

Wood's Phosphodine

a. A. HICKS, D. 5. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronts. Office over Turner's drug store, 24 Rutherford Block.

LODGES



WRIAINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., mests on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Pifth St., at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren ed. ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y. GEORGE MASSEY, W. M.

MEDICAL.

DR. OVENS

Surgeon. Oculist and Specialist Bye Bar, Nose and Threet Will be at Chatham on SATUR-DAY, Sept. 26, Oct. 24, Nov. 28, Dec. 26. Glasses properly fitted. Office at Radley's drug store ••••••••

LEGAL

B. HANKIN, R. O.—Barrister, Notary Public, etc., Victoria Block, Chatham.

E. F. SMITH — Barrister, Solicitor, sto. Office, King Street, west of the Market. Money to loan on Mortgages.

J. B. O'FLYNN-Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King Street, opposite Mer-chants Hank, Chatham, Oat.

SMITH & GOSNELL—Barristers, Solicitors, etc., Harrison Hall, Chatham. Herbert D. Smith, County Orown Attorney, R. L. Gosnell.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on Mortgages, at Lowest rates. Offices, Fifth Street, Matthew Wilson, K. O., W. E., Gundy, J. M. Pike.

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MONEY TO LOAN

ON LAND MORTGAGES at lowest rate of interest. I also have a few farms for sale. I also sell buggies and carriages. Call and see me and get my prices, and you will save money by doing so. Henry Dagneau Shatham. tf

##******************** MONEY TO LEND

ON LAND MORTGAGE ON CHATTEL MORTGAGE OR ON NOTE To pay off mortgages. To buy property Pay when desired. Very lowest tale

Opp. Grand Opera House, Chatham

Money to Loan on Mortgagaesal 41 and 5 per Cent.

FOR SALE-FARM AND CITY PRO-PERTY.

Brick house, two stories, 7 cooms, at 40 feet front by 208 feet deep.

1100.00.

Frame house, 8 rooms and summen itchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 ft., good table, g1100.00.

House and lot, 9 rooms, \$1050.00.

House and lot, 5 rooms, \$400.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 50 ares. All cleared, Good house and taken \$210.00.

harn, \$3100.00.

Farm in Township of Harwich, 200 acres. Large house, barn and outs hulldings, \$12,000.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 42 acres. Good house, new stable and 2007.00.

Ten acres in suburbs of Chatham,

1309.00.
Valuable suburban residence, Trooms; with seven acres of land. Goo itable, \$3000.00.

Apply to

W. F. SMITH. Barrister.

TO RENT

Nice dwelling, facing a paved street, heated with coal hot air urnace. Rent \$10 per month. Apply to

SMITH & SMITH

LOVE IS BLIND By

John Haley came down the back steps, the model and pattern of angry dejection. At sight of him Mrs. Corson frowned. She did not need to be told her daughter Helen had refused Johnny's hand for the eleventh time.

Mrs. Corson wanted Johnny in the family. He was such an all round good fellow and well to do, to say nothing of how beautifully his farm dovetailed with the Corson acres. When he came abreast of her she could not saying, "Well, of all idiots in the world you and Helen are certainly the most idiotic."

"I have been a fool," Johnny admitted savagely, "letting a girl keep me dangling after her five years. Helen wasn't fifteen"—

"She has less than the sense of fif-teen now, and so have you." Mrs. Corson interrupted impatiently. "You



SOBBING OUT HER LOVE AND PENITENCE have stuffed her head so full of novels and poetry she's clean beyond plain everyday common sense."

"How can I help it?" Johnny said in a voice of deep injury. "I didn't know. I wanted only to show her I was liberal."

"Oh, you are imbecile!" Mrs. Corson broke in, "As if that would go with a high strung girk. Of course Helen wants her own way-and gets it most of the time. But she thinks she wants to make great and solemn sacrifices for the man she loves. It she can't do that she can't love him. If you were to have smallpox or lose your farm or break your back—anything, indeed, but break your neck she'd want to marry you out of hand. "Think so?" Johnny asked, grinning

"I don't think-I know!" Mrs. Cor-

son retorted confidently.
"I reckon I am stupid; seems like I ain't had my right senses except in horse trading never since I've been courting Helen," Johnny said, the grin

"Oh, go along home!" Mrs. Corson retorted. Johnny stood for a minute like one lost in thought, then squared his shoulders, brought his heels well together, said in a loud, strained voice: 'Goodby, ma'am. I'll write. You're mighty near all the mother I've ever known. I'll never forget your good-ness whether I fetch up in South Afriover again. The sooner I'm off the better." Then in a quick, husky whis-per, as he bent to kiss her cheek, "You listen out for accidents about day after

tomorrow. Perhaps Johnny did not know the obdurate Miss Helen was standing at the window, well screened by the venetian blinds. He mounted his horse and rode off furiously. As the noise of hoofs died away Mrs. Corson sighed deeply, saying as though to herself: "Poor boy! It hurts me to think of him wandering

all over the face of the earth." "Don't worry, ma," Helen said, flinging open the blinds. "Johnny is not the stuff that makes heroes or martyrs or even travelers. Poor Johnny! If only he was not so hopelessly commonplated marry him—to please you and pa.

"You've thrown away the chance and mighty good chance," Mrs. Corson said, sighing and shaking her head. Helen laughed merrily. "Why, I can marry him when I please."

She spoke with the conscious power of youth and beauty. Judge then her state of astonishment and despair a week later when she found herself beseeching Johnny to make her his wife and meeting with refusals as steadfast as they were quiet. There had been a serious accident. Johnny was home again, in a darkened room, with his eyes bandaged and the doctor coming

every day.

As to what had happened, Johnny would not say a word. The doctor looked grave and hinted obscurely at damage to the optic nerve that might mean total blindness. But plenty of other folk were ready to swear the accident had been no accident, but rather a deed of daring on Johnny's part. He had come upon two rough fellows robbing an inoffensive peddler and had every day.

put the robbers to rout, but not before one of them had fired directly across his eyes. He was powder burned on cheeks and forehead—so much was cer-

twisted around her little finger, was one person; Johnny, stern and re-solved, putting her away in spite of pleading, very much another. All at once Helen awoke to the knowledge that she loved him. She had rushed to him at the first word of trouble, mean ing only to sympathize and console. I was his voice, pathetically brave, still more pathetically full of renunciation which had shown her what was in he Helen," he had said, letting ber hand fall. "I know you too well. You are s sorry for me you might come to lov me. Why, I've seen you often and over get fond of a lame dog. Ever since this"—a sort of gulp at the word—"happened I have been so glad you didn't care for me, because I love you ture. I'm a common, crossroads sortnothing like your fine gentlemen, but at Jeast I can play you fair."

Then Helen, by turns hot and cold, had knelt and laid her head on his shoulder, subbing out her love and pen lience. She could feel Johnny swal lowing hard. But he held obstinately by what he had said. It was the sam the next day, the next and the next. At the end of a week Papa Corson took a hand. "You are trying hard to tie a milistone around your neck," he said unfeelingly. "I might not object to that so very much if only the mill stone was willing. Johnny Haley has got enough to keep two people out of the poorhouse. But I've a mighty strong notion he don't want you. Unless you want to make yourself a laughingstock you'll keep out of his

Helen had not been spoiled all he twenty years for nothing. She listen ed, growing angrier and angrier all the But she turned away without a word and ten minutes later had bundled her mother into the phaeton and was driving like mad toward the country town. The business that took her there was soon transacted, and then the horses found their heads turned toward the Haley farm. There Helen burst in upon Johnny, locked her hand in his and said tremulously over her shoulder to a man who followed in her wake with Mrs. Corson on his arm: "We are ready, Dr. Lansing. Please marry us quickly, no matter what Johnny says. He—he may not be quite right in his mind."

