

## Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

THE SWEETEST  
MOST FRAGRANT, MOST REFRESHING  
AND ENDURING OF ALL  
PERFUMES FOR THE  
HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET OR BATH.  
ALL DRUGGISTS, PERFUMERS AND  
GENERAL DEALERS.

## Annan Water.

A Thrilling Story  
Of Love and  
Adventure

BY ROBERT  
BUCHANAN.

When she reached the Castle, an elderly man-servant led her into the lobby, a dark and dreary passage hung with oil paintings and antique maps and prints; thence into a large apartment, divided by an open folding-door into two portions.

Here he left her to announce her arrival to his mistress. Presently the room door opened, and the mistress of the house appeared. She was dressed in an old-fashioned robe of stiff black silk, and wore a cap, like that of a widow, over her snow-white hair. She came in leaning on her crutch, and nodded grimly to her guest.

"Sit ye down," she said, pointing to a seat, and herself dropping into an armchair before the fire. Then, drawing out a man's gold hunting-watch and opening it, she continued: "Twenty-five minutes after ten. You're late in coming, Marjorie Annan. I doubt you were lingering on the way."

### CHAPTER IX.

As she spoke, and closed her watch sharply, Miss Hetherington fixed her black eyes keenly on Marjorie, who, remembering her recent encounter with Causidiers, flushed and trembled. A curious smile grew upon the stern woman's bloodless face as she continued:

"Ay, ay, you were lingering, and may be you had pleasant company. Who was you you parted with out there among the green fields?"

Marjorie started in consternation. Her face, then, was right, and it was useless to conceal anything from Miss Hetherington, who was like a witch, and had eyes and ears everywhere.

"Oh, Miss Hetherington," she exclaimed, "did you see us together?"

"I was up on the tower with my spy-glass, and I saw far away a lassie, that looked like Marjorie Annan, and I had I took at first for Johnnie Sutherland, till he began booting and kissing his hand, and then I saw it could be no Johnnie."

Marjorie now perceived that all concealment was useless, and at once told her hostess of the meeting with her French teacher. She did not think it expedient, however, to describe with exactness the Frenchman's conversation; but even as she was, Miss Hetherington's brow darkened, and her eyes flashed with a light like that of anger.

"Draw doings!" she muttered. "Draw doings for young growing lassie o' seven! Your French teacher, say you? What's his name, Marjorie?"

"Monseigneur Causidiers."

"And what's the man doing down here instead of teaching his classes in the town?"

"Indeed, I can't tell," returned Marjorie. "I met him quite by accident on my way to see you."

"Humph! What like is he? Is he young?"

"Not very young."

"Well favored?"

"Yes, and very clever."

"Worse and worse," said Miss Hetherington. "Now, Marjorie, listen to me!"

"Yes, Miss Hetherington."

"Look me in the face while you answer. Do you think this French scoundrel—he is a scoundrel, tak' it for granted—has come down here in pursuit o' his pupil? Dinna be feared to answer. Is he fond o' you, Marjorie?"

"I—I think he likes me."

"Has he said as much?"

"Yes, Miss Hetherington," answered Marjorie, who was incapable of a falsehood.

"And you? What think ye of him?"

"I like him very much, Miss Hetherington. He has been very kind and patient with me."

"But do you love him?—tell me that; or is it Johnnie Sutherland that has won your silly heart? Out with it, Marjorie Annan. Frank confession's good for the soul, and I'm your friend."

Marjorie blushed, but kept her frank blue eyes fixed on her questioner's face. "I don't love anybody, Miss Hetherington—not in the way you mean."

"Are you sure o' that?"

"Quite sure."

"Then you're a wise lassie," cried the lady, rising to her feet. "Men are little cattle, and safer at a distance. Look at that picture," she continued, suddenly pointing to a portrait over the mantelpiece. "You ken who it is?"

"Yes; your brother, Mr. Hugh."

"Hugh Hetherington, God rest his soul! and the best brother woman ever had. Folk thought that he was bad, and he had my father's temper; but he guarded his sister like a watch-dog; and I wish you had a brother to guard you half as well. Look underneath my eye, on my right cheek! You see that mark? I shall carry it to my grave."

Hugh gave it to me when I was a young lass. He struck me in the face wif his fist, because he thought I was hiding something from him, and cooing wif one I needna name."

The lady's face grew full of a wild, fierce light as she spoke, and she laughed strangely to herself. Marjorie gazed at her in dread.

