

FOR ABSOLUTE PURITY

"SALADA"

Ceylon NATURAL GREEN Tea is superior to the finest Japan Tea grown

In Lead Packets Only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. By all Grocers. Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

District Doings

THORNCLIFFE.

Mr. Frank Houston has purchased a new team.
Miss Tressa Wise visited her parents Sunday.
Mrs. Hannon bought a stack of hay from Mr. Turrill.
Aaron Kerby is drawing wood for Arch. Phillips.
A number from Red School House attended Thorncliffe church Sunday night.
Mrs. A. Kerby visited Mrs. J. Phillips on Thursday last.

GUILDS.

Wesley Clow was a Chatham visitor on Saturday.

John Cumming has bought the E. B. Tole farm on the Old Street.

Henry Lampman had his gas well cleaned out one day last week and had a gas separator put on. It is working nicely.

Lorne Bentley, of Detroit, spent Sunday with his parents.
Mrs. W. Cumming is at Highgate this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Blake West, of Charing Cross, visited friends here over Sunday.

There always is a way to manage a stubborn person without resorting to force.

Conscience that is mainly exercised within the limits of the personality, is thus set to guard, and increases the common stock of righteousness.

CONNOISSEURS PREFER

Darwin's

WHISKY

ANOTHER DISTINCTION

FOR THE

Nordheimer Piano

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have just purchased another superb Nordheimer Piano for the new floating palace steamship.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA

sailing on the Victoria, Seattle, Vancouver route.

The Nordheimer Pianos supplied to this great corporation for their famous Hotels at Port William, Field, Sicamous, North Bend, Banff, &c., are the admiration of all their guests, who include many distinguished English, American and Continental travellers

Nordheimer Piano Factory,
Toronto Junction

Nordheimer's Limited

188 Dundas St. London.

Catalogues and price lists on application.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers heal up; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard-earned dollars. WE WILL CURE YOU OR NO PAY.

THREATENED WITH PARALYSIS.

Peter E. Summers, of Kalamazoo, Mich., relates his experience:

"I was troubled with Nervous Debility for many years. I lay it to indigestion, and excessive early youth. I became very despondent and didn't care whether I worked or not. I imagined everybody who looked at me, assessed my secret. Imaginative dreams at night weakened me; my back ached, had pains in the back of my head, hands and feet were cold, tired in the morning, poor appetite, fingers were shaky, eyes blurred, hair loose, memory poor, etc. Numbness in the fingers set in and the doctor told me I was threatened with paralysis. I took all kinds of medicines and tried many first-class physicians, wore an electric belt for three months, went to Dr. Clements for treatment, but received little benefit. While at Dr. Clements I was induced to consult Dr. Kennedy & Kergan, though I had lost all faith in doctors. Like a drowning man I commenced the New Method Treatment and it saved my life. The improvement was like magic—I could feel the vigor return through my nerves. I was cured mentally, physically and sexually. I have sent them many patients and will continue to do so."

WE TREAT AND CURE VARIOUS DEBILITY, NERVOUS DEBILITY, BLOOD DISEASES, URINARY COMPLAINTS, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES.

CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call write for a Question Blank for Home Treatment.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

The LUST of HATE

BY GUY BOOTHBY

Author of "A Beautiful White Devil," "A Bid For Fortune," "The Marriage of Esther," "Dr. Nikola," Etc

Continued from Yesterday.

To right and left of the points which sheltered the bay, the deep green of the sea was changed to creaming froth, where the surf caught the rocks; but in the little indentation which we had made our home the wavelets rippled on the sand with the softest rhythm possible. The sky was cloudless, the air warmer than it had been for days past. The glow of sunset imparted to the western cliffs a peculiar shade of pink, the beauty of which was accentuated by the deep shadows cast by the beetling crags. On the hillside, directly opposite where my boat was anchored, I could see the plateau, and on it my fire burning brightly. I thought of the brave woman nursing the sick child in the cave, and of the difference she had made in my lonely life.

"Oh, God!" I cried, "if only you had let me see the chance that was to be mine some day, how easy it would have been for me to have ordered Nikola and his temptation to stand behind me. Now I see my happiness too late, and am consequently undone for ever."

As I thought of that sinister man and the influence he had exercised upon my life, I felt a thrill of horror pass over me. It seemed dreadful to think that he was still at large, unsuspected, and in all probability working some sort of evil on another unfortunate individual.

In my mind's eye I could see again that cold, impassive face, with its snake-like eyes, and hear that insinuating voice uttering once more that terrible temptation. Surely, I thought, the dreamy memory of mankind must be just such another as Dr. Nikola.

