

Good Blood

Good blood, good health; bad blood, bad health; there you have it. Why not help nature just a little and change the bad to the good? Bad blood to good blood; poor blood to rich blood! Ask your doctor how this applies to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and how it applies to you! Could anything be more fair?

We have no secrets! We publish the formula of our medicine! J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

District.

GUILDS.

A very happy event took place in Windsor, on Thanksgiving day, when Mr. Leslie McKay was united in marriage to Miss Bernice Fleming, daughter of Mr. McKay. The young couple have the best wishes of their many friends.

WABASH.

A number from here attended the ball at Dawn Mills on Friday evening. John Hawkins is still on the sick list. Mrs. Sharrow is recovering from her illness. Mr. Gibson, of Michigan, is visiting in this vicinity. Quite a number from here intend attending Mr. Langford's sale on Tuesday.

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

THORNECLIFFE.

Miss McKnight was called home last week to attend her father's funeral. School was closed the latter part of the week. Little Inez Kerby is on the sick list. Mrs. W. Pearson and Mrs. J. DeLine visited Mrs. Smith one day last week. Mr. J. Kendall has returned from the Northwest to spend the winter at home. Stanley Hannon was a Maple City visitor on Saturday. House-cleaning is the rage at the present time. Miss Louisa Houston has returned to Walkerville.

NORTHWOOD.

A number from here attended the anniversary services in Botany last Sunday. Year Campbell raised one of the largest barns in the county last Monday. Clarence Breton, of Chatham, called on friends in the village Sunday. Our enterprising and popular grain merchant, James Read, reports beans coming in quite freely. He says they are a fairly good sample. Andrew Osterhout, of Winnipeg, is recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever. J. G. Osterhout and son Stanley were city visitors Saturday.

BETTY'S BURGLAR

By RUTH CATHERWOOD

Copyright, 1900, by E. C. Parcells

Grenville looked about him contentedly. When a man has been absent for a month and has slept in sleeping cars most of that time home seems pretty good, even though it may only be a four room flat.

He washed the stains of travel from his face and hands, slipped on his smoking jacket and went over to the humidor. To his surprise the box was empty save for a card on which was scrawled: "Had a party. I owe you a box, Bert."

With a laugh he started for the window. Bert Niblo lived on the floor below. He would demand the immediate return of a couple of cigars. He wanted a chat with Bert anyway, and the quickest way down was by the fire escape.

His slipped feet made little or no noise against the iron rings, and presently he stood on the landing below. The windows were open, and he stepped into the room.

For a moment the gloom blinded him, then as his eyes became accustomed to the dusk he started forward. As he did so there was a click, and a feminine voice commanded him to throw up his hands.

The command had to be twice repeated before he obeyed, but at last he comprehended that the order was intended for him, and he raised them above his head.

There was a rustle of feminine draperies, then the light was turned on, revealing a girl who was pretty even in spite of the white eagerness of her face.

"I beg your pardon," said Grenville. "I am afraid that there is a mistake somewhere. I thought these were Mr. Niblo's apartments."

"They are," was the quiet response. "You made the mistake of seeing Mr.

trigger of the nasty looking revolver, ready to shoot at the first sign of an outbreak. She was a western girl, he remembered, and trained to the use of firearms.

"How did you come to have that gun?" he asked curiously.

"I heard some one in Mr. Grenville's rooms and knew it must be a burglar. I was just going upstairs when I heard you coming down."

"When will Bert be back?" he asked anxiously.

"Mr. Niblo will be back in a short time now," she said formally.

"Don't you think you had better call the janitor or some one?" he pleaded. "It will save a lot of time."

"I think it is safest just as we are," she said sharply.

"Do you really think I look like a burglar?" he asked.

"I never saw a burglar before," she admitted. "I don't know what they do look like, but I suppose that there are some rascals in real life."

"Well," he said complacently, "I'm glad I look like a gentleman burglar, anyhow. I should hate to have you think I look like the Bill Sikes type."

Betty smiled in spite of herself, but it was just for a moment, though long enough to make Grenville hope that she would smile again.

"I should think you would try to be respectable," she scolded. "You look like a man who might become a good citizen."

"I'm a gift member citizen," he protested. "I'm a member of the Reform club and all sorts of good government things. I forget just what they are, but I remember that I belong to a lot."

"I suppose they cannot be very careful in these large societies," she commented. "Still, it is a pity that they afford you an excuse for posing as a good citizen."

"Bert will give the life out of you for this," he said irreverently. "I'll bet he shrieks when he comes home."

Betty started. This visitor seemed to know her brother very well. What if she had made a mistake? She knew he would never be permitted to forget it. Her lips parted as if to speak, when a key grated in the lock, and the hall door opened.

"Hello, Bert!" shouted Grenville. "Come on in."

"Hello, Fred!" came the surprised reply. "When did you get back?"

With a quick gesture Betty thrust the revolver under the pillows of the sofa and looked appealingly at Grenville. He smiled and nodded just as Niblo came into the room with outstretched hands.

"I came down after those cigars," he laughed. "I found your sister here, and we've been having quite a chat. I wanted to get back upstairs, but she insisted that I should wait until you came."

"Glad you found some one home," laughed his chum, attributing Betty's confusion to another cause. "Betty's got a compelling way about her. When she says 'stay' you might as well make up your mind to stay."

"So I've found out," he agreed. "I couldn't have got away if I had tried."

"Well, let's have some supper," suggested Niblo. "I'm hungry as a bear."

Betty slipped out to set the table, and presently the three sat down to a cold lunch. The girl exerted herself in every way to be agreeable, and long before the meal was over Grenville decided that she was the burglar—she had stolen his heart.

At last he stood by the window taking his leave. "You were very good," whispered the girl as his hand closed over hers.

"Not good, but selfish," he corrected. "I shall hold that over you like a rod of iron to make you always nice to me."

"Is that needful?" she asked, but her eyes told him more.

Reading an Inscription.

That all inscriptions are not as ancient as they look was once proved by the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, which discovered a stone upon which was:

THE UNRAVELING OF THE MYSTERY occupied the academy for a considerable time, and savants with different versions of the inscription's meaning grew angry with one another. The explanation and translation of the inscription were eventually found by a Parisian tradesman, who explained that he was a friend of the beetle of Montmartre church, who had told him that the stone had acted as a signpost to the workmen who went up to Montmartre with their donkeys for plaster of paris, of which there used to be large quantities there, and that the inscription merely meant: "Tel le chemin des ânes" ("This is the path for the donkeys").

England Has Largest Eggs.

"Egg cups are bigger in New York than anywhere else in the world except England," said a globe trotter. "I can't say the same for the eggs, although the hens in this country perform their duty of helping to feed the human race pretty creditably. Still, they cannot come up to the English hens. Their contribution to the food products are extraordinary in size; hence the corresponding capaciousness of the egg cups. The further south you go on the continent the smaller the egg cups grow. In Egypt they dwindle away to the size of the average thimble. Their diminutive proportions are commensurate with the size of the eggs, however, which are the smallest laid by self respecting hens any place on earth. Place an ordinary Egyptian egg in the British cup and it is absolutely lost."—New York Press.

The Hospital



Thankful are They Who Escape The Surgeon's Knife

Thousands of surgical operations are performed every year in our great city hospitals upon women afflicted with serious female troubles. Sometimes the operations are successful—oftentimes they are not.

It is safe to say that certainly nine out of ten operations for female troubles might have been wholly avoided.

The most valuable tonic and re-builder of the female organism, the medicine with a record of thousands of cases literally snatched from the operating table, is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Do not consent to an operation which may mean death until after you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial. Note what it did for Mrs. Robert Glenn, whose letter follows:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so well and widely known that it does not need any recommendation from me, but I am glad to add mine to the many which you have in its favor.

I suffered untold agonies from a serious female trouble for nearly three years, and the doctors told me I must have an operation; but I was unwilling to undergo this, and decided to try your Vegetable Compound.

I am so pleased that I did so, for it restored me to perfect health, saved me the pain of an operation and the immense bills attending the same. Please accept my hearty thanks and best wishes.

MRS. ROBERT GLENN, 434 Marie Street, Ottawa, Ont.

Thousands of women, residing in every part of Canada, bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ills and creates radiant, buoyant female health. For your own sake try it.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Where Others Fail

A Canadian Gift.

The massive silver beaker which was presented by the citizens of British Columbia to Lieut.-Col. English and the other officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Imperial troops at Esquimaux on the occasion of their departure from Canada in May last, has just been placed in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution, in Whitehall. With the beaker is an illuminated address, signed by the Mayor, recalling the fact that for upwards of 150 years Imperial troops had been stationed within the borders of what was now Canada. Another interesting relic which has just been deposited in the museum by Gen. Sir Julius Raimes, G. C. B., on behalf of Mr. James Hilton, F. S. A., is the sword of honor which was presented in 1804 to Capt. John Hilton, of the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards, by the British troops in testimony of his conduct as a gentleman and ability as an officer.

Time, like space, cannot be defined. It embraces the infinite.

Pay as you go; if you can't pay, don't go.

Try Again for Health Gin Pills Will Cure You OR MONEY REFUNDED

If you have wasted money on doctors, and taken medicine after medicine, without relief, of course you are discouraged. But don't give up. There is a cure—certain and sure—that will make your kidneys well and strong. Here is a letter from an old gentleman, 72 years of age, who had just your experience, but who was convinced that he owed it to himself to at least try GIN PILLS. Read what he says:—

The Bole Drug Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sir, I am now 72 years of age. I have been ill for about six or seven years, and have been attended by different doctors, but I could get no help. I started taking Kidney Pills and I have taken several odd boxes, and I found they helped me a little. This spring I started to take Gin Pills, and believe they have cured me. I cannot say too much about them, and recommend them as a good kidney pill.

(Signed) WILLIAM CUMSTONE.

Note that Mr. Cumstone not only found quick relief, but "believe they have cured me."

Try just once more. Give GIN PILLS a fair trial. So sure are we that GIN PILLS are a positive cure for all kidney troubles that we will let you test them free.

Send name and address, and tell in what paper you saw this offer and we will send you a sample box of GIN PILLS free of charge. Gin Pills are sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

THE BOLE DRUG CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Minard's Liniment used by Physiciana.

Rise above your conditions and master them.

LADY ERNESTINE HUNT.

Titled Lady to Ranch in Canada—Buys 30,000 Acres of Land.

With the arrival of the steamship Montclair at Avonmouth, London, from Montreal, came the news of an experiment which Lady Ernestine Hunt, eldest daughter of the Marquess of Ailesbury, has undertaken.

Lady Ernestine Hunt has started a horse-ranch at Calgary, Alberta, on a stretch of land between 30,000 and 40,000 acres in extent, and she has personally supervised the conveyance of seventeen of the horses to Great Britain. From Bristol the animals will be transhipped to Dublin, where they will be broken in and sold.

The horses are still in a half-wild state, and throughout the voyage across the Atlantic Lady Ernestine Hunt had little or no assistance in their management.

Lady Ernestine Hunt says she is the first woman who has ever brought live stock across the Western Ocean by herself, and she pays a tribute to the cattlemen, who are, in her opinion, a much-maligned class.

"Since I was 20 years of age," added her ladyship, "I have been facing the battle of life by myself. As long as I can remember I had had a roving disposition, and have been fond of two things—horses and the sea."

"Three months ago I went to Canada with a perfectly open mind, but possessed with a vague idea of starting a ranch. The whole affair is in its infancy, but things will be on a much larger scale before long."

A Canadian Abroad.

The long list of Canadians who have won distinction in the political, industrial or financial life of the United States includes the name of Edward Thomas Burrows, manufacturer. Mr. Burrows was born at Sherbrooke, Quebec, July 25, 1852. On Queen Victoria's birthday, May 24, 1867, he became a resident of Portland, Maine. At the age of 14 he entered a store and continued at that work until he had reached the age of 20. During this time he saved a little money, which he used to advance his education in the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Wesleyan University. After one year he was obliged to leave the latter institution on account of health. It was about 1873 that he commenced the manufacture of wire screens in a small way. To-day he has the largest factory for the manufacture of wire screens in the world. He is also president of the Curtin Supply Co., Chicago, manufacturers of the railway curtains which he invented. Mr. Burrows is a trustee of Boston University and a leading Maine prohibitionist.

REVERSED.

When you go to a summer hotel the first thing that you should do is to have all your money put in the hotel safe.

That is the last thing I do.

Minard's Liniment—Lumberman's Friend.

Creeds are the clothes of religion.

IF YOU WANT

The best MEATS that can be bought go to Merritt & Graham. We always have the BEST.

MERRITT & GRAHAM.

Telephone 529 Opp. Power House

Every Taste Maybe Satisfied Every Requirement Met Every Person Satisfied

When they have selected one of our

DIAMOND RINGS

We have a full stock on hand at the Sign of the BIG CLOCK.

A. A. JORDAN'S.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

Phone 469

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Painless Surgeon and Chiropodist. Corns and Bunions Permanently cured. Painless Extractions of Ingrowing Toe Nails. Grand Central Hotel. Persons desiring treatment at their residences leave word at hotel, or send a note through post office.

REFERENCES GIVEN.

SAMUEL GELLER, Proprietor Chatham Iron and Metal Yards

(Magnolia Hotel, near G. T. R. station), Chatham, Ont.

Highest price paid for Scrap Iron, Metal and Rubber. Phone 563.

Tallow candles came before electric lights—but that does not prove candles better.

"Progress Brand" Clothing

was not the FIRST clothing made in Canada—but—

Look for the label that protects.

C. AUSTIN & CO.

VISIT THE

BALMORAL

Antiseptic Hair Dressing AND Shaving Parlors.

Neat, clean up-to-date skilled Workmanship. Cozy Reading and Smoking Room provided in connection for the use of patrons

King St., Chatham, 2 Doors East of Market.

FLEMING & HARPER,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS.

Office: 163 King St. West, P. O. Box 836; Telephone 58.

All kinds of Fire, Life, Accident, Marine and Plate Glass Insurance effected at Lowest Rates.

Call, Write or Telephone for Our Rates Before Insuring Elsewhere.

A FINE PROFESSION.

She has some hope of taking up a profession, I believe. Indeed! What profession. A profession of love from old Mr. Richley. He hasn't made it yet, but then she's working very hard.

Minard's Liniment—Lumberman's Friend.

Some sins show a soft head rather than a hard heart.

Province Sues For Dues.

St. Catharines, Oct. 31.—A case of considerable interest was heard here Monday before Mr. Justice Falconbridge, when the Province of Ontario sued the estate of the late S. D. Woodruff for succession duties on \$600,000 of stocks, bonds and debentures held in the State of New York. Argument was adjourned to Toronto. E. E. A. DuVernet and J. H. Ingersoll appeared for the province, and H. H. Collier for the estate.

When the tip of a dog's nose is cold and moist, that dog is not sick. A feverish, dry nose means sickness with a dog. And so with the human lips. Dry, cracked and colorless lips mean feverishness, and are as well ill appearing. To have beautiful, pink, velvet-like lips, apply at bed-time a coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. It will soften and heal any skin ailment. Get a free trial box, at our store, and be convinced. Large, nickel-capped, glass jars, 25 cents.

Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

EARL OF CRANBROOKE DEAD.

At Age of 92—Was Twice British Secretary For War.

London, Oct. 31.—Gathorne Gathorne-Hardy, first Earl of Cranbrooke, who was twice Secretary for War and Lord President of the Council, died yesterday at Hemsted Park. He was born in 1814.

The Earl of Cranbrooke was born in 1814. He was a Conservative candidate for Bradford in 1847, but was defeated. He represented Leominster from 1856 to 1865, when he was elected for Oxford University. This seat he retained till 1878, when he was raised to the peerage. He was successively Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, President of the Poor Law Board, Home Secretary, Secretary for War, Secretary for India, and President of the Council.

He was educated at Shrewsbury School and Oriel College, Oxford. He owned 6,000 acres in Kent and Sussex, and was also a partner in the Lowthian Ironworks.

Having trouble with the salt? Gets damp and hardens? Then you are not using WINDSOR TABLE SALT. It never cakes.

SEE INDICATED A SEAT BY THE WINDOW, AND INTO THIS HE BACKED.

Niblo got out and not knowing that I was here.

"Not remarkable, considering the fact that he is a burglar," he smiled. "I'll bet you are his sister."

"I am," she admitted stiffly.

"Then you must know me," he began. "I am Fred Grenville."

Miss Niblo's nose raised itself in protest. "That is very clever of you," she said, "only Mr. Grenville is out of town and will not be back for another week."

"Great heaven!" he gasped. "You don't take me for a burglar, do you?"

"Who else would be likely to make entry by means of the fire escape?" she asked.

"But a burglar in smoking jacket and slippers?" he protested.

"I suppose it is a new dodge," she explained. "Something like the dress suit burglar, isn't it?"

"But I really am Fred Grenville," he pleaded. "I always drop down to see Bert by way of the fire escape. He took all of my cigars for some party, and when I got in ahead of time to-night I found his note and came down after some."

"So you've been robbing Mr. Grenville's flat, too?" she said. "You must have been to some pains to find out the safe places."

"But I tell you that I am Grenville," he persisted. "I will show you."

He reached into his hip pocket for his cardcase, but at his first move the pistol went up again. "Put up your hands or I'll shoot," warned a steady voice, and Grenville's hands went up. He knew that she meant what she said.

"I wish you would call up the house," he said. "Most of the tenants know me, and identification will be easy."

"My brother will be in soon," she said. "I feel safer this way."

"It's a mighty uncomfortable way," he pleaded. "May I not lower my hands?"

"If you keep them in your lap," she agreed, "but keep them away from your pockets. Sit in that chair."

She indicated a rocker by the window, and into this he backed. She took a seat in front of him, her finger on the