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KENT COUNTY LAD

Finds His Mother After Search-
ing for 23 Years.

He at one Time Worked for Farm-
ers Near Tilbury and Pain Court
—Story of the Search.

St. Louis Republic.

Separated from his mother while he was yet a little child and placed in a convent in London, Ontario, Claude Pippin made a vow that he would search for her and his father until he found them.

It took twenty-three years of toil and waiting and disappointed hopes to carry out the childish oath, but it was done, and on Sunday, in this city, the boy, now grown to manhood, clasped his mother in his arms and kissed her.

The story of his wanderings in search of his parents, the clues he followed in vain, the happy accident which finally restored him to the woman who loved him with all a mother's passion for her first-born, form the romance not surpassed in fiction. The fact that young Pippin's discovery may result in his receiving a large inheritance from his paternal grandfather adds an interesting feature to the denouement.

The story begins with the separation of the child's parents, Peter and Alice Pippin. They had been married for three years, but Alice, by a magistrate, but was afterwards remarried at Alton, Ill., in order to satisfy the bridegroom's father.

Two children were born to them, Claude and Clara, the latter now being the wife of R. D. Jones, of No. 2319 Olive street, whose home is in Kirkwood. After about six years of married life the couple separated at Lakefield, Ill., and shortly afterwards the boy was taken from his mother by some one. From that day she never obtained even the slightest clue to the fate of her son until about a week ago. Her husband had disappeared, and she supposed the boy was with him. In reality, the boy was placed in charge of the sisters of

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

at London, Ontario, by a man who represented himself to be the child's father. The man never called at the convent but once afterward, and the boy does not have a very clear recollection of him. Claude remained in the convent from October, 1877, until 1881, when he went to live with a farmer named Alexander Cook, near Tilbury Centre.

KENT COUNTY.

Ontario. He remained there three years, and then went to live with another farmer, Reginald Trudell. Later he was employed by P. T. Daniel, of Pain Court. While there he made a vow that he would find his mother and his father.

One day the question came to him, "Who am I?" He was puzzled. Other boys had fathers and mothers and other relatives, but for him no one seemed to have any particular regard. He remembered what the sisters at the convent had told him, but that day he felt little consolation. One Sunday night, feeling more than usual the weight of his utter loneliness, he went out into the fields by himself.

There, with only the eternal stars for witnesses, he knelt down and with unbroken head and face uplifted vowed that he would find his parents though the search might take all the rest of his life.

"Somewhere I know my mother is waiting and longing for me. I know she loves me and for the sake of that love I am going to her," he said to himself.

Filled with the thought of his new purpose, he left the home of the Canadian farmer and went to Detroit, Mich. He obtained work on a boat under the command of Captain Hull, who now lives in retirement at Ogdensburg, N. Y. In the spring he went on a lake steamer, and worked until he went to Port Huron, Mich., and obtained employment at the plant of the electric lighting company. After he had saved up a little money, he went to New York, hoping to find some people of his name who might be able to tell him something of his family. He never missed an opportunity to make inquiries which might result in finding something to throw light on his origin.

At New York he met with little encouragement. He visited Boston, Philadelphia and many of the smaller towns in the vicinity with material result. At last his money gave out and he had to give up the search for a time. Obtaining employment with the Utica Electric Light Company, Utica, N. Y., he learned the trade of electrician and worked his way up to a responsible position. But he did not forget his purpose nor the vow made under the stars in the loneliness of a Canadian farm. He saved his money, and after four years of continuous work at his trade, he resigned and again took up the search for his parents.

He came West this time, and made the rounds of the towns whose name ended in "field," for he dimly remembered that such name was associated with his childhood.

SEARCH STILL CONTINUED

Finding no clue, he returned to the convent at London, and asked the sisters to show him the records connected with his stay there. He learned nothing new, but was sure that the name he bore was the one given him by the man who placed him in the convent. Then he came back West, and at Springfield, Mo., found a man, named John Pippin, whose father, named Pippin, lived at Almartha, Ozark county. He visited the older man and told him of his desire to find his mother and his father.

He told him of his desire to find his mother and his father. He told him of his desire to find his mother and his father. He told him of his desire to find his mother and his father.

