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DR. LUKF SMITH, DENTIST—Crown and Bridge Work specially solicited. Cor. Thames Street and Victoria Avenue,

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Architect F.I.A.S.,
of London, Eng.
Building and Quantity Surveyor.
Thave pleasure in announcing to the inhabitants of Chatham and surrounding country that I am opening an office in above building, and trust by doing the highest clas work, and strict attention to business, to obtain a share of the public patronage. I shall be pleased to submit sketch plansand estimates for any class of byticing whether of aspivate. r public character free of cost te ents.

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PARTHENON LODGE, NO. 267, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets first Wednesday of every month in Masonic Temple. King Street. Visiting brethren always

J. M. PIKE, W.M.
J. W. PLEWES, "Sec'y WELLINGTON LODGE, NO. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month in the Masonic Hall, Scane Block, King St., at 7.30 p.m. brethren heartily welcomed.

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DR. DECOW is prepared, as usual, to furnish first-class orchestra for concert and other entertainments at reasonable rates, any number of pieces furnished, also violin and cornet soloists. Pupils taken on violin, and all orchestral and band instruments. Studio, Centre St.

Dr. John N. Pringle, M. R. C., V. S., etc., H. F. E. V. M., A., Veterinary Surgeon Surgery: "Castration of Originals" a specialty. All domestic animals skilfully treated. Experienced in diseases of dogsb. Business solicited. Best of attention given: Moderate charges. Office King St., Opp. Power House, Chatham. Phone 330.

### MUSICAL

SAMUEL I. SLADE — Basso, of Detroit, has resumed his class here, and will be pleased to receive pupils for vocal training, every Monday, at his studio, McCall Block. Slade will come to Chatham every Monday during the winter months.

#### \*\*\*\*\* MUSIC

Mises Louise and Florence Hill-man, Teschers of Piano and Theory, including Harmony and Counter-point; students prepared for Toron-to University or college examina-tions. Studio over McCall's Drug Store.

SHOEING HORSES.

Why This Process, Which is Very Ancient, is Necessary. As soon as the horn of the hoof begins to be worn away faster than it is newed by natural growth, and that is as soon as the horse is obliged to do regular work upon ground which is not itself in a state of nature or to

undergo more than a voluntary amount

of traveling under imposed conditions

on any sort of ground whatever, a shoe of some kind becomes a necessity.

When shoes of one kind or another began to be worn by horses has always been disputed by learned gentlemen. Nor perhaps is it of much consequence whether the horses of Pharaoh were shod or how they were shod when they perished in the Red sea or whether Homer, Virgil, Horace and other "anglant alexis." "ancient classics," when they are poets, are to be taken literally rather than

that reference is made to a hoof garnished with some sort of metal. As for the ingenuous observers who iraw inferences from works of sculpture, they might as well argue that the heroes and heroines of antiquity habitually went about winter and sum-

figuratively in the epithets which they

apply to horses. These would no doubt be considered by a farrier to indicate

mer "mid nodings on."

Xenophon no doubt as a writer of plain prose and of works relating to horsy matters would deserve the most serious and respectful attention, but memory fails to recall any remarks of his about what we should regard as

properly called shoeing.

Certain protections for the horse's hoof may be mentioned in the works of Columella and Vegetius, and in the time of Constantine the Great there is said to have been known a footgear for horses which was fastened to the pastern. However, the earliest known specimen of an iron horseshoe fasten-ed with nails is said to have been that which was discovered in the tomb of the frank King Childeric, who died in 481 and whose tomb was opened in

#### CURIOUS DESIGNS.

Results May Be Produced by Dropping Oil on Water.

A curious experiment may be made, the result of which will produce a strange natural design, and the attempt may be carried on with almost endless variety in the result. The only things needed are a deep dish of water and some oil. Any kind of oil will do, but better results are obtained with a vari-

ety.

Fill a deep dish with pure water and let it stand until the water is perfectly still, then let fall into it a drop of pure sperm oil. The drop will spread out, forming a film circular in shape, but very ragged at the edges. If you watch the film you will soon perceive that the center begins to break up, forming ovals and circles, and the combinations of these form endless designs which teep on forming and breaking up from one to another for fully half an hour, making a veritable kaleidoscope.

You will see some designs that you may wish to preserve, and if that he so take a piece of glazed paper and place it gently over the surface of the water when the film is in the desired design. The oil will stick to the paper, and when you remove it from the water, as gently as you placed it there, run an inked roller over it or place the design on an inked plate. The ink will cover the paper except where the oil has touched it, and when your process is finished your design of oil will stand out white against a black background.

