

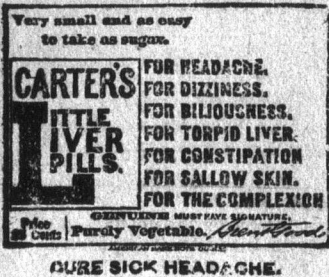
## ABSOLUTE SECURITY

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

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Wood*

See Pac-Simile Wrapper Below.



### Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

Ladies' Favorite. Is the only safe, reliable regulator on which women can depend. In the hour and time of need. Prepared in two degrees of strength. No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1—For ordinary cases. No. 2—For special cases—10 degrees stronger—three dollars per box. Ladies—ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other as all pills, mixtures and laxatives 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. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Chatham by all Druggists.

## MUSIC.

MR. E. B. ARTHUR, Organist and Choir Director of First Presbyterian Church, has opened classes for **Organ, Piano and Theory.** For terms apply at residence, Prince St., directly opp. Jail.

### 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 welcome.  
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.  
GEORGE MASSEY, W. M.

### DENTAL.

A. A. HICKS, D. D. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office, over Turner's drug store, 26 Rutherford Block.

### LEGAL.

SMITH, HERBERT D.—County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham.

THOMAS SCULLARD—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block, Chatham, Ont. Thomas Scullard.

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

HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite H. Macdonald's store. M. 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. C. W. B. Gundy, J. M. Pike.

WE HAVE ON HAND A LARGE SUPPLY OF

**LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE, CUT STONE,**

etc. All of the best quality and at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

**J. & J. OLDERSHAW**

A Few Doors West of Post Office.

## FOR SALE

Buff Plymouth Rock, the Overbaugh strain, a few young stock for sale. Also eggs in season, \$1.50 and \$1.00 per setting.

RALPH McCUBBIN, REDFORD STREET ROULTRY YARD

## Old Hagar's Secret...

By Mrs. M. J. Holmes...

Three times old Hagar assayed to speak, and at last, between a whisper and a moan, she found strength to say: "Will you kiss me once, Maggie, darling? 'Twill be something to remember in the lonesome nights when I am all alone. Just once, Maggie. Will you?"

Maggie could not refuse, and gliding to the bowed woman's side, she put back the soft hair from off the wrinkled brow, and left there to omen of her forgiveness.

The last May sun had set, and ere the first June morning rose Maggie Miller would be nowhere found in the home her presence had made so bright. Alone, with no eye upon her save that of the Most High, she had visited the two graves, and while her heart was bleeding at every throb, had wept her last adieu over the sleeping dust so long held sacred as her mother's. Then kneeling at the other grave, she murmured, "Forgive me, Hester Hamilton, if in this parting hour my heart clings most to her whose memory I was first taught to revere; and if in the better world you know and love each other, oh, will both bless and pity me, poor, wretched Maggie Miller!"

Softly the night air moved through the musical pine overshadowing the humble grave, while the moonlight, flashing from the tall marble, which stood a sentinel over the other mound, bathed Maggie's upturned face as with a flood of glory, and her throbbing heart grew still as if, indeed, at that hushed moment the two mothers had come to bless their child. The parting with the dead was over, and Margaret sat again in her room. She did not add to her letter another line telling of her discovery, for she did not think of it; her mind was too intent upon escaping unobserved, and when sure the family had retired, she moved cautiously down the stairs, noiselessly unlocked the door, and without once daring to look back, lest she should waver in her purpose, she went forth, heartbroken and alone, from what for eighteen happy years had been her home. Very rapidly she proceeded, coming, at last to an open field through which the railroad ran, the depot being nearly a quarter of a mile away. Not until then had she reflected that her appearance at the station at that hour of the night would excite suspicion, and she was beginning to feel uneasy, when suddenly around a curve the cars appeared in view. Fearing lest she should be too late, she quickened her footsteps, when to her great surprise she saw that the train was stopping! But not for her they waited. In the bright moonlight the engineer had discovered a body lying across the track and had stopped the train in time to save the life of the man, who, stupefied with drunkenness, had fallen asleep. The movement startled the passengers, many of whom alighted and gathered around the inebriate.

In the meantime Margaret had come near, and knowing she could not now reach the depot in time, she mingled unobserved in the crowd, and entering the car, took her seat near the door. The train at last moved on, and as at the station no one save the agent was in waiting, it is no strange that the conductor passed unheeded the veiled figure which in the dark corner sat ready to pay her fare.

"He will come to me by and by," thought Maggie, but he did not, and when Worcester was reached she was

**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 anything 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 \$1.25, all dealers or

THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., TORONTO, ONT.

