

PATERSON'S

The Cough Drop That Cures
Demand the three-colored kind in the red and yellow box

R. W. RUTHERFORD, M.D.
SPECIALIST.
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

GENITO-URINARY DISEASES.
CLASSES PROPERLY FITTED
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\$100,000 to Lend on Mortgages of Farms and City Properties at Lowest Rates of Interest.

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Fire Insurance Solicited for the Law Union and Crown Insurance Co., England. Assets exceed \$7,500,000.

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All kinds of Fire, Life, Accident, Marine and Plate Glass Insurance effected at Lowest Rates.

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A RUSH

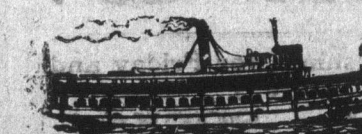
For Hand-painted CHINA in Chocolate Sets and all other small pieces try this Store.

I purchased a large shipment for June, but did not receive it until July, and to dispose of it I am selling at killing prices! What is nicer for a gift than a piece of Hand-painted CHINA?

Don't forget place
Sign of Big Clock.

A. A. JORDAN'S

Phone 469
Store closed every Thursday Afternoon in July and August.

TIME TABLE

Steamer City of Chatham

Will make her regular round trip from Chatham to Detroit every MONDAY and WEDNESDAY, leaving Rankin Dock, South Chatham, at 7:30 a.m., and returning leaves Detroit, foot of Randolph Street, at 3:00 p.m., Detroit time, or 4 p.m., Chatham time.

Will also make round trips from Detroit to Chatham every FRIDAY and SATURDAY, leaving Detroit, foot of Randolph Street, at 8 a.m., Detroit time, or 9 a.m., Chatham time, returning will leave Chatham 3 p.m., Detroit time or 4 p.m., Chatham time, arriving in Detroit about 8 p.m.

SINGLE TRIPS—Thursday leaving Chatham at 9:30 a.m., Sunday leaving Detroit at 8 o'clock, Detroit time, or 9 p.m., Chatham time.
Round trip, 75c; One way, 50c.
A. A. JORDAN, Master.

CYNICISM SMART.

Very Latest Thing For Up to Date Lovely Woman.

It is the fashion of the day to be a cynic, and a woman cynic is—She no longer throbs with good toward men or exudes loving kindness. That is too much to expect. She speaks of love's young dream with a curl of the lip and has not one tear to shed over the misfortunes of childhood. It is easier to be witty when this pose is assumed.

There are greater opportunities for conversational distinction in finding "nor Lancelot brave nor Galahad pure" than in adoring their chivalry. A woman cannot, of course, be nearly so entertaining if she praises her neighbor's good works as if she suggests that she has an unseemly motive for them.

Deploable, but true!

It is not a consequence of woman's heart being desperately wicked. It is rather a consequence of the heart not being a warehouse for the storage of sweets. The gush of philanthropy is rather sugary stuff. Our mothers and grandmothers took a debauch of it, and the result is that this generation looks at it with a somewhat bilious and distrustful eye. The fathers have eaten sweet grapes, and the children want something bitter. This is natural, inevitable and perhaps not wholly distressing. It is not creditable to the same mind, it is not of any use to humanity, that people should indulge in transports over every decent action. That Scrooge should pay Bob Cratchit a fair wage is good and desirable, but we need not weep upon Scrooge's neck because he has ultimately done what he ought never to have left undone.

No real philanthropy will suffer in the end because it is regarded with the critical eye. We talk of sentiment and the cant of philanthropy in a scornful way, but there is a cant of criticism which is far more stupid and much more devastating. The mind which searches for and finds meanness everywhere is not the most enviable of possessions. We all know it only too well.

It meets the story of any action not motivated by self interest with a smile of superior wisdom. It has the lowest opinion of every one and everything except itself. Therefore it requires you to admire it for its peculiar wisdom, while in fact it is merely stupid.

"Every man," said Walpole, "has his price." (It is, by the way, interesting to remember that the man who said it was not to be bought.) But that price cannot always be paid in the things of this earth, and cynicism is so cheap a thing who wants to possess it anyway?

No one but the—But one doesn't like to say "fool." It doesn't sound pretty, does it?

A New Device For Wavy Locks.

