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Our Mixed Paints are the standard
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Before Preparing
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of ground with a large no. of fruit trees such as
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It is owned and occupied by Mr. Carpenter and
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The Best Antacid Pills in Use. Cures Dyspep-
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better.

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Minard's Liniment Relieves Neural-
gia.

JONES SMILEY THE BOY WHO HAD NO FRIENDS.

A NEW ENGLAND TALE.
By the Author of "Saudra."

Suddenly the apparition of some un-
expected object broke his reverie.
"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed—why
no it ain't—and yet it is too, as sure as
my name is Bije Underwood!" and
clapping the hat upon his head which
he had held in his hand that his tem-
ples might be fanned by the morning
breeze, the Deacon stumped briskly
down the hill, and met the emigrant,
just as he had turned, on foot, up to
the house, and was about to apply for
admittance. The Deacon commenced
the conversation:

"There hunt no accident nor nothing
happened to you, I hope?" The good
old man had forgotten entirely the un-
kind thoughts against the stranger
which he had in common with all the vil-
lage, he let him depart on the previous
day.

The emigrant shook his head. The
Deacon had by this time filled a brim-
ming mug of cider, which he pressed
upon the stranger, while he pursued his
inquiry:

"You ain't lost nothing, nor left
nothing behind you—and nothing has
been stole, I do trust, in Hardscabble.
But that there dumb Jone Smiley, a little
impudently as he sat down the mug,
to the contents of which, as was the
ante-breakfast custom in those days,
he had done justice. The Deacon put
away the drinking cup, with a true
landlord's eye to business, and appar-
ently lost in wonder at the emigrant's
return, pushed his half-questioning re-
marks:

"But you are out early, and afoot,
and on the back track too—it beats me
out and out to know what it can be."

"That is just what I've come to tell
you, and I come early because I've a
long journey to go, and no time to
spare, and because I did want to see
you alone."

I come afoot to spare my horse with
his day's work before him. I don't
mind a six mile walk, and a merciful
man is merciful to his beast, you know."

The stranger had, with Yankee
shrewdness, blocked up all chance for
further cross-questioning, and the Dea-
con had nothing to do but to sit as pa-
tiently as he could, and listen. The
stranger resumed:

"Well, it's about that boy, Jone, or
Jonathan Smiley."

"Possible!" ejaculated the Deacon,
in undisguised wonder. "And you've
walked clear back to Hardscabble, at
this time in the morning, to say that?"

The stranger merely nodded in an-
swer to the interruption, and proceed-
ed:

"You've seen more of the lad than
I have, but a man can sometimes guess
as much in half an hour, as he could
see in half a lifetime. His mother is a
poor widow woman, and I judge you'll
agree with me that the boy will never
come to nothing, if he stays rambling
about here, and taking his own head in
every thing."

"That's just the conclusion I'd come
to," said the Deacon, now beginning to
feel his official importance, "and I was
just going to have something done
about it this very day."

"Yes," said the other, "but what kind
of a something? I heard you talk your
terday about the workhouse, or the
county jail. Is that doing justly as
you'd be done by? Now, allowing you
had a son, a little bit wild or so, is
that the way you'd thank anybody for
curing him for you?"

The muscles about the Deacon's
eyes twitched a little, while the emi-
grant waited for his answer. The Dea-
con spoke, but evaded the question by
another: "But where is the creature?
Does any body know, and I wonder? We
haunted high and low last night, and
couldn't find him nor hair of him, and
his mother went away from here in a
terrible taking. I wonder if she found
him to home?"

"No," answered the emigrant.

"Possible! I wonder if he dared to
stay out all night! Well, there are
some children who beat all for wicked-
ness. To torment his mother, and the
whole town so! It's right down wicked!
But I guess you could tell us some
news if you would."

Without heeding this sagacious re-
assurance the stranger answered, "Dared
to stay away! A dumb beast dare
to keep out of the reach of kicks and
cuts, if he could, and shall not a rea-
sonable creature dare to keep whole
bones in his skin if he knows enough
to try? Why, Deacon, I don't suppose
you can see it, and I don't believe that
you would wrong a fly if you knew it;
but that child has been abused here be-
yond all account, and the very moth-
er that bore him has had her ears filled
till she's e'en-a-most lost all natural
affection."