Johnny almost sprang up. Helen's hand shook so he knew she needed support. His eyes were still bandaged. but the curls on top of his head seem ed to wink at the minister, who stood twiddling the license uncertainly.

"Let her go, parson!" Johnny called out joyously, drawing Helen a little closer. He made the responses in a suspiciously strong voice and at the end tossed his blinders to the other "Helen! Sweetheart! Wife!" be

cried, "I'd have to see you right now, even if it cost me my eyes. But I'm not blind nor going to be, even though that cannon cracker did singe my eye-

years," Helen interrupted. Then catching the twinkle in her mother's eyes: 'I understand now. You two conspired to make me see."

The Kaffirs Thought It a Joke. desolate homes in the more desolate orges beyond the mountain ranges to the more civilized south. Like most savages, they looked with stupid indifference at the marvels about them, and once only were they excited by an incident which opened their eyes to what they considered a most extraordinary and unnatural state of things.

They were descending a road when one of them chanced to remark that he was bungry, and the English "sahib" bought him some food at a wayside shop. The Kaffir saw the money change

"How is this?" he inquired in surthis country?

"Certainly."
"What a country!" cried the man in amazement. Then, after pondering awhile, he continued doubtfully: "Suppose a man had no money in this country. He might starve."

"It is quite possible."
The Kaffir shook with uncontrollable laughter. It was the best joke he had ever heard. He then explained the ridiculous system to his companions, and they roared in chorus,—"Where Three Empires Meet."

A curious example of generous obsti-nacy was a stout English countryman who inquired for a nice book to read, "one with a story in." On several being placed before him, he examined them attentively and picked out the middle volume of a "three decker" with the remark: "This 'ere's my sort. What's the price?"
"Oh," was the reply, "this is only

the second volume. The story goes through three. The set is half a "Hauve a crown! Well, I'll gle ye that for that one book. It's a pretty

one enough."
"But won't you have the other two as well? You'd better.' "Naw. I don't like th' beginnin' of "Naw. I don't like th' beginnin' of a story. I can't get forrud wi' it.' An' I don't like th' endin'. I don't know as 'ow it's comed about. But in th' middle un I'm into th' thick of it right off. No, I'll only tak' th' middle un. It'll set me up for a month." And, cramming the book into his pocket he put down his half crown and disappeared with a "Good night" before the other volumes could be given to him.—Chambers' Journal.

A Quart Baby.

Now and again there is an item in the ewspapers concerning the birth of a Now and again there is an item in the newspapers concerning the birth of a puny baby so small that a quart cup holds it comfortably. If the article told all the facts it would probably tell also of a mother who in weakness and misery had looked forward to the baby's advent with shrinking and fear.

To have fine, healthy children the mother must be healthy, and it is the common testimony

ealthy, and it is the common testimony of mothers that the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription not only promotes the mother's health but also gives her strength to give her child. "Favorite Prescription" accomplishes these results by tranquilizing the nerves, promoting a healthy appe-

the nerves, promoting a healthy appetite, and giving refreshing sleep. It increases physical vigor and gives great muscular elasticity, so that the baby's advent is practically painless. It is the best of tonics for nursing mothers.

I unhesitatingly advise expectant mothers to use the 'Favorite Prescription.'

Dr. Pierce now feels fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which he cannot cure. All he asks is a fair and reasonable trial of his means of cure.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 50 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 31 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Death-Dealing Plants.

There is a plant in South America, which has all the worst qualiof a melodrama villain. infinitely greater success. It is called the "knotter," and is well known to, and avoided by scientists. On to, and avoided by scientists. On the approach of any living object the vine casts out its tentacles, and twines round it. It is then dragged into the heart of the foliage, while its flesh is burnt into by the clutck of the tentacles. When there, the creature's juices are drained in a manner reminiscent of the vampire of romance. The insidious villainy the plant has been tried by sending a dog or other animal into its clutch es, and, judging from the agony in

flicted on the poor animal, the pain appears to be worse than it is possible to conceive.

Another vegetable murderer is a grain called "bhat." It is, much like rice, and grows with it in the Orient. rice, and grows with it in the Orient. Trading on its resemblance to the popular grain, it gets mixed with it, and is devoured by the unsuspecting Orienta). A few grains of it are enough to bring on a most horrible death. The first symptoms of its influence are a state of virulent mania. At first the victim becomes drowsy, and later, suddenly cheerful and gay. Then he goes raving mad, and experiences a form of self-cannibalism, tearing himself to pieces with his fingers, and seeking to devour him self.

Slander at Bangkok.

Judging from the following advertisement in The Bangkok Times, they silence the foul tongue of slan-der in the Siamese capital after a fashion eminently their own: "That person or persons who spread the story that I, Paul Riga von Wittekind, Veterinary Surgeon, when last in Bangkok (1894), received large sums of money or money on com-mision to proceed to Singapore with the object of buying horses, but bolt-ed instead with the money—I call a a most infamous liar; as I never during my last stay in Bangkok, or while leaving the place, ever received a single att on commission to buy a cat, goat or horse. I left the place dead sick to undergo an operation on my liver; and was accommended by a hear of triangle to the place dead sick to undergo an operation on my liver; and was accompanied by a host of friends to the steamer. As such rumor as the above is only intended to injure my character, I am in duty bound, for above in such strong terms.—Von Wittekind, M.R.C.V.S.B."

If you would not have a person ceive you, be careful not to let him know you mistrust him.

DIAMOND DYES CONTRIBUTE LARGELY TO WINTER'S PLEASURES.



DIAMOND DYES will restore to nev life and usefulness last year's faded skating dresses, skirts, jackets, stockings, caps, tams, knickerbockers, trowsers and coats. Try them and save money.

Strange stilts are those used by Jap-anese and Chinese boys. Instead of having side blocks, like the American

boys, they have foot rests mortised on the stilt stick and projecting backward. These stilts can only be used where the Japanese boys' feet are bare, for the stilt stick must be grasped between the first and second toe of each foot. Spanish boys are great stilt walkers,

and they invariably use sticks that reach to the hips and are strongly bound there as well as at the ankles.

In some of the islands of the south Pacific ocean very rough sport is en-gaged in by boys on stilts. Perched high on their thin support and with their faces and skins grotesquely painted, these semisavage lads, sometimes as many as twenty at a time, meet and other down.

Like most sports and games stilt walking is of very ancient origin. Cut in the stone which forms one of the oldest Pharaoh's tomb there is a crude picture of a man leading a processi and walking on stilts. This ancien stilt walker must have been very skill ful, for he is holding no side sticks, but is using both hands in holding a great horn to his mouth, which he is apparently blowing.

Kings and Handlerafts. George III., when not engaged in per-forming the operations which had so much to do in gaining for him the popular nickname of "Farmer George," amused himself at one period of his long life with the making of buttons and attained a very respectable degree of skill in the manufacture of the dif-ferent varieties then most in fashion. George IV., his son and success affected another sort of unkingly of

traction for idle hours and particularly prided himself on the perfection with which he could "cut out" a pair of breeches. Outside the glorified ranks of the fashionable outfitters of the day, the Stultzes, the Meyers, the Schweitzers and Dandrons, only Beau Brummel was thought to be his rival at the shears, but for elegance and accuracy and style the king considered himself the Beau's undoubted superior. The unfortunate Louis XI. was an expert locksmith, with a general turn for mechanics, and spent whole days in his forge, as did one of his predecessors on the throne of France, Louis XIII.

