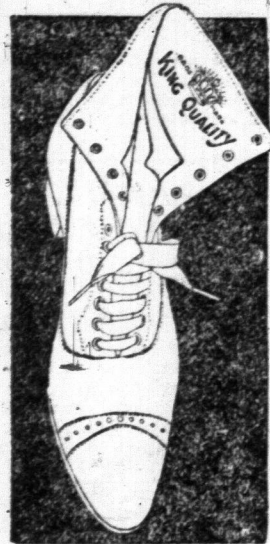


EASY QUICK WORK  
SHOWY WHITE CLOTHES.

# SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY



## This is King Quality

It is a pretty nice looking shoe, but fine as it looks, it feels a great deal finer. The King Quality should be worn by every woman who desires comfort, style, durability, and wants it economically. This describes the King Quality Shoe.

It costs \$3, and it is worth more.



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

# BLOOD POISON

If you ever contracted any Blood Disease you are never safe unless the virus or poison has been eradicated from the system. At times you see alarming symptoms, but live in hopes no serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore throat, ulcers on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, itching pains, itches of the skin, sores or blotches on the body, eyes red and smart, dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin your system with the old fog treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time only to break out again when happy in domestic life. Don't let quicks experiment on you. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our NEW METHOD TREATMENT for over 20 years, and no return of the disease. No experiment, no risk—not a "patch up," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited.

# NERVOUS DEBILITY

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quicks and fakirs rob you of your hard-earned dollars. WE WILL CURE YOU OR NO PAY.

We treat and cure NERVOUS DEBILITY, SEXUAL WEAKNESS, EMISSIONS, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES, and all diseases peculiar to men and women. Cures guaranteed.

**READER!** Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weak points? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. Consultation free. No matter who has treated you, write for a honest opinion. Free of Charge. Charge, reasonable. Book free. "The Golden Monitor" (Illustrated) on Diseases of men "Diseases of Women" "The Wages of Sin" "Varicocele, Stricture and Gleet." All sent Free sealed.

No medicine sent C. O. D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and Cost of Treatment, FREE, for Home Cure.

# DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

149 SHELBY ST. DETROIT MICH.

Ask Your Grocer  
For

# Eddy's

Eagle Parlor Matches, 200  
"Eagle" Parlor Matches, 100  
"Victoria" Parlor Matches, 65  
"Little Comet" Parlor Matches  
The Finest in the World.  
No Brimstone

# The E. B. Eddy Co. Limited

Hull, Canada.

# As it Once Was.

When the human foot was first introduced to shoes it was exactly as nature had made it, strong-symmetrical-handsome. It has been revolutionized from what it was to the foot of to-day by sixteen centuries of distorting tightness and freakish styles.

"Slater Shoes" are made to fit feet as they are to-day, comfort first, but good appearance never forgotten. Twelve shapes, six widths, all sizes leathers and colors. Goodyear welted, name and price stamped on the soles, \$3.50 and \$5.00.

**Slater Shoe**

Trell & Tobey—The 2 T's—Sole Local Agent.

## BELLS OF SHANDON.

I often think of those Shandon Bells Whose sound so wild would in days of childhood Fling round my cradle their magic spells; On this I ponder where'er I wander, And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee. With thy Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on grand old waters of the River Lee. I've heard bells chiming full many a time in Telling sublime in cathedral shrine. While at a gill rate brass tongues would vibrate. But all their music spoke naught like thine. For memory dwelling on each proud swelling Of thy befray, knelling, its bold notes free. Made the Bells of Shandon sound far more grand on grand old waters of the River Lee. The pleasant waters of the River Lee. I've heard bells tolling "Old Adrian's Mole" in. Their thunder rolling from the Vatican. And cymbals glorious swinging uproariously. In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame. But thy sound were sweeter than the dome of Peter. Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly. Oh! the Bells of Shandon sound far more grand on grand old waters of the River Lee. The pleasant waters of the River Lee. There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and clock In St. Sophia the Turkmen gets. And looks in air calls men to prayer. From the tapering summit of tall minarets. Such a phantom I freely grant thee; But there's an anthem more dear to me. 'Tis the Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on grand old waters of the River Lee. The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

