

## Ceylon and India Tea

### GREEN OR BLACK IS PURE TEA.

"Pure tea calms, restores and cheers those in distress."  
**DRINK IT.**

## Woolens for Spring 1901

The larger part of our SPECIAL IMPORTATIONS for the SPRING SEASON have been passed into stock. We issue a cordial invitation to gentlemen of taste and discernment to call on us and become intimate with all that is most stylish and novel in the high art of good dressing.

**Albert Sheldrick, Merchant Tailor and Direct Importer.**

*It is poor economy to buy ordinary tea when Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green can be had at a reasonable price.*

*Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green*

## Eddy's Matches

PRODUCE A QUICK, SURE LIGHT EVERYTIME.

FOR SALE—

**By All First Class Dealers**

For packing BUTTER, LARD, HONEY, etc.,

## Eddy Antiseptic Packages

### NERVOUS, WEAK, DISEASED MEN

Cures Guaranteed or Money Refunded. No Names or Testimonials Used Without Written Consent.

### EMISSIONS, SYPHILIS AND VARICOCELE CURED.

Thousands of promising young men have their lives and future usefulness wrecked by early indiscretion and private diseases. Self-abuse is a terrible habit. The symptoms are: loss of energy, loss of appetite, loss of sleep, loss of memory, loss of power, loss of vitality, loss of manhood, loss of life. If neglected and not properly treated, other organs become affected, and sooner or later impotency or complete loss of manhood is the result. Our New Method Treatment will positively cure these diseases.

**ALMOST A SUICIDE—A VICTIM TESTIFIES.**  
C. L. Kewin, a mechanic, living on Twenty-fourth street, says: "I dislike a 'cure', but give this testimony for Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, and in the actions of the victims. If neglected and not properly treated, other organs become affected, and sooner or later impotency or complete loss of manhood is the result. Our New Method Treatment will positively cure these diseases."

my eyes were opened by reading the "Golden Monitor." I dreaded to consult doctors in my city; I could not face them with my disgrace. I tried with doctors in New York, Chicago, Boston and Cleveland, but got no benefit. I then tried a specialist here with the same result. A friend confided in me that he had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, and I resolved to try them. The result was as magic. My nervousness disappeared, emissions ceased, eyes grew better, hair grew again, and I gained 15 pounds in flesh. A new life has opened up to me, and I can never repay or forget Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. Have you been treated and never cured? You dare not risk a return of the disease. It may appear when happy in domestic life. Our New Method Treatment is your refuge. If diseased or about to marry, consult us confidentially.

We treat and cure Syphilis, Gleet, Self-Abuse, Varicocele, Emissions, Stricture, Unnatural Discharges, Seminal Weakness, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Consultation Free. Books Free. Call or write for Question Blank for Home Treatment. No cure, no pay. 15 years in Detroit—100,000 cured.

**DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN.**  
Corner Michigan Ave. and Shelby Street, DETROIT, MICH.  
Office Hours—9 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Sundays, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.—Confidential.

## NOTICE...

We are desirous of obtaining a suitable building in central portion of city, King St. preferred, for the Conservatory of Music, for season 1901-1902. We will take out a ten year lease with privilege of twenty-five, and will pay a good rent per year for suitable building.

Anyone interested in same business proposition may receive all information by addressing

**Krause Conservatory of Music**  
Chatham

### A LAWYER'S TRIALS.

MANY INTERRUPTIONS WHILE ON A KNOTTY CASE.

His Callers Came Along by the Score Until a Bright Boy Showed Up, and Then the Lawyer Was Troubled No Longer.

Stolid and severe of aspect, wiry and elongated in build, he sat at a desk in his Dearborn street law office unraveling the details of a knotty case in which he had been retained and chewing the end of an unlighted cigar.

A knock at the door disturbed him. "Come in," he said.

A woman entered, carrying a paste-board box, which she opened, exposing several small cakes of soap.

"Will you be so kind as to assist me?" she said in the smooth, well-oiled voice of a professional. "Only 10 cents a cake."

"Do I seem to need washing, madam?" he asked.

"Oh, no; I thought you might like to assist me a little."

"Do I look like a man in any danger of dying rich?"

"Only 10 cents a cake, and if you will please assist me—"

"I never assist anybody who mixes soap and charity. With the utmost respect for you, madam, good morning."

Five minutes later his door opened and a well-fed, prosperous man of African parentage, wearing a Prince Albert—or King Edward VII—coat and high silk hat, came in, made an elaborate bow and without a word presented a greasy, dog-eared passbook, with a printed introduction pasted on the first page.

"Struggling church?"

"Yes, sah."

"Do I look like a man in immediate danger of suffering the disgrace of dying rich?"

Again he turned to his work, and the intruder went softly out.