A Scottish newspaper prints the fol-lowing "remarkable and dreadful ex-perience," which a correspondent save The Story of a Vision perience," which a correspondent says he heard from the lips of a fellow passenger, a member of parliament. This man had left home early in the morning, traveled about a hundred miles by rail and put up at a village hotel. Feeling fatigued, he retired to his bedroom at an early hour. He was in the act of undressing when there appeared to him what was evidently the ghost of his four-year-old son arrayed in the vestments of the tomb. A conviction that his son, whom he had left in the morning in perfect health, was dead urged him to drive to the nearest station in time to catch a train that passed at midnight. On reaching home early next morning he found that his boy had died about the time the vision had ap

What He Spoke About,

Dean Hole in impressing clergymen with the necessity of making themselves understood by their congregations often cited as a horrible example a famous classical scholar who thus addressed a handful of farm laborers in a country mission room: "In this beautiful country, my brethren, you have the apotheosis of nature and ap apodeikneusis of theropratic omnipo tence." The dean was not surprise when he asked one of the flock what it was about to be answered, "It was about an hour and a half."

The Only Way. Mrs. Subbubs—We must give a din-ner party, dear. That's all there is about it.

Mr. Subbubs—Why, we haven't any excuse for giving anybody a dinner party. Mrs. Subbubs-Yes, I have. It will give me a chance to borrow back the fine dishes I loaned to Miss Nexdore

when she gave her dinner party three

months ago. Change In Simples "There isn't so much doctoring with simples as there used to be." "Oh, yes! More."

"The difference is that the simples were formerly the remedles, whereas now they are the patients,"

महामुखाः । Reassuring Him, Mr. Newcomb—I was so glad to meet your mother. I didn't think she was so—er—exceedingly stout. Miss Wantaman-Oh, yes. But I'm sure I'll never grow to be like her. I

take after papa, you know.

Tobacco in Japan.
Tobacco is both cultivated and consumed on a large scale in Japan. The plant was introduced by the Portuguese in the seventeenth century, and the trade in it is a government m ely. Tobacco is almost universally used in a small pipe.

Banyan Trees.

Banyan trees are remarkable for the fact that their branches droop down to the ground and take root as separate

In ancient religion dancing came to be one of the chief acts of worship. Religious processions went with song and dance to the Egyptian temples, and Plato said that all dancing ought to be thus an act of religion.

Bu=Ju RELIEVES

Constipation, Urinary Troubles, Swelling of Extremities, Pain in Joints or Hips, Chills, Backache

These are symptoms of kidney derangement. They are cured when the kidneys are induced to work properly. Bu=Ju disordered kidneys. It restores these organs to healthy action. The Kidney Pill, is made for

Bu-Ju is sold by all druggists; box of

A single trial will convince.

Walt Whitman is described by his riend, Thomas Donaldson, as on dress parade. Whitman with pen was one man, Whitman in vate life was another man. He not a good nor a fluent talker. Men who write well seldom arc. He read very few books, and on being asked the reason, replied, "A man who wants to have original ideas wants

wants to have original ideas wants to let other people's alone.''

His visitors were numerous, Mr.
Donaldson tells of a friend whom he scorted to Camden, and who sat in oscored to Camden, and who sat in Mr. Whitman's small parlor and ap-parently listened with deep interest while Whitman talked on various subjects. "I had never heard him talk

well. About ten o'clock I arose and said to my friend, Well, we had better go. Mr. Whitman is tired, and ter go. Mr. Whitman is tired, and this is his hour for retiring.' "'Certainly,' said my friend, 'what

a charming evening I have passed! Mr. Whitman, may I have the honor of calling again?

"'Certainly,' he replied; 'certainly, come when you like.' We retired in good order. As we were going down Mickle street toward the ferry for Philadelphia, my friend gave a yawn and said. If find when I nap early in the evening I campet sleep, well at

the evening I cannot sleep well at night! "'You old villain,' I answered, and you were asleep all the time at

Mr. dan's?'
"I was, most certainly. The poet's voice lulled me into blessed repose two minutes after he begun to talk. Really he is a remarkable man. I have had doctor after doctor try to give me early sleep, but they all failed. He is truly a remarkable man."

