

Worn Out Women

FIND HEALTH AND STRENGTH
IN MILBURN'S HEART AND
NERVE PILLS.

Women are more and more coming to recognize Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as their greatest friend and benefactor.

From girlhood to old age, through all



the trying times of a woman's life they are her standby. To pale, to rich, to bloodless cheeks they bring the rich red hue of health. To tired, weak, worn, rundown girls and women, they give strength and energy and revive their drooping spirits. They banish headache, backache, sideache, nervous spells, heart fluttering and palpitation, and make life worth living.

Mrs. Clara J. Dugay, St. Anthony, Kent Co., N.B., recently made the following statement for publication: "I had been troubled with palpitation and weakness of the heart for some time, till at last I could hardly drag myself about."

"I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills curing so many that I thought I would try them."

"I must say that they did me good from the outset, and have so improved my health in every way that I feel like a new woman. I do not know what I would have done had it not been for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which cured me when I was in a serious condition."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50c a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

A LIGHT IN CANADA WRAY, THE SEER

Great light, wonders and miracles coming. The Gospel dispensation is the dispensation of dreams, inventions, seers, great men, prophets, visions, revelations and miracles. The people who live shall see greater light and greater things, and also greater changes. The Prof. has got the gift of prophecy. He also has the testimony of Jesus, which is the spirit of prophecy. The seer has the gift of mineral exploration, and can see minerals in the earth thousands of miles away; can see where the veins and lakes of oil are. Also where the veins and reservoirs of gas are. Can see where the Coal, Copper, Silver and Gold mines are. The prophet with his prophetic eye can see the proper locations for the wells, and also the proper places to sink the shafts for mines. Prospector and speculators, do you want rich Oil fields, rich Gas fields, rich Copper, Silver and Gold fields? If so, I can locate them for you. The Prof. has the gift and power to explore and locate WATER, GAS, OIL, COAL, COPPER, PAINT, LEAD, SILVER, GOLD, and Other Hidden Treasures. There is nothing against the seer, and his works, only ignorance, infidelity and the Devil.

For sale—Pure instruments for locating minerals. Terms on application. PROF. H. WRAY, Chathamville, Ont. Box 285.

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Fresh ground coffee 50c per pound
Extra good mixed tea 50c
Ginger snap 25c
4 pounds of prunes 25c
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10 lb. wrapped soap 50c
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5 pounds baking soda 25c
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Smoked and unsmoked hams, shoulders and rolls. Call and see these goods given to you by the Golden Star Store. A few more of these big sales cases of goods and prices. Call and see us.

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For a sweet tooth

None better than our

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...CAKES...

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Minard's Liniment Cures Gargol in Cows.

A JUDGE'S STORY.

"Should a lawyer defend a man charged with murder when he knows the man to be guilty?" This question led to an animated discussion, which, after some two hours, was brought to an end by the judge suddenly exclaiming: "Do you see that man?"

The benches turned their faces in the direction indicated by the speaker just in time to see a tall, lank man in shabby attire leave the building.

Before a word was spoken by any of the curious benches the judge said, as though musing to himself, though in a tone loud enough for the others to hear: "Strange that I should see that man just at this moment and when we were discussing a question that he could have answered. His life, like mine, has been a failure; but, thank God, my regrets, though many, can never be as bitter as his are. He ruined his career as a lawyer by defending a man who had confessed that he was guilty of murder."

"Tell us the story," exclaimed the one known as the prosecutor.

"He was ruined," began the judge, "by his ambition."

"Ambition," suggested the solicitor, with a genial smile on his kindly, clean-shaven face, "is responsible for much good and much evil. It is ambition that has made wrecks, legal driftwood, of many of us. We have dreamed of great deeds in our profession; we have builded fairy castles in the air, while others have by hard work succeeded. I for one."

"The story, the story!" exclaimed several of the benches.

The judge, thus urged, told his story.

"Some 40 years ago it was that I entered the small courthouse in a small town in the western section of New York. Court was in session, and the hush that had fallen upon the crowd in the room was oppressive. Nothing was heard at that time but the ticking of the clock and the breathing of the spectators. The presiding judge was looking up some legal question in the law books before him. The rapid attention of the jurors and the eagerness of the counsel caused me to realize that a trial of more than ordinary interest and importance was in progress. I asked a bystander what the case on trial was. He gazed at me in surprise for a moment and then exclaimed, 'You must be a stranger in these parts.'"

"I am," I replied, "I have just come here from New York city to file a complaint in an action of ejectment."

"This," replied my informant, "is a murder trial, and there," he pointed in the direction I was to look, "is the man who will certainly hang."

"I looked at the prisoner at the bar. He was a good looking young fellow about 25 years of age. There was something in the expression of his pale face that convinced me of his guilt."

"While the trial judge turned over page after page of the law books I learned the details of the crime."

Here the story teller took a nip from the flask the proctor handed to him and then resumed:

"I learned that in his home on the outskirts of the town, one morning two months before the day of the trial, John Peterkin, a wealthy old man, who had been, it was said, in the habit of keeping large sums of money in his house, was found murdered, shot in the back. The murdered man had been seated when he was shot, for his chair was overturned just as he had fallen from it. Peterkin, who was about 67 years old, lived alone with his niece, a pretty girl about 18 years old. She it was who discovered the murder. When she had sufficiently recovered from her alarm, the niece, Mary Peterkin, aroused the neighbors."

"At first it was thought that the motive of the crime had been robbery, but when the police discovered that the safe, the door of which was unlocked and half way open, contained \$1,750, and that the old man's watch had not been taken, that theory had to be abandoned. For several days the case was a mystery. Then it came to the knowledge of the chief of police that Hascall Renidder, the only son of a widow, whose father had been postmaster of the little town, had been seen around the house and had spoken unkindly of old Peterkin. Renidder was put under arrest."

"When I had learned this much," said the judge, "the trial judge, whom we will call Blank, looked up from the legal books and said, 'I will admit the testimony objected to.'"

"While Judge Blank was reviewing the law questions I looked at Mary Peterkin. She was seated in the rear of the courtroom and was an exceedingly pretty young woman, the pallor of her refined face illumined by large blue eyes. She was in deep mourning, which but enhanced her beauty."

"Proceed," exclaimed Judge Blank.

"The witness on the stand—a police officer—then testified that he had found a small revolver with an ivory handle in some bushes just outside of the window of the room where the crime had been committed."

"Were there any marks on that revolver?" asked Horace Dash, counsel for the prisoner, the man I just pointed out to you."

"Yes," replied the witness.

"What were the marks?"

"The initials M. P.," replied the witness.

"Did you ascertain who owned that pistol?" asked Lawyer Dash.

"Yes," Mary Peterkin.

"An exclamation of surprise went around that little courtroom. Mary Peterkin started up in bewilderment and then fell back into her chair."

"Silence in the courtroom!" exclaimed Judge Blank.

"With a face paler than that of either the prisoner or the niece of the murdered man, Lawyer Horace Dash,

counsel for the prisoner, said to the witness, 'Step down.'

"The next witness called was a woman who had formerly been employed by old Peterkin as a housekeeper. She was exceedingly nervous, and her voice trembled when she swore to tell the truth. There was a malignant expression on the face of the counsel for the prisoner when he asked the witness: 'Do you know Mary Peterkin?'

"I do," was the reply.

"She is the niece of the murdered man?"

"She is," replied the woman in a whisper.

"You once lived with the dead man and his niece?"

"I did."

"Did uncle and niece ever quarrel?"

"Must I answer that?" asked the old woman, turning toward Judge Blank.

"You must," sternly replied the judge.

"Yes. They quarreled," faltered the witness.

"What about?" asked the counsel for the prisoner.

"She—Mary—wanted to marry a man her uncle did not approve of."

"All eyes were turned toward Mary Peterkin, who, with an expression of horror on her face, sat crouched up in her chair. Every one in that courtroom seemed to realize that the testimony already adduced against the prisoner at the bar was as nothing compared with that just brought out against the girl. The prisoner at the bar was pale and trembling, and I thought, an object of abject misery. Then the thought flashed across my mind that he might be innocent. It was evident that Lawyer Dash was struggling with himself when he asked the next question."

"Did you ever hear Miss Peterkin threaten her uncle?"

"I heard her say once that she wished he was dead," replied the witness.

"With a moan of anguish Mary Peterkin fainting. The prisoner started forward and, despite the efforts of the bailiffs to restrain him, exclaimed: 'That is a lie! I am guilty, and that man—pointing his finger at Lawyer Horace Dash—'knows that I am.'"

"What does this mean?" asked Judge Blank, addressing the prisoner's counsel, who was leaning on the table and seemed about to faint.

"I don't know of your honor," replied the lawyer, who was seen to press his hand to his heart.

"Let the trial proceed," said Judge Blank, "and don't let that woman, indicating Mary Peterkin, leave this room."

"Shop!" exclaimed the prisoner. "I withdraw my plea of not guilty. I am guilty!"

"For a moment silence, oppressive silence, reigned supreme. Finally the judge said, 'Do you appreciate your position—that I can pass sentence of death on you?'

"I," replied the prisoner, with a defiant look at his counsel, "but I would like to say a few words."

"Proceed, sir," said Judge Blank.

"I committed the crime, your honor, but not from desire for gain. It was in a moment of anger, just anger, and for the sake of my dear old mother. Years ago my mother, so that she might pay some debts I contracted while in college, mortgaged her farm—the home where she was born, the home that she went to as a happy wife the home where I was born—to old Peterkin. Each year since then she paid to him nervous interest. Finally there came a day when he would not renew the mortgage. That was the day I killed him. I pleaded with him, but in vain. He insisted he would foreclose the mortgage. He called my mother a vile hussy. I saw the revolver on his desk, picked it up and aimed at him. He wheeled around in his chair toward his desk, and the bullet entered his back."

"While he was telling this story the prisoner several times pressed his hand to his left side and moaned as if in pain."

"Have you anything else to say?" asked Judge Blank.

"Yes," I want to say," explained the prisoner in gasping tones, "that after I had retained that lawyer—pointing to Horace Dash—told him I was guilty; that I wanted to plead guilty. He forbade my doing so. Said it was a splendid case. He would acquit me and cover himself with glory. He said he would ask no fee. I urged that I was guilty, but he said he could clear me. I consented to the plea of not guilty."

"Again the prisoner placed his hand to his heart and with an effort said: 'I could not save my life at the expense of an innocent person, and that person a woman. I am guilty.'"

"He sank back into a chair, and Judge Blank turned to Horace Dash, the prisoner's counsel, and asked: 'What have you to say for yourself?'

"I did my duty—my plain duty," said the lawyer. "As I understand it, it is a lawyer's duty to defend his client and to acquit him as best he can."

"Not at the expense of an innocent person," remarked Judge Blank.

"I maintain it is," replied the lawyer. "Although a prisoner may confess guilt, he may be innocent. He might be insane when he confessed. He might be actuated by a desire to save at the expense of his life a guilty person. He might—"

"I am guilty!" shouted the prisoner. "I did it. I did it. I—"

"He fell backward on the counsel's table, gasped, and after a few convulsive movements attempted to rise, fell back, twisted half around, and his soul passed to a higher tribunal. Judge Blank, after ascertaining that the prisoner at the bar was dead, said, 'I accept his plea of guilty.'"

"The teller of this story then added: 'The man who so strangely passed before me today was the prisoner's lawyer. He never prospered at the bar. His career was ruined with the case which he hoped would earn him fame.'—New York Sun.

FREE FROM TAXES

A Village in the Old World Which has no Rate.

Towns a Large Forest Which Yields Enough Revenue to Pay all Municipal Expenses.

More village Arcadians! The Dalmatian village of Orso is not, says a correspondent, the only Continental community which rejoices in freedom from rates and taxes. Stantenberg owns a large tract of forest land, which yields enough revenue to pay all the municipal expenses, and besides to allow a "dividend" to every citizen of about \$1 a year, also a certain amount of free fuel. The Town Hall, water supply, schools, municipal bakehouse, etc., are all maintained in a state of high efficiency out of the revenue of the public estate. Klingenberg-on-the-Main pays its rates and taxes, and gives an annual bonus to its inhabitants, out of the royalties on its rich beds of freestone. Communal meadows and forests pay all the rates of Langensolbold, in Hanau, and each citizen gets besides two cords of firewood and 20 marks a year in money. Freudenstadt in Baden—thanks to the possession of 5,000 acres of land—supplies its inhabitants with free wood for firing and building, with free pasture for their cattle, and with roads, schools, churches, fountains, hospital, communal music, etc., without levying any rates, and gives each family a "Christmas box" of \$2.10 or \$2.15. Kampen, on the Zelder See, derives its income from the letting of municipal lands, and the rate-collector is unknown.—London Chronicle.

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The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is a sugar-coated globe of health, that changes weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c. per box. Sold by A. I. McGill & Co.

IN CASE THE BABY GETS A TOOTH.

1. Telegraph at once to its grandfather and maternal aunts.

2. Ask the baby if he really has it, taking care not to address him in English unlearned.

3. Send word to the office that you will not be down to-day.

4. Avoid any jest which requires you to say that baby is now old enough to clasp for himself.

5. Make an entry in your diary to the effect that a tooth is born to you.

6. Do not temper your joy with your pessimistic thoughts as dentist's bills inspire.

7. Swear off letting the little one chew your watch unless you like the lasting case to have dent in it.

8. Don't ask the child's mother if she doesn't think it strange that the other tooth don't appear.

9. If you are a new man don't buy the baby a silver-backed toothbrush on the strength of the first molar.

10. Do not tell an experienced father that you think it is a wisdom tooth. He will know better, and will probably go home and tell his wife what an unscrupulous cow you are.

11. Do not insist on feeding the boy on beefsteak right away.

12. Do not imagine that this is the only tooth in the world, and eschew undue personal vanity because of the newness. You didn't grow the tooth. Leave the credit to the baby.

13. Remember that there are more teeth to come, and do not lavish too much enthusiasm on the first.

14. Make the youngster stop biting the piano legs and newspapers.

15. Never give denture parties in honor of a tooth.

16. Get the baby a toy to mark the occasion, if you like, but do not move into more commodious house on account of it.

"LIKE MAGIC."

The way in which Mr. Joseph Wray says Laxa-Liver Pills acted in curing his Indigestion.

Stomach out of order. Food lies heavy as a stone. Pain and distress after every meal. Belching of wind and sour mouthfuls coming up.

Head feels heavy, and life has no brightness.

These are some of the miseries of Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

Some of the troubles that Laxa-Liver Pills can rid you of more quickly and completely than any remedy known.

Mr. Joseph Wray, Fulton Brook, Queens Co., N. B., says they acted like magic in his case.

This is his statement:

"I suffered a great deal from indigestion, and was unable to obtain relief, until one day a friend gave me a dose of two of Laxa-Liver Pills which acted like magic."

"I at once procured a supply from my dealer, and am now enjoying a benefit that I could never get from any medicine before." Price 50c. at all druggists.

In Turkey (he call the bicycle the "devil's chariot."

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HOFFMAN'S HEADACHE POWDERS,

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Surprise Soap is the name—don't forget.

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