

"All coms look alike to me!"
So do most teas, but none taste like
Blue Ribbon Ceylon.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

No other Medical Firm in the world has the established reputation for curing Men and Women of all diseases. Their New Method Treatment, discovered and perfected by these Eminent Specialists, has brought joy, happiness and comfort to thousands of homes. With 30 years experience in the treatment of these diseases they can guarantee to Cure or No Pay—Emission, Nervous Debility, Syphilis, Varicocele, Stricture, Gleet, Scour, Urinary Infection, Sexual and Mental Weakness, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. These guarantees are backed by Bank Bonds.

MEN'S LIFE BLOOD

You may have secret drain through the brain—that's the reason you feel tired out in the morning. You are not rested, your kidneys ache, you feel dependent and have no ambition. Don't let your life blood be drained away. Drs. K. & K. guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

BLOOD POISON

Syphilis is the scourge of mankind. It may not be a crime to have it, for it may be inherited, but it is crime to allow it to remain in the system. Like father, like son. Beware of Mercury and Potash treatment. Drs. K. & K. positively cure the worst cases of No Pay.

VARICOCELE & STRICTURE

The New Method Treatment cures these diseases safely and surely. No pain—no suffering—no detention from business. Don't risk operation and ruin your sexual organs. The stricture tissue is absorbed and can never return. Drs. K. & K. guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

Kidneys & Bladder

Don't neglect your kidneys. Your aching back tells the tale. Don't let Doctors experiment on you. Drs. K. & K. can cure you if you are not beyond human aid. They guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

CURES GUARANTEED. NO CURE NO PAY. Consultation Free. Books sent Free. (Tested.) Write for Question Blank for Home Treatment. Everything Satisfactory.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, 145 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

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, dizziness, loss of energy, weak, aching back and kidneys, frequent painful 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 as most positive 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 offices. \$500 for any we cannot show; at request of patients we publish only initials.

To Whom It May Concern:

Jan. 13, 1900.

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 on Feb. 26, 1898; I noticed an improvement in my condition in less than one week; was discharged entirely cured April 29, 1898, 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, Varicocele, Stricture, Kidney, Bladder, Liver, Stomach, Female and Rectal Troubles. Remedy free. Call or write for question blank for home treatment. Books on diseases of men free.

Hours 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sundays 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

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The best, cheapest and most satisfactory way in which you can get your rigs is to buy them of us.

Of course you know that we are among the largest makers in the country. Of course you know that a big business like ours means high grade workmen, modern methods, fine materials and reliable, perfect goods.

Without these no such business as ours could have been built up. We have on hand a large variety of styles. We can give you precisely what you want and can assure satisfaction.

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WHEAT \$1 PER BUSHEL

Kansas Turkey Red.

Winter Wheat at Cost. Government Refunds Duty

This Wheat yields 40 bushels to the acre and tests 64 lbs. and flour equal to Manitoba Hard. Only one car. First come first served.

Buy Kent Mills Flour. The Best is the Cheapest

The Kent Mills Co., Limited

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

If there be good in what I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master;
Thine;
Where I have failed to meet thy thought,
I know, through thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to thee denied
Stands all eternity's offense;
Of that I did with thee to guide,
To thee, through thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
Bringst Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to raise o'er his own trade,
And manlike stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest who has made the fire,
Thou knowest who has made the clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of thy worth;
It is enough that through thy grace
I saw naught common on my earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;
Oh, whoso'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need.

—Rudyard Kipling.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

How Pte. Campbell and Corp. Wigle Got Away From Boers.

They Fooled Their Captors—Then They Stole a Couple of Horses and Made for Life—Exciting Adventure.

Toronto, October 22.—J. A. Campbell, of the City Hall, has received an interesting letter from his brother, Tom, a private in "A" Squadron, Canadian Mounted Rifles, who served two quarters in "O" School at the Fort. The letter was written from Droog Grand, a station about six miles from Pretoria, and gives an account of the capture of the writer and Corporal Wigle, of Kingsville, Ont., by the Boers, and their subsequent thrilling escape. It reads as follows: "The war does not seem to be any nearer a finish than it was three months ago. The Boers are hanging on pretty well. By the way, I was taken prisoner on the 1st of this month. Corporal Wigle and myself were sent to take charge of this station. There is not a house nearer than five miles, but a patrol visits us to report twice a day, morning and evening. It was after the visit of the patrol in the evening. Corporal Wigle went to the door, and, thinking he heard a train coming, stepped outside, and was challenged in Dutch by the Boers, and I, thinking that the patrol had come back, went out to see what was wrong, when, to my surprise, we were surrounded by eight Boers showing the muzzles of their rifles almost in our faces. It was no use; the game was up. Five of them took us about a mile over a kopje, where there were some more Boers. The others went into the station, took what was valuable, and set the telegraph wires on fire. There was nothing for us to do but walk, as they had no extra horses. After walking for hours, and we were getting pretty tired, we saw a small laager. A patrol escort giving the answer to a challenge, we proceeded to a wagon, which we were told to get on by a sign of the hand, as we took aim to be. They did not intend to go any further till morning, as we supposed by their actions.

