

Good Blood

Good blood, good health; bad blood, bad health; there you have it. Why not help nature just a little and change the bad to the good? Bad blood to good blood; poor blood to rich blood! Ask your doctor how this applies to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and how it applies to you! Could anything be more fair?

DR. LUKE SMITH, DENTIST—Crown and Bridge work specially solicited. Cor. Thames Street and Victoria Avenue.

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BARGAIN! For Sale on easy terms of payment or to Let, Mrs. Rose's Commodious House and Lot cor. of Victoria Ave. and James Street.

FOR SALE CHEAP 18 acres of choice land. Good dwelling, barn and outbuildings.

A LOBSTER'S LEGS.

The Two Front Ones Are Different From the Other Eight. A lobster's legs, all told, are ten in number, but only eight of these are largely used for walking.

THE PRIBILOF ISLANDS.

Where No White Man May Land Unless He Has a Permit. Unalaska resembles other northern stations, having warehouses, docks, the inevitable Greek church and a score of wooden cabins.

Suicide in Hamilton.

Hamilton, Sept. 14.—Wednesday night Mrs. Lindberg strung herself up to a rafter in an out-building at the cemetery.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Carter's Little Liver Pills. Genuine. Must Bear Signature of Dr. J. C. Carter.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH PERT PARAGRAPHS.

It takes a good actress to make good for her press agent.

Nothing refreshes some men's memory like a ten dollar bill.

A modern definition of food seems to be anything that isn't good for you.



Strive earnestly to feel kindly toward your neighbor's virtues.

A woman would have unlimited contempt for any one who would listen to all she says.

He is preferentially wise who can always tell where the fun will come in.

Some hired girls give the family corns on their tempers.

People will take your advice if it costs them something.

Handicapped. Never cured of nothing. Where is my chance for fame? Guess I am most too healthy.

Fellows not half as worthy. Manage to turn the trick. Find them in all the papers.

Why can't I have the asthma. Gout or a lot of flits. That could be cured by treatment.

Surely there must be somewhere Round a disease to fit. That would require three bottles.

Renewing His Youth.



"Did you buy the mummy you were looking at?" "No, it was too fresh."

"You mean the salesman was." "No, the mummy."

"But it had been dead 3,000 years." "I know, but they had just dug him up."

Honeymooning Under Difficulties. We are shown a delightful picture of the king and queen of Spain passing their honeymoon alone on the bank of a romantic stream.

Don't Trust Them. No more our speakers take the stump. For when they strike a town The wisest committee goes around And has the stump nailed down.

Turning the Tables. Everything appeared to have been satisfactorily arranged. The dignified young lady who had just consented to accept a situation as a hired girl thought she was going to be satisfied with the place.

Her Way. "I can always beat my husband in an argument." "Indeed! You must be a great logician." "No logic about it. I just cry."

Sees a Chance. "That rich girl makes a hit with me, all right?" "Why?" "Because she's a miss."

Sticks in the Stomach

Feeling That Often Comes to People With Weak Digestion.

A poor sufferer from indigestion once said that his stomach felt as though it was filled with sticks and as though some of them were on fire and burning him up inside.

All these troubles are the direct result of indigestion. Cure this by strengthening the stomach and digestive system with Mi-na stomach tablets and your symptoms of ill-health will vanish like dew before the morning sun.

CORRECT FOOTWEAR.

Black Suede Pumps Are Extremely Fashionable at the Moment. If a limited income must be consulted the best plan is to decide upon one style of shoe and keep consistently to that.



to keep in order and are as yet very expensive. Then there are the colored canvas and kid slippers, which are nice to have for a change, but would not be well to wear constantly.

Shoe Trees For Every Pair. Far more important than to have an extra pair of shoes is to have trees for each pair, which are kept always in the shoe except when it is on the foot.

They Stand Alone.

Standing out in bold relief, all alone, and as a conspicuous example of open, frank and honest dealing with the sick and afflicted, are Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, over-worked, debilitated, nervous, "run-down," pain-racked women.

