

Complete EXTERNAL & INTERNAL Treatment FOR EVERY SKIN AFFECTION.

CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET of these great skin curatives is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, crusted, scaly, pimply skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itching, and chafing, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of bath for soothing irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for sensitive weaknesses, and for many sensitive antiseptic purposes which readily soothe themselves to women, and especially mothers. No other medicated soap is so compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic soap is so compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines the best of both worlds, the best skin and complexion soap, and the best toilet and baby soap in the world.

WEAKNESS OF MEN AND WOMEN

"Could we read the hearts of every man and woman, what a load of sorrow and despair would be disclosed. Indiscretions and Blood Diseases have caused more physical and mental weakness than all other causes combined. They strike at the foundation of manhood; they sap the vital forces; they undermine the system, and not only do they often disrupt the family circle, but they may even extend their poisonous fangs into the next generation. If you have been a victim of early sinful habits, remember the seed is sown, and sooner or later you will reap a harvest. If your blood has been diseased from any cause do not risk a return of the disease. If you have been a victim of early sinful habits, remember the seed is sown, and sooner or later you will reap a harvest. If your blood has been diseased from any cause do not risk a return of the disease. If you have been a victim of early sinful habits, remember the seed is sown, and sooner or later you will reap a harvest. If your blood has been diseased from any cause do not risk a return of the disease."

WE CURE OR NO PAY. Don't let your life be drained away, which weakens the intellect as well as the body. There is no room in the world for mental, physical or sexual dwarfs. Our New Method Treatment will stop all unnatural losses, Purify the Blood, Strengthen the Nerves, Restore Vitality, and make a man of you. If you are in trouble, call and consult us. Consultation is Free. We treat and cure Drains, Blood Diseases, Varicocele, Stricture, Unnatural Discharges, Gleet, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, No cutting or operating, no detention from business. Everything confidential. Consultation Free. Books Free. Question Blank Free for Home Treatment.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St.
DETROIT, MICH.

Thos. Martin & Son Bakers

Manning's Bakery,
Grant Street, North Chatham.

Orders for Confectionery for private families will receive prompt and careful attention.

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Asbestos Building
Stone
AND
Granolithic Walks
Laid on Short Notice.

MONEY TO LEND

No pay off mortgages.
No buy property.
Very low rates.
Pay when desired.
Will also lend on notes and chattel.
J. W. WHITE, Barrister,
King St. West, Chatham.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

The Ghosts of The Brig.

THE Boston brig, "Mayflower," was a ramshackle old craft. Her high poop, sheering prow, and stumpy spars, reminded one of Vanderdecken's phantom ship. When she left Rosario in Argentina, bound down the river for home, I was second mate of her. Of course, the first night out I was considerably under the weather, and hardly knew how I managed to stand my watch.

At seven bells in the morning I was roused by a fracas on deck. The captain was vehemently expostulating the sulphurous combinations in the galleys. The cook's galley during the night.

"No, sir; 'twere't us," chorused the six shellbacks.

When the captain paused for breath one rascal remarked:

"It must ha' been the ghosts, sir."

At that the old man turned on his heel and went below.

The sailors, holding on to their sides, ran forward to the fore-castle.

The cook declared himself vigorously, incoherently, to the main course.

"What's upset the old man?" I asked, approaching the mate.

"It's those dern ghosts," he answered.

"What ghosts, sir?"

"Humph! Don't you know the yarn?"

The brig's haunted—has been ever since those two fellows were washed off the jib-boom.

It was in the Gulf Stream. The brig was running off before a nor'east squall, and they were stowing the flying-jib. The old man was at the wheel, and he let her come up suddenly—he must have been drunk.

She plunged her nose into a sea, clean to the foremast, and, of course, the men on the boom were washed away. It was murder, all right, and ever since, off and on, those fellows' ghosts have haunted the ship. Shortly after four o'clock this morning the lookout came running aft, frightened out of his wits. Going forward, I saw two white figures on the top-gallant fore-castle, dancing a devil's hornpipe round the captain.

