



DR. J. P. SIVEWRIGHT.
Office Opposite Grand Opera House.
URQUHART BLOCK.
(Upstairs) Phone 236

LODGES

PARTHON LODGE, NO. 267, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C. meets first Wednesday of every month in Masonic Temple, King Street. Visiting brethren always welcome.
J. W. DRAPE, W.M.
J. W. PLEWES, Secy

WELLINGTON LODGE, NO. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C. meets on the first Monday 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, Secy

LEGAL

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

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

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

WILSON, RICE & CO.—Barristers, Solicitors or 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
CHATHAM, ONT., Over Bank of Commerce
TILBURY, ONT.

Private and Company Funds to Loan at Lowest Rates on Mortgages over Terms of 10 Years.
OSW. 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. F. 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.

1000 ISLANDS, Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay River

TORONTO-MONTREAL LINE.

6:00 p. m.—Steamers leave Toronto daily for Charlotte (Quebec), 1000 Islands and Montreal.

HAMILTON-MONTREAL LINE.

6:30 p. m.—Leave Toronto Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, for Bay of Quinte, Kingston, Brockville, Montreal and intermediate ports. For tickets and berth reservation apply to:

W. E. RISPIN or E. FREMLIN,
Agents R. & O. N. Co., Chatham, Ont.
H. Foster Chaffee, A.G.P.A.
Toronto.

TIME TABLE

Steamer City of Chatham

Will make her regular round trip from Chatham to Detroit every MONDAY and WEDNESDAY, leaving Bankin Dock, South Chatham, at 7:30 a. m., and returning leaves Detroit, foot of Randolph Street, at 3:00 p. m., Detroit time, or 4 p. m., Chatham time.

Will also make round trips from Detroit to Chatham every FRIDAY and SATURDAY, leaving Detroit, foot of Randolph Street, at 8 a. m., Detroit time, or 9 a. m., Chatham time, returning will leave Chatham 3 p. m., Detroit time, or 4 p. m., Chatham time, arriving in Detroit about 8 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. MURBLE, Master.

YOUR ATTENTION

is called to the arrival of our latest, new, large stock of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Edison and Columbia Phonographs and records; also Sewing Machines to rent.

TYRRELL'S MUSIC STORE King St. West Chatham

HADN'T FOUND IT YET.

No, the farm. Don't know; I haven't found it yet. What, the earthquake!

A RIVER OF MYSTERIES

TRAGEDIES OF LONDON THAMES FROM DAY TO DAY.

How Dead Bodies Are Dealt With by Police—Label of Tragedy—Worth More Dead Than Alive—Stalking the Would-Be Suicide—Nerve-Trying Business—Leaps From Waterloo Bridge.

It is a faded brown placard pasted on the wall of the Embankment which attracts the attention of a few loiterers as the day wears on, dreary loaders with their hands in their pockets, says The London Express.

Sometimes one will say to another, who read the notice because it is a pleasant way of killing the empty, idle hours, "who, having read it, sniff indignantly and slouch on their way. 'Reads like a swell, don't it?' or again, with a grim laugh, like the laugh of a man for whom life holds nothing but gall and grief, 'Suppose it'll be my turn next.' Or, yet again, 'I believe I have heard that men were more fascinated by the pursuit than by—well, you ought to be very happy on that theory,' she said, peering into the empty basket at his feet. 'You just wait—that fly is a wonder and will soon have 'em taking notice.' 'But you've promised to catch enough for dinner, and there are ten hungry girls and ten voracious men that can eat like a circus menagerie—say nothing of the chaperons.' 'I'll not try to catch enough to go round; I hate chaperons.' He jerked

The notice is the tersest epitaph that the hand of man has devised. "Dead body found." No time for sentiment, or regret, say the men that police the Thames, who do not "regret" to announce that they have found a dead body. "We merely state the fact. Bring us a brown paper form and we will tell you all about it. Where? Drowned in the Thames. When?—th. of July. Apparent age? Fifty-five or fifty. Length? Five feet nine inches. Complexion? Dark. Color of hair? Turning grey."

Now, fill in the little details. Note that he has no money, no papers of identification. A clasp knife in his pocket, rusted with water, and a pair of eye-glasses, broken, but mended with wire. Let us give all the details we can, lest we have another mystery on our hands.

Each brown placard is the label of a tragedy—the summary of a nameless being, when all that matters now is the formal catalogue of the poor, stark body.

And the River of Mysteries, grey, old, and sullen, creeps between the heavy barges that are moored on both sides, like a hooded witch clutching her victims to her breast. Sometimes it happens that a body is wrenched from her grasp, and sometimes she hurries on and gives her prey to the obliterating sea.

No mention is the newspapers of these mysteries, for when such things happen almost at the rate of one a day the readers would find them monotonous. Does one give the figures of those unfortunates who are killed in the street accidents each day?

Yet, talk with a river policeman, and he will give you some idea of the little great mysteries that are happening. Perhaps at the very moment when you are being spun along in an Embankment train a shape has been brought to the Waterloo Pier, and lies now at rest on the boards by the side of the river. It may be the body of a penniless suicide, and the irony of it is that while the man lived he was worthless to the world, but his death brings five shillings to the receiver of the body.

"Found drowned" is an easy way to explain a mystery, but how do all these people find their way to the river? Is it suicide? Is it accident? Or is it something worse? None can tell, and none can be certain until the River of Mystery miraculously speaks.

It is a fact that with nearly all these unknown the pockets are found empty of valuables, even in the case of those whose clothes are not poor. There are still Gaffer Hexams and Rogue Richmonds with us, as they were in Dickens' days, whose philosophy on the matter is familiar: "Has a dead man any use for money? How can money be a corpse's? Can a corpse own it, want it, spend it, claim it, miss it?"

Empty Pockets.

But it is certainly odd that in practically every case, there is nothing in the pockets of the clothed ones, or on the linen, by which one may trace the name of him or her who is drowned. Very frequently, however, that is discovered by the system which works between the river and the Metropolitan police. Somebody has been missing from Shadwell or Lambeth, and the relations notify the police. Enquiries lead from station to station, and probably the river police have the description of the man long before the body is brought up from the dark waters. We know he is, and to whom he belongs, but his death is another mystery—let us call it an "accident."

Out of all the five river police stations from Barnes to Erith—the others are at Waterloo Bridge, Blackwell and Wapping—that by Waterloo is, perhaps, the busiest. During all the years Waterloo Bridge has lived up to its evil reputation of being the "suicides' bridge." Scarcely a night goes by without the splash that marks the plunge of a would-be suicide in his leap to anywhere—anywhere, out of the world. And the men of the river or keep watch and ward and frustrate the designs of those who seek to die. Odd it is that suicides should choose always the very spot for their death where the police are most vigilant, and where the chance of success is least.

A nerve-trying business this of the river police, where one must become accustomed to gruesome sights, and harden one's heart to horror—where one waits a day and night by the grey, flowing river for what it will give up. Where one waits, stealing the secrets from the River of Mystery, twisting and struggling under the broad bridges like the writhing of a giant serpent, marked by the golden reflections of the bridge lamps.

PITY THE BUSY OFFICE MAN.

He feels half dead, a sense of nausea, headache and nerve strain. He is on the verge of breakdown owing to overwork and lack of exercise. These difficulties are best overcome by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which make the bowels active, stimulate kidneys and liver and thereby free the system of impurities.

To revitalize and stimulate your whole being, to shake off lethargy and tiredness, nothing compares with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which do make good looks, good spirits, good health. Sold everywhere in 25c. boxes.

Central America Republic.

Washington, Sept. 12.—Practical agreement on the main points and general good-will marked the preliminary meeting yesterday in this city of the representatives of the five Central American republics to carry out the suggestion of the United States and Mexico for permanent peace.

Swallowed the Mercury.

New Cumberland, Pa., Sept. 12.—Daniel A. Erney, a farmer of Lewisburg, died Tuesday from the effects of swallowing a piece of a clinical thermometer, which he was holding in his mouth for the purpose of ascertaining his temperature.

I will mail you free, to prove merit, examples of Mr. Shoop's Restorative, and my Book on either Dyspepsia, The Heart or The Kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys, are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Do not make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment, and not the cause. Weak Stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean Stomach weakness, always. And the Heart, and Kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weak these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy even claims to treat the "inside nerves." Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write me to-day for sample and free Book. Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all dealers.

