

June 15 1903

**Boils were so painful
could not sleep
at night.**

**APPEARED ON NECK, LEGS
AND ARMS.**

Burdock Blood Bitters CURED THEM.

It is well-known to all that bad blood is the direct cause of all skin diseases and it is necessary for the blood to be cleansed before the eruptions will disappear. For this purpose there is nothing so equal as Burdock Blood Bitters as the thousands of testimonials we have on hand will testify.

Mr. Willard Thompson, McNeill's Mills, P.E.I., writes us as follows: "I wish to state to you what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. Some time ago my blood got out of order and many boils appeared on my neck, legs and arms. They were so painful that I could not sleep at night. After having tried many different remedies without any success, I finally decided, as the advice of a friend, to use Burdock Blood Bitters. Before I had quite used two bottles the boils had completely disappeared, and I wish to emphasize the fact that I think Burdock Blood Bitters the best blood purifier on the market to-day."

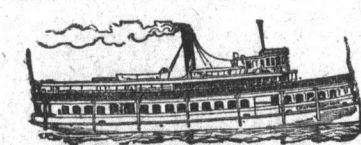
**Money to Loan on Mortgages at
4 1/2 and 5 per Cent.
FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PRO-
PERTY.**

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, \$400.00.
Farm in Township of Raleigh, 66 acres. All cleared. Good house and barn, \$3100.00.
Farm in Township of Harwich, 208 acres. Large house, barn and outbuildings, \$12,000.00.
Farm in Township of Raleigh, 48 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.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

Ladies' Favorite.
Is the only safe, reliable
regulator on which woman
can depend "in the hour
of need."
Prepared in two degrees
of strength, No. 1 and No. 2.
No. 1—For ordinary cases
is by far the best dollar
medicine known.
No. 2—For special cases—10 degrees
stronger—three dollars per box.
Ladies—ask your druggist for Cook's
Cotton Root Compound. Take no other
as all pills, mixtures and imitations are
dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold
recommended by all druggists in the Do-
minion of Canada. Mailed to any address
on receipt of price and four 2-cent postage
stamps.
The Cook Company,
Windsor, Ont.

No. 1 and 2 are sold in Chatham
by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug
Store.



THE STEAMER City of Chatham

will commence her regular trips on Mon-
day, May 11th, and will make a round
trip from CHATHAM to DETROIT
every

Monday, Wednesday and Saturday,
Leaving Rankin dock, South Chatham,
at 7:30 a.m., and returning leaves De-
troit (foot of Randolph St.) at 3:30 p.m.
Detroit time, or 4 o'clock Chatham time.

ONE WAY TRIPS
Leaves Chatham for Detroit on Thurs-
day morning at 9:30 o'clock, and leaves
Detroit for Chatham on Friday morn-
ing at 8:30 Detroit city time or 9 o'clock
Chatham time.

FARES.
ROUND TRIP, 600
SINGLE TRIP, 300
Thursday Tickets good to return
Friday,

Children under 12 years, half-fare.
Tickets good for day of issue only.
Agents—Stringer & Co., Chatham, Od-
ette & Wherry, Windsor; John Stevenson,
Detroit.

JOHN ROURKE, Captain.
WM. CORNISH, Purser.

Minard's Liniment is used by Phy-
sicians.

HIS Young wife was almost
distracted for he would
not stay a night at home
so she had his LAUNDRY done by
us, and now he ceases any more to
roam.

**Parisian Steam Laundry
Co.**
TELEPHONE 20.

WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By JOHN HABBERTON,
Author of "Helen's Babies," "George Washington," Etc.
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CHAPTER VII. IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.



He rode into and through
the town, out by the
road on which we used
to do picket duty as
infantry, across the
bridge which we had
laid and relaid so
many times, far out
to where we used to
see the cavalry outpost's picket. We
rode past the picket also. He was in
the same place, as if he had been there
ever since the Ninety-eighth went
away. After that we began to eye each
tree and fence for rebels, for we were
not in the enemy's country?

