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This Makes the Perfect
Man—the Happy
Woman.

South American Nervine.

The seat of the majority of chronic diseases is the nerve centers. Cure them—build up nerve force there—and you cure the disease. This is the secret of the amazing results attending the use of the South American Nervine—a veritable life-builder and eradicator of disease. Cures Stomach and Liver Complaints, General Debility, Impure Blood, Female Complaints, and every disease which indicates impaired nerve force. Read what it did for the family of A. W. Stephens, Strathaven, Ont. He writes: "A bottle of South American Nervine Tonic did more for my sister Ida than a whole summer's doctoring and drugging for after effects of La Grippe. It cured my father after months of torture from boils. Only used two bottles and has not been troubled now for seven years. It's the greatest of remedies."

Magical Relief
In Rheumatic and Neuralgic pains afforded by the South American Rheumatic Cure. Cures in one to three days and does it thoroughly. **Adapted to all.**
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Brick house, \$1,300.00.
Brick house, \$1,100.00.
Frame house, \$1,000.00.

100 acre farm in Raleigh, brick house, large barn, stable and other buildings; all cleared, about 4 miles from Chatham, \$7,500.00.

100 acre farm in Harwich, good frame house, barn, stable and other buildings, \$6,500.00.

50 acre farm in Tilbury East, good frame house and barn, \$2,500.00. Money to loan. Lowest rates. Terms to suit the borrower.

W. F. SMITH,
Barrister.

LIEUTENANT AT A LEVEE.

Young Military Debutante's First Bow to the King—Might Have Saved His Tripitation.

Just as a young debutante looks forward to her first drawing-room with feelings as much of nervous trepidation as of delight, so a young officer or lawyer fights more shy of his first levee than of facing an enemy in the field or conducting his first case in court, although naturally he feels proud of the prospect of coming individually under the eyes of his King.

I am not ashamed to confess that when some time ago, in all the glory of the full-dress uniform of a lieutenant of Yeomanry, I made my way on foot to St. James's Palace to be presented to His Majesty as one of his gallant soldiers, it was with a little internal quaking and an external trembling of the knees, which rather belied my brave appearance. I was just in time, as I neared the Palace, to see the King's equipage, with its escort of Life Guardsmen making a brilliant show with their glistening helmets and nodding plumes, dash up through a roar of welcoming shouts from the crowds of curious sightseers, and to feel proudly that I, too, was a part, however insignificant, of the "show."

Sanctuary of Crowds.
My own reception by the crowd, however, was not quite so cordial as that of the King, although one critic did exclaim, "I say, Bill, don't 'e think 'e's a tot!" which, after all, was rather a dubious kind of a compliment. But a soldier of the King can afford to be criticised, I thought as, with the air of a field marshal, I ran the gauntlet of the crowds and at last found myself safely landed within the palace walls.

And what a startling transformation it was from the dinginess of the world outside to the blaze of color and life and animation in which I found myself within the palace. Here were hundreds of men stretching away in a long vista as far as the eye could see, a river of moving colors as variegated as those of Joseph's coat and probably far more picturesque. They were men of all types and ages—a few generals, erect and still imposing in scarlet tunics, cocked hats, and plumes—men apparently old enough to have fought at Balacava and Inkerman, and still ready if need be to take the field again; and rubbing shoulders with these grizzled veterans were dapper young subalterns of Guards as gallantly attired as so many popinjays, and no doubt full of dreams of the day when they too, should wear a general's badge. Here are aides-de-camp in their richly embroidered tunics, gold aiguilles, plumed hats and gold sashes; Highland officers in tartan breeches and feather bonnets; trim naval commanders in their more sober but most becoming blue and gold; officers of engineers and artillery, of cavalry and infantry of the line, Yeomen and volunteers—an epitome, in fact, of the British Army and all sporting their bravest colors.

A Brilliant Scene.
Dotted here and there in this gorgeous stream of glory slowly moving toward the Throne Room, were the white wigs and black robes of lawyers fresh from the courts and their briefs, and come to pay homage to the King; men in the modest splendor of black velvet court suits, steel-looped cocked hats, and swords of the Crown in gold-laced uniforms; scarlet-clad dignitaries of the Church; county lieutenants in silk-lined embroidered tunics, silver-laced trousers, and crimson and gold sashes; Chinamen, gorgeous in robes of silk and gold; picturesque Japanese; and turbaned Turks. In my uniform of dark green I felt quite eclipsed by the blaze of color around and in front of me, as moving with the stream I found myself passing through room after room scanned by keen-eyed officials, on the lookout for anything irregular in dress, and the entrance to each room guarded by two gentlemen-at-arms ready to bar the entrance with a cord of silk if the pressure should become too great.

At last, after what seems hours of slow progression, I catch a distant glimpse of the Throne Room, voices which until now have been incessant become hushed, I clutch my ticket of presentation to make sure that I have still got it, and summon up my evaporating courage for the ordeal which is now near.

