



This "mark of quality" has been the standard of excellence in rubber footwear for over half a century.

"CANADIAN" RUBBERS



THE WALKING FEVER.

One 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 is distributed by persons who have what is called the 'walking fever.' They go about their business or affairs while the fever is latent in them, but still of a malignant and contagious character. A victim in whom the disease is established, and who is put to bed, by reason of coming in contact with but few persons rarely becomes a focal point of its spread, but the victim who still moves about distributes the malignant taint to many. The curious 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 attribute their sickness to other than the serious causes which give rise to it.

"In a previous invasion of yellow fever in the south, I remained until late to leave my home. The quarantine was imposed, and its terms were executed with cruel fidelity. A gentleman living in my street, a merchant, gave his whole attention and time to health 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 progress of the malady that twice decimated the residents of the street within twelve days.

"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 conveyance, 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 house-tops 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 who 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 way.—Success.

Never put off till to-morrow.

WHY CAN'T I EAT 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

RELIEF IN ONE DAY

Ask half the men or women who have stomach troubles, why it is so and they will tell you that they have to live in such a constant hurry that they have no time to keep well,—if the great army of stomach troubled people would take Dr. Von Stan's Pine-apple Tablets as a traveling companion, from a health standpoint, life would be all sunshine,—they are a veritable vest pocket doctor,—they act directly on the digestive organs,—a

pure fruit pepsin that is pleasant to take,—powerful in the work it does,—but as harmless as milk,—helps all 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,—take all the pleasures as they come, and as you do so the Doctor plays his part and works permanent cures.

35 cents a box at all Druggists and Medicine Dealers.

DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE GIVES RELIEF IN 30 MINUTES

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER gives relief in 10 minutes

SOLD BY W. W. TURNER AND C. H. GUNN AND CO.

It's worth your while to walk over to....

The T. H. Taylor Co.

TO GET YOUR

SUIT OR OVERCOAT

You get style and quality, thrown in at the lowest possible price . . .

A Fit Always Guaranteed at

THE T. H. TAYLOR COMPANY

ORDERED CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

THE LUST OF HATE

BY GUY BOOTHBY

Author of "A Beautiful White Devil," "A Bid For Fortune," "The Marriage of Esther," "Or Nikola," Etc

Continued from Yesterday.

"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 backward 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 to 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 and, swept her pretty hands across her face as if to brush away the thought of that great sea.

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

"I would have meant certain death to have been anything else," she answered. "My father will be indeed grateful to me 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 doing something so terrible a sorrow," I said. "But I fear, like everyone else, 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," 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 not 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, and that was where I had met her before. When I put the question she looked at me in surprise.

"I don't see how you could ask me that," she said. "I don't know you, and I don't know your name. I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind. I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind."

"I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind. I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind."

"I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind. I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind."

"I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind. I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind."

"I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind. I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind."

"I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind. I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind."

"I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind. I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind."

"I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind. I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind."

"I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind. I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind."

"I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind. I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind."

"I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind. I am sure you must understand, before we begin, that I am not a person who likes to be asked questions of this kind."

still, I believe it prejudiced the majority in my favor. At any rate, I soon discovered that my humble position toward 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.

One morning, after breakfast, I was forrard watching the effect just mentioned, and, as usual, thinking what sensations would be if I should be arrested at Tenerife, 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 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. 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 for your trouble, Miss Maybourne," I answered with a smile, as the captain after shaking hands with 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 beginning to end in a life of poverty, and another just commencing 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 me to live. No; I endeavor, as far as I am able, to forget what my past has been."

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 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 can trust 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 not 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 of my father's antipathy to me on that account. On my Elton 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 Bartrand's name, and saying nothing of the hatred I had entertained for him.

"I decided that," I said in conclusion, "Ia, and, having inherited a little money from my father, came home, intending to get something to do and to settle down in England. But I very soon tired of England, and hence my reason for going out to seek my fortune 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 person might moralize very satisfactorily upon it."

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

"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 am. 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 bad nature, but one is compelled to own that it is true."

"You mustn't talk like that," Mr. Wrexford, she cried. "Indeed, you mustn'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 ago, 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."

To Be Continued.

MELCHER'S Red Cross CANADIAN GIN

BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., Montreal.

District Doings

EBERTS.

Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Dover, conducted the services in Chalmers Church last Sunday. Dr. Livingston 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 McNeillage was elected trustee in place of the retiring trustee, John McKay.

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 School concert of S. S. No. 6, held in the Township Hall on Wednesday evening, was a great success. The Misses Rowe, the

teachers, who so ably got up the entertainment, were each presented with beautiful suit cases by the pupils.

DANTE.

Gordon Howell, of London, is home for the holidays. Ray Stocking and sister Hattie are visiting relatives in Logwood. 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 Christmas at Wardsville.

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

Charlie Gurney, of Glenora, spent Sunday with Fred McAlpine. Mr. Logan spent a few days in Dresden this week.

Blood will tell for a blush often gives a girl away.

Gray's Syrup of 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, a young Swede, yesterday underwent an operation in the Royal Victoria Hospital. A piece of shell received in battle in South Africa is being removed from his side.

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 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 cry of thief and had him arrested. He was honorably acquitted and immediately fainted. He speaks nine languages.

"I decided that," I said in conclusion, "Ia, and, having inherited a little money from my father, came home, intending to get something to do and to settle down in England. But I very soon tired of England, and hence my reason for going out to seek my fortune 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 person might moralize very satisfactorily upon it."

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

"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 am. 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 bad nature, but one is compelled to own that it is true."

"You mustn't talk like that," Mr. Wrexford, she cried. "Indeed, you mustn'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 ago, 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."

To Be Continued.

MONEY TO LOAN

MONEY TO LOAN—Company and Private Funds. Farm and City Property for Sale. W. F. Smith, Barrister.

Money to Loan

—ON MORTGAGES—

4 1-2 and 5 per cent. Liberal Terms and privileges to Borrowers. Apply to LEWIS & RICHARDS

To Look Clean

Is gratifying

To be Clean

Is satisfying. You will enjoy both when you place your linen with us, for we do our work by the most modern methods known to our art.

The Parisian Steam Laundry Co. Phone 20

THE NEW LAUNDRY

ST. CLAIR STREET, NORTH CHATHAM.

Solicits Washing of all kinds the Ladies waits a specialty. Our work is all done by hand with the best of the use of any chemical.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Parcels called for and delivered promptly.

SING LUNG, PROPRIETOR

WE HAVE ON HAND A LARGE SUPPLY OF

Lime, Cement, Sewer Pipe, Cut Stone,

& Etc. All of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices.

J. & J. Oldersh

A Few Doors West of Post C

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds