas, poor Agatha! That money, something she so despised, should cause the death of a creature so grand and simple! Unhappy life, unhappy death! Fenton, I shall always mourn for Agatha Webb."

"Yet she seems to have found peace at last," said the minister. "I have never seen her look so contented."

Then leading Mr. Sutherland aside he whispered: "What is it you say about money? Had she any considerable amount of it?"

"I ask because in spite of their humble means of living she always put a generous donation on the plate, and I have received more than once during my pastorate an unexpectedly large and anonymous contribution for certain charities. As it was always for sick or suffering children!"

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"But look at her attitude." It was Mr. Fenton who spoke. "She's crazier than Philemon, it seems to me."

"There was some reason for this remark. Guarded by the high fence from the gaze of the pushing crowd without, she stood upright and unmoving in the middle of the yard, like one on watch. The hood which she had dropped from her head when she thought her eyes and smile might be of use to her in the furtherance of her plans had been thrown away like a statue in gray than a living breathing woman. Yet there was menace in her attitude and a purpose in the solitary stand she took in that circle of board girded grass which caused a thrill in the breast of those who looked at her from that chamber of death."

"A mysterious young woman," muttered the minister.

"And one that I neither countenance nor understand," interpolated Mr. Sutherland. "I have just shown her the displeasure I feel at her actions by dismissing her from my house."

The coroner gave him a quick look, seemed about to speak, but changed his mind and turned toward the dead woman.

CHAPTER V.

BLOOD ON THE GRASS.

The inquiries which followed elicited one or two new facts. First, that all the doors of the house were found unlocked, and, secondly, that the constable had been among the first to come in, so that he could vouch that no disarrangement had been made in the rooms.

"Batsy's removal to the bed."

Then, his attention being drawn to the dead woman, he discovered the key in her tightly closed hand.

"Where does this key belong?" he asked.

They showed him the drawers in the cupboard.

"One is empty," said Mr. Sutherland. "It is important that we should know whether theft has been committed here as well as murder. And drawing the key out he handed it to Mr. Fenton."

The constable immediately unlocked the drawer and brought it and its contents to the table.

"No money here," said he.

"But papers as good as money," announced the doctor. "See, here are deeds and more than one valuable bond. I judge that she was a richer woman than any of us knew."

Mr. Sutherland meantime was looking with an air of disappointment into the empty drawer.

"Just as I feared," said he. "She has been robbed of her ready money. It was doubtless in the other drawer."

"How came she by the key, then?"

"That is one of the mysteries of the affair. This murder is by no means a simple one. I begin to think we shall find it full of mysteries."

"Batsy's death, for instance?"

"Oh, yes, Batsy? I had forgotten that she was found dead too."

"Without a wound, doctor."