PLAYED THE FOX.

"After getting on the wagon, two men were placed in charge of us, armed with rifles and revolvers. The only thought in our minds now was how to escape, so, playing the fox game, we were very soon asleep, and the sentries, thinking we were fast asleep, followed suit, as they by all appearances were as much in need of sleep as we pretended to be. So in about an hour we took a view of our surroundings, at best we could say, very dark. Seeing that everything was clear we left the wagon as easily as possible. Creeping on our hands and knees, we crawled to where the horses were. Taking the first we came to, we led them away from the camp and by chance did not encounter the outposts; so we jumped on their backs and rode off, not knowing which way we were going on account of the darkness, and the road we had travelled being very crooked. We had not gone very far when day broke, and then we rode for dear life, knowing that if they caught us it would be sure death. The horses we had were not capable of carrying us very far. Corporal Wigle's horse fell first, so we both rode the one, but he did not carry us far before he went down, and was kicking his last when we were hurrying away from him. The sun was well up now, so taking it for a guide, we changed our course, and made for Pretoria as near as we could guess, and we were not far out, for we came to the railway two miles from the city. We now felt ourselves safe and sat down to rest, which we needed very much, when we heard a train coming. When it came up we stopped it and the first we came to, we reported our case, but they were already informed, and had sent two troops of mounted infantry after them. We were told to return to our station. Corporal Wigle is a tall, thin man, whose home is in Kingsville, Ont. He resigned his commission in the First Hussars and joined the C. M. R. at London. He is a very daring man, and an agreeable companion."

Robert Mantel's new play "A Free Lance," in which he appears here Christmas Eve, is pronounced by the critics the best play he has ever had. It was written by W. A. Freymayne, the Dramatic Mirror correspondent at Montreal.

For we know, not every morning
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow,
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Life is a long lesson in humility.
—J. M. Barry.

PRESSED FLOWERS.

Flowers are pressed and dried in books—
Gone lucid colors, fresh and new;
Gone sweetness, fragrance, bloom and dew!
And thoughts are mummied there in books—
No light of eye nor pulse of heart,
The thought that's written is unaltered.

And yet one touch of nature's there,
And memory leads us true,
From withered leaf to budding flower,
From mouldering dust to freshening shower,
From musty page to odorous air,
From words to thoughts anew.
—F. N. Folson in Boston Transcript.

TRICKING THE EGYPTIANS.

BY M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

When the firm of Haywood, Stone & Co. of London established an agency at Cairo, Egypt, I was placed in charge. My business was the buying of rugs, vases, arms, cloths and whatever else might find sale in England. That was what I may call my general and legitimate business. As a side line I was to pick up bargains in mummies. Up to the founding of that agency in Cairo only a few museums in Europe or America had been able to secure specimens. To get hold of a mummy with a history required a couple of years' diplomatic correspondence between governments, and the cost would run up as high as \$30,000. Under the laws of Egypt it was death to disturb the dead without official permission, and death to any foreigner discovered trying to ship a mummy out of the country without special license. In justice to the old and respectable house I have named I must say that they had no knowledge of my side line. I had a partner in London who advanced the money and shared the profits. When I was ready to begin business, we had orders for 30 mummies.

Let me tell you that I had a crafty part to play. In a way the branch was under the supervision of the Egyptian government. At the end of each week I had to submit a list of my purchases. All my shipments had to pass the customs officials. My warehouses must always be open to official inspection. I was not told in so many words that all this watchfulness was to prevent me from dealing in mummies, but of course I knew that it was. My first step was to bribe every official who could obstruct me, and I had to move slowly in the matter and make no mistakes. Then an agent must be found to look up and ship me the specimens from points in the interior, and he had to be a nervy as well as an honest man. He in turn would have to find faithful men, and taker all in all it was a bit of business to be handled with care. It was six months before I got it under way, and after once fairly in it there was not an hour in which I felt safe from discovery.