**Boils were so painful could not sleep at night.**

**APPEARED ON NECK, LEGS AND ARMS.**

## Burdock Blood Bitters CURED THEM.

It is well-known to all that bad blood is the direct cause of all skin diseases and it is necessary for the skin to be cleansed before the eruptions will disappear. For this purpose there is nothing to equal Burdock Blood Bitters as the thousands of testimonials we have on hand will testify.

Mr. Willard Thompson, McNeill's Mills, F.R.L., writes us as follows: "I wish to state to you what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. Some time ago my blood got out of order and many boils appeared on my neck, legs and arms. They were so painful that I could not sleep at night. After having tried many different remedies without any success, I finally decided, on the advice of a friend, to use Burdock Blood Bitters. Before I had quite used two bottles the boils had completely disappeared, and I wish to emphasize the fact that I think Burdock Blood Bitters the best blood purifier on the market to-day."

still debtor to the Boston & Albany Railroad for the sum of seventy cents. Bewildered and uncertain what to do next, she stepped upon the platform, deciding finally to remain at the depot until morning, when a train would leave for Leominster, where she thought she expected to find her brother. Taking a seat in the ladies' room, she abandoned herself to her sorrow, wondering what Theo would say could she see her then. But Theo, though dreaming, it may be, of Maggie, dreamed not that she was near, and so the night wore on, Margaret sleeping toward daylight, and dreaming, too, of Arthur Carrollton, who she thought had followed her—nay, was bending over her now and whispering in her ear, "Wake, Maggie, wake."

Starting up, she glanced anxiously around, uttering a faint cry when she saw that it was not Arthur Carrollton, but a dark, rough-looking stranger, who rather rudely asked "where she wished to go?"

"To Leominster," she answered, turning her face fully toward the man, who became instantly respectful, telling her when the train would leave, and saying that she must go to another depot, at the same time asking if she had not better wait at some hotel.

But Maggie preferred going at once to the Fitchburg depot, which she accordingly did, and drawing her veil over her face, lest some one of her few acquaintances in the city should recognize her, she sat there until the time appointed for the cars to leave. Then, weary and faint, she entered the train, her spirits in a measure rising as she felt that she was drawing near to those who would love her for what she was and not for what she had been. Rose would comfort her, and already her heart bounded with the thought of seeing one who she believed was her brother's wife, for Henry had written that ere this his homeward voyage was made, Rose would be his bride.

Ah, Maggie! there is for you a greater happiness in store—not a brother, but a sister—your father's child is there to greet your coming. And even at this early hour her snow-white fingers are arranging the fair June blossoms into bouquets, with which she adorns her house, saying to him who hovers at her side, "that somebody, she knows not whom, is surely coming there to-day," and then, with a blush stealing over her cheek, she adds: "I wish it might be Margaret!"

While Henry, with a peculiar twist in his comical mouth, winds his arm around her waist, and playfully responds, "Any one save her?"

CHAPTER XXI.

On a cool piazza overlooking a handsome flower garden, the breakfast table was tastefully arranged. It was Rose's idea to have it there, and in her canonic wrapper, her golden curls combed smoothly back, and her blue eyes shining with the light of a new joy, she occupies her accustomed seat beside one who for several happy weeks has called her his, loving her more and more each day, and wondering how thoughts of any other could ever have filled his heart. There was much to be done about his home, so long deserted, and as Rose was determined upon a trip to the seaside, he had made arrangements to be absent from his business for two months or more, and was now enjoying all the happiness of a quiet, domestic life, free from care of any kind. He had heard of Maggie's illness, but she was better now, he supposed, and when Theo hinted vaguely that a marriage between her and Arthur Carrollton was not at all improbable, he hoped it would be so, for the Englishman, he knew, was far better adapted to Margaret than he had ever been. Of Theo's hints he was speaking to Rose, as they sat together at breakfast, and she had answered, "It will be a splendid match," when the door-bell rang, and the servant announced: "A lady in the parlor, who asked for Mr. Warner."

"I told you some one would come," said Rose, "do pray see who it is. How does she look, Janet?"

"Tall, white as a ghost, with big, black eyes," was Janet's answer; and with his curiosity awakened, Henry Warner started for the parlor, Rose following on tiptoe, and listening through the half-closed door to what their visitor might say.

Margaret had experienced no difficulty in finding the house of Mrs. Warner, which seemed to her a second Paradise, so beautiful and cool it looked, nestled amid the tall, green forest trees. Everything around it betokened the fine taste of its occupants, and Maggie, as she reflected that she, too, was nearly connected with this family, felt her wounded pride in a measure soothed, for it was surely no disgrace to claim such people as her friends. With a beating heart, she rang the bell, asking for Mr. Warner, and now, trembling in every limb, she awaited his coming. He was not prepared to meet her, and at first he did not know her she was so changed; but when, throwing aside her bonnet, she turned her face so the light from the window opposite shone fully upon her, he recognized her in a moment, and exclaimed, "Margaret, Margaret Miller! why are you here?"

The words reached Rose's ear, and, darting forward, she stood within the door, just as Margaret, staggering a step or two toward Henry, answered passionately, "I have come to tell you what I myself but recently have learned," and wringing her hands despairingly, she continued: "I am not Maggie Miller. I am not anybody. I am Hagar Warren's grandchild, the offspring of her daughter and your own father! Oh, Henry, don't you see it? I am your sister. Take me as such, will you? Love me as such, or I shall surely die. I have nobody now in the wide world but you. They are all gone, all—Madam Conway, Theo, too, and—and—" She could not speak that name. It died upon her lips, and tottering to a chair she would have fallen had not Henry caught her in his arms.

Leading her to the sofa, while Rose, perfectly confounded, still stood within the door, he said to the haggard girl: "Margaret, I do not understand you. I never had a sister, and my father died when I was six months old. There must be some mistake. Will you tell me what you mean?"

Bewildered and perplexed, Margaret began a hasty repetition of Hagar's story, but ere it was three-fourths told, there came from the open door a wild cry of delight, and quick as lightning, a fairy form flew across the floor, white arms were twined round Maggie's neck, kiss after kiss was pressed upon her lips, and Rose's voice was in her ear, never before half so sweet as now, when it murmured soft and low to the weary girl: "My sister Maggie—mine you are—the child of my own father, for I was Rose Hamilton, called Warner, first to please my mother, and next to please my Henry. Oh, Maggie darling, I am so happy now," and the little snowy hands smoothed caressingly the tresses of hair, so unlike her own fair waving tresses.

It was, indeed, a time of almost perfect bliss to them all, and for a moment Margaret forgot her pain, which, had Hagar known the truth, need not have come to her. But she scarcely regretted it now, when she felt Rose Warner's heart throbbing against her own, and knew their father was the same.

"You are tired, Rose said, at length, when much had been said by both. "You must have rest, and then I will bring you to my aunt, our aunt, Maggie—our father's sister. She has been a mother to me. She will be one to you. But stay," she continued, "you have had no breakfast. I will bring you some," and she tripped lightly from the room.

Maggie followed her with swimming eyes, then turning to Henry, she said: "You are very happy, I am sure."

(To Be Continued.)

## THE INCURABLE CURED AGAIN

**J. J. Perkins Owes His Life to Dodd's Kidney Pills**

Manitoba Man Helpless From Kidney Disease Made Strong And Healthy by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Tyndall, Man., April 18.—(Special).—Among the many in the great West who confidently state that they owe their lives to Dodd's Kidney Pills is Mr. J. J. Perkins, a well known resident of this place.

"For two years I was troubled with my kidneys," Mr. Perkins states, "and at last became so bad that the doctor gave me up and said I was incurable."

"I, at times, had such severe pains in my back and kidneys that I thought I would have to give up all hope and die. I was unable to work and was becoming destitute."

"While in this condition a friend persuaded me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had little faith in them, and it was more to please him than anything else I gave them a trial."

"To my surprise the first box did me so much good that I felt like a new man. Five boxes cured me completely."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life and I cannot praise them too much."

"Thousands of cases similar to that of Mr. Perkins are the proof that any Kidney Disease from Backache to Bright's Disease yields readily to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

A woman's love may be stronger than a man's, but so is her hatred.



The real joy of an outing is good tea!

Blue Ribbon Tea is made from the tenderest and most delicate leaves and flowers of the Ceylon tea plant.

It is delicious and creamy to the taste—is simply delightful with bread and butter.

## Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

Black, Mixed Ceylon Green 40c. should be Fifty Ask for the Red Label

To get that appetizing, brown appearance and outside crispiness on roasts of lamb, beef, etc.—to keep their goodness in them they must be basted. In the old style stove this necessitated reaching into the hot oven and moving the hot, heavy pan and holding it in the front of the oven while it was basted. A tedious performance with unsatisfactory results. The draw-out oven rack of the

## Imperial Oxford Range



For Sale, By Drew & McCallum, Chatham Ont.

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If your blood has been poisoned with any hereditary or acquired disease you are never safe until the virus is eradicated from the system. Don't trust to family doctors, patent medicines, blood purifiers, mercury and potash, etc. They will never cure you—though they may help you temporarily. Have your blotches, eruptions, running sores, bone pains, richness of the skin, sore throat, falling out of the hair, dyspeptic stomach, weak heart—We can cure you.

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Our VITALIZED TREATMENT is the result of 39 years experience in the treatment of thousands of Blood Diseases. If we fail in curing you, you need not pay us a cent.

We Cure Nervous Debility, Blood Diseases, Varicose veins and Strictures, (without operation), Sexual Weakness, Urinary, Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKLETS FREE. List of Questions sent for Home Treatment.

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Do not fail to see this Cream Separator before you buy.

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