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Uncle Terry

By **CHARLES CLARK MUNN**

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"I'm all right, then, I guess," said Albert, "and now for my plan. When the officer comes we four will go at once to Fry's office. You will go in alone and open matters. Convince the door-keeper, and when you get to talking the rest of us will creep up and listen. And here is where your wits must work well. Act as though you did not suspect anything wrong, but tell him you are discouraged and have put out all the money you can; also that you are poor and can't afford to waste any more on what you believe to be a hopeless case. Then ask him to return you the trinkets you gave him, as the girl values them highly; and right here is where you must contrive to get Fry to admit he has these trinkets. Most likely he will refuse to give them up until his fee is paid, and he may ask quite a sum. If you can settle the matter by paying him one or two hundred dollars I should advise it, but not more. If it comes to his refusal we will walk in at that point, and the officer will serve the writ. We can search his premises and even make him open his safe, and if we find what we want we will take it."

When Frank and the officer returned and the former had also donned a disguise, the four proceeded to Fry's office. It was early, and none of the other occupants on that floor had arrived. Uncle Terry knocked at Fry's door, but no one answered. He knocked again; still no answer. He tried the door; it was locked. Then he knocked harder; no reply. Then he stepped back to where the others were waiting. "That's nobody in there," he whispered, "or, if that is, he's asleep." Albert went forward and listened. There was no

law, and as I am in charge of this building I give you permission to open Fry's door on the score of public safety."

Grasping the knob, the officer threw his weight against the door, and it gave way. A cry of surprise escaped him. Fry was sitting in his chair, with head thrown back, staring at the ceiling and with mouth and eyes wide open. The room was stifling with gas, and the officer opened the window. In doing so he noticed the two stopcocks were opened, and he turned them off. Then he returned to the hall. When the room was fit to breathe in again all four entered, and the officer laid his hand upon Fry's face.

"Dead!" he exclaimed.
Albert noticed an envelope on Fry's desk directed to Silas Terry. He quietly put it in his pocket and joined with the rest in a search of the room.

"It looks like a case of suicide," observed the officer—"door locked, key-hole and cracks plugged, window shut and two gas burners open; safe unlocked and wide open, and here's a bill with money in it."

And then he added, "In the name of the law I must close the door and notify a coroner."

When Albert, with Uncle Terry and Frank, reached the office he drew the letter he had taken from Fry's desk out of his pocket and handed it to Uncle Terry. "It was directed to you," he said, "and I thought best to bring it away."

When the old man opened it he exclaimed: "By the great eternal jumpin' Jehosaphat, if here ain't the hull o' the things we want so bad, an' a letter to some furriers! Here, you read it, Mr. Page. The writin's wussen crow tracks in the mud."

The letter was as follows:

Messrs. Thygeson & Co., Stockholm:
Gentlemen—I have good and sufficient reason to believe an heir to the estate in your hands exists in the person of a young woman now living with one Silas Terry, a lighthouse keeper on Southport island, Maine, and known as Terry Terry. This person, when a baby, was saved from a wreck by this man Terry and by him cared for and brought up. A report of the wreck and the saving of one life (the child's) was made at the time by this man Terry and is now on file in Washington. As I am going away on a long journey, I turn this matter over to you for further investigation, and subscribe myself, respectfully yours,
NICHOLAS FRYE.

When Albert had finished reading the letter aloud he grasped Uncle Terry's hand and exclaimed, "Take those valuable back with you, but leave me the letter, and I will attend to the rest!" Then he added, "You are my guest as long as you can stay in Boston."

When, two days later, Uncle Terry was ready to depart Albert handed him a large package containing a silk dress pattern for Aunt Lissy, a woolen one for Mrs. Leach and a complete artist's outfit for Terry. "With these things," he said, "you best regards for those they are for, and among them are the photographs of two sketches I made when I was with you that I want you to ask Miss Terry to paint for me."

When Terry opened her package she found two sketches of herself, one leaning against a rock with her face resting on her hand, the other sitting beside a flower decked boat with a broad sun hat in her lap.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A letter which Frank wrote to Alice soon after his return to Boston he said: "My mother and, in fact, all my people seem to think so much more of me since I have set about fitting myself for a profession. Father says he is growing proud of me, and that pleases me best of all, for he is and always has been my best friend. Of course I think the world of him, and she seems to think I am the best fellow in the world. Little do any of them know that it is you for whom I am working, and always with the hope that you will deem me worthy of the prize. How many times I recall every moment of that one short hour on the old mill pond and all that made it sacred to me no one can tell. I go out little except to escort mother and the girls to the theater once in a while, and so anxious am I to be able to pass an examination I often go to the office and read law till midnight."

When this effusion reached Alice the mountains around Sandgate were just putting on their autumn glory of color, and that night when she sat on the porch and heard the katydids in the fast thinning foliage of the elms she had what she called an old fashioned fit of the blues. And how lonely it was there too!

Aunt Susan, never a talkative person, sat close, but as dumb as a graven image; no house near and only the twinkling lights of several on the other side of the valley were visible. On a knoll just below them she knew were a few score of white headstones, among them her mother's, and when there was a moon she could see them plainly. It is during the lonely hours of our lives that we see ourselves best, and this quiet evening—no more quiet than many others perhaps, but seemingly so to Alice—she saw herself and her possible future as it seemed to be. Every word of her mother's letter had been an

emissary of both joy and sorrow—joy that he was so devoted to her and sorrow because she felt that an impassable barrier separated them. "He will forget me in a few months," she said to herself, "and by the time he has won his coveted law degree his scheming mother will have some eligible girl all ready for him to fall in love with. As for me, she will never have the chance to frown at me, for even if Blanch begs, I would never set foot in her house." When her feelings had carried her up to this point she arose and, going into the parlor, began playing. Her piano was the best and about the only companion she had and quickly responded to her moods. And now what did it tell? She played, but every chord was a minor one, full of the pathos of tears and sorrow. She sang, but every song that came to her lips carried the same refrain and told only of hungry hearts and unanswered love. And last, and worst of all, almost insensibly her fingers strayed to the chords of one well remembered song. One verse only she sang, and when the last pathetic line was ended she arose and, going to her aunt and kneeling, bowed her head in that good old soul's lap and burst into tears. It did not last long, however, and when the storm was over she arose and said:

"There, auntie, I've been spilling for a good cry all day, and now I've had it and feel better."

She thought of her brother, toward whom her heart had always turned when in trouble, and not in vain. Of the jest that Frank had made regard-



She bowed her head.

ing the island girl Albert had fallen in love with she thought but little. She felt to thinking what a void it would make in her life if his thoughts and affection were centered elsewhere. Then she began wondering why he had failed to write as often as usual during the past six weeks. She had known his plans for the yachting trip, and imagined his letter announcing its failure and his return to work an expression of disappointment. Since then he had written but once, telling her that he was overwhelmed with business and inclosing a check, but failing to inclose any but the briefest expression of love.

(To be Continued.)

Men Restored to Vigor



Are you one of the thousands of men, young and old, who lack vim and vigor? Do you crave to be robust and vigorous, to have perfect manhood? Thousands know they are weak and impotent, but neglect to take the right steps to regain their full vigor and strength. Are you one of them? Thousands suffer in ignorance of their real condition, believing themselves to be strong and well when they are far from it. Perhaps you are one of them. It is worth your time to ascertain your true condition of health, if you have any reason to doubt or suspect that you are not what you once were.

If you belong to either class mentioned above, do not be discouraged. Do not lose hope. Help is within your reach. You can be cured. Your vim, vigor and vitality, health and happiness have been given to men who had been reduced to physical wrecks.

Be Honest With Yourself.
If you have been a victim to the follies and indulgences of youth, committed excesses in married life, if you doubt your strength, if it is your duty—year daily to those you love and who love you—to do so today, consult an honest, reliable, recognized physician—a specialist who has a record for curing weak men. But do not go away. Consult me at once. Take no secret. "Cure All." No two cases are precisely alike. Every individual needs a treatment particularly suited to him. Go where you can get the right treatment for your case.

Cure Yourself at Home.
If there is no successful specialist near you, write at once to Dr. Goldberg, the noted specialist. He is the possessor of a diploma and certificate which he received from medical colleges and state boards of medical examiners and he will send you his method free, to use in the privacy of your own home. It does not interfere with traveling, as it is taken between convenient intervals.

Pay When You Are Cured.
The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up, so he has made it a rule not to ask for money until he cures you, and when you are cured he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. It would seem, therefore, that it is to the best interests of every man who suffers in this way to write to Dr. Goldberg at once and confidentially pay your case before his eyes. He sends the method, as well as his booklet on the subject, containing the full details and certificates, entirely free. Address him straight.

Dr. R. Goldberg, 208 Woodward Ave., Room 92 Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free, in a plain, sealed package.

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Minard's Tincture Cures Colds, etc.



Miss Nettie Blackmore, Minneapolis, tells how any young woman may be permanently cured of monthly pains by taking **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**

"YOUNG WOMEN:—I had frequent headaches of a severe nature, dark spots before my eyes, and at my menstrual periods I suffered untold agony. A member of the lodge advised me to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, but I only scorned good advice and felt that my case was hopeless, but she kept at me until I bought a bottle and started taking it. I soon had the best reason in the world to change my opinion of the medicine, as each day my health improved, and finally I was entirely without pain at my menstruation periods. I am most grateful."—NETTIE BLACKMORE, 28 Central Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Painful Periods

are quickly and permanently overcome by **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**. The above letter is only one of hundreds of thousands which prove this statement to be a fact. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality,—if it is painful something is wrong. Don't take narcotics to deaden the pain, but remove the cause—perhaps it is caused by irregularity or womb displacement, or the development of a tumor. Whatever it is, **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** is guaranteed to cure it.

If there is anything about your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. She can surely help you, for no person in America can speak from a wider experience in treating female ills. She has helped hundreds of thousands of women back to health. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free. You are very foolish if you do not accept her kind invitation.

Details of Another Case.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance and carelessness is the cause of most of the sufferings of women. I believe that if we properly understood the laws of health we would all be well, but if the sick women only knew the truth about **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, they would be saved much suffering and would soon be cured."

"I used it for five months for a local difficulty which had troubled me for years, and for which I had spent hundreds of dollars in the vain endeavor to rectify. My life forces were being sapped, and I was daily losing my vitality."

"**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** cured me completely, and I am now enjoying the best of health, and am most grateful, and only too pleased to endorse such a great remedy."—MISS JENNIE L. EDWARDS, 604 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

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