



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Fairly but exquisitely aromatic.

Beware of imitations.

Yeuknow

The holiday presents have to be bought—you will find a good assortment of Fancy Lamps and China. Also a full line of Dinner Sets, \$5.50 and upwards, Tea Sets \$2.50, Chamber Sets \$1.80. They are low in price. Call and see them.

Our New Fruits are in:

1 lb. Selected Raisins.....	25c
3 lb. New Currants.....	25c
1 lb. Mixed Peel.....	20c
Pure Lard, per lb.....	9c
Mixed Candy 7 lb., 4 lbs. for.....	25c

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Golden Star, Park St., East

John McConnell

Goods Delivered

Jenkins

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NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE BOUGHT
SOLD AND EXCHANGED.

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BIG BARGAINS

Ready-Made Clothing
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps

AT THE BARGAIN STORE
JENKINS'
MARKET SQUARE

THE MAKING OF PORTER

Porter—otherwise Stout—is a malt liquor of Irish origin. The malt of which it is made is roasted brown by a secret process, which the Irish maltsters have carefully guarded. The best Irish malt, imported from Dublin direct, is used in the manufacture of Carling's Porter. This porter is one of the purest malt liquors manufactured, and is recommended by physicians in cases where a malt tonic is needed. For the use of invalids Carling's Porter is invaluable.

CARLING
LONDON

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

HEAT FROM THE SUN.

HOW LITTLE OF IT WE GET IS ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF.

Scarcely One Sunbeam in Two Thousand Millions Alights Upon This Earth—A Pen Picture of the Actual Condition of the Flery Orb.

The sun is for the most part simply wasting his heat—flinging away the golden rays that are the life of the world with a recklessness beside which all human waste is mere parsimony. It is almost beyond belief. Scarcely one sunbeam in 2,000,000,000 alights upon the earth, and allowing for the whole solar system not more than one in 100,000,000 ever hits anything, so far as we can ascertain.

Sir Robert Ball's comment on this waste of the sun's heat is: Suppose a man with an income of \$1,000,000 a year. He spends for useful purposes 1 cent and throws the rest away. His wastefulness is no greater than that which this old prodigal the sun has practiced for untold ages.

The untold amount of heat which thus leaks away through the cracks in the sky cannot be expressed by figures. It is only by considering what it might do that we can get any conception of it. This is probably the most striking illustration, and is given by an eminent astronomer:

Suppose a solid shaft of ice two miles square to be extended like a bridge across the gulf, which separates the earth from the sun. If a track were laid on its surface an express train running at full speed would require more than 150 years to traverse it. Yet, if the whole heat of the sun were turned upon it for a single second it would be melted, and in a few seconds more all, even to the railroad iron, would drift away as vapor.

But what is the source of this heat that flows into space as the gulf stream pours into the Atlantic, warming the earth and other planets like little islands in its course? What keeps up the supply?

If the sun were merely a white hot ball, gradually cooling, our grandchild would indeed get a chill; or, rather, neither they nor we would ever have seen the sun. The final frost would have fallen long ago.

Nor can the heat be maintained by fire, as we understand the word—such fire as warms and now and then consumes our houses. If it were a globe of flaming coal it could have lasted but a few thousand years; it would have been burned to ashes long before we were born. All the coal on the earth would hardly keep the sun going for one-tenth of a second.

A falling meteor gives out great heat, just as a bullet is heated when it strikes the target. Some have conjectured that a vast stream of these little hailstones raining upon the sun supplies its fuel. But if the whole mass of the moon were put into a stone crusher, broken up and thrown against the sun, it would barely furnish heat for a single year. And no such weight could possibly approach the sun without our knowledge.

Yet, in its own chosen way, the sun really has its fires. With proper instruments we may see the red flames spouting from its edge, sometimes to a height of 400,000 miles—higher than the moon floats above the earth. To some of them our world would be no more than a water drop falling from a fountain.

To gain any idea of the almost inexhaustible reservoir from which the sun draws its heat we must first picture its actual condition. Matter there is in a state unlike anything ever seen upon earth. It is neither solid nor liquid nor in any familiar sense gaseous. The sun is a boiling, seething, flaming mixture of the gases or vapors of all the elements condensed by the tremendous squeeze of solar gravity until it is thicker than pitch, and so hot that its vaporized iron might be used for steam power if there were any boiler fit to hold it. It has no definite surface, but shades away from this incandescent paste, through leaping flames of blood red hydrogen to the faint streamers of the corona, as filmy as a comet's tail.

This writhing mass, heavier on the average than water and yet as unstable as air, does not even rotate like other orbs, but swirls around its axis. In the terrific tension of these gases is stored up the energy of the sun. As this escapes in gushes of heat they do not cool, but slowly contract. It is quite possible that they even grow hotter as they thus settle downward and compress themselves into a denser fluid.

A total shrinkage of 220 feet a year will account for the whole expenditure, and so small a change in the size of the disk could not be detected until it had been watched for thousands of years. This will go on until the substance of the sun ceases to be essentially gaseous. Then will come the beginning of the end, for from that time forth the actual temperature of the sun will decline.

This, however, will be in some far distant day, for careful scientists assure us that our race will enjoy undiminished sunshine for at least 5,000 years, and perhaps for twice 5,000.

Then, while the sun slowly reddens and darkens, our earth will die. After that comes the night of ages—Charles Kelsey Gaines in New York World.

To Catch Him.

Fuddy—I want to get acquainted with Moskins, but I hardly know how to go about it, he's such a queer fish.

Duddy—A queer fish, eh? Why don't you drop him a line?—Boston Transcript.

Cheese

When of fine quality is both appetizing and healthful, we have this nice clear cutting may and cheddar, always get from the Country of Origin where the best cheese is produced.

In Our Feed Department

We have in stock a very fine feed Hay and nice bright Oat Straw, based especially for our trade.

J. A. Wilson
Queen St. CHATHAM, Phone 73

IS A VALUABLE WOOD

There are Three Different Kinds of Ebony

And all have their Valuable Character—Where They Come From

Ebony was known and highly esteemed by the ancients as an article of luxury and was used by them for a variety of purposes.

In India it is said that it was employed by kings for scepters and also for images. On account of its supposed antagonism to poisons, it was used largely for drinking cups.

The name ebony is given to the wood of several varieties of trees. All kinds of ebony are distinguished for their great density and dark color. The wood in all varieties is heavier than water. The heavier varieties are the darkest. The other grades require a considerable amount of staining to make them black.

Ebony is of a uniform color throughout and will not show any deterioration even from long continued use.

There are three varieties of ebony well known in commerce: The ebony from the Gaboon coast of Africa is the darkest. The Madagascar ebony is the densest. The Macassar ebony furnishes the largest pieces. It is sold by weight.

Imitations of ebony can always be distinguished by their lighter weight, and the cheaper imitations can be detected by merely scratching the surface. Jewelers' Weekly.

SWEET AND TWENTY.

Oh! my love's a winsome lady:
Sweeter face ne'er fed Love on:
In a court, or forest shady,
Queenlier beauty never shone.

Like a lady from a far land
Came my true love, brave to see!
As to heaven its rainbow garland,
Is her beauty rich to me.

In white arms of love she wound me,
And I look'd up in her smile;
In warm arms of love she bound me,
As the sea takes some blest isle.

As some dusky lake may mirror
One fair star that shines above,
So my life—a growing clearer—
Holds this tremulous star of love.

Oh! to see her life in blossom,
With its bloom of bravery!
Pure the dew lines in the bosom
Of her sweet virginity.

Nearest to my heart, I wear her:
As a bark the waves above—
Oh! so proudly do I bear her
On the bosom of my love!

Look you, how she cometh trilling
Out her gay heart's bird-like bliss!
Merry as a May-morn, thrilling
With the dew and sunshine's kiss.

Ruddy goasps of her beauty
Are her twin cheeks; and her mouth
Is its ripe warmth smileth, fruitly
As a garden of the south.

Ha! my precious Sweet-and-Twenty,
Husband still your virgin pride!
Just a month, and this dear, dainty
Thing shall be my wedded bride.

—Gerald Massey.

If you are in doubt about it, don't do it.

The rubber trust has no bearing on the game of five years.

Success isn't going round looking for people to pick it up.

In the world's great drama the ocean plays the principal role.

A sample room is dangerous when too many samples are taken.

Every man has been, is, or will be handsome in the eyes of some woman.

A girl is invariably in love when she refers to the twilight as the gloaming.

"Ah, yes," he sighed, "a man can get many things in five years."

"Yes," she replied, "but it would be disastrous if you were to do it."

Palace Meat Market

1900 1900

Meat Cheap for Cash

Start the new year right by buying your meat for cash, at the following prices:

Roast Beef.....	10c per lb.
Good Ham.....	10c per lb.
Boiled Sausage.....	10c per lb.
Boiled Corned Beef.....	10c per lb.
Boiled Corned Beef.....	10c per lb.
Boiled Corned Beef.....	10c per lb.

All other meats as cheap in proportion. Nothing but first-class meats handled, and nothing charged as these prices. A trial order solicited.

E. PUTNAM, QUEEN ST.

THE CLOCK WAS IN ERROR

Hotel Clerk Was Ready to Murder When He Was Allowed to Sleep Late.

There is a clock face on the Pennsylvania avenue side of the National Hotel, the pointers of which have for years denoted the time of 9:32. Guests at the St. James, who have front rooms not infrequently depend upon this superannuated timepiece to guide their movements, sometimes to their great discomfort. Not a few appointments have been declared off because of that clock.

There came near being bloodshed at the St. James a few mornings ago. One of the guests, whose appearance denoted that he had dressed himself in the space of a minute, came thundering down stairs, not waiting for the elevator, and rushed over to the counter, back of which was the clerk, who was trying to snatch an hour's sleep in the early morning.

"I'd like to know why in the mischief I was not awakened at 8 o'clock," he demanded.

The clerk attempted to reply, but the guest was too mad to listen to anything that might suggest an apology.

"This is a pretty hotel," he continued. "I have stopped here for years but I will never come here again. Make out my bill now."

"Don't be in a hurry. You exasperate me. Tell me not to hurry. And here it is nearly 9 o'clock, and I should have been awakened at 8."

The clerk tried to get in a word, but it was useless.

"Get out your register, and see if I did not leave an order for 8," the guest persisted.

The register was brought forth, and, sure enough, there was the order for a call at 8.

"There, what did I tell you? Now see what you have done for me. I have missed my train and probably a big order. I have a good notion to sue the proprietor."

The clerk's ire began to rise. "What train did you wish to make?" he asked in a sarcastic tone.

"The 8:35."

"Well, go back to bed, and I will see that you are called in plenty of time."

"Come, no joking. What do you mean?"

"Just what I wanted to tell you some time ago. It's now a quarter of 7."

A madder man than this guest was never seen in the St. James. And when he was told that the National clock was not running, and had not been for years, his anger knew no bounds.

He apologized to the clerk, and went away swearing vengeance on that clock.—Washington Star.

Compliments for One Only.

There is one New York club woman who has a sense of humor. In fact, to be on the safe side, there are several who have a "claim" in that direction. But not all of them are able to sense the joke when it happens to be on them. This woman, however, has this ability and proves this story about herself:

"At one time," she says, "we had a colored butler who stayed with us for years, and who admired my husband immensely. He thought that Dr. H— was a marvel of manly beauty, as well as the embodiment of all the virtues, domestic, professional and otherwise. Of course, I quite agreed with the butler on this point, but the fact is, I sometimes pined to have him pass his enthusiastic compliments around to the family, and not bestow them all on the doctor. So one morning when Dr. H— had just left the breakfast table, and was even then to be seen, an imposing picture, as he stood on the front steps drawing on his gloves, I remarked to James:

"Dr. H— is a handsome man, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am!—Deed as he is ma'am! with gratifying enthusiasm."

"Then, hoping to get a rise from James, I added with an absent-minded air as if I scarcely knew what I said but was just uttering my inmost thoughts:

"How in the world do you suppose that such a handsome man as Dr. H— ever happened to marry such a homely woman as I am?"

"Well, James just stopped short and rolled his eyes, and shook his head as if he gave it up. Then he ejaculated: 'Heaven knows, ma'am!'"

The Sun.

The Dog Telegraph.

Two collars were traveling from Pontypridd to Cardiff. Their talk turned to the subject of modern inventions.

"John," said Thomas, "I can't understand that thing they call the telegraph."

"Why, man," said John, "it's like this. Suppose you had a long, greyhound, reaching from Cardiff to Pontypridd. Well, you just pull his tail at Cardiff, and then, all of a sudden, he do bark in Pontypridd."

What She Had Lost.

He had called on her several times, and finally mustered up courage and assurance to be somewhat more affectionate than the circumstances warranted, perhaps.

"You must not do that," she said, somewhat nervously.

"Do what?" was the innocent query. "Put your arm around my waist."

"Why not?"

"My brother might come in suddenly and see you."

"Well, what of that? He couldn't kill me."

"No, I suppose not; but he would try to borrow some money from you, and I have lost two chances already by his doing that."—Tribune.

When a woman buys King Quality Shoes she saves \$2. They cost \$3 and have the appearance of \$5—that is how she saves \$2.

These shoes are irreplaceable in material, style, fit and finish.

All trimmings are of silk, and they are the best shoes to wear on this earth. All the words in the English language can't tell the facts plainer than that.

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Flour made by the Gyrator System takes more water, and gives you a larger whiter and sweeter loaf, and makes more cakes to the barrel than any other flour. Stevens Breakfast Food and Family Cornmeal, freshly ground, always on hand. Farmer's Feed ground on quick notice by a three reduction roller process, much ahead of the old system of chopping.

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Tailoring is a business that by virtue of merit or demerit must rise or fall. Those who aim at and succeed in producing the BEST GARMENTS will win the trade of gentlemen who have a just appreciation of ARTISTIC APPAREL. We cordially invite every gentleman in quest of FASHIONABLE FABRICS and WELL STYLED GARMENTS at MODERATE COST to pay us a visit.

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"Victoria" Parlor Matches, 65

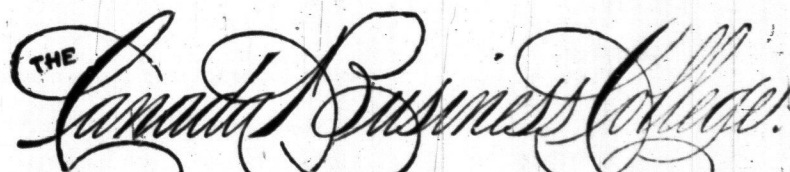
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