His money all gone again, the young man decided to return to work for a while. He spent several days in St. Louis, not dreaming that his mother was here. Later, he went to Chicago and obtained work at his trade. When he had a sufficient sum of money saved up he went to Texas and found County. Again he found that his hopes were in vain. But while he was

at Whitewright, Tex., he received a letter addressed to Jackson Pippin. No one knew anyone of the name, and he at once sought the writer, Alfred Stiger, who lived at Cookeville County, Tenn. Stiger said he was pretty sure Jackson Pippin must be in Texas, near Whitewright, and back to Texas the young man went. This time he found his man, but with the discovery came another disappointment, for Jackson Pippin was no relative of his.

Thoroughly discouraged, the young man went to Memphis to obtain work, coming by way of St. Louis last December and, remaining there several days. A little later he went to Little Rock, Ark., and found a good position two weeks ago. In the meantime, he had kept up a constant correspondence with all the Pippins he had met, and had given each of them his photograph. It was through the picture he gave to George Pippin, whom he affectionately calls "uncle," and who married J. H. Lyles, a carpenter, at Hillsboro, Ill., and they are living at No. 1228 North Twelfth street in this city.

After the separation from her husband, Mrs. Pippin returned to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cuman, at Mount Pleasant, Ill., accompanied by her daughter, Clara. In time she obtained a divorce and married a man named Bennett, by whom she had several children. He died several years ago in this city, and she married J. H. Lyles, a carpenter, at Hillsboro, Ill., and they are living at No. 1228 North Twelfth street in this city.

A niece of Mrs. Lyles, whose name is Mrs. Clara E. Lyles, lives at Joplin, near the home of "Uncle George" Pippin. Two weeks ago, while she was visiting at the Pippin home, she saw the picture of the lost boy, and was struck with the very strong resemblance it showed to her cousin Clara, now Mrs. Jones, of Kirkwood. She made inquiries about him, and wrote an account of the facts to her mother in Iowa. The latter at once forwarded the letter to her sister, Mrs. Lyles.

MOTHER FOUND AT LAST.

The mother hurriedly wrote to her niece at Joplin, asking for more particulars. Then, eager to find the truth, she wrote a letter addressed to Claude, and asked him to reply, warding to him at once wherever he might be.

This letter reached him last Thursday. It mentioned several little marks by which he could make sure that he was Jackson Pippin. Lyles had lost, among others, a mole on the back of his neck. Everything tallied perfectly. Claude telegraphed at once that he believed himself to be the son of Mrs. Lyles, but made certain before he wrote a long letter, telling of the two or three incidents of his childhood, which he could dimly remember, and enclosing his photograph. Mrs. Lyles received the letter Friday, and replied to it at once, adding some details to the incident revealed by the young man.

That settled the last possible doubt in the mind of either, and on the very first train out of Little Rock, the long lost boy, a boy no longer, started for St. Louis.

"The train could not go fast enough," he said yesterday, in telling of the story. "And when I arrived in the city, it seemed an age before I stood at last on the step of the home where I knew my mother lived." The door opened and she stood before me, she looked at me for a moment doubtfully, and then held out her arms, saying, 'My boy! My boy!'

"Just what happened next I cannot remember. All I knew was that my mother's arms were about me and my long search was ended. After we had been together for an hour or two we started for Kirkwood to meet my mother's mother, and since she was a very small child, the moment I met her I recognized her eyes, the one feature that had not changed in all the years. Since that I have been getting acquainted with her and her relatives, and I find that I have as many now as anybody."

The grandmother of the young man, Mrs. Josephine Pippin, is still living at St. Pie, Quebec, and has several Pippins in no sense to know. He was last heard from at Viola, Wis., nine years ago. He had married and had one child, a daughter. (Claude he returns Claude will fall heir to all the property of his grandfather, which is said to be considerable.)

ALMOST SOLD OUT.

To-night the patriotic concert will be held in the opera house. There has been an immense sale of tickets. C. H. Gunn, of the management of the Central Drug Store, states that the sale of reserved seats in a record-breaking time, to last evening \$500 worth of reserved seats had been purchased, including 153 at \$1, 158 at 75c, and 184 at 50c. This does not include the top gallery. Ivor E. Brock, of the firm of Thomson Storer & Son, has been at work decorating all day. Seating for chorus is draped in white and gold, the top gallery in red and gold, the balcony in blue and gold and the boxes in red, white and blue. The management desires to call the attention of nervous patrons to the miniature cannon which discharges with a report, but there is the slightest danger. Ladies will consequently kindly refrain from fainting. The fires have been going all day and the house will be admirably heated.

