

TO OUR CUSTOMERS.
We have just put in, at great expense, a WONDERFUL MACHINE, heated by steam, work 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.
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It makes a coal or wood stove look like 30 cents.
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Capital, \$1,000,000.
INCORPORATED, A.D. 1881.
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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. GARDNER, Manager.
Chatham, November 30, 1903.

FOR SALE
House and lot on the corner of Victoria Avenue and Amelia Street. The house is in good repair with modern conveniences, including bath electric light and gas. There is also a good cellar, barn and fruit orchard. The lot has 136 feet frontage on Victoria Avenue by 285 feet on Amelia Street, extending to Lydican Avenue, and is the highest location in the city.
The property, if desired, will be divided, making two lots on Victoria Avenue and two on Amelia Street.
Also a lot and frame house with brick foundation, in good repair, on Lydican Avenue.
Also lots Nos. 3 and 4 on Elizabeth Street.
Also a house and two lots on Peter Street, Bothwell, known as the R. Martin property.
Apply to J. C. Fleming, executor of the Estate, at the County Treasurer's Office, Harrison Hall.

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Frame house, two storeys, brick foundation, seven rooms, \$900.
Frame house, two storeys, brick foundation, eight rooms, \$1,100.
100 acre farm in Raleigh, brick house, large barn, stable and other outbuildings. All cleared. About four miles from Chatham, \$7,500.
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Opposite the market.
25 well ventilated rooms. Weekly or table board. Special rates, \$1 per day.
J. W. MILES, Proprietor.

Uncle Terry

CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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CHAPTER XXXVI.
"We will go in my boat," said Telly the next afternoon when she and Albert were ready to start on their trip to the cove, and, unlocking a small annex to Uncle Terry's boathouse, she showed him a dainty cedar craft, cushioned and carpeted. "You may help me launch the Sea Shell," she added smiling, "and then you may steer."

"No, that is the lady's privilege in all voyages," he answered, "and we must begin this one right."
It was a good four mile pull to the mouth of the inlet, and when he helped his fair passenger out he said: "Do you mean to say you rowed up here alone every day to work on that picture, Telly? You will let me call you Telly now, won't you?"

"Why not? All my friends do, and I feel you are my friend." Then she added: "Now I am going to have my revenge and make you pose while I sketch this time. It was the other way before."
"I am glad it is," he said, "for my arms are too tired to use for an hour. How do you want me, flat on the rock fast asleep, the way I was when my boat drifted away?"

"Oh, no, that would look as if you were dead, and as this is to be my reminder of you I want you very much alive." As for the pose she wanted Albert to assume, she could not determine what to do in the position most natural to you here," she said finally, "and must ask you to choose that yourself."
"Let us trim the boat the way mine was that day, and I will sit beside it and smoke while you work."

The idea was adopted, and while Telly sketched he smoked, contented to watch the winsome face, so oblivious to his admiring glances.
"There," she observed, after a half hour of active penciling, "please lay your cigar aside and look pleasant. I want to catch the expression of your face."

When the sketch was completed she asked if he had any suggestions to make.
"Only one. I would like you in the picture and sitting beside me."

"I would rather not be in it," she replied soberly. "I only want to see you as you are here today. It may be a long time before you come to the Cape again."

"Would you like me to come often?"
"Of course," she answered, turning away her face. "It is so lonesome here, and there is no one I care to talk with except father and mother and Aunt Leach and Mandy Oake."

Albert's heart began to beat with unusual speed. Never in his life before had he felt the impulse to utter words of love to any woman. "Telly," he said, "I promised to tell you a little story here today, but it's all said in a few words. I love you, and I want you to share my life and all that I can do to make you happy." A trifle incoherent, but expressive.

For a moment, while the tide of feeling surged through that queen's heart and into her cheeks, even to the tips of her ears, she was silent, and then, as both her hands went to her face, she almost whispered: "Oh, no, no; I cannot! I can never leave father and mother alone here! It would break my heart!"

"But you do care a little for me, don't you, Telly?" he begged, trying to draw her hands away from her blushing face. "Just a little, Telly; only say a little to give me hope."

