

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 feeling, palpitation of the heart, 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 faded lips fill 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.

U Kno Christmas Is at Hand

John McConnell, Park St., has a finely selected stock 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.	12 1/2
Raisins, best selected fruit,	10c
per lb.	
15 lbs. Granulated Sugar.	1 00
20 lbs. Bright Yellow Sugar	1 00
4 lbs. Prunes.	25c
5 lbs. Ginger Snaps.	25c
Mixed Candy, per lb.	30c
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 price, 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—learn more 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. MEDFORTH,
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.

As Mr. Sutherland became assured of this, he turned slightly pale and looked intently watching him. "Any other marks of blood below stairs?"

"No. That one smear is all."

"Oh, Philemon!" burst from Mr. Sutherland in deep emotion. Then as he looked long and shudderingly at his friend he added slowly:

"He has been in the room where she was killed, so much is evident. But that he understood what was done there I cannot believe or he would not be sleeping here like a log. Come, let us go upstairs."

Fenton, with an admonitory gesture toward his subordinate, turned directly toward the staircase. Mr. Sutherland followed him, and they at once proceeded to the upper hall and into the large front room, which had been the scene of the tragedy.

It was the parlor or sitting room of this small and unpretentious house. A rag carpet covered the floor, and the furniture was of the plainest kind, but the woman who lay outstretched on the stiff old fashioned lounge opposite the door was far from being in accord with the homely type of her surroundings.

Through the victim of a violent death, her face and form, both of a beauty seldom to be found among women of any station, were so majestic in their calm repose that Mr. Sutherland, accustomed as he was to her noble appearance, experienced a shock of surprise that found vent in these words: "Murdered! She? You have made some mistake, my friends. Look at her face!"

But even in the act of saying this his eyes fell on the blood which had dyed her cotton dress, and he cried: "Where was she struck and where is the weapon which made this ghastly wound?"

"She was struck while standing, or sitting at this table," returned the constable, pointing to two or three drops of blood on its smooth surface. "The weapon we have not found, but the wound shows that it was inflicted by a three sided dagger?"

"A three sided dagger?"

"Yes."

"I don't know there was such a thing in town. Philemon could have had no dagger."

"It does not seem so, but one can never tell. Simple cottages like these often contain the most unlooked for articles."

Mr. Sutherland thought of what this cottage did contain and scrutinized the

constable closely. But the latter showed no disposition to imagine a dagger being among its effects," he pursued. "Where was the body of Mrs. Webb lying when you came in?"

"Where you see it now. Nothing has been moved or changed."

"She was found here, on this lounge, in the same position in which we see her now?"

"Yes, sir."

"But that is incredible. Look at the way she lies! Hands crossed, eyes closed, as though made ready for her burial. Only loving hands could have done this. What does it mean?"

"It means Philemon; that is what it means, Philemon."

Mr. Sutherland shuddered, but said nothing. He was dumfounded by these evidences of a carry man's work. Philemon Webb always seemed so harmless, though he had been failing in mind for the last ten years.

"But," cried Mr. Sutherland suddenly, "there is another victim. I saw old woman Batsy hanging from a window ledge, dead."

"Yes; she is in this other room; but there is no wound on Batsy."

"How was she killed, then?"

"That the doctors must tell us."

Mr. Sutherland, guided by Mr. Fenton's gesture, entered a small room opening into the one in which they stood. His attention was at once attracted by the body of the woman he had seen from below, lying half in and half out of the open window. That she was dead was evident; but, as Mr. Fenton had said, no wound was to be seen upon her, nor were there any marks of blood on or about the place where she lay.

"This is a dreadful business," groaned Mr. Sutherland, "the worst I have ever had anything to do with. Help me to lift the woman in; she has been long enough a show for the people outside."

"There was a bed in this room; indeed, it was Mrs. Webb's bedroom, and upon this poor Batsy was laid. As the face was unperpetrated both gentlemen started and looked at each other in amazement. The expression of terror and alarm which it showed was in striking contrast to the look of exaltation to be seen on the face of her dead mistress."

CHAPTER III.

A MENTAL WRECK.

As they re-entered the larger room they were astonished to come upon Miss Page standing in the doorway. She was gazing at the recumbent figure of the dead woman, and for a moment seemed unconscious of their presence.

"How did you get in? Which of my men were weak enough to let you pass against my express instructions?" asked the constable, who was of an irritable and suspicious nature.

