

# It's Your Nerves.

It's the Condition of Your Nerves That Either Makes Your Life a Round of Pleasure or a Useless Burden.

To many women life is one round of sickness, weakness and ill health. To attempt even the lightest household duties fatigues them. Many of the symptoms accompanying this state of decline are: a feeling of tiredness, waking, faintness, dizziness, sinking, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, cold hands and feet, headache, dark circles under the eyes, pain in the back and side and all other accompaniments of a run down and weakened constitution.

All these symptoms and conditions are simply the result of a poor quality and defective circulation of the blood, with a wasting away of the nerve forces.

By feeding the system with Dr. Ward's BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS.

You strike at the root of the disease and lay a solid foundation on which to build. Soon the weight increases, the sunken cheeks and flattened bust full out, the eyes get bright and the thrill of renewed health and strength vibrates through the system.

50 cts. per box; five boxes for \$2.00; all druggists, or DOCTOR WARD & CO., Toronto, Ont.

Small & Low

# THE QUESTION

—OF— THE DAY

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

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Has a supply of A1 Vinegar, just the kind to make good pickles, also our spices, whole and ground, are fresh and good.

Ginger Snaps, per lb. . . . . 5c  
6 Bars S. Soap . . . . . 25c  
Try our 25c Mixed Tea . . . . .  
Coffee, per lb. . . . . 15c

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 present to 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

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ALFALFA, RED CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.  
SEED PEAS, CORN, BARLEY AND BEANS.  
All kinds of GARDEN SEEDS, guaranteed, new and old stock.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

# The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

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It was a piercing shriek—no unusual sound; and as he spoke the door of an adjoining house was flung open, a woman rushed wildly out, fell down an adjoining street and disappeared.

"What's all this about?" demanded Ormiston.

"That's a question I can't take upon myself to answer," said Sir Norman; and the only way to solve the mystery is to go and see."

"It may be the plague," said Ormiston, hesitating. "Yet the house is not marked."

"I will ask him," said Sir Norman, pointing to the plague-spot. "There is the fatal token. For heaven's sake, let us get out of this, or we will share the same fate before morning."

But Sir Norman did not move—could not move; he stood there rooted to the spot by the spell of that lovely, lifeless face.

Usually the plague left its victims hideous, ghastly, discolored and covered with blotches, but in this case there was nothing to mar the perfect beauty of the satin-smooth skin, but that one dreadful mark.

There Sir Norman stood in his trance, as motionless as if some giant hand had turned him into stone. He suddenly turned him into stone, and destined him to remain there an ornamental fixture forever.

Ormiston looked at him disinterestedly, uncertain whether to try the moral suasion or to take him by the collar and drag him headlong down the stairs, when a providential but rather dismal circumstance came to his aid. A cart came rattling down the street, a bell was loudly rung, and a hoarse voice arose with it: "Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!"

Ormiston rushed downstairs to intercept the dead-cart, already almost full on its way to the plague-pit. The driver stopped at his call and instantly followed him upstairs and into the room. Glancing at the body with the utmost sangfroid, he touched the dress, and indifferently remarked:

"A bride, I should say, and an uncommonly handsome one, too. We'll just take her along as she is, and strip these nice things off the body when we get it to the plague-pit."

So saying, he wrapped her in the sheet, and directing Ormiston to take hold of the two lower ends, took the upper corners himself with the air of a man quite used to that sort of thing. Ormiston recoiled from touching it, and Sir Norman, seeing what they were about to do, for it, knowing there was no help for it, made up his mind, like a sensible young man as he was, to conceal his feelings, and caught hold of the sheet himself. In this fashion the dead bride was carried downstairs and laid upon a shutter on the dead-cart.

A pile of bodies in the dead-cart, and as the cart started the great clock of the city struck eight, St. Michael's, St. Alban's and the others took up the ground; and the two young men paused to listen. For many weeks the sky had been clear, brilliant and blue; but on this night dark clouds were swirling in wild unrest across it, and the air was oppressively close and sticky.

"Where are you going now?" asked Ormiston. "Are you for Whitehall to-night?"

"No," said Sir Norman, rather dejectedly, "I'm going to follow the dead-cart. I'm for the plague-pit in Finsbury Park."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Ormiston, energetically; "you are not mad enough to follow the body of that dead girl."

"I shall follow it," said Sir Norman, or not, just as you please. "I will go with you, of course; but of after craziest freak I ever heard of, I mean, you need never laugh at me."

"I never will," said Sir Norman, moodily; "for if you love a girl, have never seen, I love one I have only looked on when dead. Do not see me sacrifice to throw away a girl like an angel into that horrible plague-pit!"

