

TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

We have just put in, at great expense, a **WONDERFUL MACHINE**, heated by steam, work only passing through the rollers once; the result—WORK IS **EASIER**, WILL NOT BREAK, and will last much longer than when ironed by the old method, heated by gas, which has to pass through the rollers eight times.

U.S.—We have also added a newly invented machine to iron the edges of Collars and Cuffs.

The Parisian Steam Laundry Co. of Ontario, Limited.
London, Hamilton and Toronto.

FORGET THE HEAT

and live easy, by baking delicious cakes, biscuits, etc., on a **GAS STOVE.**

It makes a coal or wood stove look like 30 cents.

THE CHATHAM GAS CO. Limited.
King St. Phone 81

F. B. Proctor,

Commission Broker.
N. Y. Stocks, Grains, Provisions, Cotton....
We better service anywhere. Why don't you trade at home? In Commission free.
Telephone 240.

CARPETS CAREFULLY CLEANED

When you know we can clean your carpets thoroughly by our New Hygienic Method, and return them to you absolutely free of dirt, brighter in color, and in fact, use like new. We can clean them, rain or shine, too.

The Chatham Carpet Cleaning and Rug Manufacturing Works
King St. West opp. Post Office

ROSES

And all High-Class Flowers, Floral Designs and Sprays a Specialty.

Tuson
Floral Artist, Windsor

Orders taken at Tschirhart's Music Store, opp. the Market, Chatham, Ont., where will be found at all times a large assortment of Cut Flowers at lowest prices.

FOR SALE

Frame house, two stories, brick foundation, seven rooms, \$900.
Frame house, two stories, brick foundation, eight rooms, \$1,100.
Frame house, large barn, stable and other outbuildings. All cleared. About 2000 acres from Chatham, \$7,500.
Frame house, barn, stable and other outbuildings, \$6,500.
Frame house and barn, \$2,500.
Frame house, River Road, Dover, \$2,000.
Frame house, stable and granary, \$2,000.
Frame house, River Road, Raleigh, one of the best, good frame house, large barn, stable and other outbuildings; a large orchard of various fruits; land all tile drained, \$6,500.
House premises in Chatham, \$7,500.
Money to loan. Lowest rates. Terms to suit the borrower.
W. F. SMITH,
Barrister and Solicitor.

E. E. Parrott & Son

Real Estate bought, sold or exchanged. Money to loan at low rates. No commission charged borrowers. Houses to rent. Collections made. Fire and Life Insurance in safe companies. Call and see us. Office King St. North, second block, West of Big Clock.

Chatham, Ontario.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED BY THE CHATHAM CITY PRINTING CO. INC., Cincinnati, Ohio. A. WANDERLICK, Representative.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Uncle Terry

By CHARLES CLARK MUNN

Copyright, 1900, by LEE & SHEPARD

"My name's Page, and I'm from Boston, and a lawyer by profession," replied Albert.

Uncle Terry eyed him rather sharply. "I wouldn't 'a' took ye fer one," he said. "Ye look too honest. I ain't much stuck on lawyers," he added with a chuckle. "I've had 'sperence with 'em. One of 'em sold me a hole in the ground once, an' it cost me the hull o' twenty years' savin's! Ye'll 'scuse me fer bein' blunt—it's my natur."

"Oh, I don't mind," responded Albert laughing. "But you mustn't judge us all by one rascal."

They drove on, and as they jogged up and down the sharp hills he caught sight here and there of the ocean, and alongside the road, which consisted of two ruts, a path and two grass grown ridges, he saw wild roses in endless profusion. On either hand was an interminable thicket. In the little valleys grew masses of rank ferns and on the ridges, interspersed between the wild roses, clusters of red bunchberries. The sun was almost down when they reached the top of a long hill and he saw at its foot a small harbor connected with the ocean by a narrow inlet and around it a dozen or more brown houses. Beyond was a tangle of rocks and, rising above them, the top of a white lighthouse. Uncle



Stood there unconscious.

Terry, who had kept up a running fire of questions all the time, halted the horse and said:

"Ye can now take yer first look at Saint's Rest, otherwise known as the Cape. We ketch some lobsters an' fish here an' hev prayer meetin's once a week."

Then he chirruped to the horse, and they rattled down the hill to a small store, where he left a mail pouch and then followed a winding road between the scattered houses and out to the point, where stood a neat white dwelling close beside a lighthouse.

"I'll take ye into the house," said Uncle Terry as the two alighted, "an' tell the wimmin folks to put on an extra plate, an' I'll put up the horse."

"I'm afraid I'm putting your family to some inconvenience," responded Albert, "and as it is not dark yet I will walk out on the point. I may see the yacht and save you all trouble."

The sun, a ball of fire, was almost at the horizon, the sea all around lay an

unruffled expanse of dark blue, undulating with the ground swells that caught the red glow of the sinking sun as they came in and broke upon the rocks. Albert walked on to the highest of the shore rocks and looked about. There was no sign of the Gypsy, and only one boat was visible, and that a dory rowed by a man standing upright. Over the still waters Albert could detect the measured stroke of his oars. That and the low rumble of the ground swells, breaking almost at his feet, were the only sounds. It was like a dream of solitude, far removed from the world and all its distractions. For a few moments he stood contemplating the ocean alight with the setting sun's red glow, the gray rocks at his feet and the tall white lighthouse towering above him, and then started around the point. He had not taken ten steps when he saw the figure of a girl leaning against a rock and watching the setting sun. One elbow was resting on the rock, her face reposing in her open hand and fingers half hid in the thick masses of hair that shone in the sunlight like burnished gold. A broad sun hat lay on the rock, and the delicate profile of her face was sharply outlined against the western sky.

She had not heard Albert's steps, but stood there unconscious of his scrutiny. He noted the classic contour of her features, the delicate oval of her lips and chin, and his artist eye dwelt upon and admired her rounded bosom and perfect shoulders. Had she posed for a picture she could not have chosen a better position, and was so alluring and withal so sweet and unconscious that for a moment he forgot all else, even his own rudeness in standing there and staring at her. Then he recovered himself and, turning, softly retraced his steps so as not to disturb her. Who she was he had no idea and was still wondering when he met Uncle Terry, who at once invited him into the house.

"This 'ere's Mr. Page, Lispy," he said as they entered and met a stout, elderly and gray haired woman. "I found him up the road a spell an' wantin' to know what he was."

Albert bowed.

"I am sorry to intrude," he said, "but I had lost my boat and all points of the compass when your husband kindly took me in charge."

Being offered a chair, Albert sat down and was left alone. He surveyed the plainly furnished sitting room, with open fireplace, a many colored rag carpet on the floor, old fashioned chairs and dozens of pictures on the walls. They caught his eye at once, mainly because of the oddity of the frames, which were evidently homemade, and then a door was opened, and Uncle Terry invited him into a lighted room where a table was set. The elderly lady was standing at one end of it and beside her a younger one, and as Albert entered he heard Uncle Terry say, "This is our gal Telly, Mr. Page," and as he bowed he saw, garbed in spotless white, the girl he had seen leaning against the rock and watching the sunset.

CHAPTER XX.

THE appealing yet wondering glance that Albert Page met as he bowed to the girl standing beside the table that evening was one he never afterward forgot. It was only one, for after that and during the entire meal her blue eyes were kept veiled by their long lashes or modestly directed elsewhere.

"It's a charming spot down here," he remarked soon after the meal began, "and so hidden that it is a surprise. I noticed the light as we came in, but did not see the village."

"Waal, ye didn't miss anything," responded his host. "None o' the houses are much for style, an' mebbe it's lucky they're hid behind the rocks."

"I thought them quaint and comfortable," observed Albert, "but what an odd name you have for the place! Why do you call it Saint's Rest?"

"Chiefly 'cause none o' the people have any chance to become sinners, I reckon," was the answer. "It's a trifle lonesome in the winter, though."

"I suppose fishing is your principal occupation here," continued Albert, seeing that sentiment was not considered by Uncle Terry. "Your land does not seem adapted for cultivation."

"There ain't much chance for tillin'," he replied. "The land's wuss'n whar I was brung up, down in Connecticut, an' that we had ter round up the sheep once a week an' sharpen their noses on the grist-stun! We manage ter raise 'nough ter eat, though."

When the meal was over Uncle Terry said: "It's nice an' cool out on the rocks, an' that's some seats out thar. If ye enjoy smokin' we best go out while the wimmin are doin' the dishes."

The moon that Frank had planned to use was nearing its full and high overhead, and as the two men sought congeniality in tobacco out on that lonesome point Albert could not curb his admiration for the scene. His offer of a cigar to his host had been accepted, and as that quaint man sat quietly enjoying an odor and flavor he was unaccustomed to Albert said:

"This experience has been a surprise to me from the moment I met you. I

had an ugly hour's scramble over the rocks and through a tangle of scrub spruce and briars until I was utterly lost and believed this island an impassable wilderness. Then you came along and brought me to one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw. I should like to stay here all summer and do nothing but look at this magnificent ocean view and sketch these bold shores."

"Do you paint pictures too?" queried Uncle Terry, suddenly interested. "Telly's daft on doin' that, an' is at it all the time she can git." Then he added with a slight reflection of pride, "Mebbe ye noticed some o' her pictures in the stail room?"

"I saw a lot of pictures there," answered Albert, "but it was too dark to see them well. I should like to look at them in the morning."

"Ye'll hev plenty o' time," was the reply. "I must pull my lobster traps fust, an' after that I'll take ye in my dory an' we'll go an' find yer boat. I guess she must be lyin' in Seal cove, the only openin' 'twixt here an' the head she'd be likely ter run into."

"And so your daughter is an artist, is she?" asked Albert, indifferent now as to where the Gypsy was or when he was likely to return to her. "Has she ever taken lessons?"

"No, it comes nat'ral to her," replied Uncle Terry; "she showed the bent o' her mind 'fore she was ten years old, an' she's pestered me ever since ter git her canvases an' paints an' sich. But then, I'm willin' ter," he added in a tender tone. "Telly's a good girl, an' Lispy an' me set great store by her. She's all we've got in the world." Then pointing to a small white stone just to the right of where they were, he added, "That's whar the other one's been layin' fer mor'n twenty years."

"This one has grown to be a very beautiful girl," said Albert quietly, "and you have reason to be proud of her."

Uncle Terry made no reply, but seemed lost in a reverie, and Albert slowly puffed his cigar and looked out on the ocean and along the ever widening path of moonlight. He wished that this fair girl, so quaintly spoken of, were there beside him, that he might talk to her about her art. How it could be managed and what excuse to give for remaining longer than the morrow he could not see. He looked toward the house, white in the moonlight, with the tall lighthouse and its beacon flash just beyond, and wondered if he should see the girl again that night. He was on the point of suggesting they go in and visit a little with the ladies when Uncle Terry said:

"I believe ye called yerself a lawyer, Mr. Page, an' from Boston. Do ye happen to know a lawyer that has got eyes like a cat an' rubs his hands as if he was washin' 'em while he's talkin'?"

Albert gave a start. "I do, Mr. Terry," he answered. "I know him well. His name is Frye, Nicholas Frye."

"An' as ye're a lawyer, an' one that looks to me as honest," continued Uncle Terry, "what is yer honest opinion of this Mr. Frye?"

"That is a question I would rather not answer," replied Albert, "until I know why you ask it, and what your opinion of Mr. Frye is. Mine might not flatter him, and I do not believe in speaking ill of anybody unless forced to."

(To Be Continued.)

Men Restored to Vigor



Are you one of the thousands of men, young and old, who lack virile power? Do you crave to be robust and vigorous, to have perfect manhood? Thousands know they are weak and impotent, but they do not know the right steps to regain their full vigor and strength. Are you one of them? Thousands suffer in ignorance of their real condition, believing themselves to be strong and well when they are far from it. Perhaps you are one of them. It is worth your time to ascertain your true condition of health, if you have any reason to doubt or suspect that you are not what you once were.

If you belong to either class mentioned above, do not be discouraged. Do not despair. Help is within your reach. You can be cured. Vim, vigor and vitality, health and happiness have been given to men who had been reduced to physical wrecks.

Be Honest With Yourself.
If you have been a victim to the follies and indiscretions of youth, committed excesses in married life, if you doubt your strength, if it is your duty—your duty to those you love and who love you—to at once, today, consult an honest, reliable, recognized physician—a specialist who has a record for curing weak men. But do not go astray. Consult as quickly. Take no patent "Cure All." No two cases are precisely alike. Every individual needs a treatment particularly suited to him. Go where you can get the right treatment for your case.

Cure Yourself at Home.
If there is no successful specialist near you, write at once to Dr. Goldberg, the noted specialist. He is the possessor of 15 diplomas and certificates which he received from medical colleges and state boards of medical examiners and he will send you a booklet free to use in the privacy of your own home. It does not interfere with traveling, as it can be taken with convenience anywhere.

If you have stricture, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, varicose, lost manhood, blood poison, or any other ailment, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney trouble, heart disease, etc., write the doctor at once and confidentially lay your case before him. He sends the booklet, as well as his booklet on the subject, containing the 15 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him about Dr. S. Goldberg, 208 Woodward Ave., Room 92 Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free, in a plain, sealed package.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

YOUR DOCTOR WON'T TELL YOU not to use

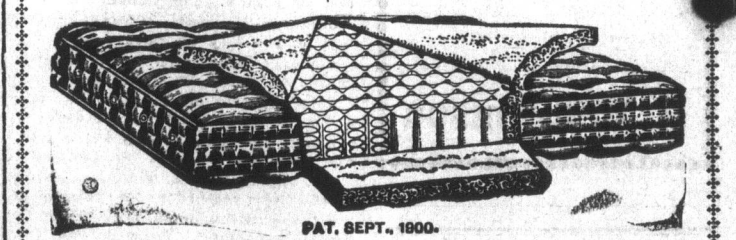
"SALADA"

Ceylon Natural Green Tea, because he knows it to be pure and beneficial to the most nervous and delicate systems. Sold in lead packets, the same as the delicious Black Tea of "SALADA" brand. By all Grocers.

MAPLE CITY CREAMERY
BUTTER, CREAM AND ICE CREAM
Family Trade a Specialty.

Buttermilk delivered with Ice Cream or Butter Orders.
Excursion and Picnic Party Orders for Ice Cream filled promptly.
Sample our quality and get our prices.
Corner ADELAIDE and KING STS. Phone 242

THE MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS.



THE MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS

Is perfectly ventilated, perfectly resilient, absolutely noiseless and it is more durable than the best hair mattress. It is the most healthy and most comfortable mattress made.
The Genuine Marshall Sanitary Mattress can be handled by ONE FIRM ONLY in each town or city. We have the SOLE AGENCY for them in this city. Call and inspect them.
Price of Marshall Sanitary Mattress is only \$20.

THE McDONALD FURNITURE CO., Limited

... Keep Cool and Get Your ...

Refrigerators
Ice Cream Freeze
Hammocks

from A. H. PATTERSON at a **Special Discount of 20 Per Cent. for balance of the season.** Do not pay the high price you have been paying, but go to

PATTERSON'S HARDWARE

and get the best money can buy at the lowest price

A. H. PATTERSON

3 doors east of Market Phone 61.

WE HAVE ON HAND A LARGE SUPPLY OF

LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE, CUT STONE,

&c. All of the best quality and at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

J. & J. OLDERSHAW

A Few Doors West of Post Office.

ROOFING

Preserve your roofs by coating them with **Orange Shingle Stain** of any color. It is durable and economical. Estimates promptly furnished for all kinds of roof painting and repairing.

GEO. OVERTON.
Violet St. North Chatham or address, Chatham, Ont.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

FLY TIME

This is the season of the year that you are bothered with flies. Protect yourselves against the Pest by letting us take your order for Screen Doors and Windows.

Leave word at our Office or phone 52 and we will call and take measurements and have Screens placed in position promptly.

BLONDE Lumber and Manufg. Co.

Lumber Dealers and Builders and Contractors.
Glenn & Co.,
WILLIAM ST.,
import direct the finest Ceylon, Assam and China Tea, Black Gunpowder and Young Hyson, Best Breakfast Tea, 35c and 40c.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.