Baby Nearly Covered with Eczema— Worst Case Doctors Ever Saw —Scalp in Dreadful Condition — Tried Many Kinds of Patent Medicines but Could Get No Relief.

PERFECT, PERMANENT CURE BY CUTICURA

My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when he was four months and degan to have eczems on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was mearly covered. We had all the doctors around us and some from larger places, but no one helped him a particle. The sexema was something terrible, and the abortors said it was the worst case they saver saw. At times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I had to bandage his limbs and arms; his scalp was just dreadful. I used many kinds of patent medicines before trying the Cuticura Remedies, but all to mo avail. A friend teased me to try Cuticura. At last I consented, when any boy was three years and four months sold, baving had eczema all that times and suffering untold misery. I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies, the Cuticura Soap helped as well as the Ointment. He was better in two amouths; in six months he was well, but I gave him the Cuticura Resolvent one year — using twelve bottles, I think — and always used the Cuticura. Soap for bathing, and do now a good abeal. He was four years old before he was well, and his skin became perfectly fair when cured. Mrs. R. L. Risley, Piermont, N. H., Oct. 24, 1905."

BARBER'S ITCH

**Hast winter I suffered great pain and agony with barber's itch. I tried skin specialists and all kinds of remedies, but they did no good. One day I saw a Cuticura advertisement and bought as single set of Cuticura Remedies, and the results were great. In one month I was cured. M. H. Berg, 1501 Chestanut St., Phila., Pa., Jan. 30, 1906.

CHOSEBERY CONDEMNS SYSTEM.

Liberal Government.

Liberal Government.

London, Aug. 15.—Lord Rosebery made another of his meteoric appearances in the House of Lords Tuesday might and delivered an able speech against the Government. With great wheterical brilliancy he denounced the Government's Scottish small land awners' bill. The rumor had gone forth that Lord Rosebery was to peak, and the House was filled to fisten to a Liberal peer castigate a Liberal Cabinet.

Lord Rosebery declared that he mished the Government well, but he midiculed its efforts to legislate for sectional. His complaint was that the bill in question would "crofterize" Scotland. In the most scathing manuer and with an abundance of drammatic gesticulation, the speaker declared he would not be a party to the introduction into the healthy body spolitics of Scotland of the "poisonous vaccilus of the Irish-American system."

The Conservative peers were declared the speaker declared the sould not be a party to the sintroduction into the healthy body spolitics of Scotland of the "poisonous vaccilus of the Irish-American system."

The Conservative peers were described and cheered Lord Rosebery to the echo. His speech was the event of the evening, but the Conservatives themselves doubt whether it will have much practical effect.



MONEY IN CANARIES

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J. & A. OLDERSHAW

FROM AN OCEAN GRAVE

WRECK OF THE COLUMBIA.

DEEDS OF QUIET HEROISM

Story of An Appalling Disaster-Pathetic Scene of Overwhelming Sorrow-Revelations of Self-Sacrifice-Nobility of Human Nature-Courage of Weak Women-Quiet-

ntered according to Act of Parliament of Can-ada, in the year 1907, by Frederick Diver, To-ronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 11.-In this ermon the preacher, who was an eye-vitness of the rescue of the survivors

of the appalling Columbia wreck, draws an eloquent and timely lesson from the disaster. The text is Psalm xlvi, 3, "Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled."

Upon a curtain of one of the public places of amusement in the city of Chicago is a beautiful picture of the "White City" of the national exposition of 1893. Underneath this wonderful vision are written these words, "And should I live a thousand years I never can forget it."

This was the sentence which sprang to my lips when I sat down to write the horrible experience of the most momentous day of my life. But now, instead of seeing beautiful white buildings, with their columns and domes and minarets, and hearing the sweet notes of the most famous musicians in the world played in the gardens and hearing the songs and the merry-makings of the happy parties which filled the gondolas of that new Venice of the west, I saw a sinking ship crowded with men and women. I saw lifeboats filled to the gunwales with helpless human beings. I saw the wreckage drifting everywhither. And above all, in imagination, I could see the white faces of men, women and children coming to the surface of the merciless ocean, eaferly looking to see whether their loved ones had been saved and then disappearing into those depths from which only the archangel's resurrection trumpt can now bring them forth. Should I live a thousand years I can never forget it. Perhaps even in heaven I shall yet talk over the horrors of that day with some who won the crown of martyrdom when the Columbia, one of the finest ships on the Pacific Ocean, collided with the lumber boat San Pedro and then blew up and added one more tragedy to the long list of marine catastrophes.

