

## PILEKONE PILLS

A POSITIVE CURE FOR  
OPINIONS OF LEADING PHYSICIANS.

I have been using Strong's Pilekone for several months with results that warrant me in recommending it to my patients with every confidence in its claims. R. FRIGGSON, M. D., Coroner, London, Ont.  
W. T. STRONG, Manufacturing Chemist, London, Ontario.  
Price \$1.00. For sale by druggists, or by mail on receipt of price.

## PORTER

There is no better tonic than good porter.  
CARLING'S PORTER has a reputation of over sixty years; and every bottle keeps up that good name.

**CARLING**  
LONDON

## Monogram Paper.



A MOST acceptable Christmas Gift is a box of "Kvrie" stationery, stamped in relief with a monogram.

We engrave a steel die with any three letters, as shown above.  
Stamp from it 120 sheets of choice note paper.  
And furnish envelopes to match, for a total cost of \$4.00.  
The "die" will last a lifetime.  
Write for our new catalogue.

**Ryrie Bros.,**  
Jewellers,  
Yonge and Adelaide Streets,  
Toronto.



## The Best Music

Can only be obtained from a scientifically constructed instrument. The most modern and advanced principles of construction are adapted in the

### Nordheimer Piano

Hence it is the best that can be purchased, whether from a musical or structural standpoint. This is why it is being adopted by all the best musicians.  
Write for catalogue and our easy prices and terms.

**The Nordheimer**  
Piano and Music Co.,  
188 Dundas St. London.

## NOTICE

Mr. Hugh McDonald's Book Accounts are being collected by Mr. Armstrong, of London, who will have the books here for a few days only. He says expenses will be added if not settled within the time.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

## POWERS OF THE BANNER

By L. ROWLAND HALL  
Copyright, 1901, by L. R. Hall.

The president of the Merchants and Citizens' bank sat in his office with his face buried in his hands. "Have we reached the end?" he said. His face was worn and pale—the face of a man who had in two days suffered the anxiety of a lifetime.

"No," replied the cashier; "not yet. We are still safe, but if something is not done we shall go to the wall before 12 tomorrow. There was a long line-up at the windows when we closed. All this," grinding his teeth and pounding the air savagely, "on account of that accursed rumor that we lost heavily in Lyon & Co's failure. Men are like sheep—when one gets scared and runs they all follow."

"Well, I suppose we must meet the inevitable," said the president gloomily. "We have exhausted every possible resource. In three days' time we could get all the aid we need, but in three days the credit of the bank will be gone forever." He gazed through the window at the growing darkness. "If I were the only one to suffer," he continued bitterly, "it would not matter much. I have not had the heart to tell her about it, but she shall know tonight. It would not be right to keep it from her longer."

The cashier spoke again: "Our largest depositors are not to blame. But the second class men are crazy and are forcing our best friends to draw out in self protection. If we could do something to restore confidence for awhile among these small men, we could pull through." He stopped and looked fixedly in the president's face. "Has nothing occurred to you that might help us along this line—some influence that could be brought to bear?" President Rollins buttoned up his overcoat and threw back his shoulders. His voice had something in it both of pride and anger. "I know what you mean," he said, "but I would not appeal to that source if I knew it were the last and one word would save us. I have asked him for nothing and I never shall. Let the Banner come out tomorrow proclaiming our collapse if it pleases Powers. An investigation will show that we conducted our business squarely." He closed abruptly and passed out of the door into the night.

For twelve years enmity had existed between Arthur Rollins and Percy W. Powers, proprietor and editor in chief of the Banner. When Rollins was



"ARE YOU A REPORTER WITH A SCOOP?" HE ADDED HUMOROUSLY.

nominated for mayor, the Banner had bitterly opposed his election. Rollins was elected, but by the smallest majority of any mayor for years, and, smarting under the blow of his pride, he shortly after his election instituted an ineffectual libel suit against the Banner.

