

Six Doctors Failed to Cure Him.

ERYSIPELAS AND SALT RHEUM WAS THE TROUBLE.

Burdock Blood Bitters

DID MORE THAN SIX DOCTORS COULD DO.

Mrs. Theo. Newell, Argyle Sound, N.S., expresses her opinion of this wonderful food remedy in the following letter:

"It is with the greatest gratitude that I can testify to the wonderful curative powers of Burdock Blood Bitters. For years my husband suffered terribly with Erysipelas and Salt Rheum. He was so bad at times that he could not sleep on account of the itching and burning. He had been under the care of six different doctors, but they failed to do him any good. I had read different times of the wonderful cures being made by Burdock Blood Bitters, so advised him to give it a trial. He did so, and after taking five bottles was cured without a doubt. I would strongly advise any person troubled with blood disorders to give B.B.B. a fair trial for I am sure it will cure them."



Wood's Phosphodine

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 gives universal satisfaction.
It promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emission, Spasms, Rheumatism, Impotency, and all effects of Abuse of Stimulants, Mental and Brain. Worry, all of which lead to Indigestion, Insanity, Consumption, and an early grave. Price 25¢ per bottle, six for \$1.50. One will cure. Will cure. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send or pamphlet-free to any address.
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After.
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Change of Time.



City of Chatham

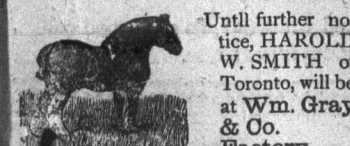
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WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By John Habberton.
Author of "Helen's Babies," "George Washington," Etc.
Copyright, 1901, by John Habberton.

"Not for me, sir, that I know of," said Brainard quickly.

"Eh? Well, so much the more to your credit. Nevertheless 'tis true. You're both commissioned to the Forty-third. It seems from a letter accompanying your commissions that the Forty-third is in a bad way—good men, bad officers—so bad that the command can't be trusted to take the field. A lot of the officers have been weeded out, and the governor wished to replace them with men from regiments that are in good shape and have seen hard service. The senator from your district strongly recommended you, Frost, and called that your father took with him a handsome young woman who told an extraordinary story of your bravery and produced a letter in evidence. I can't understand how you, your colonel, failed to have learned the facts, but—"

"Your cousin May!" exclaimed Brainard. Then he sprang to his feet and hit me between the shoulders with a force which I could not have believed was in his tiny frame. The colonel looked surprised, and Brainard murmured "I beg pardon" and collapsed in confusion.
"It seems, further," continued the colonel, "that the governor said he wished he knew of some other trooper of equal courage and ability, upon which the young lady said she could name one and straightway praised you, Brainard, without stint and declared that if you two could be sent together you could end the war. I can't imagine where the young lady obtained her knowledge of the special requirements of the service or how she came to know so much of the soldierly qualities of two of my corporals, but these commissions are the result."

"We can't accept them, sir," said Brainard, "if they've been granted on such hearsay and misapprehension."

"I didn't approve of Brainard's 'we.' He had the right to decline for himself, should he insist on being so foolish, but I wanted my own commission, no matter through what mistake it was issued. The colonel, too, was of my way of thinking, for he replied:

"Nonsense! Never lose a chance to reach higher rank, especially to move your insignia of rank from your sleeve to your shoulder."

"But, sir, there are other men more deserving of it," said Brainard. "I'd feel ashamed to wear shoulder straps if McTwyny must go on with only a sergeant's stripes. You ought to see him fight!"

"Eh? McTwyny? That freckled Irish tiger that's a sergeant in your troop? Oh, he couldn't help fighting if he tried!"

"But there's brains behind his fighting, sir. If you'd seen and heard—"

"There's brains behind all real fighting, corporal—er—lieutenant. Don't ever forget it, or your enemy will get the better of you."

"But there's such a lot behind McTwyny's, sir," persisted Brainard. "Think of the odds that were against him. He had only 18 men with whom to fight what looked like a brigade—certainly a thousand—and he talked and acted like a general instead of a mere sergeant."

"When? Where? How do you know?" asked the colonel, with a quizzical smile apparently at Brainard's assuming to know how a general would act.

"This afternoon. Way off to the right of the road our regiment took. We saw him. We were in the fight with him and were proud of it and of him."

"Bless me! I heard such wild stories of that skirmish that I've already asked your captain for a written report. Tell me all about it!"

Brainard told him without a word of exaggeration, yet as he talked the colonel arose and paced his tent like an excited lion in a cage. He clinched his hands, and his eyes flashed, and he sputtered small groups of Scriptural words that were not prayers. Brainard stopped abruptly after telling how Mick felled the skirmishers' captain.

"The tiger!" exclaimed the colonel. "I wish there were more of his kind in the regiment!"

