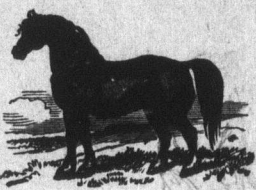


Coughs of Children

Especially night coughs. Nature needs a little help to quiet the irritation, control the inflammation, check the progress of the disease. Our advice is—give the children Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your doctor if this is his advice also. He knows best. Do as he says. We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our preparations.

SHADELAND—NUTAMBER
Is a Handsome
Cherry Bay Stallion, Foaled '97
Registered No. 42767.



Stands 16 hands high; weight, 1,200 pounds.

Will stand for the season at his own stables, the Rankin House Barn, Chatham.

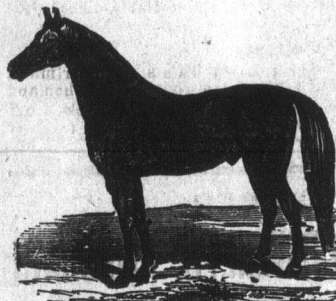
TERMS—\$15.00 to insure. Mares tried and not returned to be bred will be charged \$10.00, the same if bred by the season. All accidents at risk of owners of mares.

Shadeland is a handsome cherry bay, stands 16 hands and weighs 1,200 pounds.

Will stand for the season at the Rankin House, Chatham, for services to a limited number of good mares. Terms—\$15 to insure; payable 1st of February, 1908.

DONOVAN & LETHBRIDGE,
Proprietors.

Kentucky High Bred Stallion
for Season of 1907



MCCLINTOCK, 37611

Brother to Janice Meredith 2:16 1-4 Rose Rankin 2:18, sired by Jay Bird 5060, (sire of 15 in the 2:10 list, trotters, 95 others in 2:30) dam Actress T. by Axtell 5183, (Axtell set for \$103,600 at 3-year-old). McClintock will stand for the season at the Fair Grounds, Chatham.

McClintock is the handsomest brown stallion in Canada, standing 16 1-2 hands and weighing 1330 pounds, bred by J. S. Wilson, Bacon and Brennan, Paris, Ky., foaled 1900. He is a horse of grand finish and plenty of substance, with a fine disposition, strong, and just the kind of a horse as will appeal to any breeder. He will beget speed and road qualities, and cannot fail to produce foals that will find a ready market in carriage horses and roadsters, as well as general purpose horses.

Terms, \$15.00. For further particulars address or apply to
PLEASANCE & FAIRBANKS,
Rankin House, Chatham.

THE BUNGALOW, ERIEAU.

Will be Re-opened for the Summer Months On

JUNE 15,

And intending guests should make application for rooms that will be reserved.

RATES:—

\$1.50 Per Day, \$7 and \$8 Per Week.

Special Rates For Families.

Meal Tickets will be issued as usual.

It is intended to give a better service than ever before, and no expense will be spared to provide for the comfort and pleasure of the guests.

ADDRESS:

E. J. BUZZARD,
Proprietor,
BLENHEIM, ONT.

THE WESTERN BRIDGE AND EQUIPMENT COMPANY

General Contractors and Manufacturers of Steel Bridges, Roof Trusses, Fire Escapes, and Reinforced Concrete Structures.

Get quotations from us on any of the above work that you may require.

ADDRESS:

A. E. DREW, Manager,
CHATHAM, ONT.

Sweet Cream

Direct from the farm every morning.

Whipped Cream

Ice Cream in Bricks

PHONE 186

MOUNTEER'S, KENT BAKERY

A Peculiarity of Criminals.

Policemen, in spite of their trouble in solving what appear to be more or less simple problems, are fond of asserting that the ordinary criminal betrays an amazing lack of originality. In support of this they point out that when a criminal is arrested after doing one "stretch" the second charge against him is generally for the same sort of crime. They explain this by saying that each failure or each loss shows the "crook" some point of view he had been ignorant, and it is easy for him to convince himself that next time he will avoid that mistake and be successful. When he fails and is arrested the law shows him just where he bungled, and the gambler's love of taking a chance urges him to try his luck at the old game once more. Then there is also always to be considered the unconscious and "gritty" determination to make a success of the thing anyhow.

British Army's First Troubles.

