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LODGES.



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ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.

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rd's Liniment Cures Distemner

Where the Love Vine Grows By... Copyright, 1908, by HANSON
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********* "I believe in some signs," said Phyllis, speaking for the first time during the conversation. We turned to her in-

'Which ones?" asked Aunt Myra. "Which ones?" asked Aunt Myra.
Phyllis held up her embroidery frame
(I suppose that's what it was) and looked critically at her work. She pulled
the linen a little; she frowned a little. Phyllis is charming when she smiles, and just then I discovered that she is

delightful when she frowns—that is, when she does not frown at me. "I have done that stitch very well," ahe remarked complacently. "I will show my work to Juanita, daughter of

Juan." And she left the veranda.

"That child!" scolded Aunt Myra.

"Instead of sitting quietly here in the shade, she must toil through the heat



to learn drawn work of that old Mexi-

"I will take it to her," I said, running down the steps. It behooved me to be helpful to Aunt Myra, for it was only after much cajolery that she had taken me as a summer boarder on her ranch, bordering on the desert and

bounded on three sides by foothilis. Halfway to the cabin of Juanita are a log and a sycamore tree. We sat

down.
"Is there anything more beautiful than this dear old desert, with its sage bush and cacti?". Phyllis began. "Look!

See that dear, cunning, little lizard!
Oh, he has lost his tail!"
"He will grow another," I answered cheerfully. "Yes; there is something more beautiful than the desert. You

"How amusing your comparisons "How amusing your comparisons are!" bantered Phyllis, turning her brown eyes sideways on me. "That's like your saying that you admire that Japanese death urn more than the Indian bowl when I asked you if you were interested in Indian pottery."

"Well, you can't deny that it was far handcower." I correlated.

ar handsomer," I persisted.
"Of course," impatiently. "But there far hands is no comparison. It's like comparing

a piano and a cook stove." "Say, Phyllis, what signs do you be lieve in? You forgot to tell us."
"In the love vine."

I hated to show my ignorance after her rather severe criticism on my com-parisons, so I folded my hands and watted. In a moment she continued: "You know if you put a little scrap

of love vine on a bush and you name it for somebody you care for and it lives, why, it's a sign that he loves you, and if it doesn't live he doesn't

love you."

"Ah?" I breathed responsively.

"I tried it once. Teddy and I each got a plece"—

"Who's Teddy?" I growled.

"Oh, a man! We each got a plece and put them on a nice green bush. We named them each other's names, and if they grew we were to marry."

A pause while I dug my heel savagely into the sand.

"Well, why don't you ask if they grew?"

grew?"

"Of course they grew," I muttered.

"They did not grow," she said firmfy, "and so I did not marry Teddy.
He was very handsome," she sighed.

"I wish I were," I remarked tenta-

"You do well enough as you are. It isn't always the handsomest men that are the best. I remember that what I admired most about Teddy was that he could wiggle his ears and move his cooln."

A suspicion came to me. "How long ago was that?" I asked sternly.
"Oh, I don't know! It was the summer I was ten."
Another pause while I meditated and

Another pause while I meditated and stole glances at Phyllis. How lovely she was—brown hair, inclined to curl; brown eyes, with a little glint of gold in them; brown skin, with a tinge of healthy red; small, slender, captivating: "Phyllis," I said suddenly, "I have been wanting to ask you for a long time. I—I—what's the use of putting me off? I—I"—

She rose hastily. "I had nearly forgotten Juanita, daughter of Juan. I"—"Hang the daughter of Juan." I erclaimed. "I want an answer. You don't need a lifetime to consider. Phyl-

lis, dear, don't you know what I am trying to say? Can't you help a fellow out a little?" I halted and wiped my

"I think you are trying to ask me if I won't try the sign of the love vine with you," she answered sweetly. "Why, of course I will."

"Why, of course I will."

So, a trifle sulkily, I went across the hot, white sand, and Phyllis went with me, picking her way daintily over the rocks, avoiding the cactus plants, which, though engaging enough to call forth rare adjectives from Phyllis, were not desirable at close quarters. Here luxuriantly grew the dodder, a parasite, clinging and golden; a thief and a murderer of the plant on which parasite, clinging and golden; a thief and a murderer of the plant on which it feeds. We each tore off a piece and went back to the sycamore.

"We will put it right here on this bush," she said. "You see there is none for verify expand so we can't make

for yards around, so we can't make any mistake. We won't come here for a week, and then we will come togeth-

a week, and then we will come together and see if it has lived."
"And if it has?"
"If it has," she said shyly, and if Phyllis is charming when she smiles and delightful when she frowns she is altogether irresistible when she is shy "if it has why we love each other." -"if it has, why, we love each other ruly, and—and"—
"And we will marry!" I cried, trying

to catch her in my arms, but she ran swiftly toward the cabin of the daughter of Juan, calling back over her "But it may not live, you know."

"Today we visit the sycamore," I whispered to Phyllis when the week had gone.
"At 4 o'clock," she whispered back.

"It's too warm now."
As though the heat had ever before mattered to the little witch. She had disappeared, and my book was dull. It was only 3. I might as well take a walk till she was ready. Strangely, I soon found myself at the sycamore It had not lived!

I looked across the gleaming white sand and up into the cloudless sky. It had to be done, of course. I took off my coat and sighed. Then out into the relentless sunshine I walked, out where luxuriantly grew the dodder, clinging and golden, a thief and a murderer—yes, and a liar, too, but would soon remedy that.
In a few moments every bush near

the sycamore was resplendent with love vine, looking as though it had grown there for years. As I picked up a telltale thread from the road and straightened up to admire my bandi work I nearly fell flat upon it. Under the sycamore tree stood Phyllis, a cov

ered basket upon her arm and a cold, cold look on her lovely face!

"I am glad I found you out," she said witheringly, sitting down upon the extreme end of the log, "before it was forever too late."

I sat down on the other extreme end "Phyllis," I said solemnly, "have you not yet learned that a man would commit any crime for a beautiful woman'i And surely what I did is not so bad as murder, or-or-arson, is it?"
"Not quite so bad, perhaps," she

sighed. I moved nearer. She set the baske

between us. As I seewled at it I saw hanging from it a yellow thread. pulled at it stealthly. It was dodder! That creation of willow was full of

Then I set the basket deliberately upon the ground and took Phyllis into

my arms.

"There may have been extenuating circumstances," she murmured.

A Musical Malaprop.

Among such a mass of players as comprise a great orchestra there are "characters" enough to supply a new Dickens. One of these characters, according to the Saturday Evening Post, is noted more for his love of big words than knowledge of their meaning. During Mr. Seidl's lifetime he played in the orchestra at Brighton Beach. One day the tuba player, who sat back of him, had a very difficult part to play in Liszt's symphonic poem, "Mazeppa." Hearing his heartfelt sigh of relief on its conclusion. Mr. Malaprop zeppa." Hearing his heartfelt sign of relief on its conclusion, Mr. Malaprop turned and asked, "Barnum had one,

"What?" was the query,
"A Mazeppa of course," was the answer. He had confounded the hero of

Byron with a zebra,
"Do we play this with or without reputation?" he asked one day of a colleague. Playing in a new theater on tour,

the man who sat next him looked up and announced, "The acoustics are bad "Are they?" he said critically, sniff-ing the air. "I have such a cold that I can't smell. But I take your word

Plant Forms Seen in Coal.

The substance of coal has been so compressed that the forms of the plants composing it cannot usually be seen, but when a piece of it is made so thin that it will transmit light and it then subjected to a powerful microscope vegetable structure may readily be distinguished. Immediately under every separate seam of coal there is a stratum of what is known as fire clay. This stratum is always present and contains in great abundance the fossi impressions of roots and stems and twigs, showing that it was once the soil from which vegetation grew luxuriantly.

soil from which vegetation grew luxuriantly.

It is common also to find fossil tree stems lying mashed flat between the layers of black state which form the roofs of coal mines as well as the impressions of the leaves, nuts and seeds which fell from these trees while they were living. In some beds of cannel coal whole trees have been found, with roots, branches, leaves and seeds complete and all converted into the same quality of coal as that by which they were surrounded,

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is guaranteed to cure. If it doesn't benefit you, the druggist will give you your money back.

Doctors Do Taste Drugs.
"Do doctors know how how their own medicine tastes?" was a question

put to a group of physicians.
"To be sure," said one, "but we have "To be sure," said one, "but we have hard work to convince our patients that we do. 'If you only knew how this beastly stuff tastes, doctor, you wouldn't ask me to take it'—that is what they say. And they are hard headed people, too, who say that, people who are by no means raving in decision. lirium. It's hard ever to convince them that a doctor has a tasting ac-quaintance with his medicine.

"'How did you find out about it?' is one of their trump questions. 'You have never been laid up with all the diseases in the dictionary. How did you learn what the different remedies aste like? It never occurs to the average patient that tasting drugs is a part of the medical student's educa-tion and that no man is qualified to practice until he has learned the flavor of the medicines he expects to prescribe."

Ancient Beards.

The ancient Jews considered it the greatest insult that could be offered to a man to pluck his beard. It was a notion of the Mohammedans that, though Noah reached his thousandth birthday, no hair of his blessed beard fell off or became white; but the Mohammedans had no more authority for that than for their belief that the devil has but one solitary long hair for a

It was, as some say, in order to distinguish themselves from the ancient Israelites that the followers of Mohammed cropped the beard; but Mohammed, as we know, sanctioned the dyeing of the beard and preferred a cane color because that was the traditional hue of Abraham's beard. More than that, have we not the common Mo-hammedan eath, "By the beard of the prophet," as well as the supplication, "By your beard, or the life of your

Ruskin's Impulsive Generosity.

One day, walking near Radley, his attention was caught by a group of little girls playing in the road, and he went and talked to them. One of them specially attracted his attention. He asked her why she was playing in the dust. Had she no garden at home? Did she love flowers? What was her same? And she roylied modestly with Did she love flowers? What was her name? And she replied modestly, with wonder in her eyes. On reaching home he gave orders to his solicitor to look out for and buy a cottage with a garden in Radley and haye a deed of gift made out in the little girl's name, which was done accordingly, and she, will so wonder with her established. full of wonder, with her astonished parents, entered at once into posses-tion of it.—From "Ruskin In Oxford."

