

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.
Ladies' Favorite.
Is the only safe, reliable
regulator on which woman
can depend "in the hour
and time of need."
Prepared in two degrees of
strength. No. 1 and No. 2.
No. 1—For ordinary cases
is by far the best dollar
medicine known.
No. 2—For special cases—10 degrees
stronger—three dollars per box.
Ladies—ask your druggist for Cook's
Cotton Root Compound. Take no other
as all pills, mixtures and imitations are
dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold and
recommended by all druggists in the
Dominion of Canada. Mailed to any address
on receipt of price and four 2-cent postage
stamps.
The Cook Company,
Windsor, Ont.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Chat-
ham by all Druggists.

CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE
The lots still left in the Athletic Ground Sur-
vey are undoubtedly the best value offered in
the city at the present time. Why is it that you
can buy certain properties in the city to day for
about one-half of the original cost? Simply be-
cause some persons were foolish enough to select
cheap, and then build a good house on it. Such
properties must be sacrificed when put on the
market in order to effect a "cash" sale. Be Wise, Get
a Good Location. The best residence prop-
erty is always the cheapest. When you want to
sell you will have special purchasers.
The man who would build a good house on this
property worth from \$1,500 to \$2,500 could readily
dispose of it before it would be ready for occu-
pancy, at an advance of \$500 to \$800, and still
get the purchaser good value, as the actual value
of these lots is certainly double what is asked for
them. Call at the Business College to see the
plans and get prices.—D. McLEACHAN

TO OUR CUSTOMERS:
We have just put in, at great expense,
a WONDROUS MACHINE, heated by
steam, work only passing through the
rollers once; the result—Work is
EASIER, WILL NOT BREAK, and will
last much longer than when ironed by
the old method, heated by gas, which
has to pass through the rollers eight
times.
P.S.—We have also added a newly
invented machine to iron the edges of
Collars and Cuffs.
The Parisian Steam Laundry
Co. of Ontario, Limited.
London, Hamilton and Toronto.

**FORGET THE
HEAT**
and live easy, by baking delicious
rolls, biscuits, etc., on a
GAS STOVE.
It makes a coal or wood stove
look like 30 cents.
THE CHATHAM GAS CO
Limited.
King St. Phone 81

ROSES
And all High-Class
Flowers, Floral Designs and
Sprays a Specialty.

Tuson
Floral Artist, Windsor

Orders taken at Tschirhart's Music
Store, opp. the Market, Chatham, Ont.,
where will be found at all times a
large assortment of Cut Flowers at
lowest prices.

F. B. Proctor,
Commission Broker.
N. Y. Stocks, Grains,
Provisions, Cotton....
No better service anywhere. Why
don't you trade at home? In-
formation free.
Telephone 240.

CARPETS CAREFULLY CLEANED
Do you know we can clean your carpets
very thoroughly by our New Hygienic Me-
thod, and return them to you absolutely
free of dust, brighter in color, and in fact,
just like new. We can clean them, rain or
shine, too.
**The Chatham Carpet Cleaning and
Rug Manufacturing Works**
King St. West opp. Post Office

**A SPLENDID
OPPORTUNITY**
to have a neat PHOTO of
yourself at the
GIBSON STUDIO,
Cor. King and Fifth Sts.

Uncle Terry
CHARLES CLARK MUNN
Copyright, 1900, by LEE & SHEPARD

CHAPTER XVII.
ALICE PAGE'S first impression
of Frank Nason did not do
him justice. She thought him
a big, good natured, polite
boy, rather conscious that he was like-
ly to be sought after and disposed to
sulk if he wasn't. His plea for sym-
pathy on the score that his life of idleness
was a bore, which he made the
day they went sleighing, only provoked
her derision, and as she was disposed
to judge all men by the standard of
her self-reliant brother, he came near
awakening contempt on her part. It
was not until the last evening of his
visit that she discovered her mistake
and realized that he had more depth
of character than she had thought. It
is likely the keen enjoyment which he
seemed to feel when she sang for him
had weight, for we are prone to like
those who like us, and it was natural
also that she should feel a little grati-
tude for what he had done for her brother.

