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A LAMBERT TALE.

How the Tortoise Got Even With a Baboon Who Had Insulted Him—A Missionary's Story.

On the wide open veranda of our mission house—a wide enough structure of bamboo and mud—in need of repairs, a missionary, a London newspaper man, a native, among whom I was working, to tell me his tale, writes a missionary to a London newspaper in his return from the Zambesi country. He proceeds: Of course, they had no means of conveying their thoughts other than orally, and their traditions must have been handed down from father to son for untold generations. It is for some other mind than mine to conjecture the common origin which seems to underlie many of these simple African tales with some of our own cornucopia tales. I have been surprised again and again at the similarity of thought between the tales of a people which has roamed for generations the plains and jungles of Central Africa with some of the English folk-tales. Can there be anything in the theory that African civilization was once on a par with that around the shores of the Mediterranean? Was the cradle of the human race, as some surmise, in the Abyssinian valleys? Let me, then, recount one of these tales, that the reader may judge for himself. I narrate it, with but little variation.

In the time long ago a Baboon, living in a large bush to be seen in the great forest, espied on the ground a Tortoise. "Good morning, friend Tortoise," said the Baboon. "For a long time I have been wishing to make friends with you—will you come and have 'dinner' with me to-day?" "With pleasure," replied the Tortoise, as his fish-like eyes blinked up at the great Baboon. "I shall be very glad to make your acquaintance," said the Tortoise, when the Baboon's house, he found the food spread out upon a bamboo platform, raised some two feet above the ground. "Just help yourself to what ever you like," said the Baboon, who commenced at once to eat up the good things spread before him. But the poor little Tortoise was unable to reach the food as the platform was far above his head. The greedy Baboon was not long before he had eaten up all the food there was. Then he turned to the Tortoise with a grin, and said: "I hope you have enjoyed your dinner, friend Tortoise?" You do not seem to have a very large appetite," he said. "Thank you," replied the Tortoise. "I am satisfied. Pray come and dine with me to-morrow, and give me an opportunity of repaying your kindness." The greedy Baboon, allured with the hope of another meal, as he would count on the Tortoise took his departure, and on the way home revolved in his mind a plan of revenge for the insult the Baboon had put upon him. Now the home of the Tortoise was a hole in the river, and the first thing he did when he got to his house was to set fire to the grass growing along the bank, so that when the fire had spread itself, there was a long stretch of blackened stubble. A few more, when the Baboon arrived, he found a mat spread on the ground, on which were savory articles of food. "I am so glad to see you," said the Tortoise. "Thank you," replied the Tortoise. "Will you just run down to the river and wash your hands before we begin to eat?"

Away ran the Baboon, his mouth watering at the thought of the good things which he had just seen. When he had washed his hands he started back again across the patch of burned grass. But as he ran along on all fours he soon found that the burned grass made his hands as dirty as they were before. "I cannot go to dinner with black hands like these," he thought, so he returned to wash them a second time. Then again he attempted to cross the burned grass, but with his better success than before. After washing his hands for the third time he sat down to consider how he was to return to the Tortoise's house without getting his hands black. The only way seemed to be to follow the bank of the river until he reached the end of the burned patch. This he set out to do, and at last, tired and hungry, reached the home of the Tortoise. When he got there he found, to his astonishment, that the Tortoise was just eating the last piece of food. "Hullo!" exclaimed the host. "Where have you been all this time? I waited a long while for you, but, as you must have been dissatisfied with the food that you saw, and so had gone back to your home again. Now I have eaten it all myself, and have nothing left in the house to offer you. I hope you will not feel any more hungry when you get home than I did when I returned from your home yesterday." Then the Baboon went off, much annoyed that the tables had been so cleverly turned on himself.

Science and Long Life.

It is asserted that scientific men are apt to live long, and that many a industry is positive aid to attaining a healthy old age. The belief receives some support, says Modern Society, by the fact that four of the men recently seated at the council table of the London Iron and Steel Institute were over eighty.

Sir Lowthion Bell is in his eighty-seventh year, and still carries his extraordinary experience of British iron and coal as lightly as other men carry the gardenia in their buttonhole. Sir Bernard Samuelson is eighty-two. Time has left deeper marks on his figure and visage. It is true, but he is still hale and hearty. Sir John Alcock stands as square and sturdy to-day as he did when at the head of the great Midland iron foundries which rolled the girders for all our earlier ironclads and ocean liners and cast the huge iron skeleton of the St. Pancras Railway Station. The fourth octogenarian is an American, Mr. John Fritz of Bethlehem, United States. He openly preaches the doctrine that applied science gives men healthy activity of brain and supplies that salt and savor to life which we all need to render our life worth living.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Smart.

The successful merchant nowadays knows how to turn even misfortune into advertising.

A team of coach horses dashed into an immense plate glass window in front of a big furniture store and made a great smash up of everything in sight.

The proprietor, instead of shutting up shop even temporarily, sat down and with a paint brush elaborated the following on a big white board and staked it in the window where the plate glass was:

"A coach smashed this window. You see even the horses know where to find good furniture. This is a hint for you."

—London Answers.

A Wonderful Balance.

The grand balance, or scale, used in the Bank of England is probably the most wonderful piece of mechanism to be seen anywhere. It stands about seven feet high and weighs probably two tons. This scale is so perfectly adjusted that it can weigh a grain of dust or 400 pounds of gold. A postage stamp placed on one of the two weighing pans will move the index six inches. If the weight placed upon the scale is beyond its capacity, an electric bell is set ringing, the machine declining to execute a task of which it is incapable.

"No."

On the cornerstone of that fabric which we call manhood is engraved the unchangeable "No." He who early learns the use of that invaluable word has already learned the way to peace and comfort and safety. An easy compliance frustrates everything. Respect for others need not degenerate into servitude, but respect for oneself. That is the very alpha and omega of all inward command.

Flattery.

Some people like to flatter and some like to receive it. Saying things we do not mean, uttering meaningless nothing, is insincerity, and what is insincerity but untruthfulness? Be not deceived by the lips of the flatterer. The honeyed words may be only a concealed arrow intended to blind the eyes.

Expensive.

Suitor—I want to marry your daughter, sir, not because of her social position, but because she's a pearl, sir—a pearl.

Father (dryly)—Yes, she is a pearl, and (dryly) again when you are in a position to pay for the setting.

He who unintelligently attempts what is beyond his power must leave undone his own proper work, and thus his time is wasted, he is ever so close to occupied.

HE'S STILL CURED

Ademard Oederre Used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Three Years Ago And Has Had No Indigestion Since.

These days of hurry and excitement are bound to make themselves felt in the overworked human body, and on no part of it do they tell more quickly than on the stomach. An extra strain of work, and especially brain work, always must affect the appetite, and what affects the appetite must affect the stomach. And if the stomach is not cared for, rested and recuperated, dyspepsia must result. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets rest the stomach and keep it in fit condition to do its work easily and well. They also cure dyspepsia in its worst form. Thousands who have been cured by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will tell you so. Ademard Oederre, of St. Jacques de L'Assomption, is one of these. Listen to his story: "I suffered from dyspepsia caused by inflammation of the stomach," says Mr. Oederre. "I tried medicines without getting relief and was almost discouraged. One day I read of the cures performed by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and I bought two boxes of them. I found relief almost at once and was finally completely cured. "It is three years since I was cured of dyspepsia by taking Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and I am still cured."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Saving the Paymaster

By PRIVATE O'BRIEN

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It was a triangular trip Major Whitcomb had to make once in two months when he started out to pay off the men at the three forts, and it included some of the roughest trails in Arizona. Six mounted men always acted as escort, while the paymaster, his clerk and the safe rode in an ambulance. Now and then the Indians were bad or the outlaws had the nerve to make an ambush, but the greatest peril that ever threatened the major and his greenbacks came from an entirely different source and one suspected by no man save Sergeant Britt. He had once been the major's body servant.

It was on a bright morning in the month of May that the paymaster started out on one of his trips. The escort was under command of Sergeant Britt, and everybody knew the sergeant to be a square man. The first night's camp was made at Buzzard's springs, the usual place, but the second was no camp at all. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the outfit reached Spanish Pete's hostelry, on the Cimarron trail, where it was only intended to halt for a few minutes and then push on for five miles. Pete's place was a hotel on the stage route, but was likewise the rendezvous of a bad lot of men. The first man to appear as the escort clattered up was Pete, but close on his heels was Tom Howard, a noted gambler. Howard explained that he had been down to Anita to raise some cash and was on his way back with \$2,000. He had a couple of friends with him, both of whom were members of the fraternity, and when they dared the major to halt for the night and have a little game he did not hesitate more than a minute. A little longer ride next day would make up the lost distance.

The men of the escort heard nothing of the conversation, but suspected the major's reason for tarrying. They joked over it all but Sergeant Britt. Four soldiers lifted the safe from the wagon and carried it into the major's room, and the escort pitched their tents only a few rods from the east wall of the inn. The major's clerk, a young soldier detailed from one of the companies, was quartered in the house. Soon after supper he brought certain orders out to the escort and Sergeant Britt noticed that he was the worse for drink. Half an hour later he was found asleep in his room.

The game began as soon as the evening meal was finished. Howard and his two friends and Major Whitcomb sat down in a room off the barroom. Spanish Pete had been assigned a part, but he found himself baffled by Ser-



"YOU ARE A LOT OF TIN HORN GAMBLERS!"

gent Britt at the outset. When he sent a liberal supply of fiery whiskey out to the soldiers, it was promptly returned to him unopened, and when he sought to be companionable with the sergeant and invited him to sample something choice he was turned down without delay. It was clear to Britt that the plan was to get the escort befuddled. What was to happen after that could not be guessed, but he determined not to sleep until the game was finished.

For the first hour the play was light, and no one was more than a few dollars winner or loser. Then the ante was raised, and the sergeant was not surprised at the change which took place in the major. The greed of the born gambler shone in his eyes. He evinced impatience at the slightest delay, and he turned more often to the glasses at his elbow.

For a time he won, and the others could not break his luck. Then the sergeant saw that they had made a combination against him. He caught neither look nor sign, but something told him that they were baiting their trap. They were cautious, crafty men, and they played the major for an hour before he had reached his last dollar. The sergeant looked to see him quit then, but with a muttered curse he put up his watch, pin and ring and held his own for half an hour longer. When he had nothing more to put up, he showed back from the table and lighted a cigarette, and for two or three minutes there was silence in the room.

Then, in a quiet but sarcastic voice, every word meant to sting, Howard suggested that the major had played with poor judgment and with an entire lack of nerve. It was hinted that his former winnings were only accidental, and that he had never really been entitled to sit in a game with men of renown. Other stings were inflicted by Howard's friends, and the sergeant's heart began to thump as he realized the object in view. The major

had been drinking too much. He stared at the wall, his brain working slowly and though every taunting word reached his ears it took some time to interpret them. When the case was clear to him, a look of defiance came to his face and he brought his fist down on the table and exclaimed: "You are a lot of tin horn gamblers, and I'll make you go down into your boots! There isn't one of you that dares take a hand in an unlimited game."

"Where's your money?" asked Howard.

"My I O U ought to be good for a thousand."

"Not this eve. It's cash on the table this time. If you had a thousand—five thousand—ten thousand—"

"But I have got it!" shouted the major as he grew more excited. "Give me fifteen minutes. I want to get out into the air and clear my head. When I return, I'll be ready for you."

The officer passed out and walked slowly down the trail, and he was not yet out of sight when Sergeant Britt was rousing up the sleeping men and whispering in their ears: "Softly now, Jackson and Thomas, put the mules to the ambulance, and you others come with me for the safe."

The men worked swiftly and silently. The sandy soil echoed no footsteps, and not more than five minutes had gone by when the safe was deposited in the vehicle and the ambulance and escort were moving off in the darkness.

Ten minutes later the paymaster returned. His face was white, but his eyes glittered and his lips were compressed. Striding by the sergeant without seeming to see him, he entered the room where the gamblers waited and said:

"I am ready. It is to be an unlimited game and cash on the table."

Pulling out his bunch of keys, he entered the room where his clerk lay in a drugged sleep, but ten seconds later he was out again, shouting:

"Sergeant Britt, the safe has been stolen! Rouse your men and beat about for the trail of the robbers!"

"The safe is all right, sir," said the sergeant as he saluted.

"But where, where?"

"I loaded it up and sent it out with the boys, sir."

"You—you did that without orders? Explain!"

"To save the money and you, sir."

"You dog!" cursed the major as he delivered a blow which knocked the sergeant flat.

"Yes, sir," said the soldier as slowly he rose to his feet and saluted—"yes, sir, the safe has gone on, and with your permission I'll follow."

And, wiping the blood from his lips, he saluted again and stalked forth into the night to overtake his men.

What Will Be the Awakening?

It was of Harriet Martineau (and the saying might apply to all who, like her, have done their best to serve their fellows) that the large souled Florence Nightingale remarked: "What a delightful surprise it will be to her to wake and find herself in heaven!" Somewhat similar in its blending of kindly intention with a spice of innocent malice was Galille's remark on the death of a skeptical contemporary who had refused to look through the telescope at some newly discovered spectacle in the skies. "I hope he saw the moons of Jupiter while on his way to heaven," surely the most amiable exhibition of the spirit of "I told you so!" on record.

Of a like liberal vein was the old minister's surmise that "we shall meet a great many people in heaven whom we have not expected to see there," though he followed out his suggestion to the less pleasing conclusion that "we shall also miss a great many we had expected to find." "After me the deluge" was a selfish phrase enough and only to be commended for its honesty.—Westminster Review.

Too Much Muscle.

A young hildon plowboy was pestering a female servant with his unwelcome attentions, and one day he proposed. At this instant the pair (they were walking in the fields) came upon another servant, a man, sleeping instead of working. The lassie, a bravey fellow, seized a stick and beat the idler till he roared. When he had slunk off to his duty, the swain remarked admiringly:

"Ma certie, lassie, but ye cud well manage yer childer."

"Aye, or their father," replied the girl, with a significant look.

The lover turned pale.

"Ma lass," he gasped, "I just remembered ma auld mither at home. I'm her only laddie, and I think it's na richt for me tae marry while she's alive. W-w-when she dies, I'll come back an' marry ye."

And as he got safely away he said fervently, "May the Lord alloo ma mither to live as lang as me!"—Scottish American.

Young's Impromptu.

To most persons Edward Young is the author of "Night Thoughts" and nothing more, but he was also a man of the world and a shrewd and caustic wit as well as the rector of St. Mary's church at Wexley.

It was there in the garden of the rectory that he composed some of the best impromptu verses known. He was walking with two ladies when some one summoned him to the house. His companions were agreeable, and he was in no haste to leave them. Turning as he reached the gate, he said: Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driven. And thus disputed orders sent from heaven. Like him I go, and yet to go am loath; Like him I go, for angels drove us both. Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind; His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

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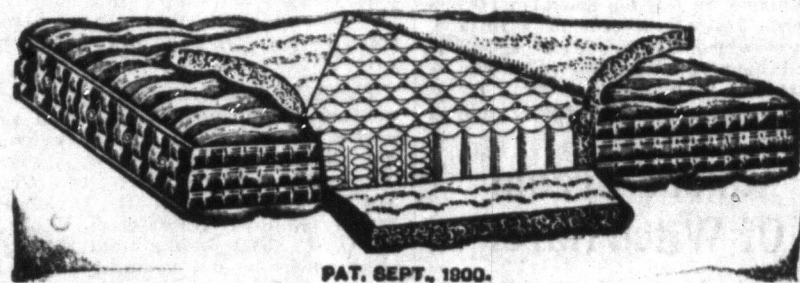
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Patent Elastic Felt, consists of airy interlacing fibrous sheets of snowy whiteness and great elasticity closed in the tick by hand, and never matted, loses shape or gets lumpy. It is perfectly dry and non-absorbent. Price \$18.00

The Anchor Cotton Felt Mattress

The manufacturers of the Anchor Mattress guarantee that the cotton used in its filling has been perfectly felted and then put into the tick in layers, and that therefore it will not lump up or mat. \$8.00 and \$10.00

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