

**A Woman's Shoe**  
should be like herself  
—dainty and delicate  
—yet strong to endure.  
This is the King  
Quality all over. It's  
as pretty as a shoe can be made and as strong also, and  
yet it doesn't look as though it was made for a man.  
People who don't know it, guess  
the price somewhere around \$5, and  
yet it is only \$3.  
Ask to see King Quality.

TRADE MARK  
**KING QUALITY**

Made by J. D. King & Co. Limited, Toronto

**DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN**  
No other Medical Firm in the world has the established reputation for curing  
Men and Women that Drs. K. & K. enjoy. Their New Method Treat-  
ment, discovered and perfected by these Eminent Specialists, has brought joy,  
happiness and comfort to thousands of homes. With 20 years experience in the  
treatment of these diseases they can guarantee to Cure or No Pay—Entire  
refund of money paid. **Varicocele, Stricture, Gleet, Syphilis, Nervous Debility, Sexual and Mental Weakness, Kid-  
ney and Bladder Diseases.** Their guarantees are backed by Bank Bonds.

**MEN'S LIFE BLOOD**  
You may have a secret drain through the urine—that's the reason you feel tired  
out in the morning. You are not rested, your kidneys ache, you feel dependent  
and have no ambition. Don't let your Life Blood be drained away. Drs. K. & K.  
guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

**BLOOD POISON**  
Syphilis is the scourge of mankind. It may not be a crime to have it, for it may  
be inherited, but it is a crime to allow it to remain in the system. Like father-  
like son. Beware of Mercury and Potash treatment. Drs. K. & K. positively cure  
the worst cases or No Pay.

**VARICOCELE & STRICTURE**  
The New Method Treatment cures these diseases safely and surely. No  
pain—no suffering—no detention from business. Don't risk operation and ruin your  
sexual organs. The stricture tissue is absorbed and can never return. Drs. K. & K.  
guarantee Cures.

**Kidneys & Bladder**  
Don't neglect your kidneys. Your aching back tells the tale. Don't let Doctors  
experiment on you. Drs. K. & K. can cure you if you are not beyond human aid.  
They guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

**CURES GUARANTEED. NO CURE NO PAY. Consultation  
Free. Books sent Free, (sealed). Write for Question Blank for Home  
Treatment. Everything Confidential.**

**DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, 148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.**

Ask Your Grocer  
For  
**Eddy's**  
Eagle Parlor Matches, 200  
"Eagle" Parlor Matches, 100  
"Victoria" Parlor Matches, 65  
"Little Comet" Parlor Match  
The Finest in the World.  
No Brimstone  
The E. B. Eddy Co. Limited  
Hull, Canada.

## Are You Going to Paint This Spring?

IF SO, GEO. STEPHENS & CO. HAVE EVERYTHING YOU  
REQUIRE FOR THE PURPOSE.

**ALABASTINE.**  
The largest and most successful paint  
dealers in the world sell Church's Alaba-  
stine. Kalsomine which dries upon  
ceilings and walls, breeds unhealthfulness  
—they peel and scale and rub off easily.  
We recommend it for its healthfulness—the same with  
which it is applied—in durability. Let us show you the strongest beautiful  
this (and white), of Church's Alabastine. (Never sold in bulk.)

**ALABASTINE.**

Our Ready Mixed Paints are fresh and true to sample and we have over sixty shades  
to choose from. Any man, woman, or boy can use them and do just as good work as  
an expert. We have everything in Wall Paper, Kalsomine or Alabastine and Brushes  
of every description to do the work with. Ask for one of our color cards.

**GEO. STEPHENS & CO.**

### "CHARCOAL NOAH."

"Hillo, there, bub! What in crea-  
tion are you sniverin' so for?"  
Though the voice of the speaker had  
a sharp, rasping tone, it was not alto-  
gether unkindly in its accent, and the  
twelve-year-old boy, to whom it was  
addressed, stopped short in his head-  
long course, hastily brushing one of his  
ragged sleeves across his tear-dimmed  
eyes as he faced the other.  
He had a thin, pinched face, and his  
slight figure was clothed in a well-  
worn suit of about three sizes too large  
for him, so that he presented anything  
but a comely appearance. He was fol-  
lowing the wheel-path leading across  
from Denby main road to the vil-  
lage, when he was suddenly accosted  
by him who had stepped from the  
bushes overhanging the pathway.

