

MEDICAL.

DR. AGAR & AGAR—Physicians and Surgeons, successors to Dr. Tye, King Street, West, Chatham, Ont. Dr. J. S. Agar, Dr. Mary Agar.

LODGES.

PARTHENON LODGE, No. 267, A. F. & A. M., G. R. O.; meet Wednesday, Masonic Temple, King St. J. SMITH, W. M.

J. W. FLEWES, Sec.

WELLINGTON LODGE, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. O.; meet on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Scane Block, King St., at 7.30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.
A. B. JEWETT, W. M.

LEGAL.

R. B. ARNOLD—Barrister, etc., Chatham, Ont. Money to loan at lowest rates on easy terms.

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

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

L. B. O'FLYNN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King street, opposite Merchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

ROUSTON & STONE—Barristers, solicitors, conveyancers, notaries public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite St. Malcolms' store, M. Housen, Fred. Stone.

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

MUSICAL.

MISS GERTRUDE HOLLINBAKE
Choir Directress and Soloist Park St. Methodist Church, Chatham, is prepared to receive pupils in voice culture and art of singing. Concert engagements accepted. Residence at Mrs. W. M. Bradley's, Wellington St. Phone 216. Studio, Scane Block, upstairs.

MUSIC.

MISS ANNIE L. CARSON, A. T. C. M.
Teacher in Piano, Harmony and Theory of Music will open her Studio Friday, Sept. 1st, at Mrs. Grannys, Second St. Phone 462.

J. A. BRENT

Piano instruction and its most modern developments.
Studio: Wellington St., Mrs. Fields Organist First Presbyterian Church

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Lime, Cement, Sewer Pipe, Cut Stone,
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J. & J. Oldershaw,
A Few Doors West of Post Office.

The Coming Building Material

Cement Block manufactured by **BLIGHT & FIELDER**

Any persons desirous of building will do well to inspect these blocks.

The electric road is using them for its new power house. After seeing them you will use no other.

Plant opp. Public Library Queen St.



Appetite comes with eating and each square of crisp deliciousness seems but to make room for more.

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

are different from any other cracker. Nothing heavy or doughy about them but so light and crisp that they are transparent. Mooney's biscuits will be a regular dish on your table if you will try them.

Say "Mooney's" to your grocer.

True Bill Against Willis.
St. Thomas, Nov. 1.—The grand jury at the Assize Court here last night brought in a true bill of murder against Alexander Willis for the killing of Miss Eliza Lowry at Rodney in April. It is thought his trial will start this afternoon.

Crime Is Rampant.
Winnipeg, Nov. 1.—In opening the Fall Assize yesterday, Justice Braden commented freely on the increase of crime which the calendar indicates.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co.,
Prop., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists: price 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Students Must Have High Ideals.

Whatever the student's bent, whatever his ultimate intention in the way of practice may be, the same simple rule will hold good. He must be earnest in his desire to learn, and he must never be contented with partially understanding. He must be methodical, working according to a plan and ready to sacrifice his personal pleasures and comforts to carry out that plan. And he must keep before him a high ideal of his professional duties, ever remembering that his mission is to prevent disease and heal the sick. He has joined an altruistic profession one where the rewards are often incommensurate altogether with the labors, but one where his power of doing good, if thoroughly and intelligently exerted, will be greater than it would be in any other walk of life.

WHEN YOU HAVE A BAD COLD

You want a remedy that will not only give quick relief but effect a permanent cure.

You want a remedy that will relieve the lungs and keep expectoration easy.

You want a remedy that will counteract any tendency toward pneumonia.

You want a remedy that is pleasant and safe to take.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy meets all of these requirements and for the speedy and permanent cure of bad colds stands without a peer. For sale by all druggists.

High Priced "Copy."

Professor Garner is going back to Africa to resume his studies in the monkey languages. It is expensive to study a monkey language. The cost to the professor thus far has been nearly \$1,000 a word, and to the cold, calculating judgment of the unscientific person the words he has picked up do not seem to be worth it.

WHY DO WOMEN SUFFER?

Such pain and endure the torture of nervous headache when 25c. buys a sure cure like **Nerviline**. A few drops in sweetened water brings unfailing relief. You feel better at once, you're braced up, invigorated, headache goes away after one dose! The occasional use of **Nerviline** prevents indigestion and stomach disorders, keeps up health and strength. Every woman needs **Nerviline** and should use it, too. In 25c. bottles everywhere.

