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Is something absolutely unique in this world.—President Roosevelt.

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Is gratifying. You will enjoy both when you place your linen with us, for we do our work by the most modern methods known to our art.

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Any persons desirous of building will do well to inspect these blocks. The electric road is using them for its new power house. After seeing them you will use no other.

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We keep the best in stock right at prices.

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## BUY YOUR COAL NOW

We handle Coal and Wood. Wholesale and Retail. All orders receive prompt attention Tel. 253. Cor. William and G.T.R.

SERLING & KOVINSKY

## A Mountain Girl's Ruse

By FRANK H. SWEET

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The last rays of the sun softened the girl's red hair into a golden halo as she sat upon the log, her bare feet showing beneath the hem of her cheap print skirt. On the log beside her was a sunbonnet, and pressing against the sunbonnet was the hilt of an ax, such as only a very strong man was accustomed to wield.

The girl was evidently resting after a day of hard labor, for deep around her were scattered the still odorless pine chips, and on the other side of the log rose a huge pile of wood, cut into two foot chunks to fit the regulation fireplace of the mountain log and mud cabin.

A handsome, powerfully built man had come down the mountain path, barefoot, and, as he seemed to think, unnoticed, for he stopped a few yards away and regarded the girl, for some time with an air of admiring ownership. In the sunlight her hair was beautiful, and her form, even in its dejected attitude, was graceful and pleasing. The only appearance of feminine ornamentation was a pitiful attempt at a ruffe on the sunbonnet.

"Don't stand there gawkin' all day, Hoke," at last the girl called pettishly, but without turning or raising her head. "You ain't no scared rabbit with one paw up, and I ain't no great to look at. How's all?"

"Tolerable," answered the man as he came forward sheepishly. "But I wa'n't scared, an' you needn't say you ain't no great to look at, Tirzy, for 'tain't so. I've come clear from Bear Lick to ask you what I asked last week. When are you going to marry me?"

"Don't know as ever," shortly. "But your daddy's dead," earnestly. "and your cabin's plumb two miles from any other. You can't live here all by yourself, Tirzy. 'Tain't proper." "And why not?" lifting her head defiantly. "Ain't I got a bigger truck patch than any man on the mountain, and ain't I kept it better worked? And didn't I help father build the cabin, cutting and toting the logs and mixing



Hoke recoiling a few steps, the stranger was now at her side.

the mud myself? And did any man on the mountain ever cut more fireplace wood in one day than that?" rising suddenly to her feet and flinging out one hand toward the day's work.

Hoke surveyed the wood critically, appreciatively. "No no, I don't reckon I ever did see so much cut in one day, Tirzy," he acknowledged, "though I ain't sayin' but lots of men could if they set out."

"Yes, that's just it," scornfully, "if they set out. But men folks round here don't set out to do nothing but hunt coons and drink still whisky and smoke corn-cob pipes. It's the women who work truck patches and chop wood and milk cows and do everything else that's sure enough work. But what's the use talking? dropping her arms again listlessly. "There's no difference between you men folks. I think a heap of you, Hoke, like I said last week. You're big and good natured and the handsomest man round, but all you've got in the world is a rifle and four dogs and a tumbledown cabin that's scarcely fit to live in, and I've heard you say yourself that you could drink more corn whisky than any man on the mountain and not show it. And you go barefoot, too, Hoke. Maybe I'll have to marry somebody some time, but I used to say when a girl that I'd never marry a man who didn't wear shoes."

Hoke looked down at his feet reflectively. "I reckon there's but one man on the mountain who wears shoes steady," he observed sarcastically. "Maybe he'd marry you if you asked him."

"You mean Ground Hog," flashed back the girl instantly. "Well, he asked me last Tuesday, and I told him like I did you—I'd study it over a spell."

Hoke looked at her incredulously to a moment, then threw back his head in a roar of laughter that echoed through the forest. "Told him you'd study it over," he ejaculated between his bursts of merriment. "Told Ground Hog that? Ho, ho! I'll sure have to let all the boys know." Then instantly he

became sober. "Why, Tirzy," he remonstrated, "it's scandalous! You're the handiest and truest girl on the mountain and the best worker. Any man would be glad to have you. And he—contemptuously—'he's just an outside onstapper, coming here and fencing in land and digging in the dirt the whole enduring day, and he totes his truck stuff down into the valley on his own back and peddles it round. Huh! He couldn't hit a bear ten foot off with a shotgun, and he don't chew and don't know the taste of whisky. Why, I 'low one spoonful would set him plumb crazy. But he does wear s-h-o-e-s," prolonging the word derisively, "and you're going to study—'bout—him."

"Yes, I am," quietly. "He knows how to work and ain't scared of it. And up where he comes from women folks don't milk and cut fireplace wood—up there the men folks look out for the women. If Ground Hog—I mean Mr. Allen—marries me, it won't be just because he aims to be more comfortable. But h'sh! Here he comes now."

A man had emerged suddenly from the woods and was approaching them rapidly. Hoke was still standing several yards away. As the stranger came to about the same distance an idea seemed to strike the girl, for she raised her hand warningly.

"Don't come any closer, either of you," she called. "I was down to Back creek yesterday."

"Back creek?" echoed Hoke, recollecting a few steps. "Why, that's where they have the smallpox, and they do say it's terrible this season. Everybody catches it that goes near!"

"Yes, I've heard so," calmly. "Oh, Tirzy, how could you?" And Hoke took a few more involuntarily backward steps.

"I was obliged to, Hoke. I heard a girl I used to know was down there and I wanted to find out for sure."

The stranger was now at her side, and Tirzy had noticed with an odd look in her eyes that he had not shown the least hesitation at her startling announcement.

"Well, I'll see you again, Tirzy," Hoke called from a still greater distance, "and I hope you won't catch it, but I'm mighty afraid for you."

"I don't reckon there's much danger, Hoke," the girl retorted, "for I didn't go across the creek. I just called and a woman answered that 'twasn't the girl I knew at all."

Hoke paused abruptly and was turning to come back when something in the attitude of the two, who were now seated upon the log, made him grind out a few words between his teeth and swing savagely into the woods.

**Marking Books.** Every now and then you will find in some periodical an item relating to the subject of a book in which you are interested. It is a good plan to enter on the right a reference to this passage, so that you may find it again when needed. Such notes neatly written in pencil do no harm and will often save you much time. You may in the same way make notes of the numbers of pages in which you have been specially interested. A correspondent writes to us asking whether we recommend "marking books." To this extent we certainly do, provided the book is not so fine an edition that it should be kept as spotless as can be. Besides, very light pencil notes can be removed in a moment without harm to any page. But the marking of books that extends to disfiguring them will never be done by any one who realizes how long a good book may continue to delight new readers and to bring them help in right living and thinking.—St. Nicholas.

**Dangerous Devices.** There were some cunning devices in vogue among the belles of the old world for giving expression to the eye. The most reckless of them were wont to place a single drop of that deadly poison, prussic acid, in the bottom of a wineglass and hold it against the eye for two or three seconds, or, more rashly still, they would take a small quantity—a piece not larger than a grain of rice—of an ointment containing that mortal drug, atropia, and rub it on the brow. Each of these was supposed to give clearness and brilliancy to the pupil and impart a fascinating, almost hypnotic, glow to the eyes. Certain slightly pungent and volatile perfumes, such as oil of thyme, were occasionally worn on the handkerchief, causing the eye to glitter and sparkle. The eye was made to appear large, full and almond shaped by the use of a fine pencil dipped in antimonial sulphur or Egyptian black, rubbed upon the lids along the angle.

**Too Literal Translations.** Voltaire translated some of Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare makes one of his characters renounce all claim to a doubtful inheritance, with an avowed resolution to carve for himself a fortune with his sword.

Voltaire put it in French, which, retranslated, reads: "What care I for lands? With my sword I will make a fortune cutting men's throats."

Another, displeased with such blunders, undertook a more correct translation of the great bard. Coming to the following passage, "Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, so dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone, he translated the last three words to read, "So, grief, be off with you."

In the French translation of "Paradise Lost" "Hail, horrors, hail!" is rendered thus: "Comment vous portez vous? les horreurs, comment vous portez vous?" That is, "How d'ye do, horrors, how d'ye do?"

**A Dream of a Hat.** Mrs. Dearly-I dreamed last night I had such a perfectly lovely new hat. Mr. Dearly-That's the first dream of a hat you ever had that didn't cost me money.

## A WOMAN'S ORDEAL

### DREADS DOCTOR'S QUESTIONS

Thousands Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and Receive Valuable Advice Absolutely Confidential and Free

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions in regard to her private life, even when those questions are asked by her family physician, and many



continue to suffer rather than submit to examinations which so many physicians propose in order to intelligently treat the disease; and this is the reason why so many physicians fail to cure female disease.

This is also the reason why thousands upon thousands of women are corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass. To her they can confide every detail of their illness, and from her great knowledge, obtained from years of experience in treating female ills, Mrs. Pinkham can advise women more wisely than the local physician. Dr. E. Montreuil, of 114 LaTourville St., Quebec, Que., writes:

"I suffered for eight months with what the doctors called prolapsus, which caused great weakness all over my system, with faint dizzy spells. I kept growing weaker and weaker. I tried several medicines which they claimed would cure my trouble, but nothing was of the least benefit until I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and this helped me so rapidly that I could hardly believe my good fortune. I would gladly have paid \$5.00 for that first bottle, for it started me on the road to health, and five bottles cured me. I am most grateful for my splendid, robust health, and I shall certainly recommend your Vegetable Compound in glowing terms to all my friends and acquaintances, for it is deserving of all the praise I can give it."

**Mountains of proof establish the fact that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for restoring women's health.**

**Small Coins.** The natives of the Malay peninsula have in use the very smallest current coin in the world. It is a sort of wafer made from the resinous juice of a tree and is worth about one ten-thousandth of a penny. The smallest metal coin in circulation at the present day is the Portuguese escudo, which is worth twelve one-hundredths of a penny.

The smallest coin circulating officially in any part of the British empire is the five millisima piece of Gibraltar, worth about half a farthing.

**RADIANT WOMANHOOD.** The glory and satisfaction of beautiful womanhood can be known only to those possessing the unlimited advantages of health. No weak woman can be happy or enjoy half the pleasures of life. Pale cheeks, sunken eyes, exhausted nerves, all fall of a terrible struggle to keep up. What the weak woman needs is Ferrozone; it renews and vitalizes instantly—it's a "woman's remedy," that's why.

Ferrozone makes women strong, plump and healthful because it contains lots of nutriment, the kind that forms muscle, sinews, bone and nerve. Vitalizing blood courses through the body, making delightful color, happy spirits, true womanly strength. Fifty cents buys a box of Ferrozone in any drug store.

**A Voice From the Dead.** A baggage man on the Hannibal division of the Burlington was hauling a corpse into his car, and imagine his feelings when he heard a strange, unnatural voice coming from the oblong box, saying, "Let me out of here!"

When he recovered from his first fright he ran for his conductor, who arrived just in time to hear the unearthly sound. The whole train crew was called, and a brave engineer investigated. Sitting near the coffin was a small square box. Listening, the engineer heard a scratching and again the voice, "Let me out of here!" The smaller box was opened, and a little green parrot popped out.—Kansas City Journal.

**The Kaiser's Inconsistency.** The German emperor, who was the first to call on Europe to beware of the "yellow peril," has now decorated Prince Arisugawa of Japan with the Black Eagle, just as he also conferred this high order, the Garter of Prussia, on Lord Roberts after previously sounding a loud note of alarm as to the British danger to the Boers. But there is some inconsistency and statesmanship in Bismarck was among them—who think that inconsistency may sometimes rise to the dignity of a positive political virtue.—London Chronicle.

**Read Your Reward in Peace.** You have a disagreeable duty to do at 12 o'clock. Do not bicker 6 and 10 and 11 and all between with the color of 12. Do the work of each day reap your reward in peace, so when the dreaded moment in the future becomes the present you shall meet it walking in the light, and that light will overcome its darkness.—George McDonald.

**Encouragement.** Mr. Bashleigh—Miss Dora, I couldn't begin to—to tell you how much I—Dora Hope—You certainly have been a long time beginning, my poor boy. Go ahead.

**Occupied.** First Cook—An' what was yer talkin' 'bout? Second Cook—Oh, we was discussin' the mistress problem.—Puck.

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## THE MAGICAL DURIAN.

It Brings the Highest Price of Any Oriental Fruit.

It was at the height of the durian season, when all animal kind in Malay, two legged and four legged, is animated by an insatiable lust for the fruit itself and quick to fill with savage anger against whatever stands in the way of satisfying its appetite, for not the least remarkable quality of this remarkable fruit is the amatory effect it has upon those who consume it, says Caspar Whitney in Outing. All durian eating Malays, man and beast, are aflame with erotic fire. The jungle resounds with the fighting of love-lorn brutes and the towns awaken to courtship.

The durian is about the size of a pineapple, with a similarly rough outside covering armed with half inch spikes which are tough and sharp. It grows on trees fully sixty feet in height whose trunks are bare of limbs except at the very top, and when the fruit ripens it drops to the ground. So as the season approaches natives erect small huts under the tree or near by, from which they watch for the falling fruit.

Those who are fortunate enough to have such trees growing on their own land practically live on the income derived from the sale of the durian, for in the peninsular market it brings the highest price of any eastern fruit. In the jungle edge, where these trees have no ownership, the race to build the first hut and thus establish proprietary interest in the falling fruit is equal in intensity to a land rush, and in the jungle the natives must compete also with the wild beasts that share man's fondness for this extraordinary fruit.

Once in the jungle as I sat smoking puzzling out some lost seladang tracks, a falling durian attracted my attention. The nearby trees seemed alive with monkeys racing to first reach the ground. One monkey that had been left at the post, so to say, deliberately dived from the top of the tree where he sat, fully forty feet, into the top of a smaller tree below, whence he swung to the ground. But, though he beat out the others, the durian had disappeared. A small leopold-like creature had snatched off the fruit, and I was too absorbed in watching the aerial flight of the monkey to get more than a glimpse of the thief. The troop of monkeys that instantly foraged discussed the situation loudly and in very obvious anger.

## WHERE LUCK WAS LOST.

In trying to take short cuts to success.

In looking on the dark side of everything.

In overconfidence born of a first easy victory.

In not working to a plan or programme.

In not being ready for the opportunity when it came.

In sampling every kind of investment scheme that came along.

In dreaming of great things instead of doing the little ones at hand.

In being so disagreeable and selfish that they could not make friends.

In waiting for somebody to help them or give them a boost or for some rich uncle to die.

In refusing to take the positions they could get because they did not know whether they would like the work or not.—Success.

## The Outlook For History.

History must be human, making its final appeal not as a monument of erudition, but as a masterpiece of art, in which the collective deeds and passions of men shall be not merely pictured with photographic accuracy, but vitalized and interpreted. Let us not suppose that this is a new aim. The great historians have always held it. The idea that Thucydides and Tacitus neglected to consult all the material available in their time is ludicrous. Gibbon knew his "sources" as profoundly as the impeccably correct Gardiner. Mommsen, we may be sure, had not, like Stubbs, a body of evidence which he dared not explore. The master historians in the future, by whatever method they may work, will prove themselves to be akin to these in insight, in power and in art.—W. R. Thayer in Atlantic.

## Had Them Either Way.

In his "Recollections of a Virginian" General Dabney H. Maury tells of an old lady in Fredericksburg who was reduced to taking in boarders in order to make both ends meet. On one occasion of peculiar stress the lady was so empty that the good lady took to her bed and summoned her servant. "Nancy," she said, "there's nothing in the house for my boarders to eat except mush. But give them that. If they are Christians they will accept in resignation and thankfulness. And if they are not Christians it is a deal too good for them."

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Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Summer Complaint,

**Stomach Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all Looseness of the Bowels**

may be rapidly and effectually cured by the use of that old and sterling remedy

**Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.**

It has a reputation of 80 years' standing and never fails to either relieve or cure.

There are many imitations of this remedy on the market that sell for less per bottle. Dr. Fowler's is 35 cents, so be sure and get the genuine. The cheaper articles may be dangerous to your health.



HAS USED IT FOR YEARS.

MRS. CHAS. WOODS, Waubesa, Wis., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my house for years, and I find it a splendid remedy for Diarrhoea and Bowel Complaints, especially in children teething."



## Saved His Own Name.

After a recent bank holiday in London one of the police courts the next morning had among its "drunk and disorderly" prisoners a man who said he was William Shakespeare. "Is that your real name," asked the judge, "or just your nom de guerre?" "Well, your honor," replied the prisoner, "it is true that I was not christened William Shakespeare, but, you see, I hated to bring dishonor and disgrace upon a respected name."

## How She Guessed.

Landlady—That new boarder is either married or a widower. Daughter—Why, mamma, he says he is a bachelor. Landlady—Don't you believe it. When he opens his pocketbook to pay his bill he always turns his back to me.

## Disappointed.

Newed—Alas, I am a disappointed man. My wife cannot sing. Oldwed—Can't sing? Why, man, that ought to be a cause for rejoicing. You are to be congratulated. Newed—Yes; but the trouble is she thinks she can.

## The Dark Ages.

Soph—Why did they call the middle ages the dark ages? Junior—Because the women kept their ages dark. Soph—No; because there were so many knights.

## How He Saved Him.

Hewitt—That fellow saved me from bankruptcy. Jewitt—How was that? Hewitt—He married the extravagant girl I was engaged to.

Don't go to the hatter when you need a thinking cap.

It makes most people hot to be greeted with an icy stare.

## The Term "Greenhorn."

The term "greenhorn" originated in this way: The pioneers of the west were much given to hunting deer. It was a fact known to early settlers that when the horn of a fawn began to grow there was a ring of green hair around the spot. It was considered a disgraceful thing for a hunter to kill a fawn, a cruel act, and the killing time was regulated by the growth of the horn. There was a sort of unwritten law that no one should kill a male fawn before its horns could be seen. A person who was so thoughtless as to kill a deer under the proper age was called a "greenhorn." He was so named because the young horn of the deer and the hair around it were still green. The use of the appellation gradually spread until it was applied to all raw or inexperienced youths or persons easily imposed upon.

## Pepys and the Cook Maid.

There was a servant problem in the seventeenth century, but it was not in a rough and ready fashion. As records on April 12, 1667, the diarist wrote, "saw my door and hall open, left so by Luce, our cook maid, which so vexed me that I did give her a kick in our entry and offered a blow at her." Two days afterward (Lord's day) Pepys writes this: "Took out my wife and the two Mercers and two of our maids, Barker and Jane, and over the water to the Jamaica house, where I never was before, and there the girls did run for wagers over the bowling green, and there with much pleasure spent little, and so home." Luce was not there, but the other maids were treated as members of the family.

Talents never wear out.

A man must become wise at his own expense.

## I WILL CURE YOU FIRST THEN YOU PAY ME



Dr. S. GOLDBERG, The possessor of 14 Diplomas and certificates, who would not money that he does not earn.

I have 14 Diplomas and certificates from the various colleges and state boards of medical examinations, which should be sufficient guarantee as to my standing and abilities. It makes no difference who has failed to cure you, it will be to your advantage to get my opinion of your case free of charge.

## PHYSICAL DEBILITY

The Latest Method Treatment is a heaven-s