

## AN EDITOR'S EXPERIENCE

In the Treatment of Humours with More Than Magical Effect with

### CUTICURA REMEDIES.

A Remarkable Testimonial from a Most Intelligent and Trustworthy Lady.

"A tumor came on my neck and in a day or two it was as large as half an orange. I was very much alarmed for fear it was malignant. My friends tried to persuade me to consult my physician; but dreading that he would insist on using the knife, I would not consent to go. Instead, I got Cuticura Resolvent and Cuticura Ointment. I took the former according to directions, and spread a thick layer of the Ointment on the swelling. On renewing it I would bathe my neck in very warm water and Cuticura Soap. In a few days the Cuticura Ointment had drawn the swelling to a head, when it broke. Every morning it was opened with a large sterilized needle, squeezed and bathed, and fresh Ointment put on. Pus and blood, and a yellow, cheesy, tumorous matter came out. In about three or four weeks' time this treatment completely eliminated the tumor. The soreness that had extended down into my chest was all gone, and my neck now seems to be perfectly well."

"About five or six years ago my sister had a similar experience, used the Cuticura Remedies with magical effect. I am willing you should use my testimonial, with the further privilege of revealing my name and address to such persons as may wish to substantiate the above statements by personal letter to me." Chicago, Nov. 12, 1902.

Cuticura Resolvent, liquid and in the form of Chocolate Cuticura Tablets, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap are sold throughout the world. Depot: London, 47, Chancery Lane; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, 2, Sydney & Co., Sydney; Boston, 127 Columbus Ave.; Boston Drug & Chemical Co., 100 Front Street.

Send for "How to Cure Every Humour."

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Leave word at our Office or phone 52 and we will call and take measurements and have Screens placed in position promptly.

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Chatham, Ontario.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

## LOOKING BACKWARD

The following stanzas were written by Rev. Dr. Jamieson, on the occasion of the recent Old Boys' Reunion at No. 1, Harwich:—

### A VALENTINE PARTY AND ITS SEQUEL.

(Asks His Favorite.)

Dear girl, with eyes so blue and heart so true,  
Be mine, just only mine;  
For this one single night, my soul's delight,  
Be my sweet Valentine.

(Accepted.)

You have power to bless with that word "Yes";  
And I've felt your power;  
And now it's mine to live—with what you give—  
A life in one brief hour.

(Entertains His Valentine.)

It is pleasant to be thus light and free,  
Among those we love so well;  
But sight of one bright face, its joy and grace,  
Is bliss I ne'er can tell.

(Party Over.)

The gayest hour is past, and we're at last  
Under the star-lit sky;  
Though fraught with mirth and glee,  
I'd rather be alone—just you and I.

(On The Way.)

'Neath those heavens so bright with silver light,  
Thou'rt fairest of the fair;  
Thou art queen of the night, brighter than light—  
No gem above so rare.

(Home.)

We are soon at the gate; you say it's late—  
That we must bid adieu;  
Pleasant dreams while you sleep your slumbers deep,  
And God watch over you.

(To Himself on His Way Back.)

That girl's the girl for me—why don't you see?  
How beautiful, how true?  
Never a girl on earth so full of mirth—  
Her eyes are melting blue.

(Calls on His Valentine.)

A week has passed and gone, and now, alone,  
I see you once again;  
Those hot lips so quickly spent, seem'd only lent,  
A short, a sweet refrain.

Shall we not often meet? I love to greet  
A bright and smiling face;  
And you are always bright, as on that night,  
And always full of grace.

(Pops the Question.)

A year ago to-day, when all was gay,  
I asked you to be mine;  
And now, be mine for life, be my dear wife—  
My own sweet Valentine.

(Wedding Day.)

The world without, they say, is bright and gay,  
The bells are ringing clear;  
But heavings may shine, or suns decline,  
Thy love-light is my cheer.

(Later.)

The years have come and gone, and, one by one,  
These cares of life have grown;  
To us they're bright and fair, beyond compare—  
They're all our very own.

These merry girls and boys—our hopes and joys—  
For them it's our to live;  
God in heaven, them bless with nothing less  
Than thou to us didst give.

(Gone for Themselves.)

They are far, far away from us to-day,  
And we're alone again;  
The fields are just as fair, and sweet the air,  
But things are not the same.

Our lives have larger grown, as years have flown,  
For theirs are parts of ours;  
And far away they roam from this old home,  
To plant their distant bow'rs.

(Old Age.)

The sunny days have sped since we were wed—  
Sometimes cloudy weather—  
But all these happy days, on all our ways,  
We've travelled on together.

Your eye is not so bright, nor step so light,  
As in the long ago,  
Time has stolen away all that was gay,  
And from your cheeks the glow.

But you are dear to me, more than could be  
That night in days of yore;  
For through all these long years, mid joys and tears,  
I've learned to love you more.

(June 23, 1904.)

Cheer up, my dear, sweet girl; the mirth and whirl  
Of life are here once more;  
They've all come back in groups, from far-off nooks,  
And towns of classic lore.

The girls are old girls now; the boys, somehow,  
They say, are old boys, too;  
They have come back in hives, with kids and wives,  
And some we long since knew.

But all are here to-day, as bright and gay  
As rays of morning sun;  
As rays of morning sun;

As rays of morning sun;

## THE BUGLER'S CHEST

Is well expanded. He uses his lungs to their fullest capacity. People in ordinary do not use much over half their lung power. The unused lung surface becomes inert, and offers a prepared ground for the attack of the germs of consumption. There is no need to warn people of the danger of consumption, but warning is constantly needed not to neglect the first symptoms of diseased lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures obstinate coughs, bronchitis, bleeding lungs, and other conditions which, if neglected or unsilently treated, find a fatal termination in consumption. It is entirely free from opiates and narcotics.

"About three years ago I was taken with a bad cough, vomiting and spitting blood," writes Mr. D. J. Robinson, of Spring Garden, W. Va. "I tried many remedies; nothing seemed to help me.

Medical Discovery. After using ten bottles and four vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets,' I commenced to improve. My case seemed to be almost hopeless one. Doctors pronounced it ulcer of the lungs. I was sick nearly a year, and at the time I thought it would be impossible for me to live over night at one time. I haven't spit any blood now for more than twelve months, and worked on the farm all last summer. It was Dr. Pierce's medicines that cured me."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach.

The "Medical Advertiser" in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Of all the lands they've seen, where e'er they've been,

There's none like "Number One."

Blenheim, Ont. W. H. J.

## THE DAGUERRETYPE.

Odd Notions Concerning the Process When It Was New.

Many amusing remarks were made at the doors of daguerreotype galleries when they were first opened in this country. A small frame containing a dozen specimens would draw a crowd. One man would undertake to describe how they were made. "You look in the machine, and the picture comes—if you look long enough." Another would say: "It is not so much the looking that does it. The sun burns it in if you keep still." Another made it all very plain by stating, "The plate is a looking glass, and when you sit in front of it your shadow sticks on the plate."

How it came about was never known, but the impression became general that the sitters must not wink. No operator of intelligence ever told the sitters not to wink, for the effort to refrain would have given the eye an unnatural expression. We found it a duty to tell the sitters to wink as usual; that natural winking did not affect the picture. Even then it was not always understood. One old lady jumped out of the chair before a sitting was half over, raising both hands and exclaiming: "Stop it, stop it! I winked!"

Another remarkable fact was that sitters seldom acknowledged their own likenesses. "All good but mine," was the common decision. An aged couple after examining their pictures came to this conclusion, "Maria, yours is perfect, but this does not look like me."

But the old lady answered, "Jeems, yours is as natural as life, but mine is a failure." After a longer consultation the old gentleman said, "We must know each other better than we know ourselves." At one time when Daniel Webster sat for a daguerreotype the finished picture was held before him. Turning away, he said: "I am not to judge of my own looks. It is for you to judge, and you must decide whether the work is worthy of your reputation."—A. Bogardus in Century.

You can never really learn where you do not love.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES

are in great demand just now and that creates a demand for

## Wedding Rings...

I have now on hand the largest stock in the city, both the English and the celebrated Tiffany patterns. These are the nicest and most up-to-date patterns made.