She let the hood drop from her head and, turning, surveyed him with a slow smile. There was witchery in that smile sufficient to affect a much more cultivated and callous nature than his, and though he had been proof against it once he could not quite resist the effect of its repetition.

"I insisted upon entering," said she. "Do not blame the men. They did not want to use force against a woman. She had not a good voice and she knew it, but she covered up this defect by a choice of intonations that carried her lightest speech to the heart. Hard visaged Amos Fenton gave a grunt, which was as near an expression of approval as he ever gave to any one."

"Well, well," he growled, but not ill naturally. "It's a morbid curiosity that brings you here. Better drop it, girl. It won't do you any good in the eyes of sensible people."

"Thank you," was her demure reply, her lips dimpling at the corners in a way to shock the sensitive Mr. Sutherland.

Glancing from her to the still outlines of the noble figure on the couch, he remarked with an air of mild reproach:

"I do not understand you, Miss Page. If this solemn sight has no power to stop your coquetries nothing can. As for your curiosity, it is both ill timed and unwomanly. Let me see you leave this house at once, Miss Page, and if in the few hours which must elapse before breakfast you can find time to pack your trunks, you will still further oblige me."

"Oh, don't send me away, I entreat you."

It was a cry from her inner heart, which she probably regretted, for she instantly sought to cover up the anxiety it showed by a submissive bend of the head and a step backward. Neither Mr. Fenton nor Mr. Sutherland seemed to hear the cry or see the other, their attention having returned to the more serious matter in hand.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERY OF AGATHA WEBB.

"The dress which our poor friend wears shows her to have been struck before retiring," commented Mr. Sutherland, after another short survey of Mrs. Webb's figure. "If Philemon—"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted a voice, "but the young woman is listening to what you say. She is still in the hall."

"She is in the hall?" exclaimed Fenton sharply, his admiration for the fascinating stranger having oozed out at his companion's rebuff. "I will soon show her"—But the words melted into thin air as he reached the door. The young girl had disappeared, and only a faint perfume remained in the place where she had stood.

"A most extraordinary person," grumbled the constable, turning back, but stopping again as a faint murmur came up from below.

"The gentleman is waking," called up a voice whose lack of music was quite perceptible at a distance.

With a bound Mr. Fenton descended the stairs, followed by Mr. Sutherland. Miss Page stood before the door of the room in which sat Philemon Webb. As they reached her side she made a little bow that was half mocking, half deprecatory, and slipped from the stairs. An almost unbearable sensation of incongruity vanished with her, and Mr. Sutherland, for one, breathed like a man relieved.

"I wish the doctor would come," Fenton said, as they watched the slow lifting of Philemon Webb's head. "Our fastest rider has gone for him, but he's out Porchester way, and it may be an hour before he can get here."

"Philemon!"

The old man with a dazed look surveyed the two plates set on either side of him and shook his head getting proud.

"James and John are getting proud," said he, "or they forget, they forget."

James and John. He must mean the Zables, yet there were many others answering to these names in town. Mr. Sutherland made another effort.

"Philemon, where is your wife? I do not see any place set here for her?"

"Agatha's sick, Agatha's cross; she don't care for poor old man like me."

"Agatha's dead and you know it," thundered back the constable with ill-judged severity. "Who killed her? Tell me that. Who killed her?"

A sudden quenching of the last spark of intelligence in the old man's eye was the dreadful effect of these words. Laughing with that strange gurgle which proclaims an utterly irresponsible mind, he cried:

"The pussy cat! It was the pussy cat. Who's killed? I'm not killed. Let's go to Jericho."

Mr. Sutherland took him by the arm and led him upstairs. Perhaps the sight of his dead wife would restore him. But he looked at her with the same indifference he showed to everything else.

"I don't like her calico dresses," said he. "She might have worn silk, but she wouldn't. Agatha, will you wear silk to my funeral?"

The experiment was too painful, and they drew him away. But the constable's curiosity had been roused, and after they had found some one to take care of him he drew Mr. Sutherland aside and said:

"What did the old man mean by saying she might have worn silk? Are they better off than they seem?"

Mr. Sutherland closed the door before replying.

"They are rich," he declared to the utter amazement of the other. "That is, they were, but they may have been robbed; if so, Philemon was not the wretch who killed her. I have been told that she kept her money in an old fashioned cupboard. Do you suppose they alluded to that one?"

He pointed to a door set in the wall over the fireplace, and Mr. Fenton, perceiving a key sticking in the lock, stepped quickly across the floor and opened it. A row of books met his eyes, but on taking them down a couple of drawers were seen at their back.

"Are they locked?" asked Mr. Sutherland.

"One is and one is not."

"Open the one that is unlocked."

Mr. Fenton did so.

"It is empty," said he.

Mr. Sutherland cast a look toward the dead woman, and again the perfect serenity of her countenance struck him.

To be Continued.

A DAILY THOUGHT.

O God! that men would see a little clearer.

O God! that men would draw a little nearer.

To one another—they'd be nearer Thee.

And understood.

—Thomas Bracken.

Father—I think I've scared Bobby out of smoking cigarettes.

Mother—What did you say?

Father—I told him you boy seven years old who used tobacco would ever grow big enough to be a policeman.

Minard's Liniment—Lambert's Friend.

Minard's Liniment—Lambert's Friend.

ONE LESSON ENOUGH.

THE STORY OF AN ENGINEER WHO SLEPT WHILE ON DUTY.

A Thrilling Ride the End of Which Seemed to Threaten a Fearful Wreck and Awful Loss of Life—A Narrow and Lucky Escape.

"There is something about railroad that conduces to sleep. It may be the rumble that causes drowsiness, it may be the long hours on duty, but in many cases, in my judgment, it is the failure of the employees to secure needed rest when they have the opportunity. During my 20 years' experience as a driver of the iron horse I knew of hundreds of severe wrecks due entirely to some one being 'asleep on the post of duty.' Even the responsibility imposed on the man would not have the effect of causing him to keep awake."

The speaker was one of the oldest railroad engineers in the country, who, after 20 years in charge of the throttle of a locomotive, voluntarily resigned to seek other pursuits not so dangerous or exciting. A question or two about the old times put the ex-railroad in a talkative mood, and he continued:

"But once in my railroad career did I turn my engine over to my fireman and go back to the caboose for a little rest, and the narrow escape that I then had from a severe wreck and the killing and wounding of hundreds of sleeping passengers taught me a lesson that was never forgotten. The incident occurred in Illinois in February, 1879. A pulling time I was running an engine pulling a fast freight on the Illinois Central railroad. My fireman was a young man whom I had instructed in all that he knew about railroad. My health was not of the best at that time, as I had been an annual victim of theague that pervades southern Illinois, and my system was shattered from the 'shakes.' In addition there was some sickness among the members of my family, with the result that my nights at home would be broken up in looking after the comfort of the loved ones. Business on the railroad was brisk, and there was a heavy passenger traffic due to the annual Mardi Gras celebration in New Orleans."

"On the night in question my train was running south. I had a 5½ foot Rogers engine and was hauling 40 loaded cars. Along about 10 o'clock I found that I could hardly keep my eyes open. The road ahead of me was clear of trains for an hour or more. About the only thing of importance in view was to meet and pass the Chicago express at Makanda, which was 24 miles away. I then yielded to temptation. Placing my fireman in charge of the throttle, with the head brakeman to do the firing, I went back to the caboose to secure a little rest. I got over this step if I had not repented very confidence in my fireman, and I believed that he was thoroughly competent to run the engine."

"How long I slept I do not know, but I awoke with the promontion that something was wrong. As I regained my senses I realized by the swaying of the train that it was running much faster than it would have been had I been in charge of the throttle. There was a heavy down grade for five miles to the point where I was to meet the express, and my first thought was that we had struck the grade and gained the impetus of the heavily loaded express train waiting at Makanda for my train to take the sidetrack and permit it to pass. How I got over that train to my engine I hardly know. But I did."

"Jumping down on the tender, I sprang into the cab, shut off the throttle and took other means to reduce the momentum. I glanced at my fireman. He was sound asleep on the seat. The head brakeman kept him company on the other side. I realized that it was utterly impossible to stop the speed of the train, and I had visions of the awful wreck that would follow. My engine was making 45 miles an hour, being propelled by the heavily laden cars in the rear, and certain destruction seemed to face the express and the hundreds of sleeping passengers."

"As the rules required that I should stop and, after the head brakeman had opened the switch, should pull by the passenger train there seemed to be no way to avert the disaster. All these thoughts flew through my brain in a twinkling, and as I expected to meet death at my post I wondered who would care for my two boys who would become orphans."

