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Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything eise on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." As See th. 2 you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

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Wear Kidduck...

A leather with a conscience. Permits your feet to throw off perspiration. Tougher than calfskin, flexible as a glove. Waterproof and porous as a duck's feathers. Can be had only in the \$4. and \$5. grades of the Goodyear Welted .-

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SLOANS' INDIAN TONIC

The only permanent cure for the two great ills of humanity, Indigestion and Constipation.

More people suffer from one or bot of these distressing ills than from all others combined. Sloan's Indian Tonic positively and permanently cures all cases. No matter how long you have suffered, or how often you may have been told that your case was chronic o incurable, if you persist in the use this medicine a cure is certain.

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Ingrestients scientifically compounded make PER FECT HEALTH-PILLS, (black and white) a reliable cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion and all Liver Kidney and Nervous Disorders, as well as for Rhen matism and run-down condition of the system. The Perfect Preparation of a famous physician and always reliable. They are Nature's best assistant. Price 50 cents at drug stores or sent free on receipt of price. Crown Medicine Company, Toronto

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Star Pointer

Has broken the best previous record and the deal marks 159 as the fastest mile ever paced. This is great news for sportamen; but we have a Star Pointer for you to day and our deal points to a record breaker for Suitiges and Overcoatings—an assertment unsurpassed in every detail; color, cloth and price. Cast your eye along our line of record-breakers in price.

W. Carlile,

....THE POPULAR TAILCR

TO ROLLO, UNTIMELY TAKEN.

Puppy, yours a pleasant grave
Where the seeding grasses wave?
Now on frolic morns the kitten
Over you once acratched and bitten,
Still forgiving, plays alone;
Y"., who planted many a bone,
Planted now yourself, repose,
Tranquil tail, incurious nose.
Chased no more the indifferent bee.
Drones a sun steeped elegy.
Puppy, where long grasses wave
Surely yours a pleasant grayel

Surely yours a pleasant grayer

S'Whom the gods love"—was this why,
Rollo, you must early die?
Choerless lay the realms of night.
Now your small unconquered sprite
(Still familiar as with us)
Bites the ears of Cerberus,
Chases Pluto, lord of hell,
Round the fields of asphodel,
Sinks to sleep at last supine
On the lap of Proserpine,
While your earthly part shall pass,
Puppy, into flowers and grass.
—Kenneth Grahame in Yellow Book.

A MUSICAL VICTORY.

In a respectable flat there lives Madeline McGregor and Algernon McCurry—Madeline at the first landing, Algernon at the second. Madeline, who is 20, fair haired and dreamy, had dragged out many moons in the respectable flat before Algernon had come to gladden her existence and to make life for her, not a weary, loveless waste, but a glad heyday of joy, illumined by the adoring looks of her new neighbor. When Algernon first saw the fair, sweet face and the soulful eyes of Madeline, his heart gave one wild, throb and then stood still. He, whose whole life was full; of ambition, who had heretofore existed mathematically and found most of his pleasure in having the balance sheet come right the first time, had at last surrendered to the tender passion—and at first sight. Stolid business ambition that had persistently refused to see aught of charm persistently refused to see aught of charm in duck skirted and shirt waisted femininity now dreamed solely of pink and white complexions and fluffy, sunny hair.

complexions and fluffy, sunny hair.

They met and loved.

Gladly had things progressed up to the time when a combination of circumstances came so near disappointing the fair dream of true love. It was on a Friday night toward the end of dog days. When Algernon McCurry came down to the flat on the first landing, his heart was full of joy. And Madeline, too, seemed to be in an unusually jubilant mood. How sweet then did it all seem and how little sweet then did it all seem and how little did they know of the dark days that were to follow. When they went out for a stroll along the residence streets, it seemed as if a night were never so full of love. The great, round, silvery, harvest moon flooded the earth with lovelight, the stars of the firmament, the great dome of heaven, seemed mad alone for the love of Algernon and Madeline. It was then that in the fuliness of her young life Madeline told why her heart was overflowing with

In years gone by she had lived alone for music. Reverses had come upon them, and she had been forced to give it up, to surrender what was then to her her whole life, but now fickle fortune had again smiled, and the very next week she was to have a new piano. Her lot was in very truth an enviable one. In her fresh young enthusiasm she poured out all her glad celings, and Algernon sympathized, and he, too, was glad.

