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Doan's
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Had Failed.

e Wonderful Kidney Pills will Cure
Most Obstinate Cases of Kidney
Trouble if Only Given a Fair
Trial and Used According
to Directions.

Read what Mrs. Geo. H. Alward, Whites Point, N.B., has to say about them: "This is to certify that I have used Doan's Kidney Pills for pain in the back and kidney trouble and I do most gratefully recommend them to any person suffering in this way. I was so bad with kidney trouble that I could not get around my house. My feet and ankles were so swollen and painful that I could get no rest day or night. I tried several remedies but could get no relief whatever until a friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I soon perceived a decided change in this way. I was able to do my household work again, and three boxes made a complete cure."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or

THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO.,
TORONTO, ONT.

Wood's Phosphodine

The Great English Remedy
Is an old, well established and reliable preparation. Has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend as being the only medicine of its kind that cures and gives universal satisfaction. It promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Impotency, Spermatocoe, Impotency, and all effects of Abuse or Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants; Mental and Brain Worry, all of which lead to Insanity, Consumption, and an early grave. Price 12 cts. per bottle, or six for \$1.00. One will cure, six will cure. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send for pamphlet free to any address.

The Wood Company,
Winchester, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Chatham by C. E. GUNN & CO., Central Drug Store.

Money to Loan on Mortgages at
4 and 5 per Cent.

FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PRO-
PERTY.

Brick house, two stories, 7 rooms, lot 40 feet front by 208 feet deep, \$1100.00.

Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 ft., good stable, \$1100.00.

House and lot, 9 rooms, \$1050.00.

House and lot, 6 rooms, \$400.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 58 acres. All cleared. Good house and barn, \$3100.00.

Farm in Township of Harwich, 208 acres. Large house, barn and out-buildings, \$12,000.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 48 acres. Good house, new stable and granary, \$2250.00.

Ten acres in suburbs of Chatham, \$1500.00.

Valuable suburban residence, 11 rooms; with seven acres of land. Good stable, \$3000.00.

Apply to
W. F. SMITH,
Barrister.

B. C. Red Cedar Shingles

White Pine Shingles. . .

BY CAR LOT.

Orders promptly filled. Write for prices.

Office King St. **T. O. O'ROURKE**
Opp. P.O. **Chatham**

Horses Wanted.

Until further notice, HAROLD W. SMITH of Toronto, will be at Wm. Gray & Co. Factory . .

EVERY SATURDAY

to purchase horses. The highest cash prices will be paid.

PARBOTT & BOWELL.

Office King Street, Opp. Market.

Chatham.

Board's Liniment Relieves Neural-

WHEN BOYS
WERE MEN

By John Habberton.
Author of "Fidel's Babes," "George Washington," Etc.

Copyright, 1901, by John Habberton.

"Read it? I'll send back a denial by the first mail, and if ever again you trust a big hearted, excitable girl with any story that you don't want known by the whole world I'll dump you into a lunatic asylum for your own protection and for mine. Can't you see what an awful position you've put me in? I shall never dare face the boys again unless you explain to all of them, and, of course, you can't do that. I almost wish I could be shot or made a prisoner. Besides—"

"Heard the news, boys?" asked Cloyne, stopping a moment in front of our tent. "Hamilton has been promoted—a big jump, too, for he's made first lieutenant."

"It's an insult to the army!" exclaimed Brainerd. "Hamilton's a— No, I won't say what I was going to, but he always dodges fighting."

"Yes, so our captain told the colonel, or so they say, but the colonel replied: 'It may be that he's no stomach for fighting, but he knows how to care for the stomachs of men who do fight, so he's to be regimental commissary and feed the regiment as well as he's fed his company. In war bellies count for as much as bullets.'"

"There's something to that," said Brainerd, "and I'm glad Hamilton's found his proper place. That isn't all, I'll go at once and congratulate him on it."

"Don't!" said Cloyne, putting an arm about Brainerd and looking down into the little chap's face with sad, tender, pitying eyes.

"Why not?"

"Because—oh, hang the mysteries of this tormenting world—because he's got a ten day leave of absence. He'll be a fool if he doesn't go to New York, get into an officer's uniform, then hurry out to Summerton, call on—oh, the girls—and—"

Brainerd twitched himself from Cloyne's arm, looked up to heaven and shook his fist savagely at the great white throne. Then he dashed into our tent and dropped on his knees. I



"Gilt on yer horse."

quickly tied the tent strings on the outside, an intimation that no one was at home, and hurried to Cloyne's tent. Cloyne exclaimed:

"Poor Brainerd!"

