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## MONEY TO LOAN

**FARM FOR SALE**—One of the very best farms in the Township of Dover East, 75 acres, all under cultivation, being part of lot seven in tenth concession, owned by A. Gillespie. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. I also have for sale D. H. Williams' 100 acre farm, Bear Line, Dover. Apply to H. Dagmeau.

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**ON MORTGAGES**  
4-1-2 and 5 per cent.  
Liberal Terms and Privileges to Borrowers. Apply to  
**LEWIS & RICHARDS**

## MONEY TO LEND

**ON LAND MORTGAGE**  
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To buy property  
Very lowest rate  
**J. W. WHITE,**  
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Opp. Grand Opera House Chatham

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\$8,000.00 will purchase one of the best farms in the County. Over 100 acres. Buildings in good condition. Beautiful Orchard. Owner leaving Canada or would not sell. Only 2 miles from Market square, Chatham. For this snap see

## Dunn &amp; Charteris

Quick. Office 2 doors west of King's Hardware, King St. Chatham. Telephone 420

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Capital, \$1,000,000.  
INCORPORATED, A.D. 1881.

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Apply personally and secure best rates and low expenses. Deposits of \$1 and upwards received and interest allowed.

Debentures issued for three, four or five years with interest. Coupons payable half yearly. Executors and Trustees authorized by Act of Parliament to invest Trust Funds in the Debentures of this Company.  
**S. F. GARDINER, Manager.**  
Chatham, November 30, 1903.

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## The Chatham Business College

is unquestionably Canada's greatest business school.

No other school gets such RESULTS.  
It is now current talk throughout the country that the student who wants the best training and a good position when graduated must attend this school.

250 students placed in year 1903.  
354 1902  
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If these were placed in positions worth \$5 or \$1 per week, the showing would not be worth the space in this paper that it takes to tell it. But when the salary averaged \$500 per annum, a few of them over \$1,000, the public should know that no other business school in Canada publishes such lists and gets such results.

Many of our former graduates are now commanding salaries of \$500 to \$1,000 annually. WHY SHOULD IT NOT BE YOU?  
We pay your railway fare up to \$5.00.  
Good board in Chatham, 2 to 2.75.  
For the handsomest catalogue published by any business school in Canada, write  
**D. McLACHLAN & Co., Chatham, Ont.**

## THE MONETARY TIMES

(July 2nd, 1904) on

## The Functions of a Trust Company

"It must not imperil its capital or its reputation by making investments which are not absolutely sound, or by incurring obligations to the public except in its capacity as trustee; and the invasion of the FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT STORE must be repelled, because the COMPANY which is formed to act as EXECUTOR and TRUSTEE ought to be a SPECIALIST in its line."

## The London and Western Trusts Co., Limited.

acts only as Executor and Trustee, and has no connection with any other Company,

## FORGET THE HEAT

and live easy, by baking delicious rolls, biscuits, etc., on a  
**GAS STOVE.**  
It makes a coal or wood stove look like 30 cents.

## THE CHATHAM GAS CO. Limited.

King St. Phone 81

## Glenn &amp; Co., WILLIAM ST

Import direct the finest Ceylon, Assam and China Tea, Black Gunpowder and Young Hyson, Best English Breakfast Tea, 35c and 40c.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Prescription:  
New Mexico,  
One Year

By  
**M. J. PHILLIPS** Copyright, 1904, by  
T. C. McClure

The first joint encampment of regulars and organized state militia was over. The national guardsmen were fast deserting Camp Young, Howard, Ky., for home and mother's pies. All morning troop trains had pulled up to the platforms, received their burdens of humanity and, skirting the placid Ohio, puffed away through the green and gold of the Middleburg hills, bound for Louisville and the north.

The first battalion, Fifth Michigan Infantry, consisting of four companies of stalwart khaki clad fellows from the interior towns of the state, swarmed on to their train right willingly. Now, as the wheels slowly revolved, the men in the tourist sleepers waved cheerful goodbyes to the soldiers still lining the tracks. They sang, too, some compelling melody of the depth and stickiness of Kentucky mud or on the profane uncertainty of their re-enlistment as guardsmen.