That night when he sought his folding bed it was to dream of sweetest music, of fair, white hands, dear hands, slender, tapering fingers, tenderly, lovingly wanering over a stretch of ivory keys. In fancy he could hear heavenly strains and a sweet young voice in tender, soulful love songs-and all for him. Ah. Algernon!

On Wednesday the people across the way saw a new piano, bright and beautiful, taken into the first floor entrance of the respectable flat.

Algernon was kept at his office that night by stress of business. From his high stool he cast up leng columns of dancing figures and his dull, tired eyes ached and grew weary. All the while a fairy vision hovered between him and the endless columns —a vision of a dear, sweet maid with golden hair, seated before a piano, from which, with the magic touch of her lily white hands, she brought dulcet strains of heavenly melody. At last the final danc-ing column is finished, the big pile of slips that seemed not to have an end is exhaus ed, and Algernon, with lagging footsteps, goes to the car and home. How welcome seems his little flat room! How pleasant

seems his little flat room! How pleasant the folding bed! How eagerly does he woo sleep and the dreams of his true leve!
But what is this! What sound breaks in upon the rest that is about to come! Rudely the midnight silence is fractured, broken, severed, scattered to the four winds of heaven. There is a preliminary winkle a cilement introducer winds a cilement of the severed. tinkle, a silvery, introductory ping, ping, a resonant, melodious pang, pang, and then a long, harmonious ping, ping, ping, ping, pang, pang, ending in a grand boom, boom, boom! Algernon

starts up in affright.
"Can this be she? But, ab, it is over." Not yet. Again there is the tinkle and the ping ping and the pang pang and the boom, boom—boom! And then again and again, and then louder and louder—

coaselessly, c. dlessly.

An hour passes, or is it a week? Restlessly Algernon McCurry tosses on his

"Oh, mother!" he cries. "Can this be true? Oh, father, forgive her! Apollo Calliope, hosts of high Olympus, what means this wild classor? Am I mad or is this but a weird, hoscible nightmare that will not be driven away?" But, hist! The din fessens. Something

that was is not. The long, creeping cable beneath the car tracks has stopped. The witching hour is here. The city sleeps. but not Madeline, not Algernon, not any ane in the respectable flat. Hours pass, and then—oh. joy—it ceases. "Silence. like a positive comes to heal the blows of A watchdog bays the moon. A distant suburban cock crows the waking ight and Algernon dreams. And he was a storm Great, black cloud-

mount up the sky. Forked lightning, huge ongues of flame, darts hither and thithe in the blue black night. Mighty crashes of thunder test the strength of heaven's artil-Beginning at his very feet he sees a path of glistening keys, pale keys like the bue of death, and they stretch interminably into the distance, narrowing into a thin thread of white light that seems to pierce the blackness of the storm. Now come two long tapering armiess hands, whose severed wrists are foul with clotted blood, and as he looks the two hands are four, and the four are eight. Now there are a million, and as they dance upon the endless chain of keys the thunder grows in volume and the crash is soul harrowing. The white, tapering hands change to re-pulsive, horny talons, with long and fifthy nails. Now he seems himself in the midst of the storm, surrounded by the multitude.



of dancing, withered, blood beameared talons. Now they form themselves into ranks, and as they charge they become endless rows of figures. He fights desperately, with the courage born of despair, but they bear him down, down. Sewn. He is crushed sufficiated. Gasping, he throws his arms wildly about, and—awakens.

ens.

When Algernon went to the dingy office that morning, to the high stool and the dancing columns of figures, his head seem ed well nigh about to burst,

The day dragged endlessly, but at last was done. He felt better in the evening, and when he went to see his Madeline he was almost to the point of cheerfulness.
Yet there seemed to be a coldness that had not existed before. The frank, open, good fellowship seemed not to be so frank and fellowship seemed not to be so frank and open. When she spoke enthusiastically of harmony and of how impatiently she awaited the time when she could better know and appreciate the grand old masters, he only briefly assented. He could not enthuse. Algernon was truthful. His opinion of the grand old masters had suffered a serious relapse that might at any moment prove fatal. Sympathy, so far as he was concerned, was withered as the leaf of autumn, and he talked of the weather and away from music.

and away from music.

