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MY LATEST METHOD TREAT-MENT to be a positive cure for all Chron-ic, Private, Nervous, Delicate, Blood, Skin, Kidney, Liver, Stomach, Bladder and Fe-male troubles; so positive am I it is a posi-tive cure that you can

PAY WHEN CURED 18 DIPLOMAS

Thousands are troubled and do not know it. If you are in doubt as to whether you have one or both, call and see me and I will examine you free of charge. If you can not call write for question blank, as I can care you with my LATEST METHOD TREATMENT at home as well as at my office. I have cured thousands of patients suffering from the above troubles at home whom I never saw. Every case I accept I give a written guarantee to cure. a written guarantee to cure.
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Troubles, painful and frequent urination deposits or strings in urine, weak and aching back succumb to my LATEST METHOI TREATMENT in short time—no cure no

SKIN DISEASES Syphilis, copper colored patches, eczema, dry and moist tetter, scrofula, psoriasis, granulated cyclids, scalp diseases, pimples, all forms of itching diseases succumb to my Latest Method Treatment in short time. Positively NO MERCURY OR POTASSIUM USED.

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Jas. G. Steen. Phone 54 P.O.Box 626 PLAYWRITING.

echnique of an Art That Requise Tact and Skill.

me time in his life every author, no er how successful he may be in ficdetermines to write a play, and without a clear understanding of this without a clear inderstanding of the difference between the dramatic and other forms of compositoin. So few, in-deed, are those who have mastered the technique of both the novel and the play

technique of both the novel and the play that they can be counted upon your thumbs, says Manuscript.

Charles Reade, whom Swinburne calls the greatest of English novelists and whose "The Cloister and the Hearth" is agreed by all to be the ideal of the historical novel, always plumed himself on his ability to write a play. Certainly he had the dramatic sense, as the stories of his ability to write a play. Certainly he had the dramatic sense, as the stories of his which have been dramatized prove, but he lacked the training in dramatic technique. And, worst of all, he was totally blind to his deficiency. He made over a good French play into a poor English one and wrote to a friend that he had achieved the dearest wish of his life. In the composition of a play the first essential is the construction of a "scenario," the framework of the fabric. With this done, the play is fully embodied in this done, the play is tuny emboured in the mind of the practical playwright. The rest is but upholstering—"leather and prunella." The younger Dumas was once asked how he was getting on with a once asked how he was getting on with a play that he had on the stocks and an-swered: "Nearly through. All done but the dialogue."

The fault of the "closet dramatist,"

whose plays read better than they act, is nearly always too much attention to lit-erary style and too little to stage effect. He thinks too much of word painting, a necessity in the days of the bare Elizabethan stage, but now rendered obsolete by the calcium and other modern effects. The frame of the dramatic edifice nowa-

days is everything. The paint can be squirted on with a hose.

The novelist who will write a play should therefore engage the services of a professional playwright either as a col-laborator or critic and reviser. Even then, if he does not produce a popular play, he will have received hints concerning the attainment of dramatic effects which will be of invaluable service to him which will be of invaluable service to him in subsequent work in his own field of fiction. Indeed, one of the best practices an embryo novelist could engage in would be the novelizing of a successful drama—if he can find one on the boards that wasn't a novel itself originally.

WHAT NOT TO WEAR.

Cheap lace on anything. Cheap jewelry any time. Tan shoes in midwinter. Diamonds in the daytime.
Elaborate toilets for charch. Untidy frocks for breakfast. Dotted veils with weak eyes. Pointed shoes when bicycling. Conspicuous bicycle costumes. A broad belt on a stout figure. A plain basque on a slim figure. White petticoats on muddy days. Gaudy colors in cheap materials. Linen collars with dressy frocks. Cheap trimmings on a good dress. Theater bonnets with street suits. Picture hats with outing costumes. Bright red with a florid complexion. Hair dressed high with a snub nose. Worn shoes with an elaborate toilet. A long, draggled skirt on a rainy day. Hair in a Psyche knot with a Roman

Lace frills or chiffon ruches for work

Gloves with holes in them or boots with buttons missing.
Soiled white gloves on a shopping ex-Horizontal stripes or tucks on a stout

A Peculiar Present. Edward Noyes Westcott, known only as the author of "David Harum," possessed a rich baritone voice and at one time sang in a choir at Syracuse. He was fond of telling of an occasion on which he was invited to sing at a con-cert in one of the smaller towns of west-ern New York. The musical affair passed off satisfactorily with the help of the neighboring talent, assisted by Mr. West-

cott's rare voice. As Mr. Westcott was about to retire his host came timidly to his room, carrying two long paper boxes. "I leave the house so early in the morning to go to my factory," the man explained, "that I'm afraid I may not see you, but I want thing for your singing to give you something for your singing tonight. Now, here's two pairs of the very best whaleboned corsets that our factory turns out, and I want you to

take them home with you."
Westcott used to add that he was so surprised and amused that he could find no words of protest, and so accepted and took them home.

Chinese Nerve.

The most common form of putting a man to death in China is taking off the head by the sword, and the extraordinary nerve of the Chinese is shown in this way more than any other. I have seen two men beheaded, one placed before the other. It took three strokes of the sword to kill the first, and while the operation was going on the second knelt down with his neck outstretched waiting his turn. Thinking that the process was slow, he turned to the executioner and asked if he were going to be much longer with the first. Then, when the executioner came to him, he stretched his neck and waited for the blow, which completely severed his head from his body.

A whaling station can be smelled a tong distance. It is a wonder how people can endure such awful odors, but it is true that one can get used to anythic The excursion steamers to the North Cape always visit a whaling station for the edification of the tourists. It is one of the sights on the regular programme, but few people go ashore. The others but few people go ashore. The others are satisfied to remain afar off and spend the time "cussing" the captain and begging him to get away as soon as possible. A dead whale will smell longer and louder than any known animal.—Norway Letter to Chicago Herald,

No Regrets. "Have you sent your regrets, Doro-thy?" asked mamma of her little daugh-ter, who had decided not to go to a party to which she had been asked.

"I haven't any to send, mamma," an-swered Dorothy. "I don't want to go."

—Indianapolis News.

TWO MORE CASES OF ITCHING PILES

That Could Not Be Cured By Any Treatment Except

Dr. Chase's Ointment,

There is probably no other medicine prepared in this country which has been so thoroughly endorsed by the best and most respected people as Dr. Chase's Ointment This is undoubtedly accounted for by the fact that people who are free from the misery of itching plies are anxious to let other sufferers know what has cured them and ers know what has cured them and because Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only actual cure for this torturing and frightfully common disease.

and frightfully common disease.

Mr. John Harvey, Mayor of Arnprior, Ont. states:—"Only persons
who have experienced the torture of
itching piles can form any idea of
what I suffered from the horrible
disease. I was advised to try Dr.
Ontrease and can positive. disease. I was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment and can positive ly say it has completely cured me. I had tried many so-called cures for piles and can truthfully say that there is no remedy on the face of the earth like Dr. Chase's Ointment for this purpose. I would not be without it for any amount of money and can heartily recommend it to all sufferers as it is the best thing I ever used."

W. E. Talbot of Talbot Bros., tobacco merchants, 382 George street, Peterboro' Ont., states:—'It is from a desire to help other sufferers that I offer a statement of my experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for itching piles. I was for a long time Chase's Ointment as a cure for itching piles. I was for a long time troubled with this unpleasant and torturing disease, and though I tried very many treatments remained uncured until I came across Dr. Chase's Ointment. It was highly recommended to me, and I find that every word of praise that is given it is true. I can truthfully say that I am completely cured, and, knowing the misery that the ailment produces, I am anxious to have others know of the surprising virtues of Dr. know of the surprising virtues of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers or by mail, post paid, on receipt of price by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Unknown Canada.

One-third of the area of Canada is practically unknown. There are more than 1,250,000 square miles of unexplored lands in Canada. The entire area of the Dominion is computed at 3,450,257 square miles; consequently one-third of this country has yet been untraveled by the explorer. Exclusive of the inhospitable detached arctic portions, 954,000 square miles are for all practical purposes entirely unknown. Most of this unknown area is distributed in the western half of the Dominion in impenetrated blocks of from areas as large as the states of Ohio, secret to white man.-National Geographic Magazine.

A Double Runaway. "They have a new coachman at the Rippenbangers." "What's the matter

"He let the borses run away." "Did they run far?" "Clear out into the suburbs." "Anybody with him?"

"Yes, Mamie Rippenbanger. She and

the coachman haven't got back yet."

In a Great Hurry. Benham-Why did that woman keep you standing at the door for half an Mrs. Bennam-She said she hadn'

time to come in. The world has seven wonders, but the average woman can wonder more than that in seven minutes.

Young man, if you want to attract the attention of mankind, don't run after them, but rather walk, with a stiff upper lip, the other way, whist-ling some careless tune as you go. Do not despise the condition in which you are placed; wherever you are you must act, suffer and conquer. You are as near heaven and the infinite in one place as in another.

COULD NOT WALK.

Some people become so crippled with rheumatism that they cannot walk for months at a stretch. Mr. John Connell, Bedford Mills, Ont. suffered great agony with musular rheumatism in his legs and could not walk for two months. Four bottles of Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure made a well man of him. This great blood purifier is put up in bot tles containing ten days' treatment, 50 cents, at all drug stores, or Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

*********** Don't Wait For a Gold to Gatch you

Radley's Cough Balsam A few doses relieves the cough and allays the irritation. Part of a bottle usually cures. If after using half a bottle it fails in your particular case return the bottle and your money will be refunded.

RADLEY'S

The Lesult of a Criticism of Little

One day the aunt for whom the four-teen-year-old was named and to whom most of her letters were written surpris-ed the fourteen-year-old's mother by the following:

ed the fourteen-year-old's mother by the following:

"Dear Edith." wrote the aunt. "I am much distressed over May's inability to write an interesting letter. Why is it? She has been corresponding with me regularly for some years now, and there is really no excuse for a girl of fourteen not writing a better letter. If this is the best she can do now, there's no hope for her later on, I'm afraid. Her letters are most uninteresting, and I'm both surprised and ashamed for her. Now, don't go telling her all this, of course. That would never do. But just see if you cannot contrive to let her know how she fails to make her letters interesting and then set about at once improving them. Never by look or word let her suspect that I criticised them. By the way, Edith, dear, did you decide to get the blue foulard or the gray crepe de chine," etc.

