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The best, cheapest and most satisfactory way in which you can get your rigs is to buy them of us.

Of course you know that we are among the largest makers in the country. Of course you know that a big business like ours means high grade workmen, modern methods, fine materials and reliable, perfect goods.

Without these no such business as ours could have been built up. We have on hand a large variety of styles. We can give you precisely what you want and can assure satisfaction.

Our business methods enable us to do superior work and we can stand behind everything with our personal guarantee.

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When the human foot was first introduced to shoes it was exactly as nature had made it, strong-symmetrical-handsome.

It has been revolutionized from what it was to the foot of today by sixteen centuries of distorting tightness and freakish styles.



"Slater Shoes" are made to fit feet as they are to-day, comfort first, but good appearance never forgotten.

Twelve shapes, six widths, all sizes leathers and colors.

Goodyear welts, name and price stamped on the soles.

\$3.50 and \$5.00.

Trudell & Tobey—The 2Ts—Sole Local Agents

BLOOD POISON.

If you have this awful disease you are in danger until completely cured; the various symptoms you notice should be a warning to call for immediate treatment. Don't put it off until too late, as it continually gets worse. You have sore throat, patches on tongue or mouth, swollen glands, hair falling out, blotches on body, itching skin, or other signs of this terrible disease. Call on a doctor who will give you a written guarantee to cure you by our LATEST METHOD TREATMENT. Without Mercury or Potassium, and You Pay When Cured. Each time you call you see Dr. Goldberg personally, who has 18 Diplomas, certificates and licenses received from the various colleges, hospitals and States, which testify to his standing and abilities.

The original testimonials can be seen at our office; \$500.00 reward for any who cannot show: at request of patients we publish only the initials.

I am improving every day. I notice if I cut or scratch myself the sore will heal up. I hope you will not stop treating me as long as there is a sign of this terrible disease. I am more afraid of it than death. I believe you have the right medicine for the disease. I feel so thankful to you for the good you have done for me. I was a perfect wreck when I came to you, and now I am on the verge of a cure. To make a sure thing I would like to continue a while longer, so that it will not return. Very respectfully yours, Mrs. L. S. CASE NO. 218,086. May 11, 1929. W. M. G. Oct. 15, 1929.

Our treatment has helped me wonderfully. CASE NO. 218,086. Nov. 18, 1929. I have confidence in you as a doctor, for you help more than any one else has, and I feel that you cured me. Nov. 18, 1929.

OUR LATEST METHOD TREATMENT CURES Blood Poison, Chronic Nervous, Impotency, Varicose, Stricture, Kidney, Bladder, Liver, Stomach, Female and Rectal Troubles. CONSULTATION FREE. Call on or write for blank for home treatment. BOOK FREE. Hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sundays 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

DR. GOLDBERG, 291 WOODWARD AVE., DETROIT, MICH.

BLOOD POISON If you ever contracted any Blood Disease you are never safe unless the virus of poison has been eradicated from the system. At times you get alarming symptoms, but in hope no serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore throat, sores on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, itching patches on the skin, sores or blotches on the body, eyes red and smart, dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't cure your system with the old fogey treatment—mercury and potassium—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time only to break out again when the virus is dormant. Let our quick experiment on you. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our NEW METHOD TREATMENT for over 20 years, and no return of the disease. No experiment, no risk—not a "patch up," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited.

NERVOUS DEBILITY OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and sores disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and depression disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—so more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and healthy. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and false rogues rob you of your hard-earned dollars. WE WILL CURE YOU OR NO PAY. We treat and cure NERVOUS DEBILITY, SEXUAL WEAKNESS, EMISSIONS, SPILLAGE, GLEET, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, KIDNEY and BLADDER DISEASES, and all diseases peculiar to men and women. Cures guaranteed.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating death? Don't you know that our New Method Treatment will cure you. Consultation free. No man who has tried our New Method Treatment has ever failed. Charges reasonable. Books free. "The Golden Monitor" (Illustrated) on Diseases of men "Diseases of Women" "The Wages of Sin" "Varicose, Stricture and Gleet." All sent free on request.

No ridiculous sent C. O. D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and Cost of Treatment, FREE, for Home Cure.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN 148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT MICH.