Brookville Fair Opened.

Brookville, Sept. 12.—The opening of Brookville's big fair took place yesterday, in the presence of a small crowd, due to the heavy rain. The race program was cancelled. Hon. Col. Matheson, Hon. G. P. Graham, D. Derbyshire and A. E. Donovan were present. The Provincial Treasurer urged that more attention be paid by the farmers heretofore to the raising and marketing of cattle, swine and horses. Mr. Graham, suffering from a heavy cold, was excused from making a speech.

WHEN THAT COLD COMES.

How is it to be cured? This method is simplicity itself. Rub the chest and throat well with Nerviline, use it as a gargle and take some in hot water before retiring along with one of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Next morning finds you refreshed, free from cold and bright as a dollar. These household remedies are wonderfully successful, and certainly won't fail in your case. For sale at all dealers.

Drowns in Post Hole.

Owen Sound, Sept. 12.—The three-year-old son of Allen McMillan, a farmer residing a few miles from here, was drowned in a post hole here yesterday. The little fellow was playing around a hole which had been dug for a gate post. The rain of the past few days had nearly filled the hole with water. When the child was in the hole, he revealed his head first in the hole, and drowned.

WHISKEY MEDICINES.

The temperance press is emphasizing the danger to the home in the use of "medicines" which are loaded with whiskey or alcohol. In this respect, as well as in the remarkable character of their cures, Dr. Pierce's medicines differ from other preparations. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness and bowel derangements, and "Favorite Prescription" for woman's derangements and weaknesses, contain no alcohol. Their full ingredients are printed on the bottle wrappers, therefore they are not secret or patent medicines. Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet giving list of medicinal roots from which these remedies are extracted by the use of triple refined glycerine; also the eminent medical writers who recommend their ingredients for the cure of the diseases for which these medicines are advised.

Negroes Killed.

Newburg, W. Va., Sept. 12.—Five negroes, sitting on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad tracks, near here late yesterday, shooting dies, were run down and killed by a train. The bodies were horribly mangled.

Auto Kills Prince.

Friolo, Italy, Sept. 12.—Prince Willemsch of Vienna and his chauffeur were killed and three other persons injured in an automobile accident here yesterday.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles, and its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by All Dealers.

The great difference between men is not in moral judgments, but in moral loyalties.

By Hook Or Crook.

By TROY ALLISON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.

"Flashin'," said Randolph reflectively, his eyes fixed hypnotically on the blue and white bob dancing on the waters of the creek, "is the most fascinating pursuit of mankind."

The girl had braced her pole in the crook of an alder branch and was pinning her white linen skirt to clear her trim ankles.

"I believe I have heard that men were more fascinated by the pursuit than by—well, you ought to be very happy on that theory," she said, peering into the empty basket at his feet.

"You just wait—that fly is a wonder and will soon have 'em taking notice."

"But you've promised to catch enough for dinner, and there are ten hungry girls and ten voracious men that can eat like a circus menagerie—say nothing of the chaperons." "I'll not try to catch enough to go round; I hate chaperons." He jerked



"HOLD ON TIGHT—I'VE GOT YOU!"

his pole up and down vindictively. "We've been camping for four days and this is the first minute I've had you to myself. Four chaperons are entirely too many for twenty people; that's four-fifteenths of a chaperon to a couple—too rich for my system."

"And what, may I ask, is your system?" She made a grab at his pole, which had gradually slipped half its length into the creek.

"Dora Newton, you have a most irritating habit of playing with a man's words—and with his heart," he said, his eyes fixed on her fine young arms, bared to the elbow.

"I wasn't playing. I was earnestly seeking information—the desire for knowledge is strong within me—and I really wanted to know your system." She landed a tiny perch and helplessly held the rod for him to take the quivering fish off the hook.

He put the fish in the basket, and they regarded the lack of proportion of basket and fish gravely.

"It needs to be illustrated," he said solemnly, "not the fish, but the system. I could teach it to you."

"I don't know that you are a qualified teacher." She cast her hook in a way that made her line crook, Randolph's. "Professor Jordan is coming down tomorrow to stay in camp with us; that Professor Jordan, as a teacher, could not be disappointed."

"Humph! The old fossil!" grunted Randolph.

"Fossil? He's not more than forty—and he certainly is a man of brains."

"Your tone, Miss Newton, intimates that I am a mere matter of physical bulk, and you are further aggravating me by getting your line tangled in mine just as I was about to have a bite."

She cast her line in a new spot with a sudden show of humility.

"Well, you see, I hadn't realized that you had attained the degree of psychic development necessary to tell—when a fish was about to bite."

"Personally," he continued, "Professor Jordan boxes me immensely. I think I'll run up to town for the two days he intends to flummox the camp with his intellectual light. Would you mind telling me if you are going to marry that dried up Greek root?" He drew in his line and fixed it for deeper water.

"He hasn't asked me—yet," with a toss of her head that intimated she was prepared for future developments.

"I didn't know my vacation was to be spoiled by that old—dinosaur." He was delighted that he remembered the word.

"Is he really so bad as all that? Sounds three or four shades wickeder than a Greek root, but I am glad you are at least generous enough to credit him with versatility."

"Doesn't make any difference which head you classify him under. If he's coming here to spoil the party I might as well go back to town and stay. I asked you to marry me seven times last winter and couldn't even get you to look at the matter seriously—thought maybe all this scenery and the moonlight nights and the—er—hammocks would develop a little sentiment in your soul, but if there's another man in the case I have nothing more to say."

"So hammocks are included in your

system? I never sat in a hammock with Professor Jordan," reflectively.

"I could really imagine no greater joy than—a hammock and the foliage of Jordan," he said sarcastically.

"I have to thank you for the suggestion," airily. "When you are in town tomorrow night, gasping for a breath of cool air, don't think you are entirely forgotten. I shall be remembering your idea and trying the hammock." She murmured irrelevantly.

His pole dipped down with an unexpected jerk, and with the effort to catch it his foot slipped on the edge of the bank, and he found himself suddenly floundering in the creek. He caught one glimpse of the girl's horrified eyes, and, with an inspiration heaven born or wicked, according to the point of view, he remembered the trick he had learned in boyhood and disappeared from her sight.

She stood motionless, her hands clasped convulsively to her breast. When he came to the surface near her, spluttering and gasping with more energy than an expert on the subject would have pronounced natural, she dropped on her knees and clutched him by the arm.

"Oh, Dickey," she screamed, throwing her little young body on the edge of the creek and reaching her other hand to him, "hold on—tight—I've got you!"

Randolph, dripping wet, scrambled up the bank and helped her to her feet.

"I—caught you," she reiterated dazedly, clutching each wet sleeve with nervous fingers, her face white and tremulous.

"You poor little girl, I didn't know you would be as frightened as this," he said contritely, unhesitatingly putting his arm around the crisp white shirt waist.

"I thought you were—d—dead," she stammered, and Randolph, looking in her eyes, was satisfied with his system.

"Dora," he said finally, the last lingering touch of jealousy dying hard, "you never loved that dried Greek root, did you?"

She freed one hand and stroked the damp hair from his forehead. "I like them—wet," she gurgled, "but come, let's run for the camp before you catch your death of cold."

"Humph! Much danger of cold in this weather!"

When they reached the camp ten minutes later there were many deplorable exclamations from the hammocks, and several novels were dropped for newer interest.

"Of all the earthly spectacles!" shouted the irrepressible brother of Dora, throwing a pack of cards on the rustic table with such energy that they scattered over the grass. "Have you been diving for shellfish?"

"And where, may I ask, are the fish? We've been waiting dinner for them," called Mrs. Bradley, the chaperon most to be feared.

"Dickey—Dora's voice was an agonized whisper—for the love of heaven try to distract their attention until I can slip into the tent—there's a wet streak across my back where your arm—er—"

"Dorling" whispered Randolph fatuously. Then, walking rapidly forward, he bowed low to Mrs. Bradley.

He opened the basket where the lone little perch had long since given up the struggle for existence.

"Here, madam, is your fish," he said humbly.

"Wanted, at once, a rough carpenter, 7 shillings a day. Apply J. Morris, Onehunga." This advertisement caught my eye one morning, says the author of "Adrift in New Zealand," when I had been some weeks in the antipodes and thought it time to cast about for work. The 7 shillings appealed to me, and, as the advertiser did not say how rough the carpenter was to be, I decided to apply at once to Mr. J. Morris. I applied and got the job.

In spite of my conceit, however, I felt very nervous when the day arrived on which I had to begin my work. I was at the appointed place a full half hour before my time, tramping up and down in front of two empty houses, wondering what I would have to do to them.

At 8 o'clock my fellow worker arrived, and after a critical survey of me asked if I were the new man, and when I had explained that I was he had the impudence to inquire if I knew anything about carpentering. I was piqued.

"No," I answered very sharply. "Neither do I," he replied as cheerfully as could be and swung open a gate and walked into an empty house. From that moment we were fast friends.

A Sense of Duty.

Just before the boat capsized Rees had been boasting of his "practical common sense."

"I am nothing if not a man of practical common sense," he averred. "When there is a difficulty to be solved Rees Rees is the man to solve it."

Then when the boat sank Rees' fellow excursionist, John Jones, found that the plank to which both clung was unequal to the support of their united weight. At this juncture he remembered his companion's boast.

"Prove yewer practical common sense now, Rees!" he pleaded, with true Welsh eloquence. "Eu are a single man, with nobody dependent on eu. I am married an' got six children. If eu drowns nobody do suffer. But if I do drown then there las my wife an' six little children to starve, an' yewer practical common sense do tell eu that it las better for eu to drown than me. Prove yewer practical common sense, Rees, an' let go the plank—or I will push eu off it!"—Dundee Advertiser.

The Mutual Life OF CANADA

—The Company of the Policy-Holders

When you take out insurance in The Mutual Life, you become one of the owners of the company.

You have a voice in mapping out the policy of the company—a vote for the directors who appoint the officers—and you share equitably in all the profits.

There are no stockholders—no enormous salaries—no expensive branch office buildings.

It is a MUTUAL Company—owned and controlled by the policy-holders.

Write to the Company Head Office, Waterloo, Ont., for report showing the wonderful growth of this popular company, or call on

Geo. H. Redpath, General Agent

Fear Coal Famine.

Philadelphia, Sept. 12.—Anthracite and bituminous coal operators say that the coal situation is growing serious throughout the state and that before midwinter there will be a famine in many places.

The supply of water has already become a serious problem in the anthracite region and the labor supply has been below normal for several weeks.

Free for Catarrh, just to prove Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snowy-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents.

Brakeman Killed.

Wyoming, Sept. 12.—A. L. Hart of Sarnia, a brakeman on the way freight running between London and Sarnia, was killed yesterday morning while coupling cars. He leaves a widow and one child.

Operation on Alfonso.

San Sebastian, Spain, Sept. 12.—King Alfonso yesterday underwent an operation with the object of dilating the ducts of the nose and easing his breathing by removing a few adenoid growths.

I'll stop your pain free. To show you first—before you spend a penny—what my Pink Pain Tablets can do, I will mail you free, a Trial Package of them—Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Period pains, etc., are due alone to blood congestion. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets simply kill pain by coaxing away the unnatural blood pressure. That is all. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Sold by All Dealers.

That is the best government in which an injury to one is the concern of all.

A gentleman buying a bottle of Veteran's Sure Cure, said: "This is a small bottle for 50c." I replied, make a calculation. A 12 oz. bottle of other medicine costs \$1; the dose is 1 tablespoonful 3 times a day, equal to 1-1/2 oz.; the 12 oz. lasts 8 days. That 50c. V. S. C. bottle contains about 150 days' medicine; 18-2-4 times as much as the large bottle—a saving of \$18.00. In the one you pay for water and glass. V. S. C. is concentrated medicine without water. It is the medicine for all classes; 50c. and \$1 bottles. At druggists. Mailed anywhere by The V. S. C. Med. Co., Chatham, Ont.

No one ever reaches the top of the ladder unless he starts at the bottom of it.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it had all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON.

Bellefleur Station, King's Co., N. B., Sept. 17, 1904.

Lord Lake is the best 10c. Cigar in the market—made by O'Brien Bros.

It is best to be glad on general principles, for there are always special privileges a plenty to make us sad.