Now, no sooner did "Edith, dear," read this than she, of course, went straight to the fourteen-year-old and gave it to her,

this than she, of course, went straight to the fourteen-year-old and gave it to her, "right off the bat," as Charlie, the nineteen-year-old son and brother, would probably have put it. The aunt's letter. caution to keep silence and all, was duly read "at" the niece until she must have been a very much more trained and all. been a very much more stupid girl than she was not to realize the lack of inter-est in her own letters to bring all this

A few weeks later the mother received A few weeks later the mother received a second letter from Aunt May, and at its first words her hair rose. "In heaven's name," began the letter, "what does this mean about Charlie's marriage? May writes me that he is about to marry that dreadful blond that used to live on the block back of you and who afterward went on the stage and to whom I'm sure went on the stage and to whom I'm sure you wouldn't allow any of the children to speak to, much less have anything to do with. Oh, my dear Edith, don't write and tell me that it's so—and yet I do want to know all about it, and May's letter simply stated the facts and."

want to know all about it, and May's letter simply stated the facts and"—
The distraught mother rushed to the fourteen-year-old. "What possessed you to write this awful, dreadful, disgraceful lie to your Aunt May?" she gasped. "You know there's not a word of truth in it. Answer me—how dared you?"
The fourteen-year-old calmly took the letter, read it, returned it. "Do you letter, read it, returned it. "Do you think Aunt May will ever say again that I can't write interesting letters?" she said, with a smile.

FLORENCE AS A JOKER. Two Pranks the Comedian Played on

the Duke of Beaufort. Through the elder Sothern Billy Florence, the comedian, came to know the Duke of Beaufort, and they were excelent friends. Beaufort came to this country and was at the Gilsey House in New try and was at the Gilsey House in New York a good while. Florence enlivened his stay by several jokes, which were the talk of the town at the time. He told the duke that he was not looking well. "You need violent exercise," said he. "Now, I was troubled as you are. I used to strip to my underclothing and, taking to strip to my underclothing and, taking a heavy chair in hy hands, would run about my rooms, raising and lowering the chair a hundred times without stopping. It had a grand effect."

Florence insisted upon this for several days and got the duke into a mind for 25,000 to 100,000 square miles-that is, trying it. One afternoon when several s large as the states of Ohio.
or New England are yet a seizing a great chair, he elevated it above his head and began racing around the room. He was in a fine sweat, with his eyes bulging, his face red and his veins standing out. Florence went to the office, and when the eminent and dignified persons arrived he said to one of them he

"Going up to see his grace?"

"Yes," said the man."
"Well," said Florence, "I've been up to see him, and I'm afraid he's touched in his head. He is leaping about his room, making strange noises and breaking the making strange noises and breaking the furniture. Come up and see him. I think he ought to be restrained. His family ought to be told."

The eminent and dignified personages accompanied Florence and, peeping through a crack in the door, saw an apparent manier dashing round and round,

parent maniac dashing round and round, with staring eyes and flushed face. Then Florence shut the door and took them Florence shut the door and took theu away to tell what they had seen, beginning, "It's very sad about his grace," until an impression was general that the Duke of Beaufort had gone mad. A few days later Florence hid the duke's clothing and poked his head in at the door and said, "Hurry out; the hotel is afire!" The duke presently appeared in the hotel The duke presently appeared in the hotel office in a nightgown, slippers and a tall hat, thus confirming the unfavorable impression of his intellectuals.

He Knew No Fear.

Prince Metternich was driving in Vien-Prince Metternich was driving in Vienna one day during the congress of 1815 when the horses bolted, the carriage was overturned, and Metternich was thrown into the roadway. Finding he had no bones broken, he picked himself up and walked quietly away. The same examine walked quietly away. The same evening he met the king of Naples, who had seen

"How horribly frightened you must have been," said the king.
"Not at all," answered Metternich. "It is no merit of mine, but I am constitutionally inaccessible to fear."

"It is as I thought," replied the king.
"You are a supernatural being."

Man and His Palate. I suppose that every man's dream of married life is more or less mixed up with the idea of food—food that he can with the idea of food—food that he can eat and can invite his friends to eat. The possibilities of the chaing dish are innumerable. Try your best not to fall into a hopeless rut. Do dainty cooking. Then some time it may be that the fragrance of a perfect Welsh rabbit will bring to your mind the first budding of love as long as life and as deep as the grave. Men are queer creatures, aren't they?

Her Usual Remark. "What did Mame say when her father gave her that new gold watch?" asked one gladsome girl.

"Oh, the same thing that she always says. She remarked that she was having a perfectly lovely time."

A Used Up One. Nubbs-He went into the editor's office like a roaring lion and came out like a Bubbs—How was that? Nubbs—Licked.

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