

DENTAL.

A. A. HICKS, D. D. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office over Turner's drug store, 23 Rutherford Block.

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.

J. S. BLACK, W. M.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN.

Kindness to loved ones can best be shown by taking steps to shield their future from the cold charity of the world. Do not delay, but obtain a beneficiary certificate in some benevolent society, and bear in mind that the A. O. U. W. is the best institution of the kind in existence. There is a steady increase in membership, and nothing but good comes to us from the Order wherever existing. Visiting Brethren heartily welcome.

W. G. ARNOLD, J. R. SNELL,
Master Workman, Recorder.

LEGAL.

J. R. RANKIN, K. C.—Barrister, Notary Public, etc., Victoria Block, Chatham.

W. F. SMITH—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Office, King Street, west of the Market. Money to loan on Mortgages.

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

SMITH & GOSNELL—Barristers, Solicitors, etc., Harrison Hall, Chatham; Herbert D. Smith, County Crown Attorney; R. L. Gosnell.

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

HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, Scane's Block, King Street.

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THOMAS SOULLARD
Barrister
23 Victoria Block, Chatham, Ont.
Money to Loan on Land Security

COLLEGES.

The Best
It Will Pay You Best in the End
CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE,
Chatham, Ont.

I had been so borne along by the rushing tide of excitement that I had not found time to picture the moment of my meeting with John Bourke. My mind had gone further than that, and I had fancied myself telling him the wonderful story of his true birth. But now, as I rang the door-bell, my heart failed me. Of what ingratitude and selfishness must I not seem guilty after the letter I had left and my sudden disappearance!

I had come back on an errand of my own. I think that I should have turned and run away.

However, in the matter which had brought me I was a thing of no importance—only a voice with which great news should be told.

Mrs. Jennett herself came to the door, and started back with an exclamation of amazement at sight of me. Her little round face lighted up, then fell again.

"Well, I am surprised, miss," she remarked, with a certain stiffness foreign to her kindly nature. "After the fright you gave us. And Mr. Bourke said, from your letter to him, you were never coming back any more."

"Fears sprang to my eyes, and under the chill of her displeasure I realized that I was hungry, and miserable, and very, very tired."

"Oh, Mrs. Jennett, please don't scold me. Indeed I couldn't help it," I exclaimed, like a child. And then the tears came plashing down over my cheeks.

In an instant the cloud was gone from the sun of her kindness. "You poor child!" she ejaculated. "Now, don't you cry. I'm sure it's all right. Or it will be, since you've come back. Just as I said to Mr. Bourke. 'You mark my words; something's behind it all.' And now I'm certain it was so. Come in and I'll make you a nice fresh cup of tea. My word, it is good to see your pretty face again!"

With patting and caressing, which went straight to my heart, she drew me into the neat, narrow passage and shut the door.

"Is—Mr. Bourke at home?" I faltered, drying my eyes. "I want to see him very much on most important business."

"He's this instant finished his breakfast, and just as I came to answer the door he was on his way to the study, where a man was waiting to see him. He sent a message that he had important business, too; just those very words."

The blood rushed up to my face. What if it should be Roger—already? "Do you know the man's name?" I quickly asked.

"He was a stranger to me and Mr. Bourke, too, when I took in the name. But he said I was to say 'Jim Wel-

A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE
By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

Never had moments seemed so long; but at last I was opposite the tops of the laurel bushes that grew near the house; then my feet touched the ground. With that I gave a sob, and letting go of the rope fell in a huddled heap on the grass, where I lay quite still and nerveless. I was not in the least hurt, but I felt broken to pieces, and my hands and feet pringed, all over with the sensation known as "going to sleep."

A faint "Hiss!" at the window whence I had come roused me at length, and I tottered up, unsteady, until I supported myself against the house wall. But in a minute or two I was myself again, sufficiently at least to feel that I could walk; and when I had given back an answering whistle and seen the rope drawn up I began to search for the wide avenue which would lead me to the gates I remembered.

A late moon was just rising, and after I had stumbled over a few flower-beds I came into the drive. Never before had I been out alone in the night and the country, but I was too thankful to have escaped from the house with sound limbs to think of being afraid.

The great gates were locked, but there was a small gate for foot-passengers at the side, and this was open. The lodge was dark, and apparently deserted, as it had been before, so I passed freely, and drew a long breath of relief when I found myself out in the open road.

I forced myself to recall that in driving in we had first seen the gates on the right, therefore I could form an idea of the way to the railway station. I was glad now that I had looked often in the carriage window, for I remembered several landmarks which made the long walk seem shorter, buoying me up from time to time with renewed hope.

At the station I had a bitter disappointment, for the place was dark and deserted; but when I had hovered miserably about for half an hour, perhaps I saw in the brightening moonlight a huge market cart coming down the road.

I halted it, careless of the surprise which might be aroused by the approach of a young woman alone near the railway station at such a time of night. A man answered my call, peering curiously down at me from his high seat. He was going to Bournemouth, at which place he would arrive about four in the morning. If I were anxious to reach town as soon as possible I could certainly get an early train from there, while at a small place like this I might have to wait till much later. He would give me a lift if I liked. I did like; and presently, perched beside my new friend, I was jogging along the quiet country road, with only the moon to stare at me.

My patience was sorely tried by this delay, which I had not been practical enough to count upon. But I consoled myself with the thought that my tracks were being more skilfully covered than if I had gone direct to London by train; and that as it was I should probably arrive in town before the hour at which my absence was likely to be discovered.

I counted still upon getting away by five; but I had to wait in Bournemouth till nearly six, and it was nine when I reached Waterloo Station. Walter Leigh's money got me a cab, and at half-past nine, told by distant Big Ben, my driver was stopping before the well-remembered house in the quiet Westminster street.

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Carter's
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Must Bear Signature of
Wm. Wood

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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

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FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The name struck like a sharp knife. For all I knew to the contrary there might be a million Jim Welcomes in the world; harmless fellows, who might have equally harmless reasons for calling on the well-known young member of Parliament. But, quick as a flash, I was as sure as if I had been told that this Jim Welcome was from Essex street; that he was the man who had persecuted me; that he was the cat-paw who, in some sly, unexplained, horribly clever way, was now to be thrust in the fire by Roger Opp.

Without a word I ran down the passage to the study door. My fingers shook so that I could hardly grasp the knob. I never thought of stopping to knock, and as I fumbled with the handle there came to my ears the loud sound of a coarse voice raised in anger. "She was my girl, I tell you. Leastways, she would 'bin if you hadn't come round 'er with yer wicked lies, to spite 'er life and mine too. I know wot you done, well enough. The girl's own cousin told me, no longer ago than last night, and I've been 'angin' round your 'ouse since 'twas light, wylin' till I could 'ope to be let in. Now, wot I'm goin' to do is this—"

I flung the door open and staggered across the floor. I do not think I half knew what I was doing. The room seemed dark with white light. In the midst of it, black against a window, I saw two tall figures—John Bourke and Welcome—close together. John was unarmed, but Welcome had whipped out a revolver. With a scream, I rushed forward and struck up his arm. His finger had been on the trigger, and the weapon went off with a report that deafened me, then fell on the floor at a distance. Quick as lightning I ran, and, picking the smoking revolver up, flung it out through the window.

There was a crash and jingle of shivering glass and a shout in the street from some passer-by, but I hardly heard either. "Take care!—take care!" I was crying. "He may have a knife; he will use it."

But, deprived of the one advantage he had possessed over the man taken unawares, Welcome—the swaggering Adonis of Broad street—was a child in the hands of John Bourke.

I saw the great fellow seized and forced down upon his knees, his arms twisted behind him. And by that time John Bourke had seized the man's head and was shaking him like a doll.

All that came next was confused and dreadful. Jim Welcome's oaths and shouts of threatened vengeance for John Bourke and for me, the policeman's questions, John's answers, Mrs. Jennett's attempts at explanation which ended but in complication; all was like a dream. I seemed to wake up only when the room was empty save for myself and the man I loved. Then I found that I was sitting in the deck-chair where I had sat so often in happier days, and near me was the table with the typewriter, where I had been working when Lady Feo Ringwood came one day—a hundred years ago.

"My child, don't cry, unless you are sorry that you saved my life from that poor ruffian-madman," John Bourke was saying.

To be Continued.

The shoemaker expects his customers to get there with both feet.

IRON-OX

"It is with real pleasure that I certify to the efficacy of Iron-Ox Tablets."

Having been in the Retail Drug business thirty-seven years, I have never sold any proprietary medicine that has given the same satisfaction to my customers, or has been such an "easy seller."

JAMES E. SOMES, Pharmacist, Terre Haute, Indiana.

Iron-Ox Tablets

the best cure for constipation, an unequalled nerve tonic

50 Tablets, 25 Cents

ARGYLLSHIRE.

Who knows Argyllshire's story? You tell all Britain's fate. Since there the Roman's glory broke at her Highland gate. To leave the sons of Erin To bring the Scottish name Where blessed by holy Kieran, A town has kindly fame.

For there the stone of wonder, To Eastern magic known, Was brought the oak thwarts under, From Britain's crowning stone: Kinloch, Dunadd, Dunstaffnage—Three forts of old renown—Safe kept that stone, the preface Where Scot shall wear the crown.

