



Paterson's Butter-Cream Soda Biscuits

are warmly welcomed every day at thousands of Canadian Tables. Once you taste them, they'll be welcomed at your table too. We say they are the best soda biscuits made, and so does everyone else who has once tried them.

As crisp as pie-crust—the most wholesome food you can buy.

In every pound of Paterson's Butter-Creams there are forty crackers which proves their flaky crispness. Your grocer has them—in the red box. Take no substitute.

Always a little better than any other crackers.

The Wm. Paterson & Son Co., Limited,
Brantford, Canada.

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MUSICAL

MISS ANNIE L. CARSON, A.T.C.M.—Teacher in Piano, Harmony and Theory of Music, has opened her studio at Mrs. Grandy's Second Street. Phone 62.

LODGES

PARTHENON LODGE, No. 267, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C.; first Wednesday, Masonic Temple, King St.

J. SMITH, W. M.

WELLINGTON LODGE, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Scane Block, King St., at 7:30 p.m. Visit our brethren heartily welcomed.

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S. B. ARNOLD—Barrister etc. Chatham, Ont. Money to loan at lowest rates on easy terms.

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Lowest Rate of Interest
Liberal Terms and privileges to suit borrowers. Apply to
Lewis & Richards
CHATHAM

Do not despise any opportunity because it seems small. The way to make an opportunity great is to take hold of it and use it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

WARASH.

Mrs. Waterworth is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Webster.

Mr. Wm. Hopper, from Nebraska, is visiting in the neighborhood.

Mr. David Cutler spent Saturday in the Maple City.

The Rev. Mr. Her preached his

fare well sermon Sunday morning. Miss Mary E. Hopper is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lieson, Croton.

Mrs. Truesdale and Ernest spent Sunday at Florence.

The ladies of this vicinity, played a game of basket ball Saturday evening in the school yard.

If courage is gone all is gone.

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A PURE HARD SOAP.

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All kinds of Mill Feeds,

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The T. H. Taylor Co., Limited

That Ten Acre Lot

By Donald Allen

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Jed Wheeler, aged forty and a bachelor, was as well liked as any person in the village of Flint. He was neighborly, kind hearted and always willing to do for others.

Jed's good qualities were in a way his enemies. He was lazy, and, added to his laziness, he had a mania for trading. He would trade horses, dogs, guns, watches, overcoat or anything else, and it so happened that the other fellow always got the best of the bargain.

He had been left quite a little fortune by his grandmother, but in the course of five years he had sold at a loss or traded with sharpers until all that was left to him was a ten acre lot lying just outside the village limits. It was as fine a meadow as could be found in the country, and Jed was hanging on to that until some lightning rod man should come along and trade him a farm on top the Rocky mountains when he fell in love.

Jim Thomas, the carpenter, had died three years before and left a level headed, economical widow behind him. She was an old schoolmate of Jed's, and he had seen her almost every day for twenty-five years, and until the spirit of love bubbled up he had simply regarded her as he looked upon any other women.

He was sitting on the grocery steps one day whittling when his knife slipped and cut his finger. The Widow Thomas was just entering the store for half a dozen eggs when the accident occurred, and she pulled out her handkerchief and wiped the bleeding finger. It was only a trifle, but somehow it touched the heart of the old bachelor, and three days later he called on the widow.

"Martha," he began, "I've got tired of slogging around alone and am going to get married."

"For the land's sake!" she exclaimed. "That is, if the woman I want will have me."

"Who is it?"

"You."

"Now, Jed, don't come around here with any of your nonsense," she said. "You are a good natured man, but you are lazy. You think you've got brains, but everybody beats you. It would drive me crazy to have such a husband."

"I could and would reform. If I had any one to peck at me I'd go to work."

"I haven't time to be poking up a husband. It's hard to teach old dogs new tricks. Thank ye for the honor, Jed, but I guess we won't do any marrying."

Jed was crushed for three days, during which time a windmill man came along and offered to trade him 5,000 acres of desert land in Arizona for his meadow and explained that he could raise 10,000 rattlesnakes to the acre on the sandy soil and sell the oil for \$5 a gallon to grease the feet of babies with.

If Jed had been in his normal condition he would have closed with the offer at once, but as he was in the throes of hopeless love he astonished the town by turning the windmill man down. Two days later he went back to the widow and said:

"Martha, I had a dream about Jim last night. I dreamed that I met him in front of the blacksmith shop and that we shook hands and he said he hoped I'd marry you."

"Oh, you've come about that, have you?" she asked.

"I have. I'm a miserable man."

"Have you tried catnip tea?"

"Catnip tea? Great heavens! What ails me is love, and if the Mississippi river was composed of catnip tea it couldn't cure me. Martha, if you won't promise to have me I can't live a week longer."

"Nonsense. I'm busy with my ironing, and you run along."

Jed was now so broken up that everybody began to notice and comment on it, but when questioned he simply shook his head and intimated that he was not long for this sinful world. He got up energy enough, however, to contract to get out a thousand ties for a suburban electric line, and, hoping this might work in his favor, he paid another visit to the widow and told her of it.

"Now that you see I am going to work, can't you say yes?" he asked in conclusion.

"Jed, what do you come bothering for?" she asked.

"Because I love you."

"Don't be silly. I'm making mince pies today and haven't time to argue."

Jed went away, determined to throw himself into the mill pond, but when he reached the bank he met a stranger who had been poking around the village for a couple of days without telling any one his business. He introduced himself and said that he thought some of establishing an orphan asylum if he could find a site to suit. In this way he brought the talk around to Jed's meadow. The value of the land as it lay was \$100 an acre, though Jed had never had a cash offer for it.

The stranger didn't exhibit too great interest in the matter. He said he'd think the matter over and perhaps make an offer. He had no mountains in Idaho and no lakes in Europe to trade, but would be prepared to pay cash. A day later, while still sauntering around, he met Jed and said that he could have \$1,000 for the land as soon as the deed was made out. The

lovelorn bachelor had started for the office of the village lawyer to have the deed made out when he met the Widow Thomas. She noticed his excitement and asked the cause, and when he had told her she said:

"Look here, Jed, don't you take too much stock in the orphan business."

"How do you mean?"

"You're an orphan yourself, and you don't want to let any other orphan get the better of you. Can you get a horse and buggy anywhere for an hour?"

"Of course."

"Then let's drive out to your land and see what kind of a place it would make for the poor orphans."

On the way out Jed recurred to the old subject, saying that he was on his way to drown himself when he met the stranger.

"Come, now," interrupted the widow, "this is straight business and you keep quiet."

When the meadow, which lay along the highway, was reached the widow insisted on walking across it from north to south. The ground looked as level as a floor, but near the center was a sort of sink hole. In rainy weather considerable water stood there, but the earth was now dry.

"Um," said the widow as she halted and sniffed.

"Do you mean that smell?"

"Yes. Ever notice it before?"

"Once or twice. Smells as if somebody had been breaking rotten eggs around here."

"Get a pole and thrust it into the ground as far as you can."

"Here's one right here, and somebody's been poking. What do you make of it, Martha?"

"Jed, you've asked me to marry you," she said in reply.

"I have, but you don't seem to care whether you drive me to a suicide's grave or not."

"I don't know but I'd be willing to take chances."

"As how?"

"If you'll deed me this land today I'll promise to marry you within a month. I shan't answer any questions. It's yes or no right off."

"Then it's yes, by thunder!" exclaimed Jed as he reached the roadside fence.

The deed was made out before sundown and sent away to the county seat to be recorded. Next day the man who was looking for an asylum site called upon the Widow Thomas. He had scarcely mentioned the poor orphans when she laughed and said:

"Don't let your philanthropy cause you to lose a good thing. The ground up there is full of natural gas, and you know it. It's only twenty miles to pipe it to Chicago. If it's under the meadow, then it's under hundreds of acres around here. Go ahead and make any test you will and then come back with your offer."

A week later he was willing to hand over \$10,000 in cash, and when Jed Wheeler had seen the money counted out and the deed passed he exclaimed:

"By thunder, Martha, but that was the only piece of land I had, and when a piano feller comes along and wants to trade me a goose farm for the raising of speckled geese, what am I going to say to him?"

"Refer him to your wife," she answered as she kissed him for the first time.

A Tragedy in Rice.

Here is a story of Scotch sailormen told by the Dundee Advertiser: "The ship's crew had been made up in a hurry, and when they had passed the bar and were beginning to feel a trifle hungry it was discovered that they had no cook. So the old man asked Geordie to try his hand at the job, and Geordie scratched his head and rubbed his chin and said he would do his best. Next morning he consulted Jack about breakfast. "Oh," said Jack, "rice will do." "Will it, d'ye think?" said Geordie. "No, about how much shall I cook?" "Let's see," replied Jack. "There's fourteen of us with the old man. I should say a bucketful would be plenty." "I doot but it will," said Geordie and went off to the galley. He got a bucketful of rice and put it in a large pot, and when it began to boil it likewise began to swell. So he baled out a portion into another pot, and that also did likewise. Then he baled out of both pots into other pots until all his pots were full. Still it swelled, and Geordie became alarmed. So he put on all the lids and lashed them tightly down. Then he went forth and locked the door and stood against the bulwarks watching it. Soon the skipper came along and made inquiries regarding breakfast. "Whist, man!" replied Geordie softly. "I'm cooking rice, and I don't know the minit it will burst the door."

"Origin of 'Feather in His Cap.'"

"A feather in his cap," signifying honor and distinction, arose from a custom which was common among the Syrians and perpetuated to this day among the various semicivilized people of adding a new feather to the headgear for every enemy slain. In the days of chivalry the embryo knight received his cocque in a featherless condition, and then won his plumes as he had won his spurs. In a manuscript written by Richard Hansard in 1588 and carefully preserved in the British museum is mentioned an ancient Hungarian custom, that of allowing no man to wear a feather in his cap who had not killed a Turk. The Hungarians had a law, which was in vogue as late as 1612, which allowed warriors to add a feather to their headress collection "every time the claimant could prove that he had succored a starving Hungarian or had killed an able-bodied Turk or other Moslem." These old customs are now obsolete, but it is interesting to know that there were once such laws upon the statute books of nations thought to be civilized.

The 20th Century Saline

ABBEY'S is the "salt of salts." It never had an equal. It has no equal to-day. It is the perfect product of ripe experience in the preparation of medicinal Effervescent Salts.

It is the ideal formula to correct the blood—strengthen the stomach—regulate bowels, liver and kidneys—and keep the whole system actively healthy.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

A morning glass is a bracing tonic for the whole day.

25c. and 60c. a bottle.

Big Carcass Out of Date.

Some months ago a quartette of catmen dining in a Chicago hotel drifted into a discussion of market topics. Naturally comparison was drawn between the vaulting prosperity of the live mutton trade, the satisfactory condition of the hog market and the rough road the cattleman was required to travel. Picking up the bill of fare one man said: "This price list is a partial explanation of the discrimination against beef. A decent steak costs a dollar, but mutton chops are carded at 40 cents and pork chops a nickel less. The average diner is actuated by motives of economy and orders the cheap article. The chop, pork or mutton, is enjoying a distinct advantage over the steak, for the reason that it costs the eater less. And the farther east you go the more pronounced you will find this disposition to eat chops. Boston and New York are the greatest mutton consuming centres in the world. We must furnish the consumer with smaller but better finished beef. In New York not long since every retail butcher I interviewed told me that the demand in steaks was for a thick cut, but a light steak. In other words, the big carcass is out of date."—Breeder's Gazette.

Professional Lunacy.

A man has just been discharged from the Isle of Wight Asylum under extraordinary circumstances, having twice feigned madness with such success that he was committed to that institution as a dangerous lunatic. Ten years ago he started on his career as a professional "lunatic," and he was the first inmate of the Isle of Wight asylum. At that time he was soon discharged, as the asylum authorities were satisfied he was shamming. About a month ago he arrived at Cowes from Southampton, where, seemingly under the influence of drink, he was chasing children and women in the streets, and acting in an extraordinary manner. When taken to the police station he spoke of military relations and millions of money; but as the local doctor suspected he was shamming, he directed his removal to the work-house. There he indulged in window smashing, and having done considerable damage, he was removed to the asylum as a dangerous lunatic. The medical superintendent at once recognized him, and turned him out. The mysterious individual refused to return to the work-house, and has not since troubled the authorities.

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A bicycle saves time; saves his horses; saves work and is comfortable and rapid transit.

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