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A pure hard soap which is economical in wearing qualities. Entirely harmless to the hands. Satisfactory in every way in results on the clothes. Sweet and clean, without damage to the finest fabrics.

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No matter how long your case may be or how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it.

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Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They all have a smarting sensation, sharp, cutting pains at times, weak organs, and all the symptoms of nervous debility.

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We treat and cure BLOOD POISON, NERVOUS DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, SEMINAL DISCHARGES, BLADDER AND KIDNEY DISEASES, GONORRHOEA, FREE BOOKS, FREE CHARGES MODERATE. It is unable to call, write for a QUESTION BLANK for HOME Treatment.

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Some colleges place in positions twice as many students as they have in attendance each year. We have not yet learned how to do that.

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HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. Branches and agents at all principal points in Canada, U. S. and Great Britain. Drafts issued and notes discounted.

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Between Two Stools.

To the uninitiated, the life of the dramatic editor of The Musical Score, was one grand, sweet song. All he had to do was to sit in an orchestra chair, looking handsome, form his opinion of the performance that went on before his eyes, send such opinion to his thrice lucky newspaper, then go home and go to bed.

It never occurred to said uninitiated that he might, perhaps, be weary of the sight and sound of the theatre; that the glow of the footlights was like unto a nightmare, and the tuning of the orchestra, a source of delight to most, more discordant than half a dozen barrel organs playing together at break-neck speed and each a different tune.

This particular fine spring morning, he had received a letter which decidedly disturbed his natural equanimity of spirit. He read it over for about the fourteenth time, then leaning back in his chair and lighting in his usual artistic manner a cigarette, gave himself up to a prey to general melancholy, wondering dizzily if he would be happier as a farmer carting hay and driving cattle than he was as a famous dramatic critic, with the power to make or mar a career in the hollow of his hand.

He chewed in an absent-minded manner the end of his moustache. Never was a man in so unpleasant a predicament, he said, gazing gloomily out of the window. I have a good mind to throw it all up and join an exploring party to the North Pole.

The causes of the commotion read as follows:— Dear Mr. Preston—I have a favor to ask of you, and one I hope you will be able to grant. I make my first appearance to-night in Lady Fantom in The Isle of Gold. I ask your honest criticism, for on it depends my future. Needless to say my father does not approve of my action.

Sincerely, Katharine Adair. And I don't blame him, said Mr. Preston. What under the shining canopy of heaven can induce a girl possessed of everything worth possessing to go upon the stage, is beyond my comprehension. Must have had a quarrel with her fiancé. Loves dried, most women insane.

After several moments of deep thought, he decided to answer the letter in a general way, being careful not to commit himself. He tore up several sheets of paper before he wrote anything satisfactory. I don't think I can improve on that he said at last, with a deep sigh. It will have to do anyhow.

His ran as follows:— Dear Miss Adair—Your letter received and contents noted with surprise. So far as I know at present, I shall be at the performance this evening. Wishing you every success, I remain, Very truly yours, J. C. Preston.

After the letter was mailed he took the precaution of calling up the manager of the theatre, who promptly verified Miss Adair's statements. Any lingering hope Preston had entertained that she might have made a mistake, or that the would-be actress was some other Katharine Adair, was quickly dispelled by his friend's informing him that Katharine Adair was the daughter of the banker by that name.

Well, said he to himself, as he hung the receiver up, I am completely mystified. She was to be married last month, I thought, but this does not look much like it. There is no doubt that she has talent, but to use it in this way. And shaking his head doubtfully, he put on his hat and departed for a stroll up the avenue.

It was five minutes past eight before he reached the theatre that night. He had walked very slowly from his apartments and more than once half made up his mind not to go at all. It was very unpleasant to be obliged to criticize the performance of a friend. In the first place, she was positive the venture would be a failure, and in the second place, she had not been brought up to that sort of thing.

Yes, the man who had heard Miss Constantine sing the role of Carmen without moving a muscle and who had witnessed Bracabrac's great triumph as Hamlet without raising a hair, was actually nervous at the thought of the poor little amateur who, by some strange freak of fortune, was to be launched to-night before a critical audience. He nodded to a friend in the foyer and glanced hastily around the house before entering and taking his seat. It was crowded to the doors—evidently Miss Adair's attempt was not unknown—and he recognized many of the fashionable world, among those present.

Oh, yes, replied Preston. You know we slaves of the footlights must put up with some few nights. I suppose so! I suppose so! said Mr. Adair. He hesitated, then lowering his voice, continued: You have heard, of course? About what? asked Preston, cautiously. My daughter. Yes, he replied gravely. Mr. Adair sighed heavily. A strange freak on her part. Mr. Adair's voice was broken. It has aged me ten years. My only daughter, my only child, too, Preston.

Let us quarrel with Rivers! exclaimed Preston, sticking to his first opinion as to cause. Yes, they parted over a month ago. Quarrelled over some trifle. I had intended taking him into partnership next fall, but now I think I shall retire and go abroad.

Preston felt extremely sorry for the old gentleman, and a wave of sympathy rose in his heart for the girl who, rich beyond dreams of avarice, handsome, possessed of the best of fathers and lovers, should take such a random step.

Let us take a look at the program, he said lightly, in order to take the old gentleman's mind away from his troubles. Here is Lady Fantom, a society lady of good looks but little character. A bad start, he thought to himself. The orchestra men commenced to tune their instruments. Preston allowed his thoughts to wander for a moment to an absent-minded manner, drawing-room and a tall, stately girl sitting in the window, the soft twilight stealing gradually over her head into the room. They had been discussing the work and its ways, and she had been defending some action on the part of a woman who had been rather indiscreet.

Miss Adair, he had said in earnest tones, a man like Bohemia for himself, but not for his wife. She had laughed merrily and was on the point of making some rejoinder when other visitors came in and they were obliged to change the conversation, nor had he thought of the matter again until this present moment.

Shall mine be the hand to give her the first downcast look? he asked himself. Never! Heaven forbid! The curtain rose slowly and the play began. Well, it was like all other such plays, it was like all other such scenes things new, many old. A hero and a heroine; a villain and an adventuress; a comic man and a predatory serving maid. The bit of the evening was made by Miss Adair. She was better than most amateurs in the first good in the second and in the third rose to almost professional excellence.

Preston mopped his forehead as the letter in a general way, being careful not to commit himself. He tore up several sheets of paper before he wrote anything satisfactory. I don't think I can improve on that he said at last, with a deep sigh. It will have to do anyhow.

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SCORN THE THORN.

There was never a rose without a thorn. Never a case that was not a sin and had. The cow had ever a crumpled horn To toss the maiden all forlorn. Until she was yet more so.

The apples over the farmer's wall Were probably gnawed from Eden's tree. But when we had eaten them after all, Treasuring somewhere about nightfall, They commonly failed to agree.

And love, my Phyllida, love the rose. Love, the apple that tempted Eve. Because the thorn that grows it grows, Because of the greenness that nothing shows, Apple and rose shall we leave?

No, my Phyllida; come what may, - Bleeding fingers or broken hearts, I will love and live for our little day. Tear of armor and cast away Shields against Cupid's darts!

PEELING A SHRIMP.

Several Ways of Doing It, but It Is Really a Matter of Taste.

"While in one of the restaurants one day," remarked a round, good natured fellow yesterday, "I heard a stranger ask one of the waiters a question that attracted my attention because I have often pondered over the same old problem. 'Which is the best way to peel a shrimp?' asked the stranger, and the waiter proceeded to draw out a long explanation which amounted, after all, to the quintessence of equivocation which Dickens put into the mouth of one of his characters—still, at the same time, to a certain extent and as far as it goes, of course. Really, this problem of the best method of peeling a shrimp is very important to the man who is fond of tickling his palate with these brown dainties. Fashion has practically given the question over to individual taste and simply calls on every fellow to do the best he can under the circumstances.

"The nicer properties usually observed by the well bred man or woman at the table cannot be respected when one sails into a dainty dish of shrimp, and hence even the ultra fashionables are extremely liberal in the matter, allowing each fellow to use his own judgment. So there are ways and ways of shucking a shrimp, if I may use a cornish expression. Ask one friend and he will tell you that the quickest and best way is to begin at the claws and work your way gradually around the circle to the point of beginning. Ask another friend and he will probably tell you to pinch off the tip of the tail, remove the feet, and then the claws, and then rip the monster up the back, as the saying goes, until the head is reached, and then pull off the two side scales that protect the gills—if shrimp have gills—and there you are. He then skinned from the tip of his tail to his dark brown eyes. One may then pounce upon him without further delay.

"Still another friend will insist that the head should be pinched off first. This, it is contended, will produce a sort of relaxation in the compactness and rigidity of the vertebrae, loosening the cemented joints, it were, and leaving the lower part of the body practically unattached to the thin shell which incases the meaty and eatable part of the shrimp. But other men who are equally well versed in the anatomy of the shrimp insist that just the reverse is true, and that pinching the head off first produces a certain muscular rigidity which greatly delays the peeling process and makes the task more difficult.

"So there are many ways of peeling a shrimp, and the fellow described in the old saw who was so stingy that he would 'skin a flea for its hide and tail' was confronted by no more difficult undertaking than the average man who sits down with a dish of river shrimp before him. For the benefit of those who are not accustomed to handling shrimp at the table and who rarely have an opportunity to enjoy this delicacy I would suggest that in the first place they remove the thimble, then pinch off the antennae, slit the whatyoumaycallit, and pull it off, and then you have the whole capoodle. But really peeling shrimp is a matter of practice, and every fellow does it in his own way after all."

The Credit of a Good Dinner. "Everything," says Yuna Mei, a Chinese writer, "has its own original constitution, just as each man has certain natural characteristics. If a man's natural abilities are of a low order, Confucius and Mencius themselves would teach him to no purpose. And if an article of food is in itself bad not even I-ya (the soyer of China) could cook a flavor into it."

Yuna then goes on to say that care must be exercised in the choice of food. "A ham is a ham, but in point of goodness two hams will be as widely separated as sky and sea. A mackerel is a mackerel, but in point of excellence two mackerel will differ as much as ice and live coals. And other things in the same way. So that the credit of a good dinner should be divided between the cook and the steward, 40 per cent to the steward and 60 per cent to the cook."

Changing Butterflies. Butterflies change their color according to the heat of the atmosphere. This interesting fact was discovered by M. Sandfuss of Zurich, Switzerland, who subjected 40,000 butterflies to experiments under different degrees of the sun's heat. On one occasion, it being unusually cold in Switzerland, a butterfly common there took on an appearance of a butterfly from Lapland. On the other hand, butterflies which were subjected to a higher degree of solar heat than the normal looked as if they had been born and raised in Corsica or Syria. One result of these novel experiments is the production of butterflies of an entirely new type, some of them being of bewildering beauty.

Caught Her. "I am looking for something nice for a young man," said the young and pretty shopper. "Why don't you look in the mirror?" asked the gallant clerk. And she was so flustered that he managed to sell her four different things that she did not want before she knew what she was doing.

Hears Not Trumps. Oldspark—Love, they say, is the perfume of the heart. Miss Younger—Well, perhaps it is; but really, I don't care for perfume. The golden eagle has great strength. It lifts and carries off with ease a weight of 80 pounds. The play of life begins with a wall and ends with a sigh.

Hot Weather Ailment

The remarkable Recovery from Chronic Dysentery of Wm. Francis, of Toronto.

Dysentery is an ailment most commonly suffered in the summer. It is a form of catarrh due to the food you eat and impure drinking water. Powley's Liquefied Ozone rectifies your stomach and bowel action. It is good for any form of disease that attacks the mucous membrane lining of the stomach and bowels. Used in drinking water it effectually destroys germ life and prevents the disorders they usually cause.

For dysentery take Powley's Liquid Ozone in dessertspoonful dose, six every fifteen minutes. This stops the fermentation quickly, stimulates the membranous lining of the stomach and bowels, and prevents recurrence of the disorder by making digestion complete.

The following remarkable case of Wm. Francis is worthy of your attention:

I have the pleasure in testifying to the wonderful curing powers of your Ozone and what it has done for me. For eighteen years I have been troubled with tropical dysentery, also a complication of other diseases. I attended St. George's Hospital, London, England. They told me my disease was incurable. I then went to West London Hospital, at Hammersmith, England. I was told the same thing. For the last eight years I have been treated by the General Hospital, Grace Hospital, and also Simcoe Street Dispensary; they all did their best but all said I was incurable. One of the hospitals had also a lump in my stomach about the size of a hen's egg, which was thought to be a cancer. It burned like fire all the time. Finally I could keep nothing on my stomach and I also lost my appetite. Mr. A. Cunningham advised me to try Ozone as he thought it would cure me. After taking Ozone for a few days my appetite came back and the lump in my stomach went away and in a week's time I could get out of bed. I have taken about four bottles of Ozone and all my complaints have been completely cured. I never felt better in my life. It is certainly a miracle to cure my diseased body after all I have gone through.

(Signed) WM. FRANCIS, 6 Elliott St., Toronto.

The best way to take Powley's Liquefied Ozone during the summer is in the form of a drink. It makes a most refreshing beverage. In taste it is very much like a superior quality of lime fruit juice, and its use prevents nearly all the disorders so commonly suffered in hot weather.

Consult our physician about your case. Write full details and you will get a specialist's advice free. Your letters are absolutely confidential. Address the Consulting Department, The Liquid Ozone Co., 229 Kinzie St., Chicago, U.S.A.

50c. and \$1 at all Druggists THE OZONE CO., OF TORONTO, LIMITED Toronto and Chicago.

Furniture and Carpets

Parlor Suites Made of Silk Tapestry, with buttoned backs, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00 and \$30.00. Three Piece Suites, with Mahogany finished frames, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00. Rug Suites of good and serviceable rugs, \$32.00, \$38.00, \$45.00, worth \$40.00, \$50.00 and \$60.00. Bedroom Suites A Special Line from \$10.00 to \$12.00. Do not fail to see these Suites. Polished Oak Suites, with British bevel mirrors, \$25.00, \$65.00. We are offering a special line of CARPETS at 50c per yard, worth 60c and 65c per yard. Made and laid free of charge.

Hugh McDonald

Opposite Garner House

Geo. Stephens, Quinn & Douglas

We Aim To Keep Our Trade

And our store is well stocked, and if right goods and prices count for anything, we will always be the place for careful buyers. Just now, we have an exceptionally fine line of

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That have all been bought from the best makers in the Dominion, in large quantities for cash, and careful buyers will find it to their advantage to inspect these goods before buying elsewhere, as nowhere else in Chatham can the value be equalled.

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