

A TILSONBURG BUTCHER

Pins His Faith to Dr. Fitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.

Mr. C. H. Parker, Tilsonburg, Ont., the well-known butcher of that town, has been using Dr. Fitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets for a backache and kidney trouble that has been bothering him. When asked to give his opinion of these Tablets he made this statement—

"During a recent, sudden and sharp attack of backache and kidney trouble, due to cold caught in the shop, I was induced to try Dr. Fitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. I got a bottle and after I had used half of them the pain was gone. This I think is rapid enough results for anyone. I think they are a mighty good medicine."

Dr. Fitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are the newest and most effective remedy for backache, lame or weak back, Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, puffiness under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, gravel, rheumatism, specks floating before the eyes, kidney weakness of children and old people, and all urinary troubles.

Price 50 cents a box at all druggists, or by mail, The Dr. Fitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.

Our \$50.00 DIAMOND RING.

This is the best value in a Lady's Diamond Ring ever offered for \$50.00.

The stones in these rings are personally selected by us from the cutters in Amsterdam, and are absolutely perfect.

You will find this and hundreds of other styles illustrated in our catalogue, a copy of which will be sent you free.

DIAMOND HALL, Established 1854

Ryrie Bros., Yonge and Adelaide Sts., TORONTO.

WEAKNESS OF MEN AND WOMEN

Could we read the hearts of every man we would meet, what a load of sorrow and despair would be disclosed. Indiscretions and Blood Diseases have caused more physical and mental weakness than all other causes combined. They strike at the foundation of manhood; they sap the vital forces; they undermine the system, and not only do they often disrupt the family circle, but they may even extend their poisonous fangs into the next generation. If you have been a victim of early debility, remember the seed is sown, and sooner or later you will reap a harvest. If your blood has been diseased, from any cause do not risk a return later on. Our New Method Treatment will positively cure you and you need never fear any return of the disease. We will give you a guarantee bond to that effect. We would warn you sincerely against the promiscuous use of mercury, which does not cure blood poisons but simply suppresses the symptoms.

WE CURE OR NO PAY.

Don't Let your Life be Drained Away, which weakens the intellect as well as the body. There is no room in this world for mental, physical or sexual disease. Our New Method Treatment will Stop all Unnatural Losses, Purify the Blood, Strengthen the Nerves, Restore Vitality, and make a man of you. If you are in trouble, call and consult us. Consultation is Free. We treat and cure Drains, Blood Diseases, Catarrhs, Stricture, Unnatural Discharges, Gleet, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. No cutting or operations. No detention from business. Everything confidential. Consultation Free. Books Free. Question Blank Free for Home Treatment.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN
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DETROIT, MICH.

If its Quality you want CARLING'S is the Ale ALL DEALERS

SANTAL-MIDY Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhoea and Runny Nose. In 48 Hours. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

IONE: A BROKEN LOVE DREAM

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY
Author of "A Broken Betrothal," "Parted by Fate," "Parted at the Altar," "Heiress of Cameron Hall," "Miss Middleton's Lover," Etc., Etc.

"You love me, once," he said, "I will love you again. I feel sure of it."
"Are you content to marry me," she asked, "knowing that I despise you, that I look upon you with the utmost contempt?"
And he saw the tight clenching of the little white hand, and the hot flushing of the fair young face.

"I will not argue the matter with you, Ione," he said, frowning darkly. "Know this and let it suffice: I would win you if I could, at whatever cost, on any terms."

For some moments she was silent, evidently struggling with her anger, and then she said, slowly:
"I repeat that you are doing an unmanly thing in forcing me to marry you. You leave me no alternative. I will make those terms as difficult for you as I can," she cried, with flashing eyes. "I will be your wife, because I am driven to it, though I hate you. You must know the truth. You will have secured me, but you shall not even touch my hands. No word of love shall ever cross my lips to you. We shall be together, yet further apart than strangers. Are you satisfied to claim me as the price of saving the poor colonel on those terms?"

He looked at her. She was so royally beautiful in her scorn, so fair in her bitter anger and defiance—so much more winning—even so than any other woman in her complaisant mood—that he could have given his life even for that victory.
She looked at him as though she were driven mad by the look that her pretty little jeweled watch and looked at it as though to intimate that their interview was at an end.
He rose at once.
"I do not know that I need remain longer," he said. "I will come again when your anger has cooled, to discuss the matter of our marriage."

He would not notice the shudder that passed over her, and how her whole figure seemed to shrink and quiver as a flower before a burning blast of wind.
"Au revoir, my dear," he said, "not good-bye."
And he laughed, and the slight infection of maliciousness in that laugh sent a hot, indignant flush to her face.
She bowed and turned abruptly away.

Ione went at once to the library, where she could hear the colonel packing up and down. She opened the door and advanced swiftly to his side.

"I have seen Mr. Lyons," she said, in a stifled, pitious voice; "our interview has just ended. I have promised to marry him, uncle."
He could not repress the cry of joy that rose to his lips. His whole aspect changed. His cares and troubles seemed to fall from him. He forgot the terrible price, the horrible cost of this girl's sacrifice.
"My darling," he cried, breaking down and sobbing like a child, "you have saved my life!"
"I wrecked my own," she thought.

But she answered no word as he caressed her, asking Heaven to bless her.
"If you leave me now I shall sleep, Ione," he said, leaning wearily back in his chair. "And it will be the first time my eyes have closed peacefully since—since that horrible night."
She kissed him, drew the silken curtains closely together and left him. As she reached the threshold, he called to her.

"Ione, my darling," he cried, fearfully, "are you sure you will never regret this?"
"Quite sure, uncle," she replied, cheerfully. And he sank back in his chair, content. Ione groped her way to her own room like one stricken blind, tears falling down her cheeks like rain.

"Is it a dream—a horrible dream," she murmured, "or is this miserable creature really me? What a change forty-eight hours can bring! Only two days ago I was the happiest girl the whole world held—life seemed so short, and existence one dream of gladness and of joy. Now the very sunshine seems blotted out, and the world all cold and drear. Only two days ago I was watching eagerly for the return of my lover—and now, oh God! now I am parted from him forever. The golden future we planned for ourselves is not to be. Ah, the pity of it—the pity of it!"

She remembered the story of a beautiful young queen whom fate had parted from her love, and was forced, for political reasons, into wedding another, whom she had never seen, but whom she had heard of since she had been a little child with much dread. The feast was gotten ready, and the royal guests assembled, but the bride elect was long in coming. When they went to her room they found the door locked. They forced it open, and there on her knees they found the hapless young queen, arrayed in her bridal robes, cold and dead. In her hands they found the portrait of the lover she had loved so well, and lost. And they knew that in bidding him a last farewell his heart had broken.

The story had made a great impression on Ione when she first read it, and for many a day it haunted her memory. Would her heart break on her bridal eve like that of the hapless young queen?

The most cruel part of the affair was that Arthur must never know why they were parted so cruelly; for had she not given her word—may her solemn vow—to the colonel never to divulge the cause?

amicable terms as she opened the door.
Arthur had made a clean breast of it, telling his father all, and how Ione was now not a poor working-girl, but Colonel Whitney's heiress; yes, heiress to the three millions of money which would be left her by the wealthy iron merchant of Pittsburg, who was her uncle, and whose only living relative she was.

Arthur Rochester would have liked his proud old father rather better if he had not said, eagerly:
"As the case now stands, I am willing, of course, to withdraw my objections to the young lady. The heiress of Colonel Whitney of Pittsburg, who is well and favorably known to me by reputation, is quite a different personage from a girl who earned her bread in the mill."
Arthur Rochester flushed to the roots of his fair, curly hair.

"My determination has never wavered, father," he said, spiritedly. "I would have won her had it laid in my power to do so when she was only a working-girl. She refused me then—yes, that is the truth—she refused the millionaire's son, only to accept me when fate brought us together again, and I had a dollar, but was making my own way in the world. She knew that you had disinherited me, but she never knew why. God bless her!"

"I have repented of that, and have made a new will," said John Rochester, huskily. "You are still my heir, Arthur, worth quite as much as the young lady herself."

"I'm quite as much obliged, father, but I shall not accept it," said Arthur, decisively. "I have learned that I can make my own way in the world, and life seems more acceptable to a man when he earns his own livelihood."

The entrance of Aunt Hilda Rochester cut short any further conversation, and a few moments later, Miss Granger, the heiress, joined them. All the old family servants gathered round the door, eager for one glimpse of "Master Arthur."
It brought tears to John Rochester's eyes when he saw and realized how dearly his son was beloved.

"I hope you have come to stay, Arthur," said Miss Granger, fluttering down into the velvet easy-chair opposite her, wondering while it he did not hear how her heart was throbbing, and if he noticed how the color came and went in her cheeks.

"Only for a day, Elaine," he said, smiling. "I must return to Pittsburg, once more."
He must have been blind not to see how the color faded from her face, and her lips trembled; but the fact is, when a young man is in love with one woman, he seldom observes the emotions of another.

"In that case it was cruel kindness to come near us at all," pouted the little heiress, striving to keep back her tears of vexation. "I have missed you so much, Arthur," she went on, plaintively. "You know I always depended upon you as my cavalier on my rides and drives."
"I should have imagined you would have found many only too glad to fill my place at your side," he said, lightly.

"Do you wish I had?" she asked, quickly, and again he might have noticed the sudden whiteness of the girl's drooping face, and the quick, spasmodic quiver of her lips.

"Certainly," he responded, "you should have done so, Elaine. I am surprised that you did not."
"He has not missed my society as I have missed his," thought the girl, bitterly, or he could not say that.

It had been a strict secret with Mr. Rochester and his sister as to why Arthur had left home so suddenly, and Elaine never thought of connecting pretty Ione Lawrence with the cause of it.

It had been a dear wish of Mr. Rochester's that his lovely ward would one day be Arthur's wife, but he had long since abandoned all hope of it, having been brought to a full realization of the old adage that—
"Love goes where it is sent."

As the evening wore on Arthur pondered long and earnestly as to whether he should speak to the family of his betrothal to Ione, and of their approaching marriage, or whether he had best leave that piece of news for his father to break to them. He concluded upon the latter course.

