

NERVOUSNESS

Or dependency caused by weak unhealthy nerves, are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease. If you have a secret drain from early abuse, later excesses or exposure, you cannot expect healthy nerves while your vitality is being wasted. Do not sit out a miserable existence on account of your follies, you are not safe until cured—nature never excuses—no matter how young, old or innocent one may be.

KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

Have you pain in the back, a dull feeling in the region of the kidneys? At times your water comes freely, a large quantity light in color, while at other times you do not make a drop of urine, it is dark in color, you make a small quantity, or you may have mucus deposits or brick dust colored sediment, give your condition immediate attention or more serious complications will set in. My treatment guaranteed a positive cure for such conditions, and remember you

PAY WHEN CURED.

You need pay nothing until you are convinced that a thorough and complete cure has been established. Surely this is fair, as you run no chances. Perfect system of home treatment for those who cannot call. BOOK FREE. Medicines for Canadian patients shipped from Windsor—All duty and transportation charges provided—Everything confidential. No names on envelopes or packages—Nothing sent C. O. D.

DR. GOLDBERG,

208 WOODWARD AVE.,
DETROIT, MICH.

AN EASTER DISCORD

By GRACE G. KINCAID

Copyright, 1921, by T. C. McClure

The coolness between Mrs. Wentworth and Mrs. Drewelowe was beginning to occasion remark. They met frequently, for Mrs. Drewelowe was the gracious mistress of a beautiful Euclid avenue home, while just around the corner, upon a short and unpretentious side street, stood the smaller house rented by Professor and Mrs. Wentworth.

Years ago they had been girls together in the little village of Mayville, when she of the stately mansion and been only Maria Dusenbury, daughter of the most shiftless man in the village.

In those days Mrs. Wentworth had lived on no side street, but in the stately white pillared mansion which crowned the highest hill in Mayville and which was pointed to with pride as the home of Judge Titus. Fate plays strange tricks! After the death of the judge, when the lawyers were quite thorough, somehow there was little or nothing left for the daughter, although one of the lawyers took his entire family abroad within the year and the other built himself a new house.

The trouble began at the Culture club. Mrs. Wentworth had felt sure she had detected a most peculiar smile upon Mrs. Drewelowe's face at the precise moment when she stood up to read her paper on "Egyptian Architecture." Then, later in the afternoon, Mrs. Roberts, also of Euclid avenue, had leaned over and said laughingly: "Mrs. Wentworth, Mrs. Drewelowe says she doesn't believe you ever wrote that paper. It was so good she thinks your husband must have written it."

Any clubwoman knows this is a most grievous insult. Mrs. Wentworth gave charming little teas in a modest, side street fashion, and the bitterness rankled in her heart to such an extent that she left Mrs. Drewelowe off her list the next week. Then there was an elaborate social function at the Euclid avenue mansion, and Mrs. Wentworth did not receive cards.

But the climax was reserved for Easter morning in the vestibule of the Euclid avenue church. Mrs. Drewelowe and Mrs. Wentworth met, and remembering the sacred threshold, bowed less coldly than usual, then gasped and stood transfixed. Taking in every frown and knot of lace, they realized that their beautiful new Easter bonnets were exactly alike.

Their husbands, balancing their hats carefully in one hand and with the other holding each a vestibule door, were courteously awaiting them. They had cordially shaken hands, for it had become dignified men to notice women's small quarrels.

Mrs. Drewelowe was first to recover. "A beautiful morning," she said in her sweet, even tones, and a bar of purple and yellow flashed from the window across the violets in her bonnet as she turned and swept after her husband.

Mrs. Wentworth bowed in silence, biting her lips in vexation, and raised a delicately gloved hand up to see if her bonnet, that had cost her so many economies, was really upon her head or upon that of rich Maria Drewelowe. She felt that now, as ever since they had lived in the city, Mrs. Drewelowe had the best of her.

A little path had opened through the garden of spring millinery across the congregation, and through it she saw Mrs. Drewelowe turn and stare directly back at her, smile in a superior way, then whisper something to Mrs. Roberts in the pew just behind, whereupon Mrs. Roberts laughed most immoderately, considering the time and place. The hot blood rushed to Mrs. Wentworth's face in such force as to make her quite dizzy. She knew what Mrs. Drewelowe had said as well as though she had heard every word.

"Annie Wentworth, a clever content with running after me, has managed in some way to copy my bonnet, and don't you think, Mrs. Roberts, it is an outrage?"

Alas! Annie Wentworth, daughter of Judge Titus, to be thus openly doubted by a Dusenbury!

It was bad enough to be reduced to living on a side street, to watching her in the lead of the most exclusive set in the city, but to be accused of copying her clothes—that was the last straw. More! Indeed they'd move the lot of May! She would resign from the Culture club! They would go where she might never meet this regal, queenly daughter of aimless, shiftless old Dusenbury or her husband, who had made his fortune in kerosene, who had made his fortune in kerosene.