Each bottle of the above medicine bears upon its wrapper a badge of honesty in the full list of ingredients composing it—printed in plain English.

Dr. Pierce feels that he can afford to take the afflicted into his full confidence and lay all the ingredients of his medicines truly before them because these ingredients are such as are endorsed and most strongly praised by scores of the most eminent medical writers as cures for the diseases for which these medicines are recommended.

Dr. Pierce's recommendation as to the curative value of his medicines for certain easily recognized diseases.

A glance at the printed formula on each bottle will show that no harmful or habit-forming drugs enter into Dr. Pierce's medicines, they being wholly compounded of glyceric extracts of the roots of plants.

It is as easy to be well as ill—and much more enjoyable. Constipation is the cause of many forms of illness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One Pellet is a gentle laxative, two a mild cathartic. All dealers in medicines sell them.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

The Planet—the People's Paper!

EL TERREMOTO

By HONORE WILLISIE Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastman

For three months now Eleanor had been on the desert edge fighting for her brother's health. At first the desperation of the struggle had kept her thoughts from straying eastward; had crammed with anxiety each moment that otherwise would have been wretched with homesickness.

But now, with the leisure that came with Jack's returning health, homesickness was beginning its inroads upon her. This made doubly hard to bear the fact that Jack was developing the fractiousness of the convalescent and that an ordinary pacific disposition was becoming so irritable that it taxed even the devotion of this most devoted sister.

On this particular afternoon he had expressed an inordinate desire for a certain brand of cigars.

"But, Jack dear," objected Eleanor, "the doctor says that you must not smoke."

"Who says I want to smoke?" growled Jack. "I just want to look at them and sniff of them and feel them. And I want them today."

Eleanor sighed patiently. "It's five miles to town, Jacky. And though it's 4 o'clock, it's frightfully hot. Don't you want to wait until tomorrow?"

"Oh, of course, if you don't want to do the favor for me," replied the invalid, walking feebly across the tent to pick up a fan.

"Why, certainly I'm going, Jacky," she cried. "The heat won't last much longer," and she disappeared toward her own tent, leaving her brother looking a bit sheepish.

So now Eleanor was riding slowly along the blistering trail toward the sleepy little adobe village which boasted a single Yankee store, at which she thought she could get the cigars. She was a beautiful girl, slender of body and lovely of face, with the refinement of good blood through many generations showing in every lineament.

"It's getting pretty hard," she thought. "It's spring up there, with the snow melting into little rivulets, and the pussy willows out, and the wind flowers coming. Only the thought of Jack's getting well keeps me from going mad."

She started a little as a cheery halloo greeted her, and she saw riding down the trail toward her a broad shouldered, jolly chap in cowboy attire. He wheeled his mustang and rode beside her.

"I was talking a jaunt out to tell you that I have almost finished my work and must fly eastward again."

"Oh, that is too bad!" cried Eleanor. "The man's fine brown eyes beamed. 'I've only known you a week,' he answered, 'but it's been a mighty pleasant week.'"

"Jack will miss you," said the girl. The man eyed her silently. "She's wearing herself out," he thought. "I wish I could take her away from here. Burwell's nearly strong enough to go it alone now. Gads! She's a beauty!"

Eleanor wiped the alkali dust from her face and told him the reason for her trip to town.

"Rather hard on you," commented Hartley.

Hartley smiled, but said nothing, and they rode for some distance in silence. Hartley's gaze scarcely leaving for an instant the drooping profile beside him.

"I wonder," he thought, "if she realizes that she's never told me a word of herself, who she is or—by the Lord Harry, if she'd have me I'd marry her tomorrow even if they both came from a foundling asylum."

By this time they were riding up the street of the dirty little Mexican village, whose inhabitants were too absorbed in the sight of the Americans to move from beneath the horses' feet until urged to do so by Hartley in a patois that made up in vigor what it lacked in lucidity.

