

LOSS OF APPETITE

If your stomach is upset or in any way out of order—if food seems distasteful to you—if acidity, burning or fullness of the stomach prevents you from having an appetite—if you wish to eat and eat well—take, before each meal, a wine glassful of

VIN ST. MICHEL

(ST. MICHAEL'S WINE.)

It will create an appetite and restore to the palate that lost relishing taste for food. It will make the digestive organs act naturally and properly digest the food eaten, whether your stomach is in good order or not. No matter if you are young or old, sick or healthy—

VIN ST. MICHEL MAKES YOU EAT

Did You Ever

NOTICE that sweet, delicious taste that our baked goods always have!

Our Bread, Pies, Cakes, Buns, etc.,

are always fresh and tasty. Once a customer you will stay with us.

Wm. Somerville, Confectioner

Next Standard Bank Chatham

The Chatham Loan & Savings Co

Capital \$1,000,000

Money to Lend on Mortgages. Borrowers wishing to erect buildings, purchase property or pay off incumbrances, should apply personally and save expenses, secure best rates and other advantages. Money advanced on day of application. All letters promptly answered. Telephone connection.

S. F. GARDINER

Manager.

Spring Cleaning And Disinfecting

Carbolic Acid, Chloride of Lime, Copperas, Caustic Soda, Creolin, Camphor, Borax, Ammonia, Moth Balls, Sponges and Chamomile

—AT—

Radley's Drug Store

King St., Chatham

Principles are Eternal

A Fundamental Business Principle

—IS—

"Not what you spend"

—BUT—

"What you get for what you spend"

—TESTED—

The Best, the cheapest in the end.

Gibson's Photos are the Best.

GIBSON'S 8 and 10, King St. Chatham.

Gas Stove

Such as we can supply you with you will find it will serve every purpose for cooking and prove more economical than wood or coal, at much less expense. This is the experience of hundreds using our fuel today, and it can be yours. Full information can be had at our office.

...The...
Chatham Gas Co.

LIMITED.

Wood's Phosphorine

The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all Druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered to cure all forms of Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Hay Fever, Sore Throat, Influenza, and all other ailments of the Throat, Lungs and Chest. Mailed on receipt of price, one postage 11, six, 25. One will please send for free. Samples free in any edition. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

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

TEA and TEAS

Glenn & Co's, William St.

Import direct from London, England the finest Ceylon, Assam and China Teas. Try our English Breakfast Tea 50c and 40c.

The 745 Express

An Adventure in an English Compartment Car.

By FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS.

Two men were sitting in the smoking-room of a London club. One, a tall, athletic looking fellow with black hair and clean-cut features, was slowly blowing rings of smoke in the air as he lay back in the big arm-chair. The other man, slight and clean-shaven, with a singularly mobile face and twinkling gray eyes, was looking over a daily paper. Between them was a small table furnished with a couple of standard club soda and a decanter of brandy which gave signs of having been well used.

"Gerald," said the small man all at once, dropping the paper into his lap, "what do you think of train robbers?"

The tall man looked up in lazy surprise.

"Topsy Russell," he drawled, "now, what in the name of all that's wonderful ever put such a question as that into your head?"

"The paper," explained the other, "and seriously I ask you, what do you think of train robbers?"

"And just as seriously I reply," returned the tall man, "that I think the fellows who strip you of your watch, gold chain and pocket watch, and your Gladstone or portmanteau, are clumsy rogues at the best. And the people they rob—well, they are a shade less admirable for in every case I have heard of they appear to have acted like cowards or fools, and a rogue's life is preferable to either of these, to my mind. And now that you have my candid and, doubtless, authoritative opinion on train robbers, please finish that B. and S. and try one of these cigars; they are worth trying, if I say it myself."

"Only one more question," said Russell, as he took the proffered weed. "You laugh at the way railway travelers act in these little affairs. Now, how would you act? Suppose you were suddenly to put a pistol to your cheek, and insinuate a desire for your watch? No one is near. You are alone in the carriage. What would you do?"

"I'd knock the pistol out of his hand, while pretending to comply with his demand, and throw him out the window after it."

Caruthers said this quietly and determinedly, and Russell, who had been well to suspect of a bluff, so he only laughed lightly at his companion's emphatic reply and proceeded to envelop himself in clouds of smoke.

"Well," said the tall man, looking at his watch, and starting up, "I must be going. The express starts at seven-fifty-five, and I've to stop at a couple of places before reaching the station. And he rang for his boy and overcoat."

"Now, Gerald Caruthers," said his companion, as Gerald was being helped into his coat, "remember what you have told me. If I hear of any attempt at a train robbery on the seven-fifty-five express I shall not write to you, but shall at once have the track examined, and the body of the robber discovered and interred. I suppose you will be willing to do that much for your victim, won't you?"

"Oh, certainly," laughed Caruthers, and the next moment he had swung round and was out of the door.

At the station he secured a first-class ticket, and then set about to find an empty compartment if possible. As luck would have it, the second coach he looked into was occupied, and he quickly stowed his portmanteau away and, settling himself luxuriously in the corner, uttered a silent prayer that no one would come in to disturb him.

The usual traveler's commonplace and platitudes, the nap he had in prospect. He looked at his watch; only one minute remaining till train time, and already he heard the doors being banged to as the guard went his rounds.

And then—then, just as he was putting his watch back into his pocket with a breath of relief, the door of the compartment suddenly was jerked open, and framed in the narrow opening, appeared the figure of a man of slight stature, with gray hair and bent shoulders, therefore, evidently an old man, and with apparent indifference over the big frame of Caruthers. Then he stepped in and, with a slight nod to Caruthers, he sat down on the cushioned seat, pulled his soft wool hat over his eyes, sunk down in one corner of the compartment, and thrust his hands deep into his trouser pockets.

Caruthers witnessed these movements with some satisfaction, and, after a glance or two at his companion, and an instant's look outside at the yellow lights which were flying by as the express gathered speed, he spread out his legs, pulled his coat up about his ears, and proceeded to make himself comfortable for the hundred and twenty-mile ride before him. Five minutes later he was sound asleep and making that fact unmistakable by the most tremendous snore.

But if Caruthers snored loudly, his snore was as active as were his lungs, and, for a time, he passed through a series of adventures in dreamland which were anything but unpleasant. Then, suddenly, he was transported from a delightful fantasy into what seemed to him to be an immense haberdashery's shop, where he found himself unceremoniously set down before a little old man, who insisted upon fitting around his neck a most prodigiously high and stiff collar.

Now, if there was anything against which Caruthers was for all time and most vehemently opposed, it was high collars, therefore he struggled hard to push away his tormentor and remove the objectionable neckpiece. But all to no purpose. To his surprise he found his arms weighted down as if with lead. His persecutor coolly continued to fit on the collar, and finally, having done this to his satisfaction, pushed over his head until the top edge of the collar cut into his neck and was choking him.

Caruthers used every endeavor to raise his arms, but in vain. Great drops of sweat seemed to drain down his face as he tugged at his inevitable bonds, and all the time he felt the little old man passing his hands, which were plump and smooth, over his body, thrusting them now into his pockets, now inside his vest, and again pulling

at his fingers.

All at once, however, even the desire for resistance left the dreamer, his sensations became dull, and he fell again into unbroken sleep.

His next sensation was when his eyes began to feel the light, and he slowly became aware of a dull, dead feeling in his arms, at the base of the head, and a dry contraction of the throat. After a while he was sensible of the motion of his resting-place, and at last his eyes took in enough of what was about him to show him that this was no haberdashery's shop, but the inside of a railway carriage traveling at high speed, that there was no high collar about his neck, and that no little old man stood opposite him. But it was some time, nevertheless, before his brain became clear enough to appreciate that all he seemed to have gone through with lately was only a dream, and that he now was in the seven-fifty-five express from London, and probably—how many hours on his journey?

He slipped his fingers into his waistcoat pocket for his watch. Then, with an exclamation of surprise, he raised himself quickly to his feet and somewhat weakly stooped down, feeling for the handsome hunting case which he could find nowhere. It took him but a minute to realize this, and also that the gold cuff-buttons he had worn and his diamond scarf-pin were gone, and that a curious stone-studded ring had disappeared from the little finger of his left hand.

They all had gone; but where? A sudden recollection of the old, bent man who had been his traveling companion made him peer closely into the corner in which that figure had been curled when he last saw him. But the corner was empty now.

As Caruthers' glance moved quickly over the opposite seat, however, one object caught his eye. He picked it up. It was a handkerchief, innocent of any markings, but smelling strongly, as he instantly noticed, of chloroform. The pungent odor told Caruthers all he needed. It was a complete confirmation of the theory which had flashed upon him at the first. He had been robbed, and in all likelihood by the little old man who had been his companion.

Caruthers pressed his face against the window. He was familiar with the country through which the train was passing, and he soon saw where he was. The express was fifty miles out of the metropolis, and by schedule must have made a stop at R—, about thirty miles back. It was there, he decided, that the thief had got out. The next stop would be made some twenty-five miles farther on, and he would have to wait until then to communicate with the police. So he arranged himself as comfortably as possible and began to consider how he could most quickly recover the articles which had been taken by the robber. He had not thrown out of the window, and whether he could prevent the news of the robbery from spreading so that he should not receive the taunts of Topsy Russell by telegraph or otherwise, upon this doubly trying experience.

As soon as the guard had opened the door of his carriage at the next station, half an hour later, Caruthers jumped down, and, dashing into the telegraph office, quickly despatched a statement of the facts to the chief of police at R—. His message offered a generous reward for the apprehension of the rascal and the recovery of the stolen articles, with the least possible publicity.

Two hours later, arrived at his destination, he left the train, took a hansom to police headquarters, and notified them that a despatch addressed in his name might be received there from R—. If such a despatch did come it was to be sent to the B— hotel, he ordered. Then he was driven to the hotel, and, having engaged a room, turned in for the night, and, relieved of the amount of suffering every year.

The letter that dreamed of good suffering hunger, but he who hath dug for it liveth in a palace.

THREE CHICAGO DOCTORS

Failed to Do for Miss Mabelle L. LaMonte What Was Accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was in an awful state for nearly three years with a complication of female troubles which three physicians called by different names, but the pains were all the same. I dreaded the time of my



MABELLE L. LAMONTE.

monthly periods for it meant a couple of days in bed in awful agony. I finally made up my mind that the good doctors were guessing; and hearing from different friends such good reports of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I tried that. I bless the day I did, for it was the dawning of a new life for me. I used five bottles before I was cured, but when they were taken I was a well woman once more. Your Compound is certainly wonderful. Several of my friends have used it since, and nothing but the best do I ever hear from them."

—Yours, MABELLE L. LAMONTE, 223 E. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000

If Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound could cure Miss LaMonte—why not you? Try it and see for yourself.

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address, Lynn, Mass.

The roots of a strong tree do not make much rustle but they do the hanging on in the time of storm.

How to Get Up an Appetite

Distaste for food often follows Grippe, and fever, and is associated with a general weakness of the system. To impart a real zest for food, and give power to the stomach to digest and assimilate, no remedy can equal Ferrozone. This is a new and startling discovery. It strikes at the root of disease and by removing the cause, cures quickly and permanently. Ferrozone will quickly enable you to eat and digest anything. Mr. McCall, Druggist, can tell you a great deal more about Ferrozone, how it cures and why it cures. Call to-day and see him. Price 50c.

A Big Quarter's Worth

is always found in a bottle of Folson's Nervine, the best household liniment known. It cures rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, sickness, in fact is good for everything a liniment ought to be good for. Mothers find it the safest thing to rub on their children for sore throat, cold on the chest, sprains and bruises. Never be without Folson's Nervine. It will cure the pains and aches of the cold, fever, and relieve a vast amount of suffering every year.

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The little children of Castoria are in the hands of the great physician.

Science affords ground for argument, but it does not always solve a problem.

HEARTS "ON STRIKE"

The Heart—that great motor of the human anatomy—never falters in the performance of its faithful function, till through overwork, disease lays hold on it—then it "goes on strike,"—and rightly so.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the greatest of all medical science has discovered as a heart-helper. No phase of Heart Disease it will not "spy out" and relieve and cure almost like magic. What are your symptoms? Suffocating, fluttering, palpitation, acute pains, thumping, nervousness, restlessness. Try this great treatment—its never fails.

Sold by J. W. McLaren, Chatham.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want and a great deal more saucy.

—Don't think less of your system than you do of your house. Give it a thorough cleansing, too. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A confession of wrong-doing may ease the conscience, but it does not always make reparation.

Children Cry for CASTORIA

Fixed in no spot is happiness; 'tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere.

Children Cry for CASTORIA

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Corrected Nov. rd. 1921

GOING EAST GOING WEST

*2.36 a. m. L. Express... 11.11 p. m.

*2.32 p. m. Express... 1.05 a. m.

*Daily.

GOING EAST GOING WEST

9.02 a. m. Express... 11.11 p. m.

8.12 a. m. Accommodation... 8.15 a. m.

Express... 12.42 p. m.

1.45 p. m. Accommodation... 2.30 p. m.

5.01 p. m. Express... 4.29 p. m.

8.50 p. m. Accommodation... 4.29 p. m.

*International

Limited... 9.10

*Daily Sunday included

THE WABASH RAILROAD CO.

GOING WEST GOING EAST

No. 1—6.45 a. m. No. 2—12.23 p. m.

3—1.07 p. m. 4—11.06 p. m.

12—1.25 p. m. 5—1.32 a. m.

6—1.18 a. m. 8—2.49 p. m.

The Wabash is the shortest and true route.

J. A. RICHARDSON,

Dist. Pass. Agt., Toronto and St. Thomas

J. C. PRITCHARD,

Station Agent

W. K. RISPIN,

C. P. A. 115 King St., Chatham.

ARE HERE AND TO BE DEPARTED

L. E. & D. R. R. TIME CARD NO. 1

Effective Mar. 12, 1922

GOING WEST GOING EAST

Express... 11.11 p. m.

Accommodation... 8.15 a. m.

Express... 12.42 p. m.

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