Perhaps the army revolution of deepest interest to the soldier himself was that effected in 1823, when for the first time he was put in trousers. The announcement from the horse guards took the following remarkable form: "His majesty has been pleased to approve of the discontinuance of breeches, leggings and shoes as part of the clothing of the infantry soldiers and of blue gray cloth trousers and half boots being substituted." In order to indemnify the "clothing colonels" for any hardship which the new order might cause it was decided that these gentlemen should no longer be called upon to provide the waistcoat of Tommy, but that Tommy should himself supply it out of his shilling a day. To reassure him it was pointed out that he was in a position to do so with comfort, because he would no longer have to buy garters.—London Chronicle.

Every grocer keeps **WINDSOR SALT.** No other is so pure, so delicate. Best for the table.

Weather Delays Seeding.

With seeding delayed over three weeks beyond the usual date owing to the inclement weather throughout Western Canada, apprehension as to the outcome of the 1907 crop has been occasioned. Not in the recollection of the present generation has the putting in of the crop been so retarded by the climatic conditions. Usually at this time of the year a great bulk of the area broken to crop has been seeded, but this year the work has only started, and that is in the Far West, where the winter conditions are less rigorous than in Manitoba. In Manitoba, from reports received by the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, but little progress has been made in spring work, except in favored districts, and it may be said of Manitoba as a whole that seeding operations are fully three weeks later than usual. In Alberta and Saskatchewan the same complaint is heard, though not to the same extent as in Manitoba.

Uniform Text Books.

The publication of a national series of textbooks for the schools of all the provinces of confederation is the proposal which the various ministers of education are considering. The object is to secure uniformity and co-operation, and to this end steps have been taken to call a conference some time this year.

The two new provinces—Alberta and Saskatchewan—have already moved to secure uniformity by uniting a series of readers, the contract for publishing which has been awarded to a Toronto firm. Ontario is now advertising for tender, and before long a new series of textbooks will be authorized by the department.

Hon. Dr. Frye stated that the education authorities of all the provinces have been communicated with on the subject of uniformity of textbooks. All are agreeable to the proposal, but beyond this favorable intimation nothing has been done.

PATERSON'S

The Cough Drop That Cures

Demand the three-colored kind in the red and yellow box

Use Big Six for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painful, and not effective or poisonous.

Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, freight, for \$1.00, or 5 bottles for \$4.00. Circular sent on request.

WHEN MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big Six for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painful, and not effective or poisonous.

SEIZE BRITISH SEALER

Charged by Capt. Ainsworth With Poaching On Sealing Grounds.

Schooner Cox Illegally Catching Seals—Had Seventy-Seven Skins on Board—Was During Close Season—Will Be Handed Over to Authorities at Nearest Canadian Port—Japs Are Also Offenders.

Washington, June 5.—The Secretary of the Treasury has received a telegram from Capt. Ainsworth of the revenue cutter Rush, stating that he had seized the British sealer schooner Charlotte G. Cox, which was found illegally catching seals in Fairweather grounds off Alaska.

The Cox, it is said, evidently was taking seals during the closed season within the area of the award in violation of the articles of the tribunal of arbitration agreed to by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States. She had seventy-seven fur seal skins on board.

The Department has directed the commander of the Rush to deliver the Cox to the British authorities at the nearest port in British Columbia in accordance with the joint recommendation of the two Governments in case of seizure.

The Rush also reported the presence of Japanese sealers in the same vicinity with a large number of seal-skins on board. The Japanese sealers, however, are not subject to seizure outside of territorial waters.

CANADIAN FISH TRADE.

Government Will Endeavor to Build It Up.

Ottawa, June 5.—The Department of Railways and Canals is convinced that if some system of co-operation can be devised between the fishermen and the consumers of fish, there is no reason why a very remunerative trade should not be built up between the Maritime Provinces and Ontario. The Department of Marine and Fisheries has been asked to send an expert to the fish consuming sections of western Ontario, with a view of ascertaining how much fish the market can take care of, and what the prospects are for the development of the trade.

In view of the fact that New York State has within a few years built up a trade in fish by means of cold storage on the railways, which totals six millions dollars a year, it is felt that there is no reason why the Maritime Provinces of Canada, which produce a much better article, should not be able to secure a very valuable market in Ontario, and eventually as far as Manitoba.

SEAMEN'S STRIKE OVER.

Men Will Resume Work Within Twenty-Four Hours.

Paris, June 5.—The seamen's strike is regarded as being virtually ended, and the men are expected to resume work within 24 hours. The navigation companies have accepted the Government's recommendations and will restore the officers and crews without insisting on any penalties. The French transatlantic line hopes to enable La Provence to sail from Havre to-day.

The only discord appears to be at Bordeaux, where some of the delegates, notably a man named Buscalet, finding that the local organization is discontented with the proposed compromise arrangement, are attempting to secure a reversal of the decision to resume work, but apparently without any chance of success.

