

**On macadam roads—on country roads—on good roads and bad roads—Dunlop Detachable Tires are safest and easiest to ride.**

If you meet with a mishap—a puncture—ten miles from home—these are the only tools you need



"The only tool,"  
The Dunlop Tire Co., Limited  
Toronto, Winnipeg, St. John



**Dr. Spinney & Co.**  
Detroit's Old Reliable Specialists.

Ripe in Age, Rich in Honor, and the Experience of a Third of a Century, Whose Successes are Without Parallel, the Sufferer's Friend; the People's Specialist.

**WOMEN** weak, pale, tired, nervous, despondent, no ambition, losing flesh, fretful, overworked, give up, errors of youth, and troubled with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Headaches, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Loss of Sleep, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evil-forgiveness, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Dreams and Night Losses, Deposition in the Urine, Frequent Urination, sometimes accompanied with slight burning, Kidney Troubles, or Diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs can here find a safe, honest and speedy cure. Charges reasonable, especially to the poor. CURES GUARANTEED.

**VARICOSE and PILES, and KNOTTED VEINS** of the Leg cured at once without operation. Doctors will deny this. But we are proving our claims every day. The method is simple, the cure is certain and permanent.

\$1,000 for Failure.

**RUPTURE and PISTULA CURED.** The SIGNS of STYLLIS are blood and skin diseases, painful swellings, bone pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loss, pimples on the back and watery growths. We cure these for life without injurious drugs.

Have you the seeds of any past disease working in your system? IMPOTENCY or Loss of Sexual Power? and do you contemplate MARRIAGE? Do you feel safe in taking this step? You can't afford to take any risk. Like father, like son. We have a never failing remedy that will purify the Blood and positively bring back Lost Power.

**MIDDLE-AGED MEN.**—There are many troubles of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposits aropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen, and even of a thin milky hue, again changing to a dark, torpid appearance. There are men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. The doctors will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

**BOOK FREE.**—Those unable to call should write for question list and book for home treatment. Thousands cured at home by correspondence. Our honest opinion always given, and good, honest, careful treatment given to every patient.

Office Hours—9 to 8 p.m.; Sundays, 9 to 11 a.m., also 2 to 4 p.m. Consultation free.

**Dr. Spinney & Co.**  
230 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Private entrance, 12 E. Elizabeth St.

**VACUUM OIL**  
Makes Machinery Run smoothly and cheaply. Saves wear and tear, and fuel, and is the Vacuum Oil Co., under the Vacuum process.

**FARMERS**  
Inquire upon your dealer furnishing Vacuum American Pump. Takes no other.

Canadian Office and Works

**VACUUM OIL CO.**  
40 Esplanade East, Toronto

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

**INVOLUNTARY.**

Sorrow and pity had clutched my heart, Lashed its chords to their infinite chain. They watched, dull-eyed, as I sat apart, A pallid face at the gates of pain.

Torturing thoughts from an empty past Buried within, like a hurrying pack Of hungry wolves which before the blast Fretted the snows in the beaten track.

Colder than where they gibber and glide My future beckoned across life's way; I turned and shivered and crept to hide Where ruined hope on my heartbeats lay.

When, lo, a presence! I saw him stand Rapt and smiling, a dimpled child, Draw near and eyes me, with outstretched hand, "Catch me who will! I am free and wild!"

He took my fingers the damp had chilled To his little red mouth's wailing breath; He touched my hair that the night had filled With wail, wet drops of despair and death.

Round my heart he threw warm red wine, Bound and pulled me with artful grace; Subtly sweet with imperious poses He clasped me close in his soft embrace.

Trembling, frightened, with feet that stumbled, "Tell me thy name, oh, thou pretty boy!" He laughed at my voice that fear had humbled, "Ho, foolish coward, my name is Joy!"

—Julien Gordon in Collier's Weekly.

**The Way Some Men Love**

The Story of a Man's Sacrifice.  
By Elizabeth Vose.

"She'll be hard to tether, Kitty will. I'll be like lassoing a butterfly, an I 'low as the man as can do it ain't appeared in camp yet," said Joe Bartlett meditatively. "As for me, I ain't got the show of a chance. How in thunder can I expect a dainty little girl like Kitty to care for a rough, ignorant feller like me?"

He took the pipe from his mouth and, knocking the ashes from it, filled it carefully, but it was evident that his "Can't even speak a grammar as I'd ort to," he muttered with disgust. "But they ain't nothing I wouldn't do for Kitty—Lord love her—even to studying a grammar book."

Joe was modest. He had no self esteem whatever and undervalued his merits. That so remarkable a creature as Kitty should ever love him was to be considered only as a matter of course. If his love became hope, he reviled himself and blushed at his temerity.

Yet Joe was foreman of the new mine at Clear Creek camp and the most important man in the place.

"No, the man ain't arrived yet," continued Joe, "an when he does"—he turned a little pale—"when he does God help Joe Bartlett!"

That evening, as was his habit, Joe was at Amos Carter's cabin. There were two reasons why he liked to spend an evening with Carter—he enjoyed swapping yarns with him over their pipes and Kitty happened to be Carter's daughter. Kitty never suspected his love. Joe knew that she did not return it, and he was not a man to wear his heart on his sleeve. If any one had asked her about her opinion of Joe, she would have confessed frankly that she was almost as fond of him as of her father.

In the midst of a story of the plains which he was telling for the twentieth time there was a loud rap on the door. Carter went to open it. A stranger stood on the threshold, a tall, slender, well-made young fellow, wearing the garb of a city bred man.

"Is this Mr. Carter's place?" he asked.

"That's my name, young feller. Will you come in?"

"I was told," said the newcomer as he complied with the invitation, "that I should find Mr. Bartlett here."

Joe came forward and offered his toil hardened hand to the stranger.

"You are Mr. Amos's superintendent, I guess. I wrote me you were coming up for a spell, but I didn't 'low we'd see you till the next stage. I am glad to see you, sir," he said heartily.

A certain indifference or indolence which seemed habitual vanished from the young man's face and manner. He held out his hand firmly.

"Thank you. I have come to rusticate. I have a bad reputation at home. It arises from a slight difference between the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposits aropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen, and even of a thin milky hue, again changing to a dark, torpid appearance. There are men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. The doctors will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs."

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and was on his way to the mine. Looking up, he saw Kitty's flying figure speeding toward him. He knew at once that something was wrong. She was breathless, her lips were blanched and her eyes wild with terror.

"Kitty, what is it? Anything wrong at the mines?" he asked anxiously. "She caught his arm to steady herself. 'There's been a slide!' she gasped, 'and Clay'—"

A sob choked her voice, and the agony in her face went to Joe's heart like a knife stab. His face whitened.

"Is Clay anything to you, Kitty?" he asked huskily. "Everything—all the world to me," moaned Kitty. "My heart will break if he dies!"

Joe clasped her trembling fingers from his arm. "Please heaven we won't let him die, dear," he said gently, and a moment later he was gone.

How the men worked to reach the death trap where six of their comrades were entombed until, exhausted, they were compelled to fall back, while others filled their places! How one man, tireless and determined, kept always at the head, never resting for a moment. To tell this would make a story of itself.

Joe Bartlett inspired everybody and cheered and encouraged the despairing crowd that gathered about the entrance of the mine, and when, after hours of hard work, the last dividing wall of earth was penetrated and an opening made large enough for a man to enter, it was Joe Bartlett who, with no thought of his own danger, climbed through into the chamber beyond and one by one lifted the half dead to rescue them waiting on the outside to re-join the living.

Young Ames had been farthest back and was the last to be rescued. He was very weak, but he waved his hand feebly to the cheering crowd as Joe lifted him back to life and safety.

Through the opening in the wall of earth the excited, shouting crowd had a glimpse of a grimy, radiant face—Joe had caught sight of Kitty when there was a sickening sound as of muffled thunder, a horrible underground groaning, followed by a crash. A second slide had occurred and Joe Bartlett was buried beneath it.

For a second or two the crowd was awed into silence by the awfulness of the tragedy and then a cry of horror burst from a hundred throats. Women screamed and men grew white and covered up their eyes as if thus they might shut out the memory of the brave face that but a moment before had smiled at them from his grave.

It was hopeless from the first. Yet never did men work more heroically than the miners of Clear Creek camp for the next 12 hours to reach the body of the man who had been their comrade. Rough men most of them were, but they cried like babies when at last Joe's crushed body was lifted from under the debris and the light of day fell upon his unconscious face.

They carried him to his own cabin and laid him upon the bed. The bravest man in Clear Creek camp had given his life for his comrades, and the entire camp was in mourning.

Moonlight flooded the cabin where Joe lay. The smile which had illumined his face in the last moment of his life still rested upon it. Two people—a man and a girl—stood beside him. The young man's arm was about the girl's face, and her face was hidden upon his breast.

"He was so good," she sobbed. "He did for your sake and mine!"

"Yes, dear," said Amos gently, "he was the best and bravest man I have ever known." His arm tightened about her slender waist. "I am glad," he said huskily, "that he did not have a sweetheart."

"It would have killed her," whispered Kitty, laying her head wet cheek against her lover's face. "But Joe did not care for women. I am sure he never loved any one."

And they never knew, for eternal silence had kissed the dead man's lips.—San Francisco Examiner.

**Counting Buttons.**  
In my early schooldays (1855-60) in Yorkshire we counted one another's buttons, after the fashion of sports, according to the order "tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief." Sometimes "apothecary, plowboy," came in. The first time after my ordination that I went into Sunday school I noticed one little boy counting the buttons on my cassock from the bottom upwards. His anything been written about buttons? Whence such phrases as "Dash my buttons," "I don't care a button" and "He's got all his buttons on?" It is related of some North American red men that they refused to listen to the teaching of an English missionary because he could not readily explain the existence of buttons on the back of his coat where they were of no use. Also there is the case of the Frenchman who committed suicide because life was all "buttoned and unbuttoned." As for their significance, we may instance the buttons of the mandarins and the sad history of Sir Walter Scott's school-fellow, whose wife went wool gathering when he missed the familiar button.—Notes and Queries.

**A Country of Clear Water.**  
About one-half of southern Alaska is water. The inlets and bays are so numerous as to be one of the wonders of the world. Both the salt water and fresh water are remarkably clear. Fish and other marine animals may be seen to the depth of 20 and 30 feet beneath the surface of the water. There are no sandy beaches and no tide flats. The water comes down the water's edge. The waters are so cold that fish as well as shellfish are good throughout the year.—Kansas City Journal.

Joe Bartlett had just left the office

**When in Bed**

Put some Vapo-Cresolene in the vaporizer, light the lamp and place it near the head of the bed. Then all the time the baby sleeps it will breathe in the healing, soothing vapor. The hard, tight cough loosens; the fever gradually goes down, the breathing becomes natural, and pneumonia is avoided. Every part of the throat and bronchial tubes are touched by the medicine. For the hard colds and coughs of children nothing equals Vapo-Cresolene.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a life-time, and a bottle of Vapo-Cresolene, \$1.00 extra supply of Cresolene, \$0.50 and so on. Illustrated booklet containing full directions and testimonials, sent upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 300 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

Recommended and sold by C. B. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store, Chatham.

Wouldst chase a noble life? Then cast No backward glances towards the past; And though somewhat be lost and gone; Yet thou shalt act as a new-born, Whate'er day needs that shalt thou ask. Each day will set its proper task. —Geethe.

**NINETY-EIGHT PER CENT.**  
There is a fascination about big profits to a business man. Hit the conservative and cautious trader prefers the larger per cent. of safety in his investments. There is no business man who would not consider it a sound proposition to invest in an enterprise in which absolute loss was impossible and which offered ninety-eight chances in a hundred of a rich profit. The statistics of cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery show that ninety-eight per cent. of cases of "weak lungs" can be absolutely cured. Almost if not all forms of physical weakness may be traced to starvation. Starvation saps the strength. The body is just as much starved when the stomach cannot extract nutrition from the food it receives as when there is no food. "Weak lungs," bronchial affections, obstinate coughs, call for nourishment. "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies that nourishment in its most condensed and assimilable form. It makes "weak lungs" strong, by strengthening the stomach and organs of digestion which digest and distribute the food, and by increasing the supply of pure blood.

Encouragement and development of thrift is a noble work, for it teaches men to exercise thought and prudence, forecast future wants, and to provide for them out of present opportunities. Thomas Bwden Green.

I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Sidney, C. B. C. I. LAGUE. I was cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yarmouth. I was cured of Sciatic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Burin, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

Duty seems prudence, and criticism is few terms for a man with a great purpose.—Boswell Field.

**KEEP YOURSELF STRONG**  
And you will ward off colds, pneumonia, fevers and other diseases. You need to have pure, rich blood and good digestion. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood rich and pure as no other medicine can do. It tones the stomach, breaks the force of poisons, and invigorates the whole system. You will be wise to begin taking it now, for it will keep you strong and well.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating. Price 25 cents.