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The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

To the end of the chapter, will continue shining to-day and repenting to-morrow, falling the next and bewailing it the day after. If Leoline had gone to bed directly, like a good dutiful little girl, as Sir Norman ordered her, she would have saved herself a good deal of trouble and tears. Leoline, however, was too fond of to shake hands and turn their backs on each other that night. It was time for all honest folks to be in bed, and the dark-eyed beauty knew it, too, but she had a notion of going, nevertheless. She stood in the center of the room, where he had left her, with a spot like a scarlet rosette on either cheek; a soft half-smile on the perfect mouth, and a light, inexpressible tender and dreamy in those artesian wells of beauty—her eyes. Most young girls of green and tender years, suffering from "love's young dream," and that sort of thing, have just that soft, shy, brooding look whenever their thoughts happen to turn to their particular beloved; and there are few eyes so ugly that it does not beautifully, even should they be as cross as two sticks. You should have seen Leoline standing in the center of the pretty room, with her bright rose-satin glancing and glittering, and flowing over rug and mat; with her black waving hair clustering and curling like shining waves silk, with a rich white shimmer of pearls on the pale smooth forehead and large beautiful arms. She did look irresistibly beyond doubt; and it was just as well for Sir Norman, for the mind that he did not see her, for he was bad enough without that. So she stood thinking tenderly of him for half an hour or so, quite undisturbed by the storm, and how strange it was that she had not seen her, for very morning expecting to be one man's bride, and then she should rise up the next expecting to be another's. She could not realize it at all; and with a little sigh, half pleasure, half presentiment—she walked to the window, drew the curtain, and looked out at the night. All was peaceful and serene, the moon full to overflowing, and great deal of extra light ran off the plain; quite a quantity of stars were out, and were twinkling pleasantly down at the little dark planet below. That went round and round, with grim stoicism, and paid no attention to anybody's business but its own. She saw the heaps of black, charred ashes that the rush of rain had quenched; she saw the still empty street; the frowning row of gloomy houses opposite, and the man on guard before one of them. She had watched that man all day, thinking, with a sick shudder, of the plague-stricken prisoners he guarded, and reading his piteous inscription, "Lord, have mercy on what she dreaded from her face. 'My poor, poor, old nurse!'"

"Your poor, poor, old nurse left you without much tenderness when she thought you dying of the same disease," said La Masque, quietly. "Oh, that is nothing. The suddenness, the shock, drove her to it. My poor, dear Prudence."

"Well, you can do nothing for her now," said La Masque, in a tone of light impatience. "Prudence is gone, and all human aid, and so—let her rest in peace. You were carried to the plague-pit yourself, for dead, were you not?"

"Yes," answered the pale lips, while she shivered all over at the recollection. "And was saved by—by whom were you saved, my dear?"

"By two gentlemen."

"Oh, I know that; what were their names?"

"One was Mr. Ormiston, the other was," hesitating and blushing vividly, "Sir Norman Kingsley."

La Masque leaned across her chair, and laid one dainty finger lightly on the girl's hot cheek.

"And for which is that blush, Leoline?"

"Madame, was it only to ask me questions that you came here?" said Leoline, drawing proudly back, but the hot red spot grew hotter and redder; "if so you will excuse my declining to answer any more."

"Child, child," said La Masque, in a tone so strangely sad that it touched Leoline, "do not be angry with me. It is no idle curiosity that sent me here this hour to ask impertinent questions, but a claim that I have upon you, stronger than that of any one else in the world."

Leoline's beautiful eyes opened wide at yet.

"A claim upon me! How? why? I do not understand."

"All in good time. Will you tell me something of your past history, Leoline?"

"Madame Masque, I have no history to tell. All my life I have lived alone with Prudence; that is the whole of it in nine words."

"La Masque half laughed.

"Short, sharp and decisive. Had you never a father or mother?"

"There is a slight probability. I may have had at some past period," said Leoline, sighing; "but none that I ever knew."

"Why doesn't Prudence tell you?"

"Prudence is only my nurse, and says she has nothing to tell. My parents died when I was an infant, and left me in her care—that is her story."

To be Continued.

James, the Lass, was thrown from a pinnacle and beaten to death.

QUICK WORK WITH EELS.

Exhibition in New York by a Lightning Handed Expert.

Down Fulton market way there is always something interesting to be seen. It may be, in the season, men in the street trying soft shell crabs, which they pick up with odd wooden tongs made for the purpose to put them in a paper bag. It's a common thing for people to buy live crabs and carry them home with them in a bag.

You might see here somebody skinning eels, though that is something rather unusual, sufficiently so to attract always a little knot of lookers on, who stand and watch the operation with interest. Among the bunch of easers there is very likely one man at least who never before saw eels skinned and who is surprised to discover that the expert does not skin the eel, but rather, as one might say, eels the skin. That is to say, he does not strip the skin off of the eel, but he strips the eel clear of the skin.

Piled up, corded up, on a board on a barrel behind which the expert stands there are hundreds of eels, piled with heads all to the rear, handy to seize upon. The only implement used in the work is a stout knife with a short fixed blade. Laying an eel, back down, upon the board, the expert makes with that short, stout knife one transverse cut three-quarters through it just below its head. With a single deft sweep of the knife he splits the eel down with one movement and cleans it totally with another almost before one is aware that this has been done at all, and then he proceeds to skin the eel, an operation that requires, besides knowing how to do it, strength and skill.

Once more the knife is brought into play, and this time the blade is worked under the end of the body from the first cut was made and downward in the direction of the tail, to the extent of an inch. This inch is what the expert gets his hold on. Holding the eel up now by the head with the left hand and holding it stationary and firmly, he grasps that freed inch of eel between the thumb of the right hand, on one side of it, and the blade of the knife, pressing it hard, but not cutting into it, on the other. And then, with the firm clutch that he has thus got upon it and holding the left hand stationary, he strips the eel forward and downward with the right hand, stripping it clear of its skin with a single continuous movement. At the end of this, with a curving sweep through the air, he throws the dressed eel upon a pile of its kind, while the skin he tosses into a barrel. Then he picks up another eel from the pile in front of him and repeats the operation, and it is all so quickly and so deftly done that you have to keep your eyes on him not to miss any of the movements in which the whole work is comprised.

A Librarian's Notes.

A dear old once came in brimful of desire to obtain a book that a friend had recommended, "a beautiful book, too," but the title and author's name were a myth to her. All she knew about it was that it was about Monday. Repeated solicitation made her waver about it. She was sure it wasn't about Tuesday or Wednesday or any other day of the week. The poor mortal serving her did his best, but the book on "Monday," author unknown, came not to his mind, and the lady went away sorrowful. A few days later in she came, her countenance radiant as a sunlit poppy in a cornfield, and the librarian knew, with an instinctive thrill of delight, that the title was found which had been lost—it was "Gloria Mundi!"

Another great source of fun is to be found among that class of subscribers, full of gush and with the instinct of the litterateur oozing, so to speak, from their very finger tips, who can't read Marion Crawford, nor know because they really can't read books written by women, and who speak of Sydney Grier and John Strange Winter as "he." One could pass these trifling errors over were the joke not accentuated by their fervid declarations, to any stranger whom they deem fit subjects for their confidence, that their knowledge of authors, publishers' tricks and booksellers' little ways is wide and accurate.

Rheumatism and Electricity.

Sir James Grant, a medical man of Canada, evolved the wonderful theory that rheumatism is due to an abnormal electrical storage in the human system. He says that for many years he has been in the habit of treating cases of supposed muscular rheumatism by the insertion of small fine steel needles, the number varying according to the extent of the affected parts, and, as a rule, the seat of pain will indicate the precise place and extent to which the needles should be used. They remain stuck into the muscles for from one to two minutes. The previous hard, tense condition approximating one of tetany relaxes, and the patient is able at once to use the muscles. Experiments point to an abnormal storage of electricity in the tissues. It may be stored as a result of sudden drafts and cold. When the inserted needles are touched, the electrical accumulation is simultaneously discharged, passing through the body of the operator without any serious result. There is almost immediate relief in lumbago from this treatment.

The Fall of Babylon.

"Now, children," said the Sunday school teacher, "which of you can tell me why Babylon fell?"

There was a long silence. The little ones had read and looked at one another and drew long breaths but none of them said anything.

"Come, come!" the teacher exclaimed at length. "I'm surprised! Isn't there any little boy or girl in this class who can tell why Babylon fell? Isn't there any one of you who can think of any reason why Babylon should have fallen?"

Then a boy with large brown freckles on the bridge of his nose and a thumb with a blackened nail put up his hand.

"Ah," the sweet faced teacher said, "I thought some of you must know if you only stopped to think! What was it, Percy?"

"Maybe he stepped on a banana peel," Percy suggested.

A Wonderful Bird.

"Birds are intelligent," Mrs. Brannigan observed as she encountered her friend, Mrs. O'Flaherty. "I've seen a turtle, an annoying. My sister has a cat that lives in a clock, an whin it's time to tell th' time it comes out an says cuckoo as many times as th' time is."

"This wonderful," said Mrs. O'Flaherty.