Argyll's sweet dewy splendor Looks over loch and sound, Whose purple lights attend her, Imperially crowned and frown. And, kissed by loving nature, In ocean's arms she lies, Fair faced with hills whose verdure From isle and mainland rises.

In mist the mountains haunting The spirits still remain Of those who wooed her, ranting Proud names of Scot or Dane. The flag of Flann daileas Once more grim Haco's galleys Flash past the Hebrides.

Once more, Iona, waken With choral songs the deeps. Lift fear from hearts sin shaken Where great Columbia sleeps—Green isle of white sands, bearer Of happiness and doom. Dred with a hue yet fairer—The red of martyrdom—Duke of Argyll.

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

Some Curiosities of Language in Writing or speaking.

A short time ago a midland contemporary published a series of curious notices which had come to the personal knowledge of some of its correspondents. Among these were the following: "Welsh (Welsh) eggs 're deadly.'" "I will myself, every Tuesday and Friday." "Take notice when this board is out of site the river is dangerous." "Widow with large family wants washing by the week." "Mr. and Mrs. Jones (of a Birmingham address) have left off clothing of every description; inspection invited; splendid opportunities for everyone." "Ladies and gents sold and holed; ladies, 1s 6d; gents 2s 6d." "This is the old shop just come from above." "A large stock of ladies' hose, pure cashmere, to be cleared at 8d per pair. They won't last long at this price." "Try our 1s 2d butter; nobody can touch it." "Astonishable belts made to order." "Sailor's vitals cooked here." On a tombstone: "Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother." "Why go further and be galled elsewhere? Step inside." "Bring your bones here, good prices given." "Closed for the day owing to funeral of proprietor's wife, and who will carry on as usual to-morrow morning."

We have also come across the following collection of curios in writing or speaking: A certain politician, condemning the Government of the day for its policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden egg until they pump it dry." An orator bore off the palm for mixed metaphor when he declared that "The British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell." A lecturer on chemistry once said: "One drop of this poison placed on the tongue of a cat is sufficient to kill the strongest man," and a lieutenant stated that the Royal Niger Company wished to kill him to prevent his going up the river until next year. On one occasion one of the Irish whips in the House of Commons telegraphed to Dublin that "the silence of the Irish members would be heard in the House of Commons no longer." A coroner's jury once reported that a coroner had come to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury.—Golden Penny.

A Mystifying Village.

Stokenchurch is a very delightful little village as anybody who has stayed there during the summer will be only too ready to testify, but the difficulty about Stokenchurch is that it doesn't quite know where it is so to speak. There seem to be quite a number of English country gentlemen of reckoning the pretty place within their borders, with the usual result that "too many cooks spoil the broth," and Stokenchurch occasionally gets into a muddle as to how it exactly stands in the matter of location. The postal authorities tell you to address your letter to "Stokenchurch, near Wallingford." This, therefore, makes the village come in Berkshire, but if you get the parliamentary voting lists you will find that for all electoral purposes Stokenchurch is regarded as being in the county of Oxfordshire. And then, as if to drive the inhabitant quite out of his senses, there comes along the Poor Law people, who say and insist that Stokenchurch is in Buckinghamshire. The whole business sounds very much like comic opera, although the comic side is not always obvious to the inhabitants.

Brave Grenadier Rewarded.

Ex-Color Sergeant Morgan, late of the 2nd Grenadier Guards, has been appointed Lodge-keeper by the King, near the Sovereign's entrance at Windsor Castle.

This gallant soldier wears the distinguished conduct medal for bravery in South Africa. In the engagement when the veldt was set on fire by the Boers, and our wounded Guardsmen were burned to death, Morgan lost both his officers by his side and 46 of his company.

When the officers were placed out of action he brought his company out of the fire, and came through it himself unscathed.

Charles Dickens' Effects.

Charles Dickens' office table, chair, and looking-glass, and another high-backed chair which he used in the editor's office of All the Year Round, were sold at auction in London recently for £85. They were given at Dickens' death to his housekeeper, and sold by her to a collector.

3 wine glasses
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Taken Daily brings
Health Strength and Vigor
TO
Pale, Weak, Sick People.
It keeps the Young from becoming Old and makes the Old feel Young.
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It would be Strange Indeed
If our new and elegant line of vehicles did not meet with great favor, and especially after learning the remarkably low prices on the magnificent assortment.
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Moving Sale
We are meeting with the greatest satisfaction in our August Sale and as we intend moving in a few weeks we are giving bigger bargains than ever. There are a few trimmed hats left that we are putting in price very low—
Children's Trimmed Hats from 25c
Any Trimmed Hat in the store 49c
Sailors from 20c
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We are Back Again to REGULAR PRICES
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The Short Route to
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One way fare from Chatham \$1.60
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