HALIFAX STRIKE SETTLED

Board of Labor Will Enquire Into Whole Dispute.

Ottawa, June 5.—The Department of Labor has been advised by Victor Dubreuil that the strike of longshoremen at Halifax has been settled, the demands of the men having been granted.

Philip Ring, secretary of the Trades and Labor Council of Halifax, has been nominated by the men as their representative upon the board of conciliation, which will enquire into the whole dispute, with a view to reaching a settlement to extend over a term of years.

Insurgent Chinese Forces.

Amoy, China, June 5.—The leaders of the insurgent Chinese forces have issued an address exhorting the people to support the movement and to confine themselves for the present to guerrilla tactics. It appears that the attack on the officials at Juan pre-empted the outbreak against the Government, the date fixed for the uprising being June 24.

Shanghai, June 5.—The Viceroy of Canton has reported to the Government at Peking that the disorders at Lienchow and Pakhoi have been suppressed, and that all the missionaries are safe.

Attacked by Chinese.

London, June 6.—A special despatch received here from Hong Kong says that Mr. Pollard, a Methodist missionary at Chaotung, has been mercilessly beaten by the Chinese. His lungs were pierced by a weapon. The missionaries are flocking into Hong Kong from the Swatow and Pakhoi districts.

Old Man Hangs Himself.

Elmira, June 5.—Conrad Oppershauser of Elmira committed suicide at his home about 8:30 Monday evening.

He was found in his barn hanging from a rafter, with the doors bolted inside. He was 83 years of age.

Biscuit Factory Burns.

St. Anne La Parade, Que. June 5.—The Royal Biscuit Company's manufacturing establishment and the residence of the proprietors, Messrs. Boulanger, were destroyed by fire last evening. Loss \$20,000; insurance \$6,000.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.
GENTLELY AND RAPIDLY CURES
ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER AND BOWELS.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The First Gas Tubes.

William Murdoch, a Scottish mining engineer employed in the Redruth mines, Cornwall, appears to have been the first to suggest that gas might be conveyed in tubes and used instead of lamps and candles. He made a very ingenious gas lantern for himself, with which he used to light his way over the Cornish moors at night. This lantern consisted of a bag filled with gas and fitted with a tube, at the end of which the gas could be lighted. Carrying the bag under his arm, Murdoch used to light his way home at night. On meeting any one it is said that he would give the bag a squeeze and thus send out a long tongue of flame. This led to his being looked upon as the demon of the Cornish moors.—London Telegraph.

Bad Symptoms.

The woman who has periodical headaches, dizziness, imaginary fears, spots or specks floating or dancing before her eyes, has gnawing distress or heavy full feeling in stomach, faint spells, dragging-down feeling in lower abdominal or pelvic region, easily startled or excited, irregular or painful periods, with or without pelvic catarrh, is suffering from weakness and derangements that should have early attention. Not all of above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

Neglected or badly treated and such cases often run into maladies which demand a surgeon's knife if they do not result fatally.
No medicine extant has such a long and numerous record of cures in such cases as Dr. J. C. Ayer's Female Regulator. No medicine has such a strong professional endorsement of its efficacy as this. The very best ingredients known to medical science for the cure of women's peculiar ailments enter into its composition. No alcohol, harmful, or habit-forming drug is to be found in the list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. In any condition of the female system, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can do only good—never harm. Its whole effect is to strengthen, invigorate and regulate the whole female system, and especially the pelvic organs. When these are deranged in function or affected by disease, the stomach and other organs of digestion become sympathetically deranged, the nerves are weakened, and a long list of bad, unpleasant symptoms follow. Too much must not be expected of this "female friend." It will not perform miracles; will not cure tumors—no medicine will. It will often prevent them, if taken in time, and thus the operating table and the surgeon's knife may be avoided.

Women suffering from diseases of long standing, are invited to consult Doctor Pierce by letter. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 50 stamps for cloth-bound cover. Address as above.

It Pays to Advertise.

A theatrical manager was holding forth on the value of publicity the other day and pointed his moral with this: "When the teacher was absent from the schoolroom, Billy, the mischievous boy of the class, wrote on the blackboard:

"Billy Jones can hug the girls better than any boy in school."

"Upon her return the teacher called him up to her desk.

"William, did you write that?" she asked, pointing to the blackboard.

"Yes, ma'am," said Billy.

"Well, you may stay after school," said she, "as punishment."

"The other pupils waited for Billy to come out, and then they began gazing at him.