But the door presently opened a third time, and a man with a bare and obtrusive stump of a left arm thrust well forward came in, carrying a bunch of lead pencils in his right hand.

"Mister," he said, waving his stump eloquently and speaking in a plaintive tremolo, "would you be so kind?"

"Do I seem to strike you as a man about to disgrace himself by dying rich?" interrupted the other. "I have pencils enough to last me ten years. Please close the door as you go out."

Once more he took up the tangled thread of his law case.

There was a knock at the door, and a young woman entered.

"He did not look at me—oh, it's a War Cry, is it? Here's your nickel. Give the paper to that heathen in the room across the hall."

"Did he? All right. Here's another nickel. Give him a war whoop."

Ten minutes elapsed, and he was making some progress with his law when a soft voice at his door startled him.

"Will you please give us something for the hospital fund?"

"Do I look like a man," he thundered, "who—yes, I suppose so. Here's a quarter."

The two Sisters of Charity went noiselessly out, but before he could lock the door a blind man entered, led by a boy.

"Gentleman," said the blind man, putting on the soft pedal, "will you please buy a lead pencil and help a poor blind?"

"Say, do I look like a—but there's no use asking you that! No! do you hear that? No! No!"

"Thank you very much," said the blind man in the same pensive monotone as the boy dragged him out.

The next caller was a man of business-like appearance, with a square package under his arm.

"Are you interested in Balzac?" he inquired.

"No, sir. I am interested just now in the case of McGillicuddy versus Mulligan—anybody should ask you."

"I can show you a new edition, complete, elegant binding, with illustrations, for only \$30."

"Do I look like a man about to undergo the disgrace of dying rich, sir? Have you come to save me from it?" vociferated the victim. "I wouldn't buy your Balzac if you had a pile of him as high as the moon and offered me the whole stack for 30 cents. Don't succeed in making myself understood?"

"You do, sir. I could hear you if you didn't talk half as loud as you're talking when he was roused from his meditations by a loud knocking."

"Who is it?"

"John W. Gates."

"He's at the door and opened it. A little boy stood outside."

"Is this Mr. Gwiliams?" asked the boy.

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I've got the name on the door, Mr. Gwiliams," said the boy in a high keyed voice and with a declamatory style, his eyes roving about as he spoke. "My name is Johnny Gates. I am the son of a poor woman with a piano, on which she gives lessons. I am endeavoring to aid her in supporting the family by embarking in business myself. It may seem strange for one so young as I to embark in business. Nevertheless, such is the fact. I do not ask for charity, sir, or madam, as the case may be. Far from it. I can truly say I have no desire to accept money from anybody without honoring a full equivalent therefor. In taking this position, which, I think, will commend itself."

"What are you selling, Johnny?"

"Chewing gum, sir. Only half a dime."

"I don't want any gum, Johnny, but if you will stay outside my door for the next two hours and tell every one who comes along that there is a raving maniac inside who is likely to kill anybody if he is disturbed I will give you half a dollar. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here's your money. Stay, I'll hold your box of gum as security. As a practical man of business you will see the propriety of that, Johnny."

The young merchant accepted the trust, and in the time specified he successfully stood off the man with the shoe polish, the man with the wire clothes hanger, two match peddlers, the accident insurance agent, the man who sharpened knives and the woman with the low voice and confidential manner who sells cigars by the box.

But he earned his half dollar.—Chicago Tribune.

### LUCK IN DETECTIVE WORK.

Clews of the Sort That Lead to Something Once in a Lifetime.

"It's very strange how a detective will be put on the right track by some trivial incident, apparently unassociated altogether from the case in hand," remarked an old government official the other day.

"A dozen years ago, when I was doing some special work in the secret service department under Chief Bell, I undertook to run down a fellow who had been making some remarkably perfect counterfeit silver dollars and who had slipped through the fingers of the officers when they raided his place and captured his plot. The man had taken his meals for several months at a restaurant I patronized now and then, and I noticed him, casually, sitting at the table, but the only thing I could remember about him was that he ate a great many oysters and always called for raspberry vinegar and white pepper to use on them as condiments. The combination was rather peculiar and had fixed itself on my mind, but it could hardly be regarded as much of a clue. I hunted high and low for the fugitive, and after putting in four or five weeks of the hardest kind of work without discovering anything that would give the slightest lead to his whereabouts I gave up in despair and for the time being put the case in the pigeonhole.

"Fully six months afterward another affair of an entirely different character took me to a city in a distant state, and I happened to drop in at a good sized fancy grocery to make some inquiries about an address. While I was waiting to speak to the proprietor I heard an unusually fat man giving a clerk an order for a gallon of raspberry vinegar and impressing him particularly to send the best quality. 'Naturally the stuff reminded me of my missing counterfeiter, and after the fat gentleman went out I asked the clerk, curiously, who he was. 'He keeps a restaurant at No. —,' replied the young man. 'I wonder if he is as particular about his white pepper also.' I remarked on the impulse of the moment.

