

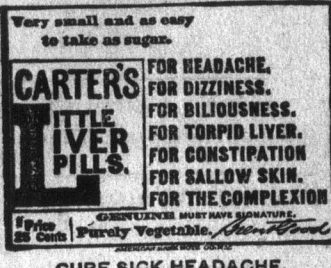
## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

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

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

**Cook's Cotton Root Compound.**

Ladies' Favorite.  
Is the only safe, reliable  
regulator on which women  
can depend "in the hour  
and time of need."  
Prepared in two degrees of  
strength. No. 1 and No. 2.  
No. 1—For ordinary cases  
is by far the best dollar  
medicine known.  
No. 2—For special cases—10 degrees  
stronger—three dollars per box.

Ladies—ask your druggist for Cook's  
Cotton Root Compound. Take no other  
as all pills, mixtures and imitations are  
dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold and  
recommended by all druggists in the Do-  
minion of Canada. Mailed to any address  
on receipt of price and four 2-cent postage  
stamps. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Chatham  
by all Druggists.

*The Best.*

Now is the best time to enter. The January  
rush is over. The beginners are well started  
in their work. The students can therefore  
give more time to new students.  
It is now current talk throughout the country  
that the student who intends to take a business  
or shorthand course, and wants to be placed in  
a paying position when graduated should attend  
CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE, CHATHAM  
ONTARIO.

Students of last year already earning over  
\$1000 per annum. 360 placed in 11 months. Do  
you know of any other business school getting  
such results? We pay your railway fare. Have  
you ever seen our catalogue? If not write for it  
and enter now. Address:  
D. McLEACHLAN & Co., Chatham, Ont.

**LODGES.**

**WELLINGTON Lodge,**  
No. 46, A. F. & A. M.,  
G. R. C., meets on the  
first Monday of every  
month, in the Masonic  
Hall, Fifth St., at 7.30  
p. m. Visiting brethren  
heartily welcomed.  
**ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.**  
**GEORGE MASSEY, W. M.**

**DENTAL.**

**A. A. HICKS, D. D. S.**—Honor gradu-  
ate of Philadelphia Dental College  
and Hospital of Oral Surgery,  
Philadelphia, Pa., also honor gradu-  
ate of Royal College of Dental Sur-  
geons, Toronto. Office, over Turn-  
er's drug store, 28 Rutherford  
Block.

**LEGAL.**

**SMITH, HERBERT D.**—County  
Crown Attorney, Barrister, Soli-  
citor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham.

**THOMAS SCULLARD**—Barrister and  
Solicitor, Victoria Block, Chatham,  
Ont. Thomas Scullard.

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

**HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE**—Barris-  
ters, Solicitors, Conveyancers, No-  
taries Public, etc. Private funds to  
loan at lowest current rates. Of-  
fice, upstairs in Sheldrick Block,  
opposite H. Macdonald's store. M.  
Houston, Fred. Stone, W. W. Scane.

**WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY**—Barris-  
ters, Solicitors of the Supreme  
Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money  
to loan on Mortgages, at lowest  
current rates. Office, Fifth Street. Mat-  
thew Wilson, K. C. W. E. Gundy,  
J. M. Pike.

**BAKING**

Give your wife a chance  
and she'll bake bread like  
that mother used to make.  
For rolls and biscuits—  
that require to be baked  
quickly there's nothing like  
Gas

**THE CHATHAM GAS CO**  
Limited.  
King St. Phone 81

## FACE IN THE CROWD

By Keith Gordon

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After awhile she came to look for  
him when the train stopped at the  
Fifty-third street station in the morn-  
ing—the tall, broad shouldered man  
with the aggressive chin and deter-  
mined mouth. She felt vaguely dis-  
appointed when she did not see him.

Insensibly he became the touch of  
romance in the dreary monotony of  
her days, five and a half of seven  
of which were spent in Wall street, a  
place where the advantages of being  
a woman are not glaringly apparent.  
Often during the flagging afternoons  
of summer, when business was dull  
and the hands of the clock approach-  
ed 5 but slowly, she would sit resting  
her face on her hands and wondering  
about him. Who was he? What was  
he? Was he married or single?

The noise of the street blow, dulled  
by distance until it was as dreamy as  
the humming of bees at noonday,  
droned softly in her ears a sort of liv-  
ing melody, and her thoughts defied  
office hours and went far afield in a  
fantastic search for the reality about  
him among the crowd of possibilities.

Over and over she gave him a local  
habitation and a name, but these  
changed always with her mood. No  
name that she could hit upon seemed  
to express his personality, and she  
finally discarded them all and thought  
of him only as The Man.

The weeks melted into months, but  
her interest in him did not flag. Rather  
it became deeper as time went on.  
Curiously enough, it was what might  
be termed the nonessential that had  
fired her. About the man himself—his  
character and what he would do in  
any given emergency—she felt the  
same assurance that she did about her-  
self.

