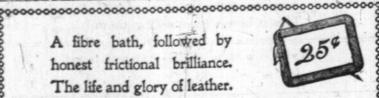


Haver to Ja an, but d unle strength and infinitely more d'ilcious It will disals e Ja an tes just as "SALADA" black is displacing all other black teas.

> A fibre bath, followed by honest frictional brilliance. The life and glory of leather.



SLATER SHOE POLISH



Black or colored leather. For Ladies, Gentlemens or Childrens Shoes.

Trudell & Tobey-The 2 T's-Sole Local Agent

S K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K K & K BLOOD POISON

poison has been eradicated from the system. At times you see alarming symptoms, but live in hopes no serious results will follow. Have you say of the following symptoms; Sore throat, tilers on the tongue or in the mouth, bair falling out, aching pains itchiness of the skin, sores of blotches or the body, eyes red and smart, dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Dou't dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Dou't rust to luck. Doa't ruin your system with the old fogy tratment—mercury and exclusive the symptoms for a time only to break out again when shappy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our NEW METEOD happy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our NEW METEOD bank bonds that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our NEW METHOD TREATMENT for over 20 years, and no return of the disease. No experiment, no risk—not a "patch up," but a yositive cure. The worst cases solicited.

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as sieel, so that nervousness bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, that nervousness bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, that nervousness bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, that nervousness that the eyes become bright, that nervousness are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The strious organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard-earned dollars. WE WILL CURE YOU OR NO PAY.

We treat and cure NERVOUS DEBILITY, SEXUAL WEAKNESS, EMISSIONS, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTULE, VARICOCELE, KIDNEY and BLADDER DISEASES, and all diseases peculiar to men and women. Cures guaranteed.

Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our Thew Method Treatment will care you. Consultation if who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge able. Books free.—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated) on Diseases of the Control of the Contr

No medicing sent C. C. D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and Cost of Treatment, FREE, for Home Cure.

The Genuine

Stransky. Enameled Ware

At Geo. Stephens & Co.'s at Cost

Don't pay full price for these goods elsewhere, when you can get them from us at cost price. We want to get rid of this make of enameled ware and for that reason will sell at cost while our stock lasts.

We have the Kettles and Tea Pots in all sizes, Milk Pans and Basins, all sizes-in fact our stock of these goods is well assorted and fresh.

Geo. Stephens & Co.

The Kent Mills Co., Limited

Have now completed the rebuilding of the Kens Mills at Chatham and Blenheim Mills at with their new Bolting System and Dust Extra tors leaving Flour so pure and even Blenheim that you will get two loaves of bread more to the Barrel, and a larger, whiter and sweeter loaf than from Flour made by any other system.

Use the Kent Mills Flour and Stevens' Breakfast Food.

The Best is the Cheapest

Wanted at Kent Mills, Chatham, first class Wheat, Beans, Oats, Corn and Barley.

The longest night has we more bug, Its evening the weariest day;
The bluest of skies will grow think
And merge into clouds of gray;
The hot, burning drought will be broken By showers of gentle rain
And the mists that the showers engender
Be dispersed by the sun again.

The warm winds that drift from the south land Will follow the icy blast That sweeps over meadow and weedland When the snowflakes fall thick and tast.

On the meadows, now brown and barren.
The daisies again will nod.
And the ripe, golden wheat will be gleaming
Where the smouthrifts lie deep on the sod.

The dawn on the darkness waits.

Through death's portal, so dark and so lonely,
We enter the heavenly gates.

Wrong shall by right, be supplanted,
And justice shall triumph yet,

And the flowers of freedom shall bourgers On the graves of our heroes blood wet.

The hearts that are aching with sorrow again shall rejoice and be glad.

The smiles of contentment and pleasure Illumine the face that is sad.

Time heals every wound, e'en the keenest, Grief fades like the mist away.

And peace floods the spirit once blighted as the sunlight makes radiant the day.

L'ENVOL. So patience, oh, love, yet have patience, Endure and be silent awhile! The darkness you walk in will vanish, And on you the bright sun will smile

The nightsthat surrounds you is fleeting.
The nightsthat surrounds you is fleeting.
Though the light in the east dawns not yet;
Be patient, oh, love, yet a little,
Be patient and do not forget!
—E. E. Sreith in Minneapolis Journal.

SIX YEARS LOST.

"What would we live on, Max?" laughed Sydney Vernon, glancing down at her elegant morning dress, with the pretty slipper just peeping from beneath its hem. "It's all very well to eschew the practicabilities of life, but they are somewhat necessary, for all that, and I have never seen any great evidence of econo my on your part, and I am quite sure you have not on mine.

Max Bayard tugged impatiently at his mustache as the girl whom a mor before he had asked to be his wife thus He had known her long enough to

learn to love her with all the strength of his great heart, to worship her beauty, to Jollow her constantly with his eyes, knowing but one wish, one hope, that she might be his.

And she fancied, net altogether wrongly, that his love had met some return. Her eyes had brightened at his coming, her voice had learned to welcome him, until he felt he must end suspense and gain some assurance; the more so that a Mr. Clayton had lately come upon the scene, a rich and chi'dless widower, who evidently looked with favor upon the belle of the watering place and whom her aunt, under whose care she was, if not the young lady herself, looked upon with favor in return.
"I have never had an incentive to econ-

omy," Max said in answer. "I have enough to live on and feed my horses, though my tailor's tell does trouble me now and then, I corf-ss; but, Sydney, I will change all that, dear. I can't perhaps give you all the duxuries to which you are accustomed, but you shall not lack for comforts, that I promise you."
"We should be miserable, Max, miser

able, both you and I." the girl answered bitterly. "We have not either of us been reared in a school of poverty. I would cry for cake, while you could only give me bread, and you for ale, while I could give you only kisses Come, be sensible, and let us be good friends." "Friends? Never:" he exclaimed. "I

am starving, and you throw me a stone. Look into my eyes, Sydney, straight and true, and say you do not love me, and I will go away and trouble you no more," The long lashes prooped low on her

"I cannot quite say that," she answered, "but I will say more. I promised last night to become Mr. Clayton's wife within six months."

Max Bayard's handsome face grew white to the very lips. A look of deadly anger, mingled with something like loathing, crept into it. Sydney shrank from it as from a blow.
"Don't, Max, don't!" she cried.

couldn't help it. I am very sorry."
"You could not help it! You are very sorry!" he repeated very slowly. "Could not help what? Toying with me for your amusement-playing fast and loose with your victim or selling yourself to the highest bidder? Which? You are very sorry for whom? For the man you led on?"

With these words he turned and left her sitting on the sands, the ocean mak-ing its low moan at her feet. "Oh, if it would come on and on and wallow me up!" she wailed in echo. "I tore him, I love him! Maxi-you are ris it; the man I propose to marry does deserve the pity. But son—oh, my love, you might have spared the your hate! I did it for the best."

Six years had passed—six years fraught

indeed with change.
"If she had been but true to herself and me," Max Bayard had thought when but a few months after the event which had driven him from his native land to had driven him from his native land to find forgetfulness in travel a letter had been put into his hand which had fol-lowed him from port to port, announcing that he had fallen heir to a fortune which might have challenged Mr. Clayton's in its magnitude.

"If only she had trusted me," he said bitterly again and again in the lonely hours of the night, despising himself that

he could not learn to hate her. A year afterward he married. His wife was very young and very lovely, but there were depths in his nature that her hand never stirred, and even as she lay with her head pillowed on his breast another haunting face would come between and mid the caressing murmur of her words would sound the echo of the "might have

But he loved her very dearly and mourned her very truly when, one short year after their marriage, he laid her away in her grave and took up the burden of life again, with the added responsibility of the tiny infant daughter she

the hours of 4 and 6 at -It was in answer to this advertisement

THE CLOTHESLINE

Led the Lightning Into the House and Killed a Man

Near Penetanguishene, Ontario -A Woman's T rible Experience in the affair.

The Clothesline

The Penetanguishene Herald gives this account of the strange way in which lightning was led into a house in Tiny with fatal effect during a recent thunder storm :-

During the thunder storm on Saturday evening, July 14th, about ten o'clock, the residence of George L'Esperance, at the top of Ladouceur's hill, in the 12th concession of the township of Tiny, was struck by lightning, and Mr. L'Esperance instantly killed. He was sleeping in bed at the time with his wife and young child. The wife was stunned and partly paralyzed, but the child escaped injury. It appears that the lightning first struck a pine tree near the house. A wire clothes line extended from this pine tree to a corner of the house, to which it was fastened by a spike driven into the wall. The lightning after striking the tree ran along the wire and pierced the wall of the house, making but a small hole, and passed through the bedroom with fatal effect. When Mrs. L'Esperance recovered from the shock sufficiently to speak, she called her husband, and getting no answer put out her hand to arouse him, when she was horrified to find that his body was already cold in death. Unable to walk from the electric shock she herself had

from the electric shock she herself had received, she crept out of bed, crawled along the floor to the place where she kept the lantern, lighted it, and on her hands and knees, through the rain and wet, set out for the nearest neighbor's Wm. Ladouceur, about half a mile. When part of the way there she had the misfortune to tumble into a water hole and put the light out. water hole and put the fight out. he managed to extricate herself, and in the inky darkness continued to grope her way, her road occasionally

illuminated by flashes of lightning, enabling her to see, but augmenting her terror. At length she reached her terror. At length she reached heighbor's, and, almost too exhausted to speak, she made them understand the terrible thing that had happened, and kind assistance was readily granted. The deceased was a farmer struggle. ed. The deceased was a farmer struggling along with a young family of five children. He bore a good character and reputation, and the poor wife is much to be pitied in her distress. In connection with this tragedy it is worth noting the coincidence that the home of William Ladouceur, to which Mes Liferographs great for which Mrs. L'Esperance crept for friendly assistance, was about a year ago also visited by lightning, and his wife and one child instantly killed.

WANTED TO BE A NUN.

Sara Bernhardt Had an Impulse That' Way I ong go.

Bernhardt's first impulse, upon leaving the convent for good, was to become a nun. St. Augustine, the patwas brought up, and whose pictures were plentiful there, had been her first love, and she was also deeply devoted to her little golden image. But fat had other things in store for Sarah. To begin with, a glover, a tanner, and : chemist successively asked her hand in marriage. The purchase of some marshmallows had instigated the pharaceutical proposal, which haughty Sarah rejected, as she had the sighs of the glover and the tanner, says Leslie's Weekly.

The Duc de Morny, a friend of her mother, then gave his opinion that Serah ought, to go upon the stage. Her mother considered her too thin and too plain, but yielded to the duke's persuasions and allowed her child to apply for admission to the Conserva-toire. The manner in which she re-The manner in which she recited the "Two Pigeons," by La Fontaine, secured her a place at once, Auber, the composer, and Regnier, the poet, were on the examining board.

Regnier predicted she would become gues that she would be a tragedienne but another one of the directors pro but another one of the directors pro-phesied a yet more alluring prospect— that she would be both. So Sarah went to work. But she did so without the least enthusiasm. She felt no call for the histrionic profession. Her likes and dislikes had not been consulted, but that warticular vocation had simbut that particular vocation had sim-ply been thrust upon her. She had been at a theatre for the first time in her life a few days before the examina-tion, when she saw "Amphitryon" at the Comedie Francaise, The piece

made her cry.
Stage life had no attraction for her Stage life had no attraction for her. During her course at the Conservatoire she often wept bitter tears and confessed to her governess a preference for painting. Every day her mother gave her the money to pay for two omnibus fares—her own and the governess,—but they walked and took whenever enough money was Sarah did not care to rub saved. shoulders with promiscuous humanity. Nor does she now.

A GOOD REPLY.

An American writer tells a good story of his college days. It relates to a negro gardener, a jolly fellow, with whom the boys used to have considerable sport. Sometimes he would floor them with a repartee. One day in spring Sambo had been burning the college green, in order to get rid of the old withered grass. A freshman

"Say, there, Sambo, you oughtn't the burn that stuff."

"Why," inquired Sambo.

"Because," replied the freshman,
"it'll make that grass as black as you

"Well, massa," retorted Sambo,
"dat's all right. Yes dat's all right.
Never you fear dat 'ere grass'il come
up and be as green as you are."

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we under-

Is not infrequently followed by a long, lenten period of enforced fasting and fleshly mortification. The cheek grows hollow, the eyes are dull and deer ringed, and the step is slow and languid. There is an "all dragged-out feeling," which makes life

an utter burden. The great funcmarriage are not usually anticipated, or the wife o avoided.

vorite Prescription is the best friend of weak and sickly women. It cures the womanly dis-eases that rob the eye of brightness and the step of lightness. It tones up the system and establishes the womanly organsound health. "Favorite Pre

neither opium, cocaine, not other nar-cotics. Accept no substitute. There is no other medicine " just as good" for weak and sickly women.

"I had been a great sufferer from female weak ness for about two years," writes Mrs. Emma Richardson, of Goss. Wayne Co., Ky., "Could not do my work part of the time. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and felt as well as I ever did."

Young married women will find a lasting friend in Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser. It contains 1008 pages and is sent free (in paper cover), or receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Cloth binding, 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Many evils in this life come from undue haste in the morning. A Roman gentleman of excellent family and large income killed himself because. as he left word, he was "tired of doing the same things." Think of the hideous monotony of morning life. stretch yourself in bed and yawn; a sense of duty drags you out, just as in earlier years a chapel bell summoned you at school to early and shivering prayers. You poke your feet into slippers. Bath, the operation of shaving, a quick decision as to the necessity of a change in underclothes or linen, then a rush into clothes, as though you'were a fireman in active service. You gobble breakfast and a newspaper, there is a wild scramble for a street car, there is suspension from a strap, and you are at the office with a dash of shaving soap close to ar ear and biscuit crumbs on your mustache. And for what?

The body is too fine a thing to be treated in haste. We know a man, and we think of him now with reverence, who snaps fingers at conventional duty. He snoozes after he has had eight or nine hours of sleep. After he has made ready his bath he lies down again to recover from the exertion. He then pu's a Scotch care on his head-association of ideas, for e drank Scotch the night before-gets into the tub, where he soaks for fifteen or twenty minutes, and reads a novel. Then in bath-robe he drinks two or three glasses of water and eats a sliced orange. He shaves himself as carefully and slowly as though he were about to be hanged. He then examines his stock of shirts, which leads him to a study of the methods pursued in a modern "American hand laundry." He chooses a cravat to suit the sky and the temperature of the day. About an hour and a half after he parted from sleep he consumes a cup of coffee and roll. Finally he saunters toward the street corner, and there he waits until he sees a car wih empty seats. Do you call him lazy? He has all e ernity before him. And we claim that this man is better prepared to meet the problems of the day than you, who are complimented when some one describes you as a hustler. It is true that if the deliberate one is working for others they may not appreciate his deliberation; they may discharge him. But this is a mere detail. Others will

gladly hire him at a princely salary. Some hotel clerk probably originated the remark, "There is always room at the top." Lions and tigers are too weak in

ang power to run more than half 1.1 1 2.1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

Cenuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must'Bear Signature of

to take began.



FOR BILLOUSBESS. FOR TORFID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION Price Purchy Vegetable. Proceeding

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A. F. & WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A.M. on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth Street, at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed. J. S. TURNER, W. M.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

THE A O. U. W. The A. O. U. JV. commends itself to advancement and progress of the best

interest of the family.

Those who believe in the normal elements of existence, the shelter of the orphan and the widow, and in the perrmance of ennobing deeds are invited to join.

VETERINARY

S. C. BOGART-Veterinary Surgeon. All diseases of domestic animals skilfully treated. Dentistry in all its branches. Firing done without scarring. Offices open day and night. Office and residence, south side of Market Square. Telephone in connection.

DR. A. McKENNEY, DENTIST, Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, also of Royal College of Dental Sur-geons of Ontario. Teeth extracted absolutely without pain. Stairway next to King, Cunningham & Drew's hardware store, King Street East.

MUSICAL

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marshall, organiste and choirmaster of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, will receive pupils in singing, voice development, piano and organ. Classes in sight singing and church psalmody. Resi-dence Park Street, directly opposite Dr. Battisby's residence.

R. Victor Carter

Musical Director, Kvause Conservatory of Music Honorary Representative Toronto College of Music

Plano and Theory Next Seasons Term com Thursday, September 4th, 1900 Musical Examinations

will be conducted at Chatham Local Centre, June 1921. Students passing same successfully will be granted Toronto College of Music Testi-monials, Certificates and Diplomas. monials, Certificates and Diplomas.

Mr. Carter has become associated with the Toronto College of Rusi) and nie spidents are afforied every opportunity to take the trest, Second and First Examinations at the yearly examinations at his ham, which will be constacted by a Brand of Examines from the Toronto College of Music.

Special attention given to students to prepare then thoroughly to compete for examination

Hon Rep. Toronto College of Music

W. F. SMITH-Barrister, Solicitor-etc., Office, King street, west of the Market. Money to loan on Mortgages.

J. B. RANKIN, Q. C. -Barrister, Notary Public, etc., New Garner block,

J. B. O'FLYNN-Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office: King street, opposite Mer-chant's Bank, Chatham, Ont.

FRASER & BELL-Barristers. Office new Garner block, Chatham.

JOHN S. FRASER.

EDWIN BELL, LL. B.

WILSON, KERR & PIKE-Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Proctors in the Maritime Court, Notaries Public, etc. Office, Fifth St., Chatham, Ont.

Money to loan on mortgage at lowes trates.
MATTHEW WILSON, Q.C., J. G. KERR, J. M. PIKE.

SCANE, HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE Parristers, Solicitors, Converancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Scane's Block, King street.

E. W. SCANE HOUSTON.
FRED. STONE W. W. SCANE

STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO,

Branches and agents at all princi-pal points in Canada, U. S. and Great Britain. Drafts issued and notes discounted. Savings Bank Department deposits (which may be withdrawn. without notice), received and interest allowed thereon at the highest current rates.
G. P. SCHOLFIELD, Manager,

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817

Capital (all paid up) \$12,000,000 Rest Fund, - 7,000,000

Brafts bought and sold. Collections made on favorable terms. Interests allowed on deposits at current rates in Savings Bank Department, or on deposit receipt receipt. posit receipts.
DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager,

TIMOTEY SEED. SEED PEAS, CORN, BARLEY AND BEANS. All kinds of GARDEN SEEDS, guaranteed new

> FLOUR AND FEED Baled Hay and Straw

Tennent & Burke

Jas. W. Carswell

ARCHITECT AND