But let it be said the Algernon McCurry But let it be said the Algernon McCurry was a young man of resource. His expedients to reach a given end were great, and, though he still loved Madeline McGregor with an undiminished love, when he thought of the night past and of possible other nights yet to come his heart grew sick within him, his face took a hard, set look, and his handsome gray eyes seemed to fire with resolution. All next day from his high stool he thought, and his thoughts were those of youth—long, long thoughts. When Algernon McCurry went home that evening, he carried under his arm a mysterious looking stiff leather bag, large at one end, smaller at the other, while in his hand he grasped a short, round bundle. "Mother," he said. "ought you not stay with Mrs. Jones tonight?"

"I have been thinking of it, Algy, dear,

"I have been thinking of it, Algy, dear, but I had almost decided to stay at home and do some mending for you."
"Never mind the mending, mother. It'll worry along. Go stay with the poor

And then Algernon was alone with his thoughts, and his bag, and his short, round bundle.

The September night wore on. From the westward came the great, loud note of the curfew's warning. Lessening, fading, the last echo dies away to the east. Then out upon the air, hardly yet stilled, there creeps an indistinguishable, indefinable something. It is not natural of anything on earth, nor is it supernatural. Now it is a blast, clear and resonant, a penetrat ing, all pervading bugle note coming from space, ending in its birthplace. Now it is a moan, a low, dull monotone, telling of anguish and grief, of a heartbreaking sadness, and now fitfully dying away it becomes a slow, dragging, piereing note, like the cry of a wild beast in pain. It gathers strength, and now, in a weird minor, louder and ever louder, it tells of infinite suffering, of the rack and pinion and stake of martyrs and the wail of a soul eternally damned. Now it partakes of the melody of a rusted wire, and now of blunt steel scraping human bones. Now it is the din and crash, the cannonade, musketry, saber clashing, drum roll, charge, double quick, advance, retreat of a tho usand battlefields, and now it dies away into the feeble wail of a poor dying

Minutes grow into hours and hours into the lapse of ages. Again the long, creeping cable stops. Again the watchdog bays the moon. Again the distant, suburban cock crows the waking light. At last all is still. Algernon McCurry has finished his first music lesson.

On Friday night when dark haired Algernon calls on fair haired Madeline he ars something that makes his heart to beat faster in his bosom. Madeline has decided that after all she does not care to go in so much for music, and the new plano has been sent back to the installment house. She intends to buy a bicycle. And now when Algernon McCurry and Madeline McGregor coast down the asphalt streets they talk of bikes and bearings, of narrow treads and ram's born handle bars, while melody and the old masters are far, far off. Algernon is no longer limited to three nights in the week, for Madeline and Madeline's mamma have

heard an old, old story.

Among Algernon McCurry's treasures there is a pale green ticket. Far down on North Main street, almost to ancient Battle row, there is a dingy window, over which hang three golden spheres. In the window is a silver bell cornet labeled "For ale."-Kansas City Times.

The Education of Marie Autoin Miss Anna L. Bicknell contributes to The Century an article on "Marie Antoi-nette as Dauphine," which contains much new matter drawn from the state paper at Vienna. Miss Bicknell says:

Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeanne of Hapsburg-Lorraine, archduchess of Austria and future queen of France, was born on Nov. 2 (feast of All Souls), 1755—the day after the terrible catastrophe at Lis-bon, when that city was nearly destroyed by an earthquake. Maria Theresa's daugh-ter was taught the correct pronunciation of French by two actors of the Theatre Français, while the French Abbe de Vermond was appointed to direct her educa-tion, which, however, was unhappily very incomplete. The writers who glorify th maternal care and vigilance of Maria Theresa are contradicted by the most trust-worthy witnesses, the truth seeming to be that the great empress, engrossed by her political cares, left her children far too impletely to the discretion of governesses and subordinates, who were neither very capable nor perhaps very conscientious Drawings were shown to the empress as the work of Marie Antoinette which the latter afterward declared she had never touched, and this "make believe" system seems to have been carried on throughout The Abbe the Vermond directed only her French studies, but aithough a good and well meaning man, the results which he obtained were far from creditable to his efforts. He does not seem to have had the art either of interesting her in any seriou pursuit or of acquiring proper control over her mind and character. Her handwriting even, as proved by autographs, was utterly unformed and childish at the time of life actival at the court of France,

and her spelling was defective. A Curious Superstiti Among the superstitions of the Sensea Indians was this most beautiful one: When a young maiden died, they impris-oned a young bird until it first began to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with caresses and messages, they loosed its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it would not fold its wing nor close its eye until it had flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the leved and lost one .- St. Nicholas

AND PROPOSE BEFORE THEN. Gather the roses while you may."
You girl with them he plying:
For ten a bunch is what you'll pay
When winter sets you buying.

A Convert of the Wheel,-"Pedaltor used to be very fond of saying there is no such thing as perfection in life." "Yes, but that was before he bought his new bicycle."



glowing cheeks, and sparkling eyes—we all covet genuine youth. The weakness or discase which ages people before their time, is not the result of accumulated years; it is the effect of wrong living and unhealthy blood. When the blood is pure and fresh the body will be full of youth.

Thousands of people who seemed to have lost their youth by disease and suffering have found it again through the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the most perfectly natural and scientific rejuvenator of the physical forces ever known to medical science.

It gives the blood-making organs power to make new blood, full of the life-giving red corpuscles which drive out disease, build up fresh tissue, solid muscular flesh and healthy nerve force. It gives constitutional power, deep and full and strong; rounds out hollow cheeks and emaciated forms; gives plumpness, color and animation.

It does not make flabby fat like cod liver oil. On this account, it is a perfect tonic for corpulent people.

It aids digestion and the natural action of the liver, and by feeding the nerves with highly vitalized blood barishes nervousness, neuralgia and insomnia.

Where a constipated condition exists, the "Discovery" should be used in conjunction with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which are the most perfect, mild and natural laxative in the world. There is nothing else "just as good." There is nothing that will do the work so thoroughly, surely and comfortably.



See that the trade your address (write mark name "Tutti plainly to Adams & Frutti" is on each so. package.

All others are imitations.

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Is prepared in two degrees

of strength.

No. 1 for ordinary cases is by far the best dollar medicine known -sold by druggists, one Dollar per box.

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stronger—sold by druggists. One box,
Three Dollars; two boxes, Pive Dollars. No. 1, or No. 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 3-cent stamps. The Cook Company,

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In Spring Time get Pure Blood by using B.B.B.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties as Burdock Blood Bitters. it not only cleanses internally, but it heals, when applied externally, all sores ulcers, abscesses, scrofulous sores, blotches, eruptions, etc., leaving the skin clean and pure as a babe's. Taken internally it removes all morbid effete or waste matter from the system, and thoroughly regulates all the organ of the body, restoring the stomach liver, bowels and blood to health

action



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is double discounting all previous records in getting pupils placed in choice positions. This is the record—115 pupils placed in the eleven months ending Aug 15th. 24 pupils placed in the goat few weeks—nealy all of them stairing October.

Our last week's notice contained the names of seven who were placed, and where placed. Seven others have since been placed.

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TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

Highest price Paid

Second-Hand Stoves Second-Hand Furniture

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FRANKFORT SAUSAGE

Always Fresh at the Chatham Pork Store---F. Chaplin

Grand Opera House Block 2 pair of Butchers' Scales for Sale Chea

Taxes

On all unpaid taxes remaining on my books after Tuesday, Dec. 14, 1897, there will be an additional percentage added of two per cent, and on all unpaid on and after the 31st Dec. an additional three per cent will be imposed, making five per cent

WILLIAM RANNIE,

The Chatham Loan & Savings Co.

32nd-Half Yearly Dividend-32nd.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of six 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, 1897, payable at the Company's office on and after January 3rd, 1898.

The transfer books will be closed from the

22nd to the 31st December, both days in-

By order of the board, S F. GARDINER, Chatham, November 23rd, 1897.

McGeachy & Sons

Durham and Jersey AERATED MILK AND CREAM Delivered in bottles at usual prices Drop a card to the Chatham P. O. or notify the drivers. 2

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Cures uaranteed or No Pay YOUNG or MIDDLE-AGED MEN-You may have been the victim of Self Abuse when young. Later Excesses or exposure to blood diseases may have completed the work. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. You dread the future results. You know you are not a man mentally and sexually. Why not be cured in time and sexually. Why not be cured in time and swoid the and experience of other wreeks of these diseases. Our NEW METHOD THEATMENT WILL CURE YOU AFTER ALL ELSE VALLS.

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