

LODGES

PARTHENON 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. M. PIKE, W. M.
J. W. FLEWES, Sec'y

WELLINGTON LODGE, NO. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month in the Masonic Hall, Seaside Block, King St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcome.

GRD. MUSSON, W. M.
ALIX GREGORY, Sec'y

MUSICAL.

SAMUEL I. SLADE - Bass, of Detroit, has resumed his class here, and will be pleased to receive pupils for vocal training, every Monday, at his studio, McCall Block. Slade will come to Chatham every Monday during the winter months.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

DR. DEBOW is prepared, as usual, to furnish first-class service for horses and other animals at reasonable rates. Any number of horses furnished, also violin and orchestra. Pupils taken on violin, and all orchestral and band instruments. Studio, Centre St.

LEGAL.

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

ROBERTSON & STONE - Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite H. Macdonald's store. M. H. Robertson, Fred Stone.

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

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

WILSON, PIKE & CO. - Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on mortgages at lowest rates. Office Fifth Street, Matthew Wilson K.C., J. M. Pike.

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MONEY TO LOAN - Company and Private Funds - Farm and City Property for Sale. W. F. Smith, Barrister.

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Lowest Rate of Interest
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J. W. WHITE, Barrister,
Opposite Grand Opera House, Chatham.

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30 Shares Reliance Loan and Savings Co. Stock for sale.

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5 or More Houses to Rent.
17 Choice Lots on Gladstone Avenue. Several in other good locations, for sale cheap.

Office: King Street, (upstairs) opposite Reliance Loan Co. Building.

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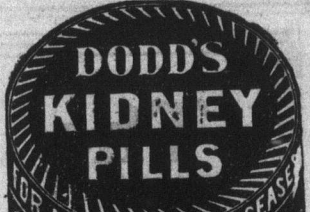
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GEORGE MASSEY,

MANAGER.

Cupid behind the arrow is more dangerous than the man behind the gun.

Judging from some people, a mind is merely something to guess with.



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Malcolm's Rescue

By Gordon Talker

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"I'm worried about Nancy," said Peyton gloomily.

"You've got to worry about something," was the consoling reply, as Nancy Westcott's brother Billy did not see anything to worry about in the situation.

"But," persisted Peyton, "she never acted this way until that fellow Malcolm came down."

"Possibly it's Miss Malcolm," chuckled Billy. "If you were not holding hands, last night, it's because appearances are deceitful."

"Nothing of the sort," protested Peyton, reddening. "I was just trying to make Nan a little jealous."

"And it looks as if she might be trying to play the same game," laughed Billy. "See here, Tom, you've got a fair wind and a pipe full of tobacco. What more do you want? Worry about it when you get back to the island."

With a heavy sigh, Tom Peyton threw his leg over the tiller to hold it while he lit his pipe. They had gone over to the mainland for supplies, and after beating their way against a head wind it should have been enough to satisfy the heart of any yachtsman to have the wind right for a straight run home.

It was five miles to the mainland, an absurd distance to go for butter, but the Westcott party liked the privacy of the island, and had not the launch broken down the matter of supplies would have been unimportant. Billy had volunteered to sail over and get the butter, and Tom had invited himself to go because he was so utterly miserable with Malcolm dancing attendance on Nancy.

For three years he had been trying to get her to say yes to the all important question, but she had evaded the issue with the skill of a diplomat, and in despair he had sought to force matters through arousing her jealousy by flirting with Miss Malcolm.

Unfortunately Nancy had seen through the plan and retaliated by engaging in a desperate flirtation with

Malcolm. This had been the last straw, and Tom was as miserable as it is given man to be.

For awhile they were silent. Billy lay dreaming in the bottom of the boat, sending out great clouds of smoke as he stared up at the sky, and Peyton, his leg still thrown over the tiller, was engaged in devising torments to which Malcolm should be subjected if he had his way.

Neither noticed that a breeze seemed to be springing up from the west. They were under the lee of Catlin Island, with its steep bluffs, and spinning along nicely. Westcott island was only half a mile beyond the larger island, and already it seemed to Tom that he could make out Nancy and Malcolm sitting on the rocks at the point. He was just about to reach out for the glasses when the boat slipped out from under the protection of the cliffs, and with a slap the strong wind struck the sail.

The next instant they were foundering in the water. Tom couldn't swim, but Billy grasped his collar and hoisted him on to the bottom of the upturned boat.

"Hold fast for a moment," he commanded as he slipped off again. He foundered in the water for a moment, then paddled toward the boat. "Here's the coffee," he called. "It's in an air tight tin, and I'll bet it's all right."