These may be a difference between the simple life and simply living.

It takes more than an amateur gardener to raise hopes.

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by **Cresolene** tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.

PHOTOGRAPHED MARS.

Star-Gazing Laymen May Now See For Themselves What the Scientists Claim About the Canals

Astronomers and scientists in general are deeply interested in the modest announcement made by Prof. Percival Lowell and his associates at the Lowell Observatory in Arizona recently that after several partial successes and some complete failures the greater canals of the planet Mars had at last been photographed. Hitherto the general public has been compelled to accept—or to reject the existence of the Martian canals on the word of the star-gazing fraternity. But with the accomplishment of the Harvard observers in Arizona every one will now have an opportunity to see the actual photographs in proof of what has long been considered as more or less of a theory.

While several photographs were taken of the canals some weeks ago, it was not until a few days ago that the solar photographers were ready to announce the complete success of the undertaking. Prof. Lowell, in the following account of the achievement, is unreserved in his belief that the Martian canals closely correspond to the familiar waterways of the same general classification on this planet. Up to the present time human knowledge of Mars has been largely theoretical—the principal facts regarding the planet of being that it is 141,500,000 miles from the sun and approximately 47,000 miles from the earth. The Martian year has 687 days. Mars is 4,230 miles in diameter, the earth being 7,913, Jupiter 86,500 and the sun 886,400 miles.

"To photograph the canals of Mars," says Prof. Lowell, "has for many years been a purpose of the observatory established and maintained by Harvard College in Arizona. The first attempt to meet with even approximate success was made in 1901, when a more or less satisfactory print was made of the Mare Acidulium, or Lake of Acid.

"Yet, encouraging as that pioneer effort was, no canal could then be detected on the negative with absolute certainty. To-day we can state as positive and final that there are canals on Mars, because the photographs say so, and a photographic negative is nothing if not truthful.

"Prior to the present time two difficulties have stood in the way of determining the existence of Martian canals beyond dispute—one, the varying air waves which now favor, now prevent the defining of such minor details of Martian topography as the canals, and the other being the insufficient speed of photographic plates.

"In registering such details the eye has a tremendous advantage over the camera, since it can perceive much more sensitively than a camera plate, besides retaining an image only the twentieth part of a second. It can thus record the moment of apparition, whereas the camera—when it answers promptly. Refuse a substitute and insist on having only 'Catarrh-zone'.

"Having a knowledge of these conditions to be reckoned with, I determined, with the valuable assistance of Mr. C. O. Lampland, to have made a camera patterned after what is known in photography as a bispical film in which, behind a Wallace screen, many successive pictures might be taken in hope of securing among them a few sharp ones of the Martian canals."

"Despite the fact that thus far we have not secured an automatic camera, ours being worked by hand only, our photographs are quite clear enough to corroborate the fact of canals being on the interesting planet floating 47,000,000 miles from the earth.

"In my firm belief, it is only a question of time, possibly of months, maybe a few years, when we shall be able to determine the exact nature and probable purpose of the canals of our planetary neighbor. Meanwhile, we have a number of excellent negatives which have served to bring us a bit closer to Mars than ever in the past.

"Owing both to the smallness of the objective planet, as shown on the negative, and also to the absence of information on the part of the general public as to the peculiar planetary markings, the uninitiated eye can discern nothing from the pictures until they are highly magnified. But, for those who are scientifically conversant with the reliability of the instrument together with what may be called the objectivity of visual observation, and also of serving as a chart to it.

"If one were to compare the several photographs of the planet with a reliable map of Mars, the following markings could be readily recognized:

"Regions—Syrts Major, Mare Erythraeum, Mare Iscarum, Hellas, and the North Polar Cap.

"Canals—Nilosyrtis, Pyramus, Casius, Protonilus, Pterus, Vexillum, As-toribus and the Thoth.

"Oasis—Lucus Ismenius.

"For example, a dark triangle, in the photograph, with its apex pointing downward, is the Syrtis Major; a dark area at the top is the Mare Erythraeum, while leading off from the latter to the right is shown the narrow dark stretch of the Mare Iscarum separating Aeria on the north from Deucalonia Regio on the south.

"A bent line from the bottom of the Syrtis, turning sharply to the right, is the Nilosyrtis, which, continuing westward across the print, becomes Protonilus. Similarly, through the photograph, are corresponding confirmations of the visual observation.

"Inasmuch as such fine details as the canals, owing to the air waves, play deep with either observer or camera, it is hardly to be expected that the more delicate of them should appear in every print taken. Yet they come nearer doing so than was anticipated.

"On other plates taken—other than the ones indicated—other canals can be made out," adds Prof. Lowell, "notably those bounding Elysium, together with Helicon, Eregus and Hades.

"The negatives thoroughly confirm the eye in showing not only the existence of the canals, but reveal them as continuous lines of tens and even hundreds of miles in length. Of course, it is as yet impossible to say positive



If your cold meats lack flavor—use a little of **Armour's Extract of Beef**—made into a gravy or sauce. It will take but a minute—costs but a trifle—and restores the original flavor—making a tempting and appetizing dish.

ARMOUR LIMITED - TORONTO.
Savory Soups 12 kinds. All grocers.

Wise M. P.'s.
It need hardly be pointed out, says the author of "Fifty Years in Fleet Street," that to be elected a member of parliament does not necessarily imply intellectual superiority. Shortly after the Burmese war a young civilian, home on leave, happened to mention Burma.

"Ah, yes, Burma," said an M. P. with whom he was sitting at table. "I had a nephew who was in Burma, only he used to call it Bermuda."

On another occasion, in the month of March, some one said to Mr. Livesey: "This is a cruel east wind."

"Yes," was the would be witty reply. "I expect it will be Easter before it is over."

This was repeated by the author of the book quoted to a respected member of parliament, who observed gravely: "I fancy he's right. I have known it last till Easter and longer yet."

SELL YOUR COLD FOR \$1!

You surely won't stop at a dollar bill to cure that horrid, sniffeling cold? Go to any druggist and get "Catarrh-zone" and your cold will be a thing of the past. There is almost witchery in the swift way Catarrh-zone kills colds. But when you consider the penetrating, healing and antiseptic qualities of Catarrh-zone perhaps it's not so wonderful. Certainly there is no remedy half so prompt for colds and catarrhs as Catarrh-zone. Refuse a substitute and insist on having only "Catarrh-zone."

A Glasgow Cemetery.

The Necropolis cemetery, Glasgow, as originally planned, contained almost exactly twenty-four acres available for burials, and it was suggested that each division of one acre should be named after a letter of the Greek alphabet, which contains twenty-four characters. For various reasons this idea has not been fully carried out, but fifteen sections of the cemetery have been so named from alpha to omega, the monosyllable letters between these being omitted. The names have not been applied in any particular sequence, but with the aid of a small map they are useful in locating any particular spot in what is now one of the most densely filled graveyards in the kingdom.

YOUR WORN-OUT STOMACH.

What it needs is the strengthening influence of Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they work marvels where the stomach and digestion are poor. In one day the appetite increases and the whole system is rapidly strengthened. No stomach specialist could write a better prescription than Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Bitternat. At all dealers in a yellow box, price 25c., or five boxes for one dollar.

How He Came by Them.

She—Have you never tried to make friends? He—Oh, yes. That is the reason I have so many enemies.

To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune.—Franklin.

HERB. W. EDWARDS INJURED.

Herb W. Edwards, of Des Moines, Iowa, got a fall on an icy walk last winter, spraining his wrist and knees. "The next day," he says, "they were so sore and stiff I was afraid I would have to stay in bed, but I rubbed them well with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and after a few applications all soreness had disappeared. I feel that this bottle of Pain Balm saved me several days' time, to say nothing of the suffering." This liniment is for sale by all druggists.

Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.

Constancy is the complement of all other human virtues.

H. & A. S. gold-filled Watch Chains will stand the solid gold test, for the outer case is 14k. gold. You can wear an H. & A. S. Chain with full satisfaction.

Your jeweler sells H. & A. S. Chains. Send for an H. & A. S. Chain Book. H. & A. SAUNDERS, King & John Sts., Toronto.

The Man In South America

By EDITH DOANE

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It was the dinner hour at the Ocean House. Inside the spacious dining room the hum of conversation and low laughter of women's voices mingled with soft strains of music. At the open windows the light curtains swayed gently in the ocean breeze.

