

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, waking, faintness, 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.

By feeding the system with

Dr. Ward's

BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS

They 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.

50 cts. per box; five boxes for \$2.00; all druggists.

DOCTOR WARD CO., Toronto, Ont.

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A Mistake

YOU WILL

Looking for a birthday, wedding or Christmas present, purchase before seeing the fine selected stock of fancy china goods at McConnell's, Park St., East. A large variety to choose from at prices that will please you. We have the largest window display of fancy china in the city. Call and see it.

Saturday, Dec. 8

We will have a 10c, 15c. and 25c. counter.

New goods, latest designs and very pretty.

WE SELL

Dinner sets, \$5.50, 97 pieces.

Tea sets, \$3.00, 44 pieces.

Chamber sets, \$1.95 each.

Our grocery stock is now complete. Our prices why they can't be beat.

Roasted coffee, in berry, or ground.

Only eighteen cents per lb.

Pork and Beans, 5c. per can.

Pickles, 10c. per bottle.

Figs, 5c. per lb.

Ginger snaps, 5c. per lb.

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New selected Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Figs and Apples, sugar cured.

Smoked shoulder, 12 1/2c. per lb; hams and bacon, best corn cured.

Leave your order with us and we will give it our prompt attention.

John McConnell

Phone 190. Park St., East

Sign of the Star

Mortgage Sale

OF

City Property

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time and place of sale, there will be sold by public action, at the Grand Central Hotel, in the City of Chatham, in the County of Kent, on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8TH, 1900

at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, by Messrs. McCog & Harrington, auctioneers, the following freehold property:

All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate, lying and being in the City of Chatham, in the County of Kent, being composed of Lots numbers Eighteen, Nineteen, Twenty-one and Twenty-two of the Subdivision of Park Lot number Six, according to plan number Forty-one, made by Walter Crowe, P. E. S., and being in that part of the City of Chatham called Chatham North, formerly part of Lot number Twenty-four in the First Concession of the Township of Dover East in the County of Kent.

This property will be sold subject to a reserved bid.

The title is perfect.

TERMS OF SALE.

Twenty per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale and the balance within fifteen days thereafter without interest.

For further particulars and terms and conditions of sale apply to

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Vendor's Solicitor,

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IS MUCH CLAIMED

Who Wrote the Wreck of the Julie Plante?

George C. Rankin Wants the Authorship Definitely Settled—W. R. Peck Says He Knows.

The Soo Democrat says that Geo. C. Rankin, dramatist, lecturer and raconteur, in French-Canadian dialect, who is spending the winter there, is the scold of Dr. William Henry Drummond, of Montreal. Dr. Drummond was recently feted in Marquette and other cities of Michigan, including Detroit, as a man who holds a high place in literature. His literary reputation is gained from a volume of verse in the distorted English of the Canadian Frenchman, entitled, "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," which poem is the keystone of Dr. Drummond's arch of fame. As far as this poem is concerned, Mr. Rankin seems to tear the laurels from Dr. Drummond's brow. He has invited a letter to Prof. Goldwin Smith, the Canadian historian, setting forth his claims that Dr. Drummond did not write the metrical history of the sad-end of the much-mourned wood scow. He permits the Democrat to reproduce the letter as follows:

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Nov. 27, 1900. Goldwin Smith, Esq., Vice-President Canadian Society of Authors, Toronto, Ont. My Dear Sir:—Although entirely unknown to you personally I have much faith in your sense of justice and fair play as a gentleman, that I make bold thus to ask if you won't kindly either by yourself or in association with Mr. Bernard McEvoy, or any other one or more members of the Canadian Society of Authors, set on foot such enquiries at Detroit and Montreal as will lead to being enabled to decide whether or not Dr. William Henry Drummond, of Montreal, is the author of the French-Canadian dialect ballad, "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," as he periodically "hippodromes" himself in Canada and the States asserting that he is. His latest exploits, that that direction were perpetrated through the local press of Detroit within the last fortnight.

"Herewith I enclose a 'scare head' announcement, clipped from the Montreal Daily Star of the 21st inst., which I picked up on the train the other day on my way hither, containing a statement made by Dr. Drummond to the Detroit Journal of how he came to write 'The Wreck of the Julie Plante' in 1883. I do not know the magnetic poet doctor—never saw him to know him—but a mutual acquaintance who ought to know, tells me he is about forty-five years old and that he didn't come to this country until 1883, somewhere in the early seventies. If this information be correct and he wrote it when he says he did, (1869 or 1870), he must have been a youth of about 14 years old and, upon his mind, from his health when he perpetrated the now celebrated French-Canadian English dialect ballad.