Catches Sight of the King.
A little later I find myself at the entrance to the Throne Room and catch sight of the King, in field marshal's uniform, standing on a raised platform with a brilliant group behind, to the right, and in front of him—Royal Princes and household officials in gorgeous uniforms. My name is announced in a clear, cultured voice—that of the Lord Chamberlain—and with a dazed feeling and a shakiness in the legs I walk forward, make a clumsy obeisance to the King, receive a gracious smile and a bow in turn, and somehow, before I realize that it can possibly be over, I have emerged from the room and find myself in a corridor outside.

After all, I thought, it was not very formidable, and I might just as well have saved myself all my trepidation. For a few moments I waited in the corridor watching the steady flow from the Throne Room—the Army, the Navy, the Church, and the Law, Ministers and Attaches—and I could not help fancying that they all seemed as pleased as myself at having done homage to our gracious King, and that the ordeal was over.

Drawing Wire.
The art of drawing wire was not practiced until the fourteenth century, or introduced into England until the seventeenth century, all wire made previously having been made by hammering into rounded lengths narrow strips of metal cut from plates previously beaten out.

You can't cure a cough or cold from the outside. You must cure it through the blood.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic
is the only remedy that will do this. It gets right to the root of the trouble. It is guaranteed to cure.

Price: S. C. Wells & Co., 213
25c. 50c. \$1. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

Seven Bells.

Everybody who knows anything about nautical matters understands the method of keeping time at sea—eight bells every four hours, an additional bell being struck for each half hour.

From 6 to 8 in the evening is the second dog watch, but on British ships seven bells (half past 7) of the second dog watch are never struck. All other ships, even the American, strike these bells.

During the Napoleonic wars there was a great mutiny in the British navy. The crews of the fleets lying at Spithead and the Nore agreed to rise simultaneously against their officers. The signal agreed upon was seven bells of the second dog watch. The mutiny actually began at the arranged time, but failed, the ringleaders being executed. Ever since then seven bells of the second dog watch has never been struck on British ships, naval or mercantile.

Immortelles.

The manufacture of immortelle wreaths in Paris occupies at least 1,500 persons. The immortelles are gathered about the beginning of October and come chiefly from the arid hills in the middle and south of France. They are brought to the markets in their natural condition, and the yellow blossoms are dried green, red and white and woven into wreaths by special workmen in readiness for All Saints' and All Souls' days, when all good Parisians visit their relatives' graves. On these "fetes des morts" the gates of the cemeteries are beset with crowds of dealers in immortelle wreaths, wire crosses and bead crowns. At Pere la Chaise alone more than 200,000 persons are calculated to visit the cemetery, and the sale of immortelle wreaths varies from 20,000 to 25,000.—Golden Penny.

Oddly Marked Tombstone.
In an old graveyard in Maine the monument to the founder of a distinguished family is marked with the outline of a human leg. It is formed by black streaks in the granite running through the stone, for at the back there is another leg, but much smaller in dimensions. Nobody saw this blemish when the stone was set up. Not until years had passed did the stonemasons, not wishing to go to the expense of quarrying out another block, so hid the leg with cement and stone dust that the actions of the storms of a dozen winters were necessary to expose the strangely formed disfigurement.

"To say a pleasant word to anyone was almost impossible."

"I was troubled with female weakness for eight years, and suffered more than I can tell," writes Mrs. Gust. Moser of Oxnado, Deer Lodge Co., Mont. "My disposition was affected to such an extent that to say a pleasant word to anyone was almost impossible."

"I had two operations performed by one of the most skilled surgeons of the West, but did not get well. Then, against my doctor's advice, I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and also followed the advice given in the Common Sense Medical Adviser. I continued this treatment for three months, and to-day am as healthy and well as a woman can be. I cannot thank Doctor Pierce enough for his kind letters to me."

Womanly diseases, as a rule, spoil the "disposition," because of the extreme nervousness and suffering they cause. Happiness as well as health is restored to the woman whose diseased condition is cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

After eight years of suffering and two fruitless operations, three months' use of "Favorite Prescription" restored Mrs. Moser to perfect health. This great remedy for woman's ills, establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

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TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

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Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

PHARAOH'S LAND

Britain's New Deal for a Free Hand in Egypt—Last French Pretension is Now Extinguished.

Egypt has just entered a new phase of its long history. By the Anglo-French settlement the last French pretension over Egypt has been extinguished. Great Britain has now a free hand in the land of the buried Pharaohs, the eternal pyramids and the silent sphinxes. This means to Egypt property, and to British interests security.