## COME AND SEE OUR LINE BEFORE PURCHASING

## A. A. Jordan,

Jeweller,

Sign of Big Clock, Chatham

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

## PRE-EMPTED BY BIRDS.

The Noddies That Own Bird Key, in the Gulf of Mexico.

Out in the gulf of Mexico sixty-five miles from Key West toward the setting sun rise half a dozen barren sandbars from the exquisite turquoise blue waters. One of these, Garden key, is a government fort and coaling station; another is the Loggerhead key, our last outpost toward Cuba and Central America. Other islets are untenanted save when the great sea turtles crawl. One alone, Bird key, is pre-empted by the birds. It would be hard to find a more desolate or isolated region.

Though the climate is warm throughout the year, it is not until May that the feathered hosts arrive from the far south at this sandy rendezvous. In the van come the noddies, a few about the 1st of May and the rest within a few days. A week later the sooty terns pour in, and it is said that within a week of their arrival both kinds begin to lay. At the time of our coming nearly all the birds had eggs and were devoting themselves to their family cares.

To reach the buildings from the little landing place we had to pass through a tract of bushes, and here it was that I saw the first nests of the noddies. Upon the tops or in the forks of the bushes each pair had built a rather rude yet fairly substantial platform of sticks, only slightly hollowed, and upon each one sat a dark gray bird. There was something about these graceful little creatures that instantly took me by storm, a case of love at first sight. The noddy is very much like a dove—except for its webbed feet—in size, in form, in the softness of its plumage, the expression of its large dark eyes and its gentle, confiding ways. There is no wild fright as the stranger approaches. Just a shadow of fear is evident, but the birds sit quietly on their nests, hoping and trusting, and do not fly unless approached almost within arm's reach. Then they sit gently away, alighting upon a neighboring bush until the intruder has withdrawn, when they return directly to their charge. It seemed remarkable to find birds so perfectly tame.

## PITH AND POINT.

When a friend tells you of his wrongs he wants sympathy and not an argument.

Before a man's first baby is a week old he knows more than he had ever dreamed about.

Speaking of "secret sorrows," it is a good plan to keep them so, as telling only multiplies them.

When a man wants to give you advice, you can't lose anything by listening, but you will make an enemy by refusing.

A man occasionally breaks even. When it comes to wall paper the wife does the picking and the husband does the kicking.

Every one should have saved up enough money to take things a little easier by the time the age comes for taking a nap in a chair.

## Trained Tortoises.

Japanese and Korean showmen in addition to their skill as jugglers and acrobats display a truly marvelous skill in teaching animals tricks. They not only exhibit educated bears, spaniels, monkeys and goats, but also trained birds and, what is the more astonishing of all, trick fish.

One of the most curious examples of patient training is an exhibit by an old Korean boatman of a dozen drilled tortoises. Directed by his songs and a small metal drum, they march in time, execute various evolutions and conclude by climbing upon a low table, the larger ones forming of their own accord a bridge for the smaller, to which the feat would otherwise be impossible. When they have all mounted, they dispose themselves in three or four piles like so many plates.

## The Study of Nature.

I confess I have not much sympathy with the laboratory study of nature except for economical purposes. Nature under the dissecting knife and the microscope yields important secrets to the students of biology, but the unprofessional students want but little of all this. I know a young woman who took a postgraduate course in biology at a noted summer school, and the one thing she learned was that certain bacilli were found only in the aqueous humor of the eyes of white mice. The world is full of curious facts like that, that have no human interest or educational value whatever.—John Burroughs in Country Life in America.

## None Better.

Mrs. Wise—I wouldn't have bought cigars for my husband if I were you. A man doesn't like his wife to do that. Mrs. McBride—I know it's risky unless you're very careful to get the best, but I was careful. Mrs. Wise—Were you? Mrs. McBride—Yes. I picked out a box called "Finest made." There couldn't possibly be anything better than that, you know.

## Pride of Ancestry.

"We can't afford to recognize them. Their ancestors were in trade." "Weren't ours?" "Of course, but our trade ancestors are two generations further back than theirs."

## Mean.

Miss Mugley—I always try to retire before midnight. I don't like to miss my beauty sleep. Miss Pepprey—You really should try harder. You certainly don't get enough of it.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.—George Elliot

## MOUNTAIN RANGES.

When White Given Way to Green They Are on the Decline.

There is something almost lifelike in the growth of mountains. They do not attain their maximum stature all at a leap. The first great uplift of the Sierras, Professor Lawson thinks, elevated the range about 2,500 feet. Even that was not done at a bound. It took time while the gigantic pressures were at work. vast periods also elapsed while the growing mountains swelled upward to their culmination of 14,000 or 15,000 feet. Perhaps they are still growing.

Age has its common marks everywhere. An old man stoops, shrinks in stature and becomes round shouldered; an aged tree sheds its branches, breaks off at the top and finally tumbles into ruin; a time worn mountain loses its aspiring peaks, smooths down its jagged outlines, rounds off its steep slopes, sinking lower and lower under the constant wear of the elements until only a line of green carpeted hills remains to mark the place where tremendous summits rose into the region of perpetual snow and flashed back the sunshine from a crown of glaciers.

It is relatively an easy task to calculate the age of a mountain range which, like the Sierra Nevada range, had a new birth at the beginning of quaternary time, the latest period in the geological history of our planet. It would be far more difficult to offer the measuring tape of the centuries to the great Appalachian range, which lies just behind the Atlantic seaboard. The Appalachians date back to the remote carboniferous age, which ended so long ago that nobody probably would be willing to risk a guess at the number of millions of years which must since have elapsed. The Appalachians may have been magnificent giants in their day, but time has conquered them, as it will also conquer the rugged Sierras, and now their verdured flanks and tops delight the unalarmed eyes of railway tourists winding on swift trains of parlor cars through the rich valleys that have fattened on the substance of the disintegrated peaks.

The glory of a sun is gone when it passes from light to darkness, from solar incandescence to planetary opacity, and likewise the splendor of life for a mountain departs when it sinks from white to green and from the abode of snow to the levels of grass.—Garrett P. Serviss in Success.

## LITTLE THOUGHTS.

Time that is lost is never found. A soft answer may be a hard argument. Difficulties are meant to rouse, not discourage. It is more profitable to read one man than ten books. One always has time enough if one will apply it well. He who takes good care of the days need give himself no worry over the year. Character consists in a man steadily pursuing the things of which he feels himself capable. A fault which humbles a man is of more use to him than a good action which puffs him up with pride. It is better to right your wrongs while they are young and tender than to nurse them until they are old and tough.

## Readjusted.

Europeans who are inclined to deny the South African native a sense of humor should read a story of Voltman, the chief of the Pingoos, which Dr. Percival Laurence has told in his book, "On Circuit in Kaffirland." On one occasion four advocates, one of whom was Dr. Laurence, were hard up for transportation and were glad to charter one of Voltman's wagons, with a span of six mules, to convey them to the next circuit town. The charge, they were told, would be £4 pounds per mule, which they suggested was a stiff price. Voltman took time to consider their representation, but ultimately sent a message that his price would not be £4 per mule, but £4 per advocate!

## Keeping Out the Tide.

They were on the way to India, and, as they were crossing the restless bay of Biscay, one innocent young lady, speaking to another, asked, "Why do the stewards come in and open or shut the portholes at odd times during the day and night?" The second and better informed lady replied, "My dear, they shut or open them when the tide rises or falls."—Sporting Times.

## Different Smiles.

"I assure you, my dear," he protested, "that I do not care about the smiles of other women." "But I do," sobbed the wife, "and that's why I think it hateful of you to make me wear this shabby bonnet."

## Clean Streets.

Keep the streets clean. Dirty streets injure the town in the eyes of strangers and also make home folks careless. The city must lead in the matter of cleanliness and beauty if it expects citizens to evince a like spirit.

## What Constitutes Corruption.

"Is he corrupt?" "Oh, no; I wouldn't call him that." "What do you consider corrupt?" "Why, a man who sells out to two opposing interests in the same deal, of course. Anybody ought to know that."

## A flower plucked in the morning.

conspires fresh twice as long as one plucked later in the day, when the sun is upon it.

## Constipation

ABBEY'S SALT is the family laxative—for children as well as grown folk. It never strains or "gripes"—makes the bowels move regularly and naturally—and never fails to completely cure constipation. Containing no alcohol, even children may use it every morning without fear of ill-effects.

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