kere!" an incisive ring in his voice which had made many stronger men t:emble. "You ain't walkin' the same

line you was twenty-four hours ago Then you was a poor, no 'count drunk-ard who'd a right to dig his grave without opposition from nobody; now you're markin' out a trail for that kid

to foller. See? Me an' my friends here ain't no call to interfere between

father an' son," dropping his voice

MILLIONS A MINUTE.

Greatest Loser on Record Dies In a Garret In a London Slum.

In a grimy garret in a London slum there died the other day the only man who ever succeeded in losing \$25,000. 000 in five minutes' time.

His name was Henri Thibault. For years prior to his death he had eked out a precarious subsistence as a translator and teacher of languages, yet thirantor and teacher of languages, yet threen years previously he had been the prime mover in the great copper corner the collapse of which shook to its foundations the French financial world.

Thibault's idea was to secretly but up the world's available supply of co per and wait for the inevitable rise And he came near to succeeding.

From his office in Paris he controlled through his agents, the markets of London, Berlin and Vienna, and in all of them he purchased every pound of co. per that was offered.

The result was quickly apparent. On July 1, 1887, "B. C. B.'s" (best Chile bars) were selling at \$200 a ton. By June 1 they had risen to \$280, and the rise continued steadily until the selling at \$200. continued steadily until the middle of December, 1888, when the unheard of price of a fraction over \$500 a ton was being asked and obtained.

Then came the collapse. Thibault had sunk all his own money in the venture all he could borrow, all he could beg and still from all sorts of odd and unexpected corners of the world copper came pouring in.

As soon as he ceased buying he had, of course, to commence selling, and this bastened and accentuated the inevitable end. By March 1 the price had dropped to less than it was when Thibault commenced operations.

Altogether the gigantic gamble cost him \$50,000,000, of which sum fully one-half was lost between noon and five minutes past on Feb. 28, 1889, when the bottom dropped out of his

The Kite as an Air Ship. I have had the feeling that a properly constructed flying machine should be empable of being flown as a kite and, conversely, that a properly constructed kite should be capable of use as a flyirg machine when driven by its own propellers. I am not so sure, however, of the truth of the former proposition

as'I am of the latter.

Given a kite so shaped as to be suitable for the body of a flying machine and so efficient that it will fly well in a good breeze (say twenty miles an hour) when loaded with a weight equivalent to that of a man and engine, then it cems to me that this same kite, prowided with an actual engine and man in place of the load and driven by its miles an hour, should be sustained in scalm air as a flying machine. So far it is surely immaterial whether the air moves against the kite or the kite against the air.-Alexander Graham Bell in National Geographic Magazine.

Cappet 1 As to Laying Rails.

English railway experts seem determined to do everything in the most complicated way, as Americans prefer plest. For instance, Yankees lay railroad rails directly upon the sleeper. The English lay bull head rails upon uniful chairs which in turn rest upor the sleepers. The result is to multiply the roise, which would be almost intolstille if English engines and cars were welsands small and light affairs.

The Remon Transport, a technical anthority, says, "It is generally admitwastem of laying Can bottom mills direct on sleepers makes a wore elastic road than the finalish chair and key system, while the smoothness of running adds comstort in traveling and considerably reduces the wear and tear to rolling

The Goat of the Fusileers. royal herd to the fusileers King Ed-ward followed the example of his royal mother, who at different times gave this famous regiment a goat, the first being presented as far back as 1845.

On that occasion it was one of a magnificent Cashmere breed, then kept in Windsor park, a herd of which was sent to Queen Victoria by the then shah. This goat, as may be expected, was highly prized and marched at the shead of the regiment during a cam

paign in Bulgaria, afterward accom-panying the fusileers to the Crimea. Shortly after the battle of Alma the of illgoat began to show sympto ness, and despite every care it finally succumbed to the in ement weather on Dec. 20, 1854, be re Sevastopol.

Great Britain's Coal Supply.

Great Britain is likely to be a power-Inl competitor of the United States in the world's coal market for some time. According to an English expert the supply of coal yet remaining to be mined by the United Kingdom amounts mined 1/2 the United Kingdom amounts to 80 84,000,000 tons, which, at the opres it rate of mining, would last 370 37.5. The same authority gives the stotal output of the world in 1900 as 707,636,204 tons, of which Great Britain produced 229,000,000 tons, or 30 per cent, and the United States 245,000,000 tons, leaving a balance of about 35 per cent of the vert of the world. cent for the rest of the world.

A Curious Accident.

A curious accident is reported from Belleville, Ill. A woman was fishing in the creek which runs through that place, and her hook caught in the clothing of a man who had been missing come day. The woman managed to to the creek and was drowned.

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"How many niles did he go?"
"I don't know anything about the dis tance, but he an the thing nearly all day without huting anybody or break-ing down once —Chicago Record-Her-

Failure. believe in the mind cure?"

"No."
"Did you eve try it?"
"Well, I one tried to convince my
wife that she ddn't really want a new
gown."—Denve News.

