

## BABY QUIRK'S QUICK CURE

Of Torturing Eczema by Cuticura

When All Else Had Utterly Failed.  
NOT THE SLIGHTEST RETURN SINCE CURE.

"My baby, Owen Herbert Quirk, was afflicted from the age of six weeks with a loathsome running eczema, almost covering his face. I took him to Drs. Aldershot, and he was treated by them for three months, but got much worse, and was a sickening sight to look at. I saw an advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies, and got the Soap, Ointment and Resolvent.

"We noticed an improvement at once, and within a fortnight the running had ceased and the scales were nearly all dried off, and in a month his face was perfectly clear, not a spot left. I have enclosed photograph of him when he was thirteen months old. He is now two years and four months, and has never had the slightest return of it. I am very grateful for the benefits derived from your remedies, and shall feel it a pleasure to make their value known. For corroboration of this statement you may refer any one to Mrs. Williams, 45 Michaels Road, Aldershot, or Mr. Gunstone, 40 Victoria Road, Aldershot, to whom we recommended the remedies for a skin humour, which they also cured. You are at liberty to do what you like with this statement, as I should like all to know of the value of Cuticura."

WILLIAM HERBERT QUIRK,  
No. 1 West End Cottages, Raywood Road, N. Southampton.

Cuticura Resolvent, liquid and in the form of Chocolate Cream Pills, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap are sold throughout the world. Agents: London, W. & A. G. R. C. Ltd.; Paris, J. B. P. & Co.; New York, J. B. P. & Co.; Sydney, J. B. P. & Co.; Melbourne, J. B. P. & Co.; Adelaide, J. B. P. & Co.; Perth, J. B. P. & Co.; Brisbane, J. B. P. & Co.; Auckland, J. B. P. & Co.; Hong Kong, J. B. P. & Co.; Shanghai, J. B. P. & Co.; Canton, J. B. P. & Co.; Hankow, J. B. P. & Co.; Peking, J. B. P. & Co.; Tientsin, J. B. P. & Co.; Harbin, J. B. P. & Co.; Manchuria, J. B. P. & Co.; Korea, J. B. P. & Co.; Japan, J. B. P. & Co.; India, J. B. P. & Co.; Ceylon, J. B. P. & Co.; Australia, J. B. P. & Co.; New Zealand, J. B. P. & Co.; South Africa, J. B. P. & Co.; Canada, J. B. P. & Co.; United States, J. B. P. & Co.; Mexico, J. B. P. & Co.; Central America, J. B. P. & Co.; South America, J. B. P. & Co.; West Indies, J. B. P. & Co.; Caribbean Sea, J. B. P. & Co.; Atlantic Ocean, J. B. P. & Co.; Pacific Ocean, J. B. P. & Co.; Indian Ocean, J. B. P. & Co.; Arctic Ocean, J. B. P. & Co.; Antarctic Ocean, J. B. P. & Co.; All Oceans, J. B. P. & Co.

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## MORAN OF THE LADY LETTY...

In a separate envelope, carefully sealed and bound, they came upon the captain's private papers. A marriage certificate setting forth the union between Eliot Sternersen of Frubolmen, Norway, and Sarah Moran of some seaport town (the name was undecipherable) of the north of England, next came a birth certificate of a daughter named Moran, dated twenty-two years back, and a bill of sale of the bark Lady Letty whereby a two-thirds interest was conveyed from the previous owners, a shipbuilding firm of Christiansia, to Captain Eliot Sternersen.

"The old man was his own boss," commented Kitchell. "Hello!" he remarked. "Look here." A yellowed photograph was in his hand, the picture of a stout, fair haired woman of about forty, wearing enormous pendent earrings in the style of the early eighties. Below was written: "S. Moran Sternersen, ob. 1867."

"Old woman copped off," said Kitchell. "So much the better for us. No heirs to put in their gabs, an'—hold hard, steady all—here's the will, 's help me."

The only items of importance in the will were the confirmation of the wife's death and the expressly stated bequest of "the bark known as and sailing under the name of the Lady Letty to my only and beloved daughter, Moran."