"It was a lie, but Hugh was right, he loved his sister. He kenned what men were, he knew their black hearts. They're a' bad, or mostly a'. Tak' warning, Marjorie Annan, and hearken to me! Let nae man come to you in secret wif words o' love; hide naething from them that care for you—'till ye see Lorraine or from me. Trust the said heads, Marjorie; they ken what is right. God has made you bonny; may He keep you pure and happy till the end!"

Her tone was changed to one of deep earnestness, even of pathos. She walked up and down the room in agitation, passing now and again, and leaning upon her crutch.

"No that I would have you lead a lonely life!" she exclaimed after a pause. "Look at me! I'm no that old in years, but I'm gray, gray wif loneliness and trouble. I might have had one to care for me; I might have had heirs; but it was no to be. I'm a rich woman, but I have neither hith nor kin. Lord forbid you should ever be the same! But when you marry—and marry you will some day—you must choose a true man—ay, true and honest, whether he be rich or poor; and if you canna choose, let the auld folk that care for you, trust their own, no your ain! Never deceive them; keep nae secrets from them. Mind that, Marjorie Annan!"

She ceased her tirade, and stood gazing keenly at Marjorie, who sat still, listening in wonder. Despite her sharp tone and brusque manner, there was a tenderness in her tone that could not be mistaken. Then, all at once, with the abruptness peculiar to her, she changed her tone again, and broke into a low, chuckling laugh.

"And now I have preached my sermon," she said, with her grim smile, "has you had breakfast? Will you tak' some tea?"

But Marjorie had breakfasted before starting, and wanted nothing.

"Very well. Come and walk in the garden."

She led the way from the room, and Marjorie obediently followed.

Passing out by the rear of the house across a lonely court yard, they reached a door in the high wall, and entered the garden—a wilderness of fruit trees, shrubs, and current bushes, sadly in need of the gardener's hand. Tangled creepers and weeds grew over the grassy paths. Here and there were seats, and in one corner was an arbor almost buried in umbrage. It was a desolate, neglected place, but the sun was shining, and the air was bright and warm.

Miss Hetherington took her companion's arm and walked slowly from path to path.

"The garden's like its mistress," she said presently, "lonely and neglected. Since Watlie Henderson died, I have never employed a regular gardener. But it's bonny in summer time, for a' that, and I like it, wild as it is. I should like weel to be buried here, right in the heart o' the auld place!"

She entered the neglected arbor and sat down wearily. Marjorie stood looking at her in timid sympathy, while she pursued the dreary career of her thoughts.

"Folk say I'm mean, and maybe I am; but it's no that! I'm the last o' the Hetheringtons, and it's right and fitting that the place should waste away like myself. But I mind the time weel—it's no as long ago—when it was shadowy and merry. Everything was in grand order then, and my father kept open house to the gentry. Now a' changed! Whiles I wonder what will become o' the auld house when I'm ta'en. Strangers will come, maybe, and turn it upside down. What would you say, Marjorie Annan, if you were a rich lady and mistress o' a place like this?"

The question came so abruptly at the end of the long string of lamentations, that Marjorie, who had been thinking of nothing but her own troubles, was startled.

"Somewhere about the outskirts, I suppose."

"I suppose you enjoy a game of poker with an expert player?"

"Well—I enjoy playing with a man who considers himself an expert."

"Kenna City has a street called Petticoat Lane."

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## A Dys-peptic's Gratitude.

Anyone who has suffered from Dyspepsia or Indigestion will know what joy it would give to be able to eat three good meals a day and not be punished for it.

Mrs. J. F. Westfall, of Trenton, Ont., was for five years a dyspeptic and thanks Burdock Blood Bitters for curing her after everything else failed. Here's her story in her own words:—

"For five years I have suffered from dyspepsia, and having tried every thing I could hear of without avail until I became almost discouraged I tried Burdock Blood Bitters at last, and I feel it my duty to let the results be known, as it may help some other poor sufferer. B. B. completely cured me, and my gratitude to this wonderful medicine is more than I can express."

reply, she smiled awkwardly, and repeated the question.

"What would I do, Miss Hetherington?"

"Ay, come."

"I cannot tell, but I don't think I could bear to live here all alone."

To be continued.

TEETHING TIME.

Is hard on the babies. They're apt to have diarrhoea, and mothers know how dangerous that is. Mrs. Chas. H. Hallowell, Ont., says:—"I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhoea after all other means failed."

AN ENEMY TO SPAIN.

"Johnny's teacher sent him home."

"What was the matter?"

"She said in her note, 'he didn't do a thing in school but whistle daggers and draw war maps.'"

