

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.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

DR. DECOV 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.

LODGES.

PARTHENON LODGE, No. 267, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month in Masonic Temple, King Street. Visiting brethren always welcome.

WELLINGTON LODGE, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month in Masonic Temple, King Street. Visiting brethren always welcome.

LEGAL.

S. B. ARNOLD—Barrister and Solicitor, Money to loan at lowest rates on easy terms.

HOUSTON & STONE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite H. Malcomson's store, N. Houston, Fred Stone.

SMITH, HERBERT D.—Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham.

THOMAS SCULLARD—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block Chatham, Ont.

WILSON, PIKE & CO.—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on mortgages at lowest rates. Office Fifth Street, Matthew Wilson & Co., J. M. Pike.

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN—Company and Private Funds—Farm and City Property for Sale. W. F. Smith, Barrister.

MONEY TO LOAN

Lowest Rate of Interest—Liberal Terms and privileges to suit borrowers. Apply to **Lewis & Richards**, CHATHAM.

Money to Lend

On Land Mortgage, on Chattel Mortgage, or on Note. **LOWEST RATE. EASY TERMS.** May Pay Off Part or All at Times to Suit Borrower.

J. W. WHITE, Barrister, Opposite Grand Opera House, Chatham.

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817
Capital (all paid up) \$14,400,000.00
Reserve 11,000,000.00

GEORGE MASSEY, MANAGER.

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GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS.
Office: 163 King St. West, P. O. Box 836; Telephone 58.

All kinds of Fire, Life, Accident, Marine and Plate Glass Insurance effected at lowest Rates.

Call, Write or Telephone for Our Rates Before Insuring Elsewhere.

EAT QUAKER BREAD...

—MADE BY—
LAMON BROS.
Phone 489

A SNAP!!

Beautiful home on Victoria Ave., with modern improvements, only \$2000 if sold at once. Good stable at rear of dwelling.

SMITH & SMITH, Agents, Chatham

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Elsie's Little Miracle

By Anna Steen Richardson
Copyright, 1906, by May McKoon

It was pretty generally understood that the Billy Daltons were drifting apart. There was no particular reason for this state of affairs, save the lack of something better to do.

You see, they had just enough money so that Billy did not have to work nor Janet to worry about making both ends meet. They had danced their way through several seasons into a lazy, good humored and comradely engagement, thence into matrimony. After that Billy had continued to lead cottons and Janet to dance them, but generally with other partners.

Matters between them had reached the point where the rumor laden society papers had suggested avertly that when Billy went to England and Scotland, where he had nothing in particular to do, Janet would probably take up her home in Nevada or South Dakota, there to remain until Norman Stanley returned from Africa, where he was fighting ennui by hunting big game. It was even whispered that Billy Dalton had lusted after Stanley that it was rather better taste to stalk big game than another man's wife, especially when the other man was perfectly willing to make it clear sailing for his wife if it would make her any happier.

Of course, this sounds a bit strong on paper, particularly to the old fashioned folk who still believe that marriage is a contract for life and not a mere episode. In the set to which the Billy Daltons belonged the situation was accepted as a matter of course, and when Janet asked a lot of people down to their Long Island place for the automobile races and the week end no one thought of refusing just because the Daltons might separate within a fortnight after the gathering.

Such was the situation when the Dalton car broke down on the Jericho turnpike, and its occupants—Janet, Mrs. Greenwalt, Joe Jeffreys and "Marsh" Huntoon—decided to cut through the woods to the Dalton place and leave the car for a farmer to guard until the mechanic who handled the Dalton garage could be dispatched to the scene of the accident.

Perhaps it was not entirely impudence which led them to take the short cut through the woods, but the call of a hundred autumn voices in rustling leaves, rich warm colorings and the chatter of squirrels laying up winter stores. And thus it was that they suddenly stopped in their tracks and listened to a sound that was not of the woods, but of the nursery—the plaintive wail of a child. Janet it was who found it—a bit of white faced, staring eyed humanity rolled up snugly in a great shawl of Iceland wool.

