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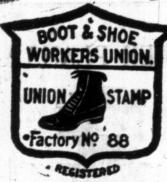


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***************** AN HUMBLE ********

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There was a silence of two or three minutes, and Melvin's thoughts had drifted back to Beckett's Mill and to the little scene there that day in which he had been a participant. And in the center of that scene there was one figure that stood out boldly and distinctly from all the rest. What the others said or what the others did he did not know or care, but every word uttered by Louisa Banks and her every movement and every look was as vividly before him now as it had been at that time. Nor was this strange, for to him she was the only living reality there. The rest were only so many figures whose trivial deeds and existence

were unworthy of a thought. He recalled the expression on her face at the moment when her eves met his, and now it was a wonder to him how he had ever managed to hold himself so well in check as not to betray even a hint of the great, consuming passion that filled his heart.

Suddenly his wandering thoughts were recalled by Turner, who renewed the conversation by opening up a new

"Mr. Melvin," he said, "I reckon you ain't one of them doggoned overly nice an finicky sort of chaps who are so dad blamed hard to please that they lest put ever'body all up on edge?" "Why, I don't think I'm particularly hard to please," Melvin replied. "I try

not to be, at least." "That's kind of the way I figgered you out, but you know a body can't always tell about folks. Sometimes a feller's figgerin don't turn out nothin like right. One time I got pow'ful fooled on one of them doggoned pill peddlers, an I been a little mite shy of

folks ever since.' "How was that about the pill ped-

"Why, it was this a-way. He rode up to the fence thar one night an wanted to know if he could stop, jest for all the world like you done while ago. He was in sich a fizz an a stew that he wouldn't tell me nothin sca'cely an 'peared like he didn't want to answer nary a question I asked him, though the Lord knows I ain't no hand to inquire into other folks' business an ask fool questions 'bout things that don't consarn me. You know that's so, I jedge,

from what you've seed of me?" Melvin smiled, but with reckless hardihood replied:

"Oh, certainly!" "Waal," Turner went on, "that thar pill peddler 'lower he was jest bound to stop yere, an stop he did. But, oh. my land, what a bother an a pester be was! Staid most a month, I gue that whole endurin time he was forever an eternally a-grumblin an findin fault. Wa'n't never satisfied with nothin. The very fust thing he done was to raise a furse 'cause he had to sleep in the bed with the hired man,

"You are not keeping a bired man now, are you?" Melvin asked, a little anxiously.

"No, not now, I ain't. But, as I was goin to say, when we tried to humor



"Know Sim Banks!" that feller by puttin him to sleep the next night with three of the children he kicked up a wuss furse than ever. Reckon the blame fool wanted a whole

bed to hisself." "And if he was here now," Melvin said eagerly, "you could give it to him,

couldn't you?" "Yes, we could now, since the hired man's gone," Turner answered, and Melvin drew a long breath of relief. "Like enough, though," Turner added, "if we'd give him a whole bed the next thing he'd been askin for a room all to hisself. I wouldn't 'a' put it a bit a-past him to act jest that miserable unreasonable."

"You-could you give him a room all to himself now?" "Waal, practically. Wouldn't be no-

body in thar with him 'ceptin a couple of the boys."

Melvin's face lengthened. "Then he didn't like it," Turner continued, "'cause he had to go out to the oump ever mornin to wash his face Lowed he ort to have it fixed so's he could wash right in the room whar he slept. Ever hear of sich a crank? But that wa'n't all. No, sir-ee! Next he figgered that he didn't like to use the same towel we all used, but wanted one all to hisself. But on top of all that foolishness he was so blamed particular about his things. Got mad 'cause me an the hired man wore some of his clothes an 'cause my old woman

BLUNDER tried our

Artery Severed While Undergoing an Operation-No Longer Necessary to Use the Knife for

Saturday's paper contained the ac count of an accident whereby a young lady lost her life. While undergoing an operation the surgeon's knife slipped, an artery was sever-ed, and before the surgeon knew the result of his error the patient was in a dying condition.

Every surgical operation is attended with great risk to life as well as being a severe strain on the nervous system and an expensive method of treatment. Doctors formerly recommended an operation as the cure for piles, but that day is past, since Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven its absolute control over every form of itching, bleeding and protruding

Physicians who are considerate of the well-being of their patients do not hesitate to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment, and only those having a mania for operations claim that cruel method as the proper treatment. By promptly stopping the distressing itching and burning Dr. Chase's Ointment brings quick and lasting re

Rev. S. A. Duprau, Methodist minister, Consecon, Prince Edward County, Ont., states:-"I was troubled with itching and bleeding piles for years, and they ultimately at-tained to a very violent form. Large lumps or abscesses formed so that it was with great difficulty and considerable pain that I was able stool. At this very severe crisis I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but had little or no faith in as I had tried various remedies before and to no purpose.

