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Is the great winter tourist route to south and west, including Texas, Old Mexico and California, the lands of sunshine and flowers. Through standard and tourist sleeping cars are now run via this great southern route. The new and elegant trains of the Wabash are hauled by the most powerful engines ever built. Every train provided equal to the best of the most luxurious homes. Wanted to complete one's winter trip. The days and nights pass only too quickly while travelling on the great Wabash line. For information as to rates, routes, etc., address any ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agent, N. E. Corner King and Yonge Sts., Toronto.

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Money to loan at lowest rate of interest.  
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**G. W. SPRAGUE,**  
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Ask for Minard's and take no other.

**TRUE GHOST STORY.**

Remarkable Experience of Bishop Wilberforce—Singular and Important Disclosure at an English Country House.

The following remarkable incident in the life of the late Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford and afterward of Winchester, is related as absolutely authentic, and the good bishop himself is said to have many times rehearsed the story to his friends:

On a certain occasion the worthy bishop had accepted an invitation to stay at a country house not far from London. Entering the drawing-room previous to dinner on the evening of his arrival, he noticed a priest, evidently of the Roman communion, sitting by the open fire and taking no part in the general conversation. The bishop was somewhat surprised at not being presented to the priest, and his astonishment was great when a few moments later dinner being announced the guests retired, leaving the priest at his place by the fire. The hostess having assigned Bishop Wilberforce the seat of honor at her right hand, as soon as an opportunity offered he remarked:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but may I inquire who was the priest we left sitting apart in the drawing-room?"

"Ah, you have seen him then?" replied the lady. "It is not every one who has that privilege. I cannot tell you who he is or whence he comes. For many years this spectre has haunted the house and grounds. It has, in fact, been a tradition in the family. He seems to do no harm, and, although he appears only occasionally, we have become quite accustomed to our friendly ghost."

"How very singular!" remarked his lordship. "But have you never addressed your priestly spectre?"

"Indeed, I have had no opportunity, nor the desire, for that matter," responded the hostess, growing pale.

"May I take the liberty now?" inquired the dignitary.

"With all my heart, your lordship," replied the lady. The bishop arose and, returning to the drawing-room, found the priest where he had left him a few minutes before. Having no fear, the bishop said kindly:

"Who are you, my friend, and why are you here?"

The spectre seemed to sigh deeply and say as though to itself, "At last!"

Then in a hollow voice, addressing the bishop, he continued: "I am the spirit of a priest who left this world some eighty years ago, and I am here to impart to any one who will receive it a secret which died with me. I could not rest in my grave while a great wrong was being done which it was in my power to right. I have been returning all these years in the hope some one would address me, for it was not given to me to be the first to speak. All men have shunned me until now, and it is your mission to do my bidding. I was a priest of the church of Rome and was called to this house eighty years ago to receive the confession of a dying man. He was the sole possessor of a secret the knowledge of which would alter materially the entail of this vast estate, and in his death he wished to repair the terrible wrong he had brought upon his kin."

"At his request I wrote down the confession word for word as he gave it to me and when he finished, had barely time to administer the final sacrament of the church before he expired in my arms. It was very important that I should return to London that night, and in passing through the library to leave the house I concluded it would be safer not to carry the paper on which was written the confession away with me, but to place it in some secure, unseen spot, where I could obtain it the following day and deliver the document to the person for whom it was intended. Mounting the steps to the bookshelves, I took out a copy of Young's 'Night Thoughts,' which was the first book upon the uppermost shelf nearest the last window, and inserting the paper carefully between its leaves, I replaced the book and departed. A horse was awaiting me at the door, but ere we reached the entrance of the grounds he took fright. I was thrown and instantly killed. Thus died the secret of my confessor with me. No one has disturbed that book in all these years, and no one has had the courage to address this messenger from the unknown. The paper will be found as I have stated, and it remains for you to correct the injustice which has so long been upon this noble family. My mission is over, and I can rest in peace."

At the close of this remarkable speech the spectre faded gradually from sight, and the bishop was left gazing into space. Recovering from his astonishment, Bishop Wilberforce went at once to the library and found the book exactly as indicated by the spectre. In its secluded corner upon the top shelf, thick with the dust of ages, evidently the book had remained unmolested many years. There was the document just as described, but now faded and yellow. The secret of the confession never became known to the world. The good bishop regarded it as a confidence from the spiritual world and always ended the story with the assurance that the priestly spectre was never again seen. It is a fact, however, that about the time of this extraordinary occurrence the magnificent estate in question passed into possession of a remote member of the family who until then had lived in obscurity.

At the National Gallery.

A party of composers and printers from the country, up for a day's outing in London, visit the National Gallery, and pause in front of Turner's 'Ulysses.'

Foreman (to his companions, both lost in admiration): "It's marvellous! All done by hand, tee!"

Second composer and printer (enthusiastically): "Why, it's every bit as good as color-printing!"