While she held the baby in her arms and tried to silence its wails with uncertain and awkward little pettings the quartet held a conference. The child was too young to have walked there. Mrs. Greenwalt said it was not a day over two months old. It was too far from the road to be heard by passing travelers. Al—there was the answer, a wisp of paper tied to the end of the shawl!

"Please take care of little Elsie. It was not her fault that she came into the world, and I can do no more."

"I've always said that the government ought to regulate the question of marriage among the poor," remarked Mrs. Greenwalt severely. "Here is a case in point."

"You are jumping at conclusions," said Huntoon dryly. "Let's take it to the town marshal!"

"And what then?" asked Janet without lifting her gaze from the child's face. The baby had clutched her finger with its tiny fist and settled down as if it had found anchorage.

"Oh, there are asylums and homes for youngsters like this. You'd better hurry along home with it before it begins to howl. One of your men can take it to town before dark. Shall I carry the little beggar for you?"

"Oh, no. She's not a bit heavy, and she is quiet now. She might cry if we changed her position."

They trudged on through rustling leaves and soft Indian summer haze, three of the party chatting gaily; two, the young wife and the baby, looking into each other's eyes as if searching for a new key to the problem of life. Sometimes Janet wished that the child would close its eyes. She did not like to meet that trustful, clear eyed gaze.

"Have you disposed of the youngster?" asked "Marsh" Huntoon as they sat down to dinner that night.

Janet started and looked across the table at her husband. He lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

Huntoon's good humored laugh broke the awkward silence.

"What? Don't you know that our party was increased by one during our ride this afternoon? Rather a small 'one', but, my, what lungs it has!"

Janet drew in her breath sharply.

"I wish you would not talk any more about it at present, good people," she said, trying to speak lightly. "I've started inquiries in a quiet way. I don't want the thing to get into the papers—because if no one claims little Elsie I think I—I shall keep her."

"Keep her?" gasped Mrs. Greenwalt.

"Why, my dear girl, the place for a child without a name is a foundling asylum."

Janet spoke very softly, yet every word was heard, so complete was the silence.

"I shall give her a name because—"

once—just once—I saw a line of children walking, rows and rows, by twos, from an orphan asylum. I can't send her there."

Mentally she saw again those clear, trusting blue eyes.

"And I know you will all be kind enough to keep this very quiet until"—there was just a slight, tense hesitation—"until we decide what shall be done."

Naturally it was talked about, however. In boudoirs and at clubs the question was raised as to what name little Elsie would acquire. Was it not bad enough to be facing a divorce residence in the far west without acquiring an unnecessary inebriation at the crucial moment?

Within the Dalton bungalow on Long Island stranger things were happening. No clew to the baby's parents had been found. When Billy Dalton dropped down occasionally, as he had been doing for a year past to keep up appearances, his first question was, "Anything new?" and this always meant "anything new about the baby's history."

And little Elsie would look up at him with reproachful blue eyes as if asking, "Why do you care?" And the worst of it was that Billy Dalton began to realize that he did care. Janet had changed, and with an odd sort of jealousy, he realized that it was little Elsie and not he who had brought about the marvelous and altogether desirable change. She was no longer bored. How could she be with Elsie cutting a new tooth every few days and such wonderful hampers of clothes to be bought, fine handkerchiefs, linen, narrow val and convent embroidery?

A more fastidious customer had never entered the shops which specialize on layettes, and with her own hands Janet made covers for down pillows, silk tufted afghans and other foolish things, while the tongue of gossip wagged gaily over the whole absurd episode.

One frosty December afternoon Dalton ran down to the bungalow and found Janet standing at the window. The low spreading evergreens on the west side of the house were powdered lightly with snow, and Janet turned to him with kindling eyes.

"Billy, I shall have a Christmas tree for Elsie. She is so bright for her age. I do believe she will notice it."

"Quite likely," responded Billy, with assumed carelessness, as she laid aside his storm coat, "but in making your plans you seem to have overlooked one important fact. As yet Elsie is not really yours. The law—"

Janet turned on him sharply.

"She is mine by right of everything. I found her, and I love her."

"Yes, but you must formally adopt her. I thought perhaps you'd better see to that before I leave. I've changed my plans a bit. I'm going to meet mother and Grace in Rome for Christmas. The matter has not been feeling very fit. I am not fond of England in winter, and—"

Janet crossed to his side, and her hand rested lightly on his arm.

"Don't you think you'd enjoy much more seeing Elsie have her first tree? And—oh I think—I need you—more than your mother does."

Something rose in Dalton's throat and threatened to choke him. It was a sensation he had never felt before, not even during the good natured, lazy run of his wooing. Janet wanted him! He thought he had not cared. Now he knew that he had cared all along. But it was characteristic he did not express his fierce joy in words. He held Janet very close and whispered:

"Well, I rather did hope you'd give the little beggar the name of Dalton. It's a pretty good name after all, eh?"

Norman Stanley heard the news when he landed in London. He sent a lion's skin captured by his own hand for little Elsie to roll upon. Then he went to the Nile country for the winter.

Not Too Abrupt.

Radical changes in clothing are seldom safe, at least so the old time grandmothers held. The putting off of winter underwear was likely to be a gradual and prolonged process. That this belief in deliberate adjustment was widespread and inclusive is shown in W. P. Frith's story of his life. He was engaged in painting a portrait of Mrs. Birt, the wife of a prominent business man, who used to bring her little dog to share her sittings.

Mr. Birt was a great lover of dogs, but he entertained a strong aversion to dog collars, so I was surprised one day when Mrs. Birt brought her favorite dog, Ducky, to see a band around the little animal's neck.

"I thought you objected to dog collars, Mrs. Birt," I said. "I see Ducky sports one today."

"Oh, no, that's not a dog collar," returned the lady. "It's only a piece of flannel. The poor dear has had a dreadful cold and a sore throat. She has worn flannel night and day."

"Surely that is too narrow to do any good. The strip is no wider than a collar."

"Oh, it was wider, of course. We have gradually lessened it. She is leaving it off by degrees."

Nothing but the Truth.

Buncum—My physician tells me I am working too hard.

Marks—The M. D. evidently knows his business.

Buncum—Why do you think so?

Marks—I have been comparing notes with a few of our mutual friends and I find you have worked us pretty hard—Detroit Tribune.

The Difference.

Mike—K'n yez tell me phwat's th' difference betwene humor an' wit, Pat?

Pat—Well, it's lak th' difference betwene whin yure wolfie tickles ye under th' chin wid a shtraw from th' broom an' whin she hits ye over th' head wid th' handle av ut.—Judge.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

GRANULATED SUGAR COATING. PURELY VEGETABLE. *Wm. Wood* CHATHAM, N. S. W.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

SURROUNDED WITH FLOWERS.

Floral Tributes of Respect to the Late Mr. Timothy Eaton.

Toronto, Feb. 2.—From early afternoon until late in the night a constant stream of people passed to view the remains of the late T. Eaton, as he lay in his coffin in the great hall of his last earthly residence. On every side were floral wreaths, columns, emblems and every conceivable appropriate design in which beautiful flowers and rare exotics could be fashioned to manifest the respect or grief of the givers for him who had closed his life and had entered upon an existence not of this world.

As he lay, surrounded by so many tributes of affection with a calm, peaceful expression of repose, he appeared as just fallen asleep.

Telegrams of condolence have been constantly coming in since the first news of Mr. Eaton's death.

To-day a private service for the family will be held at the residence, and following upon this a public service commencing at 3 p.m. at the residence will be held.

Negro Is Suspected.

Phoenix, Ariz., Feb. 2.—Mrs. Harvey Morris and her seven-year-old son were killed Thursday night by their home. Mrs. Morris' husband had left home for Roosevelt during the morning, and a negro shortly afterward appeared in the town with his throat slightly cut and other marks of violence apparent, alleging that his injuries were received in defending the woman from the assault of two Mexicans, who killed her and the child. He is held in custody.

Will Lose Both Hands.

Toronto, Feb. 2.—About 10.30 yesterday morning at Fox Bay, Hugh Mackenzie, aged 27, a railway foreman on the C.P.R., was taking out a charge of dynamite, when it exploded and shattered his right hand. His left hand was so badly hurt that it will be amputated. He was on the train from morning till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when he was taken to St. Michael's Hospital.

Danger to Community.

Winoski, Vermont, Feb. 2.—Asserting that the local gas supply is a danger to the community, local voters have adopted a resolution ordering the gas cut off from Winoski until spring, a result of the asphyxiation of a family of six persons last month and the death of a laborer who was repairing the pipes.

Fined for Accepting Rebates.

Philadelphia, Feb. 2.—Judge Holland yesterday imposed a fine of \$3,000 upon the Camden Iron Works Co. of Camden, N. J., which was recently convicted of accepting rebates on a shipment of iron pipe to Winnipeg, Man.

GROWING OLD WHILE YET YOUNG

What a number of women there are who feel that these words exactly suit their case.

There are thousands of females all over our land, broken down in health and dragging out a miserable existence, overburdened with disease peculiar to their sex, apparently growing old while yet young.

From early morning till late at night they have been on the year after year, attending to the household duties. Is it any wonder then that sooner or later there comes a general collapse? Palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, smothering and sinking spells, weakness, dizziness, sleeplessness and many other troubles follow. What a woman wants is something to build up the system and for this purpose you cannot equal

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. W. J. Russell, Vasey, Ont., writes: "At one time I suffered greatly from my heart and nerves, and the shortness of breath was so bad I could scarcely do my housework. A friend of mine advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I did and I only took them for a short time before I was better."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

TRAFFIC IN HUMAN LIVES.

Justice Clute's Comment in Sentencing Mrs. Miller to Two Years.

Toronto, Feb. 2.—Mrs. Lillian Miller was sent to Kingston Penitentiary to serve a term of two years for supplying the noxious drugs which caused the death of Mrs. Agnes Brindant. She came up yesterday morning before Mr. Justice Clute for sentence. When the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, the prisoner's counsel, Mr. J. M. Godfrey, asked for a reserved case, the judge, however, announced that he would not grant the request.

Mr. Godfrey urged that his client had already spent seven weeks in jail. She never before appeared in any court, and the work she did possessed a legal aspect. By deviating from the straight path she had made herself a criminal.

Mr. Justice Clute said the evidence showed plainly that the prisoner had been supplying noxious drugs to procure abortion. From the letters produced in court it was apparent that she had carried on an abominable traffic in human life. Each of the woman's dealings with Brindant laid herself open to imprisonment for life. The sentence would be two years in Kingston Penitentiary.

TOOK UNTO HIMSELF A WIFE.

Also Her Two Children—Now He's Arrested on a Charge of Theft.

St. Catharines, Feb. 2.—Arthur James, who, with Mrs. Joseph Gray and her two young children left Woodstock on Jan. 21, was yesterday arrested by Chief Parrill on a charge of theft, on information received by wire from Woodstock.

James had been a boarder with the Gray family, and while Gray was away in London in search of work his wife cleared out with James. They first went to Hamilton, but escaped the search of the police and found their way to this city, where the prisoner secured work in a coal yard, where the chief found him yesterday.

The woman and two children came to the police station with him. She claimed she could not help coming away, as she had fallen in love with James. Though she had lived with Gray for five years she stoutly claimed she was not his wife. Both the Grays and James are English and have been in Canada but a short time.

Total Is Now \$25,000.

Hamilton, Feb. 2.—The amounts which citizens claim to have been beaten out of by John A. R. McIntosh now total up to about \$25,000 and there are many more counties to be heard from. The amounts range from \$5 up to \$2,000. One of the victims was Police Constable Thompson. He got the reputation of being a millionaire. Mrs. McIntosh's home is in Kingston. McIntosh used to be a bookkeeper for J. H. Patterson, Toronto.

Will Charge Manslaughter.

Sault Ste. Marie, Feb. 2.—A charge of manslaughter is to be laid against Capt. Bault of the steamer Golspie, which was wrecked last fall. Crown Attorney Moses McFadden is authority for the statement.

Mate McLeod, who was also censured by the jury, may be the subject of some kind of action also.

Honorably Acquired.

St. Catharines, Feb. 2.—E. J. Breheny and J. H. Brick of Hamilton were yesterday afternoon honorably acquitted on a charge of theft to defraud creditors.

CASES TRAVERSED.

London Perjury Charges Go Over to Next Assizes.

Toronto, Feb. 2.—On account of the traversing of the London conspiracy cases, the trial of John O'Mara and Thomas Lewis, who are alleged to have committed perjury during the Police Court investigation, were traversed till the Spring Assizes.

Eighty Dead.

Charleston, W. Va., Feb. 2.—Twenty-four mangled bodies have been removed from the Stuart Mine at Oak-hill. The total number of explosion victims probably will be between 75 and 80.

Clydesdales In Canada.

London, Feb. 2.—(C. A. P.)—There were 1,049 Clydesdale horses exported to Canada last year, and The Scotsman prognosticates a bright future for the breed in the Dominion.

A Woman of the Day.

Lady Edgar, President of the National Council of Women of Canada, is the widow of the Hon. Sir James David Edgar, K.C.M.G., P.C., late Speaker of the House of Commons of Canada. She has held the office of President and Vice-President of the Women's Canadian Historical Society, has been Vice-President of the United Empire Loyalist Society, and was for ten years Secretary of the Infants' Home and Infirmary of Toronto. Lady Edgar has contributed from time to time articles on historical subjects to magazines and journals. Her first book, "Ten Years of Upper Canada in Peace and War," won the praise of the late Mr. Gladstone as the best book he had ever read on Canada. Her next production, "The Life of General Brock," appeared in the "Makers of Canada Series," in 1905, and has been favorably reviewed in the English and Canadian press. Lady Edgar is now engaged in writing the life of James Edgar, Secretary to the Chevalier de St. George, which is being compiled by permission of King Edward from letters and manuscripts in the Royal Libraries.

For Shut In Hens.

In regions where the hens go into winter quarters about November and seldom get out till the snow melts in April green cut bone is advisable to take the place of insects, grubs, etc., that the hens find when foraging during the summer months.

LAD EFFECT.

Don't you think divorce has a bad effect on the children?

Yes, indeed; they are thrown so much more with their parents.

A TRAINED NURSE

After Years of Experience, Advises Women in Regard to Their Health.

Mrs. Martha Pohlman of 55 Chester Avenue, Newark, N. J., who is a graduate Nurse from the Blockley Training School at Philadelphia, and for six years Chief Clinic Nurse at the Philadelphia Hospital, writes the letter printed below. She has the advantage of personal experience, besides her professional education and what she has to say may be absolutely relied upon.

Many other women are afflicted as she was. They can regain health in the same way. It is prudent to heed such advice from such a source.

Mrs. Pohlman writes: "I am firmly persuaded, after eight years of experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that it is the safest and best medicine for any suffering woman to take."

"Immediately after my marriage I found that my health began to fail me. I became weak and pale, with severe bearing-down pains, fearful backaches and frequent dizzy spells. The doctors prescribed for me, yet I did not improve. I would blot after eating and frequently become nauseated."

"I had pined down through my limbs so I could hardly walk. It was as bad a case of female trouble as I have ever known. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, however, cured me within four months. Since that time I have had occasion to recommend it to a number of patients suffering from all forms of female difficulties, and I find that while it is considered unprofessional to recommend a patent medicine, I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I have found that it cures female ills, where all other medicine fails. It is a grand medicine for sick women."

Money cannot buy such testimony as this—merit alone can produce such results, and the ablest specialists now agree that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most universally successful remedy for all female diseases known to medicine."

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful periods, weakness, displacement or ulceration of the female organs, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds where Others Fail.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement.

The needless suffering of women from diseases peculiar to their sex is terrible to see. The money which they pay to doctors who do not help them is an enormous waste. The pain is cured and the money is saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It is well for women who are ill to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., The present Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, her assistant for many years before her decease, and for twenty-five years since her advice has been freely given to sick women. In her great experience, which covers many years, she has probably had to deal with dozens of cases just like yours. Her advice is strictly confidential.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds where Others Fail.

DISTRICT

CROTON.

Mr. Stanley McCutcheon visited at Mr. Ed. Young's one evening last week.

The Croton Dramatic Club held an oyster supper at the Hall Friday evening last.