"But isn't he a man, too?" asked Brainard. "And shouldn't he be rewarded?"

"It shan't be my fault if he isn't a man from this day forth," interrupted the colonel. "Come with me. I suppose he is in the hospital."

"Or dead," I suggested.

"Nonsense!" growled the colonel. "Loss of a fore paw never kills a tiger. Lieutenant Baslow of our regiment has shot him in India. He was in the British service and has told me all about it."

Instead of going direct to the hospital the colonel stopped at a captain's tent and asked for one of the occupant's jackets—an old one. The captain looked surprised, but complied with the request. The colonel strode rapidly to the hospital tents, followed by Brainard and me. Entering the surgical ward, he asked:

"Is McTwyny here?"

"Pristin, sorr," came from a red face on a cot, and a big freckled hand came to the side of the face in the position of salute.

"I'm sorry to hear of your loss," said the colonel, "and I've brought you the best consolation I could think of. This is the jacket you shall wear when you get up again, Captain McTwyny."



LOVE

Often leads to poverty. No real woman ever sold her heart for the luxuries of life.

But many a woman who has gladly faced poverty for the man she loved, may well doubt her wisdom when pain becomes the mate of poverty. If she were rich, she thinks, she could find a way of cure. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is within the reach of every one. It lifts the burden of pain which weighs down those who suffer from womanly diseases. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"You have my heartfelt thanks for your kind advice to me," writes Mrs. Geo. Fielder, of Victoria Avenue, Galt, Ontario. "Was troubled with catarrh of uterus for over a year. The doctors said I would have to go through an operation, but I commenced to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery, also his 'Lotion Tablets' and 'Antiseptic and Healing Suppositories.' Now I am completely cured, after using six bottles of Dr. Pierce's medicines. I am glad to say my medicine has made me a new woman."

Weak and sick women, especially those suffering from diseases of long standing, are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are easy and pleasant to take. A most effective laxative.

"Whooroo!" exclaimed Mick. He closed his eyes an instant, then opened them and said, "Av Norah cud only see it!"

"She shall see it, with you inside of it, as soon as you're fit to go north on leave of absence. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

Mick pushed aside his sheet, displayed his severed arm lying on his breast and said:

"Don't let 'em throw this away." "He knocked me down for trying to take it from him," whispered the nurse, "but of course a thing of that kind can't be kept."

For a moment the colonel seemed to be choking. When he recovered, he said:

"Let me take it. I'll have it buried with the honors of war. The company you're to command, captain, shall fire a salute over it."

"Oh thank yez very kindly, sorr, for that an' that else yez've done, but how about thim two little dhivils forinst ye? In the foight wld the fince falls—glory be to the polkes av auld Oreland—they were wot' more than all the rist av the platoon put together. Little Brainard, ah, that a shillelah twister he'd make! An' as for Frost, he saved me own loife two or three times in succession."

"Good!" exclaimed the colonel. "They shall be taken care of. Now keep as quiet as you can, captain, so as to get well quick—and see Norah. Nurse, hang this jacket at the foot of his cot in some way so he can always see the shoulder straps when his eyes are open. Come along, men—I beg your pardon—gentlemen."

To Be Continued.

TROUBLES OF EX-CHIEF OF POLICE

Could not Stand Before Dodd's Kidney Pills

Mr. Charles Gilchrist had Diabetes For Years—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

Port Hope, Ont., July 13.—(Special).—Mr. Charles Gilchrist, Chief of Police here for fifteen years and afterwards Dominion Fishery Overseer, is always willing to add his testimony to the volume of proofs from all parts that Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure any form of Kidney Disease.

"I am a healthy man, Dodd's Kidney Pills have done the job," is the way Mr. Gilchrist puts it. "When I first started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills I was in an awful state. I had been a sufferer from Diabetes and Kidney Disorder for ten years. My urine was of a dark brick color and I would suffer something awful while passing."

"I tried everything and tried the doctors but could get no help till I was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have made me a new man."

Mr. Gilchrist is getting on in years but he feels young. That's what Dodd's Kidney Pills do for a man.

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Orders promptly filled. Write for prices.

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THE FORNAKEN.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

Once in the winter,
Out on a lake
In the heart of the north-land,
Far from the Fort
And far from the hunters,
A Chippewa woman,
With her sick baby,
Crouched in the last hours
Of a great storm.

Frozen and hungry,
She fished through the ice
With a line of the twisted
Bark of the cedar,
And a rabbit-bone hook
Polished and barbed;

Fished with the bare hook
All through the wild day,
Fished and caught nothing;
While the young chieftain
Tugged at her breasts,
Or slept in the ladings
Of the warm tikanganan.

All the lake-surface
Streamed with the hissing
Of millions of ice-flakes,
Hurled by the wind;
Behind her round
Of a lonely island

Roaded like a fire
With the voice of the storm
In the depths of the cedars.
Valiant, unshaken,
She took of her own flesh,
Baited the fish-hook,
Drew in a grey trout,
Drew in his fellow.

Fooded them beside her,
Dead in the snow,
Valiant, unshaken,
She faced the long distance,
Wolf-haunted and lonely,
Sure of her goal

And the life of her dear one;
Tramped for two days,
On the third in the morning
Saw the strong bulk
Of the Fort by the river,
Saw the wood-smoke
Hang soft in the spruces,
Heard the keen yelp
Of the ravenous huskies
Fighting for whitfish;
Then she had rest.

II.

Years and years after,
When she was old and withered,
When her son was an old man
And his children filled with vigor,
They came in their northern tour
On the verge of winter

To an island in a lonely lake.
There one night they camped, and on
The morrow
Gathered their kettles and birch-bark.

Their rabbit-skin robes and their
Mink-traps,
Launched their canoes and slunk
Away through the islands,
Left her alone forever.

Without a word of farewell,
Because she was old and useless,
Like a paddle broken and warped,
Or a pole that was splintered.
Then, without a sigh,
Valiant, unshaken,
She smoothed her dark locks under
her kerchief.

Composed her shawl in state,
Then folded her hands ridged with
sineus and corded with veins,
Folded them across her breasts spent
with the nourishing of children,
Gazed at the sky past the tops of the
cedars.

Saw two spangled nights arise out of
the twilight,
Saw two days go by filled with the
tranquil sunshine,
Saw, without pain or dread, or even
a moment of longing:

Then on the third great night there
came thronging and thronging
Millions of snowflakes out of a wind-
less cloud.

They covered her close with a beauti-
ful crystal shroud,
Covered her deep and silent,
But in the frost of the dawn,
Up from the life below,

Rose a column of breath
Through the dim clefts in the snow,
Fragile, delicately drawn,
Wavering with its own weakness,
In the wilderness a sign of the spirit,
Persisting still in the sight of the
sun

Till day was done.
Then all light was gathered up by
the hand of God and hid in His
Breast.

Then there was born a silence deeper
than silence,
Then she had rest.

—The Outlook.

Power of a Swan's Wing.
"Swans," said a Toronto Island
habitué, "have great strength of
wing. It is said that with a blow of
its wing a swan can break a man's
leg, and I have no doubt this is so.

A doctor told me one day, as we
stood together by the island lake,
that one of his first cases had been
that of a man whose arm a swan
had broken with its wing.

"The accident occurred in Arkan-
sas, on Swan Lake, a body of water
where these birds abound. A hunts-
man was 'fire-hunting,' when a
swan, making for the light, flew
straight at his head. He put up his
arm to shield his face, and the pow-
erful wing of the white bird struck
him like a club. Both bones in the
forearm were broken; it was a com-
pound fracture.

"If a swan, accidentally, can break
in this way a man's arm, there is, in
my opinion, no room to doubt that
it could, if it desired, break with a
well-directed blow, a man's leg."

Ontario's Jurist.

Chief Justice Armour, Ontario's
jurist for the Alaskan Boundary
Commission, is now in his 72nd
year, and his strong capacities intel-
lect is as keen as that of a man of
50. He is one of the most distin-
guished graduates of Upper Cana-
da College and the University of To-
ronto. Chief Justice Armour is in
the happy position of having no po-
litical past, and possesses equally
the confidence of Liberals and Con-
servatives in Canada. Morgan, in his
sketch of the Chief Justice, declares
that he holds an academic opinion
that the political independence of Can-
ada would tend greatly to its na-
tional advancement.



A Connoisseur's Tea

The tender top shoots of the tea plant, known as "Orange Pekoe," are mainly used in Blue Ribbon Tea.

The "crème de la crème" of tea growths! The most delicious and tasty tea in the world.

People who know, recognize this quality in Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea. The delicious taste and fragrant aroma mean inner excellence to them.

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PARRY SOUND DIVISION—A steamer leaves Penetanguishene at 2.30 p.m. daily (Sunday excepted) for Parry Sound and intermediate ports. Steamer leaves Parry Sound for Midland and Penetanguishene 6 a.m. daily.

NORTH SHORE DIVISION—A steamer leaves Collingwood for Parry Sound, Point au Baril, Byng Inlet, French River and Killarney at 10.30 p.m. every Monday and Thursday.

LAKE SUPERIOR DIVISION—Steamers leave Sarnia for Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and Fort William every Monday, Wednesday and Friday 3 p.m. Steamers leaving Sarnia Mondays and Fridays go to Duluth.

WINDSOR DIVISION—Steamer "Majestic" leaves Windsor every Tuesday, 11 p.m., Sarnia Wednesday, 3 p.m., for Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and Fort William. For passenger and freight rates, folders and further information apply to

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