

SLEEP FOR BABY



Sleep for Skin Treated Babies and Rest for Tired Mothers, in a Warm Bath with



And a single application of CUTICURA Ointment, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This is the purest, sweetest, most speedy, permanent, and economical treatment for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, and pimply skin and scalp. It soothes with less of heat, of infants and children, and is sure to succeed when all other remedies fail. Millions of People Use CUTICURA Soap, assisted by CUTICURA Ointment, for beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA Soap in baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sensitive anti-septic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers. Thus it combines in One Soap at One Price, the best skin and complexion soap, and best toilet and baby soap in the world. CUTICURA TREATMENT FOR BRUISES. CUTICURA Soap, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, and CUTICURA Ointment, to instantly soothe itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood.

Sold by all Druggists. British Depot: 25 St. Charles Street, London. DUNN & SONS, Proprietors, Boston.

VARICOCELE

No matter how serious your case may be or how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it. The "baggy" return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. No temporary benefit, but a permanent cure. NO PAIN. NO CURE. NO PAY. NO OPERATION NECESSARY. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.

STRICTURE

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many are unconscious. They may have a smarting sensation, sharp, cutting pain at urination, weak organs, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let act as a permanent cure as you can get it cured. This will not cure you, as it will return. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT absorbs the stricture tissue, hence removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened, the nerves are invigorated, and the bile of manhood returns.

Cures Guaranteed

We treat and cure BLOOD POISON, NERVOUS DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, SEMINAL LOSS, BLINDNESS, KIDNEY DISEASES. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. CHARGES MODERATE. If unable to write, send a QUESTION BLANK FOR HOME Treatment.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN 148 Shelby St. Detroit, Mich.

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817. Capital (all paid up) \$12,000,000. Rest Fund, 7,000,000. Drafts bought and sold. Collections made on favorable terms. Interest allowed on deposits at current rates in Savings Bank Department, or on deposit receipts.

DOUGLAS GASS, Manager, Chatham Branch.

STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. Branches and agents at all principal points in Canada, U. S. and Great Britain. Drafts issued and notes discounted. Savings Bank Department deposits, (which may be withdrawn without delay, received and interest allowed thereon at the highest current rates.)

G. F. SCHOLFIELD, Manager, Chatham Branch.

Do You Want To Know

What are the three big bargains in groceries at McConnell's, Park street? It will pay you to call and ask. The profit is yours for the day. I will sell two dinner sets, two tea sets, two chamber sets at a ten per cent reduction for the day only. All other crockery sold at five per cent discount during the day. All other groceries will be sold at three per cent discount for cash during the day.

J. McConnell PHONE 128. Minard's Liniment Cures Gargot in Cows.

THE UNDOING OF A DOUBLE

BY HUGO ST. FINISTERRE, M.D. AUTHOR OF "WHO'S WHO" ETC. ETC. COPYRIGHT, 1898 BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

The minutes passed, and still none of the shadowy forms at the front of the grounds approached. In the stillness of the night we could hear the murmur of their voices. If Jim Dungan was the leader, he did not have his vigilantes under the best of discipline. Colonel Mansley grew impatient, for he did not understand the meaning of the delay, and Captain Warren, nearest me on the right, muttered:

"It looks as if their courage had pattered out and there is none that dare show himself in front of the others."

"They may open fire from where they stand or pass around to the rear, where we shall have a poorer chance at them."

"They can't effect much at long range—Ah, there they come!"

Instead of one man two advanced from the group and walked up the path beside each other. As they drew nearer it was seen that each carried a rifle. While I was peering through the gloom, trying to identify them, Captain Warren said in a low voice:

"The one on the right is Jim Dungan."

"And his companion is Cy Walters," I added, easily recognizing the massive figure of the ex-soldier.

"You are right. It is he."

They came forward at a deliberate walk, apparently puzzled by the darkness and silence of the mansion, for they showed no signs of timidity. At the foot of the porch the two halted, and Dungan called in a clear voice:

"Hello, the house!"