"Got a licking, didn't you?"

"Nope," said Billy.

"Got jawed?"

"Nope."

"What did she do?" they asked.

"Shan't tell," said Billy, "but it pays to advertise."

Take the laziness all out of this world, and you would take most of the sin with it.

The FLIRTATION OF ANNE.

By RITA KELLEY.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

The delayed invitation of Janet Fair's house party almost caused a rupture in the Halliwell family, so intense was the scramble to get frocks that matched the shoes, girdles to match the frocks, with sufficient everything into the traveling bags and Anne off to the station for the 4:50 train. At the last minute she snatched from her writing desk a few pages torn from a magazine and stuffed them into her hand bag as she hurried down to the cab. Janet had sent her the story a fortnight ago, and the success or failure of the week end for her depended upon whether or not she waded through it before she reached Brentwood. Janet had set opinions about some things, among them her love for conventional Anne and an overweening desire to provide literature much diversified by commentaries for her best beloved.

Anne made the train. As she hurried down the platform and climbed into the car a feeling of wild good humor possessed her. The old cramping demureness that savored of self-consciousness in her personality had been lost in the excitement of the last hour. She found herself within the car with the exhilarating desire to do something rash.

She didn't know what exactly. Then it flashed over her. No more old ladies, or women with children, or nice elderly men. She shuddered at thought of the innumerable times she had asked to share their seats—no. This time she was free from tradition. She would pick a winner! With brave determination she gripped her bags and set out down the aisle in quest of him.

He was at the extreme end of the car. Big and brown, and he looked the part. The little query was said, the alacritous moving of bags ended, and Anne sank into the man's place by the window, facing him, with a tiny feeling of exultation.

He was a winner sure enough, handsome and with the most charming manner imaginable. Anne dubbed him a Harvard man when he lifted his hat. They were all so delightfully gallant. She was not in the least embarrassed by his intermittent gaze, which was timed, as only a winner knows how, to meet her vagrant glances. She knew her hat was immeasurably becoming, with the pink rose and soft plumes against her brownish hair, also that her blue fox set was the latest cry in fur and her gloves and boots correct. It occurred to her presently, however, that she ought to convince the man of her complete disinterestedness in choosing him for a traveling companion.

Accordingly she drew the portion of magazine from her hand bag and settled herself comfortably. There were six pages of it, and she knew that, provided she read leisurely, it would last until she reached Brentwood. Janet had a third virtue. She considered, speculating subconsciously, with eyes fixed on the flowing landscape, over a long look which she had just interrupted, were his eyes brown or gray or green? Oh, Janet's virtue! Well, it was providing literature for traveling young ladies who were in danger of reverting without warning to embarrassing original self-consciousness.

Janet had scribbled in her bold chirography wherever an interlineation was possible, fond, foolish things which Anne soon forgot to read in her absorption in the story. She loved a horse, and this was a hero handled with the sympathetic touch of a lover of horses. Tears sprang to her eyes, to be succeeded by a smile, a low laugh or strained intensity and pain. She finished the story as the train whistled for Brentwood, with an overwhelming desire to lean over and tell the man facing her that it was the greatest story ever written; that she wanted to tell him about it; that she knew he would understand.

Carried outside herself, she leaned forward impulsively, her lips parted, eyes glowing, about to speak. Presto! Her mind sprang like a trap, and she bent over her bags instead, embarrassedly preparing to flee. She gave him the fleetest of glances as she rose, and he looked steadily at her while a suspicion of a smile, appreciative and friendly, came into his eyes. She had the story with her; but, suddenly following an impulse, she dropped it as a thing of no value upon the seat.

Janet Fair was in a state of woe. The lion of the house party had not materialized. Frantic telephoning and wires disclosed the fact that he had left town for Sioux, next station beyond Brentwood, on the 4:50 train and had been seen no more. The Fair country place stood midway between the two stations used impartially by the Fair guests, and a coupe had met both stations, one bringing Anne Halliwell from Brentwood, the last woman guest.

"He is yours, dear," said Janet, drawing Anne into the chill moonlight on the little balcony. "Put this shawl over your shoulders—your gown is so sheer and lovely—and promise me, if he becomes manifest alive or dead, that you will smile upon him."

"Why don't you take him yourself?" laughed Anne.

"Can't. Never sees me. Told me confidentially that he adored the sweet, dreamy girl made of repose and inner reserves, and—I handed him over to

you. You'll have to take him bodily, for Gladys Whitcomb has sharpened up her teeth and nails ready to spring and drag him off."

