

Heart Palpitated.

FAINT AND DIZZY SPELLS.

FELT WEAK AND NERVOUS.

COULD SCARCELY EAT.

TWO BOXES OF

MILBURN'S
HEART AND NERVE
PILLSCured Mrs. Edmund Brown, Inwood, Ont.,
when she had almost given up hope
of ever getting well again.

She writes: "I was so run down that I was not able to do my work, was short of breath, had a sour stomach every night and could scarcely eat. My heart palpitated, I had faint and dizzy spells and felt weak and nervous all the time. My husband got me a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills but I told him it was no use, that I had given up hope of ever being cured. He however persuaded me to take them and before I had used half the box I began to feel better. Two boxes made a new woman of me and I have been well and have been able to do my work ever since."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cts. box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or
THE T. MILBURN CO., Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.

Money to Loan on Mortgages at
4 and 5 per Cent.

FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PROPERTIES.

Brick house, two stories, 7 rooms,
lot 40 feet front by 208 feet deep,
\$1100.00.Frame house, 8 rooms and summer
kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 ft., good
stable, \$1100.00.

House and lot, 9 rooms, \$1050.00.

House and lot, 5 rooms, \$900.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 50
acres. All cleared. Good house and
barn, \$2100.00.Farm in Township of Harwich, 200
acres. Large house, barn and out-
buildings, \$12,000.00.Farm in Township of Raleigh, 40
acres. Good house, new stable and
granary, \$2250.00.Ten acres in suburbs of Chatham,
\$1500.00.Valuable suburban residence, 11
rooms; with seven acres of land. Good
stable, \$3000.00.Apply to
W. F. SMITH,
Barrister.

Wood's Phosphodine

The Great English Remedy

Is an old, well established and
reliable preparation. Has been pre-
scribed and used over 40 years. All
druggists in the Dominion of Cana-
da 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, Emotions, Spasms,
Hysteria, Impotency, and a host of other
affections. The excessive use of Tobacco, Opium
or Stimulants; Mental and Brain
Worry, all of which lead to In-
firmity, Insanity, Consumption,
and an early grave. Price \$1 per
package, or six for \$5. One will
cure; six will cure. Mailed
promptly on receipt of price. Send
for pamphlet—free to any address.The Wood Company,
Windsor, Canada.

After.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Chatham
by C. H. Gurn & Co., Central
Drug Store.

COOPER'S

...BOOKSTORE...

JUST RECEIVED

500 ^N Novels

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

British Flags..

Schools Supplied

at Cheap Rates.

ROBT. COOPER

KING-STREET

Horses Wanted.

Until further notice,
HAROLD W. SMITH of
Toronto, will be at
Wm. Gray & Co.
Factory..

EVERY SATURDAY

to purchase horses. The highest cash
prices will be paid.Minard's Liniment is used by Physi-
cians.WHEN BOYS
WERE MEN

By JOHN HABBERTON,

Author of "Helen's Babies," "George Washington," Etc.

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house in Summerton, but the taste of
the raw meal was delightful for its
own sake. And the loaf was so easily
made too! I then and there resolved
never to go on another scout without
a little bag of meal in my haversack.

As I ate, the old woman told me of
the trouble she had in keeping in the
house anything to eat. The southern
soldiers, she said, stole everything she
had whenever they came that way, as
did the northern soldiers, so she had
learned to keep her chickens, pigs and
corn in the woods far back from the
road, where nobody would be likely to
find them, and her husband always
watched them when any soldiers were
in the neighborhood.

I wondered what the people in the
north would think about such treat-
ment of the colored people, for whose
benefit some of them seemed to think
the war was conducted, but my
thoughts were interrupted by the
sound of a bugle.

"Take us along, honey," said the
old woman, "an'—here she looked un-
der the door again—'hark! some yams
(sweet potatoes). Tuck 'em in yo'
pockets an' roas' 'em in de hot ashes
when yo' gits hungry."

I hurried away with profuse thanks,
a full stomach and an entire willing-
ness to face, single handed, the whole
southern army in battle array. Many
months later, when I had some soldiers
under my own command, I gave more
attention to the cookhouse than to my
other duties combined. And how grate-
ful were the smiles which Brainerd,
Hamilton and Cloyne gave me when I
divided my surplus hocksack among
them! Brainerd said that bit of hock-
sack saved his life, so I had done the
government as great a service as if I
had brought a new soldier into the
field.

Again we started, and as we rode the
captain and lieutenants looked fre-
quently at the horses' heads to see that
the curbs were not chained too tight
or hanging too high or too low and
that the horses were not worried by
being ridden with too tight reins. Most
of the recruits wanted to make their
horses arch their necks like soldiers'
horses in statues and military pictures,
and when the captain made them stop
they muttered that war wasn't much
fun. Big Pat Callahan said that a sol-
dier was not only a dog, but he was
expected to let his horse be a plug,
which proved that the government was
a condemned fool and deserved to be
wiped out by the rebels. He did not
get much sympathy from Mick Mc-
Twyne, for Mick was trying to carry
the dignity of his new office, and it was
such a heavy contract that he had no
mind for anything else. His recruits,
however, agreed fully with Big Pat Cal-
lahan and cursed the government fu-
tently, and the captain didn't reprove
them, which seemed to me gross neg-
lect of duty.

We rode nearly all day, but nobody
could tell us where we were or what
we were expected to do or when we
would do it, all of which, when pro-
longed for hours, began to be enraging
in the extreme. When we halted at
noon to feed the horses, I complained
to Cloyne that if we never were to
know what we were to do we might as
well be so many machines.

"That's just what we're expected to
be," said he, "and the sooner you real-
ize it and live up to it the sooner you'll
be a trustworthy soldier."

This was depressing. It was simply
awful. Could there be no way of re-
lease for a mind which could not help
working? I asked Cloyne how high in
rank a soldier must be to do some
thinking for the government, and he re-
plied:

"General in chief of the army, as a
rule, though before you've been long in
the cavalry service you'll have an oc-
casional chance to use all the brains
you own and wish for another headful
to help you through."

This was encouraging for a little
while, and then it wasn't. During the
day I found something besides the
conduct of the war to think of. The
dust raised by more than a thousand
horses in front, our company being
next to the last in column, was blind-
ing and choking, besides getting inside
my clothing and making me feel un-
speakably dirty. How I wished I might
take in rapid succession all the baths
I had with great effort avoided when I
was a small boy! The water in my
canteen became disgustingly warm, for
the midday sun was hot, and I had
not learned how to cool a canteen, yet
my mouth and throat were parched.
My legs ached intensely from the
steady pressure on the saddle, yet the
horn of the saddle was so high, with
the roll of blankets strapped to it,
that I could not get relief by riding
"woman fashion" for a few moments,
as was the custom with farmers' boys
at Summerton. Poor Brainerd, who
never before had done any riding, said
he was sure his legs were being so
bowed that they would have a wider
spread than his shoulders, which
would be extremely inconvenient, as
well as unsightly. But there was one
comfort—Mick McTwyne insisted that
his legs were that bad that when he
reached camp he was going to the hos-
pital and remain there for life.

Suddenly, an hour after the afternoon
march began, I was given a new sub-
ject for thought. A bugle call sounded
from the advance, which was raised
down the column by successive bug-
les. It was a call I had not heard
before, so I asked the lieutenant what
it was.

"It's 'Charge'! That's what it is."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHARGE OF THE THIRTY-EIGHT.

ATTENTION, com-
pany!" shouted our
captain. "Draw sa-
bers!"

"Flashed all their
sabers bare," as Ten-
nyson says in "The
Charge of the Light
Brigade," but I hope
for the reputation of their drillmas-
ter that Cardigan's men flashed
their swords more in unison. Had
they not, some of them would not have
been in condition to annoy the Russian
gunners much. Ours was a sort of
cumulative dash; it was literally a long
drawn out effort. The boys had learn-
ed to draw their sabers quickly on foot
drill or parade, where the scabbard
was partly raised by the left hand and
the right hand sought the grip, but the
saber of the mounted trooper hangs as
low as the straps will allow, and as
we never had been drilled while
mounted many of the men nearly fell
from their saddles while leaning to
the left in a frantic reach for their
sword hilts.

"Captain Bright," roared our battal-
ion's major, an officer in whom I had
not previously taken any interest, not
seeing where his usefulness came in,
"why are some of your men's sabers
undrawn?"

"You rascals," screamed the captain,
facing his horse toward the flank of
the company, "why don't you draw
your sabers?"

"I can't get down to mine," said
Brainerd, answering for himself. His
arm, like the remainder of him, was
quite short. "I don't believe I can
reach it unless I turn a somersault."

"Take your blade in your right hand;
draw your saber with your left; now
change hands; the rest of you do the
same. There!" the captain yelled.

"Make haste, captain," said the ma-
jor. "You're opening distance badly
between you and the company ahead
of you by being so slow."

"Trot! March!" the captain ordered
in a nervous shriek.

Off went the company, but not all of
it went off in the same direction, for
at least one man in every three had never
felt a horse trot under him, so two or
three fell off their chargers before we

\$500 REWARD
FOR WOMEN

WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

Backed up by over a third of a century
of remarkable and uniform cures, a record
such as no other remedy for the diseases
and weaknesses peculiar to women sec-
ured, the protectors and makers of
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel
fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in
legal money of the United States for any
case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness,
Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they
can not cure. All they ask is a fair and
reasonable trial of their means of cure.

Their financial responsibility is well
known to every newspaper publisher and
druggist in the United States, with most
of whom they have done business for over
a third of a century. From this fact it will
readily be seen how utterly foolish it would
be for them to make the above unpre-
cedented and remarkable offer if they were
not basing their offer on curative means
having an unparalleled record. No other
medicine than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pres-
cription could possibly "win out," as the
saying goes, on such a proposition. But
they know whereof they speak. They are
publishing such a marvelous offer as is
above made in the utmost good faith.

"I want to tell you of the great improve-
ment in my health since taking your Favorite
Prescription," says Mrs. H. S. Jones, of Forest,
N. C. "When I began its use I was a physical
wreck and had despaired of ever having any
health again. Could not sit up all day. I noted
a great improvement with almost every pain
that a woman is subject to; had inflammation
of ovaries, painful and suppressed periods, and
other symptoms of female disease. After taking
six bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' I felt like
a new person. Can ride horseback and take all
kinds of exercise and not feel tired."

If you are led to the purchase of "Fav-
orite Prescription" because of its remarkable
cures, do not accept a substitute which has
none of these cures to its credit.

If you are looking for a perfect laxative
try Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCI-
ATION, Proprietors, 663 Main Street, Buf-
falo, N. Y.

NEW

Tinsmith and Plumbing

SHOP.

The undersigned has opened out a Tins-
mithing and Plumbing Shop on 4th
Street, nearly opposite the Catholic
Church, where he is prepared to do all
kinds of tinsmithing and plumbing. Fur-
nace work on the shortest notice. Rat-
imates cheerfully given.

CHAS. GUNDELITZ, Fourth St.

had gone a hundred yards. Others re-
tained their seats fairly by grasping
the horn of the saddle with the bridle
hand and trying to seize the pommel
with the other. But a sword is as
much as a novice can hold in one hand.
Several had to choose between giving
up their rear hold and losing their
sabers. Some did the latter, preferring
present safety to future possibilities.
Among these unfortunates was Brainerd.

The major dropped back to the rear
company, for which I was profoundly
grateful. It wasn't pleasant to think
of any one, even a member of our own
regiment, observing all that was oc-
curring in our company during those
few moments. Men who were not ac-
customed to riding were bounding
briskly in their saddles and looking as
wretched as the poor fellow who came
in wounded the day before. Mick Mc-
Twyne lost his temper, blamed his
horse for everything and, turning to
the roadside and halting, began to
pound the poor animal with both fists
and kick him in the flanks with his
spurred heels, a proceeding which the
brute resented by leaping suddenly
forward and tumbling his rider into
the road. The lieutenant, who had
chanced to look backward, turned and
threatened to saber Mick then and
there unless he at once remounted and
acted like a soldier instead of a den-
key, and Mick returned the threat, us-
ing his saber as a paddle, gave Mick a ter-
rible spanking, and Mick swore a ter-
rible oath, which he chewed to ex-
treme location as he uttered it, that
he would get even with the lieutenant,
and the lieutenant promised to give
him a season of arrest in which to
think up his vengeful plan.

Meanwhile another man bit the dust,
for my horse stepped on the heels of
his file leader, who had slackened his
pace suddenly. The injured horse
reared his hind quarters to kick, and
over his head shot his rider, breaking
his fall by rolling between two horses
in front of him. A similar fate befell
several other men, who, trying to
brave themselves by holding their bri-
dle reins tightly, curved their horses
so severely that the animals halted
suddenly and unheeded their riders. It
seemed to me they must be trampled to
death, but it was impossible to halt
and ask questions or offer any assist-
ance.

During these scenes of humiliation
my heart was strengthened somewhat
by the demeanor of our couple of sur-
vivors of the historic charge at Bala-
klava. Each rode as steadily as if he
and his horse were one. Neither man
looked to the right or left, but straight
ahead, and each carried his saber as if
on parade. I afterward told Cloyne
about this, and he said:

"Why not? They did nothing but
drill from the time they first enlisted
in England, and a charge isn't half as
hard to go through as a regimental
drill of mounted troops."

Soon the major was on our flank
again, shouting:

"Captain Bright! What has become of
your company? There's only about half
of it in the ranks."

The captain, who had ridden for-
ward to close the gap between him and
the company in front, fell back and
looked along the column, which had
lost all regularity of formation. Then
he screamed:

"Lieutenant, why have you let so
many men fall out, sir?"

