

## It's Your Nerves.

It's the Condition of Your Nerves That Either Makes Your Life a Round of Pleasure or a Useless Burden.

To many women life is one round of sickness, weakness and ill health. To attempt even the lightest household duties fatigues them. Many of the symptoms accompanying this state of decline are: a feeling of tiredness, weakness, dizziness, sinking feeling, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, cold hands and feet, headache, dark circles under the eyes, pain in the back and side and all other accompaniments of a run down and weakened constitution.

All these symptoms and conditions are simply the result of a poor quality and defective circulation of the blood, with a wasting away of the nerve forces.

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BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS**

You strike at the root of the disease and lay a solid foundation on which to build. Soon the weight increases, the sunken cheeks and flattened bust fill out, the eyes get bright and the thrill of renewed health and strength vibrates through the system.

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## CURTAIN RAISERS.

"Jest of the Bar Z" is Belle Archer's new play.

Duse is making a study of Shelley's "Beatrice Cenci."

W. S. Gilbert's "Comedy and Tragedy" has been translated for Bernhard.

"The Christian" has passed its one thousandth performance in England.

The Japanese actors who have been making a tour of this country are now playing in London.

A. C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle) has written a play of New York life that will be among the productions of next season.

Justin Huntly McCarthy has written "The Star of the East." It will be first produced in the United States by E. H. Sothern.

The play of longest-duration in New York this season is "Sherlock Holmes," which stopped recently at the end of its thirty-second week.

Charles B. Hanford will not be associated with Louis James and Kathryn Kidder next year, but will star in a play, "Private John Allen," by Lee Arthur.

Another Shakespearean play is promised for next year. It will be "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Louis James as Bottom and Kathryn Kidder as Helena.

Jessie Bartlett Davis, who was offered \$1,000 for a week in vaudeville at Chicago, accepted the offer and turned the whole amount over as her contribution to the Actors' Home fund of New York.

In India it is said many of the theaters are free. The curtain rolls up at 9 o'clock at night and never comes down until 5 the next morning. It usually requires seven nights to present a drama.

## THE VERDICT.

An official report sets forth that 10,000,000 pages of homeopathic literature were published last year. There wasn't anything very homeopathic about a dose like that.

Henry Irving says Shakespeare is a bond between England and America. Sir Henry does not mean that the bard has been officially boycotted by the theatrical syndicate.

The ice train has notified its drivers not to leave ice on the rear porch exposed to the sun's rays. The drivers should shove the ice through the crack under the door.

These Chinese towns have perfectly ridiculous names. Why can't they call themselves something sensible like Showhegan, for instance, or Punks-tawney or Caucomgomoc or Kalamazoo? —Boston Globe.

A fine of \$150 has been imposed on Mr. Roberts of Utah, convicted of having one wife more than the law allows. This puts polygamy out there on a cash basis, and the price fixed for a plural marriage cannot be called high. —New York World.

That young woman in Washington who is suing for divorce because her husband is not a "rising statesman," as he had represented himself, evidently bought a pig in a poke, with the usual result of regretting her bargain. Rising young statesmen do not advertise themselves in that way.

## RECENT INVENTIONS.

The latest labor saving contrivance is said to be an electric collection box. No collectors are required, for as soon as the clergyman has touched a button in the pulpit the box runs along wires from pew to pew, and the congregation do the rest.

For sailboats a new attachment allows the mast to be moved to either side of the boat as the wind shifts, a horizontal arm being pivoted at the forward end of the hull, in the outer end of which the mast is set, with a lever which allows the bar to be shifted to adjust the mast.

Street cars are prevented from running into open drawbridges by a southerner's patent safety device which has a wedge shaped block pivoted on either side of the track, with levers connecting the blocks with the bridge to swing the block over the rails as the draw opens.

Vehicle bodies are maintained in a horizontal position on a side hill by an Ohio man's device, in which the body is supported on the axles by four vertical screws, which are provided at the upper end with wheels, to be grasped, to remove the screws and tilt the body at the desired angle.

## PLANT LIFE.

In southern France successful efforts have been made to arrest forest fires by growing the juicy cactus plants in open spaces separating the sections of the forests.

