

June 25 1903

ALMOST AFRAID TO GO TO SLEEP FOR FEAR SHE WOULD NOT WAKE UP.

FLUTTERING OF THE HEART.
SHORTNESS OF BREATH.
FAINT AND DIZZY SPELLS.

Mrs. Wm. Bingley, Grand Tracade, P.E.I.,
Has a Very Trying Experience,
But Thanks to

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

She has been restored to perfect health.

She writes: "About seven months ago I was badly run down in health and became very weak. I was troubled with fluttering of the heart and shortness of breath. When lying down at night I was almost afraid to go to sleep for fear I would never wake up. When I arose in the morning I would feel a little better, but as soon as I started to work my heart would start fluttering, my head would become dizzy, faint weak spells would come over me and it seemed as if black objects were floating before my eyes. I was growing worse every day until I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. When the box was half gone I could feel that they had done me good and by the time it was finished I was in excellent health and would advise all sufferers from heart and nerve troubles to try them."

Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or
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TORONTO, ONT.

Money to Loan on Mortgages at 4 1/2 and 5 per Cent.

FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.

Brick house, two stories, 7 rooms, lot 40 feet front by 208 feet deep, \$1100.00.
Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 ft., good stable, \$1100.00.
House and lot, 9 rooms, \$1050.00.
House and lot, 5 rooms, \$400.00.
Farm in Township of Raleigh, 58 acres. All cleared. Good house and barn, \$3100.00.
Farm in Township of Harwich, 208 acres. Large house, barn and out-buildings, \$12,000.00.
Farm in Township of Raleigh, 45 acres. Good house, new stable and granary, \$2250.00.
Ten acres in suburbs of Chatham, \$1500.00.
Valuable suburban residence, 11 rooms; with seven acres of land. Good stable, \$3000.00.
Apply to
W. F. SMITH,
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Is an old, well established and reliable preparation. It has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell it, and recommend it as being the only medicine of its kind that cures all nervous weakness, exhaustion, loss of energy, and all effects of Abuse of the System. The excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants; Mental and Brain Worry; all of which lead to Insanity, Nervousness, Consumption, and an early grave. Price 50 cts. per bottle, or six for \$5.00. One will please; six will cure. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send for pamphlet—free to any address.

The Wood Company,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Chatham by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store.



THE STEAMER City of Chatham

will commence her regular trips on Monday, May 11th, and will make a round trip from CHATHAM to DETROIT every

Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, leaving Rankin dock, South Chatham, at 7:30 a.m., and returning leaves Detroit (foot of Randolph St.) at 3:30 p.m. Detroit time, or 4 o'clock Chatham time.

ONE WAY TRIPS
Leaves Chatham for Detroit on Thursday morning at 9:30 o'clock, and leaves Detroit for Chatham on Friday morning at 8:30 Detroit city time or 9 o'clock Chatham time.

FARES.
ROUND TRIP, 60c
SINGLE TRIP, 50c
Thursday Tickets good to return Friday.

Children under 12 years, half-fare. Tickets good for day of issue only. Agents—Stranger & Co., Chatham, Odette & Wherry, Windsor; John Stevenson, Detroit.

JOHN ROURKE, Captain.
WM. CORNISH, Purser.

HIS

Young wife was almost distracted for he would not stay a night at home so she had her LAUNDRY done by us, and now he ceases any more to roam.

Parisian Steam Laundry Co.
TELEPHONE 20.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By John Habberton.
Author of "Helen's Babes," "George Washington," Etc.
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It took two or three minutes for captains, lieutenants and sergeants to pass



"Forward!"

this word along, but when the major roared "Forward!" over we went. The excitement of the jump was intensified by our sabers. Many of us had made long jumps from barn roofs or brick piles or builders' scaffolds when we were young, but our sabers hadn't. There's nothing adaptive about a saber anyway, so these weapons raised themselves with our legs in a most alarming manner. We found the water quite as wet as any I had ever stepped into, and the bottom was not as hard and smooth as we would have liked. It made our legs feel overheavy, too, as we went up the opposite bank with our boots full of water, but it was no time and place to call for towels and dry trousers.

