

## Indispensable in Winter.

### There's a need in every home for

# GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

A few doses, at the first sign of a cold, will allay all throat irritation—take away hoarseness—check the inflammation—strengthen the lungs—ward off the cough.

All the healing, soothing, curative properties of Canadian Spruce Gum—combined with aromatics. Pleasant to take. 25 cts. bottle.



## You Have Heard of Professor Dorenwend

America's Greatest Hair Goods Artist ... He is Coming to

**CHATHAM**  
GARNER HOUSE

**THURSDAY, DEC. 14TH.**

This visit gives you a chance to consult PROF. DORENWEND about your Hair and to choose from the stock of Hair Goods, which he carries with him—just what you require. You can try on any Switch, Bang, Pompadour, etc., and see just how it will look.

PROFESSOR DORENWEND can be depended upon to see you only first quality Hair Goods. You are not forced to buy because you call to see and examine these goods.



## Baldness...

As all men know, baldness adds an aged expression to the face. Why remain bald when Professor Dorenwend can fit you with a wig or toupee, which will hide all traces of baldness and take the place of your own hair? Doctors recommend these Toupees as a preventative for colic in head, catarrh and neuralgia.

PROFESSOR DORENWEND will fit you on the spot and show you just how you look afterwards.

## LADIES—READ THIS!

You will never have a better opportunity to see for yourself the beautiful use of most of SWITCHES, BANGS, POMPADOURS, WAVES, etc., etc., which Professor Dorenwend carries with him.

Remember the Date and Don't Fail to Call at the Hotel and See PROFESSOR DORENWEND.

THE DORENWEND CO. of Toronto, Ltd.  
103 and 105 Yonge St., Toronto

## Three Prizes \$30.00 Each

### TO BE GIVEN BY THE

# ORANGE MEAT COMPANY

Open to all persons who use ORANGE MEAT. Put on your thinking cap and earn one of all these prizes. THE FRONTENAC CEREAL CO., of Kingston, Ontario, manufacturers of ORANGE MEAT, Canada's choicest cereal, offer three prizes of \$30.00 each to any party who will furnish them with a suitable name that they will accept and adopt.

A NEW PACKAGE OF ROLLED OATS  
A NEW PACKAGE OF CORN MEAL  
A NEW PACKAGE OF RICE

\*One prize for each name.  
\*Continuation—Send two coupons taken from our 15c. package of ORANGE MEAT with the names you submit for each package. Two coupons with names for one package; four coupons with names for two packages; six coupons with names for three packages. Address all answers marked "For Competition" to

Competition to close Jan. 1, 1906. "ORANGE MEAT," Kingston, Ont.

## \$1.25 Gas!

### WHY NOT LIGHT YOUR HOUSE WITH GAS...?

If you now use Gas for fuel, you can at very small cost have the necessary piping and fixtures installed, pay a small sum monthly on the completed work, and pay the low price through one meter, for fuel and light, of \$1.25 net per 1,000 cubic feet of Gas.

See The Gas Company About It.

## THE NEW DOUBLE BREASTED

Have you seen the New Double-Breasted Overcoat. It's a very popular coat with the young fellows.

Wide collar and lapels, full, long and comfortable. Material is Fancy Cheviot in modest patterns and plain colors.

Just the coat for driving or for travelling. There will be no delay, merely a matter of making your selection at

**The T. H. Taylor Co.**

## CONCERNING PARKINSON

By THOMAS G. FESSENDEN

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There was nothing brilliant about Parkinson. Indeed, his mental processes were decidedly slow. He was the sort of man who would listen to a capital story with the face of a graven image, and perhaps at midnight, when quite alone, he would discover the point and ha-ha uproariously. Withal, Parkinson was a man to be depended upon. You always knew where to find him. You were sure that what he said he meant, and that what he meant he would stick to through thick and thin.

He was tall, broad of shoulder, and his homely face radiated good nature. Although the bulk of the great Parkinson fortune was his, he sat daily before a desk in the office of Thorpe & Tollman. The fact that a fellow had a little money did not render him exempt from honest work, said Parkinson, and this was why the foreign accounts of Thorpe & Tollman were kept in his room, boyish handwriting and also why Parkinson received \$15 at noon every Saturday, which sum, he stated, did not cover the cost of his lunches and cigars.

