

## GOLD MEDAL



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1904.

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THE CEMENT OF QUALITY  
ONE GRADE—THE  
HIGHEST.Also Lime, Plaster,  
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Brick, &c., at  
Lowest Pos-  
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King Street property having a frontage of about 40 ft. A very valuable piece of property with brick building. A King Street property, valuable building site, (present structure to be removed), at \$50 per foot or less for immediate sale. 3 valuable farms in Chatham, Dover, Harwich and Raleigh Townships. Several city homes. Houses to rent. Fire Insurance.

W. A. Winterstein & Co.,  
Agents, Chatham, Ont.HOW DO YOU  
JUDGE A  
PIANO?

Musically inclined people naturally judge a piano by its tone—and that's why "Nordheimer" Pianos are found in the homes of so many musicians of note.

If you have an ear for tonal quality the remarkable beauty, sweetness, purity and volume of the "Nordheimer" will appeal to you.

We could explain at length the various mechanical contrivances which are incorporated in the "Nordheimer" piano to produce its unrivaled tone, but they would be understood by a mechanic only.

We much prefer you to judge this piano from what your own ear tells you about its tone—then you are sure to be satisfied.

Pleased to have you call at your earliest convenience and examine the "Nordheimer." The One Price System assures you a fair and square deal.

Our Mr. R. V. Carter will visit Chatham frequently in our interest and will be pleased to furnish you with any information you may desire. Correspondence addressed to him in care of the Garner House will receive careful attention.

NORDHEIMER  
Limited,  
LONDONMinard's Liniment Cures Gout in  
Cows.DARREL of THE  
BLESSED ISLESBy IRVING BACHELLER,  
Author of "Eben Holden,"  
"Dix and I," Etc.

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"Powerful?" Tom inquired soberly.  
"What?" said Joe.  
"Powerful?" Tom repeated.  
"Powerful?" Jiminy crimped," said Tom significantly.  
"Why didn't ye kick him?"  
"Kick him?"  
"Yes."  
"Kick him?"  
"Kick him."  
"Huh—dunno!" said Joe, with a look of sadness turning into contempt.  
"Scarf?" the other inquired.  
"Scarf? Na-a-w," said Joe scornfully.  
"What was ye, then?"  
"Parr'lyzed—seems so."  
There was an outbreak of laughter.  
"You was goin' t' help," said Joe, addressing Tom Linley.  
A moment of silence followed.  
"You was goin' t' help," the fallen bully repeated, with large emphasis on the pronoun.  
"Help?" Tom inquired, sparring for wind, as it were.  
"Yes, help."  
"You was licked 'fore I had time."  
"Didn't dast—that's what's the matter—didn't dast," said big Joe, with a tone of irreparable injury.  
"Wouldn't 'a' been nigh ye fer a million dollars," said Tom soberly.  
"Why not?"  
"Twan't safe; that's why."  
"Fraid o' him, ye coward!"  
"No; 'fraid o' you."  
"Why?"  
"Cos if one o' yer feet had hit a feller when ye come up agin that wall," Tom answered slowly, "there wouldn't 'a' been nuthin' left uv him."  
All laughed loudly.  
Then there was another silence. Joe broke it after a moment of deep thought.  
"Like t' know how he seen me," said he.  
"Tis curus," said another.  
"Guess he's one o' them preformers like they have at the circus," was the opinion of Sam Beach. "See one take a pig out o' his hat las' summer."  
"Tain't fair an' square," said Tom Linley; "not jest eggzactly."  
"Gosh! Believe I'll run away," said Joe after a pause. "Ain't no fun here fer me."  
"Better not," said Archer Town; "not if ye know when yer well off."  
"Why not?"  
"Waal, he'd see ye wherever ye was an' do suthin' to ye," said Archer. "Prob'ly he's heard all we been sayin' here."  
"Waal, I ain't said nuthin' I'm 'shamed of," said Sam Beach thoughtfully.

A bell rang, and all hurried to the schoolhouse. The afternoon was uneventful. Those rough edged, brawny fellows had become serious. Hope had died in their breasts, and now they looked as if they had come to its funeral. They began to examine their books as one looks at a bitter draft before drinking it. In every subject the teacher took a new way not likely to be hard upon tender feet. For each lesson he had a method of his own. He angled for the interest of the class and caught it. With some a term of school had been as a long sickness, lengthened by the medicine of books and the surgery of the beech rod. They had resented it with ingenious deviltry. The confusion of the teacher and some incidental fun were its only compensations. The young man gave his best thought to the correction of this mental attitude. Four o'clock came at last. The work of the day was over. Weary with its tension, all sat waiting the teacher's word. For a little he stood facing them.

"Tom Linley and Joe Beach," said he in a low voice, "will you wait a moment after the others have gone? School's dismissed."  
There was a rush of feet and a rattle of dinner pails. All were eager to get home with the story of that day save the two it had brought to shame. They sat quietly as the others went away. A deep silence fell in that little room. Of a sudden it had become a lonely place.

The teacher damped the fire and put on his overshoes.  
"Boys," said he, drawing a big silver watch, "hear that watch ticking. It tells the flight of seconds. You are—eighteen, did you say? They turn boys into oxen here in this country; just a thing of bone and muscle, living to sweat and lift and groan. Maybe I can save you, but there's not a minute to lose. With you it all depends on this term of school. When it's done you'll either be ox or driver. Play checkers?"  
Tom nodded.

"I'll come over some evening, and we'll have a game. Good night."

## CHAPTER XIV.

THAT first week Sidney Trove went to board at the home of the two old maids, a stone house on Jericho road, with a front door rusting on idle hinges and blinds ever drawn. It was a hundred feet or more from the highway, and in summer there were flowers along the path from its little gate and vines climbing to the upper windows. In winter its garden was buried deep under the snow. One family—the Vaughns—came once in awhile to see the two old maids. Few others ever saw them save from afar. A dressmaker came once a year and made

gowns for them that were carefully hung in closets, but never worn. To many of their neighbors they were as dead as if they had been long in their graves. Tales of their economy, of their odd habits, of their past, went over hill and dale to far places. They had never boarded the teacher and were put in a panic when the trustee came to speak of it.

"He's a grand young man," said he; "good company, and you'll enjoy it."  
They looked soberly at each other,

According to tradition, one was fifty-four, the other fifty-five years of age. An exclamation broke from the lips of one. It sounded like the letter "y" whispered quickly.

"It might make a match," said Mr. Blount, the trustee, smiling.

"Y! Samuel Blount!" said the younger one, coming near and smiling him playfully on the elbow. "You stop!"

Miss Letitia began laughing silently. They never laughed aloud.

"If he didn't murder us," said Miss S'mantha doubtfully.

"Nonsense," said the trustee. "I'll answer for him."

"Can't tell what men'll do," she persisted weakly. "When I was in Albany with Alma Haskins a man came 'long an' tried to pass the time o' day with us. We jes' looked 't'her way an' didn't pretend to hear him. It's awful to think what might 'a' happened."

She wiped invisible tears with an embroidered handkerchief. The dear lady had spent a good part of her life thinking of that narrow escape.

"If he wa'n't too particular," said Miss Letitia, who had been laughing at this maiden fear of her sister.

"If he would mind his business—we might take him for one week," said Miss S'mantha. She glanced inquiringly at her sister.

Letitia and S'mantha Tower, "the two old maids," had but one near relative, Ezra Tower, a brother, of the same neighborhood.

There were two kinds of people in Faraway, those that Ezra Tower spoke to and those he didn't. The latter were of the majority. As a forswearer of communication he was unrivaled. His imagination was a very slaughter house, in which all who crossed him were slain. If they were passing he looked the other way and never even saw them again. Since the probate of his father's will both sisters were of the number never spoken to. He was a thin, tall, sullen, dry and dusty man. Dressed for church of a Sunday, he looked as if he had been stored a year in some neglected cellar. His broadcloth had a dingy aspect, his hair and beard and eyebrows the hue of a cobweb. He had a voice slow and rusty, a look arid and unfruitful. Indeed, it seemed as if the fires of hate and envy had burned him out.

The two old maids, feeling the disgrace of it and fearing more, ceased to visit their neighbors or even to pass their own gate. Poor Miss S'mantha fell into the deadly mire of hypochondria. She often thought herself very ill and sent abroad for every medicine advertised in the county paper. She had ever a faint look and a thin, sickly voice. She had the man fear—a deep distrust of men—never ceasing to be on her guard. In girlhood she had been to Albany. Its splendor and the reckless conduct of one Alma Haskins, companion of her travels, had been ever since a day-long perennial topic of her conversation. Miss Letitia was more amiable. She had a playful, cheery heart in her, a mincing and precise manner and a sweet voice. What with the cleaning, dusting and preserving they were ever busy. A fly, driven hither and thither, fell of exhaustion if not disabled with a broom. They were two weeks getting ready for the teacher. When at last he came that afternoon supper was ready, and they were nearly worn out.

