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WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Scane Block, King St. at 7.30 p.m. Visit St., at 7.30 p.m.

ting brethren heartily wel ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y. W. A. HADLEY, W. M.

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THE BANK OF MONTREAL offers for sale, cheap, the lumber formerly owned by Scott Bros. & Co., suitable to farmers for barns' outbuilding, etc., also Laths Doors and Window Frames. "KOTO, THEY SAY YOU WILL GO TO THE WAR." APPLY TO

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Gibson

MAKES THEM O-CORNER KING AND FIFTH STS

PLUM PUDDING FRUIT CAKE OYSTER PATTIES ICE CREAM

ALL ORDERS WILL BE PROMPTLY FILLED

W. E. SMITH. Somerville's Old Stand, King Street

STOP TAKING DRUGS

R. C. WEESE, D. S. T.

By ANNA ALWARD EAMES

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Koto had been on the wharf since When the tug, plethoric and important for the honor of bringing off his prince, had scuttled hoarsely across the channel and under the bows of the Manchuria, mysterious, enchanting, her red mouthed funnels slanting to the glistening blue, he had followed her with straining eyes. When she bus-tled back with all her might, a flounce of foam at her prow and her decks gleaming war bulletins, an emotion grew big within him and there was a mist in his glance that swept the port of Honolulu, stretching along the line of curling swells and up the sides of the gay green mountain.

It had all happened in what seemed a second of time. He had been tossing banzais from his perch on a tier of sacked sugar as the tug came alongside, and his prince was transferred to the governor's shining carriage, the music, the flag bearing school children. the ship and his prince tingling through his blood in happy, chilly ripples. Then a fireworks bomb had exploded under the governor's horses.

The emperor's call for troops on the waving war bulletins, the heartrending vision of Japan which the occasion evoked—Japan, rainbow hued, flower scented, wan in the gloom of desperate conflict, the careworn figure of his prince, fresh from the thick of the fight for this embassy, upright and undaunted in the lurching victoria—fused in his consciousness with the smoke of the

exploding bomb.

Through his exaltation there pierced a lightning flash of impelling purpose, and he shot over the gay kimonos, the lean Americans, the dusky natives, to the center of the widening circle and dropped at the horses' heads.

The national hymn of Japan choked in a jangle of discords as the runaway horses shook the dark, sinewy body in the affrighted faces of the crowd, then stood, spent with the pain of the sawing weight on their bits.

Five minutes before he had been only one of hundreds on the wharf waving



his hat and shouting "Banzai!" Now these beating huzzas which shook the wharf and echoed among the masts were for him. Women were weeping ver him; men were grasping his hand. He was bowing before the governor's carriage, and his prince was saying: "My brave fellow, you are needed at the front. You shall go with the rank of captain."

Koto could only bow lower than ever, but he hung gray before them as he pictured his helpless, aged parents, un-cared for and alone.

For an ordinary draft he could have arranged a substitute, but for this, no. Here was at once promotion, honor, re-ward. No one must know-no one could know-how unwelcome it was, and his harassed soul stood wet on his forchead as he bowed, smiling and serene. Amid his torture he felt dimly that these high honors were not for him, but for that other that came to him so impellingly up there in his joy and held him, yet was not him.

"He is not on the list of the drafted. your highness," he heard a voice.
"Let him take command at once," ordered the prince. "You will go as captain," he assured Koto once more. The noble prince of Japan had been saved from a tragic fate, his rescuer publicly rewarded. The wharf rang again with cheers, the national hymn of Japan pealed in weird, wild strains from the throats of the stumpy, stolld lines of Japanese school children, the governor's carriage proceeded on its way, bells rang, ocean liners trumpetway, bells rang, ocean liners trumpet-ed, and Koto, awed by the majestic im-

ed, and koto, awed by the majestic im-pulse that had seized him and set him on his way, struggling with the ideals which the training of his whole life had emphasized, his duty to his paron his way, struggling with the ideals which the training of his whole life had emphasized, his duty to his parents and his duty to his country, marched at the head of the Japanese troops.

He swung on to a car late that afternoon, excited and eager. Not since leaving Japan had he come so close to the heart of his country. Was it the American harbor, gay with his country's flag, that shook his soul? Was this prince's ship from Tokyo, gallant

and graceful in the blue water outside the reef, or was it the "Flag of the Rising Sun," which, all day, over the city had hung like a great bird with heating wins heating. beating wings, eloquent of Japan in trouble? This he knew: His country was bleeding and in desperate struggle. He must go. But how?

He was a waiter at the big hotel.

"Koto," said a soft voice as he houghtfully marshaled his glasses late that evening—"Koto, they say you will go to the war."

Koto turned and beheld the Japanes parlor maid who had worked in the same hotel with him for four years, and he saw deliverance. It was no time to think of love, he knew, as he noted the droop of the demure little figure, the tremulous smile. She would smile though her heart were breaking It was the way of the women of his country, and she would die for him if need be, he determined, as he lingered on the prettily arranged grace of her next remark, which fell in a voice as soft as her apple cheek.

"Koto, do you go to fight for Japan?"
"Yes," he answered, with difficulty, 'I go to fight for Nippon. The aged ents"- His face grew sharp.

"Yes, Koto," she comforted. He bent over his task, unable to meet her eyes.
"If I, so unworthy, could be a daughter to the honorable parents," she bow ed formally, a fierce pain in her breast. Beneath his well ordered Japanese exterior Koto's heart gave a great leap of relief and thanksgiving, but he only said gravely, bowing low before the woman's soft pallor: "I will marry you, most honorable of women. Then you will feel free to watch over the aged parents, and if I die support

The woman lald a pretty brown hand over her heart, as if to quiet its tumult, then said, smiling: "You shall go to fight for Nippon. The aged parents shall be the first objects of my unworthy care."

He bent over her hands in sincere delight. Love was not for him, he knew, and he knew that she knew. Henceforth he belonged not to himself nor her nor to his parents, but to Japan. It was not for the fine man to show painful emotion, so he said

"Come, let us go to them." "The prince has drafted me, O my father and my mother!" He bowed

"The emperor calls for troops," he faltered miserably, aghast at their pallor. Then, snatching at his one ray of comfort, he gently drew the woman forward. "Here is your daughter. She will love you and care for you."

The aged pair raised their faces, white, unearthly, celestial. Bowing low, the mother quavered: "My son, it is the greatest of all glories to die for Japan, but the soldler, the samurai, must have no divided heart. Rejoice with us and with our daughter that we may arm the soldier with the gift of our unworthy lives, lest, thinking of us, he forgot his duty to Nippon. My son, here is your sword; it was your grandfather's.' Koto sickened as he beheld his des-

tiny. He besought the uplifted face of the woman where she knelt, graceful and white cheeked, near the aged pair. The faces of the three were resolute, rapt, radiant.

A gentle rush of wind filled the room with a flood of fragrance. Beyond the swaying curtain he noted, with the sensitive eye of anguish, a moonlit canoe leap to the crest of the booming swell, hang above the green abyss for a breath and in the next dash with the nomentum of the universe through spray and sea drift high on the tawny

"Receive it," the delicate voice flickered as the red blood leaped to her dexterous stroke. Then, her fading glance embracing the sacrifice, she

By the sword there knelt until dawn captain of the emperor's troops. drinking deep of the vision that had found him a light hearted youth and in a few short hours had furrowed his soul with the throes of the patriot and crystallized his life to its task.

Balsac and Music.

The De Goncourts tell us, on the authority of Theophile Gautier, that "Balzac abhorred music." Theo did, we know. To him is generally attributed the saying that music was the most ex-pensive noise of which he had cognizance. Balzac did not himself thoroughly understand it, but he was deeply interested in it. He treated it almost sympathetically. He got, so it is said, a learned German to help him to deal with it elaborately, and not a liteased, it may be remembered, was he with the result.

Had any writer of fiction before Balzac ever analyzed any musical com-position with half the thoroughness with which in one of his shorter stories Barkac analyzed "Robert le Diable" and all the method of Meyerbeer? And Meyerbeer, it is worth noting, was in the Paris of Balzac's day, almost the Wagner of that place and time. He was an innovator scarcely less discussed.-London Academy.