Now, when it came time for Parkinson to fall in love, he did it as he did everything else—slowly, methodically, with a painstaking regard for detail. The young woman about whom he finally found his affection centering—another man would have made the discovery fully six months earlier than did Parkinson—was a certain Miss Margery Reeves, a joyous, happy, radiant creature, whom Parkinson worshipped with all the tenacity of his stolid nature.

Miss Reeves regarded Parkinson as a big, good natured, brotherly fellow, a trifle slow and obtuse at times, but always the most dependable of her acquaintances. The exact nature of her attitude toward him Parkinson did not discover until one afternoon when they



"LOOK HERE, TOM, YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE HER HAPPY."

sat together beneath the walnut trees at the farther bunker of the Country Club links.

It was one of those lazy afternoons which beget confidences. Miss Reeves herself could not have told how the conversation led up to it, but before she was really aware of what she was doing she was telling Parkinson all about it and Parkinson was listening with grave sympathy.

She told the whole bitter story—her engagement to Tom Marshall, the quarrel which had broken it off and even the ugly rumors which had come to her ears concerning Marshall's down-hill course since that time, and as she finished there were tears in her eyes and a strange little quaver in her voice.

Parkinson was tremendously impressed. He had never seen her in a serious mood before. He sat quite still for a long time, staring thoughtfully at the walnut leaves above his head, stirring indolently in the breeze. Then he smiled his slow, enigmatic smile.

"Don't you think it's too hot to play the rest of the course?" he asked, and, helping her to her feet, he suggested that they go back to the clubhouse for tea.

They went back in silence. Once or twice she glanced at Parkinson curiously. There was still a smile on his face, but was a very strange smile. It seemed to mask something going on in his mind.

The following Monday Parkinson obtained a leave of absence from the office and went to Boston. The latest reports had located Tom Marshall there. It was several days before Parkinson found him in an obscure little hotel. Marshall was looking seedy, and there were unmistakable marks of dissipation on his handsome face.

"Park," he cried as Parkinson entered the dingy room where Marshall in his shirt sleeves was sorting out bunches of lottery tickets. "It's good old Park, as I live! What brings you here, old chap?"

Parkinson sat down on a rickety chair. The room was small and hot. Moreover, he had just climbed six long flights of stairs. He looked rather tired and wilted.

"Look here, Tom," he said abruptly,

"you'd better cut this out and come home with me."

Marshall laughed unpleasantly. "Like this, Park? I guess not. Home's no place for me just yet."

"Yes it is," said Parkinson, with unwonted sharpness. "Listen to me, Tom. There's a girl over there that's got to be happy at any cost. He paused to mop his face. He reminded Marshall of some great wounded animal. There was something like pain in his eyes. "And you've got to make her happy," he went on. "Do you hear? It's up to you. You needn't worry about money. I can fix you up in that line until you can get on your feet again. But you've got to go back with me anyway. She wants you to come back. How do you know? Well, I know, and that's enough."

Marshall tossed the lottery tickets on to the bed and turned to the other man with sudden comprehension.

"Park," he said gently, "you're a good old brick. Yes, I'll go back with you, if you say so. Tonight? All right, then, tonight it is."

The messenger came with Margery Reeves' note just as Parkinson was leaving the office. He halted the first cab and drove uptown, his mind vague and full of doubts and fears. The note was noncommittal. It merely requested him to call at the house as soon as possible. Was she angry because he had found Tom Marshall and brought him back, or did she merely wish to thank him for his efforts in that line?

He had not seen her since that afternoon at the links. The thought of seeing her now cut him sharply. The end, so far as he was concerned, had come that day beneath the walnut trees by the farther bunker when he had seen the tears in her eyes, the tears that had not been for him, but for Tom Marshall.

He waited for her in the big dim hall. She came down the wide stairs dressed in white, her eyes shining. There was a radiant happiness in her face that hurt him strangely.

"Oh, how can I ever thank you for what you have just said," he cried. "It really wasn't anything," Parkinson mumbled.

