

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 111 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

GELLYLOID STARCH

Is a Fine, Clear, Cold Starch for the Laundry. Harmless for Fine Fabrics. Makes shirts, collars, cuffs, etc., look as good as new. It is even and reliable—always equally good.

AT ALL GROCERS



This is King Quality

It is a pretty nice looking shoe, but fine as it looks, it feels a great deal finer. The King Quality should be worn by every woman who desires comfort, style, durability, and wants it economically. This describes the King Quality Shoe.

It costs \$3, and it is worth more.



Made by J. D. King & Co. Limited Toronto.

Right-up-to-date

Refrigerators.

Both American and Canadian at Geo. Stephens & Co.'s—Best assortment of these goods in Chatham.



Lawn Mowers at Manufacturer's Prices—and a big assortment to choose from.

Geo. Stephens & Co.

A DESERTED VILLAGE.

What Once Promised to be a Thriving Town Has Fallen to Decay.

In the heart of the Adirondack wilderness, near Lake Tears of the Clouds, where the Hudson has its birth, and close to the rocky shores of Lake Henderson and Sandford, is all that now remains of the once thriving village of Adirondack.

Mountains and forests surround it. Rivers, lakes and streams teem with fish and the woods with game. To the east Mount Marcy. To the north, Wallface, Summit Rock and Indian Pass; west, Lake Henderson, Henderson Mountain, Panther Mountain, Mount Andrew, and south, Mount Adam and Lake Sandford.

In the early part of the present century a big dam crossed the Hudson, or North River, at Tawahas, and the valley was flooded as far back as the outlet of Lake Sandford. Barges were floated from the "Lower Works," as Tawahas was then called, north into Lake Sandford, and over its waters to where Adirondack, a prosperous town, then stood.

Lake Sandford is four miles long, and not far from its head was situated what was then known as "the new forge." On the lake shore, and extending partly up the course of a small stream, where once strongly built wharves and docks for loading barges.

In those days great forces sent columns of black smoke into the recesses of the mountains. The roar and rumbling frightened away the game, for miles around. One great forge yet remains. It is forty feet square and is half hidden by vines and creepers. Before the Adirondack Club purchased it, the place was the lair of the panther, and in winter the haunt of the bear.

In the years of 1815 Messrs. Henderson, Martin and McIntyre, owners of the North Elba Iron Works, were shown pieces of rich iron ore by a wandering Indian, who told them he knew where great quantities of rich ore could be found. So they hired the red man for fifty cents a day and his food and tobacco. Henderson said afterward that it cost a small fortune to keep the man and his gun.

He smoked from morning to night; went to sleep with a pipe in his mouth and relighted it at earliest dawn. The Indian led the way, and the prospectors eventually began the extraction of ore. A road was built eastward to Lake Champlain. They built a church, school house and cottages for workmen. The ore was rich, but the expense of getting it to market was too great. The profits were small, and they abandoned the works.

On September 3, 1846, Mr. Henderson, the senior member of the firm, with a well known guide, started on a journey. Henderson was afraid of firearms, and the guide, who was a well known hunter, was in the party. They were wrapped carefully in several coverings of buckskin and put away in the guide's pack. That night they halted on the shore of a small pond. The guide laid the pack on the ground, but Mr. Henderson thought the spot damp upon which it lay, so he walked over, took the pack from the earth and dropped it on a rock. An explosion followed.

"I'm shot!" cried Henderson, and fell to the ground. The pistol, so securely hidden, had exploded, and killed the only man who could have made a success of the works.

A monument was built near the little body of water, and the river afterward bore the name of Calamity Pond. Soon after the death of Mr. Henderson the motive power was taken away. Three years afterward, in 1849, the works were abandoned.

For a time the works, cottages, school house and church were in charge of an old Scotchman and his wife. After a time they too, moved away, and Adirondack was left alone in the wilderness, a prey to the elements and the ravages of time.

The village consisted of several short streets, or lanes. The main street was lined with cottages. The school house and church stood on one side. In a tree, at the centre of the village, was a bell to summon the laborers to work, the children to school and on Sunday the men and their families to church.

When discovered, or rather rediscovered, the place had fallen into decay. The cottages were decayed and the windows were in ruins. The mills were in ruins, wheels broken and overgrown with moss and lichens, and shattered as by lightning. The bell yet hung in the tree, and sounded as loud as in the days of its usefulness years ago.

On a summer day the deserted village was as desolate a looking place as could be found in the wilderness. Near the centre of the place was a dismantled building, once used as a hotel, and which, it is said, could accommodate a hundred guests. Since the property came into the possession of the Adirondack Club the school house has been moved across the street and turned into a fish hatchery, and the place where young ideas were once taught to shoot is now occupied by youngsters of a different species.

Adirondack creepers and vines are fast covering the piles of rubbish, and Adirondack is now numbered among the forgotten places of the world. It will not be long before all that remains of the deserted village will disappear before the march of time, or else the hands of modern iconoclasts, who can see no beauty in anything but modern art, as exemplified in well kept walks and buildings in perfect repair.

SPRING BACKACHE

Thousands of People Complain of Persistent Backache in the Spring Months.

Sometimes it's a pain. Often extending to the shoulders, accompanied by headache and constipation. Sometimes it's just a dull ache or weak feeling.

You can't sit easy, cannot rest. Back all the time calling for support. These are some of nature's kidney danger signals that the track of health is not clear. These symptoms are the forerunners of serious kidney trouble, and you need the "Great Kidney Medicine," Dr. Pierce's Backache Kidney Tablets—because it deals directly with and removes the cause, faulty kidney action, and its results.

Obtain the evidence is the kind you can believe because so easy to prove, and among the many who speak of Dr. Pierce's Backache Kidney Tablets merit it is Harry M. Church, Fifth street, who says: "Some time ago I had a sharp attack of backache and kidney trouble, the pain and soreness getting around into the back of my head. I went into A. I. McCall & Co.'s drug store and got a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Backache Kidney Tablets and they broke up the attack easily and rapidly. I am very well satisfied with them in consequence, I lay the attack to exposure to cold. I shall know what to use another time."

If you have the slightest symptom of kidney or bladder trouble you can test this great medicine free. Arrange to have been made whereby every reader of this paper can obtain a trial package of Dr. Pierce's Backache Kidney Tablets absolutely free by enclosing two cent stamp for postage to The Pitcher Tablet Co., Toronto, Ont. When giving address mention this paper.

If you are convinced Dr. Pierce's Tablets are what you want, you can obtain regular size bottle for 50c per bottle. It is obtainable at drug stores, mailed free of postage on receipt of price.

Man's highest art is that by which he fashions for himself a perfect God. This highest art is one that nature makes, that nature which is God. Wherefore, our vision of the perfect is God's surety that such a thing must be.—J. W. Chadwick.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Dirt and depravity go hand in hand. This is just as true of the inside of the body as the outside. Constipation means that corruption is breeding in the body, poisoning the blood with its foul emanations, befogging the brain with its tainted exhalations. Constipation is the beginning of more disease than, perhaps, any other single disorder. The consequences of constipation are legion. Headache, pain in the side, shortness of breath, under fullness after eating, coldness of the extremities, nervousness, indecision, lassitude, dizziness, slowness, flatulence, and a score of other ailments are directly caused by constipation. Cure constipation and you cure its consequences. The quick-eat cure of this evil is obtained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pills. They are small in size but wonderful in result. They cure permanently. They contain no injurious ingredients. This use of them does not breed the "pill habit." Ask your druggist for them.

Send 31 one-cent stamps, the expenses of mailing and delivery, and receive Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice, in paper cover, 100 pages and 700 illustrations. For 50 stamps it can be had in substantial cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The happiest woman, like the happiest nation, have no history.—George Eliot.

Troubles of a Minister.

To benefit others Rev. J. T. W. Vernon, of Hartwell, Ga., writes: "For a long time I had a running sore on my leg. I tried many remedies without success. I bought a bottle of Electric Bitters and a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which cured me sound and well." Sores, Eruptions, Boils, Eczema, Tetter, Rheum show impure blood. Thousands have found in Electric Bitters a grand blood purifier that absolutely cures these troubles. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded by L. McCall & Co. Large bottles only 50c.

Love of virtue is as native to man as love of knowledge.—Cicero P. Volney.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Groves' signature in each box.

The unknown word never does harm.—Kosuth.

Sentenced to Death.

"You are in the last stages of Consumption and cannot live more than a month," were the words of doom heard by Mrs. Rosa Richardson, of Laurel Springs, N. C., from her doctors, "but she begged to use Dr. King's New Discovery," writes R. L. Daughton, of that place, "and was wholly cured by it. She is now a stout, well woman." Its supreme cure for desperate diseases of throat and lungs. Infallible for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1. Trial bottles at A. I. McCall & Co.'s drug store.

Chances never helps the men who do not work.—Sophocles.



For sale by C. H. Gann & Co., druggists, Chatham, Ont.

JUST IN FUN

An Ass once enveloped himself in a Lion's Skin, hoping that he would thereby Escape Annoyance from the Rest of the Brute Creation.

But seeing a Tiger approaching, and fearing his inability to look as fierce as his Assumed Character required, he at once turned his back toward the Tiger and remained Motionless.

"Ah!" said the Tiger to himself, "for once mine ancient Enemy, the Lion, has relaxed his usual Vigilance. I'll steal upon him from behind, and there'll be a Funeral in the morning."

But his Vicious Spring was met by the Heels of the Ass, and lo! the Tiger had Predicted his own Funeral.

Moral—It's usually Policy to Attack the Enemy in the Rear, but there are Exceptions to every Rule. Always remember, in dealing with an Ass (human or otherwise), that the end containing his Brains is less Dangerous than the one furnished with Heels.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not long ago a Boston clergyman received an evening call from an elderly man and woman who expressed a wish to be joined in the bonds of matrimony. The clergyman, who was a very good man, and a very good clergyman, asked the clergyman of the man, an honest-eyed, weather-beaten person of seafaring aspect.

"Never, and never wanted to be before," was the prompt reply.

"And have you ever been married before?" the question came to the woman.

"No sir," she replied with equal promptness; and with a touch of humor (that appeals to the clergyman at once), she added, "I never had a chance!"

The marriage ceremony was speedily performed, and the clergyman refused to take any fee, telling the bride with a twinkle in his eye that it had been a privilege to officiate which he would have been sorry to miss.—Youth's Companion.

Fuddy—it is the same with humor as with everything else. A good deal depends upon the point of view, I suppose. There was Tolstoy, for instance, who was butted by Clough's belly-god. It seemed awfully funny to the rest of us, but Tolstoy, I laugh a bit.

Doesn't appear to be any sense of humor in Tolstoy.

Duddy—Oh, I don't know. You can't expect a man to laugh very heartily at what is going on behind his back. And you say yourself a good deal depends upon the point of view.—Boston Transcript.

"I can make some allowance for the pressure of war news on your columns," said the Rev. Dr. Fourthly, who happened in at the newspaper office on Monday morning. "But I am carrying on a campaign against the powers of darkness, and it looks like favoritism when you publish two pages of dispatches from the Philippines and censor the report of my sermon down to two inches."—Chicago Tribune.

"Wouldn't it be lovely, George, dear," murmured the romantic maid, as the sleigh started off and he tucked the robes about her, "if we could only go through life to the end in this manner?" "I'm not so sure about that," replied the matter-of-fact young man. "It wouldn't cost us much for coal, but just think of the livery bill!"—Chicago News.

Jingle—I knew that fellow Storms, the comedian, would come to the front. Well, he has, has he? "Yes, you remember he used to play the part of the hind legs of the elephant in the pantomime?" "Yes?"

"Well, now he's playing the front legs!"—Tit Bits.

A Scene of Suburban Life.

There was a little rear-end collision on the Lackawanna Railroad the other afternoon. Against all the rules and rigors of the game, no one was killed or even seriously hurt, but trains in immediate succession were held up for nearly two hours behind time, and trains that should have left Hoboken at 6 o'clock did not leave until long after 8 o'clock. The result was a very serious disarrangement of the economy of many New Jersey homes.

That evening an Orange resident had chosen to give a dinner, and the time set happened to be half-past 7. At 8 o'clock one of the bidden guests called the hostess up on the telephone and with tears in her voice said: "There's no use my waiting any longer. Here it is after 8 o'clock, and Mr. Banker isn't home yet."

But the hostess replied at once: "Don't worry, my dear. Of the fourteen who were to come, only four have come yet. There's something the matter on the road," and then she uttered the cheerful words: "When Mr. Banker comes, bring him here as soon as you can. We'll have dinner at any time."

Mr. Banker got home about half-past 8 and he and his wife reached the house at 9 o'clock. The dinner began at quarter past 9; and four guests came after that. That's what comes of depending on a railroad for going anywhere.

While the passengers were "waiting for the train to go on," one of them amused himself by gathering the various accounts of the accident from persons passing through the car in which he sat. Just before the block was broken he said that he had eleven versions of the accident, ranging from "both cars off the track on the curve" to "the draw was open, and the signal not set; six lives lost!" The number of killed varied, though few versions were so fatal as the bridge-draw version.

An to the dinner delays, it may be recalled that in 1919 the Brooklyn trolley strike called for the services of the New York National Guard in Brooklyn, several dinners and one big dinner were declared off because so many of the guests were out with the Seventh and the Troop.



Ought They to Marry

And bring children into the world to suffer from an inherited blood taint? People do not realize that foul blood may lurk under a fair skin, and that the fire smoldering in the blood of the parent may break into flame in the flesh of the child.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures out the smoldering fires of scrofula. It cleanses the blood from disease taints, strengthens the weak lungs, heals the diseased stomach.

"Dr. Pierce's medicine has done wonders for my two sons," writes Mrs. M. Harrick, of Demeter, Oswego Co., N. Y. "Both had scrofula. I have lost two daughters in less than five years with consumption and scrofula. My eldest son was taken two or three years ago with hemorrhage from the lungs. He had scrofula on his neck, but has not had any since he commenced to take your medicine."

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NO. GOING EAST	NO. GOING WEST
12 12:00	11 11:00
13 12:30	10 10:30
14 1:00	9 9:30
15 1:30	8 8:30
16 2:00	7 7:30
17 2:30	6 6:30
18 3:00	5 5:30
19 3:30	4 4:30
20 4:00	3 3:30
21 4:30	2 2:30
22 5:00	1 1:30

CANADIAN PACIFIC	
Corrected June 22, 1896	
GOING EAST	GOING WEST
2.36 am.	Express 1 08 pm
	Express 12 58 am