"Here he is!" one whispered suddenly from a window. Then, with a last poke at her hair, Miss Letitia admitted the teacher. They spoke their greeting in a half whisper and stood near, waiting timidly for his coat and cap.

"No, thank you," said he, taking them to a nail. "I can do my own hanging, as the man said when he committed suicide."

Miss S'mantha looked suspicious and walked to the other side of the stove. Impressed by the silence of the room, much exaggerated by the ticking of the clock, Sidney Trove sat a moment looking around him. Daylight had begun to grow dim. The table, with its cover of white linen, was a thing to give one joy. A ruby tower of jelly, a snowy summit of frosted cake, a red pond of preserved berries, a mound of chicken pie and a corduroy marsh of mince, steaming volcanoes of new biscuit and a great heap of apple fritters lay in a setting of blue china. They stood a moment by the stove—the two sisters—both trembling in this unusual publicity. Miss Letitia had her hand upon the teapot.

"Our tea is ready," said she presently, advancing to the table. She spoke in a low, gentle tone.

"This is grand!" said he, sitting down with them. "I tell you we'll have fun before I leave here."

They looked up at him and then at each other. Letitia laughing silently, S'mantha suspicious. For many years fun had been a thing far from their thought.

"Play checkers?" he inquired.

"Afr'd we couldn't," said Miss Letitia, answering for both.

"Old Sledge?"

She shook her head, smiling.

"I don't wish to lead you into recklessness," the teacher remarked, "but I'm sure you wouldn't mind being happy."

Miss S'mantha had a startled look.

"In—in a—proper way," he added.

"Let's be joyful. Perhaps we could play I spy."

KIDNEY DISEASE  
COMES ON QUIETLY

Perhaps no other organs work harder than the kidneys to preserve the general health of the body and most people are troubled with some form of Kidney Complaint, but do not suspect it. It may have been in the system for some time. There may have been backaches, swelling of the feet and ankles, disturbances of the urinary organs, such as, brick dust, deposit in the urine, bladder pains, frequent or suppressed urination, burning sensation when urinating, etc.

Do not neglect any of these symptoms, for, if neglected they will eventually lead to Bright's Disease, Dropsy and Diabetes.

On the first sign of anything wrong  
**Doan's Kidney Pills**  
**SHOULD BE TAKEN.**

They go to the seat of trouble, strengthen the kidneys and help them to filter the blood properly and flush off all the impurities which cause kidney trouble. Mr. Thomas Petty, Mass., Ont., writes: "After I arrived in Canada from New Zealand, a couple of years ago, I suffered very much from kidney trouble. I tried several remedies, but they did me no good. Finally my back became so lame I could scarcely work. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills and after taking them I felt like a new man."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

"It" they both exclaimed, laughing silently.

"Never ate chicken pie like that," he added in all sincerity. "If I were a poet I'd indite an ode 'written after eating some of the excellent chicken pie of the Misses Tower. I'm going to have some like it on my farm."

In reaching to help himself he touched the teapot, withdrawing his hand quickly.

"Burn ye?" said Miss S'mantha.

"Yes, but I like it," said he, a bit embarrassed. "I often go and—put my hand on a hot teapot if I'm having too much fun."

They looked up at him, puzzled.

"Ever slide down hill?" he inquired, looking from one to the other after a bit of silence.

"Oh, not since we were little," said Miss Letitia, holding her biscuit daintily after taking a bite none too big for a bird to manage.

"Good fun," said he. "Whisk you back to childhood in a jiffy. Folks ought to slide down hill more'n they do. It isn't a good idea to be always climbing."

"Fraid we couldn't stan' it," said Miss S'mantha tentatively. Under all her man fear and suspicion lay a furtive recklessness.

"Y, no!" the other whispered, laughing silently.

The pervading silence of that house came flooding in between sentences. For a moment Trove could hear only the gurgle of pouring tea and the faint rattle of china softly handled. When he felt as if the silence were drowning him he began again:

"Life is nothing but a school. I'm a teacher, and I deal in rules. If you want to kill misery load your gun with pleasure."

