

Are You a Japan Tea Drinker?
If so, ask your grocer for



This tea resembles Japan Tea in Flavor, but it is much more Delicious and is destined to take out the colored and adulterated teas of Japan, as "SALADA" black tea has displaced the tea of China.

Sold in 1/2 lb. Packets only. In Halves and Quarters. At 40c a pound.

A Woman's Shoe
should be like herself—
dainty and delicate—
yet strong to endure.
This is the King
Quality all over. It's
as pretty as a shoe can be made and as strong also, and
yet it doesn't look as though it was made for a man.
People who don't know it, guess
the price somewhere around \$5, and
yet it is only \$3.
Ask to see King Quality.

TRADE MARK
KING QUALITY

Made by J. D. King & Co. Limited, Toronto

BLOOD POISON
If you ever contracted any Blood Disease you are never safe unless the virus of poison has been eradicated from the system. At times you see alarming symptoms, but live in hopes no serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore throat, ulcers on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, itching, pimples, blotches and rashes on the face, the eyes become bright, itchy, and the skin itches, weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin your system with the old foggy treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time only to break out again when the virus is in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantee is backed by bank bonds that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our NEW METHOD TREATMENT for over 20 years, and no return of the disease. No experiment, no risk—not a "patch up," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited.

NERVOUS DEBILITY
OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all impurities, blotches and rashes disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, itchy, and the skin itches, weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin your system with the old foggy treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time only to break out again when the virus is in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantee is backed by bank bonds that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our NEW METHOD TREATMENT for over 20 years, and no return of the disease. No experiment, no risk—not a "patch up," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited.

Dr. KENNEDY & KERGAN
149 SHELBY ST. DETROIT MICH.

Wanted Immediately
AT THE
...KENT MILLS...
LARGE QUANTITIES OF WHEAT, OATS, BARLEY, NEW AND OLD BEANS
BUY KENT MILLS FLOUR
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.
Flour made by the Gyrator System takes more water, and gives you a larger
whiter and sweeter loaf, and makes more oaves to the barrel than any other Flour.
Cereals Breakfast Food and Family Cornmeal, freshly ground, always on hand.
Farmer's Feed ground on quick notice by a three reduction roller process, much
ahead of the oil system of chopping.

RADLEY'S
...DRUG STORE...

Removed next door to Geo. E. Young's Grocery
opposite the Standard Bank

Radley's
Stomach and Liver Pills
The Best Antibilious Pills in Use! Cures Dyspepsia and all
Stomach and Liver Complaints.

Have You Ever Tried Them?
There is Nothing Better.

Radley's Drug Store
Subscribe Now

YOUSOUF.
A stranger came one night to Yousouf's tent.
Saying: "Behold one outcast and in dread.
Against whose life the bow of power is bent;
Who flies and hath not where to lay his head!
I come to thee for shelter and for food.
To Yousouf, called through all our tribes The
Good."
"This tent is mine," said Yousouf, "but no more
Than it is God's. Come in and be at peace.
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of his who buildeth over thee."
Our te as his glorious roof of night and day
And at whose door none ever yet hegd "Nay."
So Yousouf entertained his guest that night
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold.
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight.
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.
That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self conquest. Kneeling
He bowed his forehead upon Yousouf's hand,
Sobbing: "O sheik, I cannot leave thee so!
I will repay thee. All this thou hast done
Unto that Isham who slew thy son!"
"Take thrice the gold," said Yousouf, "for with
It into the desert, never to return.
My one black thought shall ride away from me.
Firstborn, for whom by day and night I yearn.
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees.
Thou art avenged, my firstborn. Sleep in peace!"
—James Russell Lowell.

The First Impulse

An Eastern Story of Two Men
Noted For the Good They Did.

BY JULES LA MAITRE.

Turri was a wealthy citizen of Bagdad who was far and wide renowned for his many virtues. In assisting the poor with his money he was so generous that he had to deprive himself of the luxuries of life, and the patience with which he listened to the laments of the suffering and cheered them with kind words earned him the love and admiration of his fellow citizens.

He bore with resignation all the petty annoyances which accompany man through life in an almost unbroken chain. He was truly tolerant and never waxed angry when others did not share his opinions, a rare and difficult virtue indeed, for there is no human being who does not wish in his innermost heart that all other human beings might be his inferiors and yet in his likeness.

He was a faithful husband, and in spite of his wife being of a quarrelsome nature. He bore with her ill temper and seemed not to mind at all that she was no longer young and beautiful. Finally his unselfishness was so great that, though himself the author of numerous poems and dramas, he rejoiced over the success of his rivals and proved his joy by giving them sincere words of encouragement and rendering them all kinds of services.

In brief, all his life was made up of mercy, gentleness, loyalty, unselfishness, and he was considered a saint—a chivalrous saint.

In spite of all this he showed a lack of that calm serenity which usually illuminates the face of saintly persons. His features had the suffering expression of one who has fallen a prey of wild passions or secret sorrows, and frequently, in the very moment of doing some kind act, he would cast down his eyes. Was it to collect himself or to avoid looking into people's faces? No one could tell.

Now, there lived not far from Bagdad an ascetic by the name of Maitrega. He was a miracle worker, and the pious from all parts of the world flocked to him to be helped by his prayers. Having renounced the world and all its usages, Maitrega had dug a cave into the bank of whose river were always heard at the throne of Ormuzd. With his bony, hair covered arms uplifted to heaven he stood before his cave as unwearied as a tree stretching its branches upward, so that the swallows, deceived by his immobility, took Maitrega for an old willow and built their nests on his shoulders. His face was tanned brown by the sun and was black with dirt, and his long beard and tangled hair blew about him like the wind beaten grass blades on the ramparts of an old castle ruin. And so he lived for many years, for such had been his will.

One day he overheard a pilgrim saying: "Turri appears like an embodiment of Ormuzd. If he only had the power to do what he likes, misery would surely disappear from the earth."

Maitrega's form became more rigid. It was apparent that the ascetic had entered into communion with Ormuzd. A few moments passed in silence, then he said to the pilgrim:

"I cannot compel Ormuzd to grant to Turri the power to do everything he wishes, for in that event he would be equal to God. Ormuzd has, however, granted that beginning from tomorrow at all occasions the first wish entertained by Turri shall be immediately realized."

"Oh," replied the pilgrim, "this almost amounts to the same. Turri's first wish at whatever occasion will be like all his other wishes, always generous and good. You have announced to me, reverend sir, the happiness of countless human beings. Accept my best thanks."

Had Maitrega's beard been less impenetrable the pilgrim might have noticed an ironical smile gliding over his petrifed lips. A moment later, however, the ascetic was again absorbed in deep meditation.

And the pilgrim returned to the city and rejoiced in anticipation of the beneficent miracles through which Turri's power undoubtedly would become manifest.

The next morning Turri on awakening happened to throw a glance upon his wife, who was still slumbering at

his side. All of a sudden his wife, as though driven by some mysterious power, rose, rushed to the window and precipitated herself into the yard, shattering her skull on the pavement.

Turri left his house and soon saw himself importuned by a crowd of beggars. He did not utter a harsh word to them and was about to distribute alms in his habitual kind way when, to all the beggars dropped dead.

Continuing his walk, he met fair Mandenika, one of the most noted courtesans of Bagdad. Eager to gain the wise man's love, she told him the story of her life and tried to persuade him that she was unlike any other woman of her profession. Turri was moved to pity and was about to express to her his sympathy when the woman all of a sudden fell lifeless at his feet.

Arriving in the city, he found that the street which he had to cross was blocked with numerous carriages. After waiting a few moments he began to lose patience, when all at once drivers and horses, as though hit by some mysterious blow, dropped dead to the ground.

He went to the theater and there fell quarreling with the scholar Carvillaka about some verses which the latter ascribed to Nisami, while Turri claimed that they were composed by Saadi. Suddenly the scholar uttered a shriek and expired. The play which was performed had a great success and was much applauded by the audience. Hardly had Turri made up his mind to join in the applause when the author of the play breathed his last.

Turri returned home, terrified at what he had seen and, thinking himself the cause of all these murders, he killed himself in despair by plunging a dagger into his heart.

During the same night died also Maitrega, the ascetic.

Both appeared simultaneously before Ormuzd.

The ascetic thought in his mind: "How I shall rejoice to see this man whose hypocrisy was almost as much admired as his virtue as soon as he had power to do what he liked showed his true nature by committing countless crimes."

Ormuzd, however, turned smilingly to Turri and said:

"Welcome, virtuous Turri. You were truly a good man and my faithful servant. Enter now into my eternal peace."

"That's a good joke," said the ascetic, with a sneer.

"Never have I been more in earnest than at this moment," replied Ormuzd and, addressing again Turri, spoke: "You wished the destruction of your wife because of her ungentleness and homeliness; the destruction of the beggars because of their annoyance and the repulsive sight they offered; the destruction of the courtesan because of her foolishness and insincerity; of the drivers and their horses for causing an unnecessary delay of the scholar Carvillaka for disagreeing with you; of the playwright for his being more successful than you. All these wishes were perfectly natural. The murders with which you were charged by Maitrega were, without your knowing it, the effect of your first wish, that wish which no one is able to command. It is quite natural to hate all that is disturbing and obstructing, and it is just as natural to desire the destruction of what we hate. Nature is egotistical, and the name of egotism is destruction. Thus sin and crime take root in the hearts of even the most virtuous, and if mortals had the power of realizing their first involuntary wishes the earth would fast become depopulated. This, Turri, I purposed to show by your example. But I judge men after their second impulse only, that impulse which alone is in their power. Without the mysterious gift for which you did not ask and which heard your last day so murderous you would have continued to lead a beneficent existence. It is, therefore, not your nature that I have to consider, but your will, which was good and ever ready to curb nature and to improve any imperfect work. And for this reason, my dear coworker, I open to you the gates of paradise."

"So far, so good," said Maitrega, "but what reward do you grant to me?"

"The same," replied Ormuzd, "although you only partly deserved it. You were a saint, but you were not a human being unless so through your pride. You succeeded in stifling the first impulse in your heart, but if all men would live like you mankind would be even faster exterminated than it could be through the fatal power granted to my faithful servant Turri. Now, I want mankind to exist, as I find pleasure in its sight, which at times is very beautiful. Even your efforts, miserable ascetic, were not entirely devoid of beauty, and therefore I pardon you your foolish error. And thus I receive Turri into my bosom, because I am just, and you, Maitrega, because I am merciful."

"But," objected Maitrega.

"I have spoken,"—Translated From the French For Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Roberts of Utah in the House.

"Utah—Brigham H. Roberts," sang out the clerk. Roberts, pale but self possessed, walked down the aisle toward the speaker's chair. At the end of the aisle Roberts stood with his hands resting upon the two desks at his right and left.

"How neat and clean he looks," whispered a woman in the gallery.

"He ought to," replied her companion, "with three wives to keep him tidy."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Clever.

Porten—Miss Wabash is considered the cleverest girl in our set.

Upperton (of New York, in surprise)—Clever? Well, I can't see it!

"But you haven't seen her brook a gun or punch the big vet."—Brooklyn Life.



The story of love is as old as the world, and as all embracing as the universe. It furnishes the sentiment for all romances—all novels—all plays.

The novelist considers it wholly from the sentimental, intellectual side, but there is another aspect even more important—the physical side. Sentimental love between men and women leads to close physical association—to marriage—to the rearing of children. And so health must be considered. A weak, sickly, head-ache, back-ache woman cannot be a good, helpful wife. She cannot bear healthy, happy children. She cannot give her children the proper care and training.

A sick woman has no right to marry. A sick woman has no right to attempt motherhood.

But no woman need be sick unless afflicted with cancer. There is a sure way for her to regain her health. She need not go to a local doctor and submit to the disagreeable questionings, "examinations" and "local treatments" so invariably insisted upon, and so justly abhorred to every modest woman.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has cured more cases of female weakness than any hundred local practitioners. He has proved that diseases distinctly feminine can be cured right in the privacy of home.

Write to him stating your symptoms and an account of your trouble and he will give you a careful, confidential consideration and prescribe for you free of charge.

Mrs. O. N. Fisher, of No. Lexington Avenue, New York City, writes: "I had been a sufferer from nervousness with all its symptoms and complications. In the spring of 1891 I began to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Now I am not cross and irritable. I have a good color in my face and have gained ten pounds."

FUTURE BICYCLES.

As a Fad the Wheel has Become a Thing of the Past

Utility has Taken the Place of Enthusiasm and the Wheel has Ceased to be a Craze.

The bicycle as a fad has become a thing of the past. Utility has taken the place of enthusiasm, and the wheel has ceased to be a craze. It still, however, has a future as an excellent method of exercise and of quick locomotion.

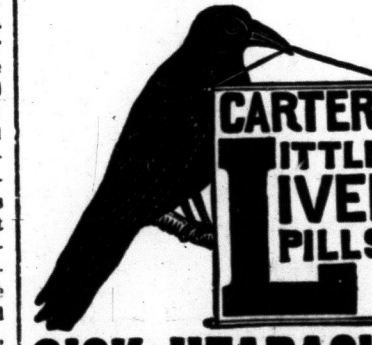
The Baltimore Sun, looking into the statistics of the trade, finds there has been a heavy decline in exports from the United States, notwithstanding the great decline in prices, and that original investors in cycle works have met with great losses. The same is true in England. In the first eight months of 1895 that country sold abroad \$4,350,000 worth of bicycles and in 1896 sold \$5,946,749, but a decline set in in 1897, and in the first eight months of 1899 it sold only \$2,393,560 worth of the companies organized in England in 1896 and since 40 with shares aggregating \$14,750,000 have gone into liquidation. Shares of 36 leading companies show falls aggregating 30 per cent., some falling as much as 75 per cent. The common stock of such companies is now almost absolutely worthless. Probably this is the history of the trade all over.

Everything else, after the novelty wears off, the bicycle has ceased to be a supply an instrument of pleasure and popular diversion, but has come to the demands of practical use, and that is its future.

The writers who have influence are the only men who express perfectly what others think, and who awaken in men's minds feelings that were ready to blossom. In the depths of human minds all literatures lie dormant.

"How did you like that little dog I gave you wife?"
"I never saw one that I liked better. It died the next day."

Englishman—Straws tell which way the wind is blowing.
Oldport (from Kansas)—Out that in our country houses, trees, and horses tell the same tale.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution
the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,
Ask for Carter's,
Insist and demand
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

WILLIAMSON Lodge No. 48
G. R. C. A. F. & A. M., meets
on the first Monday of every
month in Masonic Hall,
Fifth street, 7.30 p. m. Visiting
brethren heartily welcomed.
J. S. TURNER, W. M.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

VETERINARY.
S. C. BOGART—Veterinary Surgeon.
All diseases of domestic animals
skillfully treated. Dentistry in all
its branches. Firing done without
anesthetics. Office open day
and night. Office and residence, south
side of market square. Telephone in
connection.

MUSICAL.
E. J. FORSYTHE—Organist and Choir
master. Tenor soloist; lessons given
in Voice Culture; pupils prepared
for Church and Concert work; Con-
cert engagements accepted; a limited
number of pupils received for
pipe organ and piano instruction.
For terms address P. O. Box 738,
Chatham.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marshall, having
been appointed organist and choir-
master of St. Andrew's Presbyterian
church, will receive pupils in singing,
voice development, piano and organ.
Classes in sight singing and church
psalmody, on and after Sept. 4th.
Residence, Park street, directly op-
posite Dr. Battisley's residence.

T. DUMONT—Piano Tuner and Re-
pairer. References given by owners
of the best pianos in the city. All
enquiries will be promptly answered.
Address, 464 P. O. St. Thomas,
P. O. 521, Chatham. 18-1y

Miss Edna Idle, A. T. C. N.
(Gold Medalist.)
SOPRANO

Organist, and Choir Leader Park St. Methodist Church
VOICE CULTURE.
Concert Engagements.

For terms, dates, etc., address
Krause Conservatory of Music,
Chatham, Ont.

KRAUSE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Winter Term

BEGAN FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10TH

HARMONY CLASSES
Meet in Studio No. 2, on Monday's at 8 p.m.

SENIOR THEORY CLASSES
On Tuesday's at 5.30 p.m.

JUNIOR THEORY CLASSES
On Thursday's at 5 p.m.

FREE to Conservatory Students

R. VICTOR CARTER—Musical Director

LEGAL.

J. B. RANKIN, Q. C.—Barrister, No-
tary Public, etc., Eberts' Block,
Chatham.

C. E. W. ATKINSON—Barrister, Soli-
citor, etc., 115 King Street, Chat-
ham, Ont.

W. FRANK SMITH—Barrister, Soli-
citor, etc., Office, King street, west of
the market. Money to loan on
Mortgages.

J. B. O'LENN—Barrister, Solicitor,
etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public,
Office: King street, opposite Mer-
chants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

FRASER & BELL—Barristers, Office
—Merchants Bank Building, Chat-
ham.
JOHN S. FRASER,
EDWIN BELL, LL.B.

SCANE, HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE
—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyan-
cers, Notaries Public, etc. Private
funds to loan at lowest current
rates. Scane's block, King street.
E. W. SCANE, M. HOUSTON,
FRED. STONE, W. W. SCANE.

WILSON, KERR & PIKE—Barristers,
Solicitors of the Supreme Court,
Proctors of the Maritime Court, No-
taries Public, etc., Office, Fifth St.,
Chatham, Ont.
MATTHEW WILSON, Q. C., J. G.
KERR, J. M. PIKE.
Money to loan on mortgages at
lowest rates.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Money to Lend
At 5 and 5 1/2 per cent.
ON LAND MORTGAGES.

Will also lend on NOTE and
Privileges to pay off. CHATTEL MORTGAGE

J. W. White Barrister
King Street W. at Chatham

..Money to Loan..
ON MORTGAGES

At 4 1/2% and 5%
Liberal Terms and privileges to borrowers.
Apply to
LEWIS & RICHARDS,
Barristers, Etc., Chatham.
Fifth Street.

MONEY TO LOAN
AT
4 1/2, 5 and 5 1/2 %
First and second Mortgages, Notes and other
Securities taken.

R. A. Murphy Northwood's Block
Chatham, Ont.

Sterling & Kovinsky
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
**Rags, Rubber, Iron
and Metal**

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID,
MAGNOLIA HOUSE,
Chatham - Ontario

Minard's Liniment is used by Phy-
sicians.