


Don't Drop it.

After you have tantalized your appetite with a promise of

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

don't disappoint it.

There never was anything so tempting, that came out of a biscuit box, as these dainty, crisp squares of cracker goodness.



DISTRICT

ROMNEY.

Miss Gertrude Inrie is recovering from her recent illness.

Rev. Mr. Milson is holding evangelistic services at Goldsmith.

Mrs. Milson has gone on a visit to her parents.

Mr. C. Newick is able to be out again.

A large number of farmers delivered their tobacco at Leamington last week.

Herman Smith disposed of five horses at a good price one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cox and family are visiting Mrs. Cox's parents in Alabama.

The Ladies' Aid met on Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. Atherington.

A number of the school children with the measles.

Mr. Cowsworth is all smiles these days. It's a girl.

CAMDEN TOWNSHIP.

Mr. Dent, of North Thamesville, is taking a nice lot of logs in at his mill.

Mr. Charles Wilcox has got the best bound in this country. He is a valuable dog.

The Free Methodists of Thorncliffe are getting large crowds at their services.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hopper are all smiles. It's a girl.

There is some talk of the cut-off

getting under operation this summer between Lake St. Clair and Lake Erie.

Mr. Samuel Ross is thinking of going to Pontiac.

A hundred and ninety-two met at the home of Mr. Peter Morgan and enjoyed a sumptuous repast. All struck for home in the wee sma' hours.

Mr. Willie Willard is buying calves. He is getting to be the best cattle buyer in this country.

Miss Flossie Blagman is going back to dress making in Thamesville.

Mr. Will McKinley, Camden's most up-to-date farmer, is talking of going to the West to locate.

NORTHWOOD.

Mr. John Walters has completely recovered from an attack of pneumonia.

Quarterly meeting was held in the Methodist church last Sunday. The Rev. Mr. McKelvey, of Louisville, took charge. There was a large attendance from Bethel.

Mr. Nate Roe is suffering from an attack of pneumonia.

The telephone put in by the Bell Telephone Co. are a great convenience to the Northwood people.

Mr. Peter Campbell will soon have his large mill yard full of logs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Savage and family spent Sunday at Wm. Cryderman's.

It is not what he has, not even what he does, which expresses distinctly the worth of a man, but what he is.

Her Brilliant Failure

By Katherine Lewis

Copyright, 1906, by M. M. Cunningham

With chin uplifted and lips firmly compressed, Margaret advanced to meet fate.

Fate in this particular instance was represented by Margaret's father, a self-opinionated, self-made man with a grievance. Margaret realized fully that she was a factor in the grievance. Her three sisters constituted the remaining factors.

John Leckie felt that he had been played a scurvy trick when, having proved that he could surmount obstacles before which the average man fell back dismayed and could rise from nameless, penniless obscurity to a position of power if not popularity among men and affairs, nature had sent him daughters instead of sons. His wife had died of very shame for having failed so signally to fulfill her duty in this respect.

The eldest daughter had tried to expiate her mother's offenses by entering her father's office as bookkeeper. Today she ranked as his right hand man. She wore mannish clothes, too, and talked shop with her father from soup to coffee and was tremendously bored when her sisters proposed entertaining a few friends at dinner.

The second daughter had chosen art and had opened a small studio in a western city. Anything, in her estimation, was preferable to being told whenever she met her father that if she had been a man she might have built iron bridges instead of art castles in air.

One thing John Leckie had done—he had given them the best educational advantages money could buy, and then he had said, "Now go out and do things."

Margaret, fresh from the trip abroad which Leckie considered the essential finishing touch of a girl's education, knew that she would be expected to "do things."

Her father had given her time to unpack her trunks, to call on her few relatives and the intimate family friends and to recover her equilibrium, so to speak. Now, when he sent her to join him in the library, she knew what his question would be. Nor was her surmise incorrect.

John Leckie leaned back in his untufted leather chair and stared frankly at the tall, slender girl, who from some unknown and far distant ancestor had inherited a grace almost patrician.

"Sit down, Margaret. I've spent a good many thousands of dollars on your education. What do you expect to do with it?"

"I think I shall take charge of the house," she said, calm, without quaking within.

"Take charge of the house?" echoed her father harshly. "I pay Mrs. Jenkins to do that."

"And the whole house looks as if it were handled by a hiredling," replied Margaret, meeting his angry gaze without flinching. "Bought! Hired! The words are stamped all over the place. We have no home life, no home atmosphere, and I want to make things more pleasant, more like some of the homes in which I have visited. I think that is my forte."

A deep purple flush mounted to Leckie's forehead, and his fist came down on the table with a ringing thump.

"So, after all the money I've spent on you, after all the plans I've made for my girls to take a place in the world as good as their father made for himself, you have no bigger ambition than to mend socks and bake pies. That will add to the tuster of our family name, won't it?"

Margaret bit her lip. Leckie had spoken as if the name had been handed down through ten generations instead of one.

"Now, see here! That gag doesn't go. You're going to do something! Think of your sister Harriet!"

Margaret did think, and then she almost shuddered. She remembered Harriet's untidy room, some cigarette stubs she had seen lying on the unpolished brass tray. Harriet had said that after the long day in the office she simply had to smoke to quiet her nerves.

"Harriet is a credit to her father. Men down street call her a wonder. And you want to mend socks! Good heavens! Say, do you think you could sell goods? I'll start you in a millinery shop—a lot of society women are going in for that sort of thing—or a tea room, if you like. But you've got to do something."

Margaret rose and half timidly laid her arm around her father's thick neck.

"Father, dear, I'd so much rather just make tea for you and your few friends. Perhaps we might have more friends if—"

He flung aside the encircling arm.

"Now, see here, you're not going to sit back on your haunches and do nothing just because I have money. You've got to make a name for yourself at something." He was brutal now in his disappointment. "If you can't do anything else, you can teach. I know a man; helped him out of a tight place about three months ago; name is Graydon. He lives somewhere out in Westernchester county and is on the school board. He has pulled enough to get you a job at teaching out there, and you can try your hand at that. If you can't earn five hundred a year giving out some of the education that I paid about five thousand a year for, you're a disgrace to the family. I'll see Graydon in the morning. School must open out there in a week or so."

He bent over his desk as if the sub-

ject were closed. Margaret paused in the doorway. Her face was very white. Her eyes burned like red stars in the gloom of the curtained doorway. "I'll do what you say, of course, father, but I warn you in advance that I will be a failure. I was not meant for that sort of thing."

Her father flung back his big head and stared at her.

"Perhaps you think you were born to play a lady, but I will fool you. You don't come from that sort of stock."

And so it happened that Margaret Leckie was placed in charge of district school No. 16. The one redeeming feature of her new position was the long walk to and from the depot, for she commuted daily rather than take board in the small village around which homes of millionaires were clustered. These long walks steadied her nerves for the labor of teaching the unkempt and insolent children of gardeners, coachmen and truck raisers who fell to the lot of school No. 16. She had spoken the truth when she said that she would fail. The power to organize and discipline children in numbers is not given to all, not even to the woman who by the magic talisman of maternal love may develop into a model mother in her own household. To the problems of undisciplined youth and unclean persons and untutored minds she gave the best energies at her command, but she worked with the sense of failure forever dogging her footsteps.

She was not surprised, therefore, when one particularly dull and lowering afternoon Mr. Graydon's motor car drew up at the schoolhouse. It was to be an investigation by a committee of one. She had felt it coming—ever since Billy Dobson had put red pepper on the stove and school had been dismissed for the afternoon. She rose, very straight and girlish and big eyed, as Homer Graydon entered the door. It was his first visit to the school, and she was surprised to find a clean cut, youngish looking man instead of the side whiskered, portly personage she had somehow pictured this arbiter of her money earning fate to be.

Quite some time passed before he referred to the Billy Dobson incident, and Homer Graydon had taken measure of the woman before the matter came up for discussion. By this time Margaret was herself once more, and she did not strive to dodge the issue.

"There is no use talking about the matter, Mr. Graydon. I was not cut out for a schoolteacher. I know my limitations, but my father refuses to recognize them. There is only one thing I want to do, and he will not permit that."

She never knew how it happened, but before Homer Graydon left that schoolroom he knew what her simple ambitions encompassed, and he knew just how she would attain them.

The lowering clouds had lifted suddenly, the autumnal colorings on the trees shone in the sunlight, and his own heart sang in measure to the onward plunge of his car. He was taking the unsuccessful schoolteacher to the depot in the village, and it was all he could do to refrain from telling her then and there what she had brought into his money grubbing life.

The world says that love at first sight lives only in novels and magazines. Homer Graydon says he knows better. John Leckie first said it was sheer madness on Margaret's part, but sometimes when he goes to the cozy Graydon home and looks from the contented face of its mistress to the proud face of its master he wonders if it pays only "to do" things—when you're a woman.

Death Through a Tarantula.

One of the quickest and most complete and justifiable killings that ever I saw came about through a tarantula. It was at a mine camp, and the camp bully had a tarantula impaled on a stick. A man newly arrived from the east stood gazing, fascinated with horror, at the squirming reptile, working its black fangs in the effort to reach something that it could fasten them into. Suddenly, without warning, the bully thrust the tarantula straight into the tenderfoot's face. His whiskers saved him from the fangs, but he let out a yell as if he had actually been bitten and jumped back. I fully believe, ten feet. Then, as the fellow came poking the tarantula toward him again, the tenderfoot drew his revolver and turned loose on his tormentor. His first shot would have been enough, as it went straight through the fellow's body, but the tenderfoot had his excitement to work off, and he never stopped shooting until his revolver had been emptied and the man with the tarantula was a sieve. "Served him right," was the verdict of the corner's jury, and the case never went to court for trial.—San Francisco Examiner.

In London Clubland.

In some of the ultra exclusive clubs, says the London Chronicle, it is a serious breach of etiquette for one member to speak to another without obtaining a ceremonious introduction beforehand. A painful case has just occurred in a certain old established and extremely respectable Pall Mall caravan. It appears that a newly joined member in callous defiance of custom ventured the other afternoon to make a remark about the weather to a gentleman with whom he was not personally acquainted. The recipient of this outrage glared stonily at its perpetrator.

"Did you presume to address me, sir?" he demanded, with an awful frown.

"Yes, I did," was the defiant reply. "I said it was a fine day." The other digested the observation thoughtfully.

Then, after an impressive pause, he turned to its bold exponent. "Well, pray don't let it occur again," he remarked as he buried himself once more in his paper.

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.

CHARTERED BY THE U.S. PATENT OFFICE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Noises of Great Men.

Prominent noses seem to have been the property of many great men. Lycurgus and Solon had noses six inches in length, and Ovid was surnamed Naso on account of his large nose. Scipio Nasica derived his name from his prominent olfactory organ, and Alexander the Great and Cardinals Wolsey and Richelieu all had large noses. On the medals of Cyrus and Artaxerxes their noses came clear out to the rim of the coin. Washington's was the true aquiline type, indicative of firmness and patience, as was the nose of Julius Caesar. Mohammed had a singular nose. It was so curved that a writer has told us that the point of it seemed continually striving to insert itself between his lips. The noses of Franklin, Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson all had wide nostrils, betokening strength and love of thought. The nose of Napoleon was exquisitely though firmly chiseled. He often said, "Give me a man with plenty of nose!" Frederick the Great had so large a nose that Lavater offered to wager that bludgeoned he could tell it among 10,000, by merely taking it between his thumb and forefinger.

The Natural Beauty Aid

The only "treatment" a woman needs, to make her complexion beautiful—and her hands soft and white—is the daily use of

"Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap

It cleanses the skin by stimulating the pores, and dissolving and carrying off all excesses of the skin.

The perfect complexion soap. 3 cakes for 25c.

Ask your druggist for "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap.

Crushing a Cretac.

School superintendents in New York among their many duties are expected to report on the personality of the teachers in their district. It is not always easy to get "a line" on that quality of a teacher, so many are lenient in the work. One of the superintendents, however, is never satisfied until he has made the test for orderliness by asking the teacher to open his or her desk. One day he found one of his fair subordinates with things in great confusion. She was evidently violating heaven's first law.

"My dear," said he to the blushing delinquent, "I don't believe you would make a good housekeeper."

The desk closed with a bang. There was fire in her eye as she calmly replied:

"Oh! Are you looking for a housekeeper?"

Strong Words by a New York Specialist.—"After years of testing and comparison I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the quickest, safest, and surest known to medical science. I use it in my own practice. It relieves the most acute forms of heart ailment inside of thirty minutes and never fails."