And then, as one of the hands he was trying to gain was yielded and as he softly stroked and then raised it to his lips, she turned her pleading eyes to him and said: "You won't be angry, will you? And you will come and see me once in awhile, won't you? And let me paint a picture to give you when you come?"

It may have been the pain in his face, added to her own desolation, that overcame all else, for now she bowed her head, and the tears came.
"I thank you for so much, Telly," he answered tenderly, "and God bless you for it. I do not give you up and shall not if I have to wait all my life for you. I can be patient if I only have hope." He brushed his face with one hand and, still holding hers, arose and drew her up. Then Albert slyly put his arm around her waist, and as he drew her to him he whispered, "Just one, Telly, my sweetheart, to make this spot seem more sacred."
It was not refused.

"Come out on the point, dear," he said as she tried to draw herself away, "so we can see the ocean better. I will tell you the story I promised last evening." He still held her a half prisoner, and when they were seated

where the waves were beating almost at their feet he began his recital. When he came to that portion in which Frye played a part, and ending in such a ghastly denouement, she shuddered.

"That is the one horrible part of taking your own life," she said, "to think how you will look and what those who find you will say. If I were to do such a thing I should first make sure no one would ever find me."

The remark startled him. "Telly," he said soberly, "do not ever think of such a thing. Would you, whose heart is so loving and tender, burden all those who know you with a lifelong sorrow?"

"No, no, not that way. Only if those who love me were taken I should want to follow them. That is all. Please forget I said it." Then she told him her own brief history, and at last, after much coaxing, a little of the one sorrow of her life.

"Now I know," he said, "why you avoided speaking about the picture of the wreck the first time I came here." Then in a moment he added: "Telly, I want you to give it to me and let me take it away. I want it for two reasons. One is, it gave me the first hint of your life's history. And then I do not want you to look at it any more."

"You may have it," she answered, smiling sadly. "It was foolish of me to paint it."

When the sun was low and they were ready to return he said, "Promise me, sweetheart, that you will try to forget all of your past that is sad and think only of us who love you and to whom your life is a blessing."

That evening he noticed Uncle Terry occasionally watched her with wistful

eyes, and, as on the evening before, both he and Aunt Leach retired early.

"They wish me well," Albert thought. The next day Uncle Terry proposed that Telly should drive to the head of the island in his place.

"I'm sorry you must leave us, Mr. Page," he said when Albert was ready to bid the old folks goodbye. "I wish you could stay longer, but cum ag'in soon, an' remember our latchstring's allus out fer ye."

When the old carryall had made half its daily journey Albert pointed to a low rock and said, "There is a spot I shall always be glad to see, for it was there Uncle Terry first found me."

Telly made no answer. In fact, she had said but little since they started. When they reached the little landing no one else was there. No house was in sight of it, and the solitude was broken only by the tide that softly caressed the barnacled piles of the wharf and the weed covered rocks on either side. No boat was visible adown the wide reach the mainland, and up it came a light sea breeze that barely rippled the flowing tide and whispered through the brown and scarlet leaved thickets back of them. Over all shone the hazy sunlight of October. Telly stood listening and hoping that the boat would be late. A look of sadness came over her face and a more than usually plaintive appeal in her expressive eyes. "I am sorry you are going," she said. "It is so lonesome here, and it will seem more so now."

Then, as if that was a confession he might think unmanly, she added, "I dread to have the summer end, for when winter comes the rocks all around seem like so many tombstones."

Albert put out his hand as if that would aid his appeal, and as his fingers closed over hers he said: "I am going away with a heavy heart, Telly, and when I can come back is hard to say. Will you not promise me that some time, no matter when, you will be my own good and true wife? Let me go away with that hope to comfort me while I work and save for a home for us both. Will you, Telly?"