Her life, hidden as she was in a by-
way corner of a country town and
seeing no one all the week except her
small band of pupils, gave her plenty
of time for thought. Once a week,
usually on Saturday, she received a
letter from her brother, and that, to-
gether with the mild excitement of
Sunday churchgoing, was all that
broke the monotony of her life.
A week after the Christmas visit she
received a package containing a new
book, three of the latest popular songs
and a box of candy, and pinned to the
candy Frank Nason's card, on the back
of which was written, "For the girl
who wanted to kiss her teacher."
She wrote a polite note of thanks. It
was midwinter and two weeks after
her brother wrote that Frank had be-
gun studying law in his office when she
received a letter from that young man
that surprised her. He wrote:

My Dear Miss Page—I trust you will
pardon me for intruding myself upon you,
but I wish you to know that a few point-
ed words spoken by you while I was en-
joying your hospitality have not been for-
gotten and have influenced me to make
an effort to be something better than an
idler in the world. Your brother kindly
consented to let me read law in his office,
and I am now hard at it. I do not imag-
ine this will interest you, but I felt that
you had scant respect for useless people,
and as you could rightly so regard me I
wanted you to know that I am capable of
rising above my aimless life.
I have recalled so many times all the
little incidents of my visit to your home
and lived over those evenings graced by
your presence and lit by a cheerful fire
time and again. Do not think me insincere
when I assure you that they were
the most delightful ones I ever passed.
If you find time to write a line to one
who is now a worker in the hive instead
of a drone, it will be gratefully received
by me.

To a girl with Alice Page's sym-
pathetic nature and tender feelings words
like these made her feel she was what
she most enjoyed being—an inspiration
and help to others. In this respect
Frank Nason had read her better than
she had read him, or else some fortu-
nate intuition had led him aright. She
answered the letter at once, thanking
him for his flattering words, but for-
bidding him to use any more of them.
"I do not like flattery," she wrote,
"because no one ever can feel quite
sure it is sincere. I will answer all
your letters if you will promise not to
tell Bert we are corresponding. Not
that I am ashamed of it by any means,
but he is inclined to tease me, and I
love him so dearly I can't bear to have
him do so. The little girl you sent the
candy to was both astonished and grate-
ful. I did not tell her who sent it, for
the fact would have been all over town
in a week if I had, and I do not like to
be gossiped about. I merely told her a
good fairy had sent it, which was bet-
ter."

Once a week thereafter Alice re-
ceived a long letter from Frank and as
regularly answered it.
"Frank is getting along nicely," Al-
bert wrote Alice in the early spring.
"I believe he has the making of a cap-
able lawyer in him. He grinds away
harder than I ever did when reading
law and has never yet complained of
how dry and dull it all is. He is a big,
warm hearted fellow, too, and I am
growing more fond of him every day.
He is more devoted to me than a brother,
and we have made a lot of plans
for a month's outing on the Gypsy this
coming summer. I like his family very
much, and Mrs. Nason and both her
daughters have invited me to bring
you down when your school closes to
make them a visit. I think I shall run
up in June and stay over Sunday and
bring Frank with me. I imagine he
would like to come, for once in a while
I overheard him humming 'Ben Bolt.'"
"A very nice worded little plot, but
don't you imagine, my dear Bert, I do
not see through it?" was the mental

Glenn & Co.,
WILLIAM ST.,
Import direct the finest Ceylon, Assam
and China Tea, Black Gunpowder and
Young Hyson, Best English Breakfast
Tea, 35c and 40c.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neu-
ralgia.

comment of Alice when she read the
letter. "The young gentleman has
bravely set to work to become a man
instead of a cipher. My brother likes
him; he whistles 'Ben Bolt,' my brother
is to bring him up here again; I am
expected to fall in love with Mr. Ci-
pher that was and help him spend his
money, and I am to be barely toler-
ated by mamma and both sisters! A
most charming plot, surely, but it takes
two to make a bargain. I think I
know just the sort of people mamma
and sisters are. He told me she read
him a lecture every time he dined
twice with a poor girl, and now I am
expected to walk into the same trap
and cringe to her ladyship for the sin
of being poor. I guess not! I'll teach
school till I die first, and he can think
of me as having a 'slab of granite so
gray' to keep me in place."

But this diplomatic "Sweet Alice"
wrote to her brother: "I am delighted
that you are coming up, for I am so
lonesome, and the weeks drag so hard!
Bring your friend up, by all means,
and I'll sing 'Ben Bolt' till he hates
the name of Sweet Alice. The country
will be looking fine then, and he can
go over to the cemetery and select the
corner I am to occupy. Pardon the
joke, and don't tell him I uttered it."

To Frank she wrote: "Be sure to
come up with Bert. I will sing all the
old songs and the new ones you have
sent me as well. If you come up on a
Thursday you may visit my school
Friday afternoon, and then you can
see the girl you sent the candy to. She
wears a calico pinafore and comes to
school barefooted."

Alice's faithful reply to her brother's
letter, coupled with his own sincere
affection for her, brought her a re-
sponse by return mail in the form of a
check for \$100, with explicit orders to
spend every cent of it before he came.

CHAPTER XVII.
SANDGATE was just budding
forth in a new suit of green,
the meadows dotted with
daisies, and here and there a
bunch of tiger lilies waved in the
breeze when one Friday afternoon the
teacher at the north district school
heard a knock.

