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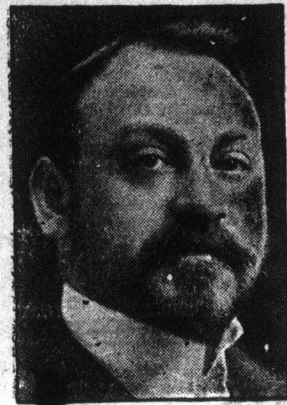
CAN MAKE MEN SOUND AND STRONG

Detroit Specialist Discovers Something Entirely New for the Cure of Men's Diseases in Their Own Homes.

You Pay Only if Cured

Requires No Money Unless He Cures You—Method and Full Particulars Sent Free—Write for It This Very Day

A Detroit specialist who has 14 certificates and diplomas from medical colleges and boards, has perfected a startling method of curing the disease of men in their own homes; so that there is no doubt in the mind of any man that he has



DR. S. GOLDBERG,
The Possessor of 14 Diplomas and Certificates Who Wants No Money That He Does Not Earn.

both the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method entirely free to all men who send him their name and address. He wants to hear from men who have stricture that they have been unable to get cured, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, varicocele, test manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, enlargement of parts, impotence, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but like all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney trouble, heart disease, nervous debility, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make a cure and another thing to back them up, so he makes it a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you, and when you are cured he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. He sends the method, as well as the best interest of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor confidentially and lay your case before him. He sends the method, as well as the best interest of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor confidentially and lay your case before him. He sends the method, as well as the best interest of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor confidentially and lay your case before him.

Wood's Phosphodine, The Great English Remedy, is an old, well established and reliable medicine. It has been prescribed and used over 60 years, all druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend it as the only medicine of its kind that cures and cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emission, Spermatorrhea, Impotence, and all other forms of sexual debility. It cures all forms of sexual debility, and all other forms of sexual debility. It cures all forms of sexual debility, and all other forms of sexual debility. It cures all forms of sexual debility, and all other forms of sexual debility.

WELLINGTON LODGE, No. 45, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.
GEORGE MASSEY, W. M.

LEGAL.
SMITH, HERBERT D. — County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham.

THOMAS SCULLARD — Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block, Chatham, Ont. Thomas Scullard.

J. B. O'LENN — Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King Street, opposite Merchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

BOUSTON, STONE & SCANE — Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite H. Macdonald's Store, 800 St. Houston, Fred. Stone, W. W. Scane.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY — Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on Mortgages, at lowest rates. Offices, Fifth Street. Matthew Wilson, E. C. W. E. Gundy, J. M. Pike.

CHATHAM FARMERS' HOUSE
Opposite the market.
25 well ventilated rooms. Weekly or table board. Special rates. \$1 per day.
J. W. MILES, Proprietor.

Plum Pudding as Food.
In popular belief plum pudding, though difficult of digestion, contains a large proportion of nutriment. The London Lancet publishes the analysis made of two puddings, of which one was found to have a "nutritive value" of 68 per cent and the other of 59.

It appears that, although most agreeable as an article of food, plum pudding is not quite so concentrated a form of diet as has been supposed, and conjectures that it yields as much sustenance as beefsteak are certainly not supported by its chemical composition. The amount of nitrogenous matter is only moderate, and it must be remembered that in calculating the nutrient ratio and value all the nitrogen has been assumed to be albuminoid. Probably the true albuminoids and consequently the food value are slightly lower than would appear from the results; also the percentage of water is rather large, and the quantities of the remaining components are proportionately lessened.

An Important Announcement.
When the late Lord Lyons was British ambassador at Paris he received a gift of two emus. Embassies are not exactly the place to keep such birds, and he gave them to the Duke of Norfolk, who then had a large aviary at Arundel castle. The duke in his turn named the pair Lord and Lady Lyons. Like all amateur bird fanciers, he was eager to raise a brood of little emus, but the birds showed no disposition to propagate their species. The duke finally grew weary of watching them and left it to the keepers to bring him immediate word of any signs of a family. A month or two later when the household was at lunch with several guests one of the keepers insisted upon access to the duke. Red, breathless and stammering, he burst into the dining room with "Your grace, your grace, Lord and Lady Lyons have laid a hegg!"

British Local Nicknames.
The residents of the English counties have nicknames the meaning and origin of which are not always obvious. Why the inhabitants of Liverpool should be called "Dicky Sams" is not very clear. But nearly all the counties have their distinctive nicknames. The Glaswegians are "Keelies," the Lancashire men are "Tim Bobbins," while the Lincolnshire folk have long been called "Yellow Belles," after the frogs which once abounded there. Yorkshire men, again, are everywhere "Tykes," a nickname the etymology of which is not easy to trace. The inhabitants of Suffolk are designated "Dumplings," those of Kent "Hogs," and the Isle of Wight people "Calves."

The Fretful Porcupine.
In the woods of Neweydin there once roamed a very discontented porcupine. He was forever fretting. He complained that everything was wrong. till it was perfectly scandalous, and the Great Spirit, getting tired of his grumbling, said:
"You and the world I have made don't seem to fit. One or the other must be wrong. It is easier to change you. You don't like the trees, you are unhappy on the ground and think everything is upside down, so I'll turn you inside out and put you in the water."

This was the origin of the shadow. Ernest Thompson Seton in Century.

Wellington on Napoleon.
Wellington's judgments of men and history are singularly just and correct. He used few words and never forced his meaning about with qualifications. When Lord Ellesmere mentioned a certain writer's low opinion of Napoleon the duke replied: "Napoleon was the first man of his day on a field of battle and with French troops. I confine myself to that. His policy was more bullying, and military matters apart, he was a Jonathan Wild."—London Review.

A Long Burning Fire.
At the Chequers Inn at Slapstones, near Osmotherly, England, is a fire which for more than a century has never been allowed to go out. The place is a quaint little building, to which many visitors resort on account of its never extinguished fire and the turf cakes baked upon its hearth. It has been kept by members of one family for over a hundred years.

Diagnosing His Disposition.
"There's old Blithers. He takes such a jaundiced view of the world," remarks Gilworthy.
"Not always," says Migglebury. "He only gets those pessimistic moods on him when he has been drinking."
"Same thing, in effect. He takes a demijohned view."

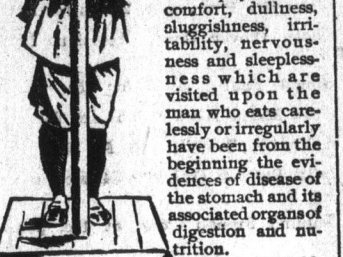
A Long Time.
"Eternity," said the country exhorter who wanted to make things clear, "is forever and forever and five or six everlasting on that. Why, brothers and sisters, after millions and billions of centuries had rolled away in eternity it would still be 100,000 years to breakfast time."

His Bluff.
"Yes, Angelina, when I muttered something in my sleep last night about being out on a bluff I was dreaming of a delightful excursion a friend and I took to Dover cliff in England several years ago."

Two Good Rules.
"Why is it," asked Robinson, "that you always appear to be happy and contented?"
"I suppose," replied Barker, "it's because I never borrow trouble or lend money."

PUNISHMENT.

Social progress has done away with a great many forms of punishment once administered under the laws of enlightened people. But nature never changes or modifies her penalties. She still has the same punishment for the man who neglects or abuses his stomach as she had in the far off days "when Adam delved and Eve span."



The physical discomfort, dullness, sluggishness, irritability, nervousness and sleeplessness which are visited upon the man who eats carelessly or irregularly have been from the beginning the evidences of disease of the stomach and its associated organs of digestion and nutrition.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the diseased stomach and enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food, so that the sluggishness, irritability, nervousness and sleeplessness which result from innutrition are cured also.