"Tions, but I can tell you I got a scare," the mate looked at me lugubriously.

"'Twas the ghosts riled the doctor's domain," laughed I.

"Maybe not," said the mate. "But when anybody mentions ghosts the old man buttons up his lip and spouts-ec for his whisky flask."

The brig sped along merrily, keeping close to the starboard shore. The captain was on the lookout for a pampers, and a while before midnight we shortened sail. The ship was then four or five miles below Buenos Ayres. It was a dark night—very dark for that part of the world.

As I was about to sing out "Eight bells!" two hands in my watch came running aft, crying incoherently. The captain muttered aghast, "The ghosts again," and hastened below. With rolicking recklessness, I went forward to investigate.

"Sure enough! There on the fore-castle head stood two figures looming ghostly through the gloom. Spellbound, I watched them for what seemed an age. Suddenly they emitted a shriek and jumped over the windlass towards me. I did not wait to ask their business with me, but skeddaddled aft. When I reached the poop, the shrieking phantoms were at my heels. Seizing a pump-handle, I made a sweep at one of them as he was clambering up the poop-ladder. But I struck only a guano-bird. The swing of the heavy bar nearly carried me overboard. Had the handle passed through an unsubstantial shade? No! The ghost had dodged, and now was frittering in fright.

"Don't kill me, Mr. A—, I'm not a ghost—I'm only Sam."

The ghosts tore white sheets from their shoulders and stood disclosed—two downy shellbacks. Perhaps I didn't feel like slaughtering the pair of them for making such a fool of me. "Get forward, you scoundrels," I stormed. "Away with you, or I'll make ghosts of you for sure."

"Good heavens, sir, let us be," they exclaimed. "The real ghosts were after us. Didn't you see 'em?"

"What are you fools frightened of? The ghosts are forward, sir, the real ghosts. They came up out of the water, dripping, ghastly. We'll never play ghosts again—never, sir!"

At that instant the pampers struck the brig, shrieking through the rigging like a litany of Lucifer. The captain sprang on deck, but there was nothing to do. The brig, under a single topsail, leaped like a race-horse before the squall. In an hour or so the pampers passed without doing any damage, and we started to set sail again. The mate called his watch to loose the jibs, but not a man would go on the boom.

"You can kill me, sir," said Sam, "but I won't go forward of the windlass. Them ghosts are waiting for us, sure. Last night the starboard watch played ghosts to frighten you, sir. To-night Bill and I were playing for the benefit of the second, but the real ghosts came over the bows and nearly napped us. Ask old Riley? He was watching the fun from the fore-castle, and he seen 'em rise behind us."

Those scared shellbacks got on the mate's nerves, and, in consequence, the jibs were not set till daylight. When the cook turned out that morning, he found that his galley had been looted another time. Of course, he went for the crew, but those shellbacks had nothing to say. Somehow, I did not like it. If they had been in the galley their protestations would have been profuse enough. But they were plainly perplexed, and even appalled. "It must have been the real ghosts, this time," they muttered among themselves.

The following night I had charge of the deck from twelve to four. A while after two bells the ghosts began to declare themselves. Startling shrieks, blood-curdling groans issued from the bows. My watch clambered on the poop; my hair crept all around my head. In a few minutes the mate's watch came piling out of the fore-castle like greased lightning. They ran to the poop, too, and huddling together, we listened with chattering teeth to the racket raised by the ghosts. After a time the ghostly sounds ceased, and we drew breath more freely. The sailors cowered in the waist, but they did not sleep much.

In the morning there was a row in the fore-castle. Two men had lost their tobacco and pipes, and were blaming

their shipmates. To accuse one's shipmate of robbery is a dangerous business. The mate, hearing the angry voices and fearing trouble, made enquiries. On his suggestion, the fore-castle was turned wrong side out, but neither pipes nor tobacco were found.

"The ghosts must have been here last night," said the mate. "They probably don't like the sort of smoke going among spirits and wanted a pull at a sailor's pipe."

