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The New Scale Williams is no such piano. It is loved for itself. The ravishing tone, in all its glorious sweetness, evenness and volume—the sensitive, sympathetic touch—the power and possibilities of this magnificent instrument—make it the delight of the artist, the proudest possession of the home.

The builders of the New Scale Williams make price the last consideration. It is solely a question of superiority at every stage of the work.

The New Scale Williams Piano

is mechanically and architecturally perfect. Its creation from wood and metal is the work of master hands, directed by the deans of the art of piano building.

It is, beyond question, Canada's finest piano, and one of the world's masterpieces. It is the virtuoso's preference—the singer's greatest assistant—the choice of the teacher—the joy of the amateur.

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THE WILLIAMS PIANO

CO. Limited,

Oshawa,

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F. G. BRAGG, Barfoot Block, Fifth Street, Chatham, Ont.

WINNING MISS EDITH.

By James Heclow.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

"Why so glum?" asked Carl Bray as Millie hurried up. "You look as though you had just come from the funeral of your best friend."

"I come from the burial of hopes," she said. "I had a perfectly horrid time with Aunt Edith this morning."

"Doesn't she want a nephew-in-law?" he asked, growing grave.

"When I told her that I had known you for some time and that you wanted permission to call, she answered that I must have shown how much I cared."

"That's no crime," he said softly. "Not that," she agreed, "but she said that if I had known you long enough to care for you and you had not sought her permission to pay attention to me you were not the sort of man to make a good husband and that I must never see you again."

"But she never goes into society," he protested, "and we were in love with each other before it ever occurred to us to ask permission of her to do so."

"I told her all that," answered Millie, "but it did no good. When Aunt Edith has her mind made up, there is no use trying to change it."

"There isn't?" he said, with a snap of his determined jaw. "I'll land the old lady yet. You watch me. So don't worry, dear. I'll make her like me whether she wants to or not. Don't you think I can?" he asked as her face did not relax.

"You're a dear," she said hesitatingly, "but Aunt Edith is awfully stubborn."

"But you don't know how fascinating I can be to old ladies," he insisted. "Sometimes I think I should have done better had I given up my business to become a book agent selling something that appeals to old ladies."

"Aunt Edith hates book agents," she said dolefully.

"Well, I'm not one yet," he laughed. "It will all come out all right."

Millie took comfort from his confidence, but Carl was by no means as certain as he tried to appear. Miss Edith Ormsby was not a person to be easily won. She lived in the past. Life



"WON'T YOU TRY A RIDE?" HE ASKED PLACIDLY.

had stopped for her when the man she was to marry was killed in a railroad wreck.

She had become a recluse in the handsome house at the foot of the Claire street hill. When her sister died and left her little daughter to Miss Edith's care, she had lightened a little the rigors of her life, but she had never gone into society, and she was still of the belief that an honorable suit first made application to the parents of the girl he loved before he sued for her hand.

When Millie confessed that she loved Carl Bray and he had asked that he might see the old lady, she gasped, realizing what would happen, but she had conveyed his request bravely enough, only to be met by a rebuff.

She had been ordered never to see Carl again, and Miss Edith had departed to interview Drina Newhall, who chaperoned Millie when she went out in society.

Carl left the girl with a heavy heart, though his parting was a laughing assurance that all would come right. Almost unconsciously he turned his steps toward the hill. He had half promised to drop over and see how the new coasting bob was working. He and his two small nephews had put a lot of work in the construction of the bobs, and today was the first time there had been a chance to use them.

The Claire street hill was the recognized coasting point. There were no intersecting car tracks, teamsters were used to watching the point, and there was but little traffic.

He found the small boys aglow with pride. By cunningly weighting the sleds the bobs had turned out the fastest on the hill, and Carl readily fell in with their suggestion that he try their speed.

He had made two trips and was preparing for the third when he noticed an old lady standing watching the boys. There was a wistfulness in her eyes that appealed to him, and he stepped up.

"Won't you try a ride?" he asked

pleasantly. "The hill is in splendid shape."

"Nonsense!" was the energetic reply. "I have not ridden on those things since I was a little girl."

"All the more reason you should seek to renew the pleasure," he smiled. "It's great fun."

