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DOES IT NOT PAY TO

The Best
THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE,
CHATHAM, ONT.

Stands unrivaled among Canadian business schools, both as to its course of instruction, and the assistance it gives its graduates in placing them in good positions. 302 of our pupils secured good positions in the year ending Sept. 1st. Since our last list was prepared, which appeared in a recent issue of this paper, nearly 40 others have been placed. Pressure of business has prevented us from getting it ready for this week, but watch for it next week. Write for catalogue and list of pupils placed.

D. McLACHLAN & CO.,
Chatham, Ont.

St. Thomas Business College
COLLEGE

is unsurpassed in the facilities it offers students for acquiring a thorough practical business training in the shortest possible time. We have rejected every species of clap-net and showy device for dazzling the public and alluring young people into our school. We rely on the results of honest, skillfully directed effort as the basis and test of success. Our courses are thorough and practical, and only thoroughly trained teachers who are acquainted with the latest and most logical methods of instruction, are employed on our staff. A student cannot be a graduate of this college without first passing the examinations of the Business Education Association of Canada, which is the highest standard in Canada, excepting that of the Chartered Accountants of Ontario.

College re-opens for new term Jan. 2, 1901.

H. T. GOUGH,
Principal.

DOES IT PAY TO

The Best
THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE,
CHATHAM, ONT.

Read the following letter received by the principal of THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE, Chatham, Ont., and learn how highly the graduates of this school are thought of by the business public.

Gentlemen:—We have opened our doors for the third year, and we have had a very successful one. It is a pleasure to us to hear that our graduates are doing well in the business world. We have had many letters from graduates who have secured good positions, and we are proud of them. We are sure that our graduates will continue to do well in the future.

It pays to attend Canada's Greatest School of Business and Shorthand, if you wish to thoroughly qualify yourself for office work and be assisted to a position when graduated.

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Long Distance
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Affords the Cheapest and
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CONVERSATIONS
clearly and hurriedly spoken
occupy the following time:
30 words 1 minute
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450 words 3 minutes
You don't have to wait for an answer

Notice to Riders.

Notice to riders of bicycles in Chatham. I have removed all my bicycle machinery and tools to Ronald block, where I shall be glad to see old and new customers for all kinds of repairing, such as bicycle cleaning, inside and out, sharpening saws, scissors, knives, skates, repairing locks, keys, umbrellas, rubber bags. I have the best machinery for gumming cross-cut saws in the country. Call and see me. Let me have your wheel to clean for winter riding.—Price, 50c.

Harry Church.

A MIDNIGHT BURIAL.

TRUE STORY OF THE FIRST MASONIC
FUNERAL IN ARIZONA.

Owing to a Sequence of Peculiar Incidents the Ceremony Was Delayed and Was Not Completed Until the Sun Peeped Over the Hills.

The following true narrative of the first Masonic burial in Arizona, as related to me by my old friend, Colonel W. M. Williams of Cairo, Ill., will doubtless interest your readers. I give it, as nearly as possible, in his own words:

In 1800 I was in Arizona as superintendent of the St. Louis Mining Company, located on the San Pedro river, a short distance west of what is now known as Tombstone and 40 miles east of Fort Buchanan.

On one occasion I made a visit to the Santa Rita mines, located in another part of the territory. These were managed by Cincinnati parties and were known as the Heintzman mines. When I arrived there and introduced myself, as none of us had ever met before, I was greeted with that cordial hospitality known only to those who have lived on the frontier or in mining camps by Mr. H. C. Grosvenor of Cincinnati, the superintendent, with two others who occupied positions at the mines.

One of these, Mr. J. T. Mason, I found seriously indisposed; the other I sent to Fort Buchanan to bring Dr. J. B. D. Irwin, surgeon at the post. I then devoted my time to the sick man, who was growing more feeble each hour. He told me if he died he wanted to be buried with Masonic honors.

I had a bright third degree Mason. I promised to do all I could to carry out his request. He died before morning, and the messenger sent for the doctor had not returned, and it was uncertain as to when, if ever, he might return.

As in those days there were not over 65 Americans in the territory outside of the troops, the tanning of life by the Indians was daily expected. In this emergency it devolved upon me to arrange for the burial of our friend. I sent peon messengers to Tubac and other places where Americans were known to be to come to my aid.