There never was a country that occupied such an extraordinary position as Egypt has done for years. Its complications are almost bewildering. The country is a vassal State of the Sultan of Turkey. Its obligation to Turkey consists of an annual payment of about \$3,500,000. The Khedive of Egypt is hemmed in as is no other sovereign in the world. He cannot negotiate a loan without the consent of Turkey. He cannot negotiate a treaty that conflicts with Turkish interests. He is not allowed to build an ironclad, and his army is restricted to 18,000 in times of peace. His Majesty has a distinguished visitor, the British Agent, whose advice he must follow in all public matters. Lord Cromer sits at the right hand of the Khedive and tells him what to do. Failure to obey would mean prompt dethronement. Up till a few days ago Great Britain could not advise any public work, and could not add a new charge to the revenues without the consent of France. Thus the nominal ruler of Egypt was a nominal vassal of a sovereign, while Great Britain is the practical administrator of the country.

All this has come about in a gradual and natural manner. With the story of the financial embarrassment of Egypt the world is quite familiar. There had been a carnival of extravagance under Ismail Pasha. In twelve or thirteen years a debt of \$16,000,000 had been increased to \$500,000,000. Much of the money had been recklessly squandered. A great deal of it had never found its way into the public treasury. Enormous rates of interest were paid. The burden was greater than the country could bear. Interest on the bonds was not paid.

England and France were appointed receivers for the bankrupt country. They sent representatives, who endeavored to restore order in the financial chaos. But their work was not appreciated by the Egyptians. A rebellion was started by Arabi Pasha. When hostilities began France declined to take up arms and fight for the dual control. England then told France to stand aside while it cleared the decks for action. The bombardment of Alexandria and the capture of Tel-el-Kebir decided for British supremacy. After the rebellion was over the dual control was at an end, and England did not ask France to resume the position it had voluntarily surrendered.

France still retained, however, a financial veto. Any new expenditure, such as the construction of a new canal, or an extension of the system of irrigation, must have the approval of France before it can be made a charge upon the revenues. This has proven the chief embarrassment of the British control. It took three years to get the consent of France to the abolition of forced labor by the Egyptian peasants on public works. An ancient law entitled the Khedive to compel the fellah to work on any public undertaking. This was nothing less than slavery. To abolish the system and substitute free labor meant an outlay of \$2,000,000 a year. But England insisted, and after much delay France consented. At every opportunity France has insisted upon the British evacuation of Egypt. It has been drilled into the Egyptians that if they were free France would be their all-sufficient ally. And the French people have been taught to believe that Egypt with its storied wealth has been filched from them by "Ferocious Albion." So Egypt has been a lasting grievance. Yet Great Britain shows no disposition to release her grip. When the country first passed under British control only a temporary occupation was contemplated. But responsibilities have grown up.

All the world concedes that British rule has worked wonders for Egypt. It has, in the first place, restored national credit. Egypt is no longer a defaulter. Its obligations are regularly met, and its Government possesses ample funds. Another effect of British rule has been the suppression to a very large extent of official corruption. Under previous regimes nothing was done without a bribe. Justice was bought and sold. Criminals purchased their acquittal. Government officials levied blackmail on merchants. Corruption was rampant. In twenty years Lord Cromer has given Egypt a condition of administration worthy of any European State, and superior to that of many. This has not been accomplished without great firmness and splendid executive ability. The master British Agent has had to compel the Khedive in spite of himself to dismiss unworthy Ministers. He has had to run the risk of assassination on the part of those whose perquisites he has abolished. Many have been the plots to kill Lord Cromer, but they have been so invariably frustrated that it is now generally believed that he bears a charm life. To-day he can walk the streets of Cairo as safely as those of London.

But the greatest work of Great Britain has been the restoration of prosperity to the masses of the people. Freed from oppression, relieved of taxation, and assisted in their undertakings, the Egyptians are now contented. The Nile has been brought under control, so that there is a regular supply of water for the purpose of irrigation. Egypt has been won back from the encroaching desert. Even France has been convinced that British rule in Pharaoh's Land is a thing to be tolerated. And what does England gain by all this sacrifice? It has at best secured entrance to a market which it has now thrown open to all the world.



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WHY NOT BURN THE SMOKE.

Boston Transcript.
Smoke means waste. The science of smoke prevention and the science of perfect combustion are equivalent terms. Make a factory owner realize this and he is won over to the cause, for if he has intelligence enough to manage a business, he must know that perfect combustion of fuel means no waste. Consider the analogy of a coal oil lamp. Turn up the wick and the lamp smokes. You are using too

much oil—and getting less light. The same is precisely true of a furnace. A smoking chimney-stake means too much fuel and less heat. Once get the factory owner to understand this—to know that those belching clouds of black smoke mean wasted money gone up the chimney, and less power for his machinery—and you have converted him.

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Of the latest style, and most up-to-date. We have Lawn mowers, Lawn Hose and Lawn Rakes and the latest style of Easy Hammocks, the lowest price in Chatham, and our stock is all new and up-to-date.

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