"I was taken sick nine years ago with fever," writes Mr. M. M. Wardwell, of Linwood, Leavenworth Co., Kansas. "Had the doctor and he broke up the fever, but I took cold and it became chronic, and then he gave up the case. I got so weak with it and had piles so badly I couldn't lie down, nor hardly sit up. Was that way two or three months; then picked up one of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and saw your description of catarrh of the stomach. The one bottle nearly cured me. I got two bottles next time and took one and one-half and was well. I haven't been bothered with diarrhoea since."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

Chafing Dish Hints.
Some chafing dish hints culled from the pages of What to Eat: The first time the chafing dish lamp is used pour a little alcohol into it, let it stand for a few minutes and fill up. If the lamp gives out before the cooking is finished let the lamp continue to burn, refilling, as the igniting point of alcohol is low. Always have a metal tray under the alcohol bottle uncorked, as the fumes ignite very easily. If you have been careless in this regard and the contents of the bottle ignite, don't scream or faint or throw water on the flame. Simply clap your hand over the mouth of the bottle. This will extinguish the flame at once. Use sherry sparingly in making lobster or crab Newburg, since alcohol has a toughening effect on fish.

When to Clean the Teeth.
If the teeth are to get but one thorough cleaning during the day, just before retiring is the best time to give it to them, as there are six or eight hours during sleep that the salivary glands are inactive, and fatty and starchy foods may be lodged between and around the teeth and, bathed in saliva, a partial digestive fluid, undergo decomposition, forming acids which act more or less readily on the tooth structure at the time of its formation. The salivary glands not being active during sleep, acids are not diluted as during the day. A free flow of saliva prevents the bad effects of acids thus formed.

The Pantry Shelves.
The old fashion of covering pantry shelves with paper has fallen into disfavor. In fact, the custom was questionable from a sanitary point of view, as any one may know who has ever changed the paper coverings and observed the amount of dirt they managed to accumulate in a short time. Pantry shelves should be painted with several coats of white paint or covered with white oilcloth. Either plan is good, and the shelves may be scrubbed as often as necessary.

Washing Sleevelets.
To save your dresses provide yourself with washing sleevelets to slip over your dress sleeves when you are dusting or doing other household work. The easiest pattern is just a straight piece of stuff run together and hemmed at the top and bottom. Into the hems run elastic. When you find how quickly the sleevelets become soiled you will realize how much they save your gowns.

FOR SEVEN YEARS A DYING WOMAN

Terrible Suffering Follows Neglected Indigestion—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Make a Complete and Permanent Cure.

"I believe Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have made a sound cure of me after being for seven years almost a dying woman. 'Now, thank God, I am able to do my daily work as usual. I cannot praise Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets too much.'"

So says Jessie Louisa Sellers, of Western Bay, Nfld. She was one of those sufferers who wait for their indigestion to cure itself. But that's something indigestion won't do. Unless you give the tired stomach a rest it keeps on getting worse. The indigestion becomes dyspepsia, and the sufferers find their strength gone and their days filled with despondency and suffering.

TWO IN EXILE

By Sara Lindsay Coleman

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

The fall rains had set in, and the mountain town, nestled in a basin that on all sides was fringed by great hills that pushed against the sky, was at its ugliest when Keith came.

He had been ordered to this particular spot by his physician and had been fortunate enough to secure the classes in English at the big, ugly red brick schoolhouse proudly spoken of as the college by the townspeople.

In the first days of his coming, tired out by the unaccustomed restraint of the schoolroom and the monotonous drip of the rain on the roof, he more than once flung his things together, determined to risk everything and return to his chosen work and to his world. But his doctor's threat, that vague and awful threat of what might befall, held him.

And suddenly the Indian summer had slipped down, on the gorgeous woods and filled them with poetry and glamour and languorous joy. It was late afternoon, and a woman's voice, gentle and refined, was calling: "Prudence, come in. I need you."

Keith laughed—a not too pleasant laugh. "So do I," he declared. A voice, deliciously willful, floated through the open window. "I won't," it said. "The sun's slipping behind a far mountain, the woods are painted, the valleys are spilling over with gold mist."

Keith's laugh rang out as it should, and he went to the window to view the young person. It was a young person, of course. But she was gone—caught up, maybe, on the curled up edge of the crimson cloud that was sailing straight into the sunset splendor.

