

June 19 1903

WAS IN A CRITICAL CONDITION.

System was Run Down.

FELT DROWSY AND MISERABLE.

Burdock Blood Bitters

BUILT UP THE SYSTEM AND ADDED TEN POUNDS IN WEIGHT.

Mr. Ed. J. Harris, Newbridge, Ont., was in poor health, but has now been restored to full health and vigor. Here is what he writes: "Last spring I was in a very critical condition, my system was all run down. I felt drowsy and miserable, and thought I would surely die if I did not get something to build me up. After reading one of your almanacs I decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and before I had taken two bottles I had gained ten pounds in weight, and am now in perfect health, and I can certainly recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to build up the system."

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Is the best Spring medicine on the market to-day. You may need one this Spring, if so, get B.B.B.

Money to Loan on Mortgages at 4 1/2 and 5 per Cent.
FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.

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, \$400.00.
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.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

Ladies' Favorite.
Is the only safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all cases of irregular menstruation, which women can depend on in the hour and time of need. It is a powerful, yet gentle, and safe medicine. No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1—For ordinary cases. No. 2—For special cases—10 degrees stronger—three dollars per bottle. Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other as all pills, mixtures and imitations are dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold and recommended by all druggists in the Dominion of Canada. Mailed to any address on receipt of price and four 2-cent postage stamps.
Cook's Compound, Windsor, Ont.
No. 1 and 2 are sold in Chatham by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store.

The Hot Wash Tub.

For a lady to stand and drudge over a wash tub hot clothes this weather is both disagreeable and unhealthy. Call up **phone 199**, and we will call for your washing and deliver it back in as good order as we receive it, and cleaned as cheaply as you can do it yourself.

CHATHAM STEAM LAUNDRY.

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 Chatham Loan and Saving's Co.
43rd Half Yearly Dividend

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of six per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital stock of this company has been declared this day for the current half year ending June 30th, 1903, payable at the company's office on and after July 2nd, 1903.

The transfer books will be closed from the 20th to 30th June inclusive. By order of the Board.
B. F. GARDINER, Manager.
Chatham, June 1, 1903.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By JOHN HABBERTON,
Author of "Helen's Babies," "George Washington," Etc.

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Then the prisoner lay down and fell asleep again, though by that time the rain was falling furiously. As for Hamilton and me, we agreed that a so-called nation that didn't provide its soldiers with rubber blankets would soon be on its last legs and that the said legs would be rheumatic.

The camp was soon in commotion, most of it verbal and shockingly profane. The men in the newer companies had not yet learned how to keep dry in a shower. The rubber blanket is so narrow that for it to be under a man and over him, too, the owner must lie as straight as a ramrod. There were individual outbreaks throughout the entire night as men woke to find their knees soaked. To make matters worse for the guard, the rain put out the fire, so there was no light. Hamilton



He handed me a dirty wad of newspaper.

ton and I took turns in pacing to and fro in front of the prisoners, counting the barely visible figures each time we passed them. The guards were as unhappy as a lot of picnickers caught in a thunderstorm, and sleepy besides. The horses huddled together as best they could, the road became ankle deep in mud, and the entire situation was as gloomy, uncomfortable and detestable as our worst enemies could have wished. The only living beings who did not seem in the least disturbed were the prisoners.

As for myself, I think I lost my senses several times during that dreadful night. Only 48 hours before, the job of leading the revolution had robbed me of an entire night of rest. Now I was doomed to another. I had to tramp the muddy road to keep myself awake, but my head dropped asleep once in a while on its own account, and with wide open eyes I beheld many strange visions in the darkness and imagined many things ridiculous and impossible. It seemed that the night never would end, and my gratitude was unspeakable when at early dawn we were ordered to feed, mount and resume our march. I tried to feel happy when the prisoners were placed in charge of a new guard and my sense of responsibility ended, but soon I found that sleepiness on horseback was more dreadful than on foot. No sooner would I drop into a doze than I would rouse with a start from an awful sensation of falling from my horse. Every body was cross, particularly the smokers, for all the fires were out, and few men carried matches.

Then it was that our captain leaped suddenly and securely into the affections of his men. Passing the word for smokers to fill their pipes, he tore a long, narrow strip from his handkerchief, moistened it the least bit, lit one end with a match, lighted his own pipe and then gave the smoldering rag to the first sergeant, from whom it passed down the entire troop. After the pipes were fairly started there was no more grumbling, except from nonsmokers.

How I wished myself a smoker! Often when in earlier days I had asked schoolmates why they took to smoking I was told, among other excuses, that a few whiffs of smoke would stop the craving of hunger when a fellow chanced to be playing truant for a day or off hunting or fishing and having too good luck to get home at mealtime. Well, had I learned smoking, the third day of our scout would have been a good time to test its remedial virtues, for my hunger was so intense that it drove everything else from my mind, and the memory of the bacon and hock of the night before almost made me scream with rage. It seemed to me the government was mean, despicable and standing in its own light to give me as three days' ration some food which I had eaten during the first 24 hours. If only I had brought that lump of fat pork which had seemed so loathsome when it was dealt me! I actually longed for that bit of adipose tissue, longed until I saw it on the ground just where I had tossed it, saw it as distinctly as if it were really before my eyes.

Really, when we halted about noon my hunger had made me mean spirited enough to go deliberately in search of my friendly enemy who owned the bacon and frying pan. Fortunately for the

poor fellow, he was eating his last bit of food apparently, for his haversack was inside out and lying by the fire to dry. He recognized me, and as the guard allowed me to speak to him he said:

"It seems too bad to waste the little fat that's left in the skillet, don't it? Wonder if that ain't an ear of corn in that field that we could roast?"

"It's all too hard," said I, shaking my head sadly as I remembered my search of the day before.

"The harder the better," said he. I never was more willing to be convinced. In a single minute I was back from the field with several ears. The Johnny selected the hardest, shelled it in his pan, shook it a little while before he put it over the fire, then parched it until it was a deep brown and poured

it upon the top of his hat to cool. Not a bit of the bacon fat remained in the pan, but each grain of corn was as glossy as if varnished.

"That!" said he, after a moment or two, as he poured a full half of the corn into a big husk and passed it to me. "Just h't yerself outside that an' see if you wasn't wrong thinkin' the corn too hard."

Bless that rebel! I do believe that parched corn saved my life. I resolved never to go on a scout again without a little frying pan in one of my saddlebags and a lot of shelled corn in the other. But what was half an ear of corn to a raging hunger like mine? It was too late to parch more, for the call to mount had sounded. As I hurried down the road to rejoin my company I met a veteran of the older troop on which I had been billeted when first I reached the regimental camp, and he hailed me kindly with:

"Well, young feller, how does scoutin' agree with you?"

"Well enough," I replied, "if I wasn't almost starvin'."

"It always strikes greenhorns that way," he replied. "Now, I ain't a bit sharp set. Say, maybe a piece of pork would help you out. Here."

He handed me what looked like a dirty wad of wet newspaper, in which I found about half a pound of pork. It was solid fat, dingy looking, and on one side, where the paper had lain closely against it, several advertisements had transferred themselves in reverse, with the general head "Help Wanted" at the top of them. The words were eminently appropriate, so I didn't scrape them off, but ate pork, advertisements and all.

About the middle of the afternoon a general buzz of satisfaction ran along the column. We were passing one of our picket stations, which meant that we were within an hour or two of our camp. When finally the march was ended, my horse was so glad to get into his stall and be relieved of bridle, saddle and blanket that he gleefully kicked the empty air for several minutes. Several minutes later his owner, lying on the bare floor of his tent, his head pillowed on the rain soaked blanket, was slumbering as sweetly as if his couch were of down, and the ugly ejaculations of the weary men who struggled in one by one were so many loving lullabies.

To Be Continued.



"The square peg in the round hole" figuratively expresses the use of means unsuited to the desired end. A great many people who have been cured of dyspepsia and other diseases of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery say: "We tried many medicines with only temporary benefit. It was not until we began the use of 'Golden Medical Discovery' that we found a complete and lasting cure."

\$3,000 FORFEIT will be paid by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., if they cannot show the original signature of the individual volunteering the testimonial below, and also of the writers of every testimonial among the thousands which they are constantly publishing, thus proving their genuineness. "It is with pleasure that I tell you what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pellets' have done for me," writes Mrs. T. M. Palmer, of Feeds, Kaufman Co., Texas. "Two years ago I was taken with stomach and bowel trouble. Everything I ate would put me in distress. I lived two weeks on milk and even that gave me pain. I felt as though I would starve to death. Three doctors attended me—one said I had dyspepsia, two said catarrh of the stomach and bowels. They attended me (one at a time) for one year. I stopped taking their medicine and tried some patent medicine; got no better, and I grew so weak and nervous my heart would fail. I could not do any kind of work. Now I can do my house work very well; am gaining in flesh and strength, and can eat anything I want."

Accept no substitute for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay expense of postage and mailing. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book, or 50 stamps for the cloth bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE MODERN SALESMAN.

He Realizes the Necessity For Correct Dress In Business.

It has become the unwritten but none the less stringent law that young men shall dress well and neatly during business hours. In many of the largest banks and financial institutions none of the clerks is permitted to go coatless, and in the mercantile establishments where salesmen are employed "loud" attire is actually discouraged. The old time salesman gloried in his flamboyant cravats and shirts, his diamonds and his peculiar clothes. His capital in trade consisted of a flashy appearance, vulgar stories, a constitution that would stand intoxicating liquor and an unlimited amount of cheek. He did not have to know anything about the goods he sold, except in a general way. He slapped men on the back, took them out to dinner, got drunk with them and then booked their orders. The modern salesman is a well educated, neatly dressed gentleman who knows all about the goods he sells. He is never called upon to drink, he never needs to dine out, he trades on honor and brains, and his customers are men who only admire men who know as much as or more than they do about their business. Dress plays the most important part in the game of commerce, no less with the salesman than it does with the manufacturer, the mill man, the banker or the financial man. They all dress to impress their fellow men favorably. —C. M. Connolly in Success.

Get the Oysters.

A captain of a Massachusetts regiment, stationed in Washington at the time of the civil war, was noted for his love of good things to eat and one day dispatched one of his soldiers, a man named Bailey, to Alexandria to get some fresh oysters, giving him instructions not to return without them. The man started, and no more was seen of him for nine days. The Washington Times prints the story of his return: After a lapse of nine days Bailey came into camp leading a train of four horse wagons, loaded with oysters. Approaching and respectfully saluting the amazed captain, Bailey said:

"Here are your oysters, captain. Couldn't find any in Alexandria, so I chartered a schooner and made a voyage to Fortress Monroe and Norfolk for them. There are about 200 bushels. Where do you want 'em?"

Bailey did really make the trip, hired his men and sold oysters enough in Georgetown before "reporting" to pay all expenses and leave him a profit of about \$100. The 200 bushels were divided among the members of the regiment, and Bailey returned to his duty.

Nothing Distinctive.

"What does the expert mean when he says 'there is no character' in Clark's handwriting?" inquired the seeker after knowledge.

"He means," replied the man who knew, "that every character is legibly formed."—Philadelphia Press.

Paper Making and the Egyptians.

The art of paper making is almost prehistoric. It is believed that the Egyptians invented the first crude process. This is shown in the name itself, which is derived from the word papyrus, a reed which grows in Egypt and other warm countries. The ancient Egyptians made their primitive paper from this plant by taking the smooth, fibrous layer between the rough outer bark and the inner flesh of the reed. This they dried and glued together in long rolls, which served as a means to convey their thoughts in hieroglyphics. This process has been so improved upon during the succeeding ages that today the most perfect paper can be made from the meanest substances.

Caged Birds Live Longest.

Many people declaim against the cruelty of keeping birds in cages, but it is a well proved truth that cage birds live about six times as long as a wild bird, and the bird invariably becomes so fond of its owner and its surroundings that when the cage is thrown open it will not fly away. It suffers so little from solitude that if a prospective mate is introduced it hits her on the head at first for her impudence in daring to intrude into a private apartment.

Bird Superstitions.

According to a superstition which holds sway in some parts of Ireland, the sedge warblers possess the souls of unbaptized babes and sing their sorrow at the midnight hour, while the linnet, yellow hammer and finch sing their plaintive and tender songs to remind us they are souls of departed friends not yet relieved from purgatorial pains. The bitters is their herald at night—Irish Times.

A Sermon on Money.

"No, my son," said the Billville parent, "money doesn't bring happiness. It only pays house rent and the grocery bill and makes the balliff and the bill collector respect us six days in the week while the parson gives us the halleluia smile on Sunday."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Shocking Drinker.

The Girl—Does he drink so terribly? The Guy—Yes, indeed; pours it out into his saucer.—Kansas City Independent.

How Birds Kill Snails.

Thrushes and other birds crush the shells of land snails and extract their juicy bodies, as do also raccoons and wood rats, but woodland birds will not eat naked snails because the slime on them sticks to their beaks and spoils their feathers.

NERVOUSNESS

Or despondency caused by weak unhealthy nerves, are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease. If you have a secret drain from early abuse, later excess or exposure, you cannot expect healthy nerves while your vitality is being wasted. Do not take out a miserable existence on account of your follies, you are not safe until cured—nature never excuses—no matter how young, old or innocent one may be.

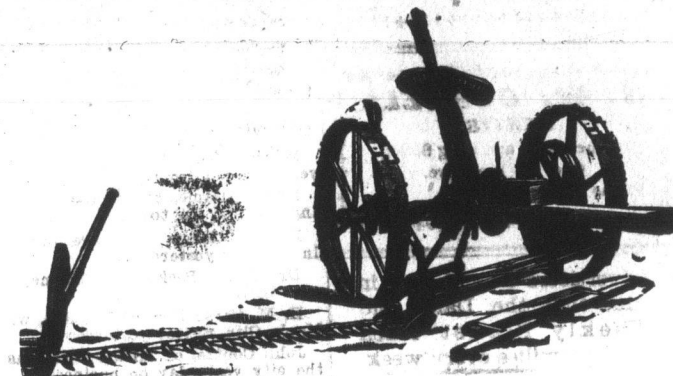
KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

Have you pain in the back, a dull feeling in the region of the kidneys? At times your water comes freely, a large quantity light in color, while at other times you do not make it quite so freely, it is dark in color, you make a small quantity, or you may have mucous deposit or brick dust colored sediment; give your condition immediate attention or more serious complications will set in. My treatment guaranteed as a positive cure for such conditions, and remember you

PAY WHEN CURED.

You need pay nothing until you are convinced that a thorough and complete cure has been established. Surely this is fair, as you run no chances. CONSULTATION FREE. If you cannot call, write for blank for home treatment. Perfect system of home treatment for those who cannot call. BOOK FREE. Medicines for Canadian patients shipped from Windsor—All duty and transportation charges prepaid—Everything confidential. No names on envelopes or packages—Nothing sent C. O. D.

DR. GOLDBERG, 305 WOODWARD AVE., Cor. Wilcox Street, DETROIT, MICH.



...WHEN YOU WANT...

HAY CARS SLINGS, FORKS...

Or anything in the hay line go to A. H. PATTERSON, Chatham. The New **Myer's Unloaders** are the latest and surest working Hay Cars manufactured. It is a stronger and easier unloader than any car sold. Do not fail to see our Pulleys, End Trips, Long Slings, Centre Trip Slings and Hay Forks. All sizes at lowest possible prices. Call and see them before you purchase elsewhere at A. H. Patterson's, as his goods are the latest and best.

A. H. PATTERSON
3 Doors East of Market. CHATHAM.

Prepared in Advance.

The British Postoffice has a reputation for its proverbial dignity, but The London Chronicle tells of an election incident that was almost too much for it. The imperturbable Postoffice was nearly upset at Chertsey on Friday—but not quite. A minute or so after the poll was declared a breathless boy rushed into the office with a huge bunch of telegraphic forms addressed to all parts of the country. The clerk looked at the first, turned them through. "Why, they're blank," he gasped. "That's how I got them," said the boy. By that time the clerk had resumed his official balance. They were addressed, and that was enough. By this time the recipients have probably guessed that someone had prepared everything for despatch but the result, and in the excitement of the moment forgot to add the thing that mattered.

NO USE EATING

Unless you Digest Your Food—Win-nipeg Man Proves that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Digest it.

It is necessary to eat to live, but it is yet more necessary that the food should be properly digested. If the food is not properly digested the different organs and muscles do not receive the sustenance they require and they become starved and weak. This is the experience of Mr. H. Bailey, 256 Patrick street, Winnipeg. In a statement to the public he says: "Although my appetite seemed good, I never seemed to gain much strength or weight till I started using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Then I think my food was properly digested and turned to flesh and strength. I gained eight pounds in weight and gained so much benefit otherwise that I can heartily recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to any one suffering from Dyspepsia."

The moral is that you must digest your food as well as eat it. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest it.

Costly Books.

When Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll was living in Peoria he was called upon one day by General John A. Logan, says the New York Times. The colonel was upstairs at the time, and General Logan was ushered into the library, where on a table were three volumes of Voltaire's works, an edition de luxe representing all that was best in the bookbinder's art. General Logan picked them up one at a time, absorbed in his admiration of their beauty. While so engaged Colonel Ingersoll entered the room.

"Colonel," said the general, holding one of the volumes in his hands, "this is the most magnificent volume I have ever seen. I do not want to seem impertinent, but would you mind telling me what these books cost you?"

"Those books," began the colonel, the twinkle in his eye growing brighter at each word, "cost me—the governorship of Illinois."

...A CHANCE TO... Make - Money

We receive daily information from our Wall Street reporter that enables our customers to be on the right side, and to make money. You should be among them and stop making continual losses. We have inside information affecting a stock that will have a 20 to 30 point advance.

Those interested in such stocks as MEXICAN CENTRAL, N. Y. CENTRAL, COLORADO FUEL, BROOKLYN RAPID TRANSIT, SOUTHERN PACIFIC, AMALGAMATED and others, write us.

We charge but a per cent. interest for carrying stocks.

If you have never traded and made money in the stock market write us and we will explain the methods to you.

Agents wanted to represent us in all cities and towns who can control trade.

L. E. THOMPSON CO., BANKERS AND BROKERS, 131 State St., Boston.

THE GIBSON PICTURES AT THE GIBSON STUDIO. Cor. King and Fifth Sts. CHATHAM.

LOOK! We are doing business, and we want more business.

Go down town when you can get the Choicest Groceries at lowest possible prices?

YOUR Order called for and delivered. The Old Reliable

FARLEY'S Cor. Colborne and Princess Streets...