To produce wavy locks without resort to a heating apparatus there is a little device which seems delightfully simple and has a very similar effect to that of marcel waving. It is light in weight, though of metal, with a patented fastening to prevent slipping. Strand after strand of hair is caught fast into deep undulations in these little steel devices, making a large natural wave without any of the burned, fuzzy appearance apt to appear in time where hot irons are used. After a shampoo the hair is very susceptible to such means of waving, and, if the curlers are slipped in while it is still damp and allowed to remain till the hair is dry, deep, decided waves will be the result, and these should not loosen for at least two days under ordinary conditions.

Colored Linen Popular.

Predictions indicate that more colored linens than ever are to hold sway, and indeed the prophecy has everything in its favor for its ultimate materialization, for some of the smartest linen dresses that have been designed this season were in soft colors made on simple lines with no trimming save a few stitched straps and dashes of hand embroidery done with coarse white linen thread. A good many of these little frocks are made with separate gumples or chemisettes with blouse and skirt attached by means of a fitted girder.

The Jeweled Slides.

Together with several other attractive fashions that have been revived from those of our grandmothers' day is that of wearing a band of black velvet around the neck.

As usual, however, we go our grandmothers one better, and the becoming band of velvet is made still more fetching by the addition of a jeweled slide.

These slides are of various shapes, the one shown in the illustration being one of the simpler designs. In some the crosspieces are curved, while others



are so elaborately set with diamonds that they look quite like the one time popular sunburst.

With the single stone in the center, either a pearl or a diamond, the crosspieces of the slide are thickly set with tiny stones, so that the setting is scarcely visible, and the effect is quite stunning.

Some of the slides have little clasps for joining the ribbon at the back of the neck. This consists of a single straight bar the same depth as that of the slide, set in the same design. As yet the slides are to be had only in the most expensive jewelry, as the fashion is too new a one for them to have been duplicated in cheaper stores.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

He Felt Complimented.

A man from Philadelphia, says a writer in the Ledger of that city, was visiting in a town of very few inhabitants. One day when he was about to make a purchase he discovered that he had exhausted his small change. The shopkeeper could not break the ten dollar bill offered him, and the man went out in the main street to see how he might solve the difficulty. He asked several persons, but no one had the requisite amount for the bill. At last an old white haired, seedy negro came along. In sheer desperation the man said:

"Uncle, can you change a ten dollar bill for me?"

"Uncle" looked dazed for a moment, then his shambling figure straightened. With a doffing of the hat and a bow worthy of Chesterfield he replied, with dignity:

"No, marse, I can't change no ten dollar bill, but I done 'preciates the compliment jes' the same, sah."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. Wood*

The Man With Forty Ghosts.

A popular novelist talked with regret about the old ghost habit of the past.

"Famous painters first and famous writers afterward alike had ghosts," he said. "These ghosts were pupils, disciples. They did the basic work of the master's picture or novel, and the master polished up, put on the finishing touches and signed his name to it. This practice, indeed, still obtains in architecture. It was a practice that allowed a popular artist a manifold increase of production and consequent increase of income. Dumas, the elder Dumas, had no less than forty ghosts—forty intelligent young men writing away for him about D'Artagnan, Porcos, Aramis and the rest. But Dumas was reckless, and the existence of his forty ghosts became known; hence a good deal of scandal. At the height of this scandal Dumas said to a lady one night:

"Have you read my last book, madame?"

"The lady, with a mischievous smile, replied:

"No, M. Dumas. Have you?"

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help. If you would have strong hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

"ALL DEALERS"

Daring Burglary.
Galt, July 17.—Burglars broke into the boarding car yesterday afternoon, and made away with money and jewelry. The robbery was a particularly daring one.

Nothing but Salt—and such Salt! You will find no other so delicate in flavour, so pure as WINDSOR TABLE SALT.

Where force prevails, right persists.

His Delayed Proposal.

By H. M. KERNER.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

For a moment Nell's hand faltered. The pounding of the machines and the endless click of the shifting stencils seemed to pierce her very brain. She cast a quick glance down the long workroom of the Rotary Addressing company.

Out through the windows at the other end could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their deft fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of stencils were needed. Between the aisles paced the sharp eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eye detected Nell's pause.

"Burrows," she called acidly. She never wasted time on "Miss." "If you have one of your silly headaches, put in your time at the office and go home. This is no hospital."

Nell's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that



"IT'S ONLY MISS PETTIT," HE GROWLED,

came to her each Saturday was little enough without indulging the luxury of an afternoon off.

