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Farm in Township of Raleigh, 50 acres. All cleared. Good house and barn. \$3500.00.

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Are selling Real Estate right along. They mean business.

Owners of property who desire to sell are quick to make a note of this. They are agents for The Monarch Fire Insurance Company; and they have houses to rent.

A trial only required.

The Chatham Loan and Savings' Co.

44 Half Yearly Dividend.
Notice is hereby given that dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Company has been declared this day for the current half year ending December 31st, 1903, payable at the Company's Office on and after January 2nd, 1904.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to the 31st December, inclusive. By Order of the Board.
S. F. GARDINER,
Manager.
Chatham, November 30, 1903.

PERSIFLAGIAN CYNICISM.

Chief Characteristic of the Present Prime Minister of Great Britain—Cynical Premiers of the East.

To treat everything in the lightest tone of persiflage—never for one moment to release into seriousness—hide real feeling and to advertise on real feeling, so that it is always impossible to say where reality begins and affectation ends—this is the dominant mode in large sections of English society to-day, and that mode finds its highest, boldest and most lucid expression naturally in the man who holds the highest office in the State. There have been plenty of cynical Prime Ministers in our history. Melbourne was a cynic; Palmerston was a cynic; Disraeli was a cynic; but it was the cynicism of the world-weary, or the astute, or the adventurer. It remained for Mr. Balfour to display the cynicism of persiflage. There are few personalities in political life, therefore, whom it is more difficult to understand than the Prime Minister. If you talk even to people who are intimate with him, it is hard to find two who take exactly the same view of his character. There are those who will tell you that he has no human feeling at all, or that he has any it is strictly confined to one or two individuals, and these individuals do not belong to the ranks of the men who are his leading political colleagues. On the other hand, there are intimates of Mr. Balfour who claim that he is a man of warm personal feeling and of strong personal friendships, and who declare that of all the men they know, he is the one above all others to whom they would go in a moment of stress and difficulty. Again, who can tell which is the real Arthur Balfour as regards his ambitions and his treatment of other men? Is he what he once said of himself, as a little child who has got to his great position and is able to retain it, almost in spite of himself, without conscious effort—with a little calculation of consequences as though he were playing a game of golf or writing an abstruse metaphysical essay? Or is he a man of inordinate ambition, who pursues his purpose with all the cold astuteness of the race to which he belongs, and who uses and then casts off other men as they suit his policy and his purpose?—T. P. O'Connor, in M.A.P.

Sir Arthur's Way.
The report that the veteran librettist, W. S. Gilbert, may again take up writing for the stage has revived stories of the old Gilbert-Sullivan union and a new lot of reminiscences concerning Sir Arthur.

An old friend, Mr. Cellier, has been recalling the ways of the composer. "Sir Arthur Sullivan found his chief difficulty in getting started," Mr. Cellier says, "but once he got his hand in he would write for twelve hours at a stretch and for days took no time for regular meals, but snatched bits from the sideboard when he thought of it. He was a charming man, making everything easy and being very approachable. Naturally all desired to please him. In a certain chorus he had written a high top note for the soprano, and on it there was a difficult word to sing. They demurred over it and told him of their troubles.

"Why, bless me, it is one of the best top notes I ever wrote," was his reply. "They were so devoted that they struggled with the word and sang it very charmingly. "One day a young debutante was extremely nervous on a first rehearsal with the orchestra and almost in tears. When it came to an unaccompanied quartet she said to Sir Arthur, 'I know I shall sing out to tune.' "That's right, my dear," he replied; 'sing out of tune. That's how I like it.' The result was that her nervousness quite disappeared. She sang it in tune and was afterwards a successful prima donna of the Savoy."

