

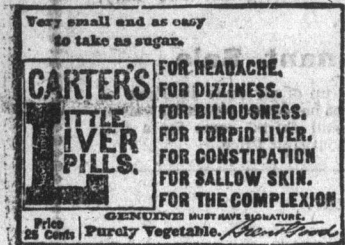
# ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine  
**Carter's**  
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

*W. H. 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 SALLLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

GUARE SICK HEADACHE.

TO PREACH HOLY WAR.

Bandit Chief in Mountains Preparing to Resist Invaders.  
Tangier, Dec. 29.—According to the best information obtainable, Raisuli has refused to resign his Governorship, and is preparing to meet the forces of War Minister Ghabras at Zinat.

The War Minister entered the city in state yesterday, accompanied by his staff, and went to the Grand Mosque, where he read a letter from the Sultan dismissing Raisuli from his Governorship for causing injury to the country, and appointing Ghazi Pasha to succeed him.  
Ben Mansour, the representative here of Raisuli, has left Tangier to join the bandit chief in the mountains, where the latter is preparing to preach a holy war "against the foreign invaders."

STARVATION IN RUSSIA.

30,000,000 Peasants Will Require Assistance From the Charitable.  
London, Dec. 29.—Nicholas Shishkoff of the Samara zemstvo relief committee has sent to London, accompanied by an appeal for funds, a terrible account of the present famine conditions in Russia.

He says that two or three months must elapse before this year's famine attains its full intensity. "Fifteen years ago," says Mr. Shishkoff, "when the famine was less serious, we had \$4,000,000; now we have only \$500,000."  
Mr. Shishkoff estimates that about thirty million peasants will need assistance.

## Rheumatism

I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will strengthen the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. But I can now surely kill the pains and pangs of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made—a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, I can cure all curable cases of this horrid, most dreaded disease. Those men-like grunts, groans, found in Rheumatic Blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual excuse to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

**Dr. Shoop's**  
Rheumatic Remedy  
C. H. GUNN & CO.

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More profitable than poultry. Experience unnecessary. We give advice free. With book we send free. If you name this paper, a set of books will be sent free. "How to Kill Birds of Prey," and "Bird Magazine." Send six stamps to the Editor, 19 Bathurst Street, London, Ont.

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**MEN AND WOMEN.**  
Use Big 45 for unguaranteed discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of the prostate membrane. Painless, and not straining of the system. Sold by Druggists, or set in plain wrapper, express, prepaid, for \$1.00. Circular sent on request.

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PHONE 370.

**BAXTER, Florist**  
CHATHAM

Minaud's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

# DARREL of THE BLESSED ISLES

By IRVING BACHELLER,  
Author of "Eben Holden," "Dri and I," Etc.

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He suited his action to the words, placing a platter of ham and eggs in the center of a small table and surrounding it with hot roast potatoes, a pot of tea, new biscuit and a plate of honey.

"Ho, Wit and Happiness, attend upon us here!" said he, making ready to sit down.

Then, as if he had forgotten something, he hurried to the door and opened it.

"Care, thou skeleton, go hence, and thou, Poverty, go also, and see thou return not before cockcrow," said he imperatively.

"You have many servants," said Trove.

"An' how may one have a castle without servants? Forsooth, boy, horses an' bounds an' lords an' ladies have to be attended to. But the retinue is that run down ye'd think me home a hospital. Wit is a creeping doltard, and Happiness is in poor health an' can barely drag himself to me table, an' Hope is a tippler, an' Right Hand is getting the palsy. Alack, me best servant left me a long time ago!"

"And who was he?"

"Youth; lovely, beautiful Youth! But let us be happy. I would not have



"Please take it," said Trove.

him back—foolish, inconstant Youth, dreaming dreams an' seeing visions. God love ye, boy! What is thy dream?" This rallying style of speech, in which the clock tinker indulged so freely, afforded his young friend no little amusement. His tongue had long obeyed the lit of classic diction; his thought came easy in Elizabethan phrase. The slight Celtic brogue served to enhance the piquancy of his talk. Moreover, he was really a man of wit and imagination.

"Once," said the boy, after a little hesitation, "I thought I should try to be a statesman, but now I am sure I would rather write books."

"An' what kind o' books, pray?"

"Tales."

"An' thy merchandise be truth, capital!" exclaimed the tinker. "Hast thou an ear for tales?"

"I'm very fond of them."

