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If you only knew how good it is. It will take the place of injurious Japan tea just as "SALADA" black is taking the place of all other black teas.

Lead Packets Only. Halves and Quarters.
40c per Pound.



KING QUALITY

stands for all that is finest in women's shoes. It means grace, style, comfort and economy, all for \$3. It might easily be \$5.

These are the sort of shoes that please fastidious dressers.

We are sure they would please you if you will allow us to introduce you.

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DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

No other Medical Firm in the world has the established reputation for curing Men and Women that Drs. K. & K. enjoy. Their New Method Treatment, discovered and perfected by these eminent Specialists, has brought joy, happiness and comfort to thousands of homes. With 30 years experience in the treatment of these diseases they can guarantee to Cure or No Pay—Emotions, Nervous Debility, Syphilis, Varicocele, Stricture, Gleet, Secret Drainage, Impotency, Sexual and Mental Weakness, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Their guarantee is backed by Bank Bonds.

MEN'S LIFE BLOOD

You may have a secret drain through the urine—that's the reason you feel tired in the morning. You are not rested, your kidneys ache, you feel dependent on stimulants. Don't let your life blood be drained away. Drs. K. & K. guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

BLOOD POISON

Syphilis is the scourge of mankind. It may not be a crime to have it, for it may be inherited, but it is a crime to allow it to remain in the system. Like father-like son. Beware of Mercury and Potash treatment. Drs. K. & K. positively cure the worst case or No Pay.

VARICOCELE & STRICTURE

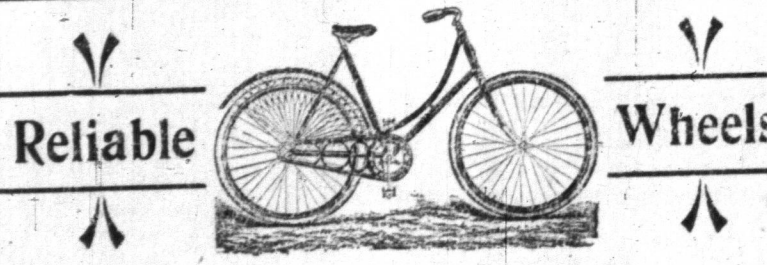
The New Method Treatment cures these diseases safely and surely. No pain—no suffering—no detention from business. Don't risk operation and ruin your sexual organs. The stricture tissue is absorbed and can never return. Drs. K. & K. guarantee Cures.

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Don't neglect your kidneys. Your aching back tells the tale. Don't let Doctors experiment on you. Drs. K. & K. can cure you if you are not beyond human aid. They guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

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Crescents—known the world over.

Call in and see the bevel-gear chainless Crescent—all bicycles fitted with the Dunlop Tires.

The Wm. Gray & Sons Co. LIMITED

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The Kent Mills Co., Ltd., find since remodelling the Kent Mill and adopting the full Gyrator Bolting System, that their Flour makes two leaves Bread more to the Barrel of Flour, and makes a larger, whiter and sweeter loaf than under any other Bolting System, and has caused such a demand for their Flour both at home and abroad, that they are now remodelling their Blenheim Mill with the full Gyrator System, so that in future both Mills will turn out this High Grade Flour. They are also largely increasing the capacity of the Blenheim Mill.

Use Kent Mills Flour. The best is the cheapest.

The Kent Mills Co., LIMITED.

HIS WEIRD ILLUSION.

TORMENTS OF A MAN WHO LOST AN ARM IN BATTLE.

Haunted by the feelings, aches and Pains That Racked the Missing Member, Which Still Seemed to Be Attached to His Body.

My old friend Simon, who fastens his left sleeve to his shoulder with what he calls his "chainless safety," a nursery pin well worn down to the brass, sat down the other day and discoursed concerning the grim side of the war question, or perhaps I should say the grimmer side, for there is little that is cheerful in the topic.

"It's still more singular when it takes off your arm or your leg. And that a man can be pestered by the ha'nt of a part of his body buried away in the ground I know for a fact. When David Barker said, 'What a queer, weird thing is an empty sleeve!' I'll bet he didn't half realize what he wrote.

"I wouldn't know where to go to look for my arm at Appomattox. I was hustled up to the hospital into the operating room and away to a cot, and my arm yours went out on the wall, and then away into a trench somewhere. But I wish I could have had the burying of it. Now, you want to know why, don't you? And when I tell you you will think I am a notional old duffer. But let me tell you this—there ain't no way of going behind what a fellow knows for himself, no matter what other people may think they know. I say that, notwithstanding all the dead flesh on the living and yearning blood and all that, there are the truly strange things that old soldiers know for themselves.

"When I woke up on the cot after the operation, the nurse was keeping off the flies and wetting my head. First I got my bearings. I went right back in my mind to that pasture where it all happened.

"There was the start from where we had been lying since early morning, wondering what was going to be our part in the picnic that was on all around us. We were hugging the ground down in a hollow, and all that we were getting of the fight was sound. There was lots of that. There were hangings and bellows and shuddering and heaving and all about.

"Then came our turn when we went on the jog trot up the incline toward—we didn't know what. All that we had seen of the outside world on ahead of us was the hill. We had counted all the knot holes in that fence as we had set there and waited.

"When we got to the fence, I grabbed the top rail and started to vault over. The next moment something snapped, and when I got my eyes open I was on my back down the hill under the feet of men who were hopping over me.

"Look out!" I yelled as I scrambled up the hill again. "I just took hold of the top rail there, and it's so rotten it broke."

"Then I reached out to grab the fence again. Bless me, something was the matter! I could get hold with only one hand. I looked down. There was my left arm swinging and dangling around as though it had been a stray scarecrow. I had to feel of it, lift it, jerk it, before I could fairly realize that I had been wounded.

"And that was all I knew about getting hit.

"But when I came around to my senses on that cot in the hospital I had a more realizing sense of things, now I can tell you. But still I wondered. For down in the fingers of that left hand and awful aches in the wrist and pains in the muscles that made me scream.

"And yet where all that terrible aching was I could see nothing but empty air. And with my other hand I would grope around in that space, trying to find and rub—well, what?

"But worse than the pain even was a tickling that used to take me right in the palm of that missing hand, and I would have given \$100 any day to have been able to dig down into that itching place with my thumb nail.

"A ha'nt? Why, there was no ghost that ever flitted that could be so bad a spook as the ghost of a place, me. 'And then because that dead arm of mine wouldn't let me forget it I commenced to get notions into my head. I would lie there and fancy so vividly just what was happening to that hand and arm that at last, out of nervousness, I would scream like a woman. Why, you know, I could see teeth gnawing into it and feel the pangs for all the world just as though it was really happening. I could see a woman writhing around the fingers and would try to clutch and grasp with the hand that had been laid away from me for so many days.

"All that sort of torture wore away in time, of course, but still I'm never allowed to forget that lost arm.

"I used to have rheumatic twinges in that arm. I have them there to this day. I had a felon on my left thumb a few months ago. At least I had all the symptoms and all the pains. I could only grunt and bear it. The hand is cold sometimes, or rather, perhaps, to be sure, I should say that it seems as though I had a hand there that is cold. The hand becomes numb and 'goes to sleep.' It is warm and throbs. In fact, it's a ha'nt, and that's all there is to it."—Lewiston Journal.

Restrainted by Consistency. "You are enough to drive a man to suicide!" exclaimed the husband. "Then why don't you go and hang yourself?" tauntingly asked Mrs. Vicksen. "Because," he howled, "I have been all my life opposed to capital punishment."—Chicago Tribune.

Getting married on love and faith is all right, but the husbands of faith, like faith itself, should be known by their works.—Saturday Evening Post.

UNCLE JACK'S PLEA.

It Was Powerful Enough to Save His Bad Case.

When I was in North Carolina, a friend told me about an old darky who was on trial for stealing a turkey, and the proof was positive, and yet he did not seem to be alarmed. His lawyer was discouraged and said: "Uncle Jack, it looks like they have got you."

"No, dey ain't, Mas John; dey ain't got me yet, and dey ain't gwine to get me. Tell you how it is, Mas John. De judge seten up dar was my young master when de war broke out and not gwine to send me to de pen. No, sir, he ain't; he ain't done forget what I know make for. But Mas John had lost confidence, for he knew that the judge would do his duty and execute the law. In a short time the trial was over and the judge asked Uncle Jack if he had anything to say in extenuation of his crime. The old gray headed man got up with a grunt and, looking around upon the spectators and then at the judge, said:

"Nuffin much, Mas Judge; nuffin much. Only dis, you know all about dat old war which we all got whooped, and you hain't forgot how I went out wid you to de army, for you was a capten, and de master told me to go 'long ake keer of you, and you know I did de very best I could for four mighty long years and how one time you got wounded and I staid by you untell you was well again and how another time you got de measles and me too, and I stay by you and nuf' you and how another time dem Yankees catch me and I got away in de night and come back to you and how sometimes you got out of money and I got de sumfin to get all at de same time, and you call me up and say, 'Jack, you mus' go out a-foragin and get us sumfin,' and I go out late in de night and bring you chickens and roastin' ears, and one time I bring you a turkey, and you neber ax me nuffin about whar I got him and you neber giv' me any money to buy him, did you, Mas Judge? You call it foragin den, didn't you, Mas Judge, and if it was foragin den, how cum it to be stealin' now?"

By this time the courtroom was convulsed with laughter, and the judge could not conceal his emotion, for his recollection of the old darky's faithfulness was revived afresh. He wiped his brow and his eyes and said: "Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court. Uncle Jack, I will pay for that turkey, but you must not do so any more. When you need anything, you must come to me. I haven't forgotten you."—Atlanta Constitution.

A CROWD IN THE STREET.

Guessing at Its Number and Watching Its Wave Movements.

"Estimating the size of a crowd is the hardest kind of guessing in the world," said an old citizen. "Nothing is more elastic, more compressible and more deceptive than a great throng. On two occasions a street or square may appear to be packed to its capacity, and one moment of people were present each time. As a matter of fact there may have been a difference of several thousand. I am convinced from observation covering a number of years that it is impossible for anybody standing on the level occupied by a crowd to form even an approximate accurate estimate of its size. Such a spectator has no means of arriving at the density of the mass before him, and that is the vital point in the whole calculation.

"The proper place from which to size up any great gathering is as nearly as possible overhead—in other words, from the roof or upper windows of some adjacent tall building. It is only by looking down on crowds from a height that you can appreciate their great differences. One will be full of lanes and passageways, with little open spaces here and there, while in another the people will be standing shoulder to shoulder with almost military precision.

"From above, too, the strange wave movement which occurs in all crowds is clearly discernible, and it is certainly a curious sight. A slight stir will be seen from some extreme corner. For ten seconds it will travel toward the center, exactly like a ripple over water, then suddenly it will break and spread itself along three or four irregular paths, each ending in a crush which must be entirely invisible to the people in the vicinity.

What causes these movements to take such eccentric routes through a throng is at first blush a mystery, but I suppose it can be easily explained on the common principle of force moving in lines of the least resistance. Some chap on the outskirts starts the thing by shouldering his neighbor, and the impulse is passed along, always by way of the weakest."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Deacon's Dream. "May you take this lesson home with you tonight, dear friends," commanded the preacher at the end of a very long and wearisome sermon, "and may its spiritual truths sink deep into your hearts and lives to the end that your souls may experience salvation. We will now bow our heads in prayer. Deacon White, will you lead?"

There was no response. "Deacon White"—this time in a louder voice—"Deacon White, will you lead?" Still no response. It was evident that the deacon was slumbering. The preacher made a third appeal and raised his voice to a pitch that succeeded in waking the drowsy man.

"Deacon White, will you please lead?" The deacon rubbed his eyes and opened them wonderingly. "Is it my lead? No—I just deat."—Detroit Free Press.

Strategy That Failed. In order to overcome her husband's objections to afternoon card playing a North Fifth street woman recently purchased a box of cigars and claimed that she won it at a card game. Her husband smoked only one and is now more opposed to afternoon card playing than ever.—Atchafalpa Globe.

Might Be Worse. "Fate has drawn us together!" he cried passionately. "Then it is not so bad," she said, with a sigh of relief. "I thought you were going to say some amateur artist had drawn us together."—Chicago News.

A Bureaucrat. Mrs. Wonders—I understand your husband holds a government position. Mrs. Parvenoo—Yes, he is in the chit-fonier of statistics.—Baltimore American.

One of the Signs. Contentment for family life is one mark by which smart society may be recognized.—Arnold White in London Chronicle.

Pretty Hands,

Hands delicately moulded and daintily white are among the chief of woman's charms. When such hands are marked by eruptions, their very beauty draws attention to the repulsive disease. Humors which break out on the body begin in the blood.



Discovery contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant.

"I write to tell you the benefit I have received from your 'Golden Medical Discovery' after having suffered for three years with salt-rheum, writes Miss Bertha Peters, of Lulu, Monroe Co., Mich. 'The humor was on my hands and feet, and was treated by our home physician who did not help me. After I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I took several bottles, and can now say with pleasure that I am cured. Nobody could sleep at night, the stinging, burning, and itching sensation would be so bad, sometimes I could hardly bear it. I thank you for your kind advice.'

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of the 'Discovery' when there is constipation.

Deadly Air Bubbles.

Very often a soldier gets so severe a wound from the tiny bullet of the modern rifle that he concludes that the enemy has no respect for the Geneva Convention, and is using the terrible explosive bullet which no civilized nation uses now. Surgeons who know their business are, says Answers, well aware of the explanation of this mistake. The explosive effects are due to the air which the bullet drives before it into the wound.

Any one can put the matter to a simple test. By dropping a round bullet into a glass of water from a height of one or two yards it will be seen that the moment the bullet touches the bottom a very large bubble of air will become detached and rise to the surface.

But when a rifle bullet is travelling at immense speed it drives before it a compressed bubble much larger still. A military surgeon fired a pistol ball into a vessel of water so arranged that he was able to catch and measure the air bubble, and he found it to be 100 times the size of the ball.

The destructive effects of this mass of air when it gets into a man's body may be imagined. It regularly explodes, tearing the muscles in a terrible manner. In fact, very often the soldier who is said to have died from a bullet wound is really killed by this explosive volume of air, which is appropriately called "projectile air."

Eau de Cologne Drinking. Eau de Cologne drinking is "a kind of inebriety that offers peculiar temptations to neurotic women," says The Hospital. It was long before it was realized that the taking of a few drops of the perfume on a lump of sugar was in any way a dangerous habit. In older books on the toilet one may find it recommended as tending to make the eyes bright. But there can be no doubt that the habit grows until it becomes absolutely a form of the drink craving.

Publicity a Cure for Evil. Publicity is the corrective of many evils. Ignorance is not to be confused with innocence. Prudence is masquerades a virtue which is in reality absent. Art has often suffered from the unholy zeal of the fanatic. The press has other standards to adopt than those of the pig or the hypocrite. Coarseness indeed is reprehensible. Heartlessness and flippancy are deplorable. Sensationalism is parasitical. But have as a rule newspapers pandered to these? Fairness will answer in the negative.

Sarcasm is an attribute the really really feminine woman should avoid.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Dr. J. C. Carter.

See Face-Smiley Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. PURELY VEGETABLE. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

LODGES
A. F. & M. E. LODGE, No. 46, G. R. C. A. F. & M. E. meets on the first Monday of every month, in Masonic Hall, Fifth Street, at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.
J. S. TURNER, W. M.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

THE A. O. U. W.
The man of moderate means who wants to provide for his family when he is gone, "and that is a duty every man owes to his family," can find no better, no safer, no cheaper plan than by becoming a member of the A. O. U. W. There is no man so poor that he cannot avail himself of its benefits. It is not a business investment organized for profit, but a fraternal beneficiary secret order. Hence the cheapness with which its affairs are conducted.

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S. C. BOGART—Veterinary Surgeon, All diseases of domestic animals skillfully treated. Dentistry in all its branches. Filing done without scarring. Offices open day and night. Office and residence, south side of market square. Telephone in connection.

DENTIST.
DR. A. McKENNEY, Dentist, Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, also of Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario. Teeth extracted absolutely without pain. Stairway next to King, Cunningham & Drew's hardware store, King street east.

MUSICAL.
Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marshall, having been appointed organist and choir-master of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, will receive pupils in singing, voice development, piano and organ. Classes in sight singing and church psalmody, on and after Sept. 4th. Residence, Park street, directly opposite Dr. Battisby's residence.

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W. FRANK SMITH—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Office, King Street, west of the market. Money to loan on Mortgages.

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