

—FOR— WEDDING GIFTS

Rich Cut Glass, very heavy cut, ice cream dishes, from \$11.00 up.

Our \$6. heavy cut berry Bowls have always been a seller with us.

Cream and sugar bowls in genuine Cut Glass, this week.

JORDAN

Jeweller & Optician, Big Clock, Chatham, Ont.

FOR SALE

10 acres of land near city, 2 new houses and lots, \$1150 each on easy terms. 30 new houses and lots, and building lots. See us if you are going to build we can save you \$500. Houses built on the installment plan.

J. A. Bell,
Real Estate Agent, Opposite Market King Street

NOW

Is the time for you to have that view of our **RESIDENCE** that you promised yourself you would have about six years ago. Or what about that family group or dozen of Cabinets, why not consult

GIBSON
THE PHOTOGRAPHER
He will call on you and make all arrangements.
STUDIO: Corner of King and Fifth St. Entrance King St.

House Cleaning Time

Is here and no doubt your home requires Painting and Papering. We have a number of First-Class Workmen in this Department who can attend to your wants. All work guaranteed.

Call at the Office or Phone 52, and we will call and submit samples and prices.

Maude Lumber and M'fg Co., Ltd.
Builders, Lumber Dealers, Phone 52, and Contractors

To Look Clean

Is gratifying

To be Clean

Is satisfying. You will enjoy both when you place your linen with us, for we do our work by the most modern methods known to our art.

The Parlour Steam Laundry Co., Phone 20

POTATOES

Either for Seed or Table Purposes.

We are receiving

Weekly Car Lots from the Best Potato Sections in the Country

and are in a position to guarantee to meet or beat any prices in the city.

Richards' Pure Soup Coupons taken at par.

Jas. N. Massey

CEMENT SIDEWALKS, CELLAR FLOORS AND FOUNDATIONS

Estimates promptly furnished. Twelve years experience.

JOSEPH GALLIPPO
near corner of Kent and Bth St. Chatham

ITS MERIT IS PROVED

RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

A Prominent Montreal Woman Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Completely Cured Her.

The great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is doing among the women of America is attracting the attention of many leading scientists, and thinking people generally.



The following letter is only one of many thousands which are on file in the Pinkham office, and go to prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound must be a remedy of great merit, otherwise it could not produce such marvellous results among sick and ailing women:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"Soon after my marriage my health began to decline. My appetite failed me; I was unable to sleep, and I became very nervous and had shooting pains through the abdomen and pelvic organs, with bearing-down pains and constant headaches, causing me much misery. The monthly periods became more and more painful, and I became a burden and expense to my family instead of a help and pleasure. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me within three months. Soon after I began using it I felt a change for the better, and at the time of my next period I noticed a great difference, and the pain gradually diminished until I was well. I am stronger and look better than I did before I was married, and there is great rejoicing in the house over the wonders your medicine worked."—Mrs. M. A. C. Letellier, 723 Cadieux St., Montreal, Quebec.

If you have suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhoea, flooding, nervous prostration, dizziness, faintness, "don't-care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, backache or the blues, these are sure indications of female weakness, some derangement of the uterus or ovarian trouble. In such cases there is one tried and true remedy—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THREE BOYS ON A RAFT.

Drifted Out Into Lake 10 Miles at Collingwood.

Collingwood, July 4.—A drowning accident was narrowly averted yesterday by the presence of mind of an 8 year old boy and his two brothers, aged 4 and 6.

The three boys, sons of Policeman Willison, went down to the town park on the lake shore about 10 o'clock, and the two older boys went in for a swim, and taking their little brother with them on a raft.

There was a severe strong wind blowing off shore and before the little fellows were aware of it they were drifting out into the lake.

Some one discovered their clothes, and a searching party was organized. The little fellows were given up for lost, but as a forlorn hope launch was secured and steamed out into the bay. When darkness was coming on they caught sight of a tiny speck and made for it.

The three boys were still clinging to the raft which was becoming heavier as they went on.

They were nearly ten miles from land.

A C. P. R. Purchase.

London, July 4.—(C.A.P.)—Private advices state that the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, with three steamers, has been sold to the C.P.R.

He Will Cure You First Then You Pay Him

The physician, who has not sufficient confidence in his own ability to cure his patient first, and receive his pay afterwards, is not the man to inspire confidence in those, who are in need of honest treatment.

Dr. Goldberg's acceptance of a case for treatment is equivalent to a cure, because he never accepts incurable cases. His satisfied patients receive the money for the value he has given the patient, but he expects to prove his worth and show positive and satisfactory results before he asks for the fee. So should he fail to cure the case, the patient loses nothing, while the doctor, when he cures the patient, has given him what is worth much more than money—he has given him his health back.

