



## Old Hagar's Secret...

By Mrs. M. J. Holmes...

**Mrs. Haskell, Worthy Vice-Templar, Independent Order Good Templars, of Silver Lake, Mass., tells of her cure by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Four years ago I was nearly dead with inflammation and ulceration. I endured daily untold agony, and life was a burden to me. I had used medicines and washes internally and externally until I made up my mind that there was no relief for me. Calling at the home of a friend, I noticed a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My friend endorsed it highly, and I decided to give it a trial to see if it would help me. It took patience and perseverance for I was in bad condition, and I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nearly five months before I was cured, but what a change, from despair to happiness, from misery to the delightful exhilarating feeling health always brings. I would not change back for a thousand dollars, and your Vegetable Compound is a grand medicine."

"I wish every sick woman would try it and be convinced."—Mrs. Ida Haskell, Silver Lake, Mass., Worthy Vice-Templar, Independent Order of Good Templars. —\$8000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

## Easter Photos

Just a few weeks now until Easter. Have your Easter photos made at the

**GIBSON STUDIO,**  
Cor. King and Fifth Sts.



Wellington Lodge, A.F. & A.M., No. 46, G.R.C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Secy.  
GEORGE MASSEY, W. M.

### DENTAL.

M. A. HICKS, D. D. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office, over Turner's drug store, 28 Rutherford Block.

### LEGAL.

SMITH, HERBERT D.—County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Harrison Hall, Chatham, Ont.

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

J. B. O'FLYNN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King Street, opposite Merchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

BOUSTON, STONE & SCANE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite H. Malcolmson's store, M. Houston, Fred. Stone, W. W. Scane.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on Mortgages, at lowest rates. Offices, Fifth Street. Matthew Wilson, K. C. W. E. Gundy, J. M. Pike.

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## Diamond Dyes

Spring Announcement.

WE are ready to undertake

## Spring Dyeing Work.

We Color and Renew all Faded and Dingy looking

Garments and Wearing Apparel

for Young and Old, AND GUARANTEE SUCCESS

10 cents will secure the services of any member of Our Family.

Diamond Dyes

Madam Conway awaited the arrival of the train, which came at last, and in a short time she found herself again in Worcester. Once in a carriage and on her way to the "Ray State," she began to feel a little nervous, half-wishing she had followed Maggie's advice, and left Theo alone. But it could not now be helped, and while trying to think what she should say to her astonished grandfather, she was set down at the door of the hotel, slightly bewildered and a good deal perplexed, a feeling which was by no means diminished when she learned that Mr. and Mrs. Douglas were both out of town.

"Where have they gone, and when will they return?" she gasped, untying her bonnet strings for an easier respiration.

To these queries the clerk replied that he believed Mr. Douglas had gone to Boston on business; that he might be at home that night; at all events, he would probably return in the morning; she could find Mr. Warner, who would tell her all about it. "Shall I send for him?" he continued, as he saw the scowl upon her face.

"Certainly not," she answered, and taking the key, which had been left in his charge, she repaired to Theo's rooms and sinking into a large easy-chair, fanned herself furiously, wondering if they would return that night, and what they would say when they found her there. "But I don't care," she continued, speaking aloud and shaking her head very decidedly at the excited woman whose image was reflected by the mirror opposite, and who shook her head as decidedly in return. "George Douglas has deceived us shamefully, and I'll tell him so, too. I wish he'd come this minute!"

But George Douglas knew well what he was doing. Very gradually he was imparting to Theo a knowledge of her husband, and Theo, who really loved her husband, was learning to prize him for himself and not for his family. Feeling certain that the fireman's master would bring his mother to town, and knowing that Theo was not yet prepared to see her, he was greatly relieved at Madam Conway's sudden departure, and himself purposely left home, with the intention of staying away until Friday night. This, however, Madam Conway did not know, and very impatiently she awaited his coming, until the lateness of the hour precluded the possibility of his arrival, and she retired to bed, but not to sleep, for the city was full of firemen, and one company, failing of finding lodgings elsewhere, had taken refuge in an empty carriage shop near by. The hard, bare floor was not the most comfortable bed imaginable, and, preferring the bright moonlight and open air, they made the night hideous with their noisy shouts, which the watchmen tried in vain to hush. To sleep in that neighborhood was impossible, and all night long Madam Conway vibrated between her bed and the window, from which latter point she frowned wrathfully down upon the red coats below, who, scoffing alike at law and order as dispensed by the police, kept up their noisy revel, shouting lustily for "Chelsea, No. 4," and "Washington, No. 2," until the dawn of day.

"I wish to mercy I'd gone home!" sighed Madam Conway, as weak and faint she crept down to the breakfast table, doing but little justice to anything, and returning to her room pale, haggard and weary. Ere long, however, she became interested in watching the crowds of people, who at an early hour filled the streets, and when at last the different fire companies of the State paraded the town in a seemingly never-ending procession, she forgot in a measure her trouble and drawing her chair to the window, sat down to enjoy the brilliant scene, involuntarily nodding her head to the stirring music, as troop after troop passed by. Up and down the street, as far as the eye could reach, the sidewalks were crowded with men, women and children, all eager to see the sight. There were people from the city and people from the country, the latter of whom, having anticipated the day for weeks and months, were now unquestionably enjoying it.

Conspicuous among these was a middle-aged woman, who elicited remarks from all who beheld her, both from the peculiarity of her dress and the huge blue cotton umbrella she persisted in hoisting, to the great annoyance of those in whose faces it was thrust, and who forgot in a measure their vexation when they read the novel device it bore. Like many other people who can sympathize with the good woman, she was always losing her umbrella, and at last, in self-defense, had embroidered upon the blue in letters of white: "STEAL ME NOT, FOR FEAR OF SHAME. FOR HERE YOU SEE MY OWNER'S NAME: 'CHARITY DOUGLAS.'"

As the lettering was small and not very distinct, it required a close observation to decipher it; but the plan was a successful one, nevertheless, and for four long years the blue umbrella had done good service to its mistress, shielding her alike from sunshine and from storm, and now in the crowded city it performed a double part, preventing its nearest neighbors from seeing, while at the same time it kept the dust from settling on the thick green veil and leghorn bonnet of its owner. At Betty Jane's suggestion she wore a hoop to-day on Theo's account, and that she was painfully conscious of the fact was proved by the many anxious glances she cast at her choicest colored muslin, through the thin folds of which it was plainly visible.

"I wish I had left the pesky thing to hum," she thought, feeling greatly relieved when at last, as the crowd became greater, it was broken in several places and ceased to do its duty. From her seat near the window Madam Conway caught sight of the umbrella as it swayed up and down amid the multitude, but she had no suspicion that she who bore it thus aloft had even a better right to sit where she was sitting. In her excitement she had forgotten Mrs. Douglas's intended visit, to prepare Theo for which she had returned to Worcester, but it came to her at length, when, as the last fire company passed, the blue umbrella was closed and the leghorn bonnet turned in the direction of the hotel. There was no mistaking the broad, good humored face which looked so eagerly up at "George's window," and involuntarily Madam Conway glanced under the bed with the view of fleeing thither for refuge.

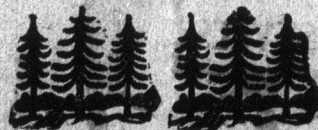
"What shall I do?" she cried, as she heard the umbrella on the stairs. "I'll look her out," she continued; and in an instant the key was in her pocket, while, trembling in every limb, she awaited the result. Nearer and nearer the footsteps came; there was a knock upon the door, succeeded by a louder one, and then, as both these failed to elicit a response, the handle of the umbrella was vigorously applied. But all in vain, and Madam Conway heard the discomfited outsider say: "They told me Theodosy's grandmother was here, but I guess she's in the street. I'll come again by-and-by," and Mrs. Douglas senior walked disconsolately down the stairs, while Madam Conway thought it doubtful whether she gained access to the room that day, come as often as she might.

Not long after the gong sounded for dinner, and unlocking the door, Madam Conway was about descending to the dining-room, when the thought burst upon her, "what if she should be at the table? It is just like her."

The very idea was overwhelming, taking from her at once all desire for dinner, and returning to her room, she tried, by looking over the books, and examining the carpet, to forget how hungry and faint she was. Whether she would have succeeded is doubtful, had not an hour or two later brought another knock from the umbrella, and driven all thoughts of eating from her mind. In great silence she waited until her tormentor was gone, and then wondering if it was not time for the train, she consulted her watch. But alas! 'twas only four; the cars did not leave until six, and so another weary hour went by. At the end of that time, however, thinking the depot preferable to being a prisoner there, she resolved to go; and leaving the key with the clerk, she called a carriage and was soon on her way to the cars.

(To Be Continued.)

## Dr. Wood's



## Norway Pine Syrup

Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Gravel, Asthma, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, Etc.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes: "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of Dr. Wood's NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold. Price—25 Cents."

**DIET FOR MEN AND WOMEN.**  
Use this diet for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of the mucous membranes. Prevents Constipation. The Diet consists of: 1. Cold water, 2. Cold cream, 3. Cold milk, 4. Cold butter, 5. Cold eggs, 6. Cold fruit, 7. Cold vegetables, 8. Cold meat, 9. Cold fish, 10. Cold poultry, 11. Cold game, 12. Cold wine, 13. Cold beer, 14. Cold spirits, 15. Cold oil, 16. Cold honey, 17. Cold sugar, 18. Cold salt, 19. Cold vinegar, 20. Cold vinegar.

If all is fair in love the blonde should rejoice.



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WASH BASINS, 20c.  
PUDDING DISHES, 15c.  
WATER PAILS, 50c.

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