



## Good Looks

"PROGRESS BRAND" Clothing not only looks good. It makes men, who wear it, look good.

This label is a voucher for faultless quality.

**C. AUSTIN & CO.**

## DISTRICT

FLORENCE.

Our town is warmed up on the electric railroad question.

Geo. Miller, of Port Huron, was in town a few days last week.

Mr. James McIntyre spent Sunday with relatives at Wardsville.

Rev. Mr. McLean, of Chatham, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit last Sunday morning.

Miss Lillian Hughes, of Chatham, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. Mills during the past two weeks.

Mr. Alex. Webster and wife visited at Botany and Ridgeway Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. D. Corbett made a business trip to Ridgeway Saturday last.

The Methodist congregation are holding special prayer services every evening. Rev. Messrs. Sawyer and Doan are the officiating ministers.

Mr. W. Reeder and daughter Lila, of Selton, visited friends in this vicinity last week.

Rev. Mr. Farmer, of Chicago, has been called to the bedside of his father, who is lying very ill.

Mrs. R. Thompson has gone to Windsor to visit her daughter, Mrs. Hillman. While there she will have the X rays put on her hand to locate a needle.

The members of the Baptist congregation met in the vestry of their church Friday evening, when they pleasantly surprised Miss Walker, the occasion being her seventeenth birthday. She was presented with a beautiful music satchel and an address as a token of the high esteem in which she is held and as an appreciation of her services as organist during the past two years. Refreshments were served and a short program rendered.

## AT THE FIRST SIGN OF "SPRING FEVER" you should take ABBEY'S SALT.

It is the only spring tonic used in thousands of homes to purify and enrich the blood—relieve that feeling of languor—and revitalize brain and body. Highly recommended by the medical profession. 25c and 60c.

A morning glass puts the whole system in trim for the day.

# Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

DARRELL.

The warehouse at Darrell had a narrow escape from being burned one day last week. Some fire had been left in the engine and a spark escaped and set fire to the roof which covered the engine. J. McIsaac, the proprietor, was just getting on the train to go to Chatham when he noticed the fire; so he had to let the train go without him. He got help and soon had the fire out.

Miss Mary Edwards, from Bethel, has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. McIsaac.

L. Gregory has been laid up for

about a week. He was carrying a bag of corn, when he tripped over a stick, wrenching his back. We hope he will be well before the football season opens.

W. McNeillage, of Darrell, will ship a carload of cattle from Chatham Centre next week.

Last Sunday Mrs. Workman, who is en route to South Africa, where she expects to engage in missionary work, assisted in the services at French's Church, giving a short talk on the necessity of other work.

The mud is so deep around here that there is danger of people taking root.

## WHY CAN'T I EAT LIKE OTHER MEN DO?

WHY?—BECAUSE YOU'RE A SLAVE TO DYSPEPSIA—INDIGESTION—OR OTHER STOMACH DERANGEMENTS THAT ONLY CAN BE REACHED AND CURED BY SUCH A TRIED AND TRUE REMEDY AS

## Dr. Von Stan's Pine-apple Tablets

RELIEF IN ONE DAY

Ask half the men or women who have stomach troubles, why it is so and they will tell you that they have to live in such a constant hurry that they have no time to keep well,—if the great army of stomach troubled people would take Dr. Von Stan's Pine-apple Tablets as a traveling companion, from a health stand point, life would be all sunshine,—they are a veritable vest pocket doctor,—they act directly on the digestive organs,—a

55 cents a box at all Druggists and Medicine Dealers.

DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE GIVES RELIEF IN 30 MINUTES

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER gives relief in 10 minutes

SOLD BY W. W. TURNER AND C. H. GUNN AND CO.

## REMEMBER--

At BAXTER'S Floral Emporium can be seen during Easter week the finest display of Lilies, Lily of the Valley, Violets, Roses, Carnations, Tulips, Daffodils, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Spirea, Asparagus, Phloxes, Springers, Boston Ferns and the great English Pelargonium.

LILIES! LILIES! LILIES!

Orders left at Heyward's for Easter Flowers will receive prompt attention.

**C. W. BAXTER,**

Phone 370 FLOREST

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All Diseases Successfully Treated by Osteopathy, Chiropractic and Psychotherapy. Particular attention given to nervous and mental troubles with both men and women. Consultation Free.

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Proprietor Chatham Iron and Metal Yards

(Magnolia Hotel, near G.T.R. Station) CHATHAM, ONT.

Highest prices paid for Scrap Iron, Metal and Rubber. Phone 503

## A Gentlemanly Robber

By C. B. LEWIS

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Miss Lucy Davis, twenty years old and the daughter of a widow, was assistant bookkeeper and assistant cashier of the Flint woolen mills in the suburbs of a certain western city. It was one of the duties of the cashier to go to the bank in the city every Saturday forenoon and draw an amount sufficient to pay the wages of the employees, and he had never met with any adventure in so doing. One was coming, however.