## LARAWAY'S BIBLE.

On a cold and starless March evening, in the face of a keen north-west wind, we were riding home to the ranch. There was no talk between man and man, but to his mount each spoke a word from time to time—a word of encouragement when he lagged or of reproach if he stumbled. Toward 10 o'clock, when nearing the gate of the pasture, a light appeared ahead and to the left of our course. As we came up to the fence we saw that it was a lantern hung on a fence post some twenty rods off the road, and swinging in the wind. By its fitful flare a man in a long ulster was digging in the hard soil with a short-handled spade. The man engrossed in his task had not seen, or at least, had not noticed us. The loose horse turned in at the gate struck up a lively gallop; there was a general shaking up of bridle reins and a ringing of spur chains. Up a long hill and down a steep, short one, and we were at the ranch house, and the grumbling cook was turning out to get us a hot supper. Half an hour later we were well warmed and eating a good meal in the mess-hall. "Laraway is digging up his 'Bible' again," remarked the cook, as he poured some strong black coffee into his cup. Frank Laraway was a better man by half the men you knew. He had spent as much will power in resisting the drink habit as would suffice to carry two average men through life. In honorable careers, surrounded by friends and family, and passed them in with A1 credentials to a better world. On the ranch and range he became a valuable employee, but twice or more each year he would disappear for a time, returning haggard, shrunken and dead broke, and with a fresh determination to conquer the appetite. "I don't want to be good, or great, or rich," said he; "I just want to be my own boss."

It chanced one day that Laraway, then sobering up in a little railroad town, heard a man say: "I am going to swear off this time on the biggest bible in town." He asked if he might go, too. The two men went to a pastor's study, and the section hand, requesting him to produce the largest pulp bible, was solemnly sworn, with his hand on its open page, to abstain forever from all intoxicating beverages. "That is a long while," was Laraway's comment. "Do you keep the bible locked up?" asked the Irishman anxiously. "The building is always closed when not in use," replied the pastor. "Why did you ask him that?" demanded Laraway, when they had come away. The Irishman marveled at the question. "Why, don't you see?" said he. "It's because if I can't get at the book when the first is on me I can let off." Laraway bought a bible, and he promised himself with his hand upon it, that he would taste no liquor for six months. Then he came home and went to work. He wrote the date in the book, and kept the book in his pocket. He kept the promise to the letter and the day. After that spree he made an entry on the flyleaf, agreeing to abstain for one year. This time he did not carry the book in his pocket; he took it out on the range and buried it. "That crazy Irishman's notion about getting let off if he can lay hands on the book don't go for a cent before me now," said Laraway, "but before the year is up I'll be a crazy Irishman myself." He made no secret of the measures he took against himself, and when some one offered to keep the book for him in a secret place, said: "It would do no good. If I wanted it when the appetite is upon me I'd have it if I had to kill my best friend." The one year pledge proved too hard to keep. Twice since its making at intervals of six or eight months Laraway had dug up his bible, canceled his pledge and got drunk. To-night we had seen him overcome for the third time. "Why don't some of you make a

sneak on L. Bible and cache it where he can't find it?" asked the Kid. "Oh, he would kill the man that touched it, and get drunk just the same," declared the cook. "Well, I'd like to see it tried," persisted the Kid. "Why not do it yourself?" asked the foreman. "Nobody is holding you." "What, me?" said the Kid, in a shaky voice; "I'm only a boy," and he went away to bed.

As the clock struck for midnight the mess-house door was flung open—as I thought by a stronger gust of wind. Turning to look, I found myself looking into the muzzle of one of Laraway's guns. He stood at the doorway, with his eyes afire and a gun in either hand. "Which one of you dogs has got my bible?" he cried. "It's not in the hole, and I'll give you just ten seconds to produce it." "Now, Laraway," said the foreman, in a smooth tone, "you got the drop on us all right. I tell you it's God's truth that not a man here knows anything about your bible." We thought you had dug it up and was half way to town by now."

It looked as though some one was going to get hurt. Every man in the room was looking square at Laraway. And to every man it seemed that the pistols were looking square at himself. The Kid always was sandy—and freckled. Half an hour before he had slunk off to bed. N. W. just at the right moment, he slunk up behind Laraway, jumped on his back like a cat, put both his freckled hands to the man's throat and brought him down. The guns went off through the roof.

Mr. Laraway was tied to the bed that night and many nights after. He had a severe attack of brain fever, from which he came out as weak as a baby. During his convalescence he never spoke of the bible, and he had an aversion to liquor. During those days a strong and quiet friendship grew up between Laraway and the Kid.

The "old man" was visiting his ranches this season, and took a great interest in the sick man, told him to go off somewhere and get well and hearty before trying to work again; said his pay would go on exactly as though he were in the saddle. But Laraway said: "I've no place to go that I like half so well as this old ranch, and no friends so good as these." So he stayed around camp and made hair bridges and cinches, and read books, and helped the cook, and did all those things which a cowboy does only when he is invalided. Among the visitors whom the "old man" entertained at the ranch that spring was Mitchell, the famous mind reader. One Sunday afternoon he volunteered to show the boys what he could do. We hid objects all over the place and kept him clashing around for an hour.

At last Mitchell said: "This is all dead easy for me; it doesn't amuse me. You all know where these objects are placed, and the trail is hot to them. Now," he said to the Kid, who had been one of the most interested participants, "you fix your mind on something whose whereabouts are known only to yourself and when you don't want me to find it." He took the Kid's hands and began to wander around the buildings. Twice he circled the corals, then, getting his bearings, made a bee-line for a small, bowlder-strewn butte a quarter of a mile away. By this time he was fairly dragging the reluctant Kid along. The mind reader halted at the first big bowlder and the boys quickly turned it over. The bed of the rock was a rounded hole some three feet deep, and at the bottom lay a small black book—Laraway's bible. At sight of it he fell back a step and stood about the whole as solemnly as a grave. The Kid was blabbering. "I didn't mean no harm," said he.

Laraway had been in the second rank of those who followed the mind reader up the hill; now he crowded to the front and looked in. "My bible, by God," he cried, and jumped into the hole. As he came out with the book in his hand and strode down the hill without a word to any one, he tore out the fly-leaf, upon which he had written his pledge. I picked it up and kept it as a record of a noble endeavor.

We turned our backs on the Kid's cache, now despoiled, and walked slowly down the hill. For some time there was no comment on the foreman's conclusion. We heard a clatter of hoofs on the hard road as Laraway spurred away toward town. Then the Kid lifted his head (he was ever a stubborn youngster). "I'll save him yet," he said—"San Francisco Argonaut."

There is such a thing as taking too good care of a precious article. A Southern exchange tells of a "cracker" couple who came to a militia to be married.

They were to have the ceremony performed with a ring, and the groom was terribly afraid he should lose it. So was the bride, and she kept asking: "John, you sho' you got that ring?" "I sho' now, Mary." "What you got it, John?" "I've got it in my mouth. I aint g'na to lose it now." When the ceremony was in progress, and the place was reached where the ring was in order, the clergyman said: "Let me have the ring, please." The bridegroom gulped, choked, stuttered, and finally exclaimed, despairingly: "Lawdy, I done swallowed it!"

One of the queerest villages known is in New Guinea, and is called Tupu-sele. The houses are all supported on piles, and stand out in the ocean a considerable distance from shore.

# "SOUP MAKES THE SOLDIER."

The great Emperor understood that primarily the soldier is a stomach. Primarily every man is a stomach. The whole body and brain are dependent for health and life upon the orderliness and completeness of the processes which go on in the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. People who have been treated for disease of head, heart, lungs, liver, nerves or blood have often been treated in vain, until they began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When this medicine had healed the stomach and cleansed the blood, the other diseases disappeared.

"Six years ago last August I was attacked with 'malaria fever,'" writes Mr. Daniel A. Carter, of West Rowan Co., N. C. "My spleen became enlarged, and I was in bed of and on for four years. I went to the doctors and some of them said I had dyspepsia, others said I had liver trouble. The last doctor I had called a chronic liver and stomach disease. So I paid out money and nothing did me any good. Two years ago I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and used ten bottles, and now I can do as big a day's work as any man."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a boon to bilious people. They cure.

There is a blind man living in the heart of the old quarter who walks nearly every day to a little restaurant near Canal street. The distance each way is from sixteen to twenty blocks, according to his route, and to see him sauntering carelessly along one would never suspect his infirmity. Talking yesterday with an inquisitive reporter he declared that he saw with his nose and feet, and this was the way he explained it: "When a man has his 'sight,' he said, 'the smells of the street are all mixed up, but when he's blind he learns to separate them. The smells of the shops are almost as plain to me now as the signs used to be over the doors. Some of them you would hardly suppose to exist. Take a dry goods store, for instance, it smells of cloth, and has a very peculiar odor. Iron and tin have smells of their own, and I can tell a hardware store immediately. I pass two book stalls nearly every day, and I scent them yards off by the old books. Then there are a great many indescribable odors by which I know this place and that. Of course, my feet are my principal guide, and I've been over the same ground so often that I couldn't get along with either nose or feet alone. They work together, and where one fails the other helps out. Between them they make very good eyes. The secret of my stepping out is this: I've learned how to stop. People who can see hurl themselves forward like locomotives. That's why the shock is always so unexpectedly violent when you collide with another person. I put no extra power whatever in my movements, and if the toe of my boot touches some unknown obstacle I stop stock still instantly."

This clever blind man leads a very tranquil life. He has a small income, and lives with a granddaughter. A servant is hired especially to read to him every afternoon. Many of those who know him are unaware of his blindness.

## GUIDE POSTS OF THE BLIND.

A Sightless Man Tells How He Is Helped To Make His Way About.

HAD NO FARE.  
Jigger—I lost the last dollar of my week's wages to-day. Thingumbob—Don't say? That's too bad. Jigger—And yet, when I discovered the loss, I realized I was better off. Fact! You see, I was on a trolley car at the time."

HER GLANCE.  
She told him with a frowning look—What fate would she confer? Then brought him openly to book—"Your hair needs cutting, sir."

# ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

# Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

GUARANTEED PURELY VEGETABLE. No Opium. No Mercury.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A. F. WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, G. R. C. A. F. & A. M., meets A. & M. 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, Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, also of Royal College of Dental Surgeons 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 opposite Dr. Battisley's residence.

T. Dumont—Piano Tuner and Repairer. References given by owners of the best pianos in the city. All enquiries will be promptly answered. Address, 464 P. O., St. Thomas P. O., 523, Chatham. 181y

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

KRAUSE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC  
Unrivalled Advantages Offered for a most Thorough and Complete Musical Education in all Branches of Practical and Theoretical Music.  
PIANO, VOICE, VIOLIN, ORGAN, THEORY, ELOCUTION, PHYSICAL CULTURE.  
MISS F. HILLMAN, Registrar. R. VICTOR CARTER, Musical Director.

LEGAL.  
J. B. RANKIN, Q. C. — Barrister, Notary Public, etc., Eberts' Block, Chatham.  
C. F. W. ATKINSON—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., 115 King Street, Chatham, Ont.  
W. FRANK SMITH—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Office, King street, west of the market. Money to loan on Mortgages.  
J. B. O'LYNN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office: King Street, opposite Merchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.  
FRASER & BELL—Barristers, Office—Merchants' Bank Building, Chatham.  
JOHN S. FRASER, EDWIN BELL, LL. B.

WILSON, KERR & PIKE—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Proctors of the Maritime Court, Notaries 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, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc., Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Scane'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  
Reserve Fund, 6,000,000  
Drafts bought and sold. Collections made on favorable terms. Interest allowed on deposits at current rates in Savings Bank Department, or on deposit receipts.  
DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager, Chatham Branch.

STANDARD BANK OF CANADA  
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.  
Branches and agents at all principal points in Canada, U.S., and Great Britain. Drafts issued, and notes discounted. Savings Bank Department deposits (which may be withdrawn without notice), received, and interest allowed thereon at the highest current rates.  
G. P. SCHOLFIELD, Manager, Chatham Branch.

New Hardware  
Paints, Oils, Putty, Glass and Tinware  
And all kinds of Shell Hardware, foot of 2nd St. Bridge, North Chatham.

D. H. Winter