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WHERE TWO WAYS MET

By Julia Truitt Bishop

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"Ye reckon he'll know ye?" asked the fat old woman who was putting a cunning patch on a much worn white garment.

"Know me?" cried the thin old woman, with something that was almost a blush on her faded cheeks. "Well, I don't know anything that would keep Jimmie from remembering me. Any two people that knew one another like we did and were engaged for two long years—"

"Like as not ye won't know him," said the prosaic fat old woman, trying another patch under another hole and considering it with her head at one side.

Now it was that the thin old woman smiled. "Jimmie was tall," said she musingly, looking out at the window, "and a mighty handsome young man. Everybody said so. I didn't come to his shoulder. I always liked tall men. When we went out together, people said what a fine looking couple we were."

The old woman at the fire sniffed again.

"That was thirty year ago," she said, with distinct sarcasm. But the listener in the window looked up with glistering eyes.

"Yes, don't it seem funny that it's so long?" she asked. "I have to most shake myself to make myself believe it's true. Why, I don't feel any different. It's just the same old me that used to think everything Jimmie did was right. I reckon he would hardly have known I was alive," she went on musingly, "if he hadn't happened to get hold of that copy of the Clarion with the notice of my buying that five acre piece back of the spring, and then he wrote to me—such a respectful, dignified letter, Miss Bangs—and we have been corresponding ever since. His letters show that he is still unchanged. If we only like one another when he comes today—if we only do—then we are to be married at last after all these years. I've had an independent life, but I would feel kind of good, after all, to have a big, strong man to de-

pend on. I don't care how independent a woman is. She gets kind of lonesome once in awhile."

"There's a knock," said Miss Bangs, deliberately folding up her work and rising.

"Mr. Hamilton?" said the maid of all work, throwing open the door.

Miss Alethea stood still for a moment, dullness settling down upon her. Then she sank into a chair.

The man before her was gray. He wore glasses. There was a stoop in his shoulders, so that he was not so tall as he had been. In that dreadful moment of revelation she cried desolately within herself. "He is old—oh, he is old!"

"I would never have known you!" she cried involuntarily in her great bewilderment. "How you have changed!" He had been staring at her, but now he passed his hand across his brow.

"I was about to say the same of you," he said. "The years have not stood still with you."

She scarcely heard him. She was slowly realizing that the man with whom she had been corresponding of late months was a stranger to her.

"I believe women change more rapidly than men," he was saying when she fastened her attention on him again. "It is on account of their indoor life, I suppose. I am just about as strong and active as I ever was."

Miss Alethea sat still and looked at the floor.

"The weather's quite cold out, isn't it, Mr.—Mr. Hamilton?" she asked, with a manifest effort.

"Not so cold as it was yesterday," he replied, with an effort on his own part. "Of course you will take dinner with us?" she said.

"Well, I don't know that I can," he replied, with his embarrassed eyes on the doorknob. "I put up at the hotel, and—they'll expect me back to dinner."

And the absurdity of this was so evident that she threw up her head and laughed at it. He caught sight of the motion in a fleeting glance. That had been one of the ways of her girlhood, a charming little way when the head was crowned with a wealth of brown hair and the blue eyes sparkled and the lips were red. Then he dropped his head with a groan.

"I must go, Miss Alethea," he said.

"I will be in town several days, and I'll see you again."

"Well," said the confidential friend who had happened to come with him to the hotel, "did you see your face of the olden time?"

"Yes, I saw her," he retorted irritably, turning his face away. "And I am going to leave town this evening. I cannot see her again."

"What's the matter?" questioned the friend in amazement.

"Why, man, she's old," said Mr. Hamilton, recklessly flinging his belongings back into the trunk which he had fatuously brought with him in the expectation of remaining many days.

"Well, it's my opinion that you're no schoolboy yourself," said the friend rudely, after which it will be readily understood that the two quarreled and that the friend took himself off without delay.

"Well?" questioned Miss Bangs crossly. Mr. Hamilton had been gone a long time, but Miss Alethea had just come in, complaining that the glare of the sun in the window had hurt her eyes.

"Well," said Miss Alethea, with her face turned away, "I found Mr. Hamilton looking changed. He's—he's looking much older and more broken than I expected to see him. I don't care to meet him again. I think I'll go up to Springville this evening and spend a week with Jeremiah's folks."

A tall, gray man with a little stoop in his shoulders paused beside the only seat in the car that had but one occupant.

"Is this seat taken, ma'am?" he asked, and when she shook her head he sat down. He had been there several moments and the train was well under way before he noticed the thin, white little hand that lay upon the top of a satchel in her lap, and a small, old-fashioned ring on one of the fingers.

Then his eyes leaped, startled, to her face. She recognized him at the same moment.

"Jimmie!" she cried, the old name slipping out before she could think.

"Alethea!" he said, and a thrill of warmth and color swept suddenly back over both hearts.

"I had to take a little run up the road—on business," he said mendaciously. "Let me lower this shade; the sun's in your eyes."