"I never saw an angel," said Ormiston, and he and his friend started to go after the dead-cart. "And I daresay there have been scores as beautiful as that poor girl thrown into the plague-pit before now. I wonder why the house has been deserted, and if she was really a bride. The bridegroom could not have loved her much, I fancy, or not even the pestilence could have scared him away."

"But, Ormiston, what an extraordinary thing it is that it should be precisely the same face that the fortune-teller showed me. There she was alive, and here she is dead; so I've lost all faith in La Masque for ever."

Ormiston looked doubtful.

"Are you quite sure it is the same, Kingsley?"

"Quite sure," said Sir Norman, indignantly. "Of course, I am; do you think I could be mistaken in such a case? I tell you I would know that face at Kamschatka or the North Pole, for I don't believe there was such another creature."

"So be it, then. Your object, of course, in following that cart is to take a last look at her?"

"Precisely so. Don't talk; I feel in no mood for it just at present."

Ormiston smiled to himself, and did not talk accordingly; and in silence the two friends followed the gloomy dead-cart. A faint young moon, pale and sickly, was struggling through drifts of dark clouds, and lighted the lonesome streets with a wan, watery glimmer. For weeks the weather had been brilliantly fine

—the days all sunshine, the night all moonlight; but now Ormiston, looking up at the face of the troubled sky, concluded mentally that the Lord Mayor had selected an unpropitious night for the grand illumination.

Sir Norman, with his eyes on the pest-cart, took no heed of anything in the heaven above or in the earth beneath, and strode along in dismal silence till they reached, at last, their journey's end—the two young men approached the edge of the plague-pit and looked in with a shudder. Truly, it was a horrible sight, that heaving, putrid sea of corruption; for the bodies of the miserable victims were thrown in in cartfuls, and only covered with a handful of earth and quicklime. Here and there, through the cracking and sinking surface, could be seen protruding a fair white arm or a baby face, mingled with the long, dark tresses of maidens, the golden curls of children and the white hairs of old age. The pestilential effluvia arising from the dreadful mass was so overpowering that both shrank back, faint and sick, after a moment's surmise. It was indeed, as Sir Norman had said, a horrible grave wherein to lie.

Meantime the driver, with an eye to business, and no time for such nonsense as melancholy moralizing, laid the body of the young girl on the ground, and briskly turned his cart and dumped the remainder of his load into the pit. Then, having flung a few handfuls of clay over it, he unwound the sheet and kneeling beside the body prepared to remove the jewels. The rays of the moon and his dark lantern fell on the lovely snow-white face together, and Sir Norman groaned despairingly, as he saw its death-cold rigidity. The man had stripped the rings off the fingers, the bracelets off the arms; but as he was about to perform the same operation toward the neck, he was stopped by a startling interruption. Ormiston, in his haste the clasp entered the beautiful neck, inflicting a deep scratch, from which the blood spurtered, and at the same moment the dead girl opened her eyes with a shrill cry. Uttering a word of terror, as well he might, the man sprang back and gazed at her with a look of horror, believing that his sacrilegious robbery had brought the dead to life. Even the driver was given to nervousness or cowardice—recoiled for an instant and stared aghast. Then, as the whole truth struck them, that the girl had been in a deep swoon, and not dead, both simultaneously darted forward, and, forgetting all fear of infection, knelt by her side. Were staring wildly around, and fixed themselves first on one face and then on the other.

"Where am I?" she exclaimed, with a terrified look, as she strove to raise herself on her elbow, and a cry of agony, as she felt for the first time the throbbing agony of the wound.

"You are with friends, dear lady," said Sir Norman, in a voice quite tremulous between astonishment and delight. "Fear nothing, for you shall be saved."

The great black eyes turned wildly upon him, while a fierce spasm convulsed the beautiful face.

"Oh, my God, I remember, I have the plague!" And with a prolonged shriek of anguish, that thrilled even the hardened heart of the dead-cart driver, the girl fell back senseless again. Sir Norman, King, and the young English knight, caught the girl in his arms, laid it in the dead-cart, and was about springing into the driver's seat, when that individual indignantly interposed.

"Come, come, none of that! If you were the king himself, you shouldn't run away with my cart in that fashion; so you just get out of my place as fast as you can!"

"My dear Kingsley, what are you about to do?" asked Ormiston, catching his excited friend by the arm.

"Do!" exclaimed Sir Norman in a high key. "Can't you see that for yourself? And I'm going to have that girl cured of her plague, if there is such a thing as a doctor to be had here to-night."

To be Continued.

Little Olive Oil.

United States Consul Skinner, at Marseilles, says in his last report: "French farmers are disposed to abandon the cultivation of olive groves, as in recent years the prices obtained for the oil have not been satisfactory. Pure olive for edible purposes is at present practically unknown in any important market, and if it were offered for sale it is doubtful whether it would be accepted by the public, except as an inferior article, as the average consumer at the present time prefers the neutralized taste of a mixture of the olive and vegetable oils, and would mistake the flavor of the pure juice of the olive for an adulterated product. For some domestic purposes, and particularly for frying vegetables, arachide oil—or peanut oil, as we call it—is considered, even in France, the home of the olive, superior to any other product."