This same experiment made with

castor oil will give a similar result, ex-cept that the designs will be smaller, and every kind of oil will give a different design. Indeed, no two drops of the same oil will produce the same design, so that you may preserve an end-less variety in your collection.

Crabs are generally supposed to live in the ocean, but there is one species that lives on the land. It is found on dies. It burrows in the sand sometimes two or three miles from the sea It has two long claws. In attacking an enemy it binds it with one claw, which enemy it binds it with one claw, which is then thrown off, and then continues the fight with the tree claw. The crabs stay in the ground during the day and hunt for their food at night. They visit the ocean once a year to lay their eggs. They travel by night, when they are caught in great numbers.

Animals' Queer Ways. Birds as well as four footed animals and insects often avail themselves of the labors of others in home making. I have a photograph of a barred owl nest in a remodeled hawk nest. Skunks use in a remodeled hawk nest. Skunks use woodchuck burrows, white footed mice and flying squirrels are fond of building holes in decaying trees made by woodpeckers, and bumblebees take possession of mice nests in the ground.

—St. Nicholas.

Answered.

There is a story of an inquisitive old gentleman who asked a cabman whether he thought that his horse preferred

"Well, sir," replied cabby, "I think, on the 'ole, he'd rather pull the cab.

You see, he reads the names over the shop winders, and they makes him laugh."

She—Why did Professor Schincker stop playing at Mrs. Lard's musical? He—He said he had to because the con-versation was not pitched in the same

Be extraordinary in your excellence if you like, but be ordinary in your dis-play of it.—Balthasar Gracian.

Established 1879 Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria

Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatic

For a breezy style commend us to the West, where the editor of The Greenwood Ledge thus compares his existence with that of the Govern T-Genistence with that of the Governor-General and remains content: "We would rather edit a paper in a copper camp, even if it does take two days to go five miles by mail, than be Governor-General. The G.-G. has all kinds of people running after him and staring at him, as if he had made the world or hung the sun in the heavens, while our existence is as peaceful as a country cemetery at midnight, not even disturbed by the sheriff, brass bands or the rolling of dollars down our cellar door. It is such a pleasure to live the simple life of an editor and probably die with your boots on, instead of having to pack a title around and listen almost every day to some undeveloped Demosthenes blow the ozone full of murdered elocution in a frantic effort to voice the loyal sentiment of effort to voice the loyal sentiment of the community. It must be awful to have to listen to so much crucified ora-tory at every town, and in this affliction our G.-G. has our deepest sym-

Work of a Canadian

Work of a Canadian.

When visiting New York Canadians should take a good look at the Flatiron building. It is one of the many tall structures in New York that Canadians may look at with some degree of satisfaction. The man who more than any other built the Flatiron building is Harry St. Francis Black, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Reality & Construction Co. He was born at Cobourg, Ont., Aug. 25, 1863, a son of Capt. Thomas Black, an officer in the British army. He was educated at Cobourg and married Allon Mae, daughter of George A. Fuller. Mr. Black started in business in a general store, then Joined a surveying party in the Northwest. He was for a time store, then joined a surveying party in the Northwest. He was for a time traveler for a woodlen house in the west and on the Pacific Coast. In 1892 he engaged in the banking business in Washington, and later as a merchant in Menominee, Mich., and Tekoa, Wash. He joined the George A. Fuller Co., building contractors, in 1896, which was merged into the present company, with a capital of \$60,000,000. Mr. Black's other financial and industrial interests on it nor on the paper. Warwick leaded and solve the store of the store

# DISFIGURED

Brushed Scales from Face Like Powder-Under Physicians Six Months But Grew Worse - Some Said Face Would Be Marked for Life-Now Without a Blemish.

**CUTICURA REMEDIES WORK WONDERS** 

"As I was a sufferer with eczema I write to tell you what a great friend I found in Cuticura Remedies. In months I had

tried three doctors.

six months I had tried three doctors, but did not get any better. It was on my body and on my feet so thick that I could hardly put a pin on me without touching. eecovered, my eyebrows came out, and then it got in my eye. I then went to another doctor. He asked me what I was taking for it, and I told him Cuticura. He said that was a very good thing, but that he thought that my face would be marked for life. But Cuticura did its work and my face is now just as clear as it ever was.

"My brother-in-law told me about the wonderful Cuticura remedies. I took his advice and got the Ointment, Soap, and Resolvent. I washed with the Cuticura Soap and then applied the Ointment, and took Cuticura Resolvent as directed. In a short time my face began to get better, and when I had taken one bottle of Resolvent I could brush the scales off my face like a powder. When I had taken four bottles my face was as clear as ever.

"I told all my friends about my

had taken four bottles my face was as clear as ever.

"I told all my friends about my remarkable cure. I feel so thankful I want everybody far and wide to know what Cuticura can do. It is a sure cure for eczema. (signed) Mrs. Emma White, 641 Cherrier Place, Camden, N. J., April 25, 1905."

Complex faternal and lateral treatment for every Rumour, from Plunjes to Servolla, from Indacy to Age, comieting of Cutieura Soap, Outhment, and Reiolvent, (also in form of Checolate Casted Ellish vial extension of the Complex Complex

Minard-s Liniment Cures Garget in

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

# THE # PINK KIMONO

By IZOLA FORRESTER Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

It lay on the massive settee in the hall, an innocent looking parcel, flat and somewhat square. Three of Warwick's letters lay on top of it, neatly, as the hall boy had placed them, also his weekly paper from home.

Warwick glanced at the letters, again at the clock, tossed off his hat, coat and gloves and carried the whole let parcel letters and paper into the

lot, parcel, letters and paper, into the comfortable study and dropped into a deep chair.

There was an hour before the crowd ould arrive. Everything was ready. The spread would be sent up at 8:30 sharp. He hoped Stanton would be able to get away. He liked Stanton. The boy needed a good friendly grip just now. He knew himself what it was to be in New York a stranger. Money could not give one the password that admitted one to the inside of things, the "getting next to the itness of all," as Stanton said. And if the right path did not open, and one hap-pened to be lonely, there were others

wide and welcoming. Warwick knew. The boy was young and clever. The only thing that ailed him was too much money, and the confidence he had therein. He was a bit handy with it all—the whirl and the swing and the chance for big success. Warwick had kept an eye on him for weeks, measuring and judging him, and now he was satisfied. All the boy needed was direction and a cool hand checking him now and then, and he would win out.

Warwick opened the weekly paper

from home and smiled to himself at the familiar heading, the Weekly Vispathy. Rather than stand it we would itor. Ever since he could remember to to jail, or Fernie." ularly at the quiet, big gray house that crowned Warwick's hill, up in Hills-boro, N. H. And Stanton was from the country, too, some place out west, out in Nebraska. He wondered if he had a weekly paper, too, to keep him in touch with the old world, and the ethics and standards of something besides New York.

The letters were unimportant.

took up the parcel and slipped off the cord. Laundry probably. He had not ordered anything

The paper fell to the floor and he sat staring at the thing in his hands. It was a pink, delicate, shimmering, silken thing. He stood up and shook

on it nor on the paper. Warwick looked carefully.

The door bell buzzed imperatively,

The door bell buzzed imperatively, once, twice and a long one. That was Billy Trainor's ring. Warwick hesitated, cast the pink silk thing behind him on the chair and opened the door. Billy stepped in smilingly, interrogatively looked about the room and spied the pink silk thing.

"Rex," he said reproachfully; "why,

"It was left here by mistake," said Warwick hastly. "The hall boy did What is it?" Billy lifted it by the shoulders and

peamed with the appreciative eye of a ticle. No bargain sale. Who's the lucky lady?" "It's a kimono, the real imported ar-

The door bell buzzed again. War-wick took the kimono with deliberate forethought, went to the wardrobe in his dressing room and concealed it "It's Stanton," Billy announced, "and

the mistake that troubled him, nor that he minded the boys knowing of it, but he didn't want to see that particular—what had Billy called it?—kimono?—handled and laughed about and speculated over. Somewhere there must be the girl who wanted that kimono. He haved she was a brunette. Pink was best for brunettes. Not too much of a brunette perhane with him even or brunette, perhaps with blue eyes, or

brunette, perhaps with blue eyes, or gray—yes, gray—a gray eye or so.

Billy was pushing back the chairs and taborets for the spread. Stanton was singing at the plano. Out in the kitchenette Yates and Rogers and the Danforths were rummaging for dishes and knives and forks. Big De Veau was up on the divan with its red Turkish cover draped picturesquely about him, reciting some original

"Rex, don't you own a decent table-cloth, you beggar?" called Yates. Warwick smoked without replying. Through the haze he saw the brunette Through the haze he saw the brunette girl with the pink kimone about her smiling deliciously like a geisha—no, he didn't want her to be a geisha—smiling, well, just as a girl should smile when she had the right one to smile at.

Stanton left the plane and came over.

"Say, you're a prince to get me here tonight," he said. "I didn't know you had a place like this. Beats hotels

tonight," he said. "I didn't know you had a place like this. Beats hotels, doesn't it? What do you call it?"
"Studio apartment," said Warwick, lazily. "Half den, half home, not confined to bachelors. I like it. When a fellow's had a home, it always sticks to him a bit. There's a Jap comes in and

reilow's had a nome, it always sticks to him a bit. There's a Jap comes in and cleans up for me, and if I want a meal, I can have it."

"I—I am going to housekeeping too," began Stanton awkwardly.

"Honeymoon?" Warwick's eyes lighted with amusement. He had not dreamed the boy had gone so far.
"No, not as bad as that," Stanton

"No, not as bad as that," Stanton hesitated, glancing at the joyous, riotous crowd about the plano. It's my sister. Mother's sent her on to take care of me until she can come herself. I guess they didn't get very good accounts of their little boy in Manhattan. But I wrote home and told them about you and what sort of a chap you were and how you had taken me under your wing, and I promised to you were and now you had taken me under your wing, and I promised to cut out the hotel and—well, a whole lot of things mother didn't like the flavor of, and today"—
"Whoopee!" yelled Yates from the dressing room. "I've found Warry's tableeloth. It's a dream!"
Warwick sat up, and dropped his.

Warwick sat up and dropped his eigarette. Waltzing dizzily, radiantly, wickedly out from the dressing room came Yates, arrayed in the pink silk kimono. There was a silence, then a long drawn howl of delight from the crowd. They caught Yates in their arms, and swept him up on the center table. They handed him a Samoan fan of dyed plumes and a Mexican peaked hat. Trainor at the piano crashed into the "San Toy" overture. And suddenly Warwick stood up, white and mad, mad clear through that they should dare even in jest to touch anything that belonged to the dear, unknown girl, the brunette with

"Take that off" he said.
The music stopped short, but not from his words. Every face in the crowd was turned toward the door of the hall, and Yates looked helpless and miserable. Warwick turned, too, and held his breath. She stood in the doorway, one hand lifting aside the heavy drapery. Behind her was George, the colored hall boy. Her face looked startled, and yet there was amusement, too, in the wide gray eyes, as they glanced from face to face and finally rested on Yates.

"There is some mistake, I think," she said gently. "George tells me a parcel of mine was left here tonight.
I have only moved here today, and he made a mistake. I think that gentleman has on my kimon

Wretched, limp and apologetic, Yates was assisted from the table, and divested of the pink silk gown.

"I am sorry to spoil your amuse-ment"— she stopped, and turned her head toward Warwick as the host, ton's.

"Marjorie!" he gasped. "Marjorie,
you blessed kid!"

Silently and discreetly the crowd averted its composite face while Stanton kissed Marjorie ecstatically. Warwick looked unhappy.
"Boys," cried Stanton, "this is my sister, all the way from Nebraska to Manhattan to take care of her little

brother." plained, blushing at the effusive wel-come accorded her. "We had the ad-dress of these apartments and you wrote that they were very nice, you know, and that Mr. Warwick lived

"That's Warwick," interposed Stan-

ton. "He's a bully fellow."

Warwick bowed. Suddenly he felt a great, supreme gladness steal over him. She had gray eyes, Stanton's sister from Nebraska. "So we came right here from the de-

pot, and mother wanted to surprise you by having everything ready. I bought my kimono on the way here because our trunks haven't come yet, and the boy made a mistake delivering We have the apartment just across the hall."

"Boys," cried Stanton, "come on to the apartment across the hall and be introduced. You've got to make us welcome, because we've come to stay." Decorously and quietly the crowd crossed to the apartment next door. With dignity and beautiful grace they were introduced to Stanton's mother and to Stanton's home, and Stanton forever to the "itness of things."

But Warwick sat in a corner watchhis life. It was not the mere fact of the mistake that troubled him, nor that he minded the boys knowing of the minded the minded the boys knowing of the minded the minded

Mr. Warwick?" "Two," said Warwick, with a half suppressed sigh. "Say, do you know Mar-Miss Stanton, I'm awfully glad you're a brunette, with gray eyes "Why?" Marjorie's head bent lower

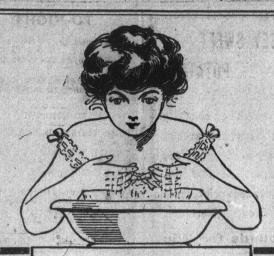
"why?" Marjone's heat bent lower over the teapot. Tea making does require so much careful attention.
"Because," said Warwick, "pink is so becoming to that type."

"And to My Vetes" type too" laugh-

"And to Mr. Yates' type, too," laughand to Mr. lates type, too, laugh-ed Marjorie, but her face was flushed as she slipped the pink kimono around her, over her gray traveling suit, and poured the tea a la Japanese for the crowd, and for Warwick.

Grasshopper Glacier.
One of the small glaciers in Montana is of special interest on account of the fact that in the mass of ice there are

imbedded two strata of grasshoppers, each about a foot thick. There are lit each atout a foot times. There are in-erally tons of grasshoppers in the ice, and the question naturally arises as to where they came from. The most ob-vious explanation is that centuries ago two enormous swarms in course of migration were caught in a snowstorm, chilled and buried in the snow, where they have remained till now in a perthey have remained till now in a perfect state of preservation. In the accounts of the early western explorers a few instances are related of meeting large swarms of locusts on the mountain tops in the Rockies. It is a very fortunate circumstance that the great extension of agriculture in the west has broken up the breeding grounds of these insects.—St. Louis Republic.



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AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S.

3 CAKES FOR 25c.

DEEP SEA FISHES.

here Being Nothing Else to Eat They Live Upon Each Other. "All the deep sea fishes are enormous eaters" says a naturalist. "There be ing nothing to eat but the life about them, they live upon each other. Every facility for killing and devouring is provided—luminescence to dazzle, swiftness and strength to overtake and overpower, knife blade teeth for tearing, abbremally large jaws for crushing. Whatever the prey or however large it may be, there is little trouble in swallowing it. The mouth yawns like a cavern, and the stomach distends to hold a body even larger than the swallower. The appetite in

fishes seems never wanting, and com-plete digestion with some of them is only a matter of half an hour." For this reason slaughter goes on unendingly. Usually it is produced only by hunger, but some monsters, like the bluefish, even when gorged, kill for

pure love of killing.

same writer remarks: "They follow the prey like packs of wolves, and in turn are followed, band succeeding band, increasing in size as they decrease in numbers. The herrings eat the smaller fish, even their own young; they are harried by the bluefishes until a trail of blood stains the water, while folof blood stains the water, while following the bluefishes come the insatiate porpoises. Nothing saves the weaker ones but breed. Many thousands of eggs are spawned that a dozen or more may be hatched and brought to maturity. Billions are lost;

yes, but millions survive.
"The herrings move on the sea in uncountable numbers-in banks that are miles in length and width, in windrows so vast that they perhaps keep passing one given point in unbroken succession for months at a time. Just so with the menhaden. A catch in a purse net of 500,000 is not infrequent. Such numbers are sufficient to with-stand all the ravages of the natural bluefish, even when gorged, kill for the pollock may kill to their hearts' of the eternal warfare that goes on content, and still the menhaden will beneath the surface of the waves the hold their own.

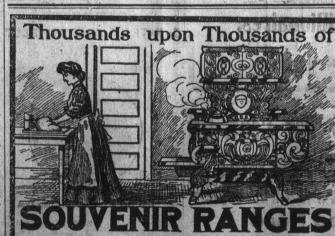


F EVERYBODY knew how much cheaper good soap really is, there wouldn't be another pound of poor quality soap sold anywhere.

"SURPRISE" Soap not only does better work and does it easier and quicker than poor quality soap, but it lasts longer and it costs less in the end.

Then "SURPRISE" never hurts the hands nor injures anything you use it on. It is a pure, hard soap, and those who try it never go back to ordinary soaps.

Sometimes people think they ought to use good soap for fine work and cheap soap for common laundry, but after trying "SURPRISE" they realize that it pays to use the best all the time. Same price you pay for other kinds.



have been built under the makers' guarantee in the last sixty years. They grace the kitchens of comfortable homes in

every municipality in the Dominion. And the house-wife in every one of these homes

is pleased with her Souvenir Range. Its Aerated Oven places it away ahead of all other kitchen ranges, and it possesses other advantages as well.

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