Mere invention was regarded as somewhat vulgar in ancient times. Archimedes made little of his mechanical inventions. They were only the amusements of geometry, he said, and only at the behest of his sovereign did

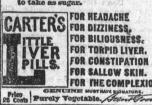
Cenuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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Breut Good See Pac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy



FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION FOR SALLOW SKIN FOR THE COMPLEXION

GURE SICK HEADACHE.

Snowshoes For Marshes. The largest extent of marsh land in the world is to be found in the lowlands which form part of the steppe of Baraba, between the rivers Intish and Obi, in Asiatic Russia. The region is flat and covered with forests, salt lakes and quivering marshes, extending over

an area which is not less than 100,000 square miles. During the summer dense clouds of mosquitoes float over the treacherous ground. Immense areas of these dreaded urmans have never been visited by man. The marshes, treacherously concealed under a swaying layer of grassy vegetation, can only be crossed by means of a kind of snow. shoe in winter except at the peril of

Bad Stomach Makes Bad Blood.

one's life.

You can not make sweet butter in a foul, unclean churn. The stomach serves as a churn in which to agitate, work up and disintegrate our food as it is being digested. If it be weak, sluggish and foul the result will be torpid, sluggish and foul the result will be torpid, sluggish liver and bad, impure blood.

The ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are just such as best serve to correct and cure all such derangements. It is made up without a drop of alcohol in its composition; chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead of the commonly employed alcohol. Now this glycerine is of itself a valuable medicine, instead of a deleterious agent like alcohol, especially in the cure of weak stemach, dyspepsia and the various forms of indigestion. Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says of it:

"In graph of the present time in its action upon enter the present time in its extron upon enterties disordered stomachs; especially if there is the present time in its action upon enterties and in the present time in its assististic catarrhal in uncaration or catarrhal asstritis catarrhal reserved in the present time in its amost-efficient preparation. Stomach, it is a most-efficient preparation. The present in the flatulent variety, and in certain forms of chronic constipation, stimulating the secretory and excretory functions of the intestinal glands."

When combined, in just the right proportions, with Golden Seal root, Stone root.

tory and excretory functions of the intestinal glands."

When combined, in just the right proportions, with Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Queen's root, Bloodroot and Mandrake root, or the extracts of these, as in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, there can be no doubt of its great efficacy in the cure of all stomach, liver and intestinal disorders and derangements. These several ingredients have the strongest endorsement in all such cases of such eminent medical leaders as Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, Chicago: Prof. Hobart A. Hare, cases of such eminent medical leaders as Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, Chicago; Prof. Hobart A. Hare, M. D., of Medical Department, University of Pa: Prof. Laurence Johnson, M. D., Medical Department, University of New York; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D. and Prof. John King, M. D., Authors of the American Dispensatory, and scores of others among the leading medical men of our land. Who can doubt the curative virtues of a medicine the ingredients of which have such a professional endorsement?

Constipation cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One or two a dose.

Want What They Can't Get.



He wanted peace at any price Or built on any plan. Of course you know by this advice He was a married man.

SORE THROAT AND COUGHS. A simple, effective and safe remedy for all throat irritations is found in To all throat irritations is found in CRESOLENE ANTISEPTIC TABELTS.

They combine the germicidal values of cresolene with the soothing properties of slippery elm and licorice.

10c. All Druggists.

A train of thought is all right if

it's an ill disposition that wills no and to total det

EASY MONEY AT HOME raising canaries. More profitable than chickens. You'll get \$2.50 to \$5.00 each for young singers, unnecessary. To get you interested quick!

BIRD BREAD 10 CENTS, COTTAM BIRD SEED, 19st., London, Ont.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff

'EMPRESS OF THE WEST'

SHREWD TSI AN, ONCE A SLAVE, NOW REAL RULER OF CHINA.

Miss Katharine Carl, Her Latest Biographer, Gives Her a Much Better Character Than Previous Biographers-Remarkably Romantic Career of Woman Who Has Been Painted In Very Varying Colors.

In Very Varying Colors.

Tsi An, the dowager empress and real ruler of China, whose character is painted in complimentary colors in the book just published by Miss Katharine Carl, has had a remarkably romantic career. Miss Carl, who is an artist and whose acquaintance with the dowager empress came about through painting the portrait of her imperial highness, gives her a much better character than previous biographers. She has been described on the one hand as an unscrupulous schemer who has not hesitated to resort even to murder in the execution of her plans and, again, as a beneficient ruler, a friend of progress.

Tsi An is the daughter of a Manchu noble who became reduced to poverty. He sold his little girl to a Chinese merchant, who treated the young slave well and taught her to read and write. In 1848 the Emperor Hien Fung issued the marriage proclamation prescribed by law in which ell

Fung issued the marriage proclama-tion prescribed by law, in which all eligible maidens of Manchu descent be-tween the ages of fifteen and eighteen



THE DOWAGER EMPRESS TSI AN. were requested to present themselves at the palace in Pekin with a view to examination as secondary wives of the Emperor. Tsi An was beautiful and though a slave, was of noble birth, and she determined to go to the palace. Her master raised her from the status of slave to that of an adopted daughter; she was accepted as one of the Emperor's wives and in time won not only his esteem, but that of the Empress. The latter had no male issue, but Tsi An bore to the Emperor a son. She had herself proclaimed empress of the west, the highest title to which a

secondary wife could aspire. When Hien Fung died, her son succeeded him as Tung Chi. He died under mysteri-ous circumstances in 1875 and left no son, and the candidate favored by Tsi An, a little boy of four, came to the throne as Kwang Su. The death of the Empress in 1881 left Tsi An sole mistress of China's destinies. In 1889 she carried the Emperor, then seventeen, to her niece, a matrimonial arrangement which further expectations. teen, to her niece, a matrimonial arrangement which further strengthened her power. She has never allowed Kwang Su to handle the reins of Government. Though now seventy-one years of age, she still appears youthful and, according to Miss Carl, could pass for a woman in the forties.

Though a generation has passed since the Danes have fired a gun in lattle, they have made elaborate preparations for the defence of their country. On the fortifications of Copenhagen they have annually spent large sums, almost since the appearance in the harbor of Nelson. This expenditure has kept the country poor and the King has shared the poverty, but gladly, as his heart was in the work of defence. Despite this self-denying patriotism, the late King Christian was never as popular at home as abroad, his intense conservatism bringing him frequently in contact with the Socialistic spirit that has spread over Denmark. From 1873 to 1895 his Riksdag refused to vote the Ministers' budgets, in order to mark its disapproval of King Christian. Unless his successor pursues different has kept the country poor and the King Unless his successor pursues different tactics, there is trouble ahead for him. tactics, there is trouble ahead for him. Apart from his politics, King Christian was well loved at home. He was not a remarkable man. He did not speak or write or do aught else at all brilliantly. He was a man of retiring disposition, whose misfortune it was to have become a king. It is not as a King that he will be remembered, but as a quiet old gentleman, of whom it has been said, "He is kindness incarnate."

Dr. Osler's Latest Find. Dr. Osler's Latest Find.

Dr. William Osler has recited squaint old cure for gout, says a local paper: "First pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a spinster who never wished to wed; second, wash the handkerchief in an honest miller's pond; third, dry it on the hedge of a person who never was covetous; fourth, send it to the shop of a physician who never killed a patient; fifth, mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client; and, sixth, apply it hot to the gout-tormented part. A speedy cure must follow."

A visitor calling on an Irishman who had the credit of being a lively heckler at pollitical meetings, said "What's that, Mike, that you have in the glass case?" "Oh, that's the brick I got agin' my head at the last election." "Oh, and what's that little flower on the top of it for?" "That's the flower from the grave of the man that threw it?"—London News.

Tired, Nervous Mothers

Make Unhappy Homes-Their Condition Irritates Both Husband and Children-How Thousands of Mothers Have Been Saved From Nervous Prostration and



Mrs Albert Mann

Mrs Chester Curry

A nervous, irritable mother, often on the verge of hysterica, is unfit to care for children; it ruins a child's disposition and reacts upon herself. The trouble between children and their mothers too often is due to the fact that the mother has some female weakness, and she is entirely unfit to bear the strain upon her nerves that governing children involves; it is impossible for her to do anything calmly.

The ills of women act like a firebrand upon the aerves, consequently ninetenths of the nervous prostration, nervous despondency, "the blues" sleeplessness, and nervous irritability of women arise from some derangement of the temale organism.

Do you experience fits of depression

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"I suffered a long time with serious female trouble having intense pains in the back and abdomen and very sick headaches every month. I was tired and nervous all the time and life looked very dreary to me and I had no desire to live until I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to get some relief. My recovery was slow but it was sure and I have never regretted the money spent for the Compound as it brought back my good health."

Women should remember that Lydia.

Do you experience fits of depression with restlessness, alternating with with restlessness, alternating with extreme irritability? Are your spirits easily affected, so that one minute you laugh, and the next minute you feel like crying?

and the next minute you along the next minute you along the next minute you all the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to light and sound; pain in the abdominal region, and between the shoulders; bearing-down pains; nervous dyspepsia, and almost pains; nervous dispersion of the medicine that holds the record for the greatest number of actual curres of female ills, and take no substitute.

condition, and you are threatened with nervous prostration.

Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for nervous prostra-tion than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; thousands and thousands of wisely, and she will charge you nothing for her advice.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

Soft Soap.
"Yes, dear," said the petted young wife, examining her birthday gift, "these diamond earrings are pretty, but the stones are awfully small."

"Of course, my dear," replied the dip-

any larger they'd be all out of proportion to the size of your ears." Not on the Platform. "Gents," said the trolley car conductor, "you mustn't stand on the back platform. Yer breakin' the rules."

"Some of 'em ain't," piped up the little man. "They're standin' on my feet."

-Catholic Standard and Times.

Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Ly-lia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write to her for advice.

The Drunkard's Cloak. In the time of the commonwealth in England the magistrates of Newcastleupon-Tyne punished drunkards by making them carry a tub called the lomatic husband, "but if they were drunkard's cloak. This tub was worn bottom upward, there being a hole at the bottom for the head and two smaller holes in the sides for the hands to pass through, and thus ridiculously attired the delinquent was made to walk through the streets of the town for as long a time as the magistrates thought

proper to order, according to the grossness of the offense. Malice is sharper at the hilt than in the blade.

For over sixty years doctors have en-dorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption. Cures hard cases, des-Bronchitis perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribed by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribe by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribe by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribe by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribe by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribe by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribe by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribe by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribe by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribe by the perate cases, old cases. You can transcribe by the perate cases. You can transcr perate cases, old cases. You can trust

Opportunities are never lacking to make fools of ourselves.

Depreciating others will not help he world to appreciate you.

" IT'S ONLY A COLD, A TRIFLING COUGH"

Thousands have said this when they caught cold. Thousands have neglected to cure the cold. Thousands have filled a Consumptives grave through neglect. Never neglect a cough or cold. It can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

is the medicine you need. It strikes at the very foundation of all throat or lung complaints, relieving or curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, and preventing Pneumonia and

Consumptions

It has stood the test for many years, and is now more generally used than ever. It contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other pectoral remedies. It stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loseens the phlegm and mecous, and sids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations. Don't be humbugged into accepting an amitation of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mr. Julian J. LeBlanc. Belle Cote. N.S.

and price 25 cts.

Mr. Julian J. LeBlanc, Belle Cote, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with a bad cold and severe cough, which assumed such an attitude as to keep me confined to my house. I tried several remedies advertised but they were of no avail. As a last resort I tried Dr. Weed's Norway Pine Syrupand one bottle sured me completely."

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One of the finest assortments of Candy in the city, fresh every day. Wholesale and Retail

Ice Cream or goods delivered to any part of the city. Light lunches served J. H. Rhody

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