



twhether through Imperance or effectively a paraishment always corresponds with new paraishment always corresponds with new paraishment of a dauge committed. Do not, however, the area is a cure, thanks to Dr. or, the noted specialist, who can give you as rightfully yours—perfect manhood. If you what you should be: if you have stricture, it troubs, axual weakness, variocesie, lest the troubs, axual weakness, variocesie, lest the troubs, axual weakness, variocesie, lest the properties of the pro

Pay When You Are Cured.

Upholstering

Geo. E. Embrey

can be found in future at C Austin & Co's. Dry Goods Store. Orders for Upholstering and Carpet Laying will have promp

Geo. E. Embrey



Wood's Phosphodine,

Wood's Phosphodine, sold in Chat-



WELLINGTON Lodge. No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonit Hall, Pifth St., at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.

DENTAL.

A. HiCKS, D. D. S.—Honor gradu-ate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor gradu-ate of Royal College of Dental Sur-geons, Toronto. Office, over Turn-er's drug stere, 28 Rutherford Block. LEGAL.

MITH, HERBERT D. - County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solici-tor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham. CHOMAS SCULLARD—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block, Chatham, Ont. Thomas Scullard.

2. R. O'FLYNN-Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public. Office, King Street, opposite Mer-shants' Bank, Chatham, Ont. COUSTON, STONE & SCANE-Barris

ders, Solicitors, Conveyancers, No-taries Public, etc. Private fands to tean at lowest current rates, Of-dice, upstairs in Sheldrick Block, apposite H. Malcolmson's store. M. Houston, Fred. Stone, W. W. Scane.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on Martgages, at lowest rates. Offices, Fifth Street. Matthew Wilson, K. C., W. E. Gundy, J. M. Pike.

We have just put in, at great expense, a Wonderful Machine, heated by steam, work only passing through the rollers once; the result-Work is Elastric, will not Break, and will last much longer than when ironed by the old methed, heated by gas, which has to pass through the rollers eight times.

The Parisian Steam Laundry
Oo. of Ontario, Limited.
London, Hamilton and Toronto.

LADY LETTY...

riosity—noted again, as if for the first time, the rough, blue overalls thrust into the shoes; the coarse fiannel shirt open at the throat, the belt with its sheath knife, her arms big and white and tattoeed in sailor fashion, her thick, muscular neck; her red face, with its pale blue eyes and almost massive jaw, and her hair, her heavy, yellow, fragrant hair, that lay over her shoulder and breast, coiling and loowing in her lan

looping in her lap.
"No," he said, with a long breath, "I den't make it out. I knew you were out of my experience, but I begin to think now that you are out of even my imagination. You are right, you should keep to yourself. You should be alone—your mate isn't made yet. You are splendid just as you are," while under his breath he added, his teeth elinching. "hat I love you?"

ing, "but I love you!"
It was growing late, the stars were all out, the moon riding high. Moran

awned.
"Mate, I think I'll turn in. We'll have to be at that schoner early in the morning, and I make no doubt she'll give us plenty to do." Wilbur hesitated to reply, waiting to take his cue from what next she should say. "It's hot enough to sleep where we are," she added, "without going aboard the Bertha, though we might have a couple of blankets off to lie on. This sand's as hard as a plank."

Without answering, Wilbur showed her a couple of blanket rolls he had brought off while he was unloading part of the stores that afternoon. They took one apiece and spread them on the sand by the bleached whale's skull. Moran pulled off her boots and stretched herself upon her blanket with absolute unconcern, her hands clasped under her head. Wilbur rolled up his coat for a pillow and settled himself for the night with an assumed self possession. There was a long si-lence. Moran yawned again."
"I pulled the heel off my boot this morning," she said lazily, "and I've been limping all day."

been limping all day."
"I noticed it," 'answered Wilbur.

"Kitchell had a new pair aboard somewhere, if they're not spoiled by the water now."

"Yes?" she said indifferently. "We'll look them up in the morning."

Again there was silence.

"I wonder," she began again, staring up into the dark, "if Charlie took that trying pan off with him when he went.

went."
"I don't know. He probably did."
"It was the only thing we had to cook abalones in. Make me think to look into the galley tomorrow. This ground's as hard as nails, for all your blankets. Well, good night, mate. I'ns going to sleep."
"Good night, Moran."

Three hours later Wilbur, who had not closed his eyes, sat up and looked at Moran, sleeping quietly, her head in a pale glory of hair—looked at her and then around him at the silent, deserted "I don't know," he said to himself.
"Am I a right minded man and a thor

oughbred, or a mushhead, or merely a prudent, sensible sort of chap that values his skin and bones? I'd be glad to put a name to myself." Then more earnestly he added, "Do I love her too much, or not enough, or love her too much, or not enough, or love her the wrong way, or how?" He leaned to-ward her, so close that he could catch the savor of her breath and the smell of her neck, warm with sleep. The drawn up, and it seemed to him as if Could Not Sleep At Night.