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Dr. Chase's Ointment has been en dorsed by more people, including doctors and professional men, than any similar preparation the world ever known. It is the standard oint-ment the world over, and positively the only actual cure for piles. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

got out his watch for the children to play with. Yes. sir-ee! That's jest the sort of a unreasonable, finicky blame cuss that feller was, an I'm doggoned glad you ain't nothin like him shore." When Turner had finished, there was offer, and he felt that there was no necessity for him to say anything. He had his own opinion, however, of Turner's ideas of hospitality, but he was under the impression that it would be just as well if he kept that opinion to himself. He was sure Turner would not feel any kindlier or more friendly toward him if he should give utterance to his thoughts.

So when after a long pause Melvin finally spoke it was on another and an entirely different subject. A little diffidently, as if he knew he was approaching dangerous ground, he said: "I presume, Mr. Turner, you are acquainted with a man named Banks, who lives over at Beckett's Mill?"

"Who-Sim Banks?" Turner ques-"I think so-a tall man with red hair

"Oh, it's Sim!" Turner interrupted. "It's bound to be him, 'cause thar ain't no other Banks thar."

"You know him, then?" "Lord, me know Sim Banks! Why, what a dern fool question! Do you reckon I know myself? Know Sim Banks! Why, Lord a-massy, man, I've knowed that chap ever since he was knee high to a grasshopper. Yes,

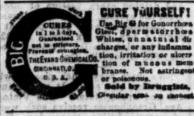
"He's married, I believe?" "To be shore. Yes, Sim's married." "And happy, I presume?" "Happy as some, I reckon."

There was a short pause. Then Mel

"I saw Banks and his wife today over at Beckett's Mill. I don't know, of course, that it is so, but it appeared to me that they are a mismated pair. What do you think about it?"

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**** Turner looked at Melvin, squinted

his eyes and grinned. "Young feller," he said, "them, two may be mismated for all I know, an they may not, an if they are mismated it ain't none of my doin's, an I ain't

nowise responsible for it." "Certainly not." Melvin admitted, but I thought perhaps you had noticed that the wife is so different from the husband. She appears to be educated and refined, while he does not. Haven't you observed that?" "I hain't blind," Turner replied quiet

ly, "an what I see I see." "Do you think it possible for two people so entirely different to live together happily?"

"I hain't been doin no thinkin along that line, Mr. Melvin. I don't figger that I got any call to." "But you certainly have an idea along

Turner eyed Melvin very narrowly for a moment, then slowly replied: "Young feller, I can't make out that you got any call to worry 'bout Sim Banks an his wife, an I 'low it'd be jest as well for all parties concerned if you didn't do it. I'm a-gittin along up to think of such talk as that?" in years myself, an I ain't lived all my | "You are to think what you please, I life in this world without learnin one or two things. One of the things I've done learnt is never to mix up in no-

body else's business when I ain't got no interest in it, an another thing is never to bother myself 'bout what goes on between a man an his wife. I ain't so blamed smart as some, mebby, nor I ain't no derned idiot asylum, an I know enough to know that 'bout the !most dangerous place a feller kin stick his nose is in between a man an his woman. He'd a dad burned sight better stick it in a steel trap. Yes, sir-ee!

You bet he had." Turner paused, but Melvin offered no reply. Presently the former went on, speaking in all seriousness:

"You are a young feller, Mr. Melvin," he said, "an I guess you ain't had no great experience with the world, so I'll jest risk given you a little piece of advice. Whatever else you do in this life an however many other mistakes you may make, be shore of one thing, an that is don't you ever go an git mixed up in no mess with no other man's wife. No matter what comes nor what goes, don't you ever do no sich a thing as that, for as shore as you do you'll live to see the day when you'll bitterly rue it. You mark my

words for that." Melvin laughed at the old man's seriousness and turned the matter off lightly. He had no intention of going to any dangerous extremes, and he felt that there was no occasion for all this

sermonizing. However, there came a time in after days when those words came home to him with stunning force, and he wished with all his heart that he had heeded them.

CHAPTER VIII. A CRUEL AWARENING.