"Better toss up your pipe, too," suggested Tom, who for the first time saw that Billy's teeth were still clinched on the stem. "They have seen us and are coming out."

A rowboat had put out from the camp. In it Malcolm and one of the servants were pulling furiously, while on the shore Nancy could be seen waving frantically.

Malcolm bent his back to the task, and presently as they came out he began to shout messages of hope.

"Bet he thinks we're drowned and don't know it," laughed Billy, who had abandoned his quest for floating property to watch the little comedy.

Malcolm, still puffing, drew alongside the boat and helped Peyton in. Billy climbed in over the side, and with a hearty "I thought I'd be in time" Malcolm swung the boat's head about and

seemed to pull for the shore with the same puffing exertion. Billy shouted to him to ease up, that there was a chance for salvage, but Malcolm did not understand and kept on puffing and pulling.

The whole camp was on shore to greet them, and Malcolm pulled up in fine style. "Have you a barrel ready?" he puffed.

"What for?" demanded Billy. "A glass will do for me."

"To roll you on," explained Malcolm. "When they take people out of the water they roll them on a barrel, don't you know?"

"I'll murder the first man who tries it on me," threatened Nancy's brother. "Come on, Tom, let's get some dry clothes."

They went off toward the camp, while the others gathered on the beach and talked it over. Twenty minutes later Billy, appearing in the doorway, demanded to know whether they had brought in the yacht.

"They're out after it now," explained Nancy, pointing to where a little group on the sand was watching three of the men who were pulling for shore, towing the boat in. Billy went off to join them, and Tom sank into a piazza chair near Nancy.

"How did Billy come to upset?" she asked curiously.

"He didn't," he admitted. "It was all my fault. We were going along so nicely that I never noticed a squall blowing up behind Catlin. When it hit us I had my leg over the tiller, and before I could get it clear we were in the water."

"We were watching you from the point," she smiled. "Mr. Malcolm was so excited that for a moment I thought he was going to try to walk out to you."

"He certainly did work hard," admitted Tom. "There were sitting high and dry on the keel and poor old Malcolm breaking his back to get out there before we drowned."

"You shouldn't laugh at Mr. Malcolm," she reproved. "I suppose that I must have been so anxious that I communicated my excitement to him."

"I suppose you're anxious about Billy a lot of times," he said idly. "That boy would love to live in a boat and never come ashore."

"I don't worry about Billy," she denied. "He can swim like a fish."

"Then why?" he began. "It is because I cannot swim that you were worried?" he demanded.

"It would break up the party," she explained, realizing what she had said. "But you do care?" he pleaded. "Say you do, dear?"

"Perhaps I do," she admitted. Nancy hesitated. The incident had been enlightening. She knew her own heart better than she had that morning. She nodded her head.

It seemed to Tom only a moment before Billy came tramping up from the beach.

"It's all right, Billy," he cried. "It's not Malcolm, after all. It's I."

"I'm glad of it," growled Billy. "I'll keep you from being grouchy, and, anyhow, that infernal Malcolm made us lose the butter. I was just going to dive for it when he 'saved us.'"

Divorce Among the Burmese.

The marriage customs of the Burmese are simple in the extreme. A man and woman are married or are not married, according to whether they live as husband and wife or not. A man may have several wives, though in practice he rarely has more than one.

A woman may have only one husband. Divorce is a matter for the village elders. No court is necessary, no decree, no appeal to legal or ecclesiastical authority. Divorce is but the breaking of a status. A wife retains control of all her property when married; she has a half share in all property acquired during marriage. If she is divorced she takes her own property and half that jointly acquired. There is no blending of her authority with that of her husband. She may do what she will with her own.

There is no rule of primogeniture and no power of bequeathing property by testament. All the children inherit equally. No Buddhist may make a will. Whatever a man or a woman dies possessed of must be divided according to the rules of consanguinity. There is no preference of either sex. All children are equal in this matter. The oldest son shares alike with the youngest daughter.—Laborer Tribune.

The Bishop Apologized.

