

MEDICAL.

DR. J. P. SIVELWRIGHT—Office and residence, 117 King street, (over Buckus' Harness Shop) telephone 236. Night bell.

DENTAL.

A. A. HICKS, D. D. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office over Turner's drug store, 28 Rutherford Block.

LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge No. 46, A. F. & A. M. G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

J. S. BLACK, W. M.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN.

Kindness to loved ones can best be shown by taking steps to shield their future from the cold charity of the world. Do not delay, but obtain a beneficiary certificate in some benevolent society, and bear in mind that the A. O. U. W. is the best institution of the kind in existence. There is a steady increase in our membership, and nothing but good news comes to us from the Order wherever existing.

Visiting Brethren heartily welcome.
W. G. ARNOLD, J. R. SNELL,
Master Workman, Recorder.

LEGAL.

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

W. F. SMITH—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Office, King Street, west of the Market. Money to loan on Mortgages.

J. B. O'LENN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King Street, opposite Macdonald's Bank, Chatham, Ont.

SMITH & GOSNELL—Barristers, Solicitors, etc., Harrison Hall, Chatham; Herbert D. Smith, County Crown Attorney; R. L. Gosnell.

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"Out of the House of Bondage"

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"Gwendolen, is your knee in that chair? Why, my dear, one would think you were a child of five."

"My dear Gwendolen, do stop drumming on the window—such a lack of dignity."

Gwen stood up stiffly. "I suppose you mean that you don't like to see an old maid doing anything except old maidly things," she said as cuttingly as she dared.

Francesca and Harriet looked at her, at their mother and at each other. "Is there nothing you can do which would not be 'old maidly,' as you call it?" asked Harriet mildly.

"What shall I do?" demanded Gwen. "Can't you read to aunt?"

"No, I can't," interrupted Gwen fiercely. "I'm as hoarse as a crow from screaming into aunt's ear trumpet for an hour."

"Have you practiced this?" began Francesca.

"Practiced?" repeated her youngest sister, with still greater scorn. "What for? Haven't I practiced fifteen years for nothing? Nobody wants to hear me play. It's a perfect farce, doing things just because other people do them. I shan't do it any longer though."

And Gwen, her tall figure quivering with defiance, rushed out of the parlor and up to her room.

Poor Gwen! She was the youngest and had therefore never grown out of childhood in her sister's eyes.

Harriet and Francesca, aged respectively forty and forty-four, were so used to managing the household, their mother, the parish charitable work, the rector and sometimes the rector's assistant, who had only been there since Christmas, that they naturally expected to keep on managing their little sister too.

Gwen did not agree. She beat helplessly round in her cage, the great,



"MAY I TURN BACK WITH YOU?" SAID MR. WARDE.

gloomy house where her two energetic sisters were always criticising, commanding and forbidding.

She threw herself on the bed and tried not to cry.

Harriet stood in the doorway, and Gwen had jumped to her feet.

"Gwendolen, Mr. Warde is down stairs, and he has asked for you."

"He probably wants me to go and visit old women," said Gwen. "I shan't. I hate old women."

But Harriet had gone down stairs again to talk to the young assistant.

Gwen followed slowly. Francesca looked up first when Gwen opened the parlor door.

"Mr. Warde has come to ask us all to help with the services during Lent, Gwendolen," she said briskly. "He wants us to sing in the volunteer choir. I told him you would like to very much."

Gwen bit her lip and looked straight ahead.

Mr. Warde waited politely until Francesca had finished, then he turned to Gwen. "You know I have charge of the Lenten services, and I want them to be as beautiful as we can make them," he said, his eyes on her steadily. "I want to get some one to play for us too. Can't you help me to find some one, Miss Gwen?"

"Oh, Mr. Warde, let me play!"

For a moment there was a stunned silence, while poor Gwen's words rang back to her shrilly.

But Mr. Warde was smiling. "It will be a great pleasure to have you take it," he said.

His answer broke the spell. Francesca and Harriet rose as one to protest. "Why, Gwendolen, what a thing to ask! Of course she couldn't, Mr. Warde."

"Why, certainly she can do it. Can't you, Miss Gwen?"

But her fine flare of courage was gone. "I don't know," she stammered. "Nonsense, child! Of course you can't. She'll be very glad to sing with us, Mr. Warde." Harriet smiled for all of them, chiefly for Gwen, who had shrunk into herself again.

Mr. Warde looked at her keenly. Gwen changed color when he took her hand at parting. His eyes looked into her frightened ones as if he understood.

That helped Gwen to bear the critic-

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claim that followed with more composure than usual. She even smiled a little as she went down to the village after the evening mail.

But her eyes filled as she thought of the afternoon. She knew she could play on the big organ after a week's practice. She had done it before for the Sunday school. She would do it just because Mr. Warde had asked her. She gave a scared start. A black coated figure had stopped before her.

"May I turn back with you?" Mr. Warde's kind eyes asked.

"I want to ask you when you will come over to practice," he went on, quite as if it were a settled thing.

"I knew that you could play. I have heard you often as I passed the house," he explained when she looked at him bewildered. "You will not fall me, will you?" he asked, with an abrupt earnestness that sent the blood flying to Gwen's pale cheeks. "Because," he added, "it would be a great, very great, disappointment to me."

"No," answered Gwen, scarcely realizing what she said. "I promise to come."

She only half heard what Mr. Warde was talking about as he walked back with her. She was living in a dream. But at the gate, as he turned to leave her, she gasped. "Please don't tell them that I have promised," and was gone.

But, though she did not see it, Mr. Warde looked after her as though he understood.

"Where are you going, Gwendolen?" asked Harriet cheerfully. Gwen started nervously and looked around. It was 4 o'clock Monday afternoon as the elder sister came suddenly into the hall and met Gwen, who was hurrying toward the front door in a suspiciously silent manner.

"I'm going down town," answered Gwen.

"Well, wait and I will go with you," Gwen took a great breath.

"I can't wait, Harriet. I've an engagement."

Harriet smiled. "An engagement, eh?" She was always good naturedly indulgent of her sister's "childish ways." "And it can't wait?"

"No, it can't. I've promised Mr. Warde that I'd be there at 4."

"Mr. Warde? You've promised him?" Harriet stared. "What did this sudden independence mean?"

Harriet came close to the door. She was large and fair and had a smiling determination. Gwen did not look up. She knew that one glance from those large, light blue eyes would defeat her bravest plans. Suddenly she flung up

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her head, her eyes sparkling. "I have promised to help him, and I am going now." And, flinging open the front door, she rushed into Mr. Warde's arms as he walked up the steps.

"Oh, Mr. Warde," she began. "Why, Miss Gwen, what is this?" he asked, with some alarm, for she was sobbing hysterically and clinging to his sleeve.

At that moment he saw Harriet. Instantly he turned and bent his head close to Gwen's, and, holding her hands firmly in his, he said softly: "Gwen, I had not meant to ask you yet, but—Gwen, will you marry me some day? Answer me, dear, before you look up, and then we will go in together."

And low as her answer was he smiled when he heard it.

"Yes," said Gwen, "if—if Harriet will let me."

Statistics in regard to the frequency of thunderstorms in various parts of the world are given as follows by a German periodical: Java has thunderstorms on the average 97 days in the year; Sumatra, 86; Hindustan, 56; Borneo, 54; the Gold Coast, 52; Rio Janeiro, 51; Italy, 38; West Indies, 36; south Guinea, 32; Buenos Ayres, Canada and Austria, 23; Baden, Wurtemberg and Hungary, 22; Silesia, Bavaria and Belgium, 21; Holland, 18; Saxony and Brandenburg, 17; France, Austria and south Russia, 16; Spain and Portugal, 15; Sweden and Finland, 8; England and the high Swiss mountains, 7; Norway, 4; Cairo, 3. In east Turkestan as well as in the extreme north there are almost no thunderstorms. The northern limits of the thunderstorms are Cape Ogle, northern part of North America, Iceland, Novaya Zemlja and the coast of the Siberian ice sea.

Good Spirits.

The mystic is ever attractive, and the question of spirits and the best use to be made of them when they appear is one that may well be treated with thought and deliberation. To some modern families they do not belong. People go through this life with twenty-four hours to their day just as others have and, so far as one may trust observations, are never by any chance favored with the apparition of good spirits. These frowns at the world, and the world, not to be outdone in politeness, frowns back at them. When they meet folk whose houses are haunted by cheerful spirits, they destroy these spirits, so far as they can, and go off with gloomy triumph no richer themselves and leaving the other parties to the encounter bankrupt and lonely.

Manners in Berlin.

One of the leading tenors in Berlin was engaged to sing at a large soiree by a distinguished lady in society. When he had finished, there was much applause, and a number of ladies surrounded him. Compliments to the singer were being enthusiastically paid when the hostess came up, joined in the chorus of thanks and recognition and in the presence of her guests handed him a closed envelope. The tenor did not lose his presence of mind, but quietly opened the envelope, took out some banknotes, counted them over slowly and carefully and then said to his hostess: "Many thanks, my lady. It is quite correct!"—London Answers.

SAVED HIS CAPITAL.

A Bank President Who Did Not Forget His Old Time Friend.

"Come in in the morning, and the bank will have something for you to do," said the president of a Broadway bank to a meek looking man whose hair was white and whose eyes were marked by deep crow's feet as he left the office with a bright look of satisfaction on his face that had not been there before.

"Let me tell you a story," said the president as he motioned to me to remain. "I was living in Iowa, and three city lots composed the capital that I looked to to give me a start in business. I held on to them for a long time while working for \$35 a month in a real estate office until they had advanced in value to \$3,000, when I sold them to a St. Louis man."

"It was nearly 3 o'clock, and I hurried to the bank. I made out the deposit slip and laid it, with my gold and bankbook, in front of the receiving teller."

"It is closing time now," he said, "and you had better not make your deposit until morning."

"Charley," I said, for I knew him well, "that is ridiculous. It is a half minute before closing time, and I insist that you take my deposit. I don't want to be robbed of all that I have on earth before morning."

"I will fix it for you," he said as he gathered up the money and bankbook and disappeared in the vault with them. In a minute he was back, and I was astonished at his actions.

"I have put it in my private box," he continued, "where it will be safe, and in the morning you can make the deposit if you want to."

"Next morning the bank's failure was announced."

"I hurried to Charley's house, which was near by, and asked him about the bank."

"Yes, it has failed and won't pay a cent," he said. "Just five minutes before you came in with your money yesterday the directors decided not to open this morning. I was told to give out no information until business hours today, and that is the reason I didn't tell you. If you had made your deposit, the money would have all gone. Now it is safe in my box, and you can have it any moment you please."

"I did get it, and it was the foundation of my fortune. The man who was just here is that Charley and was the teller who saved my capital for me."

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