

"CANADIAN" RUBBERS



THE WALKING FEVER.

**Due Phase of "Yellow Jack" That Is Particularly Dangerous.

"In the south they have lately had yellow fever," said a lady who is an exile from Mobile because of the sickness, "but one of the sources of the disease is of a peculiar character. It de distributed by persons who have what is called the 'walking fever.'

They go about their business or affairs ile the fever is latent in them, but while the rever is latent in them, but still of a malignant and contagious character. A victim in whom the discase is established, and who is put to bed, by reason of coming in contact with but few persons rarely becomes a socal point of its spread, but the victhen who still moves about distributes the malignant taint to many. The cusious thing about these sufferers is that they keep on going about till they simply fall down and quickly die. They have a headache and stiff joints, but their temperature is little above normal and they care. mal, and they attribute their sickness to other than the serious causes which give rise to it.

In a previous invasion of yellow the a previous invasion of yellow tever in the south. I remained until too late to leave my home. The quarantine was imposed, and its terms were exe-cuted with cruel fidelity. A gentleman aving in my street, a merchant, gave work. Our street is on high ground and is kept in the best possible sanitary condition. The gentleman came home daily and one evening fell fainting in

the street. That night he died. Not a house in the row, some thirty of them, was spared by the dread visitant. We were able to trace from him the prog-ress of the malady that twice decimated the residents of the street within twelve days.

"A woman friend of mine in New "A woman friend of mine in New Orleans had the walking fever during the current outbreak of the disease. She communicated it to her family, and now all of them, eight in number, are dead."—New York Herald.

The Practicability of Airships. The mists of the future still hide the airship that will be used as a convey-ance, making regular trips, carrying people to and fro above the earth on business and pleasure, but the coming of the practical ship is inevitable. I will not venture to say how soon it will arrive, but I think that many who are now alive will move over the are now anye will move over the housetops in airships, when most houses will have entrances on their roofs. I have no faith in the idea that flying machines may be devised for single individuals or that the correct principle may be found by studying and copying the flight of birds. When such plans are suggested I am reminded of the ideas and efforts of inventors whe a century ago tried to make locomotives with four legs to operate like horses. The thought of these mechanical experts was that, since the horse moved more rapidly across the land than almost anything else with which they were familiar, it followed that any mechanism that was to attain a greater speed would have to be constructed and operated in a similar

Never put off till to-morrow.

WHY CAN'T LEAT LIKE OTHER MEN DO?

WHY?—BECAUSE YOU'RE A SLAVE TO DYSPEPSIA— INDIGESTION—OR OTHER STOMACH DERANGEMENTS THAT ONLY CAN BE REACHED AND CURED BY SUCH A TRIED AND TRUE REMEDY AS

Dr. Von Stan's Pine-apple Tablets

Ask half the men or women who pure fruit pepsin that is pleasant to directly on the digestive organs, -a

have stomach troubles, why it is so take, -powerful in the work it does, and they will tell you that they have —but as harmless as milk,—helps all to live in such a constant hurry that the stomach distresses immediately they have no time to keep well,—if the stomach distresses immediately and will give good relief to the most acute cases in one day.—You go about your business,—eat hearty meals, panion, from a health stand point, life take all the pleasures as they come. would be all sunshine,—they are a veriand as you do so the Doctor plays his table vest pocket doctor,—they act part and works permanent cures.

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The LUST of HATE

BY GUY BUOTHBY

Author of "A Beautiful White Devil", "A Bid For Fortune," "The Marriage of Esther," "Dr.

Nikola," Etc ~ ***********

Continued from Ye terlay.

"I really cannot tell you," she an-"I really cannot tell you," she answered, without hesitation. "I was leaning against the rails of the hurricane deck talking to Miss Dursley and Mr. Spicer, when something behind me gave way, and then over I went backwards into the water. Oh, you can't imagine the feeling of utter helplessness that came over me as I rose to the surface and saw the great ship steaming away. Then you nobly sprang in to my assistance, and once more hope came into my heart. But for you I might now be dead, floating about in the depths of that great sea. Oh! it is an awful thought."

She trembled like a leaf at the notion of the same against the same and care the same area.

On: It is an awful thought."

She trembled like a leaf at the notion, and swept her pretty hands across her face as if to brush away the thought of such a thing.

"It was a very narrow escape." I said. "I must confess myself that I thought the boat would never reach us. And yet how cool and collected you were!"

"It would have more a section."

"It would have meant certain death to have been anything else," she answered. My father will be indeed grateful to you when he hears of your bravery. I am his only child, and if anything were to happen to me I don't think he would survive the shock."
"I am very grateful to Providence for having given me such an opportunity of averting so terrible a sorrow," I said. "But I fear, like everyone lse, you attach too much importance to what I did. I simply acted as any other decent man would have done had he been placed in a similar position."

You do not do yourself justice,

"You do not do yourself justice," she said. "But, at any rate, you have the satisfaction of knowing, if it is any satisfaction to you, that Agnes Maybourne owes her life to you, and that she will never forget the service you have rendered her."

The conversation was growing embarrassing, so I turned, it into another channel as soon as possible. At the same time I wanted to find out something which had been puzzling me ever since I had first seen her face, and that was where I had met her before. When I put the question she looked at me in surprise.

"Do you know, Mr. Wrexford," she said."

looked at me in surprise.

"Do you know, Mr. Wrexford," she said, "that I was going to ask you that self-same question? And for rather a strange reason. On the night before we sailed, you must understand, I was sleeping at the house of an aunt who lives a few miles outside Southampton. I went to bed at ten o'clock, after a rather exciting day, feeling who lives a few miles outside Southampton. I went to bed at ten o'clock, after a rather exciting day, feeling tired. Almost as soon as my head was upon the pillow I fell asleep, and did not wake again until about half-past twelve o'clock, when I suddenly found myself wide awake sitting up in bed, with a man's pale and agonized face staring at me from the opposite wall. For a few moments I thought I must be still asleep and dreaming, or else seeing a phantom. Almost before I could have counted five it faded away, and I saw no more of it. From that time forward, like yourself, I was haunted with the desire to remember if I had ever seen the man's face before, and, if so, where. You may imagine my surprise, therefore, when I found the owner of it sitting before me on the hatch of the very steamer that was to take me to South Africa. Can you account for it?"

"Not in the least," I answered. "Mine was very much the same sort of experience, only that I was wide awake and driving down a prosaic London street when it happened. I too, was endeavoring to puzzle it out the other day when I looked up and found you standing on the deck above

the other day when I looked up and found you standing on the deck above me. It seems most uncanny."

"It may have been a warning from Providence to us which we have not the wit to understand."

"A warning it certainly was," I said truthfully, but hardly in the fashion she meant. "And one of the most extraordinary ever vouchsafed to mortal man."

iortal man."
"A fortunate one for me," she an-

extraordinary ever vouchsafed to mortal man."

"A fortunate one for me," she answered with a smile, and then offering me her dainty little hand, she bade me "good bye," and went up the steps again to the hurricane deck.

From that time forward I saw a good deal of Miss Maybourne; so much so that we soon found ourselves upon comparatively intimate terms. Though I believe to others she was inclined to be a little haughty, to me she was inclined to be a little haughty, to me she was inclined to be a little haughty, to me she was inclined to be a little haughty, to me she was inclined to her all that I had lately passed through, I could properly appreciate her treatment of me. To be taken out of my miserable state of depression, and, after so many vears of ill-fortune, to be treated with consideration and respect, made me feel towards her as I had never done towards a woman in my life before. I could have fallen at her feet and kissed her shoes in gratitude for the luxury of my conversation with her, it was the lucklest chance for both of us when I went aft that night to see that photograph in the second officer's cabin. Had I not been there I should in all probability never have heard miss Maybourne's shriek as she went over, the side, and in that case she would most certainly have been drowned; for I knew that, unaided and weighed down by her wet clothes as she was, she could never have kept affoat till the boat reached her. Strange as it may seem, I could not help deriving a sort of satisfaction from this thought.

It was evident that my refusal to accept the capitain's kind offer to take possession, for the rest of the voyage, of the vacant berth aft, had created a little surorise among the passengers.

*************** Still, I believe it prejudiced the majority in my favor. At any rate, I soon discovered that my humble position forrard was to make no sort of difference in their treatment of me; and many an enjoyable pipe I smoked, and twice as many talks I had with one and another, sitting on the cable range, or leaning over the bows watching the vessel's nose cutting its way through the clear green water.

the former, holding out her hand. "What a constant student of nature you are, to be sure. Every morning lately I have seen you standing where you are now, looking across the sea. My curiosity could hold out no longer, so this morning I asked Captain Hawkins to escort me up here in order that I might ask you what you see.

"I'm afraid you will hardly be repaid Ior your trouble, Miss Maybourne," I answered with a smile, as the captain after shaking hands with me and wishing me good morning, left us to speak to one of the officers who had come forrard in search of him.
"But surely you must see something—King Neptune, or at least a mermaid, she persisted. "You are always watching the water."

"Perhaps I do see something," I answered bitterly. "Yes; I think you are right. When I look over the sea like that I am watching a man's wasted life. I see him starting on his race with everything in his favor that the world can give. I see a school career of mediocrity, and a university life devoid of any sort of success; I can see a continuity of profitless wanderings about the world in the past, and I am beginning to believe that I can make out another just commencing. Disgrace behind and disgrace ahead; I think that is the picture I have before me when I look across the sea, Miss Maybourne. It is an engrossing, but hardly a pretty one, is it?"

"You are referring to your own life, I suppose?" she said, quietly. "Well, all I can say is that, from what I have seen of you, I should consider that you are hardly the man to do yourself justice."

"God forbid," I answered. "If I were to do that it would be impossible for

She approached a step closer to me, and placed her little white hand on my arm as it lay on the bulwark before her.

"Mr. Wrexford," she said, with an

my arm as it lay on the bulwark before her.

"Mr. Wrexford," she said, with an earnestness I had not hitherto noticed in her, "I hope you will not consider me impertinent if I say that I should like to know your history. Believe me, I do not say this out of any idle curiosity, but because I hope and believe that it may be in my power to help you. Remember what a debt of gratitude I owe you for your bravery the other night. I cannot believe that a man who would risk his life, as you did then, can be the sort of man you have just depicted. Do you feel that you can true to me sufficiently to tell about yourself?"

"What there is to tell, with certain reservations, of course, you shall hear. There is no one to whom I would confess so readily as to yourself. I will nay insult you by asking you to let what I tell you remain a secret between us, but I will ask you to try not to judge me too harshly."

"You may be sure I shall not do that," she replied; and then realizing what her words implied, she hung her head with a pretty show of confusion. I saw what was passing in her mind, and to help her out of her difficulty plunged into the story of my miserable career. I told her of my old home in Cornwall, of my mother's death, and my father's antipathy to me on that account. On my Eton and Oxford life I dwelt but lightly, winding up with the reason of my being "sent down," and the troubles at home that followed close upon it. I described my bush life in Australia, and told her of the great disappointment to which I had been subjected over the gold mine, suppressing. Betternde. great disappointment to which I had been subjected over the gold mine, suppressing Bartrand's name, and saying nothing of the hatred I had entertained for him.

"After that," I said in conclusion, "I decided that I was tired of Australia, and, having inherited alles.

"I decided that I was tired of Austra-lia, and, having inherited a little money from my father, came home, in-tending to get something to do and settle down in London, But I very soon tired of England, as I tired of every other place; and hence my reason for going out to seek my for-tune in South Africa. Now I think I have given you a pretty good idea of

unities."

"Regret!" I said. "The saddest word in the English language. Yes, I think I do regret."

"You only 'think?" Are you not sure? From your tale one would suppose you were very sorry."

"Yes, I think I regret. But how can Libe certain? The prophyllities.

ter,
One morning, after breakfast, I
was forrard watching the effect just
mentioned, and, as usual, thinking
what my sensations would be if I
should be arrested at Teneriffe, when
I heard footsteps behind me. On looking round I discovered Miss Maybourne and the skipper coming towards me.

"Good morning, Mr. Wrexford," said the former, holding out her hand. "What a constant student of nature

"God forbid," I answered. "If I were to do that it would be impossible for me to live. No; I endeavor, as far as I am able, to forget what my past has

tune in South Africa. Now I think I have given you a pretty good idea of my past. It's not an edifying history, is it? It seems to me a parson might moralize very satisfactorily upon it."

"It is very, very sad," she answered. "Oh, Mr. Wrexford, how bitterly you must regret your wasted opportunities."

pose you were very sorry."

"Yes, I think I regret. But how can I be certain? The probabilities are that if I had my chance over again I should do exactly the same.

"It's not a pretty thought, perhaps, to think that one's bad actions are the outcome of a oad nature, but one is compelled to own that it is true."

"You musin't talk like 'that, Mr. Wrexford," she cried; "indeed, you musin't. In all probability you have a long life before you; and who knows what the future may have in store for you? All this trouble that you have suffered may be to fit you for some great success in after life."

"There can never be any success for me Miss Maybourne," I said, more bitterly than I believe I had spoken yet. "There is no chance at all of that. Success and I parted company long since, and can never be reconciled to each other again. To the end of my days I shall be a lonely, homeless man, without ambition, without hope, and without faith in any single thing. God knows I am paying dearly for all I have done and all that I have failed to do."

io Be Continued.

MELCHER'S

Red Cross CANADIAN GIN

BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., Montreal,

District Doings

Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Dover, conducted the services in Chalmer's Church last Sunday. Dr. Livingston will preach there the next three Sunday.

ton will preach there the next three Sundays.

The Christian Endeavor Society, held their annual meeting on Tuesday evening. The topic was, "What I have learned from the year 1905."

The annual school meeting was held last Wednesday, when general business was transacted. Allan Me-Neilage was elected trustee in place of the retiring trustee, John Mc-Kay.

J. Mackness, of Chatham, is spending his holidays at his home here.
Ed. Oliver, B. A., of McMaster University, Toronto, is spending the holidays at his home here.

The Union Charles agrees of S. S.

idays at his home here.

The Union School concert of S. S. No. 6, held in the Township Hall on Wednesday evening, was a great success. The Misses Rowe, the Blood will tell, for gives a girl away.

teachers, who so ably got up the en-tertainment, were each presented with beautiful suit cases by the pu-pils.

DANTE.

Gordon Howell, of London, is home of the holidays.
Rey Stocking and sister Hattie are Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff visiting relatives in Longondon

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff visiting relatives in Longwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Randle spent Christmas with the Latter's sister, Mrs. Benson Houston.

Mr. Thomas and family spent Christmas with Mrs. Thomas Houston.

Mr. and Mrs. Vail spent Christ-

Mr. and Mrs. Vail spent Christ-mas at Wardsville.

A number from here attended the Christmas tree at Croton on Christ-mas night.

Tharlie Gurney, of Clencoe, spent Sunday with Fred. McAlpine.

Mr. Logan spent a few days in Dresden this week.

Blood will tell, for a blush often

Gray's Syrup Red Spruce Gum For Coughs and Colds.

DETECTIVE JAILED.

Was Hunting Chinamen for Smuggling and "Stop Thief" Cry Went Up. Montreal, Jan. 16.—Frederick Herst, young Swede, yesterday underwent an peration in the Royal Victoria Hostial. A piece of shell received in battle in South Africa is being removed from

All last week Herst refused to be operated upon, because he was under indictment for attempted theft, but on Saturday there was a sensation when it was learned that he was the victim It was learned that he was the victim of a body of Chinamen, one of whose number he was hunting on behalf of the customs authorities. The Chinaman escaped from the Corinthian at St. John, N. B., without paying the poll tax, and Herst, who knew him, was sent up here to find him. While searching a house the Chinaman raised a criming a criminal crimina ing a house the Chinaman raised a cry of thief and had him arrested. He was honorably acquitted and immediately fainted. He speaks nine languages.

A RIGHT WAY and A WRONG WAY

Many people have many ways to bring about the same result. Most of them are about the same result. Most of them are mistaken ways, but this is not known until the test of time points plainly to the error. Practically there are but two ways to accomplish anything; a right way and a wrong way. Take, for instance, a man with a bad back, there are lots of them, and of various kinds, some with stiches and twitches, others with cricks and twinges; then there's the dull, heavy continuous kind that lasts all day and doesn't sleep at night. They're all bad enough, they're all hard enough to get rid of. Some people rub the back with liniment, others cover it with plasters, either or both means often bring relief, but the pain comes back—it's the wrong way to cure the treuble.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

have a way to cure backache, a way that's all their own—the right way. They're made for the kidneys only. When thekidneys fail in their work of filtering the blood the back aches because they are situated in the small of the back; backache is the kidney's warning of trouble, and every day you let the warning go it brings you nearer to urinasy disorders, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, etc.

Boan's Kidney Pills cure every form of kidney ills and that's why they bring such quick relief from bachache. Mr. Fred Gray, Good Corner, N. B., writes: "I was greatly troubled with pain across my back. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and received so much benefit from them that I consider them the best remedy for kidney trouble there is. I would not be without them in my house."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Life is a casket, not precious in itself, but variable in proportion to what fortune, or industry, or virtue has placed within it.

Weather Strips E. W. HAZLETT, Harvey St., has secured the Local Agency or the celebrated Cmam. BERLAIN METAL STRIPS, and will give estimates for fitting in residences or public buildings. Call at residence or drop a sard to the P.O

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