

Was Not Able To Walk For Three Months.

Was Given Up to Die.
The Doctor Said So.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Saved Her Life.

Read what Mrs. Wm. Castilloux, Newport, Quebec, has to say about Burdock Blood Bitters:—"Last December I fell very sick after confinement. I was not able to walk for three months, and was given up to die by the doctor. My husband read of the many wonderful cures made by Burdock Blood Bitters, so procured me two bottles. After using it for about ten days, I was able to get around, and could mind my baby without help from anyone, and am now well, and able to do my own work. I told a lady friend of mine who was troubled in the same way, and she used it with equal success. I cannot too highly recommend your medicine, for I know just how good it is, and hope and wish that anyone suffering as I did will give it a trial."

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LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 45, 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.

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DR. LUDLOW'S DENTAL ROOMS are located at the head of the short stairway, second door west of Bank of Commerce, and opp. the Garner Hotel. All work neatly, cheaply and satisfactorily performed.

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Reserve \$10,000,000
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is the hardest to get rid of.

Radley's Pulmonary Cough Syrup has been curing them for years. For sale at 25 Cents

RADLEY'S
DRUG STORE

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

A ROYAL

LOVE STORY

Some time when novels fall upon you turn to a page of history that is far more engrossing than any fiction that was ever penned.

There is nothing more fascinating than to seize upon a character in history and read all that can be found about that particular person. Then, gradually, out of the dim and distant past rises up a figure that is very real and very human.

For a beginning, start on a time about which much has been written. The times of the Georges, for instance. Discover if you can the reason of Caroline's love for her husband, George the Second. Solve the mystery of the devotion of a brilliant, beautiful woman for the fat, ugly, little creature, who treated her harshly, selfishly, oft-times brutally.

Let us begin at the very beginning of the life of this wonderful woman. In the year 1683, near the close of the stormy reign of Charles the Second in England, a little princess was born at Ansbach. Her father was the Elector of Brandenburg, but he died shortly after she was born and her mother married again. Then the stepfather died and, when the little princess was but thirteen her mother died also.

It might have been a hard time for Wilhelmina Caroline Dorothea, to give her her full name, but fortunately she fell into the hands of a guardian who had an exceptionally good and clever wife. Sophia Charlotte took a great liking to her young ward and brought her up very carefully. When she became a young lady a very brilliant match was proposed for her. Archduke Charles, ruler of Spain, and afterwards Emperor of Germany, wanted to marry her. But there was an obstacle in the way. He was a Roman Catholic and she a Protestant. It was necessary for her to change her religion. You know that it is as easy generally for a Royal princess to change her religion as it is for a commoner to change his gloves. But it was not so with Caroline. A Jesuit Father was sent for, to come and convert her but he met with unexpected opposition. Long and weary were the discussions that took place between Father Bruno and Caroline. It ended by the young Princess writing and breaking off the whole thing. Then the question was whom was she to marry? She was twenty-two, which was quite old for an unmarried princess in those days, nay, even in these when our late Duke of Edinburgh's daughters are married off at seventeen with disastrous results sometimes as we know. But such a charming princess as Caroline could not long escape. One day along comes the Elector of Hanover and promptly falls in love with—as we are quaintly told—"her charms of mind and person."

There were no obstacles in the way of this match, and in 1705 Caroline and George Augustus were married. According to that travel writer, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, George was quite an attractive young prince. But a halo generally surrounds Royalty and we must take her eulogy with a grain of salt.

Shortly after her marriage Caroline was stricken with the scourge of those days—small-pox. We can picture to ourselves the state of mind both she and her husband would be in lest her pretty face be spoiled. But the Fates were kind and she came out of the attack little the worse of it.

In 1714 the Crown of England came to George Louis, Elector of Hanover, through his mother, the old Electress Sophia, niece of Charles the First. It is on this slender thread that our present King hangs his claim to Stuart descent. There is a story told of this Sophia which illustrates the point touched on of princesses changing their religion. When her daughter was a pretty girl of thirteen, some one asked what church she belonged to. "Oh," replied Sophia, "I have not had her instructed in any religion as yet. I am waiting to see whom she will marry."

George the First was a harsh old man. The hero of innumerable love affairs himself, he banished his young wife to a lonely castle, and kept her there until she died thirty-two years later, for losing her heart to that fascinating scoundrel, who wrought much devastation, Philip of Konigs-marek, brother of the famous beauty, Aurora.

George the First and his daughter-in-law did not get on together. "Cetle diablesse, Madame la Princesse," he called her. One of the reasons of this dislike was, no doubt, Caroline's clever and biting tongue, which she seems to have exercised freely on George and his elderly inamoratus. Then, too, she was very ambitious. Her husband loved Hanover and was loth to go to England, but Caroline urged him to it and they were not long in following George the First across the channel.

