

MEDICAL

DRS. AGAR & AGAR—Physicians and Surgeons, successors to Dr. Tye, King Street, West, Chatham, Ont. Dr. J. Agar, Dr. Mary Agar.

DR. PAUL C. GOODLOVE—Osteopath. All diseases treated without drugs. Chronic diseases and deformities a specialty. Office—over VonGuten Bros' Jewelry Store. Hours 9 to 12 a. m., 1.30 to 5 p. m. Consultation and examination free.

STOP MAKING DRUGS

All diseases successfully treated by Osteopathy, Chiropractic and Psycho-Therapy. Particular attention given to nervous and mental troubles with both men and women. Consultation free.

R. C. WEBSTER, D.S.T., Wellington Street West, CHATHAM, ONT.

LODGES

WELLINGTON LODGE, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., C. E. C. meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y., A. E. JEWETT, W. M.

LEGAL

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

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

J. B. O'FLYNN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc. King street, opposite Merchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on mortgages at lowest rates. Offices, Fifth street. Matthew Wilson, E. C. J. M. Pike, W. E. Gundy.

BOUSTON & 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. Houston, Fred Stone.

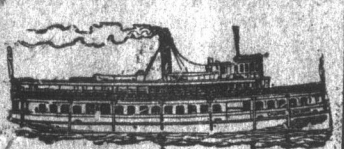
THE

Bank of Montreal
HAS REMOVED TO THE
Stone Block, King St., East
DURING BUILDING OPERATIONS
DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager

STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
Branches and agents at all principal points in Canada, U. S. and Great Britain. Drafts issued and notes discounted. Savings Bank Department deposits (which may be withdrawn without penalty) received and interest allowed thereon at the highest current rates.

W. T. SHANNON,
Manager Chatham Branch.

Chatham, Windsor and Detroit



TIME TABLE
MONDAY, MAY 15,
THE STEAMER CITY OF
CHATHAM

Will make return trips to Detroit every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, leaving Chatham Dock at 7.30 a. m., returning leaves Detroit 3 p. m. Detroit time or 4 p. m. Chatham time.
ONE-WAY TRIP, THURSDAY, leaving Chatham 9.30 a. m., returning leaves Detroit Friday 9.00 a. m. Chatham time or 8.00 a. m. Detroit time. Single Tickets, 80 Cents. Return, 60 Cents. JOHN BORKE, Capt.

The Chatham Loan and Savings Co.
47th Half-Yearly Dividend.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of six per cent per annum upon the paid up capital stock of this company has been declared this day for the current half year ending June 30th, 1905. Payable at the Company's office on and after July 20th, 1905. The interest books will be closed from 30th, to 30th, of June inclusive.

S. F. GARDINER, Manager.

Fire, Life and Accident
Money to Loan at lowest rate of interest.

GEO. K. ATKINSON
Phone 345, 5th Street
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BUY YOUR COAL NOW

We handle Coal and Wood, Wholesale and Retail. All orders receive prompt attention. Tel. 253. Cor. William and G.T.R.

SERLING & KOVINSKY

Headaches

When the Head aches and the Tongue is Coated

It is Bilelessness or Constipation. Torpid Liver is at the bottom of the trouble. And it takes Fruit-a-tives to make that lazy liver work.

Fruit-a-tives are these fruit juices in tablet form. They sweeten and tone the stomach and liver, cure Constipation and remove all blood impurities. One Fruit-a-tives tablet has the same curative effect on liver and bowels as dozens of oranges, apples, figs and prunes. And this action is as gentle as the fruit juices themselves.

"I have been suffering with Torpid Liver and Constipation, and find that Fruit-a-tives are just what my system requires to relieve these complaints. I hope many more sufferers will try them."

MRS. WM. TREFFRY, Burnside, Man.

Fruit-a-tives
or Fruit Liver Tablets.

Get a box. At all druggists. Manufactured by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

District Doings

GUILDS

Rev. C. W. Bristol arrived home on Saturday, after attending the conference in Listowel. His very many friends are glad to hear he is to be with us for the fourth year.

E. S. Stephenson was in Chatham on Saturday. The rain of last week did a great deal of good.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Mitton have gone on a trip to Muskoka, where they will spend a couple of weeks.

Oscar Bentley visited here on Sunday evening.

W. Cumming visited friends in Highgate Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cumming and Miss B. Senon, of Ridgetown, were village visitors last week.

S. S. NO. 8, DOVER.

Following is the standing of the pupils in S. S. No. 8, Dover, for the month of May.

Class IV.—M. Burke, H. Allen, C. Burke, F. Owen, F. McLain, A. Normandin, G. Roe.

Class III.—E. Labadie, H. Dunlop, M. Parish, H. Roe, R. Normandin.

Class II.—G. Cartwright, R. Cartwright, L. Rankin, C. Steen, G. Mills, G. McDonald, C. Owen, C. Steen, W. Keller, J. Roe, R. Mills, A. Fisher, J. Dunlop.

Part II.—D. Normandin, A. Dunlop, A. Harron, R. Taylor, J. Myers.

Part I.—(a) E. Roe, C. Rankin, E. Meyers, N. Taylor.

Part I.—(b) J. Allen, V. Marchand.

G. McKenzie, F. Bishop, M. Allen, E. Labadie, J. Alexander, G. Owen, J. Owen, T. Marchand.

Part I.—(a) J. Cartwright, A. Flinn, L. Alexander, R. Mills, V. Mercer, H. Mercer, I. Mercer, P. Alexander, S. Harron, H. Marchand.

P. McCallum, Teacher.

JEANNETTE'S CREEK.

There are again a large number of deep holes in the townline between Kent and Essex and the caving in of the earth at the bridge on Tecumseh Road near D. Schram's is getting dangerous and should be attended to at once.

The wire worm is destroying the oat and corn crop.

B. Taylor has in 30 acres of sugar beets. He sowed the seed broadcast and his neighbors are awaiting the harvesting of the crop with much interest.

Mrs. Flaberty, of Detroit, was here last week visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Baikie and friends, of Chatham, came down in their automobile on Sunday afternoon and called on Mr. and Mrs. Veening.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Shaw and little daughter Gladys, and Mr. and Mrs. Hultman, of Chatham, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Shaw, Sr., last Sunday.

The Rev. Mr. Osborne conducted the morning and evening services in Victoria avenue Methodist church, Chatham, last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall were in Quary last week, summoned there by the serious illness of their daughter, Mrs. De Clute. Mr. Geo. Kendall, of Wyandotte, Mich., was also there. Mrs. De Clute is much better this week.

The Keeper's Daughter

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Sweet

For six days the thermometer had been soaring at almost midsummer heat, softening the ice of the Great South bay until nearly all its cohesive power was gone. Now the ice was a thick, spongy mass, so rotten that even the foot of a life saver pressing upon it firmly would break through at many places. It was impossible either for foot passage or for a boat to be forced through. And to increase the seriousness of the case the last two days had brought a fog so gray and dense as to shut Fire Island from every object a dozen yards away.

Out in midchannel toward the Long Island shore and on the ocean side currents had kept the ice from freezing thickly and had hastened the decomposition. Already the delayed shipping was seeking passage toward New York or the open sea and in the fog and the narrow channels that were free from ice was meeting with disaster. From time to time signals of distress came from one direction or another, and so far as they were able the life saving stations of Fire Island responded.

Perhaps at no other place in the world could assistance have been rendered across that barrier of slush ice, in which spaces of open water were beginning to appear; but, then, at no other place in the world perhaps were there amphibious scooters.

Several of these unique distinctions of Fire Island were lying on the edge of the ice, with pike and scooting iron and oars across the thwarts ready for instant use, while their owners leaned forward, listening, peering and for the most part shaking their heads. The wind was rising, blowing straight from the sea. In another hour it was likely to freshen into a gale. Before it the gray fog was being swirled and tossed and eddied, but still encompass-



"I SHALL BE WAITING, TOO, JACK," SHE SAID.

ing and dense, a huge wet blanket that seemed writhing in the agonies of pain. On all sides were the sounds of fog and danger bell buoys, beat whistles, occasional fog horns, the pounding and crushing of ice where some vessel was forcing its way through and now and then the ominous signal of distress and call for help. Among these came a sudden dull booming toward the sea and apparently at a considerable distance. The men who were in looked at each other, their faces paling.

"A big ship," one of them said, "and on the bar. Lord help 'em!"

"Yes," assented the man nearest him, "nothing can get to 'em that far out, not even scooters."

There was a peculiar grinding sound near them. A scooter slid up the beach and a man sprang out.

"The other fellows in yet?" he asked.

"Only Carey. He brought a man ashore and sent him up to the station and then hurried back. He said it was a coal barge, with two men and a boy and a dog, and the other scooters will bring them in. The keeper ordered us to watch here for other work. What was yours?"

"Just a sailboat with two young men. They called for help because they didn't know their surroundings. When I explained they decided to remain on board until the ice let them out. They have plenty of provisions and a snug little cabin. I heard the ship's call from outside and hurried back. I couldn't quite make out the location in the fog. Anybody gone?"

"Gone?" derisively. "Why, man alive, that's on the bar three miles away. No scooter could ever get there across the open channel. Besides, the ice has been piled up by the waves. She'll have to wait until the sea opens so we can use a lifeboat or the fog lifts so we can scooter out. No one—Where are you going?"

For the man had swung the bow of his craft back into the fog and was again hoisting the sails.

"Out to the vessel, of course!" quietly.

"But it's sure death, Jack," remonstrated the life saver sharply. "Don't be a fool. You couldn't pick your way through the fog with that scooter and get back alive."

"Maybe not; but that signal sounds like a big boat, and if so there are a

good many folks out there waiting for help. I'm only one."

"Oh, Mr. Bowman!" The call was clear and peremptory. Jack Bowman paused, with one foot in the scooter, his face growing set. The owner of the voice was the keeper's daughter, and only the day before she had closed the door into a future which he had begun to believe would be his. The sentence, "I shall never marry a man whose future is haunted by his clamor and fish-trawl; the world has no use for brave deeds," still rang in his ears.

"What is it, Miss Blanche?" he asked, trying to keep his voice calm. "I am in a hurry."

"Father says for no one to answer that call just yet. He thinks this wind will soon break up the ice, so the lifeboat can go out. He says it will be suicide to attempt scooting through this fog. Mr. Bowman!" her voice rang in sudden displeasure, for the scooter had stepped into his craft and thrown out his pike to shove her into the wind.

"I'm sorry, Miss Blanche," over his shoulder, "but the keeper's orders are for his own men and not for a poor outside fisherman like me. Besides, the boat may be in sore need, and, though a little scooter cannot do much, it may at least carry intelligence and perhaps save one or two—provided I can reach them."

The girl's face underwent a sudden change, and she took an impatient step forward, but already the scooter had slipped away into the fog.

As they waited there, listening, peering, while the hours dragged by, the faces of the men showed something of what they knew to be taking place within the fearsome shifting pall of mist. The scooter was rushing on, dropping into open spaces of water, slipping up again upon patches of rotten ice, swiftly, with scarcely any checking of speed, its owner knowing time was of more importance than caution. Any moment its nose was liable to strike some obstruction and throw out its occupant, the wind at that speed might overturn the scooter or a sudden jilting wreck it without an instant's warning, either of which on the waste of rotten ice held but one possible fate for the owner.

Two hours and there came another signal of distress close inshore. The waiting life savers dropped into their scooters and slid into the fog. The girl was still there, watching, her face white. Ten minutes more and a scooter's nose suddenly slipped from the darkness almost at her feet, and Jack Bowman sprang out. Bending over, he lifted a recumbent figure from the scooter to the sand.

"Will you call some one from the station to carry this man up, Miss Blanche?" he said hurriedly as he sawing his craft back into the wind. "I haven't time. There are others waiting for me."

The girl moved forward swiftly, placing a hand upon his shoulder.

"I shall be waiting, too, Jack," she said in a low voice. "You must come back to me."

A tremor went through the man's frame, but he did not pause an instant in his work. As the craft disappeared in the fog his voice rose strong and resolute above the wind.

"Yes, Blanche, I will come back to you."

And he did.

Misadventure Worth While.

How to live comfortably with one's neighbor—that is the problem; to avoid the knocks and frictions which draw lines in men's faces and too often contract their souls. It is paradoxical, but true, that the larger the soul becomes the more room it creates for itself, a margin of quietness in which it remains untouched by petty jealousies and hurts. By the practice of charity and usefulness a life builds for itself "more stately mansions" wherein it may dwell in peace. A song in one's heart, a smile upon one's lips, a cheery, wholesome message of good will on one's tongue, are wonderful helps to all kinds of people. There are so many burdens of sorrow and care and poverty and sin, so many doubting, discouraged, tempted hearts. To comfort and to make strong, to lift up and to bless—are these not missions worth while? Try it, friend, and prove how truly your own heart and mind are cheered and made brave by your very endeavor to carry sunshine into dark places.

Would Follow Her Example.

"Mary" remarked Mr. Perkins to the lady who, by the way, was the second one who had shared his joys and sorrows, mostly the latter, as he came downstairs attired for church, "I notice you did not lay out my Sunday clothes in readiness!"

"Too busy getting breakfast to think about you or your clothes either!" replied Mrs. Perkins promptly.

"And my shirt," went on Perkins; "my first wife, poor thing, used to always make my white shirt nice and warm for me to put on!"

"Did she, though?" retorted the dame, "I have heard the neighbors say she used to make things warm for you, and I give you my word, Mr. Perkins, I'll do my best to follow her example."

—London Tit-Bits.

Only City Babies Grow in Carson City.

Of fifty-five births recorded during last year in Carson City, Nev., only one was a male, writes Barrington King of Albany to the London Lancet. The causes underlying the differences in sex (if, in fact, there are any causes other than chance) are not only matters of great interest, but of importance as well. Carson City, where this extraordinary proportion of female births occurred, has in its population a much greater proportion of males than almost any other city in the state, it being a western mining town. Can it be that this is an effort of nature to correct the ratio? If so, has this circumstance been observed elsewhere?

REASON NO 41
WHY YOU SHOULD USE

Red Rose Tea

Because it is accepted as a standard of quality.

Red Rose Tea can be found in the sample room of nearly every tea firm in Canada. It is used as a standard of quality by which they judge their own teas.

A large London, Eng. Tea firm recently asked their correspondents in Montreal to send them samples of the best brand of tea sold in this country—they sent Red Rose.

This is a very high tribute to Red Rose Tea. If you will try the tea you will feel like endorsing this tribute.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N.B.

BRANCHES: TORONTO, WINNIPEG.

District Doings

CON. 8, RALEIGH.

Ralph Ritchie, of the 9th, is about to buy a lot from Mr. Stover here.

The social evening given by the Epworth League last Wednesday evening was a grand success, all the young people having a glorious time.

Miss Alice Ritchie, of Harpeth Hospital, Detroit, is home on a three weeks holiday.

Charles Towl, of Doyle's, visited friends on the 10th last week.

Mrs. Richard Asher, of Chatham, spent last week the guest of her mother, Mrs. M. Ritchie.

George Edwards is visiting at the residence of his aunt, Mrs. Moody.

Mr. Thomas Sutor paid a flying visit to Blenheim this week.

Last week's severe wind storm wrought havoc to the oil well derricks here.

Ernest Edwards is going to remodel his house this year, fitting it up with the very latest and most modern conveniences, and has already had a quantity of brick for that purpose.

Austin Soutar spent Sunday with friends up the river.

Mr. Morrison is having his house painted this week.

W. Towl had a serious runaway last Sunday evening, but he luckily held on to the reins and managed to turn his horse in a lane near the school house.

Mr. Harry Weir, of Buxton, visited last week at the residence of Mr. A. R. Mummy.

RICHMOND.

On Monday, June 3rd, the laborers on the electric road took an unwilling bath. Near midnight the tent blew over by the storm, and the torrents of rain had to carry their beds to a barn, where they found

shelter.

The rain in this vicinity has done considerable damage. Nearly all the corn on the low lands is killed.

On the 4th concession, Dover, the wife of Mr. David Stanton of a son, Mr. Ed. Rankin and his sister, Miss May, were visiting in this vicinity on Sunday.

Mr. Needham has been in this locality buying horses for London.

ZONE CENTRE.

Township council met Monday and Tuesday in the hall, W. E. Gundy, Chatham, and W. R. Heke, Bothwell, attended the G. P. R. assessment.

The Baptist choir are making great preparations for a musical and literary evening, to be held in the hall in the near future.

Rev. W. H. G. Colles, I. P. S., visited our school on Wednesday. He said the school and grounds were a credit to all. The school was well disciplined, and the pupils making excellent progress. Let us be proud of our school.

Mrs. Robert Tong is spending a few days in Dresden, her former home.

Mrs. Strong, from Alvinston, is visiting at Mrs. Tinney's and Mrs. Geo. Lidster's.

Miss Winnett, from Bothwell, spent from Friday until Sunday with Miss McCulloch.

Charles Eberle has been appointed as delegate for Zone to attend the Baptist convention held at Waldenburg this week.

The candidate, for which such great preparation has been made, will be held in the hall Friday evening, June 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. Noe and child arrived here from England this week. They came from near the same place as Mr. Lugg and family came some time ago. At present Mr. Noe and family are making their home with Mr. Lugg.

Ramsay's Paints
The Happy Medium
"Cheap" paint is the kind you DON'T want. "High price" paints cost more than they are worth, because you can buy better for less. Ramsay's Paints are the happy medium. All the goodness of the most expensive kinds—with none of the faults of the "cheap." They are mixed just right—always the same—and hold their surface and their color through zero snows and torrid suns.
The Right Paint to Paint Right
A. RAMSAY & SON, Paint Makers since 1842, MONTREAL.

For Sale By Jas. A. King, Chatham

Bargains! Bargains!

Sweeping Sale of Co-Carts and Baby Carriages, Latest American Styles.
20 Per Cent Reduction to clear the Line—We want the Room.

WESTMAN BROS.
Big Hardware