The clerk looked astonished. 'Why, that's funny,' he said. 'I sold him some extra strong imported white pepper only yesterday.'"

"It seems hardly possible that it could be anything more than a mere coincidence, but on the bare chance that I had struck a trail I strolled around to the restaurant that evening, and the first man I laid eyes on was my long lost silver dollar expert. He was eating raw oysters with vinegar and pepper, and I was so pleased with myself that I let him get through before I tapped him on the shoulder and told him he was under arrest. He turned out that he had struck town only a week before and had called for his favorite condiments at this particular cafe. They weren't on hand in the stock, and the proprietor promised to get them for him, and the result was that the epicurean counterfeiter did seven years in the United States prison at Columbus."

"If those are rare strokes of chance," added the old officer, "once in a lifetime is about their average."

### "THE GHOST OF THE CAGE."

An Explanation of Otherwise Inexplicable Elevator Accidents.

A Scimitar man ran across a party of Memphis men in the office of the Arlington, and they were talking about elevator accidents. In the party was a member of the city engineer's corps, who said:

"Every year there are hundreds of elevator accidents, and very few of them are from the breaking of cables or brakes. The majority of the cases on record can be traced to this one fact: The victim stepped into the shaft. Now, why on earth should a sane man do such a thing? Why, he simply thought he saw the elevator car in its accustomed place, and when he stepped on what he thought was solid floor he went to his death. The first of these remarkable elevator accidents that was ever noticed came to light in the mining regions of Colorado. Years ago I was out in that section of the country engineering for different companies, and in regard to these accidents I speak from what I actually saw. The first accident of this kind I ever heard of was in one of the deep silver mines of Leadville."

"One of the oldest men who had been following mining for half his life and knew this mine as he knew the streets of Leadville, ran a car of ore over the edge of the shaft the third level and was crushed down to the bottom with it. He was mortally injured, but before he died he told the doctor that he saw the 'ghost' at the shaft."

"Since that time there have been any number of accidents of a like nature in the mines out west. Sometimes the victims were all killed at once, but those who survived always swore that they saw the 'ghost.' I have talked to old miners, and they say they dread nothing more than the 'ghost of the cage.' They say that it comes to men who have worked all their lives in the mines. In fact, the longer a man has worked in a deep mine the more apt is he to see the 'ghost of the cage.'"

"So, taking it all together, I firmly believe that those who lose their lives by stepping into open elevator shafts really see the elevator car. It is one of the most fatal optical illusions in the world, but such it must be. The victim has become accustomed to seeing the cage at the shaft when he needs it, and the picture of it is fixed on his brain. When the fatal step is taken that sends him to death, he really sees it—the ghost of the cage."

**Beautiful Washington.**  
"The new Washington," says an English writer in the London Spectator, "is a clean and beautiful. It is doubtful whether any such delightful residential street as Massachusetts avenue is to be found on the globe. American domestic architecture is as successful as public architecture is expensive and often bad, but in these Washington avenues it is carried to the height of comfort and beauty. The green, well watered, fenceless lawns, the grouping of gables and eaves, the pretty porches and exquisite trees and flowers combine to give a most delightful series of pictures. There is not the ostentation of New York or Chicago, but there is more charm."

**Friendly Advice.**  
Smith—A friend of mine has a good scheme, and—  
Brown—I can suggest a better one.  
Smith—What is it?  
Brown—Don't invest in the scheme.

The first practicable steamboat was built in 1802 and the first railway locomotive in 1804.

### Don't Hesitate.

There is just one thing to use if your stomach is "out of order" and that "one thing" is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The supposition is that you want a prompt cure and a lasting cure. That is why the "Discovery" is recommended as the one thing for your condition. It cures promptly, perfectly and permanently, diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It's sure to help. It's almost sure to cure. It has completely cured ninety-eight per cent. of all those who have given it a fair and faithful trial.

"About ten years ago I began to have trouble with my stomach," writes Mr. Wm. Connelly, of 535 Walnut St., Lorain, Ohio. "I got so bad that I had to lay off quite often two or three days in a week, my stomach would bloat, and would belch up gas, and was in awful distress at such times. I have been treated by the best doctors in this city but got no help whatever. Some said I had cancer of the stomach, others dyspepsia. I have bought and tried everything I saw advertised for dyspepsia and stomach trouble, but continued to get worse all the time. About twelve months ago I was in such a condition that my friends had some fear about my recovery. It was then I wrote to you for advice. You told me that by my symptoms you thought I had liver complaint and advised the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' in connection. These medicines I have taken as directed, and am very happy to state that I commenced to get better from the start and have not lost a day since on account of my stomach. I feel tip-top, and better than I have for ten years."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the bowels and stimulate the liver.

### JINGLES AND JESTS.

**The Trouble With the Hen.**  
The duck approached the stub tailed hen, who had a melancholy air. She was most sympathetic when her neighbors seemed oppressed by care.

"Cheer up, dear friend, and smile once more! There's sure to be a change of luck. Forget your grief, and don't get sore," advised the sympathetic duck.

"You must try to remember that a scro's cup are little things. Likewise that care once killed a cat. And that's as sure as eggs is eggs."

Replied the hen, "I have no doubt my weakness is"—she raised her wings and let the fluffy chicks run out—"in brooding over little things."

**What Puzzled Him.**  
The professor had lost the change that was in his pocket. His wife—There's nothing very strange about it. See this big hole in your pocket. The Professor—Yes, my dear, I understand that. It is not that which puzzles me. There are two holes, equally large. I am endeavoring to ascertain out of which hole the money went, and why it chose the outlet in preference to another quite as practicable.

**By the Neck.**  
"Down our way," remarked the visiting eastern man, "you westerners have a great reputation for hospitality. We hear you're always ready to give a poor fellow a lift."

"Well, stranger," replied Cactus Cat, "I don't edaciously know what you mean by 'hospitality,' but I kinder ketch on, an you jest bet we'll lift any feller we ketch at it. That's what!"

**Another Hold Up.**  
"Poor Bronson." "What's the matter with him?" "He was the victim of a hold up last night, so he tells me."

"You don't say so! How did it happen?" "Oh, the baby had eaten something that didn't agree with it. He had to hold it up for three hours at a stretch."

**ROAD TALK.**  
"My automobile can pass your's any day." "That's all right; pass me when you feel like it; but, say—don't ever try to climb over me."

**An Ill-tempered dog has a scarred nose.**

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**  
Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of *Dr. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

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

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Minn's Lignment Cures Dandruff.

### DENTAL.

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 St. East.

### MEDICAL.

DR. WM. R. HALL—Office, Rooms 1, 2, 9 and 10, Victoria Block, corner of Fifth and King streets. Office hours from 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Office telephone 280 B. Residence telephone 173.

DRS. RUTHERFORD & RUTHERFORD—Office, Scane's Block, King St. Residence, corner Wellington and Prince Sts. East. J. P. Rutherford, M. D. Specialty, surgery. J. W. Rutherford, M. B. Specialty, midwifery, diseases of women and children.

### LODGES.

A. F. & W. L. WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A. M. n the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St. at 2.30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed. —W. M. E. CAMPBELL, W. M. ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

### A. O. U. W.

For life insurance, brotherhood and culture, the A. O. U. W. is noted in this community, and its present officers and active members are earnestly promoting these ends. Its principles and business system appeals to every young man who honors and values home life. Every member can interest himself in canvassing; no time like the present, delays are dangerous; prompt action means success; with some it may be now or never.

### LEGAL.

J. B. RANKIN, K. C.—Barrister, Notary Public, etc., Victoria Block, Chatham.

J. B. O'FLYNN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King street, opposite Merchant's Bank, Chatham; Ont.

FRASER & BELL—Barrister. Office, Victoria Block, Chatham. JOHN S. FRASER. EDWIN BELL, LL. B.

SCANE, HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds loaned at lowest current rates. Scane's Block, King St. E. W. SCANE, M. HOUSTON, FRED. STONE, W. W. SCANE.

WILSON, KERR & PIKE—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Proctors in the Maritime Court, Notaries Public, etc. Office, Fifth St. Chatham, Ont. Money to loan on mortgages at lowest rates. MATTHEW WILSON, K. C., J. G. KERR, J. M. PIKE.

### MUSICAL.

**Miss Nora Stephenson.**  
Pupil of Mr. H. M. Field, Leipzig, Germany, and Mr. R. Victor Carter, (late of Leipzig).

**PIANO-FORTE PLAYING.**  
Special attention paid to Touch, Tone, Technique and Style of interpretation, on long laid down by such great artists as Herr Martin Krause, Leipzig, and Herr Theo Laschafzisky, of Vienna.

Krause method as taught by Mr. H. Field and Mr. Carter. A limited number of students will be accepted. Addresses all communications to Krause Conservatory of Music

### BANK OF MONTREAL.

ESTABLISHED 1817.

Capital (all paid up) \$12,000,000. Rest Fund, 2,000,000. 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.

### The Latest and Most Economical

**Gas :: Stoves**

At The Chatham Gas Company Ltd. Office

**COAL OR WOOD** At Lowest Prices

Stein's Wood Yard

IN REAR OF CENTRAL SCHOOL.