Jimmy Nelson, coming into the room to consult with Miss Pettit about an order, looked with kindly sympathy at the tired girl. When he had had charge of the room, he had been more gentle. She had told him something of her story in the noon intervals, when he had insisted upon standing treat to hot coffee to augment the scanty sandwich that usually constituted her lunch. Coffee costs 5 cents a day, and the errand girl who made the trips to the lunch room must be tipped in addition. The Rotary Addressing company paid only from \$3 to \$5 a week, and coffee was a luxury to those who did not live at home.

There had been a time when Jimmy had dreamed of a little flat wherein Nell should be mistress. That was just after he had been promoted to the office and had had his salary raised to \$15 a week. He had lacked the courage to make his proposal in person and had written her a note.

"I shall consider silence a polite negative," he had added.

Once Jimmy had aspired to the stage, and he had obtained the phrase from the advertisements in the dramatic papers that he studied with religious care. It had struck him as being a phrase of singular elegance. She need not refuse him. She could just ignore the note. He was sorry afterward that he had not asked for an answer. It would have been something to keep. As it was, she was as pleasant as ever to him, treating him with the same old friendliness and giving no hint of her reason for the refusal of his offer.

He longed to repeat it. He wanted to be able to take her out of the place, from under the very nose of Miss Pettit, yet he lacked the courage to speak and he contented himself with coming into the room as often as his business with the forewoman gave him an excuse. Of course it would never do for the office force to chum with the girls from the operating room during the noon hour, and in the evening it was Jimmy's duty to see that all were out before he locked up.

So Nell struggled on. Just so many thousand envelopes must be completed to constitute a minimum day's work. A record was made each evening and the advancement or reduction of salary depended upon that. She had barely managed to complete the task when the gong struck and the girls

began to cover their machines and put their tables in order. Nell staggered slightly as she took the last of her work to the timekeeper, who entered her record in the book. Miss Pettit eyed her sharply as she went back to her machine.

"Unless you are feeling better you had better not come tomorrow," she said crossly. "I can put on another girl who will make faster use of the machine."

"I will be all right in the morning," Nell answered. Miss Pettit could not know that the girl had had no breakfast. There had been medicine to buy, and until pay day came again she would have to walk to her home and make dry bread serve for food.

She was slow in preparing for the street and even Miss Pettit had gone when she stepped into the elevator. The street was dark and lonesome. Most of the places closed at 5, and there were few persons moving along the narrow strip of sidewalk as she stepped out.

On the corner a little knot of people had gathered about some object of interest, and she peered curiously over the shoulder of the office boy in front of her. The next moment she was pushing the men aside.

Miss Pettit had slipped upon the greasy sidewalk and lay moaning and half unconscious with pain. The girls had all gone on and a bootblack was trying to make her comfortable until the attention of a policeman could be attracted.

Nell pushed him away and took the woman's head into her lap, disposing her so that the wretched ankle was more comfortable. Then she turned to the lad who had stuck to her side, determined to at least share the interest with the newcomer.

"It is my forewoman," she said.

"Run up to the Rotary Addressing company and ask Mr. Nelson to come quick."

The lad's statement that a lady was almost killed and was asking for him brought Jimmy on the run. White faced he tore his way through the increasing crowd of curious people to come to a dead stop, when he perceived the situation.

"It's only Miss Pettit," he growled in mingled relief and disappointment. "I thought it was you."

"We must get her home, Jimmy," pleaded Nell. "She says she won't go in an ambulance. Please call a cab."

"The ambulance is plenty good for her," he growled, though to them the ambulance was but a shade less graceful than the patrol wagon. "Did not she talk to you like you were a dog this afternoon?"

"Get a cab for me," pleaded Nell, and Jimmy turned away.

It was not far to Miss Pettit's boarding place, and Nell hustled about making the tiny hall room more comfortable. Jimmy stuck doggedly, too, waiting to take Nell home. Miss Pettit sank back on the bed with a sigh.

"That will do very well," she said faintly. "The doctor will bandage my ankle, and then the girl will put me to bed. You were very good to me, my dear."

"It's all right," said Nell coldly as she turned to go, but Miss Pettit caught her hand.

"Wait a minute," she said. "I want to tell you something. Jimmy here gave me a letter to hand you some weeks ago. I wasn't going to have any flirting in my room, so I didn't give it to you. Jimmy is a good boy, my dear, and here it is."

She sank back upon the pillow as Jimmy sprang forward. In his excitement he had forgotten Miss Pettit and his wrath against her. Now he only realized that Nell had not received his letter.

"And silence ain't a polite negative?" he asked. Nell smiled. Jimmy had loaned her some of his paper, and she recognized the phrase.

"If you want proverbs, Mr. Nelson," she said primly, "I can give you a better quotation—'Faint heart never won fair lady.' Ask me to my face like a man, an' mebbe I'll say 'Yes.'"

Give the Chef a Chance.

It is my belief that the man who has dined in the best Parisian restaurants without finding them wonderful, says Julian Street, is either a dyspeptic or a self reliant ignoramus who did not give the chef a chance. You know the story of the miner who, having "struck it rich," arrived in New York and, anxious to "do it right," went to Delmonico's for dinner. After studying the menu with growing despair he turned to a patient waiter with, "Just bring me \$45 worth of ham and eggs!" Some of our fellow countrymen give similar performances in Paris. I have known them to go to famous restaurants and order plain broiled chicken or steak and fried potatoes, dishes so elemental that the greatest chef could hardly cook them better than Maggie in the flat at home could do it. A Parisian chef broiling a chicken makes a pathetic figure. The asking him to do so is like requesting a learned professor of higher mathematics to add a laundry bill.—Travel Magazine.

O'Connell's Hat.

At a meeting of the County Kildare Archaeological society some years ago a hat worn by Daniel O'Connell was exhibited. O'Connell's name in his own handwriting was written on the inside of the hat, which was of large dimensions, the width inside being eight and one-half inches and its longer diameter ten inches. The chairman of the meeting put on the hat, which entirely covered his head and went down to his chin.

What He Took.

Mrs. Backpay—Good morning, sir. Will you take a chair? Installation House Collector—No, thank you, ma'am. I've come to take the piano.—Philadelphia Record.

SUNSHINE FURNACE

NOT SHAKING. JUST A GENTLE ROCKING OF THE LEVER.

Shaking is a hard, back-breaking exercise, peculiar to common furnaces, while you can stand erect at the Sunshine—and moving the lever, to and fro, about half the length of your arm, a few times, is mere play. A child can easily do it.

Grates of the Sunshine are in two sections—right and left. By gently rocking the lever, a few times, the ashes are released from the right. Repeat the operation on the left and the ashes from that side drop into the ash-pan, too. You couldn't wish for anything easier than the Sunshine Method.

When this lever is not in use it can be disconnected from the grates and the opening capped. But when connected it fills up the opening so snugly that no dust from the falling ashes can escape.

Every detail is thought of on the "Sunshine"—that's what makes it the best.

If your local dealer does not handle the "Sunshine," write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET.

McClary's

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AND SAVINGS CO. OF ONTARIO

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The funds of the Reliance ARE LOANED ON FIRST MORTGAGES ON IMPROVED REAL ESTATE, AND ON MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES AND BONDS, BUT NOT ON STOCKS OF ANY DESCRIPTION, EXCEPT THAT OF THIS COMPANY.

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4 TIMES A YEAR AT 3½ PER CENT. per annum, and allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal. Money can be withdrawn by cheque.

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4 PER CENT. per annum allowed on deposit receipts issued for twelve months or longer. Interest paid by cheque half-yearly.

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THERE IS NO BETTER SECURITY

J. BLACKLOCK, General Manager. J. A. WALKER, Manager Chatham Branch.

Come and Hear The Unrivalled Nordheimer Tone

A cordial invitation is extended to you to come in and hear the unrivalled tone of the celebrated "NORDHEIMER" Piano.

Run your fingers over the scale or play a selection and listen to the beauty of the "NORDHEIMER" tone.

Piano salesmen may talk about the various mechanical contrivances of a piano until they are "Blue in the face," but all the talk in the world will not alter the tone-quality of a piano.

It is not necessary to take a "NORDHEIMER" piano to pieces and go into ecstasies over its wonderful mechanical features to prove that it possesses an unrivalled tone. It is there in reality. Your own ear tells you it is there—a tone so sweet and sympathetic, so clear and pure, and so rich and powerful—a tone that is of such rare beauty and quality that it lifts "NORDHEIMER" pianos above the commonplace and places them on a pinnacle of perfection in the musical world.

In after years you will congratulate yourself on the wisdom of your choice if the piano you buy happens to be a peerless "NORDHEIMER".

The One Price System assures a safe, satisfactory and square deal to you. Same price to all, and easy terms if you so desire.

Our Mr. R. V. Carter will visit Chatham frequently in our interests and will be pleased to furnish you with any information you may desire. Correspondence addressed to him in care of the Garner House will receive careful attention.

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