Colonel Mansley instantly stepped forth and, advancing to the edge of the upper step, asked in his sharp, military fashion:

"Well, sir, what do you wish?"

The two men gave a salute by touching their foreheads to the fronts of their hats, but he stood proud and erect without acknowledgment.

"You have a young man in your house that we want to see," replied Dungan, who did the talking for his party.

"I have a guest here, but he chooses to pick his company and declines to have anything to do with you."

"Has he said so?" was the impudent question of the leader of the vigilantes.

"None of your business! I speak for him."

"I think, colonel, you'd better let that chap come out."

"It matters nothing to me what you think; you have my answer."

"Suppose we come in after him?"

Colonel Mansley held his temper better than I expected. There was not a tremor in his tones when he replied:

"The first one of you who approaches my door will be shot dead! We hold you and your mob in utter contempt and invite you to attack this house as soon as you'd—d—please!"

We three in the parlor were listening breathlessly. I was sure that Jim Dungan indulged in a chuckle, and fancied the ponderous shoulders of Cy Walters lifted once or twice as if he were laughing silently. Then the young leader leaped over and said something in so guarded a voice that none of us could catch the words. Looking toward the statue-like figure of the officer facing him on the porch, Dungan repeated, with a peculiar intonation:

"I reckon, colonel, you'd better bring that chap out."

"I have given you my answer. What are you waiting for?"

It seemed to strike the two that they were wasting time, for without replying they turned about and moved down the gravelled walk to their companions. The conference there was brief. The

recognizing the point whence the answer came, he stepped upon the porch and walked to the window, where he and Colonel Mansley stood face to face within six feet of each other and with the sash raised.

CHAPTER XXVII. "Colonel Mansley," said Dungan, "we want a word or two with your guest. I give you my pledge that we'll do him no harm while we're talking together."

The proposition was so unexpected that the colonel was puzzled. He had failed to note a significant fact which did not escape me. During the interview Dungan never once referred to me as Hank Beyer. Before the colonel could frame his reply I stepped through the open window and stood on the porch in view of every member of both parties.

"I am here, Dungan. What do you wish with me?"

The man took off his slouch hat and slowly bowed until his head was almost to his knees. Then, as he straightened up, he said in a clear voice:

"Mr. Edward Kenmore of New York city, on behalf of my friends and myself I offer you a humble apology and beg your forgiveness for the—"

I had made of ourselves. At our meeting this afternoon in Black Man's swamp we voted to have a medal struck for each member of our crowd, which he pledged himself to wear as evidence that he's the biggest chump in the whole state of Mississippi. Cy and me here are to have the biggest medals, each 'bout the size of a flapjack, 'cause we're the champions."

"It's unnecessary to go over the lively proceedings of the last day and night, 'cause I reckon your mem'ry don't need any refreshing for the same. We all look you for Hank Beyer, which the same you shouldn't be 'shamed of, fur he's the best looking as well as the meanest man in the county."

"You know the story you told as how you bought the colonel's chestnut of him at the crossroads. None of us didn't believe it for which the same you are partly to blame, being as how you humored the idea that you was Hank. But it happened that when you bought that horse of him there was a man who seed you do it. He was out that day sort of prospecting like when he observed you two, and he hid 'mong the trees at the side of the road, heard what passed between you and seed the money paid over. The reason why this spectator didn't mention the affair sooner was that he was afeard his presence in that quarter would throw 'specious on to him as regards chickens, for the storekeeper gentlemen were in the place where you spent a part of last night, and we've promised Pete not to ask him any troublesome questions on account of the service he's done to political economy and good government, so to speak."

"Pete told his story to Cy here today, and we had a meeting in the woods to consider things. We was all as hotfooted as ever after you, for though Cy was present he couldn't tell what Pete had told him, 'cause he'd promised he wouldn't. When Cy seed as how there was no way of stopping us, he got Pete to tell the whole thing and throw himself on to the mercy of the court."

"Well, that made music. It opened our eyes. We come nigh getting into a fight as to our claims as to which was the biggest fool. After a long argument that come mighty nigh blows it was unanimously agreed that Cy and me was the champions."

"That being settled, which I hope you

on't dispute, we had another long talk as to what was the right thing to do. Finally we agreed that we'd come out here in a body and offer our apologies, and here we are."

And Dungan again bowed low, Cy Walters imitating him to some extent. "Have you it in your heart, Mr. Kenmore, to let up on us?"

"You were rather impulsive last night and made things somewhat unpleasant, but you have done the honorable thing, and I cordially accept your apology."

Dungan turned so as to face the crowd, and, raising his hand, said in a commanding voice:

"Gents, proceed!"

And then came the startling discovery that the only two men in the party who carried firearms were he and Walters. The others were provided with a bass drum and brass instruments, for strange as it may seem, Aldine and its immediate neighborhood had after long labor evolved a brass band whose efforts were probably one of the reasons why no stranger had settled in that part of the country for several years.

The musicians were waiting for the signal, and instantly the crash came. The racket was deafening, and the worst of it was that while several were trying to play "Dixie" two others were splitting their cheeks with "Swanee River" and the cornetist, probably in compliment to me, was going might and main on "Yankee Doodle," while the bass drum tried to keep time with all. As soon as Dungan could make his shouts heard he stopped the racket.

"Gents, I'm astonished and grieved. It was agreed on the road that you was to play them three times, but not at the same time. Try 'em in, but fix on the one that you want, so that the sweet music may befit the occasion."

The mistake was quickly rectified, and the lively notes of "Dixie" rang out on the night air, followed in turn by the two that have been mentioned. Perhaps it was because of the happy circumstances, but I am free to confess that never before or since that night have the melodies impressed me so favorably.

Colonel Mansley promptly accepted the situation. He compelled all to enter his hospitable mansion, where the servants were summoned and kept busy furnishing wine and lunch, and good wishes were profuse all round. I was toasted again and again until I began to ask myself whether it was not worth all I had passed through for the sake of learning what good fellows those men were. And yet there were some phases of those 24 hours from which I am sure I should have shrunk.

Last Christmas Colonel Mansley came north to spend the holidays, as is his custom, with his daughter and me. After his departure my wife and I were sitting alone, when I said:

"Father, there has been a question in my mind that I have long wished to ask you."

"And why, my dear husband, have you waited to do so?"

"Perhaps because I feared the answer, and yet why should I? It is this."

"Gents, proceed!"

On that night, several years ago, when you came to the inn at Aldine and raised the window for me, were you surprised?"

"Surprised by what?"

"At finding the prisoner was I instead of Henry Beyer?"

She smiled as she replied:

"I had heard of the other charges against him, but he pleaded so eloquently and denied so strenuously that I almost—not quite—believed him. I thought he was abused and sympathized with him. Still there were times when doubts would come to me in spite of it all. Father never liked him. We were never engaged, though he often begged me to become so. When news reached our home of your arrest, of your danger, of the belief that you were he and of your earnest denials, I knew you spoke the truth, and I determined, if it was in my power, to save you. Perhaps I should have taken a different method, but I was terrified by the imminence of your danger. I did what I did knowing from the moment I stole from the house under the escort of Erastus that you were what you claimed to be—your own self and the best husband that ever lived in all the wide world."

"Thank God," was my fervent response as I fondly kissed her, "the fly at last is removed from the ointment!"

THE END.

Five Feet Soldiers. The minimum height in the mikado's army is a fraction of an inch over 5 feet, that in the Italian army 5 feet 1 inch. As the height of individuals in Japan does not often exceed 5 feet 4 inches for males, it follows that there is wonderful uniformity observable in the physique of the Japanese troops, and this fact operates beneficially in long marches, very few falling out of the ranks. What one can do all can do. The emperor is himself much above the average stature, and the empress is just as tall as the Princess of Wales. Both are of spare build.

A Victim of Summer Complaint

Mr. Armstrong cured of a Desperate Case of Diarrhoea by Ozone.

Mr. Chas. Armstrong is at present employed at Augustus Newell & Co.'s organ reed factory, 29 Hayter Street, Toronto. He suffered from dysentery so greatly that he almost died from weakened system. Maybe you would like to read his story:

June 21st, 1901.

OZONE CO. Dear Sirs.—For three years I have been a martyr to diarrhoea. So badly did the disease attack my system that I was at death's door. I tried doctors, and every remedy I heard of, but all to no effect. I saw Mr. Francis' testimonial in the paper and decided to try Powley's Liquefied Ozone. I procured a bottle, and by the time I had taken this I was entirely cured, and have been well ever since, with the exception of a slight attack this spring. I used Ozone again and now feel as well as ever I did in my life.

I keep Ozone in my house as I know its value in my case, and esteem it a great family remedy in any event of sickness.

(Signed) CHAS. ARMSTRONG, 44½ Gerrard St. West, Toronto.

Powley's Liquefied Ozone is splendid for any affection of the intestinal tract. It heals quickly and stops the terrible weakening drains which accompany bowel disorder. If you have a severe attack take it in dessert-spoonful doses pure. It will soon give you relief. If you wish to prevent the disorders so common in summer, drink water in which you have Ozone—generally a dessert spoonful to a tumbler. This sterilizes the water, and makes your system healthy. Just try it once.

Consult our physician about your case. Write full details and you will get a specialist's advice free. Your letters are absolutely confidential. Address the Consulting Department, The Liquid Ozone Co., 229 Kinzie St., Chicago, U.S.A.

THE OZONE CO. OF TORONTO, LIMITED Toronto and Chicago

GEO. STEPHENS, QUINN & DOUGLAS

We Aim

To Keep Our Trade

And our store is well stocked, and if right goods and prices count for anything, we will always be the place for careful buyers. Just now, we have an exceptionally fine line of

SINGLE AND DOUBLE HARNESS BUGGIES AND CARTS

That have all been bought from the best makers in the Dominion, in large quantities for cash, and careful buyers will find it to their advantage to inspect these goods before buying elsewhere, as nowhere else in Chatham can the value be equalled.

Geo. Stephens, Quinn & Douglas

Furniture and Carpets

Parlor Suites

Made of Silk Tapestry, with buttoned backs, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00, and \$30.00.

Three Piece Suites, with Mahogany finished frames, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00.

Rug Suites of good and serviceable rugs, \$32.00, \$38.00, \$45.00, worth \$40.00, \$50.00 and \$60.00.

Bedroom Suites

A Special Line from \$10, \$12. Do not fail to see these Suites. Polished Oak Suits, with British bevel mirrors, \$25.00, \$35.00.

We are offering a special line of CARPETS at 50c per yard, worth 60c and 65c per yard. Made and laid free of charge.

Hugh McDonald

Opposite Garner House

WANTED

The Canada Flour Mills Co.

BEANS, BARLEY, OATS, CORN, WHEAT AND BUYERS FOR FLOUR, FEED, OORNEAL, STEVENS BREAKFAST FOOD

Leave your Chopping with us. The Best is the Cheapest.

The Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited



The two men gave a salute.

whole crowd came through the open gate and moved up the path toward the front of the house. Colonel Mansley stepped back within the hall, drew the bolt of the door and joined us in the parlor.

"There must be 30 of them," whispered Captain Vernon.

"I wish there were 100," was the grim remark of the colonel. "Were such infernal idiots ever created before?"

Arrived at the porch, the men arranged themselves with some regard to military formation, standing in a double row, facing the door and parlor. The four armed men coolly awaited the opening of the fight to the death.

Matters were in this tense state when Jim Dungan once more called out the name of Colonel Mansley.

"I refuse to hold any further parley with you," he replied, from his station by one of the windows of the parlor. "You have my answer."

Jim Dungan now did a daring thing.



A good looking horse and good looking harness are the best kind of a combination.

Eureka Harness Oil

not only makes the harness and the horse look better, but makes the leather soft and pliable, puts it in condition to last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

Give Your Horse a Chance!

Imperial Oil Co.

Jas. J. Couzens

MANUFACTURER OF Asbestos Building Stone AND Granolithic Walks Laid on Short Notice.