The Intelligent Mule. "The sense o dumb cree derful!" said the old man. dumb creeturs is won

"Why, what happened now?"
"John got hone from college yester-day, an' the old mule knowed him time he went to swarin'."—Atlanta Consti-

"Miss Charn ngton says she is very and of animis," remarked Bliggen's fond of anin sister.

"Perhaps there's hopes for me then," "She called me a brut said Bliggens. the other day. -Syracuse Standard.

"You are fool of pictures?" said the wered Mrs. Cumrox.

"Very," as wered Mrs. Cumrox.
"Even when dite young I was fond of ons of the portraits on "-Washington Star. making collect ral Preference.

s, sir. Here is an ele-ards for 20 cents. gant deck of should prefer paying a Being a naval officer, Strangerr a quarter deck.-Baltimore Aner

g to Realize It. "I never he d Dinsmore acknowledge ving old before today acknowledge it?" "How did ed that he felt just as "He annou

young as he ver did."-Detroit Free All the Faster He'd Kate—Nell the best man says she wouldn't marry oing. ably not after he once

sea Gazette. th an elastic conscience ng to stretch a point. is always w

Minnie-Pr

## CUREDLONG AGO BU STILL CURED

Kernoan's Incurable Disared by Dodd's idney Pills.

Agreed there was no Him, but He has Been ad Well for Years.

, Aug. 17.—Special.—The res by Bodd's Kidney i almost daily, recali the nuell Kernohan, of this Pills publi case of Swell Kernohan, of this place. It is ears now since he was cured, but he is still cured it is well worth calling the facts, and Mr Kernohan ights to relate them. "Some it in December, 1893," he says, "I w taken sick and laid up for fourtee months. During my confinement tmy house and to my bed I was atteed at various times by five doctor. Three of them decided that my drase was incurable, Floating Kidneyand two of them that it was Spinal isease. All agreed on one thing—tha my case was incurable.

"When n money was all gone, as a matter of accessity and as my last hepe I trid Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had only ken three boxes when I

hepe I tril Dodd's Kidney Phis.
had only tken three boxes when I
was able t walk about. I took in all
eighteen bkes, when I was entirely
cured and nite able to work. "Dodd's idney Pills are the bes

The fellow who has dyspepsia usually makes ther people suffer for it. iniment for Sale Every-Minard's

### REFORMATION AT BLIZZARD GAMP

By FRANK H. SWEET

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Half a dozen unshaved, red shirted Half a dozen unsinved, red shirted miners were gathered about the dingy counter of the one store at Blizzard Camp. It was Christmas eve, and they wanted something extra for their dinner on the morrow—just to keep them in mind of the day, they said. But there was little novelty in the forlorn remnant of cans upon the shelves or in the half empty barrels and boxes under the counter and massed in the corners of the room. One man found a stray box of sardines and took possession of it, with the remark that, while it was not "Christmasy," he could have the satisfaction of knowing he was eating the only sardines in camp. Another drew out a can of Boston baked beans from behind a squadron of tomatoes. while a third, of a more investigating mind, hunted among the boxes and barrels until he actually discovered a can of Cape Cod cranberries.

This brought the entire group of Christmas hunters into a compact, envying circle, and while they were anxiously debating the pro and con of a division of spoils the door opened apologetically and a stoop shouldered, watery eyed man entered.
"Have you got any—toys?" he asked

nesitatingly. The storekeeper stared, and unani-

mously, as though by preconcerted arrangement, the group around the canned representatives from Cape Cod turned and stared also. "Any-what?" the storekeeper asked

blankly. "Toys," the man repeated, looking at the encircling faces with abashed em-barrassment; "things to play with, I mean, like children have at Christmas. You see," with a curious mingling of apology and pride in his voice, "my lit-tle ten-year-old boy come in with a



"HAVE YOU GOT ANY—TOYS?" HE ASKED HESITATINGLY.

party from Circle City just now-clean from his grandma's back to Missouri. I've been sendin' for him ever since I come, but couldn't seem to get to it till I struck gold last month." He lurched heavily against the counter, and his watery eyes began to fill, part-ly through his condition and partly through some long dormant tenderness which was beginning to reawaken.
"The boy's consider ble childish," he went on, rousing himself a little at the consciousness of being listened to by men who usually passed him without recognition, "an' sets store on things to play with. So, bein' it's Christmas an' he just comin', why, I thought mebbe I'd better hunt some toys."

"Of course!" cried Dobson, the sher-iff, heartily, and "Of course! Of course!" came promptly from the rest

of the group.

And then they looked about the store nquiringly, eagerly, in search of something that would please a ten-year-old boy who was childish. But there was little they saw; only huge miners' boots and pyramids of picks and shovels and blankets and barrels of flour and beans and pork, and on the shelves tobacco and canned goods and a small assortment of earthen and tin ware, and then, at the far end of the store, a bar for the accommodation of those who were thirsty.

There were no dry and fancy goods and notions upon the shelves, no show-cases upon the counter, no display in the one dingy window. Such things would only begin to make their appearance with the coming of the first woman, and that was not yet.

