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The qualities by which **Carling's Ale** and **Porter** have won distinction are absolute purity and perfect and thorough aging, both in wood and in bottle.

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In our handsomely illustrated catalogue you will find full lines and prices of all that is newest in wedding rings, bridal presents, bridesmaids' favors, wedding invitations, etc.

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WE PREPARE CHARGES AND REFUND MONEY IF DESIRED.

BEE STARCH

The Ironers' Pride

It is the starched clothes. To have the shirts and collars, cuffs, petticoats, etc., still so bright, beautiful, and of good color and to get this with as little work as possible, is her aim.

BEE STARCH fills the needs of the most ambitious. Easily prepared—requires no boiling. Easily applied—it prevents the linen sticking to the iron, and gives a splendid finish with very little rubbing.

FREE A set of three Patent Flat Irons, highly nickeled, for 100 Bee Starch, sent by mail.

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Capital \$1,000,000

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4-1/2 and 5 per cent.
Liberal Terms and privileges to borrowers. Apply to
LEWIS & RICHARDS

A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

Her great black eyes dominated my mother. The girl was like some savage young animal at bay. I did not wonder that the two who knew her moods best covered before her now. There was a look on her face, with the twitching lips apart showing strong white teeth, which said that she might do me a mischief if I defied her. I took my mother's shaking hands and pressed them. Perhaps I ought to have kissed her, but somehow I could not. I murmured something confused about seeing her again, and then, when I had given the sobbing Topsy a fleeting embrace, I pushed blindly past the group of curious ones who had gathered in the passage, and went out into the open air.

I had told my mother that I had friends who would take me in if I asked, and I had not deliberately uttered a falsehood. I had only said the first thing that occurred to me, with the desperate impulse to escape. Indeed, there were doubtless people in the old set from which I had vanished who would receive me if I threw myself upon their kindness, but I had no intention of doing that.

Dusk was falling early, for a storm threatened. There were faint grumblings of thunder, which I was scarcely conscious of hearing. Great purple cloud-banks boiled up from the west and overspread the sky. As I ran out into the street, a big drop or two of rain splashed down upon my upturned face. The man Welcome, just coming home from his unknown "business," caught sight of me as I left the house, and I saw by his eye that it was in his mind to follow. I quickened my pace, and hurried round the corner. Then I began to run, flying through street after street until I knew that he must have lost scent. At last I stopped, bewildered and completely lost.

CHAPTER XII.

Waterloo Bridge.

It seemed to me that I had come to the end of the world—my world. Nobody wanted me. Nobody cared. It would be better if I were dead.

Rain began to pour down in sheets, and I was soon wet to the skin. The streets were empty, for people had hurried into shelter from the storm, and only here and there could be seen an umbrella, black as a scurrying bat over the pavement, that shone with rain beneath the glamps.

It occurred to me that I might stand under the protection of some doorway until the worst of the storm should be over; but in my dull despair it seemed hardly worth while to care for the wretched body which had ceased to be of importance to me or anyone else. So I went through the downpour, stolidly; and at last, when I had walked for a very long time and it was really dark, I came to a great bridge over the Thames.

It was in my way, going straight on, to come to it; and I proceeded at first steeped in the strange apathy that was part of my condition. But my eyes fell upon the black water flowing underneath, and I stopped suddenly, fascinated. It was as if someone had spoken in my ear, saying: "There's no place for you in the world. Perhaps there may be somewhere else—somewhere beyond. You could find out here."

The thunderstorm was long ago over, but rain still fell heavily and steadily. Except when an omnibus rumbled by, there was scarcely anyone on the bridge, and nobody who passed paid any attention to me, as I covered close to the stone wall in one of the embrasures. In my black dress and hat, my slim little figure must have melted into the shadows of night.

Two forces in my nature began warring together as I looked down at the dark, flowing water, with a thought in my mind that never in my life had harbored there before.

"You are young," one voice said. "You are beautiful. It is pitiful that you have been petted and loved, and told that you were beautiful, should die like this. Who knows what the years may yet hold for you if you stay and see?"

But the other voice answered: "It's no use. What can a girl like you do against the world? You haven't a penny. You can't buy even a piece of bread to eat, and you can't ask for charity. You're only a little grain of dust, not of any importance at all. Thousands of girls as young as you, thousands from worse things, and it will save you. You told Roger Cope that you would rather die than marry him. Well, now you can die. And when he knows, perhaps he will be sorry that he has wounded you to such an end; for he will really be more to blame than you."

"That's a coward's argument!" the first voice cried. "It would be brave to fight the battle out, weak to throw down your arms at the first attack."

"No, it's brave to die. It takes courage to throw yourself over into the cold, deep river, and not struggle or scream for help at the last; to breathe the water into your lungs and be shaken by it till you drown. If you don't do this thing now, when you are helpless, without money or friends who would not think it a great burden to help you—it is because you are afraid of the suffering, the horror."

"It is a wicked thing, an unforgivable crime, to destroy your own life," appealed the first voice.

"No, for God is merciful, and pardons all sins," said the other. "He will understand. Do it now, while you have the courage."

A whirlwind seemed to snatch my soul in a resistless grasp. Quick as lightning I sprang up on the stone seat. Blind and deaf save to the tempest of my own spirit, I put life behind me—stretched out my arms to death. I thought I was falling, that I had thrown myself over. It was as if my body were lifted by the force of my own passionate self-abandonment. For an instant I knew nothing. Then a man's voice spoke close to my ear. "Poor child! For heaven's sake 'what has brought you to this?'"

I had not fallen. The river was not to have me after all. This man's hands had dragged me back, snatching me from the stone bench and holding me fearfully to his side.

I did not answer his question. I

DROPSY

for which Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only certain cure. In Dropsy the Kidneys are actually **drowned** up, and the water, which should be expelled in the form of urine, flows back and lodges in the cells of the flesh and puffs out the skin. Remove the filth which plugs up the drain. Restore the Kidneys to health. There is only one Kidney Medicine

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Don't think that he expected it. I did not even struggle to free myself, for the conviction of his strength robbed me of all mine, as he half-carried, half-dragged me off the bridge. Only that he was tall and very strong; but suddenly a light dazzled my eyes, and suddenly realizing what I did, I looked up at him.

At the same instant his eyes were on my face, and by the exclamation of astonishment he gave, I guessed that it was for the first time he ejaculated. "Great heavens!" he ejaculated.

As he recognized me, so did I know him again. It was the man who had looked up from the pit to our box at the Lyceum Theatre on the night of "The Belshazzar" that he was now in a cab when I drove away, the man who had saved me and my money from the hands of a thief.

"You!" I whispered, half beneath my breath.

The word must have told him that I had not forgotten, but I was unconscious of its meaning. And suddenly I began to cry. My hands went up to my face, wet with cold rain, and the burning tears which gushed from the eyes that I hid lest he should see them, I did not know why the right of this man had broken down all my self-control, but I sobbed heavily, tearing sobs that seemed well-nigh to wrench body and soul asunder.

"That I should be you of all women on earth," he said. "I thanked heaven that I was in time to save a life; but that it should have been your life. Now I thank heaven a hundred times over."

"I wish you'd let me die!" I sobbed.

"You won't wish that—to-morrow."

"There are no to-morrows for me," I answered. "I've come to the end of everything. And now you've brought me back, to go through it all, all over again. Let me go! You had no right."

"You shall let me go!" he said, holding me tightly, as for the first time I began to struggle in his grasp. "I have the right, not to ask questions, but to keep you from doing a thing you would never have dreamt of doing if some trouble hadn't driven you half-mad for a moment. I had the right to do that, and because I have saved you I have an other right as well. Forget me to-morrow if you like, but now you will have to obey me. Tell me the address of some relative or friend who lives near by, and I will drive with you there in a cab. I refuse to leave you until I know that you are in safe hands."

"You said that you had not the right to ask questions," I exclaimed.

"I shall not," he said. "I have an other right, for your own sake. I must and will ask. Tell me that address."

"There is no such address," I said, bitterly, still fighting with my tears.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FASHIONS.

Holland dresses more or less tinted are much used for beach and mountain costumes.

The Gibson effects are still very popular, and there are tennis, yachting, pingpong, golf and coaching Gibson waists.

Plain white nun's veiling or pongee makes a charming summer gown over white taffeta, the gored skirt laid at intervals in fine vertical tucks down to the knee.

Some of the new French skirts are arranged in graduated box plaits all around, the plaits being very narrow and flat at the top, widening out as they descend and when released giving the fashionable fullness near the feet.

Noticeable among the light silk and linen suits is a gown in large insertion. The neck is finished with a transparent collar of a wider band of the lace, threaded with black velvet bebe ribbon.—New York Post.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine **Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of **Wm. Wood**

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as a sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

GUARANTY SICK HEADACHE.

THE SAUGEN MINERAL WATER

—IS ON SALE AT—
CENTRAL DRUG STORE
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Use Saugen first thing in the morning and before retiring at night and you will have no trouble with your stomach, this we guarantee.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

District Dashes

Blenheim's Civic holiday will be held on Friday, August 31st, this year.

Miss Hazel West is spending a few days in Chatham.—Wallaceburg Herald-Record.

Mrs. McEachern and son, Wilbert, of Chatham, are visiting friends here.—Tilbury Times.

D. Henderson returned here Tuesday after spending a two days' visit with Mrs. G. T. R. Wanda, Chatham.—Tilbury Times.

It is confidently expected that in a few days Darton will have a clean bill of health, and the small pox will be a thing of the past.

A stock man wrote the other day to a prospective buyer—"If you want to see a fine boy come to my farm and inquire for me."

The marriage is announced of Miss Maude Crichton, of Highgate, and Mr. G. T. R. operator at Belle River, Ont.—Dresden Standard.

The lacrosse game advertised for last Tuesday, between Wallaceburg and Blenheim, did not take place, as the Wallaceburg team did not put in an appearance.—Blenheim Tribune.

Wheatley is having a building boom. Carpenters, bricklayers and plasterers are at a premium. Several residences are in course of construction, and will add much to the appearance of the little town.

Jasper Wilson, of Chatham, was here this week on a visit to his uncle Rev. Jasper Wilson. The visitor, although only eighteen years of age, stands six feet four inches high and weighs 255 pounds.—Ridgeway Dominion.

Mr. Raymond, of Chatham, has secured a situation as cabinet maker at L. L. Morris's furniture factory. Mr. Raymond moved his family to Blenheim last week, and they are now occupying Mr. John McCorvie's house, corner of Sheldrick and Talbot streets. Blenheim Tribune.

The local barbers have decided to raise the price of children's hair cutting from 10c to 15c. They will also charge 25c for hair cutting and whisker trimming, or 10c for whiskers trimmed alone. The new schedule of prices will come into effect on and after August 15.—Blenheim Tribune.

A man whose long life had been filled with exciting and interesting experiences passed away in London on Friday in the person of Moses Brimmen, colored, and a remarkable age of 100 years. He was born in the days of slavery, in Petersburg, Virginia. He farmed at North Buxton for nearly twenty years.

T. Bourassa has disposed of the Tecumseh House to George Oliver, who takes possession this week. Mr. Bourassa will remove to Chatham. Under Mr. Bourassa's management, the hotel has acquired a good reputation among townspeople and the travelling public generally, and the removal of himself and family will be regretted by a large circle of friends.—Wallaceburg Herald-Record.

Blenheim lacrosse team, unable to get players capable of coping successfully with the other clubs of the league, imported a number of men from the east and succeeded in defeating Thamesville on Blenheim grounds by a score of 16 to 3. At Chatham, on Friday, Blenheim was not so fortunate, as their plugged team was defeated by the Maple City boys by a score of 5 to 4.—Ridgeway Dominion.

Arch. Campbell, M. P., of Toronto brother of Mr. Malcolm Campbell, of Morpeth road, has returned from a visit to the Northwest. He speaks in glowing terms of the prospects of the West. Mr. Campbell's son, who accompanied him, remains in the west, having been so much impressed with what he saw that he made up his mind to locate near Calgary, where he has become interested in the ranching business.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mann, of Chatham, were out sailing and were overtaken by the storm. Their yacht was capsized and its occupants thrown into the water. Both succeeded in getting hold of the upturned boat, and hanging on till rescued. Four or five boats were at once pushed off to their assistance. Capt. Hugh D'Onofre and Engineer Art Hawman, of the Str. Dresden, picked up Mrs. Mann, and a Cleveland gentleman took in Mr. Mann, and both were landed safely ashore after being in the water about 20 minutes, none the worse for the accident, save for the wetting.—Erieau correspondence to the Blenheim Tribune.

A lady subscriber called upon us this week to enquire what we would do for our neighbor's chickens spent their waking hours in scratching upon our garden and pasturing upon our blue grass. We suggested to boil and sometimes bake them, but fried chickens have been our main help. The article of poultry that usually break over the line fence at this time of the year will be better if boiled six hours and then put through a corn sheller. Soaking in a solution of nitric acid sometimes makes them more cheatable. In a few weeks when the small fry surmounts the garden wall, grease the skillet with plenty of fresh lard.—Ridgeway Dominion.

Two Views of It.

He—What for? women are to waste so much time following the fashions! She—And what fools men are to waste so much time following the women!

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

In a popular Boston theater iced tea is served free to the audience on warm days.

"The War of Gold" is a melodrama based on the Boer war just successfully reproduced in Paris.

The Liebbers have signed a contract to bring Charles Wyndham to the United States next season.

Bronson Howard has been abroad for two years, so ill with neuritis that at times his life has been despaired of.

One difference between a gun barrel and a rum barrel is that one kills with a bang and the other with a bump.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS, CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Fac-Simile Signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher**

NEW YORK.

15 Dose Tablets

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Yolk Baking Powder

In tins only at 10c, 15c, 25c

Prepared from Phosphates, the health sustaining principles of wheat and the leavening elements of eggs.

SOLD BY MASSEY & KNIGHT.
SOLD ONLY IN 10c, 15c and 25c CANS.

IF YOU WANT Preserving ... Kettles CHEAP

Go to Quinn & Patterson, they have a good assortment of these goods, and their prices are away down. They also have the best stock of

Lap Covers, Whips, Lawn Hose, Sprinklers And Ice Cream Freezers

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ON LAND MORTGAGE, ON CHATEL MORTGAGE, OR ON NOTE.

To pay off mortgages. To buy property. Pay when desired. Very low rate.

J. W. WHITE,
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