What did it mean? -This was the question Sim Banks asked himself as he sat there bolding that note in his hands, reading over and over the few lines it contained, What could it mean, and who could have written it?
Though Sim pondered these ques

tions long, he was able to find as answer to them. The whole affair was wrapped in a thick and impenetrable mystery which he could not solve. He felt, however, that there must be some thing dark and unpleasant back of it all, and a sensation of uneasiness took possession of him. After his experi-ences of that day, which had been a day of events in his uneventful life, he was in a state of mind to expect all manner of curious and unaccountable

Could it be possible that Louisa had an important secret that she was keeping hidden from him? Could it be possible that she and some man had formed a friendship, or at least an acquain anceship, the existence of which they had guarded so well that he had never

even so much as suspected it? That the author of the note was a The strong, boid chirography and the language of the note convinced him of that. This much, and this much only,

was clear to him. The thought that his wife and some man should be linked together by a secret which no one else must share made his heart sick. To his mind it smacked of a dangerous and unwarranted intimacy, and it caused him to surmise the possibility of unpleasant things. For the first time in his life

he felt the bitter pangs of jealousy. It did occur to him for a momen that the note might have been written by Melvin, which was very natural considering all that had happened that day and in view of the fact that Melvin was the only strange man who had been at Beckett's Mill for weeks. A little reflection, however, decided him that he would have to look further for the author. Melvin was a total stranger there, so what could Louisa know

of him or his name? Sim said nothing to his wife that night about the note, but the next morning when they were seated at the breakfast table he took the scrap of paper from his pocket and handed it to her, remarking quietly:

"Thar's somethin I found last night, Loueesy, an from what I can make out it must be your'n.'

Louisa reached out and took the note, and as she glanced over it Sim was watching her. He saw the color mount to her face, while her head drooped until her eyes were fixed on her plate. She remained silent, and after a moment's wait he said:

"Loueesy, is that your'n?" There was a short pause. Then she looked up, and instead of answering his question she asked:

"Where did you get it?" "I found it on the floor, where you'd likely dropped it. Is it your'n?"

"Yes, it is," she admitted hesitating-"Then what does it mean, an who is it from?" he demanded almost sternly. "That I cannot tell you," she answer-

ed in low tones.

"Why can't you?" "Because I have no right to tell." "No right to tell anything to your man, your own husband?"

"Not that. You had as well say no more about it." Sim looked at his wife very hard for almost a minute, his face rapidly chang-

ing color and a variety of thoughts flashing through his mind. "Loueesy," he said at last, "that note was wrote by a man, an I want to know what it means. I have a right to

She flashed him a look full of resent-"Whether you have a right to know or not," she replied, "you will never

know from me," "Because, as I have already said, cannot tell you." "Can't tell me? Loueesy, what am

"But what can I think when you and some man have a secret between you

that I ain't allowed to share?" She fixed him with her eyes and with scornful curl of her lips retorted: "And what am I to think when you and some woman have not only one secret, but many secrets, between you that I am not allowed to share?"

He looked at her in astonishment. "Me an some woman have secrets!" he repeated. "What do you mean by

that?" "I mean just what I sag. Last night was not so long ago that you should forget what took place then.' "I don't understand you. I've never had a secret from you in all my life, much less a secret between me an any

woman." "Are you so sure of that?" "I am."

"Then you must have forgotten Mary

Mann." Sim's face flushed instantly, and his head drooped. He had forgotten Mary Mann, but now he remembered her, as well as his meeting with her the night before. It was the memory of that



eeting that made him blush, and he blushed, not for himself, but for her. "And your meeting with her last night," Louisa added after a pause, "Who told you about that?" Sim asked inconsiderately, thus admitting the truth of the charge,
"Then you did meet her?" Louisa

"Yes, but it was not my fault. Who "It doesn't matter who told me. Although you say you have never had a secret from me, I am certain you would never have been the one to tell

me that" To be Continued. Faults in great men tend to

We shall tell you, in a few words, a remarkable story; it would be incredible if it were not absolutely true; the facts, like all facts, are for those who will profit by them:

A young mother, 27 years old, contracted pneumonia in February, 1900; a severe cough followed; then hemorrhages; then consumption.

The doctors-four of them-did their best; no use; they gave her up. Her mother's care-no other care is like it-was useless; her husband exhausted his means for her-he couldn't buy health. Then she gave herself up; home, babies, husband, all that makes life precious, had to be resigned. By August she was confined to her bed most of the time; slowly wasting away. She had her photograph taken with husband and children, that they might not forget her face after she was gone; the mark of death was on it; she even arranged details of her funeral. and selected the pall-bearers. She gave up; the doctors gave up; everybody gave up hope.

In January, 1901, she was led to take Powley's Liquified Ozone; she got better; gained strength, gained weight, gained hope. To-day she is with her family. attending to her household duties; well. Gained 25 pounds in about three months; doing her housework

perfectly well. You may call it a miracle, if you like; we should like to know what you do call it. But we vouch for the facts.

Her name is Mrs. Julia Sheffield, wife of Joseph Sheffield, Zephyr P.O., Scott Township, Ontario County, Ont. We have her legal declaration of the truth of the above statement. We have a similar declaration from her father, William H. Woodruff, of Mount Albert; of her mother, Mary E. Woodruff; of her sister, Ethel May Woodruff; and of John R. Dunn, the husband's employer. What do you think of it?

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