

## WEAKNESS OF MEN AND WOMEN

Could we read the hearts of every man we meet, what a host of sorrow and despair would be disclosed. Indiscretions and Blood Diseases have caused more physical and mental wreck than all other causes combined. They strike at the foundation of manhood; they sap the vital force; they undermine the system, and not only do they often disrupt the family circle, but they may even extend their poisonous fangs to the next generation. If you have been a victim of early sexual habits, remember the seed is sown, and sooner or later you will reap a harvest. If your blood has been diseased from any cause do not risk a return later on. Our New Method Treatment will positively cure you and you need never fear any return of the disease. We will give you a guarantee bond to that effect. We would warn you sincerely against the promiscuous use of mercury, which does not cure blood poison, but simply suppresses the symptoms.

### WE OURE OR NO PAY.

Don't let your life be drained away, which weakens the intellect as well as the body. There is no room in this world for mental, physical or sexual disorders. Our New Method Treatment will Stop All Unnatural Losses, Purify the Blood, Strengthen the Nerves, Restore Vitality, and make a man of you. If you are in trouble, call and consult us. Consultations Free. We treat and cure Drains, Blood Diseases, Varicose, Stricture, Unnatural Discharges, Gleet, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. No cutting or operations. No detention from business. Everything confidential. Consultation Free. Books Free. Question Blank Free for Home Treatment.

DRS.

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Is so great that you can readily see that the time to get a Gas Stove is NOW! A Gas Range makes a happy summer.

...The...  
**Chatham Gas Co.**  
LIMITED

## The Mitchell Bicycle



Is Fully Guaranteed  
and Sells for

..\$40..

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Money to Loan on Mortgages at  
4 1/2 and 5 per Cent.

FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.

Frame house, two stories, 12 rooms, lot 50 ft. front by 110 deep, \$1,000.00.  
Brick house, two stories, 7 rooms, lot 40 ft. front, by 208 feet deep, \$1,100.00.  
Frame house, 10 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 104 ft. \$850.00.  
Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 feet, good stable, \$1,100.  
Two vacant lots, each 60 feet front, by 104 feet.  
House, 8 rooms, lot 60 feet by 208 feet, \$1,000.  
Farm in Howard, 33 1/2 acres, house, stable and orchard, \$1,000.  
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. All cleared. New frame house, large barn, stable, granary, drive house and other buildings. \$7,500.00.  
Farm in Township of Chatham, 50 acres. All cleared. Good house, and barn. \$2,500.00.  
Valuable suburban residence, 11 rooms, with 11 acres of land. Good stable. \$3,500.00.  
Apply to  
W. F. SMITH,  
Barrister,  
Chatham.

**FARM FOR SALE**  
Chance of a Lifetime to get one of the  
Best Farms in the Country.

One hundred and twenty-nine acres, more or less, about seven miles from the city of Chatham, lying between the River Road in Harwich, and the Grand Trunk Railroad. All under perfect state of cultivation. Will be sold at a sacrifice and on easy terms.  
Apply to  
M. HOUSTON,  
Chatham, Ont.

## The Chiming Clock.

By C. Langton Clarke.



I was on board a Cunarder, bound from New York to Liverpool, that I first met the man who was responsible for what has certainly been the most remarkable incident in my experience. I was returning from a holiday in the United States to resume my duties about the person of a certain royal personage and as the New York papers had given a good deal of prominence to my goings and comings, my identity was pretty generally known to my fellow-passengers. Among them was a tall, thin man, who on the third day out introduced himself as Mr. Amos Hanchard of Thomastown, Illinois.

"A citizen of the United States, sir," he said, as he shook me warmly, by the hand, "but of good old British stock sir, and maybe, if the truth were known, more of a Britisher at heart than yourself, as you might think, sir, if you knew my errand across this little pond."

I evinced a polite interest, but did not seek to prolong the interview, and it is probable that our acquaintance would have remained on the same distant footing but for an incident which occurred late that night. I was packing the deck, preparatory to turning in, when I met Mr. Hanchard staggering towards the companion. He was evidently suffering extreme agony, and I could do no less than offer him my arm.

"Neuralgia of the optic nerve," he gasped, as I assisted him to his cabin. "It's hell upon earth, sir, till I can get at my medicine."

I would have hastened for the doctor, but he assured me it was unnecessary, as he never traveled without an opiate, and at his express desire I left him to prepare his own remedy.

He was late in putting in an appearance next day, and his eyes were heavy with the effects of the drug which he had taken. He thanked me heartily for the assistance which I had rendered him, and informed me that he was subject to neuralgic attacks of such extreme severity that he was at times hardly responsible for his actions. We became fairly intimate, and I found him an agreeable conversationalist, a shrewd judge of human nature, and insatiable in his thirst for information. He was particularly interested in English court life, and catechized me thoroughly as to the customs and appearance of princes and princesses, and my own duties about the person of my royal master.

"Will you step into my stateroom. I've got something there that I'd like real well to show you," he said on the evening of the fifth day. "I think you might be able to do me a good turn."

I followed him into his cabin, and the first thing he did was to produce a newspaper from his trunk. It was a copy of the Thomastown "Courier" of a comparatively recent date, and Mr. Hanchard, standing with one hand on my shoulder, smilingly indicated a paragraph which he desired me to read. It was headed, "A Gift to Royalty," and described a meeting of the "Prince of Scotland Club," at which it had been decided to present a suitable gift to my royal master on the occasion of his birthday.

The paragraph concluded by stating that "Mr. Amos Hanchard, president of the club, who is shortly leaving for the Old Country on private business, was deputed to make the presentation in person."

"Most of our club are Britishers," said Mr. Hanchard, in explanation, "but they thought the thing would have more Anglo-Saxon-Affinity in it if a native-born American did the presenting. See?"

"The Prince will be deeply gratified," I said, as Mr. Hanchard stood beaming.

"Hold on a moment," he said. "I haven't shown you the thing I'm taking. I guess you'll admit it's a hummer."

He divined to the bottom of his trunk and produced an oblong case of dark green morocco leather, embossed with my master's crest. Opening this he extracted a small gold travelling clock of exquisite beauty in workmanship and design. The crest was outlined in brilliant colors on both sides, and the back was the following inscription:

Presented to  
THE PRINCE OF SCOTLAND  
On the Occasion of his 50th Birthday.  
By the  
Prince of Scotland Club of Thomastown, Ill.

I examined it with an admiration which I freely expressed. "Ain't she a beauty?" asked Mr. Hanchard, rapturously. "But you haven't seen the best of her yet. The Prince was born at eleven o'clock, wasn't he? Well, look here." He turned a couple of keys and set the hands at the hour he had named. Immediately, from a tiny set of bells, concealed within the works, the British National Anthem chimed forth, followed by the whirling of wheels and a little click.

"That's what I call a neat compliment," he said, "and all my own idea. I tell you it's made me solid for the presidency next year. They were tickled to death with it."

"And now," he continued, taking the clock from my hands and putting it away again. "I want you to do me a favor. The Prince's birthday is the day after to-morrow. Do you think you can work me an interview with His Royal Highness?"

"I think that, under the peculiar circumstances it might be easily managed," I replied.

"If there should be any difficulty," he suggested, "maybe you wouldn't mind taking charge of the thing yourself, and seeing that His Royal Highness receives it at the right time. I'm pledged to get it into his hands on his birthday, and cable the club at its anniversary meeting that night. It'd kind of be a disappointment all round if the Prince and the timepiece failed to connect on the right day and at the right hour."

"I may safely promise you that he shall receive it either from your hands or mine," I replied, and Mr. Hanchard

was profuse in his expressions of gratitude.

From Liverpool to London Mr. Hanchard and I traveled together, and at his earnest request I consented to postpone my return to my own quarters at the Palace until the following morning, and remain as his guest at a small hotel, which he assured me was a favorite stopping-place with tourists from Thomastown.

During the evening my companion evinced symptoms of nervousness, and several times expressed a doubt as to whether he would be able to summon sufficient courage to face royalty. "I'll make a mess of it sure," he said. "I guess I'll have to let you do the presenting after all."

I did by best to reassure him, but the question was eventually settled in a manner neither of us had foreseen. While ascending the stairs to his bedroom Mr. Hanchard slipped, and gave his ankle a wrench so severe as seemed to preclude the possibility of his putting his foot to the ground for several days.

He accepted the misfortune with philosophical composure, and I assured him that he need be under no apprehension with regard to the timely delivery of his chiming clock, as I would willingly undertake it, the more so as he was now physically incapacitated from making the presentation in person.

"I guess it's not going to make a deal of difference after all, then," he said. "And now," he added, "if you'll be so kind as to give me the black handbag you'll find in the top of that trunk, I'll just get her fixed up, so that she'll reel off her tune all right at eleven o'clock to-morrow, when you hand her over."

I obeyed his instructions, and then, at his request, went to my own room for a silk handkerchief, with which he wished to put a final polish on the case. When I returned he was sitting up in bed, regarding the clock with a look of affection.

"I hate to part with her, and that's the plumb truth," he said. "It's too bad as I can't be somewhere around to hear her say her little piece." He took the handkerchief I had brought, and carefully wiped the crystal and the inscription.

"She's all ready for business now," he said, handing the clock to me. "Put her back in the bag and take her with you, and be mighty careful you don't let her get them works is easy put out of gear."

"I think I'll let you take the responsibility until to-morrow," I replied. "I'll leave this bag in the safe place some of our party were so badly frightened as their horses. If any of my readers are old enough to remember the introduction of locomotives and how they felt at first sight of them, they will perhaps understand our sensations that day in the pine woods."

"A mile or two farther on we came to a broken wagon by the side of the road, and near it sat a Georgia cracker smoking his pipe. On being asked what was his trouble he replied, 'Well, stranger, I've often heard tell of nullification, and now I reckon I've saw it for true.'"

It is somewhat amusing now to read of the superstitious dread with which the inhabitants looked upon the building of these first railroads. Some thought the smoke of the continual passing trains would cause a pestilence or destroy all the crops along the road. Others were afraid to ride on the cars for fear of having their breath taken away, and the people in the cities objected to the railroad because it caused the feared the smoke from the engines would soil the clothes which were hung out to dry.

Many are yet living who looked upon the terrible, screeching iron monster with awe and trepidation. Mr. Nat McGee of Ivy, Alabama, tells a joke upon himself that when he heard the train coming he jumped from his horse and got behind a tree, where he viewed it for fear of being run over. Mr. W. T. Prout, who was taking a wagon load of produce to Richmond, when he reached Gordonsville heard the whistle and terrible noise of the approaching train, and he and his companions were so scared that they sprang out, leaped the fence and ran across the field to a safe distance, leaving the wagon and team to its fate, but when the train appeared it was only an engine and one coach.

The first roadbeds were formed, as has been stated, by driving piles in the ground, upon the top of which were placed wooden stringers, in which were cut a groove for the wheels to run. These were called "wooden railroads," and at a distance appeared like the elevated railroads in the cities of the present day. The honor of this invention was contested between John Hartman of Scottsville, Va., and John Williams, an engineer of Ohio, but it did not prove a bonanza to either, for the wheels were constantly bouncing out of the groove, and the piles soon after gave place to solid dirt embankments, and strap iron rails were substituted for the wooden groove. But the grading was very imperfect and uneven, which made riding on one of these primitive railroads like going over a corduroy road in a springless wagon, with the cars bouncing over these rough rails to the jingling music of the windows.

**Do Carpets Shorten Life?**  
Just think what a horrible receptacle of unclean things the carpet is in the rich English or French boudoir. Where there are carpets, people should be entering the given stripes, as in the Netherlands, or the footpaths, as in a Turkish mosque. Making servants sweep carpets is another proof that evil is wrought for want of thought. Fluorid attributed the prevalence of lung and throat diseases in England to carpeted rooms.—London Truth.

**Sarcasm.**  
Art Dealer—Yes, that was painted by one of the old masters. But, I beg your pardon, sir, you must not touch it with your umbrella.

Old Mr. Hardplayer—What's the matter? Isn't it dry yet?

## THE RAILROAD SCARE

ODD EFFECTS OF THE FIRST SIGHT  
OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

Some of the People of the South Had Behind Trees in 1833, When the Iron Horse Went By—The Country's Earliest Railroad.

America cannot lay claim to the first locomotive or the first railroad. That great honor lies with England. Yet Yankee genius was not very far behind her, for, when George Stephenson launched his first rail locomotive, the Rocket, on the Liverpool and Manchester road in 1825, then first spunk had been driven on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, July 4, 1828, by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence.

This was the first road started in the United States, and in 1830 it had reached Elliott Mills, 13 miles from Baltimore.

But the south can claim the honor of completing the longest railroad in the world at that date, being the old Charleston and Hamburg road, now a part of the South Carolina and Georgia system, which was begun in 1830, and by October, 1833, it had 137 miles of track in operation. In a letter from Mr. Samuel C. Clarke of Georgia, a kinsman of the writer, who attained the extreme age of 91 years and who had seen the beginning and the completion of this road, he thus gives his experience upon first sight of a locomotive:

"One day while going down to Charleston with a party of gentlemen to attend the races as we approached the city we saw in the distance the new railroad, finished some 10 or 12 miles out of Charleston. It was built upon piles, longer or short, according to the nature of the ground. Sometimes in crossing a ravine the rails were 20 feet from the surface. Our track ran near this elevated road, and soon a hard quick gas from 20 engines was heard in the woods. By this time we were nervous. Elephants and lions we had heard of, and some of us had seen them, but what monster was this whose screams we heard? Presently it came in sight, flying aloft through the air and breathing fire and smoke, and our frightened steeds became unmanageable, and in fact I think that some of our party were so badly frightened as their horses. If any of my readers are old enough to remember the introduction of locomotives and how they felt at first sight of them, they will perhaps understand our sensations that day in the pine woods."

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Made of Silk Tapestry, with buttoned backs, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00 and \$30.00.  
Three Piece Suites, with Mahogany finished frames, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00.  
Rug Suites of good and serviceable rugs, \$12.00, \$18.00, \$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00, \$40.00, \$45.00, \$50.00 and \$60.00.

**Bedroom Suites**  
A Special Line from \$10.00 to \$12.00. Do not fail to see these Suites.  
Polished Oak Suites, with British bevel mirrors, \$25.00, \$30.00.  
We are offering a special line of CARPETS at 50c per yard, worth 60c and 65c per yard. Made and laid free of charge.

**Hugh McDonald**  
Opposite Garner House