

MEDICAL.

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

LODGES.

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

J. W. PLEWES, Sec.

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 welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.

A. E. JEWETT, W. M.

LEGAL.

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

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

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

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

DOUSTON & STONE—Barristers, solicitors, conveyancers, notaries public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, upstairs in Sheldon's Block, opposite H. Malcolmson's store, M. Houston, Fred. Stone.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—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, W. B. Gundy.

MONEY TO LOAN

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

LAND FOR SALE.

I have for sale 100 acres, more or less, part of lot 16, Con. S. Dover Township, Owned by R. D. Williams. Also 100 acres, more or less, owned by Wm. Hahnke, Dover Township. Also 88 acres, more or less, owned by Anthony Daniel, Dover Township.

Also money to loan at the very lowest rate of interest.

HENRY DAGNEAU.

FOR SALE

Choice Dover farm in lith concession, containing 100 acres, good buildings, 87 acres under cultivation, balance in pasture. This is a first class farm. Price \$6,500 if sold at once. Also 33 1/3 acres in the lith concession with first class buildings at a bargain. For particulars call upon Smith & Smith, real estate and insurance agents.

Money to Loan

—ON MORTGAGES—

4-1-2 and 5 per cent.

Liberal Terms and Privileges to Borrowers. Apply to

LEWIS & RICHARDS

ICE CREAM PARLORS

OPPOSITE BANK OF MONTREAL

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

In Wigzell's Old Stand.

'The YELLOWSTONE, NATIONAL PARK

Is something absolutely unique in this world.

President Roosevelt.

The popular route to this delightful spot is via Union Pacific to Montana, thence by stage to all points in the park.

The stage ride from Mc-

Conda, by the splendid Concord Coaches of the Montana & Yellowstone Stage Co., through scenery hardly inferior to the park itself.

Very low rates during June, July, August and September.

Inquire of

F. B. OHATE, G. A.,

218 Woodland Ave.,

DETROIT, MICH.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Of course, you know about

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

You know there is nothing so bad for health as a Disordered Stomach or Liver.

You know, too, there is nothing so good for Bad Stomach and Liver as ABBEY'S SALT.

It's a habit of health to take ABBEY'S SALT.

25c AND 50c A BOTTLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

A Subtle Defense.

A few years ago a black woman in Natal was charged with drunkenness. With a surprising grasp of the law, however, she pleaded guilty, but urged that the bench had no power to deal with the charge, as she was on private property. Somewhat chagrined, the police withdrew the charge, but taxed her with being in possession of a quantity of liquor. The defendant in the dock again admitted the charge, but in triumphant tones pointed out that the said liquor was contained within her skin and that such a method of conveyance or possession was not an offense within the meaning of the act. After such a subtle defense the lady of much legal learning deserved to escape, but the prosecutor, with a wary smile, inverted the seemingly empty bottle, and, to the amazement of the damsel, who imagined that she had drained it to the last drop, the said last drops slowly dribbled out, and a conviction followed.—Dundee Advertiser.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists; price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Curious Ring.

No one needs to be told that there is a ring in the blood, but it has remained for a French chemist, M. Barruel, head of the chemical laboratories of Paris, to make commercial use of the fact. He used to practice medicine and was accustomed to bleed his patients in the old-fashioned way. He extracted the iron from the blood drawn from human arms and kept it in the form of minute globules, or pearls. At last he had enough to make an iron ring, which he wears on one of his fingers.

NO POISON IN CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.

From Napier, New Zealand, Herald: Two years ago the Pharmacy Board of New South Wales, Australia, had an analysis made of all the cough medicines that were sold in that market. Out of the entire list they found only one that they declared was entirely free from all poisons. This exception was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, made by the Chamberlain Medicine Company, Des Moines, Iowa, U. S. A. The absence of all narcotics makes this remedy the safest and best that can be had; and it is with a feeling of security that any mother can give it to her little ones. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is especially recommended by its makers for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. When taken in time it prevents pneumonia. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

Woolen and Worsted.

If a piece of woolen cloth is examined through a microscope, the two yarns—warp and weft—are found to be so crossed and matted together as to be indistinguishable, but in a piece of worsted material you can easily distinguish them. This is due to the fact that woolen goods are made from short-stapled carded wools, whose fibers in the process of carding have been made to overlap each other so as to become closely matted or felted, while worsted goods are made from long-stapled wools that have been carded and then combed till the fibers lie as straight and parallel as possible.