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STORY OF NIAGARA FALLS. ois Declare It Was Formed by Snake's Body Lodging in the Rapids.

Geologists have written many pages to tell how Niagara Falls came to be; but the Iroquois Indians have their own version of the formation of the great cataract, and this is the

story they tell:
Once upon a time, a long while ag
there lived a beautiful Indian maide whose parents wanted her to marry a hideous old chief because he was

whose parents wanted her to marry a hideous old chief because he was wealthy.

The maiden said that while she had made it a rule to obey her parents in all things, as a dutiful daughter should, in this case she must decline, unless they insisted upon it. They did insist.

The maiden went walking in the woods to think it over, and the first she knew she had reached the Niagara River, just below where it comes out of Lake Erie.

As the maiden stood by the river and saw it rushing down out of the lake her thoughts became more and more sad, and seeing a cance on the bank, she determined to trust, herself to the mercy of the water rather than marry the old chief.

At that time there were no falls where the thundering waters of Niagara now roar, but there were rapids, whirling and swirling around lagged rocks. The whole place looked just as the rapids above the falls look now.

To be caught in these rapids was death, and the girl knew it, but she was so sad that she did not care

death, and the girl knew it, but she was so sad that she did not care what became of her. So she launched the cance, jumped it, and the swift waters began to hurry her to-

ward the rapids.

Now the great Indian thunder god,
Hinun, who brought the clouds and
rain and controlled the lightning,
had a cave at the junction of the had a cave at the junction of the lake and river where he used to spend his time fishing, and it was his cance which the maiden had launched upon the waters of the Niagara River. Sitting in the mouth of the cave, the thunder god saw the girl sailing away in his cance.

At first he was angry, but when he saw how beautiful the girl was and that she was drifting to death he was sorry and called to her to come back. Then he saw that she had left the paddle on the bank and was helpless.

had left the paddle on the bank and was helpless.

Spreading his wings—for Hinum had wings—he flew to the rescue and caught the maiden just as the cance was being dashed against the rocks of the rapids. He took her back to the cave, and asked her to tell him why she did such a foolish thing as to venture out on the river without a paddle. He would say nothing about her taking the cance without asking for it.

The malden told him all, and he said: "Well, perhaps you would better stay here a while, as I happen to know that the chief you speak of will die in a few days, and speak of will die in a few days, and then you can go home in safety. But while you are here," added Hinun, "you might as well learn something and I will be your teacher." So the girl stayed on the shores of the river several days.
"Why," asked the maiden one day, "do people in my village d'e in such numbers? What causes so much illness there?"

ness there?
"I will tell you," replied Hinun,
"and you must tell the people and
make them move the village nearer to

make them move the village nearer to the shores of the lake."

Then he told how under the ground on which the village stood there lived an enormous snake, who delighted in killing persons and who crept out at night and poisoned the springs from which they drank.

Finally Hinun told the maiden that it was time to go home, that the old chief was dead and she feed fear nothing.

chief was dead and she feed fear nothing.

So she returned to the village, and glad her parents were to see her, for they had believed that she had been asten by bears.

She told all what had happened to her. A council of the tribe was called and it was decided to do as the thender god had directed and move the village nearer to the lake This was done and for a long time there was hardly any illress and death among the people, but by and by things began to be as bad as they were before, so the ma'den went to Hillum and asked him what was the matter now.

the matter now.

He told her the big snake had followed the village, dragging himsell along under ground, and was now poisoning the water of the creek from which the people drank. He added that he would attend to the snake came out of the ground and went to poison the creek Hinun was watching and hurled a thunderbolt at watching and hurled a thu

went to poison the creek Highn was watching and hurled a thunderbolt at him.

At the first thunderbolt the snake only laughed, but Highn het him egain, and then a third time, and finally a fourth, and then let fly a thunderbolt of unusual size at him, so that the gigantic snake died.

At daybreak the Indians came, rejoicing at the death of their enemy, and laid the body of the snake out straight, finding that it stretched for twenty arrow flights.

Then, with songs of triumph, they rolled the body into the river, and it floated down the swift stream until it came to the rocks and the rapids. There it stick and there it sticks to this day, with the vaters roaring over it, wedged in between the rocks and forming what the paleface calls Niagara Falls.

Graders for New Ontario.

For use in the construction of coads in new Ontario the Department of Public Works has just purchased live mounted road-grading machines. Two of these will be placed in the Parry Sound district, one in Algoma, one in Thunder Bay, and one in the Rainy River district. In the past all the colonization roads have been made with pick and shovels, and it is expected that with the graders not only, will the work be more cheaply done but also more satisfactorily. During the past winter shout 60 miles of road were cleared in the Temiskaming; the work of stumping has commenced, and this will be immediately fallewed by the stumping has commenced, and this will be immediately followed by the

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