The Yankee store was the only frame building for miles around. It was owned by an enterprising Vermonteer, who was making a small fortune in the lazy little town, where money went faster than it came.

been thrown violently to the ground, as the final shock came, and now she felt out in the darkness and encountered Hartley's quiet form. Almost hysterical with fright, she called to him and chafed his hands feverishly. Then came the voice of the storekeeper:

"Hello, you two in there?" "Yes," called Eleanor weakly. "I'm all right, but Mr. Hartley seems badly hurt."

"The whole dinged front of the store has fallen in," called the Vermonteer, "but I got out through a hole. Can you stay still till I get help?"

"Yes," answered Eleanor, and again she fell to chafing Hartley's hands.

It was a long and arduous task to remove the debris without injury to the prisoners beneath. The work was doubly long, owing to the fact that what few natives had not fled to the desert were hovering over their ruined abodes with wails of "El terremoto! El terremoto!" so that the storekeeper did most of the work himself.

Long before their rescue Hartley had recovered his senses and by combining their two handkerchiefs Eleanor had bound the wound in his head that seemed to be his only injury. It was twilight when they reached the street, a quiet, southern twilight, with just the edge of a great full moon coming up over the edge of the desert.

As soon as it was possible Eleanor with Hartley on guard set out for camp. She was greatly disturbed over her brother, though the natives assured her that the shock was not serious where there were no buildings.

Hartley, looking like a picturesque bandit with his bandaged forehead, was in great spirits despite his aching head. He said little until they were well out on the trail. Then he rode close up to Eleanor's pony.

"Miss Burwell," he said, "an accident like this makes us friends of about ten years' standing, doesn't it?" "It surely does," cried Eleanor.

"Then," he went on eagerly, "don't you think that two such old friends could safely care for each other and—perhaps marry each other?"

Eleanor did not seem so much astonished as the short acquaintance might warrant. But she blushed deeply in the moonlight.

"But you don't know me and I don't know you," she said.

"Well, I'm an architect," he answered, "and I live in Chicago and—'Not the John Hartley, architect,' that all the world knows!" cried Eleanor.

"I'm afraid so," he replied, a little sheepishly.

Eleanor gasped. "My little name sinks into insignificance," she said. Hartley looked at her suspiciously.

"You aren't E. Burwell, the illustrator?" he exclaimed.

"I'm afraid so," she mocked.

Hartley stopped the ponies and drew her close in his arms. "Whatever the names," he whispered, "we belong to one another, anyhow."

A Bible Courtship.

A young gentleman at church conceived a most sudden and violent passion for a young lady in the next pew and felt desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible, open, with a pin stuck in the following text, second epistle of John, verse 5: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

She returned the book, pointing to verse 12 of the third epistle of John, "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face." From the above interview the marriage took place the following week.—Scottish American.

The Geese Won.

An English gentleman once laid a wager with George IV. that geese would beat turkeys in a race. The king, thinking that such a wager was already as good as won, willingly made the bet, and the gentleman was left to choose time and place and distance. Being well acquainted with the habits of the birds he accordingly chose for the time the evening, just before sunset, and for the place the road outside the city walls and a mile for the distance. The time came and each appeared with his flock of birds and the race began. Long ere the end came the sunset and immediately, true to their instincts, as soon as the sun had quite disappeared all the turkeys flew up into the nearest tree to roost, and no persuasion could induce them to budge an inch farther, and the geese, which had been slowly toddling off behind, quietly cackled in—the winners.

Moving the Well.

A New England woman once had in her employ a rosy cheeked Irish maid of all work, whose blunders afforded them amusement to compensate for any trouble she might entail. One day the owner of the place stated in the girl's hearing that he intended to have a wood house built on a piece of ground which at that time inclosed a well.

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Return Fare from CHATHAM Going all trains, Tuesday, Sept. 18. A.M. Trains Wednesday Sept. 19th. Returning until and on Friday, Sept. 21st. Call at the C. P. R. City Ticket Office.