"Wasn't it anything to find Tom Marshall and bring him back? Wasn't that anything to you?" she asked.

"Yes, it was something," he admitted lamely. Confound that lump in his throat!

"You dear, unselfish, stupid fellow!" she laughed. "What do you suppose Tom told me?"

He shook his head miserably. "He said he came to make me understand that what he had had of him and which he was not was—"

"Did he say that?" asked Parkinson incredulously.

"He did," she declared, "and I told him—her eyes fell suddenly in the way she said it and his own face, for he had found that on long ago."

And then Parkinson—well, even a stupid man sometimes acts on impulse.

A Gallant Quixote.

Northerners have got accustomed to the curt demands of street railway employees to "Step lively" and "Move up front" that the phrases have lost much of their harshness. Crowded traffic requires that men and women should step lively for their own good in order that the cars may make schedule time.

In the south where the stress of life is not so rude and the fine natural courtesy of the southerner has leisure to flourish, the manners of an employee of a northern street railway would not be tolerated; hence a refreshing little scene recorded in the Outlook.

An inexperienced middle-aged southerner mounted the platform of a car in a northern city. The conductor, not dreaming of harm, had just propelled a fair looking woman into the crowded interior with the customary push and the words, "Step lively!"

The southerner took the center of the situation by saying to him in an intense voice: "You dare lay your hands upon another lady and I'll knock you off the car!"

The faces of the downtrodden race of passengers lighted up. The conductor stared, then realized the situation. As long as the southerner rode on the platform the amenities of life were observed.

It was Don Quixote against the windmills of stress and struggle and business hurry, but nowadays America needs Don Quixote in a good many places.

Postoffice Mystery.

The clerk in the foreign branch of the postoffice in New York, says the Epworth Herald, have many amusing episodes to tell. One day a modest young man, after inspecting the mail slots marked "Foreign," "City" and "Domestic," approached the clerk at the window.

"Where do you mail letters?" he asked. Ascertaining that the letter was for city delivery, the clerk told the man to drop it in the slot marked "City."

The modest man went over, read the inscriptions and came back to the window with the letter still in his hand. "Well, did you mail it?" inquired the clerk.

"No," replied the man. "I don't know what to do. You see, it's this way: She lives in the city, but she is a foreigner and a domestic."

On the same day a man approached the window and, thrusting in a money order, asked for the cash. The clerk, after inspecting it, handed it back, remarking:

"We don't cash these here. This is the foreign branch."

The man leaned over and said confidentially: "I know this is the foreign branch. That's why I came here. That order is from my father-in-law in Cincinnati, and—lowering his voice—he is a foreigner."

## Leading Canadian Physicians

Endorse The Canadian Discovery

## Fruit-a-lives

or Fruit Liver Tablets.

DR. ALEXANDER FALKNER, Williamstown, Ont., a physician who has enjoyed a large practice for the past thirty years:—"I have much pleasure in certifying to the value of 'Fruit-a-lives' or 'Fruit Liver Tablets' as a medicine for chronic constipation and biliousness, dyspepsia, etc., etc. I have prescribed this medicine for the past six months and can strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-lives' in cases of constipation, indigestion and flatulence, headaches due to weakened digestion, etc."

DR. A. FRANKFORD ROGERS, Ottawa, a physician who has enjoyed one of the largest practices in that city, states:—"I have no hesitation in recommending 'Fruit-a-lives' or 'Fruit Liver Tablets' as the fact of these tablets being made from a laxative material extracted from ripe fruit appeals, and has appealed to my judgement, and I have used these tablets extensively in my practice, and have seen the most gratifying results. The proprietors of this medicine do not hesitate to furnish the formula of the tablets to physicians, and hence any physician can use these tablets and recommend them without loss of self respect. The formula of 'Fruit-a-lives' is certainly a magnificent one, and in my experience no medicine ever used by me has given such excellent results in constipation and stomach and liver trouble as 'Fruit-a-lives' has. That these tablets act beneficially on the kidneys and skin is beyond doubt and in many cases where the skin was sluggish and inactive and the complexion bad 'Fruit-a-lives' have given the most pleasing results."

