

Feet and Ankles Swollen

Could Not Sleep at Night.

Backache and Kidney Trouble
the Cause.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Cured After Other Remedies
Had Failed.

These Wonderful Kidney Pills will Cure
the Most Obstinate Cases of Kidney
Trouble if Only Given a Fair
Trial and Used According
to Directions.

Read what Mrs. Geo. H. Alward, Whites Point, N.B., has to say about them: "This is to certify that I have used Doan's Kidney Pills for pain in the back and kidney trouble and I do most gratefully recommend them to any person suffering in this way. I was so bad with kidney trouble that I could not get around the house. My feet and ankles were so swollen and painful that I could get no rest day or night. I tried several remedies but could get no relief whatever until a friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I soon perceived a decided change for the better and had only taken two boxes when I was able to do my housework again, and three boxes made a complete cure."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or

THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO.,
TORONTO, ONT.

Wood's Phosphorine,
The Great English Remedy,
is an old, well established
and reliable preparation. Has been
prescribed and used
over 40 years. All druggists
in the Dominion of Canada sell and
recommend it as being
the only medicine of
its kind that cures
nervous debility, and
permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness,
Emotions, Spasmodic, Impaired
and all effects of abuse or excesses; the excessive
use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, Mental
and Brain Fory, all of which lead to Insanity,
Insanity, Consumption and an Early Grave.
Price 51 per package or six for \$5. One will
please, it will cure. Mailed promptly on re-
ceipt of price. Send for free pamphlet. Address
The Wood Company,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phosphorine, sold in Chatham by all Druggists.

LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A. F. & A. M. G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Secy.
GEORGE MASSY, W. M.

DENTAL.

A. A. HICKS, D. D. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office, over Turner's drug store, 26 Rutherford Block.

LEGAL.

SMITH, HERBERT D.—County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham, Ont. Thomas Scullard.

THOMAS SCULLARD—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block, Chatham, Ont. Thomas Scullard.

E. R. O'LENN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King Street, opposite Merchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, upstairs in Shieldrick Block, opposite H. Macdonald's store, M. Houston, Fred Stone, W. W. Scane.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on Mortgages, at lowest rates. Offices, Fifth Street. Matthew Wilson, K. C. W. E. Gundy, J. M. Pike.

Think it Over.

Have you any work
in the line of
PHOTOGRAPHY?
If so call at the

GIBSON STUDIO,
Cor. King and Fifth Sts.

TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

We have just put in, at great expense, a WONDERFUL MACHINE, heated by steam, work only passing through the rollers once; the result—WORK IS ELASTIC, WILL NOT BREAK, and will last much longer than when ironed by the old method, heated by gas, which has to pass through the rollers eight times.

P.S.—We have also added a newly invented machine to Iron the edges of Collars and Cuffs.

The Parisian Steam Laundry
Co. of Ontario, Limited.
London, Hamilton and Toronto.

MORAN

OF THE

LADY LETTY...

By...
Frank Norris.

A girl of two and twenty who could calculate longitude from the altitude of a star was outside his experience. The more he saw of her the more he knew himself to have been right in his first estimate. She drank whisky after her meals, and when angry, which was often, swore like a buccaneer. As yet she was almost, as one might say, without sin—savage, unconquered, untamed, glorying in her own independence, her sullen isolation. Her neck was thick, strong and very white, her hands roughened and calloused. In her men's clothes she looked tall, vigorous and unrestrained, and on more than one occasion as Wilbur passed close to her he was made aware that her hair, her neck, her entire personality, exhaled a fine, sweet, natural redolence that savored of the ocean and great winds.

One day as he saw her handling a huge water barrel by the chimes only with a strength he knew to be greater than his own, her brows contracted with the effort, her hair curling about her thick neck, her large, round arms bare to the elbow, a sudden thrill of enthusiasm smote through him, and between his teeth he exclaimed to himself:

"By Jove, you're a woman!"

The Bertha Millner continued to the southward, gliding quietly over the all smoothness of the ocean under a so light as hardly to ruffle the surface. Sometimes at high noon the shimmer of the ocean floor blended into the shimmer of the sky at the horizon, and then it was no longer water and blue heavens. The little craft seemed to be poised in a vast crystalline sphere where there was neither height nor depth—poised motionless in warm, coruscating, opalescent space, alone with the sun.

At length one morning the schooner, which for the preceding twenty-four hours had been heading eastward, raised the land and by the middle of the afternoon had come up to within a mile of a low, sandy shore, quivering with heat, and had tied up to the help in Magdalena bay.

Charlie now took over entire charge of operations. For two days previous the Chinese hands had been getting out the deck tubs, tackles, gaffs, spades and the other shark fishing gear that had been stowed forward. The sails were lowered and gasketed, the decks cleared of all impediments, hogheads and huge rats stood ready in the waist, and the lazy indolence of the previous week was replaced by an extraordinary activity.

The day after their arrival in the bay was occupied by all hands in catching bait. This bait was a kind of reefish of a beautiful red gold color and about the size of an ordinary cod. They bit readily enough, but out of every ten hooked three were taken off the lines by the sharks before they could be brought aboard. Another difficulty lay in the fact that, either because of the excessive heat in the air or the percentage of silt in the water, they spoiled almost immediately if left in the air.

Birds were everywhere—floating grey green disks just under the surface. Sea birds in clouds clamored all day long about the shore and sand pits. At long intervals flying fish skittered over the water like skipping stones. Shoals of porpoises came in from out-

Tortured with Pain.

Too Weak to Work.

ULCERS, BOILS AND PIMPLES ALL OVER HER BODY

Such was the condition of Mrs. Samuel Deitz, Zurich, Ont.

She happily found relief from her
terrible suffering by using

Burdock Blood Bitters.

A remedy without a rival for the cure of all diseases and troubles arising from bad blood. A record extending over a quarter of a century and thousands of testimonials will prove this. Mrs. Deitz writes: "Too weak to work, tortured with the pain of ulcers, boils and pimples all over my body especially on my face. I had almost made up my mind to give up trying to have them cured. I was ashamed to have any person come to see me, my face was in such a terrible state. I tried everything I could think of but got worse and worse. I was then led to try Burdock Blood Bitters and was surprised at the wonderful change the first bottle made. Altogether I took seven bottles and am now completely cured and am in perfect health again. I feel that B.B.B. saved my life."



Did you ever play with
a burning glass? It
doesn't make the sun
any hotter. It just brings
the rays to a point, so
they sizzle.

Same with thinking.
Weak, spread-out
thoughts get nothing
done.

"FORCE" makes your
thoughts come sharp to
a point—and burn a
hole in things.

—Laurie R. King

leaping clumsily along the edges of the help. Bewildered and blind, pushed on the schooner's rigging, and in the early morning the whistling of gulls could be heard on shore near where a little fresh water stream ran down to meet the ocean.

It was Wilbur who caught the first shark on the second morning of the Bertha's advent in Magdalena bay. A store of bait had been accumulated, gaffs and helped into chunks for the shark hooks, and Wilbur, baiting one of the huge lines that had been brought up on deck the evening before, swung it overboard and watched the glimmer of the white fish meat turning to a silvery green as it sank down among the help. Almost instantly a long, moving shadow, just darker than the blue green mass of the water, identified itself at a little distance.

Rhombus shapes proceeded from either side, an erect dorsal fin, like an enormous cock's crest, rose from the back, while immediately over the head swam the two pilot fish, following so closely the movement of the shark as to give the impression of actually adhering to his body. Twice and three times the great man eater, twelve feet from snout to tail tip, circled fanlike through the water. Once he came up, touched the bait with his nose and hooked easily away. He disappeared, returned and poised himself motionless in the schooner's shadow, feeling the water with his flukes.

Moran was looking over Wilbur's shoulder. "He's as good as caught," he muttered. "Once let them get night of meat, and—Steady, now!" The shark moved forward. Suddenly, with a long, easy roll, he turned completely upon his back. His white belly flashed like silver in the water. The bait disappeared.

"You've got him!" shouted Moran. The rope slid through Wilbur's palms, burning the skin as the huge sea wolf sounded. Moran laid hold. The heavy, violent wrenching from below twisted and swayed their bodies and threw them against each other. Her bare, cool arm was pressed close over his back.

"Heave!" she cried, laughing with the excitement of the moment. "Heave all!" She began the chant of sailors hauling at the ropes. Together and bracing their feet against the schooner's rail, they fought out the fight with the great fish. In a swirl of lather the head and shoulders came above the surface, the flukes churning the water till it belled like the wake of a screw steamer. But as soon as these great fins were clear of the surface the shark fell quiet and helpless.

Charlie came up with the cutting-in spade and as the fish hung still over the side cut him open from neck to belly with a single movement. Another Chinaman stood by with a long handled gaff, hooked out the purple, black liver, brought it over, the side and dropped it into one of the deck tubs. The shark thrashed and writhed, his flukes quivering and his gills distended. Wilbur could not restrain an exclamation.

"Brutal business!" he muttered. "Hoh," exclaimed Moran scornfully; "cutting-in is too good for him. Sailer folk are no friends of such carrion as that!"

Other lines were baited and dropped overboard, and the hands settled themselves to the real business of the expedition. There was no skill in the matter. The sharks bit ravenously and soon swarmed about the schooner in hundreds. Hardly a half minute passed that one of the four Chinamen that were fishing did not signal a catch, and Charlie and Jim were kept busy with spade and gaff. By noon the deck tubs were full. The lines were hauled in, and the hands set the tubs in the sun to try out the oil. Under the tropical heat the shark livers almost visibly melted away, and by 4 o'clock in the afternoon the tubs were full of a thick, yellow oil, the reek of which instantly recalled to Wilbur's mind the rancid smell of the schooner on the day when he had first come aboard of her. The deck tubs were supplied into a hoghead and rats that stood in the waist of the Bertha, the tubs secured and the lines and bait shark hooks overhauled. Charlie disappeared in the galley, supper was cooked and eaten upon deck under the configuration of the sunset, the lights were set, the Chinamen foregathered in the fore-cabin head smoking opium, and by 8 o'clock the routine of the day was at an end.



"Heave!" she cried.

So the time passed. In a short time Wilbur could not have said whether the day was Wednesday or Sunday. He soon tired of the unimportant work of killing the sluggish brutes and turned shoreward to relieve the monotony of the succeeding days. He and Moran were left a good deal to their own devices. Charlie was the master of the men now. "Mate," said Moran to Wilbur one day after a dinner of turtle steaks and fish eaten in the open air on the quarter deck—"mate, this is slow work, and the schooner smells terribly foul. We'll have the day out and go ashore. We can tumble a cask into her and get some water. The better three-quarters empty. Let's see how it feels to be in Mexico."

"Mexico?" said Wilbur. "That's no—Lower California is Mexico. I'd forgotten that!"

They went ashore and spent the afternoon in filling the water cask from the fresh water stream and in gathering abalones, which Moran declared were delicious eating, from the rocks left bare by the tide. But nothing could have lessened the loneliness of that shore and back land, participating under the fogging of a tropical sun. Low hills of sand covered with beach stretched back from the shore. On the eastern horizon, leagues distant, blue masses of mountains striated with mirages swam in the scorching air.

The sand was like fire to the touch. Far out in the bay the schooner hung motionless under bare skies, resting apparently upon her invisible shadow only. And that was all—the flat, heat ridden land, the sheen of the open Pacific and the lonely schooner.

"Quiet enough," said Wilbur in a low voice, wondering if there was such a place as San Francisco, with its paved streets and cable cars, and if people who had been his friends there had ever had any real existence.

"Do you like it?" asked Moran quickly, facing him, her thumbs in her belt.

"It's good fun. How about you?" "It's no different than the only life I've known. I suppose you think it's a queer kind of a life for a girl. I've lived by doing things, not by thinking things or reading about what other people have done or thought, and I guess it's what you do that counts rather than what you think or read about. Where's that pinch bee? We'll get a couple more abalones for supper and then put off."

That was the only talk of moment they had during the afternoon. All the rest of their conversation had been of these things that immediately occupied their attention.

They regained the schooner toward 5 o'clock, to find the Chinamen perplexed and mystified. No explanation was forthcoming, and Charlie gave them supper in preoccupied silence. As they were eating the abalones, which Moran had fried in butter, Charlie said: "Shark all gone! No more catch um—him all gone."

"Gone—why?" "No savvy," said Charlie. "No likes, no likes. China boy thimself heap funny; too much bean funny."

(To Be Continued.)

JUST SEEMED TO SUIT HIS CASE

Welland Merchant Restored to
Health by Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills.

Doctors And Medicine Failed—Dodd's
Kidney Pills Succeeded—Other Cases
They Just Seem to Suit.

Welland, Ont., May 23.—(Special.)—J. J. Yokom, a prominent merchant of this city, is telling his friends of his remarkable cure of a terrible Kidney Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Yokom's statement is as follows:

"For more than a year I had been ailing with Kidney Trouble in all its worst symptoms. I had a distressed feeling in my head, little or no appetite and a feeling of languor. I became greatly reduced in weight."

"Doctors and medicines failing to give me any benefit I became despondent when by good luck I chanced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and from the first they seemed to suit my case. After taking five boxes the old trouble had gradually disappeared and I was feeling better than I had in many years."

Dodd's Kidney Pills suit the case of every man, woman or child who has any form of Kidney Disease. They always cure and cure permanently.

A Business Man's Tea

There are many occasions when a business man requires a healthy sedative and nerve soother. There is no better such than

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

The nutrient qualities of this tea are especially suited to readjusting the nervous system and making the functions of the body normal and healthy.

Forty Cents should be
asked for the Red Label

Black, Mixed
Ceylon Green

Ask for the Red Label



MEN'S DISEASES

There is seldom a day that we are not consulted in regard to a condition that we were to have seen it in its early stages, the sufferer would have been relieved, cured and saved considerable expense. This we consider is due to lack of knowledge on the part of the doctor who has previously treated the case; therefore, we say to you, if you are suffering from any disease or condition peculiar to men, or if you have been a victim and been disappointed in not getting a permanent cure elsewhere, we would ask that you come to our office for personal examination or write us for a Question Blank for Home Treatment. We will explain to you OUR SYSTEM OF TREATMENT, which we have originated and developed after our whole life's experience in the treatment of special diseases of men. We will give you, FREE OF CHARGE, an honest and scientific opinion of your case. If we find you are incurable we will honestly tell you so. If we find your case curable we will give you a written guarantee to cure you or refund you your money.

—YOU CAN PAY WHEN CURED—

We cure NERVOUS DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, STRICTURES, BLOOD AND SKIN diseases, PROSTATIC troubles, BLADDER, KIDNEY AND URINARY diseases.

Question List Sent Free for Home Treatment. CONSULTATION FREE.

DR. SPINNEY & CO. 290 Wood-
ward Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

Canada for Canadians

WE HANDLE

Windsor Salt

Arriving all the time by the carload.

75c. to Jobbers, 85c. by the barrel, so
long as the well holds out.

No place in Canada where salt is so cheap.

Buy where you get bargains.

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., Limited.

Chatham, Ont.

A Wonderful Success

has been the Sale of

BABY CARRIAGES

and GO-CARTS

AT

WESTMAN BROS.

They're so nice new in design and
reasonable in price.

Come and see them

Westman Bros.

Big Hardware

JUST ARRIVED

A SHIPLOAD —OF— SALT AT THE

Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited

Price per Bbl. While it Lasts, 85c

The Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited