

MAKE MEN SOUND AND STRONG.

Specialist Discovers Something Entirely New for the Cure of Men's Diseases in Their Own Homes.

Pay Only if Cured

No Money Unless He Cures You—Only New and Full Particulars Sent Free Write For It This Very Day

of special who has 14 certificates and from medical colleges and boards, has a standing method of curing the diseases in their own homes; so that there may be in the end of any man that he has

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W. E. OLBESBROW, 1200 Broad Street, Boston, Mass.

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ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE following morning Pole rose before daylight and rode to Darley. As he reached the place the first rays of the sun were touching the slate covered spire of the largest church in town. He went to a public wagon yard and hitched his horse to one of the long racks. A mountain family he knew slightly had camped in the yard, sleeping in their canvas covered wagon, and were making coffee over a little fire. Pole wanted a cup of the beverage, but he passed on into a grocery store across the street and bought a dime's worth of cheese and hardtack crackers. This was his breakfast. He washed it down with a dipper of water from the street well and sat around the store chatting with the clerk; who was sprinkling the floor and sweeping and dusting the long room. The clerk was a redheaded young man with a short, bristling mustache, and a suit of clothes that was too large for him.

"Don't Mr. Craig stay around Fincher's warehouse a good deal?" Pole asked as the clerk rested for a moment on his high stool near him.

"Mighty high all day long," was the reply. "Him an' Fincher's some kin, I think."

"On his wife's side," said Pole. "I want to see Mr. Craig. I wonder if he'll be down there this mornin'."

"Purty apt," said the clerk. "Fincher's his best friend sence his bust up, an' they are mighty thick. I reckon he gits the cold shoulder at a lot o' places."

"You don't say?"

"An' of course he wants somewhere to go besides home. In pascor I've seed 'im a-gurpin' several times at Fincher's desk. They say he's got some notion o' workin' fer Fincher as his bookkeeper."

"Well, he'll have to make a livin' some way," said Pole.

The clerk laughed significantly.

"Ef it ain't already made," said he with a smile.

Pole stood up. "I don't think that's right," he said boldly. "Me nor you nor nobody hasn't got no right to hint at what we don't know nothin' about. Mr. Craig may 'a' lost over 'cent he had."

"In a pig's valise!" sneered the red-headed man. "I'd bet my hat he's got money—an' plenty of it, huh?"

"Well, I don't know nothin' about it," said Pole, still coldly. "An' what's more, I ain't a-goin' about smutchin' an' helpin' man's character neither. Ef I knowed he had made by the bust, I'd talk different, but I don't know it."

"Oh, I see which side you are on," Baker laughed the clerk. "Poles are, an' half again. But mark my words, Craig will slide out o' this town some day an' be heard of after awhile a-gittin' racketed agin' some's else. That racket has been worked to death all over the country."

Pole carried the discussion no further. Half an hour passed. Customers were coming in from the wagon yard and examining the wares on the counters and making slow purchases. The proprietor came in and let the clerk go to breakfast. Pole stood in the doorway looking up the street in the direction of Craig's residence. Presently he saw the ex-banker coming from the postoffice reading his mail. Pole stepped back into the store and let him go by; then he went to the door again and saw Craig go into Fincher's warehouse at the end of the next block of

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear S. signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

This paper is printed with the Queen City Printing Ink Co. Ink, Cincinnati, Ohio. A Wanted, Representative

straggling, wooden buildings. Pole sauntered down the sidewalk in that direction, passing the front door of the warehouse without looking in. The door at the side of the house had a long platform before it, and on it Fincher, the proprietor, was weighing bales of hay which were being unloaded from several wagons by the countrymen who were disposing of it.

"Hello, Mr. Fincher!" Pole greeted him familiarly. "Want any help unloadin'?"

"Hello, Baker!" said Fincher, looking up from the blankbook in which he was recording the weights. "No, I reckon on they can handle it all right." Fincher was a short, fat man, very bald and with a round, laughing face. He had known Pole a long time and considered him a most amusing character.

"How do you come on, Pole?"

"Oh, about as common. I jest thought them fellers looked sorter lightweight." The men on the wagon laughed as they thumped a bale of hay on to the platform. "You'd better dry up," one of them said. "We'll git the mayor to put you to the agin'."

"Well, he'll have to be quicker about it than he was the last time," said Pole dryly.

Some one laughed lustily from behind a tall stack of wheat in bags in the warehouse. It was Lawyer Trabue. He came round and picked up Fincher's daily paper, as he did every morning, and sat down and began to read it.