The sailors cooled down at once. That day it blew a little, and we battened down hatches fore and aft. At night the sailors slept in the waist and stood their watches there, too. Even a handspike wouldn't persuade them to go forward to the fore-castle. At intervals the ghosts made their presence known.

Next morning when I opened the forepeak hatch, two haggard, hairy beings jumped on deck, clamoring for food and drink.

"The ghosts!" growled the men, running aft. I ran, too. The ghosts followed lecherously, laughing at us as we fled. The captain was on the poop, and he blocked the retreat.

"Who the devil—what are these scoundrels?" he asked.

"The ghosts," says I, as solemn as seven Solomon.

"Yes," said the tall, lanky one, "we're the ghosts, and we're hungry and thirsty, too."

"How did you get aboard?" asked the old man.

"Over the bows. How do you suppose ghosts would come?" roared the old man. "I'll teach you to be funny with me. Get forward! I'm going to look you in the carpenter-shop."

"But, my fine lady," we're hungry and thirsty. For Heaven's sake give us something to eat and drink."

"Get out!" grinned the old man. "Ghosts should live on air. Another word and I'll throw the both of you overboard."

Thereupon, he seized a handspike, drove them forward, and locked them in the deck and dingy carpenter-shop.

"Now, my fine lady," he said, "you'll have time to think over the foolishness of frightening honest folk."

Every half-hour the captain marched up and down by their prison, taunting them. They begged for something to eat, something to drink, but the old man had no pity for them.

"Ghosts, but I can tell you I got a scare," the mate looked at me lugubriously.

"'Twas the ghosts riled the doctor's domain," laughed I.

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C. C. Miller cured of a Chronic Case of Rheumatism by Powley's Liquefied Ozone.

We want you to know about Mr. Miller's case. He suffered from chronic rheumatism and was cured by our preparation. He is a citizen of Montreal. He will tell you about his cure if you ask or write him.

Some years ago Mr. Miller had his health and was able to devote his time to his affairs, which grew and prospered. After a while his blood became impure, he began to suffer pain, and he knew that he was affected with incipient rheumatism. His condition gradually became worse, his joints stiffened, it became difficult for him to walk and each time he moved it caused him excruciating pain.

He was forced to give up his establishment. He consulted eminent physicians and spent a great deal of money in medicine. He was so bad that he regarded anything that gave him relief from pain for five minutes as a splendid preparation. He became down-hearted and looked on his case as absolutely incurable.

One day he heard about the wonderful cures Powley's Liquefied Ozone had been making with blood disease, and he purchased a bottle. Although he was discouraged, he received benefit from the first and he kept on. In a short time he was completely cured. This is what he says about Powley's Liquefied Ozone:

"Its cure of my case was particularly gratifying. I was so grateful for the benefit it did me that I brought a supply of it with me when I came to Montreal, fearing I would not be able to get it here. My house is never without Powley's Liquefied Ozone now, and I would not be without it, no matter what it cost. I feel as young and active as I did before I was sick. I am able to work every day, in fact, I can do a better day's work than ever before in my life."

(Signed) C. C. MILLER, 2141 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

This is simply a statement of facts. We believe you will profit by considering this case. The cure is remarkable. It shows the power of our preparation to cure disease.

Consult our physician about your case. Write full details and you will get a specialist's advice free. Your letters are absolutely confidential. Address The Consulting Department, The Liquid Ozone Co., 229 Kinzie St., Chicago, U.S.A.

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Three Piece Suites, with Mahogany finished frames, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00.
Rug Suites of good and serviceable rugs, \$32.00, \$38.00, \$45.00, worth \$40.00, \$50.00 and \$60.00.

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A Special Line from \$10, \$12. Do not fail to see these Suites.
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We are offering a special line of CARPETS at 50c per yard, worth 60c and 65c per yard. Made and laid free of charge.

Hugh McDonald

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And our store is well stocked, and if right goods and prices count for anything, we will always be the place for careful buyers. Just now, we have an exceptionally fine line of

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That have all been bought from the best makers in the Dominion, in large quantities for cash, and careful buyers will find it to their advantage to inspect these goods before buying elsewhere, as nowhere else in Chatham can the value be equalled.

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