When there they loathed, and then bought, Richmond Lodge, near Ken, and established a rival court. Gay, indeed, were the doings there. Walpole, in his gossip letters, has left us a vivid picture of the fetes that took place. Pope, a little lame poet, celebrated the beauties of this miniature court in verse. One of the gay damsels of this court was the lovely Mary Bellenden, who, when her Royal master wanted to make love to her, folded her arms on her breast and would have none of him. Not so beautiful Mrs. Howard, of whom Gay wrote:

"O wonderful creature, a woman of reason!
Never gave out of pride, never gay
out of season!
When so easy to guess who this
angel should be,
Who would think Mrs. Howard
ne'er dreamt it was she!"

Of course no college man is a thorough graduate until he secures his sheepskin.

So different from Wall street. A man isn't considered a graduate there until he secures a lamb's skin.



Many women are denied the happiness of children through derangement of the generative organs. Mrs. Beyer advises women to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with stomach complaint for years. I got so bad that I could not carry my children but five months, then would have a miscarriage. The last time I became pregnant, my husband got me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the first bottle I was relieved of the sickness of stomach, and began to feel better in every way. I continued its use and was enabled to carry my baby to maturity. I now have a nice baby girl, and can work better than I ever could before. I am like a new woman."

—Mrs. FRANK BEYER, 22 S. Second St., Meriden, Conn. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMAN.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted having written her, and she has helped thousands.

BERLIN BOASTS OF A THINKING HORSE.

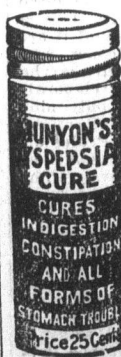
A horse has been exciting a great deal of attention in Germany this fall. It is not as with most famous horses, because of his being fleet-footed, or his nose, but because of his clever head. Hans—that is the horse's name—has astonished people with his wonderful tricks and memory that everybody who has seen him is asking, "Can a horse really think?" And Hans is called the thinking horse of Berlin.

Photographs have been taken of Hans, showing him in the presence of a large audience, and engaged in the various tasks of reading from a tablet, distinguishing colors, recognizing a person from his photograph, solving arithmetical puzzles, and listening while a task is being set him. It is claimed for him that there is not the least trickery in his feats, but that he has been trained much as a child would be in school. Not long ago an examination of Hans was held in Berlin, and a commission, including a cavalry general, several other officers, officials from the Zoological gardens, professors from the Veterinary college, and the Physiological institute and two circus directors, inquired into his powers, and reported favorably.

A STARTLING REPLY.

Mrs. Barron was one of the new "summer folk" and not acquainted with the vernacular. Consequently she was somewhat surprised, upon sending an order for a roast of lamb to the nearest butcher, to receive the following note in reply: "Dear Mam, I am sorry I have not killed myself this week, but I can get you a leg off my brother (the butcher at the farther end of the town). He's full up on what you want. I sent him last night with five legs. Yours respectfully, George Gunton."

YOU CAN EAT ALL YOU LIKE



what you like and when you like if you take Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure, the most infallible cure ever compounded for Dyspepsia, indigestion and all other forms of stomach trouble. Indeed, eating will be the delight and pleasure it was intended to be if Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure is depended upon to keep the stomach in order, for when the stomach is in order the blood, the lungs, the heart and usually the entire human machinery is working right because will be unknown.

MUNYON'S HEART CURE

People are frequently alarmed over the action of the heart when it is really the stomach that is at fault. Over-eating and indigestion will sometimes set the heart to thumping wildly, when, as a matter of fact, that organ is simply making a fuss because it is crowded so by the stomach that it has no room to do its work. Munyon's Heart Cure will control the heart and make its action regular. It strengthens the heart action and frequently saves serious heart trouble. If the heart is acting at all unusual take this heart cure. Like all of Munyon's Remedies it is absolutely harmless.

For Constipation, Bilelessness, Jaundice, Dull Complexion and Bilious Headache take Munyon's Paw-Paw Laxative Pills. Munyon's Witch Hazel Soap and other toilet preparations will improve any complexion. For sale everywhere.

WHEN THE MISTS

ROLLED AWAY

"Of all the kinds of weather that grow along the Mississippi, I guess we had at least a sample on our last trip down," remarked the captain, as he sat on deck. "We left St. Paul on time, and everything seemed prosperous. Two hundred and fifty passengers, most of them through passengers going to St. Louis for the fair, and a nice lot of people. But it wasn't long till I began to wonder which was the Jonah among them. I noticed one fellow that went round with his hands crossed in front of him, and I hadn't quite made up my mind it was him, when we struck the fog."

"Now, a fog on the ocean is bad enough when you know you're a thousand miles from land; but a fog on the river, if you can't see the shore, means that you'll land the boat on top of some man's farm if you don't tie up to the bank."

"Well, we tied up at a forlorn little town, and lay there all the rest of the day. I've been on the river forty years, and I never before run up against the same combination of fog, rain and wind—all three at once. And nothing to do but lie there and lose time."

"I guess we all forgot that it was Sunday, but in the evening a church-bell rang up in the little town, and some of the passengers asked if there was any danger of our leaving before they could get back, and I told them there wasn't. So they went up to church."

"Well, it was one of those forsaken little places, you know, and the meeting-house don't look much from the river, and I don't suppose it's much better inside. When they got there, there was themselves and the preacher and about a dozen more. They said to the preacher that they could get him a bigger audience down on the boat, so down he came with his whole congregation, and held his evening service here. We had fastened down the curtains to shut out the fog, and the forward deck was pretty well filled with passengers. The rest gathered up forward, and preached out here."

"I'd just like to know whether that was the regular sermon he meant to preach on shore, or whether it was a special one he kept up his sleeve for great occasions. Anyway, it was all right."

"But the thing that took hold of me was the singing. The piano is away back in the ladies' cabin, and the preacher asked if there was some one would lead the singing, and up steps the fellow I was telling you about, and he begins to sing."

"He said he'd sing something to call the people together—something maybe appropriate for the situation. And he sang, 'When the mists have rolled away.' He stood with his back to the mast, and his voice was clear as the bell, and you could hear it as far. It rolled about the decks and down the long cabin and out over the river."

"In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day, We shall know each other better When the mists have rolled away."

"He'd begin to slow up on the last line, you know, and let his voice out as if he was blowing for a landing, and by the time he got to the words 'rolled away,' you could hear it, yes, and feel it, rolling out through the fog, and it seemed to me it took the fog with it."

"Everybody felt as though he knew everybody else by that time, and they all joined in the singing after that. And then came the sermon, as I was telling you."

"Well, when the preacher got there, somebody asked him if there was any special object he like a collection for. And he told them we were very glad of a little help toward buying new seats for his meeting-house. He'd been trying to raise money, and they'd got a start, but it was slow navigation. Well, the hat went round, and they chipped in, and he walked up the bank with a money enough to put new seats in his meeting-house. I guess no happier man has walked the gangplank of this boat for many a trip."

"And you'll think it's funny, but as I looked out after him as he left, I saw the first star I'd seen that night, and I knew the fog was getting thin, and I ordered the plank drawn in, and began to move."

"I don't really suppose that had anything to do with it, but I guess all sailors have a little touch of superstition. That fog came sudden, and it went sudden, and we had now and then a dash of rain, but nothing to hinder us, and we moved along down the river, and next morning the sun was shining and the mists had rolled away."

ENDURANCE OF THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Some naturalists have been recently discussing the ability of a carrier pigeon to cross the Atlantic. Several years ago a pigeon post was actually established on transatlantic lines by a captain Reynaud, a Frenchman. It has been long discontinued, but while it was in operation a pigeon released from a steamer in mid-ocean actually succeeded in reaching the American shore. This feat, it is asserted by a recent French authority, was achieved only because the bird was in the track of numerous steamers, on which it rested during the nights. Even thus, its passage took nearly a month. Unaided flight over the sea for more than sixteen hours or so, this writer says, is a physical impossibility for any pigeon, and the idea that one could cross the ocean is an absurdity. In spite of the great speed and endurance of this bird, the sensational performances with which it is often credited are, he says, mostly fictions.

Minard's Liniment for Sale Everywhere.



Sunlight Soap freshens and preserves Linoleum and Oilcloths.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

If you wash linoleums and oilcloths with ordinary soap you will find the colors will fade. You can preserve their colors and make them last a long time if you wash them with Sunlight Soap. When dirty, wash with warm water and Sunlight Soap, rinse with clean water and wipe completely dry with a soft cloth. Use Sunlight Soap throughout the house. It makes homes bright and hearts light. It contains no impurities or free alkalis to injure the most delicate fabric.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR.

Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands. LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.



Souvenir Ranges have genuine Duplex grates.

By an ingenious arrangement applied to these grates, a novice can remove or replace them in a moment, without disturbing in any way the rest of the fire box.

The grate rests on a solid runway, which supports it firmly from front to back.

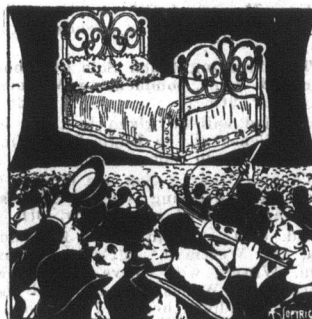
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White Enamel and Brass, \$3.25, \$4.00, \$6.00 to \$25.00.

All Brass, \$19.00 to \$45.00.

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