SIR JAMES WATSON'S OPINION.

He says that the commonest of all disorders, and one from which few escape is Catarrh. Sir James firmly believes in local treatment, which is best supplied by "Catarrhazone." No case of Catarrh can exist where Catarrhazone is used; it is a miracle worker, relieves almost instantly, and cures after other remedies fail. Other treatments can't reach the diseased parts like Catarrhazone because it goes to the source of the trouble along with the air you breathe. Catarrhazone is free from cocaine; it leaves no bad after-effects; it is simply nature's own cure. Adept no substitute for Catarrhazone, which alone can cure Catarrh.

Even flattery may begin at home.

OUTSIDE THE WARD

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

Copyright, 1905, by A. M. Davies OGDEN

Nurse Humphreys was hardly what would be termed popular. Tall, handsome, in a dark, cold type of beauty, she was much admired, and the doctors all respected her clear, keen intelligence and executive ability. But the patients regarded her with evident awe. No one urged her to come and sit for a moment by his bedside. Nurse Humphreys herself regarded the patients as so many human machines to be tended and cared for. It was her work to superintend the doing of this. What more could be required of her? And then one day a tender, helpless little morsel of a child was carried into the ward, and Miss Humphreys experienced a strange sensation. The blue eyes looked appealingly into hers; the thin little arms were extended. "Molly lonesome," murmured a baby voice. And Miss Humphreys, rather shamefacedly, bent and kissed the tiny face.

From that day a new life began for the nurse. All the pent-up tenderness of years, all the starved affection of the woman's heart, sternly repressed for so long, were unstintingly lavished upon the child. It was a bad case. Miss Humphreys flung herself with tireless energy into the battle with death. Molly could not die; she must not die. And love won. The fatal crisis was passed; the little life began to fight its hold on existence. Miss Humphreys rejoiced until one day came a sudden, most unwelcome thought. Molly was out of danger; Molly was growing well; Molly would soon leave the hospital and go home. Miss Humphreys started and tried to banish the thought. But it would not go. It pursued her, obsessed her, became a nightmare.

Outside the big ward was a small room where Miss Humphreys sometimes sat. Late one afternoon she was there, still haunted by the thought of Molly's departure. It seemed terribly near. How could she let Molly go back to that aunt—that narrow-faced, hard-eyed woman—from whom the child palpably shrank upon the occasions of her rare visits? Was she unkind to the little thing? Miss Humphreys wondered.

A sudden sense of discouragement possessed the nurse. Molly was nearly convalescent, yet to the doctor Miss Humphreys had dilated at length upon unfavorable symptoms, inherent weaknesses, and this morning, this very morning, she had deliberately altered the temperature line on the patient's chart. That was unpardonable. She had fancied that the doctor had looked at her rather oddly as he returned the chart. Did he suspect anything? Must she let her go—this child with Tom's name and with Tom's own blue eyes? Where had Molly found that? The aunt, a dry, uncommunicative person, only said that the child's mother was dead. Molly babbed of a daddy almost always from home. The idea had once flashed across Miss Humphreys' mind that Tom himself might be this daddy, but she had dismissed the suggestion as too improbable. There were doubtless thousands of Brennans.

It brought the man to her mind, however. Tom! Where could he be? He had loved her once. Why had she let him go? Miss Humphreys looked about the plain little room, thought of the ward beyond. She had sent Tom away, had left her home, come to New York and entered the training school, worked, denied herself, suffered, inspired, sustained by no ignoble ambition.

Well, she had succeeded. She had achieved her goal. Was she not head nurse in this busy hospital ward? Again her eyes traveled around the dreary little room. Was this then what her ambition meant, a solitary woman growing old alone? Miss Humphreys, tired and depressed, knew that was morbid; sought to shake it off, but the feeling was too strong for her. What the reaction from years of effort had set in, and all at once a wave of heart-sickness seemed to merge her in its depths, forcing the unaccustomed tears to her dark eyes. Miss Humphreys uttered a little sob. Was what she had won worth the sacrifices demanded? Did life hold no more than this?

