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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLON SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

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Ladies' Favorite, regulator on which woman can depend. "In the hour and time of need." Prepared in two degrees of strength. No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1—For ordinary cases. No. 2—For special cases—10 degrees strength. Three dollars per box. Ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other as all pills, mixtures and laxatives are dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold and recommended by all druggists in the Dominion of Canada. Mailed to any address on receipt of price and four 2-cent postage stamps. (The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont.)

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Chatham by all Druggists.

Chatham's Big Clock

There are styles in Watches as well as in clothes. The latest styles in Women's Watches are here, including some beautiful and dainty Chate-laine Watches, handsomely enameled or engraved, some set with beautiful stones, prices ranging from \$1.50 up to the price of a beautiful 14K, gold filled Elgin or Waltham movement, fully guaranteed for quality and timekeepers, or taken back if not as guaranteed, which can be purchased only at the sign of the big clock.

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FRONTIER LIFE

How Jack Dunlaw, a Western "Bully" Was Compelled to Apologize—A Thrilling Story.

Seven years since, when I was quite a young man—and gray is now silvering my hair—I had occasion to visit the far West in government employ, with a party of surveyors. The nature of our errand, our numbers, and the elaborate preparations we had made against any hostile demonstrations, insured us from any molestation, save in a few rare instances; yet in that wild country it was impossible that we should remain long without witnessing many scenes not familiar in law-abiding and cultivated districts. To be sure, we were not beyond the pale of law—that is, there were certain officers, widely scattered, who occasionally shot down some drunken desperado, if his friends were not too numerous; but beyond such heroic acts they seldom exercised the powers they were supposed to possess. Generally, each separate community had a recognized leader, some man more muscular and reckless than his fellows, and who by virtue of his qualities had a certain number of followers, who were ready to see that his will was the ruling power in that vicinity. Of course, such men were the real law-makers, and they were very seldom opposed or molested.

Such a one was Jack Dunlaw. Jack's headquarters were at the station on the Overland Mail route, where we chanced to be located for a few weeks, while surveying in that vicinity, and we had a good opportunity of witnessing a most interesting incident in his experience, which transpired while we were there. In appearance he was formidable enough, as we saw him on the morning after our arrival. Fully six feet six inches in height, with long arms and legs, slightly stooping, with a ponderous frame, immense masses of hair and beard, clothing in keeping with his general appearance, and neither over-cleanly nor attractive, a bowie knife and revolver thrust into his belt as he walked about the station. Jack was certainly the man to intimidate any person of moderate nerves.

For many years he had been recognized as the leading spirit in that vicinity, and from that position he had grown independent of all restraint save his own will. He had a chosen band of followers, who were ready to support him in any villainous undertaking. We were not long kept in waiting before some of his peculiarities were brought to our notice.

The keeper of the station, Frank Russell, was a medium-sized man, some forty years of age, who had recently come to the place, bringing with him a family, consisting of one daughter, his wife, and a young man who had been in his employ several years, and who was said to be the accepted lover of the daughter Cora. Stephen Ranney was his name, a very quiet, gentlemanly-looking young man, some five feet nine inches high, and weighing at a moderate estimate, 150 pounds. He seldom spoke unless addressed, when his words were brief and to the point.

On the morning following our arrival, while the chief engineer of our corps was preparing the work for the day, the remainder of the party, after examining their instruments and putting everything in readiness for service, disposed ourselves about the

MAKES MEN SOUND AND STRONG

Detroit Specialist Making Men's Diseases a Specialty for Years, Will Accept Your Case, Giving Individual Treatment, You may Use the Privacy of Your Own Home.

You May Pay When You are Cured.

A Detroit Specialist who has 14 diplomas and certificates from medical colleges and state boards of medical examiners, and who has a vast experience in doctoring diseases of men, is positive he can cure a great many so called incurable cases;



DR. S. GOLDBERG.
The possessor of 14 diplomas and certificates, who wants no money that he does not earn.

In order to convince patients that he has the ability to do so, he says, Dr. Goldberg will accept your case for treatment, and you need not pay one penny until a complete cure has been made; he wants to hear from patients who have been unable to get cured, as he guarantees a positive cure for all chronic, nervous, blood and skin diseases, which he accepts for treatment. He not only cures the condition itself, but likewise all the complications that attend it, such as kidney troubles, heart disease, physical and nervous debility, lack of vitality, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up; so he has made it a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you, and when you are cured, he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. It seems, therefore, that it is to the best interests of everyone who suffers to write the doctor confidentially and lay your case before him, which will receive careful attention, and a correct diagnosis of your case will be made free of charge; if you have lost faith write him, as you have everything to gain and nothing to lose; you must remember, not one penny need be paid until you are cured. All medicines for patients are prepared in his own laboratory to meet the requirements of each individual case. He will send a booklet on the subject, which contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him simply, Dr. S. Goldberg, 208 Woodward Ave., Room 617, Detroit, Michigan. Medicines for Canadian patients sent from Windsor, Ont., consequently there is no duty to be paid.

While wreathing ourselves in vapor, and longing for a day or two of rest, station to smoke and wait for orders, in strode Jack Dunlaw, and demanded a dram of whiskey. The barkeeper produced the beverage, and Jack, who was already more than excited by the potatoes of vile liquor which he had swallowed, turned it down with a gurgle. Just as he lowered the tin cup which served instead of a tumbler, Cora Russell entered the room, looking for her father.

"Here, gal, give us a kiss!" Jack exclaimed, as he caught sight of her. Alarmed at his brutal manner, the girl turned to leave the room, but before she could do so the bully had caught and kissed her repeatedly with his liquor-fumed and tobacco-stained lips.

As she broke from his grasp and escaped at length, he turned to the bar again, and with some beastly remarks, threw down a coin and sauntered out, those of his admirers present laughing heartily as he left the place.

As the scene progressed I sprang from my seat and took a step toward the ruffian, but a surveyor pulled me back, and with a diffidence and cowardice of which I ever since have been ashamed, I did not make a second movement.

I saw the father turn slightly pale, but he made no protest, only following his daughter from the room, and returning several minutes afterwards as calm as ever.

No one seemed to resent this fearful insult, which perhaps, nowhere else in the civilized world would have been permitted to go unpunished; and in a day or two we almost ceased to think of it, as other brutal acts on the part of Dunlaw came under our notice.

The third day after the above incidents took place we were off duty. It had threatened rain during the morning, and the day proved dark and cloudy. Shortly after noon one of our party, anxious to see some specimens of the famed rifle shooting of the West, took from his baggage a finely-mounted powder flask, which he offered as a prize to the best shot.

There were half-a-dozen volunteers, and the details were speedily arranged. Three shots were to be allowed, at one hundred and fifty paces, and the man whose shots made the shortest string, measuring from the centre of the bull's-eye, was to receive the flask.

Jack Dunlaw and Stephen Ranney were among the contestants. I had been quite curious to see how those two persons would meet, but expected no change in the young man's deportment. He spoke but little, and when the list was arranged for the precedence, voluntarily took the last place, then folding his arms and leaning against the doorway, he carefully watched the trial.

Jack was one of the first to try his skill, and when three shots had been fired, it was found that one of his bullets had struck within an inch of the centre, while the other two were not more than half an inch further removed.

Four inches! the surveyor announced after carefully measuring the several shots.

"Yas," growled Jack, throwing himself upon a bench: "I'll wait here till you beat that, some on yer, and when yer dew yer kin take that ther little powder box."

The others fired in their several turns and our party was quite surprised to find the shooting no more accurate. Indeed we began to look with disgust upon the wonderful stories of romantic writers.

All had fired at last save Stephen

Ranney, and Jack had much the shortest string.

The young man took his place, and raised his rifle, which was considerably shorter than any of the others. "Look here, youngster," growled Jack, with a wink to his admirers. "You better have a pop-gun; that wouldn't hurt anybody, and you'd be just as likely to hit the mark as ye will with that boy's plighting."

Stephen made no reply, but placing his weapon in rest, bowed his cheek to the breech, and the next moment the sharp report rang out.

"In the edge of the bull's-eye, half an inch from the centre!" shouted the marker. "The best shot yet."

"It's an accident! He can't hit the board next time!" cried Jack.

I saw from his manner that he was getting excited and angry. But Stephen re-loaded his weapon in the most unobtrusive manner imaginable. As he was about to fire, Jack walked toward the target to mark the effect of the shot.

It was given as promptly as the first, and to the surprise of every one, it struck almost exactly in the centre of the bull's-eye. But without waiting to hear the result, Stephen turned to re-load his piece.

With a stride like that of an enraged elephant, Jack Dunlaw moved up to the side of his successful competitor.

"Don't yer dar to that ag'in!" he hissed between his shut jaws. "If ye do, I'll be a hard day for yer. Now mark what I tell yer! I ain't goin' to fool around no up-start like you. Ye've made a lucky hit twice; now let that end it."

The young man made no answer; but I saw his cheek become a shade paler, and his hand a trifle less steady as he rammed home the bullet. Then, with lips tightly compressed, and eyes fixed upon the target, he dropped upon one knee, and leveled his rifle.

"Now, don't yer make another mistake!" was Jack's last admonition, accompanied by a shake of the fist so close to the man's face that I began to feel like grasping the bully and dragging him from the scene.

The third shot sped as the others had done, and then the young man sprang to his feet, dropping his rifle to the ground in a manner which showed that patience had nearly ceased to be his ruling virtue. Still, I could not anticipate the scenes which were to follow.

The last bullet had struck just outside the bull's-eye, and after carefully measuring the three, Tom Tarbox, he who had offered the prize, and kept the measurements, stepped up among the crowd now gathered and said:

"Mr. Ranney has made the best record, his three shots measuring but two inches so I give to him the flask according to agreement."

He reached forth the prize as he spoke, but before the young man could take it, Jack snatched it from the surveyor's hand and put it in his pocket. No one anticipated such a movement, and it was some time before Tarbox recovered his self-possession so as to speak.

"The flask belongs to Mr. Ranney," he said. "Please let him have it."

"The flask belongs to me," retorted Jack. "It's shooting war all accident!" He only happened to hit what he did. But then, he can have the flask if he can get it, or you either.

Tarbox bit his lip, and looked to the other members of the party, undecided how to act. Seeing his irresolution, Ranney stepped forward and said:

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Tarbox."

Continued on Page 6.

GOOD REASONS FOR ALL HE SAYS

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured W. N. Baskin's Pains.

Well-known Norwood Contractor Always Has a Good Word for Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Norwood, Ont., Oct. 10.—(Special).—Mr. W. N. Baskin, the well-known lumberman and railroad contractor, here, is one of those who never fail to say a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Baskin gives the reason why as follows:

"For two years I was laid up with Lumbago and Kidney Disease. At times I would become very weak and would have to give up work. I did work on the C. P. R. and the Parry Sound R. R., and people all know how sick I was."

"Reading of wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills led me to try them, and I can say I have not had any pains since I used them. It just took three boxes to cure me completely."

Lumbago is one of the results of Kidney Disease. Cure your Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you will cure your Lumbago.

A CHILD'S LOGIC.

There is often a depth of wisdom in the thoughts and sayings of the little ones which maturity has failed to fathom, and which those who are but "children of a larger growth" might do well to apply. Such wisdom was beautifully exemplified in the case of a little girl who once returned to her home from a jaunt in the woods, her face covered with mosquito bites.

"Why didn't you drive them away?" said the mother.

"They would not go," said the child. "Why did you not kill them?"

"It would not have been right," was the answer.

"But I have seen you kill them at home," urged the surprised mother.

"Yes, mamma," argued the child, firmly, "if they come into my house and bite me, I kill them. But if I go into the woods, that is their house and I have no right to kill them."

Many men really think women have the sunny side of existence.

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Every clothier selling "PROGRESS" Brand Clothing, is authorized to guarantee each garment, bearing the "PROGRESS" label, to be free from imperfections in material and workmanship—to be sewed with pure dye silk—tailored by skilled workmen—and made of dependable cloth, thoroughly sponged and shrunk

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KING STREET, WEST P.O.

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INCORPORATED, A.D. 1881.
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Apply personally and secure best rates and low expenses. Deposits of \$1 and upwards received and interest allowed.
Debentures issued for three, four or five years with interest. Coupons payable half yearly. Executors and Trustees authorized by Act of Parliament to invest Trust Funds in the Debentures of this Company.
S. F. GARDNER, Manager.
Chatham, November 30, 1903.

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