Except for this feature of the ground
we might as well have been anywhere
that we pleased for anything that was
of interest. The fields of yellow corn-
stalks looked so much alike that one
might easily have been taken for an-
other, and the bits of woodland be-
tween were as like as two fragments of
a single forest. The negro cabins were
all of logs, the farmhouses of wood,
painted white, and there were not many
of either. The road, like all other roads
in the south and everywhere else in
farming countries in the United States,
was just about wide enough for two
wagons to pass each other, so it al-
lowed us to ride only four abreast.

Sometimes the road bent and sug-
gested that there might be a change of
view beyond, but there wasn't. There
was absolutely no change of scenery
that we could remember for the first
12 miles of our ride that day, so we
really felt some pleasurable excitement
when we halted at a railroad crossing
and saw near by a station building, a
freight depot, a tankhouse, a black-
smith shop and a store building, though
our captain told us that all had been
unoccupied for months.

We fed our horses with oats which
we had taken with us on our saddle-
bags, with instructions as to just how
much to give at a meal, and dined on
hard tack from our haversacks and wa-
ter from a brook. The long ride had
given me such an appetite that I was
sorry that I had not brought at least
part of my ration of pork. It might
pass for butter when a man was very
hungry. I was somewhat comforted,
however, to note that my horse, which
was tied next to Mick McTwyne's at
the log rail fence beside the road, had
frightened Mick's horse and eaten that
animal's oats before tasting its own.

Brainard and I met at lunch, and I
had just asked him how he liked being
a trooper, and he had expressed the
hope that the Confederacy might feel
as shaky on its legs as he, when we
heard a shot or two in the distance. A
sensation passed down the line, and we
all started on foot to see what was the
matter, but the captain ordered:

"To horse! Mount! Remember your
fores! Forward!"

Looking out the road, we could see by
the dust cloud that the other companies
were in the saddle and moving for-
ward. We rode about five minutes,
hearing from time to time a few shots,
but no bullets. Suddenly, however,
across a field of wheat stubble came
one of our men on horseback, making
a great noise as he appeared to be
trying to check his horse's gallop.

"A cavalryman ought to be able to
manage his horse without so much
fuss," said I, with some pride, for I
had been taught to manage horses by
the rein alone.

"The poor fellow is hurt," said the
Lieutenant who commanded our pla-
toon. "Seems to be his thigh. I guess
his horse is hit too."

Down went my heart into my boots
or up into my throat. I couldn't deter-
mine which. If this was war, I want-
ed it to stop at once. Just to imagine
myself coming wounded and screaming
across a field like that poor fellow
made me feel deadly sick. I strained

my eyes in the direction from which
the wounded man had come, but saw
nobody else. Meanwhile the surgeon
had gone out to meet the man, who
now was quite near us, and called to
some one to take down part of the
fence so the horse could reach the road.

By the time the poor fellow reached
the roadside he was very pale and lean-
ing low on his horse, and we could see
a broad red stain along the leg of his
light blue trousers. He was helped to
the ground, and the surgeon quickly
cut away his clothing and examined
the wound, while we moved on, my
heart still being elsewhere than in its
proper place.

On, on we rode, and the farther
we went the more I wished we were
going in the opposite direction. I am
ashamed even now to remember how
many different kinds of coward I was
that day, but I was giving my entire
mind to the subject, and in such cir-
cumstances a man can accomplish a
great deal. Fortunately it was im-
possible to keep up the strain a long
time, so within an hour or two I was
cool enough for anything. I was too
exhausted to be anything else.

When I regained my senses sufficient-
ly to think of something besides my-
self, I was astonished at the coolness
or carelessness of our Lieutenant. He
had once been a private soldier in one
of the older companies, which were at

the head of the column, but he did not
ride ahead to ask questions, nor did he
even dismount to speak to the wound-
ed man, though he must have known
him. In the middle of the afternoon
we passed a member of one of the old
companies going to the rear for some-
thing, and our lieutenant asked:

"What is it?"

"Nothing much," said the man. "Their
pickets was layin' for us."

"Nothing else?"

"No, except Big Brown's horse was
killed. He got one of them, though;
that's all."

"Nothing much?" "That's all." If a
poor fellow, shrieking with agony over
a broken thigh, which was being hurt
still more at every step of his horse,
was "nothing much," what would be
regarded as something? If the "pick-
ets was layin' for us" could inflict so much
misery, what would be the result of a
full battle? Again I wanted to go
home.

But no battle occurred that day, and
we dismounted before dark and pre-
pared to bivouac in the woods for the
night, a stream crossing the road sup-
plying ample water for men and horses.
Brainard and I wanted to go right up
to the front and learn all about the
fight with the pickets, but the captain
told us not to stray far from our
wagons. Some of the men began to ask
when and where were the cook and the
evening coffee, and when they learned
that the cook had not come and that
he should have dealt out ground coffee
with the other rations, so that each man
could make some for himself, there
was a terrible hubbub, which reached
the captain's ears and made him say
dreadful things about the cook. But
none of the fuss yielded a bit of cof-
fee.

I was fortunate in never having con-
tracted the coffee drinking habit, but
what I lacked in thirst I made up in
hunger. I already had eaten a full
day's ration of hard tack, but it seem-
ed only a mouthful. I consulted Ham-
ilton, who had been named commissary
sergeant, about the possibility of our
getting anything else to eat during the
three days, but he gave me no encour-
agement. Nevertheless I borrowed some
biscuit of the nine which constituted
the next day's ration and promised my-
self I would eat a light breakfast.

Then I reminded myself that at home
I often had gone without breakfast for
the sake of starting early for a morn-
ing of fishing. Why could I not do like-
wise in Virginia? I regarded the propo-
sition with enough favor to borrow
another biscuit. But those bits of
hard bread did not seem to fill the aching
void that longed for them, and when
I learned that most of the com-
pany were as hungry as I and were ac-

ting according to the sentiment, "Eat,
drink and be merry, for tomorrow we
may die," even though the death was
to be by starvation, I followed their
example with such industry that by
the time I was ready to sleep my hav-
ersack was as empty as when it first
came from the quartermaster's. Never
before had I enjoyed any meal so
thoroughly, yet 'twas nothing but hard
bread seasoned with Virginia air.

It seemed only a minute to breakfast
time, so soundly did I sleep during na-
ture's effort to make amends for the
wakeful night before. No sooner was
I awake, however, than I began to
think of breakfast and of not having
anything of which to make it. If mis-
ery loves company, our troop ought to

have been a most sociable lot, for nearly
all had been as improvident as I.
Soon I began to stroll desperately about
the forest in which we were camped.
I hoped to find at least a slippery elm
tree from which to tear some bark to
eat, but the trees were mostly pines,
among which the elm seldom grows.
At the edge of the wood was a corn-
field, into which I sprang and tore open
some husks, hoping to find a belated
ear which might be soft enough to
chew, but all the corn was hard. I
cloddled so long between the rows that
suddenly I saw before me the roof of a
cabin. There might be rebels in it,
thought I, but if they took me prisoner
they couldn't refuse me something to
eat. No matter how rebellious, the
southerner never lost his reputation for
hospitality.

I was greeted at the cabin door by an
old colored woman who looked at me
savagely and said:

"Don' yo' come no farder, Mas' So-
jer. Dey ain't nuffin lef to steal. Yo'
men dun tuk ev'ryting in de house las'
night."

I took a silver quarter from my pocket.
'Twas a birth year pocket piece
which I had carried for years; but, as
Satan remarked the only time on re-
cord when he told the truth, "All that
a man hath will he give for his life." I

held the coin up between my thumb
and finger, and as the old woman's
countenance changed pleasingly I said:

"I don't want to steal anything,
aunt. I'm almost starved, and I'd
like to buy a mouthful to eat, I don't
care what."

"Yo' don' mean it, honey? Yo' ain't
foolin'?"

"No; here's the money. Take it—give
me something—quick!"

"Bress yo' soul!" said she, dragging
me into the house. "Jess yo' set down
in dat cheer, an' I'll make yo' a co'bin
pone in a minute."

She raised a board from the floor,
scraped some cornmeal from a hiding
place, mixed it in a pan with water and
poured the mass, which was exactly
like the food we made on our farm for
young chickens, into a heavy iron pan
that was in the fireplace. On top of
the pan she put an iron lid, on which
she piled hot coals. It seemed to me
the cooking consumed at least two
hours, but 'twas only ten minutes by
my watch when the woman took off
the lid and lifted out an immense loaf
of what in Summerton would have
been called baked chicken feed, but
which in the south is called corn pone,
sometimes hoccake.

And how good it was! How, as I
ate one fragment after another, I fe-
litated the ghosts of past generations
of my father's chickens on the enjoy-
ment they must have had in eating
just such breakfasts! It was solid, a
little of it occupied a great lot of room
inside my belt, but that was just
what I wanted. There was neither
salt, eggs nor baking powder in it, as
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To Be Continued.

**Could scarcely get up
or down without help.**

**Had a severe pain in
the small of the back.**

**Was treated in the Hotel
Dieu, Kingston, but
not cured.**

Kidney trouble was the trouble.

**Doan's
Kidney Pills**

Cured Mr. George Graves, Pitts Ferry,
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He tells about the cure in the following
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Kidney Pills too highly. I never took any-
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Doan's Kidney Pills, 50 cts. per box or
3 for \$1.25, all dealers or
**THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO.,
TORONTO, ONT.**

**NEW
Tinsmith and Plumbing
SHOP.**

The undersigned has opened out a Tin-
smithing 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. Resi-
dents cheerfully given.

CHAS. GORSELTZ, Fourth St.



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CHAS. GORSELTZ, Fourth St.



Children and Blue Ribbon Tea

Any tea that contains an excess
of tannin and other injurious ingredients
will hurt the stomach, vitiate the blood
and stunt the growth of children. In

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

the tannin has been extracted and only the nourishing and
appetizing qualities retained. The Red Label Brand is a
magnificent tea—beautiful bouquet and delicious taste.

**Black, Mixed Forty Cents Ask for the
Ceylon Green Should be Fifty Red Label**

Comfort in Hot Weather

Will be attained by using a good Re-
frigerator, a Blue Flame Oil Stove,
nicely finished Screen Doors and
Windows, beautiful Hammocks with
attractive colorings.

WESTMAN BROS.

BIG HARDWARE

Have the largest assortment in the city.
inspect our stock—prices right.

Now Ready for
New Business—More Business—Better Business

Having our new mill machinery fully adjusted we
are now prepared to offer our customers **Beaver
Flour** better than ever before.

Farmers can now get their chopping done to their
entire satisfaction as heretofore and with the greatest
despatch.

Call and inspect our new plant. It will convince
you that we have the equipment and facilities to turn out
all products to the entire satisfaction of the most particular
WHEAT WANTED. Highest prices paid.

Buy **Beaver Flour.** It is the cheapest be-
cause the best.

The T. H. TAYLOR CO., Limited
Cor. William and Colborne Sts.

When you think of the splitting
of wood, carrying of coal and
dumping of ashes—the tiresome
weariness of a summer with a coal
or wood range—the dirt and heat
of the kitchen—you'll turn with
joy to the helpfulness of the

Oxford Gas Range

It means a cool, clean, cheerful kitchen all summer. No fire
except when you are using it. No trouble—just the lasting
satisfaction of a perfect cooking ap-
paratus.

Call in at one of our agencies or send
for our leaflet.

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