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**Boils were so painful**  
**could not sleep**  
**at night.**

**APPEARED ON NECK, LEGS**  
**AND ARMS.**

**Burdock**  
**Blood Bitters**  
**CURED THEM.**

It is well-known to all that bad blood is the direct cause of all skin diseases and it is necessary for the blood to be cleansed before the eruptions will disappear. For this purpose there is nothing to equal Burdock Blood Bitters as the thousands of testimonials we have on hand will testify.

Mr. Willard Thompson, McNeill's Mills, P.E.I., writes us as follows: "I wish to state to you what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. Some time ago my blood got out of order and many boils appeared on my neck, legs and arms. They were so painful that I could not sleep at night. After having tried many different remedies without any success, I finally decided, on the advice of a friend, to use Burdock Blood Bitters. Before I had quite used two bottles the boils had completely disappeared, and I wish to emphasize the fact that I think Burdock Blood Bitters the best blood purifier on the market to-day."

**Old Bankruptcy Laws.**  
In the time of King James I. of England rigid bankruptcy laws were enacted, and a bankrupt might, unless his inability to pay his debts arose from some accidental cause, be set in the pillory for two hours, one of his ears being nailed to the pillory and cut off. This law was repealed only in 1816.

**Opium.**  
The importation of opium that is prepared for smoking is double that used by physicians and morphine habitues. The amount is more than half a million pounds and the value \$3,500,000.

**A MAN HATES HIMSELF**

When he wakes up with headache and bad taste in the mouth. Something is needed to settle the stomach, clear away the dull, heavy feeling and create a little appetite. Just get a tumbler of water, some sugar, and pour in a stiff dose of Nerviline. You'll pick up immediately and feel tip-top in a few minutes. Nerviline hasn't an equal for a condition of this kind. It stimulates, cures the headache, relieves the sick feeling and fits you for a hard day's work. Try Nerviline. Large bottles cost 25c.

**A Precocious Youth.**  
Torquato Tasso was famous throughout Italy before he was nine years old as an accomplished Greek and Latin scholar and the author of clever and polished verses, and at thirteen he was the intellectual center of the brilliant court at Urbino.

**The Human Heart.**  
The ordinary weight of a human heart is nine and one-third ounces. The record weight is 40 ounces 12 drams.

**STOMACH TROUBLES.**

A disordered stomach may cause no end of trouble. When the stomach fails to perform its functions the bowels become deranged, the liver and kidneys congested, causing numerous diseases, the most fatal of which are painless and therefore the more to be dreaded. The important thing is to restore the stomach and liver to a healthy condition, and for this purpose no better preparation can be used than Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by all druggists.

Before dropping carelessly into Corea Japan should be careful to find out if the "exits" are all carefully placarded.

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal.

The Washington Post says that "the Pacific Ocean is becoming a new theatre of action." Is the new theatre fireproof?

**THE WATCHWORD OF WOMEN.**

Modesty is woman's watchword. Whatever threatens her delicate sense of modesty, frightens her. For this reason many a woman permits diseases of the delicate womanly organs to become aggravated because she cannot bring herself to submit to the ordeal of unpleasant examinations, and obnoxious local treatments, which doubtless thousands of the women who have taken advantage of Dr. Pierce's offer of free consultation by letter, have been led to do so by the escape thus offered from a treatment repugnant to modesty. Any sick woman may write to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., in perfect confidence, all letters being treated as strictly private and sacredly confidential, and all answers being sent in plain envelopes with no advertising or other printing upon them. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been long hailed as "a God-send to women." It makes weak women strong and sick women well. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine or other narcotic.

Straight character cannot come out of crooked living.

**COSTLY CHRISTMAS CARD.**

On It Were Carvings Representing 12,000 Scenes of Various Lives.

The most costly Christmas card in the world was undoubtedly, we are told, one made some years ago by an English firm in Calcutta, to the order of the Gaekwar of Baroda, the potentate who was afterwards deposed for attempting to poison the British Resident by mixing diamond-dust with his food. The "card," which was of ivory, measured 12 inches by 10 inches, and more than forty elephants were sacrificed before a perfect piece of ivory of the required size was obtained. Four of the most skillful ivory-carvers in the province were employed to decorate the plaque, each devoting his energies to his own particular quarter. They worked almost incessantly at their task for six months, and when it was finished the eyesight of all four was affected, and one of them went totally blind shortly afterwards. The carvings represented 12,000 scenes of various lives, or stages of existence, of Buddha, and their execution involved more than eight million distinct motions of the graver. Ranged round the edge, so as to form a sort of frame or setting to the whole, were forty-four diamonds, each as large as a hazel nut, of the purest water. Its value was estimated at half a million sterling, and it was intended as a Christmas gift to a certain European lady of high rank, with whose charms the Gaekwar was greatly smitten. It never reached its destination, however, for before the anniversary came round the Gaekwar was arrested. Its ultimate fate was never known.

**A Notable Judge.**  
The Sussex Daily News has some interesting reminiscences of the late Judge Martineau. He sat on more days in the year than any other county court judge, and he traveled more than 20,000 miles a year by train to attend his courts. To the last he dispensed with anything in the nature of a luncheon, and a little light refreshment, taken while the cases were in progress, was all he permitted himself, even when sitting for six and seven hours. He was accurately described as "a glutton for work."

It is said he could "smell a liar." A very prosperous looking man came up as defendant on a judgment summons for a few pounds. The judge said, sharply: "Where did you come from this morning?" "Twenty miles by rail," was the answer. "Who paid your fare?" "I did," hesitatingly. It was a hot morning. "Did you have a drink at the hotel on your way from the station?" "Yes." "That's a fine watch chain you are wearing. Is it gold?" "Yes," sulkily. "How much money have you in your pocket?" No reply. "Answer my question! No—say—turn out your pockets!" The man, with livid face, emptied out to the desk literally handfuls of gold and silver, to the tune of some £20 or more, his honor keenly enjoying the situation. "Thank you," he said. "Now count out for the plaintiff the amount of his debt, costs and expenses, including those of to-day, and then you may go."

**A Poet and a Dreamer.**

A story of Coleridge's boyhood, which appears in a book by Mr. Wilfred Brown on the poet's childhood and later years, shows the dangers that beset the star-gazer and also the rewards that came to him. From his early youth Coleridge lived in a world of books and dreams. Yet his favorite walk seems to have been the Strand, in London, the last place in the world for a poet to lose himself in reverie. As he strolled down the street, he imagined himself swimming the Hellespont—the feat of which other poets had written, and which the poet Byron was to accomplish later. Once, while the mind of Coleridge was thus far from the busy Strand, he absentmindedly thrust his hands before him in the manner of one swimming. Suddenly one hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket.

The gentleman, thinking to capture a thief, seized the hand and exclaimed, "What! So young and so wicked!" He accused the poor, poetic boy of an attempt at pocket-picking.

With some fright and a few tears, the boy explained, and we can imagine that words did not fail him who was to become the most brilliant talker of his age. The gentleman was delighted with Coleridge's imagination, which could turn the Strand into the Hellespont. The intelligence of the young Leander made the stranger enquire into Coleridge's tastes, and when he found the boy liked books, he opened for him a subscription at the circulating library in Cheapside.

**Birds and Insects.**

If a man should habitually introduce and disseminate injurious insects he would be denounced as a public enemy and be severely punished. Suppose a man should gather a lot of cotton boll weevils and take them to Louisiana and turn them loose in a cotton field. If detected in the act, how much of him would get away? And yet we have men and boys throughout the country who employ their idle time in killing birds that destroy injurious insects and thus accomplish the same purpose of protecting insect against their natural exterminators.—Farm and Ranch.

**A Poet.**

A verbatim fragment from the Law Courts:—(An examining witness) "Did you—I know you did not, but I am bound to put it to you—on the 25th—it was not the 25th really, it was the 24th—it is a mistake in my brief—see the defendant—he is not the defendant really; he is the plaintiff—there is a counter-claim, but you would not understand that—yes or no?"

Witness: "What?"—St. James' Gazette.

**Dr. Emulsion**  
**Strength to Mother,**  
**Health to Child.**

**Copper Kettles.**  
To clean a copper kettle fill it with very hot water and rub it with sour milk or, better still, buttermilk. Afterward dry and polish with a leather. Kettles cleaned in this manner once or twice a week will always keep bright and new looking.

**German Canaries.**  
The canaries of Germany excel all other canaries as singers. One has been known to continue a single trill for a minute and a quarter, with twenty changes of note in it.

**A BROAD STATEMENT.**

This announcement is made without any qualifications. Hem-Roid is the one preparation in the world that guarantees it.

Hem-Roid will cure any case of Piles. It is in the form of a tablet. It is the only Pile remedy used internally.

It is impossible to cure an established case of Piles with ointments, suppositories, injections, or outward appliances.

A guarantee is issued with every package of Hem-Roid, which contains a month's treatment.

Go and talk to your druggist about it.

Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store, Chatham.

No ordinary man can love a woman as much as she thinks he ought to and attend to his work at the time.

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**A LARGE SUPPLY OF**  
**LIME,**  
**CEMENT,**  
**SEWER PIPE,**  
**CUT STONE,**  
&c. All of the best quality and at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.  
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A Few Doors West of Post Office.

**Stocktaking**  
**BARGAIN**  
**LINES.**

Ladies' Felt Shoes, fur topped, very warm and comfortable, in sizes 5, 6, 7, reg. \$2.00, now \$1.00.

Ladies' Overshoes in sizes 2, 2½, 3, 4, reg. \$2.00, now \$1.00.

Men's Felt Shoes, reg. \$3.00, now \$2.00.

**AT THE SIGN OF**  
**THE BIG CLOCK.**

**A. A. JORDAN**