"It is indeed," said Mrs. Brannigan. "An th' wonderful part of it all is it's only a wooden bird at that!"—Philadelphia Times.

JAN. FEB. MAR. APRIL MAY JUNE

Every Month

In the year most women have to suffer for a week. At the best this suffering interferes with household activities and social enjoyments. At the worst it shuts the woman in a darkened room or confines her to bed. Most women can be completely cured of irregularity by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates the periods, stops enfeebling drains and cures female weakness.

All praise is due to you for your wonderful Favorite Prescription," writes Mr. John W. Coffman, Elkhart, Ind. "My wife suffered with female irregularity, using two bottles of your Favorite Prescription was cured, and has not suffered any derangement since. Your Favorite Prescription is a boon for delicate women."

Favorite Prescription

Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

JULY AUG. SEP. OCT. NOV. DEC.

NEWS IS A BUSINESS.

Three buildings belonging to the Welland Post Works were burned on Friday morning.

It is reported from Norwich, Eng., that the Standard Oil Company is trying to obtain control of the Cheshire salt trade.

The 4-year-old son of Cassey Thomas of Metairie, near Ottawa, while climbing a fence, pulled a leg over on himself and was instantly killed.

On Friday a masked mob of between 60 and 100 men broke into the jail at Tunica, Miss., and took out three negroes, whom they strung up to a tree within 100 yards of the jail. Not a shot was fired.

Elisla Hogle, aged 55 years, committed suicide Friday night on the grave of his wife in Floral Park Cemetery, Birmingham, N. Y., by swallowing the contents of a four-ounce bottle of carbolic acid.

Victor Faffard, lighthouse keeper at Point des Monts, has notified the Marine Department that bridge was carried away and the lighthouse boat together, with several others in the neighborhood, was damaged in Thursday's storm.

John Smith of Watertown was blasting for stone under a tree on the Galvin Stock Farm, East Flamboro, on Friday, when the tree fell on him, injuring his back. Physician fear Smith's back is broken, and his condition is very critical. He is married and has two children.

David Sutherland of South London, who had been engaged upon the Exhibition grounds, was walking across the race track when he was struck by a race horse being exercised by a jockey on Friday. For half an hour he was unconscious. His arm was broken and his head badly cut.

The Prince Pleads Not Guilty.

Ottawa, Sept. 15. — "Prince" Arthur Anderson, who was arrested at Niagara Falls on a charge of obtaining a gold watch and a gold ring, the value of \$180, from James A. Leslie, jeweler, on Sept. 11, 1899, was arraigned before Judge O'Meara at the Police Court yesterday, on the formal charge of intent to defraud. He entered a plea of not guilty. The "Prince" in his replies, spoke excellent English. He says he has just returned from the Paris Exposition, and that he was robbed of a letter of credit for \$5,000 sterling and \$135 wlist at Niagara Falls on Aug. 31. He does not remember by whom or on whom the letter of credit was drawn. Case was adjourned till to-day.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as a sugar.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS

FOR HEADACHE, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

DR. WM. R. HALL, Office: Rooms 1, 2, 3 and 10, Victoria Block, corner Fifth and King streets. Office hours: From 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Office telephone 2508, residence telephone 173.

DENTIST
DR. A. McKENNEY, Dentist, Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, also of Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario. Teeth extracted absolutely without pain. Stairway down to King, Cunningham & Drew's hardware store, King Street East.

MUSICAL
Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Marshall, organist and choirmaster of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, will receive pupils in singing, voice development, piano and organ. Classes in night singing and church psalmody. Residence Park Street, directly opposite Dr. Battistini's residence.

Guitar and Mandolin Instruction
Pupils will be received for instruction in the Harrison or American systems. Terms will be made known on application.
MRS. A. HEATH, Queen St., next to Athletic Grounds.

LODGES
A. F. & WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 44, A. M., on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth Street, at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.
J. S. TURNER, A. L. E. GREGORY, Sec.

THE A. O. U. W.
"To The Rescue."
Workmen, can we not learn from the close personal canvases during this election contest, the very best way to promote the fraternal increase and progress of Peninsular Lodge? Shall we let it of less importance to press the question of protecting widows and orphans, and freeing them from want than protection or free trade in any other earthly issue? Remember, neglected opportunities are ruinous.
WARREN MARTIN.

LEGAL
J. B. RANKIN, Q. C.—Barrister, Notary Public, etc., New Garmer block, Chatham.

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

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JOHN S. FRASER,
BOWEN BELL, LL. B.

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The Public

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