The minister soared away in magnificent flights of oratory, but Mrs. Wentworth's mind constantly returned to the problems of how the bonnets came to be alike and what Mrs. Drewelowe had discovered her treasure, the little milliner who made it possible for her, the wife of Professor Wentworth, to appear for \$10 in bonnets which looked as though they had cost \$30, the poor little relic of better days who lived in the old tumble-down brick building behind the cathedral and who had a wonderful knack for copying expensive bonnets. To place her oldest customer in such a humiliating position! Mrs. Wentworth turned cold all over with the remembrance of the whisper. Oh, the letter she would send with the bonnet straight back to that traitress!

She was quite hysterical by the time the last amen was pronounced and

uttered the words "prayer house" at a rapid pace. Patiently he listened to the time worn complaints—the wreck of her father's estate, the bitterness of seeing Maria Drewelowe in her beautiful home while she must live in an obscure corner.

Tenderly he soothed her and bathed her throbbing temples. Years of wedded life had taught him the futility of argument when his wife's mind was made up. He remembered, too, that for love of him she had refused Henry Drewelowe back in the old sunny days at Mayville.

Unable to be up the next morning, nevertheless she managed to induce a bitterly accusing note to the little milliner and dispatch it with the bonnet by a messenger boy. Several days elapsed, and no answer came. Finally in desperation she gathered her strength and, boarding a downtown car, was soon mounting the steps of the old brick building behind the cathedral.

There was no answer to her first knock, so she rapped again. A faint moan came through the open transom. Then she turned the knob and entered. The room was in disorder; most of the little furniture it had contained had mysteriously disappeared. Only a bed, a chair and a table remained. Upon the table lay two opened letters, and beside them sat a bonnet box securely tied. Upon the bed lay the frail figure of the milliner, her face hot with fever. At this sight Mrs. Wentworth's wrath vanished, and she stood by the bedside only a sweet, helpful woman, her heart wrung with pity.

There was a rustle of silk lined garments outside in the hall, then an impetuous knock, and when Mrs. Wentworth opened the door she beheld a second Nemesis in the form of Mrs. Drewelowe. The latter bestowed a curt nod upon Mrs. Wentworth, and that softened and already repentant woman stepped aside and allowed her to advance to the bedside. Mrs. Drewelowe heard her own name and Mrs. Wentworth's name, falling incoherently from the parched lips. After a moment she turned and faced Mrs. Wentworth.

"Annie Wentworth, this is our work. I wrote her a very harsh note Monday morning, accusing her of copying my new bonnet, which I bought in New York three weeks ago. She was in the house doing some work, and I felt sure she must have seen it through the treachery of the maids."

"And I," sobbed Mrs. Wentworth, "sent back my bonnet Monday morning with a scandalous note—perfectly scandalous!"

Then they sought the landlady and demanded an explanation of her neglect. She surveyed the two ladies with rising anger. "Sure, ma'am," she said, "an' I'm a lorn widder myself with five children to support, an' she's back on her rent three months. It's all along of her havin' to go on to New York an' get her hat fixed out of one of 'em, an' she sold her furniture an' clothes an' gone without fire an' enough to eat to make up. Then, on top of that, two women—foine ladies in sassiness—writ her two of the meanest letters you ever see in your life, an' then she went clean out on her head. They was all about a bonnet she see when she was in New York, an' copied for one of 'em, an' she said the other one must have been on an' bought the identical bonnet, for it had just come over from Paris, an' nobody'd had a chance at it."

"Then letters done it. Mighty mean women, if they are sassily women, as would let loose an' abuse!"

"There! You have explained sufficiently," jeeringly interrupted Mrs. Drewelowe, her face quite crimson. "We will pay the rent due you and take charge of your roomer at once." And she drew out her purse.

When the little milliner had been safely tucked in the white hospital bed and Mrs. Wentworth was seated in the Drewelowe carriage rolling home, she suddenly exclaimed, "Maria, what did you say?"

"When? What do you mean?" queried that astonished lady.

"Why, Sunday in church, when you leaned back and whispered to Mrs. Roberts?"

Mrs. Drewelowe was lost in thought for some time and then said: "Oh, I know. I told her that, after all her instructions, the night before I had forgotten to make the mustard plaster for Henry's chest as she advised, and the poor man was blistered so dreadfully that if it hadn't been Easter morning he would not have tried to come to church."

It was a fashionable hour, everybody was abroad, and the dignified Drewelowe coachman felt quite humiliated by the peals of merry laughter which applied from the aristocratic Drewelowe equipage.

An Unofficial Order.