The latter was a most unpromising-  
looking man, past the prime of life.  
His short, squat figure was attired  
in a suit that was glazed with dirt  
wherever it was not rent with holes  
or patches in a bungling way, evident-  
ly the work of his own clumsy fingers.

"Charcoal Noah" everybody called him  
as far as he was known, and the thick  
layers of dust from the grimy kiln  
showed that he well deserved the  
name.

"I say, bub, what's the matter?" he  
asked, for though the boy had dried his  
tears he had not answered his first  
question.

"The squire has set me a drift, and I  
ain't nowhere to go," replied the boy,  
with trembling lips.

"Air you the young un he got to the  
poor farm—Curley, I believe they call  
him?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' now arter summerin' you an'  
gettin' his fall's work done he thought  
it more in keepin' with his stingy na-  
ture to turn you off than to winter you.  
An' as true as I live, to-day is the 20th  
of November, an' we air bounden sure  
to hev winter set in afore moon  
change."

"It was all on account of Romanzo,  
sir; he lied about me and made his  
father think I had done wrong when  
he was to blame. I tried to do my  
best."

"Nobody can't suit ol' Squire Har-  
den. Why, bub, I ought to know 'th'  
skinfint, root an' branch, seen' all  
th' coal I hev burnt an' carted fer him.  
I suppose you ain't got menny friends  
to go back to?"

"I haven't a relative or a friend in  
the whole world!" exclaimed the boy,  
beginning to cry again.

"That's a lie!" cried the old charcoal  
burner bluntly—at least while ol'  
Noah Danvers lives. Come over to my  
soad palace an' share a livin' with me.  
You're welcome as long as you'll stay."

The boy, who, until we know a bet-  
ter name for him, we must call Curley,  
had often heard of the old charcoal  
burner as a strange, eccentric outcast  
from society, but he was not loath to  
accompany him.

After going a short distance they  
came into a clearing in the growth of  
gray-birches, where a dark cloud of  
smoke and the smell of burning coal  
and wood betokened the vicinity of a  
charcoal kiln. Near by was the queer,  
odd-shaped abode of Charcoal Noah.

This last looked like the roof of a  
small building with the eaves coming  
to the ground. The sides of this A-  
shaped structure were made of inner  
surface of upright sticks covered on the  
outside with a heavy coating of  
sods. One end had been left open, and  
this faced the side of a perpendicular  
ledge at the base of which a fire was  
burning cheerfully. Though the only  
couch the occupant knew was a pile of  
straw, the sod dwelling was first sight  
comfortable than it appeared at first sight.

In such a habitation as this Charcoal  
Noah had passed more than twenty  
years of his life, tending his kilns and  
growing much grimmer and blacker each  
succeeding season, until it was no  
wonder he was almost like a piece of  
charcoal himself.

Friendless and homeless, Curley was  
only too glad to accept of the old man's  
rude hospitality, and he began to do  
such work for him as he could, which  
service was gladly received by the  
other.

So a week passed, and though there  
was every indication of the near ap-  
proach of snow, and wintry weather,  
the old charcoal burner declared he  
must prepare and burn two kilns more  
before he quit.

As the wood had got to be chopped  
for the purpose, this meant consider-  
able of a job, which would take nearly  
two weeks of time. Now, after a kiln  
has been built and set on fire, though  
it is to be continually watched, night  
and day, the old burner had generally  
intended to cut his wood for the fol-  
lowing one during his intervals of  
waiting on the first. The weather, how-  
ever, had prevented him from doing  
this for the preceding days, so Curley's  
helpful watching came in very handy  
for him, as, after a little showing the  
latter managed to tend the kiln al-  
most entirely days. Then during the  
night watches he took his turns in the  
lonely vigils, climbing the sides of the  
smoking kiln whenever it was neces-  
sary and "stamping in" the sods, as  
had to be done so fast as the wood un-  
derneath was charred by the fire so as  
to settle away.

One afternoon there was a visitor to  
the "bush," a Mr. Preston, who bought  
coal and had come over to look at some  
house near the kiln. He was accom-  
panied by Romanzo, who had come  
to show him the way, and his  
own son, about the other's age.