King Edward, even from &'s earliest years, was thoroughly taught the words of the British Constitution. Daily he was taxed to the utmost in this branch of his education until he grew to dislike it most heartily. One day he openly rebelled, and said to his tutor: "I hate this study, sir! It's to frightfully dry!"

"O," replied the shocked tutor. "but it is very important that you should know all about the Constitu-tion of the country over which you will one day have to rule, most imperative.

erative."
"Yes, sir," quietly replied the rince; "the British Constitution is most important, I know, but how about my own constitution."

An amusing anecdote is also related of the present little Prince Edward of Wales.

He seems to be no fonder of his studies than his grandfather, the King, was. The little Prince dislikes his arithmetic and in fact mathe-

matics is general.

His punishment for dereliction of duty is being put in the corner.

Some time ago when he saw his governess taking out the book slate to prepare for the day's less in the particular branch which specially disliked, he said, very de-liberately:

"I don't believe I care to do "rith-metic to-day. I'll go into the corner again, if you don't mind." Away he marched like a soldier, leaving an astonished teacher won-dering what course best to pursue,

No matter how unhappy the union there is always a tender recollection of the wedding day,

A certain Turk, according to rumor, was once married to a veiled lady in

white in the presence of the sultan. As soon as the ceremony was concluded the bride mysteriously disappeared. The groom was led into an adjoining room, where stood twelve ladies all dressed in white, but without veils. the sovereign, "her that is your bride." As the man had never seen her face the command be wildered him. "If you make a mistake," added his majesty, "your life shall pay the forfeit." poor man walked up and down the row of beauties, but saw nothing whatever to aid his choice. "You have only a minute left," yelled the sultan in anger; "choose at once." Ten of the ladies, he noticed, gave him nothing else than a stony stare. One of them frowned, the other smiled. "The frowning one," he thought, "is my bride, for she expresses her displeasure and impatience at my ignorance. "No," he said to himself, "it must be the smiling one, for she desires to invite me to her." After debating the subject in his mind until his time was up he boldly made a se-lection from the two. He was successful. He had regained his bride. Which was she, the one who frowned or the one who smiled?

The Vault of St. Michan's age in Dublin is St. Michan's church, where the organ is still to be seen upon which Handel is said to have composed his "Messiah." In the graveyard is the last resting place of Robert Emmet, and the vault of St. Michan's provides a more grewsome thrill than the morgue. The sexton lifts an iron door and descends a few rude steps, carrying a light, without which the place would be pitch dark. You follow and find yourself in a narrow passage, from which cell-like recesses belonging to different families branch off. Whether it is owing to the extreme dryness of the surroundings or to some mysterious property of the place, the process of decay has been arrested, and the features of persons dead for two centuries may, be recognized from authentic portraits Perhaps the strangest thing about the vault is the fact that, apart from the veird sensation, there is nothing offen-

sive in the surroundings.

A Thrifty Bride. "It's a pity," said the man in the rough brown suit, "that Johnson married at the very beginning of his business career. I am afraid that young wife of his, with her love for pretty

neck." "Don't you believe it. She'll make him president of a bank one of these days," said the man in the new derby, who had been spending the week end at the small suburban home of the aforementioned Johnson. "Every towel and napkin I saw in the house had the name of some botel stamped on it, and so did the spoons, by Jove! She had gathered them up on their wedding journey."

The greatest forces work quietly. The young person hwo is going to amount to the most a generation hence is not the one who is making the most fuss about it now.





Whooping Cough, Croup Bronchitis, Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria

CRESOLENE IS A BOON TO ASTHMATICS

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dissolved in the mouth are effective and safe for coughs and irritation of the throat

Antiseptic Tablets

10c a box. ALL DRUGGISTS