In most cases the burial places in Egypt are easily to be got at. Most of our orders simply called for a specimen, and it made no difference about the sex or whether there was a record attached. There were a few museums in want of particular bodies. They wanted kings, queens, generals or poets who had been dead from 3,000 to 5,000 years. It is perhaps unnecessary to inform the reader that I always filled these orders. After getting a mummy into my warehouse I had a way of making it fill the bill and give general satisfaction. My assistant, who was a native antiquary, a native doctor and a villain, was handy at unwrapping and rewrapping and carving hieroglyphics and manufacturing relics. If there was fraud in it, I do not see to defend myself. I simply say that if there is a public demand for the mummy of Pharaoh it is the duty of some agent to supply it as near as possible and keep people good natured.

In the course of two years I shipped 50 mummies safely out of Cairo and landed them in London, and I am frank to say that my dividends were considerably larger than those paid last year by the Standard Oil company or the Carnegie Iron works. The mummy business was booming, and I was filling orders for anything up to 10,000 years old on demand when a government official gave me a hint that my business had been tumbled to. He exchanged his information for my \$20 goldpiece and went his way, and it was my business to put up a job on the khedive and square myself. I knew that if I did not I should be away directly, but suspicion had somehow become aroused, and I was to be put under surveillance and caught red handed. My shipments suddenly ceased, and the mummy market became dull. After a couple of weeks my assistant villain went up the Nile toward the ruins of Memphis to look for a man. It was a live man and a particular sort of mummy that he was to find. If there was fraud in it, I do not see to defend myself. I simply say that if there is a public demand for the mummy of Pharaoh it is the duty of some agent to supply it as near as possible and keep people good natured.

The mummy reached my warehouse one afternoon, and within an hour a government official backed by a file of soldiers had arrived to make a search. There had been no concealment. The mummy occupied a conspicuous position. They had caught me red handed in a way, and yet they could not understand why I had been so open about it.

"My dear sir," I said to the official, "I

know the laws of Egypt. I am not dealing in mummies. The law does not say I may not restore a dead man to life. At this present hour that thing there is a mummy. Tonight at 9 o'clock it will be a living man."

"What nonsense is this?" exclaimed the man as he struck the coffin with his cane. "Do you think I am a child to believe such tales?"

"I think you are a very smart man," I replied. "Just there is yet something to learn. Read of Sonadi Hassassan. He was the greatest magician the world ever knew. He it was who made the Nile flow backward for a day. When he had lived for 1,000 years, he became weary of the want of sleep. He fell into a trance which was not to be broken for 2,000 years. The time is up at 9 o'clock tonight."

"And he will come back to life?" queried the man, with an incredulous smile.

"He will. You and your friends will be here to see. I had read of him, and I was anxious to get his body. I paid a large price for it that I may see it restored to life with my own eyes."

The Egyptian's natural superstition and my earnestness staggered the man, and when I saw it I clinched the matter by saying:

"It is only a few hours to wait. You shall dine with me at 8 o'clock. At 9 my assistant shall unwrap Hassassan and bring him to life. Let two of your soldiers watch the coffin meanwhile. If things don't turn out as I say, you shall carry me off prisoner and have \$100 in gold as a present."

"So be it," he said after a long look at me, "but do not attempt to trick me. I am no fool."

Two soldiers were left to watch the coffin, and in my hearing he warned them that any remissness on their part would be followed by swift punishment. My living rooms were over the warehouses. When the dinner hour arrived, I had the official and two of his friends sit down with me. All three of the men had made up their minds that I was playing a game of bluff, and they had a curiosity to know how I was going to carry it through. Fifty dollars would have bribed any of them to shut his eyes for a year, but in this case they had received their orders direct from the minister and dared not trifle with him. They drank sparingly of the wine that they might keep their heads clear, but grew sufficiently good natured to hope that I might get out of the trouble without serious loss.

"There will be no trouble," I replied, with calm assurance. "Sonadi Hassassan has had his sleep and will return to life, and the government will probably reward me for restoring such a celebrated man to earth. Come, gentlemen, it is time."