The Deacon shook his head. "He's
a bad boy—a dreadful bad boy—ter-
ribly obstreperous. And to crown all,
to think of his e'en just killing Peltiah
Perkins. What a dreadful thing that
would have been, if his strength had
been as good as his will! But I reckon,
talking about killing ears, that he's put
something into your'n besides cotton-
wool."

"Deacon Underwood, that boy hasn't
often had a chance to speak to any
body that would back to his story. I
reckon by the way he talked to me,
and if he isn't tongue alone that is
his witness. The whole of his body,
from the crown of his head to the sole
of his foot, is one black and blue spot,
and the warts on his back are as thick
as my thumb, and as close together as
the hoops on your cider barrel."

"Peltiah Perkins did thrash him
peckily, that's a fact," said the Deacon.

"He beat him like a brute—worse
than a brute. And after all, Deacon,
it wasn't him that was to blame about
the cow, I do believe, and I know
he didn't throw the stone. He was on
the left-hand side of Peltiah Perkins,
over the fence, and it don't stand to
reason he could fling a rock, and hit
him on the right side of his head. I
took notice of that last night, and he

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If not why not? McConnell will
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from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m.

5 lbs new Prunes 25c
1 lb fresh ground Coffee 13c
1 lb Japan Tea 20c
20 lbs Corn Meal per lb 25c
Cooking Eggs per doz 5c
Salmon, per can 10c
1 lb can Perfection Baking Powder 13c
Granulated Sugar, per lb 5c
Yellow Sugar, per lb 4c
Toilet Soap, Windsor and Castle, per
bar 1c
Starch, per lb 6c
Ginger Snaps, per lb 5c
Four 2nd quality, per sack 18c and 5c
Tumblers of Jam each 4c
Lenox Biscuits, per lb 5c

A lot of Soap 2c per bar, just the thing
for house-cleaning, hard and dry.

A lot of fine new crockery just in—Tea
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designs at prices that sell the goods
quick.

A quantity of very pretty fern pots 35c
each. A big snap see them in our
window.

John McConnell

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Goods Delivered.

declares by all that's good and great
he didn't do it."

Little Margaret was called. A kind
question or two from the emigrant,
and an approving look from the Deacon
brought out the whole truth. It was
hard to decide which was best pleased
with the Deacon's admissions in favor
of Jone, Margaret or the stranger.

Her story finished, Margaret hastened
away, lest the treble screech of her
mistress should be ringing through the
house for her; but where Jone, and
Jone kindly spoken of, was far from
the discourse, she was not gladly have
listened to the last, if she had dared.
But the acquittal of Jone, while it
really gratified the Deacon, placed him
in a quandary. He knew the bitterness
of his wife, the "poor" behind the
throne, and the last he knew the
general tenor of public opinion, as he
had sided to form it against Jone; and
he knew that to throw the Perkinses
into the wrong, and to show that they
had abused poor Jone, would make
that story finished, more the poor boy's
enemies than ever. "What shall I do with
him?" at length he asked. "As you say
he will never come to anything in this
place."

"I'll take him," said the stranger.

"You?"

"Yes. Just now, as overseer of the
poor, you was going to send him to
the workhouse. You don't want to do
that now. Send for his mother, bind
him out to me, and I'll take him west,
and make a man of him."

The Deacon deliberated within him-
self. At length he said, hesitatingly,
"Mister—er—I don't so much as know
your name."

"Mr. Berry, I do know your name
now, but I don't know no more about
your character than about the man in
the street. The Deacon took a turn
about the room, and offering it
his hand to the stranger, pressed it
warmly, and continued: "Last night,
if a parcel of Ishmaelites had come
along, I believe he would have
gone down into Egypt—but the truth is,
you've touched and reprimanded me
knowing it. I have a son of my own—
my only child, and Heaven only knows
how he will end. But," said the Dea-
con, dashing away a tear with the back
of his hand, "we'll let that go. I be-
lieve you're a right up and down good
man, and I'd put my own life and hap-
piness in your hands without a doubt
if so be it was necessary. But God is
the judge between me and this poor
boy, and you have been the means, in
his hands, of opening my eyes to my
responsibilities, and my heart to pity."

