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time between 9 a. m. and 5 p. m.

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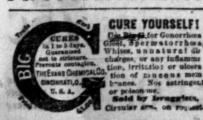
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THE MOOR LOCH.

among the lenely hills it lies.

Deep, stark and still,

And mirrors back the changeful skies,

The sun, moon, stars, the bird that fliss,

The broad, brown shouldered hill.

The world's wide voice is silent here: The cries of men, The sob, the laugh, the hope, the feat, The things which make earth and and deat, Lie all beneath its ken.

And only he who comes from far, Seeking the deep Communion sweet with sun and star, Kneet of the calm and joys that are In its vast stirless sleep.

For here the eternal soul holds speech, Yet makes no sound; With naught but clouds which one might

Time and the things of time are not; The pain we trod Ends with the world's end here, and thought

8\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0 HE TWO NORAS A Weird Story of Irish Love. BY NORA PERRY.

"Your wife sent for me yesterday, Kirwan. She tells me that you would not answer the last letter she wrote you. What is it makes you so unforgiving, Maurice Kirwan?"

"I thought you knew my wife," Maurice Kirwan said, with his eyes on the ground.

"I know your wife married her father's shepherd's son, but I know nothing more, except that she was the prettiest colleen and you the best piper on the Shannon "She said once I had piped her down

from her sight place."
"Did you?" "Sure, Father Hackett, and it was no fault of mine. She put the comether on me, not me on her, and when I saw she was tired of me did I not give her all the freedom I could with a heart and

"Well, her freedom has not contented her, Kirwan. Your wife is dying." "Nora-Nora dying?"
"Will you go to her? She wants you,"

said the priest gently.
"Aye, I will go." Maurice Kirwan answered, with his eyes still on the ground; "I'll go at once. What's that in the yard yonder, father?" flushing deeply under his tan. "Did Nora send the car for me? You are going to her again maybe?"

Yes: we may as well drive to Cashlaun-na-geeha together." You may drive, father; I'll go to Nora on my own feet. Your reverence can tell her so when you see her," "I will give her a kinder message than

you send. Kirwan." the father said severely, "and I hope to find you more forgiving when we meet at Cashlaun. Do not delay on the road, however, if you wish to find your wife alive."
"Nora must wait for me," Maurice Kir-

wan muttered as he took his way along the Cashlaun road half an hour later. "God knows I've waited long enough for her. Seven years next Hollandtide since we set eyes on each other last, and never a scart of pen on paper between us since "God sake you kindly, Jimmy Dolan; a fine soft day indeed" (to a passing beg-gar)—"till now, that is. And the father says it's dying she is! And what is it she wants with me, I wonder? Is it to put more bitter words on me? But a dy-ing woman must have her will, and it she puts a curse on me it's little I care. My days are none so merry now. And how's heard yet from Larry in Dublin? And God save you kindly, Mary Concely. And which road are you going this soft'

"I'm going my lone," said the old woman he addressed, getting up slowly from-her seat on a fallen bowlder. "But it's the longest road you're going that you've ever gone yet and the bitterest. I can see that much, Maurice ayick, though it is no wise woman I am. Go on wid you; go on to your fine wife, Maurice avick-"Oh, young she is, and fair she is and would be

crowned queen,
If the king's son were home again with Kathleen

The cracked old voice quavered out into silence, and Maurice Kirwan took up the song almost unconsciously as he went rapidly on his way, striking off from the highway upon the green, smooth esker that was the nearest path to Cash-laun-na-geeha. Then he remembered how his wife used to sing the same song in the days before their ill assorted marriage crumbled in ruins around their fallen house of love, and he stopped abruptly. "It's hard I am, as the father says, to be singing my lone and she lying sick to death. Never fear. Nora bawn! I'll

sing no more."
"Who is it speaks? Well, Piper of Cashlaun, what's your will with me?" The speaker, one of two bare footed girls seated in a grassy hollow of the esker, with a measure of blackberries be-tween them, looked up with a challenge in her dark eyes and flung a berry with true aim at the piper's heart. your will with me, Sighile, or with Onoir here?" nodding at her companion, who was as fair as she was dark, but who did not lift her eyes from the measure of berries. A blackberry branch lay across her knees, which she was slowly strip-ping. "You walk on tired feet, piper. ping. "You walk on three reet, piper. Have ye danced too long to your own

music, as Una bawn did once upon a "No," Maurice Kirwan said dreamily. "But maybe I trod on the hungry grass."

"Or on the other grass, the sorrowful grass that grows on all the eskers," said the girl.

"Maybe I've been treading on the sorry grass all my life, I think." Maurice said wearily, "and the mold would be morrier walking."

merrier walking."

"That's a guess," the girl said, nodding her dark head gravely at him. "And it may be that the sorry grass grows even on the hills of Tir-na-n'Og, piper."

"May it be long, avourneen, till you go there to find out."

"Oh, I have been there already." she said lightly. "And the hills are hard climbing, piper." But there are valleys, too-valleys galore and green, green are they. Are you so tired, piper? Corve, eat and drink. Here are blackberries riper than you'll find on any bush within a mile of Cashlaun, and here is milk for

cow that gave the milk and the hand that milked her."

"Your wife has many cows in her byres, but none yields such milk as this," said the dark girl, laughing softly. "Nay, but sit down again. What would you do?" as Maurice Kirwan stumbled to his

"Nora," he said vaguely, "shame to me for forgetting her!"

"Worse shame to you for taking food and drink of me without payment," said the dark girl, laughing still, "and my brother's pipes lying in reach of you all the while."

all the while."

"You have put a charm on me with your milk and berries," said the piper, trying to shake off the hand she had laid on his arm. "Let me go, for death's

waiting for me at Cashlaun!"
"He is old and knows how to wait,"

"He is old and knows how to wait," said the dark girl, "but you and are young. You are a piper and I"—
"You are not lucky," Maurice Kirwan muttered. "Take your eyes off me and let me go."
"Let him go," said the fair girl, speaking for the first time. "Be kind, Sighile Ni-Gara, and let him go. He shall pipe for you again."
"He shall pipe," said the dark girl almost fiercely, "and I will not listen. Yes, go, but I lay it on you to pipe no more for any man's pleasure, Maurice Kirwan, and I lay it on you, too, to remember and be sorry that you would not pipe for me every time that you drink milk and break bread. Now you may go and meet death bread. Now you may go and meet death and your wife if the Shee-yo do not blind you as it blows along."

The fair girl laughed softly. "Sighile

Ni-Gara means you less ill than she says, piper," she whispered. "And you need not fear the fairy blast because nothing can hurt him that has broken bread with the Shee-nu, the fairy people."
"I thought you were all dead," Maurice
Kirwan muttered blankly as they stepped

out together along the green ridge of the esker. His companion laughed, and then she sighed. "Perhaps we are," she said, "or is it that you are the ghosts and we are those who live? Are all the airs you ever

who live? Are all the airs you ever played dead, too, piper, or are they wait-ing somewhere for other pipes? There was a song once—how does it go?" She was speaking in old Irish now, and her voice was very sweet. "I was a wind, and I went before When Fionn and Fergus down to the war; A little gray cloud I was again, And over Clontarf I shed my rain;

A little gray cuckoo sat on a bough, And I was the bird that a voice am now; I was a dream in a young bride's breast, I was the dream rocked O'Neill to rest; A soul I was when I first began-Soul of woman and sin of man; Both bave I been and again shall be

When the blind see"She stopped still for a moment, for they had been walking very fast, and she swept back the fair hair from her face that she might look the better the Maurice Kirwan's eyes, which were dark and troubled with slow comprehension. "You will understand soon," she said, "but you must keep all your music safe in your heart for Sighile Ni-Gara and me. You must not play it, piper, or it would not be worth our hearing. Turn now. Do you see that smoke? It comes from the chimneys of Cashlaun. I have brought you by a path few know of, and now you may go to Nora. Yet stay a moment, piper, and"-as he put out his hands im-pulsively to stay her going-"what is it you desire? My name? Oh, Sighile Ni-Gara calls me Onoir, but Maurice Kirwan may call me Nora. But only once in Maurice Kirwan's life will I come to his

leen dhas, tell me only that, for Mary's

But the "fair girl" did not answer, and when next the bewilderment lifted from Maurice Kirwan's brain he was in chamber where his wife was Propped up with many pillows, she sat in a great chair beside the window looking eastward, and all her wealth of yel low hair lay loose around her worn face "You have come at last," she said holding out her hands to him with a piteous little smile on her trembling lips. "And, oh, how hard—but how hard you were to move, Maurice!" "I am here now, Nora bawn."