"The last time I coasted down this hill was in the winter of 1872. I was nineteen then."

"Be nineteen again," he pleaded, held by the look of longing in her eyes. "It's helped me wonderfully today. I'll be careful. Will you come?"

Carl had spoken the truth when he told Millie that he was successful with the old ladies. There were a genial frankness in his manner and an honest look in his face that won regard and confidence. For a moment the old lady hesitated, then with a little laugh she stepped off the curb.

"If any one sees me I shall tell them that you hypnotized me," she warned as, smiling with excitement, she took her place on the seat. Carl took the tiller, and Ben and Bobby gained a running start before they threw themselves on.

They shot down the hill with an easy motion that deceived as to the speed. The trees lining the sidewalk flew past, and twice Carl forged ahead of some other sled, and his passengers echoed the triumphant shouts voiced by the boys.

She rose reluctantly as they at last came to a stop. Her eyes sparkled, and there was a soft flush in her yellow cheeks. "I was nineteen for awhile," she smiled at Carl. "I did not imagine that I should enjoy it so."

"Try it again," he urged promptly. "I'll help you up."

For a moment she wavered; then, accepting the proffered arm, she started back up the hill. They stood chatting at the top while waiting for the boys to drag up the heavy bobs. She told of the old days, while he listened with respectful attention, and once or twice she even joined his good natured banter as some of the boys they had passed came along.

Then the boys arrived with the bobs, and a second time she carefully tucked her skirts about her and prepared for the swift descent. This time three sleds started out together to race. She entered into the spirit of the occasion and nearly lost her balance looking back to see how far behind they were leaving their competitors.

So intent upon the race was she that as the bobs came to a stop she never noticed the horrified young woman standing on the sidewalk until a shocked "Auntie!" attracted her attention.

"Don't you say a word about my rheumatism," she ordered briskly. "This young gentleman has given me back my youth, and you don't have rheumatism when you're only nineteen."

"Want to have a ride, too, Millie?" laughed Carl. His passenger faced him quickly.

"Do you mean to say that you are the young reprobate who has been trying to steal my girl away?" she demanded.

"You've got it all wrong," he explained. "I'm not a reprobate, and I'm not trying to steal Millie. We never expected to leave—that is, unless you want us to."

"And this was all part of a plan to gain my good humor?" she went on. "Believe me," he said earnestly, "I had no idea who you were. It seemed to me that you wanted to take a trip, and it had done me so much good that I wanted you to try it."

For a moment her sharp eyes searched his face. Then she put out her hand.

"I believe you, Carl," she said. "Suppose you come home with Millie and me and talk it over. I suppose that even courtships are different nowadays, so I shall not hold that against you."

Carl lingered in the hall to struggle with his overcoat and to whisper to Millie, "I told you so." Miss Edith heard the soft sound that followed, but she only smiled indulgently, for Carl had won two hearts instead of one.

The following anecdote is related of Judge Thornton, who was chief justice of the court of common pleas in New Hampshire and judge of the superior court of the state in the eighteenth century.

While he was presiding in the common pleas a counsel who was making the closing argument to the jury in a protracted case on a warm afternoon discovered that the presiding judge on the bench was absorbed in reading a book, and his associate was soundly sleeping by his side. The advocate turned to the jury and, with indignant emphasis, remarked, "Gentlemen, my unfortunate client has no hope but in your attention, since the court in his wisdom will not condescend to hear his case!" Of course there was no sleeping on the bench after that, but Judge Thornton looked up from his book and remarked: "When you have anything to offer Mr. —, which is pertinent to the case on trial the court will be happy to hear you. Meantime I may as well resume my reading."

Doubtless He Did So.

A certain young preacher was much disliked by his congregation for his foolishness and conceit. He considered himself greatly persecuted and, meeting an old German friend of his on the street one day, began to tell his woes, ending up by saying: "And Mr. Brown, the church warden, actually called me a 'perfect ass.' My cloth prevents me from resenting insults, but I think I should refer to it in the pulpit next Sunday. What would you advise?"

"Mend friend!" said the old German, with a twinkle in his eye. "I know not, but I think that all you can do will be to yout to bray for dem as usual!"—Lippincott's.

LARDER LAKE UNDERWRITERS' SYNDICATE.

