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PARTHENON LODGE, No. 267, A. F. & A. M. G. R. C.; first Wednesday, Masonic Temple, King St.
J. SMITH, W. M.

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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, Seane Block, King St., at 7:30 p.m. Visit

ting brethren heartily welcomed.
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S. B. ARNOLD—Barrister etc., Chatham, Ont. Money to loan at lowest rates on easy terms.

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Beattie Farm, situate Township of Tilbury East, contains 150 acres, 120 cleared. Good buildings. Price only \$4300.

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New house with brick foundation and city water. Outside city limits, and two large lots with small stable. Taxes last year \$200.

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For Sale Cheap

THE BANK OF MONTREAL offers for sale, cheap, the lumber formerly owned by Scott Bros. & Co., suitable for farmers for barns' or (building, etc.), also Laths Doors and Window Frames.

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BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., Montreal.
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DISTRICT

WABASH

The Methodists are holding revival meetings this week.

Ernest Truesdale spent last week in Chatham on the jury.

Mr. Liberty reports having made about eighty gallons of maple syrup.

Mr. Iler has closed his meetings while Mr. Taylor, the Methodist minister is holding his.

Mrs. Truesdale and her brother spent last week in Detroit.

Mr. Arnold is still on the sick list.

Mr. Wiles is working for Mr. Allen Hopper.

Joe Anderson and Isaac Hawkins are buying a couple more carloads of horses to ship to the Northwest.

CEDAR SPRINGS.

W. C. Ransom and McQuigan brothers have purchased the Lancaster farm.

Miss Susie Nagle, of Detroit, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alex. McPherson.

Mr. John Pengally has returned from Kent Bridge, where she has been visiting friends.

Miss Annie Clark has returned from visiting her aunt, Mrs. McGregor, of Blenheim.

Our fruit tree agent, Mr. Ed. Hamby, is doing a rushing business in his line for the spring delivery.

The concert under the auspices of the I. O. F. was fairly well patronized considering the weather and roads.

Mr. Wand, of Chatham, and H. C. R. of Sarnia, gave two able addresses.

The selections given by Mr. Weir, of Charing Cross, on his gramophone were very much enjoyed.

Wedding bells were ringing in town last week.

Awoman thinks she must say that it is hard to give up a daughter as soon as her engagement is announced.

Awoman never wants to be understood a sbeing opposed to matrimony in real earnest.

KELPION



The Ointment That Heals
25 Cents.

A pure, stainless iodine ointment applied to cuts, burns or bruises to subdue pain and reduce inflammation.

Cancer and other malign growths often result from the slightest breakage of the skin.

"Kelpion" will kill the microbes of poison and prevent infection.

Private C. T. Mayes, who served through the Boer campaign with the Imperial Volunteers, has this to say of "Kelpion":

"The pot of Kelpion issued to our V. I. C. was one of the few things we took from Cape Town to the front with us."

"It was very useful indeed; one of the finest and quickest remedies for cuts, sprains, skin diseases, wounds and bruises."

"Your Kelpion surprised every one who used it, for it cured foot sores, and it ought to command a large sale in South Africa if advertised for that reason. I have heard praises from all C.I.V.'s and Regulars who used it, and I guarantee every C.I.V. will recommend it."

WHAT KELPION WILL DO.

It will cure all skin diseases and eruptions, whether of the nature of eczema, an ulcer or a cold sore.

It will allay all inflammation, whether internal, as of the lungs, or due to rheumatism in the joints.

It will reduce swellings, whether due to sprains and hurts or from internal enlargements.

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This is the Sheet Metal Age.

While considering covering that building here in mind that we manufacture "Sure Grip" Shingles, Art Sidings, Corrugated Sheets, etc., from best grade galvanized and painted steel. Our goods possess special features saving you time and money. They are cheaper and warmer than wood. Artistic in the highest degree; weather, fire and lightning proof.

Write for Catalogue and Classic Kids Booklet.

THE GALT ART METAL CO., LIMITED, GALT, ONT.

Galt Steel Siding



MEN DON'T YOU SUFFER SECRETLY

Unnatural drains, the result of early indiscretions or excesses, may be undermining your vigor and vitality; poison in the blood may be sapping your very life; the presence of Stricture or Varicocele may be making your life miserable. Nervous Debility symptoms may cause you to feel life is not worth living, some secret disease may be preventing you from getting married—what are you doing for it? Rouse yourself and be a man. Your future happiness is at stake. Consult specialists who have a reputation for curing these diseases. If you are incurable they don't want your money. Responsible parties must pay after cure. We cure Varicocele, Nervous Debility, Stricture, Blood Poison, Secret Discharges, Kidney and Bladder complaints. Examination free. If you cannot call, write for Question List for Home Treatment. Charges reasonable. Booklet sent Free (sealed).

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Office Hours—9 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Sundays, 10 to 12 and 2 to 4 p. m.

WHEN BETTY SULKED

By DONALD ALLEN

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"Look a-here, Betty Spooner, I should like to know what on earth has ailed you for the last two weeks. You've gone around actin' as sulky as a coon with a sore foot, and you've got me'n father so upset we don't know what's goin' to happen."

It was the wife of Farmer Spooner and the mother of the eighteen-year-old Betty who spoke as above one morning while she was washing the dishes and Betty stood with her back to her in the open kitchen door.

"Two weeks ago," continued the mother, as she wiped a yellow platter, "you was singin' around and walkin' on your toes and plannin' what was goin' to happen when you and Reuben got married. Then all to once you be-gin to sulk, and from that time on no body's been able to say whether you had the toothache or the heartache. It's my opinion that that barbed wire fence man who stayed here overnight



HE TOLD OF WAR, BATTLES AND PERSONAL ADVENTURES.

and had so much gab to him brought about the change. I want to know what's the matter."

"Nothing," replied Betty.

Know better. In the first place, that fool of a fence man palised your hands and feet and eyes and got you stuck on yourself. In the next you had a quarrel with Reuben and baln't spoke to him since. In the third, if you don't stop worryin' me'n pa and all the rest I shall forget how old you are and box your ears. Most girls when in trouble of any sort come to their mothers for advice. You've kept right away from me instead, and so I can't tell what's on your mind. Have you broken out with a rash or anything?"

"Of course not."

"Got a boil?"

"No."

"Pains or aches anywhere?"

"No."

"Have pa or I said anything to hurt your feelin's?"

"Not at all. It's just that I—I don't feel like singin' and cuttin' up."

"Oh, I see," observed the mother as she finished the last plate and hung up the dish towel to dry. "Well, I can tell you one thing. If this keeps on much longer you'll go to bed and drink quarts and quarts of lobelia tea and have horse-radish drafts put to your feet. Pa wants apple dumplin' for dinner, and I shall expect you to make 'em."

Reuben Warner had been Farmer Spooner's hired man for a year. He was a young man of twenty-two and was always referred to as being as smart as a whip. He was a go ahead fellow, with a hundred dollars saved up, and he and Betty had been in love almost from first sight. Outside of an occasional tiff the course of true love had run smooth until the barbed wire fence man appeared. He was a good talker and a boaster and a braggart. He told of war, battles and personal adventures until Reuben sat with his mouth open and Betty looked upon him as one of the heroes of the earth. His stay was only for the night, and Betty might have forgotten him by noon next day but for Reuben. His jealousy had been excited, and next morning he had something to say about burglars and flars. Betty felt called upon to take the side of the man who had compared her eyes to the brightest of stars, and it didn't take long to bring about a row.

"If you were only half as brave and chivalrous as he is I should be proud of you," announced Betty.

"If I could lie once while he does ten times I could make you believe bees-wax was honey," replied Reuben.

"You are jealous."

"And you are foolish."

"Mr. Warner?"

"Miss Spooner?"

That was the way it began, and of course things grew worse instead of better. Betty knew that her mother would support Reuben in saying that she was silly, and so she withheld her confidence, but at the same time she had something of a contempt for her fiancé when she remembered that the only adventure of his life was in being run over by a yoke of oxen. Reuben went about trying to whistle and sing and make out that he did not care, while Betty was so quiet that her mother had cause to charge her with sulking. She made the apple dumplings that day, and she helped wipe the dinner dishes and get a custard under

way for supper, but after that she went off down to the barn to be alone and think.

The mow had been filled with new hay, and she climbed a ladder and found a nest back against the end of the barn. There in the semi-twilight she not only thought all kinds of thoughts, mostly about Reuben, but sometimes she sighed and sometimes she gritted her teeth. In this way she succeeded in getting up considerable emotion and in tiring herself out, and by and by she fell asleep. One of her last thoughts was that Reuben was no chivalier, but only an old poke who would live and die without even falling down a well. When she awoke it was dark, and there was a grumbling of voices on the floor below her.

Miss Betty had sulked and slept for hours. When she did not appear at the supper table she was supposed to be at a neighbor's, and night fell without anybody being alarmed about her. At 8 o'clock Reuben started out to see her home, but stopped first at the barn to see to the horses. Ten minutes before he left the house the girl on the hay mow carefully dragged herself forward until she could hear what was being said below, and she soon made out that a gang of four or five tramps had slipped into the barn and was plotting robbery.

Her heart began to beat in a way to choke her, and she couldn't have cried out to save her life. She heard Reuben shut the kitchen door after him and whistle as he came down the path, and she heard the tramps getting ready to attack him as he opened the door. It was only when the door swung open and a match was struck to light a lantern that Betty rolled over and over on the hay and managed to shriek out:

"Oh, Reuben, look out! There are robbers here!"

There was a rush for the hired man. There were shouts and oaths and blows from below and screams and shrieks and calls for help from above, but the battle was over before Farmer Spooner and his wife got there. Reuben had found a neck yoke at hand and gone in to break heads, and five tramps who had thought to find him an easy prey had gone down under his rain of blows and were doing a good deal of groaning and begging.

"Land o' massy, what was it?" asked the farmer and his wife in chorus.

"I—I guess Betty's up there," replied Reuben as he looked upward.

"Y-yes, I'm here," humbly replied the girl.

"And what have you been doin' up there?" asked the mother.

"Gettin' over the sulks."

"And have you got over 'em?"

"I guess so."

"Then you come down here and quit actin' like a goslin'." That fence man

may have captured fifteen canons in the last war, as he bragged about, but Reuben has licked five monstrous big tramps without goin' away from home or rufflin' up his hair. If that don't make him one of them shevellers you are always talkin' about then I don't know pumpkin pie from gooseberry bushes."

Dry Water.

"It has been so wet for the last three or four years," remarked Truthful James, "that a good many people have forgot how dry it used to be. I remember one year when the Missouri river was dusty all the way down from Kansas City to the Mississippi. Of course the river was running all the while, but the water in it got so dry that it turned to dust and blew away. I took a boat down the river at that time, but it was so dusty on the boat that you couldn't see the hind end of it when you was standing on the front end. It was a little the worst I ever see. My mouth got so much grit and dust in it that I could strike a match on the roof of it any time. One day the boat got stuck in fifteen feet of Missouri river water. It was so dry and dusty that the wheel couldn't turn. What did we do? Well, sir, we went out and hired a farmer to haul fresh well water for fifteen miles to mix with the river water until it was thin enough to run the boat through."—Kansas City Journal.

Meaning of the Word "Omaha."

The name "Omaha" bears testimony to the long journey of the people and reveals some of the causes which brought about this breaking up into distinct tribes. It is composed of two words, which signify "going against the current," or "up the stream. The

Omaha were the people who went up the stream, while the Quapaws, their near of kin, went, as their name reveals, "with the current," or down the stream. The traditions of both these peoples say that the parting occurred during a hunting expedition, each division finally settling in the lands whither they had wandered apart. This

epochal hunt must have been centuries ago, for the Quapaws bore their descriptive name in 1540, being mentioned in the Portuguese narrative of De Soto's expedition as then living on the Arkansas river, where they dwelt until 1839, when they ceded their long occupied lands to the United States.

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India Pale Ale

Prejudiced and unscrupulous vendors may suggest others, but compare it any way you will—purity, freedom from acidity, palatableness—Labatt's Ale is surpassed by none, equalled by few—at about half the price of best imported brands.

THE PORCUPINE.

He Is Noted Chiefly For His Sluggishness and Stupidity—Can't Be Said to Have a Home.

The porcupine can hardly be said to have a home, but he uses a hollow tree as a den, or even a hole among the rocks. As warm weather approaches the female produces two or three young, which are of amazing size at birth, actually larger than the newborn cubs of a bear.

Their flesh is eaten by the Indians, but has never been liked by white men. The use of the quills in ornamentation by our Indians is well known, robes, garments, moccasins, pouches, weapon cases, baskets and everything else being ornamented with them by the Indians with great skill and often with truly artistic effect; but, as usual, the earliest methods and patterns, when the Indians used their own delicate dyes and sinew threads, were much better than are seen in these days of aniline colors and crude imitations of the white man's art. The longer quills of the European porcupine are turned into fancy penholders, and in India and Malaya they weave little baskets, etc., out of them, which are often as pretty as they are strange.

Reviewing his narrow life, the strongest impression left upon one's mind seems to be that of the creature's sluggishness and stupidity. These are perhaps concomitants, if not consequences, of its strictly vegetarian life, in which its tastes are so simple that it rarely seems to have to make the least exertion for food at any season of the year, and to its highly protected condition, which makes it careless of danger, and hence unvigilant and steadily inclined to sluggishness of mind as well as of body. It is not well for an animal to be too safe or too comfortable, for its mind grows rusty with disuse, or, if it never had to use, lies inert, and the whole creature exists on a low plane. I do not know an animal of the woods that is so well off and so uninteresting as the porcupine.

HAMILTON PLUMBERS FINED.

Not So Bad As Toronto Ones and \$400 Covers Lucky Thirteen

Hamilton, March 16.—The plumbers decided last evening to end the suspense and hear what the court had to say about them. W. J. Walsh was found guilty Tuesday, and twelve of the other members of the combine pleaded guilty before Judge Mabey last evening. The case against Henry Harding was not pressed and he was discharged.

W. J. Walsh was fined \$400, and the remaining twelve were allowed to go with sentence deferred, upon entering into recognizances that they would appear when called on for sentence.

The lowest fine provided by the statutes for the offence is \$200, and the judge decided that their offence did not merit such a heavy penalty, so that he fined one \$400 on the understanding that this amount was to be borne by the whole thirteen. The judge said the plumbers were not criminals in the ordinary sense of the word, and that their offence was technical. He said they were not nearly as bad as the Toronto plumbers or he would not have let them off so easily.

The case against the members of the Dominion Wholesale Grocers' Guild was resumed at Police Court yesterday morning. The Crown Attorney stated that what he was going to try to prove against the grocers was: "We will endeavor to show that there was a sugar agreement; that there were other agreements, for any breach of which some of those who agreed to them were fined. We will endeavor to show that this organization, which began in an agreement with the sugar refiners several years ago, has spread throughout the wholesale grocery trade in the Dominion, embracing about 95 per cent. of it, and that the grocers have obtained hard and fast contracts with the sugar refiners. Other contracts have been signed with the tobacco manufacturers, makers of woodenware, and a score of other things. The object was to bring into combination all these manufacturers."

Invaluable for Seasoning!

Delicious with Hot or Cold Meat!

No table complete without it!

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THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE