

Dried and Evaporated Fruits

At this season of the year are filling the place of exhausted supplies of canned and fresh goods. To fill this vacancy we have in stock the following:

New Peaches, per lb.	15c
New Apples, per lb.	12c
New Golden Apples, per lb.	15c
New Apples, per lb.	10c
Large silver Pines, per lb.	15c
Large Harvest Pines, per lb.	15c
Small Harvest Pines, per lb.	10c
Dried Apples, per lb.	10c
Finest Hollowed Dates, 3 lbs. for,	25c
Cookery and China Department	Upstairs

J. A. Wilson
Queen St. 614/1 ER Phone 75

It's like Eating at Home

To take a Meal at Somerville's Restaurant Menu and Service the best Appetizing Oysters and Lunches.

Wm. Somerville
PHONE 36, Next Standard Bank.

ROBES, BLANKETS

Sleigh Bells, Skates Mitts, Gloves

While they last at special cut prices. Also a general line of staples, such as Glass, Paints, Oils, Nails, Screws, Bolts, Builders Hardware, Forks, Shovels, Fence Wire, Implements of all kinds

See our Sewing Machines. Repairing done.

King, Cunningham & Drew
King Street, Chatham



GAS
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CHATHAM GAS CO. LIMITED.

Painting and Paper Hanging

Done at Reasonable Prices.

Apply to **J. B. Martin**
Forest St., East.

ASK FOR... **Maple City Brand**

Hams and Bacon

PUT UP BY

J. P. Taylor
Park Street East, Telephone 187

WITH THE POETS.

Spring.
Too well I know you, Spring, and so restrain
My foolish muse from all such flatterings vain
As "mild" and "gentle"—lest I be repaid.
Even as Marys of old and flayed
This time by icy hail and cutting sleet.
Instead—I pray your going may be fleet.
That soon I may forget and drowse away
My weariness beneath Dear Summer's sway.
Summer.
Insufferable season of the Sun.
When will your noisy insect court take flight?
Your orchestra that rests not—day or night.
Your armies with unconquerable stings:
When will they flee—what for do they have wings?
How long before brave Autumn with a shout,
Will succor me and put them all to rout?
Autumn.
You dismal mourner, wailing by the bier
Of Summer dead, with lamentations dear.
Driving me frantic ever and anon,
With reminiscences of Summer gone.
Now mimicking her tenderest airs and tones,
Now harrowing me with horrid shrieks and groans
Were good old Jolly Winter only here,
I'd soon forget you and your evil cheer.

Winter.
Hoary impostor! with mock jovial air,
You took the green earth prisoner unaware
And pinioned the trees that moan and call
To Spring to free them from your icy thrall.
You manacled the stream who tugs in vain
To loose himself from your relentless chain.
And I—my heart is sad, my lyre is dumb,
Mild, Gentle Spring—Oh! will you ever come?
—Oliver Herford, in Scribner's.

HOW ROB RAN AWAY.

It is probably a low estimate when one says nine boys out of ten make up their minds at some time during their careers to run away from home.

There are various causes that contribute to the forming of such resolutions, but whatever the cause, the boy is always firm in the belief that he is not being used right, and that the only way to better his condition is to gather up such personal property as he can conveniently carry and get out into the world, where he can make a name for himself by killing Indians, or pirates, or by becoming a great detective.

Sometimes the boy resolves to become a pirate, or highwayman, and it is not always the most vicious who form such a determination. To the mind of the average boy there seems a great deal of romance in such a career.

For many weeks Rob Norton had been planning to leave the paternal roof-tree, and it must be confessed the reading of a most improbable and impossible pirate yarn had brought about this reckless determination.

Rob had made up his mind to become a pirate!

Many a night he dreamed of treading the quarter deck and roaring out his orders to his gallant crew. Many a rich prize had he captured—in his mind. He had fancied himself performing all manner of desperate and daring deeds, and had even decided he would be known as "Red Bob, the Rover of the Deep."

He thrilled all over whenever he contemplated the magnificence of the title.

Working on a farm was "dead slow"—if I may be allowed to quote Rob's own definition of it. Hoeing potatoes and chasing cows his mind revolted against.

By shrewd detecting he had been able to get hold of a cheap revolver, and this he concealed under the eaves in the open chamber, where likewise nestled the pirate's hat that had so fascinated and bewitched him.

If Rob's father had known he possessed the revolver there would have been trouble, and the weapon would have been confiscated.

It was some time after he obtained possession of the revolver before Rob really settled on the time of his departure. For two or three days he had shirked all his work, and the result was he got a good "dressing down," and was told he would get another if he did not complete a certain amount of work the following day.

"I'll never do it as long as I live!" declared Rob.

Gunn's Cura Cough

IS THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE

For Young and Old

We have many reasons to make us think so. The people who have used it tell us so.

Every year we have sold more than we did the year before, twice as many bottles last year as we did the year previous. It is purely vegetable, and contains nothing that will in any way injure the most delicate system. It loosens the cough, soothes and heals the irritated throat and gives prompt relief.

Price 25 Cents

Prepared only at

Central Drug Store

C. H. Gunn & Co.

Cor. King and 5th Sts.—Phone 106

lump formed in his throat, but he quickly choked it down.

It was beneath the dignity of a pirate to feel any regret.

He slipped over the fence into the cornfield, where he hesitated for a moment.

A light breeze was stirring, and all about him the long leaves seemed whispering, mysteriously.

The sound made him shiver, and he almost wished that he was back in his comfortable bed.

After a little time he put on his shoes and started down between the long rows of corn.

The shadows were deep about him, but he saw a sheen of silvery light appearing on the eastern horizon, and he knew the moon would be up within half an hour.

He had almost reached the limit of the cornfield when, of a sudden, his heart gave a great thump, for a dark form seemed to rise before him only a few steps away.

It was a human figure, there was no doubt about that, and Rob found himself motionless with—was it fright? Could it be the bold Rover of the Deep was scared?

He did not make a sound as he sunk to the ground, keeping his eyes on that tall figure looming up before him.

He remembered hearing his father reading in the weekly newspaper about a desperate wretch who had nearly murdered a man in a neighboring town, and it was said the perpetrator of the deed was still at large.

Had Rob suddenly come upon this desperado?

He began to tremble, for he really felt cold, despite the fact that the night was warm and pleasant. He hugged the ground, and longed to see the unknown move away.

But the stranger stood perfectly still, seeming to be listening with great intentness. Rob wondered if the man had seen him, and decided he had not.

The minutes dragged slowly away. The boy on the ground could hear his heart thumping vigorously in his bosom. Still the dark figure remained motionless.

Rob thought of creeping away, but he believed the man was waiting for him to make such a move.

Then he remembered his revolver. It wasn't loaded!

The weapon was utterly useless as a means of defense, for he did not even have any cartridges to load it with!

By this time Rob felt really alarmed. His teeth would chatter so he feared they would betray him.

He would have given the revolver and the pirate story, too, if he had been safely back in the house.

By looking intently at the man he could see his brilliant beard sticking out around his face, and the way the fellow wore his hat was enough to indicate he was a ruffian of the deepest dye.

Suddenly Rob remembered the moon would soon be up, and the thought filled him with terror, for he now understood what the wretch was waiting for.

The moonlight would reveal the hiding boy.

Nerved by his great fear, Rob crept cautiously away, expecting to be attacked at any moment. Inch by inch

New Store

Teas, Coffees, Spices Exclusively

Taft's Block

King Street East.

C. M. STILES

and foot by foot he crawled away. It seemed that he moved with the slowness of a snail, but he knew the need of caution.

He crept every bit of the way back to the fence, and, instead of climbing over, he found a way to get through. He had changed his mind about running away that night. In fact, he had postponed becoming a remorseless and red-handed pirate.

He was relieved beyond measure when he reached the shed, and he shinned up the slanting board with agility. In at the window he softly climbed, closing it behind him, and he did not feel really and truly safe until he was in bed with the clothes pulled up over his head.

The following day Bob went out into the cornfield to see if he could find the tracks of the man he had seen. He was walking down between the rows when he suddenly came face to face with a scarecrow!

He stopped and looked the thing over, feeling very foolish and insignificant, for he had rigged it up himself when the corn was first planted. It even wore an old hat of his upon its head, and the bristling whiskers he had seen the previous night proved to be whips of straw.

With one blow of his fist Bob knocked it over.

But he was cured.

He sold the revolver, burned the pirate yarn, and remained at home.

Advising the Bachelors.

"Why do you not tell the bachelors how to choose wives?" asked one of them, after reading the professor's advice to the girls on the question of choosing husbands. This query is easily answered. In the first place, to label the girls who would make the best wives would be to give away state secrets. One may laugh at the follies and foibles of the sex, when, by pointing out the same, good may be done; but it would be unpardonable to give the man inside information about the sisterhood of such a grave character as that requested. A man contemplating marriage should be able to settle the question for himself. One who cannot distinguish the difference between the false and the true should remain a bachelor. Boys should not marry.

"Oh the perfidy of mankind," sighed the little Miss Dresden. "Here Mr. Timmity has sent me a valentine with a verse beginning, 'Oh, the earth has no treasures too costly for thee,' and when I took it to the store to see what it cost they told me it was twenty cents last season, but marked down to eleven."

The Cake He Wanted.

"I'm going to get married," he said, as he placed a hand as large as a Dutch cheese upon the counter, "and I want a wedding cake."

"It is customary now-a-days," said the pretty confectioer's assistant, "to have the materials of the cake harmonize with the calling of the bridegroom. For a musician now we have an oat cake; for a man who has no calling and lives upon his friends, the sponge cake; for a newspaper paragrapher, spice cake, and so on. What is your calling, please?"

"I'm a pugilist!"

"Then you'll want a pound cake,"—Titt-Bits.

At last! In it!

The world seemed sad and dreary, The ghid wintry air Moaned through the leafless trees, And I'd almost swear From light to dark was changed Each individual hair—When Mamie died.

Counted Him.

"I am taking a religious census for our church," said the young woman at the door.

"I don't expect to live here any longer than this week," said the man who had answered the door.

"Oh! well, that makes no difference. I'll take your name, anyhow. The one who brings in the biggest list gets a prize!"—Indianapolis Journal.

His Sudden Belief.

"George," she said, and her brilliant eyes sought the glowing embers, "I don't believe you love me as you used to."

"Why, Fanny!" he exclaimed, slipping on his dragon embroidered slippers, "you are my idol."

"But you don't show it; you don't worship me a tiny bit."

"Fanny!" and his voice rang with all that is empirical, "only the wicked worship idols."

And with a gaze of uncertainty she again sought the embers.

Killed With Who's Skin.

You may have your bones broken, your heart smashed to a pulp and strong tendons torn, while the skin remains quite uninjured, says Answers.

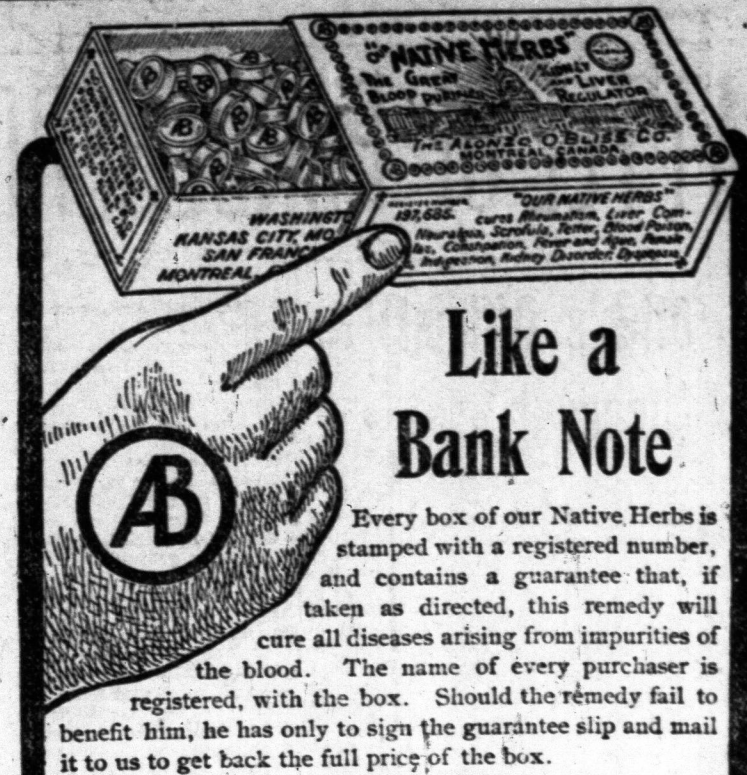
This is done by large missiles. In the days of the round cannon ball it was very common, and even now a large, smooth fragment of shell may knock a man over, break his leg and pass on without leaving the smallest mark on the skin.

When a shell glides along over the heart, liver, stomach or any other internal organ it bruises and tears it, causing instant death, but the most powerful microscope would not reveal a trace of damage to the skin.

Man is greater than a world, than systems of worlds; there is more mystery in the union of soul with the physical than in the creation of a universe.

Why can't somebody give us a list of things which everybody thinks and nobody says, and another list of things that everybody says and nobody thinks.

Better bond than break.



Like a Bank Note

Every box of our Native Herbs is stamped with a registered number, and contains a guarantee that, if taken as directed, this remedy will cure all diseases arising from impurities of the blood. The name of every purchaser is registered, with the box. Should the remedy fail to benefit him, he has only to sign the guarantee slip and mail it to us to get back the full price of the box.

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Our Native Herbs

It is purely vegetable—contains no mineral drugs whatever—and cannot possibly do any harm, even if it fails to cure you. And if it does not cure you your money will be returned. There is no reason, therefore, why you should not (and every reason why you should) begin treatment to-day, if you are suffering in any degree from

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kidney disorder	erysipelas	eczema
neurotic affection	gonorrhea	catarrh
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blood poison	constipation	cough
female trouble	scrofula	asthma

Our Native Herbs tablets is sold by druggists at \$1.00 a box (also in powdered form). If you can't get it of your druggist, we will mail you a box—200 days' treatment—on receipt of price.

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The slightest flaw in the leather or workmanship—a stitch missed—a slip of the knife, only discernible to an expert—condemns the shoe that started toward the "Slater" goal to the ordinary.

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The "Slater Shoe" is made in twelve shapes, all leathers, colors, widths, sizes and styles. Every pair Goodyear Welted, name and price stamped on the soles.

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