A burst of infectious laughter came from a gay party by one of the windows, and Robert Woodruff, seated alone at a nearby table, glanced up in amused interest. Something vaguely familiar about one of the group—a girl who sat with her back to him—roused his attention. He was consumed with a burning desire to see her face, but some one was between them.

Just then the little party rose to go. As the girl pushed back her chair she turned, and with a glad thrill he recognized her—Elizabeth! How often the picture of that slender, almost faultless figure, the appealing eyes, the odd little touch of hauteur in the expressive face, had been in his mind during the past dreary months. If only she had given him a chance to explain, now, by the force of his love, grown strong through months of hunger, he would compel her to listen. Perhaps she would ignore that foolish misunderstanding after these two long years.

She was very near now—in another moment she must pass him. He rose, and his face was very bright and eager as he stood, tall and straight, beside his chair. On she came, pausing a moment at the table next to his own. Now she was so close he could have touched her, and his heart throbbed painfully. Then slowly, deliberately, coolly, without a glance, she passed him, her soft white draperies trailing gracefully down the long room.

Outside in the corridor little Billy Preston hurried past her, his fat, good natured face aglow.

"See Bobby Woodruff?" he panted. "Must be in there—name's on the register—not in room—must have come by late boat—I missed him—sailing!" he gasped explainingly.

The smile on Elizabeth's lips—everybody always smiled at Bobby—faded. With a quick shock of comprehension she glanced back into the dining room. So that was Robert Woodruff, that tall, splendid fellow smiling an answer to Billy's effusive greeting; he had been so near and she had not known.

Her heart beat in great, suffocating throbs, the lights were swimming before her eyes, and in her ears rang Billy's high pitched voice.

"Here he is, Miss Worthington. Here's the prodigal!" he bubbled joyously. "Keeping to himself just because the papers are full of that old bridge he managed to build down there in South America. Can't shake his old friends like that, can he, Miss Worthington? Doesn't he look fine, though?" And Billy beamed ecstatically.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, with a tremulous little smile, trying to speak steadily. Her dark eyes were full of tender light.

But there was no answering smile on the stern face above her. "Miss Worthington is very kind," he said courteously and bowing gravely.

Her face was very white as she turned proudly aside. She had lived in the hope of his coming—and he had come—and did not care.

Later in the evening, so late that the long suffering chaperons had already begun to issue warning signals to their unheeding charges, Billy finished a waltz with Miss Worthington. His companion had been singularly silent.

"You look done up," he said anxiously. "Come out on the porch, where Woodruff and the rest of the crowd are."

"Yes, do!" she commenced in a quick, pleading voice, then stopped and walked beside him with gentle dignity. Billy drew her a chair within the friendly circle and she leaned gratefully back in her shadowy corner. The sound of violins came softly from the distance; below them was the muffled beating of the surf against the rocks; an unusual spell of silence lay upon the little group.

"Woodruff, tell us a story," said Billy suddenly.

"Yes, do!" "About South America!" "An adventure?" "No, a love story," chorused the others. The girl in the shadowy corner said nothing, but Woodruff's eyes turned to her for one brief instant before he spoke.

"Well—it isn't really a story; there isn't enough of it," he began. "There was a fellow down there. I knew him pretty well, better than any one else did, I think. He lived in South America—had been there for a long time—and when we began on the bridge he went out to the mountains with us. He was an odd sort of a chap and hadn't much to say to the rest of the boys. He used to go off by himself and smoke in the moonlight. Some way it was sitting here in the moonlight that made me think of him.

"Well, one night he told me his story. He had been in love with a girl in Brazil, we will say. To hear him rave about her you would think she was the only woman in the world. He thought she loved him—she said she did—but they were not formally engaged because, while she was wealthy, he had only his profession. One day, when affairs were at this stage, he received two letters, one from a syndicate of wealthy men offering him an opportunity that meant an assured future, the other from the widow of an old friend, asking for an interview, and saying that she would be at his office that afternoon. She came and told her

No Sleep For The Kidneys.

Old people are especially liable to Kidney and Bladder Irritation. The organs are weakened by age. This starts up inflammation—blood is not properly purified as it goes to the kidneys—and the bladder is unable to retain the urine properly. There is a constant desire to urinate day and night—and sound, restful sleep is unknown.

Bu-Ju THE GENTLE KIDNEY CURE

gives the vigor and strength of youth to kidneys and bladder. It soothes and heals the irritated surfaces—tones up the organs—enables them to do their work easily and naturally—and cures all kidney troubles.

Cures Rheumatism Too.

THE CLAFLIN CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT. NEW YORK.

story. She had two little children and it seems they were pretty badly off. "Well, this fellow was so overjoyed at his own good fortune—because now he could marry the girl—that he promised to do what he could for the poor woman. At that—she had been having a pretty hard time, you must remember—she broke down completely, fell on her knees and thanked him, and all that. Of course, the fellow was pretty well embarrassed and tried to lift her up again, and just as they were in the midst of it the door opened and who should walk in but the girl and her aunt."

He paused. There was a little tense sound from the shadowy corner. The others waited with breathless interest. "Well, go on. What happened then?" asked Billy eagerly.

Woodruff rose and pushed back his chair sharply. "That was all," he continued slowly. "She wouldn't hear his explanation. He left without seeing her. He took it pretty hard. You see, she had filled his life so completely that when she went there wasn't much left."

"The little group relaxed. "She wasn't worth it," exclaimed one girl indignantly.

"Poor chap," said Billy thoughtfully, his fat face unusually solemn.

"You must admit, though, that it did look queer," said another judicially.

"The strains of a twostep floated invitingly through the windows. "Come on," called a couple from the doorway. And with much laughing adjustment of partners the little group joined the dancers inside.

When they were alone, the girl in the shadowy corner looked slightly. "They were right. She was not worthy of it," she said bitterly, "but perhaps she suffered too."

Woodruff stopped in his walk up and down the veranda. "Then why didn't she answer his letters—make some sign?" he asked grilly.

"Perhaps she, the girl, was too proud at first, and influenced by others, and it might have been—that—afterward—she was afraid he didn't care."

"But if she cared wouldn't she at least have spoken to him—have given him a chance—when she did see him?" he went on relentlessly.

The girl in the shadowy rose and stopping forward with unconscious grace held out both hands impulsively. She was very pale, but the dark eyes were full of a sweet, tender light.

"Perhaps she did not see him," she whispered tremulously.

The twostep crashed to a triumphant close, and Billy, more breathless than ever, peered shortsightedly into the soft darkness outside.

"You two missed it," he panted, mopping his rosy face energetically. "That was great music. Why didn't you try it?"

"We preferred to discuss the man in South America," laughed Robert Woodruff contentedly.

WHEN ALL HOPE WAS ABANDONED

Elzear Cote Found in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets a Speedy and Permanent Cure for His Stomach Troubles.

"I have suffered for four years from stomach trouble. I consulted three doctors and they told me that I had Dyspepsia and no remedy would cure me." So says Elzear Cote, of St. Hedwidge de Clifton, Que. But Mr. Cote found a remedy that those doctors did not know. It was Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and it cured him. He says:

"Then I quit the doctors and started to take Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. After the first box I had no more trouble. It is now two years since I took them and I am still well. I do all my own work. I am never tired. That's why I recommend all who have stomach troubles to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets digest the food themselves. This gives the overworked stomach a chance to rest and it naturally comes back to its normal healthy condition.

The most successful knives are as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp.

Smoke Quail on Toast Cigar 5c. Clear Havana filled.

Women want many words when they try to explain in writing what they mean.

WANTED.

MEN WANTED—Two dollars a day guaranteed. Light work. Campbell, Hotel-Garner.

GIRL WANTED—For general housework. Small family. Apply to Mrs. J. W. Wilson, King street.

WANTED—Good girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. W. J. Taylor, at Mrs. Scane's, Queen street.

TEACHER WANTED—For S. S. No. 2, Dawn Township, services to commence January 1, 1906. Apply, stating salary, to Geo. N. Boyle, Dresden, Ont., Box 233.

A CHRISTIAN MAN wanted in unoccupied territory to sell full line of articles of daily consumption to consumers at wholesale prices. Cooper, Drawer 531, London.

WANTED—Teacher for S. S. No. 13, Harwich, male or female, holding a legal certificate; state salary. Apply to the Trustees or to P. B. Patterson, Rond Ead, Secretary-Treasurer.

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