



MEDICAL.

DRS. AGAR & AGAR—Physicians and Surgeons, successors to Dr. Tye, King Street West, Chatham, Ont. Dr. J. S. Agar, Dr. Mary Agar.

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.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.
A. E. JEWETT, W. M.

LEGAL.

HOMAS SCULLARD—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block, Chatham, Ont.

MITH, HERBERT D.—County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham.

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

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—Barristers and Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on Mortgages at lowest rates. Office, Fifth street, Matthew Wilson, K. C., J. M. Pike, W. E. Gundy.

HOUSTON & STONE—Barristers, solicitors, conveyancers, notaries public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite H. Macdonald's store, M. Houston, Fred Stone.

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Manager Chatham Branch.

FARMS FOR SALE.

Fifty acres, more or less, part lot 6, Con. Dover, owned by Peter Beahrd.

Also, 100 acres, more or less, part 6, Con. 8, Dover, owned by William Ruhnke, Henry Dagneau.

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Fire, Life and Accident Insurance. Money to loan on City and Farm Property, at lowest rates of interest.

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Fire, Life and Accident

Money to Loan at lowest rate of interest.

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Phone 346, 5th Street, Next to Harrison Hall.

The Old Time Parlor.

The days of the parlor are fast going. There was once a time when every family, no matter how poor, had its parlor. And generally the parlor was a most useless place, but it was the pride of the housewife. The Observant Citizen remembers some time ago when the lady of the house insisted that he should see "her parlor." Her husband smiled good-naturedly, and they both led the way to a big front room which was locked. The door was unlocked, and the parlor got its first fresh air in months. The little family had expended much money on the parlor. Everything was new but the stuffed birds under glass cases. The design of the carpet was wonderful in that it consisted of bright red roses. One felt like stepping into a bed of flames. A horse-shoe sofa, very erect, was the principal article of furniture, while at the windows were the stiffest lace curtains ever saw. The room had a musty smell due to long confined air. It was "luxury imprisoned" on a small scale and the finest example of the old time useless parlor.

Shaved While He Slept.

"My first day in India," said the tourist, "I was surprised when I awoke in the morning to feel how smooth my face was."

"By Jove," I said, "how slowly my beard grew yesterday! I hardly need to shave today."

"It is, however, a matter of religion with me to shave every morning, and so I bade the native servant, a man provided by my host, to fetch my shaving things. The native smiled."

"But you are already shaved, sir," he said.

"Already shaved?" said I.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "I shaved you while you slept. That is the custom here."

"I found that he was right. I found that in India these wonderful native servants shave their masters in bed every morning without waking them."

"All through my stay in India I was shaved like that. It was almost enough to keep me in that hot and torrid country forever."

A Bottomless Pit.

There is a bottomless pit in the mountains of Hawaii, back of Kailua, in the Hawaiian Islands. It is about four feet in diameter. The pit is peculiar from the fact that it sucks in the air with remarkable force. Pieces of paper placed over the mouth do not float gently down, but are suddenly drawn in and disappear with startling rapidity.

The air rushing into the pit can be distinctly felt by people standing on the edge. Strange sounds are heard also. Every night the inhabitants of the locality distinctly hear a noise similar to the blowing of a deep steamship whistle. The noise is heard for about five seconds and then subsides for a space of about ten minutes and then resumes for another five seconds.

Addresses in Persian.

The addresses in Persian upon letters which go through the postoffice at Calcutta are often quaint and puzzling. An Indian paper recently translated one as follows: "If the Almighty pleases—Let this envelope, having arrived at the city of Calcutta, in the neighborhood of Calcuttiah, at the counting house of Sirajodeen and Hahdad, merchants, be offered to and read by the happy light of my eyes, of virtuous manners and believer of the heart—Meean Shalkh Inayut Ally, may his life be long. Written on the tenth of the blessed Ruzman, Saturday, in the year 1286 of the Hegira of our Prophet, and dispatched at Bazaar."

The Postmark.

Great Britain, it is said, can, without fear of contradiction, claim the honor of having originated the postmark. The first one, which was used in London as long ago as 1690, was a very simple affair, consisting of a small circle divided into two parts. In the top portion were two letters indicating the month, while in the lower half the day of the month was shown. No endeavor was made to denote the year, and it is only by the dates of the letters on which the mark is impressed that it is possible to fix the date of its use.

Single and Double.

"This," said the man who was showing the stranger around the city, as he pointed to a broad stretch of beach, "belongs to old Bigsby. It's all made land. That's his house back there on the left."

"Is that on made land, too?" asked the stranger.

"No. That's on married land. He got it with his wife."

Needed More Explicit Directions.

F. McCann—I didn't take yer medicine, doctor. Dr. Doseham—And why not? F. McCann—Th' directions said, "Wan pill tree toimes a day." I've been waitin' to ask ye which pill? They all luk alike, sure. An' how'm I to take ut tree toimes?

Power of the Eye.

An eye can threaten like a loaded and leveled gun or can insult like hissing or kicking, or in its altered mood by beams of kindness it can make the heart dance with joy.—Emerson's "Conduct of Life."

His Idea of It.

Auntie—You should ask to be excused when you leave the table. Little Nephew—Should I? I thought from the way you acted about that third piece of pie that you'd be glad to see me go.

A Different Growth.

Mrs. Brown—Jane, has Mr. Brown come home yet? I thought I heard him just now. Jane—No, mum; that was the dog that was growling.

STARVED OUT.

Many a garrison has been forced to give up the fight and hang out the white flag of surrender, when lack of food has weakened the men past all power to continue the struggle.

Many a man is similarly starved out of business. His digestion is impaired. His food does not nourish him, and for lack of

strength to carry on the struggle he turns his store over to another.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores strength to weak, nervous, run-down men and women.

"About ten years ago I began to be afflicted with stomach trouble, also diarrhoea," writes Mr. Wm. Walters, of Antrim, Mo. "In warm weather it grew worse, until it would throw me into a cramping chill. Was troubled so often that I sometimes thought my end had come. Tried many remedies, but they gave only temporary relief. In November, 1899, thought I would try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I got six bottles and took five in succession, then thought I would wait for a time and take the one left. Soon found I had symptoms of the trouble coming back, so took the sixth bottle and it cured me. I have enjoyed the best of health this summer, and the credit all belongs to your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I can't express my thanks to Dr. Pierce for his remedy, for it did so much for me. Words can't express how severely I suffered. 'If any doubt the above statement let them address me, and I will take great pleasure in answering.'"

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

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HINDOO CREMATION.

The Funeral Pyre and the Rites Before the Burning.

Toward the upper end of the ghats is the burning ground. There are no steps here, but a slope of beaten dirt. Stop half an hour and you may see every step of the cremation rites. Sitting on stone rampsarts above, to the right and left, are friends and relatives of the dead ones. The figure to the right, huddled up in a bright green wrap, is of the lowest caste of Hindoo and keeps the mat shed near by, where the sacred fire for igniting every corpse is for sale. You hear hoarse, loud cries of "Ram! Ramana! and behold, a burial procession is coming down the slope. Four men carry the corpse slung between two bamboo poles and cry to the god Ram. He is the personification of filial love, and thus it is meet that they should call him to witness. They swing down to the river and immerse the corpse. It is wrapped in a white shroud stained with red blotches. Then they lift the head slightly out of the water and remove the shroud from the face, splashing water five times upon the mouth. Others in the meantime are building a wooden pyre, made of fagots sold near by and when finished standing three feet or more above ground. The corpse, its dark color showing through the dripping shroud, is then placed on the wooden altar and covered with fagots. This done, all but two mount the rampsarts and watch the final ceremony. Of the two remaining, one pours oil upon the wood from a small clay dish, while the other goes to the fire dish above. He soon returns with a long straw whip, blazing at one end. He advances to the corpse's head, touches it with the whip and then circles the pyre five times, touching the head each time until the fifth, when he places the blazing whip beneath the feet, and the whole pile bursts into flame. When all is consumed the ashes are raked into the river and float away to bliss eternal.—F. J. O. Alsop in Outlook.

This Girl Knew.

The rosy cheeked girl in the grand stand turned to the young man at her side.

"George," she said.

George instinctively braced himself to meet the question he foresaw as to what had happened and what all the fuss was about.

"Well," he said.

"Why don't they put a wooden Indian cigar sign on third in place of that moon-faced duffer with the spilt oiler running gear and the glass arm? That fellow couldn't stop a toy balloon if it was lobbed right into his sippers."

Pearls Found in Cocoanuts.

"Pearls are not found in oysters alone. Sometimes," said a lapidary, "they are found in cocoanuts. I once cut a cocconut pearl. It was the size of a pea, and its quality was good. It resembled an oyster pearl, only it was a little duller. Cocconut pearls are found in the heart of the nut. It is thought that they are formed by the hardening of the nut's flesh. They are, so to speak, a kind of crystallized tumor or wart. These pearls are rare. They are rarer than oyster pearls. They are also cheaper than oyster pearls, being less hard and less transparent."

The Bulls of Davos.

The first thing that strikes the stranger in Davos, Switzerland, and strikes him unpleasantly is the bells. Not only does every cow, goat and sheep wear its bell, but when they are all shut up for the winter and we hope for a little rest then comes the infernal, eternal din from every cart, carriage, sleigh, omnibus and all other kinds of vehicle which ply for hire or otherwise. No doubt they become a necessity on the alpine highways as winter progresses, but that does not render them one bit more palatable.

Irrigation Is Ancient.

The practice of irrigation is very ancient, water having been stored and distributed in this way in Egypt as early as 2000 B. C. Persia, India, Ceylon, China, as well as Peru and Mexico, also had irrigation works ages ago. Even in Arizona remains of ancient irrigation works can be found, which suggest that that section of the desert may have been compelled by men to "blossom as the rose" many hundreds of years ago.

May Change Her Mind.

Little Ethel (laying down a book)—Do princes always dress in silk and velvet and wear a cap with a white feather and ride a sweet little white pony? Mother—Not now, my pet. They dress just like other boys. Little Ethel (suddenly)—Then I don't think I'll ever marry.

Preaching and Practice.

Jinks—I'm ever so much obliged for this favor, and if I ever have a chance I'll do as much—Hello, here comes Bilkins! Let's dodge into an alleyway. Blinks—Don't you like Bilkins? Jinks—He did me a favor once, and the fellow may want me to return it.

His Model.

Baron—Then the ebullient beggar whom you turned out of doors was coarse and abusive. Valet—Abusive, my lord! He might have been your lordship himself!

Fame Is the perfume of heroic deeds.

—Socrates.

A Hero By Accident.

"There's no telling what moment a man's fortune may turn or what may decide the turning," remarked the visitor, who had been listening to the interchange of stories.

"That's so," agreed one of the bystanders. "The only question is whether the man's got the wit to see the chance and the grit to make use of it."

"Well, even that isn't always necessary. I was out on the frontier some years back when a young fellow I knew to be a 'white head' was promoted in his regiment and paragonized in all the eastern papers for his courage and coolness. He had been sent out to meet an attacking party of Indians. He didn't want to go a bit. He actually trembled when he confessed to me it was his first call to dangerous duty and he'd give anything on earth to be out of the affair. In less than twenty-four hours the station was ringing with the way he had held his ground, even when his men had beat a retreat. It was a miracle he wasn't captured or killed, staying there single handed to face and fire on the advancing foe."

"Just one of those instances of a man finding his native courage in the presence of real danger?"

"Not a bit of it. He was riding a mule, and just at the critical moment the animal planted his feet and refused to budge."—Youth's Companion.

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JOYS OF MATERNITY

A WOMAN'S BEST HOPES REALIZED

Mrs. Potts Tells How Women Should Prepare for Motherhood

The darkest days of husband and wife are when they come to look forward to childless and lonely old age. Many a wife has found herself incapable of motherhood owing to a displacement of the womb or lack of strength in the generative organs.

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