The sound of voices outside the door roused her. The doctor was speaking. "So I thought it best to send for you yourself and explain matters," he was saying. "She is one of our best nurses and has worked night and day to save your child. Indeed, that the child lived at all is largely due to her untiring vigilance. But there is no reason now why Molly should not leave the hospital. It sometimes happens, however, that a nurse takes a fancy to a patient and tries to keep him overtime. Therefore I preferred that you yourself should come and remove Molly. I would not wish to hurt Miss Humphreys' feelings," he added kindly, for he was a humane man and could sympathize with the distress of the nurse's life. "We all think so much of Miss Humphreys."

"Miss Humphreys," repeated the man. And at the voice the woman started and clasped her hands over her heart. "Miss Humphreys, you say? Could—could I see her?"

The doctor considered a moment. "I hardly think that she is on duty now," he said slowly. "Oh," with a sudden recollection, "she often sits in that little room. Possibly she may be there now."

As Brennan entered she sprang up, facing him, and for a moment they

both stared in silence, the woman struggling to control her uncertain breathing.

"The man started forward. 'Margaret!' he cried. Miss Humphreys nodded.

"Yes, it is I," she answered, trying to speak in a commonplace manner. "I belong to this hospital." But he did not seem to hear her.

"Margaret, oh, Margaret!" he repeated below his breath. She was far more lovely than he had ever seen her, with that new, softened expression, the tear-drops still clinging to her long black lashes. She lifted her head.

"So you have come to take Molly away," she said simply. The man started. He had quite forgotten the child. "Why—she cannot stay here—the doctor says that she is well," he stammered confusedly. "He said—"

"Yes, I know," responded Miss Humphreys. "She is quite well." She was staring straight ahead, her dark eyes filled with a blank, unseeing look. He would go away again. Molly would have to wait there left for the doctor. The doctor knew what she had done. She might have to leave the hospital. But she did not care about that. Brennan took a step forward.

"Margaret," he cried; "oh, Margaret, why did you send me from you?" There was a whole lifetime of pain and yearning in the man's voice and Miss Humphreys' heart gave a sudden throb. He had not entirely forgotten her. The image of that other woman had not entirely obliterated her own.

"I—I don't know," she faltered, feeling like a silly schoolgirl. Her usual calm self-possession was gone. The doctors would not have recognized their cool, capable nurse.

"You—don't—know?" echoed Brennan. A sudden well-known gleam sprang to the blue eyes. "You—don't—know," he repeated. "Then—might there be chance for me after all?" he asked squarely. Miss Humphreys, sobbing, had sunk into a chair. The man bent over and with soft fingers reverently touched the shining hair. "I—I loved my wife," he said loyally. "She was a dear, sweet soul. But you were my first love and I could never quite forget. You have saved Molly for me," he added unsteadily, "but she needs you still—we both need you. Won't you come?" a sudden intensity deepening the strong voice. "Won't you, dear?"

And Miss Humphreys whispered "Yes."

Not Quite the Same. A country clergyman vouches for the truth of this story. Having arrived at that point in the baptismal service where the infant's name is conferred, he said:

"Name this child." "Original Story," said the sponsor-nurse. "What do you say?" he asked in surprise.

"Original Story," she repeated in clear, deliberate tones. "It's a very odd name, isn't it? Are you sure you want him called by the name of Original Story?"

"Original Story—that's right," she declared. "Is it a family name?" the minister persisted.

"Named after his uncle, sir," explained the nurse, getting red in the face. And so as Original Story the unfending little fellow was christened. It was some weeks after this event that the minister made the acquaintance of the said uncle—a farm laborer in another village—whose name was Reginald Story.—Liverpool Mercury.

The Rift in the Lute.

There was never a time when Mrs. Austin did not attempt to put the best foot forward not only for herself, but for all her friends.

"How's Mary Ellen getting on?" asked one of the neighbors when Mrs. Austin returned from a visit to the house of a former resident of Bushby.

She fixed a keen gaze on Mrs. Austin, for rumors of Mary Ellen's domestic troubles had reached Bushby some time before.

"Why, she's got everything fixed up real nice," said Mrs. Austin slowly. "She has a good house and yard and a garden and a most excellent cook and some of the likeliest hens and a couple of pigs and."

"Is it true that her husband has regular temper tantrums every little while?" persisted the neighbor, who had small patience with Mrs. Austin's point of view.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Austin, with some discomposure, "I don't see any need of dwelling on that. When folks have a good deal of live stock some of the critters is liable to be ailing now and then."

How often our most innocent speeches "gang a-gley," leaving us with no resource but that of making the best of a bad matter!

A certain Scotch minister is wont to relate how, having been out all day visiting, he called on an old dame well known for her kindness and hospitality.

After some conversation she began getting out her best china and whatever delicacies were at hand to honor her unexpected guest. As he sat watching the preparations his eye suddenly fell on four or five cats devouring some cold porridge under the table.

"Dear me, Miss Black," he observed, "what a number of cats! Do they all belong to you?"

"Na, na, sir," was the innocent reply. "But many a time I say that 'a' hungry brutes in the parish come tae me, seeking a meal o' meat."

Then the good woman bethought her, and in her embarrassment nearly dropped a teacup.

THE GRATITUDE OF MOTHERS

Marvellous Cure of Two Babies Suffering for Months from Sore Eyes—Doctors, Hospitals, and Many Treatments Were of No Avail.

SPEEDY CURE IN EACH CASE BY CUTICURA

"I feel it my duty to tell you of two most wonderful cures of sore eyes by Cuticura Ointment. My little son had an attack of measles which left his eyes in a shocking state. The lids were inflamed and sore, and every lash fell out. They would be stuck in the morning, and bleed when washed, causing untold suffering to the child. I tried everything recommended, but nothing did any good. Then I got Cuticura, and from the first application I have had cause to be thankful. Before I had used one box the lashes showed signs of growing, and in a few months they were as healthy as ever. I recommended Cuticura to a Mrs. Phillips, whose little one was cured of sore eyes with less than one box.—Mrs. C. Todd, Old South Head Road, Waverly, Sydney, N. S. W."

BABY PHILLIPS Cured by One Box of Cuticura After All Else Had Failed

"When my little girl was a few months old her eyes became very sore. I took her to the—Hospital, and subsequently to the Children's Hospital at— for twelve months, but her eyes seemed to be growing worse. One doctor told me they might be bad for years. I was one day stopped on the street by a Mrs. Todd who told me that Cuticura Ointment had cured her boy. I commenced using it that very night. The cure has been marvellous. Before I had used one box of Cuticura they were as healthy as ever.—Mrs. E. Phillips, Grafton Street, Waverly, Sydney, N. S. W."

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are sold throughout the world. Dealers: London, 27, Chatterhouse St.; Paris, 2, Rue de la Paix; Australia, 2, Town & Co., Sydney; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston; Sole Props. for the U. S., J. C. F. & Co., New York.

See "The Gratitude of Mothers."

"Father," said the small boy, "what is blank verse?"

"Blank verse, my son," answered the man of no literary pretensions, "is something that generally sounds as if it had been written by a man whose mind was a blank."

A Caution. Nell—Old Mr. Gotrox says he would die for me. Belle—Be careful. He may be stronger than he looks.

If you wish to please people you must begin by understanding them.—Reade.

HOW TO GET CONSUMPTION.

Ninety per cent of the "lungers" contract consumption by allowing power of resistance to fall so low that a favorable condition for the development of the bacilli is provided. In a healthy system consumption can't take root. But where there is weakness and debility, there you find tuberculosis. For developing strength and building up the weak, nothing equals Ferrozone. It makes the blood nutritious and the nerves endurable. The way it converts food into nutriment, and the appetite it gives is surprising. Just what the man verging on consumption needs,—that's Ferrozone. If tired and weak don't put off. Fifty cents buys a box of fifty tablets—at all dealers.

A Cold Storage Romance.

He—Had an odd experience the other day. One morning my breakfast boiled egg had an inscription on it. It said, "The finder may write to me, signed 'Mary Smith.' She—What reply did you get? He—The postmaster replied. He said that Miss Smith died of old age several years ago.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. This is the most successful medicine in the world for all bowel complaints, and is the only remedy that will cure chronic diarrhoea. Every bottle is warranted. For sale by all druggists.

Don't pass up the certainty of today for the uncertainty of tomorrow.

SEE THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW.

The famous New York Horse Show will be held in Madison Square Garden from November 13th to 18th. Torontoans can see it at little expense by taking advantage of New York Central Railway's cheap excursion on November 14th. Rate \$10.25 for round trip from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo, good 10 days for return. Write or call on Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 691-2 Yonge Street, Toronto, for full particulars.

CHEAP RATE TO NEW YORK.

November 14th, New York Central will run the excursion of the season to New York, good 10 days for return round trip from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo \$10.25. Excellent opportunity to see the New York Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. Write or call on Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 691-2 Yonge Street, Toronto, for particulars. Telephone Main 4561.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

SIGNS OF GOOD BREEDING.

