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## LODGES

**TARTHEM LODGE, NO. 267, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C.**, meets first Wednesday of every month in Masonic Temple, King Street. Visiting brethren always welcome.

**J. M. PIKE, W.M.**  
**J. W. LEWIS, Sec'y**

**WELLINGTON LODGE, NO. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C.**, meets on the first Monday of every month in the Masonic Hall, 5th Street, at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

**W. A. HADLEY, W.M.**  
**ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y**

## LEGAL

**G. B. ARNOLD**—Barrister etc., Chatham, Ont. Money to loan at lowest rates on easy terms.

**ROUSTON & STONE**—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private loans to loan at lowest current rates. Office, 2nd Avenue Street, Chatham, Ontario.

**SMITH, HERBERT D.**—Crown Court Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham.

**THOMAS SCULLARD**—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block Chatham, Ont.

**WILSON PIKE & GUNDEY**—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Office, 5th Street, Chatham, Ontario. Money to loan on mortgages at lowest rates. Office, 5th Street, Chatham, Ontario. W. A. HADLEY, W.M. & G. R. C.

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## MUSICAL

**SAMUEL I. SLADE**—Basso, of Detroit, has resumed his class here, and will be pleased to receive pupils for vocal training, every Monday, at his studio, McCall Block. He will come to Chatham every Monday during the winter months.

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## Crows in Nesting Time.

While it is a fact that in places the crow is not destructive to an important degree, it will be a long time before he will be considered a friend of either the farmer or the sportsman—perhaps never. And all the arguments that may be advanced in favor of the crow will not save him from being shot at; killing is a different matter. While those who have grown morbid from reading new nature stuff go to extremes concerning crows, or anything else for that matter, sportsmen as a rule permit the crow to live in peace during the nesting season. It is merely a question of fairness that dictates their actions in this. It stands to reason that the sportsman who avoids fishing during the spawning season and protects game and game birds in the summer will not molest a crow when it has little ones in the nest that would starve if the old birds were killed. But after the young birds have grown strong enough to take care of themselves and all of this black race have resumed active operations again the agriculturist and other birds they must take care of themselves if found guilty of marauding.—Field and Stream.

Suffered for 23 Years  
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## CURED AT LAST BY GIN PILLS.

Whether you are just beginning to feel the first twinges of kidney pain—or whether you have tried for years to find relief—Gin Pills will cure you. Surely you can't doubt their virtues after such a letter this:

"I sent for a free sample of your Gin Pills some time ago, and found them to give me great relief, so I put myself under the treatment, and am now using the third box, and feel myself entirely cured. I have suffered with my kidneys for 23 years. At the time I began taking Gin Pills I could not turn in bed without pain. If I moved at night, the pain would be so great that it would wake me up. Now I am free of pain, and feel as well as I did 23 years ago. I feel it my duty to let you know about Gin Pills, so that it might be the means of relieving some other sufferer."

"HENRY WAKEFORD, Toronto." Gin Pills hold out a guarantee of certain, quick relief. They will stop the pain—heat the sick kidneys—and build up the whole system—or your druggist will refund your money. That shows our confidence in Gin Pills. We will do more. We will send you a trial box of Gin Pills absolutely free if you will write asking for it and state the name of the paper in which you see this. You can test them at our expense and see for yourself whether or not Gin Pills are all that we claim them to be. Gin Pills are for sale at all druggists. 50c a box—5 boxes for \$2.50. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man.

## Disraeli's Ideal of Greatness.

When Disraeli was curly and smart and comparatively unknown, he visited the Royal Exchange of Liverpool in company with Duncan Stewart, a leading merchant of the city. It was at high noon and the exchange was thronged by merchants. The scene so impressed the young member of parliament that he said to Mr. Stewart: "My ideal of greatness would be that a man should receive the applause of such an assemblage as this—that he should be cheered as he came into this room."

Disraeli went in and came out unnoticed, but several years later he again visited the Liverpool exchange in company with Mr. Stewart. His entrance was greeted by a cheer which spread into a roar and ended in an ovation. The testimony to his political prominence deeply moved Disraeli, who, recalling to Mr. Stewart the remark he had made years before, said, "My ideal test of greatness has been realized."

## Bouncing Babies

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Sample (enough for eight meals) sent free to any mother.

THE LEECHING, MILES CO., Limited, MONTREAL.

A big head is often the result of a few small ideas.

## In Wall Street

By EDITH M. DOANE

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Jack Bentley was permitting himself the luxury of a day off. He felt that he was entitled to it.

For a month past the situation had been too tense, the excitement too keen, for any thought beyond the whirl of the ticker.

The firm of Curtice & Co., stock brokers, was the medium through which a wealthy syndicate had manipulated the stock market to its own advantage. Bentley, the junior partner of Curtice & Co., had labored steadily at his post on the floor of the exchange, cool and imperturbable in the midst of the rising storm, and only the day before the deal had been pulled off successfully.

And now upon this bright morning in early summer Jack Bentley was feeling decidedly well satisfied with life in general. His part of the transaction had been well handled, his share in the way of commissions was distinctly gratifying, and in addition he had cleaned up a neat little sum by going into the deal on his own hook.

It was getting well into July, and as Bentley's automobile whirled up Fifth Avenue his mind turned longingly to the city, sweltering in midsummer heat, to the vision of a clubhouse in the heart of the Berkshire hills.

It was a picture often in his thoughts. The long, low, rambling, clubhouse, with its old fashioned garden at one side, a little winding brook sparkling and splashing between clumps of fern and low banks, willow fringed; a girl, sweet and gracious, her white frock cool against a great moss covered boulder, the sunlight falling through the leaves in flickering shadows on her soft, fair hair.

In the height of the fight he had received her letter. "You'd better come," she wrote. "It's as lovely as ever here," and at the end again, "Do come." He had smiled as he telegraphed his answer. There was no doubt of his attitude where Constance Elliott was concerned.

A great longing for country sights and sounds swept over him, for the woods and hills and her. A little while and he would have them. A few days' attention to straightening out the aftermath of the great fight and then—Constance had no parents to object, and even her old curmudgeon of a guardian—strange how he had always mistrusted that man—could not fail to be impressed by the tidy sum he had pulled out of the late deal.

Where Fifth Avenue broadens into the plaza he mechanically lessened speed, his mind still with the girl in the Berkshire as the huge car turned smoothly into Central park.

And the first person his eyes lighted on was Constance Elliott.

The next instant he was before her, cap in hand, and she rose in astonishment to meet him. For a second they faced each other, he scarcely crediting the evidences of his senses, she coloring prettily and holding out one slim hand in cordial greeting.

"I phoned to your office this morning, but you were not there," she said. "Is anything wrong?" he asked uneasily.

"Nothing, except that I returned to the country this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and I thought—"

"I am wondering," he interrupted, laughing uncertainly to cover his hurt, "why I might not have known you were in town?"

"But I wasn't, not until late last night, and Mr. Sheldon did not wish any one to know. He wired me yesterday to come at once. You know, he has managed everything for me just as much since I have been of age as he did before." She hesitated, flushing with excitement. "Jack," she cried, "it is a great secret, but I am going to be very rich."

He regarded her gravely. "Through some stock deal," she went on, with feminine vagueness. "Perhaps you've heard of it. Mr. Sheldon has made over so much money lately—yesterday—and I am to make a lot in the same way. He has all my securities. I gave them to him this morning."

"Do you mean you have given that man all your money?" Bentley blurted out.

Had Sheldon appropriated the girl's money to his own use? That same instant Bentley was sure of it. His brain, used to quick deductions, leaped from the rumor on the street that Sheldon had been badly hit to the sudden wire to Constance—the secrecy—the misrepresentation—These, coupled with the man's well known shrewdness, could mean only one thing. Sheldon had lost heavily and intended to recoup with Constance's money.

His first impulse was to tell her of the deception that was being practiced upon her. But she would not believe him. Besides, he was not absolutely certain of it and might alarm her needlessly.

How he accomplished what followed he never clearly knew. He heard a voice he hardly recognized as his own claiming a pressing engagement and begging her to lunch with him later.

He saw the surprise in her eyes succeeded by frank acceptance of his explanation, he heard each inflection of her dear voice as she promised to meet him, and then a moment later he was speeding toward lower Broadway. Once only did his pace lessen, and then only so long as it took him

to rush up the steps of his apartment and slip something small and shining into the pocket of his long, loose coat. The situation from Sheldon's point of view was bad enough without the interference of Jack Bentley, who had entered his private office with scant ceremony.

"Mr. Sheldon," said that young man abruptly, "I learned an hour ago that you have, through misrepresentation, appropriated certain securities belonging to Miss Elliott."

For once Sheldon's self possession deserted him. "What lie is this?" he cried, half rising from his chair. "And," continued Bentley coolly, "I have come to get them and return them to her."

"I refuse to give them to you."

"You must."

"I am acting as her agent. By what right do you—"

Bentley leaped across the table. "Mr. Sheldon," he said grimly, "I have come for the papers and intend to get them."

Sheldon, his face livid, reached for the bell, only to find himself confronted by a gleaming pistol barrel mounted by a white face with blazing, determined eyes.

"Stay where you are till I'm through with you," cried Bentley, at white heat. "Now give them to me."

"I will not."

"You shall!"

"I'll be ruined," gasped Sheldon.

"You'll be ruined if you don't. I'll have you arrested inside of an hour."

The beads of perspiration stood out on Sheldon's forehead. With trembling hands he opened a tin box and thrust its contents malignantly across the table.

"Take them, — you!" he cried, with a bitter oath.

And so it was not until Miss Elliott sat opposite Bentley at a table at lunch that she learned how nearly she had been delivered from her "abundance of riches." She sat speechless, watching Bentley with beautiful, horrified eyes as he laid bare the deception that had been practiced upon her, touching lightly upon his own part in the affair.

"Oh," she said in an unsteady voice, "what can I say to you? I want to thank you. I cannot—I do not know how."

He leaned forward, his eyes holding hers across the flowers on the center of the table.

"I know," he said under his breath, "but I dare not ask—it is so much!"

She colored a delicious pink, but her eyes met his bravely.

"There is nothing—that could be—too much," she said.

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## District.

## DAWN MILLS

Considering the late seeding the wheat in this neighborhood is looking fine.

Apple packers are busy. Charles Pringle and Henry Webster have quite a large quantity and of good quality.

Welland Oliver is busy grinding apples for cider.

Mrs. Charles Campion and Miss L. Elgie spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Reid.

It appears to us that there must be something wrong with the evaporating business, as in driving along Sunday

the roads one sees such quantities of apples on the ground going to waste in the orchards.

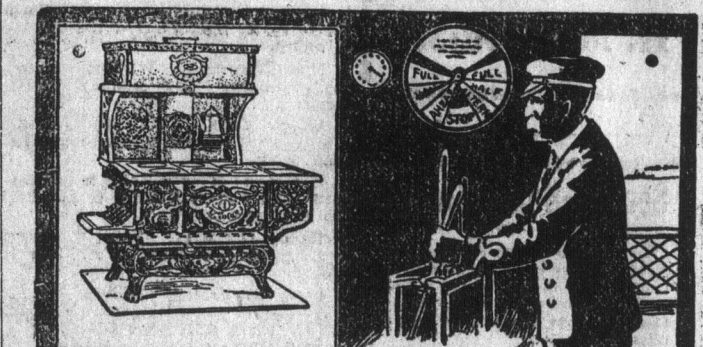
Mr. Jonah Carpenter's sale was largely attended and everything brought good prices, one pair of colts, 2 and 3 years old, being bought in at \$465. It pays to breed the right kind.

James Elgie is raising the roof of his store and making other repairs, which will make quite an improvement in the looks of the village.

Miss Arnold, our teacher, spent Thanksgiving at her home in Chatham.

Mrs. Charles Peters is visiting with her father, J. D. Traxler.

Mrs. George Somerset visited at her mother's, Mrs. Stephenson, on Sunday.



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