

## What is

## CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

## Castoria

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCEP, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.

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*Chas. H. Fletcher*

APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

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Bargains in Hats

We can give you every satisfaction in Hats and Bonnets. We have right prices, right styles and right qualities. With our large stock to choose from we can suit everyone.

Trimmed Hats from 75c to \$1.98

Beautifully trimmed in all the newest styles of the season.

C. A. COOKSLEY, Opp. Market

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Your Feet!

"Wet weather—slushy streets—catch cold—pair of rubbers—'draw your feet'—give you corns—hurt your eyes—Doctor says so. Cost money—cost time—comfort—health. Wear the new wet-proof, snow-proof, calf skin footwear. The Goodyear Welt gives flexibility to the sole, durability to the upper—case to the foot."

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PRODUCE A QUICK, SURE LIGHT EVERYTIME.

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For packing BUTTER, LARD, HONEY, etc.,

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Successors to the Kent Mills Co., Limited, Large Quantities of Wheat, Barley and Beans. THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST. Flour made by the new bolting and dust extracting system takes more water, and gives you a larger, whiter and sweeter loaf, and makes more loaves to the barrel than any other flour. Stevens' Breakfast Food and Family Cornmeal, freshly ground, always on hand. Farmers' Feed ground on quick notice by three reduction roller process, much ahead the old system of chopping.

## QUEEN AS A HEROINE

DOUGLAS STORY RELATES SOME NEW VIEWS OF VICTORIA.

British War Correspondent Depicts the Aged Monarch Waiting in the Rain to Review Troops—Sensitive as to Her Walking—Love of Queen for Her Womankind—Religion Argued by Royalty.

One day in August twenty years ago I saw the Queen for the first time. It was in Edinburgh, and her Majesty had come north to review the volunteers' forces of Scotland. All Scotland had poured forth its citizen soldiers, and in the fore part of the day the Queen's park was checked, like a highland tartan with its multi-colored bodies of troops.

Before the parade commenced, such a rain settled down as Edinburgh has not known from the day to this. In an open carriage, protected by an umbrella and mackintosh, Her Majesty sat while 25,000 men slipped past her in the mud. Marching was impossible. At parts of the route the volunteers were mid-rough in water, and the long lists of death from pneumonia, and phthisis that followed exceeded those in many hard fights.

But Queen Victoria faced it through—faced it with the memory of the fact that her husband caught in the same city nineteen years before. But there has been no other review, and if my memory serves me rightly, she has never slept a night in the Scottish capital since.

The following day I was present at the great military review in Wimpoleton park, when the young Princes Albert, Victor and George returned from their tour around the world. The occasion was memorable because on that day were more of the immediate descendants of the Queen gathered together than ever again met on one field.

My memory of the Queen at that time is of a little lady, very plainly dressed in black, who sat extremely upright in her carriage and bowed with a slow, sweeping inclination, vastly expressive of her dignity. Behind her carriage, on the rumble, stood John Brown and the other Scotch gillies, in the royal Stewart tartan—stern men, whose devotion to the Queen was as pure and spontaneous as the air of their native glens.

Years passed before I again saw Her Majesty, and then it was on a long country road near Balmoral. It was autumn, and as I stood on the fallen leaves by the wayside she smiled over to me and bowed—a gentle little lady sitting very low in her low-swinging carriage, with the Princess Beatrice beside her, and a single attendant on horseback. She had aged greatly in the intervening fifteen years, and there was a pathetic wistfulness in the long ago that did not remember the long ago. There in her highland home she was woman rather than Queen—a good and kindly woman, who sent jellies from the castle to the frail old bodies in the cottages, and who still drove out occasionally to wait in a shepherd's hut or a gamekeeper's lodge.

Down in the village of Grathie was the little church she had built, and every Sunday the Balmoral party sat listening to the chaplains' royal of Scotland—Principal Story, Dr. Norman Lees, Dr. MacGregor, Dr. Norman MacLeod. Many a curious sermon has royalty heard from these stout old upholders of the Scottish faith, and many an earnest discussion has Her Majesty waged over the luncheon table afterward. An Episcopalian in England, a member of the church of Scotland, in her northern kingdom, the Queen had her chaplains and respectful friends on both sides of the Tweed.

Once more I saw the Queen apart from her public appearance in London less than two years ago. It was at Windsor, and Her Majesty was to review the Honorable Artillery Company there, and had accompanied a famous colonial Minister to the park, and the Queen had intimated through Sir James Reid, the physician, that she would like it if he would stand where she might greet him on entering her carriage. It was permitted to accompany the two gentlemen to a spot on the terrace near where the carriage was standing.

As we walked over, Sir James told how Her Majesty was very sensitive as to any but her immediate suite being present when she walked these latter days. She had grown so heavy of late years walking had become a pain to her, and she dreaded any publicity of her suffering.

Arriving at our point of vantage we saw that a long gangway had been raised to the carriage to obviate the necessity of Her Majesty's stepping up or down. Quickly the door opened and the Queen appeared, leaning on the arm of her Indian servant and on a thick ebony walking stick. Very slowly she crossed the distance to the carriage, and once seated turned to us and bowed her gracious greeting.

We stood for some minutes gazing after the carriage as it rolled away to the reviewing ground, and then the colonial premier at my elbow shook himself and said: "Reid, I would not change my position as a subject of that woman to be president of the proudest republic on earth."

Last May I was enabled to cable from the Transvaal certain news of moment to Her Majesty. Months later, when I returned to England, I found a graceful little telegram of thanks from the Queen. To-day it hangs framed in my study in London, and I possess no prouder treasure.

It is difficult for an Englishman to write or speak intelligibly of his feeling for the Queen who passed so gently away. Twice in my life I have been in the position where it was treason to sing "God Save the Queen," and the most impressive incident of my career was the singing of the grand old anthem when Lord Roberts unfurled the Union Jack in

Pretoria on June 5 last. There was not a dry eye among the released prisoners by my side, and many a bronzed and battered veteran brushed away a tear as the rude prayer rose from the Kirk square.

Then, as now, we were thinking not of Queen Victoria's majesty might, but of the frail little woman, soothing the fretted beds at Netley, carrying fruit and jellies to the poor at Osborne and Balmoral, of the infinitely tender mother of nations.

The picture that clings most persistently to me is of the young girl Queen on the balcony at Buckingham Palace. Beneath, a regiment is leaving for Syria, and as it passes below the porch the girl bends, draws off her little satin shoe and casts it after the soldiers for luck. Sixty years later she lies dead, the most loved queen of whom history has any record.—Douglas Story.

## QUEEN WILHELMINA'S JOKE.

A Tongue-Twisting Name Sprung on a Learned Christmas Visitor.

The German papers are telling the story of one of the jokes in which the Queen of Holland delights. One Christmas day she, as usual, received the professors of the Dutch universities. When one learned man greeted her she met him with an air of childish relief and confidence. "Oh, my dear Myneheer, I am so glad that you have come," she said. "I have wanted you. Here is a letter of thanks from a little king. We conferred the Order of the Lion upon him because he was so good to our Dutch subjects. Now we want you, who are so famous a linguist, to pronounce for us the name of our friend."

The flattered professor took the paper, looked at it, stammered and blushed until the kind-hearted little Queen relented.

"Never mind about that now," she said. "Take it home and study it." The name signed to the letter was Djozakarthia, Hamangakal Boenwonder Senoyantling, ngalogo Ngabdsor Rahman Sajidon Panoto gduo Lafakotlat VII.

## The New Cut.

Robert Chambers, in one of his excellent essays, tells of an old tailor in an inland town of Scotland who had gone out of fashion there, and who was asked one day by the aged and old-fashioned clergyman of whose church he was an officer, how it happened that the congregation was thinning out so rapidly.

"Don't you know," replied the knight of the shears, "that half the parish go over the hill to hear the new preacher, young Porly o' Gingle-kirk?" "Oh, yes," said the minister, "but I can't understand what the people see in that young man that is more than ordinary."

"Neither can I," quoth the tailor, "and I would say the same thing of that young child that has taken my trade over my head. But it's just the new cut, sir; it's just the new cut."

What He Could Do Best. While there are some governors of prisons who are never happy unless they are signing their names to every official document they can obtain, there are others who look upon signing official documents as altogether outside what their duty ought to be.

One of the latter class, at the reception of a number of new prisoners into prison, said to a man, who happened to be a forger, and who, on a former conviction, had learnt the governor's objection to signing papers: "Now, we'll set you to work to-morrow. What can you do best?" "Well," replied the convict, with a grin, "if you give me a week's practice on your signature, I'll sign your official papers for you."

Preventing Potato Scab. Potato scab can be prevented by the use of corrosive sublimate or of formalin on the seed potatoes. Experiments made this year at the Vermont Experiment Station on the potatoes treated with corrosive sublimate showed less than four per cent. of the crop scabby, and those treated with formalin showed nine per cent. scabby. In the same soil and from the same seed, untreated potatoes came out with 41 per cent. scabbed. An increase of 37 per cent. in the measure of first-class potatoes ought to be worth any man's time.

Buy Them by the Pound. There is a big difference in the weight of eggs of pullets and hens and of those laid by different breeds. Poultrymen who sell by count, and not by weight, do not always get full value for their product. An English authority gives the following differences: S. C. Brown Leghorn pullets 17½ oz. per doz., hens 21½ oz.; Light Brahma pullets 23½ oz., hens 28½ oz.; Black Langshan pullets 24 oz., hens 28½ oz.; Pekin ducks 35½ oz.

Barnyard Wastage. The washing and leakage from the barnyard should be utilized. Instead of letting it run to waste to befoul the waters of the creek plan to divert it on to the garden and small fruit and then just see things grow. They used to do just as you are doing 50 years ago down east, and now they are obliged to pay \$20 a ton for some stimulant to ginger up any sort of a crop.

Feeding Carrots. Experiments in the feeding of carrots, beets and small potatoes to cows show that milk fever is less liable to occur when cows are fed liberally on root crops than when they are confined to hay and grain. No corn should be given for six weeks before calving. Linseed meal may be allowed with the hay, which should be cut fine and the linseed meal sprinkled over it.

Italian Prisoners Liberated. Nearly 13,000 prisoners were liberated on the occasion of the new king of Italy's birthday. Forty thousand others were granted reductions in their sentences.

## The Jolly Girl

Often changes to the jaded woman. "I can't see what's come over Mary; she used to be such a jolly girl," was the remark of a young woman visiting a married school-mate. Marriage changes a woman.



The drains and pains which are so often the sequence of marriage rob her of all vitality. Give her back her former strength and she'll be as "jolly" a wife as she was a maid. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription gives back the lost strength by re-establishing the health of the delicate womanly organs. It dries the drains and stops the pains. It cures ulceration, inflammation and female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"For two years I had been a sufferer from chronic disease and female weakness," writes Mrs. Allen A. Bobson, of 1115 Rodman Street, Philadelphia, Pa. "I had two different doctors, and they gave me medicine which only relieved me for a time. My niece advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I concluded that to open a correspondence with you for advice would be safest, so I did, and have been highly benefited. I find that after taking six bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and following your advice in regard to local treatment, I am now a strong woman. Accept my sincere thanks for the interest manifested in my case and the happy results obtained."

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free. Correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## CANADIAN VENGEANCE.

## The Running Down and Killing of the Boer Villamon Described.

Two of Our Half Breed Scouts Chased Him Into Swampy Ground and Killed Him.

Toronto, Feb. 4. — Lieut. Morrison, of "D" Battery, who in a former letter gave a graphic description of the death and burial of Dan Spence, in a later letter concerning his experiences in South Africa, had the following paragraph:—In the rush of events before we left Belfast I forgot to mention an interesting incident at Nootkedacht, being the killing of the leader of the Boer party who shot young Spence and Ratcliffe, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, so treacherously, several months ago. Villamon, the man in question, was known to both the Dragoons at Belfast and the C. M. R.'s at Nootkedacht. One fine day in November he borrowed his usual stamping ground around Belfast, and rode over Nootkedacht way, where he did not know the country so well.

"Casey" Callaghan, and David, the half-breed scouts, were returning in the early morning from an unsuccessful attempt to catch a field cornet, whom they had been laying for all night, when they sighted Villamon riding along all gallant and gay. They knew the country and they raced for a point to cut off the Boer's retreat, and succeeded. (He raced for another knot, and soon floundered, girth deep, in one of those treacherous Transvaal bogs. This was what the Canadian scouts had been playing for, bog, dismounted with much deliberation, and proceeded to take pot shots at Herr Villamon at 500 yards. Finally, his horse hopelessly mired, he jumped off and through the bog. They hit him the first shot, but did not stop him. He ran on screaming with fear. They hit him three times in five shots. As Casey graphically described, "He squealed like a pig." The last shot caught him in the back of the head, scattering his thoughts upon the grass, and he died. They took his rifle, horse and bandolier and told some kaffir to bury him. The killing of Herr Villamon made a considerable impression on surrounding commandos.

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SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's  
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR BILLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

DR. A. McKENNEY, DENTIST, Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, also of Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario. Teeth extracted absolutely without pain. Stairways next to King, Cunningham & Drew's Hardware store, King Street, east.

MEDICAL. DR. WM. R. HALL—Office, Rooms 1, 2, 3 and 10, Victoria Block, corner Fifth and King streets. Office hours from 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Office telephone, 280 B. Residence telephone 173.

DRS. RUTHERFORD and RUTHERFORD—Office, Soane's Block, King St. Residence, corner Wellington and Prince Sts. East. J. P. Rutherford, M. D. Specialty, surgery. W. Rutherford, M. B. Specialty, midwifery, diseases of women and children.

LODGES. A. F. WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 48 G. R. C. A. F. & A. M. meets on the first Monday of every month in the Masonic Hall, Fifth street, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed. WM. E. CAMPBELL, W. M. ALEX GREGORY, Sec.

MUSICAL. Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marshall, organist and chorister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, will receive pupils in singing, voice, development, piano and organ. Classes in sight singing and church psalmody. Residence Park street, directly opposite Dr. Pattie's residence.

## Guitar and Mandolin Instruction.

Pupils will be received for instruction in the Herrington or American system. Terms will be made known on application.

MRS. A. HEATH, Queen St., next to Athletic Grounds.

## LEGAL.

J. B. RANKIN, Q. C. — Barrister, Notary Public, etc., Victoria Block, Chatham.

J. B. O'LEARY—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King street, opposite Mercantile Bank, Chatham, Ont.

FRASER & BELL—Barristers, Office, Victoria Block, Chatham. JOHN S. FRASER, EDWIN BELL, LL. B.

SCANE, HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Scane's Block, King street. W. W. SCANE, M. HOUSTON, FRED. STONE, W. W. SCANE.

WILSON, KERR & PIKE—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Proctors in the Maritime Court, Notaries Public, etc. Office, Fifth St., Chatham, Ont. Money to loan on mortgages at lowest rates. MATTHEW WILSON—Q. C., J. G. KERR, J. M. PIKE.

## BANK OF MONTREAL

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## STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. Branches and agents at all principal points in Canada, U. S. and Great Britain. Drafts issued and notes discounted. Savings Bank Department deposits (which may be withdrawn without notice) received and interest allowed thereon at the highest current rates. G. P. SCHOLEFIELD, Manager Chatham Branch.

Posts!  
Posts!

J. Piggott & Sons have on hand a large and well assorted stock of fence posts which they are selling at lowest prices.

DON'T  
WAIT

For a cold to catch you. Have a bottle of Radley's Cough Balsam in the house to catch and cure the cold. A few doses relieve the cough and allays the irritation. Part of bottle usually cures. If after using half a bottle it fails in your particular case return the bottle and your money will be refunded.

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Reliable  
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Your Soiled Linen To The Parisian Steam Laundry Co.

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