I quote from the Detroit Journal's report, as published in the Star: 'Dr. Drummond first attracted attention in 1869 by his poem, "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," an exquisite little bit in French-Canadian patois (?) which opened with the familiar lines: "On was dark night on Lac Saint Pierre The win was blow—blow—blow." "An exquisite little bit of French-Canadian patois is decidedly good; albeit somewhat jarring to one sense of the absurd. Then the doctor goes on in his own book and tells the reporter that "George C. Rankin was at one time given credit for having written that piece. He took the matter up with Editor Sandys of 'Outing' and had his labor for his pains. Rankin never wrote it himself. No; nor did Rankin ever claim to have anything to do with the original authorship of the piece. This I am at any time prepared to formally swear to and produce corroborative evidence to substantiate."

I am also prepared at any time to make affidavit that as set forth in the accompanying statement (which was originally published in the Chatham Daily Planet on the 5th of February, 1898, had the effect of shutting up Sandys, "Outing" I learned from the words of the ballad from the late Frank Morton, of Detroit, and transposed them as described from the locale of that city to that of Montreal by substituting Lac St. Pierre for Lac St. Clair; that the song as so transposed to Lac St. Pierre was sung in character at eight different performances during a week's engagement at the Montreal theatre under the management of Mr. Wm. Lytell in the summer of '85; that during the engagement I gave a copy of the song so altered, written phonetically, in lead pencil to the dramatic representative of the Montreal Gazette and shortly after this it was published anonymously in that paper. Just as I had given it to the reporter. In view of the absolute truth of this statement I am as certain as I am of anything under the sun that all that Dr. Drummond ever had to do with the authorship of "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" was to bunch the four line stanzas of the original song as published in the Montreal Gazette in July of August, 1883, into eight line couplets—make it a recitative piece and finally publish it as his own, along with other far more meritorious products of his own manufacture.

Thus from an original act of senseless plagiarism has been evolved a French-Canadian-English dialect sweet singer whom Michigan Angels and University Alumni love to honor and gorge with cake and ale. If Dr. Drummond, as he says he did, wrote "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" (an echo of Lac St. Pierre as he calls it in his book), and he can prove it, to your satisfaction that he did, then are both he and I the victims of a most extraordinary series of coincidences and I shall forthwith publicly apologize to him and request that my name be eliminated from the roll of membership of the Canadian Society of Authors as being a man, in my opinion, unworthy of membership in any self-respecting literary organization.

The fact is, that in this controversy between he and I, there is at least

The Professor.

At last it was settled that Mary Arnold should visit her "Cousin John," as she called Professor Barker, a man who was possessed of a comfortable income and a fair sized estate.

Mary had not seen the professor since she was a girl of 12 and he a young man of 24. She did not take long to make up her mind, her friend, Mrs. Barker, the professor's mother, having invited her to make her a visit. So Mary went, chiefly to see whether the professor was of the marrying kind.

With this highly commendable and praiseworthy object in view she made her appearance, bag and baggage, at his door one muggy morning in August, walking unannounced into the room where the professor was sitting.

"I am your cousin, Mary Arnold," she said in reply to the blank wonderment in the eyes that were lifted to hers. "I didn't write to say I was coming because I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise."

Mary succeeded admirably so far as the surprise was concerned. His pleasant nature was not so easily apparent. But he was too kind hearted and too much of a gentleman to treat his unexpected guest with any discourtesy.

"Oh, yes, certainly," he stammered. "Pray make yourself entirely at home. We—that is to say, my mother—will be delighted."

Leaving his mother to entertain her, the professor retreated to his study, and Mary saw nothing more of him until dinner.

In this way the days passed. So far as his guest was concerned, he was invisible except at mealtime, and even then he seldom spoke, scarcely looking at her when he did, very much as one would look at a blank wall.

But Mary was not easily baffled. She determined to "board the lion in his den," going into his study ostensibly for the sake of getting some reading.

However annoyed the professor might be at this invasion of his privacy, he showed no token of it. He assured her that any and all his books were at her disposal and then retired behind the huge folio he was reading when she came in.

After an indefinite deal of trouble Mary selected her book and turned to the door. "What did you say, Cousin John?"

The professor raised his wondering eyes to the smiling face of the speaker. "I didn't say anything."

This was not Mary's last visit to the professor's study. She came nearly every day the same errand, asking the same question and receiving the same reply.

Mrs. Barker was so accustomed to her son's recuse habits that she never entered into her mind that her young guest would consider his persistent avoidance of her in the light of a personal affront.

"John is such a scholar," she would say, "he takes no interest in anything but books."

Thus one by one the days slipped by, bringing Mary nearer and nearer to the time when she must resume her irksome school duties.

One morning she went into the professor's study.

"I have brought back the book I borrowed. As I am going tomorrow, I will not take another."

He glanced up at her. He made no reply. Perhaps he thought it did not call for any.

"What did you say, Cousin John?"

"I didn't say anything."

Mary's temper was aroused at last.

"Well, I should think it was time you did." And out of the room she went, closing the door with no very gentle hand, leaving her professor more astonished than he was ever before in his life.

"Should think it was time I did!" he repeated. "Why, what does the girl mean?"

He resumed his book, but somehow it had lost all interest to him, and he was really glad when the dinner bell sounded.

The face that sat opposite him was the same that had sat there for the last three weeks, but he now looked at it with a feeling of curiosity and interest such as he had never experienced before and which quickly changed to admiration.

Though apparently so unimpaired by her presence, he felt that he should miss her, as he missed his flowers and the sunshine, by the dearth and gloom of their departure.

"Of course we shall miss her," he responded in reply to some observation from his mother and speaking with a warmth that quite astonished the good lady.

"We?" laughed Mary, turning her roguish eyes upon the speaker with a look which affected him as no look ever did before. "I don't believe you've been conscious that I was in the house at all."

The professor reddened, looking so thoroughly uncomfortable that Mary half repeated her words.

However, the next morning he harnessed up, with the intention of taking Mary himself to the depot, a piece of civility which astonished his mother, who had never known him to take so much trouble for any one before.

"I wish you weren't going!" he said ruefully as they rolled smoothly along on the highway.

Mary cast her eyes down demurely upon the flowers that lay in her lap.

"Oh, I must. School commences Monday, you know."

"Are you so very fond of teaching?"

"I hate it!" was the frankly spoken reply.

"Then why do you teach? I thought you seemed to be very happy here."

"I never enjoyed myself so much in my life."

The professor turned a beaming triumphant look upon the speaker, as though he had found a solution to the problem that had so puzzled him.

"Often wish you'd get it all! Why not stay here always? My mother needs a daughter, and I!"

Mary didn't teach school any more. She resumed her seat opposite the professor and keeps it still.—Exchange.

Grasping Ambition.

They were out driving, and the young man was holding the lines with one hand.

"Sweetheart," he whispered as the moon went behind a cloud, "I wish I had arms like—like—"

"Like Fitzsimmons?" she asked.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Like an octopus!"—Chicago Tribune.

Public Spirit.

"Mr. Biggleton is quite a philanthropist, isn't he?"

"Yes. He always draws up the subscription papers other people are asked to sign."—Chicago Times-Herald.

When you hire a wheel from the Bicycle Livery look at the tires.

If they are Dunlop Tires then you can rest assured the wheel has a good pedigree in its every part.

Dunlop Tires on all good wheels.

"The only one."

The Dunlop Tire Co., Limited

Montreal, Winnipeg, St. John

one necessary thief—and that is the

most kind of thief—and one liar!

Now, I can't be the thief, because I

don't now claim, and I am prepared

to swear and prove that I never did

claim to be the author of "The

Wreck of the Julie Plante," and

the purpose and object of this communica-

tion therefore is to ask you as vice-

president and one of the founders of

the Canadian Society of Authors, if

you want, in the interest of the society

as well as to settle a long standing

dispute between two of its members,

institute such a method of enquiry

in character at the Montreal Theatre

in the summer of 1883. (As also, if I

remember rightly, was Judge Horne,

of Windsor. These gentlemen along

with Mr. George P. Goodale and C. B.

Lewis, of the Detroit Free Press, and

Messrs. R. B. Ross and Charles May,

of the Detroit News-Tribune, and the

Montreal Gazette for July or August,

1883, ought to be able to furnish

you with valuable testimony in the

case. Meanwhile, I beg to remain

very respectfully and truly yours,

GEORGE C. RANKIN.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Mr. Peck Says he Knows for a Fact the

Author was John Enright, of Detroit.

"If you want to know who wrote the

Wreck of the Julie Plante I can tell you all

about it," said W. R. Peck, of the Rankin

House, 5c. per lb. "Let me see, it is 42 years since I went

sailing, and I tell you those were the days

to sail in. I have made as much as \$8 a

month on vessels carrying grain from Chicago

to the West. But that has got nothing to do

with the Julie Plante. She was a scow sail-

ing mostly on Lake St. Clair. George C.

Rankin is right about that. I knew her well

and knew her captain, too. She was wreck-

ed off Stony Point. She never was on Lac

St. Pierre and Dr. Drummond never wrote

the poem about her. There Mr. Rankin is

right again. But he has confounded two

Johns, now sailors are glad to get \$25 a

month. But that has got nothing to do

with the Julie Plante. She was a scow sail-

ing mostly on Lake St. Clair. George C.

Rankin is right about that. I knew her well

and knew her captain, too. She was wreck-

ed off Stony Point. She never was on Lac

St. Pierre for Lac St. Clair."

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Ordinary Common Rubbers.

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Manufacturer and Dealer, but no

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fabric which can be thoroughly

impregnated with the Para Gum.

When worn out have leather sole

put on and use for a Plow Boot.

The J. D. King Co., Limited, have

the only genuine Stubb Proof Rubber.

Don't buy unless the words

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the Public.

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will outwear

two pairs of

Ordinary Common Rubbers.

Search the World and you will

find nothing better than Stubb Proof

Imitated by Every Rubber

Manufacturer and Dealer, but no

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