Was All Run Down. Had No Appetite.

FOOD WOULD NOT DIGEST.

Mrs. I. W. Warner, Riverdale, N.S., is glad there is such a remedy as

Burdock Blood Bitters.

IT CURED HER AND WILL CURE YOU.

her bare arm, flung out at full length, had some sweet aroma of its own. Wilbur drew softly back.
"No," he said to himself decisively;
"no, I guess I am a thoroughbred after all." It was only then that he went to

with the sunrise, and one of the bay heads was all distorted and stratified by a mirage. It was hot already. Moran was sitting a few paces from him, braiding her hair. "Hello, Moran" he said, rousing up

"How long have you been up?"
"Since before sunrise," she said.
"I've had a bath in the cove where the creek runs down. I saw a jack rabbit." "Seen anything of Charlie and the

others?"
"They've camped on the other side of the bay. But look yonder," she added. The junk had come in overnight and was about a mile and a half from

shore.
"The deuce!" exclaimed Wilbur. "What are they after?"

"Fresh water, I guess," said Moran knotting the end of a braid. "We'd bet ter have breakfast in a hurry and turn to on the Bertha. The tide is going out

While they breakfasted they kept an eye on the schooner, watching her sides and flanks as the water fell slowly away.

"Don't see anything very bad yet," said Wilbur. "It's somewheres in her stern," re-

The somewheres in her stern, remarked Moran,
In an hour's time the Bertha Milliner
was high and dry, and they could examine her at their leisure. It was Moran who found the leak.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, with a half laugh. "We can stick that up in half an hour."

A single plank had started away from the sternpost; that was all. Oth-erwise the schooner was as sound as the day she left San Francisco. Mo-ran and Wilbur had the damage repairand whour has the damage repaired by noon, nailing the plank to its place and calking the seams with lamp wick. Nor could their utmost careful search discover any further injury.

"We're ready to go," said Moran, "so soon as she'll fleat. We can dig away around the bows here, make fast a line to that rock out yonder and warp her off at next high tide. Hello! Who's

It was Charlie. While the two had been at work he had come around the shore unobserved and new stood at some little distance, smiling at them calmly.
"Well, what do you want?" cried Mo-

"Well, what do you want?" orled Moran angrily. "If you had your rights, my friend, you'd be keelhauled."
"I tinkum velly hot day."
"You didn't come here to say that. What do you want?"
"I come hab talkee-talk."
""We don't want to have any talkee-talk."

talk with such vermin as you. Get

Charlie sat down on the beach and wiped his forehead.
"I come buy one piece bacon. China bey no hab get."

bey no hab get."
"We aren't selling bacon to deserters," cried Moran. "And Pil tell you this, you filthy little monkey: Mr. Wilbur and I are going home—back to Frisco—this afternoon, and we're going to leave you and the rest of your vipers to leave you said the rest of your vipers to rot on this beach or to be murdered by beschoombers." And she pointed out toward the junk. Charlie did not even follow the direction of her gesture, and from this very indifference Wilbur guessed that it was precisely because of the beachcombers that the Machiavelian Chinaman had wished to treat with his old officers.
"No hab get bacon?" he quarted lift.

"No hab get bacen?" he queried, lift-ing his eyebrewa in surprise.
"Plenty, but not fer you."
Charlie took a buckskin bag from his blouse and counted out a handful of silver and gold

"I buy um nisi two pieces tobacco."
"Look here," said Wilbur deliberately, "den't you try to filmflam us, Char-lie. We know you too well. You don't want bacon and you don't want tobac

cd."
China boy heap plenty much sick.
Two boy velly sick. I ting um die pretty soon temolia. You catchum slop chest; you gib me five, seven liver pill.

chest; you gib me five, seven liver pill. Sabe?"

"I'll fell you what you want!" cried Moran, aiming a foreanger at him, pistol fashion. "You've got a blue funk because those Kal-gingh beach-combers have come into the bay, and you're more frightened of them than you are of the schooner, and now you want us to take you home."

"How muchee?"

"A thousaid deliars."

Wilbur looked at her in surprise. He had expected a refusal.

"You no hab got liver pill?" inquired

"You no hab got liver pill?" inquired Charile blandly. Moran turned her back on him. She Moran turned her back on him. She and Wilbur conferred in a low voice.

"We'd better take them back if we decently can," said Moran. "The schooner is known of course in Frisco. She went out with Kitchell and a crew of coolies, and she comes back with you and I aboard, and if we tell the truth about it it will sound like a lie, and we'll have no end of trouble. Then, again, can just you and I work the Bertha into port? In these kind of airs it's plain work, but suppose we have dirty weather? I'm not so sure."

"I gib you ten dollah fo' fen liver pill," said Charlie.

"Will you give us \$1,000 to set you down in San Francisco?"

Charlie rose. "I go back. I tell um China boy what you say 'bout liver pill. Simeby I come back."

"That means he'll take our offer back to his friends," said Wilbur in a low

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED with the QUEEN CITY PRINT-ING CO S INK, Cincinnati, Ohio. A. WANNERED, Representative,



Most folk who eat "FORCE" think it tastes the best of all breakfast foods. They say, "It goes right to the spot."

That's because Nature is on the spot. She knows at the first taste what she can make the best blood, and bone, and brain out of. Nature says, "Give me

Surrey fine



voice. "You best hurry chop-chop," he called after Charlie. "We go home

pretty soon."

"He knows very well we can't get away before high tide tomorrow," said Moran. "He'll take his time."

Moran. "He'll take his time."

Later on in the afternoon Moran and Wilbur saw a small boat put off from the junk and make a landing by the creek. The beachcombers were taking on water. The hoat made three trips before evening, but the beachcombers made no show of molesting the undefended schooner or in any way interfecting with Charlie's camp on the other side of the bay.

"No," exclaimed Moran between her teeth as she and Wilbur were cooking supper—"no; they don't need to.

supper - "no; they don't need to. They've got about \$150,000 of loot on board—our loot too. It goes against the grain." The moon rose considerably earlier that night, and by 12 o'clock the bay

was flooded with its electrical white-ness. Wilbur and Moran could plaisly make out the junk tied up to the kelp offshore. They had slept but a short time when Williams time when Wilbur was awakened by Moran shaking his arm.
"There's something wrong out there,"

she whispered—"something wrong with the junk. Hear 'em squealing? Look, look, look!" she cried of a sudden.

look, look!" she cried of a sudden.
"It's their turn now."
Wilbur could see the crank junk,
with its staring red eyes, high stern
and prow, as distinctly as though at
noonday. As he watched, it seemed as
if a great wave caught her suddenly
under foot. She heaved up bodily out

under foot. She heaved up bodily out of the water, dropped again with a splash, rose again and again fell back into her own ripples, that, widening from her sides, broke crisply en the sand at Wilbur's feet.

Then the commotion ceased abruptly. The bay was quiet again. An hour passed, then two. The moon began to set. Moran and Wilbur, wearled of watching, had turned in again, when they were startled to wakefulness by the creek of oarlecks and the sound of a boat grounding in the sand.

The coelies, the deserters from the Bertha Millner, were there. Charlie came fogward.

"Ge' lup! Ge' lup!" he said. "Junk

"Ge' lup! Ge' lup!" he said. "Junk all smash! Kai-gingh come ashore. I t'ink him want catchem schooner."

CHAPTER IX.

"What wrecked her?" demanded Moran.
The deserting Chinamen huddled around Chartle, drawing close, as if finding comfert in the feel of each other's elbows.

"No cap tell," answered Chartle, "Him shake, then lif up all the same as we. Bimeby too much lif up. Him go all to smash. Four pieces Chinamen dlown."

"Drown! Did any of them drown?" exclaimed Moran.

"Four pieces dlows," reiterated Chartle calmiy. "One, thee, five, nine, come asho." Him other no come."

"Where are the ones that came ashore?" asked Wilbur.

Charlie waved a hand back into the night. "Him make um camp topide ole house."

"That eld, whalling camp?" interacted. CHAPTER IX.

ole house."
"That old whaling camp," prompted
Moran. Then to Wilbur, "You remem-ber-about a hundred yards north the

creek? Without, Moran, and Charile had drawn of a little from the Bertha Millner's crew. The latter squatted in a line along the shore silent, reserved, looking vaguely seaward through the night. Moran spoke again, her scow



thickening:
"What makes you think the beachcombers want our schooner?"
"Him catchum schooner sure! Him
want um boat to go home. Ne can

"Let's put off tonight-right away," "Low tide," answered Moran, "and esides—Charlie, did you see them

"Low tide," answered Moran, "and besides—Charlie, did you see them close? Were you near them?"
"No go muchee close."
"Did they have something with them reeved up in a hammock—something that smelled sweet—like a joss stick, for instance?"

fer instance?"
"No savvy; no can tell. Him try
catchum schoener sure. Him velly
bad China boy. See Yup China boy,
velly bad. I b'leng Sam Yup. Savvy?"
"Ah, the tongs?"
"Yass. I Sam Yup. Eim," and he
pointed to the Bertha's crew, "Sam
Yup. All we Sam Yup; nisi him," and
he waved a hand toward the beachcombers' camp; "Bim See Yup. Savcombers' camp; "lim See Yun. Say

"It's a tong row," said Wilbur.
"They're blood enemies, the See Yups and Sam Yups."

Moran felt thoughtful, digging her boot heel into the sand, her thumbs hooked into her belt, her ferehead gathered into a heavy frown. There was a silence.

One thing," she said at last, "we can't give up the sohooner. They would take our stores as well, and then whare are we? Marconed, by Jove! How far do you suppose we are from the nearest town? Three hundred miles wouldn't be a bad guess, and they've got the lost-our ambesgris—I'll swear to that! They didn't leave that aboard when the junk sank."

"Look here, Charlle," she said, turn-

"Look here, Charlie," she said, turn-ing to the Chinaman. "If the beachombers take the schooner—the Bertha Miliner—from us, we'll be left to starve on this beach."

"I tinkum yass." "How are we going to get home? Are you going to let them do it? Are you going to let them have our school-

"I tink no can have." "Look here," she went on, with sudden energy. "There are only nine of them now to our eight. We're about even. We can fight those swine. I know we can. If we jumped their camp and rushed them, hard, believe me we could run them into the sea. Mate," she cried, suddenly facing Wilbur, "are you game? Have you got blood in you! Those beachcombers are going to at-tack us tomorrow before high tide; that's flat. There's going to be a fight anyway. We can't let them have the

mer. It's starvation for us if we (To Be Continued.)

NO REASON YOU SHOULD GIVE UP

Because Your Indigeston Has Becom Chronic-Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Will Cure It Just The Same.

If your Indigestion has turned to Dyspepsia and become chronic that is no reason you should despair.
Others just as had as you have been cured by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.
Take the case of Mrs. James Bradley of Smith's Cove, Digby Vo., N. S.
Here's what she says about it herself:

years. I tried the best doctors in the place and never found relief. I had to starve myself from eating. No tongue can tell what I suffered. "I bought six boxes of Dodd's Dyspeps: a Tablets and six of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and before I had finished taking them I could eat most anything and sleep comfortably."

There is no need to comment on a statement like this. It's true, What was done for Mrs. Bradley has been done for thousands of others. Dodd'n Dyspepsia Tablets will do it for you. Dyspepsia Tablets will do it for you.

A Good, Stiff Argument

for our laundry work can be put up on just one article—the stiff bosom shirt. If there is any one that launders these as well as we do they are unknown to us. There cer tainly is no one who does the work any better tuan the

CHATHAM STEAM LAUNDRY Perfect finish is not the only thing sought here. Care is taken that the collar band is not stretched out of shape or made uneven or the besoms of open front shirts ironed so buttenholes do not come opposite. W. do all these things right.

CHATHAM STEAM LAUNDRY

Sixth St. near Fire Hall, Phone 199

Why Not

Beautify your home this Spring by giving it a fresh coat of PAINT or WALL PAPER. We are at all times ready to cater to your wants in this line. Having none but experienced and up-to-date workmen we can guarantee satisfaction. Leave orders at Office or Phone 52, and we will call on you and submit samples and prices.

BLONDE Lumber and Manufg Co. Lumber Dealers and Builders and Contractors,

Minard's Liniment in



When you have to use hard water it is not an easy matter to wash household utensils. To do good washing you should have good soap and soft water (rain water). If you use hard water you must have good soap, and the best soap you can get is Sunlight Soap because it softens the hard water and makes a copious creamy lather. Use Sun-

light Soap for all household purposes and the results will surprise you. SUNLIGHT SO

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR, Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white without injuring the hands.

Got 'em There! That's What Hurts! Better Salt! Better Prices. The Only Kind! Absolutely

Windsor Salt

KILLINGPRICES

75c. to Jobbers, 85c. by the barrel, also in 100 lb. bags.

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., Limited. Chatham, - . Ont.

•••••••••••••••••• THE REASON THE Gas Company Sells Jewel All Steel Gas Stoves.



They are the Very Best. See for Yourself at The Gas 'Company.

GEO. M. CLARK & CO., DIVISION, MAKERS CHICAGO

****************** THE

Avery Corn Planter

is guaranteed to drop a perfect hill, single and double rows and an even number of kernels, Spring Lift Attachment and Pressure Spring, furnished complete with Steel Eveners, Steel Single trees and Neck Yoke. We will sell the balance of the stock at very much lower prices than we have been selling, and guarantee them new and up-to-date and to give perfect satisfaction. We are also selling a number of Hand Planters. King of the Field and Eureka at COST PRICE, as we wish to sell them this year, instead of carrying them over. We wil save you 25 per cent. on these and will save from 10 to 15 per cent.on our Machinery and Implements.

New goods, up-to-date stock and prices right at

A. H. Patterson's,

One store only, 3 Doors East of the Market.