Sold by W. W. Turner.

WHAT TO DO.

Well, what do you really do when trouble strikes you? Shout halloo! Does that scare him off? Yes; he thinks I'm so happy he takes to the woods!

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY, Take LAXATIVE BROMO-QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.

THE REAL CHINESE GONG.

It Makes an Uproar as Awful as It Is Astonishing.

By the way, did you ever hear a real Chinese gong? I don't mean a hotel gong, but one of those great moon disks of yellow metal which have so terrible a power of utterance.

A gentleman in Bangor, north Wales, who had a private museum of south Pacific and Chinese curiosities, exhibited one to me. It was hanging amid Fiji spears beautifully barbed with sharks' teeth, which, together with grotesque New Zealand clubs of green stone and Sandwich Island paddles wrought with the baroque visages of the shark god, were depending from the walls; also there were Indian elephants in ivory, carrying balls in their carven bellies, each ball containing many other balls inside it.

The gong glimmered pale and huge and yellow, like the moon rising over a southern swamp. My friend tapped its ancient face with a muffled drumstick, and it commenced to sob like waves upon a low beach. He tapped it again, and it moaned like the wind in a mighty forest of pines. Again, and it commenced to roar, and with each tap the roar grew deeper and deeper till it seemed like thunder rolling over an abyss in the Cordilleras or the crashing of Thor's chariot wheels.

It was awful and astonishing as awful. I assure you I did not laugh at it at all. It impressed me as something terrible and mysterious. I vainly sought to understand how that thin disk of trembling metal could produce so frightful a vibration. He informed me that it was very expensive, being chiefly made of the most precious metals, silver and gold.—From "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn."

BURNING IN EFFIGY.

A Custom Born of the Superstition of the Ancients.

The burning of people in effigy has come from a foolish superstition of the ancients, who believed that by burning a likeness of a person they were inflicting pain upon the individual himself. Theocritus tells us that the Greek sorcerers killed their enemies by magic rites performed over the effigy of the person who had offended them, and Virgil also makes mention of this.

In the days of witchcraft and persecution one of the most common charges against witches was that they made waxen images of their enemies which they melted before a fire and thus caused the dissolution of the originals. The Japanese still regard the effigy as a means of punishment of faithless lovers, and in France to the time of the first revolution execution by effigy was a legal rite. In the Netherlands the same illogical custom prevailed, and the different religions burned the effigies of each other's leaders with zeal. In England the burning of effigies was also practiced, as it was later in America.

No doubt from the ancient custom of burning the effigy arose the idea of placing the wax figures of eminent men in Westminster abbey. In olden times upon the death of a celebrity a waxen figure representing him fully dressed as in life was made and carried in the rear of the funeral procession. After the service the effigy was set up in the church as a temporary monument, and during the time it was on exhibition it was customary to paste or pin pieces of paper containing complimentary epithets upon it. The royal figures in Westminster abbey date back to the fourteenth century.—New York Tribune.

Stanley the Explorer.

Although the fever of African exploration did not seize upon Henry M. Stanley until after he found Livingstone, when the example set by the latter fired the Welshman's ambitions, there can be little doubt that Stanley was a born explorer. Otherwise he would scarcely have been able to accomplish those arduous journeys which enabled him to fill up an enormous blank in the map of Africa. Stanley's discoveries were of the greatest political importance and led to the founding, among other things, of what is now the Congo Free State. His ultimate discovery of Emin Pasha furnished a magnificent illustration of Stanley's indomitable courage and perseverance.—London Mail.

A Royal Slip.

Considerable amusement was once caused by a slip of Emperor Nicholas in accepting the offers of several companies of Siberian militia who volunteered for service at the front. The petition read, "We humbly lay at your majesty's feet our desire to be permitted to fight and die for the fatherland." The emperor in accepting wrote on the margin of the petition in his own hand, "I thank you sincerely and hope your wishes may be fully realized."

The Wasted Witticism.

"I always thought," said the hostess, "that Scotchmen were humorous. Last night I showed a departing Scotch guest a great pile of overcoats in the dressing room."

"Here," I said, with a wave of my hand, "you are the first to leave. Take your choice."

"Thank you," said he as he fumbled searchingly among them, "I'll 'ave me own."—New York Press.

A Legal Remedy.

Hostess.—Were you sensick coming across, dear? Miss Pert.—Oh, no! You see, papa was with us. Hostess.—But what has that to do with your not being sensick? Miss Pert.—Well, you know, papa is a judge, and he overruled the motion.—Boston Transcript.

A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.—Living.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUIST'S DISEASE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, AND ALL POINTS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.

The Pills That Buzzed For Mendelssohn.

The following story is told of the music of the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." While Mendelssohn was deep in the making of this same fine overture he went riding one day with a friend. In order, after awhile, to rest their horses the two boon companions dismounted and stretched themselves out under the shade of a great tree. Suddenly there came an excited "Hush!" from the great composer, who half arose very cautiously. A large fly was buzzing over them, and Mendelssohn was anxious to catch the true sound of the insect's hum as it gradually drifted farther away. Many days later when the overture had been completed the artist called his friend's attention to that passage in progression where the violoncello modulates in the chord of the seventh of the descending scale from B minor to F sharp minor. "There, that's the fly that buzzed past us at Schonhausen," said Mendelssohn.

The average girl is a paradox. She likes to be kissed and gets mad if you try.

No one gets more out of life than he puts into it.

PATERSON'S COUGH DROPS

Not mere candy, though they are delicious—a cure as well, and a sure relief for stubborn coughs, colds, and throat fits of all kinds. Doctors say these cough drops are all right. Demand the three-cornered kind in the red and yellow box. THEY WILL CURE.

RAILWAYS.

GOING WEST	WABASH	GOING EAST
No. 1—8.25 a. m.	No. 4—12.25 p. m.	
3—1.07 p. m.	6—11.19 p. m.	
13—1.25 p. m.	7—1.32 a. m.	
8—9.31 p. m.	8—2.49 p. m.	
9—1.13 a. m.		

J. A. Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto and St. Thomas.

J. C. Pritchard, Station Agent, W. E. Rispin, W. P. A., 115 King St., Chatham.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

7 a. m. for London, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary and all Pacific Coast points.

7.15 a. m. Fast Express for London, Toronto, Montreal, St. John, Boston and all points East, also Winnipeg, Calgary and Pacific Coast Points.

1.03 a. m. for Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul and all points north, south and west.

1.15 p. m. for Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul and all points north, west and south.

3.32 p. m. Fast Express for London, Toronto, Montreal, St. John, Boston and all points east, also Winnipeg, Calgary and Pacific Coast Points.

1 Daily except Sunday. * Daily.

General Change of Time on Oct. 14th

GRAND TRUNK WEST

7.30 a. m. for Windsor, Detroit and intermediate stations, except Sunday.

7.55 p. m. for Windsor and Detroit.

4.48 p. m. for Windsor and Detroit.

7.55 p. m. for Detroit, Chicago and west.

International Limited daily.

Mixed 2.30 p. m.

EAST

10.37 a. m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto and Buffalo and New York.

7.50 p. m. for London, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and New York.

5.18 for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and East.

9 p. m. for London and intermediate stations Daily except Sunday. * Daily.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

A Word To The Wise

—When planning a trip in any direction it will pay you to consult nearest Canadian Pacific agent.

Special rates (not always advertised) are frequently in effect. A few questions may save a few dollars.

Talk It Over

with, and obtain Rates, Etc., from E. FREMLIN, C. P. A., Opera House Block, Chatham, Ont.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Mardi Gras Festivities, New Orleans

February 7th to 12th

For above Grand Trunk Ry. Co. will sell Return Trip Tickets from.

Chatham

at following rates

New Orleans \$30.85

Molile and Pensacola \$29.60

Tickets good going Feb. 6th to 10th inclusive.

Returning up until Feb. 16th

Mindard's Liniment Relieves Neu-

THE RELIANCE LOAN AND SAVINGS CO. OF ONTARIO

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO
BRANCHES: AYR AND CHATHAM

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.

DEPOSITS

PER CENT. interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal. Money can be withdrawn by cheque.

DEPOSIT RECEIPTS

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

DEBENTURES

PER CENT. per annum interest allowed on Debentures issued for five years. Interest coupons paid half yearly.

THERE IS NO BETTER SECURITY

J. BLACKLOOK, J. A. WALKER R. O.,
General Manager. Manager Chatham Branch