

Souvenir Range.



You run no risk in buying this range—it is made on honor without reference to cost.

Every part is so constructed as to render it the most durable and best operating—parts of the fire box exposed to the fire will outlast at least three ordinary ranges.

Makers' Written Guarantee.

The makers have every confidence in this range—they bind themselves in writing that it will operate perfectly and against imperfections in material and workmanship.

Such a Guarantee accompanies no other range—enough said.

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King Street West, Chatham.

Large stock of new books in elegant bindings, Christmas cards and calendars. A large assortment of Sunday School supplies at low prices. The Holy Land Booklets, with flowers from Palestine.

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Nov. 23rd, 1903.

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The Gibson Studio.
50c each, or \$2.50 for set of six Photos.
Studio Cor. King and 5th St.

The Chatham Loan and Savings' Co.

44 Half Yearly Dividend.
Notice is hereby given that dividend at the rate of 5 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.

Trust and Private Funds to Loan

farm and city property. Terms to borrowers. Apply or write to

THOMAS SOULLARD

Office lately occupied by Edwin Bell, Victoria Block.

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A LARGE SUPPLY OF
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J. & J. OLDBRASH

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IN SALVATION ARMY

MISS EVA C. BOOTH AND HER EFFECTIVE WORK IN CANADA.

May Be Called Upon to Be the Successor of the Late Mrs. Booth-Tucker as Consul to the United States—Her Success in London—Complimented by Her Father on Her Ability and the Excellence of Her Work.

Miss Eva C. Booth, youngest daughter of General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, who has been mentioned as the probable successor of the late Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker as consul to the United States, has for several years been the chief officer of the army in Canada.

From her headquarters in Toronto she is credited with doing remarkably effective work in organizing the Canadian forces. Her father has re-



cognized her ability and has frequently complimented her work, and it is felt in Salvation Army circles that if a successor to Mrs. Booth-Tucker is named the appointment will go to the Canadian commander.

Miss Booth has had a most interesting career. Her motto is "Blood and Fire," and she has had considerable experience with both. She knows the business of the army from the first step to the last, for before she was fifteen she was selling War Cries in the streets of London and since that time has filled every grade and rank in the army.

She had her first baptism of blood when she was about twenty. The army at the time of the famous Fall Mail Gazette revelations took a prominent part in the trouble. The lower classes objected to being saved according to the army's methods and spent a great deal of time bombarding the headquarters and making things unpleasant for the soldiers. The greatest annoyance was connected with an army building in the very heart of London's slums, and Miss Eva Booth was sent there to restore order.

On one occasion she and her little band of women were attacked by a mob of hoodlums, the leader being a depraved ruffian who took particular delight in throwing sticks and stones at the defenseless women. The Salvationists were in a bad way, when Miss Booth turned to this youth and told him that he must protect her. She explained that he was stronger than she, and actually succeeded in making him call off his followers and escort her and her companions safely home.

In appearance Miss Booth resembles her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ballington Booth. She has less attractive features, but her face is stronger. She is five feet two inches tall and weighs about 100 pounds. Miss Booth is about thirty-six. The Salvationist Commander Frederick Booth-Tucker is a native of India and resigned from the Indian civil service to become an officer in the Salvation Army. In 1888 he married Emma Booth in London, prefixing the name Booth to his own. The young couple went to India, where Commander Booth-Tucker was in charge of the work of the organization.

Upon the resignation of Ballington Booth in 1896 Mr. and Mrs. Booth-



Commander Booth-Tucker. Tucker were sent to the United States to assume command of the forces. With equal authority they discharged the duties of commander in the United States until Mrs. Booth-Tucker's death.

For the past five years Booth-Tucker has been interested in establishing farm colonies of worthy but poor families from the great cities. Already he has organized three such colonies and is now working to secure action by the United States Congress whereby the Salvation Army shall be made colonization agent of 100,000 acres of arid lands as soon as irrigation is provided by the Government.

