

MEDICAL.
L. E. CURI,
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
 SPECIALIST IN CHRONIC
 DISEASES;
 Examination Free. Office, Sixth street
 opposite Fire Hall. Hours—8 to 10
 a.m., 1 to 5 p.m., 7 to 8 p.m.

DR. OVENS
OF LONDON
 Surgeon, Oculist and Specialist Eye
 Ear, Nose and Throat
 Will be at Chatham on SATUR-
 DAY, Sept. 26, Oct. 24, Nov. 28,
 Dec. 26. Glasses properly fitted.
 Office at Radley's drug store.

MUSICAL.
Miss Flossie Bogart,
 Organist of Christ Church, pupil of Mr.
 J. W. Seyler, Detroit, will resume her
 classes Monday, Sept. 27th. Pupils will
 kindly call and arrange lesson hours at
 once. For terms, etc., apply at residence
 86 Cross Street.

Miss Ada F. Ross
 Contralto Soloist, St.
 Andrew's Church.
 TEACHER OF SINGING.
 Studio over O'Keefe & Co.
 & Drew's Office. Concert engage-
 ments accepted.

EDNA M. MARTIN
 MEZZO-CONTRALTO,
 Soloist First Presbyterian Church,
 pupil of Madame Julie Wyman,
 New York, and for past two years
 pupil of A. B. Cheney, Boston, will
 accept a limited number of pupils
 in Voice Culture. Studio over Mc-
 Call's Drug Store, King Street.
 Residence, Lacroix St., Chatham.
 Concert engagements accepted.

MISS EDYTHE HILL,
 Leader and Soloist of Park St.
 Methodist Church,
 Gold Medalist, Ontario Ladies'
 College, Honor Graduate Toron-
 to Conservatory of Music, and
 who studied singing for a year
 and a half abroad, will begin her
 term Monday, Sept. 14th, in her
 new studio over Sheldrick's.

DENTAL.
A. A. BICKS, 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, Toronto. Office over Turn-
 er's drug store, 28 Rutherford
 Block.

LODGES.
WELLINGTON Lodge,
 No. 45, A. F. & A. M.
 G. R. C., meets on the
 first Monday of every
 month, in the Masonic
 Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30
 p.m. Visiting brethren
 heartily welcomed.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.
F. D. LAURIE, W. M.

LEGAL.
J. B. RANKIN, K. C.—Barrister, No-
tary Public, etc., Victoria Block,
Chatham.
W. F. SMITH—Barrister, Solicitor,
 etc., Office, King Street, west of
 the Market. Money to loan on
 Mortgages.
J. B. O'FLYNN—Barrister, Solicitor,
 etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public.
 Office, King Street, opposite Mar-
 chants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

SMITH & GOSNELL—Barristers, So-
licitors, etc., Harrison Hall, Chat-
ham. Herbert D. Smith, County
Crown Attorney; R. L. Gosnell.
WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—Barris-
ters, Solicitors of the Supreme
 Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money
 to loan on Mortgages, at lowest
 rates. Offices, Fifth Street. Mat-
 thew Wilson, K. C., W. E. Gundy
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HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE—Barris-
ters, Solicitors, Conveyancers, No-
taries Public, etc. Private funds to
 loan at lowest current rates. Office,
 upstairs in Sheldrick Block, oppo-
 site H. Macdonald's store, M.
 Houston, Fred. Stone, W. W. Scane.

BANK OF MONTREAL
 ESTABLISHED 1817.
 Capital: (all paid up) \$13,379,240
 Reserves 9,000,000
 Drafts bought and sold. Collec-
 tions made on favorable terms. In-
 terest allowed on deposits at current
 rates in Savings Bank department, or
 on demand receipts.
DOUGLASS GLASS,
 Manager Chatham Branch.

STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
 HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
 Branches and agents at all prin-
 cipal points in Canada, U. S. and Great
 Britain. Drafts issued and notes dis-
 counted. Savings Bank Department
 deposits (which may be withdrawn
 at any time) received and interest
 allowed thereon at the highest cur-
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G. P. SCHOLFIELD,
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Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy
 to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
 FOR DIZZINESS.
 FOR BILIOUSNESS.
 FOR TORPID LIVER.
 FOR CONSTIPATION.
 FOR SALLLOW SKIN.
 FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. No Harmful Ingredients.

CHIEF SICK HEADACHE.

Hugging an Illusion.

The newspaper editors and very special correspondents who have lately been discussing Papal possibilities with such owlish gravity, must have felt rather cheap when the news came that Giuseppe Sarto, whom they had never even heard of, had been elected as the two hundred and sixty-fourth Pope, under the name of Pius the Tenth—a name, by the way, ended with no particular odor of sanctity by its last Papal possessor. But the new Pius seems to be a man of character. "Cautious," "relig-ious," "mild-mannered," "pious," "a country mouse," "quiet," "kind-hearted," "liberal," "timid"—these are some of the epithets applied to the late Patriarch of Venice and new Pope of Rome. The same authorities, however, deny him political shrewdness, diplomatic craft, and executive ability. They predict that he will be not a statesmanly but a "religious" Pontiff.

All interest at this time, of course, centers on the policy of Pius with reference to the Italian Government. It is already clear that it will differ in no vital particular from that of Leo the Thirteenth. The new Pontiff is even quoted as saying significantly: "My first pleasure will be to explore the gardens which I have found in this little world. Heigh ho! How I shall miss my long country tramps—and the sea!" This, if authentic, shows plainly enough that Pius, like Leo, will be a prisoner in the Vatican. Doubtless, however, as the despatches indicate, his personal liking for the King and Queen, especially the latter, will make the relations between Quirinal and Vatican smoother and more amicable than heretofore.

It is not an altogether admirable policy this, that the Pope is about to continue in the twentieth century. He himself cuts not a very dignified figure. He is "an alien and an enemy in the modern Catholic country of Europe." A play monarch in a toy monarchy, playing at ruling a few score soldiers and servants—a man of supposed intelligence, shutting his eyes to fact, and hugging fast an illusion—deaf to common sense, but with ears open to moss-grown tradition—mediatorial in the midst of modernity—nursing a grievance, and longing for the impossible—such is the Pontiff Maximus, scarcely more impressive than that noble person named Fitz-James, who lays claim to the throne of England as a lineal descendant of the Young Pretender. The temporal power of the Pope can never be won back; should Italy cede back the Papal States, the Pope could not rule them; they were ill-ruling when they were his. Yet the moldering institution of Papal sovereignty clings desperately to the last vestige of its vanished power, ever hoping, denying, as it were, the sun at noon—"Argonaut."

DEMONS OF INDIGESTION.

Dyspepsia and Other
 Stomach Disorders
 The Cause of
 Endless Misery.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets—
 nature's wonderful remedy—speedily re-
 lieve and permanently cure Wind on
 the Stomach, Sour Stomach, Belching
 up of Foul Gases, Nausea, Vomiting,
 Loss of Appetite, Nervousness and
 all symptoms of Dyspepsia and Indi-
 gestion. Relieve at once—cure positively.
 Geo. Sunderland, a prominent business
 man of Welland, Ont., says: "After suf-
 fering for over three years with a most
 distressing case of Dyspepsia, and try-
 ing innumerable remedies without ob-
 taining any relief, my druggist persuaded
 me to try a box of Dr. Von Stan's Pine-
 apple Tablets. I was soon entirely re-
 stored to health. I am certain they will
 cure the disease in any stage whatever."

Torturing Aches and Pains.
 Rheumatism is caused by an acid
 poison in the blood, and until it is elim-
 inated and the blood purified, the body
 will continue to be racked by aches and
 pains. The South American Rheu-
 matic Cure neutralizes the acid. Cures
 Rheumatism in one to three days to stay
 cured. No. 33

Sold by Messrs. Gunn and McLaren,
 Druggists, Chatham.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physi-
 cians.

THE DOCTOR'S LARGEST FEE.

A Tale of a Rural Practitioner.

