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DISTRICT

CAMDEN TOWNSHIP.

Camden's prospect for the coming summer is a glorious one. Never in the history of this farming community did the people enjoy the anticipation of such an abundant harvest. Most of the people of this township had all of their fall plowing done, which puts them in proper shape to take advantage of such an early spring. Nearly every farmer seems to be happy and delighted with his work, which sometimes seems to be a dray, but as Nature is favoring him with her richest gifts of warm weather and sunshine, all the past trouble is forgotten and all things seem new. The wheat crop of this township seems to be all right in color, and is almost covering the ground. The meadows are looking equally as good. The clover is splendid. Some places you can almost hear the meadowlarks singing. The fruit as yet has come through without a blemish, and there will be an abundant crop of peaches and apples if no future harm befalls them. In our neighboring township—Dunlop—seems to be a little backward in the way of wheat and meadows. A great many of

their clover meadows are badly heaved. There is no place on earth like the farm. Alex. Lawrence's sale the other day was well attended and everything was sold at a fair price. A. Wilcox seems to lead this spring. He has nearly thirty acres plowed. Mrs. James Tweedie had a narrow escape from being burned to death. While lighting the fire with coal oil it exploded and burned her face and hands badly. Luckily her clothing escaped, which would in all probability have caused her death. Stanley Williston says business is picking up. The Latter Day Saints are holding revivals at Wabash yet. Our councillors say that the taxes of Camden this year will be away down. It is about time, for we have always been assessed most unmercifully high. D. M. Healy talks of coming to Camden shortly. P. Morgan's house is quarantined on account of scarlet fever. H. J. Crowder has engaged with J. Fraser for the coming summer, after which he will return to his uncle's in Nebraska. It is well to remember that the longest prayers don't always reach the farthest.

What Flour Makes The Best Bread?

SOME claim that all Manitoba Flour makes the best bread, but those who have tried "Kent Mills" Gold Medal Flour know better. It's the perfect flour—makes the best bread. Don't confuse this blend with ordinary blends. It's different—as a trial will prove to your entire satisfaction. It took us years of patient study and experimenting to discover the exact proportions of best Red Winter Wheat to blend with the finest Manitoba Wheat to assure the most triumphant results on baking day. In "Kent Mills" Gold Medal Flour we've retained the phosphates, gluten and other food elements which make Manitoba

Wheat flour so valuable as a tissue and muscle-builder, and secured from the Red Winter Wheat the delicious, delicate flavor which is entirely lacking in Manitoba wheat flour. By our method of blending we produce a flour so perfectly balanced that "good luck" is certain on baking day. It's entirely free from the uncertain tendencies common to Manitoba flours. It's the flour that makes the best bread—the most nutritious, delicious bread. Order from your grocer today. Every bag or barrel "Kent Mills" Flour guaranteed by both the manufacturer and dealer.

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THE HOCKEY FATALITY.

Cornwall Jury Acquits Masson on a Charge of Manslaughter.
Cornwall, April 12.—Chas. T. Masson of Ottawa, charged with manslaughter for the killing of Bud McCourt in a hockey match here on March 6, was acquitted yesterday, the jury bringing in a verdict of "not guilty."
The evidence for the defence included some ten witnesses, most of whom testified that Chamberlain struck McCourt at the south end of the rink previous to the mix-up, which was generally believed to have resulted in McCourt's death.
The jury was out only 45 minutes. The general feeling in Cornwall last night is rather one of regret than elation. There was no venom in the prosecution, but the people think that something should be done to purge lacrosse and hockey of the man-killing element.

WOMAN GETS TWO YEARS.

Mrs. Bates Sentenced for Attempting to Kill Her Children.
Woodstock, April 12.—At the Assize Court yesterday, Mrs. William Bates, an elderly woman employed as a laundress about the city, received her trial on the charge of assaulting, with intent to kill, her two children, Hattie, aged 25 years, and her son, under 20.
The evidence went to show that the woman rose in the night while the two children were sleeping and attacked them with a hatchet. No defence was offered, and the woman was sentenced to two years in Kingston Penitentiary.

Lord Cromer Resigns.

London, April 12.—Foreign Secretary Grey announced in the House of Commons yesterday that Lord Cromer, the British agent and Consul-General in Egypt, has resigned his post for reasons of ill-health, and Sir Eldon Gorst had been appointed to succeed him.
In making the announcement of Lord Cromer's resignation the Foreign Secretary eulogized Lord Cromer's services, and said his policy would be continued.

ARSENIC IN PORTER.

Mrs. Gregg of Saintfield Dies After Taking Beverage.
Saintfield, Ont., April 12.—The coroner's jury on the death of Mrs. Homer Gregg, an aged lady, who died on March 15 shortly after drinking a cupful of porter taken out of a gem jar, found that death was the result of arsenic in the beverage. By what means it came there is unknown.
The verdict was based on the evidence of Prof. Ellis of Toronto, the analyst, who declared that he found arsenic and copper in one of the jars of porter sent him, and that his conjecture as to the poison in the stomach was that it was Paris green.
Officials of the Cochrane Brewery, Toronto, testified that it was impossible for arsenic to have got into the porter while being bottled.
Mrs. Gregg was over 80 years of age. She lived with her daughter and son-in-law, John T. Doble, a prominent citizen, about two miles from here. The case is causing a lot of talk, and County Constable McCully is investigating.

