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Because he is the longest established specialist in Detroit who has branch offices, consequently gives his entire attention.

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Because he is the only specialist who is willing to wait for his pay until you are cured.

Because he accepts no incurable cases for treatment.

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Medicine for Canadian patients shipped from Windsor, Ont. All drug and treatment charges prepaid.

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DENTAL

A. A. HICKS, D. V. 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, 28 Rutherford Block.

LODGES

WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 45, 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 respectfully welcome.

W. D. LAURIE, W. M.

LEGAL

B. B. BARKIN, B. C.—Barrister, Notary Public, etc., Victoria Block, Chatham.

E. E. SMITH—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Office, King Street, west of the Market. Money to loan on Mortgages.

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Office lately occupied by Edwin Bell, Victoria Block.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia, Rheumatism, etc.

ROADHOUSE ROBBERS

MUCH DAMAGE DONE AROUND DAWSON CITY BY BEARS.

One of the Latest Forms of Excitement in the Yukon Country—Lively Experience of Dominion Land Surveyor Charles W. MacPherson—Saved by a Man and Two Dogs—Cinnamon Bear's Raid.

Robberies and depredations are the order along the winter trail between Dawson and White Horse, say recent mail advices from Dawson City in the Yukon. Roadhouses are being broken into and rifled and men are being pursued in broad daylight. The outlaws are bears.

The bears have broken into and rifled Clarke's roadhouse, Stevens' roadhouse, further south. At Jennings' roadhouse, 15 miles south of Stewart Crossing, one attacked Charles W. MacPherson, Dominion Land Surveyor, from Dawson, and created a great deal of excitement.

Damages done at the Clarke and the Stevens' roadhouses by the marauders amount to hundreds of dollars. Both houses were entered and pillaged when the people were all absent.

MacPherson was attacked at the Jennings roadhouse when about to leave the building. He had stepped out the door and was a few feet distant when he saw a huge black bear approaching on its hind paws, and waving its fore paws.

MacPherson thought he could frighten the impudent fellow away and began to warble a series of his most melodious baritone notes, mixed with a choice selection of war whoops, yells and light opera gesticulations presented in accelerated time. The bear seemed to like the music and the sonorous intonations pouring from the frightened MacPherson. The big fellow advanced with quick strides and a smiling countenance and outstretched arms.

Charles waved his sombrero and said, "G'wan, go back, whatcha want?" and increased his desolate exercise. The bear failed to halt. MacPherson thought the situation serious. In a moment the bear was five feet from the door, and MacPherson made a spring into the roadhouse.

The bear rapped at the door without effect. MacPherson could not escape from the house. The bear came to the window. MacPherson thought the big rascal was coming in at the door. He began to think over his past life, and the last time he was at Sunday School.

Just then the roadhouse man appeared up the road with two dogs. MacPherson gave a shout of joy. He was saved. Another moment and one of the roadhouse man's dogs gave chase to the bear and bruin fled to the woods. A second dog became excited, ran between the legs of the roadhouse man, upset the man, causing a verbal explosion, entangled the man in a fishing which he was carrying, and made his shotgun go off in the air. But MacPherson was saved. He has been home several days, and has confided his secrets to only a few friends. All have promised not to tell. They are keeping their word.

At Clarke's roadhouse a huge cinnamon bear made a raid. He mounted the roof, disturbed the gravel covering and gnawed the logs. He snatched the goods packed inside, and scratched away the gravel from a spot over the kitchen. The fellow was so persistent he got down to the small roof poles, and before he knew what was happening crashed through the roof into the larder. He was in heaven. He filled up on bloating dried fruits, ate flour, sugar and everything that can delight a man and a bear, and then took to the remainder of the house. He slept in the bed, made use of the chairs, smashed the windows, demolished other furniture, and then landed a double solar plexus on the door with his giant paws and emerged into the world.

MacPherson reported the Clarke roadhouse case to Constable Bell of a nearby police detachment. The constable went to the roadhouse on horseback to investigate. When he arrived at the place the bear emerged covered with flour and looking like a great Polar or some other member of the Bruin family doing the ghost dance. The constable's horse became frightened and fled. The constable had no big gun, so did not make an issue. He returned to the barracks and sent another man after the bear. The other man shot the bear in the hind leg, but the fellow escaped. The only trace found of the bear was a spot in the woods nearby where the intelligent old robber had stopped and plucked his wound with moss. He was a giant cinnamon.

At Stevens' roadhouse a bear broke into the place, one of the finest hotels on the overland route, demolished windows, mirrors, furniture and everything in sight, and continued his costly fun by breaking down the single wall partitions on the second floor. He broke open the kitchen supplies, had a mammoth feed, and then went forth into the wilderness to look for another roadhouse.