It Lures Black Bass.

"The best bait for black bass I ever struck," said a man who is an enthusiastic fresh water fisherman, "I came across this summer up at Lake Hopatcong, in the northern part of New Jersey. It is the invention of George Decker, one of the guides up there, and he has taken the precaution of having it patented. It acts on the principle of the ordinary spoon hook, but instead of trolling with it, with a sinker, it is made of wood and floats on the surface of the water. You just cast from your boat toward shore and reel in slowly. As the bait revolves on the surface of the water it looks like a big miller. The bass will rise to it when they won't take live bait and snap at it. A slight pull from the rod will hook the fish, and it is there for keeps."

Progressive South Americans.

How swiftly the gospel of labor-saving inventions spreads nowadays! It took a century for printing presses to supersede goose quills and two and a half centuries before east European nations adopted the firearms of their western neighbors, but the telephone already woven its network of wires as the old cloister town of Bogota, in the heart of the Andes. Trolley cars are whirling through the streets of Pinar del Rio, and a speculator of the city is going to try his luck on a road to a hotel on a lofty mountain peak.

When you need medicine you should get the best money can buy, and experience proves this to be Hood's Sarsaparilla.

# SELECTIONS

ADDING MACHINES.

Investors Are Busy In Devising Automatic Mathematical.

There is unusual activity among inventors at present in the effort to produce machines for mathematical purposes, and perhaps the largest number of applications received at the patent office for any one line of invention these days is for patents for improvements upon adding machines.

The electric computers in use at the census office have reached a higher degree of accuracy and speed than any other automatic mathematical devices, but there are many other devices for making computations already in use throughout the country which are being rapidly improved and even in their imperfect state are a great advantage where large calculations are necessary.

For many years many attempts, more or less successful, have been made by inventors to devise what are known as adding machines," said Commissioner of Patents Duell in Washington the other day, "but not until recently have such machines come into general use, for the double reason that they are easily thrown out of order and cannot be repaired by the ordinary mechanic, and, secondly, because they are not accurate, especially in carrying over from one denomination to another, as from units to tens, tens to hundreds, etc. Adding machines are now coming into extensive use in banks, counting houses and large business concerns where long columns of figures are to be recorded and added, and they serve to make an expert accountant out of any one who can become skilled in manipulating the keys, for the machine, even in its present state of development, is less liable to error than the human brain, because it never gets tired."

The adding machine upon which inventors are now working with considerable activity is one in which the number or unit types are set up by means of keys in position for printing. Connected with these number types are what are known as total number wheels, which, when the number types are restored to their position, continue to move in the same direction until all the numbers have been printed. These total number wheels are moved at each operation of the machine a distance corresponding to the key operated, so that as soon as all the separate numbers are printed one may read off from the total number wheels the sums of all the individually recorded numbers, thus frequently saving a long and arduous mental calculation.

The earlier machines had many attachments that have been found to be useless, and by omitting these inventors have made the present adding machines comparatively simple. It is now probable that the machine will be improved by the addition of a mechanism for preventing the inertia of the overthrown movement at the end of each operation, by keeping the parts locked except during the instant of time that the operator is pressing the key, and by perfecting the mechanism for transferring from one denomination to another."

Trudell & Tobey — The 2T's — Sole Local Agents

# The Time Is Close

October 9th, 10th and 11th are the red letter days for the County of Kent this year

Last year everybody said the Fair was a good Fair—this year is going to be a great deal better.

Every resident in the County is anxious or ought to be anxious to see the County prosperous. A good County Fair is the best sign of a prosperous County.

Let everybody then push it along and show the people what a really good Fair Kent can have.

Oct. 9, 10, 11

JAMES CHINNICK, Chairman. HENRY ROBINSON, Sec. Agricultural Society. W.A. HADLEY, Secretary.

# Destiny Changed.

The "Slater Shoe" is closely watched during the process of manufacture. Every shoe undergoes a careful examination after leaving the hands of each operator.

The slightest flaw in the leather or workmanship—a stitch missed—a slip of the knife, only discernible to an expert—condemns the shoe that started toward the "Slater" goal to the ordinary, nameless, unwarranted army of footwear sold to whoever will buy them.

The "Slater Shoe" is made in twelve shapes, all leathers, colors, widths, sizes and styles. Every pair Goodyear Welted, name and price stamped on the soles.

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SURPRISE SOAP

is a pure hard soap which has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing. SURPRISE really makes Child's Play of wash day. Try it yourself.

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