How red and womanly she looked! How dainty she was in all her belongings!

"I am going to Springville—on business, too," she said shyly.

How thoughtful that was in him to pull down the blind! How long it had been since any one had been thoughtful for her!

"Do you know," he said, looking at her attentively, "you have really changed very little. I should have known you anywhere—now that I have a chance to observe you closely."

"Oh, I have changed far more than you have!" she cried generously.

He moved a little nearer. His sleeve touched her arm. What talk was this about youth having fled? She could feel that sleeve against her arm making sudden summer in her soul.

"Going up to Jeremiah's for a few days?" he said. "I wonder if you would let me go along with you? I was always friends with Jeremiah."

She looked up and smiled at him, and her eyes fell. But the swift smile had effaced so many of the years that he cried with a rush of the old time tenderness:

"I declare, Alethea, you haven't changed at all!"

He wasn't mean.

The whip-flicking hero of this story had driven an irascible old fellow a good three mile journey in London. When the fare climbed stiffly out and slowly produced a big pocketbook, cabby drew a deep breath and prepared to be sarcastic. A watchful constable standing near prevented all thought of his relieving his feelings by the use of picturesque terms.

Cabby watched his fare make a lengthy mental calculation of the distance he had been driven, select the exact legal fare, count it twice over, and then proffer it to him with an expression on his face plainly indicative of "Now, then, you dare dispute it and I'll take your number!"

But cabby didn't dispute it. Instead, he promptly accepted it, but slipping his hand into another pocket he produced a farthing, which he handed to the fare.

"What's this for?" demanded the old fellow.

"One farden, currant coin of the realm, sir," said cabby, gathering up his reins. "I drew you just the exact distance represented by air of that there shield under the three mules you reckoned. I ain't got no air farden about me, but it don't matter. You can keep the change. I ain't mean. Goodby, sir, and God bless you. Gee up, 'orse!"—London Answers.

A Levee-side Goldfish.

At a country house last summer I saw quite a unique friendship, writes a correspondent of the "The cat of the household, a magnificent Persian Tom, goes, when thirsty, to a large glass bowl in the drawing room, wherein a goldfish disports itself, and there seems to have an interesting tete-a-tete with its finny friend—drinking the other's health, I suppose. The lady of the house told me that a week or two previous to my visit the cat had been unwell and could not be induced to leave its quarters in the kitchen. It was noticed that the fish also seemed sickly and refused to nibble the crumbs and seedlings thrown to it, but not for a moment did any one dream of associating its indisposition with the absence of the cat. When, however, master Tom appeared on the scene again, with quite an elastic step, the fish became itself once more and is now as frisky as ever.—London Chronicle.

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CHIFF SICK HEADACHE.

NOT A KEEN FISHERMAN.

The Record of His Majesty as an Angler Is Not Startling.

There is an interesting article in The Fishing Gazette by the editor, Mr. R. B. Marston, on the Royal Family as anglers. The King, it seems, is not a very keen fisherman, not half so keen as his brother, the late Duke of Edinburgh, or his son, the Prince of Wales, but it is quite a mistake to suppose his Majesty has never taken any interest in fishing. He has fished in the Highlands, and when as Prince of Wales he rented Aberfeldie on the Dee he used to fish for salmon now and then, though as old Donald Morgan says, his Majesty was a real enthusiast. Lord Knollys, however, recently informed Mr. Marston that the King on one occasion caught a 21 lb. salmon on the Floors Castle water on the Tweed. As regards the Queen, we have long known that she is a keen disciple of Isaac Walton, as is also Princess Victoria, and they often fish together when in Scotland. Her Majesty has killed salmon in Ireland, and so dandy is his Majesty's fishing, that he is successful in landing one. Last month the young Princes tried their hands at the trout in a Norfolk stream, and Prince Albert (aged 6) got a brace, and Prince Edward (aged 7) half a brace, with the fly, March Brown and Black Gnat. The fact that they were able to send a trout to the King, who was then staying at Sandringham, and a brace to their parents in London, afforded them as great pleasure as the catching of the half-pounders. They have taken as many as fifteen or twenty roach each on an evening.

SEVEN YEARS IN BED

This Wonderful Case Borders on the Miraculous

Nothing Like it Has Ever Been Heard of—In Newfoundland, Where The Story Comes From it Has Created a Profound Sensation.

Cottel's Cove, New Bay, Newfoundland, Oct. 6.—(Special).—This part of the island has been thoroughly aroused by the marvellous cure of a man named Joseph Boon.

For eight years the man had been ailing and for seven years of this time he was unable to work. He had Back Ache and Kidney Complaint, in fact he was all pains and aches. He had been treated from time to time by several doctors and although he always carefully attended to their several prescriptions exactly as ordered by them, he got no relief, but was slowly growing worse.

Finally he went to the Hospital, where he remained for seven months, only to be sent home as an incurable case. He has tried every remedy he could hear of, electric belts, liniments, oils and other medicines, but all of no avail. No one ever thought he could ever be well again.