The business of the head is to form a good heart, and not merely to rule an evil one, as is generally imagined.—Sir A. Helps.

Diphtheria and scarlet fever cannot spread where Vapo-Cresolene is used. All Druggists.

Man does not live by bread alone, but by faith, by admiration, by sympathy.—Emerson.

To cure a cold in a night—use Vapo-Cresolene. It has been used extensively during more than twenty-four years. All Druggists.

Them that has china plates themselves is the malist case which makes to it china plates of others.—Barrie.

**Nurse's Good Words.**—"I am a professional nurse," writes Mrs. Eisner, Halifax, N.S. "I was a great sufferer from rheumatism—almost constant association with best physicians I had every chance of a cure if it were in their power—but they failed. South American Rheumatic Cure was recommended—to-day my six years of pain seem as a dream. Two bottles cured me—100 Sold by J. W. McLaren, Chatham.

All people wishing to spend Christmas with their friends in the Old Country should call on W. B. Rispin early and make their steamship arrangements, as he is the agent for all lines crossing the Atlantic, and will give best possible rates.

It is the soul which creates to itself body, the idea which makes to itself habitation.—Marsigli.

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that the harm-mony of the world.—Rich. Hooker.

**PINE-OIL**  
Pine-oil, sold in all shapes and forms, is the best and most reliable remedy for all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, and other pains. It is sold by all druggists.

For sale by C. B. Gunn & Co., Drug-gists.

**DENISE AND HER PETS**

Red Toodles Told When Denise Time Had Arrived.

DENISE, darling, are you upstairs?" called Aunt Helen, at the foot of the playhouse stairs. "Yes, Auntie, do you want me?"

"Only to know whether you have seen John anywhere about, dear."

"I think he has gone with Sunshine and Flash to the blacksmith's. I saw him lead them away about half an hour ago."

"Dear me, that is too bad, for we need him very much."

"What is it, Auntie? Can I do it for you?"

"Why, the grocer has just delivered the morning's order, but has forgotten to bring the half barrel of sugar ordered, and cook is nearly beside herself for she is in the midst of her jelly-making and needs the sugar very much."

"Oh! let me go after it. It will be lots of fun."

Aunt Helen laughed as she gave her consent, and a moment later Denise had let down the bars of the day stall and was dragging Ned Toodles out by his forelock, much to that animal's disgust, for it was nearly twelve o'clock, and that meant dinner time for him.

It took her only a jiffy to whisk his harness on and a few moments later she rattled out of the playhouse, down the driveway and out of the gate.

It was not more than a mile to the village, but that mile tried Denise's patience.

Ned bounced and jerked along, first upon one side of the road and then upon the other, in order to show his disapproval at being sent upon an errand just at dinner time.

"I certainly think I shall do something dreadful to you, if you don't behave yourself. What makes you act so, anyway?" she cried, as she drew up his rein and cracked her whip threateningly. "I'd be ashamed of myself to make such a fuss just because I thought my dinner was going to be half an hour later," she continued, in a scathing tone of reproach.

"As Denise came up to the store at which she had to stop and turned around so that Ned was headed toward home, he gave his head a saucy way, as though to say:

"Perhaps some people had better serve their opinions until they are asked."

Tie strap in hand, Denise hopped out of the wagon, but just as she was about to tie Ned, for she had very pronounced misgivings of his sense of humor, the proprietor of the store slipped to say:

"I know what you have come for, Miss Denise, but we will send it at once."

"I will take it with me in the back of my wagon, Mr. Groves, thank you."

"Very well. I'll send it right out. Denise stepped back into the wagon to wait, and then came the beginning of Ned's humiliation. Don't! rang out the bell of the town clock. Don't! Don't! until twelve strokes of the bell had sounded. Ned knew a great deal, and he must also have known how to count, for as the last stroke rang out he began to fidget. "Now you are up to some new prank," said Denise to herself, "and I won't say one word, but will see what you will do." So she let the reins hang loose and kept perfectly still.

Ned's bladders prevented him from seeing her, but one ear was laid back to listen. Denise sat as silent as the whip socket. First a sidling step away from the curbstone; then another. Still no restraint from the wagon. Surely Denise must have gone into that store, and how to sound from the store. Denise was nearly convulsed with laughter.

Surely things were progressing famously, and when dinner was to be had so easily why not go after it? And off my liddle started, at a brisk pace. But walking was slow work. Not a vehicle was in sight, and when shortly Master Ned was trotting along at a fine rate.

"Dear me, trotting is a very commonplace manner of getting over the ground. Can't we improve on it?" Surely, and a moment later the little villain was bounding along like a deer, the wagon tinkling and rattling behind him. By this time Denise thought the joke had gone far enough, and so said in her most sarcastic tone:

"Well, sir, how much further do you intend to run?"

But the effect was astonishing. With one final bound Ned stopped short. Snap went the breeching straps, and over went Denise, landing straight across the dashboard, with her hands spread out upon Ned's fat haunches, where she could only lie and laugh. When she had laughed till she couldn't laugh any more, she heaved, peeped over the blinders, and beheld a very subdued little horse.

"Well, sir, when I've fixed up your harness and gotten you into some sort of shape again, we'll go back for the sugar, if you please, and then I'll serve you just exactly right if you did not get one bit of dinner until two o'clock instead of one."—Gabriella Jackson.

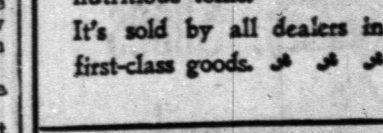
**Raising Sunken Vessels.**  
M. Matignon, a Frenchman, is the inventor of a method of raising sunken vessels by the use of active balloons covered with a net-work of rope bags fastened to the bottom of the boat and then filled with gas. The scheme is said to have many conveniences.

Truth is violated by falsehood, and may be equally outraged by silence.—Amplian.

**"Arf and' arf"**

Carling's Half-and-half in bottles is a delicious beverage and a most valuable and nutritious tonic.

It's sold by all dealers in first-class goods.



Cynics are only happy in making the world as barren to others as they have made it for themselves.—Geo. Meredith.

**Children Cry for CASTORIA.**

It is not how long, but how well we live.

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

**Children Cry for CASTORIA.**

Custom Tailoring

**J. R. Johnston & Son**

Eberts Block Chatham

**EGGS for Hatching**

From Barred Plymouth Rocks, and Black Minorcas, all from the best selected stock, good healthy birds. Received first prize at the Poultry Exhibition, held at the Agricultural Hall, London, 1899. Price for large quantities.

All orders promptly filled.

**W. W. Everitt,**

**Tax Notice**

Taxes collected at par up to and including the 14th Dec., and to all unpaid taxes on the 14th there will be added an additional percentage of 2 per cent., and to all taxes unpaid on the 31st Dec., an additional 3 per cent. will be added making 5 per cent. in all.

**William Rannie,**

**FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.**

Frame house, two stories, 12 rooms, Lot 50 ft. front x 115 deep, \$1,000.00. Brick house, two stories, 7 rooms, Lot 40 ft. front x 200 feet deep, \$1,100.00.

Frame house, 1 1/2 stories, 6 rooms, Lot 30 ft. front x 104 deep, \$450.00. Brick house, two stories, 13 rooms, Lot 70 ft. front x 135 deep, \$2,500.00.

Frame house, 1 room, summer kitchen, Lot 70 ft. front, \$115.00. Frame house, 6 rooms and summer kitchen, Lot 60 feet by 104 feet, \$650.00. Two vacant lots, each 60 feet front by 104 feet.

House, 8 rooms, Lot 60 feet by 200 feet, \$1,000.00.

Farm in Howard, 33 1/3 acres, house stable and orchard, \$1,000.00. Farm in Chatham Township, 110 acres, all cleared, good house, barn, stables and sheds, \$5,700.00. Will trade for 25 or 50 acre farm, part payment.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 50 acres, all cleared, good house and barn, \$3,700.00. Money on loan on mortgage at lowest rates.

Apply to **W. F. SMITH,** Barrister, Chatham.

**GRAND TRUNK**

GOING EAST. GOING WEST. 3.30 a.m. 11.15 a.m. 3.30 p.m. 11.15 p.m.

GOING EAST. GOING WEST. 3.30 a.m. 11.15 a.m. 3.30 p.m. 11.15 p.m.

GOING WEST. GOING EAST. 3.30 a.m. 11.15 a.m. 3.30 p.m. 11.15 p.m.

GOING WEST. GOING EAST. 3.30 a.m. 11.15 a.m. 3.30 p.m.