"You knew—about her—and them?"

said I.

"Haven't I eyes?" he replied.

"Yes," I answered, for I saw that his eyes were wet. "But give me paper and pen and ink and envelope—quick—and I'll try a flanking movement."

I wrote my cousin May a long letter, telling her of Hamilton's luck and also of its cause and intimating that should Hamilton's father ever lose his money Phil would be abundantly qualified to become head cook in a restaurant. This might have been an insult to the personnel of the army's entire commissary force, which contained thousands of superb fighters, though none of them was expected to fight, but I knew May wouldn't construe it in that way. Then I told of Brainerd's successful dispatch carrying, which he had pretended was done by me, and of his work in the fight at the bridge and how many compliments he had received for it. I continued with a description of Brainerd in his bunk after the fight looking with tearful eyes alternately at her picture and in his mirror at his bullet furrowed cheek, and I concluded by saying that the scar that remained was more coveted by all of us as an honorable decoration than if it had been a major general's shoulder straps. To be sure that the letter would reach its destination as soon as possible I rode with it to the general postoffice at post headquarters in the fort, a mile away.

I had scarcely reached the fort when a sound somewhat resembling the rumble of a distant railway train caused me to look over my shoulder, and I saw half a mile behind me the entire regiment approaching at the gallop. "I see here a divided duty," I quoted to myself from "Othello," but I did not hesitate. Whatever the danger to the post and the nation, both had hundreds of champions in the regiment; Brainerd had but one, so I rode into the fort and did not leave until I had found the postmaster and placed my letter in his hands.

When I emerged, the regiment had

passed the fort and was disappearing

into the distance.

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It Must Come.

As inevitable as the changing seasons of the year is the change which comes to every woman. And just as one anticipates the changes of other seasons it is wise to anticipate this change of season and prepare for it. In this way the discomforts and disasters suffered by many women at the period of change can be avoided or overcome.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a medicine for every season of woman's life, will entirely meet the needs of women at this period of change. It cures the physical ills and relieves the mental anxiety and depression, usually associated with this critical period. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

\$500 REWARD!
FOR WOMEN

WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Proflapsus, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

J. S. Cartledge, Esq., of Manchester, Office Co., Tenn., writes: "I have been using your medicine for the last sixteen or eighteen years in my Poor-house. I am superintendent of the Coffee County Poor-house and Asylum combined. Your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' are the best medicines for the diseases for which they are recommended, that I ever used. They saved my wife's life at the time of 'change of life.' I have been recommending your medicine to many afflicted women and have also guaranteed that if it did not cure them I would pay back the money spent for it. I have told our druggist that if the people came back and said Doctor Pierce's medicines did not give satisfaction, to give them back their money and charge it to me. I have not once been called upon to refund. I have never found anything to equal the 'Favorite Prescription' for diseases of women."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book, or 50 stamps for the cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

In the village. To return to camp for my saber, carbine and pistol would leave me 10 or 15 minutes behind my comrades, and "a stern chase is a long one." I had no weapon with me but the sheathknife I always carried in my boot, for it was a tool of all work—hatchet, carving knife, root digger and half a dozen other things. It would at least serve for self defense in a hand to hand fight, and fights of this character were almost unknown to us, thanks to the enemy's objection to getting within close reach of us. At the worst I would have the honor and pleasure of being "present for duty" should the affair prove serious.

My horse was as good as the best, so I soon passed through the village and galloped along the Richmond road, for the hoof prints in the dust showed that the regiment had taken that route.

Unarmed though I was, my sense of exhilaration was intense. Over this same road had passed in other days the patriot soldiers of two wars, even great Washington himself. I—my regiment—was no longer at an out of the way outpost that had been held a year only to be told that it was not worth holding. We were now really in the enemy's country and with a possibility of seeing service of sufficient importance to be mentioned in the newspapers.

In fact, my head got so far into the clouds that I neglected to keep my eyes on the road, which is the worst blunder of which a trooper can be guilty. When I did chance to glance downward, it was to discern that only a few horsemen had preceded me. It did not take me long to learn that the few did not belong to the enemy, for on the moist ground beside a small stream that crossed the road I saw the prints of horseshoes and their nail heads. The enemy's troop horses were unshod, as a rule. I rode some minutes longer and was suddenly stopped by a familiar voice shouting:

"Come in here, ye little dhivill!"