Back in the Pullman the dozen officers of the battalion were little quieter in demonstrating their satisfaction. Sword belts were unbuckled and dung aside, service blouses and campaign hats stacked in vacant sections. Sandwiches were shared indiscriminately among the members of the happy group.

There was one who sat apart, an overcoat wrapped about his tall figure, although the sunlight was warm overhead. Unconsciously he gazed out the window, a smile on his lips. It was a grave, sweet smile, not without a certain tolerant cynicism in it, as one smiles who can enjoy a joke on himself.

Most men in the shoes of Captain John Stewart, commanding Company K, Fifth Infantry, Michigan national guard, would have smiled not at all. Signs, deep and dolorous, would have been their offering. But when a man fights his way up from a foundling's crib through successive stages of newsboy, farm laborer and college student to a place at the bar of his county misfortunes mildly amuse.

Stewart was unceremoniously dragged into the hospital tent the last day of camp for examination.

There had been questions, a thumping of back and chest with the surgeon's little hammer, and divers applications of the stethoscope. Then the activity was relaxed, and the bluff old doctor, who had known and liked Stewart for years, delivered himself.

"You're a sick man, captain; sicker than you know. Lobe of the right lung's affected. It isn't consumption yet, but it will be if you don't get out of that infernal Michigan climate. Stay up there three months, and you'll stay of a nice military funeral. Go to New Mexico or Arizona for a year, and you'll die some time, but it'll be of old age or anything else but consumption."

The pallor on Captain Stewart's cheek deepened a trifle. "I have a cousin down in the Oscura mountains, New Mexico, keeping books for a mining company. I could go there," he said quietly. He had felt the doctor's verdict before it was uttered.

"The very thing!" replied the other enthusiastically.

So Captain Stewart went back to quarters, his decree of banishment hanging over him. He had no fear, for he felt the doctor spoke truly; a year beneath the balmy southern skies would cure him. The affair of the lungs did not bother, but the affair of the heart! That was another story.

There was a girl—"there always was"—Stewart told himself grimly, as the train bore him northward next day, and he smiled cynically at his own words. "From every standpoint, it's the best thing possible for me that I'm going. I suppose it's human nature to be contrary, though, and no exile ever felt worse over leaving home than I do."

Delightful are the vagaries of love, the lever. Stewart, who had a mighty pride, had fallen hopelessly in love with Marjorie Madison, heiress of millions and courted assiduously by crafty fortune hunters, young and old. Stewart loved her not for her money, but in spite of it. Marjorie became singularly interested in the clear eyed young lawyer with his wealth of quiet humor.

Now, to be in love, even when too much money on one side and too much pride on the other offer no obstacles, is a sufficiently uncertain and heart trying business. Something within him dragged the unwilling Stewart to the Madison home about once in three weeks. Being unable to forget the barrier between them, Stewart devoured the girl with his eyes and came away after his glimpse of paradise cursing himself for a fool. He was a different sort of caller from most. Marjorie discovered, and as an antidote to the hunger of Stewart's glances she talked around nonsense to him. "If she were only poor!" Stewart groaned in secret daily. Callahan appeared on the scene three weeks before the Kentucky encampment. Callahan had curly blond hair, almost as much money as Marjorie's father and limitless audacity. He was the junior member of a northern Michigan lumber firm and came to Waterville as manager of a branch office. He straightway paid court to Miss Madison in a fashion that bid fair to distance all rivals. He was constantly at her side. Stewart still made periodical visits, and between him and the blond Callahan grew up a deep antipathy.

Marjorie watched both and smiled. Which she favored no one knew.

"Alone to New Mexico," the car wheels clicked unceasingly in Stewart's ears as the troop train plunged northward. "It's all off with me now. If I ever had a chance," he mused bitterly. "I guess 'out of sight, out of mind' applies today as much as ever it did. She'll marry Callahan inside of six months. But it's just as well. No one will say that John Stewart is a fortune hunter."

Which was strictly true, though of little assistance in stilling the outcry of an aching heart. "I'll go see her Sunday night. She might pity me. Ah, I couldn't bear her pity when it's love I want!" He shrugged his shoulders. "Brace up, John. You're degenerating into human business chance. I'm taking. She'll never know about the lungs until she's engaged or married."

Stewart leaned back with a slight finality, for his plan of action, to which he must hold with all his strength, was thus outlined.