Death Tests.
Undertakers test bodies to see if life is extinct by raising a blister with a match. If the blister is dry the body is dead; if it fills with water life is not yet extinct. If the cut made for the embalming syringe bleeds, the body is alive. The only absolutely certain sign, however, is beginning decomposition.

ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN
Author of "Westerland"

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CHAPTER XVII.

AS Henry, Aunt Maria's husband, who was the chief farmhand, was busy patching fences the next morning, Bishop sent over for Pole Baker to drive the spring wagon. Alan sat beside Pole, and Abner and Bishop and Mrs. Bishop occupied the rear seats.

Alan knew he could trust Pole, drunk or sober, and he confided his plans to the flattered fellow's ears. Pole seemed to weigh all the chances for and against success in his mind as he sat listening, a most grave and portentous expression on his massive face.

"My opinion is the feller 'll be thar as shore as preachin'," he said. "But whether you git his wad or not—that's another question. Miller's as sharp as a briar, an' as he says, if Wilson gits to talkin' about that land to any of these hill Billies they'll not let the trade or ole tryin'. Jest let 'em hear money's about to change hands, an' it 'll make 'em so dur' jealous they'll swear a lie to keep it away from anybody they know. That's human natur'."

"I believe you are right," said Alan, pulling a long face, "and I'm afraid Wilson will want to make some inquiries before he closes."

"Like as not," opined the driver. "But what I'd do ef I was a-runnin' it would be to git some feller to strike up with 'im accidental-like an' litherly fill 'im to the neck with good things about the property without him ever dreamin' he was bein' worked."

The two exchanged glances. Alan had never looked at a man so admiringly. At that moment he seemed a giant of shrewdness as well as that of physical strength.

"I believe you are right, Pole," he said thoughtfully.

"That's what I am, an', what's more, I'm the one that could do the fillin' without him ever knowin' I had a finger in his mouth. If I can't do it, I'll fill my hat with salt mud an' put it on."

Alan smiled warmly. "I'll mention it to Miller," he said. "Jest, you could do it, Pole, if any man on earth could." Driving up to Miller's office, they found the door open, and the owner came out with a warm smile of greeting and aided Mrs. Bishop to alight. "Well," he smiled when they had taken seats in the office. "We have gained the first step toward victory. Wilson is at the hotel. I saw his name on the register this morning."

The elder Bishop drew a breath of relief. The old man grounded his heavy walking stick wearily, as if it had slipped through his inert fingers. "I'm trustin' you boys to pull me through," he said, with a shaky laugh. "I hain't never treated Alan right, an' I'm heer to confess it. I loved I was the only one in our layout with any business sense."

"So you are willing to accept the loan?" said Miller.

"Willin'?" I reckon I am. I never slept one wink last night fer fear some'n 'll interfere with it."

Miller reflected a moment and then said: "I am afraid of only one thing, and that is this: Not one man in a million will make a trade of this size without corroborating the statements made by the people he is dealing with. Wilson is at breakfast by this time, and after he is through he may decide to nose around a little before coming to me. I'm afraid to go after him; he would think I was overanxious. The trouble is that he may run upon somebody from out in the mountains—there are a lot in town already—and get to talking. Just one word about your biting off more than you can chew, Mr. Bishop, would make him balk like a mean mule. He thinks I'm favorin' him now, but let him get the notion that you haven't been holding that land for at least a hundred thousand and the thing would bust like a bubble."

Alan mentioned Pole Baker's proposition. Miller thought it over for a moment, his brow wrinkled, and then he said: "Good—a good idea, but you must call Pole in and let me give him a few pointers. By George, he could keep Wilson away from dangerous people anyway."

Alan went after Pole, and Miller took him into his consultation room in the rear, where they remained for about fifteen minutes. When they came out, Pole's face was very grave. "I won't forget a thing," he said to Miller. "I understand exactly what you want. When I git through with 'im, he'll want that land bad enough to pay anything for it, an' he won't dream I'm in caboot with you nuther. I can manage that. I ain't no fool ef I do have fits."