We extend an invitation to investors to join us in taking over the first issue of shares, which we have agreed to purchase of the Larder Lake Blue Bell Gold Mines, Limited, at the first ground floor price of 10 cents per share. The Company has just been organized and will be managed by experienced mining men of highest standing. The Company owns 27 well located gold claims, 1,080 acres in all, which have yielded extraordinary gold values, located in the new gold district of Larder Lake, 60 miles north of Cobalt, New Ontario, which will be systematically developed. All investors who join us will share in profits from this ground floor basis, participating in an immediate profit or increase in market value of shares of 500 per cent. On or about May 15th Law & Co. will, in their customary vigorous manner, place these shares upon the market by judicious advertising throughout Canada and the United States, at fifty cents per share. All who join us will share with us in the profits therefrom.

The Trust and Guarantee Company, 14 King street west, Toronto, will act as Trustees for the Underwriters' Syndicate, in receiving and holding the shares and issuing receipts therefor and also as Registrars and Transfer Agents for the Company.

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14 KING STREET, WEST,

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Building, Toronto, Ont.

DISTRICT

NORTH ORFORD.

Wm. Bateman spent Easter in Detroit.

Miss Causgrove spent part of her holidays visiting friends in Windsor and Walkerville.

Miss Bateman was unfortunate enough to lose her purse, containing a sum of money, on Saturday.

Mrs. Albright left Friday for Highgate.

Miss Clara Schindler spent Easter with Agnes Lafleur, Harwich.

Messrs. McPherson, Hetherington and Bateman attended J. Pumphrey's sale on Wednesday.

Misses Villa Clingersmith and Beatrice Dowd are home now.

Mrs. Allison and sons left on Friday for their home in Pincher Creek, Alberta.

J. Herman, of Detroit, was in the vicinity on business during Easter, with her cousin, Maribelle Hogg, has returned home to Bothwell.

Wm. Gawne intends moving from the Chaplin Farm.

Force of circumstances is a poor excuse for taking a wrong path.

It Cures All Creeds.—Here are a few names of clergymen of different creeds who are firm believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder to "live up to the preaching" in all it claims. Bishop Sweatman, Rev. Dr. Langtry, Episcopalian; Rev. Dr. Withrow and Rev. Dr. Chambers, Methodist; and Dr. Newman, all of Toronto, Canada. Copies of their personal letters for the asking. 50 cents. 90

Sold by W. W. Turner, Chatham.

JEANNETTE'S CREEK.

The farmers are still busy plowing, and some have oats and barley sown. Miss Forbes, R. Venning and W. Boyce were Chatham visitors on Saturday.

The fishermen are asking for extension of time.

Mr. Bechard has the dredge Martin working for him. He is having the grounds around Wedgwood Lodge graded up. He expects to have a very up-to-date summer resort there this summer.

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CHATHAM BRANCH

W. T. Shannon, Manager

BRANCH ALSO AT BLENNHEIM

DARRELL.

A number of farmers are engaged in spraying their fruit trees to kill San Jose Scale.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jinks, of Chatham, visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pugh, over Sunday.

Miss Violet French has returned home, after visiting Miss Maude Campbell, at Kent Bridge, for a few days.

Mrs. Albert Merritt, Mrs. Thomas Brown and daughter, Mrs. Strong and child, of Chatham, visited Mrs. Henry Weaver on Wednesday.

Mrs. James Chinnick and daughter Bessie spent a few days in Chatham last week.

Mrs. Dave Forsyth visited her sister last week.

Miss Irene Weaver visited her sister in Dresden during Easter.

Fall wheat looks more promising since the recent rains, and some of the farmers have commenced seeding.

Judging from the size of Henry Weaver's hot-beds, he is going extensively into the celery business.

DANTE.

Wm. McGaffey, of Zone, met with a serious accident on Monday, having his left hand cut off by a saw at Dante's mill.

Fred Vickery, of Brantford, is re-novating old acquaintances here.

Roy Stocking was a London visitor last week.

Miss Clara Rolston, of London, spent Easter with her parents here.

Fred Bliton passed away at Detroit last Monday, after a lengthy illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods spent a few days in Dresden.

Leslie Broad and his sister, Pearl, are visiting friends in Michigan.

Annie Johnson passed away on Monday last, after a very painful and lingering illness.

Will Cumming, of Rutherford, visited Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Randall on Monday.

Lincoln Burdon's house was burned on Monday morning, with most of the contents and \$150 in money.

Wheat and clover are looking very good in this vicinity.

Jonathan Randle is moving to his new home.

ASK FOR

Labatt's

(LONDON)

Porter

Undoubtedly the best brewed on the continent. Proved to be so by analysis of four chemists, and by awards of the world's great Exhibitions, especially Chicago 1893, where it received ninety-six points out of a possible hundred, much higher than any other Porter in the United States or Canada.

DISTRICT

EAST BRANCH.

The tilling of the soil is not progressing very rapidly in this section, owing to the land being so wet. The fall wheat in this part is considered nearly all killed out.

Herb Dickson, of Beecher, has been engaged putting up some fine wire fences on our Branch.

C. Lynch's sale on Friday last was well attended. Mr. Lynch and family will in future reside in Dresden.

Miss Belle Richardson is confined to her home here through illness, and is unable to take charge of her school at Bear Line this week.

D. Shaw and bride, of Wallaceburg, spent Sunday at Keith, guests at Frank Shaw's.

Mrs. John Mickle spent Thursday at George Mickle's.

Miss J. Richardson, of the 6th concession, spent Sunday at her home.

Mrs. Levi Powers was the guest of Mrs. John Powers on Friday.

John Robinson and family, of Hastings County, who purchased the Lynch property, are moving up here this week. We welcome them to our neighborhood.

CEDAR SPRINGS.

Misses Mary and Lulu Ransom, who have been in Michigan visiting, friends and relatives for the winter, have returned home again.

The Methodist parsonage is to have a new iron fence around it, which will add to the appearance of the place.

George Cleveland, who has purchased a home in the village, has taken possession.

Will Townsend, of the Gore Line, is about ready to raise a new barn. The work will be done by the Claus Bros.

Mr. Ray, our Baptist minister, who has been sick for some time, is able to be around again.

John Hamby, who had the misfortune to get his hand cut with a circular saw, is improving nicely.

Robert McClatchie has men excavating and getting ready for a new cellar under his house.

Bert Claus and his mother arrived in town last week after spending the winter in Bay City.

The fruit men seem to be discouraged over the peach crop this year. Some of them are spraying for San Jose Scale, which is doing great damage to the trees.

The fishermen have been driving stakes and getting ready for the season's fishing in Bay City.

The tobacco buyers have been advising the farmers not to plant too large an acreage of tobacco this year, as they have a large surplus on hand at present.

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Bind together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose.

"Safe Lock" Shingles can't leak.

They are the original interlocking metal shingles and the only ones which leave absolutely no nail holes exposed to the weather. They are proof against lightning, fire and water.

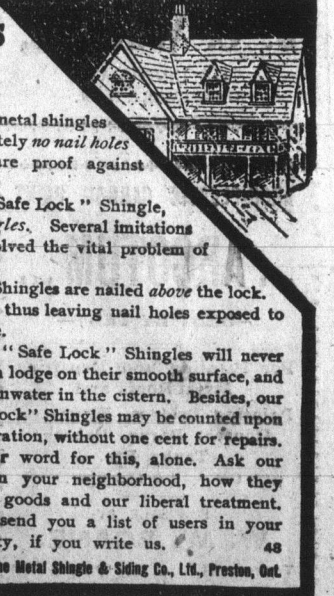
When we first brought out the "Safe Lock" Shingle, other makers were selling cheap shingles. Several imitations have appeared, but they have not solved the vital problem of concealing all the nail holes.

Remember that "Safe Lock" Shingles are nailed above the lock. Others are nailed through the lock, thus leaving nail holes exposed to the drifting snow and moisture.

Being heavily galvanized, "Safe Lock" Shingles will never rust. No dust or dirt can lodge on their smooth surface, and the result is clean rainwater in the cistern. Besides, our galvanized "Safe Lock" Shingles may be counted upon to outlast a generation, without one cent for repairs.

Don't take our word for this, alone. Ask our customers in your neighborhood, how they like our goods and our liberal treatment.

We'll send you a list of users in your county, if you write us.



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