When the sun had disappeared below the sea line, the color of the ocean had changed from all the dazzling tints of the king-of-the-seas to a somber blue, and myriads of stars were beginning to make their appearance in the sky. I turned my boat's head, and pulled towards the shore again. A great melancholy had settled upon me, a vague sense of some impending catastrophe, of which, try how I would, I found I could not rid myself.

On reaching the plateau, I made my way to the cave and looked in. I discovered Miss Maybourne kneeling beside the child on the grass. As soon as she saw me she rose and led me out into the open.

"Mr. Wrexford," she said, "the end is quite close now, I feel sure. The poor little thing is growing weaker every moment. Oh, it is too terrible to think that she must die because we have not the means to save her."

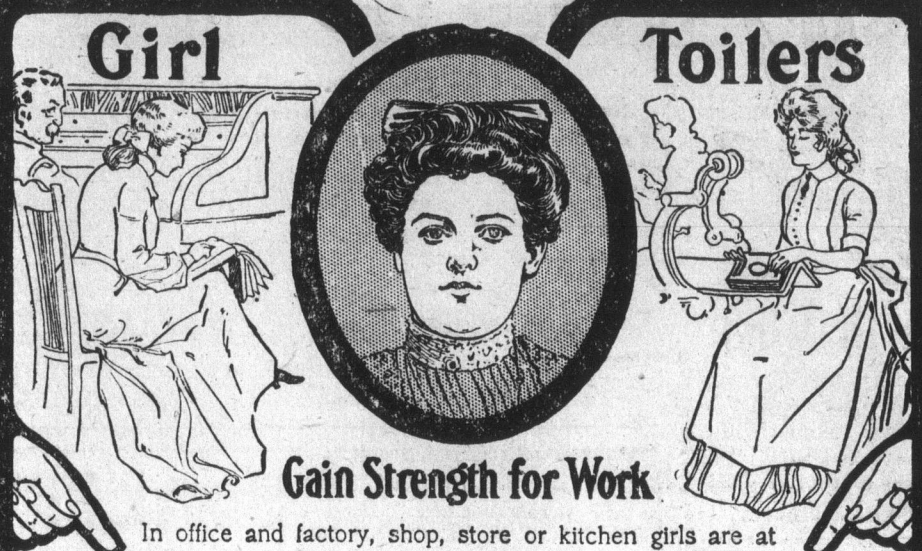
I did my best to comfort her, but it was some time before I achieved any sort of success. Wrexford had in measure recovered her composure. I accompanied her back to the cave and examined the little sufferer for myself. Alas! one glance showed me how very close the end was. Already the child's face and hands were cold and clammy, her respiration was gradually becoming more and more difficult. She was still unconscious, and once I almost thought she was dead.

All through that dreadful night she lingered on. Miss Maybourne remained with her under the starlight, when I relieved her. Shortly before sunrise I went to the mouth of the cave and looked out. The stars were almost gone from the sky, and the world was very still. When I returned, I thought the child had suddenly grown strangely quiet, and knelt down to examine her. The first grey shafts of dawn showed me that at last the end had come. Death had claimed his victim. Henceforth we need feel no more concern for poor little Esther—her suffering was over. She had gone to join her mother and the little ones who had lost their lives two days before. Having convinced myself that what I imagined was correct, I reverently closed the little eyes and crossed the frail hands upon her breast, and then went out into the fresh air. The sun was in the act of making his appearance above the peak, and all our little world was bathed in his glory. I looked across to the place between the rocks where I usually slept, and saw Miss Maybourne rising from her rest. My presence outside the cave must have told her my news, for she came swiftly across to where I stood.

"It is all over," she said, very quietly. "I can see by your face that the end has come."

I nodded. For the life of me, I could not have spoken just then. The sight of that agonized face before me and the thought of the dead child lying in the cave behind me deprived me of speech entirely. Miss Maybourne noticed my condition, and simply said, "Take me to her," did as she commanded, and together we went back to the chamber of death. When we reached it, my companion stood for a few moments looking at the peaceful little figure on the couch of grass, and then knelt down beside it. I followed her example. Then, holding my hand in hers, she prayed for the child from whose body the soul had just departed; then for ourselves still left upon the island. When she had finished, we rose, and, after a final glance at our dead companion, went out into the open air again.

By this time I had got so much into the habit of searching the sea for ships that I did it almost unconsciously. As I passed the cave I glanced out across the waste of water. Then I stood still, hardly able to believe the evidence of my eyes. There, fast rising above the horizon, were the sails of a full-rigged ship. Miss Maybourne saw them as soon as I did, and together we stood staring at the vessel



In office and factory, shop, store or kitchen girls are at work all over this land, and, alas! far beyond their strength.

Young women who work are especially liable to female ills. Too often the girl is the bread winner of the family and she must toil unremittingly, no matter if her back does ache, her limbs and abdomen throb with dull pain and dragging sensations, and dizzy spells make her utterly unfit for work. These are the sure signs of female irregularities which kill beauty and youth.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

builds health and strength for all women who work and are weary. It creates the vitality that makes work easy. From the thousands of grateful letters written by working girls to Mrs. Pinkham we quote the following:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Overwork and long hours at the office, together with a neglected cold, brought on a female trouble until finally I was unable to go to work. I tried change of scene and climate, but found that I did not regain my health. I then thought of a friend who had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when her health was in the same condition that mine was, and straightway sent out for a bottle. I finished that and took two more before I really began to improve, but after that my recovery was very rapid, and when I had finished the sixth bottle I was well and able to go back to work again. I certainly think your medicine worthy of praise, and am indeed glad to endorse it.

MILLIE ALMA ROBITAILLE, 78 rue St. Francois, Quebec, Que.

Oh, if Canadian girls who work would only realize that they have but one life to live, and make the most of their precious health and strength!

Mrs. Pinkham extends to every working girl who is in ill health a cordial invitation to write her for advice. Such letters are always kept strictly confidential, and from her vast experience Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help you—and may save your life.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Where Others Fail

with all our eyes. My companion was the first to speak.

"Do you think she will come near enough to see us?" she cried, in a voice I hardly recognized, so agitated was it.

"She must be made to see us," I answered, fiercely. "Come what may, she must not pass us."

"What are you going to do? How are you going to prevent it? Tell me, and let me help you if I can."

A notion had seized me, and I determined to put it into practice without an instant's delay.

"Let us collect all the wood we can find and then make a large bonfire. When that has been done, we must launch the boat and pull out to intercept her. If she sees the flare she will make her way here, and if she does not, we may be able to catch her before she gets out of our reach. Thus in either case we shall be saved."

Without another word we set to work collecting wood. By the time the hull of the vessel was above the horizon we had accumulated a sufficient quantity to make a large beacon. We did not set fire to it at once, however, for the reason that I had no desire to waste my smoke before those on board the ship would be able to distinguish it from the light clouds hovering about the peaks above. But before we could dream of leaving the island there were two other matters to be attended to. The first was to fill up the mouth of the cave with stones, for there was no time to dig a grave, and so convert it into a rough sepulchre; the second was to cook and eat our breakfast. It was certain we should require all our strength for the undertaking, and to attempt such a long run on an empty stomach would, I knew, be worse than madness. These things I explained to Miss Maybourne, who willingly volunteered to officiate as cook while I set about the work first mentioned. In something less than a quarter of an hour I had rolled several

large rocks into the mouth of the cave, and upon these had placed others until the entrance was effectually barricaded. By the time this work was completed it was necessary to light the bonfire. This I did, setting fire to the dry grass at the bottom with a log from the blaze at which Miss Maybourne had just been cooking. In a few minutes we had a flare the flames of which could not have been less than twenty feet in height.

We ate our breakfast with our eyes fixed continually upon the advancing ship. So far she seemed to be heading directly for the island, but my fear was that she might change her course without discovering our beacon, and in that case be out of range before we could attract her attention. Our meal finished therefore, I led Miss Maybourne down the hill to the beach, and then between us we pushed the lifeboat into the water. My intention was to row out a few miles and endeavor to get into such a position that whatever course the vessel steered she could not help but see us.

To Be Continued.

There is always room for a trifle more affection on a wife than is usually bestowed by even the best of husbands.

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Cresoline tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.

When a fellow falls in love with an heiress he is apt to regard marriage as both a luxury and a necessity.

Advice is like snow—the softer it falls the more it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

To Look Clean To be Clean

Is gratifying. You will enjoy both when you place your linen with us, for we do our work by the most modern methods known to our art.

The Parolan Steam Laundry Co. Phone 20

THE NEW LAUNDRY

ST. OLAF STREET, NORTH CHATHAM, Solicits Washing of all kinds. Ladies waists a specialty. Our work is all done by hand without the use of any chemicals. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Parcels called for and delivered promptly.

SING LUNG,

PROPRIETOR

To live on a past reputation produces more in the way of self-satisfaction than in good opinion from others.

All the average woman demands of a man is that he be a good listener.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way.

To appreciate the simplicity and ease of washing with Sunlight Soap in the Sunlight way you should follow directions.

After rubbing on the soap, roll up each piece, immerse in the water, and go away.

Sunlight Soap

will do its work in thirty to sixty minutes. Your clothes will be cleaner and whiter than if washed in the old-fashioned way with boiler and hard rubbing.