She had decided that he was a law-  
yer, though precisely why she thought  
so she could not have told. Then one  
day she saw him with a child, a girl  
of ten, who bore a certain fleeting re-  
semblance to him.

He was married, then! An almost  
imperceptible sigh escaped her. Then,  
as the absurdity of the matter dawned  
upon her, she laughed softly to her-  
self. What difference? Josephine and  
Marie Louise had never dampened her  
affection for Napoleon. She even be-  
gan to feel a mild interest in the lady.

Sometimes, for two or three weeks  
at a stretch, they would not encounter  
each other. It was after one of these  
breaks that, watching him as he en-  
tered the car, her interest and satisfac-  
tion at seeing him again shone all  
unconsciously in her face, and his  
glance was arrested by it.

As the faint color touched her cheeks  
under his gaze he looked casually  
away. For a moment he had thought  
her some half forgotten acquaintance  
from the welcome that he had sur-  
prised in her eyes, but her quick an-  
noyance as she returned to her reading  
forbade that idea.

She did not look toward him again,  
but more than once his keen, blue eyes  
rested upon her as she sat there, slim  
and straight, with masses of pale  
brown hair piled upon her small head.

After this he, too, began to watch of  
a morning. A habit is very easily for-  
med!

Then for weeks he disappeared. The  
girl wondered anxiously what had be-  
come of him. Had he gone abroad?  
Mayhap he was ill—or dead! At the  
thought she shrank like one hurt, for  
he had become, in a whimsical way,  
a part of her life. He had become as  
near and dear as only ideals can be.

When he did appear one morning,  
towering above a crowd of lesser men

**Could scarcely get up  
or down without help.**

**Had a severe pain in  
the small of the back.**

**Was treated in the Hotel  
Dien, Kingston, but  
not cured.**

**Kidney trouble was the trouble.**

**Doan's  
Kidney Pills**

**Cured Mr. George Graves, Pitts Ferry,  
Ont., of a very bad case of kidney trouble.**

He tells about the cure in the following  
words: "I cannot recommend Doan's  
Kidney Pills too highly. I never took any-  
thing that did me so much good. I had a  
severe pain in the small of my back and  
could scarcely get up or down without  
help. I could hardly urinate, but when I  
did the pain was terrible. I was in the  
Hotel Dien, Kingston, last winter and  
when I came out I was much better but not  
cured. It was then I saw Doan's Kidney  
Pills advertised. Since taking them I have  
been completely cured and have not had  
any trouble with my kidneys since."

Doan's Kidney Pills, 50 cts. per box or  
3 for \$1.25, all dealers or  
**THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO.,**  
TORONTO, ONT.



There are many break-  
fast foods.

There is one best break-  
fast food:

"FORCE," the morning  
meal of more than three  
millions of energetic,  
clear-thinking people.

*Sunny Jim*

It is not the quantity, but the nutritive quality  
of food and your ability to assimilate it, that  
counts.  
This is where "FORCE" steps in; rich in the  
vital Nitrogen and Protein of Wheat and Barley,  
partially digested, so that it is ready to slip into  
your system without waste of energy in the usual slow  
process of digestion.  
For Brain and Brawn—serve cold with cream.

like a god, there was a new gravity in  
his face which held her attention even  
before she noticed that he was in  
mourning.

That, then, was what these weeks  
of absence from business meant. Sick-  
ness and suffering and death. His  
wife undoubtedly, from the sorrow and  
oppression that she felt hovered in her  
soft, wide eyes as they rested briefly  
upon his face. And he, reading that  
look, felt a curious thrill.

Long since he had begun to regard  
her with a sort of tact, silent friend-  
ship. "The little girl with her soul in  
her face," as he once described her to a  
friend, shaking his head deprecatingly  
at the thought of a woman like her  
having to wrestle with the world. She  
seemed to him too exquisite for the  
ups and downs of such a life.

He watched her surreptitiously now,  
wondering idly who she was and  
whether he should ever meet her.  
There was a way—he might follow her  
and bestow a quarter on the elevator  
boy, and the thing would be done. But  
the coarseness of such methods re-  
pelled him. She seemed the sort of a  
woman who would resent that kind of  
trick.

Moreover, in his heart of hearts and  
in spite of his bigness and worldliness,  
he was a fatalist. If it were written  
from the beginning it would occur!  
No man could dabble in the affairs of  
fate!

It was nearing the end of the third  
year. He took the same train now  
with a regularity which made her sus-  
picious. The results of chance were  
never so unerring. Intention was ap-  
parent.