Thomas, tenth earl of Dundonald, at his death vice admiral in the English navy, tells in his "Autobiography of a Seaman" of an incident on board the Hind, on which he served as midshipman. The pet of the ship was a parrot, the aversment of the boatwain, whose whistle the bird learned to imitate exactly.

"One day a party of ladies paid us a visit aboard. By the usual means of a 'whip' on the yardarm several had been hoisted on deck. The chain had descended for another. Scarcely had its fair freight been lifted out of the boat alongside when the parrot piped, 'Let go!'"

"The order was instantly obeyed, and the unfortunate lady, instead of being comfortably seated on deck, was soused in the sea."

"Luckily for her, the men were on the watch and quickly pulled her out, and lucky for the parrot the boatwain was on shore, or this unseasonable assumption of the boatwain's functions might have ended tragically for the bird."

You Can Buy **BEST FOR WASH DAY.**

SURPRISE SOAP.

BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

of any Grocer

Preaching Monkeys.

The author of "The History of Brazil" tells of a species of monkey called "preachers." Every morning and evening these monkeys assemble in the woods. One takes a higher position than the rest and makes a signal with his fore paw. At this signal the others sit around him and listen. When they are all seated, he begins to utter a series of sounds. When he stops these cries, he makes another signal with his paw, and the others cry out until he makes a third signal, upon which they become silent again. This author, Mr. Macgrove, asserts that he was a witness to these preachings.

No Rash Remarks.

"Mrs. McSmith is a very queer widow."

"Queer in what way?"

"No one has ever heard her say she wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived."

SURGICAL OPERATIONS

How Mrs. Bruce, a Noted Opera Singer, Escaped an Operation. Proof That Many Operations for Ovarian Troubles are Unnecessary.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Travelling for years on the road, with irregular meals and sleep and damp beds, broke down my health so completely two years ago that the physician advised a complete rest, and when I had gained



sufficient vitality, an operation for ovarian troubles. Not a very cheerful prospect, to be sure. I, however, was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash; I did so, fortunately for me. Before a month had passed I felt that my general health had improved; in three months more I was cured, and I have been in perfect health since. I did not lose an engagement or miss a meal."

"Your Vegetable Compound" is certainly wonderful, and well worthy the praise your admiring friends who have been cured are ready to give you. I always speak highly of it, and you will admit I have good reason to do so."—Mrs. G. Bruce, Lansing, Mich. \$50.00 full price. The fullest counsel on this subject can be secured without cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be entirely confidential.

Accidentally.

Hoax—How did he make his money? Joax—Quite by accident. Hoax—How was that? Joax—He lost a leg in a railroad wreck and recovered damages.

Close Resemblance.

"Contentment," said Uncle Eben, "is a mighty fine thing. But de trouble about it is dat it is kin' o' hard to 'stingish fum plain laziness."—Washington Star.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30.00, cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT, and sold him in four months for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE, Hotel Keeper, St. Phillips, Que., Nov. 1st, 1901.

Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth.

Children Cry for CASTORIA

Magnificent promises always to be suspected.

Children Cry for CASTORIA

Literature is the Thought of thinking souls.

Children Cry for CASTORIA

Meet Me at Somerville's
For a Glass of
Ice Cream and Soda Water
Known as the Best in Town.

Pure, rich Ice Cream, made by the most perfect apparatus in absolutely clean rooms. Refreshing, foaming Soda Water with exquisite Fruit Flavors.

Somerville's
Restaurant and Lunch Rooms
King St. Phone 36

Lime, Cement

—and—

Cut Stone

We keep the best in stock at right prices.

JOHN H. OLDERSHAW
Thames Street, Next Police Station

Have You Seen Our Men Talking

Gram-o-phone

It is the greatest wonder of the 19th century. Also I just received two crates of

New Records

the finest ever produced, they can only be had at the sign of the Big Clock.

A. A. Jordan's
Jewelry Store

Increase Your Business

By having EFFICIENT TELEPHONE FACILITIES. We will quote you rates on a Private-Branch Exchange System in your Office, Warehouse or Factory.

The Bell Telephone Co., Of Canada.

Posts, Shingles, Barn Lumber, Building Materials

always on hand in large quantities at the yards of

The Blonde Lumber & Manufacturing Co., Limited,
Lumber Dealers and Builders

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The Chatham Loan & Savings Co

Capital \$1,000,000

Money to Lend on Mortgages. Borrowers wishing to erect buildings, purchase property or pay off incumbrances should apply personally and save expenses. Secure best interest and other advantages. Money advanced on day of application. All letters promptly answered. Telephone connection.

S. F. GARDINER
Manager.

Sewer Pipe Cements and Lime

At Lowest Prices.

J. & J. Oldershaw
KING STREET WEST,
Opp. Piggott's Lumber Yard, Chatham

Money to Loan on Mortgages at 4% and 5 per Cent.

FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.

Frame house, two stories, 12 rooms, Lot 50 ft. front by 115 deep, \$1,000. Brick house, two stories, 7 rooms, Lot 40 feet front, by 208 feet deep, \$1,100.00.

Frame house, 10 rooms and summer kitchen, Lot 60 ft. by 104 ft., \$800.00. Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen, Lot 60 ft. by 208 feet, good stable, \$1,100.00.

Two vacant lots, each 60 feet front by 104 feet.

House, 8 rooms, Lot 60 feet by 208 feet, \$1,000.

Farm in Howard, 32 1/2 acres, house, stable and orchard, \$1,000.

Farm in Chatham Township, 110 acres. All cleared. Good house, barn, stables and sheds, \$5,700.00. Will trade for 25 or 50 acre farm, part payment.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 50 acres. All cleared. Good houses and barn, \$3,700.

Farm in Township of Chatham, 98 acres. All cleared house, barn, stables, large barn, stable, granary and drive house and other buildings, \$7,500.

Farm in Township of Chatham, 50 acres. All cleared. Good house, and barn, \$2,500.

Valuable suburban residence, 11 rooms, with 11 acres of land. Good stable, \$3,500.

Apply to

W. F. SMITH, Barrister.

Gibson

Finishes all his work on absolutely permanent paper which is of the highest Art value.

Studio 29 King St.

Toronto Exhibition

Monday, Sept. 1st, to Saturday, Sept. 13th, 1922

NEW BUILDINGS NEW FEATURES NEW EXHIBITS

\$25,000 for PREMIUMS \$30,000 for ATTRACTIONS

Brilliant \$20,000 spectacle

All the Resources of Our Glorious Country

THE PEOPLE'S PRIDE THE PEOPLE'S HOLIDAY

Reduced Rates on every line of travel. Consult your station agent regarding fare to Toronto and back.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

One Sunday Horse.

A correspondent writing from Germany says one sees there many wagons designed for two horses, but drawn by but one. It gives the vehicle the appearance of being cut on the bias. "I inquired once why they did not have two horses, or else use shafts, and was charmed to learn that as keep-log two horses was naturally more expensive people generally drove but one during the week and rented another horse on Sunday, when the entire family could drive out in style. It was a touching thought to keep the Sunday horse's place for him all week, but reminded one sadly of the vacant chair."

Catarrhal Poisons and Their Remedy

The poisonous secretions from Catarrh are dangerous because they affect the stomach and bowels, giving rise to an unhealthy condition of these organs. Catarrh is the source of much ill health and was considered practically incurable until it was demonstrated to the satisfaction of the medical profession that by the use of Catarrhoxone any case of nasal or throat trouble can be permanently and quickly cured. Catarrhoxone by this unusual merit has enlisted the support and endorsement of the most prominent medical authorities, who freely state that any one giving it a trial is sure to receive permanent benefit. Sold for \$1. Small size 25c. At Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Out on a Foul.

"You have asked me to be your wife," remarked the wealthy "maiden lady." "Before I answer you please let me one thing. Are you in favor of woman suffrage?"

"I am," he answered, thinking thus to win her.

"Then I cannot be yours," she said. "My husband must regard me not as his equal, but as a tender child whom he has taken to love and to cherish."

A True Nervine

acts not so much upon the nerves themselves, as upon the digestive functions, and the abundant formation of rich red blood. The nerves cannot be fed on medicine. They can be fed and strengthened by digested and assimilated food. Ferrozone's marvelous action arises from its power over the digestive and assimilative functions of the body. You take it, the blood grows richer, redder. You feel strength and vigor, digestion ceases to be noticed, for it has become good. Work is easier, for you have the strength to do it. In a short time you have health. Use Ferrozone. Sold by McCall & Co., Druggists, Chatham.

Birds' Eggs Too Much For Science.

It is not often that science acknowledges herself at fault in an apparently simple matter, but she frankly does so in regard to the color and marking of a large proportion of birds' eggs. A reason there must be for their infinite diversity; it cannot be an aesthetic one, and all we can say with any confidence is that the ever pervading instinct of distrust is probably exhibited in eggshells as in more important things, and the main idea of their scheme of coloration has been the securing of safety from many enemies by harmonizing them with their surroundings. But it is a scheme full of perplexing exceptions, which any one can study for himself.

Weak Back and Spinal Pains

Pains in the back number their victims in thousands. Only very powerful and penetrating remedies will reach these distressing complaints, but Polson's Nervine is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure. Rub Nervine over the sore parts night and morning, and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 25c.

Some people would much rather talk about hard times than go to work.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Dr. H. H. H. H.

Some people turn the lamp of Christian living down so low that it only smokes and smells badly.

Children Cry for CASTORIA

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.