In the gossip that rippled round the boarding house table that night he heard that a widow and her niece who were to spend the winter in the cottage next door had arrived. Keith was

HE ALMOST RAN UPON THE OWNER OF THE DELICIOUS VOICE.

a silent, unsociable fellow, but his heart leaped unaccountably at the careless words.

It was the name, he assured himself, a name full of dignity and repose, that attracted him.

"That ought the name came between him and the letters he wrote home. It was something on the pages of the compositions he corrected. Prudence—it was a delicious name."

"I'll be hanged if I don't believe I'm bewitched," said Keith irritably. He got up, went to the mantel and took down a picture.

"You've got a rival!" He had formed the lonely man's habit of sometimes speaking to himself. "She's not in the least like you. Her name is Prudence."

For the hundredth time Keith looked into the smiling eyes and wondered why a beautiful and cultured girl such as the picture declared her to be should take this holdenish way of making a man's acquaintance.

Fancy a man returning from a long day's hunt in the Maine woods to find a girl's picture lying, face up, on the cot in his tent. He had secured and secreted it before it was noticed. He felt a something in the pretty, proud face that belied the act. Across the back of the photograph the words "When I am near again and you fail to visit me, I will not leave you my picture," were written hurriedly.

Keith carried the picture home with him, framed it prettily and set it on his bureau. He took a singular delight in the study of this face. Sometimes in the midst of his hair brushing he would say, "I'll find you some day, you beautiful disembodied impossibility," or as he tied his cravat: "Your eyes are serious this morning, Miss Daisy Miller. Have I met with your disapproval in any way? They are beautiful eyes. I think they are like some violets that grow in a corner of my mother's garden."

door, although he caught glimpses of her. If he went out, she came in and vanished through the doorway; if he came in, she fluttered up the village street. Keith was fairly ashamed of the interest he took in her movements. It seemed so flagrantly unfaithful to his picture. He grew apologetic and put the pictured eyes in the bottom of his trunk.

But a morning came—a sparkling, flawless morning—when, turning a corner suddenly, he almost ran upon the owner of the delicious voice.

She was walking rapidly, and her face glanced into his and beyond him. She swept past—a glowing, sumptuous beauty.

Keith put out his hand and steadied himself against a friendly rail fence. He didn't try to understand.

As the days passed he nursed his prejudices. And another late afternoon came when the gentle voice called: "Prudence, come in. I need you."

Keith got the picture out and spoke sternly as if to an invisible culprit: "You've been a conceited fool. You don't understand it—in all probability you never will—but she's pure gold."

One morning the girl stopped in front of him and held out her hand, saying: "I'm not a bit conventional!"

Keith's bounding heart settled into his shoes, as though he didn't know the fact and hadn't spent months exchanging it.

"I'm sure you know my name. I've just had a letter from Bob Grahame, my cousin, asking me to make friends with you," she laughed adorably. "You were in Maine with him, he says. I was there for a little while. We were roughing it, too, and were not far away. I came by your camp one day and left Bob a picture which he hasn't appreciated enough to acknowledge. The cook showed me his tent."

"Your eyes are just like some violets in my mother's garden," Keith hadn't said it aloud. He hadn't said much of anything. His blood surged in his veins and sang a psalm of triumph. He understood, and she was pure gold.

The girl, pitying his timidity—Bob Grahame had said he took no stock in girls, but that it would be a charity to brighten him up—talked on.

"You must hate being here. It's hard to drop out and just give up for awhile, isn't it? I had planned such a full, beautiful winter. Funny that both of us should have got pneumonia and be exiled. We must cheer each other. A year isn't long. Bob says you are lonely. You must come in and let me look you something on the chafing dish. I do it well, really."

"If you don't hush," said the man who walked beside her, still communicating with himself, "I'll call you Prudence, and then I'm afraid there'll be an awful row."

"Why, you do want to come?"—they had reached her gate—"I see it in your eyes, you poor, hungry, forlorn man!"

There's a wonderful light that comes sometimes at evening to the hills. It creeps from base to crest, changing from pink to purple, from purple to red, until all is fire and glow and glory. Walking in this sunset radiance, late one afternoon Keith stopped at his own gate, lifted the latch, opened it wide and said:

"Prudence, come in. I need you." Prudence smiled, the tender, adorable smile Keith loved.

Sermons Made to Order.
"An English clergyman makes a business of syndicating sermons," said a drummer who had just returned from London.

"How do you mean?" some one asked.

"Why," explained the drummer, "the clergyman writes a sermon, and then he prints about forty or fifty copies of it, and he offers to one preacher in each of forty or fifty towns the exclusive use in his own town of the production. The price of the sermon to each man is only 5 shillings, but if fifteen or twenty men take it it brings in to the syndicator, you see, about 100 shillings, or \$25. And since the sermons are so short that one can be done in a morning that is pretty good pay. The syndicator advertises his sermons in a religious paper. The notice reads:

"A clergyman of experience and moderate views who distinguishes himself during his university course in divinity and English composition will furnish original sermons in strict accordance with the Church of England in good print at 5 shillings each. Only one copy will be given in any diocese. A specimen will be sent if wished for. Sermons made to order on any required subject on reasonable terms."—Philadelphia Record.

HOW'S THIS?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

MONEY TO LOAN
ON LAND MORTGAGES at lowest rate of interest. I also have a few farms for sale. I also sell buggies and carriages. Call and see me and get my prices, and you will save money by doing so. Henry Dagnan, Chatham.

Money to Loan
Company and Private Funds: Farm and City Property for Sale.
W. F. SMITH, Chatham, Ont.

Money to Loan
—ON MORTGAGES—
4-1-2 and 5 per cent.
Liberal Terms and privileges to Borrowers. Apply to
LEWIS & RICHARDS

MONEY TO LEND
ON LAND MORTGAGES
ON CHATTAUGUAY MORTGAGES
ON ON NOTE
To pay off mortgages. To buy property when desired. Very lowest rates.
J. W. WHITE, Barrister
Opp. Grand Opera House, Chatham

BANK OF MONTREAL
ESTABLISHED 1817.
Capital (all paid up) \$14,000,000
Reserve 10,000,000
Drafts bought and sold. Collections made on favorable terms. Interest allowed on deposits at current rates in Savings Bank Department, or on deposit receipts.

DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager Chatham Branch.

STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
Branches and agents at all principal points in Canada, U. S. and Great Britain. Drafts issued and notes discounted. Savings Bank Department deposits (which may be withdrawn without delay) received and interest allowed thereon at the highest current rates.

G. P. SCHOFIELD, Manager Chatham Branch.

TO OUR CUSTOMERS.
We have just put in, at great expense, a WONDERSOL MACHINE, heated by steam, work only passing through the rollers once; the result—WORK IS ELASTIC, WILL NOT BREAK, and will last much longer than when ironed by the old method, heated by gas, which has to pass through the rollers eight times.

P.S.—We have also added a newly invented machine to iron the edges of Collars and Cuffs.

The Parisian Steam Laundry Co. of Ontario, Limited.
London, Hamilton and Toronto.

NEW BUSINESS
Ring up 391 for that bursted water pipe or call and get an estimate on contemplated plumbing, hot water, steam and gas fitting work. Your patronage is respectfully solicited by
R. McG. Coyle
King St. West.
Phone 391.....

FOUND AT LAST
The Great Rheumatic Mystery
Hill's Root Liniment
Extract of Wild Turnip.
Made of roots. No drugs and a sure cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back, sick headache, toothache. Guaranteed to stop all aches and pains instantly, and also to cure corns or bunions in nine applications. Can't be beat for man or beast. 25c and 50c per bottle. Address all orders and send card for a sample bottle to
PROF. HILL, Chatham.
Box 399

Glenn & Co.,
WILLIAM ST.,
import direct the finest Ceylon, Assam and China Tea, Black Gunpowder and Young Hyson, Best English Breakfast Tea, 35c. 40c. and

NOTICE
500 BLACK WALNUT TREES, two years old, for sale on Lot 14, Con. 13, Dover Tp.
C. PETERKIN, Mitchell's Bay

Minard's Liniment — Lumberman's Friend.