PAGE FOUR

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Don't neglect any little trouble with your eyes—it may be a great big trouble before long. Our examination by a skilled Optician is both FREE and FAIR-if there is nothing \$ wrong we'll tell you. All kinds of Optical Goods on hand.

A. A. JORDAN

SIGN OF BIG CLUCK, CHATHAM *****************

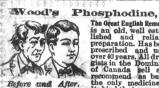
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CHATHAM.

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wash tub hot clothes this weather is both sagreeable and unhealthy. Call up CHATHAM STEAM LAUNDRY



The Great English Remedy, is an old, well established and reliable preparation. Has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend as being the only medicine of its kind that cures and systemaneanly cures all forms of Nervous Weak-most. Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all effects of abusor excesses; the excess; the constructions.

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This is a dry time Beware of fire! See that you are rrovided with a good long ladder, it many save you many dollars! The Waggoner Extension ladder is the strongest and lightest ladder made. Just what you want during the fruit season. Also on hand a good stock of the best step-ladders. Call and inspect them.

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writing ads for quick merchants who are slow with the faber, but that is we want to work for a living—Work whom we may? Nit. But if you wish to buy grain, stocks or provisions, we can accommodate you." We will treat you square—on the dead level. Excuse our slang.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS.

FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXIO Price Purely Vegetable. Steen Hose

CURE SICK HEADACHE P

THAT JOINT DEBATE. Messrs. Tarte, Monet and Bourassa

Take Part.

Laprairie, Que., Sept. 21 .- A rathet interesting political meeting was held here Saturday evening, when Hon. J. Israel Tarte, on invitation from Mr. D. Monet, M.P. for Napierville and Laprarie, crossed swords with Mr. Henri Bourassa, M. P., and Mr. Monet. It Bourassa, M. P., and Mr. Monet. It developed into a torrent of personalities, centring on the withdrawal of the late Minister of Public Works from the Laurier Cabinet, and his subsequent conduct of La Patrie, which, it was insinuated, had been misappropriated to further Conservative interests. A pamphlet was distributed among the crowd, which numbered several thousands. It dealt with Mr. Tarte, saying that no prestidigitateur, rait thousands. It dealt with Mr. Tarte, saying that no prestidigitateur, however famous, no equilibrist, however celebrated, no juggler, past or present, had ever rivalled the slipping and balancing acts on political strings performed by "Israel of the Tribe of Judas."

Mr. Tarte's speach was learned to the strings of the Tribe of Judas."

Mr. Tarte's speech was largely a repetition of his high tariff utterances and took in no new matter. Hi ready responses were quite entertain

mg.
Mr. Monet dwelt upon Mr. Tarte and La Patrie, and accused the ex-Minister of inconsistency and desertion. Minister of inconsistency and desertion.

Mr. Bourassa attacked Mr. Chamberlain and Imperialism, and called Mr. Tarte the Colonial Secretary's apostle in Canada. The Chamberlain idea was destructive of Canadian autonomy, he asserted; it was conducive of the abrogation of rights which the people of the Province of Quebec held sacred. Protection to a greater extent than now obtains means the creation of trusts. He was especially vigorous and effective in queting Mr. Tarte's recorded views of the days gone by against Mr. Tarte's recent utterances in La Patrie and on the hustings.

Mayor Killed Two Gamblers.

Fort Smith, Ark., Sept. 19.—To-day idge Russell, Mayor of Gans, I.T., shot and killed two gamblers of Cherokee blood, named Buck Martin and James Spotts, who were advancing upon a son of the Mayor with the expressed intention of cutting his throat. Mayor Russell interfered and the men threatened to cut his throat also.

NO NEED TO SUFFER.

Torture of Rheumatism Relieved in Six Hours Cured

In One to Three Days.

The acid poison that invades the joints in Rheumatism can be reached only through the blood. South American Rheumatic Cure neutralizes the acids, flissolves and washes out all foreign substances and sends a current of rich, ted blood to the affected parts, bestowing instant relief from the torturing pains. Read what C. M. Mayheer, of Thomasville, Ont., has to say: "My joints were so badly swollen with Rheumatism that I could hardly walk, or even feed myself. I have tried various other remedies, but they did me no good, and I almost despaired of getting cured. A friend advised me to try The South American Rheumatic Cure, and after using only three bottles I was entirely tured, and have never had a return of the agonizing symptoms."

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Having the tug "Vick" and a san scow, I am prepared to enter into con tracts for the supply of sand and gravel

at lowest prices. Apply to, Capt. V. Rebinson

The same of the sa

One Result of the Martinique Disaster.

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD.

Y dear young lady," remonstrated the colonel. "My dear young lady! Did anyone ever hear a more unreasonable request?" He sank into the steamer

He sank into the steamer chair beside me and rolled himself comfortably in the rug. "It is so unreasonable that you must be forced to confess that you have not the slightest idea that will be granted. Preposterous! As if one could say anything interesting on shipboard—much less tell a whole story!" "This is a very good prologue," said I. The colonel did not smile. He was contemplating the line of the horizon with a far-away look in his eyes. "You see, people's ideas of what is interesting are so different. Now there is a story that I might tell—but whether it would interest a young lady, that is the question. It is a rather odd experience of mine that happened several years ence of mine that happened several years ago. It is about the curious way I first heard of a great change in the state of things, with which you are so familiar as doubtless to have forgotten that it is

a change." I settled back contentedly in my chair. The colonel smiled a little and began. "I said that it happened several years ago, but that was an old man's way of speaking. I dare say you would call it many years ago, as you were probably a baby at the time, if, indeed, you had appeared at all.

appeared at all.

"It was a year of great disasters of various kinds, natural, political and social; and I embarked on a fast liner for Liverpool with the gloomy feeling that some new horror would probably greet my eyes on landing.

my eyes on landing.

"We had a prosperous journey, unil what I suppose was the most important happening of my life occurred. I had a headache!"

"Why, colonel," said I, "I thought you told me the other day that you never had headaches!"

told me the other day that you never had headaches!"

The colonel looked at me reproachfully. "I had a headache," he continued "and the most severe one I have ever experienced, although I have from child hood been subject to whem." He emphasized the words. "It lasted two days and on the third, unable to endure the pain, I sent for the ship's doctor. He gave me an opiate of some kind, and told me to be careful in using it, as it was very strong. The pain continued, and me to be careful in using it, as it was very strong. The pain continued, and, finally, driven almost insane by it, I raised the glass to my lips and drank off all of the drug which the doctor had left."

all of the drug which the doctor had lett."

The colonel paused impressively.

"I have never known nor been able to conjecture how long I lay in the heavy stupor that immediately followed this reckless act. When I became again dimly conscious of, my surroundings, the first feeling that assailed me was an overpowering hunger. I pressed the electricall impatiently. No one answered. Tang again, and shouted 'Steward! Steward!' at the top of my voice; but there was absolute silence when my cries ceased echoing. Then it occurred to me that the ship was perfectly still. There was no throbbing motion of the screw nor any pitching and tossing. She lay as still as though she were in drydock. I remember thinking in my half-dazed condition that perhaps she was in drydock and that I had slept through all the noise and bustle of the disembarking. The silence grew oppressive. I sprang out of bed to turn on the electric light. The key snapped, but no light came, and at the same instant I felt the sudden piercing breath of the most intense cold I have ever experienced. Ah, I grew accustomed to that cold later! I groped about for my cap and overcoat, and rushed out of the cabin. I made for the stairway, filled with a great horror of the dark and cold and silence. I found rushed out of the cabin. I made for the stairway, filled with a great horror of the dark and cold and silence. I found the stairs, and as I hurriedly ascended them it began to grow lighter. It was daytime then. I called aloud again and again as I rushed along the hall leading to the deck door, but there was no answer. Everything looked about as usual, however, and there was nothing to prepare my mind for the astounding spectacle that met my eyes as I threw open the door.

"I am not an eloquent man and I can-not describe to you the tremendous rush of emotions which almost turned me

"I am not an eloquent man and I cannot describe to you the tremendous rush of emotions which almost turned metality and the control of the co

derful sea-happenings, and thought that if ever I reached land again I would have a new one to tell. I wish I had the time to fully describe the charms of a sojourn on an iceberg, but the point of my tale is concerned with later events. I will leave my Robinson Crusoe years for some other time, and go on with my story.

"There had been the most severe and

for some other time, and go on what my story.

"There had been the most severe and long-continued fogs that I had yet experienced, for at least a week. One morning, as I was pacing up and down the section of deck that was my tiny kingdom, the fog lifted and disclosed to my amazed eyes a high chalk cliff within a short distance.

"This was the moment for which I had waited all these years. I hastily gathered together the few things necessary to complete the outfit of my raft. Cutting the rope, I beheld myself floating from my ley prison with feelings of unmixed delight.

"My sail worked well, and late in the afternoon I effected a landing. I felt with an ecstasy hard to describe the stones and gravel grate under my feet. I drew my raft well up on the beach and made it fast to a ridge of rock so that no wave could wash it out to sea. Packing my knapsack with an abundance of provisions and shouldering my blanket like an old soldier, I set off up the slight slope of the beach. It was quite dark, but in my eagerness I could not wait for daylight before exploring the country.

"All at once, to my intense surprise, I found myself on a well-made road. I thought that I must be near a settlement of some kind. Pushing briskly forward, I indulged in the liveliest anticipations of once again seeing and speaking to one of my own kind.

"I stepped briskly along through the darkness, turning my lantern first to one side and then to the other, expecting every moment to come across a hut or skin tent that would announce the presence of humanity. But the yellow light showed me nothing but barren, flat land, with little or no vegetation.

ence of humanity. But the yellow light showed me nothing but barren, flat land, with little or no vegetation.

"As the first streaks of light were seen I looked about me with much interest to get my first view of the land; but at the get my lifst view of the land; but at the same moment a thick creeping mist arose. This shut me in far more impenetrably than the night had done, for my lantern could make no headway in it. I was tired, and this fresh misfortune quite discouraged me. I sat down on a stone beside the road to rest and reflect. stone beside the road to rest and reflect. Deciding that part of my despondency came from hunger, I opened my knapsack and made a hearty lunch. After this I felt more hopeful. 'There is no such thing as a road that leads nowhere,' I said to myself. 'If I keep right on, I must come to something and somebody.' So on I pushed through the fog, doggedly determined that I would not lose courage.

age.
"I think I must have gone on several days. I rolled myself in my blanket and slept when I needed rest, and ate my biscuit and dried meat, and drank my wine. Occasionally I came across a thread of a brook beside the road, and breaking the ice, I sucked the pieces. My plan was to go ahead till I had used up half of the

go ahead till I had used up half of the provision I had with me, and then to about face and make for the raft. That despised craft began to seem a haven of rest in this empty desolation. "Suddenly one day—or perhaps night, for the fog continued so dense that I could make no difference—my foot struck something hard, and in an instant my steps were ringing on what sounded exactly like a city pavement. I thought of my former drydock theory and smiled, for this was quite as absurd; but when I bent over to feel what it was, I was thunderstruck. For it was a city pavement! I stood still in utter amazement. I stamped to make sure it was real. It stamped to make sure it was real. rang under my foot with convincing firmness. I ran to one side and my foot encountered a curbstone. This was too much! I have gone mad, I thought. The dark and loneliness have driven me mad.'
"I sank down, and held my head be

"I sank down, and held my head between my hands. Then I thought that if there was a street and a curbstone there must be a house, and springing up. I went to the other side of the sidewalk. There was nothing there, and I walked right into gravel. In a second I was seized with the wildest panic. It was the first time that I had ventured out of the road, and I was in deadly fear of not being able to find my way back again. For a moment of unutterable horror I ran furiously about on the gravel. When I struck the pavement again the revulsion of feeling was exhausting. I sat down on the curbstone and tried to calm my wildly beating heart. That moment of blind chaos when all form or solidity of things had been blotted out, and when I saw before me an eternity of frantle and fruitless grop-

You can imagine the extraordinary mix-ture of emotions that filled me. It looked exactly as a city street does early in the morning, when no one is astir. I rushed up the steps of the nearest house and pounded furiously on the door. Receiving no answer, I ran down to the area and broke open a window. Entering, I called and shouted and ran about the empty rooms in a perfect passion of expectancy, which soon turned to a hopeless disappointment. I ran out again and rushed hallooing up the street like a madurable to the control of the man. 'There must be some one in all these houses.' I exclaimed. I ran, turning corners and dashing along, hoping every moment to see or hear some one, until I was quite exhausted. Then, sinking down on some steps, I wept the first tears that the whole extraordinary ex-

rears that the whole extraordinary experience had wrung from me.

"Reproaching myself for my weakness, I rose and walked on. I soon saw a large opening in front of me, and upon coming up to it I perceived that I was in a public to the property of the company of lic square. Business buildings rose about it, and there were a number signs in English over the doors. I read Haberdasher to his Majesty, with the English coat-of-arms above it. In another window was pasted, Removed to 221 Baden-Powell street, Pretoria. This sign, with its cool, matter-of-fact announcement of a business change, bewildered me still more. I began to think seriously that I was dreaming. I walked

on. Another shop gave its new address as 546 Kitchener Avenue, also in Pretoria. "It would take too long to tell you how it was gradually forced upon me that I was in London. I doubted my senses, I called myself mad, but London it certainly was. But what a London!
Day in and day out I wandered among
the deserted houses in a state of wonder that was almost idiotic, so profound was it. Where was London? Had some vast cataclysm sent England flying to wards the north pole?

"One day I was wandering through Trafalgar Square. I was more than usu-ally forlorn. I decided to go into the National Museum. I had found an entrance through one of the windows and I usually slept in an empty room. I went upstairs and wandered aimlessly about in the echoing galleries until, go in the control of t about in the echoing galleries until, going idly up to a window, I stood transfixed by a sudden new element in the
desolate landscape of silent roofs. Far,
far away in another part of the city
there arose a thin column of smoke! If
heaven had opened its doors and a choir
of angels had descended to rescue me, I
do not think I could have felt wilder

do not think I could have left wilder amazement or profounder thanksgiving. "Descending the stairs three at a time, I rushed out into the street. There it was still mounting delicately up into the clear air. How I ever reached the house from whose chimney the smoke ascended I do not know. The first thing I remember is battering wildly on the door, which was opened by a very surprised man clad in a fur suit.

in a fur suit.

"The rest of my story you can easily imagine, except that it would be hard for you to understand the astonishment caused by the news which the party of hunters told me. It is so old a story to young people of your generation that you fail to realize how amazing it still is to use defallors." o us old fellows."

I was staring at the colonel in bewilderment. He glanced at my perplexed

face.
"I don't believe I mentioned—did I?-"I don't believe I mentioned—did I?—that the year I was cast away was the year of the great Martinique disaster. The final disappearance of that whole series of islands happened during our ill-fated voyage. The tidal wave that came after that last eruption and that caused such widespread havoc all over the world (you must have read about it in old (you must have read about it in old papers) lifted our ship to the dizzy height where my fragment hung. Of course you very well know that that was the time when the course of the Gulf Stream changed and when England was

"The hunters who told me all this new "The hunters who told me all this news always go to the icy fastnesses of England during the bright season, when the heavy fogs that hang over the island during the rest of the year are dissipated. They could scarcely be convinced of my ignorance of what was so well known to them. Was it possible that I did not know that Great Britain was deserted on account of the cold, and that the newly-acquired territory of the Boers had served as a fresh center for English powers! They listened with astonishment to erry? They listened with astonishment to my exclamations of surprise as they told me of Europe, shocked and enfeebled by the sudden cold, succumbing to the might of the Russians. With Yankees in the Western Hemisphere, and Europe in the Western Hemisphere, and Europe and Asia belonging to Russia, it's little enough that's left for poor old John Bull, they said dolefully. Australia had become an independent power during this time, and Canada had been annexed to the United States. Africa was all that was left to the once so powerful England."

land."

I had been looking at the colonel in more and more amazement. At this I exclaimed: "Well, upon my word, I never knew anyone with so vivid and so gruesome an imagination! It's awful! Why, suppose that all that should actually come true!"

suppose that all that should come true!"

The lunch bell rang. I rose hastily. "Thank you very much. colonel, for your imaginative yarn. You'll pardon me if I hurry away, won't you? There is such an inconsiderate woman next me at table. If I'm not there the very first thing, she gets the only eatable pieces of everything!"—"Harper's Bazar."

What House?

He was a commercial traveler of the more flashy type, and had just finished telling a startling story to his newly-made acquaintance in the railway carriage.
"That reminds me of one of Munchau

"That reminds me of one of Munchausen's yarns," remarked the victim, for want of something better to say.
"Munchausen! Who is he?"
"Why, don't you know about him? He is the most colossal example of mendacity that civilization has produced."
A brief, painful silence ensued, which was broken by the trayeler, in a tone that was almost timid.
"Excuse me, my friend," he said, "if I seem inquisitive, but would you mind telling me what house he trave's fer?"

Abolition of Hell.

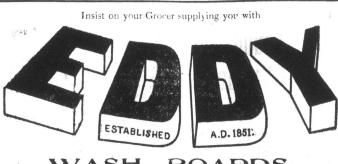
Says the New York "Sun:" "Practically, the Presbyterian churches and the other churches, which draw their system of doctrine from the Westminster Confession and similar standards of faith. have abandoned the doctrine of hell. At the bottom they are all Universalists, whatever their creeds may say."

Cause and Effect When you feel unnaturally chilly; When your back aches with a dull pain; When your bowels are inactive, or when the kidney secretions are not normal; When you have puffiness under the eyes or in the ankles or wrists; When flying pains bother you;

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