The class in reading, then in evi-
dence, were halted in their sing-song
of concert utterance, and Alice Page
opened the door to find two stalwart
young men standing there. With a
quick impulse of propriety she stepped
out and closed the door behind her,
only to find herself clasped in a big
brother's arms and to receive a smack
that was heard by every pupil in the
little schoolroom. With a very red
face she freed herself and then pre-
sented a small hand to the other young
man with the remark:

"I think you are both just as mean
as you can be to surprise me in this
way!"
When explanations were duly made,
the two visitors were invited inside and
given seats. The class in reading was
then dismissed and that in spelling
called to what was now seemingly to
them an unexpected misery. A bomb-
shell or a ghost at the window would
not have produced any more consterna-
tion than those two strange visitors.
This class, that one by one filed up in
front of the teacher's desk and ranged
themselves in line, stood trembling, and
the boy at the head, to whom was put
the first word, was unable to utter a
sound. The next one spelled it wrong,
and it was tried by two others and
finally spelled right by a girl who could
hardly do better than whisper it. She
was told to go to the head, and after
that the rest did better. The search for
knowledge in that school had received a
setback, however, for that day, and
Alice decided to do the wisest thing and
dismiss her band of pupils without de-
lay. When the room was cleared of
them she turned to her two callers and
said with mock seriousness, "The first
class in deportment will now define
propriety."

"Propriety is— Propriety," re-
plied her brother, "consists in two
young men surprising one small and
very saucy schoolma'am and letting a
lot of imprisoned boys and girls escape
to the woods and enjoy an extra hour
of freedom."
"Not right," said Alice severely. "The
next pupil will now answer."
"Propriety," answered Frank, "con-
sists in two young men escaping from
the city and relieving one tired school-
teacher from her duty and permitting
her to go and gather flowers if she will.
But which was the girl you told the
fairy tale to, Miss Page?" he added as
Alice began putting her books away.

"The only one in the spelling class
you two bold bad men didn't scare half
out of her wits," she answered.
Frank walked about the room, peer-
ing curiously at its rather primitive fit-
tings.
"So this is what you call a temple of
learning," he remarked as he surveyed
the barnlike room. "It is a curiosity to
me, and the first time I was ever in
an old time country schoolhouse. I
should like to peep through one of the
knotholes some day and watch the per-
formances and hear a scared boy speak
a piece."

"—had better not try it," answered
Alice, "unless you want two or three

farmers to swoop down on you armed
with scythes and demanding to know
what you are doing there."

When she had locked the schoolhouse
door they got into the carriage the two
young men had come in and left the
forlorn little temple to the solitude of
the trees and bushes that almost hid it
from sight.

"I will stop in the village," said Al-
bert as they drove away, "and leave
you two to go home or take a ride, as
suits you best; only, mind, be home by
tea time, for I shall be hungry."

There is no time when a drive along
wooded country roads is more charm-
ing than when the trees are fast grow-
ing green and the meadows spangled
with daisies and buttercups.

"Let's go around by the mill pond,"
said Alice after leaving her brother in
the village. "The road to it follows the
brook up a mile. We may find a few
lilies in the pond."

The brook beside which they were
soon walking the horse was a charming
bit of scenery as it came leaping over
mossy ledges, laughing, chattering and
filling the pools with foam flecks, and
the old mill, with its great wheel drip-
ping and chattering, and the mill itself
proved even a greater curiosity to
Frank than the schoolhouse. He hitched
the horse, and, helping his fair com-
panion to alight, the two went inside
the mill and watched the rumbling
wheels. Alice introduced her escort to
the miller, and after they had been
shown the mysteries of grinding he in-
vited them out to the pond, and after
bailing the old leaky boat so it was
usable the two visitors started after
the lilies.

"Mind you don't tip me over," said
Alice. "I can't swim."

"If I do I'll rescue you or drown
with you," he answered gallantly.
What silly notions these two young
people uttered as they made the circuit
of that long wood bordered pond!
One at least was just tasting the first
sweet illusion of love, and the glassy
surface of the water that reflected the
trees bending over it, the bunches of
water flag growing here and there and
the scattered patches of broad lily
pads, with now and then a white blos-
som, made a most picturesque back-
ground for the girl who sat in the
stern. Her piquant face, shaded by a
broad sun hat, was fairer to his eyes
than any of the lilies she plucked, and
as she drew one sleeve up a little to
reach for them the round arm and
dimpled hand she thrust into the wa-
ter looked tempting enough to kiss.
The miller had shut the gate and gone
home when they returned to the mill.

"Do you know," remarked Frank
when they had left the mill behind and
were driving through a bit of woods,
"that I have anticipated this visit for
weeks? I know scarcely anything
about the country, and it is all a re-
velation to me. I've seen pictures of old
mills and ponds covered with lilies,
but no painter can ever put the reality
on canvas. Why, that great wheel,
covered with moss and churning away
all day so steadily, with a willow
bending over it, is a poem in itself!"
"The miller is built over a hundred
years ago," observed Alice, "and has
been grinding away ever since. I love
to visit it, for it takes me back to child-
hood, and," she added, a little sadly,
"it makes me live over the happiest
days of my life, when father used to
take me with him everywhere he
went."

(To Be Continued.)

Men Restored to Vigor



Are you one of the thousands of men, young and
old, who lack virile power? Do you crave to be
robust and vigorous, to have perfect manhood?
Thousands know they are weak and impotent, but
hesitate to take the right steps to regain their full
vigor and strength. Are you one of them?
Thousands suffer in ignorance of their real con-
dition, believing themselves to be strong and well
when they are far from it. Perhaps you are one
of them. It is worth your time to ascertain your
true condition of health, if you have any reason to
doubt or suspect that you are not what you once
were.

Be Honest With Yourself.
If you have been a victim to the follies and in-
dulgences of youth, committed excesses in married
life, if you doubt your strength, if it is your duty
your duty to those you love and who love you—to
at once, today, consult an honest, reliable, re-
spected physician—a specialist who has a record for
curing weak men. But do not go astray. Consult
no quack. Take no patent "Cure All." No two
cases are precisely alike. Every individual needs
a treatment particularly suited to him. No other
remedy can get the right treatment for your case.

Cure Yourself at Home.
If there is no successful specialist near you, write
at once to Dr. Goldberger, the noted specialist. He
is the possessor of 31 diplomas and certificates
which he received from medical colleges and state
boards of medical examiners and he will send you
his method free, to use in the privacy of your own
home. It does not interfere with traveling, as it
can be taken with convenience anywhere.
If you have stricture, prostatic trouble, sexual
weakness, varicose, lost manhood, blood poison,
hydrocele, rheumatism of parts, loss of memory, etc., or
any complications, such as rheumatism, bladder
or kidney trouble, heart disease, etc., write the doc-
tor and he will accept your case for treatment. It is
equivalent to the subject, containing the full dispen-
sary case for treatment, and remember you may
also case for treatment, and remember you may

Pay When You Are Cured.
The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make
claims and another thing to back them up, so he
has made it a rule not to ask for money unless he
cures you, and when you are cured he feels sure
that you will willingly pay him a small fee. It would
seem, therefore, that it is to the best interests of
every man who suffers from the above troubles to
write the doctor and confidentially lay your case be-
fore him. He sends the method, as well as his
booklet, the subject, containing the full dispen-
sary case for treatment, and remember you may
also case for treatment, and remember you may

Minard's Liniment Cures Diph-
theria.

**Proper Clothes
for Real Boys.**
"Progress" Clothes are strong clothes. They
won't rip—won't show white in the seams—
won't fade—won't shrink. They are clothes to
resist the "wear and tear" that sturdy, active
boys give their garments.
**"PROGRESS"
Brand Clothing**
Is manly clothing—with a "snap" and style that
"tickles" the youngsters—and make them proud
of their "new suits." It is this recognized quality which makes
"Progress" Brand the favorite with mothers.
Sold by Leading Clothiers Throughout Canada.

Progress Brand Clothing may be had from
O. AUSTIN & CO., Market Square, Corner of King St., Chatham, Ont.

SELLING A SACK OF
Kent Mills Flour
Is like having an employee
pay for the privilege of working.
It makes you a profit and immedi-
ately goes to work helping you to
sell another sack, afterwards you
sell a whole lot more.
**The Canada Flour Mills Co.,
Limited.**

**Beaver
Flour
The Best**
Good Flour is not a thing of the
hour; it has come to stay. Men demand
it. Mothers seek it. Children need it.
Life-to-day is strenuous and fatiguing;
there is need of mental and masculine
strength. Only pure flour like BEAVER
can give it.
Flour above all food must be pure—it
is from the Best Wheat scientifically pre-
pared, untouched by human hands, con-
taining all the elements of nutrition. Mil-
led in a model mill for the model Cana-
dian housewife.
Demand it from your grocer.
Graham and Whole Wheat Flours, Gluten Grits,
Rolled Oats and other Cereals. Eastern Oats 38c.
Windsor Salt, Mill feeds, etc.
T. H. Taylor & Co., Ltd.

Central Drug Store,
HEADQUARTERS FOR—
Fly Pads, Sticky Fly Paper, Insect
Powder, Hellebore, Paris Green,
Bug Death, etc.
C. H. Gunn & Co.
Corner King and Fifth Streets. Phone 105

MAPLE CITY CREAMERY
BUTTER, CREAM AND ICE CREAM
Family Trade a Specialty.
Buttermilk delivered with Ice Cream or Butter Orders.
Excursion and Picnic Party Orders for Ice Cream filled promptly.
Sample our quality and get our prices.
Corner ADELAIDE and KING STS. Phone 242

Subscribe Now