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always on hand in
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The Blonde Lumber &
Manufacturing Co.,
Limited,
Lumber Dealers and
Builders

Mason's Supplies

We have a complete stock of Lime,
Cement, Plaster, Sewer Pipe, Fire
Brick, Cut Stone, Sand, Hair, Etc.,
of the best quality and at the
lowest possible prices—give us a
call.

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

Mrs. J. B. Kelly Has
Removed Her Stock
of

MILLINERY
AND
FANCY
Goods

To the Building Directly
Opposite
Grand Opera House,
Chatham.

Examine Critically

and you will find that
Gas Range
is the greatest labor sav-
er you can have in your
house. Saves money,
too, and all this without
any sacrifice of utility.
Come to our office. It
costs nothing to learn
about it.
**Stoves Sold
At Cost....**

...The...
Chatham Gas Co.
LIMITED.

Lime, Cement

—and—

Cut Stone

We keep the best in
stock at right
prices.

JOHN H. OLDERSHAW
Thames Street, Next
Police Station

Wanted At Once

DIRTY CLOTHES by the bundle
at
**The Chatham
Steam Laundry**
Called for and delivered. Sixth St.

CURE YOURSELF!
Use Biggs' for unsanitary
discharges, inflammation,
irritation or abscesses
of the urinary tract.
Prevents gonorrhea,
syphilis, and all other
venereal diseases.
Sold by Druggists,
or sent in plain wrapper,
by express, prepaid, for
\$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.50.
Circular sent on request.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neural-
gia.

"SQUARING THE GOVERNOR"

By COLIN S. COLLINS

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All theatrical managers have hob-
bies. It may be anything from the
choicest, prettiest chorus on Broadway
to old armor. Pyatt's hobby was
matchmaking, and it was his boast
that his stock company averaged two
weddings a season, with the manager
invariably giving away the bride.

But this season, when he was man-
aging a stock company in Denver, the
matrimonial market seemed a bit dead.
Summer was approaching without a
single wedding to the good. Still there
was hope. Eugene Rowland, the lead-
ing man, had been paying marked at-
tention to Ethel Godfrey, the ingenue,
who had come west shortly after the
holidays to replace Neil Douglas, who
could not stand Denver's rare atmos-
phere.

Pyatt was sitting at his desk, glanc-
ing over some press notices for the



"ETHEL!" HE CRIED IN AMAZEMENT,
new production which was to go under
rehearsal this very morning. When
Rowland entered abruptly and ten-
dered his resignation. Pyatt looked
worried. Rowland was a dependable
clap and had been with Pyatt two sea-
sons. No good juvenile was to be se-
cured west of Chicago. Pyatt chewed
his cigar and frowned. He was feel-
ing for the motive which prompted
the resignation, and while he thought,
Rowland left the office, formerly the
star dressing room and opening direct-
ly on the stage.

Pyatt was puzzled. Here was the
best part ever offered "the kid," to say
nothing of a chance to make love to
the very girl he was popularly sup-
posed to be wooing in real life. And
yet he had offered her two weeks' no-
tice with a finality which left no op-
portunity for argument. The solution
was nearer at hand than Pyatt dreamed.

He had just lighted a fresh cigar
when Ethel Godfrey slipped quietly
into the office. Her eyes were red
rimmed from weeping. Pyatt groaned.
Rowland had been announcing his
intention of quitting broadcast with-
out giving the resourceful manager a
chance to "fix things." His wrath
changed to amazement, however, when
Ethel spoke.

"I want to go home Saturday night.
I am tired out and I need a rest."

"Wait till after the new piece comes
out," urged Pyatt, who began to fear
his entire company had gone mad.

Then the truth came out!
"What! Stay here and be made love
to by that man Rowland! Never!"
Pyatt whistled and beat an irrele-
vant ragtime tattoo with his pencil.

This was why Rowland wanted his
part changed. A lovers' quarrel! Both
preferred sacrificing a good engage-
ment to opening the wounds afresh
twice daily by mimic lovemaking. Py-
att glanced out on the stage where the
company was assembling for rehearsal.
Rowland was chatting carelessly
with the light comedian.

The manager laid his hand soothingly
on Ethel's bowed head and said:
"If that's the trouble, I can fix things
in a jiffy. Just you wait here for a
minute."

He went out on the stage, closing the
door behind him, and made straight
for Rowland, who had not seen Ethel
enter the office.

"Gene," he said cordially, "I think
that matter you just spoke about can
be easily arranged. Suppose you step
into the office for a minute. I'll be
with you directly."

Rowland, with overcast brow and
gloomy eyes, stalked into the office,
inwardly insisting that it was the sort
of thing that never could be fixed. As
he closed the door his eyes fell upon
Ethel, still sitting with bowed head
and a moist handkerchief rolled in one
trembling hand.

"Ethel," he cried in amazement,
"what are you doing here?"
She rose with a woeful attempt at
dignity.

"I fall to see that this is any affair
of Mr. Rowland's, but since he is so
curious I have come to tender my re-
signation to take effect at once. I do
not feel that I can do myself justice
playing opposite roles to Mr. Row-
land."

"You needn't have done that," he re-
plied evenly. "I appreciated the way

you would feel and asked the governor
either to give me another part or let
me out."

"Gene, you mustn't," she burst out
impulsively. Then she checked her-
self. Surely that was not the way to
address a man whose ring she had re-
turned that very morning with an icy
note. "I mean that I can better be
spared than you. Your part is so im-
portant, and you are a favorite with
the audiences. I am new to the com-
pany and would not be missed so
much."

"Nonsense," he broke in with affect-
ed brusqueness. "You are a woman.
I can hustle for myself if I have to.
Pleasing Pyatt in this new part of
yours means a life job, and you must
not give it up. I'll join the Spooner
eastern company and—"

"But that means traveling all the
time, and you hate it, I know."

"Oh, I'm comfortable here all right,"
he responded, with a half smothered
sigh, "but you would be miserable if
I stayed, and so I'm going. No, don't
try to argue the question. You treated
me shabbily last night, but for the
sake of our old love I'll overlook it
and leave you in peace."

There was every indication that the
ingenue's blue eyes would be clouded
in tears again. She rolled her hand-
kerchief into an infinitesimal ball and
stared unblinkingly at the huge red
rose in Pyatt's rug. Then there were
two roses, then three, and finally a
great blur spread over the gaudy rug.

"Don't cry, Ethel. I'm not worth one
of those precious tears." The care-
ssing voice was dangerously near her
pretty pink ear.

"Never mind it now. What we'd better
do is to tell the governor I've taken
you back on probation. No—as he
tried to protest—"you will have to go
on probation for a whole year."

For an instant his face fell, then
lighted up. "Well," he said resignedly,
"I'll wait a year if I have to, but it
will spoil a splendid chance to square
with the governor."

She fell straight into the trap.

"What do you want to square him
for?"

He smoothed his mustache to hide a
smile.

"That's easy. The governor played
us against each other. He knew you
were in here. He told you to wait till
he fixed things for you. He sent me
here to wait until he recast the piece.
He knew very well what when we
learned of the mutual resignation act
there would be a general reconcilia-
tion. See? And he's counting on giv-
ing you away at the wedding. Now, it
would just punish him alright if we
slipped off and were married without
letting him know about it. If you put
me on probation, why, that settles ever-
evening up with him." And the scamp
sighed regretfully.

Ethel looked thoughtful.

"Do you really think he did it on pur-
pose?"

"Know it! Sure!" was Rowland's
positive reply, while his eyes danced.
Ethel laughed up into his face.

"Let's!" was all she said, but Row-
land knew what she meant.

Intended For a Compliment.

There was a family reunion at the
home of little Alice's mother. Grand-
father, grandmother, uncles, aunts and
cousins had gathered from far and
near. The child was much bewildered,
says Harper's Magazine, and had great
difficulty in remembering the new
names and distinguishing the strange
faces.

They were all anxious to be recog-
nized by the little one, the only
present, and her mother was promptly
eager to impress all their names on her
mind. So the poor little girl was sub-
jected to the tiresome questions, "Who
is this, Alice?" "What is my name?"
At first she gave very vague replies,
but soon fell into a fearful silence.

In a little while Mary, her pretti-
est door neighbor, came in. Alice
loved Mary, and her face brightened
when she saw the dear familiar face
among so many strange ones. Mamma
told Mary of Alice's trouble in remem-
bering her relatives' names.