To Be Continued.

Keep your

Stomach Healthy.

When you get up in the morning with a bad taste in your mouth that the tooth brush will not remove, a coating on your tongue, and a general "out of sorts" feeling, don't blame it on what you had to eat the night before. A healthy stomach would be able to look after that. It's poor digestion that makes you feel so badly. A teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt in half a tumbler of water at rising will make you feel better—will cure you if you follow directions. Abbey's Effervescent Salt revitalizes every organ of the body—it clears away fermenting matter and refreshes and cleanses the stomach. It prevents the suffering that often follows a pleasant evening.

Abbey's
Effervescent
Salt

is a pleasant, palatable and effective medicine for all stomach ills.

A woman is never so lonely as when she knows a secret and has no one to tell it to.

When you get up in the morning with a bad taste in your mouth that the tooth brush will not remove, a coating on your tongue, and a general "out of sorts" feeling, don't blame it on what you had to eat the night before. A healthy stomach would be able to look after that. It's poor digestion that makes you feel so badly. A teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt in half a tumbler of water at rising will make you feel better—will cure you if you follow directions. Abbey's Effervescent Salt revitalizes every organ of the body—it clears away fermenting matter and refreshes and cleanses the stomach. It prevents the suffering that often follows a pleasant evening.

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THE OLD TIMERS.

Some Contemporaries of the Late Sir Oliver Mowat—Was Their Day Better Than the Present?

The old order changes, giving place to new, says The Toronto World. Only a few years ago there were to be found on the bench and in the Governments of Canada and the provinces, men who had been active and prominent before confederation, and even before the union. One of Sir Oliver Mowat's contemporaries on the bench, William Henry Draper, was Chief Justice of Ontario until November, 1877. He was a famous lawyer sixty years ago, got his Queen's Counsel title in 1842, and was so gently persuasive with juries that he won the sobriquet of "Sweet William." He was member for Toronto in the Legislature of Upper Canada in 1836; served as an aide-de-camp to the Governor during the rebellion, and became Solicitor-General in 1837. After the union he figured as the chief adviser of Governor Metcalfe while he was vainly contending against responsible Government.

Another old-timer was Chief Justice Hagarty, whose tall figure was well-known to frequenters of the courts a few years ago. During the conflict between Metcalfe and his advisers he was a gay young Tory lawyer, and he composed a parody on the "True, Old English Gentleman," in honor of Metcalfe, who was nicknamed "Old Square Toes." They were composed impromptu at a public dinner, while the fight was in progress. A couple of verses are given by Dent:

One verse the songster has forgot—he has another claim:
One brave old square-toed gentleman, he of the stainless name;
For Indian laurels grace his brow, Jananica loves him, too,
And Canada will fight for him 'gainst all the Baldwin crew.

The fine old square-toed gentleman, all of the present time.

So let our loyal shouts go forth, let traitors hear and quail,
And British hearts will beat for joy on every hill and vale.
And though the Baldwin clan may howl, though loud th' hyenas roar,
We'll rally round old square-toes, and give him one cheer more.

The fine old square-toed gentleman, all of the present time.

Not many years ago the Premier of Canada, and his right and left men, Tupper and Tilley, were all old-time men who had taken an active part in the politics of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick before the union. One of them, Sir Charles Tupper, was Premier as late as 1896, and is still a hale and hearty man. Until recently our dominating ideas were those of pre-confederation statesmen. In Ontario Sandfield Macdonald, one of the heads of the old Canadian Governments, was Premier of Ontario after Confederation, and was succeeded, after short intervals by Oliver Mowat, whose official life began in the Brown-Dorion Government of 1858. Though Canada was a small country in those days, and though there was a good deal that was petty and tricky in its politics, it brought forth some strong men. We are hardly yet able to adopt a condescending tone toward Macdonald, Tilley and Tupper, Brown and Dorion, Hyton and Mowat; there is indeed almost a temptation to fall into the opposite mood, and say "The former times were better than these." But it may be that we have not yet got the right perspective.

From Viscount Walsley.

The following letter from Lord Walsley is in response to an invitation to attend the Toronto Home Comers' Festival: