

**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, on 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
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**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.

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Farm in Township of Raleigh, 50 acres. All cleared. Good house and barn, \$3100.00.

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Farm in Township of Raleigh, 40 acres. Good house, new stable and granary, \$2250.00.

Two acres in suburbs of Chatham, \$1500.00.

Valuable suburban residence, 11 rooms; with seven acres of land. Good stable, \$6000.00.

Apply to
W. F. SMITH,
Barrister.

City of Chatham

will commence her regular trips on Monday, 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 Detroit (foot of Randolph St.) at 3:30 p.m. Detroit time, or 4:00 a.m. Chatham time.

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Leaves Chatham for Detroit on Thursday morning at 9:30 o'clock, and leaves Detroit for Chatham on Friday morning at 3:30 a.m. Detroit time or 9 o'clock Chatham time.

FARES.

ROUND TRIP. 60c

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Thursday Tickets good to return Friday.

Children under 12 years, half-fare. Tickets good for day of issue only.

Agents—Stringer & Co., Chatham, Odette & Wherry, Windsor; John Stevenson, Detroit.

JOHN ROURKE, Captain.

WM. CORNISH, Purser.

The Hot Wash Tub.

For a lady to stand and drudge over a wash tub hot clothes this weather is both disagreeable and unhealthy. Call up **phone 199**, and we will call for your washing and deliver it back in as good order as we receive it, and cleaned as cheaply as you can do it yourself.

CHATHAM STEAM LAUNDRY.

Radley's Cough Cure

25c per Bottle
Is the best preparation on the market for Coughs and Colds.

WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By John Habberton.
Author of "Helen's Boy," "George Washington," Etc.
Copyright, 1901, by John Habberton.

"If I find you some right here without stirring, will you promise to leave me a little of it?" asked Brainard.

"Of course I will," said the guard softly. "But how—Shol Quit your fooling."

"I'm not fooling," said Brainard.

"You promise, too, not to wake your friends to help drink it all? I don't believe in whisky except for sickness, and your friends don't look or act as if they had any bad feelings."

"I'll promise anything, except to be a Yank or to let you git out, for one drink of whisky."

"All right," said Brainard, taking the captain's canteen from my neck, drawing the cork and holding it out to the guard.

What Brainard was up to I could not imagine, and I closed my eyes as the guard stepped toward him. I feared Charley had some desperate idea of seizing the man's gun as he passed the canteen. In such case discretion would be the better part of valor for the rest of us. But there was no scene. The guard quickly resumed his seat, and out of a mere slit of my eye I could see he had his gun ready for us with one hand while he raised the canteen to his mouth with the other.

"All I want, you said?" he whispered after he had ascertained that it really was whisky.

"All you want," was the reply, "so you leave me a little in case of sickness."

How that canteen did gurgle for a full minute! When the drinker was compelled to stop for breath, he held the canteen in front of him with a "you have saved my life" expression of countenance that was really touching. Then he began again and drank for a full minute longer, it seemed to me. As he breathed a long sigh of content he placed the canteen at his feet and said:

"Stranger, you're a gentleman. Nobody ever done me so much good before."

"I'm glad to have been of service," said Brainard. "My friend here helped your friend there to a good drink of coffee about three months ago, and I'm glad to be about even with him."

"You're a gentleman. I say it again, an' I'll say it again."

Finally whisky really was the medicine he needed, for he began to be quite happy, though quiet. Then he fixed his eye on something on the floor. He appeared to go into a brown study. Finally he closed his eyes and loosened his grasp on his gun, which fell softly across his knees. I looked toward Brainard to wink, but to my horror I saw him loosening the strap at his feet and motioning me to do likewise. Then he rose softly, took the guard's gun, handed it to me and proceeded to tie the fellow's feet.

Then I understood what Charley was up to, and, although I was so frightened that I was afraid I would drop the gun, I covered the sergeant and my rebel friend with it. I wasn't going to be outdone in appearance of bravery by any five foot ex-student of theology, even if he happened to be my particular friend. Nevertheless as I stood there with that gun I devoutly prayed that the slumbers of the recumbent Johnnies might continue to be very sweet.

Meanwhile Brainard carefully unbound the two other men of our own party. I wondered why he didn't wake them and tell them to loosen themselves, but I offered no suggestions. I don't believe I could have spoken had I tried. With the belts taken from our boys Brainard softly bound, or hobbled, the feet of the sleeping graycoats. Then he cut the sling strap from our captain's canteen and bound their hands also. They became somewhat restive under this operation, and the sergeant suddenly opened his eyes. The fire that shot from those eyes when the sergeant saw me with his gun at a point made me tremble, and when he strained at his bonds I recalled the story of Samson.

"We're awfully sorry, sergeant," said Brainard, "that it had to be done, but duty is duty, you know."