"But Alice knows who I am," said
Mary confidently. "Tell me, dear, who
I am."

"You ain't nobody," said the child
fondly, with a sigh of relief.

Mary was somewhat confused, but
under the circumstances it was the
highest compliment she could have re-
ceived.

The Heart of the Hallstone.

If it were not for the copious tril-
lions of dust particles that float sepa-
rately invisible in the atmosphere there
could be no raindrops, snow crystals
or hailstones. From a perfectly dust-
less atmosphere the moisture would de-
scend in ceaseless rain without drops
The dust particles serve as nuclei
about which the vapor gathers. The
snow crystal is the most beautiful cre-
ation of the aerial moisture, and the
hailstone is the most extraordinary.

The heart of every hallstone, as Mr.
Arthur H. Bell shows in Knowledge,
is a tiny atom of dust. Such an atom,
with a little moisture condensed about
it, is the germ from which may grow
a hailstone capable of felling a man
or smashing a window. But first it
must be caught up by a current of air
and carried to the level of the lofty
cirrus clouds, five or six or even ten
miles high. Then, continually growing
by fresh accessions of moisture, it be-
gins its plunge to the earth, spinning
through the clouds and flashing in the
sun like a diamond bolt shot from a
rainbow.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. H. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy
to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S
LIVER
PILLS.**
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. *Small Bottle 10 Cents.*

SOLE AGENTS: **W. H. WOOD**

The Bark of a Dog.

Strangely enough, barking, which
seems to us so characteristic of the
dog, is not one of its natural sounds at
all. No wild dogs bark, and, what is
more remarkable, if dogs are isolated
for a long time from their human mas-
ters they seem to lose the faculty.
Thus a number of dogs turned loose
on Juan Fernandez island were found
in thirty-three years to have com-
pletely lost the habit, but to be able to re-
acquire it. On the other hand, wolf
puppies, as well as young wild dogs,
if reared among tame ones, readily
learn to bark. It almost seems as if
the sound were differentiated from the
howling and yelping natural to the
wild canine in order to communicate
with man and serve his purpose. It is
worth observing that the habit can be
eliminated when desired, as in some
breeds of dogs favored by poachers.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

In planting the orchard care should
be taken to allow each tree plenty of
room.

A layer of charcoal in the bottom of a
flower bed is very beneficial in keep-
ing the soil fresh.

In plowing in the orchard always
turn the furrow toward the tree, and
be careful not to injure the fine, fibrous
roots.

The life of an apple tree is often
shortened because it grows in a poor,
exhausted soil or one not properly
drained.

When ill or ailing, handle the flowers
little or wear gloves. Delicate plants
are sensitive to human magnetism,
good or bad.

The roots of the strawberry often
reach out five feet from the main
stem; hence the plants should not be
set too thickly.

An apple or cherry tree is much
more valuable if it shoots out low.
Trim from the top, as this will cause
the lower branches to grow out.

Land that has been too rough for
plowing may get so sufficiently fertile
to grow fruit trees and is better than
land that has been exhausted by crop-
ping.

Too Gorgeous Books.

The author of "Elizabeth and Her
German Garden," writing on the "Giv-
ing of Books" in the Century, says:
Gifts of books addressed solely to
the spirit should never be editions de
luxe. Of what use is a book to me,
however much I may want to read it,
if it is so gorgeous that it must not be
taken anywhere where rain might fall
on it, or where it might get muddy, or
where a heedless guest, caught by the
quick turning of a leaf, might leave its
legs in the pages, angering the owner
of the defiled book, who does not want
its legs, almost as much as it is itself
angered by having to go on being a
gnat without them? I can no more
take an over-gorgeous book to my
heart than I can fold my child in my
arms when it is dressed for a party.

A Light Sentence!

A gentleman now living in New
York tells the following story of a ne-
gro in Tennessee whose son had been
convicted of killing a fellow workman.
A few days after the trial the father
was asked what disposition had been
made of the case.

"Oh," he answered, "dey done send
Johnson to jail for a month."

"That's a light sentence for killing a
man, don't you think?"

"Yes," answered the dandy, "but at
de end of de month dey done goint' to
hang'im."

Diverse Appetites.

"I wonder why donkeys eat thistles?"
said the man who is always finding
something peculiar in life.

"Oh," answered the person who likes
plain food, "there is no accounting for
taste. If a donkey were to give the mat-
ter a thought, I suppose he would
wonder why human beings eat olives."

An Envious Position.

Biggs—I met a man yesterday who
makes his living by buying millinery.
Boogs—Well, what of it?

Biggs—Oh, nothing; only I've been
buying millinery ever since I was mar-
ried, and I never made any money
by it.

Not Discouraged by Compliments.

Husband—Your hair is your crown-
ing glory, my dear.
Wife—That's all right, but I've got
to have a new bonnet just the same.

A New Suit In Prospect.

"All my best gowns were destroyed
in that railway wreck."
"And didn't the company give you
any redress?"

It is a mistake to eat all you can.

A DARING WORKMAN.

His Crazy Antics on an Unfinished
Bridge Across the Niagara.

"I remember," said a bridge con-
tractor some time ago while on the
subject of workmen's daredevilries,
"when working at the big bridge
across the Niagara when the two can-
tilever arms had approached within
fifty feet of each other a keen rivalry
as to who should be the first to cross
sprang up among the men. A long
plank connected the two arms, leaving
about two and a half feet of support
at each end. Strict orders were issued
that no one should attempt to cross the
plank upon penalty of instant dis-
missal."

"At the noon hour I suddenly heard
a great shout from the men, who were
all starting up. Raising my eyes, I
saw a man step on the end of that
plank, stop a minute and look down
into the whirlpool below. I knew he
was going to cross, and I shouted to
him, but he was too high up to hear.
Deliberately he walked out until he
reached the middle of the plank. It
sagged far down with his weight until
I could see light between the two short
supporting ends and the cantilevers on
which they rested. He saw the end in
front of him do this, hesitated and
looked back to see how the other end
was."

"I thought he was going to turn. He
stopped, grasped both edges of the
plank with his hands and, throwing
his feet up, stood on his head, kicking
his legs in the air, cracking his heels
together and yelling to the terrified on-
lookers. This he did for about a min-
ute. It seemed to me like forty. Then
he let his feet drop down, stood up,
waved his hat and trotted along the
plank to the other side and regained the
ground."

"We discharged him, of course, but
what did he care? He got all the glo-
ry, his fellows envied him, and he
could command work anywhere."

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In planting the orchard care should
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**CLUB
OLD TOM CIG.**

How to "John Collins"
make a "John Collins"

To appreciate a Collins, you must first
Acquire with infinite pains, a burning thirst.
Pour out three fingers of Club Old Tom Cig.
Flavor with lemon, then put sugar in.
Mix in a glass, holding generous measure,
Fill up with Soda, and imbibe at leisure.

"Club" Old Tom is the only Old Tom to use
for making a Perfect John Collins.

BOVIN, WILSON & CO., MONTREAL, DISTRIBUTERS.

*Blue Ribbon Tea is welcome
morning noon and night.
Are you drinking it?*

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green



**It would
be Strange
Indeed**

If our new and elegant line of vehicles
did not meet with great favor, and
especially after learning the remarkably
low prices on the magnificent assortment.

One glance will show you why we are doing such a large business.
Every rig we put out has been thoroughly tested at the factory and
carefully selected by us; but our strongest claim for your business is
the money-saving feature of buying of us.

See our lines of Buggies,
Phaetons, Surreys, Run-
abouts and Harness of all
kinds. Rubber Tire Vehi-
cles of all kinds.

Wm. Gray & Sons Co., Limited

For Sale

Choice Clover Seed, Timothy Seed, White and Black
Oats, Barley, Corn, Beans, Buckwheat,

For Best Bread
Use Kent Mills Gold Medal Flour.

For Health...
Steven's Breakfast Food. "Sunrise" Cornmeal

The Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited

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Reliable Hand-made Harness

And we guarantee every part of every Harness we sell.

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Hardware and Implement Merchants,
Chatham, Ont.

P. S.—We have a special value in Grain Bags, and in-
tending purchasers will do well to examine our stock and get
our prices before purchasing.

Reliable Hand-made Harness

And we guarantee every part of every Harness we sell.