"Forward!" again shouted the major, who had waded the stream with us unconcerned as if he were not wearing his \$20 trousers. "Forward!" he continued to repeat about once a second, and "Forward!" shouted each captain after him. The Johnnies were brave fellows, but they weren't fools. They began to see that we could fire several shots to their one, and the fighting was at such close quarters that the instant one of them fired his muzzle loader a Yank was up on him demanding his surrender before he could reload. Soon they allowed us to chase them through the forest, and, as they were better woodmen than we, they got away quite rapidly, taking with them, besides the prisoners they had already sent to their rear, one or two of our men who were a trifle too expert in the chase. When their firing slackened to scattering shots and finally ceased, our big guns roared the recall, and we were sent back to cross the stream for our horses, which were led one by one down a path hastily broken and dug in the steep bank with fragments of the broken bridge and then up the opposite slope.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER THE FIGHT WAS OVER.

"I lost we were on our own side of the bridge—those who were left of us. Roll call showed thirty men missing from the first company, which had carried only fifty men into action, besides several from each of the other companies. Some of the missing we found dead or wounded in the creek and woods, with a larger number of the enemy in the same condition, but after a careful count we found the Johnnies had secured about twice as many prisoners as we.

The proceedings of the next hour or two would not have interested any civilian spectator in search of the glory of war. Several mounted men who had been hurried away to a farmhouse known to be about a mile down the road came back with all the farmer's wagons, carts, colored men, spades and picks. Into the wagons and carts on a lot of pine tufts hastily picked were placed the wounded and our own dead. The colored men, under the direction of the farmer, who had kindly volunteered to help, buried the dead Confederates dead near the roadside. Some of the wounded groaned terribly, and one poor fellow almost broke my heart by faintly screaming "Father!" every moment. I didn't feel any better when we learned that the wounded boy whom we were about to cart away was a son of the old man who was preparing the dead Confederates for their last home. Then we knew why the old man had offered to assist the burial party and why he had looked so quickly and intently through the gathering dusk into the faces of the dead. The boy had been brought in later from the woods, and the father would never have known of his presence had it not been for his cries.

The next scene was equally painful—the old man begging, with tears in his eyes, to be allowed to take his wounded child to his own house and the major insisting on his duty to carry all the wounded captives to our own camp. Several minutes before the old farmer had been to only a stay at home rebel. Now there wasn't a man of us who would not have added or entreated

"I wrote to Dr. Pierce for advice though I thought surely I would die."

"After my baby came in January, 1900," writes Mrs. Nancy Abner, of St. Paul, Ark., "I suffered severely from all sorts of aches and pains, until the following May, when I read one of your pamphlets, treating on female diseases. I wrote to Dr. Pierce for advice, although I thought surely I would die, as our physician had been more liable to die than to get well; your fatherly advice caused my health to be restored. I took five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, three of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and three vials of 'Pellies,' together with various other remedies, and I am now able to do all my work."

Weak and sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free, and so obtain without charge or fee the advice of a specialist upon diseases peculiar to women. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The invitation to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free, is not to be confused with offers of "free medical advice" made by irresponsible persons who are not physicians and are professionally and legally disqualified for the practice of medicine.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a safe and reliable remedy for the cure of womanly ills. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

to his had we dared. It was a great relief to all of us when our assistant surgeon, who had been rapidly examining the wounded, assured the old man that the boy would need frequent nursing attention instead of home nursing if his life were to be saved, so he would be better off in our hospital. Then the surgeon offered the farmer his hand, and after a shake the old man sighed.

"I'll take your word for it."