But the plaintive face was turned away, perhaps to hide the tears. Then an arm stole around her waist, and as he drew her close she whispered, "When I am no longer needed here, if you want me then I will come to you." She was sobbing, her head resting on his shoulder, and as he kissed her unconscious lips a boat's sharp whistle

broke the sacred spell.
"Go a little way back, my darling," he whispered, "until the boat is gone. I do not want any one to see you have been crying."
When her misty eyes could no longer see the boat that bore her heart away, she turned, and all the long, lonely way back love's tears lingered on her lashes.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
THE mountains around Sandgate were aflame with the scarlet and gold of autumn before Alice Page. The summer idyl had passed, and though it left a scar on her heart she had resolutely determined to put the sweet illusion out of her mind. "I was very foolish to let him see that I cared," she thought, "for it can never be, and by and by he will forget me, or if he does think of me it will be to recall me as one of his summer girls who had a fit of silliness."

Her heart ached at times, and in spite of all resolution her fingers would once in awhile stray to the chords of "Ben Bolt." She answered his letters in a cool, matter of fact way. Occasionally, when he referred to his heart hunger and how hard he was studying in hopes that she might think better of him, she wished that he had no purse proud and haughty mother to stand between him and a poor girl, and her next letter would be more chilly than ever. What perhaps was a bitter sweet thought was the fact that the colder she answered him the warmer his next letter would be. He happened to mention once that his mother had spoken of a certain young lady, who belonged to the cream of Boston society, as an eligible match and advised him to show her a little attention. It did not help his cause.

How grateful she was all through those melancholy autumn days that she had a large school to absorb her thoughts. She was having a long and hard fight with her own feelings, and imagined she had conquered them when Thanksgiving time drew near and her brother announced he would run up and spend the day with her. She almost cried for joy at the news, for proud spirited Alice Page was feeling very heart hungry when the letter came. Albert was just a little surprised at her vehement welcome.

"Oh, I have been so lonesome, Bertie," she said when they were alone, "and the evenings drag by so slowly! Then you do not write me as often or such nice letters as formerly, and Aunt Susan never seems to notice that I am blue. If it were not for my school I should go crazy, I think."

"I am very busy these days, sis," Albert replied, "and my mind is all taken up with work. Mr. Nason's business is increasing, and I have many clients besides him." Then he added, "How did you like Blanch Nason?"
"Oh, she was very nice," replied Alice coolly, "and if she were a poor girl and lived here I could easily learn to love her. As it is, it is useless for me to think of her as a friend. It was good of her to pay me a visit, though, and I enjoyed every minute of it."

"And what about Frank? Did he not say a lot of sweet things to you?"
Alice colored.

"Oh, he is nice enough," she answered, "and tried to make me believe he had fallen in love with me, but it won't do any good. I am sure his managing mamma will marry him to some thin girl with a fat purse."

"So that is the way the wind blows, my sweet sister, is it? And yet my possible future law partner has been humming 'Ben Bolt' nearly every day for the past two months! You must have smiled on him very sweetly when he was here."

(To Be Continued.)

**Turn Time Backward.
Be Young Again.**

At last there is hope for the army of young, old and middle-aged men who either through early debility, later excesses or exposure find themselves lacking in virile power. How many of you are facing the harvest of your folly! At last you are face to face with the realization that nature cannot be deceived, neither does it forget the wrong done it, whether through ignorance or otherwise; the punishment always corresponds with the amount of abuse committed. Do not, however, lose hope, as there is a cure, thanks to Dr. Goldberg, the noted specialist, who can give you what is rightfully yours—perfect manhood. If you have stricture, gonorrhea, kidney trouble, heart disease, nervous debility, etc., write at once to Dr. Goldberg, and he will send you his method of curing these diseases free of charge. The doctor has received fourteen diplomas, certificates of medical examiners, and state boards of medical examiners, which would convince you as to his standing and abilities. His acceptance of a case for treatment is equivalent to a cure, as he never accepts an incurable one without a trial, and should you decide to doctor with him you are safe.

Pay When You Are Cured.
The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up, so he has made it a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you, and when you are cured he will send you a bill for the amount of the cure. He is the best doctor of every man who ever lived in this way to write to him. He sends the method, or will send you a booklet on the subject, containing the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him plainly Dr. S. Goldberg, 220 West 4th Ave., Room 32, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free in a plain, sealed envelope.

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