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OPERA HOUSE.

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Sand, Hair, Etc.,

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## PERFECT MANHOOD

is rightly yours; but if you are not the man you should be, if you are losing your energy, your Vital force, shrunken parts, and feeling you don't care what happens, you are suffering from Lost Vitality; it creeps upon men unawares; do not deceive yourself or remain in ignorance while you are being dragged down by this disease; no matter what the cause may be, whether early abuse, excess, or overwork and business cares, the result are the same; premature loss of strength, emaciation, impotency, Varicocele and shrunken parts. THE LATEST METHOD TREATMENT WILL CURE YOU. I guarantee it as a positive cure for these conditions. Read the following sworn affidavit. Positively no testimonials need unless patients give sworn permission.

Jan. 13, 1900.  
This is to certify that I had been a sufferer from Nervous Debility, lost vitality and weakness for a long time; had been doctoring both in Canada and Detroit without receiving any benefit, and placed myself under Dr. Goldberg's care, Dec. 22, 1898. I noticed an improvement in my condition in less than one week; was discharged entirely cured April 19, '99, and have had no return of said trouble. Signed, A. E. LECHARTRE.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of January, 1900.  
Wm. A. Smith, Notary Public, Wayne Co., Mich.

**Cure Guaranteed—Pay When Cured.**  
I CURE Varicocele and Stricture without cutting, stretching or loss of time; also Blood Poison, Chronic, Nervous, Impotency, Kidney, Liver, Bladder, Stomach, Female and all other troubles. Consultation Free. If you cannot call, write for blank for home treatment. Perfect system of home treatment for those who cannot call. Book Free. All medicines for Canadian patients shipped from Windsor, Ont. by prepaid.

**DR. GOLDBERG,** 208 WOODWARD AVE.,  
COR. WILCOX ST., DETROIT, MICH

## You Will Be Surprised

to learn how cheap we are selling fencing this year considering the cost of wire. Better see about it before you buy. No other fences made of wire like ours. Put Page up with good end posts. It will stay there tight and nice.

**THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. (LTD)**  
Walkerville, Ont.

## WE HAVE SECURED THE AGENCY FOR THIS WELL-KNOWN FENCING.

**GEORGE Stephens & Douglas,**

HARDWARE & IMPLEMENT MERCHANTS

MONEY TO LOAN.

**MONEY TO LOAN—On Land Security** at from 4-12 to 5 per cent., on borrower's own terms of payment. Apply to J. G. Kerr, barrister. Office Fifth St., Chatham. 6m

**MONEY TO LEND**  
ON LAND MORTGAGE, ON CHATTEL MORTGAGE, OR ON NOTE. To pay off mortgages. To buy property when desired. Very lowest rate. **J. W. WHITE, Barrister**  
Opp. Grand Opera House, Chatham

**Money to Loan**  
—ON MORTGAGES—  
4-12 and 5 per cent.  
Liberal Terms and privileges to Borrowers. Apply to **LEWIS & RICHARDS**

**RED CEDAR SHINGLES,**  
BEST BRAND.  
BY OAR LOT.  
WRITE FOR PRICES.  
**Thos. C. O'Rourke**  
Box 28,  
CHATHAM, ONTARIO

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

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, \$1200.00.  
House and lot, 9 rooms, \$1050.00.  
House and lot, 5 rooms, \$400.00.  
Farm in Township of Raleigh, 50 acres. All cleared. Good house and barn, \$3100.00.  
Farm in Township of Harwich, 200 acres. Large house, barn and out-buildings, \$12,000.00.  
Farm in Township of Raleigh, 46 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.**

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

## VIAMEDÉ.

Fair Viamedé, I voice thy praise:  
From thy cool porches glisten  
Wide gleams of silvery waterways;  
There dreamers love to listen.  
As evening's vesper shadows hide,  
Thy enchanting scenes surround,  
That sense to spirit may condescend,  
The harmonies abounding.

"Thy sweet to linger in thy spell:  
The less becomes the greater;  
No heart that line high nature well  
Can here become a hater.  
Thou hast all moods of shade and shine  
Within thy bounds abiding;  
Here earth and heaven doth intertwine,  
The gifts in their confiding.

When morning's misty garments cleave,  
As each bright aisle ariseth,  
And all the colors intervene,  
Whitely vision canonizeth.  
The pearls light, the green and gold,  
The mirrored sky-bloom blending,  
The pictured minsters unroll'd,  
Appear as if unending.

O'erhead the cloudway, white and grey,  
Floats in a sapphire setting,  
And toward the south-land far away,  
Spread frills of fairy netting.  
Thou, Viamedé, thy soft mountains tell  
Of romance, song and story;  
In them the amorous sunbeams dwell,  
And sub-translate their glory.

Dark in the north, wind-lashed and swift,  
A storm breaks on the vision—  
A Titan bath a tempest hurled,  
High into realm elysian;  
The numerous wood nymphs of the glens  
From dell and dingle hasten,  
Bear them sobbing through the fens,  
Like gnomes that Grief doth chasten.

The trembling poplar tassels toss,  
The elm leaves curl and flutter,  
The crickets hide them in the moss,  
The robins call their mates to roost.  
As down the blast, with flash and roar,  
Cometh the bolterous booming,  
White field and forest, lake and shore,  
Receive baptismal booming.

No artist pencil, train'd to praise,  
May paint the scene so ending,  
Nor sparkling speech, nor radiant phrase  
Describe the beauty blending.  
When in the east the sun retires,  
Flame, circled, at the even,  
And lights Creation's fires,  
Love-perfumed unto heaven.

Llewellyn A. Morrison,  
Stony Lake, 1902.

**FARMER IS NOT SO SLOW.**

**Man From the Country Beats the Chap**

From the Centres of Population.  
Don't laugh at the man from the country who comes to town without a patent leather shine. That team of his have got it on their harness.

Don't laugh because he gazes at a horseless carriage. Ten to one you wouldn't know a harrow from a hay-rake, or an Ayrshire from a Holstein.

Don't give him the merry ha-ha because he wears a five-dollar suit. It is paid for, and he hates tailor bills worse than the devil.

Don't swell yourself and call him a pumpkin because he cuts the sweat from his brow with his forefinger instead of a silk wipe. That sweat fertilizes the ground 60 bushels to the acre and feeds the world. Go out in your 10x6 back yard, cut down the weeds, tidy up, raise a blister and complain to your wife what a slave you are.

Go to, ye scoffers, who rail at the man in the country and call him Rube.

Compare.  
Do you have that stone-in-your-crop feeling after meals? Take a pill, then, look at the farmer and pity yourself. He doesn't even know what the word indigestion means. Give him a dictionary and he would think he was hunting for a Latin quotation.

His boss?  
Time checks?  
Pay days?  
Crowded store workshop?  
Strike?

The farmer bossed, putting in a time-check, waiting for pay-day—well hardly.

His own boss, the only cheque he knows about is that paper one from the grain buyer, and the leather one over the neck of the colt he is breaking. Every day he pay-day with the drawing on the soil in summer and the push in winter. Lucky chap, got two banks, both founded on God.

His workshop the acres, perhaps 300 of them, where, roofed by the sweeping skies, served by the sun seasons, tickling the soil, and watching the earth laugh green, he is master of the situation and doesn't know it.

True, his boots are headed with the dew of dawn, and his shirt damp with the moisture of the gloaming, but his soul is as sound as the great tree that shelters his stock in the open.

Crowded, yes; sometimes the barn cricks enough, and he stacks beside it. And when the lean year comes and the world is chastened, when homes are wrecked and suicide made by a stroke of the tucker, when panic is in the air and poverty pinches, when the black flag floats to a peaked wind, when the cry for bread goes up from starving, then he kills a hog and is handy, and his wife innocently throws the liberal sweepings from her table to the chickens.

Envy the farmer. Perhaps we are the Rubes—Ridgeway, Ont., Plain-dealer.

**A Canadian European Adviser.**  
Mr. Wallace Broad, B.A., who has been selected for the newly-created post of European Adviser to the Chinese Minister of Mines, is a Canadian. He was born at St. John, N. B., and after graduating in honors at the University of New Brunswick, took the course of engineering at McGill University in Montreal. After serving on the field staff of the Geological Survey of Canada he went to South Africa and has acquired much practical experience as consulting engineer and mining geologist in Rhodesia, and subsequently in West Africa. Mr. Broad has just left for China.

**Tinted Woodwork.**  
Tinted woodwork is having a wide vogue for colonial bedrooms just at present. Pale green and a cream white, flushed with pink, are much liked, while a dull flint cream or a silver gray that looks almost white are two other favorites. Care should be taken, however, to avoid crude color tones.

**Purely Civilized Aliment.**  
It is a remarkable fact that few savages have ever been known to suffer.

## NO LONGER TO BE DREADED

**Gravel Permanently Cured By Dodd's Kidney Pills**

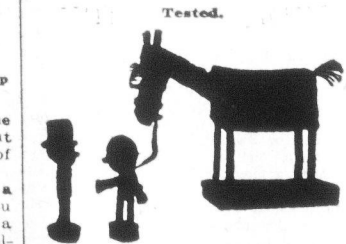
Reuben Draper, of Bristol, Gives His Experience, and is Prepared to Furnish Proof of What He Says.

Bristol, Que., Jan. 26.—(Special).—It is with feelings of intense relief that people here now admit that the operating knife is no longer necessary to cure that once dreaded disease—Gravel. Experience has shown it to be one of the numerous family ailments arising from diseased kidneys, and as such easily curable by those sovereign Kidney remedies, Dodd's Kidney Pills. Reuben Draper, well known in this neighborhood, is one of those who can speak from experience. He says:

"I was taken ill with what I thought was gravel. I consulted two doctors, but got no lasting relief, and I continued to grow weaker all the time. Then a man advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, for he said they had cured his mother, so I thought I would try them.

"Just one week after starting to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I passed a stone as large as a small bean, and four days after I passed another about the size of a grain of barley. This gave me great relief and I began to feel better and gain strength. I have the stones in a bottle and can show them to anyone who may doubt what I say.

"That happened four years ago and I have had no return of the trouble since."



"Is he a good, strong horse?"  
"I should say he is. Little Willie has owned him for two weeks, and he isn't broken yet."—Chicago American.

**Both Ends of It.**  
Jinks—She's at the head of everything that goes on in that family.  
Rluka—Then I suppose her husband's end of it is to foot the bills.—Baltimore American.

**Cause of Splitting Headaches**

Poisons accumulate in the blood and spread every moment to every part of the body. The brain becomes congested, nerves irritated, and the result is that awful headache.

Ferrozene is nature's own remedy for headaches; it is a blood strengthener and purifier of uncommon merit, a lasting potent tonic, and the greatest invigorant and health maker known. Headaches never bother people that take Ferrozene after each meal. Buy a box from your druggist for 50c. By mail from Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure Liver Complaint.

**Strenuous Hint.**  
Borem (11 p. m.)—It is a man's endurance—his staying qualities, as it were—that makes him strong.

Miss Cutting (suppressing a yawn)—Indeed! Then you must be a modern Samson.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Positively Brutal.**  
Wife—Why do you wear those made up ties?  
Husband—Er—probably for the same reason that I married a made up woman.—Chicago News.

**Paved.**  
"Your son is a philosophical student, I hear."  
"Yes, I believe he is. I can't understand what he's talking about."—Detroit Free Press.

**One Quality Frequently Lacking.**  
"Do you believe that egotism and genius go together?"  
"Not always. There would be a lot more genius if they did."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Charity that begins at home sends philanthropists unto the world.

**About Drainage**

You know the deadly consequences if a house is badly drained. Only a madman or a criminal would himself incur the risk, or subject others to it, for one unnecessary minute.

But do you realize the danger of a badly drained body? Are you aware that it poisons the blood, the very fountain of life?

**Constipation is Bad Drainage**

**IRON-OX TABLETS**

**CURE CONSTIPATION**

**Twenty-five Adult Doses 25 Cents**

## DEATH OF RICH RECLUSE

Her House Packed With Goods From Floor to Ceiling.

An inquest was held at Tottenham during the first week of the year on a maiden lady named Cecilia Eliza Adams, aged 76, who for 30 years had lived the life of a recluse at 9 Brograve terrace, Station road, Tottenham.

The old lady would never allow any one save a Mrs. Kiddy, who lived near by, to enter her house. When Mrs. Kiddy went in a few days ago she found that Miss Adams had fallen down, breaking seven ribs, and she died from her injuries.

An examination of the house has led, it is stated, to the discovery of an extraordinary state of things. Every room was found to be packed from floor to ceiling with valuable furniture and household goods, only just sufficient room being left to get in and out. It is alleged that Miss Adams was in the habit of giving large orders to tradesmen, and when the goods arrived they were merely piled up and left unused. Dozens of packed boxes are said to have been found in the house. The old lady's estate is alleged to amount to £35,000.

The Rev. S. G. McTaggart, of Tower House, Woodchester, a nephew of the old lady, told the coroner that she was the daughter of John Smith Adams, late Squire of Woodchester. She and her sister years ago went into a convent at Woodchester, but the deceased came out some 30 years ago, and was lost sight of for years. He saw her three years ago, but not at her house, as she never allowed even her dearest and closest friends to enter it. He believed the whole of her estate passed into the hands of the Roman Catholic Church.

A representative of Messrs. Tatham & Pym, of Old Jewry, stated that they had Miss Adams' will. She was an old client of theirs, and they were proceeding with the valuation of her property for the purpose of probate.

The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

**Neither Fear Nor Favor.**

A tactful refusal is sometimes hard to compass; yet a "no" may contain a spicier savor than many an assent. There is a story of Archbishop Whately, who, while walking in a London city park one day with a curate and Charles Lever, the novelist.

The archbishop was greatly interested in mushrooms, and he picked one and ate a piece of it, at the same time handing a bit to the curate.

"What do you think of that, Mr. A?" he asked.

The curate did not especially like it, and moreover he was not sure whether it could be safely eaten. Nevertheless, this was his superior in office, a man who must not be offended.

"I think, my lord," said he obsequiously,—if it had a little pepper and salt it would be delicious."

"Here, Lever," said the Archbishop, "you taste it and see what you think of it."

"Many thanks, your grace," said Lever, calmly, but I am not a clergyman. It is true that I have a brother in holy orders, but he is not in your grace's diocese."

The archbishop laughed, better pleased with this cleverness of evasion than by a dull acquiescence, and ate the mushroom himself.

**A Story of Spurgeon.**

In The Quiver the following anecdote of Spurgeon is one told in an article entitled "Preachers' Dilemmas":

The great orator was saying that, as he had to proclaim the gospel so often, he had moods in which he feared lest he might unconsciously grow indifferent to its choicest blessings. It was with peculiar satisfaction, therefore, that during a brief holiday, he once entered a country Baptist chapel, where he heard a sermon which refreshed his soul mightily.

At the close of the service he walked into the vestry, and politely thanked the minister for the edification he had received. "May I ask your name, brother?" purred the flattered country cousin. "My name? Oh, Spurgeon—you may possibly have heard it—I preach a bit in London myself." "Let the humorist and saint finish the incident in, as nearly as we remember them, in his own words.

"My dear brother's face turned as red as this cloth (pointing to a bit of scarlet baize in front of him), and he could only gasp out: 'Why, Mr. Spurgeon, that was one of your sermons! I heard it off.' My dear brother, I knew it; I knew it from the beginning and all along; but I assure you that it did not do me any the less good on that account."

**Too Much for the Sheriff.**  
An Irish widow with a quick wit one day received a call from a sheriff who had a writ to serve on her. According to The Pilot, the widow saved the day by some rapid-firing courting, which took the sheriff by surprise when he called at her house, and began in formal fashion:

"Madam, I have an attachment for you."

"My dear sir," she said, blushing, "your attachment is reciprocated. You must proceed to court," said the sheriff!

"Well, I know 'tis leap year, but I prefer to let you do the courting yourself. Men are much better at that than women."

"Mrs. Phelan, this is no time for fooling. The justice is waiting."

"The justice waiting! Well, then, I suppose I must go, but the thing is so sudden, and, besides, I'd prefer a priest to do it."

**He Didn't Mind.**  
Brown—Here's an old pair of trousers yer kin have, but the seat's worn out.  
Crump—Dat's all right, it won't matter. You see, I'm 'sittin' down most of the time.—Chips Christmas Number.

## DENTAL.