The lieutenant commanding the rear
platoon had been getting ahead of his
proper position. He turned his horse,
looked toward me and roared:

"Where's the sergeant of the left of
the line?"

"You ordered him to remount several
minutes ago, sir," I replied.

"And he hasn't returned to his post?"
Then 'twas your duty as a noncommis-
sioned officer to keep the men from
straggling to the rear."

This sudden and new load of respon-
sibility seemed more than I and my
horse could carry, but I afterward
learned to bear similar inflictions bet-
ter, for I found they were in accord-
ance with military custom. When any-
thing goes wrong during a march, the
highest officer with whom fault is
found immediately unloads the blame
upon the officer next below him in
rank, and so the scolding passes down-
ward until it reaches some lowly non-
commissioned officer, who gets rid of it
by giving it to a private soldier.

But I had no time to absorb this wis-
dom during my first charge, for the
major suddenly ordered our captain to
hurry along with such men as he had,
leaving the stragglers to the tender
mercies of the rear guard. It seemed
strange that we had not yet closed the
small distance between us and the
troop ahead of us, but as we hurried
on we had the melancholy consolation
of learning that ours was not the only
new company whose men had come to
grief through ignorance of their duties
and by falling out had made many suc-
cessive gaps in the column. Not all
the unfortunates were bad riders, but
some of them had pricked their horses with
their sabers during spasmodic endeavors
to keep these weapons well in hand,
and no self-respecting horse could be
expected to be even tempered when
prodded with a yard of steel with a
sharp point at one end and 150 pounds
of greenhorn at the other.

To Be Continued.

Overmatched.

"Now, witness," said the lawyer,
"you say that your hearing is good?"

"Yes, sir."

"How good? Give me an illustration.
Can you hear my watch tick?"

"No, sir. It's three days since I saw
you going into the pawnshop, and the
watch must have run down by this
time."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.



Cunningham-Graham's Experiences.

Your reference to Mr. Cunningham-
Graham (writes a correspondent in
M.A.P.) reminds me of the strange
scenes the traveler-Socialist has
witnessed during his romantic car-
rier. Perhaps no English member of
Parliament—not even Mr. Henry
Norman or Sir William Allen, the
blockade runner—has had such a series
of strange experiences. He has
spent a fortnight below hatches on a
tramp steamer whose cargo has
shifted, with nothing to do except
read the "Fairy Queen," listen to
the Amnias-like yams of the chief
engineer, or watch the captain's
face, when that worthy, after six-
teen successive hours on the bridge,
came below looking (in Graham's
graphic phrase) "like Lot's wife
when she enjoyed her last wistful
glance at Sodom." And on another
voyage of the same tramp Graham
had to act as interpreter and me-
diator between a shipload of Basque
emigrants and an uproariously
drunken and outrageous Scotch crew.

Read Graham's description of his
ride through the wild practices of
Basque Ayres during an Indian raid,
when at every other farm the owner's
mangled body lay at the door, and
at the pass of Quesquen Salado
the corpse of a murdered woman
was hung from a post. Or his vivid
pictures of Paraguay, after a desol-
ating war in which nearly all the
adult males had been killed, and
women were Magistrates, police and
inkkeepers, and every stray man en-
tering the country had a large bevy
of lady admirers. Then you will un-
derstand how out of place Graham
was in a humdrum House of Com-
mons, and be thankful for the fate
which led him, via Trafalgar square,
out of that institution, and gave
him the opportunity of writing the
best books of travel since "Eothen."

Curiously enough Mr. Graham's
books of travel have never gained
the fame they deserved. Perhaps this
is because of the writer's Socialistic
views, but it is also in part attrib-
utable to his vehemently expressed
dislike to the Scotch. The Scotch
critics, and their name is legion,
have never forgiven him this. They
forget that Mr. Graham is really only
Scotch by name.

He who refuses to trust rejects
truth.

"What's the matter with Jimson?"
Doctor says it's a complication. He
played ping-pong, golf, bicycled and
gave a motor car, and the four kinds of
faces were too much for him.

ABSOLUTE
SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

J. W. Carter

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy
to take as sugar.FOR HEADACHE,
FOR DIZZINESS,
FOR BILIOUSNESS,
FOR TORPID LIVER,
FOR CONSTIPATION,
FOR SALLOW SKIN,
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

CARTER'S
LIVER
PILLS.Genuine
Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.FOR HEADACHE,
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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

CARTER'S
LIVER
PILLS.Special
Notice

Send to us at once
your name and
address.

On receipt of same
we will forward to