On the China Station.
Vice-Admiral Sir Gerard Henry Utried Noel, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief on the China station in succession to Admiral Sir Cyprian A. G. Bridge, K.C.B., is one of the fast-disappearing band of midshipmen who served in the White Sea during the Crimean war, and he also saw something during the Indian Mutiny. He is a gunnery officer of wide experience, who has smartened up the shooting of the guns' crews of his ships to a commendable point of excellence. No officer is better fitted for the supreme control of British naval interests in the far east, and no other officer has ever won from a Minister a more generous meed of praise than the late Marquis of Salisbury accorded to Sir Gerard Noel. In 1898 he risked his reputation in a bold move in Crete, and settled in a trice the tangle diplomacy had failed to unravel. Not only has he been Director of Naval Intelligence at the Admiralty, but he was in command of the Australian station from 1895 to 1898, and has studied carefully the political situation in the Pacific. He is an officer of high attainments and has written widely on naval topics.—Exchange.

The Oldest Portrait Known.
Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, the world-famous archaeologist, contributed to Harper's Magazine for November an absorbing account of his recent explorations at Abydos, Egypt, where the most remarkable facts are being revealed regarding the past of Egypt. What is probably the oldest portrait known has been discovered by Professor Petrie himself while "groping in the thick, brown organic mud of a rubbish-hole." It is the ivory portrait of a King, subtle in conception, wonderful in execution, a photograph of the ancient monarch, the artist, Professor Petrie is an Englishman, born at Charlton in 1853. His discoveries at Abydos, ranging through a period of nearly a quarter of a century, have been of incalculable value and distinction.

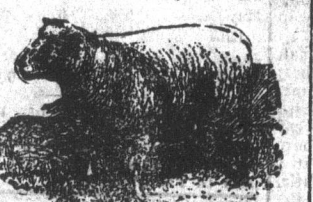
AT THE TOP.

It is a laudable ambition to reach the top of the ladder of success. But many a man who reaches the topmost rung finds his position a torment instead of a triumph. He has sacrificed his health to success. A man can succeed and be strong if he heeds Nature's warnings. When there is indigestion, loss of appetite, ringing in the ears, dizziness, spots before the eyes or palpitation of the heart, any or all of these symptoms point to weakness and loss of nutrition. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the medicine to cure.

\$3,000 FORFEIT will be paid by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., if they cannot show the original signature of the individual volunteering the testimonial among the thousands who are constantly publishing, thus proving their genuineness. "For about two years I suffered from a very obstinate case of dyspepsia," writes R. E. Second, Esq., of 13 Eastern Ave., Toronto, Ontario. "I tried a great number of remedies without success. I finally lost faith in them all. I was so fatigued that I could not for a long time get any solid food in my stomach; felt melancholy and depressed. Could not sleep nor follow any occupation. Some four months ago a friend recommended your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' After a week's treatment I derived so much benefit that I continued the medicine. I have in my case accomplished a permanent cure. I can conscientiously recommend it to the thousands of dyspeptics throughout the land."

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, too large pages in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31-cent stamps to pay expenses of postage and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Profit in Sheep.
A Virginia woman who owns a little land has gone into the business of raising sheep. She spent twenty-five dollars, paying three dollars a head for ewes, and then turned her flock to her pasture land. She raised what she could care for on her land, selling the rest as soon as they were of marketable age. She gave about one hour a day to them, and paid a boy to



tends a week to keep the sheep sheds clean and the fodder cut up. She has been in the business about five years. The first year she came out forty dollars ahead and the second year she came out sixty dollars. At the end of the fourth year she had a flock of sixty ewes, all she could keep with her pasture, and in wool and mutton she found she had a clear yearly income of four hundred and fifty dollars.

New Imperial Japanese Morning Glories.
These grand new morning glories from Japan are "reliable for the large size and exquisite new colors of the flowers, with magnificent foliage, often beautifully blotched. Of strong, robust growth, the vines grow quickly to a height of 15 to 20 feet. They are of all shades of red, from the most delicate pink to the most brilliant crimson and maroon and innumerable shades of blue, from pale lavender to richest indigo and royal purple; also white, yellow, gray, slate, copper, brown, bronze, almost black, and many other colors not found in any other flower. Many varieties have a distinct marginal band of a different color from the rest of the flower, and some are elegantly spotted with pink, crimson, blue, brown, etc., as the finest gladiolus others are striped, blotched, mottled, rayed, and shaded in an indescribable manner, often having seven or eight colors and thus in one flower. Many are of very delicate and singular forms; some have the petals and separate distinct clear in the base, others have the tube of the flower bent down on itself at a sharp angle, and then bent back again."

DRIVE AWAY THAT NERVOUS FEELING

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will do it—What they did for M. Mongeot, of Masson, Que.

Do you feel nervous and irritable? Do little things bother you? Does your work seem a trouble and life as a whole hardly worth living? Do you know that it is your stomach that is to blame? That the most frequent effects of indigestion are nervousness, and that irritable feeling and low spirits? Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will prove this to you. Carry a few of them in your pocket, take one or two after eating and you will soon find your nervousness gone, and yourself in good spirits and at peace with all the world. Thousands of others have proved this. M. Mongeot, of Masson, Que., says: "I suffered from Dyspepsia and was terribly troubled with nervousness. For eighteen months I was miserable. One box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets helped me considerably and continuing their use I was soon cured."

He's a citizen of Illinois, isn't he? No, he can't be. Why, he gave me that impression. You must have misunderstood him. He told me he lived just outside the limits of Chicago.

A child can put a twist in a tree that an army cannot take out.

IN PENITENTIAL MOOD

By LESTER GRAY

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

The last echoes from the organ died in the ghostly outer darkness of the church. For the first time Paul Scharf's glance lifted from the keyboard. He started, for the chancel lights made an aureole around Betty Carew's blond head. But her gay voice—petulant, charming, wholly human—dispelled the odor of sanctity.

"I have come to join the choir as a Lenten sacrifice," she said demurely. Her laughing eyes were veiled by modest lashes, but her red mouth still pouted irresistibly, and the saucy dimple lurking near it betrayed the fact that much of earth and its allurements yet clung to the fair penitent.

Despite himself, Paul Scharf's glance lingered on the lovely face. The slight lip curled in a half smile of conscious power. At that a sudden bitter thought sent an angry flush to his cheek. She had come to flaunt him with her beauty.

"Your voice will be very acceptable—Miss Carew," he said, low and steady.



AND IT WAS TRUE THAT PAUL SCHARF FOUND THEM.

But she had caught the break before her name. Ah, he remembered when it had been not Miss Carew, but Betty! Three weeks was short for forgetting. She flashed her glorious smile full upon him. "Perhaps Lent's penitences will blot out the sins of other days," he ventured boldly.

He looked down at her searchingly. Was there not a note of earnestness underlying her flippancy?

But, as he hesitated, Betty, plucked by his unresponsive mood, turned her back upon him. Her slight figure was drawn up to its fullest height as she walked into the choir-room. Passion had swept away penitence.

The others had already gathered. Their reception was in flattering contrast to the one just accorded her. Jack Dudley was assuring her of his delight when the young organist took his seat at the piano.

"To your places, please," he said courteously. But Betty chose to consider it in the light of a reprimand, and her blue eyes flashed defiance. During the intermission, when the others walked and talked up and down the long aisles of the church, Betty and Jack Dudley preferred to sit in a shadowy corner. The girl flirted, flirted liberally. But deep down in her heart there had been an ache. Lenten sacrifices were hard in the making.

The rehearsals came and went. Betty Carew's sweet, high soprano led all the rest. And in its varying cadences the quick ear of the choir master could read the mood of the girl, whether it be frivolous or penitent. But there were other signs. When she was penitent she would have naught of badinage. Paul Scharf would play then as if in answer to her need. And she sat in the remotest corner of the chancel and listened with rapt face. But when she was frivolous she flirted, flirted outrageously, to the scandal of the choir and the undoing of its masculine members.