"I shall have something important to write to you very soon, Elaine," he said at parting, and those words dwelt for many a day in the girl's heart.

But the letter she looked for so long and so eagerly never came.

Arthur Rochester was all impatience to catch the western bound express the next morning.

It seemed to him the train fairly crept past the little villages, the green sloping hills and vales, yet he comforted himself by the thought that every step brought him nearer to his darling.

"If one day late, but she will be all the more anxious to see me," he told himself, with a smile on his lips.

To be Continued.

DRESDEN

Nov. 22—Miss Minnie Budd, of Florence, who has been in town for several weeks, left for home this evening.

J. L. Scott, of Chatham, visited Dresden yesterday.

Mrs. J. C. Rennie is entertaining a number of friends this evening.

W. H. Walsh, of Detroit, was in town yesterday in the interests of the Beet Sugar Company.

The test well is now to the depth of 500 feet with a fine showing of oil. The large test well, which will be sunk 2,000 feet if necessary, is under way.

Mrs. George Caister, of Windsor, is seriously ill. Her many friends here will be pleased to learn of an early recovery.

The work of an unknown good man does like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.—Carlyle



MR. G. KENT.
The above is a likeness of Mr. C. H. Kent, 403 Gilmour Street, Ottawa, taken from a recent photograph. Six years ago Mr. Kent was cured of Bright's disease of the Kidneys in its last stages by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and has enjoyed good health ever since. The full particulars of this remarkable cure, as sworn to, were published in these columns a few days ago.

SILK DIFFERENCES.

There are thirteen hundred thousand yards in a pound of "cocoon silk."
There are 100 strands or thirteen thousand yards in a pound of full letter "A" Corticelli sewing silk.
There are seventy strands or eight thousand yards in a pound of common sewing silk, but labelled letter "A."
Corticelli sewing silk is therefore a third stronger—and it costs no more.
Why not use it!

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RAMSAY'S PAINTS

are the oldest and best known paints in Canada. Would you like a beautiful booklet showing how some lovely homes are painted, telling you all about paint and how to put it on? Drop a card and ask for booklet "B" free.

A. RAMSAY & SON Est. 1842
MONTREAL. Paint Makers.

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That can not be obtained elsewhere in this city can be seen at **H. McDonald's Furniture Store**, opposite the Garner House. If we have not got what you want we will show you catalogues and procure any style of furniture for you at the lowest possible cost. Christmas will soon be here and by placing your order for holiday delivery you can rely upon getting what you want and when you want it.

Hugh McDonald

Builders Supplies

We have a complete stock of Beachville and Pelee Island Lime, Akron Cement, Highest Grade Portland Cement, Calceined Plaster, Sewer and Culvert pipe, Cut Stone, Sand, Hair, Fire Brick and Clay always on hand, and at the lowest possible prices, call and see us when wanting anything in our line.

J. J. Oldershaw,
Office and Warehouses,
King St. West
Branch Office and Yards next to Kent Mills. Telephone No. 53.

The Best Fire for These Fall Days is a

GAS FIRE

You can get a nice gas heater, capable of heating a large room for \$1.75, or rent one for 25c per month. Try one and save your furnace fire.

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Chatham Gas Co.
LIMITED

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NOTICE that sweet, delicious taste that our baked goods always have!

Our Bread, Pies, Cakes, Buns, etc.,
are always fresh and tasty. Once a customer you will stay with us.

Wm. Somerville, Confectioner
Next Standard Bank Chatham.

THE SAUGEEN MINERAL WATER

—IS ON SALE AT—
Central Drug Store and
F. A. Roberts Liquor Store.

Saugeen brands beautifully with new milk, wines and liquors. Try it.

Heavy Iron Pipe For Deep Wells

Iron Kettles, Steel Pans, Reeves' Wood Split Pulleys, Sadler & Harworth Oak Leather Belting at manufacturers prices.

McKeough & Trotter, Chatham

THE LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Is invaluable to Business Men. You speak to an agent in Canada and Hundreds of Thousands in the United States within a distance of 100 miles. Have you made its use a factor in your business?

The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.

Don't Wait For a Cold to Oatch you

Have a bottle of **Radley's Cough Balm** in the house to catch and cure the cold.

A few doses relieves 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

NOTICE!

Parties wanting Mineral Water from the Chatham Mineral Well on McGregor's farm, can procure the same from Mr. H. S. Brownfield, at the well. Between the hours of 2 and 4 p. m., or in small quantities at Koom's, Victoria Block at any time.

Chatham Mineral Water Co.
LIMITED.

The D.D. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

Will GIVE YOU AN APPETITE! TONE YOUR NERVES! MAKE YOU WELL!

Dr. Burgess, Med. Sup. of the Prot. Hospital for Insane, Montreal, writes: "I occasionally give it as a tonic to my patients, and it gives me permission to use it in my practice."—Dr. C. R. Burgess, Sup. of the Prot. Hospital, Toronto, writes: "I have used it with the best results."—60c, and \$1.00 Bottles. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited.