

SUFFERED FOR THREE YEARS.

HEADACHES AND RUSHING OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD.

APPETITE WAS GONE.

TRIED MANY DIFFERENT REMEDIES BUT

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS CURED

MRS. WALTER MANTHORNE, BROOKLYN, N.S.

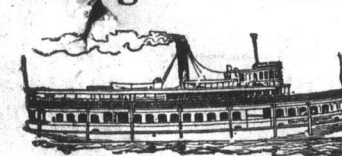
She says: "I suffered for three years with terrible headaches and rushing of blood to my head. I lost my appetite and became very thin and weak. I tried many different remedies and consulted doctors, but all in vain until I started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. I had not taken more than two bottles when I began to feel better, my appetite improved wonderfully and I increased rapidly in weight. I took altogether four bottles and am now as well as can be, for which I owe my thanks to Burdock Blood Bitters. I can recommend it to all those suffering as I did."

Wood's Phosphodine
The Great English Remedy
Is an old, well established and reliable preparation. Has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend as being the only medicine of its kind that cures and gives universal satisfaction.
It promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, the Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants; Mental and Brain Worry, all of which lead to Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Price \$1 per bottle, six will cure. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send for pamphlet-free to any address.
The Wood Company,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.
After.
Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Chatham by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store.

Money to Loan on Mortgages at 4 1/2 and 5 per Cent.

FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.
Brick house, two stories, 7 rooms, lot 40 feet front by 208 feet deep, \$1100.00.
Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 ft., good stable, \$1100.00.
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Valuable suburban residence, 11 rooms; with seven acres of land. Good stable, \$3000.00.
Apply to
W. F. SMITH, Barrister.

Change of Time.



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Will make her regular round trip from CHATHAM to DETROIT every Monday and Wednesday.
Leaving Rankin dock, South Chatham, at 7:30 a. m., and returning leaves Detroit (foot of Randolph St.) at 3:30 p. m. Detroit time, or 4 o'clock Chatham time.
Will also make round trips from Detroit to Chatham every Friday and Saturday.
Leaving Detroit, foot of Randolph St., at 3:30 p. m., Detroit time, or 9 a. m., Chatham time, returning will leave Chatham at 3:30 p. m., Detroit time, or 4 p. m., Chatham time, arriving in Detroit about 8:30 p. m.

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Agents—Stranger & Co., Chatham, Odette & Wherry, Windsor; John Stevenson, Detroit.
JOHN ROURKE, Captain.
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Horses Wanted.

Until further notice, HAROLD W. SMITH of Toronto, will be at Wm. Gray & Co. Factory.

EVERY SATURDAY
to purchase horses. The highest cash prices will be paid.

WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By John Habberton,
Author of "Helen's Boy," "George Washington," etc.
Copyright, 1901, by John Habberton.

I obeyed orders and at first mistook my heartbeats for hoofbeats, but I was obliged to report that I could hear nothing.
The silence was becoming appalling, for the enemy had not yet fired a shot. The Johnnies, more sensible than their adversaries, seldom or never wasted their bullets on smoke puffs and "coveys" behind which figures did not show.

"O'd loike to luk into the oyle av the felly that's a-bossin' 'em an' see that his thrick'll be," said Sergeant Mick. "Av Oi was him an' things so quolt in front av me, O'd think he was sneakin' for a back bolt. Cappyral Brainard, that's yer own opinion?"
"Same as yours, sergeant," Brainard replied. "He doesn't know how few we are, for we've fired a great many shots, and he doesn't imagine we have breechloaders. Probably he thinks his enemy has left his front and is trying to flank him. I wonder, though, that he doesn't send out skirmishers to look into the situation over here."

"Thru fer yez. It's idvint yez didn't lave yer brains in yer bunk back in camp. Now moind whole Oi spake to yez all. Call in thim min on the flanks—tell 'em to come on their han's an' knees. Are yez all here? Thin listen: Av they sind skirmishers over, we mustn't let none av 'em git back, lise their boss'll know how wake our line is, an' they'll try to cut off our rightmint from camp, unless maybe the rightmint's already done the same by them, an' they'll ate us up intirely."
"So we must kape ivery divil av 'em from gittin' back. Scatter to the rightmint av lift whin the skirmishers come. Let 'em git over the fence an' toward the horses. Thin close in an' give it to 'em in the back wid yer pistols, an' don't foire till yer so close that yez can't miss 'em. They can't foire more than wan shot apiece—the skirmishers can't—if yez don't give 'em a chance to reload."
"An' how'll we git away then, with the Johnnies close to our horses?" asked big Pat Callahan.
"Git away, is it? Ye don't git away till ye kill me—ye or any av ye. We're here to bould the fence, an' here we stay till the rightmint comes, or we go to glory. If yer pistol gits lumpy, pick up a fince rail an' use it loike a lance or a polke. Glory be to the polkes av auld Oireland that me gran'father an' his neighbors used ag'in the English! Thin pine rails is loight, an' they're longer than a musket with a bay'nit on it. Punch below the belt wid 'em. Don't fear, for O'm the referee in this foight, an' Oi won't cry 'foul' no matter flint ye do to 'em. A fince rail jab below the belt 'll kape any wan av 'em quiet till we can rayson wid him. Whin—"

"Sergeant," said Brainard, "I beg your pardon, but the enemy's going to do something."
"Atin-tin," Mick commanded. All of us peered between the rails. There was a perceptible movement along the enemy's front, and at their left flank a single fieldpiece was pushed forward. Suddenly that fieldpiece was fired, and we heard a loud volley of musketry and hundreds of bullets whistling over us, sitting tree trunks and cutting twigs.
Sergeant Mick, the only man who was standing, turned suddenly on his heel and looked behind him as if he had dropped something. Apparently shot or a bit of grape from the fieldpiece had come his way, for Mick's left arm was severed just above the elbow and hung by a strip or two of his sleeve.
"Will somebody loose that thing from me?" said Mick.
I drew my knife from its sheath in my boot and cut the shreds of sleeve, dropping the arm to the ground. Two other men quickly bound the stump with a handkerchief twisted round fashion, putting under it a bit of dead stick in lieu of tourniquet. It was every trooper's duty to know what to do in case of accident. Mick turned and looked again toward the enemy, laughing and said:
"Do yez moind the cunnin' av the baste? That volley was to hoide the skirmishers wid shmoke. Here they come! There's not more than wan comp'ny av 'em. Oi hope it's big. Remember the fince rails, min. Glory be to the polkes av auld Oireland! Don't

To Be Continued.

IN WARM WEATHER

Use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and you Won't be Troubled with Biliousness or Dyspepsia.
Does this warm weather make you feel Dyspeptic and Bilious? It shouldn't. Joseph Leake, 194 McCaul street, Toronto, pressman in The News office, tells us why.
"I have been troubled for three years with Dyspepsia and Biliousness," says Mr. Leake. "I took several medicines, but none would cure me till I tried Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. One box of them cured me."
"My daughter, who was troubled with Headaches and Dyspepsia, also used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and was cured."
Other people who have used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, tell the same story. You haven't used them, or you wouldn't be feeling Bilious and Dyspeptic. They never fail to cure and cure permanently.

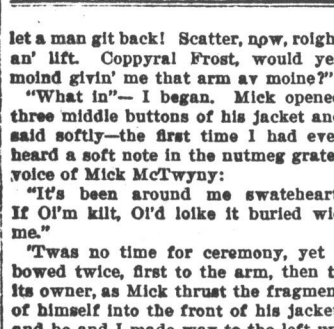


It struck one of the Johnnies and knocked him down.

A Woman's Prayer

It is notable that in the despondency caused by womanly diseases, there seems to many a suffering woman no way of escape from pain except at the price of life itself. It would be sad to record such a story of struggle and suffering except for the fact that in such dire distress many a woman has found a way back to health and happiness by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The one and only remedy for leucorrhoea, female weakness, proflapsus, or falling of the womb, so absolutely specific and sure in curing these common ailments of women, as to warrant its makers in offering to pay, as they hereby do, the sum of \$500 reward for a case of the above maladies which they cannot cure.
"Your medicine almost raised me from the dead," writes Mrs. Edwin H. Gardner, of Egypt, Plymouth Co., Mass., Box 14. "My urine was like brick dust, and I had pain all over me, and such a dragging feeling it seemed I could not do my house work. One day I found a little book, I read it and wrote to Dr. Pierce, and in a few days received an answer. I decided to try his medicine, and to-day I am a well woman. I have no headache, no backache, no pain at all. I used always to have headaches previously to the monthly period and such pain that I would roll on the floor in agony. I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and three of Golden Medical Discovery, and three vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and was completely cured."
Accept, no substitute for "Favorite Prescription." There is nothing just as good.
Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser—sent free on receipt of stamps to cover expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers; or 50 stamps for the cloth bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

let a man git back! Scatter, now, roight an' lift. Cappyral Frost, would yez moind givin' me that arm av moine?"
"Whin in?" I began. Mick opened three middle buttons of his jacket and said softly—the first time I had ever heard a soft note in the nutmeg grater voice of Mick McTwynty:
"It's been around me swateheart. If O'm kilt, O'd loike it buried wid me."
"Twas no time for ceremony, yet I bowed twice, first to the arm, then to its owner, as Mick thrust the fragment of himself into the front of his jacket, and he and I made way to the left under cover of the fence.
The skirmishers came on in fine style, fixing bayonets as they ran. We afterward learned that they had supposed the way clear and had merely come to make assurance doubly sure. They soon found themselves in error and the next few minutes were uncomfortable in the extreme for all concerned. Shooting at men at short pistol range is depressing work unless the shooter is drunk. Shooting any man in the back is unmanly work. To fire into the backs of brave soldiers for whom you know that fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and sweethearts and wives and children are longing and hoping and praying is not doing as you would be done by. But war is war. Besides, not all our shots took effect. Revolver shots seldom do except when men are never out of practice. I begged Mick to save his own revolver charge for self defense, but he snarled charge for self defense. Then I reminded him that an empty revolver would do some effective work if held by the barrel and used as a hammer. When the pistol firing began to slacken, Sergeant Mick shouted:
"Don't fertig the fince rails! Glory be to the polkes av auld Oireland!"
A fence rail could not be wielded with one hand, but Mick did not seem embarrassed. He thrust his empty revolver into his belt and fought with his uninjured arm, the winner in many a fist fight. He did wonders at dodging, tripping and "slugging" as he ran to and fro near the fence to head off such gray skirmishers as might attempt to fall back. I, with my fence rail, followed him closely and succeeded in preventing some awkward situations, for the reach of an arm does not equal that of a musket with a bayonet on it. When either of us downed a man, Mick followed with a vigorous kick below the belt. The kicks were brutal, but it was Mick's duty to hold the line of that fence. The odds were heavily against him, and he was obliged to use any and all means within reach.



THE COMPLETED LOCKER.

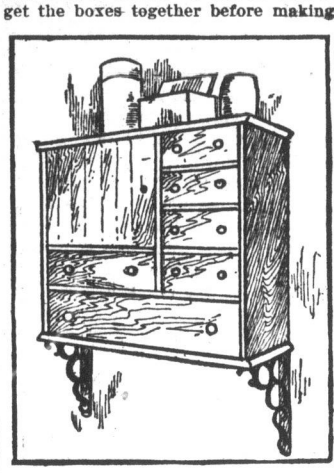
Names of Japanese Girls.
Many of those pretty and suggestive little words that serve as names for Japanese girls are as charming in English as in Japanese, for it is not uncommon for a Jap girl to bear the name of a flower. On the other hand, however, many girls in Japan bear the name of some homely domestic utensil, as frying pan or dustbrush. Doubtless this results from the custom common among some people of naming a child for the first object that strikes the father's eye after the little one has come into the world.
How Buffalo Bill Got His Name.
Buffalo Bill tells how he got his name. He says that a firm of contractors for the Kansas Pacific railroad one time paid him \$500 a month to supply the laborers on the railroad with buffalo meat. In order to do so he was obliged to shoot the buffaloes with the rifle, killing nearly 5,000 in eighteen months. It was at that time that the boys began calling him Buffalo Bill.

Girls Can't Play Ball.
"Why don't you play with your little sister?" asked mamma.
"Cause I want to play ball," said Herford, "and girls always cry if they don't catch the ball and then cry if they do catch it, 'cause it hurts."
A Conundrum.
Every morning at seven o'clock, Rain or sunshine or snow, Into a long black tunnel Five little travelers go. All in a row like soldiers, Stooping a bit to enter, The fat one at this end, the baby at that.
The tallest one in the center, Into the dark they travel Without a fret or a pout; But once they made a window, And baby traveler peeped out Gay little travelers dancing Into the tunnel at morn; Tired little travelers, coming out When the day's work is done. —Annie H. Donnell in Youth's Companion.

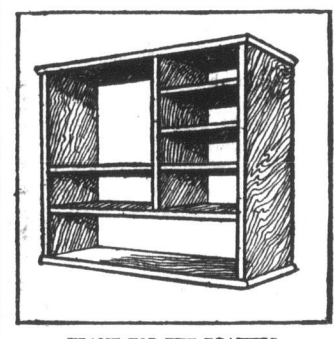
FOR YOUNG FOLKS

A BOY'S LOCKER.

One That He Can Make Himself In Which to Store His Things.
A place to put everything must precede the putting of everything in its place. How can a boy be expected to be orderly unless he has some place, like that shown in the cut, where his ball and bats, his rackets and his fishing lines, to say nothing of half a hundred other things dear to his heart, can be safely stored? One of the good things about this locker is the fact that the boy himself can make it.
The locker here shown calls for several sizes of boxes. It will be well to get the boxes together before making



THE COMPLETED LOCKER.



FRAME FOR THE DRAWERS.

the framework of boards that is to hold them; then plans can be made according to the sizes that are at hand. It will be noted that all the boxes must be of the same size from front to rear, while in the cut four are of the same width. One opening is left for a closet, a door simply being hinged into the opening. The door is made of strips of board, with two cleats across the back, to which strips are nailed. The locker, when completed, is supported against the wall by a pair of stout brackets, to be had at the hardware store, where knobs for the drawers and a catch for the closet door can also be obtained for a few cents.—Washington Star.

Do It Yourself.
Why do you ask the teacher or some classmate to solve that hard problem? Do it yourself. You might as well let some one else eat your dinner as to "do your sums" for you, says the North-western Christian Advocate.
Do not ask the teacher to parse all the difficult words or to assist you in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourself. Do not ask for even a hint from anybody. Try again.
Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in this effort, even if at first the problem is far beyond your skill. It is the study, not the answer, that really rewards your pains.

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SURPRISE SOAP.
BEST FOR EVERY DAY.
of any Grocer

Refrigerators AND Screen Doors ARE A NECESSITY.

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The Grande Pointe Hotel Co., who recently purchased this beautiful Summer Resort have made it an ideal family resort. The Hotel has been enlarged and refurnished—the most complete and up-to-date Hotel on the Great Lakes. A commodious porch 300 feet long extends along the river bank, giving a panoramic view of all the shipping of the Great Lakes. A beautiful Park of ten acres adjoining the Hotel gives pleasure and comfort to children and adults. The Grande Pointe Farm supplies all varieties of fruits, vegetables, Jersey milk, eggs, butter, etc., fresh to the table daily.
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GRANDE POINTE, MICHIGAN, (Via Detroit.)

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PARRY SOUND DIVISION—A steamer leaves Penetanguishene at 2:30 p.m. daily (Sunday excepted) for Parry Sound and intermediate ports. Steamer leaves Parry Sound for Midland and Penetanguishene 6 a.m. daily.
NORTH SHORE DIVISION—A steamer leaves Collingwood for Parry Sound, Point au Baril, Byng Inlet, French River and Killarney at 10:30 p.m. every Monday and Thursday.
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