The soldiers had been sitting before the coffin for hours. My assistant was on hand, and ready, and we lost no time in getting to work. The coffin was tilted up on end, the body lifted forward so that it could be got at, and the wraps were soon removed. I knew that the mummy was a live man, but never had I looked upon the face of a subject showing death and the passage of time more plainly. The face would have deceived the wisest professor in Europe. There were the sunken eyes and cheeks, the loss of teeth and the seal brown color, and I found myself wondering if some mistake hadn't been made. The official and his friend quietly chuckled as the business proceeded, and my assistant villain was the only one who was perfectly placid. He did not hurry his work. He was a full half hour getting down to the last wrapping, which was a sort of union garment made for the occasion. Then he stepped back with a flourish, picked up a stick and, striking three blows on the coffin, he called out:

"It is time, Sonadi Hassassan; it is time!"

"The chest of the mummy began to heave and its eyes to flutter. Then came a long breath and its eyes unclosed. The soldiers bolted from the warehouse in affright, and the three men retreated several paces in consternation. Very slowly and without a false motion the mummy gasped and stretched and looked about. A hand went up to rub sleep from its eyes. Then it moved uneasily and presently stepped from the coffin, straightened up and passed out of the door into the night with slow and dignified steps.

"Well?" I queried as I turned to the dumfounded trio.

They stood staring with open mouths, and I had to put hands on them before they came back to earth.

"Did I not tell you so? Did I not say that after a sleep of 2,000 years the great magician would return to life?" They did not answer, but with pale faces and chattering teeth they tottered out into the darkness with a mighty fear upon them. I had the agency for two years longer, and there was a continuous boom in the mummy market, but after that incident there was never an official inspection of my stock. The officials could not have been hired for money to poke about in the dark corners.

Pooling in Wedding Presents.

"What shall we give her?" That is a question which desolates innumerable breakfast tables when the morning post brings the announcement of an approaching marriage. A most valuable precedent has been set by a batch of Lady Randolph Churchills' friends, who clubbed together and presented her with a beautiful gewgaw in the shape of a pearl and diamond tiara. The example should be followed widely. Individual effort is apt to fritter itself away in superfluous salt spoons and unnecessary photograph frames. Given a bride, it is pretty certain that many of her friends will be friends of one another. And how much more pleasant for the bride and how much simpler for her friends is the pooling of affection in a really valuable gift! The perennial difficulty of the wedding present is in a fair way toward solution.—London Chronicle.



A Woman's Face

Tells its own story. A laugh is often a lie on a woman's lips. It betrays the pain which is tearing at the nerves. But the eyes have no part in the laugh. Their purple rings speak of suffering. There are lines too about the mouth which only pain can give. Many women look forward to a week of such misery each month. Three months of each year are given up to suffering. It weakens them. It ages them. It robs them of social pleasures and family joys. Can there be any excuse for such women who fail to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? It has cured thousands of such sufferers. Cured them perfectly and permanently. It cures ninety-eight out of every hundred who give it a fair and faithful trial. *It's sure to help.* It's almost sure to cure.

"I had falling of internal organs and had to go to bed every month; had irregular monthly periods which sometimes last ten or twelve days," writes Mrs. Alice L. Holmes, of Coaling Street, Uniontown, Pa. "Had indigestion so bad that I could not eat anything hardy. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

Free. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay cost of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for paper-bound book or 50 stamps for cloth binding to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

Freely costly.



"Before we were married George called me a little dear."
"Well?"
"Now he says I'm very dear."

Told on Her Return From New York.

A Kansas City woman, whose hair is gray, went to New York recently and took a ride on a trolley car. Both the side seats of the car were crowded with men. As she stood there, hanging to a strap and swinging and jerking with the motion of the car she observed that all of the men seemed to be entirely hidden behind their newspapers. She thought, as she stood there, that in Kansas City men often rise to give their seats to women. The difference was painful to contemplate. Finally a negro, near the other end of the car, stood up and said:

"Take this seat, lady."

"No," answered the Kansas City woman, with awful distinctness. "I will not take the seat of the only gentleman in the car."

The newspapers dropped suddenly, and six men jumped to their feet. Apparently they had just seen the gray-haired woman. And she took her choice of seats.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Mr. W. E. Rispin is having extensive repairs made to the Eberts' building, corner of King and Fifth streets, containing in waterworks and modern conveniences, and otherwise putting the property in good condition. There are a number of good rooms to rent in this building, which can be secured on application to Mr. Rispin.

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Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marshall, organist and choirmaster of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, will receive pupils in singing, voice development, piano and organ. Classes in sight singing and church psalmody. Residence Park Street, directly opposite Dr. Battistini's residence.

LODGES.

A. F. & WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, G. R. S. A. F. & A. M., meets A. M. on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth Street, at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

J. S. TURNER, W. M.
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bored Terms and privileges to borrowers. Apply to
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