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**National Portland Cement**  
THE CEMENT OF QUALITY  
ONE GRADE—THE  
HIGHEST.  
Also Lime, Plaster,  
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Brick, &c., at  
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Neat, clean  
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**King St., Chatham, 2 Doors  
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**Farm For Sale!!**  
Sixty-three acres of as good  
soil as there is in Kent County.  
River farm, for sale cheap. New  
frame house and outbuildings.  
not far from church, school, post  
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**DESIRABLE PROPERTIES FOR SALE**  
King Street property having a  
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brick building. A King Street  
property, valuable building site,  
(present structure to be removed),  
at \$150 per foot or less for im-  
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Chatham, Dover, Harwich and  
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**MONEY IN CANARIES**  
More profitable than poultry. Experience unnecessary. We  
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**TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT  
RESTAURANT**  
Oysters (A specialty) served in  
every style.  
Boarders by the day or week.  
Special dinner tickets.  
Open day and night.  
**SCANE'S BLOCK**  
**J. W. BOWERS, - Proprietor**

**SAMUEL GELLER**  
Proprietor  
**Chatham Iron and Metal  
Yards**  
(Magnolia Hotel, near G. T. R. sta-  
tion), Chatham, Ont.  
Highest price paid for Scrap Iron,  
Steel and Rubbers. Phone 166

## DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES

By IRVING BACHELLER,  
Author of "Eben Holden,"  
"Dri and I," Etc.

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The schoolteacher made no reply, but stood a moment looking down at the boy.

"It's a cold day," said Polly.  
"I like it," said the teacher, lifting his broad shoulders and smiling with his hands. "God has been house cleaning. The dome of the sky is all swept and dusted. There isn't a cobweb anywhere. Santa Claus come?"

"Yes," said the younger children, who made a rush for their gifts and laid them on chairs before him.  
"Grand old chap!" said he, staring thoughtfully at the fannel cat in his hands. "Any idea who it is?"

"Can't make out," said Mrs. Vaughn; "very singular man."

"Generous, too," the teacher added. "That's the best cat I ever saw, Tom. If I had my way the cats would all be made of fannel. Miss Polly, what did you get?"

"This," said Polly, handing him the lock.

"Beautiful!" said he, turning it in his hand. "Anything inside?"

Polly showed him how to open it. He sat a moment or more looking at the graven gold.

"Strange!" said he presently, surveying the wrought cases.

Mrs. Vaughn was now at his elbow.

"Strange?" she inquired.

"Well, long ago," said he, "I heard of one like it. Some time it may solve the mystery of your Santa Claus."

An ear of the teacher had begun to swell and redden.

"Should have pulled my cap down," said he, as the widow spoke of it.

"Frothbitten years ago, and if I'm out long in the cold I begin to feel it."

"Must be very painful," said Polly, as indeed it was.

"No," said he, with a little squint as he touched the aching member. "It's good. I rather like it. I wouldn't take anything for that ear. It—it—"

He hesitated, as if trying to recall the advantages of a chilled ear. "Well, I shouldn't know I had any ears if it weren't for that one."

### CHAPTER XIII.

REMARKABLE figure was young Sidney Trove, the new teacher in district No. 1. He was nearing nineteen years of age that winter.

"I like that," he said to the trustee, who had been telling him of the unruly boys, great, hulking fellows that made trouble every winter term. "Trouble—it's a grand thing—but I'm not selfish, and if I find any I'll agree to divide it with the boys. I don't know but I'll be generous and let them have the most of it. If they put me out of the school-house I'll have learned something."

The trustee looked at the six feet and two inches of bone and muscle that sat lounging in a chair—looked from end to end of it.

"What's that?" he inquired, smiling.

"That I've no business there," said young Mr. Trove.

"I guess you'll dew," said the trustee.

"Make 'em toe the line; that's all I got 't say."

"And all I've got to do is my best. I don't promise any more," the other answered modestly as he rose to leave.

