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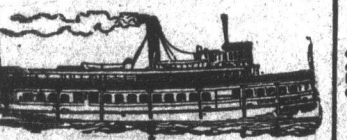
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ONE-WAY TRIP, THURSDAY, leaving Chatham 9.30 a. m., returning from Detroit 3.00 p. m. Chatham time or 8.00 a. m. Detroit time. Single Tickets, 50 Cents; Return, 60 Cents. **JOHN ROEKE, Capt.**

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Health Thus Lost Is Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many women do you know who are perfectly well and strong? We hear every day the same story over and over again. "I do not feel well; I am so tired all the time!"



More than likely you speak the same words yourself, and no doubt you feel far from well. The cause may be easily traced to some derangement of the female organs which manifests itself in depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere or do anything, backache, bearing-down pains, flatulency, nervousness, sleeplessness, leucorrhoea. These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless heed is taken of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result. The never-failing remedy for all these symptoms is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Clara Beaubien, of Beauport, Quebec, writes:
"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:
For several years I have suffered with a female weakness which proved a serious drain on my vitality, sapping my strength and causing severe headaches, bearing-down pains and a general worn-out feeling, until I really had no desire to live. I tried many medicines, but did not get permanent relief until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. In two months I was much better and stronger, and in four months I was well; no more disagreeable discharge, no more pain. So I have every reason to praise the Vegetable Compound, and I consider it without equal for the ills of women."

If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it is free and always helpful.

experience of Earl Cawdor.
Earl Cawdor, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, says The London Chronicle, supplies one of the infrequent instances of a man stepping at once into high Cabinet office. Usually Cabinet Minister have to go through a period of novitiate in subordinate positions, of which both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Asquith were saved this preliminary ordeal, their first office being of Cabinet rank. Without any previous official experience Mr. Chamberlain became President of the Local Government Board, and Mr. Asquith, Home Secretary. Lord Cawdor, who was born in 1847, has been since 1895 Chairman of the Great Western Railway. He sat in Parliament as Lord Emsay from 1874 to 1888 for the then undivided County of Carmarthen. The family name is Campbell. It is an offshoot of the famous Scottish house, the Campbells of Argyll. A younger son of Archibald, the second Earl of Argyll, married in 1810 the heiress of John Calder, of Calder, representative of the old Thanes of Cawdor. A couple of centuries later, sons of this branch of the Campbells married successively two Welsh heiresses.

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SOUND AND STRONG

Detroit Specialist Making Men's Diseases a Specialty for Years, Will Accept Four Cases, Giving It Individual Treatment. You may Use It in the Privacy of Your Own Home.

You May Pay When You are Cured.
A Detroit Specialist who has 14 diplomas and certificates from medical colleges and state boards of medical examiners, and who has a reputation in doctoring diseases of men, is positive he can cure a great many so-called incurable cases.



DR. S. GOLDBERG.
The possessor of 14 diplomas and certificates, who wants no money that he does not earn, in order to convince patients that he has the ability to do as he says, Dr. Goldberg will accept your case for treatment, and you need not pay one penny until a complete cure has been made; he wants to hear from patients who have been unable to get cured, as he guarantees a positive cure for all chronic, nervous, blood and skin diseases, which he accepts for treatment. He not only cures the condition itself, but likewise all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney troubles, blood poison, physical and nervous debility, lack of vitality, stomach trouble, etc. The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up; so he has made it a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you, and when you are cured, he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. It seems, therefore, that it is to the best interests of everyone who suffers to write the doctor confidentially and lay your case before him, which will receive careful attention, and a correct diagnosis of your case will be made free of charge if you have lost faith in him, as you have everything to gain and nothing to lose; you must remember that one penny need be paid until you are cured. All medicines for patients are prepared in his own laboratory to meet the requirements of each individual case. He will send a booklet on the subject, which contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him simply Dr. S. Goldberg, 230 Woodward Ave., Room 111, Detroit, Michigan. Medicines for Canadian patients sent from Windsor, Ont., consequently there is no duty to be paid.