"Fortunately the siding was a short one, and the fact coupled with my reputation as a careful engineer, prevented the disaster at the critical moment and saved the lives of many. The engineer of the passenger train died from the trouble by my train that something unusual had happened. He told me afterward that he knew I would not have approached that meeting place at such a rate of speed if everything was all right."

"When my train was about 300 yards from the express, I saw a man run from the engine of the express and throw the switch for me. At the same time I could see by the swinging of a lantern in the rear of the express that the switch at the other end of the siding had also been opened. The disaster had been averted. My train dashed on to the sidetrack, past the express and then out on the main track again at the rate of 35 miles an hour, and I could not bring it to a standstill until I was more than two miles past the station."

"You can imagine the effect upon the express if the engineer had not acted as he did. It is needless for me to add that during the remainder of my career on the rail I never left my engine again in charge of that fireman or any other fireman. One such lesson was enough for me."

"Naturally my fireman was much chastened over his act, but I never had confidence in him afterward. He had been tried in the balance and found wanting. A few years later he was promoted to be an engineer and had been running his engine but a short time when it exploded, killing him, his fireman and a brakeman."

Book He Needed.

"I'm going west for a little vacation with a lot of good fellows," he said. "What book will be of the most service to me in my ramblings about the country?"

"Boyle," was the ready reply.—Chicago Post.

You don't know how delicious tea can be, unless you have tried Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green.

PAY WHEN CURED

Is the precedent established by Dr. Goldberg, consequently you take no risk, as you need pay nothing until a permanent and complete cure has been established. Each time you call you see Dr. Goldberg personally, who has 18 DIPLOMAS, certificates and licenses received from the various colleges, hospitals and states, which is sufficient guarantee to his standing and abilities.

YOUNG, OLD, MIDDLE AGED MEN

There are thousands of you troubled as a result of early indiscretions or contracted Blood Poison; if you are not the man you should be; if you feel tired in the morning or troubled with exhaustion, nervousness, despondency, loss of energy, weak, aching back and kidneys, frequent urination, or sediment in urine, impotency, weakness, or other signs of nervous debility and premature decay, we will guarantee you a complete and permanent cure by our Latest Method Treatment, which is recognized a most effective cure for these conditions, and you pay when cured.

Read what our patients say and be convinced.

The original sworn affidavits and testimonials can be seen at our office, \$500 for any we cannot show; at request of patients we publish only initials.

To Whom It May Concern.

This is to certify that I had been a sufferer from Nervous Debility, night losses and seminal weakness for a long time, had been doctoring both in Canada and Detroit without receiving any benefit, and placed myself under Dr. Goldberg's care Dec. 28, 1898; I noticed an improvement in my condition in less than one week; was discharged entirely cured April 23, 1899 and have had no return of said trouble.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of January 1900.

Wm. A. Smith, Notary Public, Wayne Co., Mich.

Our Latest Method Guaranteed to Cure

Blood Poison, also Chronic, Private, Nervous, Impotency, Varicose, Stomach, Kidney, Bladder, Liver, Stomach, Female and Rectal Troubles. Consultation free. Call or write for question blank for home treatment. Books on diseases of men free.

Hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sundays 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

DR. GOLDBERG, 291 WOODWARD AVE., DETROIT, MICH.

What We
Manufacture
Are the best
Of their ind

Carriages,
Buggies,
Wagons,
Sleighs.

The Wm. Gray & Sons Co.

Chatham, Ontario

Wanted Immediately

The Canadian Flour Mills Co. LIMITED.

Successors to the Kent Mills Co., Limited.

Large Quantities of Wheat, Barley and Beans.

USE KENT MILLS FLOUR THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

Flour made by the new bolting and dust extracting System takes more water, and gives you a larger, whiter and sweeter loaf, and makes more loaves to the Barrel than any other flour.

Stevens' Breakfast Food and Family Cornmeal, freshly ground, always on hand. Farmers' Feed ground on quick notice by a three reduction roller process, much ahead of the old system of chopping.

"Your Furnace"

It represents either comfort or discomfort—economy or big expense—peace or worry—for nearly eight months of every year.

Why not choose our latest warm air construction.

"THE OXFORD 400 SERIES"

Then we guarantee you complete satisfaction.

Greater power from better results in producing even temperature, with a splendid stowage in their case of management. These are strong points of superiority we promise.

For your own comfort and economy's sake inspect them at our nearest agency.

SOLD BY

GEO. Stephens & Co.

Chatham

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.