"Well," said Wilbur.

The captain sucked his mustache furiously, striking the desk with his fist: "The bark's ours!" There was a certain ring of defiance in his voice.

"Hang the will! I ain't no coxswain about the law, but I'll make sure."

"As how?" said Wilbur.

Kitchell slung the will out of the open port into the sea.

"That's how," he remarked. "I'm the heir. I found the bark. Mine she is, an' mine she stays—yours an' mine, that is."

But Wilbur had not even the time to thoroughly enjoy the satisfaction that the captain's words conveyed before an idea suddenly presented itself to him. The girl he had found on board of the bark, the ruddy, fair haired girl of the fine and hardy Norse type—that was the daughter, of course; that was "Moran." Instantly the situation adjusted itself in his imagination—the two inseparables, father and daughter, sailors both, their lives passed together on shipboard, and the Lady Letty their dream, their ambition, a vessel that at last they could call their own.

Then this disastrous voyage, perhaps the first in their new craft, the combustion in the coal, the panic terror of the crew and their desertion of the bark, and the sturdy resolution of the father and daughter to bring the Letty in—to work her late port alone. They had failed. The father had died from gas. The girl, at least for the moment, was crazed from its effects. But the bark had not been abandoned. The owner was on board. Kitchell was wrong. She was no derelict. Not one penny could they gain by her salvage.

For an instant a wave of bitterest disappointment passed over Wilbur as he saw his \$50,000 dwindling to nothing. Then the instincts of habit resserted themselves. The taxpayer in him was stronger than the freebooter after all. He felt that it was his duty to see to it that the girl had her rights. Kitchell must be made aware of the situation—must be told that Moran, the daughter, the captain's heir, was on board.

Deranged Nerves

Weak Spells.

Mr. R. H. Sampson's, Sydney, N.S.

Advice to all Sufferers from Nerve Trouble is

"GET A BOX OF

MILBURN'S

HEART AND NERVE

PILLS."

He says: "I have been ailing for about a year from deranged nerves, and very often weak spells would come over me and be so bad that I sometimes thought I would be unable to survive them. I have been treated by doctors and have taken numerous preparations but none of them helped me in the least. I finally got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Before taking them I did not feel able to do any work, but now I can work as well as ever, thanks to one box of your pills. They have made a new man of me, and my advice to any person troubled as I was, is to get a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or

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## MUNYON'S COLD CURE.

I WILL REFUND YOUR MONEY IF IT FAILS TO CURE.



If you have a cold don't fail to take my Cold Cure. I know that it will relieve the head, nose, throat and lungs almost immediately, and prevent Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Grippe, and other diseases of the throat or lungs.

Get a twenty-five cent bottle of these little pellets, and if you are not perfectly satisfied with results I will refund your money—Munyon.

board the schooner; that the "kid" found in the wheel box was a girl. But on second thoughts that would never do. Above all things, the brute Kitchell must not be shown that a girl was aboard the schooner on which he had absolute command, nor, setting the question of Moran's sex aside, must Kitchell know her even as the dead captain's heir. There was a difference in the men here, and Wilbur appreciated it. Wilbur, the law abiding taxpayer, was a weekling in comparison with Kitchell, the freebooter and beach-comber, in sight of his prize.

"Son," said the captain, making a bundle of all the papers, "take these over to my bunk and hide 'em under the donkey's breakfast. Stop a bit," he added as Wilbur started away. "I'll go with you. We'll have to bury the old man."

Throughout all the afternoon the captain had been drinking the whisky from the decanter found in the cabin. Now he stood up unsteadily, and, raising his glass, exclaimed:

"Sonny, here's to Kitchell, Wilbur & Co., beachcombers, un-limited. What do you say, hey?"

"I only want to be sure that we're a right to the bark," answered Wilbur.

"Right to 'er—right to 'er!" hiccupped the captain. "Strike me blind, I'd like to see any one try an' take her away from Alvinna Kitchell now!" And he thrust out his chin at Wilbur.