But through it all save at unexpected  
moments when the curtain would lift  
for a second and an unintentional  
glance betray a deeper knowledge they  
regarded each other with the baffling,  
impassive eyes we keep for the un-  
known. No twentieth century romance  
ever moved so slowly.

Then Billy Stoughton, who in this  
particular case was the instrument of  
fate, awakened one morning with an  
unaccountable but imperative yearning  
for Broadway. Five years earlier an  
equally compelling desire had landed  
him on the ranch, where he had bided  
contentedly enough up to that particu-  
lar morning. The evening of the next  
day found him in Denver, from which  
place he proceeded with as much haste  
as the railroad facilities would permit  
to New York.

On the day of his arrival he planned  
to dine with Renwick, the closest of  
his college friends. He had just time  
to catch him by telephone before he  
left his office, which he did, arranging  
to meet him at the elevated station and  
go up town with him.

The first effervescence of their meet-  
ing over, Stoughton's beaming eyes  
roved over the other passengers. A  
slight figure at the far end of the car  
held his glance. He looked again to be  
sure.

"Pardon me a minute, Jack," he said,  
rising and making his way toward the  
girl, with whom a moment later he  
was shaking hands cordially and talk-  
ing with the ease of long friendship.  
Presently he returned to Renwick, and  
as he did so a revealing look passed  
between the two. A bridge at last!

"It's Natica Alston, a cousin of mine,  
you know," he explained to Renwick.  
"Tough luck they had. I tell you. But  
she's a plucky girl. She has earned her  
own living now for four years."

"Will you present me?" demanded  
Renwick eagerly.

"Certainly. I'll take you up there  
with me. Natica will be glad to re-  
ceive any friend of mine."

"Thank you, old fellow; thank you,"  
Renwick paused awkwardly. He  
seemed to have something else to say,  
but scarcely knew how to say it.

"When I said—asked you to intro-  
duce me—I didn't mean the usual thing.  
I'm going to ask you to do something  
queer and to do it without asking too  
many questions."

"What kind of a mystery is this?"  
inquined Stoughton. "If I didn't know  
that there isn't a grain of romance in  
you I should certainly think!"

"Now, don't think—there's a good  
fellow," soothed Renwick. "Just fol-  
low instructions. Tell Miss Alston all  
about me, and mind that you tell her  
everything good that you can or I'll  
wring your neck, and make an appoint-  
ment for me to call. Don't make any  
mistake. I want to see her and see  
her alone. I don't want you there."

When poor, mystified Bill Stoughton

broached the subject to Natica her be-  
havior was doubly mysterious. No,  
she didn't want to know anything  
about him. Then a moment later:  
"Did you say he is a bachelor?" (In-  
nocently.) "I thought he was a wid-  
ower."

Stoughton, indignantly, "I thought  
you knew nothing about him?"  
"I don't, but he wore mourning."  
"That was for his mother."

In the dim little parlor of the small  
apartment where she and her mother  
lived they met for the first time alone  
save for the dead and gone Alstons  
that looked down upon them from the  
walls. Surely never was such a first  
meeting before.

When the maid ushered him in,  
Natica, looking rather more like a lily  
than usual in her long, soft black  
gown, rose with every intention of  
greeting him in the most formal man-  
ner. Then a most unlooked for thing  
occurred.

For a moment they looked into each  
other's eyes. Then she stretched out  
his hands toward her, and she placed  
hers in them. A moment later she  
was swept up into his arms as if she  
had been a child as he murmured soft-  
ly, "My dear, dear love!"

"What shall we tell mamma?" wail-  
ed Natica in despair a half hour later.  
"How can we ever explain ourselves?"  
"We can't," replied Renwick com-  
fortably. "We might just as well re-  
sign ourselves to being thought mad.  
It all comes from the ridiculous su-  
perstition that in order to know people  
you must talk to them."

And then—well, then they forgot the  
world and its opinions to talk of far  
lovelier things.

**Our Ancestors.**

For the benefit of those who may  
feel "exclusive" or "stuck up," or who  
prate about blue blood, etc., it will be  
well to remember that if we go back but  
twenty generations, or 700 years, each  
one of us has 1,084,576 ancestors and  
is related more or less closely to at  
least 270,000,000 of our fellows. Going  
back but a couple of hundred years  
further and tracing down our geneal-  
ogy, we would find that we have more  
cousins than there are people in the  
world and that on the basis of but  
two children per family. The dis-  
crepancy is accounted for by the fact  
that there have been so many inter-  
marriages we have only as many  
cousins as there are people in the  
world today, but are related to a great  
many many times over.