Then he gave himself to the joy of conjuring her up before his mental vision. He saw the mischievous sparkle of the gray eyes, the dimly rounded chin and the red, red lips. He felt again the touch of her soft, little hand from all of which it may readily be seen that Captain Stewart was very much in love indeed.

It was Sunday noon when the train reached Waterville. Church was just out, and there were a score of carriages at the depot. Each vehicle was soon surrounded by the returned soldiers, for Company K was composed of youth with social standing. Captain Stewart singled out the Madison carriage. Marjorie was seated within. It was cold, and there were roses on her breast. Stewart, with a pang, saw that Callahan was beside her. "His roses!" he sighed.

"Welcome home, soldier!" said Miss Madison, with a smiling little military salute. "I read of the terrible battles of the blues and the browns. Did you get wounded?" Then she noted the lack of his shoulders. "Oh, I'm all right!" replied Captain Stewart cheerfully as he clasped the proffered hand. "Neither sick nor wounded and glad to be home. How do, Mr. Callahan?"

Callahan acknowledged the greeting briefly. He had noticed the solicitude for his rival in Miss Madison's eyes and was not pleased.

"The company's forming, and I must get back. May I come up this evening and tell you about the cruel war?" "Delighted to have you, Captain Stewart. And let me give you some advice. Go right home and lie down for an hour or two. You look tired."

"If she's that way tonight," thought Stewart dolefully as he marched to the armory at the head of his company, "so kind and friendly, I'm afraid I'll say something foolish about love in a cottage." Then he set his jaws. "A poverty stricken lawyer with only one lung has no business thinking of such things. Keep a grip on yourself tonight, Jack."

Marjorie herself met him at the door that evening. Strengthened by an afternoon nap, the captain kept manfully to his resolve that no word of love should pass his lips. He even essayed a jest or two, but Miss Madison would not join. She talked seriously of love, and Stewart, who had been little and little so far, talked seriously of love in a cottage. "Then he set his jaws. 'A poverty stricken lawyer with only one lung has no business thinking of such things. Keep a grip on yourself tonight, Jack.'"

Marjorie herself met him at the door that evening. Strengthened by an afternoon nap, the captain kept manfully to his resolve that no word of love should pass his lips. He even essayed a jest or two, but Miss Madison would not join. She talked seriously of love, and Stewart, who had been little and little so far, talked seriously of love in a cottage. "Then he set his jaws. 'A poverty stricken lawyer with only one lung has no business thinking of such things. Keep a grip on yourself tonight, Jack.'"

"Yes, it's business," he had not known it was such embarrassing work to lie. "I have a cousin, you know—Hugh Gordon. He's in the mines at Oscura."

She was silent a moment, gazing at him steadily. He could not bear the radiance of her eyes and half turned away. There was tremulous reproach in her low voice when she spoke: "Ah, Mr. Stewart, what are friends for if they will not share our troubles? Do you not think enough of me—of us?" she changed it quickly, as Stewart's heart, which had bounded at her words, sank again. "to let us into your confidence? You are going to New Mexico to fight consumption. Dr. Church told papa and me this afternoon. And you would have kept silent?"

"Yes," he replied, raising his head. "I would have kept silent. Every one has his troubles. It would hardly be right to intrude mine. And there is no one who really cares?"

"No one who cares?" "I have no near relatives," he said simply. "There are possibly a score of people in Waterville who would say if they heard it, 'I hope Stewart gets better.' Then they'll forget all about me. That isn't caring like one's own flesh and blood."

"No one at all to care?" There was a suspicion of tears in Miss Madison's voice.

The situation was becoming too much for Stewart's resolve. He arose. "I—I must say goodby. It's late—there are things to pack." She stood before him with swimming eyes, though her lips smiled a little. "So you're going alone to New Mexico and nobody cares?" "I—I—goodby, Miss Madison," he said brokenly. "Maybe that isn't it." The girl flung herself into his arms and hid her face on his breast. "John, dear John," she sobbed. "Don't you see my heart is breaking for you, and you won't ask me, you proud old thing! I'm going with you!"

WONDERFUL CURE  
OF SORE HANDS

By Cuticura After the  
Most Awful Suffering  
Ever Experienced.

## EIGHT DOCTORS

And Many Remedies Failed  
to do a Cent's Worth  
of Good.

"About five years ago I was troubled with sore hands, so sore that when I would put them in water the pain would very nearly set me crazy, the skin would peel off and the flesh would get hard and break. There would be blood flowing from at least fifty places on each hand. Words could never tell the suffering I endured for three years. I tried everything that I was told to use for fully three years, but could get no relief. I tried at least eight different doctors, but none of them seemed to do me any good, as my hands were as bad when I got through doctoring as when I first began. I also tried many remedies, but none of them ever did me one cent's worth of good. I was discouraged and heart-sore. I would feel so bad mornings when I got up, to think I had to go to work and stand the pain for ten hours, and I often felt like giving up my position. Before I started to work mornings I would have to wrap every finger up separately, so as to try and keep them soft and then wear gloves over the tags to keep the grease from getting on my work. At night I would have to wear gloves in bed. In fact, I had to wear gloves all the time. But thanks to Cuticura, the greatest of all great skin cures. After doctoring for three years, and spending much money, a small box of Cuticura Ointment ended all my sufferings. It's been two years since I used any and I don't know what sore hands are now, and never lost a day's work while using Cuticura Ointment."

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Cuticura Resolvent, Liquid and in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap are sold throughout the world. Depot, London, 17, Chancery Lane, E.C. 4. Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix. Australia, 11, Towns Buildings, Sydney. New Zealand, 11, Victoria Street, Auckland. Sole Proprietors, The Great Britain Soap Co., Ltd., London, E.C. 4.

## Facts About Infants.

A child cannot raise its head from the pillow before the second month.

He cannot sit erect before the fifth month.

He cannot walk before the tenth month and should not walk before the twelfth month.

If these facts are borne in mind and mothers and nurses instructed as to do at certain periods of its early life, there will be less work for physicians and surgeons.

If the infant is allowed to sit or stand at too early an age the superincumbent weight of the large head tends to exaggerate the physiological curves of the spine to the point where the condition may become a deformity.

## The Lazy Girl.

The lazy girl will not obey the promptings of nature to use her limbs and faculties as it was intended that she should use them. She infinitely prefers to loiter about, reading rubbishy books which make no call on her mental faculties, absorbing caramels or chocolates she does not require, thus starving her mind and overfeeding her body at one and the same moment. By doing this she tends to fly on an excess of fatty tissue, which soon robs her youthful figure of any dainty charm it might possess, her digestive organs become diseased, her liver becomes sluggish and her complexion assumes a sallow tint that adds years to her looks.

## Garment Loops.

Loops for hanging up garments are always wearing out and breaking, particularly with children's cloaks and coats. To make a serviceable loop cut a strip of kid from an old glove, roll it in a piece of coarse string and sew the edges of kid neatly together. This loop fastened securely to a garment will stand any amount of pulling without wearing or breaking.

THOUSANDS OF INFANTS  
DIE ANNUALLY

who could be saved by the timely use of



IT CURES

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus and all Summer Complaints.

Every mother, nurse and guardian should keep it.

Every house should have it.

It is harmless, pleasant, reliable and effectual.

Get a bottle from your druggist.

Minard's Liniment for Sale Everywhere.

## DRY FEEDING SYSTEM.

Increasing in Favor Among Breeders of Poultry.

The dry feeding system is meeting with increasing favor. Breeders who have tried one season of it claim that the egg production is increased and they have more uniform growth with the young stock, says Wallace's Farmer. The feed boxes are kept filled with a variety of grains, the grit box is full, and also a box of charcoal. From these the fowls take their choice, balancing their own rations as they do in the summer time on free range.

It has not been very long since the farmer was censured for letting his poultry have the range of the feed yards, where was always a supply of corn, and of the barn, with its wheat and oat bin. It was a source of wonder to the town breeder that under such conditions the farmer's flock laid an egg, yet they continued to pay the grocer. Where there is a variety of grains it is not very different from the dry feed system if chickens are supplied with pure water, housed warmly in dry quarters and really have access to the feed bins. If they are supplied with grit and charcoal they will doubtless lay as well as the fancier's fowls on dry feed and free range.

## The Useful Orpington.

The Orpington, the youngest aspirant for fame in the poultry world in England, is a composite breed that has been brought by careful crossing of



## GOOD TYPE OF ORPINGTON MALE.

several varieties of fowls with the object of producing a breed that would combine first class laying and table qualities, writes T. B. Hutton in Western Poultry Journal.

The type is deep, short, broad and cobby in body and short on leg; tall rather short and compact; the back should be a nice U shaped curve; carriage bold and upright.

The Buff Orpingtons of the correct type are equal to the Dorking in amount and quality of flesh and in some respects are superior. They lay on flesh and mature very easily and attain a greater weight.

My own experience after several years' trying has been that the Buffs have proved themselves to be the most useful breed I have met with. They begin to lay in the early winter months and provide a constant supply of eggs throughout the winter.

## Curing the Gapes.

I keep wheat soaking in a small bottle of turpentine. If a chick wheezes, snuffles and rattles as though it had a cold, this is the forerunner of gapes, says an Illinois breeder in American Agriculturist. When gapes are unusually violent and fatal a chick may begin coughing without showing these. In such case the chick is nearly always a goner. Carbolic acid will help him if anything will.

Put a little refined carbolic acid in a spoon, hold it over a lamp, and dense white fumes will soon arise. Hold the chick's head in these, drawing him away for a second or two to let him catch his breath. Don't let him get his bill in the acid. If you look at the acid in the spoon before you pour it back in the bottle you can often see the tiny red worms that the fumes made the chick cough up. Five cents' worth of acid will doctor dozens of chicks. If the chick is only coughing, two or three grains of the wheat or a tiny piece of asafetida may cure him. If he is still wheezing the next day repeat the dose. I never failed to kill a chick that I gave both carbolic acid and turpentine in one day.

## Chickens and Bacteria.

Some German experiments are reported in which chicks were hatched out and fed in such a way and under such conditions as to exclude all bacteria, says American Poultry Journal. The chicks ate well and regularly and apparently digested their food normally. Nevertheless after about twenty days, upon examination the droppings were found free from bacteria. Other chicks fed normally gained about three times their original weight during the same period. Part of the chicks used in the test were inoculated with intestinal bacteria from normal chicks, after which they soon became strong and gained in weight.

## In the Squab Loft.

It cannot too often be said that unwanted pigeons in a loft can do more harm to the workers than can be estimated in a few words, says the Featherer. Never allow unwanted or non-working pigeons to stay in the squab loft with the active producers. If you intend keeping any of the young squabs you grow for breeders remove them into a separate loft as soon as they are weaned and able to care for themselves.

## When to Build a Henhouse.

Poultry houses should never be built so late in the season that time will not permit them to be thoroughly dried before the winter season sets in.

Soaps Containing Injurious Chemicals  
Eat Dirt but they also Destroy Clothes

You've probably used soap that cleaned your clothes quickly but have found out afterwards that it had destroyed them.

## Sunlight Soap

is guaranteed to be absolutely pure, containing no ingredient that will injure the delicate fabric. It washes equally well in hard or soft water without boiling or hard rubbing. Follow the directions on the package and you will have a more successful wash with less labor. Your dealer is authorized to refund the purchase money to anyone finding cause for complaint.



The Sunlight Maids admire the results after washing the Sunlight way

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CURED TO STAY CURED.

Varicocele impairs vitality and destroys the elements of manhood. Surgical means should not be employed to treat this complaint, as operations always weaken the parts. We daily prove by successful results that Varicocele can be cured without operation. Instead of maiming and mutilating the organs, our VITALIZED TREATMENT strengthens the circulation, reduces the swelling, vitalizes the nerves and establishes the vigor of manhood. Our treatment is the result of 20 years' experience. You feel its magic influence during the first week.

**PAY WHEN CURED.**

We cure Blood and Skin Diseases, Strictures, Varicocele, Nervous Debility, Prostatic Troubles, Chronic Kidney, Urinary and Bladder Diseases. Consultation Free. Books Free.

Question List Sent Sealed For Home Treatment.

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The merit of flour is a matter of comparison. Beaver is naturally better than the ordinary run, because it is made in an absolutely Ideal Mill under the most favorable conditions.

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Buttermilk delivered with Ice Cream or Butter Orders. Excursion and Picnic Party Orders for Ice Cream filled promptly. Sample our quality and get our prices.

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