"Ruther a slim show for playthings, Dobson," said the owner of the cranberries after a fruitless search with his eyes from one end of the store to the other. "Don't s'pose a pack o' playin' cards would do?" as his gaze paused hopefully on an extensive assortment of that popular article. "They has picters on 'em."
"Wendon't do at all." answered Dob-

"Wouldn't do at all," answered Dobson decidedly. "They ain't moral, an't the first kid who patronizes us has got to be brought up moral. Say, you!"
to the watery eyed man, who was to the watery eyed man, who was edging toward the bar at the far end of the store. "None o' that?"

"None o' what?" asked the man quer-

ulously. "I ain't steppin' on your "No, but you are on the kid's. See

an easy, familiar tone and placing his hand encouragingly upon the tremu-lous shoulders, "so long's the father makes a good deal, but when he slumps"-his voice still soft, but the slumps"—his voice still sort, but the steely glint returning to his eyes—"then me an' my friends step in. Sabe? Bein' the first kid in camp, we've constituented ourselves his guardians—just like every man in the place will do soon's they hear o' his bein' here. He turned back to his companions and the watery eyed man, after one long, wistful, farewell glance toward the bar, resumed his fruitless search of the goods. There was nothing now of the goods. There was to divide his attention. He knew the men with whom he had to deal and realized that henceforth the bar was to be as far removed from him as though a wall of granite intervened. But to his credit be it said that even with

his lips and a new steadiness to his "What's that on the top shelf?" he

the realization came a new firmness to

asked suddenly.
"That? Oh, that is—I dunno," hesitated the storekeeper as he took down the object in question and examined it critically. "It got in with some goods a year ago an' has been up there

"Why, you chump," cried the cran berry owner derisively, "not to know a jumpin' jack when you see one! I've bought lots to home for the children. See?" And he pulled a string which sent the acrobat tumbling up over the top of his red pole. "Just the thing for the kid!"

"Just the thing," repeated the watery eyed man, drawing a small bag of gold dust from his pocket. "It'll make the boy laugh."
As he was going out the owner of the

ranberries stepped to his side.

"Here, take this along with you," he said, relinquishing the can to which he had been clinging so fondly. help to make out a Christmas for the

"And this too! And this too!" added the owner of the sardines and the owner of the baked beans, and then Sheriff Dobson pushed before them and slipped something bright and heavy into the hand which held the jumping jack "It's a nest egg for the kid," he said gravely. "Now, you better go home an' fill up his stockin', an' tomorrer you may tell him merry Christmas from all

The Secret In the Bricks. A man who owned a whole street of houses at Gisborne, near Melbourne, was much puzzled and annoyed to find that the bricks were being constantly stolen from the garden walls of some of these houses. The depredators were Chinamen, but what on earth they did with the spoil neither he nor any one could find out. They did not seem to do anything with them. Several were captured and punished, but the thiev ing still went on.

At last, in disgust, he determined to pull down the walls and outbuildings level to the ground, make a new street and build fresh houses at a cost of \$50,000 to \$75,000. When the work began and the old walls were torn down the bricks gave up their secret. They had been made of clay taken from ground full of alluvial gold, as were full of the precious metal. had fhem all broken fine and washed. Some panned out as much as two pennyweights to the dish, and the result was that he got sufficient gold to pay for the whole cost of his improvements.

Bloodshed Averted.

Ople Read, the novelist, once told of his experiences as a journalist in Kentucky many years ago. "There was a good deal of news," he aid, "such as shootings and knifings, but this news was not regarded as important, and little attention was paid

to it. I remember once when a local feud broke out afresh when members of the opposing sides met at the county seat. There were hot words, a blow was struck, and weapons were drawn, when the sheriff interfered. He loudly announced that he would not tolerate any violence, ordered the parties to separate, and when his orders were not obeyed he began shooting. I forget whether he killed eight or nine, but I know that in describing the incident in know that in describing the incident in my paper I commended the sheriff for his prompt action and bravery and added the paragraph, "There is no doubt but for the prompt action of the sheriff there would have been blood-shed."

Cathedral Built by One Man. The Cathedral of Boulogne-sur-Mer

The Cathedral of Boulogne-sur-Mer was rebuilt by the efforts of the Abbe Haffreingue. The former edifice had been sold as national property in 1798 and destroyed, with all its monuments, altars and statues.

When the site, which had been marked by a heap of stones, came into the market in 1820 the abbe purchased it and determined to rebuild the cathedral. Aided by general contributions, he accomplished this, being his own architect and supervisor of the works. The abbe was made a bishop in recognition of this work. A black marble cenotaph to his memory is surmounted by a life size statue of the prelate kneeling and holding a model of the restored cathedral in his hands, which he is offering to Our Lady of Boulogne.

he is offering to Our Lady of Boulogn who, according to an ancient legend, has just arrived in a boat, bearing the holy infant in her arms, attended by

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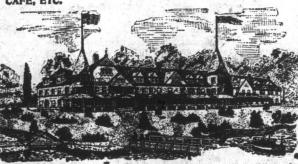
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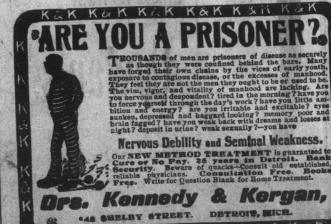
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