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We have just put in, at great expense, a **WONDERFUL MACHINE**, heated by steam, for only passing through the rollers once; the result—work is **ELASTIC, 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.

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

**IT IS A FINE THING**  
to have bright, clean Carpets in the house. We can clean your carpets very thoroughly by our new Hygienic method and will return them to you as clean and bright as a new pin.  
**The Chatham Carpet Cleaning and Rug Manufacturing Works**

**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.**  
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**The Chatham Loan and Savings Co.**  
Capital, \$1,000,000.  
INCORPORATED, A.D. 1881.  
**Money to Lend on Mortgages**  
Apply personally and secure best rates and low expenses. Deposits of \$1 and upwards received and interest allowed.  
Debentures issued for three, four or five years with interest. Coupons payable half yearly. Executors and Trustees authorized by Act of Parliament to invest Trust Funds in the Debentures of this Company.  
S. F. GARDINER, Manager.  
Chatham, November 30, 1903.

**Upholstering**  
Geo. E. Embrey  
can be found in future at C. Austin & Co's. Dry Goods Store. Orders for Upholstering and Carpet Laying will have prompt attention.  
**Geo. E. Embrey**  
A Few Doors West of Post Office.

**WE HAVE ON HAND A LARGE SUPPLY OF**  
**LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE, CUT STONE,**  
etc. All of the best quality and at the **LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.**  
**J. & J. OLDBERSHAW**  
A Few Doors West of Post Office.

**RUBBER STAMPS**  
ARE PROMPTLY FURNISHED AT  
**THE PLANET OFFICE**  
Minard's Liniment - Lumberman's Friend.

**Uncle Terry**  
By CHARLES CLARK MUNN  
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To Alice the proposed meeting was a source of dread, and when the carriage called for Albert and herself she was in an excited state of mind. They had barely taken their seats in the box when the usher knocked, and Blanch, followed by the rest of the family, entered. That young lady greeted Alice with an effusive kiss, and the next in-



Mrs. Nason began chatting with Alice. Instant she found herself shaking hands with a rotund and gray haired lady of dignified bearing, but of kind and courteous manner. An introduction to Edith followed, and then Frank acknowledged her polite "How do you do, Mr. Nason?" with his very best bow.

Mrs. Nason began chatting with Alice in the pleasantest way and with seemingly cordial interest in all she said, while Blanch kept quiet and Edith devoted herself to Albert. It was after the second curtain when Mrs. Nason said: "I must insist that you divide your visit with us, Miss Page, and allow us to return a little of your hospitality. Of course I understand that your brother comes first, and rightly, too, but we must claim a part of your time."  
"I had promised myself one or two evenings at your home," Alice answered quietly, "but I do not feel that I ought to desert Bertie more than that."

Then, for the first time, Blanch put in her little word: "Now, do not offer your brother an excuse. I have been anticipating your promised visit for a long time, and no brother is going to rob me of it. I shall come around tomorrow forenoon, and if you are not ready to go back with me, bag and baggage, I will just take your baggage, and then you will have to come."  
"I do not see why you cannot see your brother and visit with him just as well at our house," put in Mrs. Nason. "He is always welcome there."  
Alice turned to her brother, remarking: "It is nice of you to insist, and I am more than grateful, but it must be as he says." Then she added prettily, "He is my papa and mamma now, and the cook and captain hold and mate of the Nancy brig as well."  
"I will stir up a mutiny on the Nancy brig if he does not consent," laughed Blanch, "so there is an end to that, and you must be ready at 10 tomorrow."

**I CURE RHEUMATISM**  
If I Do Not, It Does Not Cost You a Penny.



When you suffer the terrible pains and distresses of rheumatism—get my Rheumatism Cure. It will relieve your pains immediately and effectually drive the disease from your system.  
A twenty-five cent vial at your druggist's will show you the extraordinary power of these remarkable pellets. If they do not cure you absolutely I refund your money.—Munyon, 1061  
**MINARD'S LINIMENT - LUMBERMAN'S FRIEND.**

**CHAPTER XXXIX.**

**B**LANCH had kept her threat and literally taken possession of her new friend and installed her in the guest room of the Nason residence. To be taken in hand, as it were, by a cultured and wealthy young lady, and to have a liveried and obsequious coachman on duty to convey them anywhere and everywhere was a new experience. It was not long ere Alice began to feel her self quite at home in the Nason family and to notice that Mrs. Nason treated her in a motherly way.  
"I see that you are fond of your little charges," she said, after Alice had described her school and some of the peculiarities of her pupils who were outgrown roundabouts or calico pinafores, "and I suppose they grow fond of you as well."  
"I try to make them," replied Alice, "and I find that is the easiest way to govern them. I seldom have to punish any one. In a way, children are like grown people, and a little tact and a few words said in the right way are more potent than fear of punishment."  
"And do you not find life in so small a place rather monotonous?" asked Mrs. Nason.  
"Oh, yes," replied Alice, "it is not much like city life. It is delightful to have the news and the excitement of social duties, as I imagine you have all the time, and yet I am not sure I should like it. I fancy once in a while I should sigh for a shady spot in the woods in summer where I could read a book or hear the birds sing. It is only in winter that I should like to live in the city."

Alice's stay in Boston passed rapidly until only two days were left, when Blanch said to her: "I have invited a few of my friends here to meet you to-night, and I want you to sing for me."  
"Oh, please do not ask that," replied Alice hastily, "I do not sing well enough."  
"But you sing in church, and that is much harder," answered Alice, smiling. "Not one in ten of those country people know one note from another. Here all your friends hear the finest operatic singers, and I would cut a sorry figure in contrast."  
"But you will sing just once to please me, won't you?" pleaded Blanch.  
"I will not promise. I will see how many are here and how my courage holds out."  
When that evening came Blanch waited until Alice had become somewhat acquainted with the little gathering and the reserve had worn away, when she went to her and, putting one arm around her waist, whispered, "Come, now, dear, just one little song; only one to please me." At first Alice thought to refuse, but her pride came to the rescue, and the feeling that she would show her friend that she was not a timid country girl gave her the needed courage, and she arose and stepped across the room to the grand piano that stood in one corner. Her cheeks were flushed, and a defiant curl was on her lips, and then without a moment's hesitation she seated herself and sang "The Last Rose of Summer." She had sung it many, many times before, and every trill and expletive quivered on the music of the brook where she had played in childhood. She sang as she never had before, and to an audience that listened entranced. When the last sweet note had passed her red lips, she arose quickly and returned to her seat. Two little tears stole out of Mrs. Nason's eyes, to be quickly brushed away with a priceless bit of lace. Sweet Alice, the moonless little country girl, had from that moment entered the heart of Mrs. Nason. When the applause had subsided, it was Frank that next pleaded.  
"Won't you sing one for me now, Miss Page?" he asked. "I bought the song I wanted today." And, going to the piano, he unrolled and spread upon the music rack—"Ben Bolt!"  
"But I only consented to sing once for Blanch," Alice replied, "and there are others here who I am sure can do much better."  
"Come, please," he said coaxingly, "just this one for me." And once more Alice touched the keys.  
Back to a simply furnished parlor in Sandgate, with its lamp on the piano and open fire burning brightly as it had one year ago, went two of that company in thought, and maybe others there, whose youth had been among country scenes, were carried back to them by the singer's voice and saw a byway schoolhouse "and a shaded nook by a running brook" in fancy, or perhaps a little white stone in some grass grown corner, where "obscure and alone" lay a boyhood's sweetheart! All the paths of our lost youth are trilled in the voice of Alice Page as she sang that old, old song. Not one in that little audience but was entranced by the winsome witchery of her voice and for the moment was young again in thought and feeling. When the guests had departed Mrs. Nason turned to Alice and, taking her face in her hands, exclaimed, "I want to kiss the lips that have brought tears to my eyes tonight."  
The last evening of her visit she de-

ided to spend with her brother, and when she came to his abode to her hostess that much dreaded haughty mother had resolved herself into a charming lady.  
"It is odd, Bertie," she said to her brother that evening when they were alone together, "how different people seem when one comes to know them. From one or two things which you have said and an admission that Frank made a year ago I felt I should be sure to hate his mother, and now I think she is perfectly lovely."  
"So she is to those she likes," answered Albert. "You carried her heart by storm last evening as well as the rest of the company. I never heard you sing so well."  
"I am glad I didn't break down, anyway," she replied, "for when I touched the piano my heart seemed in my mouth."  
For an hour they discussed the Nasons, while Albert noticed his sister avoided any mention of Frank, and then he said: "Well, sis, which of the places we have looked at do you think I best engage, and when will you be ready to move?"  
Alice pursed her lips and looked at the shipwreck scene near her as if it contained a revelation.  
"I am not so sure," she answered finally, "that we should make the change at present. If I were certain your beautiful wife of the sea would

adhere to her filial resolution, it would be different. If you secure this legacy for her that you told me about and she donates it to those old people, as you say she intends to, the next thing will be an invitation to my dear brother's wedding. That is one reason why I hesitate to make this change. Another is that I do not think it would be good for Aunt Susan. She says she is willing, but when she has left all the associations of her life behind she will just sit and grieve her poor old heart away in silence."  
"My dear sister, have you considered Frank in your calculations?"  
Alice's blue eyes assumed an expression like unto a pansy and her face the placidity of a mill pond as she answered, "I had quite forgotten his existence!"  
(To Be Continued.)



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**PSORIASIS AND ECZEMA**  
Milk Crust, Scalded Head, Tetter, Ringworm and Pimples  
COMPLETE TREATMENT

**For Torturing, Disfiguring Humours, From Pimples to Scrofula, From Infancy to Age.**  
The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of the scalp, as in scalded head; the facial disfigurement, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven beyond all doubt. No statement is made regarding them that is not justified by the strongest evidence. The purity and sweetness, the power to afford immediate relief, the certainty of speedy and permanent cure, the absolute safety and great economy have made them the standard skin cures and humour remedies of the civilized world.  
Complete treatment for every humour, consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse the skin, Cuticura Ointment to heal the skin, and Cuticura Resolvent Pills to cool and cleanse the blood may now be had of all druggists. A single set is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning and scaly humours, eczema, rashes and irritations, from infancy to age, when all else fails.  
Cuticura Resolvent Pills are in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap are sold throughout the world. Exporters: London, S. Charles; New York, J. B. Rose; Paris, Australia, J. Charles & Co.; Sydney, Boston, J. F. Columbia Ave.; Perth, J. B. Rose; Hong Kong, J. B. Rose.  
Send for "How to Cure Every Humour."  
Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

**HAIR TONICS.**  
Remedies That the Hairdressed Man Was Advised to Try.

"Take half a dozen white potatoes," said the barber, "and pare them lengthwise, from end to end, instead of crosswise, as is usual. Boil them in a quart of water. Drain the water off into a bottle and add a teaspoonful of salt. This liquid, this simple compound of boiled potato water and salt, will, if it is rubbed into the scalp three times a week, change a thin, moth-eaten head of hair into a thick and vigorous crop."  
The bald listener laughed.  
"Potato water is a new one," he said scornfully.  
"New and fine," returned the barber. "Do you see how good my hair is? Well, it was nearly as bald as you are once. I used potato water three times a week for three months. Look at the result."  
"I'll tell you some of the tools that have been recommended to me," said the baldhead.  
"First, coal oil—coal oil rubbed in to the scalp every night before retiring. Can you imagine any man sinking a coal oil drenched head among his pure white pillows?"  
"Sage tea. I made some sage tea once, and the mixture had so vile and forbidding a look that I could not apply it."  
"Onion juice. That no doubt is a good tonic. But what would my friends say if I should always be thrusting under their noses a head scented with onions?"  
"Black molasses. One man actually advised me last year to try black molasses."  
"Hemlock soap and vinegar. That is a tonic that a Hamilton barber swears by. Seaweed and apple seeds boiled in sea water is a sailor's recipe. Handful tea, plantain tea and a tea made of honeysuckle are the tonics that a Toronto masseur suggested to me."

**Playing Cards.**  
The invention of playing cards has been attributed to the Chinese, Hindus, Arabians and Romans, but cards as now used were invented by Jacques Gringonneur, a painter, in Paris in the fourteenth century. They were supposed to have been first made for the amusement of Charles VI. of France, who was deranged. The French had particular names for the twelve court cards. The four kings were David, Alexander, Caesar, and Charley; the four queens, Angeline, Esther, Judith and Pallas; the four knaves, or knights, Ogier the Dane, Lancelot, La Hire and Hector de Garland. Cards seem originally, however, to have been taken to England direct from Spain, having probably been introduced into that country by the Moors; the clubs in Spanish cards not being trefoils, as with us, but cudgels—that is, bastos—the spades, or swords, espadas. They were at first stamped from wood blocks in outline and filled in by hand, but after the invention of engraving the best artists engraved them on copper and struck them off in brass, silver, and gold. Spades, clubs, hearts, diamonds, and roses, hearts, human figures opposed to those of flowers and animals were the ancestors of court cards.

**The Chimney Swift.**  
One of the popular errors concerning the chimney swift is the belief that it is a swallow, and it is called the chimney swallow by nine-tenths of the people. As a matter of fact, however, it is not even closely related to the swallows, being much more nearly akin to the humming birds and the gnat-catchers. Like birds of the latter class, swifts feed on insects which they capture on the wing. Their powers of flight are marvelous, while on foot they are practically helpless. Their wings have been developed to a wonderful degree, but their feet, through disuse, have become weak and quite useless for purposes of locomotion. Their toe nails are sharp, however, and enable them to cling securely to the inside of a chimney, and when, for any reason, a nest gives way and falls down, as it often does, the young birds, if not too small, scramble up to the top of the chimney to be held by their parents until they are able to shift for themselves.

**Plants in Treating the Sick.**  
"Growing plants, and especially odoriferous flowering plants, are of the greatest value in the treatment of the sick," said Dr. Frances Bartlett.  
"As long as the plants are kept moist they will diffuse moisture, and they undoubtedly have the power to produce ozone. Some plants will vaporize the atmosphere to the amount of three times their own weight in a day. In this way the atmosphere of a sick-room can be made of the greatest benefit. The only dangerous plants to place in a sick-room are those which give off unpleasant odors. Why send consumptives to Colorado to benefit by the climate when we can bring that climate into their homes by the simple expedient of having growing plants in their rooms? Care should be exercised in regard to cut flowers. They should not be left in the rooms at night. They throw off carbon dioxide, but during the daytime the amount of oxygen they produce neutralizes the harmful effects."

**A Race of Dwarfs.**  
From Bangkok comes the interesting news that a new race of dwarfs has been discovered in Siam. They inhabit the Chacha Province, on the Burma frontier, and are a nomad race, not even possessing tents, while all their domestic utensils are of bamboo. Their numbers are estimated at from 4,000 to 5,000.  
**Late Hours and Drunkenness.**  
The closing of the Glasgow public houses on Saturday at 10 instead of 11 o'clock, under the powers now vested in Scottish Justices, has led to an immediate reduction of 50 per cent in the police cases of drunkenness.

**Bu-Ju**  
**THE KIDNEY FILL**  
Cures Rheumatism and all other maladies resulting from Disordered Kidneys. Guaranteed.  
All druggists; box 50 pills, 50 cents.  
Refuse Substitutes.  
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**NERVOUS DEBILITY CURED TO STAY CURED**  
WARNING SIGNALS—Nervousness, bashfulness, poor memory, pimples on the face, aching back, cold feet and hands, no ambition or energy, tired mornings, poor appetite, sympathetic dreams at night, fits of depression, morose and sullen temper, restless and suspicious, specks before the eyes, desire for solitude, inability to fix the attention, etc. YOU HAVE NERVOUS DEBILITY. Don't neglect it. It is only a step to paralysis or complete loss of manhood. No matter the cause—whether indiscretion in youth, excess in manhood or business worries—OUR VITALIZED TREATMENT WILL CURE YOU.  
YOU CAN PAY WHEN CURED.  
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To add Another Leaf to Our History of Value-Giving, we put on Sale a Line of **EXTENSION TABLES** which represent all that is correct and good in the art of furniture making. Many styles are shown in Golden Finish Oak. These are strong and massive and handsomely carved. They extend easily and the leaves fit perfectly.  
We are showing some of Ash, which are strong, well made and useful pieces of furniture at very low prices.  
**THE McDONALD FURNITURE CO., Limited**

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Call in a physician when you want a lawyer.  
But that would not be more extraordinary than the choice of an inexperienced individual as Executor or Trustee. That is a business to itself.

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We keep the best in stock at right prices.  
**JOHN H. OLDBERSHAW,**  
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Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.