The sergeant was speechless. Perhaps 'twas just as well, for I learned afterward that he was a member of the church. He did, however, arouse my old acquaintance by nudging him with his tied feet, but when that matter of fact fellow grasped the situation he ejaculated, "Well, I'll be—"

Charley took one of our boys and went out of the hut. They came back in about half an hour and said they had the boat ready. In the interval my old acquaintance had exclaimed almost once in five minutes and each time apparently after profound thought, "Well, I'll be—"

I finally told him I hoped not, and it wasn't his fault we had turned the tables on him.

"Test tell me how you done it all," said he, "an' I won't ask no more."

"We didn't do it," said I, thinking to get off a practical temperance lecture that might be repeated after the war. "We didn't do it; whisky did it." Then I added suggestively toward the guard who had wanted medicine.

"Whisky?" exclaimed the questioner, with a wide eyed look. "An' you didn't offer me a toothful?" Then he looked reproachfully and remarked, "I wouldn't hev thought it of you."

AT THE TOP.

It is a laudable ambition to reach the top of the ladder of success. But many a man who reaches the top position finds himself in a position of a triumph. He has sacrificed his health to success.

A man can succeed and be strong if he heeds Nature's warnings. When there is indigestion, loss of appetite, ringing in the ears, dizziness, spots before the eyes or palpitation of the heart, any or all of these symptoms point to weakness and loss of nutrition.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the medicine to turn to.

\$3,000 FORFEIT will be paid by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., if they cannot show the original signature of the individual volunteering the testimonial below, and also of the writers of every testimonial among the thousands which they are constantly publishing, thus proving their genuineness.

"For about two years I suffered from a very obstinate case of dyspepsia," writes E. E. Second, Esq., of 13 Eastern Ave., Toronto, Ontario. "I tried a great number of remedies without success. I finally lost faith in them all. I was so far gone that I could not for a long time bear any solid food in my stomach; felt melancholy and depressed. Could not sleep nor follow my occupation. Some four months ago a friend recommended your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' After a week's treatment I had derived so much benefit that I continued the medicine. I have taken three bottles and am convinced it has in my case accomplished a permanent cure. I can conscientiously recommend it to the thousands of dyspeptics throughout the land."

"The 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' 1008 large pages in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y."

This made me feel so bad that I hastened to say:

"I didn't do it. I never thought of the whisky. 'Twas given to me to use in case we got a soaking. I wouldn't have thought of it again. I haven't tasted whisky three times in my life."

The poor fellow looked at me searchingly and finally said: "I've got to b'lieve you. I do b'lieve you. But, say, was that you drunk up?"

"Score one for the north," said I to myself, as I shortly answered, "York state."

"Now, gentlemen," said Brainard, "we'd better move before any of your friends drop along and upset our plans. Two of us will first take the sergeant and the drummer across the river."

As the sergeant didn't demur Brainard loosened his feet and took him down to the skiff, the other boys staggering under all the weapons except the gun, which I held. In about 15 minutes one came back with the boat, and the remainder of us crossed, the disembarkation being covered in the starlight by Brainard and a Confederate double barreled gun.

Then we sat, or stood, on that river bank until dawn began to break, Brainard having whispered to me that it would not be safe to approach camp in the dark. We did not dare to make a fire, and as we had not worn our overcoats when we started the morning before we were chilled to the bone. I suggested we should try to warm ourselves with single sips of the whisky, if any was left, but Brainard objected, saying it was no time for experiments. As for the Johnnies, they dropped upon the ground and slept as peacefully as if nothing unusual had occurred.

At the first streak of dawn Brainard ordered the prisoners into the boat, two of them in the stern and one in the bow, while he sat amidships and rowed, first cautioning our two boys to keep along the bank abreast of him and fire on any prisoner who chanced to change his position. He suggested that I, being the commander of the expedition, should hurry on in advance and report, so that the prisoners should not be fired at on suspicion that they were coming on a business errand.

I acted upon his suggestion, and as I hurried along it occurred to me that although I officially was in command Brainard had been doing all the planning and work. Why hadn't I instead of being thought of that stupid fellow drunk and thus prepare the way for our escape, instead of accepting our fate and dropping unquestioningly to sleep? Brainard's head had been alert, mine in a daze. That was the only difference, but it was enough to make me feel uncomfortable. Still, "honor to whom honor is due." I would see to it that Charley got full credit. I could be glad, too, that the man who had been smarter than I was my dearest friend.

I entered the camp without being fired at, and the captain was as glad to see me and hear the story as if I had been his own son. I told everybody the news, got them all on the river bank as a reception committee and got Hamilton to propose "three cheers for Brainard." Charley himself loosed the bonds of the Johnnies as our boys crowded around. My own special Johnny no sooner found his hands free than he whispered something to Brainard.

"Yes; certainly. Thank you for reminding me." Then he shook the captain's canteen inquiringly and handed it to the prisoner, who swallowed some of its contents and passed the remainder to the sergeant, saying as he pointed indignantly to the third prisoner: "Don't leave none for him, damn him!"

"You've done handsomely, corporal," said the captain to Brainard.

"'Twasn't I, captain," Charley replied, with a salute; "'twas your whisky that did the business."

To Be Continued.

The skies are never so bright as when they have been washed by a shower.

Mine's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

CRUELTY TO HORSES.

Strong Protest Again Made Against the Overdraw Check.

Horses, as a general rule, cannot read fine print, or they would rejoice to know that the Humane Society is interesting itself in a matter which is very important to them.

The campaign against the overdraw check, waged for many years with spasmodic vigor, is about to be renewed, and a fresh protest made against the use of this cruel device, says The Toronto Mail and Empire.

To keep an overdraw check on a horse that is working all day is little short of inhuman and indefensible from any point of view. The animal tires hours sooner under this treatment, the neck and shoulders and muscles become numb, and general exhaustion follows. For a long road or a heavy load, a horse needs no check but that applied by the driver's hand on the reins. With his head held up in an unnatural position, it is impossible for him to put his strength into the work. He is in agony. Well may the Humane Society say a word for him. Those who are advocates of this check-line declare that by its use a horse is enabled to recover himself should he stumble. Nothing is more absurd. The contrary is the case. A horse will not only stumble more frequently in a tight check, but his head is not free to help him regain equilibrium without coming to his knees.

It is urged that the overdraw is more stylish-looking than the ordinary rein, and that it makes the horse keep his head in the proper position. Regarding the latter contention, Chinese mothers may advance the argument in reference to shoes their daughters should wear. As for the stylishness—why is it not used on hackney horses, the most stylish of the equine family? It must be said, however, that for short, swift journeys the overdraw check is harmless. The simple reason is that it does not come into operation. A horse trotting at speed will keep his head up, so that the check does not inconvenience him. The only real defence of the device is that it keeps a hard-mouthed horse from getting his head down on his chest, and becoming unmanageable, and that it discourages kicking and applying one to the ordinary side check, which was designed to answer just this purpose. It may be noted, however, that a loose overdraw check does not cause greater misery than a tight side check. Any tight checking of a working horse's head is cruelty that should be stopped by law, and if the Humane Society can bring this to pass, it will have added another jewel to its crown.

A Tragedy of the Spring.

Spring brings tragedies. I am watching a fading life, an old man who gazes at the renewal of the world, while his powers, mental and physical, know no renewal. But nature, even when cruel, is kind, and those failing powers only let him dimly realize the tragedy that we can see so clearly. It was only last spring that he was out rejoicing, as only those who live close to nature do, in the revival of what for months had lain dead. As people grow older they take a tremendous interest in the miracle of resurrection. I think, deep down in the heart, they must almost unconsciously cherish the belief that the miracle will extend to their own falling lives. But it does not on this side of the bar, at all events. What the real process is after death, who can say? Meanwhile for those who stand between the very young and the very old the tragedy is so apparent. As the whirl and bustle of the modern world increases, the tragedy of old age keeps growing, the spirit of busle and struggle renders it difficult for us to find those who are content to stand aside and tend the feeble, either very young or very old. Trained nurses cannot do it. Hired tenderness is a small substitute for the genuine article which they crave for when entering or passing from this world. The feebleness of the babe appeals where the feebleness of old age often repulses. The transformation of the parent who has guided into the dependent, for whom all has to be arranged, brings about an almost unnatural state of mind in the adult who is in the prime of life.—Lally Bernard, in The Globe.

The Statue to Governor Simcoe.

Governor Simcoe goes down in the pages of history as the man who saw. He spent barely five years in Canada, and but half-a-dozen of his recorded acts are of importance. But those half-dozen were the acts of one who, at a critical moment, had prophetic fore-knowledge of the destiny of the colony. He brought the capital of the Province to this city, says The Toronto News. He carved out Yonge street as a trade route, and gave the right direction to the traffic of the colony for many decades thereafter. He planned and commenced Dundas street, which, but for the incapacity of his locum tenens, would have been an even greater thoroughfare.

His coming to Canada was of itself an evidence of a vision of things to be. Had he come merely as a soldier to serve his King in such place and for such time as duty bade, he would never have thrown himself into the erection of Castle Frank. An English gentleman of independent means, a brilliant soldier and a prominent member of Parliament, he was yet prepared to spend the best of his life, if not his life, in a new, wild, dangerous but promising colony. There is not a doubt that he went to San Domingo with regret, regret which will be shared by all who mark his work in this young province.

A Mine for Water Storage.

At Rosland the question of the water supply is important. Storage room is needed and the town has hit on the ingenious idea of utilizing some of the worked out mines. One mine, which has not been worked for three years, would contain 700,000 gallons of water.



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Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

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Ask for the **Forty Cents** **Black, Mixed**
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BUCKWHEAT at LOWEST
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