"Well, so much the better, then," said Wilbur, pocketing the papers. The pair ascended to the deck.

The burial of Captain Sternersen was a dreadful business. Kitchell, far gone in whisky, stood on the house railing his orders, drinking from one of the decanters he had brought up with him. He had already rifled the dead man's pockets and had even taken away the boots and fur lined cap. Cloths were cut from the spanker and rolled around the body. Then Kitchell ordered the peak halyards unrove and used as lashings to tie the canvas around the corpse. The red and white flags, the distress signals, were still bound on the halyards.

"Leave 'em on! Leave 'em on!" commanded Kitchell. "Use 'em as a shroud! All ready now; stan' by to let her go!"

Wilbur looked over at the schooner and noted, with immense relief, that Moran was not in sight. Suddenly an abrupt reaction took place in the captain's addled brain.

"Can't bury 'um 'thout 'is teeth," he gabbled solemnly. He laid back the canvas and replaced the set. "Ole man 'd ha'nt me 'f I kep' 'is teeth. Strike, look at 'at! I put 'em in upside down. Nev' min', ups' down, downs' up, whas odds, all same with ole Bill. Hey, ole Bill, all same with you, hey?" Suddenly he began to howl with laughter. "I think 'o bein' buried with your teeth ups' down! Oh, me, but that's a good grind! Stan' by to heave ole Uddle Bill overboard, heave, an' away she goes!" He ran to the side, waving his hat and looking over. "Go'by, ole Bill, by by! There you go, an' the signal 'o distress roun' you—H I! I'm in need of assistance." Lord, here comes the sharks! Look, look! Look at 'um fight! Look at 'um takin' ole Bill! I'm in need of assistance. I sh'd say you were, ole Bill!"

Wilbur looked once over the side in the churning, lashing water, then drew back, sick to vomiting. But in less than thirty seconds the water was quiet. Not a shark was in sight.

"Get over 't the Bertha with those papers, son," ordered Kitchell. "I'll bide here and dig up sh' more loot. I'll gut this ole pill box from stern to stem post 'fore I'll leave. I won't leave a copper rivet in 'er, notta cov' rivet, do 't hear?" he shouted, his face purple with unnecessary rage.

Wilbur returned to the schooner with the two Chinamen, leaving Kitchell alone on the bark. He found the girl sitting by the rudderhead almost as he had left her, looking about her with vague, unseeing eyes.

"Your name is Moran, isn't it?" he asked—"Moran Sternersen?"

"Yes," she said after a pause, then looked curiously at a bit of tarred rope on the deck. Nothing more could be got out of her. Wilbur talked to her at length and tried to make her understand the situation, but it was evident she did not follow. However, at each mention of her name she would answer:

"Yes, yes; I'm Moran."

Wilbur turned away from her, biting his nether lip in perplexity.

"Now, what am I going to do?" he muttered. "What a situation! If I tell the captain, it's all up with the girl. If he didn't kill her, he'd do worse—might do both. If I don't tell

him, there goes her birthright, \$50,000, and she alone in the world. It's begun to go already," he added, listening to the sounds that came from the bark. Kitchell was raging to and fro in the cabin in a frenzy of drink, ax in hand, smashing glassware, hacking into the woodwork, singing the while at the top of his voice.

"That's the kind of man I have to deal with," muttered Wilbur. "It's encouraging, and there's no one to talk to. Not much help in a Chinaman and a crazy girl in a man's skins. It's about the biggest situation you ever faced, Ross Wilbur, and you're all alone. What are you going to do?"

He acknowledged with considerable humiliation that he could not get the better of Kitchell either physically or mentally. Kitchell was a more powerful man than he and cleverer. The captain was in his element now, and he was the commander. On shore it would have been vastly different. The city bred fellow, with a policeman at city ways in call, would have known how to act.

"I simply can't stand by and see that hog plundering everything she's got. What's to be done?"

And suddenly, while the words were yet in his mouth, the sun was wiped from the sky like writing from a slate, the horizon blackened, vanished, a long white line of froth whipped across the sea and came on him. A hollow note boomed out, boomed, swelled and grew rapidly to a roar.

An icy chill stabbed the air. Then the squall swooped and struck, and the sky shut down over the troubled ocean like a pot lid over a boiling pot. The schooner's fore and main sheets, that had not been made fast, unrove at the first gust and began to slap wildly in the wind. The Chinamen cowered to the decks, grasping at cleats, stays and masts. They were helpless, paralyzed, with fear. Charlie clung to a stay, one arm over his head as though dodging a blow. Wilbur gripped the rail with his hands where he stood, his teeth set, his eyes wide, waiting for the foundering of the schooner, his only thought being that the end could not be far. He had heard of the suddenness of tropical squalls, but this had come with the abruptness of a scene shift at a play.

The schooner veered broad on to the waves. It was the beginning of the end. Another roll to the leeward like the last and the Pacific would come aboard.

"And you call yourselves sailor men! Are you going to drown like rats on a plank?" A voice that Wilbur did not know rang through that horrid shouting of wind and sea like the call of a bugle. He turned to see Moran, the girl of the Lady Letty, standing erect upon the quarter deck looking down the schooner's wheel. The confusion of that dreadful moment, that had paralyzed the crew's senses, had brought back hers. She was herself again—brave, splendid, dominant, superb in her wrath at their weakness—their cowardice.

Her heavy brows were knotted over her flaming eyes, her hat was gone, and her thick bands of yellow hair whipped across her face and streamed out in the wind like streamers of northern lights. As she shouted, gesturing furiously to the men, the loose skin of the oilskin coat fell back and showed her forearm, strong, round and white as steel, the hand and wrist so tanned as to look almost like a glove.

And all the while she shouted aloud, furious with indignation, raging against the supineness of the Bertha's crew.

"Stand by, men! Stand by! Look alive, now! Make fast the stays! Halyards to the dory's warp! Now, then, unrove y'r halyards! All clear, there! Pass the end for'ard outside the rigging. Outside, you fools! Make fast to the bits for'ard! Let go y'r line! That'll do. Soh—soh. There, she's coming up."

The dory had been towing astern, and the seas, coming over her, had swamped her. Moran had been inspired to use the swamped boat as a sea anchor, fastening her to the schooner's bow instead of to the stern. The Bertha's bow, answering to the dory,

veered around. The Bertha stood head to the sea, riding out the squall. It was a masterpiece of seamanship, conceived and executed in the very thick of peril, and it saved the schooner.

(To Be Continued.)

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap a powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease. 36

Forget the sorrows and anxieties of yesterday.

"Orange Outang" Incorrect.

The large anthropoid of Borneo and Sumatra are usually called orang outangs. This form, it seems, is not correct. Orang signifies man, and outang, or utang, debt, something owing; so that orang outang would simply mean a man in debt. The correct Malay name is orang utan, or-utan. This signifies the forest man in distinction to orang dusun, or village (civilized) man.

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If you eat "FORCE" regularly, it's more than likely I shall have to square myself with your druggist.

But I shan't mind that.

Sunny Jim

Concentration, and energetic action, wear out Brain and Nerve, and make the body cry aloud for drugs, unless the waste they cause is made good by foods rich in Phosphates and Nitrogen. "FORCE" is such a food, consisting of the Phosphates, Nitrogen, and Protein of wheat, malted into quick digestibility with Glycerol. Served cold, with Cream, it is delicious.

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is guaranteed to drop a perfect hill, single and double rows and an even number of kernels, Spring Lift Attachment and Pressure Spring, furnished complete with Steel Eveners, Steel Single trees and Neck Yoke. We will sell the balance of the stock at very much lower prices than we have been selling, and guarantee them new and up-to-date and to give perfect satisfaction. We are also selling a number of Hand Planters. King of the Field and Eureka at COST PRICE, as we wish to sell them this year, instead of carrying them over. We will save you 25 per cent. on these and will save from 10 to 15 per cent. on our Machinery and Implements.

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