There came a day when a stranger recognized him and tried to possess himself of the \$2,500. He went over the ground from the bank to the mills and laid his plans, and a week before the event he felt certain that the hoodie was his.

"Look here, Miss Davis," said the mill manager one Saturday forenoon, "I have word that Mr. Samson is sick and won't be down this morning. At 10 o'clock you will have to go to the bank in his place. You can go down on a street car and come back in a hansom."

The young lady was rather pleased and proud over the errand, and when the hour arrived she set out with never a thought that it was to be an eventful day in her life. As she boarded a car in front of the mill a good looking stranger about thirty years old got in and sat opposite her. Although she could not say that he ever glanced at her, she had several sly peeps at him and was quite favorably impressed with his appearance.

The check was promptly cashed at the bank, and with the money in her reticule the girl reached the door to find an empty carriage drawn up as if awaiting her.

"Keb, ma'am?" queried the driver, and next moment she was inside and being whirled away.

Miss Davis was so occupied with thoughts of something else that she did not notice the landmarks along the way. When the hack suddenly stopped she looked out and saw that she had not arrived at the mill. Instead of that she had arrived at a lone old house standing alone on the block, and the neighborhood was one she had never seen before.

She sprang to the ground and began to question the driver, but he wheeled and drove off without a reply, and out of the house stepped the man of the street car and raised his hat and bowed and smiled.

"Where am I? What does this mean?" asked the girl.

"If you will step inside I will explain," replied the man.

"But I shall not step inside. Why did the carriage bring me here? I shall not stay a minute."

But she did. The man stepped forward and passed an arm around her and carried her within in spite of her struggles. He seated her on a box in a bare room and smilingly said:

"Excuse me, please, but you were acting a bit foolish. You have asked several questions, and I will now proceed to answer them.

"You are in the suburbs. You were brought here to be robbed. You were detained a few hours and then set at liberty. Had the cashier gone to the bank for the money he would have been in your place. You will be held blameless in this matter, and you must see that you are also perfectly helpless. I can take the money from you. Better take a sensible view of things. How much money did you draw?"

"About \$2,000," she replied as she handed over the reticule.

"Not a fortune, but fair pay for a day's work. Now, then, you have got to endure my society for an hour or two, and I hope you will try to make the best of it."

The door had been locked. He raised a window, drew up another box and continued:

"We may as well be sociable as to sit here and sulk. Has the thought ever occurred to you that you would be a heroine some day?"

"I never expected to fall into the hands of a robber."

"It was foreseen that you were to become a heroine that way. Your story will create a sensation. The three daily papers will send reporters to interview you. They will publish your picture. They will describe the color of your hair and eyes, praise your small hands and feet, tell how cool and calm you were in facing the robber. You will be called one of the most beautiful girls in the state."

"You are impudent," said the girl, with a toss of her head.

"Then forgive me. If you are not engaged you will have a score of opportunities to become so. You will receive letters from all over the state. As a heroine you will be pointed out on the street, and the reporters will follow you home and write articles on how you eat and sleep, your old shoes, your likes and dislikes, whether pickles agree with you or give you headache. Songs may be composed and sung in your honor, and it is certain that a brand of cigars will be named after you. Fame is surely about to knock at the door."

"But I want none of it," responded Miss Davis. "I want to appeal to your better nature to give me that money and let me go. You say you are a robber, but I am sure you are also a gentleman and not without honor and sentiment."

"Yes, I am a gentleman by birth and education, and I have a fair share of sentiment, but this is a worldly matter and must be discussed from a worldly standpoint. You have read in the papers, haven't you, that the mayor of

## Significant "Nots"

A Life Insurance Company may be judged by what it DOES NOT DO as well as by what it DOES DO. As illustrating the things which



does NOT do, attention is invited to the following:

- (1) It does NOT deposit its policyholders' funds in other than chartered Canadian Banks of good standing.
- (2) It does NOT contribute to campaign funds; and it does NOT use policyholders' money for private or personal aggrandizement.
- (3) Its Head Office staff are not overpaid; they are not overpaid for the services rendered by the Company's investments, and they do NOT and NEVER did hold or use proxies.

Head Office, Waterloo, Canada

**GEO. H. REDPATH,**

GENERAL AGENT, CHATHAM

Over Bank of Commerce

Your city is accused of boodling and that an effort will be made to impeach him?"

"Yes."

"There are two aldermen under indictment and two more suspected, while a building inspector has had to leave the country to escape arrest. You knew that, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, some of them at least are gentlemen and all have more or less sentiment, but has anybody appealed to them on that score to surrender their boodles?"

"I-I guess not. But because another man commits crime you cannot be excused," replied the girl.

"That is ancient history," smiled the man. "There has been a new deal on for the last fifty years. In our haste to get rich we have put principle behind us. The motto of the average man today is, 'Get rich as fast as you can and any way you can, but don't get caught at it.' We haven't any use for the strictly honest man for many years past. He was sent to the poor-house and died there before you were born. I freely admit that because some bank president steals the funds it doesn't follow that I am licensed to rob, but it does follow that if I am to get ahead in the world I must meet men on their own ground. For instance, the Flint woolen mills are supposed to turn out woolen clothes. As a matter of fact, they are mixing cotton with their goods and deceiving the public for gain. The public must get even or get left. I am one of the public."

"All this is rank sophistry," said Miss Davis when he had finished.

"Granted, my dear, but you cannot get over the fact that I have the money."

"And you will not return it?"

"I would not deprive you of the fame that awaits you. The chances are even up that this will bring you a rich husband. I am now going to take my departure. The door will be locked behind me. Was it possible she might be stopping here for a week end? With tingling pulses he went forward. It was—it was! And he might never have known! Somehow he managed to answer properly the greetings of Ida and the men grouped about, then he turned to Miss Grannis.

He was unreasonable enough to be disappointed when the girl gave him merely a conventional smile. He felt that he was the one with the right to be angry. Ida Newlands looked sharply at them both. She knew Helen Grannis well enough to divine that something had occurred.

Now, as she saw Johnson, after a moment, turn aside, her nimble wit leaped to a sudden guess at the truth. And as she caught Johnson's flush as Sinclair came across the lawn her conviction deepened. But what could be done? In this last month Sinclair had been pushing his advantage hard. She knew that Helen was wavering. Ida did not fancy Sinclair; it was her brother who had asked him today. And she did like Johnson. With a swift inspiration she jumped to her feet.

"Let's have some tennis!" she exclaimed. "Helen, I will challenge you and Mr. Johnson to try to beat Mr. Sinclair and myself. Here's your racket," pretending not to see the girl's reluctance. It was the only way she could think of to bring them together.

Johnson could put up a strong game. He was tall, with long legs and arms that seemed to cover every corner of the court. And Helen had a clean, telling stroke. Sinclair, however, was no mean adversary. They would have to play up. But Johnson was not thinking of tennis. This was his chance. He must make the most of it before she joined that chattering group. As he brought the balls to Miss Grannis for her service he looked down at her for a moment.

"Why did you not come to the club that day?" he asked abruptly. "I waited and waited."

"Waited!" echoed the girl. "Why?"

"Ready!" interrupted Sinclair, and Helen flashed a ball over the net. Johnson's heart beginning to beat fast, tightened the grip on his racket. There had been surprise, unmistakable surprise, in Helen's eyes.

"Did you not expect me to meet you at the club?" he demanded as they changed courts.

"You lost that point," was the im-

## Miss Grannis' Decision

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

Copyright, 1905, by P. C. Eastment

It is so fatally easy for a misunderstanding to arise.

Johnson, galloping swiftly through the long lane of overarching June green, was musing somewhat bitterly upon this fact. It was over a month now since he had seen Helen Grannis, a month which had done a great deal toward quickening a spark hitherto not entirely recognized into a vivid flame. He had tried to see her, but unsuccessfully, and now his thoughts were brooding, as so often before, over that last unfortunate meeting. Was he to blame or she? Yet how could the fault be his?

Once again he went back mentally to the beginning—that day when he had telegraphed to ask if she would ride. They had often spoken of so doing, and this had been his first opportunity. The answer had been that she would be at the club at 4 o'clock. Johnson, promptness itself, cantered over from the stable at 4 precisely. There he waited. He waited until half after 4; he waited until a quarter of 5. There was no sign of Miss Grannis. At last reluctantly he rode toward the park, wondering what could have happened. The first person he met, walking her horse slowly down the main drive in the direction of the gate, was the girl herself, and with her, talking eagerly, was Ransome Sinclair, the man of all others whom Johnson most detested.

For a moment Johnson had stared, really incredulous, unable to trust his eyes.

Then, with a formal lifting of his hat, he was past, the dark red mounting to his cheek and rage in his soul. Had she forgotten the engagement, or had she deliberately thrown him over for Sinclair—Sinclair with his millions, who could give her everything?

In the sudden blackness revealed by the flash of jealousy Johnson realized for the first time how much this slender, dainty girl, with her pretty little air of staidness, meant to him.

He had hardly gone a mile before the impulse which had made him bow and pass on looked the height of ridiculousness. Of course there was some mistake. Why had he not stopped and asked? But, although he turned at once, it was too late; the two had vanished.

He had telephoned that night. Miss Grannis was out for dinner. He had called the next afternoon. Miss Grannis was not at home. He could not write, for there was nothing to say. One could not ask a lady why she had chosen to ride with another. The week after, when he tried calling, once more, the house was closed. He found that the family had departed for their country place.

Johnson was in despair, but it was not entirely a bad thing for him; it taught him a lot.

As he turned in now at the Newlands place and dropped off his horse some one moving down by the tennis court suddenly brought his heart into his mouth. Could it be she? He knew that Miss Grannis and Ida Newlands were great friends. Was it possible she might be stopping here for a week end? With tingling pulses he went forward. It was—it was! And he might never have known! Somehow he managed to answer properly the greetings of Ida and the men grouped about, then he turned to Miss Grannis.

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

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Wm. D. Wood*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

patient response. "No, of course not. I always mount at the park entrance."

"But the maid said"—persisted Johnson.

"Then the maid was mistaken. Ah, be careful," as he nearly missed a returned ball.

A strange desire not to be beaten had suddenly sprung to life in her breast. They must win this set, she and Johnson. They must not be beaten by Sinclair. She looked across the net at his red, rather heavy face. Could she marry him? Her family had hoped for it. He was a splendid match, of course—and yet—what did Harry Johnson mean by asking why she had not come to the club? She had told the maid to say that she would be at the park entrance and then to telephone the club for her horse.

"Waited there an hour," said Johnson. "And then to meet you coming out of the park—with another man! What could I think?"

"Ah!" said the girl, with a quick indrawn breath. Couldn't he have known that she was only walking her horse up and down while she waited? The meeting with Sinclair had been pure chance. She, too, had waited, growing more and more annoyed with the awkward position in which she found herself, annoyed also by Sinclair's veiled remarks upon Johnson's tardiness, his polite wonder and then to have Johnson appear, raise his hat and pass on! The girl bit her lip again at the memory.

Then suddenly as she caught the look in his eager, earnest eyes her own softened. After all, he had a bad time too. And all through that stupid Marie's having the messages confused. With an impulsive gesture she turned.

"Do play!" she exclaimed. "We must get this set."

Sinclair, rather sulky at being forced to play on a hot afternoon, had hitherto not chosen to exert himself, letting the games go to his adversaries, but now he was beginning to be interested. If they were to win, Johnson must concentrate. And Johnson, all at once infected by something in the girl's manner, straightened himself. The other side should not win a single game. Love three, love four! Sinclair, subtly aware of an unwelcome tension in the air, strove his utmost, unavailingly. Johnson, his mouth shut hard, played as though muscled with steel. Love five! Helen was breathless, her lips parted. Love six! Set!

With a great sigh, Johnson faced her. "We've won!" he whispered exultingly, just loud enough for her to hear. Helen, her eyes unfathomable, glanced for a moment across at Sinclair—Sinclair with his millions. Then, the sweetest, tenderest smile curving her mobile mouth, she lifted her face to Johnson.

"Yes," she said softly; "a love match."

## IMMENSITY OF THE HEAVENS.

A Peep Into Space That Dazzles the Liveliest Imagination.

If our sun were removed to the Pleiades it would hardly be visible in an opera glass, with which nearly 100 stars can be seen in the cluster. Sixty or seventy Pleiades surpass our sun in brilliancy. Alcyone being 1,300 times more brilliant. Electra, nearly 500 times and Maia nearly 400. "Sirius" itself takes a subordinate rank when compared with the five most brilliant members of a group, the real magnificence of which we can thus in some degree apprehend. If we seek to know the dimensions, not of the individual stars, but of the cluster itself, we are met with many difficulties, but on the assumption that it is approximately spherical in shape we can calculate its diameter to be over 40,000,000 miles, so that light would take seven years to pass from one extreme to the other. If we think of the dimensions of our solar system by themselves or in relation to terrestrial matters they appear stupendously enormous.

Neptune, the most distant known member, has an orbit over 5,000,000,000 miles across—a distance that a ray of light would travel in seven and a half hours—but the solar system is to the Pleiades but as a Lilliputian to a Brobdingnagian—is but as a microbe to a mountain, for a sphere the size of the solar system would, if it were spherical and its diameter that of the orbit of Neptune, be relatively so minute that it could be contained more than 400,000,000 times in a sphere the size of the Pleiades. In other words, the limits of the Pleiades could contain 150 solar systems as many times over as there are miles between Neptune and the sun.

It must not be forgotten that, although there are 2,300 stars in the cluster, yet with such dimensions for the entire group vast distances must separate the stars from one another. In fact, 2,300 spheres, each with a diameter of 3,000,000,000 miles, could be contained in the limits assigned to the group, and, assuming equal distribution of the stars in the group, each would be at the centre of a sphere 3,000,000,000 miles across, and therefore a light journey of 187 days from its nearest neighbor.

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