Turner Paintings in Canada.

The third volume of the library edition of Ruskin (George Allen, 1903), which is the first volume of "Modern Painters," contains many illustrations not in the original edition, and among them seven illustrations of pictures by Turner. If we consider the condition of art in Canada twenty years ago, it may seem worthy of notice that of these seven Turner's four are owned in Montreal:

1. Mercury and Argus. Owned by Lord Strathcona.
2. Llanthony Abbey. Owned by Lord Strathcona.
3. Venice: the Dogana and Madonna della Salute. Owned by James Ross.
4. Fort Ruysdael. Owned by Hon. George A. Drummond.

Of the remaining three, one is owned in Boston.—B. B. W., in Toronto News.

ABSOLUTE 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.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Wm. Wood*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

TOILET TIPS.

Don't forget to wash the dust from the eyelids every night before retiring. Bran water, to which have been added a few drops of ammonia, is very beneficial for the complexion.

Don't use borax and rosewater to remove tan and freckles without putting on a little cold cream afterward, for borax makes the skin dry.

Much soiled hands should be rubbed with soap and then with bran. This will remove the dirt very quickly, and the bran will soften the water and keep the hands smooth.

For soft gums that bleed easily a few drops of myrrh added to the water in which the teeth are cleaned will be found excellent. Strength is of less importance in cleaning the teeth than thoroughness.

Charcoal, while a capital cleaner of the teeth, is seldom recommended by dentists. Not only is it untidy to use, but the particles have a tendency to get between the teeth and the gums, making the latter recede.

It is said that a lotion composed of two ounces each of rosewater, alcohol and glycerin, with one teaspoonful of borax, is a certain cure for blackheads. After bathing the face night and morning rub in with the hand.

Toilet Articles.

There are people who boast of their allegiance to one particular brand of soap or tooth paste, as if loyalty to toilet articles was a virtue as holy as patriotism or marital fidelity. It doesn't pay to be so steadfast. It is bad for the complexion. All beauty doctors who have not preparations of their own on the market say that it is. "The skin needs a change of food as well as the digestive organs," said one of these specialists. "No matter how good a soap or powder may be, the tissues of the face grow tired of the steady diet and need a change. The wise person gives them that change. The preparation substituted may not be a bit better than the discarded favorite—perhaps not so good—but the skin responds gratefully to the different treatment, and little eruptions and blemishes that are purely local and not caused by constitutional troubles soon disappear. After a little the old standby may be resumed, but always it will be well to switch off to something else at intervals if one wishes a tiptop complexion."

No man wants to be considered as lacking in generosity.



ONE SPOONFUL

Will build for you good health, through good nerves, by using

South American Nervine

Almost all disease is the result of poor nerve action. Without good nerves neither brain, nor stomach, nor liver, nor heart, nor kidneys, can work well. Nerve food must be such that it will be absorbed by the nerve ends. Such a food is South American Nervine, the greatest tonic known, a cure for dyspepsia and all stomach ailments.

ADOLPH LE BODIE, B. C. L., Montreal's well known barrister, writes: "I was suffering from insomnia and nervous debility, prostration and exhaustion. I took five bottles of South American Nervine, and am wholly recovered."

The Great South American Rheumatic Cure is the only one that has not a single case of failure in its record. Cure sure within three days; relief instantly.

Sold by Messrs. Gunn and McLaren, Druggists, Chatham.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

STEVENSON.

So Limp He Looked as Though Just Flashed From the Sea.

He was tall, thin, spare—indeed, he struck me as almost fantastically spare. I remember thinking that the station draft caught him like a torn leaf blowing at the end of a branch. His clothes hung about him as the clothes of a convalescent who has lost bulk and weight after long fever. He had on a jacket of brown velvet—cannot swear to the color, but that detail always comes back in the recalled picture—a flannel shirt, with a loose necktie bunched into a sailor's knot, somewhat fantastical trousers, though no doubt this effect was due in part to their limp amplitude about what seemed rather the thin green poles familiar in dahlia pots than the legs of a human creature. He wore a straw hat that in its rear rim suggested forgetfulness on the part of his wearer, who had apparently, in sleep or heedlessness, treated it as a cloth cap. These, however, were details in themselves trivial and were not consciously noted till later. The long, narrow face, then almost sallow, with somewhat long, loose hair, that dragged from beneath the yellow straw hat well over the ears, along the dusky hollows of temple and cheek, was what immediately attracted attention. But the extraordinary thinness of the impression was of a man who had just been rescued from the sea or a river. Except for the fact that his clothes did not drip, but not moist, and that the short velvet jacket was disreputable, but not damp, this impression of a man just come or taken from the water was overwhelming.—William Sharp in Pall Mall Magazine.

Thackeray's Mustache.

In a note on Samuel Laurence's portrait of Thackeray—that representing the novelist's face in full—the Illustrated London News of Oct. 13, 1855, says:

"It is not, we must confess, altogether true to his present appearance, for it wants a recent and becoming addition to the upper lip in the shape of a black mustache that contrasts most admirably with a head of silver gray, but it is like the man and will be welcome to his many admirers."

The reference here to the mustache is interesting for the reason that every portrait of Thackeray, with one exception, represents him with a clean shaven upper lip, the exception being Maclise's pencil drawing of the famous "Titmarsh," which, however, belongs to a much earlier date—viz., about 1840—and in which there is just a suspicion of a mustache. Presumably the hirsute appendage of 1855 was merely a passing fancy, which the razor speedily disposed of.—Notes and Queries.

What He Was.

A man of letters of poor physique—recently knocked a policeman down and is still at large to tell the tale. It was on the bank of the upper Thames, where a notice bids "Pedestrians to enter the towing path by the roadway." The man of letters, however, knew the short cut and took it, running into a huge Berkshire constable. "See that notice board!" remarked the constable, blocking the narrow path. The man of letters looked, considered, and replied, "But you see I'm not a pedestrian." The constable considered him from his hat to his boots and back again. "Why, what are you then?" he asked. "I'm a Congregationalist," said the man of letters. The constable dropped.—London Chronicle.

The Boys in Gray.

A question often asked, according to the United Service, is why the army cadets at West Point wear a gray uniform, while the uniform of the army is blue. The origin of the distinction dates back to the war of 1812-14, when the commissary general of the army could not procure the blue cloth required for General Winfield Scott's brigade, and so they were clad in gray. So distinguished was the conduct of that brigade at Lundy's Lane and Chippewa that when, after the war of 1812, a reorganization of West Point Military academy was made, out of compliment to General Scott and his brigade the uniform of the corps of cadets was changed from blue to gray.

The Twelve Jurymen.

A prisoner is tried by twelve of his fellow countrymen. This custom is a thousand years old, and we get it from the Vikings. The Vikings divided their country up into cantons, which were subdivided into twelve portions, each under a chieftain. When a malefactor was brought to justice it was usual for each chieftain to select a man from the district over which he ruled and compel him to try the prisoner, the verdict of these twelve men being declared by the judge to be final.

Knew Her Danger.

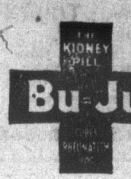
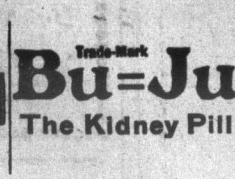

Smythe—You say she had the burglar covered with her revolver while her maid went to call the police. Then how did it happen that he escaped?

Browne—Well, you see, the burglar was a foxy chap, so he said suddenly, "Look out, there's a mouse!" While she was getting on a chair he got out.

A One Sided Rule.

Once when P. T. Barnum was taking tickets at the entrance of his circus a man asked him if he could go in without paying. "You can pay without going in," said Barnum, "but you can't go in without paying. The rule doesn't work both ways."

The law which all rascals believe should be enforced to the last letter is the statute of limitations.—New York World.


Bu-Ju The Kidney Pill

Differs from all other Kidney remedies. It cures. What more can be said? Try a box. If you are not satisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded. What more can be done? Yes, it cures Rheumatism, too.

Fifty Pills, in box, 50 cents.

The Clafin Chemical Co.
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At druggists. Reject Substitutes.



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For all kinds of Family Baking

has no equal. It is the only flour blended especially for household use and this blending enables the housewife to get the best results.

The best costs no more than the next best. Your grocer should have it for you.

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Is the greater heater ever manufactured, and if you need a stove, we guarantee to heat your house, and it will burn less coal for the amount of heat than any stove sold in Chatham. Call and see the Peninsular Steel Range, Coal and Wood Cook Stove, the greatest baking stove in America. Sold at

A. H. Patterson's,

Three Doors East of the Market, Chatham, Ont. Be sure you get his prices before you purchase elsewhere, as his stoves, are the very best and his prices are the lowest in Chatham.

Binder Twine!

We are offering Twine for the corn harvest at the following prices, payable Oct. 1st, or 1 1/2 per cent. off for cash:—

600 feet pure Manila at 11c. per lb.

550 " " 11c. "

550 " mixed 10c. "

All twine guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded.

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