However, one day he picked up a newspaper containing an account of how Mr. Richard Quirk, of Fortune Harbor, had been cured of Lumbago by Dodd's Kidney Pills. After reading this Mr. Boon made up his mind to try this remedy and at once began a treatment.

He used altogether twenty-one boxes before he was able to go to work again, but now he is able to attend to his daily duties as strong and vigorous as any man along the coast.

Mr. Boon is a fisherman and is at present engaged at lobster fishing with no thought whatever of his old time Back Ache and other pains.

The people here regard this cure as little short of miraculous.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

FLOWING BEES.

Interesting and Practical Methods of Well-Coming Among the Tykes.

How many people know that there are spots in this country where workmen are not only willing, but eager, to put in a good day's labor for nothing, in order to show their welcome and good-will towards a new-comer?

It sounds too good to be true at this time of day, says London Answers, when everybody one meets seems to be ever "on the make," from the waiter at the restaurant to the office boy, who never hurries unless you promise him "something special."

If you are intending to go into the farming line it would appear that the district around Richmond, in Yorkshire, is one of the best places to settle down in, for then you may come in for that extraordinary warm day known as "plowing day." It is a strange custom, of ancient lineage, and was exercised not long ago by the neighboring farmers in favor of Mr. T. C. Hutchinson, of Bradbury, Durham, who had taken a big farm at Skeby, near Richmond. The jovial, hospitable Tykes who were to be his neighbors, resolved to give him a rousing welcome and to make a "plowing day," by which is meant that they would spend a whole day together in plowing his land for him to start with. No less than 44 teams of horses, with plows, arrived from surrounding farms and set to work on Mr. Hutchinson's new land. It was believed to have been almost a record welcome, even in hospitable Yorkshire, which is saying a good deal.

It is curious to note that this institution of helping the new or anxious farmer has been carried into our colonies, and is a well known practice in Queensland. Probably it was some good Tyke who carried it out there with him from the old land. At any rate, Mr. H. W. Gibson, a recent settler there, found that he had had his "lines cast in pleasant places" not long ago, for when he was so incapacitated by illness as to be unable to get his land ready by seed time, the neighboring farmers arranged to give him a "plowing day," as all his children were too young to undertake the work of the farm.

They accordingly assembled at the appointed day in good time, and soon got fifteen plows to work upon the land, with the result that they prepared over thirty acres of Mr. Gibson's farm ready for the sowing of wheat, and when that delighted gentleman later did his heart good to see the splendid practical help that his neighbors had given him.

It is not long ago since the hundreds of "hands" at a big Halifax factory offered to work a month for nothing in order to help their masters at the mills to tide over a period of great anxiety in financial matters. There had been an excellent spirit existing for long years between masters and workmen in this particular mill, and when it became known that the firm was in difficulties from various causes, the large number of employees, soon called a meeting and determined to come to the rescue of those who had so often helped them.

The outcome was that these ordinary workpeople offered, as stated, to work for a whole month without wages, which meant a saving to the firm of thousands of pounds. It was a noble offer to come from poor people, who were actually dependent upon those same weekly earnings for their very bread, and the firm appreciated the offer deeply. But they, unfortunately, found it impossible to accept.

It is quite a common custom in several villages in Lancashire and Yorkshire for the people to give their services to prepare a house, so far as the cleaning goes, for a home-coming bride. They will undertake the labor of cleaning, whitewashing, papering, and so forth, without expecting a farthing's worth of reward, merely as a sort of greeting to the woman who is coming among them as a new wife.

In similar fashion, the girl friends of a bride of the working classes on the border seldom let her work to pay for their own bridal array and finery. They invariably work themselves, and pay for the wedding outfit of the fortunate one of their number who is about to enter the "holy bonds of matrimony."

Kitchener's Starling.

Stories about Lord Kitchener are just now bulking largely in most of the journals. His Lordship's pet starling, which was a known character in Pretoria, is the subject of some of these. A correspondent of Navy and Army relates the following about this sagacious creature:

This bird, for the time being, was the apple of Lord Kitchener's eye. He always had it near him, and often, when some difficult problem of the campaign troubled him, he would be seen standing in front of the cage, clear in mouth, gazing at the captive bird. One day an idea struck him. It seemed that the pet was in poor spirits. Lord Kitchener conceived the idea that the bird was lonely—that it required a mate. In a moment the whole of the headquarters was in a ferment. Imperial interests were of a secondary consideration. Staff officers who had not a moment to call their own were out hunting through Pretoria for a mate for the pet of the chief, who had steadfastly refused to allow any of his married officers to be joined by their mates while in service.

Women Wanted in South Africa.

The lack of British women in South Africa is one of the most serious facts with which the statesman has to grapple, says The London Mail. It is vital that a carefully directed emigration of women from England should be organized by the state. A writer in The Quarterly Review reckons that 3,000 British women are needed a year to meet the emergency, and this is a total which it should not be difficult to find in England, where we have a very large excess of women.

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