

Choice
Hams & Bacon

Especially selected for our
EASTER TRADE

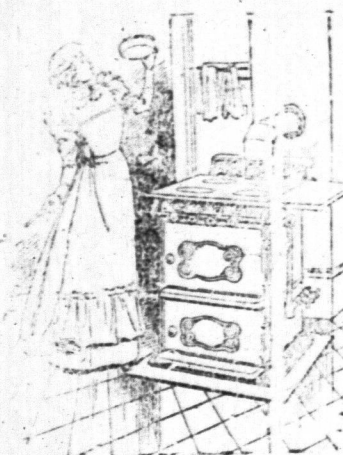
Nice, Mild Cured Beaver
Brand Hams

Nice, Mild Cured Beaver
Brand Shoulders

Nice, Mild Cured Beaver
Brand Breakfast
Bacon, lean

Bologna Sausage and
Cooked Lunch Ham
always in stock

J. A. Wilson
Owner. CHATHAM Phone 78



GAS

The proper time to have a Gas Range put in is now. Gas is the cheapest, most convenient fuel.

CHATHAM GAS CO., LIMITED.

**Painting and
Paper
Hanging**

Done at
Reasonable
Prices.

Apply to
**J. B.
Martin**
Forest St.,
East.

Madam La Zell
SCIENTIFIC PALMIST

May
Be
Consulted
On
All
Matters
Of
Love, Business
and Marriage
Past, Present
and Future

Room 8. Hotel Garner

April 16th, 7 a. m. Until 11 p. m.
**McCONNELL'S
SPECIAL**

Or the people's money
saver has called to see you
again with bargains for the
above date, when we shall
sell for Cash:—

5 lb. Pails of Jam, 40c
Granulated Sugar, per lb., 5c
40c Gum Powder Tea, per lb., 25c
Tea Siftings, per lb., 7c
Lemons, per doz., 12c
1 lb. Package of Corn Starch, 7c
1 lb. Package of Laundry Starch, 7c
No. 2 Flour, 12 lb. sack 20c, 24 lb. sack 40c
12 Bars Wrapped Soap, 25c

We shall also sell during
the above hours:—

Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Chamber Sets,
China and Glassware at prices that sell
the goods to people who know a bargain
when they see one. A lot of 4 gallon
Pitchers, usual price 25c, for 15c.

John McConnell
GOLDEN STAR

Phone 190, Park St., East
Goods Delivered.

Slate Roofing

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Our work is on the Hospital, the residence of H. Gray, J. M. Park and many others. All work guaranteed. Write for estimates.

John Whittaker, 321 King St., London Ont

IT ISN'T THE THING YOU DO.

It isn't the thing you do, dear.
It's the thing you leave undone.
That gives you a bit of heartache.
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten.
The letter you did not write.
The flower you did not send, dear.
Are your haunting ghosts at night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way:
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say:
The loving touch of the hand, dear.
The gentle winning tone.
Which you had no time nor thought
for.

With troubles enough of your own.
For life is all too short, dear.
And sorrow is all too great.
To suffer our slow compassion.
That carries until too late.
And it isn't the thing you do, dear.
It's the thing you leave undone.
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
—Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.

A LOCAL PARAGRAPH.

"The time has come for the American people to act. Shall fifty million patriots sit idly by and let conscienceless rascals tear the stars of glory from the flag they love and trample its proud folds of crimson and white into the mire of national dishonor? Not while the deeds of '76 still shine through the mists of years in unexampled splendor. Not while the memories of '61 yet live in the hearts that thrilled with the streets of that heroic struggle. Not while" Joel Snively, editor of the Meloege Monitor, laid down his pen with a sigh.

Outside the dusty little window the green waters of the bay were sparkling in the sunshine. A keen north breeze was driving great huddling masses of white-shouldered clouds over a field of dazzling azure, and only a man who loved the sport with the whole-souled earnestness that filled his entire being could know how the fish must be biting on such a morning! Oh, to be out on such a morning! Oh, to be out on such a morning! Oh, to be out on such a morning! Oh, to be out on such a morning!

But also, it was Friday morning. On Saturday some two hundred impatient subscribers would expect the weekly dish of personal, political and intellectual pabulum which his facile pen had long served to them. On that day, with more or less punctuality, according to the season. His duty clearly held him to his post at such a time, however, much his inclinations might have led him elsewhere.

So, with another lingering glance at the scene without, Mr. Snively took up his pen and resumed the stirring appeal which was to awaken fifty million patriots to action and incidentally convince the Republicans of Meloege that it was their duty to vote for Joe Gridley for poundmaster.

So engrossed did the editor become in this pleasing task that he did not hear a step upon the creaking stair a little later. If he had he would have known at once that it was a woman and a lady who was approaching, for long and often painful experience enabled Mr. Snively to determine with unerring accuracy what sort of person was climbing the somewhat perilous ascent to the editorial sanctum almost as soon as his foot touched the first step.

But for once the editor did not hear the soft footfall on the stair, so he was very much surprised and not a little disconcerted when a fresh, sweet voice, almost at his elbow, said: "Good morning, Mr. Snively," and looking up he beheld his neighbor, Mrs. Tracy, her plump figure buttoned into the trimmest of blue serge yachting suits, her smiling face shaded by a wide-brimmed hat and in her hand a fish pole, pointed, brass-tipped, elegant—the very perfection of dainty uselessness.

Without waiting for a response to her greeting she briefly made known her errand. She was anxious for a day's fishing and had been told of an Elysian spot, where the fish were so plentiful they were actually to be had for the asking. Unluckily, however, her own boat had not come, so she had ventured to ask if, in case he was not using it, Mr. Snively would be so kind as to lend her his yawl, it being impossible to hire one in the village.

Mr. Snively was delighted. Mrs. Tracy was a pretty widow of uncertain age but no uncertain charm, who had taken the cottage next to the editor's.

Just Received

A new selection of Sterling Silver Hearts and Brooches, of the latest styles.
We also have a new line of Solid Gold and Gold Filled Hearts at

SIGN OF THE BIG CLOCK
A. A. JORDAN

**Professional Fruit Tree Pruner
And Landscape Gardener,**

Graduate of the Southern Ohio Agricultural College. Twenty-eight years experience. Special attention to pruning and grafting of fruit trees. Folia and ornamental lawn grading a specialty. Address: G. F. SHERMAN, Kingsville, Ont.

Gunn's Cura Cough

IS THE BEST
COUGH MEDICINE

**For Young and
Old**

We have many reasons to make us think so. The people who have used it tell us so. Every year we have sold more than we did the year before, twice as many bottles last year as we did the year previous. It is purely vegetable, and contains nothing that will in any way injure the most delicate system. It loosens the cough, soothes and heals the irritated throat and gives prompt relief.

Price 25 Cents

Prepared only at

Central Drug Store
C. H. Guan & Co.

Cor. King and 5th Sts. Phone 105

albeit the talk was wholly of reels and rode and spoonhooks and other instruments of slaughter.

All things, however, are bound to come to an end, especially in an editorial office, so it wasn't long before Mrs. Tracy took her leave, escorted down the stairway by her delighted host.

At the door they were met by a spicy breeze straight from the pine woods across the bay. Mr. Snively sighed.

"Where is this wonderful place you are going to?" he asked.

"Ah, that's a secret," she replied gayly. "I promised I'd never, never tell."

"Oh, well, then I suppose it's a crime to even guess." And once more the editor sighed as he glanced out at the sparkling waters.

"But you've been so kind," exclaimed the widow, noting the sigh and immediately filled with compunction. "It seems ungracious of me to keep it from you who love so to fish." And then as she saw him give another wistful glance toward the bay she burst out impulsively: "Promise not to betray me and I'll tell you—it's Patchang Lake!" "Patchang!" cried Mr. Snively in surprise. "Why, I never heard of a fish house there in my life."

For his own sake, six months before, in the course of a rather desultory acquaintance with the genial bachelor, whose ideas of the fair sex were there common to his kind, had discovered that his neighbor was a cheery, dignified body of sound political views and excellent literary tastes (from the first she had been a prompt and paying subscriber to the Monitor), but beyond that his imagination had not soared. Now, however, behold the pretty widow invested with a wholly new interest. She was fond of fishing!

Eagerly Mr. Snively assured his visitor of his pleasure in putting his boat at her disposal and gave her exhaustive directions as to the means of obtaining it. A delightful half-hour of conversation followed. As though it were a magician's wand the dainty fish pole had placed the editor and his guest at once on terms of the most charming intimacy and the former didn't remember ever to have enjoyed a conversation so much in his life.

**An
Every Day's
Sale**

AT

J. P. TAYLOR'S

Grocery

Gran. Sugar, 50 lb. 21 lb. 5c
Yellow Sugar, per lb. 4c, 22 lb. 5c
Dried Peaches, per lb. 13c
Prunes, 4 lb. 25c
Evaporated Apples, 3 lb. 25c
Lemon Biscuits, per lb. 5c, 3 lb. 15c
Ginger Snaps, per lb. 5c
Corn Starch, per package 6c
Laundry Starch, per package 6c
No. 2 Flour, 12 lb. 18c, 24 lb. 25c
Judd Soap, 12 bars 35c
Jam, 5 lb. 10c
Lemons, per doz. 12c
Salmon, per can 40c
Sardines, per can 25c
Rolled Oats, 12 lb. 25c
Yellow Corn Meal, 18 lb. 25c
Toilet Soap, per bar 2c
Ivory, Camellia, Tiger Soap, 6 bars 25c

The above goods are standard quality and guaranteed.

**ALL OTHER GOODS AT
EQUALLY LOW PRICES**

These prices are for cash only.

J. P. TAYLOR

PARK STREET. PHONE 127

"That's the charm of it," she rejoined gleefully, "and the man who told me about it (such a dear, dirty, old fisherman he was) was fearfully afraid some one else would find it out; so don't betray me." And she hurried away with a parting smile that made the dusty office seem duller than ever when he got back to it and reluctantly commenced setting up his editorials, for Mr. Snively constituted the whole working force of the Monitor.

And his task, too, seemed harder than ever, after the interruption. Thoughts of his pretty visitor kept intruding themselves into the midst of his most impassioned appeals to the voters of Meloege.

How blue here eyes were and what bewitching little rings of hair the wind had blown up under the big hat.

And then the fishing.
The editor of the Monitor shook his head. Could it be possible any man living could have a soul so lost to honor as to play a joke on a woman who looked like that? It seemed impossible and yet Mr. Snively was as sure there wasn't a fish within a mile of Patchang as he was that there wasn't a free silver man in Meloege.

Perhaps then Mrs. Tracy was sitting in that yawl vainly waiting for the bite he felt certain she wouldn't get if she sat there till the United States got an honest government. And he was actually staying-at-home and deliberately abandoning a friend to such a fate!

As this agonizing thought occurred to Mr. Snively he dropped his type and started for the door. But once there he paused and slowly returned to his form, only to find it more and more impossible to keep his mind on his work.

At last he gave up in despair. Taking a hasty survey of what he'd already accomplished he found his columns tolerably full, with the exception of perhaps a single paragraph on the local page. By hard work the following morning he might hope to set up his pages and would trust to luck for the missing paragraph.

Like all fishermen, Mr. Snively was a firm believer in luck. He was also a man of action when he chose and within five minutes of this calculation he had locked up the editorial department and was on his way to Patchang Lake.

When he reached that shallow sheet of water a little lady in blue serge sat in a boat in the centre thereof, with an expression of virtuous indignation on her sunburnt features.

"What luck?" called the editor from the shore.

"Luck!" cried the fair sportswoman, dolefully. "There's not enough water in this lake to catch cold in, much less a fish. All I've got for my trouble is a mighty poor opinion of fishermen in general and one dirty one in particular."

"Come over here," said Snively. "I know a pond not a thousand miles away where the fish bite like meaquitos. If you'll trust I think I can raise your opinion of fishermen before I'm a day older."

"I can't," confessed the widow, blushing with anger and mortification. "I'm stuck—in the mud."

One moment the man of letters hesitated on the bank and then, with an inward prayer that he might at least be prepared to get out that week's paper, he waded boldly into the expanse of treacherous mud that rolled between him and beauty in distress.

The next morning the editor walked into the Monitor office clad in his Sunday clothes. "With his accustomed methodical neatness he pulled off his coat, hung it behind the door, and carefully drew over his linen sleeves a pair of black alpaca ones. Then he lighted his pipe and took his place at the form."

There, just as he had left it, was the vacant space at the end of the local column still yawning for the missing paragraph.

Mr. Snively regarded it for a few minutes reflectively—then he took up his pen, as a smile gradually spread itself over his face until it reached his eyes. It still lingered there when a little later he finished and glanced over his work.

What he read was this:
"The editor of the Monitor, after many years of bachelorhood, has had the good fortune to incur the risk and responsibilities of matrimony. He was married this morning to Mrs. Gertrude Tracy of Elm cottage and asks the congratulations and good wishes of his subscribers in this the happiest hour of his life."—Edgar Temple Field in Chicago Times Herald.

LET THE DREAM PASS.

Still we can bear this:
Bitter, alas!
Life hath its burdens—
Let the dream pass!
Vanishing ever—
The sands in the glass;
Time will not linger—
Let the dream pass!

Who, in the shadow—
Why, in the gloom,
Should we sit sighing
Over a dream?
Phantoms pursuing
Vainly, alas!
Deeds for the doing—
Let the dream pass!

Ever and ever
Some face in the strain;
Never—no, never
The old dreams again!
Life-fights are dying—
Night comes—alas!
Heart, cease the sighing—
Let the dream pass!

—Atlanta Constitution.

The extension and perfection of friendship will constitute a great part of the future happiness of the West.

Half Cent A Day

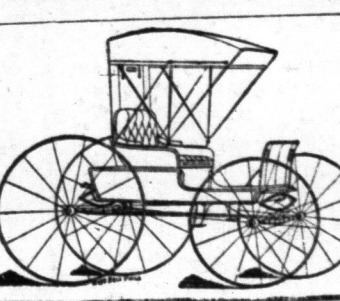
is all it costs you to regain your health. Nature contributes the safest, quickest, and most effective remedy for all diseases of the blood, stomach, liver, and kidneys. Every box is registered, and contains a positive guarantee. If directions are followed and a cure is not effected, your money will be refunded.

Our Native Herbs

is Nature's greatest remedy. Treatment for 200 days in every box. A few doses is often sufficient to restore your health. Keep the remainder; it is a certain preventive of disease, keeping the blood pure, the nerves strong, and the whole system in harmony. If you cannot get it of your druggist, we will mail you a box on receipt of \$1.00.

Our Native Herbs is also sold in powdered form.

THE ALONZO O. BLISS CO., 232 St. Paul Street, Montreal, Can.



**Built for
Service**

WE are manufacturing the most complete line of vehicles to be found. They are all made of finest material and by honest workmen, skilled in their trade. In every sense of the word they are "Built for Service." Hundreds of satisfied customers can testify to their reliability in this regard. The fact that we have been in the business so long and that each year we are making great strides should convince you that we are building vehicles to suit the people. Do not take any chances when buying a rig; buy one that you can rely upon, one that has a reputation back of it. We invite you to call and see our work "in the white."

You may have one of our handsome catalogues for the asking.

The Wm. Gray & Sons Co.
LIMITED

Wanted Immediately

AT THE
...KENT MILLS...

Large quantities of wheat, oats, barley, new and old brands

BUY KENT MILLS FLOUR

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

Flour made by the Gyrator System takes more water, and gives you a larger, whiter and sweeter loaf, and makes more loaves to the barrel than any other flour. Farmers' Breakfast Food and Family Cornmeal, freshly ground, always on hand. Farmers' Feed ground to quick notice by a three refraction roller process, much ahead of the oil system of shipping.

Many Imitations but no equals.

GELVLOID STARCH

HAS BEEN EXTENSIVELY IMITATED BUT STILL MAINTAINS ITS LEAD AS A

COLD WATER STARCH.

Retail Price 10c per package.

Subscribe Now