It was on one of these nights that Scharf decided on a chancel rehearsal. But when, after the intermission, he called "Places," Betty was loath to leave her shadowy corner. "Let's not go," she said beguilingly, and Jack Dudley was only too willing to agree.

"But we must sit on the floor," she decided. "Mr. Scharf might see." "Oh, hang Scharf!" began Dudley, but a warm hand seized his persuasively, and again he yielded.

"It's fun to be naughty sometimes," said Betty. She was kneeling in the rear aisle, and as the choir began to wrestle with an anthem she raised the tip of her inquisitive nose above the high carved-back of the last pew. But she ducked with a sharp exclamation.

"What's up?" asked Jack Dudley good naturedly. He found Miss Betty a delicious partner in crime, especially when she seized his hand in that frightened way. He almost wished she would get a thorough scare—who knows what she might do?

"They're singing without an accompaniment," said Betty in an intense whisper, "and Mr. Scharf is walking back to get the effect. He's coming right this way. Oh, what shall we do?"

"If he should find us," said the guileful Jack.

"Oh, if he should," Betty breathed. She sank down in a frightened little

dead while Jack Dudley took her protectingly.

And it was thus that Paul Scharf found them. If he had expected it, his face only showed an incredulous amazement.

"Miss Carew!" he exclaimed. At the sound of his voice the girl's spirit reassured itself. "Here," she answered defiantly.

"Yes, I see you are there," the choir master said grimly. "But if you think it is a proper position I fail to agree with you." Here Betty turned a vivid scarlet and snatched her hand away from Jack. "I must request that you both take your places in the chancel." And he turned on his heel.

Something of the cool contempt in his tone seemed to rob the two of bravado for they followed him meekly up the aisle.

To Betty the rest of the rehearsal seemed interminable. She refused to accept the messages of comfort which Jack's eyes telegraphed her. She hated him. He had made her ridiculous, contemptible, in Paul Scharf's eyes. This was the end of her Lenten penitence. Of course she must leave the choir tonight.

And so the astonished Jack went home alone, while Betty waited to brave her fate.

Paul Scharf closed the keyboard, with a sigh. "Betty!"

Quick as the thought her face smiled up at him. Beneath her aureole of hair her eyes met his challengingly. He could almost feel her warm breath on his cheek. "Was I so very naughty, Paul?" she breathed.

Ah, if he might lean over and kiss those tempting lips! But he drew himself stiffly erect as he answered gravely. "You set a very bad example to the rest of the choir, Miss Carew."

She flushed an angry red. "I will remove the example by resigning," she said proudly.

"That must be as you and Mr. Dudley decide." There was a sting in the words.

And then Betty put her head down on the keyboard and cried. Oh, clever Betty! She had played coquetry and defiance in vain. But this trump card, which she had played so well, was now her undoing.

Was this the relentless Judge, the implacable choir master, who called her Betty and besought her not to cry?

"I was a brute to speak to you so, Betty," he declared remorsefully. "I've been a fool all along. But you'll forgive me, dearest?" He tried to catch a glimpse of her face.

Then Betty smiled up at him through her tears, the old charming Betty, but with a new humility in her eyes. "I will," she said softly, "just for a Lenten penitence."

But when she felt his arms around her and kisses on her lips Lent was forgotten and love reigned supreme.

The Barber's Story.
The barber drew the keen razor over his customer's face and began:

"A friend of mine told me the best fish story I ever heard in my life while he was shaving the other day. 'Want to hear it?' All right. You see, it concerns a physician who had a friend who was a daffy over fish, and he used to try all kinds of queer experiments with them. One time the friend told the physician that if you took a fish and kept it out of water every day, increasing the time each day, you'd soon have the fish so that it wouldn't have to be in the water at all. Well, the idea sounded reasonable to the physician, so he went and bought a large shad. He put it in an aquarium, and every day he took it out of the water and put it on the floor. The first day he only allowed it to stay out for thirty seconds, but every day he increased the time until finally the shad didn't need any water at all to live in."

"Well, one rainy night the physician was sitting in his study teaching the shad to smoke a cigar when the telephone bell rang, and after answering it the physician prepared to go out on a rainy call. He ordered his carriage, and when it appeared at the door he went out, the shad following him. It was raining hard, and a perfect torrent of water was flowing down the gutters. The shad attempted to get in the carriage, but slipped and fell into the gutter and was drowned. Oh, I'm sorry I cut you, sir. But you couldn't help smiling then, could you?"—Philadelphia Press.

Fatal Hours.
Is it a fact that certain hours of the twenty-four which form a day are more fatal to life than the rest? Is the popular belief that deaths occur at any particular moment more than any others founded on fact? A solution of this question has been attempted by a physician who, having set down in writing the exact time of the deaths of 2,800 persons of all ages, among a mixed population and extending over many years, easily perceived that the most fatal hour was between 6 and 8 o'clock in the morning. On the other hand, the minimum was between 9 and 11 o'clock, also in the morning. The mortality at the first named hour was 40 per cent above the average; in the second 64 per cent below it. Between 10 and 2 o'clock during the day the mortality was not high. The most fatal hours were between 3 and 6 o'clock in the morning. The fact therefore proved there are fatal hours. Why? The explanation is easy. In fact, the statistics of 5,000 to 6,000 deaths collected by Mr. Haviland and laid before the British Medical association in 1894 showed that in the great majority of cases death supervened between 1 o'clock and 8 o'clock in the morning and that the minimum number occurred between 1 o'clock in the afternoon and midnight; hence the practical deduction, that death most frequently happens at a time when generally speaking, the sick are neither fed nor looked after; hence, also, the therapeutic deduction that those who suffer should be watched unceasingly.—New York Herald.

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Carving Sets, Table Knives,
Pearl Sets, Nut Bowls,
Bake Dishes, Water Pitchers.

Come and make your selection early.
Prices are right.

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Family Discussions.
Dissension in families often arises from a lack of mutual consideration among the members of the family. The "soft answer that turneth away wrath" is forgotten for the hasty reply, the unkind remark, that kindle the fire of ill feeling. Love does not linger in the home where rudeness shows its unlovely qualities. It chooses to dwell in the home where the spirit of unselfishness, of self control, of thoughtfulness and of charitableness makes the atmosphere sweet. The woman who is quick to take offense is not like her of whom Holy Scripture says, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Happy homes depend on happy hearts. Home is distinctively a woman's sphere, and she who sweetens it most makes earth nearer heaven.

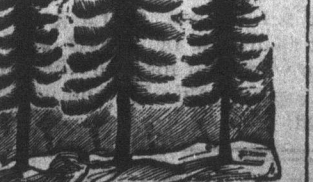
On the Installation Plan.
Mrs. Browne—Oh, what lovely wedding presents! Such beautiful silverware and such rare china! Wasn't it nice to get such presents?

Mrs. Greene—Yes, it was, but we are now beginning to pay for them on the installment plan.

Mrs. Browne—Pay for them? On the installment plan? Why, Mrs. Greene, what do you mean?

Mrs. Greene—Why, the young people who gave us wedding presents are getting married, and we have to send them wedding presents.

Industry is cheap. It is laziness that costs. It has cost many a bright man a bright career.



Dr. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

CURES COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS and all THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. Miss Florence E. Mailman, New Germany, N.S., writes: "I had a cold which left me with a very bad cough. I was afraid I was going into consumption. I was advised to try DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. I had little faith in it, but before I had taken one bottle I began to feel better, and after the second I felt as well as ever. My cough has completely disappeared."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

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Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.