

If a pure, healthful and delicious cup of tea means anything to you

"SALADA"

Ceylon tea should be used in preference to any other as it is "PEERLESS."

Lead packets only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c. All Grocers Japan tea drinkers try "SALADA" Green Tea.

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 fogey treatment—mercury and iodine—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time only to break out again when the system is invigorated. All drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and healthy. 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 the virus 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.

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 dependency 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 healthy. 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 the virus 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.

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.

EVERY FARMER SHOULD READ THIS

There are unprincipled agents who will make all kinds of statements to the farmer to induce him to purchase their goods. We sold the Columbia Corn Harvester last season and are selling it this year again and the opposition agents have stated that we sold one last season to John Little, of Raleigh Township, and after he tried it he refused to keep it, but was compelled to do so, as we threatened to sue him if he did not settle. Rather than have a law suit he paid for it and in consequence we lost his custom. This is what the opposition is saying, now read what Mr. John Little says and after reading it the farmer can form some estimate of what to think of such disreputable methods as are being practiced by our opposition.

GEO. STEPHENS & CO.,

DEAR SIR:

Replying to your enquiries about the Columbia Corn Harvester we purchased from you, would say: We are well pleased with it and have no desire for anything better, and anything that may be said to the contrary by any agents of other Corn Harvesters: we most emphatically deny. We were quite willing to settle and pay for it after it had been tried and did not nor never did regret buying it.

Yours truly,
JOHN LITTLE.

GEO. STEPHENS & CO.,

DEAR SIR:

The Columbia Corn Harvester I purchased from you last season I started in a very irregular field of corn, some being long and some short, and I experienced no difficulty whatever in handling nor placing the land in proper place. The team used in cutting did not weigh more than twenty-three hundred pounds and did the work with apparent ease, having no side draught or neck weight. I have seen other Harvesters work, but believe this to be the best in the market. Yours truly,
G. W. CUNDLE.

GEO. STEPHENS & CO.

Western Fair, London.

SEPTEMBER 6th to 15th, 1900.

Entries Close September 8th.

The most complete exhibits from Farm, Forest and Factory. New and startling special features. Chariot races by imported Grey Hounds, Balloon Ascensions, Double Parachute Drop by man and lady, celebrated Gymnasts, Aerial Artists and Acrobats, Fireworks each evening. "The Armoured train" attack on the Boer strongholds, and many beautiful set devices.

Special trains over all lines each evening after the fireworks.

Send for Price List and Programmes.

LT.-COL. WM. M. GARTSHORE, President.

J. A. NELLE, Secretary

Eggs for Hatching

From Barred Plymouth Rocks, and Black Minorcas, all from the best selected stock, good healthy birds. Received first prize at the Peninsular Exhibition for best eggs. Special price for setting of 13 eggs \$1.10, special price for large quantities. All orders promptly filled.

W. W. Everitt,
Maple City Dairy

When U=need=A

Package of Laundry done in the very best possible manner sent to the Parisian Steam Laundry Co.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

SUCH IS LIFE.

No time to eat.
No time to drink.
No time to greet.
No time to think.
No time to work.
No time to play.
No time to shrink.
No time to pray.
No time to love.
No time to hate.
No time to rove.
No time to wait.
No time to write.
No time to talk.
No time to fight.
No time to walk.
No time to sleep.
No time to preach.
No time to weep.
No time to teach.
No time to pine.
No time to laugh.
No time to whine.
No time to chaff.

No time to dance.
No time to sing.
No time for any other thing.
Our life's begun.
And then it's done;
We just get here,
Then disappear.

A moment's stop
Upon the brink,
And out we drop.
Quick as a wink,
And like as not,
As quick forgot;
Just like a bubble,
Upon the air,
A prick of trouble,
And we are—where?
The Lord only knows,
And our friends little care!
—H. F. Albany, N. Y.

A BELATED REVOLT.