WORMS CAN'T STAY.

When Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup is used. It's death to the worms, and that's the way to get rid of them. Contains sufficient laxative so that there is no need of giving castor oil or calomel afterwards.

INDELIBLE IMPRESSIONS.

"There is one queer thing about the memory."

"What is that?"

"No matter how it fails, we never forget the good things said about us, nor the mean things said about us."

HALIFAX HAPPENINGS.

Every sufferer from Sick Headache and Constipation should know that Lax-Liver Pills are a perfect cure.

Margaret Brennan, 5 Granville street, Halifax, N. S., says:—"I have used Lax-Liver Pills for Constipation and Sick Headache and found them excellent."

Rev. Dr. Fourthly—How do you manage to get your salary paid up in full every year?

Rev. Dr. Fifthly—I give the people to understand that without it I shall be unable to take my usual vacation.

Dear Sirs—This is to certify that I have been troubled with a lame back for fifteen years.

I have used three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT and am now completely cured.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend it and you are at liberty to use this in any way to further the use of your valuable medicine.

Two Rivers. ROBERT ROSS.

Dearboy—I do not see what possible objection you can offer to me, Mr. Gings.

Gings—That's just it. I don't want a man in my family so infernally good that his wife and daughter will continually hold him up as an example to me.

NEWS FROM PORT HOPE.

Word has been received from Port Hope, Ont., that Mr. W. A. Carson, the well-known grocer, has been cured of Shortness of Breath, Nervousness, Headaches and debility by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Mr. Carson recommends this remedy to all troubled with heart or nerve weakness.

A man without a wife is a man down at the heel; But the saddest thing in life is a man without a wheel."

CRICK IN THE BACK.

Don't let your back ache. It will take it out quicker than anything you know of. Mr. George Deane, Hamilton, Ont., says:—"Don't let your back ache. It will take it out quicker than anything you know of. Mr. George Deane, Hamilton, Ont., says:—"Don't let your back ache. It will take it out quicker than anything you know of."

### PERSONALITIES.

The seventh woman doctor in Sweden, Froken Anna Ohlstrom, from Ystad, has passed her examination as medical licentiate, being already a medical candidate.

The Duke of Teck's health is far from good. He seems to have lost all pleasure in life now he has lost his wife, and no one is able to cheer him up. The duke is comparatively a young man, exceedingly handsome.

Herbert Spencer, who is now living in Brighton, England, a sufferer from heart disease, is said to be the only living writer whose name is included in the long list of authors inscribed on the walls of the new congressional library at Washington.

Miss Helen Terry can never sleep during the day unless she is read aloud to, and her girl friends take turns at this every afternoon during her long engagement in order that her health may not suffer from the nerve fatigue occasioned by the work.

The appointment of ex-King Milan as general-in-chief of the Serbian army is assigned to a curious cause. King Alexander's mother, ex-Queen Natalie, it seems, set such a pace in dress and court festivities that the Belgrade husbands could not stand it. They demonstrated with the king, and, as the surest way to keep Natalie out of the capital, her spendthrift husband was invited back.

Prince George of Greece, if he is a humorist, must find no small entertainment in his present position. The czar is understood to have given a personal pledge to make the prince governor of Crete, and he is certainly pressing the matter at Constantinople with a persistence that alarms the sultan. Abdul Hamid can not understand why he should consent now to a measure which the Turks invaded Greece for the purpose of preventing. The incongruity is plain; but that is one of the many charms of the concert of Europe. Germany, it is said, will not oppose the Russian project if it is persisted in, and Austria, though hostile to Prince George's claims, may defy Russia, but that does not seem probable.

### FACTS ABOUT BOOKS.

Hood wrote the "Bridge of Sighs" in a single afternoon.

Bryant is said to have written "Thanatopsis" in a week.

Goldsmith wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield" in six weeks.

Bulwer Lytton usually composed a novel in about six months.

De Poe is said to have written "Robinson Crusoe" in six months.

Mrs. Clark required sixteen years to prepare the "Concordance to Shakespeare."

Hawthorne spent six months to a year in the composition of each of his romances.

Thompson required three years of time to write, revise and finish "The Seasons."

Swift employed the odd hours of over two years in work upon the "Tale of a Tub."

Charles Lamb would write one of his essays in the evening after a day spent at his desk in the East India office.

Byron spent the leisure hours of nearly four years in the preparation of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold."

Dickens says in the introduction to "David Copperfield" that he spent two years in the composition of that novel.

Speiser, from first to last, consumed four years of tolerable steady labor in the preparation of the "Faerie Queene."