During the day I selected a beautiful spot overshadowed by a large mesquite tree and there had a very deep grave dug, as in that country the coyote is a kind of hyena, that will unearth any corpse if not laid deep in the ground. Corpses were done by peons, while I stood guard to keep the Indians from surprising us.

By midnight the messengers I had sent out commenced returning with the few who could come with them. I found among those who arrived two or three Masons, who, like myself, were "rusty" in the Masonic ritual. We opened the trunk of the deceased, hoping to find something to guide us in fulfilling his last request. The only thing we discovered was an Episcopal ritual. The following persons composed the funeral cortege: Dr. C. B. Hughes, J. Howard Wells, William S. Gury, H. C. Grosvenor, Colonel Titus, S. Warner and myself.

We had determined to bury the body at night, in the darkness, having no light except a candle in one of the old time performed in lanterns by which I could read the service.

After lowering the body into the grave I commenced to read the service. I stood close to the head of the grave, and Mr. Howard Wells held the lantern behind me. A rustling sound was heard. It was supposed to come from lurking Indians, and every one looked out for himself. The man holding the lantern dropped it into the grave, and I fell in after it.

There I was with the corpse in a deep grave. I had my pistols and Sharp's carbine with me, and I realized that if the Indians peered into the grave I could fill it with dead bodies. I listened. Not a sound was heard. My companions had, I suppose, secreted themselves and no doubt thought I had done the same.

After the lapse of about four hours day began to dawn, and as I stood upon the corpse (no coffin was in use in Arizona at the time of this occurrence, the dead being simply wrapped in their blankets) and cautiously looked over the brink of the grave to take in the surroundings.

I soon saw my comrades, one by one, emerging from behind rocks, where they had been secretly secreted themselves. No one knowing where the others were, I called aloud for help and was soon assisted from the prison in which I had been confined for fully four hours, and as this is the first Masonic funeral that was ever held in Arizona I think it deserves a record.

After comparing notes we discovered that the mesquite tree under which we were holding our solemn service was the roosting place of a colony of crows, our intrusion having disturbed them and thereby causing us to stampede.

As the sun rose above the mountain tops we returned to the grave and completed the reading of the ritual and covered our friend with the clouds of the valley and left him sleeping where he will rest until the resurrection morn.—Evelyn B. Baldwin

The World's Fun.

"There is one thing I like about you," said the intimate friend, "and that is your lack of vanity. You don't pretend to be the greatest actor the world has ever seen."

"No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes thoughtfully, "but I would be if the world would only come to see me."

In Scotland all licensed premises, except hotels, are closed Sundays, and one must be at least technically a "traveler" before he can obtain liquor.

Do You See It?

Look carefully at this little picture. There's a great deal to it. There's a lamp, that makes the heat. Right over it is the vaporizer that holds the Vapo-Cresolene. This Cresolene is a wonderful medicine. It kills most kinds of disease germs, and is a most remarkable healing agent. You simply breathe-in the vapor of it, that's all; it goes all through your bronchial tubes, curing asthma, croup, coughs, catarrh, whooping-cough.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Cresolene complete, \$1.00. Extra supplies of Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 100 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

Recommended and sold by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store, Chatham.

Auntie—Whom do you love best?
Dolly—Mama.
Auntie—Who next?
Dolly—You.
Auntie—Who next?
Dolly—Baby.
Father, from the background—And where does Daddy come in?
Dolly—About two in the morning.

NINETY-EIGHT PER CENT.

There is a fascination about big profits to a business man. But the conservative and cautious trader prefers to have the lesser per cent. of interest and the larger per cent. of safety in his investments. There is no business man who would not consider it a sound proposition to invest in an enterprise in which absolute loss was impossible and which offered ninety-eight chances in a hundred of a rich profit. The statistics of cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery show that ninety-eight per cent. of cases of "weak lungs" can be absolutely cured. Almost if not all forms of physical weakness may be traced to starvation. Starvation saps the strength. Weakness is just as much a disease as any other. "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies that nourishment in its most condensed and assimilable form. It makes "weak lungs" strong, by strengthening the stomach and organs of digestion which digest and distribute the food, and by increasing the supply of pure blood.

Sin has no depth to which there is not a depth of mercy in God to correspond.—Gordon Hall.

A Fiendish Attack.

An attack was recently made on C. F. Collier, of Cherokee, Iowa, that nearly proved fatal. It came through his kidneys. His back got so lame, he could not stoop without great pain, nor sit in a chair except propped by cushions. No remedy helped him until he tried Electric Bitters, which effected a cure. He writes: "I feel like a new man. This marvelous medicine cures backache and kidney trouble, purifies the blood and builds up your health. Only 50c. at A. I. McCall & Co.'s drug store."

For breeding fowls full muscle growth with no fat is the true and perfect condition. An excess of fat hampers the breed.

KEEP YOURSELF STRONG

And you will ward off colds, pneumonia, influenza, and other diseases. You need to have pure, rich blood and good digestion. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood rich and pure as no other medicine can do. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and invigorates the whole system. You will be wise to begin taking it now, for it will keep you strong and well.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating. Price 25 cents.

Isabel—Did you ever see a more devoted couple than Mr. and Mrs. Parker?
Elizabeth—Devoted? I should say. Why, she smokes his cigarettes, and I have seen him with his mouth full of her hair pins.

I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Sidney, C. B. C. I. LAGUE.

I was cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yarmouth.

I was cured of Sciatic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Barin, Nfld.

LEWIS S. BUTLER.

Barin, Nfld.

Avarkie is generally the last passion of those lives of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure, and the second devoted to ambition. He that sinks under the fatigue of getting wealth, lulls his age with the milder business of saving it.—Johnson.

Toi Causes Night Alarm.

"One night my brother's baby was taken with croup," writes Mrs. J. C. Snider, of Crittenden, Ky., "it seemed it would strangle before we could get a doctor, so we gave Dr. King's New Discovery, which gave quick relief and permanently cured it. We always keep it in the house to protect our children from Croup and Whooping Cough. It cured me of a chronic bronchial trouble that no other remedy would relieve." Infallible for Coughs, Colds, Throat and Lung troubles, Whooping Cough, and all the troubles of the throat and chest. Trial bottles free at A. I. McCall & Co.'s drug store.

It is not the cares of to-day, but the cares of to-morrow that worry a man down. For the needs of to-day we have corresponding strength given. For the morrow we are made to trust. It is not your jet.—G. Macdonald.

HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA CURED IN NO TIME

By using Dr. Price's Pain Expeller. Bore and harmless. Cures rheumatic and sciatic pains, toothache, etc. PAINS! RHEUMATIC, SCIATIC, OR NEURALGIC CURED.

By Dr. Price's Pine Oil Cures ache, backache, toothache, in fact, Aches and Pains of every kind. 25c. For sale by C. H. Gunn & Co., Druggists.

WHO WROTE THAT WRECK?

Dr. Drummond Claims Its Authorship About 1877.

Another Letter and an Article on the Subject—Two Versions of the Poem.

Baldwin, Dec. 20th, 1900.

In your issue of Dec. 12th I noticed to the authorship of the poem called "The Wreck of the Julie Planter." Enclosed you will find a statement from Prof. Drummond in regard to the matter of authorship and time of writing the verses. This statement was made to the Montreal Witness in answer to a question about the authorship, etc.

The question was raised then by a copy of the *Montreal Times* which I sent to the Witness. The *Times* contained the "Wreck of the Julie Planter," with a note of explanation attached. The poem placed the scene of the disaster on Lake St. Clair. It was written according to the *Times* by a Detroit lady who called herself the "Light-house" Correspondent of the *Times*.

Enclosed you will find Dr. Drummond's explanation and a correct copy of the poem. You will see by this statement that Mr. George O. Rankin is wrong when he says that Dr. Drummond claimed to have written the poem in 1869. In his statement to the Witness he placed the time of writing between fifteen and twenty years before the article in the *Witness*, which was written in April, 1897, and further, these who know Dr. Drummond are convinced that he is above claiming anything as his that does not rightly and justly belong to him.

Yours, etc.,

C. F. CLARKE.

AUTHORSHIP OF A POEM.

The following is the extract from the *Montreal Witness* Mr. Clark, editor (To the Editor of the *Witness*).

Sir—In order to settle a dispute, I would like you to state the name of the author of the poem "The Wreck of the Julie Planter." I have always understood that a gentleman residing in this city composed the lines in question, but the appearance of the enclosed poem, with its note of introduction and explanation, in the *Montreal Times* only a week or two ago sadly unsettled my faith and disturbed my confidence in the honesty of some poets.

TRUTH SEEKER.

Wesleyan College, April 5, 1897.

WRECK OF THE JULIE PLANTER.

The following tragedy was written for the *Times* about 12 years ago. It has since been copied up by several papers without credit, and is this week reprinted by request:

"'Twas one dark night on Lake St. Clair:
De wind was blow, blow, blow;
When de crew of de wood-scow 'Julie Planter'.

Got scart an' run below:
For de weend she blow lak' hurricane;
Rimeby she blow some more;
When de scow 'bus' up on Lak St. Clair,
'Brut 'alf mile from de shore.

De captain she's walk on de front deck,
She's walk on de front deck,
She's call de crew from de back hole,
She's call de crew from de back hole.

De cook he's name was Rose,
He come from Montreal;
Was chambermaid on lumber-barge,
On de beach Lacchine canal.

De weend was blow from de nor', east,
De weend was blow from de nor', east,
When de captain take poor Rose
An' lash her by de mas'.

De captain she's put on de life preserve
'An' jump on de life preserve
An' he says 'Good-bye, Rose dear,
I go down for your sake'.

Nex' morning very early,
'Brut 'alf pas' two, tree, four,
De captain, scow, an' de poor Rose,
Was corpses on de shore.

For de weend she blow lak' hurricane,
Rimeby she blow some more;
When de scow 'bus' up on Lak St. Clair,
'Brut 'alf mile from de shore.

Truth Seeker is right. The poem by Dr. W. H. Drummond of this city, professor of medical jurisprudence in Bishop's College. Our reporter was passing Dr. Drummond's office on Mountain street, and called in to show him the above. The doctor took it with the greatest coolness. He did not smile, he did not even sigh. He has heard it so often.

That is such a old, old story, now," he said, "it is not worth noticing at all; do you think I will if you insist. But first of all, what are you going to do with it? Send no disagreeable letter to that lady, I hope, or to any one else. I have never done that yet. But really, I think that fifty people have claimed that poem. (The doctor was busily turning over the paper in a drawer as he spoke, hunting for something else.) There you see it is printed over the signature of a well-known American humorist, 'The Hon. A. W. Atwater,' a year or two ago met in New York, a well known club man who claimed it; and a prominent lawyer in Montreal told me to my face that he had written it. It is not their claim that troubles me. It is the fact that claiming what is not your own is so common in literary circles now that no one gives it a second thought. Why they should be so anxious to claim it I do not know. It is a silly little thing, with not an atom of imagination, and no literary merit whatever. I never even read it in pub-

He myself now. When did I write it? Let me see. It is fifteen—yes, more—I wrote it when I was in the St. George's Snowshoe Club. It must be quite twenty years ago. And, you don't want it in the *Witness* now, do you? 'Why, you have had it a dozen times already.'

'Have you a correct copy, doctor? This one is all wrong!'

'Yes, it is all jumbled up, and not all there. If you will wait a few moments I will write you a copy, and while you wait you may like to look at those sketches there. They are the illustrations for the book which I am bringing out. Yes, 'The Wreck of the Julie Planter' will be in it, and you will find the sketches that will illustrate it among those. The sketches are all by Coburn, an Esters Township boy, who is working this winter in London with Hubert Herkimer, and you will see they are very fine. They are all from life, and I think could not be better.'

The doctor talked while he wrote, and as he wrote very rapidly, he was through before the reporter had time to more than glance at all the paintings. But the 'Julie Planter' was there, and the captain at the helm, and the wreck.

'Oh, I shan't use that,' exclaimed the doctor, as the reporter turned a second time to 'the wreck.' 'It is splendidly done, and will make a very fine picture for framing, but it is too gruesome for the character of the book. I would not have it at all. When is the book coming out? I do not know yet. That depends on the publishers, and publishers are slow people, you know. But there will be quite a large edition of it.'

Dr. Drummond is a Montrealer by education. He is a man of wide interests. He is something of a hunter in his holidays, but his special fondness is for fishing; and fish culture, even before poetry is his hobby. Following is the correct copy of the 'Wreck of the Julie Planter,' as the doctor wrote it for the *Witness*:

THE WRECK OF THE JULIE PLANTER.

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood-scow 'Julie Planter'.

Got scart an' run below:
For de weend she blow lak' hurricane;
By an' bye she blow some more,
An' de scow 'bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan' scarpent from de shore.

De captain walk on de front deck,
An' walk lak' de scow,
He call de crew from up de hol',
He call de crew from up de hol',
De cook she's name was Rosie

An' came from Montreal,
Was chambermaid on lumber-barge,
On de beach Lacchine canal.

De win' she blow from nor', east, west,
De scow' win' she blow too—
Wen Rosie yell, 'Mon cher Capitaine,
Mon cher w'at I shall do!'

Den de captain trow de beef ankerre,
But still de scow she drift,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Beccs he los' hes skiff.

De night was dark lak wan black cat,
An' de wave run high an' fas',
Wen de captain take de poor Rosie,
An' he lashed her by de mas'.

Den he lashed de life preserve,
An' jump on de life preserve,
An' say, 'Good-bye, ma Rosie, dear,
I go down for your sake'.

Nex' mornin' very early,
'Brut 'alf pas' two, tree, four,
De captain, scow, an' de poor Rosie,
Was corpses on de shore.

For de weend she blow lak' hurricane,
By an' bye she blow some more,
An' de scow 'bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan' scarpent from de shore.

MORAL.

Now, all good wood-scow sailor man,
Tak' warning by de scow,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl,
De win' can blow lak' hurricane,

An' a'p'ose she blow some more,
You can't get down on Lac St. Pierre
So long you stay a shore.

What's Your Face Worth?

Sometimes a fortune, but never, if you have a hollow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, all signs of Liver Trouble. King's New Life Pills give Clear Skin, Rosy Cheeks, Rich Complexion. Only 25c. at A. I. McCall & Co.'s drug store.

Minard's Liniment—Lumberman's Friend.

Stepped Into Live Coals.

"When a child I burned my foot frightfully," writes W. H. Eads, of Jonesville, Va., "which caused horrible leg sores for 30 years, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured me after everything else failed." Infallible for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Sores, Bruises and Piles. Sold by A. I. McCall & Co., 25c.

To win success is not necessarily noble, but to deserve it is.

For whooping cough and croup, Vapo-Cresolene is a simple and perfect remedy.

An eighteen-year-old elephant is nearly five times as strong as a pair of work horses.

Not a Quarter—But to cents, and 40 doses in a vial of Dr. Agnew's Little Pills. No pain, pleasure in every dose—little, but awfully good. Cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilio-nousness, Nausea, Sallowness.—17c

Sold by J. W. McLaren, Chatham.

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For Infants and Children.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

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Tax Notice

Taxes collected at par up to and including the 14th Dec., and to all unpaid taxes on the 14th there will be added an additional percentage of 2 per cent., and to all taxes unpaid on the 31st Dec. an additional 3 per cent. will be added making 5 per cent. in all.

William Rannie,

Collector

CURE YOURSELF!

Use Big 40 for Gonorrhea (Gleet), Syphilis, Stricture, White, Venereal Discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Not contagious or infectious. Sold by Druggists, Circular 40c. on request.

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A trial will convince you that our stock and prices are right.

WILLARD MCKAY, Wholesale and Retail Confectioner

QUEEN STREET

Minard's Liniment—Cures Distemper.

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Make Your Selection Now and Avoid

The Holiday Rush

HUGH McDONALD, FURNITURE and UPHOLSTERING

OPPOSITE GARNER HOUSE

The Woolen Mills

Are Offering LADIES' DRESS GOODS

Homespun, Frieses, Flannels, etc., in the latest designs, shades and effects; also Mantings, Blanket Goods, etc. SEE THEM before purchasing. We are offering Blankets, Shootings, Shirtings and Yarns, all new goods of this year's clip.

For Gentlemen

We have the Latest and Nobbiest Suitings, Trimmings, etc., from the finest Wrosted to the cheapest Canadian Full Cloths. Prices to suit the times.

Beaver Flour THE CHEAPEST because it is THE BEST on the market. Bran, Shorts, Crushed Oats, Corn or Barley.