Dr. Goldberg is the first specialist in the United States or Canada, who has had sufficient confidence in his ability to say to the afflicted that not a dollar need be paid until cured.

There is no guesswork, no experiment about his method. He is a known expert in his chosen specialty, and offers you the best, and only the best treatment. When your life or your health is at stake, inferior treatment (which leaves after-effects worse than the disease itself) is dear at any price.

Dr. Goldberg has 14 diplomas and certificates from the various colleges and state boards of medical examiners, which should be sufficient guarantee as to his standing and ability. It makes no difference who has failed to cure you. It will be to your advantage to get the doctor's opinion of your case free of charge. He wants to hear from patients who have been unable to get cured, as he guarantees a positive cure for all chronic, nervous, blood and skin diseases, which he accepts for treatment. He not only cures the condition itself, but likewise all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney troubles, blood poisoning, physical and nervous debility, lack of vitality, stomach trouble, etc. All medicines for patients are prepared in his own laboratory to meet the requirements of each individual case. He will send a booklet on the subject, which contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. All medicines for Canadian patients sent from Windsor, Ont., duty and transportation prepaid. Address him simply, Dr. S. Goldberg, 208 Woodward Ave., Suite 511 Detroit, Michigan.

Some people wonder if there is anything done by them which other people regard as not just straight

Kit, Kitty And the Kitten

By CLEMENT WILLIS

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure

"I beg your pardon, but can you tell me how to wash a cat?" Christopher Caswell held up a black kitten, with a very dirty white shirt front, to justify the question.

Catherine Turner caught it in her arms. "Isn't it a dear!" she cried. "Where did you get it?"

"I didn't get it," said Christopher (known to his friends as Kit); "it got me. You see, last night was pretty snowy, and this little beast followed me all the way down the street."

"And you took it in? How good of you!"

"I didn't exactly take her in; she led the way. After that I couldn't chuck her out in the snow again."

Kitty Turner gave him a look that seemed to him to bore into the inner-



"DID YOU HAVE A FIGHT?"

most recesses of his heart. He had worshiped her from afar ever since she had come into the studio building. This was the first opportunity he had had to speak with her.

"You get some soap and tepid water," explained Kitty. "Then you souse her well, dry her off and wrap her in a blanket and hold her until she dries out. You have an extra blanket?"

"Oh, yes," said Kit mendaciously, vowing that his steamer rug was none too good for a cat that had laid in Miss Turner's arms.

Kitty handed the wail to Kit. "Have you fed her?"

"Sure," was the prompt response. "She had a pint of cream this morning, though I'm sure she doesn't look it yet."

"You must not overfeed her," decreed Kitty. "I'll bring you some fish for her supper. All cats like fish."

Then the door shut, and Kit went back to his own apartments, assuring the unenthusiastic kitten that she was about to have the bath of her brief existence.

The preliminaries were simple enough, though Kit's ideas of tepid water were rather above the standard temperature. Grasping the cake of soap in one hand and the kitten in the other, Kit soaped her and boldly plunged the unsuspecting guest into the water. As she touched the water she gave vent to a howl that frightened Kit and made a spring for the edge of the tub.

Kit dropped the soap and grabbed at the cat, but his hands and the cat were slippery with soap, and he hugged her to his breast to secure her. This turned the frightened little animal on her back, and in an instant Kit's face was streaked with crimson.

With a howl he dropped the kitten back into the tub, from which she made her escape unhampered and promptly vanished under the sofa in the sitting room.

Kit bathed his face, smeared it with soap and then started after the kitten again. With the aid of a crook handled cane he dragged her from her hiding place, the dust matted in her wet fur. Clearly that bath was more than ever a necessity. Kit tempered the water from the faucet and finally accomplished the task.

When Kitty knocked at the door an hour later she very nearly fainted at the apparition which confronted her. Kit, with his shirt front wet and torn, his face streaked with blood and grease, bearing under his arm a wadded mass of steamer rug, certainly presented a formidable appearance.

"I gave her a bath," he grinned cheerfully.

"I should say you did," agreed Kitty. "Did you have a fight?"

"Did I?" echoed Kit. "Do you know, I'm going to form a new society for the prevention of cruelty to animals?"

"Is that the cat?" she demanded.

"What's left of it," he answered, picking at the bundle. The cat dropped out and streaked into Kitty's apartment. She ran after it, and when she came out again she carried cloths and a bottle as well as the kitten.

The kitten she quickly settled in a chair before the radiator. Then she turned her attention to Kit. Tenderly she washed off the ointment and bathed the scratches, applying a soothing lotion.

"That will take the sting out," she said as she turned to go. "If you will

leave the door unlocked, I'll come in later and change the cloths again."

To Kit it seemed as if the familiar sitting room had suddenly grown gloomy and depressing, and he lay there wondering at the difference a woman's presence makes.

Kit Caswell had been a confirmed bachelor ever since he had come from college. He rallied at marriage and love until his victims swore that some day they would have their revenge by seeing him struggling against the advances of the little god of love.

Now he confessed to himself that their dark prophecies had come true, only they were not dark prophecies. He found, to his surprise, that being in love was an altogether agreeable sensation.

His face soon mended under Kitty's care, but his heart was less easily cured. Kitty was friendly, but blissfully unconscious of his lovelornings.

There were little friendly visits to the door with some dainty approved by the feline species, brief chats in the elevator and the lobby about cat nature and education, but somehow Kitty's absorption in the kitten fended off the tender speeches that hung trembling on Christopher's tongue.

Several times he determined to put his fate to the test, but some incident restrained him until she had gone. It was a fit that finally brought his courage to the proper point.

The kitten, as all kittens will, indulged in the luxury of a fit, and Kit in hot haste summoned Kitty to the rescue. Her tenderness with the suffering beast fanned his love into a fierce heat, and when she had gone back to her own rooms he sat and applied picturesque appellations to himself for a coward. Then he crossed the hall and knocked on Kitty's door.

"I want to talk to you about the cat," he began lamely.

"Is she worse?" asked Kitty anxiously.

"It isn't that," he explained. "It's about her future. May I come in?"

She stood aside hospitably, and he entered the little den, strewn with its half completed bits of china painting.

"I don't think I can keep that cat," he began when she had settled herself.

"They are an awful comfort," she urged.

"And an awful responsibility," he added. "I don't think a bachelor should try to keep a cat."

"I used to keep one," she said carelessly, "and found it very easy. If you will follow my directions about feeding it you will have very little trouble."

"They say black cats are very lucky," he observed.

"Indeed they are. I know lots of instances where they have brought good luck."

"I thought," he said nervously, "that you might like to have it."

"I couldn't think of taking her away from you," she cried, "she is such a comfort to you."

"Well, you see," he continued, his heart thumping violently. "I go with the cat; one of those trading stamp games, you know."

It was unconventional, but Kitty had the kitten—and Kit.

North German Superstitions.

During an eclipse all hidden treasures are open, and if you are wise enough to carry a primrose with you you will be able to help yourself to any of them. No witchcraft will ever harm you if you carry a water lily bud about your person, and if you should chance to dream of illness you will soon be happily married. If you eat double cherries you will have twin children, and if you are afraid of lightning take heed to keep in your house a plant of orpive or live-long.

Now peas on Wednesday and Saturday if you do not want them to be eaten by birds. Put blue marjoram in the baby's cradle when empty to keep witches at a respectable distance, and if you don't want your last baking to go moldy you must take good heed not to bring cornflowers into the house. Stars are souls, and when one falls a baby is born. When a baby dies God makes a new star. These are all north German superstitions.

The Husband as a "Nice Doggie."

There are a lot of women in this world who think that there's only one side to the married relation, and that's their side. When one of them marries she starts right out to train her husband into kind old Carlo, who'll go downtown for her every morning and come home every night, fetching a snug little basketful of money in his mouth and wagging his tail as he lays it at her feet. Then it's a pat on the head, and "Nice doggie."

And he's taught to stand around evenings, retrieving her gloves and handkerchief and snapping up with a pleased licking of his chops any little word that she may throw to him. But you let him start in to have a little fun scratching and stretching himself or pawing her, and it's "Charge, Carlo!" and "Bad doggie!"—From "Old Gorgon Graham."

Buddhist Bells.

In an article on "Some Remarkable Old Chinese Bronzes" a writer speaks of the thimblelike projections on the temple bells as being for the purpose of adjusting the sound. Many Chinese and Japanese bells have similar projections, but in every one of them these are above the sound bow of the bell. This would not be the case if the above theory were correct. An educated Japanese gave me another reason—to wit: Once upon a time Buddha was so engrossed in his meditations that he did not observe the sun's beating down on his bare head. The snails, seeing his plight, covered his scalp with their slimy bodies and prevented his having a sunstroke. Since then Buddhist bells that were cast had these twisted protuberances, while those of beaten metal have been covered with small convex bosses.—Forest and Stream.

