

MEDICAL.

DRS. AGAR & AGAR—Physicians and Surgeons, successors to Dr. Tye, King Street, West, Chatham, Ont. Dr. J. & Agar. Dr. Mary Agar.

DR. PAUL C. GOODLOVE—Osteopath. All diseases treated without drugs. Chronic diseases and deformities a specialty. Office—over "Yonganten Bros" Jewelry Store; hours 9 to 12 a. m., 1:30 to 5 p. m. Consultation and examination free.

LODGES.

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.
A. E. JEWETT, W. M.

LEGAL.

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

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

B. O'LENN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King street, opposite McPherson's Bank, Chatham, Ont.

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

Houston & Stone—Barristers, solicitors, conveyancers, notaries public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite E. Macdonald's store. M. Houston, Fred. Stone.

THE Bank of Montreal
HAS REMOVED TO THE
Scane Block, King St., East
DURING BUILDING OPERATIONS
DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager

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 Deposits (which may be withdrawn without delay) received and interest allowed thereon at the highest current rates.

W. T. SHANNON,
Manager, Chatham Branch.

AS COMMON AS GLASSES ARE...

There are not as many worn as there should be. Few people commence wearing them soon enough. Not enough attention is paid to the earlier symptoms of eye trouble.

People put off getting glasses as long as they possibly can. It isn't the proper way to do.

Glasses will CURE in the earlier cases. Wear them for a time and they may be laid off.

More advanced cases may need the constant wearing of glasses.

We are always ready to examine your eyes. We will give your case our closest attention. This service is free. Call today.

A. A. JORDAN
Sign of the Big Clock.

Coal AND Wood

Order your COAL and WOOD from
J. GILBERT & CO.
We have the best to be got at and at lowest market prices. Orders promptly delivered.
OFFICE AND YARDS Queen St., near G. T. R. Crossing. PHONE 719.

Chatham, Windsor and Detroit

TIME TABLE
MONDAY, MAY 15,
THE STEAMER CITY OF CHATHAM

Will make return trips to Detroit every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, leaving Rankin Dock at 7:30 a. m., returning leaves Detroit at 3 p. m., Detroit time or 4 p. m., Chatham time.

ONE-WAY TRIP, THURSDAY, leaving Chatham 9:30 a. m., returning leave Detroit Friday 9:00 a. m., Chatham time or 8:00 a. m., Detroit time. Single Tickets, 50 Cents. Return, 60 Cents. — JOHN FORKE, Capt.

REASON NO 39
WHY YOU SHOULD USE

Red Rose Tea

Because it is put up in sealed packages.

These packages protect the flavor of the tea and protect you in weight and guarantee of quality.

No article of food is so easily tainted as tea—it absorbs the flavor of everything it comes in contact with. Place an orange beside some tea for an hour, and then taste or smell the tea—orange too.

Very few tea bins are tight enough to prevent tea from absorbing the odors of fruit, vegetables, cheese, etc., etc., usually mixed together in a grocery—and the ordinary tea chest is very little protection.

The Red Rose Tea sealed package preserves all the original flavor and freshness of the tea—open a package and smell its fresh fragrant aroma.

Packages of Red Rose Tea are always full weight and uniform in quality.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N. B.
BRANCHES: TORONTO, WINNIPEG.

DISTRICT DOINGS

GUILDS.

Rev. C. W. Bristol is at Listowel this week attending the Methodist Conference.

The farmers are very busy this week planting beans.

Kathleen, the little daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. Thos. Burps, was taken suddenly ill on Tuesday, and for a while her life was despaired of, but she is improving nicely.

Mr. E. S. Stephenson conducted the morning service here on Sunday, in the absence of the pastor.

The funeral of the late Robt. Cumming, which took place last Monday, was largely attended. The service was conducted in the Guilds Church by the Rev. C. W. Bristol, and Kent Lodge, No. 274, A. F. & A. M., of which deceased was a member, took charge of the funeral. The remains were interred in Evergreen Cemetery with full Masonic honors.

Miss Lillie Hunt returned on Saturday to her home at Amherstburg, after spending the last five months with relatives here.

Mr. George Cumming, of Emerson, Man., who was here attending the funeral of his brother, the late Robt. Cumming, has returned home.

UP THE CREEK.

Mrs. A. McDonald is visiting in the City of the Straits.

Mrs. Frank Collins, Albion, is renewing old time associations on the Creek.

Mrs. S. A. McCormick, city, visited friends here Sunday.

LARRY WESTERN

Larry Western led one of his fingers taken off by the gear of a washing machine Friday.