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Margie Kerr, as stenographer with the Rutherford Iron Co., Chatham.

Frederic, as stenographer with McGill Bros., Chatham.

James Redford, book-keeper, Durham Furniture Co., Vernon, Ont.

Archie McEwen, changed from Taggart & Knapp Co., Grand Rapids, to Fairbanks Morse Engine Co., Chicago.

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ANNUAL BANQUET

The Macaulay Club Held the
Eighteenth in Their History.

An Interesting Toast List—What the
Speakers Had to Say.

The 18th annual banquet of the Macaulay Club was held last evening in the spacious dining hall of the Hotel Garner, and proved the most successful in its history. The room had been tastefully arranged, a large Union Jack adorning the wall.

The President of the Club, A. E. Jewett, led the way to the banquet hall and took his place at the head of the table. On his right hand were Col. Monteith, Dr. Holmes, N. H. Stevens, and on his left Mr. Wilson, W. C. E. Beaton, J. G. Kerr, S. B. Arnold, Edwin Bell, Thos. Scullard, J. O'Neill, J. S. Lane, Wilson Taylor, Fred Stone, Wm. Mowbray, Norman McEwen, C. H. Gunn, Dr. Musson, Dr. Garnet Holmes, C. F. W. Atkinson, H. J. Stevens, Fred Hall, W. McCorvie, J. W. Aitkin, D. A. Hutchison, O. L. Lewis, Robert Brackin and J. N. Young.

After a blessing by Rev. Robert Sims, ample justice was done to the capital repast provided.

THE TOAST LIST.

A. E. Jewett, the chairman of the evening, then introduced the toast list with a brief but pleasant speech in which he made a request for brevity in the speeches.

The Queen was responded to by the whole assemblage joining in a hearty outburst of the National Anthem. Colonel Monteith, the U. S. Consul, replied to the toast to the President of the United States. He said that the day was a great day in the history of the United States, as on Feb. 22nd George Washington had been born. The four great rulers of the age were Washington, Lincoln, Queen Victoria and McKinley. The quartette made a galaxy of true worth and noble character.

Canada was then introduced, and with it were coupled the speakers of Mr. Wilson, C. C. O'Neill, and The Maple Leaf was sung by C. F. W. Atkinson immediately following this toast.

Mr. Wilson delivered a most patriotic address on this subject. It is too good to abridge and will be given in full to-morrow.

A PATRIOTIC SPEECH.

C. J. O'Neill made one of his happy addresses. He said that God made Canada beautiful and her sons and daughters have done much to bring out the innate beauty of the country. Many present had watched her constant progress of Canada, had seen how these beauties had expanded and how they had grown. But Canada was only a Canadian had as much right to be called a British subject as any resident in the heart of the British Islands.

Such language as this a few years ago would have been regarded as the epitaph of jingoism. The proof of Canadians being citizens was exemplified in the act of the young Canadians who had laid down their lives for the Empire in defending the honor of old England. The speaker trusted that their sacrifice would be a pledge for ever of that inseparable union which would forever connect Canada with the Empire of which the fair Dominion is an integral part.

The toast to the Empire was coupled with the names of Dr. Holmes, S. B. Arnold and Edwin Bell.

Dr. Holmes said it afforded him great pleasure to acknowledge the advantage he had derived as a member of the club. Other empires had been born, risen, flourished, disappeared and passed into history, but the empire which Victoria ruled had proved to be of a finer stability. The years of her reign had only served to

multiply the empire's blessings and increase its power. The British subject loved his empire, not because it comprised one-fifth of the earth's surface, not because of its thousands of million inhabitants, not because of its wealth, not because its navies ruled the sea, not because its armies had won glories in war, but the British just loved the Empire because freedom and a fair regard for the rights of others had always characterized the British nation.

Mr. Arnold made a delightful speech in which he said the citizens of the Empire felt that their country contained all the elements of strength which went to make a stable and long-lived nation. Freedom of thought was characteristic of it, and this was a remedy for all that tended to the destruction of a great nation.