Forms of Etiquette That All People Should Observe—What U. S. Papers Teach Their Readers.

A bow should always be returned even though one may be mistaken for some one else, and to give the cut direct is a discourtesy of which no person of good breeding should be guilty. It is perfectly easy to acknowledge a salutation with such dignity but brevity of glance as to plainly show that one does not care to have anything but a very formal acquaintance with the person spoken to.

A man always raises his hat when presented to a woman or to another man. He should also raise it when meeting or taking leave of a woman, when she first speaks to him for whatever reason, when he offers his services in any way, even though she may be a stranger to him, such as when entering an elevator where women are present or in opening a door for a woman to pass through. In fact, a man cannot be too careful in showing this little act of courtesy whenever the least apology could be in order, says The Philadelphia Press.

A man always lifts his hat when a woman under his escort receives some courtesy from a stranger or if she bows to a person that he is not acquainted with. He should raise his hat upon recognizing an acquaintance who has a woman with him whom he does not know. A man should be as particular in bowing to his mother, father or sister when meeting them on the street or in taking leave of them as he would be with his friends or formal acquaintances.

Men shake hands with each other at introductions; women only when desiring to be especially cordial. A man, of course, always waits for the woman to offer her hand first, and if possible he should remove his glove before doing so if her hand is ungloved.

Women do not kiss each other when meeting and parting unless they are very close friends, and even then it is usually only done in private.

When acting as a woman's escort a man should pay all the fares and fees. When entering a street car or any vehicle he should allow the woman to precede him, assisting her as she does so. In leaving the car or cab he alights first, offering her assistance as she follows.

In all these forms of etiquette it is quite possible to at least lay the foundation for their correct observance when those under one's care are merely boys and girls. If they become accustomed to good form and good manners when young they will never dread the day when they must enter the more formal ways of society.

Succeds Sir Purdon Clarke.

Mr. A. B. Skinner, B.A., has been appointed Director of the Art Museum at South Kensington, in succession to Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, who



has resigned the post. Mr. Skinner is well equipped for the post, having for some years past been assistant-director under the chief whom he has now succeeded.

Look Not to the East.

For a long time it has been declared that those whose heads pointed toward the north while they slept enjoyed better rest than those whose feet were pointed in that direction.

Now a savant greatly declares that the position of one's desk largely influences his capability and that to do one's best work the seat must face the west.

It is asserted in all gravity that those who face the south look at least one-third of their capability, and a seat facing the east is only less hurtful than one which faces the north.

The originator of the theory declared that he stumbled upon the solution by finding himself unable to work in a new library until the position of his desk had been changed and that he has verified the correctness of his claim by experiment with a score of his friends. In the course of time the compass will become as essential to the landsman as to the mariner.

A Sum in Oriental Division.

An Oriental died, leaving seventeen camels. He willed one-half to his eldest son, one-third to the second and one-ninth to the third son. While disputing about the division a camel driver came along and offered to settle the question. He did by loaning them one of his own camels, thus making eighteen in all, when the division was easy. No. 1 took nine camels, No. 2 six camels, No. 3 two camels—seventeen in all—and the borrowed camel was then restored to its owner. How can we explain the fact that each son got his share and something over?

Fine Cut Facts.

In the Amazon there are known to exist at least 2,000 species of fish. London has only one mile of tramways to every 30,000 of her population. Manchester has one to every 5,000.

A Devonshire vicar has just omitted at the wedding of a young lady, whose parents and grandparents were also married by him.

Cotton of a red color is being grown in Georgia. It is said, where an acre of cotton plants has stalks, leaves and flowers all of a deep red color.

Four Facts For Sick Women To Consider

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has an Unequalled Record of Cures—Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Is Confidential, Free, and Always Helpful.

First.—That almost every operation in our hospitals performed upon women becomes necessary through neglect of such symptoms as backache, irregular and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacements of the uterus, pain in the side, burning sensation in the stomach, bearing-down pains, nervousness, dizziness and sleeplessness.

Second.—The medicine that holds the record for the largest number of absolute cures of female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It regulates, strengthens and cures diseases of the female organism as nothing else can.

For thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, curing backache, nervousness, kidney troubles, all uterine and ovarian inflammation, weakness and displacements, regulating menstruation perfectly and overcoming its pains. It has also proved itself invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the change of life.