Percy Powers thought of it all as he sat at his desk in the editorial rooms of the Banner. Before him lay a proof sheet sent up by the night editor. On the bottom was written:

"Shall we use it as it is, amend or leave out entirely?"  
Mechanically Powers spread the sheet out before him. The big black headline stared at him—"Ready to Tetter." Powers smiled grimly and read the article, an account of the crisis at the bank—a little overdrawn and sensational, perhaps, but not criminally untrue. It would be the deathknell of the bank. For a moment Powers hesitated. Then his face grew stern, and, seizing a pen, he wrote under the night editor's words:

O. K. Run without change. Above are facts and legitimate news matter. We are not responsible for bank's condition.

A few minutes later the copy was in the forms of the Morning Banner. It was late, but Editor Powers still sat in his chair. At last a way had come for him to crush his enemy. Yet, with his foe in his power, the satisfaction of the victor is not always what has been anticipated. Powers sat gazing absently at the wall, the lines of care deepening on his face as he half dozed.

A voice unlike that of any of his co-workers suddenly startled him. He turned sharply. Standing within the door was a little girl of some eight or nine years, warmly dressed, singularly pretty and with an earnest air about her.

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Powers, the editor?" she asked. "Who sent you here, and what on earth do you want with the editor, child?" said Powers curiously. "Come here and tell me, and maybe I can help

you. Are you a reporter with a scoop?" he added humorously.

"What's a scoop?" she queried. "Powers did not answer, but took from her a crumpled note, over which he bent momentarily."

No name was signed. He needed none.

You said once that you loved me above all else in the world. If you can help me now, do so, for the sake of the one who bears this. May God bless you and forgive me if in the past I was wrong and you were right.

Powers sat twisting a rubber band around his fingers. The little girl watched him silently for awhile. "Please, sir," she begged, "I was to find the editor at once."

Powers gazed strangely at her for a moment. The rumble of the presses came up to him from below. He turned, and the light fell upon a face distorted with conflicting emotions.

"Come," he said, taking her hand. Down the dark corridor they went to the night editor's room, where the chief and his assistant exchanged a few hurried words.

"Half the first edition is off the presses now," said the night editor. "Are we going to lose that much time and paper, sir?"

"Burn 'em up," said Powers shortly. "Hold on; save me one. Hold the forms for editorial and first pages."

"Was that the editor?" asked the child as they passed out.

Powers carried her in his arms until they were at her door. "Put me down," she murmured. "I know how to get in."

"Then good night," said Powers.

"Tell your mother you saw the editor and that he did this"—he bent his head and kissed her.

The cashier of the Merchants and Citizens' bank picked up the Banner at the breakfast table the next morning and almost fell off his chair when he saw in bold headlines the announcement that the owners of the paper had offered to transfer an account of \$100,000 to the bank to meet present demands. His astonishment increased when he read a strong editorial he

littling the unjustified lack of confidence shown by the depositors.

Taking all things into consideration, it is not strange that inside of twelve months two men who had been enemies for twelve years became the best of friends, although one of them never knew of an incident in the Banner office since that time.

Lucy since that time has been a great pet with Editor Powers. One day she suddenly said to him, "Mr. Powers, please tell me what's a scoop?"

"Sh—," he whispered, shaking his finger in mock seriousness. "It's what you and I worked together on a bit of news in the Banner office one night."

**The Professional Joke-maker.**  
The ability to see things from a joke-smith's peculiar viewpoint is not genius, but merely a kind of mental strabismus. We do not get our material by inspiration, but by theft, assault and battery and otherwise. A solemn, honest, peace loving community is grabbed, thrown down, turned inside out and reconstructed into an absurdity. A feeble, hoary-headed idea is ruthlessly set upon, crippled, torn to pieces, put together backward, with a new tail or head on it. The king's English is deliberately murdered, all for a joke. Then, too, everything is funny, if you only think so. If we are city people, how hilarious the knock the summer boarder, says a writer in the Bookman. All fads are ridiculous to everybody who is not devoted to them. Every man is a crank but me. Politics, society, all avocations but mine, debt, death, the law, prison, pain, poverty, facial and racial peculiarities, other people's hopes and fears, grumblings, the inhabitants of all other communities, the bald, the baby, the obituary, the ministry, the hangman, the flirt, the fight, the fit, the mule, the debater, the poet, the bull, the volcano, love, charity, whiskers, war, pestilence, famine, the unloaded shotgun—all are very, very funny.

**How the Holly Protects Itself.**  
To effectively appreciate the protective element of the holly it must be seen in its wild state, where its foliage grows thick and bushy down to the ground, its dense masses of strong and prickly leaves protecting its system of branching and its flowers.

It should be observed that almost invariably it grows alone; in fact, for some distance round about it very little vegetation of consequence is seen, unless it is large trees. Why is this? The closely packed, opaque and coriaceous leaves of the holly prevent the sunlight reaching the ground, and so the seeds have little or no opportunity of germinating or of growing after they fall if they should. And even climbing plants seldom select the holly as their host, and those that do are usually plants that have made a mistake in life, because the tender green leaves and stems with strong winds in the gusty and inclement weather are ruined and scorched and incriminated by the prickles among which they have become hopelessly involved as the holly and their own branches have developed. And being an evergreen, always on the alert, it gives no other enterprising plant an opportunity of ingress; producing, too, its tender green leaves at a time when there is abundant food for browsing animals, and at the same time these are exceedingly bitter in flavor.—John J. Ward in Harper's Magazine.

**The Average All Right.**  
"Do they set a good table at your boarding house?"

"Well, the average is good."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, the butter is strong and the coffee is weak, but if you consider them both together the average is satisfactory."—Chicago Post.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

*W. Wood*  
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.  
**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.  
PURELY VEGETABLE.  
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

**Hard to Satisfy.**  
She—You will love me always, won't you, dear?  
He—Always, darling.  
She—(Spectulantly)—Oh—  
He—What in the world is the matter?  
She—Why on earth don't you say twice as long as always?

**His Friends.**  
Jinks—I tell you what it is, there is nothing like having lots of friends.  
Winks—I presume not.  
Jinks—No, sirree. As quick as I lose a job my friends go all round hunting a new place for me so as to save me the trouble of borrowing money from them.

**HAVE YOU TRIED MALT BREAKFAST FOOD?**

Young and Old Are Delighted With It.

The purest, most delicious, healthful, nutritious and altogether the most satisfactory breakfast cereal ever placed before the public is Malt Breakfast Food. Have you tried it? If not, you are missing one of the luxuries of life that costs little money—an agent that keeps the digestion—of young and old in perfect condition as no other breakfast food can do. Malt Breakfast Food is economical; one package makes a meal for twenty-five people. Recommended by thousands of physicians as a true health food. Your grocer sells it.

**Cautions.**  
"Do you carry your new revolver when you are out late at night?"  
"Certainly not. It cost me \$12, and some robber might take it away from me."—New York Times.

**A Discreet Loner.**  
When stocks are high, I always buy;  
When they are low, I sell;  
And that is why I sell and buy  
And never, never tell.

## Paine's Celery Compound CURES RHEUMATISM.

The Only Medicine That Prevents a Return of the Terrible Disease.

Rheumatism, which does its terrible work in the muscles, joints and tissues is caused by uric acid which gathers in the blood. To get rid of this poisonous acid which produces the irritations, pains, agonies, inflammations, and swellings peculiar to rheumatism, Paine's Celery Compound should be used without delay. No other medicine gives such prompt, cheering and happy results. It is the only medicine that prevents a return of the dreaded disease. Paine's Celery Compound braces the nerves, the blood is cleared of all irritating poisons, tissue and muscle are built up and the digestive organs perfectly toned. Do not treat with indifference the slightest symptoms; early use of Paine's Celery Compound will prevent weeks and months of suffering. Mr. G. J. McDonald, Cornwall, Ont., writes as follows:

"For three years I suffered terribly from rheumatism. It seemed to me that I was forced to endure all the agonies and pains that a mortal could possibly experience from the disease. While suffering, I tried many of the advertised medicines, also doctors' prescriptions, but never found a cure until I procured a supply of Paine's Celery Compound. It worked like a charm, and seemed to strike at the very root of my trouble. I am now cured; all pains are banished, and in every respect I am a new man."

## WHERE UNCLE TOM LIVES

Tomtown, a Newly Established Settlement on the Blanche River, in the Temiskaming District—Tomtown's Founder Is Now Crowded.

Settlement has recently proceeded very actively along the Blanche River, says the correspondent of The Globe at Lakehead. This is a considerable stream, which, commencing at the head of Lake Temiskaming, extends in a northerly direction some forty miles. It has branches running north and south, and is the main water supply in a district where the numerous rivers, streams and small lakes make it exceptionally well watered. The Blanche River is navigable for a distance of nearly eighty miles for small steamers, to the newly-established settlement of Tomtown, and a trip up the Blanche reveals the country under very favorable auspices. It is fine rolling land, well timbered, and the timber here is valuable, owing to its proximity to the river and the comparatively small cost of getting it into the water. Of course all the land along the river is taken up, and what is better, it is pretty nearly all being worked, clearing going on rapidly. There is going to be in a very few years a most prosperous community along the stream.