"Do you know of anything (or indigestion?" said Miss S'mantha, charging her sickly voice with a firmness calculated to discourage any undue familiarity.

"Just the thing—a sure cure!" said he emphatically.

"Come high?" she inquired.

"No; it's cheap and plenty."

"Where do you send?"

"Oh," said he, "you will have to go after it!"

"What is it called?"

"Fun," said the teacher quickly, "and the place to find it is out of doors. It grows everywhere on my farm. I'd rather have a pair of skates than all the medicine this side of China."

She set down her teacup and looked up at him. She was beginning to think him a fairly safe and well behaved man, although she would have been more comfortable if he had been shut in a cage.

To Be Continued.

HAD THIRTY-TWO  
BOILS  
AT ONE TIMETwo Bottles of Burdock Blood  
Bitters Cured Him.

Imperfect organic action makes bad blood, so, too, bad blood, in turn, makes imperfect action of every bodily organ. If the blood becomes impure, poisoned or contaminated in any way from constipation, biliousness or any other cause, some especially weak organ must soon become diseased thereby, or the whole system may suffer in consequence.

Pimples, boils, blotches, ulcers, festering sores, abscesses, tumors, rashes or some serious and perhaps incurable blood disease may result. There is no medicine on the market to-day to equal the old and well-known remedy,

## BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

for all cases of bad blood.

Mr. Ernest B. Tupper, Round Hill, N.S., says: "I think Burdock Blood Bitters a great medicine for boils. I had them so bad I could not work. I had thirty-two on my back at one time. I used only two bottles of B.B.B. and they completely cured me. I cannot recommend it too highly."

Price \$1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for \$5.00.

When a denominational fence fails to mark the line between truth and error, it had better be removed.

## FUNERAL OF THE BARONESS.

Cortège Simple, Though State and People Paid Highest Tribute.

London, Jan. 7.—In the presence of a congregation representative of all classes, the body of Baroness Burdett-Coutts was interred in Westminster Abbey Saturday. The Abbey was crowded.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra and the Prince and Princess of Wales sent representatives, as did the workers in the slums of London, whose societies have been beneficiaries of the late baroness's charity. The American charge d'affaires, Mr. Carter, represented the American embassy, and the lord mayor and corporation attended in state.

The streets along the route of the procession and about the Abbey were lined with spectators, who included many of the poorest inhabitants of the east end. There were numerous signs of mourning in the streets, the flags over public buildings were half-masted, and the window shades along the route were drawn.

The funeral cortège itself was simple, the coffin being undraped, except for a little bunch of sweet-scented herbs, which were greatly favored by the baroness.

There were no plumes on the hearse, which was an open one, and it was only followed by half a dozen carriages containing relatives and close personal friends.

## WAR ON HILL RAILWAYS.

Shippers Decide to Go to Roosevelt For Special Legislation.

Chicago, Jan. 7.—Gigantic shipping interests, through representatives in session in Chicago, took radical action Saturday, aiming to relieve the traffic congestion and car shortage which prevails throughout the western country.

After hearing a bitter and specific arraignment of James J. Hill and his railroads, the national reciprocal demurrage convention appointed a committee to go to Washington and appeal to President Roosevelt to send a special message to Congress at once, asking demurrage legislation.

The committee, of which Victor F. Beckman, secretary of the Pacific Coast Lumber Dealers' Association, is chairman, met at the Auditorium Annex, and decided to start for the national capital at once.

Mr. Beckman, in his speech, denounced the Hill railroads for failure to provide adequate facilities for handling their traffic, and said the association which he represents intends to bring suit to have the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific thrown into the hands of receivers. His association will also start 1,000 suits against these two railroads for damages aggregating \$15,000,000.

## DAM FOR LAKE ERIE.

International Waterways Commission to Take It Up Soon.

Buffalo, Jan. 7.—Having disposed of the Chicago drainage canal question, and the international boundary line on Lake Erie, the international waterways commission will next take up the old question of damming the lower end of Lake Erie, so as to raise the level of the lake.

Lake marine interests have been urging the matter for a long time, and it is understood that the commission at its last session decided to take up the problem next month.

While no definite plan has been submitted to the commission, the general scheme in view is to build a great dam, or regulating work at the lower end of Lake Erie, or somewhere in the Niagara River.

