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Just as "SALADA" blacks have displaced China Teas and for the same reason

SALADA  
CEYLON GREEN TEABecause it is without coloring matter as used in all Japan; because, although of a similar flavor, it is much more delicious, healthful and economical.  
Sold only in half pound and quarter pound Lead Packets. At 40c per pound.

When a woman buys King Quality Shoes she saves \$2. They cost \$3 and have the appearance of \$5—that is how she saves \$2. These shoes are irreplaceable in material, style, fit and finish.

All trimmings are of silk, and they are the best shoes for the price on this earth. All the words in the English language could not tell the facts plainer than that.

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HOW ABOUT Your  
WATER AND  
STEAM HEAT

or your furnace; are they going to work all right when old Hottel makes you a sudden visit? Cold weather will be here soon now, and it is well to have your heating apparatus put in order before you start your fires! We will overhaul them or put in new hot water, steam or hot air furnace and heating apparatus at a reasonable cost.

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For

## Eddy's

'Eagle' Parlor Matches, 200

'Eagle' Parlor Matches, 100

'Victoria' Parlor Matches, 65

'Little Comet' Parlor Matches

The Finest in the World.

No Brimstone

The E. B. Eddy Co. Limited

Hull, Canada.

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LARGE QUANTITIES OF WHEAT, OATS, BARLEY, NEW AND OLD BEANS  
BUY KENT MILLS FLOUR

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

Flour made by the Gyrator System takes more water, and gives you a larger whiter and sweeter loaf, and makes more ovens to the barrel than any other Flour. Stevens Breakfast Food and Family Cornmeal, freshly ground, always on hand. Farmer's Feed ground on quick notice by a three reduction roller process, much ahead of the old system of chopping.

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...DRUG STORE...Removed next door to Geo. E. Young's Grocery  
opposite the Standard Bank.Radley's  
Stomach and Liver PillsThe Best Antibilious Pills in Use. Cures Dyspepsia and all  
Stomach and Liver Complaints.Have You Ever Tried Them?  
There is Nothing Better.

## Radley's Drug Store

## WANTED: A MILLION HEARTS.

All ye who've vacant hearts to rent or sell, Come bring them unto me. I'll pay ye well. I want them large, I want them deep and strong, I want them broad and echoing to song.  
Bring me no hearts to hold the mean or base; Bring me no heart that holds of sin a trace; Bring me no heart that's racked with jealous fears Nor one that's ever been saturated with fears.  
But good, clean, honest, empty hearts I ask; Not those that smile, yet crying secrets mask; Not those that harbor notions poor and small, But pure and sweet and true—I'll take 'em all.  
And hurry too, I want them now, today! This very minute send them on their way To house this love that from my own o'erflows, For—ah, I'll not tell you, but Phyllis knows!  
—John Kendrick Bangs in Woman's Home Companion.

## IN THE HOTEL OFFICE.

A Singular Story of a Man Who Met  
One Who Had Known Him  
Years Before.

It was a hotel clerk who told me this. If you make friends with a hotel clerk, you will generally find him ready to tell you stories, and sometimes the stories are good.

The hotel is a New York one and not one of those particularly gilded, plate glassed and velvet piled where everything seems to be for splendor and nothing for comfort. One great attraction about the house is its wide, roomy hall, which is always warm in winter and always cool in summer. You will find, sitting and sprawling about the long, broad lounges and the big chairs, dozens of men who are not registered at the hotel, nor ever have been, nor have even invested in a small glass of beer at the bar of the adjoining cafe.

One day in particular, in the month of February, was a great harvest time for that hotel hall. Every seat was occupied, and the clerk shrewdly guessed that the fine, driving snow that had been filling up all the chinks of the window frames had much to do with the size of the gathering about the heaters. Presently a man in a somewhat worn-out overcoat entered and began kicking snow from his feet and showering it from every part of his person.

The clerk, who had nothing else in particular to do just at that moment, saw that the large number of idlers who crowded the benches rather disconcerted him. In fact, the clerk noticed that the last comer was looking decidedly annoyed and guessed that his annoyance proceeded from the fact that there was no seat for him. He would have to loaf standing or else go into the cafe and let a waiter come and ask him what he would take, which would be inconvenient in the absence of the where-withal to pay.

The newcomer looked at him and seemed to take a sudden resolution, as if he had made up his mind that that clerk ought to be satisfied of his having some particular business in hand.

Having got his hat and his discarded overcoat finally clear of snow, he walked up to the desk boldly and asked, "Is Mr. Farquharson stopping here?"

"Which Mr. Farquharson, sir? What is his name?"

"Er—um—er—Ronald—Ronald Farquharson."

"Where does he register from?" the clerk asked, solemnly looking at the register.