Simeon Walker sat on the top rail of the fence. He had stopped there in the act of getting over. His rubber boots legs were tired, so he rested and roosted there.

The snow was a foot deep on the level, and in places it was over the stone walls. Simeon's tracks trailed off across the field behind. He had come that way because it was nearer, but when he had gone half the distance he regretted it, and was tempted to retrace his steps and go by the road. After standing still and reflecting for some little time he had decided to continue.

When he reached the fence he was glad he had taken the field, otherwise there would have been no excuse for resting on the top of the rail fence. He had a shovel with him and had gone a mile up the road to help dig out a drifted place.

Simeon sat on the fence till he began to be a little chilly; whereupon he concluded that he was rested enough, and jumped down on the other side into the road.

He had covered nearly half the distance to the place where he was to work, when he stopped suddenly in front of the school house.

"Time-nation," he ejaculated under his breath. "He was starting at a woman who was making strenuous efforts to dig a path up to the school house door."

As she paused a moment for breath she caught sight of Simeon. If he had caught her stealing his chickens she could hardly have looked more frightened and guilty.

"Oh," she panted, "I thought I could get it done before any one saw me."

"Keziah Thatcher," he said, solemnly, "I thought you had more sense." He took the shovel from her. It was a small fire shovel. He looked at it scornfully, tossed it into a convenient bank, and set to work with his own.

"Don't some of the big boys dig the paths for you?" he asked, sternly. "Yes," she remarked, "but they are always so late, and then the little children suffer and take cold."

Simeon smiled grimly as he thought that at the rate she was going she would not have got the schoolroom much warmer than if she had left the work to the boys.

"And besides," Keziah continued, apologetically, "I didn't know it was so drifted."

Something in her voice made Simeon turn and look at her.

"You are cold," he said, gently. "What have you got on your feet?"

"Nothing but rubbers," she looked dubiously across the drifted yard to the school house door. Then his face cleared. "Where is the key?" he asked.

Keziah felt in her pocket and drew it out. He took it and without a word turned and began ploughing slowly through the snow. When he reached the door, he unlocked it and opened it wide, then returned to Keziah, who was watching him wonderingly.

"Now," he said, as he reached her, "I am going to carry you to that door."

"Oh, no, please don't! I can wait till the path is made perfectly well. I'm not very cold, truly I'm not."

"I am going to carry you," said Simeon, and there was a strange note of command in his voice. "Put your arm around my neck—so. There, now I can carry you easily."

"Oh, Mr. Walker! I wish—"

Slowly and carefully he walked through the snow, reached the steps and deposited his burden inside the entry.

"There!" he said. "Now you can start the fire while I finish the path." It took but a short time to finish that path, for Simeon worked as he had never worked before. He smiled as he looked up and saw the smoke

ascending from the chimney. When he went into the schoolroom, after stamping the snow off his boots, he found that Keziah's fire was a roaring success. But perhaps neither the heat of the fire nor the previous cold quite accounted for the bright color in Keziah's cheeks.

Simeon glanced around the room. "It looks natural," he said, "but awful small. I don't believe I've been here since I went to school, but you've spent a good part of your time here since then. My! that fire feels good."

He drew two chairs up to the stove and after Keziah had taken one he seated himself in the other. "Isn't this cozy?" he said, in a tone of satisfaction. "I was on my way to Benson's Corner to shovel snow, but I guess the snow will keep and it isn't often I get a chance to speak to you. Why, how long is it since we were allowed to see each other?"

"I don't know," Keziah's eyes were cast down. "It is some years. I don't know what Cynthia would say if she—" paused abruptly.

Simeon smiled good humoredly. "I know that sister of yours doesn't approve of me, but that's no excuse for her holding over you the way she does."

"Oh, Cynthia has so much more sense than I have," Keziah murmured, deprecatingly.

Simeon looked at her quizzically. "I suppose she has told you that so often that you have got so you believe it. But I don't believe it!"