"And won't you look at me now you have come? Oh, I have grown ugly, I know, and I know I look old, Maurice.

"Do you, Nora?" "And so do you. But your hair is gray here and there. And look at mine!" lifting in both her hands the wonder of shining yellow hair that now was her chiefest beauty. "Look!" Her busband bent his head and kissed the yellow

tresses softly.
"Pulse of my heart," he whispered.

But Nora stopped the rest of the eager words on his lips. "Hush!" she said faintly. "You don't know half how proud and wicked I wasand am now. Do you know, Maurice, that if I were not dying you would not be here by me now? Oh, my pride, my pride! It has spoiled our two lives, and we might have been happy enough. never ought to have been man and wife, Maurice. I always told you so. And

"And yet I am not sorry, Nora mavourneem.' "Not sorry," said the wife incredaously, "for all the sorrow I put upon ou-and all those wasted years of ours?

Not sorry, Maurice?"
That night the bells of Cashlaun tolled long peal, and the few that were awake o hear it said softly to each other that Maurice Kirwan's wife had gone away and left her pride behind her. But it may be that she will come again when Maurice Kirwan's sands have run through, and the other Nora with herthe fairy Nora that he met with Sighile Ni-Gara among the green eskets blackberry time.—Black and White.

Measuring a Lightning Flash.

A German astronomer has been endeav-oring to measure the width of a streak of lightning, and he tells us that the par ticular flash which allowed itself to be so measured proved to be about five milli-meters—that is, one-fifth of an inchacross. There is no known method of obtaining such a result direct, and the calculator was forced to depend upon a photograph, which, curiously enough, included both a building and the flash that struck the building at the moment the lens was uncovered. This picture was taken from a window of the Hamburg observatory, and as the distance of the building struck, together with the focal length of the lens, was known it was not a difficult matter to arrive at the they. Are you so tired, piper? Corne, eat and drink. Here are blackberries riper than you'll find on any bush within a mile of Cashlaun, and here is milk for you in a cup of hollywood for luck. Drink, Maurice Kirwan."

"I drink," the piper said as he gave the empty cup, "and I bless the wind.—Chambers' Journal.

bled for years. Sore All Over. Could not use them. Spread over Arms, Neck, and Face. Smarted Like Fire. Physicians no Benefit.
Tried CUTICURA. Immediate
Relief. Permanent Cure.

I had been troubled with tetter for several I had been troubled with tetter for several years. At times my hands would be sere allover, so that I could not use them at all, and were so tender that clear water, even, smarted like fire, and it spread over arms, neck, and face. I had been treated by physicians, but without benefit, when I began the CUTICURA remedies. I found relief before I had taken the first bottle. I used three or four bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and one box of CUTICURA (ontiment), and it has rever troubled, me since.

ELLA CURZON,

March 10, 1893,

Eppingham, Ill.

## **BLOOD POISON CURED**

By Cutleura Resolvent One of my children ran a rusty nail into his foot, which was most painful. His blood got out of order, and sores broke out on his hands and feet. I gave him one bottle of CUTICURA REMOLVENT and used one cake of CUTICURA GOAT, principally as a calve, and the child recovered.

Mas. J. S. FUREN,

March 15, 1803.

Markham, Fig.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT Begins with the 6!ood and Ends with The Skin and Scalp.

That is to say, it purifies the blood and circulating flui is of Huxon Gunza, and thus removes the cause, while warm baths with CUTICURA SOAF, and geatie anointings with CUTICURA (ontoment), greatest of empitient skin cures, cleanse theskin and scalp ofertical and scales, allay itching, burning, and inflarmation, soothe and heal. Thus are speedily, permanently, and economically cured the most terturing, disfiguring humors of the skin, scate, and blood, with less of hair, when the best, physicians and all other remodies fail.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER D. AND C. CORP., Sole Proce. Sole Proce. Sole Proce. SAVE YOUR SKIM Hands and Hair by using

Switzerland has now about sixty macaroni and noodle factories, which supply the whole demand of the country, although the Swiss come next to the Italians as macaroni eaters.

Wind and good luck are seldom last-Birth-marks which mark and mar

the outside of the body are a grief to every mother whose children may bear them. But for every child who bears a birth-mark on the skin there are many who bear an indelible birthmark on the mind. Nervous mothers have nervous children and many a man and woman owes an irritable and despondent temperament to those days of dread when the mother waited the hour of her maternity. The The tion strengthens the mother for her tion strengthens the mother for her trial. With strength comes a buoyancy of spirits and quietness of mind, which is one of the happiest gifts a mother can bestow on her offspring. By giving vigor and elasticity to the delicate womanly organs "Favorite Prescription" practically does away with the pain of maternity and makes the halv's advent as natural and as the baby's advent as natural and as simple as the blossoming of a flower. There is no opium, cocaine or other narcotic contained in "Favorite Prescription.

It is wonderful what strength of purpose and boldness and energy of will are roused by the assurance that we are doing our duty .- Scott.

He Kept His Leg. Twelve years ago J. W. Sullivan, of Hartford, Conn., scratched his leg with a rusty wire, Inflammation and blood poisoning set in. For two years he suffered intensely. Then the best doctors urged amputation, "but" he writes, "I used one bottle of Electric Bitters and 11-2 boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and my leg was sound and well as ever." For Eruptions, Eczema, Tetter, Sores and all blood disorders Electric Bitters has no rival on earth. Try them. A. I. McCall & on earth. Try them. A. I. McCall & Co. will guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Only 50 cents.

Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, Egypt, till he

Luck comes to those who look af-

'Tis Easy to Feel Good. Countless thousands have found a blassing to the body in Dr. King's New Life Pills, which positively cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Jaundice, Malaria, Fever and Ague and all Liver and Stomach troubles.

Purely vegetable; never gripe or weaken. Only 25c. at A. I. McCall & Co.'s drug store. Paul was beheaded at Rome, by or-

The fortune which nobody sees makes a man happy and unenvied.—

A Razing. Hoa Ing Flood

Washed down a telegraph line which Chas. C. Ellis, of Lisbon, Ia., had to repair. "Standing waist deep in loy water," he writes, "gave me a terri-ble cold and cough. It grew worse daily. Finally the best doctors in Oakland, Newb., Sioux City and Omaha said I had Consumption and could not live. Then I began using Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles." Positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung troubles by A. I. McCall & Co. Price 50c.

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snow. Bitter grief is loud, calm grief is silent.—Auerbach. The more you court a clown the statlier he grows.

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CURED IN NO TIME. By using Dr. Price's Pain Pillets. Sure and harmless. Cure rheumatic and sciatic pains, toothache. 25c. PAINS! RHEUMATIC, SCIATIC, OR

NEURALGIC CURED. By Dr. Price's Pine Oil. Cures ear-ache, backache, toothache, in fact Aches and Pains of any kind. 25c. For safe by C. H. Gunn & Co., Druggists, Chatham, Ont.

## BLEW OUT THE GAS.

Escape rFcm Asphyixation.

Brockville, Ont., Nov. 8. — Ed. Bolton, a Lanark farmer, narrowly escaped asphyxiation Monday at the Reeves House. Before retiring he blew out the gas. Latter on he awoke with the peculiar odor in the room, but did not realize what it was. He was in the act of dressing to go out when he fell insensible on the bed, where he was found several hours later in a critical condition. Doctors had hard work to resuscitate him. A transom made of slats permitted an escape of a portion of the gas and thus saved his life. It was his first visit to a hotel. Brockville, Ont., Nov. 8. - Ed. Bol-

## ABOUT SCOUTING.

Mejor Burnham Tells Londoners (f Wild Western Methods.

Wt c'i He Employed in South Africa-The Day of the Scout not Part. London News.

London News.

"I am just getting used to being interviewed," said Major Burnham, in reply to the apologies of a press representative, "and I confess I prefer your methods over here to those of our reporters at home. It is not necessary for them to see you at all; they can do just as well without, and it gives some scope to their imagination. On one occasion a reporter wrote several columns about my landing in New York, and described me as a man six feet two in height, with as a man six feet two in height, with long hair!" Major Burnham is rather below the medium height, and wears his hair closely cropped. "As a matter of fact, I did not land in New York at that time, but in Boston." "Yes, I am an American," replied

Major Burnham, to an inquiry on the vexed question of his nationality; "I was born in Minnesota and raised in California. My parents were Americans of British descent, and the old home of the family is by the river, not far from Burnham Beeches. I know it has been stated that I am a Canadian, but that is probably due to the fact that I wore the same kind of hat in South Africa, as that worn by the

Canadian contingent.
"When did I begin scouting? Almost since I can remember. When I was a boy I had an experience in frontier wars. America has learned a great deal from the red Indians. We have had to fight for every inch of our have had to fight for every inch of our territory, and learn to beat the red Indian at his own game; when the In-dians were not fighting us on their own account, ther were employed against us, in Colonial days, by the French. You must remember that every time there was war between England and France our ancesters took up the cudgels on behalf of the old country on the other side of the Atlantic. Many of our great generals have been scouts and gained their first experience in Indian warfare. I look upon Kit Carson as the greatest scout who ever lived, but George Washington was a great scout also; with the aid of forty picked men he once saved deneral Braddock from disaster, be cause they knew how to scout, and accounted for a man with every shot instead of wasting their powder in volleying into the woods at random, ere the Indians lay concealed. Many prophesied when I left ho that, with modern tactics and long range weapons, the day of the scout was over. But I think so long as war

was over. But I think so long as war remains there will always be work for the scout to do. And I do not see much likelihood of universal peace yet," he added.

"It is the strong who rule the earth; a great nation can only maintain her greatness by her military power. Once she gets enfeebled, stronger nations will wrest her possessions from her. You can see that in thing. The present rising is largely due to Chins. The present rising is largely due to the fact that the Chinese have at last realized that they must fight if they wish to retain their national existence. There would never have been any talk of the partition of China if she had been a great

military power.
"I do not advocate a large increase of your native armies; I think the English man, or, speaking generally, the white man, should make himself capable of fighting his own battles. I do not believe in a thick-headed stolid man as the best fighting maheaded stolid man as the best fighting materials, because they obey orders and do not think. An intelligent man with a good physique, makes the better soldier—but a man with a knowledge of nature as well as of books. The best book written is only the reflection of another man's mind. An intelligent soldier will stand defeat better than a stupid one; he can see further than the present, and his pride will hold him to his orders though death seems certain. The Imperial Yeomanry, when they have got used to the life on the veldt, will be the finest soldiers in the British army. Their very dash and go, which has sometimes landed them in difficulties and cul-de-sacs, will be the greatest value when they have will be the greatest value when they have developed more caution by a longer experience of campaigning. Again, the C. I. V.'s only wanted guidnor and leading their pluck and courage are by and question, while the physique was a course of wonder to all who saw them and a number that they were mostly clerks, so instomed to an indoor and sedentary life.

"Keen vision and an acute sense of hear "Keen vision and an acute sense of hearing are the primary qualifications for a scout. If I were picking men for that purpose, I should choose the young pilots who may be found round your coasts.

"Yachtsmen, hunters, young officers in the army, make fine material; but all need

special training, for the scout of the future will have to know something about engineering and modern science.
"People who sit at home and criticise ou "People who sit at nome and criticise our troops because they move so slowly cannot realize the difficulty of the country or the length of Lord Roberts' line of communication. It is much about the same as if London was dependent on Rome for all her daily supplies. And it is not only feed, drink and clothing for 159,000 soldiers, but for every town on the line of route, including Kimber-ley, Bloemfontein, Johannesburg and Pre-toria; it is forage for horses and fodder for toria; it is forage for horses and fodder for the cattle, besides ammunition for the rifles and shell for the artillery. The wonder is not that the lines of communication have oc-oasionally been cut, but that they have not been cut more often, and in Cape Colony it-self. The Boers have the advantage of be-ing able to obtain stores where the British cannot—and so must take their transport with them—and also employ the native ponies, which are stronger and thrive bette on the local fodder than the imported ones.

Lanark Farmer Has a Narrow

When a horse can go six miles in England, it can only go two miles out there, and a thirty-mile gallop would finish off every horse in South Africa.

"When the British public fully realize," concluded Major Burnham, "the tremendous difficulties to be overcome, they will appreciate even better than they do now the splendid work that has been done out there. Many gallant deeds have been performed, and it is almost impossible to estimate the thousands of miles covered by the Cavalry Division under Gen. French, who have usually done their work on quarter rations for horses and half rations for the men."

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Luke was hanged to an olive tree, in

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ne remedy that erres a cold in one day

Stephen, after an admirable defense, was dragged out of the city and ston-

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One wolf does not bite another. One love drives out another.

Children Cry for CASTORIA

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

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Full particulars from any R. R. agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, northeast corner King & Yonge Sts., Toronto and St. Thomas, Ont.

# CANADIAN PACIFIC

**Good Shooting** SPR Will be fourd in the Havelock, Mat-CPR fawa, Nepigo's, Ripcewa and CPR Temi-kaming Districts CPR Return tick ts will be is u d at CPR

Single First Class Fare CPR Good goirg Oct. 26 h to Nov. 3rd, and on rov. 8, 9 and 10, ro. 4 to return until Dec. 15, 1900

To all points Mattawa to Ne, 1900

To all points Mattawa to Ne, 1900

To all points Mattawa to Ne, 1900

Pews, Tealskamirg at d Hav lock to Sharbot Lak, inclusive, huppews, Tealskamirg at d Hav lock to Sharbot Lak, inclusive, from +11 stations in Canada, frockville, Smith's Fa is and Wes.

Where business passes through Tronto, to 1 wer fafe will be charged than the return fare to CPB.

Torn to win 25 cetts added.

A. H. NOTMAN,
Assistant Gen, Pass. Agt.,
1 King St. East, Toronto
W. H. HARPEN,
City Passea, er Ag inf.

CPB.

CPR

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM **Hunters' Excursions** 

From Brockville and Stations West in Canada to enetang, Midland, Lakefield, Severn to North Bay, inclusive; Argyls to Cobo conk, inclusive; Lindsay to Haliburton inclusive; and all points on Muskoka Lakes and Magnetewan River, via Muskoka Navigation to, and on Hun sylle and Lake of bays Nav Route, also Scoria Jct. to Rosepoint (Parry Sound) on Canada atlantic Ry.

a'so 8, 9 and 10, 1900. Single First Class Fare (Except on Business passing through Toronto) Good to refu n leaving ce fu ation net later than Sab-urday, December 18th, 1900, or until the close of navi-gation (if earlier), to points reach d by Mu koka Navigation C. mpan; or Huntsvil e ard Like of Bays. Nav. Reute

TICKETS WILL BE ISSUED

Friday, Oct. 26, to Saturday, Nov. 3.

For further particulars ap; ly to any Agent Grand Trunk Railway S; stem, or FUR SALE-FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.

Stop over only allowed at points Severa and North.

Frame house, two storeys, 12 rooms, Lot 50 ft. front x 115 deep, \$1,000.00. Brick house, two storeys, 7 rooms, Lot 40 ft. front x 208 feet deep. \$1100.00.

\$1100.00.
Frame house, 11-2 storeys, 6 rooms, Lot 30 ft. front x 104 deep, \$450.00.
Brick house, two storeys, 13 rooms, Lot 76 ft. front, x 135 deep, \$2,500.00.
Frame house, 7 rooms, summer kitchen, lot 75 ft by 104 feet, \$1150.00.
Frame house, 6 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 feet by 104 feet. \$850.
Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen. Lot 60 feet, by 208 feet, Good stable, \$1100.
Two vacant lots, each 60 feet front by 104 feet.

by 104 feet. by 104 feet.
House, 8 rooms, Lot 60 feet by 205 feet. \$1,000.
Farm in Howard, 33 1-3 acres, house stable and orchard, \$1,000.00.
Farm in Chatham Township, 116 acres, All cleared, Good house, barn, stables and sheds, \$5,700.00. Will trade for 25 o 50 acrre farm, part payment.

Money to loan on mortgages at lowest rates.

W. F. SMITH,

The great amount of design work done at the Victoria Avenue Green House is sufficient proof of the ex-cellence of the work. Nothing but the best at the lowest prices. Telephone

Mam", vot Sunday, ... Vagrees. "111 pm daily 32 pm ... axpress ... 105 am daily ex Monday 1 Daily Except Monda, 1 Daily Excep Sunday THE WASASH RAIROAD CO. ING WEST No. 4-11.06 p. 25 9-12.25 p. 25 LAKE ERIE & DETROIT RIVER RAILWAY.

eted Oct. 16 1:00

DING SOUTH 9.05 a. m. 10.25 a m 8.00 p. m.