## Perkins' Denials.

New York, Jan. 7.—"I am not guilty of the offences charged against me by the indictments. I did not make the entries in the books of the New York Life Insurance Co. specified in the indictments, nor did I, directly or indirectly, counsel, command, induce or procure any other person to make such entries."

George W. Perkins, formerly vice-president of the New York Life Co., made this sworn reply Saturday to the charges that he had caused false entries to be made in the company's books to conceal the real nature of some of its stock transactions.

## A "Resolute Body Found."

Toronto, Jan. 7.—One of the bodies of the sailors lost in the Resolute wreck disaster was washed ashore on the western sandbar Saturday afternoon. Capt. McSherry notified the police and the body was taken to the morgue. From the papers found in the pockets it is believed that the body is that of George Harris, the engineer.

## They Want Peace.

San Salvador, Jan. 7.—A number of Hondureans residing in Nicaragua and Salvador started the recent unsuccessful revolution against Honduras. The Central American republics are anxious to maintain peace by all means. President Escalon of Salvador made an important declaration to this effect Saturday.

## Sulphite Mill Burned.

Brockville, Jan. 7.—News comes from Pyrites of the complete destruction by fire of the sulphite mill of the De Graesse Paper Co. Men were working in the building at the time, but all escaped. The cause of the fire is unknown. The company expects to rebuild at once.

## Circulation Prohibited In Japan.

Tokio, Jan. 5.—The official Gazette states that copies of the Japanese socialist organ Kakume (revolution) issued at Berkeley, Calif., have been confiscated, and that its circulation in Japan is prohibited. The paper urged the assassination of the Japanese Emperor and President Roosevelt.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

## IF YOU ARE "ALWAYS TAKING COLD"

It shows that the throat is sensitive and bronchial tubes weak. Make them well and strong with

Bole's Preparation of  
Friar's Cough Balsam

It heals irritation and inflammation—strengthens the membrane of throat and lungs—and not only cures coughs, but also protects you against catching another cold. 25 cents a bottle. At druggists.

NATIONAL DRUG &amp; CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED

LONDON, ONT.



## DISTRICT

## BOTANY.

Corn threshing is the order of the day in Botany.

Alex. McTavish is getting some fine lumber sawn.

Prayer meeting in the Methodist Church is well attended.

Olive and Carmen McTavish are visiting their grandmother.

Misses Lila and Hazel Handy visited at the home of Alex. McTavish, Sunday.

The tea-meeting at McKay's Corners was a success on Tuesday evening.

Little Christina Steen is not able to attend school yet. She has been sick with pleurisy.

Lorne Conne gives the west a good name. He says he thinks he will return there some time.

Plowing is stopped for a while, as Jack Frost has hardened the earth.

The sawmill is running full blast in Botany.

Mr. Wm. Hall is getting lumber for a barn.

Jack and Will McArcher are home from the west for the winter season.

Hugh Simington's portable mill is in our woods clearing up some of the fallen timber.

Snow has come and the teamsters are taking advantage of it to draw logs to the Northwood mill.

Mrs. Lorne Conne visited at the residence of Mr. Archie McTavish, Sunday. She looks well after her trip west.

Capt. McDermond visited Botany last week. He has sailed for some twenty-eight years and reports this season the roughest in his experience.

## THE REASON.

When that girl fired at the target, why did the man standing behind her duck?

Because he was the man behind the gun, you stupid.

25¢

## That Cough

which ordinary remedies have not reached, will quickly yield to

## GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

It cures those heavy, deep-seated coughs—takes away the soreness—loosens the throat—strengthens the lungs. None the less effective because it is pleasant to take. Just try one bottle and see how quickly you get rid of that cough. At your druggists. 25¢ bottle.

25¢

You Wire for Us  
And We'll Wire for You  
PHONE 434.

It doesn't matter at all what you want, we'll let you have it at lowest prices.

Wire Us Once and You Will Wire Again.

## BARFOOT &amp; BRADDON,

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS

OFFICE FIFTH ST.

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"It's the Carbon in Coal that Burns."

## GENUINE GAS COKE

Is Practically ALL Carbon.

IT CAN POSITIVELY BE PROVEN BY DOZENS OF USERS

IN CHATHAM THAT FROM

25 to 30 Per Cent.

CAN BE SAVED BY USING

## GENUINE GAS COKE

INSTEAD OF ANTHRACITE COAL.

\$3.25 per load of 30 bushels, Natural Size, delivered.

\$3.75 per load of 30