"Now you are talkin'!" he said. "That was more rest in that job, Pole, than any you ever undertook. They tell me you didn't crack a rock."

Fincher laughed as he closed his book and struck Baker with it playfully. "Pole was too tired to do that job," he said. "He was born that way."

"Say, Mr. Trabue," retorted Pole, "did you ever hear how I got the best of Mr. Fincher in a chicken trade?"

"I don't think I ever did, Pole," laughed the lawyer, expectantly. "How was it?"

"Oh, come off, don't go over that again," said Fincher, flushing.

"It was this away," said Pole, with a broad, wholesome grin. "My cousin, Bart Wilks, was runnin' the restaurant under the car shed about two year ago. He was a new hand at the business, an' one day he had a awful rush. He got a telegram that a train load of passengers had missed connection at Chataanooga an' would have to eat with him. He was powerful rattled, runnin' round like a dog after its tail. He knowed he'd have to have a lot o' fryin' chickens, an' he couldn't leave the restaurant, so he axed me if I'd take the money an' go out in town an' buy 'em fer 'im. I consented, an' I struck Mr. Fincher, who was sellin' sack truck then. He loved, you know, that I jest wanted one, or two at the outside, fer my own use, so when I seed a pair of 'em he kinder drew on his beard till his mouth fell open an' studied how he could make the most out o' 'em. After awhile he said, 'Well, Pole, I'll make 'em 10 cents apiece if I pick 'em, an' 15 ef you pick 'em.' I sorter skeered the chickens around an' hid 'em under the big ones, an' I seed what he was up to, but I was ready fer 'im. 'All right,' ses I, 'you pick 'em.' That was two or three feller standin' round an' they all laughed at me when Mr. Fincher got down over the coop an' finally ketchin' one about the size of a robin an' hauled it up. 'Keep on a-pickin',' ses I, an' he made it a grab fer one a little bigger an' handed it up to me. Then he stuck his hands down in his pockets, doin' his best to keep from laughin'. The gang yelled then, but I wasn't done. 'Keep on a-pickin',' ses I. An' he got down agin. An', sir, I got that coop at about 4 cents apiece less'n he'd paid fer 'em. He tried to back, but the gang wouldn't let 'im. It was the cheapest lot o' chickens I ever seed. I turned the little ones out to fatten and made Wilks pay me the market price all round for the bunch."

"I'll be bound you made some'n out of it," said Trabue. "Fincher, did you hear how that scamp tuck in every merchant on this street about two year ago?"

"Never heard anything except his own 'em all," said Fincher, with a laugh.

"I could put 'im in the penitentiary fer it," affirmed the lawyer. "You know about that time that was a powerful rivalry goin' on among the storekeepers. They was movin' heaven an' earth to sell their big stocks. Well, one of the spryest in the lot, Joe Gaylord, noticed that Pole was powerful popular with mountain folks, an' he made 'im a proposition, bindin' 'im down to secrecy. He proposed to give Pole 10 per cent commission on all the goods he'd sell by bringin' customers in the store. Pole hesitated beca'se, he said, they might find it out, an' Joe finally agreed that all Pole would have to do was to fetch 'em in, give the wink, an' 'im an' his clerks would do the rest. It worked mighty slick fer awhile, but Pole noticed that very often the folks he'd fetch in wouldn't be pleased with the goods an' prices an' ud go trade some's else. Then what do you think the scamp did? He went to every store in town an' made a secret contract to git 10 per cent on all sales, an' he had the softest snap you ever heard of. He'd simply hang on to a gang from the country, whether he knowed 'em or not, an' feller 'em around till they bought; then he'd walk up an' rake in his part."

"I got left once," said Pole, laughing with the others. "One gang that I stuck to all day went over to Melton an' bought."

"Well, the merchants caught on after awhile an' stopped him," said Trabue, "but he made good money while he was at it. They'd 'a' sent 'im up fer it ef it hadn't been such a good joke on 'em."

To Be Continued.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

SCOURGE OF THE AGE IS KIDNEY DISEASE

Terrible Increase in the Number of Deaths From this Ailment

It is Common to All Castes and Conditions of People

It Creeps Stealthily into the System and Develops into Many Diseases

Bright's Disease, Heart Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, and Rheumatism are Among the Forms it Takes.

Dodd's Kidney Pills the One Remedy That Never Fails to Cure It, No Matter How or When it is Found.

Of all the diseases the human body has to combat in its struggle for health, the one that is steadily growing in strength and numbers is Kidney Disease. Quietly, stealthily as a serpent, it creeps into the victim till the latter is enveloped in its folds, and the greatest physicians of the world have ever known stand helpless before it. As the last fold goes around the struggling victim and the doctor shakes his head and whispers "Bright's Disease," hope fades to nothing, and the sorrowing friends feel that death has marked their loved one for its own.

The alarming increase this terrible disease is making is evidenced by the columns of almost every newspaper. For not among the lowly of the earth Statesmen, judges, eminent lawyers, and honored divines are numbered among those who in recent months have gone down to their graves with the fell marks of this dread disease upon their bodies. In fact, so prevalent has the disease become that a celebrated New York specialist has stated recently that not one person in a hundred was free from some taint of Kidney Disease.

WORKS IN SECRET.

It is the secrecy of Kidney Disease that makes it the more dreaded. You can fight an enemy in the open with some chance of success, but if he is lying in wait to take you at an unguarded moment your chances of successfully fighting him are terribly diminished. So it is with Kidney Disease. Its first warnings are so faint and so hardly noticeable, a slight pain in the back that is charged up to over exertion, a slight discoloration of the urine, or a burning sensation while urinating, that a patient's attention is attracted. That is all. But that is the beginning of the end. The disease is at work gradually eating its way into your system. The pain in the back grows more severe, the eyes become watery and of the limbs denote the coming of Dropsy, sharp shooting pains in the joints and muscles tell that Rheumatism has you in its grasp, or perhaps a day or two's illness is followed by the calling of the doctor, and suddenly the terrible truth is forced upon you—Bright's Disease has you in its grasp.

WAY OF ESCAPE.

With this silent, relentless enemy slowly but surely eating its way into prominence and marking that prominence by a yearly increase in the lengths of its death list, the demand of the day, of the hour, is "Show us the way of escape." Nature never put mankind in a critical condition without providing a way of escape; providing mankind were wise enough to take the way provided. In this case the way of escape is a simple vegetable remedy. It has been before the people of Canada for thirty years, and, like all the great relievers of nature, has been first received and then appreciated by the lowly in life, those known as the common people of Canada.

Is it the common people of Canada who die of Bright's Disease? No, it is the bright and shining marks, those who are stationed before the heads of the masses. Ask the reason of this. Go to the people who are practically exempt from Kidney Disease in its worst form, and ask them. With all a single voice they will reply: "We cure our Kidney ailments with Dodd's Kidney Pills, and they never give a chance to develop into that terrible disease that carries so many prominent men into the grave."

ON WITH HIS WORK.

And so it is; the man who does manual labor must heal his slightest aches or they hinder him in his work. When he has a headache he cures it with Dodd's Kidney Pills, and goes on with his work; when he feels a twinge of Rheumatism he drives it out of his body with Dodd's Kidney Pills, and goes on with his work. Necessity has taught him that he must cure his kidneys to get rid of his pains, for he must work to live. He has not been educated to that standpoint where a prescription to cure must be written by a specialist at a cost of dollars to every letter. He may not even know that there never was a disease that took in all classes of the community but what nature provided a cure within the means of all classes of the community. What he does know is more to the point than all this. He knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure all aches with experience has taught him come from the kidneys. He takes Dodd's Kidney Pills, and goes on with his work.

SOME EXCEPTIONS.

Of course, there are exceptions to every rule. Even among the common people there are those who neglect the early warnings of Kidney Disease, to take exceptions to prove the rule—but many of these exceptions prove more—they prove that no case of Kidney Disease is too far gone for Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Heart Disease—all the varied forms of Kidney Disease in its advanced stages—have been met by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and never once has Canada's greatest remedy had to admit defeat.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to Hudson Bay, Dodd's Kidney Pills are used, and wherever used they have triumphed over Kidney Disease in its every form. Thousands of Canadians are shouting their praises of the conqueror.

Just a few of those who have neglected the early symptoms, reached the more advanced stages of Kidney Disease, and found a cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills are given below. There are thousands of others. Ask in your own immediate neighborhood. You will not have to go far to meet men, women and children who have either ward off or cured the terror of the present age by using the Canadian stand-by—Dodd's Kidney Pills.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE CURED.