"Marry, I'll tell thee a true tale, not for thy ear only, but for thy soul, an' some day, boy, 'twill give thee occupation for thy wit."

"I'd love to hear it," said the boy.

The pendulums were ever swinging.

like the legs of a procession trooping through the loft, some with quick steps, some with slow. Now came a sound as of drums beating. It was for the hour of 8, and when it stopped the tinker began.

"Once upon a time," said he as they rose from the table and the old man went for his pipe—"twas long ago, an' I had then the rose o' youth upon me—a man was tempted o' the devil an' stole money—a large sum—an' made off with it. These hands o' mine used to serve him those days, an' I remember he was a man comely an' well set up, an' I think, he had honest an' a good heart in him."

"I should not think it possible," said Trove, who was at the age of certainty in his opinions and had long been trained to the uncompromising thought of the Puritan. "A man who steals can have no honor in him."

"Ho, Charity!" said the clock tinker, turning as if to address one behind him.

"Sweet Charity, attend upon this boy. Mayhap, sir," he continued meekly, "God hath blessed me with little knowledge o' what is possible, but I speak of a time before guilt had soiled him. He was officer of a great bank an' usay in Boston. Some thought him rich, but he lived high an' princely, an' I take it, sir, his income was no greater than his needs. It was a proud race he belonged to—grand people they were, all o' them, with houses an' lands an' many servants. His wife was dead, sir, an' he had one child—a little lad o' two years an' beautiful. One day the boy went out with his nurse, an' where farther nobody knew. He never came back. Up an' down, ever an' across, they looked for him eight an' day, but were no wiser. A month went by an' not a sight or sign o' him, an' their hope failed. One day the father he got a note—I remember reading it in the papers, sir—an' it was a call for ransom money—\$100,000."

"Kidnaped!" Trove exclaimed, with much interest.

"He was, sir," the clock tinker resumed. "The father he was up to his neck in trouble then, for he was unable to raise the money. He had quarreled with an older brother, whose help would have been sufficient. Well, God save us all, 'twas the old story o' pride an' bitterness! He sought no help o' him. A year an' a half passes an' a gusty night o' midwinter the bank burns. Books, papers, everything is destroyed. Now the poor man has lost his occupation. A week more an' his good name is gone. A month an' he's homeless. A whisper goes down the long path o' gossip. Was he a thief an' had he burned the records o' his crime? The scene changes, an' let me count the swift, relentless years."

"The old man paused a moment, looking up thoughtfully.

"Well, say ten or mayhap a dozen passed, or more or less it matters little. Boy an' man, where were they. Oh, the sad world, sor! To all that knew them they were as people buried in their graves. Think o' this drowning in the flood o' years—the stately ships sunk an' rotting in oblivion. Some word of it, sor, may well go into thy book."

The tinker paused a moment, lighting his pipe, and after a puff or two went on with the tale.

"It is a winter day in a great city. There are buildings an' crowds an' busy streets an' sleet in the bitter wind. I am there, an' me path is one o' many crossing each other like—well, sor, like lines on a slate, if thou wert to make 10,000 o' them an' both eyes shut. I am walking slowly, an' lo, there is the banker! I meet him face to face—an ill clad, haggard, cold, forgotten creature. I speak to him."

"The blessed Lord have mercy on thee," I said.

"For meeting thee?" said the poor man. "What is thy name?"

"Roderick Darrel."

"An' I," said he sadly, "am one o' the lost in hell. Art thou the devil?"

"Nay, this hand o' mine hath opened thy door an' blacked thy boots for thee often," said I. "Dost thou not remember?"

"Dimly. It was a long time ago," he answered.

"We said more, sor, but that is no part o' the story. Very well! I went with him to his lodgings—a little room in a garret—an' there, alone with me, he gave account o' himself. He had shaved an' dug an' lifted an' run errands until his strength was low an' the weight of his hand a burden. What hope for him? What way to earn a living?"

"Have courage, man," I said to him. "Thou shalt learn to mend clocks. It's light an' decent work, an' one may live by it an' see much o' the world."

"There was an old clock, sor, in a heap o' rubbish that lay in a corner. I took it apart, and soon he saw the office of each wheel an' pinion an' the infinity that stopped them an' the surgery to make them sound. I tarried long in the great city, an' every evening we were together in the little room. I bought him a kit o' tools an' some brass, an' we would shatter the clock-works an' build them up again until he had skill, sor, to make or mend."

"Me good friend," said he one evening after we had been a long time at work, "I wish thou couldst teach me how to mend a broken life. For God's sake, help me! I am fainting under a great burden."

"What can I do?" said I to him.

"Then, sor, he went over his story with me from beginning to end. It was an impressive, a sacred confidence. Ah, boy, it would be dishonor to tell thee his name—but his story, that I may tell thee, changing the detail so it may never add a straw to his burden. I shall quote him in substance only an' follow the long habit o' me own tongue."

"Well, ye, remember how me son was taken," said he. "I could not raise the ransom, try as I would. Now, large sums were in me keeping an' I tell, I remember that day. Ah, man, the devil seemed to whisper to me. But, God forgive it, was for love that I fell. Little by little I began to take the money I must have an' cover its absence. I said to myself, some time I'll pay it back—that ancient sophistry o' the devil. When me thieving had gone far an' near its goal the bank burned. As God's me witness I'd no hand in that. I weighed the chances an' expected to go to prison—well, say, for ten years at least. I must suffer in order to save the boy an' was ready for the sacrifice. Free again, I would help him to return the money. That burning o' the records shut off the price, but opened the fire o' hell upon me. Half a year had gone by an' not a word from the kidnappers. I took a note to the place appointed—a hollow log in the woods a bit east of a certain bridge on the public highway twenty miles out o' the city—but no answer, not a word, not a line, up to this moment. They must have relinquished hope an' put the boy to death."

"In that old trunk there under the eaves is a dusty, molding, cursed heap o' money done up in brown paper an' tied with a string. It is \$100,000 an' the price o' me soul."

"An' thou in rags an' a garret," said I.

"He drew out the trunk an' showed me the money, stacks of it, dirty an' stinking o' damp mold."

"There it is," said he, "every dollar I stole is there. I brought it with me an' over these hundreds o' miles I could hear the tongue o' gossip. Every night as I lay down I could hear the whispering of all the people I ever knew. I could see them shake their heads. Then came this locket o' gold."

"A beautiful, shiny thing it was, an' he took out o' a little strand o' white hair an' read these words cut in the gleaming case:

"Here are silver and gold.  
The one for a day o' remembrance between thee an' dishonor.  
The other for a day o' plenty between thee an' want."

"It was an odd thought an' worth keeping, an' often I have repeated the words. The silvered hair, that was for remembrance, an' the gold he might sell an' turn it into a day o' plenty."

"In the locket was a letter," said the poor man. "Here it is, an' he held it in the light o' the candle. 'See, it is signed "Mother."'

"An' he read from the letter words o' sorrow an' bitter shame an' firm confidence in his honor."

"It ground me to the very dust," he went on. "I put the money in that bundle, every dollar. I could not return it an' so confirm the disgrace o' her an' all the rest. I say not use it, for if I lived it in comfort they would ask—all o' them—whence came his money? For their sake I must walk in poverty all me days. An' I went to work at heavy toil, sor, as became a poor man. As God's me judge, I felt a pride in rags an' the horny hand."

The tinker paused a moment, in which all the pendulums seemed to quicken pace, tick lapping upon tick, as if trying to get ahead of each other.

"Think of it, boy," Darrel continued. "A pride in rags an' poverty. Bring that into thy book an' let thy best thinking bear upon it. Show us how patch an' tatter were for the poor man as a badge of honor an' success."

"I thought to burn the money," he went on. "But no; that would have robbed me o' one great possibility—that o' restoring it. Some time, when they were dead, maybe, an' I could suffer alone, or when some lucky chance might come to me, I would restore the money, but I could not find the owners of it. Day an' night these slow an' heavy years it has been here, cursing an' accusing me."

"I lie here o' nights thinking. In that heap o' money I seem to hear the sighs an' sobs o' the poor people that tolled to earn it. I feel their sweat upon me, an' God, this heart o' mine is crowded to bursting with the despair o' hundreds! An', sometimes I hear the cry o' murder in the cursed heap as if there were some bad blood upon it. An' then I dream it has caught fire beneath me, an' I am burning raw in the flame."

The tinker paused again, crossing the room and watching the swing of a pendulum.

"Boy, boy," said he, returning to his chair, "think o' that complaining, movable heap lying there like the blood o' a martyr! An' thy reader must feel the toll an' sweat an' misery an' despair that is in a great sum, an' how it all presses on the heart o' him that gets it wrongfully."

"Well, sor," the poor fellow continued, "now an' then I met those had known me, an' reports o' me poverty went home. An' those dear to me sent money, the sight o' which filled me with a mighty sickness, an' I sent it back to them. Long ago, thank God, they ceased to think me a thief, but only crazy. Tell me, man, what shall I do with the money? There be those living I have to consider, an' those dead as those unborn."

"Hide it," said I, "an' go to thy work, an' God give thee counsel."

Man and boy rose from the table and drew up to the little stove.

"Now, boy," said the clock tinker, leaning toward him with knitted brows, "consider this poor thief who suffered so for his friends. Think o' these good words, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.' If thou shouldst ever write of it, thy problem will be to reckon the good an' evil an' give each a careful estimate an' him his proper rank."

"What a sad tale!" said the boy thoughtfully. "It's terrible to think he may be my father. Please tell me when was the boy taken?"

"Time or name or place I cannot tell thee lest I betray him," said the old man. "Neither is necessary to thy tale. Keep it with thee awhile. Thou art young yet an' close inshore. Wait until ye sound the farther deep. Then, sor, write, if God give thee power, an' think chiefly o' them in peril an' about to dash their feet upon the stones."

For a moment the clock's ticking was like the voice of many ripples washing the shore of the infinite. A new life had begun for Trove, and they were cutting it into seconds. He looked up at them and rose quickly and stood a moment, his thumb on the door latch. Outside they could hear the rush and scatter of the snow.

"Poor youth!" said the old man. "Thou hast no coat—take mine. Take it, I say. It will give thee comfort an' me happiness."

He would hear no refusal, and again the coat changed owners, giving happiness to the old and comfort to the new.

Then Trove went down the rickety stairs and away in the darkness.

To Be Continued.

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## DECEMBER 31st

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If you haven't a prospectus write me.

**JOHN N. LAKE**

Resident Director

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## DISTRICT

WAEASE

Mrs. Leatherston is very sick. Mrs. Wm. Ross is very poorly. Will Liberty spent Saturday in Chatham.

Tim. Kelley is threshing corn and sawing wood.

Joe Phillips is home from the Northwest.

Will Liberty had a schooling match Monday afternoon.

Quite a number in here are drawing wood to Dresden.

John Liberty is home from Detroit for the holidays.

Quite a number from here spent Thursday at Thomas Irwin's.

Mr. Albrod Brown purchased a coat at the sale in Zone on Thursday.

DOYLES.

James Doyle and Anne Ritchie spent last Tuesday evening the guest of Mrs. Maurice Doyle.

Mr. Fred. Zimmer and sister, of Harwich, spent a few days with 9th concession friends last week.

Miss Daily returned to her home in Thamesville after a few days visit with Mrs. Maurice Doyle.

Mr. Mick Ritchie spent last week in town attending court.

Messrs. Brown and McPhillips, of Detroit, spent last week here.

One of the young boys of the 9th concession attended the shooting match given by Mr. Mick Barrows last Thursday afternoon.

Mr. O'Reilly spent a few days last week the guest of Mr. Mick Doyle.

The street is full of humiliation to the proud.

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Now is the time to leave your order for your SUIT OR OVERCOAT a first class American cutter to attend to your wants, a perfect fit guaranteed.

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Are the best in the world, nothing better for a Christmas gift.

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Open Saturday Nights From 7 to 8.

## STRICTURE CURED

YOU CAN PAY WHEN CURED.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. STRICTURE AND KIDNEY DISEASE CURED.

"I had stricture for eleven years. It finally brought on Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. I had an uncomfortable shooting pain in the groin and feeling as though something was in the urethra. My back was weak and I could scarcely stoop over. Urine was full of sediment. Had a desire to urinate frequently. Family doctors, so-called specialists, patent medicines, electric belts, all failed. I was discouraged. I had spent hundreds of dollars in vain. Finally I consulted Dr. Kennedy & Kergan as the last resort. I had heard a great deal about them, and concluded from the fact that they had been established over 25 years that they understood their business. I am delighted with the results. In one week I felt better and in a few weeks was entirely cured. Have gained sixteen pounds in weight."—J. E. WRIGHT, Lansing.

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HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED? BLOOD POISONS are the most prevalent and most serious diseases. They sap the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will cause serious complications. Beware of Mercury. It only suppresses the symptoms—our NEW METHOD positively cures all blood diseases forever.

YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED MEN.—Impudent acts or later excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally, physically and sexually you are not the man you used to be or should be.

READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any other ailments? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion free of charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE.—"The Golden Rule" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Sealed Book on "Diseases of Women" Free.

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Jos. Waterhouse.