

Could scarcely get up
or down without help.

Had a severe pain in
the small of the back.

Was treated in the Hotel
Dieu, Kingston, but
not cured.

Kidney trouble was the trouble.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Cured Mr. George Graves, Pitts Ferry,
Ont., of a very bad case of kidney trouble.

He tells about the cure in the following
words: "I cannot recommend Doan's
Kidney Pills too highly. I never took any-
thing that did me so much good. I had a
severe pain in the small of my back and
could scarcely get up or down without
help. I could hardly urinate, but when I
did the pain was terrible. I was in the
Hotel Dieu, Kingston, last winter and
when I came out I was some better but not
cured. It was then I saw Doan's Kidney
Pills advertised. Since taking them I have
been completely cured and have not had
any trouble with my kidneys since."

Doan's Kidney Pills, 50 cts. per box or
\$3 for \$1.25, all dealers or

THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO.,
TORONTO, ONT.

Wood's Phosphodine

The Great English Remedy

Is an old, well established and re-
liable preparation. Has been pre-
scribed and used over 40 years. All
druggists in the Dominion of Cana-
da sell and recommend as being the
only medicine of its kind that cures
and gives universal satisfaction.

It promptly and permanently cures all forms
of Nervous Weakness, Emaciation, Spermator-
rhea, Impotency, and all effects of Abuse of
Excesses, the Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium
or Stimulants; Mental and Brain
Worry, all of which lead to In-
sanity, Insanity, Consumption
and an early grave. Price 50 cts.
per bottle, six will cure. Mailed
promptly on receipt of price. Send
for pamphlet—free to all.

The Wood Company,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Chatham
by C. E. Gunn & Co., Central
Drug Store.

Money to Loan on Mortgages at

4 and 5 per Cent.

FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PRO-
PERTY.

Brick house, two stories, 7 rooms,
lot 40 feet front by 208 feet deep,
\$1100.00.

Frame house, 8 rooms and summer
kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 ft., good
stable, \$1100.00.

House and lot, 9 rooms, \$1050.00.
House and lot, 5 rooms, \$900.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 60
acres. All cleared. Good house and
barn, \$3100.00.

Farm in Township of Harwich, 200
acres. Large house, barn and out-
buildings, \$12,000.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 40
acres. Good house, new stable and
granary, \$2250.00.

Ten acres in suburbs of Chatham,
\$1500.00.

Valuable suburban residence, 11
rooms; with seven acres of land. Good
stable, \$3000.00.

Apply to
W. F. SMITH,
Barrister.

Change of Time.

THE STEAMER

City of Chatham

Will make her regular round trip from
CHATHAM to DETROIT every

Monday and Wednesday

Leaving Rankin dock, South Chatham,
at 7:30 a. m., and returning leaves De-
troit (foot of Randolph St.) at 3:30 p. m.
Detroit time, or 4 o'clock Chatham time.

Will also make round trips from Detroit
to Chatham every

Friday and Saturday

Leaving Detroit, foot of Randolph St., at
8:30 p. m., Detroit time, or 9 a. m., Chatham
time, returning will leave Chatham
at 3:30 p. m., Detroit time, or 4 p. m., Chatham
time, arriving in Detroit about
8:30 p. m.

FARES.

ROUND TRIP, 60c

SINGLE TRIP, 50c

Agents—Stranger & Co., Chatham, Od-
ette & Wherry, Windsor; John Stevenson,
Detroit.

JOHN ROURKE, Captain,
WM. CORNISH, Purser.

Horses Wanted.

Until further notice,
HAROLD W. SMITH,
of Toronto, will be at
Wm. Gray &
Co. Factory.

EVERY SATURDAY

to purchase horses. The highest cash
prices will be paid.

THE OLD FIRE HORSE.

Pathetic Ending to His Brilliant and
Glorious Career.

The story of a veteran fire horse that
was disabled and found his way into
the street cleaning department is told
by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine." The
author says:

There was no delay about his initia-
tion. Into his fore hoofs they branded
this shameful inscription, "D. S. C.,
937." On his back they hung a forty
pound single harness with a dirty
piece of canvas as a blanket. They
hooked him to an iron dump cart, and
then with a heavy lashed whip they
haled him forth at 5:30 a. m. to begin
the inglorious work of removing refuse
from the city streets.

Perhaps you think Old Silver could
not feel the disgrace, the ignominy of
it all. Could you have seen the lowered
head, the limp hung tail, the dulled
eyes and the dispirited sag of his quar-
ters you would have thought differ-
ently.

It is one thing to jump a hook and
ladder truck up Broadway to the re-
lief of a fire threatened block and
quite another to plod humbly along the
curb from ash can to ash can. How
Silver did hate those cans! Each one
should have been for him a signal to
stop. But it was not. In consequence
he was yanked to a halt every two
minutes.

Sometimes he would crane his neck
and look mournfully around at the un-
sightly leg which he had come to un-
derstand was the cause of all his mis-
ery. There would come into his great
eyes a look of such pitiful melancholy
that one might almost fancy tears roll-
ing out. Then he would be roused by
an exasperated driver, who jerked cru-
elly on the lines and used his whip as
if it had been a fall.

To another horse, unused to anything
better, the life would not have seemed
hard. But to Silver, accustomed to
such little amenities as friendly pats
from men, and the comradeship of his
fellow workers, it was like a bad
dream. Had he not lost his caste? Ex-
press and dray horses, the very ones
that had once scurried into side streets
at sound of his hoofs, now insolently
crowded him to the curb. When he had
been on the fire truck Silver had yield-
ed the right of way to none, he had
held his head high; now he dodged and
waited, he wore a blind bridle, and he
wished neither to see nor to be seen.

What Ailed the Clock.

Mrs. Benson's clock, after having
kept excellent time for several years,
suddenly stopped. After trying for
some time to make it go she removed
it from its shelf and sent it to a clock
repairer.

"Madam," he said after inspecting.
"Is this clock kept in a damp room?"

"No," she replied. "We keep it in
the driest room in the house."

"Has it ever had a fall into a tub of
water or anything of that sort?"

"Never."

"Well, I can't understand it. Its
works are as rusty as if it had been
left unused in a cellar for a year."

"I can't see how that can be," said
Mrs. Benson. "We are so careful of
that clock that we always keep our
vials of muriatic and sulphuric acid
inside of it, where we know they will
never be touched."

Then the jeweler understood.

Sixteenth Century London.

It is a mistake to imagine that the
streets of London in the sixteenth
century presented a much more lively
appearance than they do at present.

The everyday dress of the people, even
of the highest rank, was almost invari-
ably made of broadcloth of a sober color,
occasionally enlivened with velvet
and smart ribbons. It was only on
state occasions or festivities, parties,
balls and public entertainments that
the gay silks and velvets and the cloth
of gold were exhibited, and it must be
remembered that so costly were the
materials which could then be em-
ployed in male or female dress that
not infrequently parents left their best
clothes by will to their favorite chil-
dren as a much valued legacy.

Old Comical Pictures.

There is in the museum of Turin,
Italy, a papyrus roll which displays a
whole series of comical scenes. In the
first place, a lion, a crocodile and an
ape are giving a vocal and instru-
mental concert. Next comes an ass,
dressed, armed and scented like a
pharaoh. With majestic swagger he
receives the gifts presented to him by
a cat of high degree, to whom a bull
acts as proud conductor. A lion and
gazelle are playing at checkers, a hip-
popotamus is perched in a high tree
and a horse has climbed into the tree
and is trying to dislodge him.

The Mean Height of Land.

The mean height of land above sea
level, according to the most scientific
geographers, is 2,250 feet. The mean
depth of the ocean is 12,480 feet. Only
2 per cent of the sea (oceans in gen-
eral) is included inside a depth of 500
fathoms, while 77 per cent lies be-
tween 500 and 3,000 fathoms. If the
land were filled into the hollows of
the seas, water would roll over the
earth's crust to a uniform depth of
two miles.

Envelopes in the Eighteenth Century.

Envelopes are supposed to be quite
modern, but in the Birch manuscripts
in the British museum, No. 4438-105,
there is a letter from Martin Trierwald
to Sir Hans Sloane, dated Stockholm,
April 24, 1755, inclosed in an ordinary
envelope, which is opened out and
mounted at the end of the letter.

If dogs could speak they would have

something to say about the fool names
that women give them.—New York
Mail and Express.

That Gold Spoon.

There are some men who seem to be
favorites of fortune. They are indus-
trious, cheerful workers, full to over-
flowing of the energy of splendid health,
and success seems fairly to drop into
their hands. It is of such as these that

the less hardy
and less success-
ful man says
enviously,
"That fellow
was born with a
gold spoon in
his mouth."
And yet on
analysis it will
be found that
this success is
largely due to
splendid health, the endowment of a
healthy mother.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription gives
the mother health to give her child. It
cures nervousness, nausea and sleepless-
ness. It makes the body comfortable and
the mind content. It gives physical
vigor and muscular elasticity so that the
baby's advent is practically painless.

"I will endeavor to tell you of the many
benefits I have derived from taking Dr. Pierce's
Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. B. E. Robert-
son, of Medicine Lodge, Barber Co., Kans. "In
the fall of 1899 I was expecting to become a
mother and suffered terribly with pains in the
back of head; in fact I ached all over. Suffered
with awful bearing-down pains; I was threat-
ened for weeks with miscarriage. A lady friend
told me to use Dr. Pierce's medicines. She had
taken them and felt like a new woman. I began
using the 'Favorite Prescription' and took four
bottles before my baby came and two after-
wards. I suffered almost death with my other
two children, but hardly realized that I was
sick when this baby was born and she weighed
twelve and one-quarter pounds. She is now
eleven months old and has never known an
hour's sickness; at present she weighs thirty-
seven pounds. I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's
Favorite Prescription."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak
women strong, and sick women well.
Accept no substitute for the medicine
which works wonders for weak women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the
most desirable laxative for delicate
women.

Requirements for a Doctor.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the well
known novelist, practised medicine
before he began to write, and in
one of his scrapbooks he has a
newspaper advertisement that he
cherishes because it shows well
the low standing of many doctors in the
eighteenth century. Sir Arthur clipped
the advertisement from a news-
paper of the year 1787. It reads:

"Wanted, for a family not blessed
with good health, a sober, discreet
and steady person to act in the
capacity of doctor and apothecary. He
must often act also as a steward
and butler, and occasionally dress
hair and wigs. He will be required
to read prayers, and sometimes, on
wet Sundays, to preach a sermon or
two. A good salary will be paid,
and a preference will be given to
such an one as, besides the above
qualifications, can mend clothes."

The Deacon's Climax.

"Yes," said Deacon Stuckup, "the
works of Providence are manifold. The
omnipotence of the Almighty is seen
in all things, great and small, high
and low. The good Lord who made
the great mountains made the smallest
insect that crawls over them; the good
Lord who made the mighty ocean made
the smallest fish that swims in it; the
good Lord who made man, the greatest
of his works, made the smallest flower
of the field. The good Lord, brethren,
who made me, made a daisy!"—New
York Times.

The Ideal Road.

"Of course you're interested in this
movement for good roads," said the
expert automobilist.

"I'm afraid I can't have the sort of
road I'd like," replied the beginner.

"What sort's that?"

"One that's hard while you're riding
along it and soft when you sit down
on it suddenly."—Philadelphia Press.

A Lack of Appreciation.

"They tell me your son is quite a
singer."

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornstossel.

"He's great on classical music. The
only trouble is that I can never tell
whether it's a song or a college yell."

—Washington Star.

Quite Numerous.

Miss De Style—She's writing a book
about the young men she met at the
seashore last summer.

Miss Gunbusta—Were there so many?

Miss De Style—Well, she's up to
chapter 25 already.—New York Times.

A Careful Porter.

Owner—See here! You want to han-
dle that trunk more carefully!

Porter—I'll look out for it, sir. I
know a man who let one fall on his
toes last month, an' he ain't out of the
hospital yet.—Town and Country.

Wary.

Ping—There goes a man worth \$3-
000,000, and he made every dollar of it
in trade.

Pong—Well, all I've got to say is that
I don't want to trade with a man like
that.—Chicago News.

The Difference.

Willie Boorum—Pa, what's the differ-
ence between news and gossip?

Mr. Boorum—Well, my son, whenever
your mother tells anything to any one,
it's news; but when any one tells her
anything it's gossip.

That Settled Him.

"Give the devil his due, my dear," he
said.

"Well," replied the little wife, "it's
hard to give you up, John, but—the will
of Providence be done?"—Atlanta Con-
stitution.

He Didn't Understand.

Spartacus—Have you been watching
the curio sale?

Smarticus—No, I didn't know there
was such a vessel in the harbor.—Balti-
more American.

A Fatalist.

Lawson—Do you believe in luck?

Dawson (grumpily)—Yes; bad luck!

Southern Journal.

A man puffed up with conceit worships

an idol which is easy of destruc-
tion.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns,
etc.

A Season's Learning.

Oh, I'd like to be a farmer
When the summer time so gay
Comes around with fragrant odors
Of the pumpkin and the hay!
In the field I'd like to follow
In the furrow long and straight,
As I picked the nodding cabbage,
As I dug the toothsome date.

I would cut the watermelon
From the watermelon tree,
And the corn from off the bushes
I would gather gleefully.
Oh, the joy of reaching deftly
For the apple on the vine
And of rooting sweet potatoes
From the sweet potato mine!

I would like to be a farmer
In the country ozone fresh
And go thrashing with a winnow
And go thrashing with a thresh,
Where the gentle cauliflower
Sends its fragrance from the trees
And the odor of the sweet breathed
Kine is wafted on the breeze.

Where the squash grows in the hedge
I would like to go and stay
And just live in sweet contentment
All the blessed living day,
And I'd fish and hunt and frolic,
And I'd shout and run and climb,
If I only were a farmer
With a farmer's easy time.

—Baltimore News.

"A High Minded Young Man."

Chicago News.

Chicago News.

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