**Word Blindness.**

Some curious instances of the phys-  
ical defect of "word blindness" are  
given in the *Lancet*. The disease is  
fortunately uncommon. In one case  
the sufferer, an Englishman, thirty-  
four years of age, who knew Greek,  
Latin and French well, suddenly lost  
all knowledge of English, though he  
could read and understand Greek per-  
fectly and Latin and French in a rather  
smaller degree. Another and al-  
most more curious case was that of a  
man who lost the power of reading at  
sight. This patient was able to write  
accurately from dictation, but was  
completely unable to read what he had  
written. Word blindness is appar-  
ently akin to color blindness, but is cer-  
tainly attended by much more incon-  
venient consequences.

**Surveyor of Hot Water.**

A man in the east end of London is  
making a decent living by going round  
with an apparatus supplying early  
risers with hot water for making their  
breakfast drink.

**From the Cretaceous Period.**

The marble beds of New Jersey, the  
chalk beds of England and the lime-  
stone beds of Eureka Springs are  
among the formations of the cretaceous  
period. These formations contain the  
fossils of the great reptiles and of the  
birds that succeeded them.

A rolling gait gathers remorse.

**Boils were so painful  
could not sleep  
at night.**

**APPEARED ON NECK, LEGS  
AND ARMS.**

**Burdock  
Blood Bitters**

**CURED THEM.**

It is well-known to all that bad blood is  
the direct cause of all skin diseases and it  
is necessary for the blood to be cleansed  
before the eruptions will disappear. For  
this purpose there is nothing so equal  
Burdock Blood Bitters as the thousands  
of testimonials we have on hand will  
testify.

Mr. Willard Thompson, McNeill's Mills,  
P.E.I., writes us as follows: "I wish to  
state to you what Burdock Blood Bitters  
has done for me. Some time ago my blood  
got out of order and many boils appeared  
on my neck, legs and arms. They were so  
painful that I could not sleep at night.  
After having tried many different remedies  
without any success, I finally decided, on  
the advice of a friend, to use Burdock  
Blood Bitters. Before I had quite used  
two bottles the boils had completely dis-  
appeared, and I wish to emphasize the  
fact that I think Burdock Blood Bitters  
the best blood purifier on the market  
to-day."



Tannin in ordinary teas runs all the way from twenty to  
thirty per cent.  
In Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea it never goes over eight per  
cent.—the average is six.  
For that reason it is not injurious to children or people of  
delicate constitution.  
It does not affect the flow of the saliva, or does it injure  
the digestion or action of the bowels. Simply a pure tea,  
delightfully aromatic and deliciously odorous.

**Blue Ribbon  
Ceylon Tea**

Ask for the "Just Pure Tea" Black, Mixed Ceylon Green

Red Label

The professional cook would not be  
without the improvements and conveniences of the

**Imperial Oxford  
Range**

His skill would only be wasted in a poor stove. The amateur cook  
cannot expect anything like satisfactory results without these im-  
provements.

No matter what skill is employed in your kitchen you cannot  
do good cooking without the conveniences of the Imperial Oxford  
Range. The diffusive flue construction means an evenly heated  
oven; the thermometer tells you the exact heat of your oven; the  
draw-out oven rack makes basting simple; the draw-out grate makes  
repairs easy. The Imperial Oxford Range does perfect cooking with  
the least labor.

**The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited**

Toronto, Canada

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For Sale, By Drew & McCallum, Chatham Ont.

**Beaver  
FLOUR**

Made from the world's  
best wheat  
by the world's best  
milling methods—the  
best family flour in the  
world. Makes the best  
bread—the best biscuits  
—the best pastry.  
Never spoils a baking.

Get it from your Grocer.

**TEN LEADING SPRING  
Paints and Varnishes**

ahead of anything yet discovered.

Elephant Pure Linseed Ready Mixed Paints,  
the purest and best in the world. Rogers'  
Stain Floor Finish, a combination transparent  
Chunck's lightning drying Alabastine, the  
quickest drying Alabastine sold.  
Pratt & Lambart's Crystal Liquid Wood Fil-  
ler, the finest Liquid Filler, on the Market,  
dries in eight hours.  
Rogers' Abluent, a preparation guaranteed  
to remove Paints and Varnishes.

Church's Jellstone, an extra hard finish for walls.  
Canada Paint Co. Kalsomine, the best hard finish in the world for walls  
Canada Paints Co's Wagon and Implement Paints, ready mixed drier, guar-  
anteed to stay on the wagon.  
Buggy Top Dressing, guaranteed to keep out water and protect Rubber.  
Pure Linseed Oil for mixing with h. Paints.  
These goods are superior to anything sold, guaranteed to give satisfaction,  
or your money back. Call and see them at

**A. H. PATTERSON**

3 doors east of Market, on the South Side of King Street

Remember the place, Patterson's Hardware Store.

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We keep the

**JOHN H.**

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**TO OUR**

We have a WONDER-  
ful steam, won-  
drous rollers on  
ELASTIC, last much  
the old me-  
has to pay  
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invented m-  
Collars ap-  
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