"Whew!" exclaimed Romanzo, at  
sight of Curley, "if here isn't that  
poorhouse boy who ran away from  
father last week, and he has looked  
everywhere for him. Won't father  
wallop him as soon as he can lay hand  
on him, and I shan't forget to tell

Though Curley heard the words  
plainly, he made no reply, wishing at  
the same time Noah would come up  
that way.

"Thought you did a smart thing, run-  
ning away from us, didn't you, you  
lazybones?"

"I didn't run away," replied Curley.  
"Your father said he didn't want me  
any longer."

"Oh, such a story! But perhaps you  
like burning charcoal better. It is  
such nice, clean work! And look,  
Will, see what a fine house they live  
in. Let's take a peep inside."

Knowing Romanzo's meddlesome na-  
ture, Curley followed him and his  
companion to the sod hut, to get there  
just as the first was about to pull their  
straw bed to pieces.

"Stop that!" cried Curley, clutching  
his fists and showing that he was in  
earnest.

"How are you going to help your-  
self?" demanded Romanzo insolently.  
"If I can't I'll call Noah."

Though young Harden was four  
years older than the youthful coal  
burner, he showed by his actions that  
he was somewhat afraid of him, or it  
may be he feared the appearance of  
Noah Danvers, for he left the hut at  
once.

Mr. Preston was down to the coal  
sheds, and Romanzo, looking about as  
if for some mischief he could do, his  
attention became fixed upon the coal  
kiln, when he said:

"Let's see you climb it, Raggy."

"I can't go up now."

"Afraid, eh? You're a pretty coal  
burner! But perhaps you're afraid of  
solting those nice clothes of yours."

"The kiln is too near time for draw-  
ing for anyone to go into it," replied  
Curley, appearing calmer than he real-  
ly felt.

"Bah! you say that because you're  
afraid to. I guess if old Noah knew  
what a little coward you are, he  
wouldn't keep you long. But perhaps  
you will go up now, just to show us  
how spry you are," and catching Cur-  
ley's cap from his head he flung it to  
the top of the kiln.

The cap was an old one, but it was  
all that the poor boy had, and he could  
not afford to lose it. Stiffening the anger  
and grief that he felt, he said:

"I can get it with a pole," and started  
after one that lay on the ground near  
by.

"You are too bad, Romanzo," declared  
Will Preston, who had no sympathy  
with him in this disgraceful affair.

"Think so, do you?" cried the other.  
"Well, while the raggy imp is about it  
he can get two caps as well as one,"  
and without considering what he was  
doing, Romanzo seized the new cap be-  
longing to Will, to toss that upon the  
crest of the smoking kiln.

Without realizing what risk he was  
taking in his excitement over the pros-  
pective loss of his cap, Will rushed up  
the steep, treacherous side of the kiln,  
and though he sunk ankle-deep in the  
dried earth every step, he reached the  
hollow depression on the top where his  
cap lay, half covered by the fine dust  
and cinders.

Then, as he stooped to pick up his  
cap he suddenly felt the footing be-  
neath him yield, and he sunk down-  
ward into the burning pit, with a  
shriek of terror upon his lips.

Curley and Romanzo had witnessed  
this fearful mishap with looks of hor-  
ror, and as the unfortunate youth was  
enveloped in a cloud of fire and smoke  
and cinders the last uttered a cry of  
dismay.

Mr. Preston's attention was drawn to  
the frightful scene by the cries, but  
he was too far away to rescue his son,  
if that were possible, though he started  
for the kiln at the top of his speed.

Will, feeling the kiln caving in,  
scrambled to reach a place which  
would bear his weight, only to sink  
deeper into the fiery pit, which was  
liable to break forth into a light blaze  
any instant.

But by that time Curley sprang up  
the side of the kiln, and throwing him-  
self flat upon its side, he reached out  
his arms to grasp Will's outstretched  
hands.

The smoke was pouring up around  
him in dense, black volumes, and the  
air was filled with sparks which caught  
upon their clothes and caused them to  
gasp for breath.

Curley proved his grittiness well, and  
with all the strength he could muster  
he pulled Will out from the deadly  
crater, and together they rolled down  
the side of the kiln, just as the flames  
burst forth with a loud roar.

Mr. Preston bore them in their half-  
unconscious state away from the heat  
of the fire, and at that moment Noah  
came puffing and panting to the place.

Curley and Will soon recovered their  
consciousness, though they presented  
a sorry appearance, blackened and  
burned as they were.

Explanations quickly followed, dur-  
ing which Romanzo stood by trembling  
from suppressed emotions over the  
contemptible act he had perpetrated,  
expecting the punishment he deserved  
for his misdemeanor. At the same time  
Mr. Preston was praising Curley  
heartily for his heroic action, and from  
that moment the poor orphan had  
gained a second friend, who was to  
prove invaluable to him in the years  
that were to come.

Mr. Preston insisted that Curley  
should go home with him, and though  
there were tears in the eyes of the old  
charcoal-burner at losing his protégé  
so soon, he gave him his blessing and  
promised to come and see him in the  
spring.

All this happened many years ago,  
and kind-hearted Noah Danvers long  
since joined the silent majority, but  
Charles Preston, as Curley became  
known, in his prosperity has not for-  
gotten the old charcoal-burner whose  
friendship to him laid the foundation  
for his life's success and happiness.

All men may be liars, but all liars  
are not men.



For a woman to come to that period  
known as change of life. It is almost  
always a period of suffering, and the de-  
rangement of mind and body is some-  
times so great that the family life is ut-  
terly marred by the unhappy wife and  
mother. At such a time every woman  
needs just the help that is given by Dr.  
Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It works  
with Nature, soothes the nerves by nour-  
ishing them, and cures diseases of the  
delicate organs. In brief, it makes weak  
women strong; sick women well.

"Favorite Prescription" contains no  
alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any  
other narcotic.

"I have taken four bottles of 'Favorite Pres-  
cription' for female weakness and change of  
life," writes Mrs. Lizzie A. Bowman, of New  
Haven, Conn. "Before I began taking it I could not do anything. I had  
such pains in my head and in the back of my  
neck that I thought I would lose my mind. Now  
I can work every day and do not suffer. I re-  
commended 'Favorite Prescription' to all women  
suffering in the period of change of life. It is  
the best medicine I have ever found."

Every woman should send for a free  
copy of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser.  
Send 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense  
of customs and mailing only for the book  
in paper covers, or 50 stamps for cloth,  
to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

### BITS OF FUN.

All this time the great railway mag-  
nate had sat silent, listening.

At last he spoke.  
"Young man," he said, "I am not  
sure I understand you. Please be a  
little more explicit."

"I am asking you, sir," said the  
young man, reddening, "for the hand  
of your daughter."

"Oh, is that all?" rejoined the mag-  
nate. "Why certainly. If she has no  
objections, I haven't. I thought you  
were striking me for a pass."—Chicago  
Tribune.

"Remember, Deborah," said Mrs.  
Gimwell, "when dinner is ready you  
must come to the parlor door and say,  
'dinner is served.' That is the way  
they do in good society."

Half an hour later Deborah appeared  
at the parlor door and called out in a  
shrill, far-reaching voice:  
"Dinner is served. That's the way  
they do in good society."—Chicago  
Tribune.

"My dear," began the minister's  
wife, "there's a bonnet down at the  
mill."

"There you go again," he interrupt-  
ed; "always thinking of worldly  
things."

"But, my dear, you wrong me," she  
said, "this bonnet is perfectly heav-  
enly!"—Philadelphia Press.

"I am a new woman," she announc-  
ed.  
"Rats," he cried.  
Whereat there was a flurry, and  
when the dust settled she was holding  
her skirts in her place of refuge on a  
chair.

He had unmasked her. She was  
merely the same woman in disguise—  
North American.

"What awful rot Funsmith's jokes  
are."  
"Well, I cannot say that I am able  
to detect any merit in them, but I  
notice that you laugh heartily at ev-  
ery one."  
"Laugh? I've got to laugh! Owe  
him \$10."—Harlem Life.

First Street Arab—Say, Jimmy, did  
his nibs, old Squeezem, pay yer fer  
stoppin his horse an' sayin' his life?  
Second Street Arab—He wuz goin  
to, but I didn't have change for a  
nickel."—Harper's Bazar.

CIRCULATION IMPEDED.  
"Dorothy, how do you know you are  
in love with that man?"  
"Oh, whenever I see him my heart  
beats faster and my nose turns cold."