Bright's Disease has invariably yielded to a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills, no matter how firm hold it had secured on its victim. Possibly the most talked of case of recent date is that of Alice Maud Parker, of Shubunabie, Hants Co., N. S. The full story of this case will be found in the current number of Dodd's Magazine. Herewith a short summary of it. On the young lady's mother there is a note.

Two doctors pronounced my daughter's illness Bright's Disease, and gave her up to die. Her eyelids swelled till she could hardly see, her legs from her ankles to her knees swelled. Her bit in health was twenty inches, when she was of her mother's age, then she gave up all other treatment and started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. By the time she had taken the first bottle, I saw a change. It took a long time to bring her back to perfect health, but Dodd's Kidney Pills did it. To-day my daughter is in perfect health.

Mrs. T. G. Parker, Shubunabie, Hants Co., N. S.

DIABETES CURED.

Diabetes is another of the most fearful and fatal forms of Kidney Disease that has been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and by no other medicine. Among those cured of this terrible ailment is Mr. Charles Gilchrist, for fifteen years Chief of Police of Port Hope, and afterwards for twenty-two years Fishery Overseer under the Dominion Government. He makes the following statement:

I was a sufferer for ten years with Diabetes and Kidney Disorder. At times my urine was of a dark brick color, and I would suffer something and medicines, but could get no help till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have made me a new man. The citizens of Port Hope all know me, and can vouch for the above.

Chas. Gilchrist, Ex-Chief Const and Fishery Overseer, Port Hope.

HEART DISEASE CURED.

Heart Disease is a result of Kidney Disorder. Bad kidneys mean impure blood, the action of impure blood on the heart causes Heart Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it.

I suffered for years with Heart Disease, Bright's Disease, and Rheumatism. I was so feeble I was unable to do anything. There were three months I abandoned all medicines, and resolved to let myself die. Then I was led to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the good the first box did me surprised me. I have taken twenty boxes in all, and well of my Heart Disease, my Bright's Disease and my Rheumatism.

Dame Louis Provost, St. Magloire, Que.

DROPSY CURED.

Dropsy, another disease cured by diseased kidneys failing to do their work and remove the surplus water from the blood, is another ailment Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure. Here is an example:

I was a total wreck before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. In the first morning before I got out of bed I could hardly put my feet to the floor. They were so much swollen from Dropsy. My arms used to swell at times so that I could not put on my coat. I had to be tapped to be relieved from my terrible pains. On the advice of a friend I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before I had finished the second box I felt much better. Seven boxes cured me completely. I don't know what it is to be sick since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

George Robertson, 392 St. James St., Montreal, Que.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Rheumatism and kindred Kidney Diseases, such as Lumbago, Sciatica, and Gout, are caused by uric acid in the blood. If the kidneys are put in working order they strain all the uric acid out of the blood, and the Rheumatism goes with it. Take the case of W. G. Cragg, of Dresden, Ont. Here is his statement:

For eight years I was troubled with Inflammatory Rheumatism. I could scarcely get around to do my duties in my store. I had some of the best doctors I could get, but nothing I tried would ever give me relief. I was also troubled with Gout. I started using Dodd's Kidney Pills and had only taken six boxes when I was completely cured.

W. G. Cragg, Ex-Reeve of Dresden, Ont.

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES CURED.

There are only a few cases taken from thousands to show the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills in advanced stages of Kidney Disease. In other forms of Kidney trouble, such as Urinary troubles, Gravel, Female Weakness, etc., Dodd's Kidney Pills have the same record. They always cure. As for Pain in the Back—the first symptoms of Kidney trouble—ask your neighbor. You'll find the story of them look on Pain in the Back as a danger signal, and on its first appearance safeguard themselves against this terribly fatal Kidney Disease by driving it away with the old Canadian stand-by—Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

IRELAND'S ANIMALS.

Species of Frogs and Toads Are Found in the Green Isle.

It is not correct to say that there are no frogs or toads in Ireland, though it is very remarkable that the common toad is not found there. The natterjack toad is a native of Kerry, though it does not appear to be found elsewhere. It is an example of the mania which some people have for meddling with nature that a Dr. Guithers in 1830 took the trouble to procure frogs' spawn from England, since which time they have multiplied in Iken in many parts of the island. The slowworm is not. Though the common toad and till recent times the frog were not found in Ireland, it is worth remembering that the English reptiles and batrachians are very local in their distribution. The natterjack toad is only found in certain counties. The edible frog was formerly only found in Foulmire Fen, in Cambridgeshire, and the sand lizard is most capricious in the choice of a home. The "beautiful green lacerta" which Gilbert White saw on the sunny banks near Farnham are to be found there still, the males being of the green color, and also near Bournemouth and in Dorsetshire beyond Poole Harbor. Yet there are many suitable places where none are seen, and then they reappear again on some sandhills on the coast of Lancashire, near Southport.

On the other hand, the absence of many species in Ireland which are very commonly found in the larger island can only be explained on the supposition that they never reached the country. Among these are the wildcat, the polecat and the weasel. Yet the marten was always plentiful on the other side of St. George's channel, and stoats abound in the west. Five of the fourteen species of bat found in England have not been taken in Ireland, neither is the common shrew found there or the water shrew or the mole, though the last is found in Anglesey.

Only six of the fifteen British rodents are found in Ireland, and of these one, the squirrel, was probably introduced. Neither is the roe deer indigenous. In support of the general theory that the immigration of the English fauna was difficult in the earlier periods and subsequently checked altogether may be cited the analogous instance of the Isle of Man. There, as in Ireland, there are no moles, no snakes and no toads.—London Spectator.

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy is nothing but discretion.—John Selden.

All imposture weakens confidence and chills benevolence.—Johnson.

The only wealth which will not decay is knowledge.—Langford.

Trouble teaches men how much there is in manhood.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Your real influence is measured by your treatment of yourself.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Human judgment is finite, and it ought always to be charitable.—William Winter.

Kindness in us is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.—Lander.

Polliteness is a sort of guard which covers the rough edges of our character, and prevents their wounding others.—Jobert.

The constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers, and exert gifts and to strengthen them for the help of others.

Speaking Without Words.

Spanish young ladies hold animated conversations with their lovers by means of a fan, which they always carry. Italians use a flower for similar purposes, and a young girl who may be apparently idly pulling the petals from a rose is in reality making arrangements for perhaps a secret visit to the opera house with her lover.

In Malta comparatively few people can read, yet nearly every one holds a prayer book when at church. The reason for this is that a prayer book language is in existence, and by carefully watching each other's movements two persons can readily and secretly communicate with each other through the various positions in which the books are held being recognized as code words.

Marital Life.

Most homes would be far happier if men were as considerate of their wives as they were of their sweethearts.

If each remembered that the other was a human being.

If they endeavored to be as agreeable as they were in their courtship days.

If domestic trials and tribulations were not told to neighbors.

If household expenses were in proportion to the husband's salary.

If privileges taken were given.

The Strategy of Samuel.

Proud Father—I tell you, sir, that boy of mine will be a wonder!

Friend (wearily)—What wonderful thing has he done now?

Proud Father—Why, the other day he ate all the preserves in the pantry. I overheard him say as he smeared the cat's face with the stuff, "I'm sorry, Tom, to do this, but I can't have the old folks suspect me!"

The Successful Man in Business.

"That man is a great thinker," was the admiring comment.

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum despairingly. "but I have noticed that these very studious people aren't successful in business. What I think you want to be nowadays is not a great thinker, but a good guesser."—Washington Star.

Great Britain got two of her possessions from pirates, the Leeward Islands in Borneo and Sarawak in the north-west of Borneo.

WHAT TO BUY FOR CHRISTMAS

Mother would be pleased with a Carving Set, Set of Knives and Forks, Sewing Machine or Cream Separator.

Father wants a Fur Coat, Robe or Rug or a new set of Harness.

The children would enjoy a Pair of Skates, Hockey Stick and Pucks or Sleigh.

We have a full line of the above, and our prices are the lowest in the city.

A.H. Patterson's,

Three Doors East of Market, King Street, CHATHAM, ONTARIO.

PHONE 61.

MY VALET.

opened his place of business, Room 2, McCall Block, on

Monday, December 7.

The Best Flour

is none too good for home baking.

Beaver Flour

is as near perfection as flour ever gets. It contains all that is best in the wheat. No matter how capable the cook, the best bread or pastry cannot be made without Beaver Flour. It is for sale at your grocer's. Ask him for it.

is none too good for home baking.

MR. SANTA CLAUS WESTMAN BROS.

are ready with a fine stock of

Carving Sets, Table Knives, Pearl Sets, Nut Bowls, Bake Dishes, Water Pitchers.

Come and make your selection early. Prices are right.

WESTMAN BROS.

20 BEAN PICKERS WANTED.

Highest wages paid. Steady work. Apply to MR. THOS. BROWN, OF OUR NO. 6 WAREHOUSE.

The Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited.