

# A Tinker's Dam

Is the bank of dirt he makes to hold in the melting solder.

There's nothing so worthless a second after except Spoon Medicines for Catarrh.

**Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder** is an antiseptic, healing dressing, applied directly to the diseased surface by the patient himself, who blows the powder through a tube into his nostrils.

The cure dates from the first puff. You needn't snuffle from colds and hay fever, if you have Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder in the house. It relieves colds or catarrh and cures headache in ten minutes.

The American Medicine Co., Allentown, Pa., writes:—"Your Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the best seller in catarrh remedies we have in our store, and our customers praise it very highly."

**DR. VAN STANT'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS** are the only cure of indigestion, dyspepsia and catarrh of the stomach. They digest the food, giving the stomach as long a holiday as it needs to get well. Cured thousands, will cure you. Price, 25c.

Sold by Messrs. Gunn and McLaren, Druggists, Chatham.

## DENTAL

**A. A. HICKS, D. D. S.**—Honorary graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honorary graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office, over Turner's drug store, 28 Rutherford Block.

## LODGES

**WELLINGTON LODGE**, No. 46, A. F. & A. M. G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

**ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.**  
**GEORGE MASSEY, W. M.**

## LEGAL

**RANKIN & SOULARD**—Barristers and Solicitors, Victoria Block, Chatham, Ont. J. B. Rankin, K. O. Thos. Souland.

**J. R. O'FLYNN**—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King Street, opposite Merchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

**SMITH & GOSNELL**—Barristers, Solicitors, etc., Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite H. Macdonald's store. Mr. Houston, Fred Stone, W. W. Scane.

**WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY**—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on Mortgages, at lowest rates. Offices, Fifth Street. Matthew Wilson, K. O. W. E. Gundy, J. M. Pike.

## MONEY TO LOAN

**ON LAND MORTGAGES** at lowest rate of interest. I also have a few farms for sale. I also sell buggies and carriages. Call and see me and get my prices, and you will save money by doing so. Henry Dagneau, Chatham.

## MONEY TO LEND

**ON LAND MORTGAGES** ON CHATAM MORTGAGE OR ON NOTE. To pay off mortgages. To buy property. For when you need it. **J. W. WHITE, Barrister.** Opp. Grand Opera House, Chatham.

## Money to Loan

**ON MORTGAGES—4 1/2 and 5 per cent.** Liberal Terms and privileges to Borrowers. Apply to **LEWIS & RICHARDS**

## Money to Loan on Mortgages at 4 1/2 and 5 per Cent.

**DR. SALE—FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.** 1200 house, two stories, 7 rooms, 40 feet front by 208 feet deep, 10.00.

Farm house, 8 rooms and summer house, lot 60 ft. by 208 ft. good site, \$1,100.00.

House and lot, 9 rooms, \$1,050.00.

House and lot, 5 rooms, \$400.00.

Farm, in Township of Raleigh, 50 acres. All cleared. Good house and barn. \$3,100.00.

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

Farm, in Township of Raleigh, 40 acres. Good house, new stable and granary, \$2,250.00.

Two acres in suburbs of Chatham, \$1,500.00.

Valuable suburban residence, 11 rooms, with seven acres of land. Good stable, \$3,000.00.

Apply to **W. F. SMITH, Barrister.**

## EXPLOSION AT MICHEL.

SEVEN CROW'S NEST PASS MINERS KILLED.

Gas in Tunnel No. 3 Said to Have Caused the Explosion—Two Other Men Seriously Injured—The Bodies Recovered.

Winnipeg, Jan. 11.—Private despatches received here state that an explosion of gas occurred in tunnel No. 3 of the Crow's Nest Pass Company's mine at Michel, B. C., on Friday night, killing seven men and severely injuring two others.

Toronto, Jan. 11.—Mr. G. G. Lindsey, K. C. Secretary of the company, yesterday received despatch from the manager, announcing that the bodies of the seven killed and two injured had been recovered. The cause of the explosion was not known.

## MILNE WAS NOT THE MAN.

His Sleigh Did Not Run William Durell Down.

Toronto, Jan. 11.—An investigation into the death of William Durell on Friday afternoon at Jarvis street and Wilton avenue was opened on Saturday by Coroner Cotton and adjourned till to-night at the City Hall. Peter Milne, who was supposed to have driven the sleigh which knocked Durell down, denies that he is the man. He claims that the fatality occurred a few minutes before he drove past the corner. He heard of the old man's death from children who climbed on the rear of his sleigh.

## PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.

Registrar, Police Magistrate and Division Court Clerks.

Toronto, Jan. 11.—The following Provincial appointments have been made:—Charles E. Whelan, St. Mary's, to be Registrar for the South riding of Perth; Ernest Cruikshank of Niagara Falls, to be Police Magistrate of that city, and the village of Port Erie; Dr. S. N. Davis, Parry Sound, to be Associate Coroner for the district of Parry Sound, vice David Macfarlan, resigned; Thomas G. Clute, Sterling, to be Clerk of the Fifth Division Court of Hastings county, vice E. B. Parker deceased; A. P. Monaghan, Sault Ste. Marie, to be Clerk of the First Division Court of the district of Algoma, vice M. H. Biggins; T. F. Kavanagh, Bancroft, to be Clerk of the Twelfth Division Court of the county of Hastings, vice D. Kavanagh resigned.

Charters have been issued to the following companies:—The Rainy River Curing Company, to operate a salting rink; Scherholz Zinkam Co., Waterloo, to manufacture and deal in furniture and mattresses; the A. B. Saylor Canning Company, Bloomfield.

## EXPECTED AN ALLOWANCE.

Stuart's Reasons For Running Up Those Unpaid Bills.

Toronto, Jan. 11.—Archibald Edward Stuart, who is to be tried this morning in the Police Court on the general charge of vagrancy, has admitted that he is William Brown, who married the Countess of Russell under the name of Prince Athol Stuart de Modena. T. C. Robinson, K. C., his solicitor, on Saturday stated that Stuart had instructed him to communicate with Messrs. Valpey & Peckham, Lincoln's Inn, London, Eng., with regard to the matter. Stuart asserted that an agreement was made, whereby he was to receive £1,000 a year on condition that he did not oppose the suit for divorce instituted by the Countess. The fact that he did not receive his quarterly instalment of £250 due him on January 1 is responsible, Stuart says, for his present penniless condition.

As to the allegation that he departed from Boston without paying his hotel bill there, Stuart declares that the proprietors of the Hotel Touraine are holding some of his personal effects as security for this debt.

## CHLOROFORMED PLANTS.

And Forced Them to Flower Earlier Than Usual.

New York, Jan. 11.—A London cable to The Sun says that The Lancet prints interesting details of the result of investigations as to the action of ether and chloroform in forcing plants to flower earlier than is natural. The French horticulturist, Le Blanc, at Nancy on February 19th of last year, chloroformed some azaleas and exposed them to the action of the vapor for 48 hours. Then he removed them to a greenhouse which was at a temperature of 65 degrees Fahr. From March 5th the flowers began to expand, and obtained their full growth on March 8th, whereas the flowers which had not been chloroformed did not expand until March 21st.

The economy in the matter of fuel that can be effected by this method of forcing the growth of plants, etc., it is stated, will cover the cost.

## HOCKEY.

SATURDAY'S RECORD.

O. H. A. Senior.  
Marlboro ... 7 St. George ... 3  
Morrisville ... 6 Ironville ... 4  
Brookville ... 7 Ott. Aberdenn ... 4

O. H. A. Intermediate.  
Stratford ... 7 Shelburne ... 5

O. H. A. Junior.  
Quebec ... 13 Shamrock ... 5  
Ottawa ... 10 Victoria ... 6

O. H. A. Intermediate.  
W. O. H. A. Responder ... 7  
Commercial League.

Can. Gen. Elec. ... 16 Can. Foundry ... 4  
Windsor ... 6 Gait ... 4  
Bank League.

Donation ... 14 Commerce ... 1

## YOU WILL BE ALL

FORGET YOUR STOMACH AND YOU'LL HAVE A SANTA CLAUS FACE.

HOW TO DO IT.

If there is one thing more than all others that will give a man a worn and friendless appearance and make him morbid and "cranky" and disagreeable, that thing is dyspepsia. It makes one forget his friends and become morose and irritable. He is so wrapped up in his own misery that he is inconsiderate of every one else. Relief of this terrible and depressing ailment, he again becomes a good fellow and a man among men.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are beyond question the most effective and popular remedy ever offered to the sufferers of this terrible disease. Thousands and thousands of cures they have brought about and the enormous increase of their sales fully attest the truth of this statement.

They are, above all, a natural remedy. They possess exactly the same properties that the gastric juices and other digestive fluids of the stomach possess and they actually do the digestive work of the stomach and enable that organ to rest and recuperate and become sound and well. They act in a mild, natural manner and cause no disturbance in the digestive organs. They prevent any fermentation of the food which causes sour stomach. In fact, under their influence the subject forgets that he has a stomach and his resulting cheerfulness presents a great contrast to his former dejection.

Millions of boxes of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold and advertised every day but the dawn of their popularity. Every mail brings letters of thanks from grateful ones who have been cured of this terrible disease. The following is one of hundreds received last week. Rev. J. R. Hoag, of Wymore, Neb., writes: "For six years I have been troubled with dyspepsia. Last fall I became very much alarmed at some symptoms of heart trouble and came to believe there was a sympathetic relation between the two diseases, or rather, that the stomach trouble was the cause of the heart disturbances. I hit upon Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets for a remedy and invested a dollar and a half for three boxes, which lasted me three months, and I can eat any kind of food I want and have a good, vigorous appetite. Although I am 77 years old, I now feel perfectly well and without being requested by anyone to make this statement as a compliment to the virtues of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a box.

## Ancient Child Burial.

There was an order in the Church of England up to the year 1553 that if a child died within a month of baptism he should be buried in his christom linen of a shroud. The christom linen while baptismal robes with which in medieval times a child when christened was enveloped. A sixteenth century brass in Chesham Bois church in Buckinghamshire represents Benedict Lee, christom child, in his christom cloth. The inscription underneath the figure stands thus:

Ben. Lee, gentilius, here lyeth the son, Benedict Lee, crysm who soule thu pld.

## FAR SEEING INVENTORS.

Watt had just discovered the principle of steam. "Alas!" he groaned, "one more thing in the power of the junior!" Dashing away a tear, he nevertheless completed his idea.

## A Chest that Came in the Mayflower

Is sure to attract the attention of every New England woman and with pride in her heart she marvels that it is so strong and well preserved. This is due to the fact that it has received prompt attention when any signs of weakening were shown.

So the woman of to-day may keep her strength and preserve her good looks if she gives immediate attention to the first symptoms of any womanly weakness. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription promptly cures disease and restores strength to all women who are weakened by any womanly disease and are run down by maternal and housework cares.

## REWARD FOR WOMEN

WHO CANNOT BE CURED. Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, in any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Protrusion, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y. Miss Stella Johnson, of Brady St., Dayton, Ohio, writes: "I was troubled with severe pains every month when I wrote to you for advice. After following your directions, I am happy to say that after five years of untold suffering I have not had one more attack. I am now a 'Favorite Prescription' fan. I thank God and Dr. R. V. Pierce for the health I now enjoy. I shall urge other women who suffer as I did to use your medicine."

Take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets instead of any other laxative.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

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## FOR THE SAKE OF APPEARANCE

By Hubert McBean Johnson

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"May I not have this one?" said I.

"For the sake of appearance, you know," I added, noting her hesitation. "Well," replied Phyllis in an uncertain way, "for the sake of appearance, then."

The room was hot and stuffy, and dancing in warm work anyhow. "The veranda is a lot cooler," I suggested.

"For the sake of appearance also?" questioned Phyllis, elevating her eyebrows. "Certainly," I answered, glancing in the direction of Mrs. Gillespie. "It might look strange if we didn't, you know."

"It has one advantage," said Phyllis—"one does not need to talk out there."

Phyllis laughed. It sounded kind of good to hear it. Phyllis has a pretty laugh and particularly so when one has not heard it for a while.

"Did you hear the latest?" I asked by way of changing the subject. "What is it?" questioned Phyllis apathetically.

"Of my engagement?" I finished. Phyllis was interested. She leaned forward in her chair and rested her chin on her palms.

"This time to"—she pursued. "But I was not going to commit myself."

"What do you think of Gracie Rawshaw?" said I.

"I thought you preferred taller girls and blonds," commented Phyllis. "Beauty is only skin deep," I quoted sentimentally.

Phyllis herself is exceptionally pretty. "I suppose so," she said dreamily, taking no notice of my remark. "But it's awfully funny," she concluded, with a little laugh.

"I fail to see the humor of the situation," I replied stiffly. "This is not exactly a jesting matter with me."

"I should not imagine so," said Phyllis dryly. "But I'll apologize. I used the wrong word. I ought to have said, 'What a coincidence.'"

"Coincidence? How?" I queried in consternation.

I anticipated something, but I don't think Phyllis knew it. I flatter myself that my cigarette never trembled. I have always prided myself on my nerve.

"I might make a little announcement myself," said Phyllis quietly, with just the faintest suspicion of a laugh in her voice.

I flicked off a sixteenth of an inch of ash as she was so liable to fall on one's clothes, you know.

"And the man?" It's remarkable how tobacco steadies one.

"I believe you will find people congratulating Mr. Dawson Graham this evening," replied Phyllis demurely. "Lucky devil!" I ejaculated impolitely. I said other things to myself. I never had much use for that fellow anyway.

Phyllis bowed in mock courtesy. "People are good enough to say so," she assented. "I really can't say that I see it myself, but—"

I laughed. The thing was appealing to my sense of humor. It's a most excellent thing, you know, to possess a sense of humor.

"We wouldn't have believed all this a month ago," said I. "I would have laughed had any one suggested such a thing."

"How fortunate!" said Phyllis, with apparent irreverence. "Which?" I asked. "That I wouldn't have believed it or that I would have laughed?"

"That we found out in time," Phyllis seemed quite serious. "Afterward it would have been apt to create such a scandal."

"True," said I. "We did quarrel occasionally."

"Occasionally," sniffed Phyllis. "You might better say eternally. Why, I remember one time—"

"When you were staying at Boreas Beach," I interrupted.

"No, not that one," corrected Phyllis—"when I was—"

"And I used to sail up the river to look at you. You wore a yellow dress that summer, you know, and I could see you on the veranda. How I used to wish I could get up the courage to land and go up and talk to you! I don't suppose you ever even saw me."

"Why didn't you?" said Phyllis unreasonably.

I knew why. My imagination gave me a vivid picture of Phyllis turning her back and walking inside. Phyllis knew too. But I had sense enough not to answer.

"Then there was that time—"

"Are you going over them all?" asked Phyllis wearily.

"I suppose there won't be time," said I. "But you have no idea how much I thought of you that summer, little girl."

"And now?" questioned Phyllis softly.

"Isn't it rather late to dream of such things with both of us engaged to other people?" said I.

"Yes," answered Phyllis. "I suppose so."

"You suppose," said I bitterly. "I'd like to punch Dawcy Graham's head. That's what I'd like to do."

"Perhaps," began Phyllis gently. "Oh, here you are!" interrupted Mrs. St. Clair, coming out of the house.

"I've been looking everywhere for you two. Phyllis, I want to introduce you to Captain MacDougall. Come; I'm

sure Jack will excuse you for this dance."

"If I may have the next," said I, seizing Phyllis' card and jostling down my initials on it before she could remonstrate.

Turning into the hallway I came face to face with Dawcy Graham.

"Hello," cried I, restraining my desire to get a half Nelson on him. "They tell me I'm to congratulate you. You're certainly a royal flush if ever there was one."

## The remarkable success of Bu-Ju

The Kidney Pill, in curing Rheumatism in every form, Neuralgia, and allied ailments is due to its effect as a kidney regulator. It cleanses, tones and invigorates the filters of the body. Bu-Ju not only relieves—it cures permanently.

At Druggists The Clapton Chemical Co. Box 50 pills, 50c

NEW YORK, N. Y., AND WINDSOR, ONT.

The Unpopularity of Whiskers.

Commenting on the fact that Governor Alexander Monroe Dockery has just divested his countenance of a celebrated and almost immortal set of whiskers, the New York "Sun" says: "The twentieth century is beginning somewhat as the nineteenth century began, though, of course, not so strictly and universally smooth, but it is doubtful if it will run parallel through all its quarters with its predecessor. There were no mustaches, no beards, when the nineteenth century dawned. Side whiskers began to curl and sprout before it had run far in its course, and they grew bolder after a time and encircled the throat and chin, leaving bare the upper lip. The lip was submerged about 1860 and in the later years of destruction, had just to yield to the assaults of the barber. The human countenance began to exhibit itself again not long after the war, and from that time down to the very recent past the unsupported mustache was the prevailing mode. Now fashion is changing again, so that the young men are commonly completely shaved, and their fathers have covered lips. The youth of to-day have the weight of civilized precedent with them. An examination of the family albums of the last four centuries will demonstrate that the unwhiskered have had by far the better of it. For nearly two hundred years of that time the beard was not permitted to sprout. A great deal of encouragement for the shaven but ambitious young man may be found in the Presidency of the United States. From the beginning with Washington down to Lincoln's time, whiskers found lodgment in the White House only three times, and in every case they were of the remote variety known as sideboards, which offered no considerable obstruction to the observation of the faces to which they were linked. John Quincy Adams presented a stubbly pair, Martin Van Buren's were amiable in their meads, and Zachary Taylor's were evidently the unobtrusive expression of a fancy for trimmings. Lincoln inaugurated the beard era, which was carried on by Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur (with Dun dreary), and Harrison, though Harrison yielded not a little of his expanse before he retired from office. Cleveland was the first mustached President, and Roosevelt the second, while McKinley preserved the tradition of the smooth face.

Already Provided.

A certain small village, far removed from the noise and bustle of commerce boasts a female preacher, and the lady's duties are many. One day she may visit the sick, another attend a funeral, and the next baptize a baby. One afternoon she was preparing the sermon for the following Sabbath when she heard a timid knock at the parsonage door. Answering the summons she found a bashful young German standing on the step and twirling his straw hat in his hands. "Good afternoon!" the preacher remarked. "What do you wish?"

"Day say der minister lifed in di house, hey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes? Well, I want me to kit mer."

"All right; I can marry you," she said. The lady's hair is beginning to silver and the German glanced at it. Then he jammed his hat on his head and hurried down the path. "What's the matter?" she called after him.

"You gits no chance mit me," he called back. "I don't want you; I haf got me girl already."—"Modern Society."

The unmarried man who doesn't receive a proposal this year had better take to the woods.

There is hardly a single group of insects which does not suffer from the appetite of one or more species of bird. The eggs and larvae are dug and pried out of their burrows in the wood by woodpeckers and creepers; those underground are scratched and clawed up to view by quail, partridges and many sparrows; warblers and vireos scan every leaf and twig. Flycatchers, like the cat family of mammals, lie in wait and surprise the insects on the wing, more particularly those flying near the ground, while swifts, swallows and martins glean a harvest from the host of high flying insects. When we think humming birds are taking dainty sips of honey from the flowers they are in reality more often snatching minute spiders and flies from the deep cups of the calyxes. When night falls, the insects, which have chosen that time as the safer to carry on the business of active life, are pounced on by crepuscular feathered beings; the cavernous mouths of whippoorwills engulf them as they rise from their hiding places, and the bristly of night hawks brushes them into no less rapacious maws if, perchance, they have succeeded in reaching the upper air.—New York Post.

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