There was an awkward pause. Keziah looked at the clock and half longed for, half-dreaded, the arrival of the first scholar. Simeon frowned at the stove and wished he knew how to say what he wanted to say. At last he cleared his throat.

"Keziah, let us have one good long talk together. We may never have another chance and there are some things I'd like to know about. Why, you tell me the reason why we didn't get married that time—fifteen years ago, wasn't it? Was one reason Cynthia?"

She nodded.

"Well, I thought so. What were the others? I know you told me at the time, but somehow I didn't seem like reasons you would give."

"There weren't any others—besides Cynthia."

"She must have told you things about me. I wonder what they were?" Keziah turned away her head. "She said that you were shiftless," she faltered, "and never would get on in the world."

He made a wry face. "And I supposed she has kept it in eye on me, and has had the satisfaction of saying, 'I told you so,' every little while, and congratulating you on her good sense and your escape. Well, I guess she was right. I wonder if you cared?"

"Yes, I did care," she said, almost vehemently. "I wanted you to succeed and justify my opinion of you, and when you didn't she would exult and sometimes I wanted to go away and never come back."

"I wish I had known—I wish I had known," was all Simeon had said.

She looked at him pityingly: then she laid her hand timidly on his arm, "you know it now," she said, gently. "It isn't too late."

He rose to his feet suddenly. "No," he said, in a voice that startled her. "It isn't too late and I'll justify your opinion of me yet. I will go now and shovel that snow. Good-bye, I'm glad I saw you. He grasped her hand so hard that she winced, then strode out of the room.

She listened to his retreating footsteps, then turned in her chair so that she could lay her arm on its back and bury her face in the crook of her elbow. In a moment she heard some one coming, and stood up hastily, giving quick glances to her eyes with her handkerchief.

"That snow will have to wait just a little longer. Something more important comes first," said Simeon, coming into the room. "Why, Keziah, you are not—Why, what is it, dear?" for Keziah was crying softly in his arms.

A little later, when they were more calm, Simeon said: "What I came back to say was this: I am going to get away from the pernicious influence of that lazy, good-for-nothing Simeon Walker, and I thought it would be a grand good idea if at the same time you would break away from the pernicious influence of Miss Cynthia Thatcher."

Keziah's eyes sparkled. "I will do it," she said, and there was that in her look which told that she had at last freed herself from the domination of her sister.

There were other things that had to be said, and by that time the fire had gone out and the room grown cold.

"Why, where are the scholars?" cried Keziah, when she saw that it was 10 o'clock. "They must have stayed at home on account of the snow."

So they left the schoolhouse together, and Keziah walked slowly home, dreading her interview with Cynthia, while Simeon, with his shovel over his shoulder, went briskly in the other direction.—Chicago News.

Allowances.

Mrs. Cadger—They tell me, Henrietta, that your husband is unkind to you. Mrs. Howe—Yes, John is not very gentle in his manners. I must admit; but there is one thing I will say for him—he never kicks up a rug or creases a tidy.—Boston Transcript.

Not Fool Enough to Hurt Himself. "This really pains me, Willie," said the old gentleman, as he picked the boy up and laid him across his knee.

"Well," replied the boy, resignedly, "at least I've never been fool enough to deliberately hurt myself."—Chicago Post.

HEART-SICK.

There are a great many people who have heart sickness, who have no chronic derangement of the heart. When the stomach is diseased it may affect many other organs, and produce all the evidences of diseased heart, diseased liver or kidneys, or disease in some other organ.

The inexperienced practitioner treats the wrong disease, and hence the constant statement of Dr. Pierce's correspondents: "Doctors could not help me."

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It increases the assimilative power, and purifies and enriches the blood. When diseases of organs remote from the stomach are caused by the stomach, the cure of the stomach results in the cure of the other diseases, in heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, etc.

"Six years ago my stomach and heart troubled me so much that I could do nothing as the doctors could not help me," writes Mrs. S. A. Knapp, of San Jose, California. "But I went to San Francisco and had treatment for catarrh of the stomach, and was better for some time, then it came back. I then used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets. These medicines cured my stomach. I do not have the pain and indigestion as I did. It is very hard for me to tell you what I suffered before I commenced taking your valuable medicine. I recommend it to all the sufferers whom I meet."

To cure constipation use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

SAVE THE PENNIES.

By Laura Jean Libbey.

There are very few women whose husbands earn a good salary who do not spend from a quarter to a half dollar a week on trifles, such as candy, flowers or ribbons, which they could get along without quite nicely.

My dear, those little extravagances at a half dollar a week amount to \$20 at the end of ten years—enough to buy your growing daughter a very fair piano, which will give the whole family a world of pleasure for many years to come.

Or it might be invested in a lot for your son, which may be the foundation of a fortune for him in the years to come.

Make a grand, noble, womanly resolve, my dear, to save a part of your husband's earnings each week, though you commence by only saving five cents a week at first. Even this will count in the long run, and I promise you you will be surprised and delighted at the result of your thrift at the end of the first year.

Will you try it?

At the Immortal Play.

The subject of undecidable plays has been discussed at many of the women's clubs during the past two weeks, and although all were agreed upon the subject, nevertheless, after the manner of women, there was considerable "discussion" of a certain play.

"We talked about it," said pretty little Mrs. Smith, "and it was beautiful to hear some of the women talk about the sanctity of the home, and all that."

"But what about the play?" inquired her husband.

"Oh, everybody said it was awful." "But how did everybody know?" insisted the inquisitive Mr. Smith.

"Why, Mrs. Van Sand told us." "How did she know? Did Van Sand tell her?"

"Why, no; she went to see it. She went twice."

"Went twice?" exclaimed the astonished husband at many of the women's clubs during the past two weeks, and although all were agreed upon the subject, nevertheless, after the manner of women, there was considerable "discussion" of a certain play.

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LODGES.

A. F. & WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, G. R. S. A. F. & A. M., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth Street, at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.
J. S. TURNER, W. M.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

THE A. O. U. W.
This Order invites men to provide at small cost for their dependants when they are called away. It saves from suffering and privation those who are left to battle in the struggles for life, and does this at a cost so moderate that every good citizen can be a participant in its benefits and the protection it affords.

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TEACHER OF PIANO
Will receive her pupils on and after Sept. 4th. Free scholarship offered. \$8 scholarship open only to pupils entering school by Sept. 15th.
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R. Victor Carter
Musical Director, Krause Conservatory of Music Chatham.
Honorary Representative of the Toronto College of Music
Teacher of Piano and Theory
Next Season Term commences Thursday, September 4th, 1900
Toronto College of Music
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will be conducted at Chatham Local Centre, June 1901. Students passing same successfully will be granted Toronto College of Music Testimonials, Certificates and Diplomas.
Mr. Carter has become associated with the Toronto College of Music and the students are afforded a opportunity to take the First, Second and Final Examinations at the yearly examinations at Chatham, which will be conducted by a Board of Examiners from the Toronto College of Music.
Special attention given to students to prepare them thoroughly to compete for examination honors.
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R. VICTOR CARTER,
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Money to loan on mortgage at lowest rates.
MATTHEW WILSON, Q. C., J. G. KERR, J. M. PIKE.

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E. W. SCANE, M. HOUSTON, FRED. STONE, W. W. SCANE.

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Maple City Brewery
Beer for Hotel and Home Consumption
PROMPTLY DELIVERED IN ANY PART OF THE CITY.
12 quart bottles.....\$1.00
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Keg of 4 gallons.....\$1.00
An order will convince you that we are able to make a beer that will ensure a continuance of your order.

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
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FOR SLOW SKIN.
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CURE SICK HEADACHE.