"But, Janet," protested Anne, "I never went in for a man in my life. I couldn't do it. It's so dead common. I'd hate myself."

"I'm a deep eyed villain!" growled Janet, striking an attitude. "You blessed lamb, don't I know your proclivities? Rack your naive brain for a simple and good reason why I sent you a belated invitation, why I expected Aubrey Churchill on the 4:50 train, why?"

"W-was"—Anne started in consternation, lost her balance against the low railing and was reeling backward when strong arms caught her and set her upon her feet. Then a traveling bag was slung upon the balcony, and, emerging from the shrubbery beneath, a man vaulted beside the girls.

"My lady of the story," he said, smiling whimsically upon Anne, who after one swift look was trying vainly to melt into the shadow, "I have a score to settle with you after I get something to eat. Just look at this saturated brow, will you? It's like a sponge. And these aching arms carried that bag ten miles on an empty stomach."

"Oh, jolly!" screamed Janet ecstatically, sliding through the French window. "You'll have a banquet, Aubrey Churchill!"

A terrifying silence followed the click of the window behind Janet's exit. Anne stood on the chilly balcony with the perfect stillness that precedes either attack or precipitate flight, gazing straight into the steady eyes of the man before her.

Then, turning swiftly, she wrestled with the window fastening for an instant and fled. The man, laughing softly, stepped into the library and called, "The tilt after the banquet, remember," as she escaped the room.

He was a young man who would have his way, Anne discomfitedly admitted later. She had been playing fox and geese with him desperately all evening, with the dawning conviction that she was the singular goose. When he cornered her in the dim library as the other guests drifted into the music room she almost gasped surrender.

"Now, Miss Story Lady," he said, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his tuxedo and looking tremendously handsome, with an expression of mock severity on his clean cut face, "why do you do it?"

Anne squirmed preparatory to flight, but he blocked egress from the divan, and she settled back, with a laugh that tried to be trifling.

"It was a great story, wasn't it?" she said irrelevantly.

"Don't you know," he said, dropping down beside her, "that you ought to apologize for causing me to discompose our hostess?"

Embarrassment enveloped Anne. She was groping desperately for that will o' the wisp, her daredevilry, that had got her into this difficulty and refused to extricate her. "W-why didn't you get off?" she stammered, a flush mantling her cheeks. "I did not keep you there."

"But the story did." He smiled insistently upon her as he drew the pages from his pocket.

Anne's heart stopped. She had forgotten the scribbles on the margins when she dropped the story in the car. "It seems we have a stanch admirer in Janet," he said gently, "and I, for one, quite approve of her. I was deep in a panegyric on your charms and virtues when the train went through Sioux."

Anne groaned. She could not help it, knowing, as she did, the extravagance of Janet on paper.

"She has everything arranged," he continued, smiling subtly down at the helpless girl half facing him. "Bridesmaids—think of it—bridesmaids! We didn't either of us know that when we started out this afternoon, did we?"

Anne suddenly buried her face in her hands. He looked at her a moment musingly, then ever so gently extricated her fingers and made her look at him.

"Janet is a clever girl," he drawled. "She said you would have to be taken with a trick."

Anne blinked. Where was her vaunted demureness? "No such thing," she blurted out. "I did it myself. I knew you were a winner."

Had He That?

On one occasion in an English court a prisoner was brought in for sentence who had been convicted of being a common gambler. He appeared in a loud checked yellow and black suit, with red necktie and a large paste diamond horseshoe pin. The judge from under his beetling brows looked fiercely down upon him from the bench and remarked with intense scorn, "I sentence you to pay a fine of \$50."

"That's all right, judge," interrupted the gambler nonchalantly thrusting his hand into his trousers; "got it in my pants pocket."

"—and to three years and six months in state prison," continued his honor, with a slight twinkle in his eye. "Have you got that in your pants pocket?"—Bellman.

Cats.

A cat may purr and purr and be a villain. Once let the cat's paw fall below the proper mark, and off goes the ungovernable but shrewd animal to stop with friends who will look after him better. That is the keynote of the feline character, shrewdness. It is the human traits in their characters which make men call cats selfish. The motto of the cat is "Business is business." If a man takes this as his motto and acts up to it, we call him a successful man, and we allow him to write absurd essays on "Hints to Young Lads," and so on, in our papers. But we do not honor the cat.—London Express.

R. W. RUTHERFORD, M.D.
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In Western Canada. Our system has been improved and brought up to date, new machinery installed. We employ only the most experienced and skilled labor and use the purest materials in our work.

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