



A man—whose coat sags at the collar, bags at the elbow, and simply won't stay pressed into shape—ought to be mighty sorry he did not buy

"Progress Brand" Clothing

Made right—looks right—IS right.
Look for the label that typifies progress.

C. AUSTIN & CO.

LODGES

PARTHON LODGE, NO. 27, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C. meets on the first day of every month in Masonic Temple, King Street. Visiting brethren always welcome.

J. W. DRAPER, W. M.
J. W. PLEWES, Sec'y

WELLINGTON LODGE, NO. 45, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C. meets on the first day of every month in the Masonic Hall, King Street East, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

GEO. MUSSON, W. M.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y

LEGAL

HOUSTON & STONE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite R. M. Coleman's store. M. Houston, Fred Stone.

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

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

WILSON, PIER & CO.—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. to loan on mortgages at lowest rates. Office, Fifth Street, Matthew Wilson K.C., J. M. Pike.

KERR, GUNDY & BRACKIN
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, & C.
NOTARIES PUBLIC

NATHAN, ONT. Office over Bank of Commerce, TILBURY, ONT.

Private and Company Funds to Loan at Lowest Rates on Bo-Rowers own Terms of Payment.

OHN G. KERR, W. E. GUNDY, R. L. BRACKIN

MONEY TO LOAN

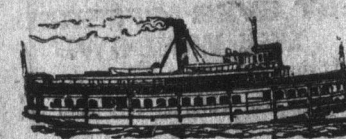
MONEY TO LOAN—Company and Private Funds. Farm and City Property for Sale. **W. E. Smith, Barrister.**

MONEY TO LOAN—On mortgages lowest rate of interest; liberal terms and privileges to suit borrowers. Apply to Lewis & Richards, Chatham.

MONEY TO LEND—On land mortgage, on chattel mortgage, or on note; lowest rates; easy terms. May pay off part or all at time to suit borrower. J. W. White, Barrister, opposite Grand Opera House Chatham.

DR. J. P. SIVEWRIGHT.
Office Opposite Grand Opera House.
TILBURY, ONT. Phone 235
(Upstairs)

TIME TABLE



Steamer City of Chatham

Will make her regular round trip from Chatham to Detroit every **MONDAY and WEDNESDAY**, leaving Rankin Dock, South Chatham, at 7:30 a.m., and returning leaves Detroit, foot of Randolph Street, at 8:00 p.m., returning will leave Chatham 8 p.m., Detroit time, or 4 p.m., Chatham time.

Will also make round trips from Detroit to Chatham every **FRI. DAY and SATURDAY**, leaving Detroit, foot of Randolph Street, at 8 a.m., Detroit time, or 9 a.m., Chatham time, returning will leave Chatham 8 p.m., Detroit time, or 4 p.m., Chatham time, arriving in Detroit about 1 p.m.

SINGLE TRIPS—Thursday leaving Chatham at 9:30 a.m., Sunday leaving Detroit at 8 o'clock, Detroit time, or 9 p.m., Chatham time.

Round trip, 75c.; One way, 50c.

A. HIBBLE, Master.

Every Woman

is interested in and should know about the **MARVEL Whirling Spray**. The new York City. Best—Not a cosmetic. It cleanses, beautifies, and gives a new life to the skin. It is the only skin preparation that is safe for the face. It is the only skin preparation that is safe for the face. It is the only skin preparation that is safe for the face.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont.
General Agents for Canada

When You Take Cold

One way is to pay no attention to it; at least, not until it develops into pneumonia, or bronchitis, or pleurisy. Another way is to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. If he says, "The best thing for colds," then take it. Do as he says, anyway. We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our preparations. **Lowell, Mass.**

A MEMORY OF THE WAR

An Old Soldier's Story of the Battle of Yellow Tavern.

IEB STUART'S LAST FIGHT.

The Wounded General's Heroic Bravery in the Face of Death—Custer's Brilliant Charge as Seen by a Confederate Cavalryman.

"The most brilliant charge I ever witnessed was made by Custer at the battle of Yellow Tavern," said an old Confederate cavalryman. "It was near the beginning of what historians now call the Wilderness campaign."

"I was with Jeb Stuart, General Fitz Lee's division. Wickham's brigade and Phil Sheridan's troops were hanging on us like a pack of hungry wolves, nipping at us every turn."

"We left Hanover Junction about 1 o'clock one night and reached Yellow Tavern before 10 o'clock the next morning. We hadn't more than halted at the Tavern when up comes Sheridan and tries to drive us out. It was a pretty tough struggle, a hand to hand fight, and we fell back from the Tavern, but held our position on the telegraph road leading to Richmond."

"I was with the battery on the extreme left wing, and it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when orders came for the whole division, except the First Division, to dismount."

"It did seem good, I can tell you, after so many hours in the saddle, to stretch out on the ground and take a smoke—that is, all who had anything to smoke. There was just one pipeful among that whole battery, and the boy who owned it passed it down the line, and each man took his turn puffing at it. When it was gone we all began to speculate on what devilry Sheridan would be up to next and how Jeb Stuart would head him off. It wasn't long before the fellow wished for a drink of water."

"You know how it is. When one man wishes for water the whole company begins to sweat. They are dying of thirst. Jack Saunders and I took a bunch of canteens and started over the hill to a spring that he had seen that morning. I was on my hands and knees over the spring when I heard Saunders' grunt of surprise."

"There, only a few hundred yards away, was a considerable body of cavalry. Sure that it was our right wing, I wondered to see them mounted and in ranks. Just then the voice of an officer rang out:

"'Cavalry! Attention! Draw sabers!'"

"The entire line moved forward at a quick walk, and as the officer wheeled his horse I saw his face. My God, it was Custer! The situation came to Saunders and me like a flash. We threw down the canteens and started back to the battery on a dead run."

"'Troop! Custer's voice rang out again. Then he shouted, 'Charge!'"

"With wild cheers, his cavalry dashed forward in a sweeping gallop, attacking our entire left wing at the same time. We saw our battery taken, our line broken, and our men running like sheep. Saunders and I had but one thought—to join our fleeing company."

"As we reached the telegraph road above the din of the battle I heard Jeb Stuart's voice. There he was, making a stand with a handful of men around him."

"It seemed but a moment before Custer's troops were coming back as fast as they had gone forward. They had met the First Virginians. We greeted them with the rebel yell and the last charge in our weapons. Jeb Stuart cheered us on, and he cheered us I gave them my last shot and was following with my weapon clutched when I saw a man who had been dismounted and was running out turn as he passed our rally and fire his pistol."

"Jeb Stuart swayed in his saddle. It was only for a moment; then his voice rang out, cheering his struggling troops. The enemy rallied just across the road and fired a volley into the little band gathered around Jeb Stuart. His horse sprang forward, with a scream of agony, and sank down on its knees. As we lifted the general off the young officer who was helping me exclaimed:

"'My God, general, you are wounded! Your clothes are soaked with blood! You must leave the field, sir!'"

"'No,' General Stuart answered; 'I will not leave until victory is assured. Get me another horse.'"

"When I returned with the horse he was seated with his back against a tree, and when he tried to get up, weakened by loss of blood, he sank back again."

"'Go!' he commanded me. 'I am done for. Fitz Lee needs every man. I order you to go.'"

"'We cannot obey that order, general,' the young officer told him, and I'll never forget the look that came over his face when he heard the general. 'We must carry you to a place of safety, however the battle goes.'"

"'It must not go against us,' Stuart replied, and the thought seemed to put fresh vigor in his body. 'You must put me on my horse and keep me there. My men must not know that I am wounded.'"

"We lifted him on his horse, and, mounting our own, we held him in his saddle. When the tide of the battle turned, supported between us, he made a last effort to rally his fleeing troops."

"'Go back, men!' he cried. 'Go back, men! Go back and do your duty!'"

"We felt him sway in his saddle. The young officer turned our horses' heads to the rear, and we carried our falling general from the field, still holding him upright in the saddle. That was Jeb Stuart's last battle and Custer's most brilliant charge."

THE EXPERIENCE OF MANY WOMEN

Demonstrate Beyond All Cavil That Pe-ru-na Is a Safe and Useful Household Remedy.

Read What the Women Say.

MRS. ROXA TYLER.

MRS. D. C. CAMERON.

MRS. WM. HOHMANN.

MISS EMILY KOCH.

Chronic Hoarseness.

Catarrh of the Stomach.

A Wasting Disease.

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The White Man in Africa.

Our freed negroes have at times been advised to go to Africa and carry the knowledge gain by their race in the midst of white civilization back to their benighted brethren. Africa, it is said, is the negro's proper home, and he can have it to himself because the white man cannot live there. But there is now going on in Africa a wondrous work of transformation and reconstruction, instigated and controlled by white genius and white power. Even white farmers thrive there, and European peasantry are to be settled there with a view to making them actual tillers of the soil. European soldiers become acclimated there, and many of them remain from choice after their military service ends. And soldiering, as the white man in Africa prosecutes it, is hard work.

As a rule, of course, white men do not perform the hardest toll in tropical Africa. They do not need to. Their best hold is in arousing and directing the natives, bringing them out of the torpor of ages. Steam, electricity, and machinery that the sun cannot wilt are doing the work in Africa which even the natives would sink under. The railroads now laid freight into the wilderness where it never went before except a savage chief with his spear or a white man with his gun stood over the blacks who were impressed to "tote" it. Negro women, who take to the woods at the sight of a washbasin and pile of clothes, will sit all day at a sewing machine making overalls and jumpers for the black laborers, who think the white man's machine is doing all the work, as it really is. It is no wonder that the sons of Stanley's army of fighters, guides and porters will work the best of it in them to extend a railroad along Stanley's track in the Congo wilderness. Negroes are not dead to sentiment nor blind to the fact that white men are now doing things in Africa which their traditions told them could not be done except the gods interfered. So in Africa the race issue is a long way off. White and black are necessary, the one to the other, the man of brain to the man of muscle.

Disused Warships Sold.

Considerable interest was shown in the sale at Chatham of the old warships for which the Government has no further use. Agents from the United States, Germany and Italy were present, and fully prepared to make a keen fight for possession of these naval cast-offs; but the stipulation that the ships be sold to the highest bidder in England stopped them bidding. Even then the result of the sale, \$52,650, was much in excess of anticipations. Following are the vessels and the prices realized:

Sans Pareil, first-class battleship	\$26,600
Conqueror, third-class battleship	16,800
Undaunted, first-class armored cruiser	14,400
Alarm, torpedo-gunboat	3,650
Wave, steam yacht	925
Shate, torpedo-boat destroyer	305

An English ship-breaking agent offered \$29,000 for the Sans Pareil if it could be broken up abroad.

Birds Shaming Death.

I was in our maid's room talking, writes a correspondent of Country Life, when we both heard my old tabby Persian cat coming upstairs with the peculiar muffled "mow-mow" that meant a prize of some sort. He appeared with a fine cock sparrow that he had managed somehow to catch. Both the maid and I thought the bird was quite dead; his head was dangling limply, his eyes were half shut, and one wing was trailing. Jimmy the cat, laid his capture at our feet with pride. I was just going to pick the bird up when he shook up and flew straight out of the window, which was wide open. He had evidently not been hurt in the least by the cat, who was so furious at his capture escaping that he nearly went out of the window, too. It was a clear case of the sparrow "playing possum" and we have often laughed over the old cat's discomfiture.

The King's Gracious Act.

A pretty little incident, it is recorded, took place the other day at the royal luncheon table in the town and county hall, Aberdeen. The King, when conversing with Mrs. Lyon, the wife of the lord provost, who had just received the honor of knighthood, observed the card with her name on it which denoted her place at the table, and, taking it up, said, "I must alter this." With his pencil the King then obliterated the word "Mrs." and wrote in its place "Lady," graciously handing the card to her ladyship, says Woman's Life. Needless to say, this will prove one of Lady Lyon's most cherished mementoes of a memorable day.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune has denied it.

RED ROSE TEA

Girls are neater, more careful, and more cleanly than boys, so they are employed in the Red Rose factory to do all the packing and labelling.

It is a factory girls like to work in, and Red Rose Tea is a tea you will enjoy drinking. Everything is done to insure it being absolutely pure and clean.

Will you try a package? Ask your grocer for it!