The Easy, Pleasant, Certain Way to Cure

CONSTIPATION

The most convincing proof in the world that Fruit-a-tives do cure Constipation is the honest testimony of people these wonderful little tablets HAVE CURED.

"I have used Fruit-a-tives with great benefit. They are a grand medicine for Constipation and Stomach Troubles. I would not be without them in the house, they are so good."

MISS KATE KURTZ, Danville, Ont.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets.

At Druggists, 50c a box.

Manufactured by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

RUSSIAN CRUISER SAVES LIVES.

French Steamer is Wrecked Off the Arabian Coast.

Aden, Arabia, July 4.—The Russian auxiliary cruiser Rion arrived here yesterday, having on board 618 persons from the French steamer Chodoc, from Saigon for Bordeaux, which is ashore off Cape Guardafui, at the mouth of the Gulf of Aden.

The Rion, which was homeward bound from Batavia, was attracted by the signals of the survivors, who managed to get ashore at Cape Guardafui despite the hostility of the natives.

Only a few lives were lost during the transfer of the passengers and crew from the Chodoc to the shore.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Government Appoints Commission to Look Into Uruguay Outrage.

Ottawa, July 4.—Canada at last is going to make an independent investigation into the Agnes D. Donohue affair. Sandford H. Pelton, K. C., of Yarmouth, has been commissioned to visit Uruguay and ascertain the facts. Hitherto negotiations have been carried on through Imperial channels. This method has been found too deliberate. The captain and mate of the schooner are still in prison in Montevideo on a conviction of having stolen seals.

DR. JOHNSTON, M.P., DEAD.

Liberal Member For West Lambton Dies in Ottawa.

Ottawa, July 4.—Dr. Johnston, M.P. for West Lambton, died at 12.22 this morning. Death was due from blood poisoning, following an attack of erysipelas. Dr. Thomas George Johnston was elected to the House of Commons as a Liberal to represent West Lambton at a bye-election in 1898, and was re-elected at the subsequent general elections. He was born in Sarnia in 1849.

Circus Employes Fined.

Quebec, July 4.—James Jordan, the negro connected with Lemon Bros. circus, and one of the quartet arrested for complicity in the Roberval outrage, was committed to stand his trial at Roberval yesterday. William Justin, one of the prisoners, pleaded guilty to carrying firearms and was fined \$10 and costs or a month's imprisonment.

The Great Salt Lake Bridge.

The longest bridge in the world stretches across Great Salt Lake. It was constructed at an enormous cost to save time and money. Before the bridge was built the railroad skirted the north end of the lake. Now it cuts off forty-three miles of road and runs directly from Ogden to Lucin. The cost of this remarkable bridge was \$5,000,000. The piles were brought from the Oregon and Texas forests. By placing all the piles together they would measure nearly 600,000 feet. There are more than eleven miles of permanent trestling, nearly the entire length being under water, which is from thirty to thirty-four feet deep.

Beginning of the Trouble.

"Yes," said Breezeem, who happened to be in a reminiscent mood, "during my younger days I sowed the wind, later—"

"Well, what happened later?" queried Mrs. Breezeem.

"I married you," continued the alleged head of the matrimonial combine.

Sound Reason.

"Lend me your umbrella, dear. It's raining, and I've got to go to the vestry meeting again tonight."

"But, John, why don't you take the one you've been carrying for the last week?"

"What to the vestry meeting? Why, that's where I got it."

His Act of Charity.

Mrs. Henpeque—So you did an act of charity to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of our wedding? Mr. Henpeque—Yes, I refused a raise of salary to one of my clerks who wanted to get married.

Childhood Wees.

Old Lady—What, you are sorry you are getting so big? Why so? Child—"Cos ma says I'm gettin' old-enough to know better."

The Grace of Experience.

He—How well Miss Elderberry carries her age! She—But, then, she has become so accustomed to it, you know.

Nothing so good for
Constipation. Biliousness
Indigestion. Headache.
Sour Stomach as

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Sleeplessness
Bad Breath
Coated Tongue
Inactive Liver
Dizziness

A teaspoonfull in a glass of water in the morning.

25¢ and 60¢ a bottle

TWO-PIECE SUITS....

A Two-Piece Suit is a man's best friend on a hot day.

We make them in single and double breasted styles in a big variety of patterns.

HOMESPUNS . . . FLANNELS . . . SERGES

You'll find what you want here at prices you won't get hot over.

Look in and see what we are selling to your order for **\$13.00.**

The T. H. TAYLOR Co., Ltd.