It was on a beautiful summer afternoon, July 20, 1907, that we set sail from that gem of harbors and passed through the Golden Gate of the Pacific at San Francisco. For weeks and months I had been preparing and looking forward to the time when, with my boy and a couple of dear friends, I could drop work and camp for a few weeks in

their loads of suffering. Poor, poor things! Some of them—delicate women—ane up with only a drenched cloak to shield their bodies. Some simted dead way as they were being hauled up. Some even them were weeping: "O God, my baby!" O' God, my husband and my two children!" O' God, my wife and my two children!" It was a scene of pathos passing all human description. I saw strong men standing there with the tears running down their cheeks; brave women crying like babies.

As a pastor and Christian teacher I learned many gospel lessons from this heartrending tragedy. Heroic deeds of self-searific were revealed on every hand. With but one or two exceptions it did not seem to me as though there was a coward or a mean and contemptible soul among all the three crews and passengers of the San Pedro, the Columbia and the George W. Elder, who met in such close and holy association on that fatal day. I have heard some people declare that this is a mean and contemptible world, but if such cynics had only been standing with me on the deck of that rescuing steamer on July 200 they would have had their faith in God and in mankind renewed or inspired with a flaming enthusiasm.

That noble heroism with the first heal of danger was revealed in the conduct of the commander of the illifated steamer Columbia, Caps. P. R. boran, mow of blessed memory. It would have been a very easy matter for him to have saved himself. But the went to the captain's bridge and stood there. He ordered all the lifeboats to be lowered. Then, while he bade others save themselves, he himself with his own hand rang the danger of the same and the deck of the commander of the illifated steamer Columbia, Caps. P. R. Doran, mow of blessed memory. It would have been a very easy matter for him to have saved himself. But the bade others are considered the life-boats to be lowered. Then, while he bade others. He ordered all the life-boats to be such as a considered with the conduct of the condu

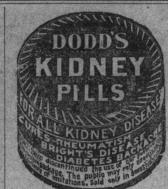
near that we are almost treading upon them, and yet as far as we are concerned they may be a thousand miles—aye, ten thousand the Columbia about 12.15 a.m. At 12.30 the Columbia sank, ad her passengers and crewwere struggling in the water. Two or three of the survivors showed me their watches filled with water. They had stopped about 12.30 a.m. For five long hours in the cold and the darkness the survivors floated in boats and ou lafts, waiting for the day. The fog was still blindingly heavy. About 5 o'clock in the morning the passengers in the boats saw a large vessel loom up in the distance. It was only a few hundred yards away. "Thank God!" they cried. "We are saved! We are saved!" But instead of stopping its engines it moved steadily on and disappeared. The survivors were frantic. They called, they shouted they screamed. But the watchman on the bridge saw them not, and the vessel moved swiftly on and was gone. Then the fog bank closed down and no human voice answered their cries. Women fainted and men groaned, and despair was everywhere. "No hope!" We shall all be fost in this impenetrable fog!" Now, the sailors and passengers of that passing ship may have been as true-hearted people as those who were aboard the Elder. But they were not looking for any shipwrecked crews. Otherwise they might have acted differently.

Yet as I stood and looked at some of those poor survivors of the Columbia.

ferently.

Yet as I stood and looked at some of those poor survivors of the Columbia I kept saying to myself, "Is it our fault if we do not see those who are in trouble by our side in the fogs and mists of life?" Why should I give up part of my clothing and my berth to the shipwrecked at sea and yet refuse to help clothe the naked who are living in my own town by my side? Why not think of the poor, the lame, the blind, by our own fireside? "Oh," some one answers, "the reason we do enot feed those living under the shadow of our own doors is because we think they ought to be able to make a living as we have to do?" Your answer, my friend, is right and yet it is wrong. Neither God nor man wishes you to feed loafers and clothe deadbeats and house social vampires. "If any mar does not work, neither shall he eat," is good sound doctrine for the Bible and modern social economics. But I want to tell you bluntly that all the poor and the unfortunates of your town are not loafers and deserving poor as well as honest and deserving poor as well as honest and deserving poor are not those who seek." The shipwrecked crews of the San Pedros and the Columbias. They are everywhere around us. Slow down and look about.

Lastly, as I look upon the floating boats and the pleading, upturned faces of that fatal day of July 20 I am impressed with the rapidity with which death can strike down its victims. Like a bolt out of a clear sky the summons may come. It may come sudden



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Reception of Earl Grey Results in a Tilt With the Mayor.

St. John, N.B., Aug. 15.—The Governor-General, on his first official visit to New Brunswick, was given a royal welcome here.

Earl Grey and party arrived from Digby yesterday, and were received with a salute of 19 guns and formally welcomed by Lieutenant-Governos Tweedie on behalf of the province, and Mayor Sears on behalf of the city.

At a meeting of the common council yesterday marning to pass the civit address to Earl Grey, some aldermen created a scene by finding fault with Mayor Sears for his handling of the arrangements for the earl's reception here. His worship had engaged the opera house as the place in which to present the city address, and it was contended by aldermen that the City Hall or the Council Chamber in the Court House would be the propen place. Other minor features also came in for criticism, and on the whole the critical aldermen now find themselves under fire for bringing up the matter at such a time.

ARE YOU LOSING LOOKS OR

Once you were robust, bright and lappy. To-day you are du", worried, failing in vitality and appearance. Just when you should Me at your best you're p ayed out and need a cleaning, bracing tonic. Your blood will soon redden, your vivacious spirit will soon return, you'll be yourself again if you regulate the system with Dr. Hamilton's Fills. A truly wonderful medicine. It searches out deense, politively drives away headache, weariness, and lack of vital force. Give yourself a chance, Use Dr. Hamilton's Fills and watch the result. Sold everywhere in 25c. boxes.

CONFESSES TO FOUL CRIME.

Brakeman Whose Act Cost Five Lives Nearly, Lynched.

Boulder, Col., Aug. 15.—John W. Reeves, a brakeman employed on the Colorado & Northwestern Railroad, has confessed that he was responsible for the destruction of the Colorado & Southern station by fire and dynamite Saturday.

Later Frank Kiser, another suspect, also confessed.

Later Franchiscon also confessed.

The result of their act was the wiping out of five lives and the injury of a half hundred others, besides the destruction of property valued at half a million dollars.

Reeves narrowly escaped lynching.

The things that we like most to do are the things least likely to come our way.

ler is the first cause of phil

Humor and Philosophy By DUNCAN M. SMITH

THE BEST MEDICINE.

All pills and powders I forsake All patent lotions give the shake, For every one I count a fake. Their sellers only on them make, But there's one thing I like to take, And that's vacation.

With balt and hook and fishing line, A case of bottles and a stein, A hammock for my weary spine, I trip off feeling mighty fine. With bundles also, I opine, With some elation.

Far from the city dry and hot I pick a cool and quiet spot Of paradise a corner lot. There with congenial souls I plot Against all forms, well paid or not, Of occupation.

I gladly say goodby to toll,
Get near to nature and the soll,
And all my hard earned savings spoil,
All worry and its kindred foll.
According to the rules of Hoyle
Spend my vacation.

A Good Spender.

General Kuroki, the great Japanese warrior, went about this country scattering yen as an ordinary man might scatter bird seed. A yen is a Japanese coin, and, while not of great value, yet with a bushel basket full of them a man may have quite a pleasant time for several days.

man may have quite a pleasant time for several days.

Kuroki threw them at beliboys, waiters and most any one who looked as though he would like a yen until he got a reputation as a fine man to have about a hotel. Indeed, some of the waiters are convinced that it is well worth while to build a world's fair just to have Kuroki attend

worth while to build a world's fair just to have Kuroki attend.

Of course the Japanese government is rich, and it was paying the bills, but at that it couldn't afferd to carry on a war with Russia and have Kuroki traveling at the same time. Still he wouldn't have been away in such an event. No, indeed. He would have been at the front scattering cold lead in the direction of the enemy with as in the direction of the enemy with as liberal a hand.



"Did you get your money's worth from the fortune teller?"
"Yes, and much more."
"I suppose she promised you a large fortune."

"Oh, better than that. She said I

Fitting.
Who marks upon the curbstones gray
In idle, vicious, vagrant play
And doesn't rub the marks away?
The vandal.

Who tries the virtue of the edge Of pocketknife on window ledge, Or devastates a pretty hedge? The vandal.

Who should all mercy be denied And shingled till his blooming hide Is tanned and justice satisfied? The vandal,

"Here, boy, take this penny and run to the corner and get a paper for me."
"Yes, sir."

"Well, what are you standing around

for? Why don't you go?" "Youse forgot to tell me what to do wif de change."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.



between nerves and nerves is often the difference between success and fail-

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WEI,LINGTON LODGE, NO. 46, A & A. M., G. R. C. meets on the f Monday of every month in the Maso Hall, King Street Rast, at 7.30 p. GRO. MUSSON, W.M.

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