Dr. Temple was wont to run the diocese of Exeter with an iron hand, and a tale is told of a deanery meeting at which he presided, when the subject for discussion was "The Hindrances to the Spiritual Life of the Diocese." After the discussion had proceeded for some time a vicar electrified his audience by declaring that the greatest hindrance to the full spiritual life was none other than the bishop himself. "I repeat it," said the speaker calmly, "our right reverend father in God is a very far from being a father to any of us. Your manner toward us," he continued, turning to the bishop, "is harsh in the extreme, while your method of rule is this: You treat us all, old and young, as if we were a set of schoolboys." This bold statement drew from the bishop an apology, and he explained that beneath his brusqueness of manner was a very genuine sympathy with the work of all the clergy. This impeachment created the more sensation in the meeting because it came from a son of Dr. Temple's predecessor, the famous Henry of Exeter.—Westminster Gazette.

Out of Office and In.

A well known radical member coined this happy phrase: "It is a pity that the government has not as much courage in office as it had in conference in opposition."—London Truth.

A HELPLESS CHILD.

A weak and puny child is badly handicapped in the battle of life. It is isolated from the healthy enjoyment of its little fellow-beings. It cannot partake either of their play or their sturdy work and progress in the world; its whole life is embittered by incapacity and weakness.

Any woman who expects to become a mother ought to know what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will do both for her own health and safety during her time of trial and also to insure her in bequeathing a fair measure of health and strength to the prospective little ones.

High Ground Improves Sight.

Reasons for expecting astonishing results from the treatment of certain eye diseases at elevated stations have been found by Dr. Robert Dolan of Paris. From a balloon at a height of 8,000 feet, a large bottle was watched until it reached a lake and was then seen as it sank. Examination at a greater altitude showed much distention of the pupils as an effect of the rarefied atmosphere, with increased sensitiveness of the optic nerve. This remarkable sensitiveness should, the doctor claims, greatly aid the usual remedies. Glaucoma and choroiditis are among the diseases that he believes should receive special benefit, we now learn.—Indian Review.

MOTHERS, HERE IT IS!

A friend and comforter, an unceasing aid in every house for the hundred and one ailments that do turn up. Nervine is too valuable to be without. It's the only catnip tea or headache, Nervine cures. For cold on the chest, aching limbs or lame back rub on Nervine and get ease at once. As a family safeguard and nothing is known to excel Po-son's Nervine. Get the large 25c. bottle from your dealer.

For Reerie.

Anxious Mother—Oh, professor, don't you think my dear little Reginald will ever learn to draw?

Professor Crayon—No, madam; not unless you hitch him up to a wagon.

Attention!

Dr. I. Sergeant: "Now, then, smart up, there! Hi you in the rear, there, can't you see that you're not behind the man in front of you?"

WHEN YOU EAT TOO FAST

You have indigestion, perhaps cramp, or in any case the system is overloaded with matter that should be eliminated. Breathe—gets bad, eyes look dull, head-aches are frequent.

Why not cleanse and purify the whole system, why not strengthen the stomach, enrich the blood and assist your overtaxed digestive organs? Easily done with Dr. Hamilton's Pills: their action is most gratifying. In every case they give the exact assistance the ailing organs require. You'll feel fit and fine, eat with a relish, sleep like a top, have a clear complexion, and restful sleep if you regulate your system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c. per box, at all dealers.

Britain and Canada Harbors.

The Imperial Government is desirous of having a thoroughly up-to-date map of all harbors, places of shelter for vessels and other particulars which might aid navigation or even defensive tactics for the colonies, and the Marine and Fisheries Department, Ottawa, has had a request from the Home Government for correct maps of various Canadian harbors and bays, including Toronto. Mr. Rust, City Engineer of the latter city, has received from Ottawa a request to mark on the map the location of all buoys, shoals, currents and such other matter as may be necessary to make the map complete. The last authentic map of Toronto harbor in the possession of the Imperial Government is one hundred years old.

To stop a Cold with "Preventics" is safer than to let it run and cure it afterwards. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will head off all colds and Grippe, and perhaps save you from Pneumonia or Bronchitis. Preventics are little toothsome candy cold capsules selling in 5c. and 25c. boxes. If you are chilly, if you begin to sneeze, try Preventics. They will surely check the cold and please you.

To Kill Race-Track Betting.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 10.—Gov. John I. Cox, in his final message to the Legislature yesterday, suggests the enactment of an anti-racetrack gambling law.

Local Option Returns.

Toronto, Jan. 10.—Out of 89 places heard from, 49 carried local option and 47 defeated the measure.

Group can positively be stopped in 20 minutes. No vomiting—nothing to sicken or distress your child. A sweet, pleasant, and safe Syrup, called Dr. Shoop's Group Cure, does the work and does it quickly. Dr. Shoop's Group Cure is for Group alone, remember. It does not claim to cure a dozen ailments. It's for Group, that's all.