I couldn't understand why a mere handshaker was so convincing until one of our middle aged chaps told me that both men were Freemasons. But the agony for us was resumed after we started for camp, for the major, though true to the letter of his duty, was a Freemason himself, so he halted us in front of the old man's farm long enough to let the family come out and bid the boy goodbye, perhaps for the last time. They came down with a lantern, for it was now quite dark, and the mother sobbed and wailed at the thought of the cart and did all her thinking aloud and told how handsome and cheery her boy had looked when he took dinner at home a few hours before for the first time in months. His pretty sister, whom all of us had adored from time to time as she stood at the farm gate with her father to see the soldiers pass by, prayed aloud for heaven's curse to fall on the man whose bullet had pierced her brother's lungs, and I am sure each of us trembled at the thought that the bullet might have been his own. Near them stood a little brother and sister crying, and I am sure they were watching their brother Ned did when he first heard that I was going to the war.

Yet this was not the only family that suffered by that engagement. Besides the men killed outright, some of our own comrades died afterward of their wounds without father, mother, sisters or brothers to say goodbye to them. Not all the missing were taken prisoners by the enemy, and nearly half a year of awful uncertainty and of frantic letter writing passed before we learned this through our captured men who returned when exchanged. One of our men, whose leg was broken by a bullet, who then was knocked senseless by a glancing shot on his head, floated down the shallow stream some distance before he came to his senses and got ashore. Stanching his wound by tying a strip of his shirt tightly around his leg, he bound the broken limb in twigs and then spent two whole days and nights in crawling on his hands and one knee to our nearest point of safety, several miles distant. In the evening a colored man who went to the creek to fish found the remains of one of our men beside a tree, a mile below the scene of the fight, and scratched on the bark of the tree were a few words telling how the poor fellow had died a lingering death from wounds, exposure and starvation.

Yet the entire engagement, in which a full third of the men on our bridge were either killed, wounded or captured within 15 minutes, was in a military parlance "merely a little brush." Mention of it never got into the newspapers. There were thousands of men like it, except for the falling sands like it, except for the results being, during the war, the results being too small or gradual to be part of the history which was being made by some great engagements which brought us to the end of the war.

Perpetually we were not so bloody. Perhaps the story of this one will explain to some people why old soldiers when chatting together about the war talk much of the march and camp, but very little about fighting.

To Be Continued.

Well, I engaged that man, said the railway official.

Engaged him? exclaimed the subordinate. Why, in addition to the fact that he doesn't speak English, he's tongue-tied.

Oh, that's all right, was the reply. We only want him to call the stations.

Those who apply themselves too much to little things commonly become incapable of great ones.

Carlyle and Emerson.

No Evidence That EITHER Ever Seriously Studied Christianity.

The grave charge is to be brought against both Carlyle and Emerson that, while they were the product of Christian civilization and drew the substance of their message from the religious faith of their people, there is no evidence that either ever seriously studied Christianity. The greatest phenomenon in human history engages but lightly the attention of the enthusiasm of either, nor does either fathom the need of the humanity that has risen on the strength of the gospel of Christ. It was the dim perception of this fact that led Lord Jeffrey to remark to Carlyle that he went about as if he were to found a new religion.

No one had done anything for man's soul until he came. One can hardly read the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson without the feeling of their excessive consequentia in the presence of the immense historic achievement of spiritual genius; that the presence of the spirit, the teaching and the influence of Jesus. Both were essentially modest men, and yet they lived in the sense of a uniqueness and an importance which they do not possess. They are both frequently oracular when uttering with literary distinction only the commonplace moral wisdom of the Christian world. It is a valid criticism upon Carlyle and Emerson that they failed to recognize the rock whence they were hewn and that they did not exhaust the quarry; that they were oblivious of the pit whence they were dug, and that the precious metal remained after they were taken out in boundless abundance.—Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D., in Atlantic.

The Black Death in England.

In England the black death in the fourteenth century made its first appearance in Dorsetshire and quickly spreading over the west it reached London by way of Oxford, leaving death and desolation behind it everywhere. It was as fatal in the country as in the town. Whole villages were depopulated and small towns almost wiped out of existence. The dead lay unburied as they had died, for priests had been swept away with their flocks, and in many parishes there was no one left to celebrate mass, while every trade and craft was suspended in the universal terror and suspense.

To add to the horror of the times bands of marauders roamed about unmolested, robbing alike the dead and the living, and dogs, deprived of their masters by death, came together in packs, made ferocious by hunger, and scourged the country like so many bands of wolves.

Machines That Seem to Think.

The home of the dipper dredge is on the great lakes. There it flourishes and in the smaller sizes and in nontidal fresh water at twenty feet depth was marvelously efficient. A good wooden dredge of ten years ago which cost, say, \$30,000 would do 1,500 or 2,000 cubic yards per ten hours with a crew of six men on three tons of coal.

It could lift its spuds, move up and reset again in ninety seconds. It stands alone like a table on its legs, with no moorings to obstruct navigation. By means of its dipper on the bottom it can move itself about crab fashion in any direction and by the same means can push the barges about which it is loading. It can maneuver itself in any direction, load scows, dig foundations, pull piles, lay concrete blocks, deposit black filling, lift bowlders, raise wrecks, dredge hard or soft material and do nearly everything but vote. Its great simplicity made it light in repairs.

The M. P. Gets No Pay.

Members of the English parliament, unlike the members of the American congress and all the other parliaments of the world, serve without salaries. The labor party's representatives in parliament and the Irish party's members are the only ones who are paid to serve in the houses of commons. They draw their salaries not from the government, but from the funds of their parties. There are so many able men willing to serve their country and their party for the honor of it that all agitations to secure salaries for members of commons have failed. It costs the average member from \$3,000 to \$25,000 in election expenses to get into commons if his election is warmly contested by a candidate from the opposing party, so that, as a rule, the average member of the house of commons is a man of fortune.

Oils For Anointing the Body.

Butter is noticed by Pliny as used by the negro and lower classes of Arabs for anointing the bodies. The natives of India prefer strong perfumes for this purpose and use oil of sandal and oil of patchouli. Savages also grease their bodies, but probably with the idea of being enabled to escape more easily from the grip of an enemy.

A Ridiculous Wish.

King James I. of England was once presented with an address by his subjects in Shrewsbury, who expressed the hope that he would reign over them as long as sun, moon and stars should endure. "I suppose, then," said the king, "that you wish my successor to reign by candlelight."

An Ugly Branch.

"Wordley tells me he has been working on his family tree of late."

"Yes, it keeps him pretty busy."

"Rather complicated work, eh?"

"Well, I believe he found a noose on one of the branches, and he's having some trouble sawing it off."

Most people get wise in their grandchildren's generation.—New York Press.

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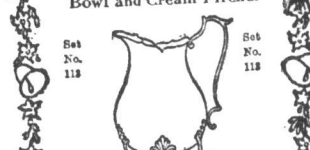
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Taking Life Too Seriously.

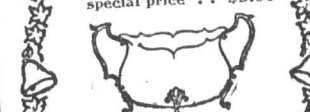
Taking life too seriously is said to be an especially American failing. This may be true, but, judging from appearances, it would seem to be worldwide, for, where you may, you will find the proportion of serious, not to say anxious, faces ten to one as compared with the merry or happy ones. If "the outer is always the form and shadow of the inner" and if "the present is the fullness of the past and the herald of the future" (and how can we doubt it?), how many sad histories can be read in the faces of those we meet every day! The pity of it is, too, that the sadness is a self woven garment, even as is the joy with which it might be replaced. Ruskin says: "Girls should be sunbeams not only to members of their own circle, but to everybody with whom they come in contact. Every room they enter should be brighter for their presence." Why shouldn't all of us be sunbeams, boys as well as girls, all along the way from twenty-five years and under to eighty-five years and over?

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Finest Silver Plate Sugar
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Mrs. Moore, Superintendent of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Ventura, Cal., writes: "I have tested Colonial Remedy on very obstinate drunkards, and the cures have been many. In many cases the remedy was given secretly. I cheerfully recommend and endorse Colonial Remedy. Members of our Union are delighted to find a practical and economical treatment to aid us in our temperance work."

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Garner Block, King St., Chatham.

He married her because she was such a brilliant conversationalist. Yes, I know, but— Oh, he got a divorce from her for the same reason.

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