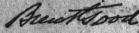
# **ABSOLUTE**

Genuine

## Carter's Little Liver Pills.





CURE SICK HEADACHE

DENTAL

A. A. HICKS, D. D. S.—Honor gradu-ate of Philadelphia Dental College, and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor gradu-ate of Royal College of Dental Sur-geons, Toronte. Office, over Turn-eu's drug store, 28 Rutherford Block

LODGES.



WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A. R. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every mouth, in the Masonic Hall, Nifth St., at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren ed.

heartily welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.

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OR LAND MORTGAGES at lowest rate of interest. I also have a few farms for sale. I also sell buggles and carriages. Call and see me and gat my prices, and you will save money by doing so. Henry Dagneau, Chatham.

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Farm and City Property for Sale W. F. SMITH. ......

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ON CHATTEL MORTGAGE
ON NOTE
To pay off mortgages. To buy property
Pay when desired. Very lowest late

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Barrister
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with the QUEEN CITY PRINT-ING COS INK, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A. Wannfried, Berresen ative.

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It is quite unscientific, of course, to add up the lowest temperatures and see what they all come to, but, beholding them in a column, the impulse is irresistible. We make it 122 below zero. Having gone so far, there seems no reason why we should hesitate to add also the 25 degrees

hesitate to add also the 25 degrees below that were recorded in the present month. This gives us a grand total of 137. In face of this overwhelming fact, it is idle to enquire, "Is this cold enough for you?"

As a postscript, we should like to add that Winters are becoming milder than in the good old days, when

her than in the good old days, when the Oldest Inhabitant was a youth. The contrary is the case, and the very reason ascribed for the alleged softening of the Winters is that which proves their increasing rigors. The clearing up of the land has an influence on the weather, but toward greater extremes of heat and cold. This tendency is so slight that no man's life is long enough to permit it being noted.

The average man may not be able to sew on a button, but he can at least mend his ways.

Cholly—Doctor, I want something for my head.

Dr. Gruffly—My dear fellow, I wouldn't take it for a gift.

The man who does the little things well is always ready to do the big things better.

algic. Headache that is ner-

ANTI-PILL.

Wherein it Has Become Something of a Record-Breaker.

This Winter has been a sad blow to the Oldest Inhabitant, says The Mail and Empire. It makes him dumb and impotent in the presence of the youngest audience. A mere child can say to him with impunity, "Geel this is the coldest weather ever I seen. And, says ain't the snow deep?" No more can the Oldest Inhabitant sinile with chilf superiority and begin, "Cold? Why, I remember in the year—" and so on. To find more snow the venerable oracle has to tramp back nearly sixty years—and the walking isn't good, eit's er. If he has his memory with him, he can paint an Artic picture of the year 1845, when this district lay numb and smothered under snow which hid the snake tences, of which only an occasional stake was revealed. But the cold in 'has recording year could not be compared to the cold of 1904. In fact, the Winter of '45 was generally mild, even if it did snow without ceasing for ninety hours. In only five Vinters since the early thirties has January been so cold.

There is this to be said for a Winter like the present—we expected it. Unscientifically we made cur forecasts and we have not been disappointed. We had one of the most gloribus Autumns in history, and as we drifted balmity through September and October expecting each beautiful day to be the last, we said among ourselves, "Well, when the Winter comes, she is bound to be a shorter."

This we remarked unguardedly, with no idea that it would ever get.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure Colored Colo

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Outside it was raw and gusty, with white, high lying clouds scudding so thickly across a pale sky that only wan and watery sunshine strained through the breaks between. Inside there was the balm of May, especially in the south parler, where I knew I

should find Myrtilla. Myrtilla is tall and twenty, with a child's foot and a turn of the head and neck that would become an empress She has coral red lips, a fine, straight nose, olive skin, dark almond eyes, heavily lashed and lidded, and a low, straight brow, deeply shadowed by dusky floss slik hair. In virtue of all this she reigns as a queen over most men. We had been engaged until two

weeks ago-to be exact, until the date of the Verinews' ball and the episode' of the Grantley girl. The ball is ancient history now: besides, it has really nothing to do with the case. I left off dancing—with the Grantley girl at 4 a. m.—to fling myself

into tweeds and set forth upon a week's fourney. Coming home from it, I found my table cumbered with Winter comms, she is bound to be a smorter."

This we remarked unguardedly, with no idea that it would ever get into print and look so ill-bred. Now Mr. Stupart says that we had no right to make any such prognostication. Because we have a beautiful Fall is no reason why we should look forward to a severe Winter. Because we have a wretched Summer, wet and raw, we have no right to prognosticate a good Fall or a mild Winter. In short, the seasons have no relation to each other. This is what the weather experts tell us, and they speak by the isobar and fisotherm, and by other formidable institutions. But we know a little more than the weather men. We speak as graduates in the school of experience, where we have learned it, I found my table cumbered with my letters to Myrtilla down to the most fragmentary note—those of the last week unopened—my ring, my books, a bracelet or two, the locker with my picture and a litter of those idiotic things one sends at Christmas and Easter and on birthdays. It was this litter that saved me from utter despair. I reasoned that if Myrtilla despair. 'I reasoned that if Myrtilla

had cared enough for me to keep it all this time she could not give up caring for me in a moment. Still, I knew there was a tough job ahead. But I'did not dream she would

go to the length of refusing to see hear me or even to listen to my side of the case through Aunt Bab, most tactspeak as graduates in the school of experience, where we have learned that there is a law of compensation. We feel it in our bones that a beautiful Spring, a glorious Summer, a mellow Fall, and a short, crisp Winter are too good to be true. We don't deserve a year like this. Similarly, we know that we don't deserve a year that is bad all through. The most we can say about the weather is that it is going to strike an average somewhere. This is in spite of the rather contradictory fact that weather shows a disposition to perpetuate itself, to maintain its type, as though every day were the father of every next day and the son of every preceding day.

The mean temperature of January, 1904, was about 16½ degress above zero. On five days the minimum temperature fell to between ten and ful of intermediaries. Her people backed her, too-all but Dicky. fiffeen and owns the distinction of be ing the only thing in trousers Myrtilla has found herself unable to subjugate I cannot flatter myself that Dicky's advocacy of my cause was wholly dis interested. Dicky has a fine taste in terrier pups and a relish for stolen galterrier pups and a relias for scolen gal-lops on my bunters. At home he is al-lowed nothing more hazardous than a steady going cob. However that may be, it meant a lot to have any sort of friend at court. Otherwise, how should the hall door have swung open at my approach? The servants had strict or-

dors to shut it civilly in my face. "She's in there. It beats me why you want her, why you want any giri, when you've got heaps of dogs and horses," Dicky said, grinning, as I shot past him. "She's been real hateful polite; no good for even a fight this whole week," Dicky's voice pursued me down the hell gemperature fell to between ten and lifteen below, and on five other days to between five and ten. The coldest days, according to the thermome-ter, was on the fourth, when a frac-tion lower than 15 degrees below was reached. Some other cold Januarys

upon three sides to the sun, with wails more than half windows, iron barred outside and full of green growing things within. There is a big fireplace.

Myrtilla stood in front of it, her eyes intently fixed upon the smoldering logs. At my entrance she started ever so lit-tle, turned her head the least bit and

kept on staring in the fire.
"Myrtilla," I ventured irresolutely,

"Myrtilia," I ventured irresolutely, my hand still on the doorknob, She sat down and took up her em-broidery, her face still further averted. Then I knew I had won half a point If she had been as angry as she be-lieved herself to be she would have lieved herself to be she would have marched away with her nose in the air. I began again formally, "Miss Grey," but stopped short. She had begun to whistle over her work softly, meditatively, as though she knew herself to be alone.

Something happened then. I am nei-

ther poet nor romancer, but my ranging eye saw in the south window a crea-ture of tropic charm, slim and tall, green gowned as a wood nymph, with wonderful golden tawny eyes and a crown still more wonderfully red. As I went to her she shivered and set all her green gown fluttering defensively, but I paid no heed to it, only said joy-

ously, baring my head:
"Amaryllis! You are a real godsend! I was never so glad to see any one in all my life."

Myrtilla's head came around so that ayrthia's head came around so that I saw her profile out of the tail of my eye. I fancied she stared, but dared not make sure of it. My wood nymph barely nodded; her tremors were all at rest. I bent toward her low enough to look into her golden tawny eyes and ran on:

ran on:
"What have you done to yourself?
You are so beautiful, so strangely, so rarely beautiful, it makes me desperate that I did not keep my heart for you, or, rather, it would make me desperate if hearts were things that could be given or kept at will."

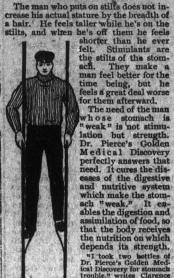
certainly the wood nymph stared; the golden tawny eyes looked at me unwinking. Myrtilla's head had turned a little more. Her lips were the least bit parted, as though her breath came hard. I straightened and stuck a hand in my pocket as I added:

"The pity of it! There's a true heart gone to waste! True hearts are none so plenty, Amaryllis."

"Certainly they are not," came scornfully from the fireside. I affected not to hear and went on manfully:

"I've played and lost—lost so miserably. Listen—then tell me if you think I quite deserve what I am getting?"

Stomachs on Stills.



guad that I did, for I do not know what I should have done had it not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; You lose. Therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

The sluggish liver is made active by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

me silent through a long minute, she sat very straight and added:" "Naturally one is nervous at finding

oneself alone with a lunatic. Only lunatics talk to things as though they were people."
"Don't mind her, Amaryllis," I said

softly. "Poor creature, she is jealous. She thinks you are no more than a lily blooming in a pot. We know better, of "Really I did not dream you had so

much imagination," Myrtilla said out-right, snipping her thread as she spoke. I stared harder than ever at Amaryllis, saying: "Imagination is a fearful thing sometimes, I am glad, Amaryl-lis, you altogether lack it. You would never see in ordinary civilities to a pretty girl anything to turn your love ly golden tawny eyes green."

"Dancing or sitting out every other "Dancing or sitting out every other number, I suppose, comes under the head of 'ordinary civilities,' " Myrtilla said, her lip curling.

I kept on quietly: "And even if , ou felt hurt you would let me explain. The Verinews have hearts as big as their fortune. Thus if happens I owe them what manage can have a server as Year

them what money can never pay. Notso many years back there was a big flurry in the street that put my governor in the worst sert of hole. It needed a cool million to get him out, and a Verinew million did it. Yet the gov-ernor was hardly an acquaintance. Verinew learned his extremity by chance and came to his help because, as he phrased it, he didn't think the other side was putting up a square deal. It does not lessen the obligaa good profit. Eventually the Grantlions more. She is a granddaughter-unacknowledged because Mme. Veri new wishes to seem as young as their fortune-but the very apple of the Verinew eye. They wanted her to be the belle of the ball—she was shy and sensi-tive and frightened half out of her

wits. Somehow she trusted me' a voice from the fireplace.

I bowed gravely and resumed: "When she is not frightened she is pretty, Amaryllis. Her head is splendidly rednot quite so red as yours. She is light on her feet, too, and loves to dance as well as the flowers do. The trouble is she has not yet quite caught the she has not yet quite caught the The grouse, too, had made use of

well as the flowers do. The trouble is ahe has not yet quite caught the rhythms she must move to, so needs must lean heavily upon her paftner. I understood; some of the others did not. Occasionally one was furried, still more occasionally one impertinent. And a single cad let her see he was ashamed of dandary with her in surface. of dancing with her in spite of the mil-lions. At her first ball! Think of it! I had to take away the sting of it some-I had to take away the sting of it some-how. Perhaps I did seem devoted, but she didn't misunderstand. I told her about Myrtilla in our very first walts." A little inarticulate cry from the fire-

A little inarticulate cry from the fireplace here. Covertly I saw tears on
Myrtilla's cheeks. She made as though
to rise, but sank back, turned away her
head and resumed the furious stabbing
with her needle. I gathered the greenery of Amaryllis in my hands, laid my
cheek against it and said dreamily:
"Amaryllis, tell me why I am fated
to love dusky hair. All the painters
and poets agree that red is ever so
much more beautiful."
"Are you sure, quite sure, you do love
it?" Myrtilla asked tremulously. She
was not answered in words.
Five minutes later Dicky, bursting in
upon us, found us side by side, looking
down at Amaryllis through sunshine
grown suddenly and magically warm
and golden. After a long look Dicky
whistled, turned on his heel and said
from the door over his shoulder; "So
you two have made it up. McSnifters
said you would, 'cause that red lily
bloomed so far ahead of time. But I
don't care about that. All I want is to
know what you're goin' to give me
when you get married."

pshaw!"

TRACKS IN SNOW.

his best pace.

A pair of gloves, however, will go a long way toward making one enjoy a walk on a bitterly cold day.

Not kid gloves, but a good big pair, which allow for a generous air space around your hands inside, and with gauntlets which come over the cuffs of your coat, and keep out the cuffs of your coat, and keep out

the air intensely cold, a sprained knee or a broken leg may mean death, if assistance does not arrive

when, in passing a low-growing wild apple tree, I noticed that the surface of the snow beneath it had been disturbed in an irregular manner. It was furrowed, and here and there there were holes leading and there there were holes leading into little runways, which extended downward as far as I could see. The holes were much too large to have been made by a meadow mouse, and quite too small for a muskrat, and I doubt if I should have discovered what animal had made them, if the impudent head of a red squirrel had not appeared suddenly at one of the holes.

his face and a small apple in his mouth. He dropped the latter on the snow in front of him, but retained the former for about five seconds, or until, with a frightened squeal, he darted to the invisible regions below

The little apple, lying upon snow, told a pathetic story of the snow, told a pathetic story of the little fellow's hunger, and of his efforts to satisfy it, and I wondered if he had any sense keen enough to tell him where each individual apple lay, or whether he tunnelled blindly, with the hope of finding out one consistently.

Paths Made by Rabbits. Further on I came to a stretch of half-open country, covered with barberry and other bushes. And here I found the paths which the rabbits had made the night before, and all along these paths the twigs of the bushes under which they ran had been cut off clean as though with been cut off clean, as though with a penknile, by the sharp front teeth of the rabbits.

And thus the snow, which had

The grouse, too, had made use

The grouse, too, had made use of the deep snow as a platform, from which to pick the barberries. In spite of their natural snowshoes, the birds had sunk quite deep in many places, and their trail was little more than a gutter.

And as I passed one of the bushes, I saw an old bire's nest which had been roofed by a white-footed mouse, and as I touched a twig, the tenant put his head out of the door to'see what the matter was. But I stood very still, and presently he went in again, perhaps to curl, up and go to sleep again until the fall of night should make it compfratively safe for him to go out in search of food and to leave his lacelike trail on the surface of the monlit snow.

The sungry Chiekadees.

But the most delightful incident of

But the most delightful incident of my walk occurred when I was nearing home. A flock of hungry chickadees flew into a maple tree above me, perhaps knowing that I had something to do with the many square meals they have enjoyed this winter. One of them hopped to a hranch close above my head, and I felt in my pocket for some broken auts.

A few days before the recent January thaw I started for a tramp through the snow-covered woods. The thermometer stood at 10 below zero, but, as the snow was 20 inches deep on the level, the exertion of getting through it made me glowing warm before I had gone half a mile, and when occasionally I got, out of the wind the mir seemed almost springlike.

got out of the wind the air seemed almost springlike.

Whether we enjoy winter or dislike it depends largely on whether we are prepared for it or not. Cold weather has no terrors for us if we know that we are not going to be cold in it, and half the nusiance of snow is gone if we are sure that we can go where we like without getsing our feet or clothing wet.

Some Precautions. In other words, with warm cloth-ing and a pair of rubber boots, or snowshoes if the snow is deep enough, there is nothing to prevent any healthy person from enjoying nimself in the worst weather that winter can turn out. For a winter walk in the country an overcost. walk in the country an overcoat is a mistake; it trails in the snow and continually gots in the way. What one requires is some form of cloth-ing which will permit perfect free-

with such clothing one can afford to dress lightly for, as every cross-country athlete knows, a man can keep himself warm in zero weather with practically no clothing at all if he is allowed to keep moving at his best nace.

not only the wind but the snow.

And if you are going along alone in had weather, it is a wise precaution to tell your friends which direction you intend to take, and the length of time you expect to be gone. When the snow is deep and the air interests cold.

A Red Squirrell at Home.

I had not gone far into the woods

elt in my pocket for some broken ruts.

Taking off my glove. I extended he hand containing the offering, and had his earnest attention in a moment. Down he came close to me nying "Dee-dee-dee," and peering nto my face with his beady black cycs, as much as to say, "Is it all right? Come now, is if?" But without waiting for a roply, he dew upon my finger, calmly picked up. a piece of nut, and flew back into the maple tree. With my finger delightfully tingling, from that delicate grasp. I went home feeling as though I had shaken hands with a fairy.—Ernest Harold Baynes, in Toronto Sunday World.



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You can make every article white and clean with Sunlight Soap. This soap gives better satisfaction than any other soap because it is pure and possesses a cleansing power that ordinary laundry soap es not and can not

everything in the home spotlessly clean with

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Chatham, Ontario.

Illusions of the Theater It is a most point whether women should be taken to the theater at all at a young and impressionable age, seeing in what a totally unreal light the mod ern young man is presented by the average dramatist. Behind the footlights the handsome, clean shaven fellow has principles as unimpeachable as his dress clothes, a soul as speckless as his dazzling waistcoat.-London Ladles

Somewhat Confusing. "So that heiress married a titled for-

"How do they get on?"
"It's a little confusing as yet. When-ever she wants to know who the distinguished members of her family are she has to ask him, and whenever he wants to know how much he is worth he has to ask her."

"How shall I brove the sincerity of my devotion" asked the young man who had been so long coming to the point that doubt had begun to accumulate against him

ate against him.
"Call the parson in as a witness," uggested the young lady, who meant

Gee—It was rather abrupt the way Tum broke his engagement with Miss Easy. Whiz—How did he do it? Gee— He simply took her hand in his and, clasping the diamond, said, "Ring off!" —Philadelphia Incuirer,

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Doan's **Kidney Pills** Cured After Other Remedies

These Wonderful Kidney Pilis will Cure
the Most Obstinate Cases of Kidney
Trouble if Only Given a Fair
Trial and Used According
to Directions.

Had Falled.

Read what Mrs. Geo. H. Alward, Whites Point, N.B., has to say about tem: "This is to certify that I have sed Doan's Kldney Pills for pain in the ack and Ridney frouble and I do may tratefully recommend them to any person uffering in this way. I was so bad with idney trouble that I could not get around he house. My feet and ankles were so wollen and painful that I could get no est day or night. I tried several remedies ut could get no relief whatever until a riend advised me to try Doan's Kidney ills. I soon perceived a decided change or the better and had only taken two loves when I was able to do my housework again, and three boxes made a comlete cure."

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Local Manager of Gunagathor Home Treatment. at home to ladies every Wednesday and aturday afternoons. Real ience 3rd house est of Fair Granuda Saturday afternoons. west of Fair Grounds Queen Street

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