"Do you remember my description of him?" asked Miller.

"You bet I do—thick set, about fifty, bald, red faced, sharp black eyes, from gray hair, an' mighty nigh always with a cigar in his mouth."

"That's right," laughed Miller. "Now do your work, and we won't forget you. By all means keep him away from meddling people."

When Pole had left the office and Miller had resumed his revolving chair, Mrs. Bishop addressed him, looking straight into his eyes.

"I don't see," she said in a timid, hesitating way and yet with a note of firmness dominating her tone—"I don't see why we have to go through all this trickery to make the trade. Ef the land is good security for the money, we needn't be afeard of what the man will find out. Ef it ain't good security, I don't want his money, as far as I'm concerned."

"I was jest thinkin' that, too," chimed in her husband, throwing a troubled glance all around. "I want money to help me out of my scrape, but I don't want to trick no man, Yankee or what not, into takin' my loads. As Betsy says, it seems to me ef the land's with the money we needn't make such a great do-do. I'm afeard I won't feel exactly right about it."

The young man exchanged alarmed glances.

"You don't understand," said Miller lamely, but he seemed to be unprepared for views so heretical to financial dealings, and could not finish what he had started to say.

"Why," said Alan testily, "the land is worth all Wilson can make out of it with the aid of his capital and the railroad he proposes to lay here. Father, you have spent several years looking up the best timbered properties and getting good titles to it, and to a big lumber company a body of timber like you hold is no small thing. We don't want to cheat him, but we do want to keep him from trying to cheat us by getting the upper hand. Rayburn thinks if he finds out we are hard up he'll try to squeeze us to the lowest notch."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Bishop, "I'm shore I never had no idea we'd resort to gittin' Pole Baker to tote anybody around like a hog after a year or corn. I loved we was goin' to make an open and shut trade that we could be proud of an' stop folks' mouths about Al-fred's foolish dealin's. But"—she looked at Abner, who stood in the doorway leading to the consultation room—"I'll do whatever Brother Alv thinks is right. I never knowed 'im to take undue advantage of anybody."

They all looked at Abner, who was smiling broadly.

"Well, I say git his money," he replied, with a short, impulsive laugh—"git his money, and then, ef you find he's starvin', hand 'im back what you feel you don't need. I look on a thing like this sorter like I did on scramblin' fer the upper hold in wartime. I remember I shot straight at a feller that was climbin' up the enemy's breast-works on his all fours. I said to myself, 'Ef this ball strikes you right, old chap, fore you drap over the bank, you're one less agin the Confederacy; ef it don't, you kin pop away at me.' I don't think I give 'im anything but a flesh wound in the back, beca's he jest sagged down a little an' crawled on, an' that's about the wust you could do fer Wilson. I believe he ort to hold the bag awhile. Alf's hung on to it till his fingers ache an' he's weak at the knees. I never did feel like that was any harm in passin' a counterfeit bill that some other chap passed on me. Ef the government, with all its high paid help, cayn't keep crooked shimplasters from slidin' under our noses, it ortn't to klick agin our lookin' out fer ourseves."

"You needn't lose any sleep about the Southern Land and Timber company, Mrs. Bishop," said Miller. "They will take care of themselves. In fact, we'll have to keep our eyes peeled to watch them even ef we get this loan. Wilson didn't come up here for his health."

"Oh, mother's all right," said Alan, "and so is father, but they must not chip in with that sort of talk before Wilson."

"Oh, no, you mustn't," said Miller. "In fact, I think you'd better let me and Alan do the talking. You see, if you sit perfectly quiet he'll think you are reluctant about giving such big security for such a small amount of money, and he will trade faster."

"Oh, I'm perfectly willin' to keep quiet," agreed the old man, who now seemed better satisfied.

To Be Continued.

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To Be Continued.

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