The present head of navigation on the Blanche River is Tomtown, so called after Uncle Tom. Who Uncle Tom is none of the settlers round here know, although there are few who are not acquainted with him. All the information that is known about Uncle Tom is that he is an Englishman, and his name is supposed to be Henry Thomas. Four years ago he paddled up the river in his canoe, and landing, put up a shack about fifty yards back of the high bank of the river. There he has resided ever since, the shack being replaced by a comfortable log cabin, where Uncle Tom lives and receives his visitors, for nobody who goes to Tomtown neglects to call on Uncle Tom.

An old man, possibly 65 years of age, a venerable figure, with a long white beard, kindly face and benevolent eyes, stands on the bank and greets the steamer as it ties up at Tomtown. That is Uncle Tom, and he welcomes the visitor to his domain, for, though living so long alone, he is exceedingly sociable, and an evening with Uncle Tom in his cabin, talking by the light of a candle or lantern, is not to be forgotten. Of the country and its future with Uncle Tom, with enthusiasm, but of himself very little, yet he will sometimes tell of a winter night when he started down the river on the ice and fell through and of the terrible time he had before he succeeded in getting out of the water. He finally reached his destination, half frozen and nearly dead from exhaustion.

Uncle Tom at present lives in the midst of a little colony that is growing up around Tomtown. It is expected to be a considerable centre after a time, and when the road now building west meets the road running north from New Liskeard communication between these two points will be more easily kept up in winter. There is, too, a water-power on the river two miles above Tomtown, which may be made available in the future.

In the meantime, however, taking time by the forelock, Uncle Tom has had Tomtown surveyed into building lots, and there is a land boom on a small scale going on there, quite a number of lots having been disposed of. Into these real estate transactions Uncle Tom himself has entered with some zest, and those who know him are pleased to think quite profitably. But it is said that Uncle Tom contemplates another move. He is getting crowded. There are too many people around Tomtown, sometimes a dozen or twenty arriving in a day. One of the signs of civilization Uncle Tom is believed to wish to escape, and it would not surprise anyone if some morning he took his canoe and pack and set out again, to pitch his tent in some spot where he will not be incommoded by the passing throng. These days, however, as the traveler takes the boat out from Tomtown he will always see Uncle Tom waving a farewell, and his cheery voice calling, "Good-bye, boys, come again. You are always welcome."

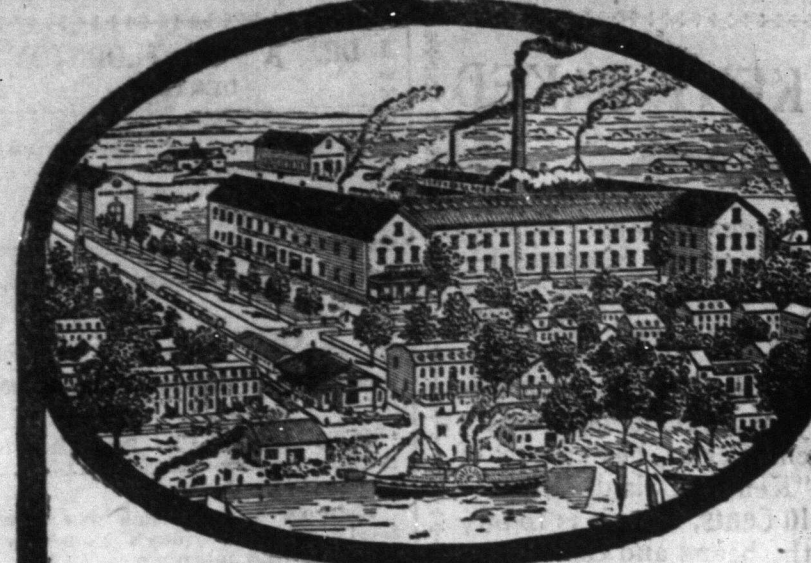
### Preserving the Autumn Leaves.