"From—er—Ottawa."

"Ronald Farquharson, Ottawa, Canada," the clerk repeated, keeping his finger on one spot on the page of the register.

"Do you wish to see Mr. Farquharson? I don't know whether he's in. Yes; his key is here. Will you send up your card, sir?"

The clerk had some little difficulty in keeping his face straight while he made these routine inquiries of the visitor, for the visitor's eyes seemed about to pop out of his head. He opened his mouth once or twice before speaking.

"Well—er—yes—that is—"

"Ting!" the bell sounded, and a porter came forward to take the visitor's card.

"—I haven't a card with me," said the man who had come through the snowstorm to see Mr. Ronald Farquharson of Ottawa, Canada.

A blank card was produced, and the visitor, with some evident hesitation, wrote on it "John Henry Robinson."

The bellboy took the card away on a silver waiter, and John Henry walked up and down, seeming, as the clerk thought, rather nervous.

Presently a florid young man in brown tweeds came from the passage on one side of the clerk's desk. The young man was carrying a card in his hand and seemed puzzled.

"Where is this person?" he said, showing the card to the clerk.

"Mr. Robinson, sir? There he is, walking toward the door now. His back is turned."

"Did he say he knew me?"

"He asked for Mr. Ronald Farquharson, Ottawa, Canada."

"Got my whole name all right?"

"Yes; he had it as pat as you have it."

"That's funny," said Mr. Ronald Farquharson: "I have known a good many Robinsons in my time, but I never knew that any of them lived in New York—I beg your pardon, sir," he added, turning to the visitor, who was now near the desk. "I think this is your card. You have the advantage of me."

"Oh, yes," said the man in the frayed overcoat, laughing a rather forced laugh. "You're Mr. Ronald Farquharson—er of Ottawa—Ottawa, Canada. Heard that you were in New York, you know."

"That's odd," said the Canadian. "I only got here a few hours ago."

"That's right. Going to make a long stay?"

"Well, before I tell you about that

perhaps you'll give me some idea as to what your business may be with me."

"My business? Oh, yes. Well, you see, we Americans are always anxious to learn the views of prominent Canadians."

"About what?"

"Oh, about—about annexation, you know."

"I see. Well, why don't you go and ask Mr. James Scott Mulrhead or some of those other representative Canadians who are staying here. Why do you pitch on me? I suppose you haven't been a reporter for very long—haven't had much experience at the business."

"No," said the other man eagerly. "That's it. I haven't had much experience. I understood you were a representative Canadian."

"You did, eh?" the florid young man laughed. Then looking his visitor straight in the face, he said, "What paper do you happen to represent, Mr.?"

"Bour—er—Jones."

"Oh, you are Mr. Jones of the—what paper did you say?"

"I didn't say. I represent quite a lot of papers. It's a sort of trust, you know."

"I see. A news agency—New York papers?"

"Oh, no; western papers chiefly."

The clerk saw that as the conversation went on Robinson, alias Jones, got more and more nervous, while the Canadian seemed to be more and more thoughtfully interested in the interview.

On hearing that his visitor represented "western papers chiefly," Farquharson paused and seemed to consider. Then he suddenly said, "Well, Mr. Brown—By the way, Mr. Brown, haven't we met before?"

At that the representative of western papers gave a start and staring hard for one moment at Farquharson, said, with every appearance of embarrassment, "I don't think so—I'm afraid I mustn't detain you any longer."

And with that he turned and fled out into the snowy streets.

Farquharson went up to the clerk and, leaning against the desk, said, "Did you ever see that man before?"

"Never that I know of," said the clerk. "Of course a good many men pass in and out of here every day."

"Well, then," said the man from Ottawa, "let me give you a pointer about him. Years ago, when I was a boy in Detroit, I worked in a big clothing store, and that man—his real name is Boudierby, though his card says 'Robinson,' and he also answers to Jones and Brown—that man Boudierby was bookkeeper. He got into trouble about his accounts and skipped out west. Did he see my name on the register?"

"No," said the clerk. "He was loafing in here and came and asked for the first name he could think of, I suppose, just as an excuse to stand about and get warm. They do that sometimes—an old trick."

"Yes, but it's funny he should have thought of my name, wasn't it, when he had evidently forgotten all about me. Thought I was a Canadian even. I don't even live in Canada, you know; only go there now and again on business. And how do you account for his happening to connect my name with Ottawa? He only knew me slightly before he stole that money and skipped. But the funniest thing about it all is that now I can tell his old path, where he happened to know slightly in Detroit, that he son is alive and well. That's what I'm going to do when I get back."

"And yet," the clerk remarked when he told me the story, "some people say there is no Providence."—Philadelphia Item.

A Frightful Fate.