In England the tallest single stemmed beech tree stands in Lord Browlow's park at Ashbridge, which overlooks the beech country of Buckinghamshire. It is known as the queen beech, and is 150 feet high.

A fad in horticulture which has pretty results is to insert strawberry plants in holes in barrels which have previously been bored for the purpose and the barrels filled with earth. The plants flourish in this way splendidly, often completely covering the barrel with the leaves, blossoms and fruit.

## SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

An inventor claims to have discovered a method of obtaining motive power from sunlight.

The nearest approach of a comet to the earth observed was in 1770, when one approached to within 1,400,000 miles of our planet.

The sound of thunder may be heard for 20 to 25 miles, with the ear to the ground much farther. Lightning is reflected for 150 to 200 miles.

Recent experiments by M. Janet show that the temperature of the carbon filament in an electric lamp is between 2,900 degrees and 3,000 degrees F.

## NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

The erosion of rock caused by the Niagara river is said to be from one to five feet a year.

Niagara falls was at one time situated at Queenstown, several miles from its present location.

In the Drakenberg mountains, in Natal, is a natural formation known as Napoleon's kop. It gives an excellent bust representation of the Little Corporal.

Table mountain, at Cape Town, South Africa, is a magnificent natural curiosity. It is nearly 4,000 feet in height and has a level top about three square miles in area.

## The Bonnet and Grape Vell.

"I ain't got long far to stay here; I ain't got long far to stay here."

Malvina had been repeating this affecting information over and over during the whole forenoon. But she enjoyed music—when she could accompany herself on the washboard.

There was certainly no suggestion of decaying strength in the voice, neither in her personal appearance, when "Little Miss Liddle," her faithful confidant and adviser, went out to the washhouse to hear Malvina's reasons for giving notice.

"How do you do today, Aunt Viney?" asked the young lady as she perched herself on the edge of the table.

"I'm mighty poorly today, honey," answered the widow, with a despondent shake of the head.

"Why, what is the matter now?" "I'm mighty troubled, chile—mighty troubled," she repeated, with a deep sigh, as she seated herself upon a tub turned bottom side upward.

"You do seem to have a lot of trouble," said the young girl sympathetically.

"Yes, honey, I have a heap. Dis yer nigger pears jest born fer' fictions. Three funerals in less'n five year! Think of dat!" This was said with an air of chastened pride.

"But it am a mighty purty sight, Miss Liddle," she continued, visibly brightening, "to see dem three boys layin' side by side, jest de same length." Malvina, it may be remarked, was the relict of "the three boys," but she always spoke of them with an affectionate superiority that her added years since their decease seemed to warrant.

"I should think it might," responded Lida somewhat lamely.

"But I've never mourned fer dem boys like I'd order, honey," she went on in a dejected tone. "An' I've mighty troubled fer not shavin' more respect fer dere 'membrances.'"

"Why, you put up tombstones for all of dem," remarked the little comforter.

"Yesum, dat's a fac, an' I know de boys'd be scandalous proud to see dere names in print on dem marbles," responded the widow, with justifiable elation.

But she relapsed into a more disconsolate tone as she confided her sorrows to the ears of her ever faithful sympathizer.

"Don't you know, Miss Liddle, yestiddy at meetin', Sistah Hanner Davis had on one of dem fixin' wid de long black veils fallin' down behin', jest like de high tick white folks. I heard some of de gals call 'em widder's."

"Fore gracious, I thought dey meant chillun right at fust. But you jest order see her, Miss Liddle. Wid de hair crinkly, sorter like de vell, an' de dark complexion, it like a colored person look a heap more mournful dan a white pusson. I never see a colored lady look so high tick as Sistah Davis."

"I've been thinkin'," she went on, with emotion, "dat I order mourn like dat fer dem blessed lady's dat I've put away. I think I'd look jest about as fixy as anybody." Malvina paused, expectantly for confirmation of her views.

"You'd look awful nice, Aunt Viney. I can just see you now."

"It's made me feel mighty solemnlike. Nobody what don't know can tell what an orful thing it is to be a widder. Would you git de crape vell den if you's me, Miss Liddle?"

"Indeed I would," responded the fun loving girl promptly, "and mourn for the three boys all together."

"I'll take de crape or four weeks' sayin' up to it, but I 'low I'll be able to git it long 'bout Easter, if nothin' happens," said Viney hopefully as she started home that afternoon.

"I ain't got long far to stay here; I ain't got long far to stay here," chanted Malvina faithfully for three successive weeks.

"Give me de money in chicken feed, please, Miss Liddle," meaning small change, "den I can put some of it away temporarily somewhere in de roomy hollows of her mouth. Malvina had a fine scorn for pukes. "People's allus losin' money outer dem little pokes" (critters) was her constant.

"When I got it in my mouf, I know it's dere."

But the fourth Monday the widow received her confidant with placid cheerfulness written upon her face.

"Reckon I won't git dem weeds jest yit, Miss Liddle," she began.

"Why, what's de matter?" queried Lida in surprise.

"Well, you know dat tormentin' black man named Tom Martin? He's been chanted after me fer a long time, an' I declare 'fore gracious, chile, I jest couldn't git shet of him no ways. I didn't give in, though, till I found two knives at my plate on de table, an' dat am a sure sign of a weddin'."

Seems as though everything went ag'inat me, yestiddy anyhow."

Lida, perched in her usual place on the washboard, looked at her with disappointed air at this turn of affairs, so Malvina proceeded with excuses for her inconstancy.

"Fust thing in de mornin' I dropped de dish rag. Den de old rooster walked right up into de dore an' crowed fer all dat's up. I knew it was a man comin'. Sho 'nuff, long 'bout dinner time in walks dat black man, Tom Martin, an' when we set down at de table dere was dem knives sayin' 'weddin' jest as plain as print."

"Den I thought," she continued reflectively, "he'd be a heap o' company fer de chillun an' a right smart help round de house about meekin' de garden dis summer."

"But don't you hate to give up your bonnet and crape vell?" put in Lida.

"It took lots o' grace to consign dat bonnet, honey, but de preacher showed us yestiddy evenin' dat we must walk in de pointed ways, an' all dem signs seem like a voice right outer de sky. 'Tain't no use tryin' to fly in de face o' Providence. What's to be is goin' to be. I've a Pesbeterian jest like you is on dem points, honey, sayin' with a chuckle, 'Like as if I couldn't expect to git it some time. Tom ain't overly healthy, an' it's powerful likely I'll git dat dere widder's bonnet yit.'—Exchange.

## His New Quarters.

"How do you like your new quarters?" asked the landlord pleasantly.

The new tenant in the modern apartment house looked the rooms over sadly and rejoined, "These aren't quarters; these are eighties."—Washington Star.

## Where the Fault Was.

Markleigh—Your office seems badly messed up. Have you no janitor?

Barkleigh—We have one, but since he became a faith curist he has been giving the office "absent treatment."—Baltimore American.

## STOMACH ACHES

Stomach aches are due to dyspepsia. A woman who complains of stomach aches is in almost every case constipated. Her stomach is sour; she has a heavy weight on her stomach, she is dizzy, she has palpitation and does not sleep. She is weak, has decoloration of the skin and a burning sensation. A woman who suffers thus is most miserable, she has the blues and is ill-humored all the time. To these women we would recommend two of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills after each meal, and half an hour after each meal half a teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in half a glass of hot water. Further information can be had by reading the circular around each box of our Pills. We assure these women a permanent cure if they follow the hygienic rules given by our doctors, which are to be found on each circular around each box of Pills.

The following ladies, who have been cured, will be pleased to answer your letters if you write to them, but there is no doubt but Dr. Coderre's Red Pills cure women's diseases in all their forms. They are for women only; they are not cure-alls. Fifty Pills for 50c. will last longer than any old-fashioned liquid remedy.

Miss Mary Heinlein, 212 North Woodcock, Saginaw, Mich., writes: "I believe your Pills to be the only remedy for female troubles. I took them for female weakness in all its forms and I had only half a box taken when I found relief. I trust that every sick woman will take these Pills, as they are the cheapest remedy as well as the best that has ever been known."

Mrs. J. Demers, 1200 N. Water St., Bay City, Mich., writes: "I take pleasure in giving my name to publish in the papers for the benefit of poor women who suffer as I did. I suffered from stomach trouble, headache, in fact everything from which a woman could suffer. I have taken your Pills and have been well so well in years as I have since taking them. They are a blessing for all sick women."

Mrs. A. Zahra, 444 Antonio St., Detroit, Mich., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from female weakness, was very weak and all around. I have taken your Pills and am strongly recommend them to anyone who suffers as I did. They are a wonderful remedy and I thank God for giving it last found something to cure me."

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women will cure every disease of woman just as sure as day follows night. This remedy is the result of a lifetime's practice; although, we do not claim that it will cure everything as old-fashioned alcoholic remedies are advertised to do, yet we do claim that it will cure all diseases of women. This is known to the world through the newspapers and through suffering women and girls telling from one to the other how their cases were hopeless, how they were given up by eminent physicians after spending fortunes, and last of all they have found relief by taking Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. They are pleased to publish this for the benefit of those who are disheartened, as they were themselves.

Write to-day for our booklet Pale and Weak Women. We will mail it to you free. It will tell you how to become strong and healthy, and it will prove to you the efficacy of our remedy. You cannot afford to be without this book; it is an encyclopedia of knowledge.

For anyone suffering from constipation we advise the use of Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets, as our Red Pills are not a purgative. A conscientious use of these two remedies taken together has a marked effect on the whole constitution.

If you have been suffering for a long time, write a full description of your case to our Specialists. Their consultations are free and their advice the best. You can write them or call at their offices, and they will be always pleased to give you such advice as you may require. The Red Pills are sold at 50c., the Purgative Tablets at 25c. a box.

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## LASHED A NEGRO

After Twenty Years the Whipping Post is Revived in Virginia.

Victim Chained and Flogged for Refusing to work in Chain Gang.

Newport News, Va., Dec. 7. — Despite the fact that the legislature of this state abolished the whipping post nearly 20 years ago, and all corporal punishment in state institutions, Street Commissioner Wilson has thrashed Henry Lee, a negro prisoner serving a year in jail, because he refused to work in the chain gang on the streets.

The negro was taken to the police court room and forced to strip. Then his hands were passed through the bars of a cage, and made fast on the other side with a pair of handcuffs. He was then given 20 lashes with a horsewhip.

During the chastisement the negro did not utter a sound, but every time the whip cracked across his back he jumped high into the air and tried to wriggle as far out of the reach of the whips as the chains that bound him would permit.

Commissioner Wilson says the whipping was authorized by the city attorney, who informed him that chain gang prisoners are to be whipped for refusing to work or for misbehavior. The question whether this ordinance, passed by the council, should stand will no doubt be raised, should the whipping post custom be continued.

## CHATHAM TALENT APPRECIATED.

The weather was all that could be desired last Sunday, when the second anniversary of the opening of the Methodist Church took place.

There was a very large attendance Sunday, and on Monday evening the auditorium was packed and some fine addresses were given.

Rev. Dr. Hannon, of Chatham, preached two very impressive sermons at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Among those that gave addresses on Monday evening were Dr. Thronton, of Chatham, Rev. Mr. Kerr, of Thomsesville, and Rev. Dr. Hannon.

Some very fine music was given by the church choir. Miss Humphrey, soloist, of Chatham, rendered some excellent numbers, which were much appreciated by the large audience.

## RIDGETOWN CURLERS.

On Friday evening last the Ridgetown curlers held their annual meeting. The following officers were duly elected:

Patron—R. Ferguson, M. P. P.  
Patroness—Mrs. H. N. Gillies, Mrs. P. Bawden.

Hon. President—John P. McKinlay.  
President—R. Reid, B. A.  
Vice-President—Major Graham.  
Representative—H. N. Gillies.

Chaplain—Rev. G. Munro.  
Treasurer—H. W. Lusk.  
Secretary—L. J. Roycraft.

Committee of Management—H. N. Gillies, Dr. Gray, C. H. Eastlake, W. H. Macdonald, Jas. E. Thatcher.  
Skips—W. U. Little, H. N. Gillies, R. Reid, C. H. Eastlake, A. F. McKinlay, P. Bawden, W. H. Macdonald, E. Truax, Geo. Laing, L. J. Roycraft.

Young Man to Floor Walker—Do you keep stationery?  
Floor Walker—No, sir. If I did I should lose my job.

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