The stranger mused a moment.

"If you could only go with me to the
next village."

"Certainly I can!" said the Deacon,
his face at once brightening up, "and
so certainly I will. I'll have the horse
put into a wagon, and after breakfast
we'll drive down there, a little quicker
than you walked up; and Mrs. Smiley
shall go along, too, and poor little
Jone shall have with him, any how,
a mother you mean to give me a son."

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Nice, Mild Cured Beaver
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Nice, Mild Cured Beaver
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Bacon, lean

Bologna Sausage and
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J. A. Wilson

Queen St. GHOER Phone 71

erence, of course, but that's between
us. It's reason enough to tell the folks
for my going down, that I do it to bring
back Ma'am Smiley."

A messenger was forthwith despatch-
ed for Mrs. Smiley, and in a few mo-
ments all was arranged, as far as her
consent was concerned. She hurried
home to pack poor Jone's little effects,
and left the Deacon and her boy's new
master to finish their breakfast, and
call for her with the wagon. At break-
fast, Mrs. Berry joy of his Jone,
whereat Mr. Berry smiled, and the Dea-
con bit his nether lip. But Mr. B. was
not swayed by trifles, and Deacon Un-
derwood had heard his wife talk before.
They were seated in the wagon. Mar-
garet ran out, placed a parcel in Mr.
Berry's hand, and had just time to
say, "It's for him!" when "Margaret!"
came from the house, and Margaret
in Mrs. Underwood's well-known fal-
setto, as the wagon rolled from the
door the little girl ran back into the
house, and bent all her thoughts to her
fistful's requirements. She struggled
hard, and conquered her feelings for
the hour; but at the first pause in her
daily work, she slipped out to the trys-
ing-place beneath the tree—the spot
where accident had decided Jone's
future fortune. There she cried till her
little senses were so confused that she
fancied Jone, too, was present, and
crying on the other side of the fence.
"Margaret! you Margaret!" again pur-
sued her, and hastily drying her eyes,
the little true lover—none the less true
that she was little—hastened to repair
her diligence, for the whole hour she
had lost in certain kind of tears, as
well as in joy, time flies apace.

CHAPTER IV.

The West! Where is it? Once
bounded by the limits of the Atlantic
States, then as new state after state
was formed, limited by the Mississippi,
it is now bounded only by the Pacific.
At the time of our tale, however, the
Great West, comparatively little of it
as had been settled, seemed more vast
than at present; for while no one
dreamed of the territory as a practicable
place of settlement, the continent seem-
ed boundless, and the expectations of
those who tempted this wilderness in
pursuit of a better change in their con-
dition, were as vast and as vague as
their ideas of the territory upon which
they entered. Nor were these great
expectations to be tested without great
sacrifices. No railroads made the de-
sire to travel and the accomplishment
efforts of mind and body almost simul-
taneous. The canal had not intersected
the country with its easy and cheap
means of conveyance. Turnpikes even
were almost unknown, and through
tracts of country where thousands of
travelers now rush with almost the
lightning's speed, the emigrant labor-
iously worked his way through what
were barely paths in the forest, in
which the blow of his own axe might
not unfrequently be necessary to facili-
tate his progress. Men departed for
where children might be born to them,
whose children would perhaps find the
comforts of civilized life coming out
to them in the desert. If any of these
pioneers have found themselves sur-
rounded with more dearest neighbor-
hoods than they dared hope their
grandchildren would live among, it was
more than the most sanguine prophets
among them would have ventured to
predict.

To be Continued.

Throwing sort feed upon the ground is
poor economy. Troughs or smooth boards
cost little and are not only much cleaner,
but avoid waste of feed.

Young chickens will eat wheat when
2 weeks old, and, as it is one of the very
best grains that can be given for growth,
it is quite an item to feed them liberally
with it.

In mating always endeavor to use ac-
tive, vigorous cocks. Do not select the
largest and heaviest. Sacrifice points
for vigor. Mate 1-year-old cocks with
2-year-old hens.

The best turkeys for breeding are those
2 years old.
The earliest hatched males and females
should be selected. It is of no advantage
to hatch them too early.

BITS FROM SHELDON.

Gifts that involve no sacrifice return
neither happiness nor pleasure.

Where the body is wrung with pain,
where it is filled with disease, one cannot
be happy.

Doctors head the list of suicides, be-
cause they see the ill side of life—its
physical side.

We here in America seem to have
evolved in the course of our fast living
a disease that once was not known—nervous
prostration.

It is always very hard to tell which of
these two is the more miserable man on
earth—the discontented rich or the
discontented beggar.

The little child who buys tin toys for a
cent in the stores gets more pleasure out
of giving them to some other little child
than the rich man who ostentatiously gives
presents worth thousands of dollars.—
Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.

THE ART OF WAR.

For the first time in the history of the
British army there is actually a desire
among officers that commissions should
be given men who have served in the
ranks.

The mounted police of Cape Colony are
picked men, used to fighting and proud
of the high reputation of their corps. The
force consists of 2,000 enlisted men and
68 officers.

Twelve pounds only is the weight of
the new automatic machine gun under
experiment in the United States army.
It fires 450 shots a minute and can be
carried by one man.

Russia is probably the only country
that could raise a regiment composed
entirely of generals, who number 1,248.
They receive in salaries an aggregate of
7,000,000 rubles a year.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

In escaping from a fire creep or crawl
along the room with your face close to
the floor.

To fasten labels to tin canisters add
one teaspoonful of brown sugar to one
quart of water.

Eat in haste and suffer at leisure.

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is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell
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tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,
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grees of Doctor of Medicine and Surgery. 3. Special Diploma received as ability to examine
Physicians in health and disease. 4. Special Diploma received on Eye and Ear. 5. Special Diplo-
ma received for work done on the Cadaver Corpses. 6. Special Diploma received from the
New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital on Diseases of the Skin. 7. Special
Diploma received for Venereal and Genital-Urinary diseases. 8. Certificate from Connecticut
State Board of Health. 9. Certificate received from Wisconsin State Board of Medical Exam-
iners. 10. License issued by State of Indiana recognizing qualifications as a Physician. 11.
Copy of Registration showing that Dr. Goldberg is qualified to practice in the State of Mich-
igan. 12. Illinois State Board of Medical Examiners, recognizing the standing of Dr. Goldberg
by issuing a state license. 13. License received from the California State Board of Medical
Examiners. 14. Certificate received from the Ohio State Board of Medical Examiners.

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ficient guarantee to our ability; each time you call, you are interviewed
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perience. We give each case our careful attention, and no medical firm in the world enjoys the
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Young & Middle-Aged Men Indiscretion or excesses have
broken down your system. You
feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally and physically you are not the man you used
to be or should be. Will you heed the danger signals? Are you nervous and weak, disquieted
and gloomy, specks before your eyes, back weak and joints irritable, sinking spells and
palpitation of the heart, pimples on face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, careworn expression,
varicose veins, poor memory, listless, distrustful, lack of energy and strength? Our NEW
METHOD TREATMENT will cure you. We guarantee to cure you or no pay.

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it; you are not the man you should be; you are feeling tired, overworked, nervous and irri-
table; if you are in doubt about the cause of your condition, call and see us, as it costs you
nothing, and may be the means of saving you loss of suffering and anxiety in later years, do
not allow inexperienced doctors to practice on you.

Blood Poison If you have contracted this awful disease, you cannot al-
low it to entirely cure you; you never saw any other cure. The
poison in your system, for your sins, will be handed down to your children. Do not
create! remember like father, like son, have you patches of itching, when scratching, you
create! colored patches or other signs of this awful disease call on us, we will cure you, we
guarantee to cure you of Mercury or Peladum and give you a permanent cure. We will
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