Linley school was at the four corners in Pleasant valley—a low frame structure, small and weathered gray. Windows, with no shade or shutter, were set, two on a side, in perfect opposition. A passing traveler could see through them to the rocky pasture beyond. Who came there for knowledge, though a fool, was dubbed a "scholar."

It was a word sharply etched in the dialect of that region. If one were to say "skollur-r-r" he might come near it. Every winter morning the scholar entered a little vestibule which was part of the wood shed. He passed an ash barrel and the odor of drying wood, hung cap and coat on a peg in the closet, lifted the latch of a pine door and came into the schoolroom. If before 9 it would be noisy with about and laughter, the buzz of tongues, the tread of running feet. Big girls in neat aprons would be gossiping at the stove; smaller boys would be chasing each other up and down aisles and leaping the whittled desks of pine; little girls in checked flannel or homespun would be circling in a song play; big boys would be trying feats of strength that ended in loud laughter. So it was the first morning of that winter term in 1880. A tall youth stood by the window. Suddenly he gave a loud "Sh-h-h!" Running feet fell silently and halted; words began with a shout ended in a whisper. A boy making caricatures at the blackboard dropped his chalk that now fell noisily. A whisper, heavy with awe and expectation, flew hissing from lip to lip. "The teacher!" There came a tramping in the vestibule, the door latch jumped with a loud rattle, and in came Sidney Trove. All eyes were turned upon him. A look of rectitude, dove-like and too good to be true, came over many faces.

"Good morning," said the young man, removing his cap, coat and overshoes. Some nodded, dumb with timidity. Only a few little ones had the bravery to speak up, as they gave back the words in a tone that would have fitted a golden text. He came to the roaring stove and stood a moment, warming his hands. A group of the big boys were in a corner whispering. Two were

Minard's Liniment for Sale Every-where.

sturdy and quite six feet tall—the Beach boys.

"Big as a bull moose," one whispered.

"An' stouter," said another.

The teacher took a pencil from his pocket and tapped the desk.

"Please take your seats," said he.

All obeyed. Then he went around with the roll and took their names, of which there were thirty-four.

"I believe I know your name," said Trove, smiling, as he came to Polly Vaughn.

"I believe you do," said she, glancing up at him, with half a smile and a little move in her lips that seemed to ask, "How could you forget me?"

Then the teacher, knowing the peril of her eyes, became very dignified as he glanced over the books she had brought to school. He knew it was going to be a hard day. For a little he wondered if he had not been foolish, after all, in trying a job so difficult and so perilous. If he should be thrown out of school he felt sure it would ruin him—he could never look Polly in the face again. As he turned to begin the work of teaching it seemed to him a case of do or die, and he felt the strength of an ox in his heavy muscles.

The big boys had settled themselves in a back corner side by side, a situation too favorable for mischief. He asked them to take other seats. They complied sullenly and with hesitation. He looked over books, organized the school in classes and started one of them on its way. It was the primer class, including a half dozen very small boys and girls. They shouted each word in the reading lesson, labored in silence with another and gave voice again with unabated energy. In their pursuit of learning they bayed like hounds. Their work began upon this ancient and informing legend, written to indicate the shout and skip of the youthful student:

The—sun—is—up—and—it—is—day—day?—day.

"You're afraid," the teacher began after a little. "Come up here close to me."

They came to his chair and stood about him. Some were confident; others hung back suspicious and untamed.

"We're going to be friends," said he in a low, gentle voice. He took from his pocket a lot of cards and gave one to each.

"Here's a story," he continued. "See; I put it in plain print for you with pen and ink. It's all about a bear and a boy, and is in ten parts. Here's the first chapter. Take it home with you tonight!"

He stopped suddenly. He had turned in his chair and could see none of the boys. He did not move, but slowly took off a pair of glasses he had been wearing.

"Joe Beach," said he coolly, "come out here on the floor."

There was a moment of dead silence. That big youth, the terror of Linley school, was now red and dumb with amazement. His devilry had begun, but how had the teacher seen it with his back turned?

"I'll think it over," said the boy sullenly.

The teacher laid down his book calmly, walked to the seat of the young rebel, took him by the collar and the back of the neck, tore him out of the

place where his hands and feet were clinging like the roots of a tree, dragged him roughly to the aisle and over the floor space, taking part of the seat along, and stood him to the wall with a bang that shook the windows. There was no halting—it was all over in half a minute.

"You'll please remain there," said he coolly, "until I tell you to sit down."

He turned his back on the bully, walked slowly to his chair and opened his book again.

"Take it home with you tonight," said he, continuing his talk to the primer class. "Spell it over, so you won't have to stop long between words. All who read it well tomorrow will get another chapter."

They began to study at home. Wonder grew, and pleasure came with labor as the tale went on.

He dismissed the primer readers, calling the first class in geography. As they took their places he repaired the broken seat, a part of which had been torn off the nails. The fallen rebel stood leaning, his back to the school. He had expected help, but the reserve force had failed him.

"Joe Beach, you may take your seat," said the teacher in a kind of parenthetical tone.

"Geography starts at home," he continued, beginning the recitation. "Who can tell me where is the Linley school-house?"

A dozen hands went up.

"You tell," said he to one.

"It's here," was the answer.

## GROWING OLD WHILE YET YOUNG

What a number of women there are who feel that these words exactly suit their case.

There are thousands of females all over our land, broken down in health and dragging out a miserable existence, overburdened with disease peculiar to their sex, apparently growing old while yet young.

From early morn till late at night they have been on the go year after year, attending to the household duties. Is it any wonder then that sooner or later there comes a general collapse? Palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, another and sinking spells, weakness, dizziness, sleeplessness and many other troubles follow.

What a woman wants is something to build up the system and for this purpose you cannot equal

**MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS**

Mrs. W. J. Russell, Vasey, Ont., writes: "One time I suffered greatly from my heart and nerves, and the shortness of breath was so bad I could scarcely do my housework. A friend of mine advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I did and I only took them for a short time before I was cured."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Where's here?"

A boy looked thoughtful.

"Nex 't Joe Linley's cow pasture," he ventured presently.

"Will you tell us?" the teacher asked, looking at a bright-eyed girl.

"In Faraway, N. Y.," said she glibly.

"In Faraway, I'll take that," said the teacher in a lax tone. He was looking down at his book. Where he sat, facing the class, he could see none of the boys without turning. But he had not turned. To the wonder of all, up he spoke as Tom Linley was handing a slip of paper to Joe Beach. There was a little pause. The young man hesitated, rose and walked nervously down the aisle.

"Thank you," said the teacher as he took the message and fung it on the fire unread. "Faraway, N. Y.," he continued on his way to the blackboard as if nothing had happened.

He drew a circle, indicating the four points of the compass on it. Then he mapped the town of Faraway and others, east, west, north and south of it. So he made a map of the county and bade them copy it. Around the county in succeeding lessons he built a map of the state. Others in the middle group were added, the structure growing day by day until they had mapped the hemisphere.

At the Linley schoolhouse something had happened. Cunning no sooner showed his head than it was bruised like a serpent, brawny muscles had been easily outdone, boldness had grown timid, conceit had begun to ebb. A serious look had settled upon all faces. Every scholar had learned one thing, learned it well and quickly—it was to be no playroom.

There was a recess of one hour at noon. All went for their dinner pails and sat quietly, eating bread and butter, followed by doughnuts, apples and pie.

The young men had walked to the road. Nothing had been said. They drew near each other. Tom Linley looked up at Joe Beach. In his face one might have seen a cloud of sympathy that had its silver lining of amusement.

To Be Continued.

## THOUGHT COLD WOULD TURN TO CONSUMPTION

READ HOW DR. WOOD'S NOR-  
WAY PINE SYRUP  
CURED

Saskatoon, Sask., Aug. 26th, 1906.  
The T. Milburn Co., Limited,  
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs: As I am one of the thousands that have been benefited by your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I thought it my duty to give you a description of my case. "I am 19 years of age and was always in the best of health until last spring when I caught a severe cold by going about with wet feet. It settled in my chest and all the remedies I tried would not stir it. My friends began to fear it had turned to consumption and were advising me to go east and see a specialist. One of my father brought home a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I laughed at the idea of it being any good and refused to take it, and only as a last resource would I. When I had finished one bottle I had only a slight cold left and as well as ever I was, if not better, so you can see what a God-send this medicine was to me. I never fail to recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to my friends and they all use it. To show my full appreciation of this remedy I will gladly answer any letters in reference to it. Believe me, Sincerely yours,

Miss Winnifred D. Smith.

Price 25 cents a bottle at all dealers.

Better a homely wife than one who isn't home much.

A bean in liberty is better than a confit in prison.

Piles get quick relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Remember it's made alone for Piles—and it works with certainty and satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding, or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Try it and see!

Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

We do too much talking and too little living.

## STRANGE MURDER IN WEST

Dead Man Propped Against Fence After Fight Over a Woman, Who Saw But Won't Tell.

Rosthern, Sask., Jan. 5.—Leaning upon the fence with one arm over it, in front of the residence of J. J. Friesen, Michael Kaminsky, a young Galician, 21 years of age, was found yesterday afternoon at 5.30, with his head crushed in several places. His face had also been slashed horribly with a knife. The body was still warm when found.

The murder was the result of a fight over a girl. She was an eye-witness, but refuses to divulge the name of the murderer. A sweating process will be used to worm out of her the story.

Many witnesses are being held by the police.

It is surmised the fight started near the elevators, and after the murderous attack the man was placed in a sleigh and put in the position where he was found later. The sleigh and footmarks are seen to that point, but no signs of a struggle. People passed the spot a few minutes previous and nothing was to be seen.

TO REVEAL SEIZED DOCUMENTS.

Threatened Action By French Government May Aggravate Situation.

Rome, Jan. 5.—The Osservatore Romano yesterday published this communication from the Vatican:

"It is stated that the French Government intends to publish the text of some of the documents which were seized at the Papal Nunciature in Paris, Dec. 11. The Holy See declares that it declines any responsibility for the publication, leaving it to the persons who may think themselves injured by the publication of the documents to use the means which they judge best to protect their rights. It must be borne in mind, however, that no inventory was made at the time of the seizure of the documents by the French Government."

It was stated at the Vatican that the publication by France of some of the documents seized at the Papal Nunciature would aggravate the fact that their seizure did not appear to be altogether justified. As no inventory was made at the time, the Vatican may even question the genuineness of documents as published.

FOR THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

More Tenders Are Called For Trans-continental Construction.

Ottawa, Jan. 5.—The Canada Gazette to-day contains a notice that tenders will be received by the National Transcontinental Railway Commission up to Feb. 14 for the construction of five more sections of the new national highway.

These will include 50 miles from Monoton westward; about 60 miles from Grand Falls, N.B., westward; 150 miles from Quebec eastward; about 50 miles from La Tuque westward, and 150 miles eastward from the Abitibi River.

Certified cheques must accompany all tenders, the lowest being \$75,000 for the shortest section mentioned, and the highest \$225,000 for the longer sections.

These sections, together with those that are already let, will constitute about half the total distance.

THE POLICE CHIEFS.

Urges Severe Punishment For Habitual Drunkards On Minister of Justice.

Ottawa, Jan. 5.—A deputation from the Association of Chiefs of Police of Canada, headed by Col. Sherwood, waited upon the Minister of Justice yesterday to bring to his notice resolutions passed at the recent meeting in Toronto.

The deputation emphasized the need of inserting in the criminal code a definition of the term "habitual drunkard" and the necessity of legislating for his punishment; in other words if a man was convicted a certain number of times the judge could have no option but to inflict a severe punishment, specifically stated in the code, and which punishment would be the more severe if convictions increased.

It was also stated by the deputation that a central bureau for identification purposes would be useful.

How Mr. Aylesworth promised to give the matters his attention.

Raisuli, the Bandit.

New York, Jan. 5.—A despatch from Tangier says: Raisuli remains at Zinat and watches the gradual withdrawal of his former friends in impotent rage. He has returned to his mountaineer's costume. He carried his rifle always in his hand and scarcely sleeps at all.

Enquiry to Be Thorough.

Ottawa, Jan. 5.—It was ascertained at the Marine Department yesterday that after Capt. Donnelly will conclude his preliminary investigation into the wreck of the Golspie on Lake Superior, Capt. Spain will hold a thorough and searching enquiry.

Six Deaths At Scranton.

Scranton, Pa., Jan. 5.—Eleven new cases of typhoid fever were reported for the 24 hours ending at noon yesterday, a total of 981 and 47 in Dunmore. Six deaths occurred since Thursday night, making the total 79.

For the Frozen North.

Ottawa, Jan. 5.—The mail for members of the staff or crew on the Canadian Government steamer Arctic is to be sent before next April, through the whaler Eclipse, from Dundee, Scotland.

Worth Imitating.

Berlin, Jan. 5.—Williams, Green and Rome Co. yesterday opened a savings bank account for each of their 430 employees. It meant an outlay of \$1,835.

France May Give Up Islands.

London, Jan. 5.—The London Globe says: "It seems there are rumors in various quarters that France will likely give up St. Pierre and Miquelon."



This is the way  
your Baking turns out  
when you use "Beaver Flour"

There is one point about BEAVER FLOUR that every woman appreciates. That's its reliability. Winter and summer—year after year—it never varies in quality. Because the quality of the wheat—and the blending—are always the same.

## Beaver Flour

is a scientific blend of Manitoba Spring Wheat and Ontario Fall Wheat.

There is just so much gluten—so much protein—so much of the Carbohydrates—so much food property in every pound. The "know-how" is the result of years of milling and baking.

Today, BEAVER FLOUR is a perfectly balanced flour, that gives the same perfect baking results every day in the year.

Just as good for Cakes, Pies and Pastry—as it is for Bread, Rolls and Biscuits. And it is BEST FOR BOTH.

Insist on Having Beaver Flour.

Dealers, write for prices on all kinds of Feeds, Coarse Grains and Cereals. T. H. Taylor Co., Limited, Chatham.

## DISTRICT

### THORNOLIFFE

Mrs. Smith is spending her holidays in Chatham.

Mr. John Whalen, of Chatham, spent Christmas with his sister, Mrs. Bedford.

Miss Louisa Houston returned to Walkerville on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Walters, of Tupperville, visited Mrs. Bedford one day last week.

Revival services are still being held in the Methodist Church.

Mrs. Stamp, of Buffalo, is visiting the Misses Cowherd and Berge.

Thomas Fitzlett is doing a rushing business selling poultry food.

Mrs. Houston spent one day last week with her son Frank in Walkerville.

Stanley Hannon has a new cutter. Mr. and Mrs. D. Shaw, held a

### NORTHWOOD

Christmas tree at their home for their friends on Christmas night.

Misses Cowherd and Berge visited Mrs. Kerby one day last week.

The young people here enjoyed a number of sleighing parties last week.

There was no preaching in the Methodist church last Sunday.

The Rev. Mr. Peters is spending his holidays at his old home.

Mrs. Henry Best is ill with a severe cold.

The Christmas tree in the Methodist church last week was the most successful one yet held, \$20 being realized.

It is a curious paradox that the more one likes a sermon the shorter he wants it.

Imitation may be the sincerest flattery. But why be an imitation of a well dressed man? WEAR



"Progress  
Brand"  
Clothing

and BE the well  
dressed man that  
others imitate.