C. Atkins is visiting friends at Renwick this week.

St. Paul's football boys are practicing every Friday evening getting into shape to defend the church's trophy.

Wireworms are creating dire destruction in the corn fields.

Mrs. E. Langford, city, is the guest of friends on the Creek this week.

Mrs. Eliza Remington, city, visited relatives here this week.

A match game of basketball between a team of pupils of No. 2 school and ex-pupils will be held next Saturday evening.

Florence Willard, a little colored maid from the city, has been wandering around on the Creek for the past week.

The Rev. J. Smith, Huron, will occupy the pulpit at St. Paul's next Sunday.

George Warn is visiting friends in Romney this week.

SLABTOWN.

Miss Sadie Grieves and Miss Carrie Row are spending a few days in Chatham and Detroit.

Mr. Samuel Grieves was in Leamington last week attending the funeral of his mother.

Miss Clark, of Rodney, was the guest of Miss Louisa Stewart on Saturday and Sunday.

Our secretary, W. R. Bell, reports that he has no satisfactory answer yet as to when the Hamilton Harpers may give us a concert, but he is expecting one in the near future.

Mr. James Serson and Miss Lila Harp spent Sunday in Chatham.

Mrs. Smetton, of Windsor, was the guest of Mrs. George Fisher.

Abbey's
effervescent Salt.

You know it's story of health and happiness to sufferers from stomach troubles—that's all.

A teaspoonful in a glass of water in the morning.

25¢ and 60¢ a bottle.

Bargains! Bargains!

Sweeping Sale of Co-Carts and Baby Carriages, Latest American Styles.
20 Per Cent Reduction to clear the Line. We want the Room.

WESTMAN BROS.
Big Hardware

QUEEN'S CHOICE

By CAMPBELL MACLEOD

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The jester bowed low before the throne. The king extended a much jeweled hand. The jester bent over it reverently and slyly bit it. The queen laughed behind her fan and beckoned the clown to her side. He sank on the steps at her feet.

"This is my throne for tonight," he announced, gayly jingling his bells. "I shall surrender it to no one. For one night I shall speak only the plain, unvarnished truth, your majesty."

"One who would speak the truth, Sir Cap and Bells," replied the queen slyly, "must needs have some previous experience."

"Ha, ha!" chuckled the king, beaming at the vision at his side. "Well said, my lady. Previous experience, Sir Fool!"

Age jangled in the voice of the king; youth bubbled in the laughter of the jester. The queen unconsciously leaned on the arm next to the clown and closed her eyes for a moment to rest them from the bewildering sight before her. To be queen of one of the most splendid Mardi Gras balls is something to turn a girl's heart. But this one, to judge by her weary eyes, in spite of the magnificence surrounding her and in face of the king's open devotion—was bored. And the evening was only beginning.

The jester at her feet played with his bells and hummed "If Ever I Cease to Love" in time with the musicians far overhead. As he sang he watched the face of the queen. Suddenly she turned to him.

"Sir Fool," she said gently, "that air goes not with that get-up. Save your voice for 'Tell Me, Pretty Maiden.'"

"Would she listen if I told her, think you?" he whispered eagerly. "There has never been one so pretty maiden for me, your majesty."

"A maid is but a maid," the queen returned slowly, "and a man but a man, and love is but a love."

"Everything," the jester interrupted seriously, "Love is all."

The king called the second time, then had to touch the arm of the queen before she heard him. Two strange princes stood waiting to be presented. Behind them came a train of Cupids, Lohengrins and monks, each bearing a tray of compliments. The queen's eyes were big and suddenly bright. The king sat with his fat hand on his heart and listened to her handying repartee with each in turn. The jester's bells were silent. He was attentively studying the queen's pink nails on the hand resting on the vase of magnificent roses near the throne.

"You should have been a queen," the king announced ponderously as the last troubadour moved off.

"You were born a queen," the jester whispered eagerly.

"This splendor shall always be yours," the king continued in business tones. "Everything shall be yours that money can buy. But you were fitted for a real throne."

"Kind hearts are more than coronets," the jester sang softly to the air of "Under the Bamboo Tree." And the truest throne is a throbbing heart, lady." The queen frowned at him impatiently and turned to the king, who was presenting two foreign generals, ablaze with decorations. No, she was not dancing, she told them. The king couldn't dance, and it flattered him that she was so well content on the throne beside him. The incident was full of significance. He had wealth, social position, everything but her, and now it seemed that his patience was to be rewarded at last. What woman could hold out in such a fight? The queen sighed and brought him back to earth. He turned eagerly to her. She was looking far away. Her thoughts, even to a casual observer, were far removed from this crowded ballroom.

"You sighed, your majesty," he begged humbly. "You share my throne. Let me share your trouble, whatever it is."

The queen laughed merrily. The jester touched his bells.

"Margot!" he whispered eagerly.

"Margot!"

The queen ignored the appeal. A merry crowd of troubadours were approaching, and she paid for their compliments with a fire of smiles and pretty speeches.

"If you would marry me," resumed the old king suddenly when the crowd departed with backward bows and obeisance and they were alone save for the jester, whom he did not see, "you shall be queen in a palace as beautiful as even you could desire."

"Margot!" entreated the jester. "Love is everything!" The queen frowned at him impatiently.

"Marry me," pleaded the old king hoarsely. "You are not one who can stand poverty. Your mansion shall be a palace; your jewels shall rival a queen's."

"Marry me," whispered the jester, catching hold of the hand behind the rose. "Today I bought a house, Margot. True, there are but four rooms in it, but no place could be half so dear. You could transform it into a home, Margot. I have no jewels but those of my love to give you, Margot, but you know that is true."

"You shall cruise in a yacht on summer seas," continued the deaf old king, "and all Paris and London shall rave of your beauty and your splendor."

"We could slip off together to the park," whispered the jester, "to listen to the band on Sunday evenings. Don't you remember what you told me under

those moss draped trees that night? The queen toyed with her fan and sighed. "I love you! I love you! I love you!" chanted the jester passionately.

"As my wife," resumed the king, "you will always be the queen of scenes like this." The eyes of the queen swept the house before her—her upon tier of beautiful women in gorgeous gowns and jewels, men whose admiration and preference counted for a great deal, and above all else, the atmosphere of wealth and culture and beauty. Could she afford to reject it all?

"I am old," the king continued sadly. "All that is left in life for me is you. Surely for the few years remaining—could you not share them with me? Think, gently—what it would mean to you—afterward. I ask no love."

"I am young," the jester whispered eagerly. "I love you. Things are beginning to change for the better with me. Can you afford to sell yourself, Margot, for gold? What are the king's millions to my love, Margot?"

Into the eyes of the queen a great light suddenly leaped, but she sighed again when she looked at the king. One by one the maskers were straggling up to say good night. Far overhead the musicians were playing again "If Ever I Cease to Love," the carnival air. The king bent wearily toward her. "Shall I come for my answer tomorrow?" he asked patiently. Then, with fresh ardor, "You will not walk the wild's way weeping when the coachman bids you ride, your majesty?" he questioned pleadingly.

"My love," the jester's lips touched her hand—"if you choose the palace, who will keep my home?" The queen suddenly caught the clown's fingers with a thrilling grasp. Quick as thought he slipped a ring on the third finger of her left hand.

The king and queen had risen to depart.

"I shall come for my answer at 4 tomorrow," he reminded.

"Why—why not take it tonight?" the queen asked slyly. "I can never marry you, your majesty, because I am to wed another."

"To wed another?" the king faltered pitifully. "To wed—another?"

"This is he, your majesty," the queen replied, turning to the jester.

"Think!" the king pleaded. "Think!"

"The queen has thought," the jester announced in many tones. And he knelt and kissed the cold hand of the king.

A Cheerful View.
When Ozias Ransome of Pottersville saw the bill rendered by the physician who had ministered to his ills for three days in New York he puckered his lips and gave a shrill whistle.

"My stars, Oz, you aren't going to give that man any such sum of money as that, now, are you?" demanded his wife, with much spirit. "You know it's extortion—you know." But, to her amazement, Mr. Ransome placed his hands in his pockets and tipped back the hotel chair in a position that indicated peace of mind.

"Now, see here, Rudory," he said tranquilly, "I didn't sense it at first, but when you consider that in Pottersville I'd have had to be sick most six months to run up a bill of that size we've got something to be thankful for that I was took with that spell here 'stead of at home."

Mrs. Ransome pressed her hand to her forehead.

"But—supposing you had only been sick those three days at home, and"—she began with a bewildered air, finding small comfort in her husband's reasoning—"why, then?"

"We've no need to suppose," said Mr. Ransome, with cheerful firmness. "We've got to take the decrees of Providence just as they come. You dwell the thought of my being saved six months in bed right in the heat of summer."

Much More Powerful.
Professor Smith was once lecturing on natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced a most powerful magnet, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet.

"Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" demanded the lecturer, with an air of triumph.

"I can," answered a voice from the audience.

"Not a natural terrestrial object?"

"Yes, indeed."

The lecturer, somewhat puzzled, challenged the man who had spoken to name the article.

Then up rose old Johnny Sowerby.

Said he: "I will give you facts, professor, and you can judge for yourself."

When I was a young man there was a little piece of natural magnet done up in a neat cotton dress as was called Betsy Maria. She could draw me four teen miles on Sunday over plowed land no matter what wind or weather there was. There was no resistin' her. That magnet o' yours is pretty good, but it won't draw so far as Betsy Maria!"

A Russian Custom.
"That man," said the photographer, "owes me \$20 for a dozen cabinets. I wish I dared to treat him as he would be treated in Russia."

"In Russia if you don't pay your photographer's bill he hangs your picture in his window upside down. Every Russian photographer's window has five or six of those reversed pictures in it, and there is always a little crowd of people outside craning their necks and saying:

"Oh, that is Vasil Popoffsky. Won't he be ashamed! And look at Anna Olinisky. You'd think she'd be able to pay! Is that Santa Gogol there? It certainly is. What a pity!"

"Russian photographers, thanks to this unique method of theirs, have few unpaid bills. If only their method was in use here!"—Chicago Chronicle.

When That
Biting Pain Tells
of Kidney Disease

Fruit-a-tives are the first step in the cure. In fact, Fruit-a-tives will cure ordinary Kidney Troubles without assistance. They do this by cleaning and regulating the whole system.

"Fruit-a-tives" stir up the liver—cure Biliousness—make the bowels move regularly every day. That rids the system of poisons that affect the Kidneys.

Then Fruit-a-tives correct digestion—prevent acidity of the stomach—insure food being completely digested.

It is by their cleansing, purifying, curative powers on the other organs that Fruit-a-tives have such a healing, soothing effect on sick kidneys.

"I have been troubled lately with my back and kidneys and have received great benefit from taking Fruit-a-tives. I am getting along so well that I intend to continue with Fruit-a-tives until I am cured. I recommend them to my friends."

MRS. JOHN FOX, Cobourg, Ont.

If you have those sharp, shooting pains in the back—if the urine is scant and scalding—if you are bilious or constipated—cure yourself with

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit-Liver Tablets.

At all druggists, 50c. a box. Manufactured by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

District Doings

CON. 13, RALEIGH.

A large number attended the races at the Maple Valley race track last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harve Soaman and Mrs. John O'Phee were Wallaceburg visitors on Sunday.

Mrs. Goldwin Russell is very sick with pneumonia.

Mr. George Russell has finished the contract of putting in corn for John McNaughton.

Mrs. Mann is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dodd's, of the Middle Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ford, of Blenheim, were the guests of Mr. John Pardo on Sunday.

Mrs. Mason, of Blenheim, is now visiting this place.

Mr. L. Boyes has returned home from the Northwest after spending some time there.

S. Walker was the guest of Mr. Abbot on Sunday.

John Knott & Co. are engaged in drilling a well for John Pardo.

Miss Eva Hunter is in Blenheim spending a few days with Miss Crookshank.

DAWN VALLEY.

Lester Moulton, second son of Benjamin Moulton, died on Thursday afternoon after a short and terribly painful illness with appendicitis. The funeral was held on Saturday from the home of his parents to Dawn Valley appointment, thence to Dresden cemetery. Lester was 15 years old and was a very bright, fine looking boy. He will be greatly missed by his schoolmates and young friends, and much sympathy.

Most of the farmers are busy in their corn and beet.

Misses Margaret and Carrie Rowe spent Friday evening in Commerville. A few of our young people attended the moonlight excursion on the City of Chatham on Friday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cotton were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Board on Saturday last.

A large number attended prayer meeting on Tuesday last.

Wm. Mackness spent Saturday last in Chatham.

Lidcote and Oungah football teams played a very successful game at this place on Saturday last. Lidcote winning by a score of 2 to 1. A large number attended the game.

Only the home can found a State.

Ramsay's Paints

For Floors, as Well as Houses.

There's a special kind—for every kind of floor—from clear, transparent stains to solid tints and colors. Each one is made for a special wood or a special purpose. Each one mixed in just the right proportions to hold its freshness, its color, and its lustre.

Our book tells what paint to use, and when to use it. We send it free.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL.
Paint Makers since 1842.

For Sale By Jas. A. King, Chatham

The T. H. TAYLOR CO.'S

Ordered Clothing
Department

Good sense in Clothes buying is Good Taste, good business sense. Getting your clothes made to fit you, and become you, and to meet your needs, that is good taste. The rest is a matter of good cloth, good cutting, good workmanship, good value and good business sense.

Good common sense, order your Suit now at

THE WOLLEN MILLS