WOMAN CREMATED IN ROOM.

Found Standing in Middle of Room With Clothing Ablaze.
Stratford, April 12.—Mrs. Harriet Dewing was burned to death early yesterday morning. In the absence of his wife, she had been keeping house the past two weeks for Leopold F. H. Koeller, 106 Romeo street. Koeller, who slept downstairs, was aroused shortly after 9 o'clock, hearing Mrs. Dewing moaning, and proceeding upstairs, found her standing in the middle of the floor all ablaze. He extinguished the flames and called for medical assistance, but the woman died shortly after the doctor arrived. The case is somewhat mysterious, as it is understood the woman was fully dressed with an unlighted lantern in the room, though a half-burned match was found, which may account for the fire. An inquest will be held.

Trains Tied Up by Snow.

Regina, Sask., April 12.—Traffic on the north line is tied up tighter than ever by the storm now in progress according to advices received here yesterday. All the big cuts have filled in again. It is not likely a wheel will move north from here this week. The Canadian Northern will not sell tickets eastward from Edmonton to any points beyond Battleford. No passengers have gone east from Edmonton since April 6.

School Teacher Suicides.

Chicago, April 12.—Principal J. H. Bratton of the Raymond Public School, committed suicide yesterday by shooting. Ill-health caused it. He had been connected with the Chicago schools for 30 years. He was prominent in Masonic circles and was a member of the jury which convicted the Haymarket anarchists in 1887.

Freight Trains Collide.

Toronto, April 12.—A mix-up of two freight trains occurred on the Grand Trunk at the foot of Carlaw avenue shortly after six o'clock last night. One car was smashed to atoms and two others derailed.
Traffic was delayed for over an hour while the auxiliary from the Union Depot was clearing the tracks.

Duke of Marlborough Ill.

London, April 12.—Considerable alarm is felt over the condition of the Duke of Marlborough. He is under the watchful care of doctors, who are afraid that there is a recurrence of the heart trouble which so seriously affected him two or three years ago.

Cabinet Crisis Averted.

Brussels, April 12.—It is now believed that the threatened Ministerial crisis has been definitely averted. The Right party at a meeting Wednesday came to an agreement upon the question of the limitation of hours of labor in the mines.

Below Stairs

By Will A. Page.

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Evans, the butler, was industriously reading the newspaper out loud. On the other side of the kitchen table Mortimer, the coachman, was mending his whip.
"The daring robbers then bundled up their booty and decamped," the pompous butler read very loudly, "leaving the detective officers baffled without a clue. As there was no evidence that the doors had been forced or locks tampered with, the detectives were at first inclined to suspect the servants, but as Mr. Walcott declared he had the utmost faith in them the police were not allowed to search their rooms."
Mortimer, oblivious of the newspaper item, did not reply when Evans stopped reading as though expecting some comment.
"I say, Mortimer, old chap, that isn't such a bad haul, is it? The paper says they got away with \$2,000 worth of silver."
"Bad haul?" queried Mortimer.
"What are you talking about?"
"Talking about?" repeated Evans, disgusted. "Why, what else should I be talking about but the big robbery down the street at old man Walcott's house?"
"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were reading anything of importance." "I should say it was of importance. As the servants there are suspected, that naturally places us in an awkward position."
"What do you mean?"
"Aren't we all servants? And if one of the fashionable families takes up a bad don't all the other fashionable families follow suit?"
"Nonsense, Evans. You're an old fool."
"I tell you," persisted Evans, "that if the Walcott servants are suspected of dishonesty the servants of every fashionable family in the city will have to clear their characters."
"Why, we are well known to the missus. I have been with her six years, yet you dare!"—And Mortimer rose, flourishing his whip.
"I don't mean you," sneered Evans. "It's Miss Charlotte who is more likely to be suspected."
Mortimer resisted the inclination to strike the fellow, though he was strongly tempted. The doorbell sounding then, Evans, with a muttered imprecation, rushed to a small mirror hanging on the kitchen wall, primed himself and disappeared, bowing elaborately to Charlotte, the maid newly come to service, who happened to be entering the kitchen at that particular moment.
"Now, then, you stupid," broke in Charlotte, "you almost made me drop the chinaware."
Charlotte bowed, without speaking, to Mortimer, who commenced to mend the whip with redoubled anxiety. She busied herself at the gas stove making chocolate, and neither spoke a word for several moments. Then Evans broke in hurriedly upon them.
"It's a detective," he cried, rushing across the room toward the door which led into the front basement. "I seen it on the card he sent up to the missus. A. L. Walker, Detective Headquarters; that's what the card said." He opened the door into the basement.
"But what does he want?" inquired Charlotte.
"That's just what I'm going to find out. There's a furnace pipe in there that is loose, and it opens right under where the detective is sitting. I can hear every word." And he disappeared into the cellar.
"I'm afraid Mr. Evans is not troubled by scruples, Mr. Mortimer," said Charlotte, turning to the gas stove again. "I always thought butlers a bad lot."
"I'm glad you think so," began Mortimer.
"Why, Mr. Mortimer, what do you mean?"
"Of course one can't be jealous of a butler," broke in Mortimer, dropping the whip.
"Jealous? Well, I like that!" with a toss of the head.
"Perhaps I shouldn't say jealous," continued Mortimer, abashed. "But, you see, I wanted to ask you"—
"Well?"
"—If you'd spend your next evening out with me, unless you have some other engagement."
"Next week, on Thursday?" said Charlotte coquettishly. "No, I don't think I have anything on my card."
"Then I'll put you down for next Thursday, Miss Charlotte. Thanks!"
"Did you say it was for the grand opera, Mr. Mortimer?"
"No, Miss Charlotte; for the coachmen's ball."
"The coachmen's ball?" repeated Charlotte enthusiastically. "Oh, how jolly! I've always wanted to go to a coachmen's ball. It's—it's rather exclusive, isn't it?"
"I should say so," answered Mortimer proudly. "Only those who drive for the west end families are eligible." The sudden boiling over of the milk interrupted these pleasant anticipations of future happiness, and Mortimer was dispatched posthaste to the dining room to secure some chocolate. Charlotte, left alone, reached for her handkerchief and found a letter in the pocket of her apron. Evidently she was deeply interested, for she read and reread the letter several times. Then she untied the handkerchief, disclosed a large diamond ring and tried it on several fingers.
"Cracky! A diamond!" cried Evans, entering suddenly from the cellar.

Charlotte hastily returned the ring to her pocket.
"It's my own," she declared. "It was given to me by a dear old lady who has just died."
"Stuff and nonsense!" broke in the man roughly. "It's the diamond some one stole from the missus. I heard all about it through the stove pipe. The detective is looking for it now. He's going to search the house."
"But it's mine, I say!"
"Ah, your game is up, my girl. Give me the ring and I won't tell. Say you'll marry me. I can sell the diamond!"
"Let me go. You hurt me. Help! Let me go!"
"Perhaps you'll be good enough to oblige the lady," said Mortimer, striding down to Evans and giving him a twist on the collar. "Be off with you!"
Evans withdrew to one side angrily. "I'm going to tell the detective!" he cried roughly. "Then we'll see whose turn it will be."
The man rushed out of the kitchen angrily. Charlotte flushed red. "What is he going to tell the detective?" asked Mortimer.
"He—he thinks I have stolen this diamond," she answered, showing the ring.
"My God! Where did you get that ring?" cried Mortimer. "And he says you stole it? Quick—give it to me before the detective comes. I'll say I took it!"
"But it's mine—really!"
"Then what does he mean? Ah, I know you wouldn't steal a ring, Miss Charlotte—you wouldn't steal anything more than you've already stolen, my heart—but if I can help you only say the word."
Evans entered a few minutes later at an unfortunate moment. He was decidedly gloomy.
"Fine joke, you people may call this, making game of a man," he muttered, crossing to the cellar door.
"The detective—you told him?" eagerly asked Mortimer.
"Yes, I told him. I goes upstairs and tells the missus and the detective just as he is about to leave that her maid says as how she stole the diamond ring and is waiting in the kitchen to be arrested. At that the detective and the missus commenced to laugh, and the detect he says: 'Guilty conscience, my lady. Watch that maid. Some day she'll steal preserves.' And he goes out laughing. And then the missus turns to me and says, 'Evans, the detective found my ring under the hall rug, where it had fallen.' 'All right, ma'am,' says I, backing out, for I saw something was wrong."
"While on the subject, Evans," continued the missus, "perhaps you will explain just how you learned I had lost a diamond ring. I never told you!" And so I was caught, and the best I could do was to say that one of the furnace pipes was loose and that I happened to be in the cellar by accident. Now the missus has given me orders to fix that furnace pipe!"
And he gloomily plunged into the cellar.
"So you really believed I had stolen the ring?" said Charlotte.
"Not once. I was prepared to swear I had stolen it, because I love you." A terrific crash from the cellar interrupted them again at a critical moment.
"What's that?" cried Charlotte.
"I think the furnace pipe must have fallen on Evans," answered Mortimer cheerily, making her in his arms.
"Poor Evans," murmured Charlotte. "And we'll use my diamond ring as an engagement ring. We must save money now, you know."

Warrior Woes.—Through damp, cold and exposure many a brave soldier who left his native hearth as "fit" as man could be to fight for country's honor, has been "invalided home" because of the vulture of the battle ground—Rheumatism. South American Rheumatic Cure will absolutely cure every case of Rheumatism in existence. Relief in six hours.
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Our Mr. R. V. Carter will visit Chatham frequently in our interest 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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