Th

E doctor was a good doctor—too good for Bancroft, it was sometimes said—but his wife asserted that, how-
 ever able he might be in other ways, he was no financier. He kept no books, and in payment for his services was willing to accept, in lieu of cash fees, anything that his patients might be inclined to offer.

Sometimes this proved a convenient arrangement; more often, however, it was not, for the village people soon learned that it was only too easy to impose upon the kind-hearted, gentle old doctor. They loved him, of course—they could not help doing that—but appar-
 ently the village conscience slept when it came to settling with the easy-going physician.

There were those who said that the reason he submitted so tamely to being underpaid was because he feared to risk making his patients ill again by demand-
 ing larger fees. The truth of the matter was, however, that the overmodest doctor undervalued his own worth.

But, James, would re-
 monstrate, "it's all very well to take it out in potatoes, but you know just as well as I do that Timothy Peck always
 sells his best potatoes, and brings us only the little undersized ones that no-
 body would touch. Those large ones weren't bigger than marbles. You must stand up for your rights."

But the doctor, apparently unmoved by these protests, continued to accept his patients' excuses along with their offerings of wormy apples, bread that was full of knots, eggs that were more than doubtful, and milk that was guilt-
 less of cream. The Bronsons were ever short of ready money, but all their other wants were, in a measure, supplied, if not always to the measure, by the satisfac-
 tion.

"I really need a new horse," said the doctor one morning, as he stepped into his shabby buggy to make his usual round of visits. "The old one is pretty sure to give out before the summer is over."

The "old," which was a colt only by courtesy, being twenty-two years of age and old for his years, certainly looked as if he might give out at any moment. He limped slightly, he was blind in one eye, and something was wrong with his breathing apparatus. His owner drove him with the utmost tenderness, but it was plain that the doctor needed a new horse, and that without delay.

"Here's a letter for you, father!" called Cleely, the Bronsons' only daughter, as the doctor turned in at the gate that noon. "I'll put it at your place at the table, so you can read it while you are eating the beans that Mrs. Plaker Sam is giving you for setting Johnny's leg."

"Now really," said the doctor, when he had read the letter, "this is very fortunate. I've tried all the spring not to wish that Sam Peters would fall ill, but it's been a great temptation for me to be the only person I could think of that would be likely to pay him with a horse. But it seems, my dears, that Sam was not my only dependence, after all. This note is from a man who has seen me, and he says he has no cash to pay what he owes me, so he is sending me a driving horse—a nice, quiet horse, he says."

"A quiet horse? Humph!" said Mrs. Bronson, with mild sarcasm. "He prob-
 ably means that the horse is dead. You'd better see what you're getting before you make any bargain with him."

"I'm afraid," said the doctor, apolo-
 getically, "that it is too late for that. The man is already on his way to New York, and the horse is to be deliv-
 ered to-day. Now what did that man's wife tell me about that horse? Really, it seems so long ago that I have forgotten, but that the man was in the city, and some sort of business—I forget just what—and when his employer failed—or the concern broke up—this man's wages were paid in horses. Yes, that was it, in horses. His wife, a pretty little woman, was ill for months, eight months, the carp road at a farmhouse near Clevery—the busi-
 ness went to pieces at Clevery—and those people seem to think that the woman owes her life to me."

"I guess they think right, too," said Cleely, who approved of her father with all her sixteen-year-old soul. "Isn't she the person that you sat up with for six consecutive nights when she had pneu-
 monia? You deserve a dozen horses as a reward for all the beautiful, unselfish things you do."

The doctor smiled gratefully at this tribute. For all the years of his married life he had cherished a mild ambition to show Mrs. Bronson that he was really a better financier than she was.

No one suspected it—Mrs. Bronson least of all—but the unappreciated doctor was exceedingly sensitive over his repeated failures in the matter of fees, and he longed after a very human fashion to show his family that he was at least capable of a business man as a physician.

The opportunity, however, seemed slow in coming. While everyone admitted his medical skill, there seemed to be grave doubts concerning his executive abilities. All through the spring each bargain had proved worse than the preceding one.

Before the doctor had finished his meal the horse arrived, and was tethered to the hitching-post outside the gate. Im-
 petuous Cleely rushed out at once to make his acquaintance. At sight of him, however, the girl stared in amazement.

"Oh!" she gasped, gazing at the doctor's latest fee. "That man said he was quiet, but he certainly doesn't look it. Why, positively, he is quite the loudest-looking horse I ever saw."

Cleely was right. However mild the horse might prove in disposition, he was anything but quiet in appearance. His cream-colored surface was irregularly marked with large reddish-brown blotches, his left side resembled a map of the eastern hemisphere, and a brownish patch on his hind countenance, shaped not unlike the arms of Russia, gave his face a curiously distorted expression. He was certainly not a prepossessing horse, and it was not surprising that Mrs. Bronson regarded him with consterna-
 tion when she, too, joined the little group at the gate.

"James," said she, in an accusing voice—"It was some moments before she could summon a voice of any sort—'was that man's late employer by any chance the proprietor of the circus that disbanded in Clevery last year?'"

"Now you mention it, my dear," said the doctor, mildly, "I recall that that is exactly who he was. The man succeeded in selling one of his horses, and it seems

to me he said he could get a good price for the one if he could only bring it to the right market. He said in his note that his wife was anxious to get home to her own people, and that he didn't see his way clear to selling the horse. No one in Clevery seemed to care to buy the animal."

"I'm not surprised," said Mrs. Bronson. "His looks are decidedly against him."

"Still," said Cleely, whose darkest cloud always had its silver lining, "he is much better than a lion or a hyena. Suppose that this scrobbled and his wife had been obliged to take their pay in monkeys or giraffes or bo-constrictors! Where would the poor Bronsons have been then? I think we've had a fortunate escape."

The horse, except for a few peculiari-
 ties, proved an excellent animal. He was gentle and tractable, a good traveler, and he seemed to be possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. The townspeople soon became accustomed to the gorgeously-plumed and caparisoned horse, and the Bronsons would have forgotten that he had once been a circus horse had it not been for a certain singular trick which he frequently played.

If he happened to happen to twitch the reins in a certain way, the horse, whose name was Aladdin, would suddenly stop short wherever he happened to be, and regardless of both harness and conse-
 quences, would seat himself on his haunches, with his forefeet still resting on the ground.

Nothing that the doctor could say or do would induce his colico steed to rise. Aladdin would turn his head and look back at the doctor, as if imploring him for permission to stand on all fours; but the bewildered doctor was powerless to help him.

At last, when the horse could no longer endure his cramped and uncomfortable attitude, he would cast a final reproach-
 ful glance at his puzzled master, and, as if abandoning all hope from that quar-
 ter, would scramble to his feet and proceed on his way like any ordinary horse. The doctor was then obliged to use a patent harness without breeching.

Aladdin's only other reprehensible trait was his custom of dancing to the music of the Clevery band. Whenever the doc-
 tor's business took him to Clevery, he found it expedient to give the band a trial of Aladdin's walking habits, to be sure, but he was often obliged to dismount and dance with the band.

By his chances, it happened to be a gala day, the doctor would turn Aladdin out to grass, and would drive the ancient colt; for a summer of idleness had much improved that misnamed animal.

County fair week was approaching, and the usual the Bronsons were short of ready money, Cleely, with her elbows on the table, spent several evenings over calculations in domestic economy for her autumn wardrobe was in need of replen-
 ishing. She had little time for embroidery, and the only thing she had ever painted was, as she said laughingly, the front fence.

"No," she said, "I'm afraid this family doesn't boast a single exhibitable pos-
 session, unless— Father!"

ing up hastily from his book.

"Could you possibly get along with nothing but the colt to drive all next week?"

"I suspect I shall have to," returned the doctor. "The brass bands in the county are coming for the fair. Alad-
 din dances pretty well for a horse, but it's hard on the buggy."

"Then," said Cleely, giving her father's hand an enthusiastic squeeze, "if you don't mind we'll exhibit him at the fair prizes in the horse department. I'm sure there isn't a more noticeable horse in his being overlooked."

Aladdin did indeed attract much atten-
 tion at the fair. To be sure, the judges were rather inclined at first to scoff at him because of his gaudy exterior; but partly because there was very little com-
 petition, and partly because he possessed certain points not appreciated by the careless observer, he was finally awarded a second prize.

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Bronson, when she heard of it, "that we have one finan-
 cial success in the family."

Before the week was over, however, even Mrs. Bronson was willing to admit that the family contained two. The three Bronsons spent Friday afternoon at the fair, and got out of all to visit their suc-
 cessful exhibit. Even with his scarlet ribbon, Aladdin looked far from satis-
 fying; but Cleely felt the crisp pink pre-
 mium cheque in her pocket, and swelled with pride.

"This is your horse?" asked a man, stepping up and touching his cap respect-
 fully.

"Yes," said Cleely, who was for the moment alone. "At least, it's my father's."

"I believe I'm acquainted with that horse," said the man, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. "Used to know him real well—lived with him, in fact. I wouldn't be surprised if I could prove it."

A stunted tree grew opposite Aladdin's stall. The man stepped up to it, broke off a switch and stripped it of its leaves.

He touched the ex-circus horse lightly on the nose with the slender switch. Aladdin instantly seated himself on the ground and looked expectantly at the man. Again the switch touched the in-
 telligent animal, this time on the nose. Up came a hoof, and the man "shook hands" with the horse.

"Throw a kiss to the ladies," said the man, touching Aladdin's nose with his hoof, and flung an equine kiss to the de-
 lighted bystanders.

"Up," said the man, with another light touch on the switch.

Aladdin, with an expression of positive gratitude, scrambled to his feet.

"Well, I declare!" said the doctor. "I've sat for half an hour at the stretch sitting in the road. I'd have saved hours if I'd just been able to guess what he expected of me. I've felt all these months as if I were a terrible disappointment to him, but I couldn't make out what he wanted me to do."

"Years ago, when I and this horse were in the circus business together, he was con-
 sidered one of the brightest horses in the country. If you'll sell him, I'll give you eight hundred dollars for him—mind you, I'm not saying that he's worth more. I'm not in the circus business any longer, but I happen to know where I can sell this animal and get my own price for him, and my business takes me right to that place next week. Maybe he isn't handsome, but he's got brains, this horse has."

"For my part," said Mrs. Bronson, as

the family rode home behind the reju-
 venated colt, "I don't know but what Aladdin under makes up for all those underized potatoes."

At this handsome admission the doctor fairly beamed over his spectacles. In-
 deed, so pleased was he with his one good bargain that from that moment he felt a positive pang when the time came for him to part with that bargain, even though he received in exchange his first adequate fee—"Youth's Companion."

Smoking in Spain.

Can there be any connection between the marked degeneration of Spain and the abuse of tobacco in that country? People there smoke incessantly, under all conditions, at all hours, and in all places—excepting in church. Men smoke in the railway carriages; they smoke in all the tramcars; they smoke in all the minor theaters; they smoke in all the restaurants; in the hotel dining-rooms, and, of course, in the cafes. In business offices the railway officials the clerks in shops the shopman, while trying to sell goods to a lady, will stop to roll a cigarette, which, when lighted, he will puff in her face.

You see conductors and drivers of tramcars smoking. All the cabmen smoke all the time, while even coachmen and footmen of private carriages sometimes smoke on the box. I have seen (says Jerome A. Hart) priests smoking as they crossed the cathedral yard to begin ser-
 vice, and I have seen star boys standing in their surplices at the cathedral door, between responses, to smoke a cigarette. Beggars approach you, cigarette in mouth, to whine for alms. If you ask for tickets at a railway office the clerks lay down his cigarette as he hands you the dingy bits of pasteboard. The innumerable peddlers smoke cigarettes all the time.

I have seen no women of the better class smoking cigarettes in public; they may smoke, but if I suppose they do it at home. The lower-class women, including the gypsy women, smoke freely in the streets. If the cigarette habit is universal in Spain so are its sequelae. On every hand you hear the deep, hack-
 ing, pulmonary cigarette cough. Tubercu-
 losis is rife in Spain, and while the doctors say (but what will not the doctors say?) that excessive tobacco, qua to-
 bacco, has nothing to do with tubercu-
 losis, they admit that "excessive tobacco brings about a condition of diathesis con-
 stituting a favorable nidus for the growth of the bacillus of tuberculosis."

In Praise of the Dog.

United States Senator Vest once paid this eloquent tribute to a dog in a suit brought against a farmer who shot his neighbor's faithful hound in malice: "The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true, even in death." On the strength of this speech, it is said, the jury was so moved that it awarded the plaintiff a verdict of five hundred dollars.

A Story about Du Chailin.

He was a little man of great good humor, says the London "Daily Mail," but of very quick temper, and used to relate with satisfaction his first encounter with the late Duke of Argyll. When the skeleton of the first gorilla ever brought to Europe was on show in London the public were admitted on presentation of cards. The Duke wrote to Du Chailin that on such and such a day "the Duke of Argyll proposed to visit the gorilla."

Du Chailin at once wrote back that the gorilla was to be seen every day between certain hours, and that if the Duke of Argyll presented his card he would not doubt be admitted like the rest of the public.

Order Early.
 A United States undertaker ad-
 vertises: "Why live and be miserable, when you can be comfortably buried for twenty dollars!" We shall expect something of the kind over here soon. Don't be surprised when you take up your morning paper if you read this sort of thing: "Billy Morgan looked down the barrel of his daddy's gun to see where the bullet went to when it went off. The fu-
 neral was handsomely conducted by Smith & Co., who have always a large staff on hand, and are open to bury the whole neighborhood at twenty-four hours' notice. A pound of tea given away with every coffin. Order early to avoid disappointment!"

He was Useful.

"Do you think your sister likes to have me come here, Jamey?"
 "You bet. You take her to the the-
 ater and bring her candles."
 "I'm glad I can make her happy."
 "Yes," said the young fellow she's en-
 gaged to don't mind, either, for it saves him that much money toward go-
 ing to housekeeping."—"Pick-Me-Up."

A Satisfactory Reason.

First picket—What's this strike about, anyway—more pay, less work? What's it for, Second picket—Nah! The boss didn't let his hat off or take his eyes outen his mouth when he was walking de-
 gate went in for his hat—"Tada."

Cause and Effect

When you feel unnaturally chilly;
 When your back aches with a dull pain;
 When your bowels are inactive, or when the
 kidney secretions are not normal;
 When you have puffiness under the eyes or in
 the ankles or wrists;
 When flying pains bother you;

You Need
Bu-Ju

The standard kidney regulator and tonic. It is more than probable your kidneys are affected. You must have them restored to healthful action or your ills will increase. Bu-Ju will do this for you as no other agent can. A trial will convince.

The Cluff Chemical Co.
 NEW YORK, N. Y., AND
 WINDSOR, ONT.

At all druggists
 box of 50 pills
 50 cents

REFUSE
 SUBSTITUTES

All in two stores have been put into one store.
 Our Premises Enlarged, and when you
 want the celebrated

Perrin Sulky Plow, Guns and Ammunition,

or anything in the sporting line, you can get it all together in the one store. Do not pay the high prices you have been paying but go to A. H. Patterson, for he can

SAVE YOUR MONEY.

Remember the place, 3 doors East of the Market, King St., Chatham, where the two stores are in one.

A. H. Patterson,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Hardware

It is a matter of common
 repute that

H. McDONALD & CO.

—SELL THE—

...Cheapest and Best Carpets...

As Proof of this Notice the following Values

UNION CARPETS in lasting colors. Price per yard, 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c.

WOOL CARPET of the best wearing qualities. Price per yard, 60c, 70c, 80c, and 90c.

TAPESTRY CARPET in new designs and good colors. Price per yard, 30c, 40c, 50c, 65c and 70c.

BRUSSELS CARPETS in Oriental and Floral Designs. Price per