Mr. A. T. Drummond sends this information, and it is valuable at this season of the year.—It will interest those who have been collecting autumn leaves this fall to know that these leaves, when dried under pressure, will lose their brilliancy and have their beautiful colors brightened and intensified by a very simple and inexpensive process. Melt five cents worth of paraffine wax and pour hot into a flat saucer, have ready at hand a large and deep bowl of cold water; dip the dried leaves completely in the hot liquid for a moment; then, quickly shaking the leaf at once, put it, plunged, the wet side, into the cold water. The leaves can then be kept for years between the pages of books ready to be utilized from time to time for dinner table or other decorations. Care must be taken, when shaking off the surplus wax that it does not fall on the clothing or the carpet.

### The Equator Defined.

A school inspector was recently examining a class in geography. He had previously given them a short lesson, in the course of which he had told them all about the earth's axis, and the Poles at the ends thereof, and that the equator was an imaginary line running around the earth. Wishing to see how much they had learned, he at length asked, "What is the equator?"

There was a pause, and the inspector smiled triumphantly, when a fierce-looking boy growled out the answer: "The 'quator,' said he 'is a megaleric lion running round the earth.'"



The Melchers Gin Distillery, Berthierville, P.Q.

Where Melchers' **RED CROSS** Canadian Gin

is distilled and Matured for years in Bonded Warehouses controlled by the Government.

Melchers "Red Cross" is the Only Pure Gin having its age guaranteed on every bottle by a Government stamp.

BOVIN, WILSON & CO., Distributing Agents, MONTREAL, Canada.

A shortage in FUEL has been the absorbing topic for months past, but what would all the coal and wood in the country amount to without an

## EDDY MATCH

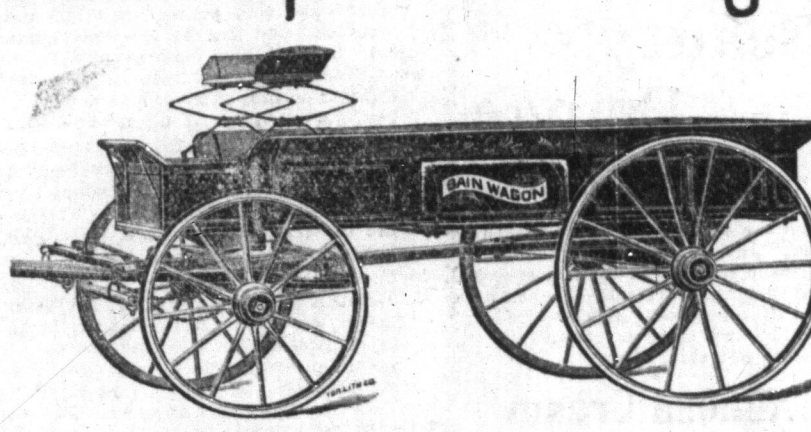
WITH WHICH TO START THE FIRE

Don't Experiment with other and inferior Brands Use Eddy's

OUR BRANDS  
"Victory"  
"King Edward"  
"Headlight"  
"Eagle"  
"Little Comet"  
For Sale Everywhere

HULL CANADA.

## Geo. Stephens & Douglas



The "BAIN" is without any doubt the easiest running and best constructed Wagon to be purchased.

IT IS FULLY GUARANTEED

Our Prices are Always Right

FOR SALE BY

## Geo. Stephens & Douglas

Hardware and Implement Merchants, Chatham, Ont.

## ..Mattresses..

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD USE

### THE MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS.



PAT. SEPT. 1900.

It is perfectly ventilated. It is perfectly resilient. It is absolutely noiseless. It is one of the healthiest and most comfortable mattresses made. Price \$18.00

**Ostermoor's Patent Elastic Felt Mattress**  
Patent Elastic Felt consists of any interlocking fibrous sheets of snowy whiteness and great elasticity closed in the tick by hand, and never matted, loose shape of gets lumpy. It is perfectly dry and non-absorbent. Price \$15.00

**The Anchor Cotton Felt Mattress**  
The manufacturers of the Anchor Mattress guarantee that the cotton used in its filling has been perfectly retted and then put into the tick in layers, and that therefore it will not lump up or mat. Price \$10.00 and \$12.00

Other Mattresses at \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.00

**H. McDonald Furniture Co.,** Opposite Hotel Earner  
Furniture and Carpets