Longfellow turned out about one volume of poems a year for many years; nearly four years were required for his translation of Dante.

Hume spent fifteen years in collecting materials and writing his "History of England," and two more years in revising and correcting it.

Ceafal Palm Trees.

There are several kinds of palm-trees which flourish in Africa. One is the date-palm. The tree is very beautiful, and when one knows the uses that the natives make of it, it is a question what the people would do for food and shelter if the date-palm did not grow there. It provides them with food equal to any of the grain foods with which we are familiar. It also provides them with sugar, with wine, vinegar, and oil. Their houses are built of it, and their furniture is made of it, and the roofs are thatched—that is, covered—with its leaves. They have learned to make paper of it, so that the history of the country, such as it has, is written upon it. In South America there is another kind of palm—the coconut palm. This not only provides the South Sea Islander with food, with timber for his house, and wood for his furniture, and thatching for his roof, but it also supplies him with dishes for the nut of the coconut is his drinking cup. It also provides him with a drink, for the milk of the coconut, as an American writer tells us, is as cool as any hillside spring, and so delicate as to be incomparable with any other drink furnished by nature.

A Big Turkey.

Greenburg (Penn.) Press: The largest turkey ever shipped from New Florence, and probably the largest ever seen in that section of the country, was sold to Johnstown parties on Thursday by David Cunningham, a farmer living near that place. The bird weighed forty-four pounds just before it was loaded into the train. The old residents of that place say it is the largest gobbler they ever saw. Mr. Cunningham received \$18 for the turkey.

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last year with the DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT, famous the world over. No drugs, no ill effects, but simply nature's own remedy—ELECTRICITY, DRAINS, NIGHT LOSSES, VARICOCELE, UNDEVELOPMENT, IMPOTENCY and all results of YOUTHFUL ERRORS speedily cured.

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Against diseases with weapons that are sure to bring victory. Use PURE DRUGS and MEDICINES. They are obtainable here at prices that are usually charged for goods of a much lower grade. We have weeded out from our purchasing list, preparations of inferior merit. Only those that are effective are sold by us.

When you desire a prescription filled accurately bring it here.

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## Confections

Whatever the nature—whether Bon-bons, Swedish Cake or anything else, ought to be as light and wholesome as bread. The idea that anything is so healthful as long ago exploded by the medical profession.

Purity makes healthful.

Try our Bon-bons, (Luscious) Swiss Cakes, Pastry, etc.

Wm Somerville, Confectioner Telephone 36

## CUT THIS OUT

AND TAKE TO  
Radley's Drug Store

RADLEY'S CURE FOR HOOD CHOLERA—

Is Potent Chlorate  
Pain, Carbolic Acid  
Full, Ind. Gentianine, a n n n  
St. Paul

Big—Give a tablespoonful, twice a day in the food for ten days.

EDWIN C. RADLEY, V. C.

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Chicago Grain & Provisions

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DEMERY, HEINTZ & LYMAN Buffalo, N. Y.

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Goldfish for sale, fine large birds, also a number of handsome Barred P. Rock and W. Wyandotte Cockerels from imported stock of the best winter laying strains.

Eggs from select matings for sale.

N. A. McGeachy & Sons

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Farm back of Maple Leaf Cemetery.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Gout in Cows.

## ...EVERY FARMER...

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Business Man

in Chatham is more or less directly interested in the continued success of

The Chatham Mfg. Co.,

Ltd.,

who now employ about 100 men, who with their families, aggregate about 500 people, young and old, for our farmers and business men to feed and clothe.

The capacity of the Chatham Wagon Works is about 5,000 wagons per year, but actual sales, though increasing by leaps and bounds since adopting



## The Patent Malleable Giant Arms

have not yet exceeded 3,000 in any one year.

Could sales be brought up to the full capacity of the works, not only would all these men be employed every working day of the year, but employment would be given to 40 or 50 more men.

Therefore, if the NEW CHATHAM is the best wagon made, and the price not much, if any, higher than others, it is plainly the duty and interest of farmers and business men alike to do all they can to increase the sales of the Home Made Wagon.

That it is the best wagon made, I assert without fear of successful contradiction, and am ready to back up my assertion by a test for fun or money against any wagon brought in here from east or west (not excepting the wagon that is made, "supplied with a cushion bumper") in the certainty that the new Chatham will carry without being strained what will break or injuriously strain any other wagon, with half as much larger cast iron arms, made in Ontario, and will outwear and run easier than any other.

I may be found at the</