DR. D. J. COSTELLO, member of the internal staff of the General Hospital, Ottawa, and who has extensive experience, states:—"I have used 'Fruit-a-lives' in cases of constipation and biliousness, and found their action mild and non-irritating, and yet more curative than any medicine ever used previously. I strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-lives' to those suffering from these complaints."

At all druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

FRUIT-A-LIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.

Crime Against Children.

Dr. Gilmour, warden of the Central Prison, says that prison life is always contaminating. Says The Brockville Recorder. He condemns the system that sends a delinquent child to prison to associate with criminals during the receptive years of its life. He had questioned many boys from reformatories and found that many of them had been sent there for slight misdeeds such as boys. Prison makes criminals out of boys who may be merely full of mischief or possess a superabundance of animal spirit.

For quality, workmanship and every detail, Sugar Beet Cigars lead—5c.

There is no love so inexpensive as that of a mother.

I don't take a man of mettle to steel.

A want advertisement, in these columns, "canvasses the city" with your proposition; and if no returns come to you, there's something wrong with your proposition.

Loudly professed friendship usually comes to an early end.

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## THE TOLL OF THE LAKES

MANY MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDIES DURING PAST 60 YEARS.

In Storm Navigation on Our Great Lakes Is More Dangerous Than on the Ocean—The Horrible Fate of the Vernon in Lake Michigan—New Types of Lake Vessels Ride Storms Better.

In the wake of news about the terrifying storm that has swept over the Great Lakes, and which has proved so costly in its destruction of life and property, come memories of some historic disasters upon Canada's inland waters. Compared with the yearly toll of the sea, the reckoning against fresh water is slight indeed; but the sobering truth is that the lakes can be no less terrible than the ocean when roused to fury.

Well do the insurance companies know this, and at the beginning of winter they will take chances on the safety of vessels only for the sake of extraordinary premiums. Fortunately, at those seasons of the year when the danger is greatest there are few passengers on the lake vessels. Passenger traffic upon the ocean continues all the year round.

Mysteriously Disappeared.

In the past sixty years there have been many tragedies enacted on our lakes, many of them leaving no survivor to tell the tale. The Merchant, in 1847, sailed from Lake Superior, bound for the head of the lakes, and was never seen again, and in 1872 the schooner Whitney sank like a stone in mid-lake, leaving hardly a spar or a ripple to mark the spot of her disappearance. Again, in 1879, the Waukana, a Canadian vessel in Georgian Bay, with thirty souls aboard, went to the bottom, and no word ever reached shore as to the manner of her destruction. But one detail is known concerning a disaster that occurred two years earlier, when two boats, both in tow of a third, were lost by the passing of the lake.

There was no collision, but both vanished simultaneously, and the reason is as great a mystery to-day as when the tug carried the weird tale ashore. On Lake Superior the Mollison went down and left no trace, and in 1880 the Alpena, on Lake Michigan, carried 57 souls to the bottom of the lake. A few spars were picked up along the shore, and that is all the news that ever came back.

The Toll of the Storms.

Nevertheless, sailors and navigators know that only a few causes could explain the foundering of a staunch vessel on the lakes. If there were no storms, there would be no disasters of the kind mentioned, for where these boats met their fate there were no sunken rocks crouching beneath the placid surface for their prey. If the boats were burned, the smoke by day, and glow on the sky by night, or the charred wreckage days afterward could hardly escape attention. For the bottom of a boat to suddenly fall out is unheard of in the case of ordinary seaworthy craft. To the account of the sudden and terrible storms must be placed these strange disappearances. The storms burst with sudden fury, the ships became disabled, powerless, engulfed, and they disappeared. In a few hours the lake is again calm, and upon it the sunlight lies unbroken by a wave.

Worse Than the Ocean.

Of the dangers of the lakes Constantine Fenimore Woolson quotes a character as saying:

"In a storm navigation is more dangerous on our western lakes than on the ocean. There is not space enough for safety, and in the short waves and narrow channels more skill is required than in the broad sweep of the ocean. There is always a lee shore near, and you cannot run away from it as you can at sea."

Another writer adds: "Wrecks, explosions, beachings, collisions and foundering without number have marked the short but eventful history of navigation on the Great Lakes. It is an awful death list, three hundred and four hundred in a single season, that the beautiful Great Lakes have claimed as their prey. Is it any wonder that they gained for themselves the reputation of being the most perilous body of waters in the world?"

The Fate of the Vernon.

A horrible fate was that which befell the "Vernon," a magnificent passenger propeller that was overwhelmed by a storm in Lake Michigan on Oct. 29, 1887. From the wreck several passengers made rafts for themselves, and to these they clung until sighted by another vessel, the Superior. But, so furious was the gale, so terrific the sea, that despite heroic efforts, they could not be rescued, and the Superior at last was blown out of sight of the frenzied wrecks on the raft. Some of them, seeing their last hope receding, cast themselves into the water. The Hume, in May, 1891, vanished like a bubble, and she had been the pride of the lakes. In 1882 the Asia carried a hundred passengers to the bottom, and next year the Manitowish was the coffin of twenty-three. The Atlanta sank in 1881, in Lake Superior, and the Nashua in Lake Michigan the following year, leaving behind a spar or two. The Eddy, the Doty, the Chilcote followed, and with them sank the last of the fine boats of the old school.

New Types of Lake Vessels.

The pioneers of the new school were the Hudson, the Gilcher, and the Western Reserve, their rate no less a mystery than that of the Merchant. But their disappearance had taught a lesson, and later craft of their kind have profited in many ways. The new type of lake vessel rides out storms that its predecessors could never have faced, and it is this reflection that must give comfort to the watchers on shore through the wild November nights.

Collection of Wolves' Ears.

Mr. G. J. Booth has six pair of wolves' ears, that being the number of animals sworn to before him this year, says The Ottawa News-Letter. To get the bounty of \$15, the head with the ears thereon must be produced before a justice of the peace, who takes an affidavit as to the destruction of the animal and then cuts off the ears.

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## Peninsular RANGES

Make Baking Easy and Save Fuel.

Fire box is OVAL—no dead corners—no dead ashes to heat. Sheet fire construction insures quick, even heating of all parts of the oven. Oven is almost square, with STEEL bottom and ends. Perfect VENTILATION of oven prevents soggy baking. Direct draft slide dampers give absolute control of fire. The "Peninsular" Ranges are made in all sizes from plain 4 hole ranges, to richly nickeled 6 hole ranges with closet and reservoir. Your stove man probably has a full line of Peninsular Ranges. If not, let us know and we will send you our handsomely illustrated catalogue and the name of the nearest dealer handling Peninsular Stoves and Ranges.

CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED,  
Makers of the Famous "Back" Ranges  
WINNIPEG, MAN. PASTON, ONT. VANCOUVER, B.C.

**P. A. CHEEVER.**  
CHATHAM, ONT. Box 765 Over Cunningham's Hardware Store

## District Doings

GLENWOOD.

Mrs. John Chester returned on Monday from a two weeks' visit with friends in Kent Bridge.

Misses Alice and Clara Estabrook, of Chatham, spent Sunday at their home here.

Mr. A. Mahler spent Sunday in Chatham.

Mr. Manly Ellis left on Tuesday for a visit with relatives in Thamesville.

Mrs. John Collins returned to her home at McGregor after a two weeks' visit with friends here.

Miss Scott, of Highgate, spent Monday at W. C. Estabrook's.

FLETCHER.

Mrs. S. McKeon, of Windsor, is home to see her mother, who is very ill.

Neil Shea was the guest of Thos. Breen on Friday.

Wm. Kearns was the guest of J.

Richie on Sunday.

Frank Sainsbury, of Lethbridge, is visiting his sister, Mrs. McNalley, of Thamesville.

Several boxes of sugar beets have been shipped from here to Wallaceburg this week.

Miss Crookshanks, of Thamesville, is visiting Miss Emma McFadden, this week.

Geo. Kearns was the guest of R. Adams last week.

T. Green spent Wednesday in the Maple City.

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

Merely and truth always walk on the same side of the street.

The hardest man to preach to is the one who is not there.

Lots of good ten cent Cigars, but only one best—the Lord Laka.

It is generally easier to discharge a duty than a cook.