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine  
**Carter's  
Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of  
*Asa Wood*  
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy  
to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S  
LIVER  
PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE,  
FOR BILIOUSNESS,  
FOR TORPID LIVER,  
FOR CONSTIPATION,  
FOR SALLOW SKIN,  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A. F. WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46,  
G. R. C. A. F. & A. M. meets  
on the first Monday of every  
month, in Masonic Hall,  
Fifth Street, at 7.30 p. m. Visiting  
brethren heartily welcomed.  
J. S. TURNER, W. M.  
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

VETERINARY.  
S. C. BOGART—Veterinary Surgeon.  
All diseases of domestic animals  
skillfully treated. Dentistry in all  
its branches. Firing done without  
scarring. Offices open day and  
night. Office and residence, south  
side of market square. Telephone in  
connection.

DENTIST.  
DR. A. McKENNEY, Dentist, Gradu-  
ate of Philadelphia Dental College,  
also of Royal College of Dental Sur-  
geons of Ontario. Teeth extracted  
absolutely without pain. Stairway  
next to King, Cunningham & Drew's  
hardware store, King street east.

MUSICAL.  
Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marshall, having  
been appointed organist and choir-  
master of St. Andrew's Presbyterian  
church, will receive pupils in singing,  
voice development, piano and organ.  
Classes in sight singing and church  
psalmody, on and after Sept. 4th.  
Residence, Park street, directly op-  
posite Dr. Battisley's residence.

T. Dumont—Piano Tuner and Re-  
pairer. References given by owners  
of the best pianos in the city. All  
enquiries will be promptly answer-  
ed. Address, 164 P. O. St. Thomas,  
P. O. 521, Chatham.

Miss Elda Idle, A. T. C. N.  
(Gold Medalist)  
**SOPRANO**  
Soloist, and Choir Leader Park St. Methodist Church  
VOICE CULTURE,  
Concert Engagements.  
For terms, dates, etc., address  
Krause Conservatory of Music, Ont.

**KRAUSE  
-CONSERVATORY  
OF  
MUSIC**  
Unrivalled Advantages Offered for a most  
Thorough and Complete Musical Educa-  
tion in all Branches of Practical  
and Theoretical Music.

PIANO, VOICE, VIOLIN, ORGAN, THEORY  
ELOCUTION, PHYSICAL CULTURE

MISS F. HILLMAN, Registrar.  
B. VICTOR CARTER, Musical Director.

J. B. RANKIN, Q. C. — Barrister, No-  
tary Public, etc., Eberts' Block,  
Chatham.

C. F. W. ATKINSON—Barrister, Soli-  
citor, etc., 115 King Street, Chat-  
ham, Ont.

W. FRANK SMITH—Barrister, Soli-  
citor, etc., Office, King street, west of  
the market. Money to loan on  
Mortgages.

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

FRASER & BELL—Barristers, Office  
Merchants' Bank Building, Chat-  
ham.

JOHN S. FRASER,  
EDWIN BELL, LL. B.

WILSON, KERR & PIKE—Barristers,  
Solicitors of the Supreme Court,  
Proctors of the Maritime Court, No-  
taries Public, etc., Office, Fifth St.,  
Chatham, Ont.

Money to loan on mortgages at  
lowest rates.

MATTHEW WILSON, Q. C., J. G.  
KERR, J. M. PIKE.

SCANE, HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE  
—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyan-  
cers, Notaries Public, etc. Private  
funds to loan at lowest current  
rates. Sothe's Block, King Street.  
E. W. SCANE, M. HOUSTON,  
FRED STONE, W. W. SCANE.

**BANK OF MONTREAL.**  
ESTABLISHED 1817.

Capital (all paid up) \$12,000,000  
Res. Fund, ——— 6,000,000

Drafts bought and sold. Collections  
made on favorable terms. Interest al-  
lowed on deposits at current rates in  
Savings Bank Department, or on de-  
posit receipts.

DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager,  
Chatham Branch.

**STANDARD BANK OF CANADA**  
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Branches and agents at all prin-  
cipal points in Canada, U.S., and Great  
Britain. Drafts issued, and notes dis-  
counted. Savings Bank Department  
deposits (which may be withdrawn  
without notice), received and interest  
allowed thereon at the highest cur-  
rent rates.

G. P. SCHOLFIELD, Manager,  
Chatham Branch.

**New  
Hardware**  
Paints, Oils, Putty, Glass  
and  
**Tinware**  
And all kinds of Sheet Hardware, foot of 3rd  
St. Bridge, North Chatham.

**D. H. Winter**