GRACE'S
CAPTURE

By JAMES HARRIGAN
Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

Clyde Phillips emptied his revolver at his pursuers and tore madly down the road. Presently he reined in his horse and turned to look into the twin barrels of a shotgun.

Farther along the gun was a decidedly pretty face which bore a look of stern determination. Instinctively his hands went up.

"That's better," said a girlish voice. "Now throw those guns into the road."

"What is this," he asked laughingly—"a holdup?"

"You ought to know," she said tersely. "You started it. Drop those guns quick."

"Evidently you are a volunteer," he said easily. "You don't have to play the game like that. Those guns of mine are only loaded with blanks."

The girl laughed scornfully. "But you dropped those poor men out of the saddle," she said meaningly. "You throw those guns down or I'll fill you full of buckshot."

With a laugh he tossed the pistols into the road. The girl rode up and with the rope at her saddle bow bound his hands together, bringing the arms down. Then, dismounting, she utilized the rest of the rope to bind his feet together under the horse's body.

"Look here," said Phillips uneasily, "what is this?"

"It means the game's up," she answered. "I saw your description in the county papers two weeks ago. There's a reward of \$10,000 up for you."

"Who do you mistake me for?" he asked anxiously. "There is no reward offered for me, and if you think to hold me for ransom you make a grievous error."

"There's no mistake," she said shortly. "I saw the report of your holdup six weeks ago. Then came the offer of reward and your description, and now I just saw you tumble three deputies into the road. I watched a change to get in behind you. What did you stop so suddenly for?"

"I was going back," he explained. "I'm the head of a motion picture expedition. We are down here taking a



"WHAT IS THIS," HE ASKED—"A HOLDUP?"

series of pictures of the holdup of the dynamiter's train by Butte Bill last week. I was playing the desperado, escaping from the posse sent to capture him. As soon as I was out of range I started to go back to the party and found you."

"Quite a surprise, wasn't it?"

"It was," he admitted frankly, "but it's something that can be easily explained. If you will just lead me back to the party it will all turn out right."

With scorn playing about a decidedly pretty mouth, she remounted her own horse and, catching the bridle of his, turned the horses' heads down the road.

Phillips tried to argue, but to all entreaties she was deaf, and finally he kept silence and let her lead him along the dusty trail, cursing the fate that had led him beyond sight of his co-workers.

An hour passed before the trail led them from the foothills out upon the prairie, and every foot of the way was agony to Phillips, whose bonds cut with every motion of the horse.

"Would you mind loosening these ropes a little?" he asked finally. "You see, we city men are not as used to the saddle as you are here."

The girl looked back coldly. "I guess you can stand it for awhile," she said shortly. "I'm not going to take chances with you. You're no city man."

"If you will feel in my coat pocket," he urged, "you will find papers that will prove my identity."

He spoke so earnestly that, half convinced, she let her horse drop back and slipped her hand first into the outside, then into the inside pockets. There was not a shred of paper.

"What are you up to?" she asked sharply. "Did you think you could reach my gun?"

"I had forgotten," he said shamefacedly. "I changed to a costume, and every scrap of paper is in my other clothes."

"It will be a long time before you see those," she retorted grimly, "unless you perch and tell where the gang holds out."

"The Star theater, Chicago, is where my gang holds out," he laughed. "If you ever come to Chicago I should be pleased

ed to extend to you all the courtesies of the house—free tickets, you know."

"Better wait until you get there," she cautioned. "If the boys get at you before the sheriff does!" She left the sentence unfinished, but there was no need of explanation.

"Where are we headed for?" he asked after a silence, more to break the solitude than anything else.

"To the shack first, for dinner," she answered; "then fresh horses and by the long route to Tulip City."

"Why not the shorter way?" he pleaded.

"And maybe run into your gang! No, sir!" she retorted, with emphasis. "I've worked like a slave for my little homestead. Sister and I have a quarter section each, and we live together where the two tracts join. We need some money to take irrigation, and I'm not going to take any risks of losing you."

After that Phillips was silent until they came in sight of a small shack, in the doorway of which stood a blue clad figure. This he found was the sister, and after he had dismounted (with a pistol inconveniently near his ear) she it was who led the horses to the stable, while the other took him inside and tied his legs to a chair.

They would not untie his hands even while he ate, and painstakingly his captor, whom her sister called Grace, cut up his meat and fed him. As soon as the meal was over fresh horses were brought around, and they began their long trip to Tulip City.

The detour added four miles to the route, but Grace would hear of no change of plan, and soon they were making their way through another pass.

Toward dusk they were overtaken by a horseman, and with a shout of joy Phillips hailed the sheriff of Tulip county. In a few words the Chicagoan explained what had happened, and the sheriff turned, only to look into the barrels of the shotgun which Grace still carried.

"I've got two of you!" she cried. "Put up your hands!"

His hands shot up like a well trained plainsman's should when he is cornered, and presently there were two captives.

"I ain't one of his gang," pleaded the sheriff. "I'm the sheriff of this here county, and I've just come from Aurora way, where they shot up Butte Bill day before yesterday."

"You tell that to the sheriff," she said. "You're most as good at inventing stories as he is," indicating Phillips.

At 10 o'clock that night the sheriff of Tulip county and the picture man were led up to the piazza of Red Larkin's hotel in Tulip City, to the keen delight of the loungers. Explanations and assurances followed quickly, and the girl who had arrested the sheriff and the Chicagoan promptly forgot her bravery and went most feminine tears.

Phillips escorted her back to the ranch in the morning and incidentally to get his own animal back; but, though he rode his own animal back to town, he found it necessary to make several more trips, which resulted in his taking Grace with him when he went back to Chicago. The sheriff is to marry the sister in the spring and run the farm for her. His official position has lost its charm for him since he was held up by a woman.

Seventeenth Century Pedantry.

A crushing weight upon science and literature in the seventeenth century was the dominant pedantry. The great thing was to write commentaries upon old thought and diligently to suppress new thought. The only language of learned lectures was a debased Latin. During the seventeenth century pedantry became a disease in every country. In England a pedant sat on the throne, and Walter Scott has mirrored his spirit in the "Fortunes of Nigel." In Italy and Spain the same tendency prevailed. The world now looks back upon it sometimes with abhorrence, sometimes with ridicule, as pictured in both countries by Manzoni in the "Promessi Sposi." In the American colonies it injured all thinkers, and two of the greatest, the Mathers, it crippled. In France there was resistance. Montaigne had undermined it, and it was the constant theme of the brightest wit, La Bruyere presented it in some of his most admirably drawn pictures. Moliere, who had occasion to know and hate it, held it up to lasting ridicule in the "Marriage Force."—Professor Andrew D. White in Atlantic.

John Knox as a Galley Slave.

John Knox, the famous Scotch preacher, was a galley slave on French vessels. "For nineteen months he had to endure this living death," says a writer, "which for long drawn out torture can only be compared with what the Christians of the earliest centuries had to suffer when they were condemned to the mines. He had to sit chained with four or six others to the rowing benches, which were set at right angles to the side of the ship, without change of posture by day and compelled to sleep, still chained, under the benches by night; exposed to the elements day and night alike; enduring the lash of the overseer, who paced up and down the gangway which ran between the two lines of benches; wearing the coarse canvas shirt and serge jacket of the rower; feeding on the insufficient meals of coarse biscuit and porridge of oil and beans; chained along with the vilest malefactors."

Prophetic.

Mrs. Enck—Here such spelling as those printers do! They have called your shipping clerk, Mr. Brown, your "skipping clerk." Enck—Which chance to be right in this case, for I learned this morning at the office that he had succeeded with all the money he could get hold of.—Baltimore American.



A Pure Hard Soap
Is the best value for all kinds of washing; lasts longest; gives the finest results; is easiest on the clothes.
YOUR GROCER WILL SELL YOU
SURPRISE SOAP

Wipe Your Eyeglasses.

A well known oculist said recently: "Can't girls be persuaded to take better care of their glasses? I have many college girls coming to me. They are as fresh as a rose and neat as a pin, but even times out of ten their glasses are in a disgraceful condition. Vanity alone should make them more careful," he continued. "Glasses at best are not becoming, and when clouded and neglected make a bad matter worse. Of course it is very bad for their eyes to wear glasses in such a state. Tell them to wash their glasses each night or their lives in warm soap and water and dry on an old, soft bit of linen." This is good advice, and the pity is that it should be necessary.—Harper's Bazar.

LIVED TEN LIVES.

Strange Case of London Girl From Age to Childhood Puzzles English Medical Profession.

The astonishing case of a girl possessing ten separate and distinct personalities within twenty months is being much discussed in British medical circles. The girl was a patient of Dr. Albert Wilson, and so remarkable was the case that Dr. Wilson laid it before the committee of the Medico-Psychological Association, many of the members of which body were at first skeptical. They finally agreed that the manifestations undoubtedly were genuine, but they were unable to offer any explanation. Then Dr. Wilson reported the case to the Psychological Research Society, which has published it in the record of its proceedings.

In April, 1895, the girl, who then was under 13 years of age and indifferently educated, had an attack of influenza. After remaining in bed for ten days she went out into the cold air and suffered a relapse. Within the next two days she was on the point of death, but gradually recovered her strength.

Then commenced to appear in succession the ten personalities, the last one of which occurred a year and eight months after. The first took the form of blindness and imbecility. Now at the age of 22 she is in good health, the best of her personalities that showed itself having been educated and developed.

The personalities manifested themselves as follows: The first personality, in April, 1895, showed an acute mania of intense fear, blindness, illusions as to the presence of snakes, and a craving for oranges and lemons.

The second personality, about a month later, was that of a simple child with reversed ideas as to writing, etc. She repudiated her name but would respond on being referred to as "a thing."

In her third personality, in July, 1895, her physical health improved and she became passionate, attempting to eat her clothes. She could read and write, though unable to do so when possessed of personality number two.

In the fourth personality, August, 1895, she became a deaf mute. She failed to hear loud noises close to her ears, but could speak in the deaf and dumb language.

In the fifth personality, in December, 1895, she again reversed things, called herself "white" and "thin," people fat. She spelt backwards, but wrote forward. She believed she was 3 days old, but understood everything that was going on around her. She was paralyzed in the legs at this stage, but her condition changed in an instant, and she leaped from bed, ran upstairs, where she threw herself to the floor and revolved on her back and shoulders. Also she rested on her head and attempted to walk up the walls. A few days later she was normal again.

In her sixth personality, in May, 1896, she became a sweet child, but totally ignorant of spelling, reading and writing. This is the personality that is now being developed satisfactorily.

In her seventh personality, in June, 1896, she remembered clearly her early childhood, but not of and subsequent to her illness. This stage lasted a fortnight.

In her eighth personality, August, 1896, she had a fit of convulsions and suffered complete loss of memory. She called her father "Tom" and her mother "Mary." This personality lasted three days.

During her ninth personality, in October, 1896, the transition came gradually. Fits of temper were first noticed and she talked like a young infant and could not walk, but she could speak a little French, of which language she was quite ignorant in normal periods.

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COLTSFOOTE
EXPECTORANT

Clears the Throat and Lungs, heals and allays Inflammation, cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, by removing the cause. Nothing better for Children.

Price 10c. and 25c. a bottle. Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto.

He Broke Out.

Uncle—Are you always so quiet, my little man? Shall Johnny—I should say not. But mamma promised me a shilling if I wouldn't say anything about your bald head and the wart on your nose.

Crawl.

Miss Passay—Yes, and when he proposed I tried hard not to let him read any encouragement in my face, but he did. Miss Peppery—Ah! I suppose he could read between the lines.

LA GRIPPE

One of the worst of Bronchial Diseases, because it has the worst after-effects. The first symptoms, Chills and Fever, Cough, Sore, Inflamed Nose and Throat, Pains in the Limbs, should not be neglected.

DR. SLOCUM'S
PSYCHINE
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prevents and cures La Grippe, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Consumption.

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