Mr. Bell is one of the most brilliant speakers in the Macaulay Club and his remarks last evening well sustained his reputation. The position of the Empire, said Mr. Bell, was unique. There was no empire that afforded a parallel to our own. Other empires had been constructed by conquest and the genius of some man but England had been made by the whole people of Britain.

As a fitting close to the replies to this toast, C. F. W. Atkinson sang "Soldiers of the Queen."

The Army and Navy elicited speeches from Mr. Beaton and Mr. Pike. Mr. Beaton contrasted the sadness in Canada just now with the rejoicing of the British Empire of the continent. The British Navy was a terrible weapon of destruction, the creation of the hands of her sons. The army guarded the outlet to the Mediterranean while the British navy searched out her enemies. The British Lion stood at Gibraltar and said to the other nations, "You shall not go in or come out unless we, the Empire, choose."

Mr. Pike in response to the same toast said he was proud of his country, its army and navy, and was glad to stand up for it. He was glad to give him for the Empire. It was a pleasure for him to have his name coupled with this toast that he might add his little mite of admiration for the two bulwarks of the Empire, the Army and the Navy, in a masterly manner. In concluding Mr. Pike added a tribute to the achievement of the United States which brought Col. Monteith to his feet to propose a toast to the success of the Empire.

Ad. Sulman was called on for a recitation and rendered in his entertaining style, "The Enchanted Shirt."

A TOAST TO THE CLUB.

The toast to the club was coupled with the names of Thos. Scullard, Fred Stone and J. G. Kerr. Mr. Scullard dealt with the art of speaking. The Macaulay Club, it must be understood, was not a speaking but an educational institution.

Mr. Stone took as the basis of his remarks the effect of the Macaulay Club in moulding public opinion, the work it covered, the benefits accruing from membership in the club and the educational advantages which it afforded. The finished product of the club was a self-reliant man.

Mr. Kerr, speaking to the same toast, said the club was nothing if not patriotic and the fires of patriotism were not allowed to burn dim on its altars. There was now an outburst of loyalty and patriotism from the Anglo-Saxons of the world. The word Empire would from now take a new meaning. Its principles were broad and were based on the people's will.

The field of literature was second only to the field of battle and the history of the world.

At this juncture the toast list was handed to Vice-President J. S. Turner, who made a neat speech in introducing the remaining speakers.

The subject of letters found worthy exponents in the persons of J. S. Lane, W. Mowbray and J. S. Black. Mr. Black gave an interesting address on the subject of the English language was the letters of the alphabet and they were certainly damnable. Of these two were duplicated for a equalled by, and x was only twenty-three distinct letters, and these 23 were used to represent 45 distinct sounds. Mr. Black closed his

remarks by drawing attention to the great necessity for some improvement in the English language in this respect.

J. G. Kerr sang Tommy Atkins in a capital manner.

Clever addresses were given George Mussey, Dr. Musson, H. Stevens and Fred Stevens, on the subject of Canadian sports.

The toast to the press was responded to by J. W. Young and R. L. Brackin.

The ladies found able and enthusiastic champions in J. W. Aitkin, Fred Hall and Wilfrid McCorvie.

Dr. Musson then proposed a silent toast to the memory of the dead Canadian boys, and it was drunk with all the silence and solemnity that befitted it.

The toast to the host was warmly introduced, and responded to by Mr. Eberts.

The excellent music during the evening was furnished by Frank Phelps, piano; Walter West, guitar; and Claude K. Eberts, mandolin.

VERY FEW PEOPLE

Are Free From Some Form of Indigestion.

Very few people are free from some form of indigestion, but scarcely two will have the same symptoms. Some suffer most directly after eating, bloating from gas in stomach and bowels, others have heart burn or sour risings, still others have palpitation of heart, headaches, sleeplessness, pain in chest and under shoulder blades, some have extreme nervousness as in nervous dyspepsia.

But whatever the symptoms may be, the cause in all cases of indigestion is the same, that is, the stomach is unable to properly and promptly digest what is eaten.

This is the whole story of stomach troubles in a nutshell. The stomach must have rest and assistance and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets give both by supplying those natural digestives which every weak stomach lacks, owing to the failure of the peptic glands in the stomach to secrete sufficient acid and pepsin to thoroughly digest and assimilate the food eaten.

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When enough food is eaten and promptly digested there will be no constipation, nor in fact will there be disease of any kind because good digestion means good health in every organ.

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