"As we put to sea," says Captain Younghusband in his book on Japan, "we passed a sunken steamer, the Anglia, and afterward heard the ghastly story of her loss. She touched a sand bank, beeled over and capsized in a few seconds, but the water was not deep, and one side of her remained above. The majority of the passengers and crew got off in boats or on floating spars, but a few were caught below in her cabins."

"We have often read of martyrs of old, who were tied to posts in the sea and left to drown by inches with the rising tide. Imagine, then, the fate of these poor fellows. The portholes were just large enough for a man to put his head through, but no more. The ship was of iron, and to enlarge the holes in the time available was an impossibility, though an attempt was made with cold chisels. The boats from another ship came alongside and handed food and drink to the doomed men and gave them such encouragement as was possible."

"But the tide rose inch by inch, and at last the time arrived when it seemed better for all that the boats should leave, for to remain was but to prolong the agony on both sides. Some of the imprisoned cursed and foamed at the mouth with anguish. Some prayed. Some, in the cold sweat of despair, besought the boat's crews to shoot them ere they left. Sadly and silently the boats slipped away. The tide rose, and the last shrieks of the dying men sank into the sign of the rising waves."

He Was His Own Dentist.

A Foxcraft man who was suffering from a toothache while "seven miles from a dentist," attended to the aching molar himself by tying a fishline around it, fastening the other end of the line to a hook in the post of the piazza and sitting down quickly.

This reminds a Bath man of a neighbor of his who always extracted his own teeth. If an upper one, he tied a string around it, with a heavy weight at the other end of the line, mounted to the haymow and dropped the stone. If a lower tooth was the one aching, he stood on the floor and threw the weight up over a door.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.



Sickness in the family is hard enough to bear under the best of conditions. It almost always cuts off part of the regular income, and when on top of that it adds unreasonably to the expense it seems almost too great a burden for any family in moderate circumstances to endure.

But there is a way to avoid most of these unnecessary expenses besides preventing a great deal of the sickness itself.

"Doctor's visits come high," says Mrs. Bela F. Howard, of Glen Ellen, Sonoma Co., Cal. "I have been in this place sixteen years and have only had a doctor once in my family since that time, thanks to Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser and his medicines. This book saves doctor's visits. I cannot do without it in the house. I have had two copies but cannot keep them. Enclosed I send one-cent stamps for another copy." Another lady, Mrs. Jennie Warren, of Clifton, Graham Co., Arizona, says, "With pleasure I write to you again to let you know that I feel as well and good as I ever did. My favorite prescription I have been entirely cured. I thank you a thousand times for your good advice. I think that if every person who is sick in any way will write to you for advice and will take the medicine you prescribe, according to directions, no other doctor's services will be needed."

The great thousand-page Medical Adviser will be sent free paper-bound for 31 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of customs and mailing only; or in clothing-binding 50 stamps. Address R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y. He will send professional advice (in a plain sealed envelope) free of charge. All letters are considered in sacred privacy, and never published, except by the writer's permission.

## A VERY OLD CUSTOM.

It Still Prevails in the Beautiful Country on Both Sides of the Danube

At the Summer Solstice Fires are Lit on all the More Prominent Heights of the Mountains in the Neighborhood

A quaint old custom still prevails in the beautiful country on both sides of the Danube, some hundred miles above Vienna, commonly called the Wachau. At the summer solstice fires are lit on all the more prominent heights of the mountains that give the Wachau its peculiar charm. The picturesque towns and villages on both shores are beautifully illuminated and the bridges across the great river are ablaze with a million lights. The most charming sight of all this year was the illumination of the ruins of Castle Durnstein, above Krems, the legendary castle where Richard (Coeur de Lion) heard Blondel sing outside his prison walls. This festival is now called Johannistag, or St. John's fête, by a devout population, but the old people call it by its real Pagan name, Sonnenwendfeuer Solstice.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A flirt at 20 is apt to be an old maid at 30.

Everything comes to those who wait. It is now the autumn leaves' turn.

A man finds himself in the hands of a hard creditor when he borrows trouble.

Hair dye deceives people who use it into thinking they are deceiving other people.

It is a pity the average man can't borrow money as easily as he can borrow trouble.

Everything comes to the man who waits, but it's different with some women.

A man's reputation often depends upon the things that are not found out about him.

About the straightest thing in this crooked world is the outline of railway on the map issued by the company.

The Vegetarian's Heart.

The heart of a vegetarian beats on an average 58 to the minute; that of the meat eater 75. This represents a difference of 20,000 beats in twenty-four hours.

CARTER'S  
LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also Relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

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Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills

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voice development, piano and organ.  
Classes in sight singing and church  
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At 4 1/2 and 5%  
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