



Miss Nettie Blackmore, Minneapolis, tells how any young woman may be permanently cured of monthly pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"YOUNG WOMEN:—I had frequent headaches of a severe nature, dark spots before my eyes, and at my menstrual periods I suffered untold agony. A member of the lodge advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but I only scorned good advice and felt that my case was hopeless, but she kept at me until I bought a bottle and started taking it. I soon had the best reason in the world to change my opinion of the medicine, as each day my health improved, and finally I was entirely without pain at my menstrual periods. I am most grateful."—NETTIE BLACKMORE, 28 Central Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

If there is anything about your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. She will hold your letter in strict confidence. She can surely help you, for no person in America can speak from a wider experience in treating female ills. She has helped hundreds of thousands of women back to health. Her address is Lynn, Mass.; her advice is free.

BIRDS IN THE ARCTIC.

The Spring Rush That Breaks the Monotony of the Year—Fox is Very Nearly Their Only Food.

The one great break in the monotony of the whole year along the Arctic coast is the coming of the birds in the spring. The nature of it is almost violent. The last of May they begin to arrive. The notes of the first few comers are musical and buoyant with a feeling of messages from home and friends. But the stream of birds rapidly grows, and the few first joyous notes merge into a ceaseless, hideous, distracting din that robs one of his rest and for a few days becomes unbearable. Swans, cranes, geese, brant, ducks, gulls and terns swoop down upon the coast by thousands. The old birds are delighted at the sight of the old family nesting ground and the young ones at reaching once more their birthplace, and the thousands of them are all talking and screaming at the same time. The contrast of the now endless days of sunshine and abundant and animated life with that of the still Arctic night is very great.

In a few days, however, each happy family has settled down in its own little home, and quietude reigns supreme throughout the short summer, and then again sets in the long solitudinous night.

Many interesting things may be learned of the birds that annually visit the Arctic coast for the purpose of bringing up their families—of their intelligence displayed by them in many ways. They have not the same ideas there they have farther south. The fox is very nearly their only foe, and they find so many ways of avoiding it that it would surely go very hungry were it dependent on birds for food. Little islands in lakes and streams that are free from foxes become great nesting places, and the birds swarm to them until on many of them every available space suitable for nesting is pre-empted. From "Camp Life in Arctic America," by Andrew J. Stone, in Scribner's.

NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

Sir Henry Mortimer Durand is an Experienced Diplomatist.

Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, who has been appointed British Ambassador to the United States to succeed Sir Michael Herbert, has had a long experience in the diplomatic service of his country. He was Ambassador to Spain when given his new post.

It is said that the appointment of Sir Mortimer, as he is called, having dropped the Henry, created somewhat of a surprise in diplomatic circles, as he is not considered a Foreign Office man. Sir Mortimer was a protégé of the late Lord Salisbury and was imported into the diplomatic corps from the India civil service.



SIR HENRY MORTIMER DURAND.

vice, where he attained high position. Sir Mortimer was Minister to Persia before he was appointed to his present post at Madrid and in St. Petersburg was considered the most astute diplomat Great Britain ever sent to Tehran.

Sir Mortimer is an expert shot and had many adventures with big game while hunting in India, where he was closely connected with Lord Roberts, serving as his political secretary during the famous Kabul campaign in 1879.

Sir Mortimer was born in India in 1850 and is a son of the late Major General Sir Henry Durand. During the Burmese war of 1886 he accompanied Lord Dufferin to Mandalay and conducted the Tibet frontier negotiations two years later. Aside from his reputation as a diplomatist Sir Mortimer has been successful as a writer. His novel, "Helen Trevelyan," written under the nom de plume of John Roy in 1896, met with considerable success. He has also written a memoir of his father and a work on the Afghan war.

The Transparent Man
A strange human freak has just died at Toplitz, Bohemia, in the person of "Count" Orloff. This individual, who was known as "the transparent man," and was exhibited all over Europe, was almost entirely fleshless, his frame being but skin and bone, and his bones possessed such a peculiar quality of transparency that one could read the dial of a watch through his leg. Needless to say, Orloff was a considerable puzzle to the medical fraternity when in the flesh, a term of strictly figurative application in his case.

Elm Leaves.
The leaves of an elm tree, averaging 7,000,000 to a full grown tree, will transpire water to the amount of seven tons during the normal summer day. Were it not for the ingathering of the stomata during the night a few elms would soon draw off all the water from a district. As it is every market grower knows what elms are like near fruit or market gardens.

ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN

Author of "Westerfield"

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Pole Baker left the office with long, swinging strides. There was an entrance to the Johnston House through a long corridor opening on the street, and into this Pole slouched. The hotel office was empty save for the clerk, who stood behind the counter looking over the letters in the pigeonhole key rack on the wall. There was a big gong overhead which was rung by pulling a cord. It was used for announcing meals and calling the porter. A big china bowl on the counter was filled with wooden toothpicks, and there was a showcase containing cigars. Pole glanced about cautiously without being noticed by the clerk and then withdrew into the corridor, where he stood for several minutes listening. Presently the dining room door opened, and Wilson strolled out and walked up to the counter.

"What sort of cigars have you got?" he said to the clerk.

"Nothing better than 10—three for a quarter," was the respectful reply as the clerk recognized the man who had asked for the best room in the house.

Wilson thrust his fingers into his vest pocket and drew out a cigar. "I guess I can make what I have last me," he said, transferring his glance to Pole Baker, who had slouched across the room and leaned heavily over the open register. "Want to buy any chickens—fine fryin' size?" he asked the clerk.

"Well, we are in the market," was the answer. "Where are they?" said Pole dryly. "I never do till I know what they are a-bringin'." You'd better make a bid on a dozen of 'em anyway. They are the finest ever raised on Upper Holly creek, just this side of whar old man Bishop's lumber paradise begins."

Pole was looking out of the corner of his eye at the stranger and saw his hand, which was in the act of striking a match, suddenly stay itself.

"We don't bid on produce till we see it," said the clerk.

"Well, I reckon no harm was done by my axin'," said Pole, who felt the eyes of the stranger on him.

"Do you live near here?" asked Wilson, with a smile half of apology at addressing a stranger, even of Pole's humble stamp.

"No," Pole laughed and waved his hand toward the mountains in the west, which were plainly discernible in the clear morning light. "No, I'm a mountain shagbail. I reckon it's fifteen miles on a bee line to my shack."

"Did you say you lived near old Mr. Bishop's place?" asked Wilson, moving toward the open door which led to the veranda.

"I don't know which place o' his'n you mean," said Pole when they were alone outside and Wilson had lighted his cigar. "That old scamp owns the whole o' creation out our way. Well, I'll take that back, for he don't own any land that isn't loaded down with trees, but he's got territory enough. Some thinks he's goin' to succeed from the 'United States' an' elect himself president of his own country."

Wilson laughed, and then he said: "Have you got a few minutes to spare?"

"I reckon I have," said Pole, "ef you've got the mate to that cigar."

Wilson laughed again as he fished the desired article from his pocket and gave it a match to Pole. Then he leaned against the heavy railing of the banisters. "I may as well tell you, he said, "I'm a dealer in lumber myself, and I'd like to know what kind of timber you have out there."

Pole pulled at the cigar, thrust it well into the corner of his mouth, and the fire end smoking very near his left

eye, and looked thoughtful. "To tell you the truth, my friend," he said, "I rally believe you'd be wastin' time to go over that."

"Oh, you think so?" It was a vocal start on the part of Wilson.

"Yes, sir; the truth is old man Bishop has simply raked into his dern clutch ever' acre o' fine timber out that away. Now, ef you went east, over t'other side o' the mountains, you mought pick out some good timber; but, as I said, old man Bishop's got it all in a bag out our way. Sawmill?"

"No, I don't run a sawmill," said Wilson, with an aversive sparkle in his eye. "I sometimes buy timbered lands for a speculation; that's all."

Pole laughed. "I didn't see how you could be a sawmill man an' smoke cigars like this an' wear them clothes. I never knowed a sawmill man to make any money."

"I suppose this Mr. Bishop is buying to sell again," said Wilson tentatively. "People generally have some such idea when they put money into such property."

Pole looked wise and thoughtful. "I don't know whether he is or not," he said, "but my opinion is that he'll hold on to it till he's in the ground. He evidently thinks a good time's a-comin'! Thar was a feller out thar t'other day with money to throw at cats. He been tryin' to honeyfudge the old man into a trade, but I don't think he made a deal with 'im."

"Where was the man from?" Wilson spoke uneasily.

"I don't rally know, but he ain't a-go'n' to give up. He told Neil Filler at his store that he was goin' home to see his company an' write the old man a proposition that ud fetch 'im ef thar was any trade in 'im."

Wilson pulled out his watch. "Do you happen to know where Mr. Rayburn Miller's law office is?" he asked.

"Yes; it's right round the corner. I know whar all the white men in this town do business, an' he's as white as they make 'em an' as straight as a shingle."

"He's an acquaintance of mine," said Wilson. "I thought I'd run in and see him before I leave."

"It's right round the corner an' down the fust side street toward the courthouse. I ain't got nothin' to do; I'll p'int it out."

"Thank you," said Wilson, and they went out of the house and down the street together, Pole puffing vigorously at his cigar in the brisk breeze.

"Thar you are," said Pole, pointing to Miller's sign. "Good day, sir; much obliged fer this smoke," and with his head in the air Pole walked past the office without looking in.

"Good morning," exclaimed Miller as Wilson entered. "You are not an early riser—like we are here in the country."

He introduced Wilson all round and then gave him a chair near his desk and facing him rather than the others.

"This is the gentleman who owns the property, I believe," said Wilson suavely as he indicated Bishop.

Miller nodded, and a look of cunning dawned in his clear eye.

"Yes, I have just been explaining to Mr. and Mrs. Bishop that the mere signing of a paper such as will be necessary to secure the loan will not bind them at all in the handling of their property. You know how cautious older people are nowadays in regard to legal matters. Now, Alan here, their son, understands the matter thoroughly, and his mind is not at all disturbed."

Wilson felt into the preliminary trap. "Oh, no; it's not a binding thing at all," he said. "The payment of the money back to us releases you—that is, of course," Wilson recovered himself, "if we make the loan."

Several hearts in the room sank, but Miller's face did not alter in the slightest. "Oh, of course, if the loan is made," he said.

Wilson put his silk hat on the top of Miller's desk and flicked the ashes from his cigar into a cuspidor. Then he looked at Mrs. Bishop suddenly—

"Does the lady object to smoking?"

"Not at all," said the old lady; "not at all."

There was a pause as Wilson re-lighted his cigar and pulled at it in silence. A step sounded on the sidewalk and Thorne put his head in at the door. Miller could have sworn at him, but he smiled. "Good morning, squire," he said.

"I see you are busy," said the intruder hastily.

"Just a little, squire. I'll see you in a few minutes."

"Oh, all right." The old lawyer moved on down the sidewalk, his hands in his pockets.

Miller brought up the subject again with easy adroitness. "I mentioned your proposition to my clients—the proposition that they allow you the refusal of the land at one hundred thousand, and they have finally come round to it. As I told them, they could not possibly market a thing like that as easily and for as good a price as a company regularly in the business. I may have been wrong in giving such advice, but it was the way I felt about it."

Without realizing it, Wilson tripped in another hole dug by Miller's inventive mind.

"They couldn't do half as well with it," the Boston man said. "In fact, no one could, as I told you, pay as much for the property as we can, considering the railroad we have to move somewhere and our gigantic facilities for handling lumber in America and abroad. Still I think, and our directors think, a hundred thousand is a big price."

Miller laughed as if amused. "That's five dollars an acre, you know, but I'm not here to boom Mr. Bishop's timber land. In fact, all this has grown out of my going down to Atlanta to borrow twenty-five thousand dollars on the property. I think I would have saved time if I hadn't run on you down there, Mr. Wilson."

Ah I surprise you,

Dear friend!

What do you drink?

I drink

Vin St Michel

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Now you have the secret.

No more medicines, with that

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Wilson frowned and looked at his cigar.

"We are willing," said he, "to make the loan at 5 per cent per annum on two conditions."

"Well, out with them," laughed Miller. "What are they?"

"First," said Wilson slowly and methodically, "we want the refusal of the property at that figure—"

"he asked, almost in a tone of contempt. Wilson hung fire, his brow wrinkled thoughtfully.

"Till it is decided positively," he got out finally, "whether we can get a charter and a right of way to the property."

"That's entirely too indefinite to suit my clients," said the lawyer. "Do you suppose, Mr. Wilson, that they want to hang their property up on a hook like that? Why, if you didn't attend to pushing your road through—well, they would simply be in your hands, the Lord only knows how long."

"But we intend to do all we can to shove it through," said Wilson, with a flush.

"You know that is not a businesslike proposition, Mr. Wilson," said Miller, with a bland smile. "Why, it amounts to an option without any limit at all."

To Be Continued.

Had to Give up
and go to Bed.

Several Doctors Attended
But Did No Good.

Milburn's
Heart and Nerve
Pills
CURED.

Read what Miss L. L. Hanson, Water-side, N.B., says: "I feel it my duty to express the benefit I have received from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. A year ago last spring I began to have heart failure. At first I would have to stop working and lie down for a while. Then I got so bad I had to give up altogether and go to bed. I had several doctors attend me but they did me no good. I could get no relief until urged by a friend to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Before I had used three quarters of a box I began to feel the benefit and by the time I had taken three boxes I was completely cured."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure nervousness, sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, skip beats, and all troubles arising from the heart or nerves. Price 50 cts. box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or

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WESTMAN BROS.

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Prices are right.

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44 Half Yearly Dividend.

Notice hereby given that dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Company has been declared this day for the current half year ending December 31st, 1903, payable at the Company's Office on and after January 2nd, 1904.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to the 31st December, inclusive. By Order of the Board.

S. F. GARDINER,
Manager.

Chatham, November 30, 1903.

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Must Bear Signature of

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

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