







DRS. CORNELL & FISHER DENTISTS

TU-NIGHT

Court Companion, No. 521, I. O. F. 8 o'clock.

THE LOCAL BUDGET

Mrs. Helen Smith is visiting in Windsor and Walkerville. A. McDonnell, C. E., is attending Drainage Court in Stratford.

Red Tag Sale.

C. AUSTIN & CO. ATTEND THE GREAT STOCK REDUCTION RED TAG SALE AT AUSTIN'S. \$30,000 Surplus Stock to be Cleared Out in Six Weeks

It is the unexpected that always happens, is an old saying. It has been proved true this year in regard to the weather. After the unusually severe winter weather which restricted every Spring trade, most people looked for an early warm spring, but it didn't come.

WHY WE CALL IT A RED TAG SALE.

Because every article that is reduced has a red tag or ticket with the special price marked on it in plain figures so you can readily see whether you are buying goods at special prices or not. All Goods Marked in Plain Figures, and strictly one price to all.

Sales Commences Wed'y, June 15

Continuing throughout July until the stock is reduced to the required limit. As this is a bona-fide stock reduction sale when any special line is sold out it will not be repeated. The Earlier You Come the Better the Selection.

PARASOLS. Your choice of any \$1.50 or \$1.75 Ladies' parasols in our stock during our red tag sale for \$1.25. CORSETS. 10 dozen women's bustle corsets, one of our new models, long hip, straight front, nicely trimmed, regular 75c value, red tag sale price 49c.

RAINPROOFS

2 only ladies' three quarter length jackets, grey tweed effect, triple cape, trimmed with silk piping, regular price \$10.00, sale price \$7.00.

PRINT WRAPPERS

\$1.00-Of print, good washing, colors, neat patterns, lined to waist, boucree on skirt, fitted back, loose front, collar in front, collar trimmed with small ruffle.

SATIN UNDERSKIRTS

\$1.75-Of fine mercerized satens with deep boucree, tucked or pleated. Some have circular boucree trimmed with small ruffle. Regular price \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75.

GOWNS

At 39c-Ladies Gowns of white cotton trimmed with frills around neck and sleeves and down pleat, regular price 50c.

PETTICOATS

\$1.00-Of white cambric with muslin flounce, finished with hem and 2 rows of wide inserted, regular price \$1.50.

SHIRTTWAISTS

\$1.50-Shirtwaists of fine white lawn and heavier materials, some have fronts of all-over embroidery, others are prettily trimmed with embroidery or lace insertion and tucking.

JUNIORS LOST

The Junior Juniors played at Blensheim yesterday and lost by a score of four goals to nil. Our boys say the Blenheimites loaded up with some of their senior team and didn't give them a show at lacrosse.

CHICAGO MARKETS

Table with columns: Grain, Price, Open, High, Low, Close. Includes data for Wheat, Corn, Soybeans, etc.

POND LILY CREAM

For the HANDS. For the FACE. For the SUNBURN. For the MASSAGE. As a massage cream. After a close shave. It dries quickly. It is not sticky. A white velvety lotion soothing to an irritated skin rendering it soft and smooth.

The Crystal Pharmacy. J. H. DENNIS, PROF. Successor to Ed. T. Jones.

HERE'S A SALE YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS



If you know a man who wants a good looking and strong wearing summer suit, top coat or a pair of trousers, but doesn't want to pay its price, you'll do him a big favor by telling him what is going on here.

TELL HIM, TELL HIM. Tell him too, that he's got to be quick for such things don't happen often, nor last long. We find we have more suits than we ought to have and stock must be reduced at once. We want the money but don't want this clothing. This will give you an idea of what's doing here.

\$12.00, \$13.50, \$15.00 Men's Suits. Our Red Tag Sale Price \$9.99

This lot consists of all this seasons latest effects and styles. The new three button, double breasted, long lapelle. The single breasted Army Suit in Worsted Serges, Tweeds and novelty patterns. Big selection, every garment marked down has red tag, look for it.

OF ADVANTAGE TO BOYS

Ages 5 to 13. Boys \$3.00 and \$3.50-2 pc. Suits. Our Red Tag Sale Price, \$2.48. The feet of the Boys will be drawn towards Austins, during this great sale, ages 5 to 13 are interested in this lot. Over 100 Suits in the lot, all Wool, Cheviot, Chalk Lane, Worsted, and less than \$3.00 to \$3.50.

MEN'S TROUSERS

\$5.50 to \$3.00. OUR RED TAG SALE PRICE \$1.98. Men's Sewell Pattern, Tweed and Worsted Trousers, Gentel Hair Stripes and the new wide patterns, neat Shepherd Checks and overplaid, full range of sizes, extra value, \$2.50 to \$3.00, all got in at \$1.98 at our Red Tag Sale.

A DRESS STRAW HAT BARGAIN

for Men and Boys. Two Tables, 50c and 75c Straws Our Red Tag Sale Price 25c, 50c. Nobby Sailors and full Telescope and Fedora styles. Rustic and plain Straws a snap while they last.

IMPORTED NEGLIGEE SHIRTS

worth as high as \$1.25. Our Red Tag Sale Price, 75c. Handsome patterns in Madras, Cambrie, Zepher, plaited or plain Bosoms, also fancy white, sizes 12 to 17, over 50 dozen to select from.

RED TAG SALE In the CARPET AND DRAPERY DEPT

200 Yards English Tapestry Carpet in good shades of Mahogany, greens and lawn, regular 50c value during Red Tag Sale at 42c per yd.

A SALE IN MILLINERY

AT 20 CENTS-Children's Straw Sailors in Mixed Colors, all sizes. AT 50 CENTS-White Maslin Baby Bonnets, nicely embroidered and trimmed with ruffling of lace, or frills of embroidery and net ruffling, worth 75c. to \$1.00.

FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE

AT 19 CENTS-Purple Violets, light and dark shades, worth from 25c to 40c, a bunch. AT 25 CENTS-An assortment of Flowers and Foliage, worth from 50c to 75c.

SYRINGES. We are showing in our King St. Window a new stock of Rubber Goods and want to call attention to a special value in Fountain Syringes and Hot Water Bottles.

C. AUSTIN & CO., MARKET SQUARE CORNER, CHATHAM.



Turn Time Backward, Be Young Again.



At last there is hope for the army of young, old, middle-aged men who either through early...

Pay When You Are Cured. The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make...

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

Ladies' Favorite. Is the only safe, reliable, regulator of which woman can depend...

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Chatham by all Druggists.

LOGGERS.

WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 45, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month...

DENTAL.

A. A. HICKS, D. D. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery...

LEGAL.

SMITH, HERBERT D.—County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. THOMAS SOULLARD—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block, Chatham, Ont. THOMAS SOULLARD.

BAKING

Give your wife a chance and she'll bake bread like that mother used to make. For rolls and biscuits that require to be baked quickly there's nothing like Gas.

THE CHATHAM GAS CO Limited, King St. Phone 31

No man ever did a designed injury to another but at the same time he did a greater to himself.

A Bermuda Fisherman's Daughter

By Kate Upson Clark Copyright, 1904, by Kate Upson Clark

IN common with many of his fellow islanders, Thomas Gilbert found himself before he was fifty years old suffering with rheumatism. He had been brought up to gardening and still assisted in the care of the rector's simple grounds...

Mrs. Gilbert had been taken from some charitable institution in London and brought to Bermuda in her childhood by the rector's wife. At that time Thomas Gilbert took care of the rector's horse and his gardens. The young people fell in love early, but they had been so happy in the rectory service that they had not married until they were past thirty.

When the year had rolled around again and still there had been no word for her from John Masters, Brenda was sitting under a great Pride of India tree near her home one evening when Martin came strolling up. She was in a soft and tender mood, and his deference and devotion seemed grateful to her humiliated spirit.

She took it and began to glance over the pages in the dim light. He talked on quietly. Then he grew more earnest. "Oh, Brenda," he pleaded, his face working with the passion which he had kept in check so long and loved you so all the time!

One day the mother came upon her daughter crying among the lemon trees in the garden. "What is it?" she asked, sitting down beside the girl and taking her head in her motherly lap. "He—he's going away!" sobbed the heartbroken beauty. "Who—Martin?" "No, John Masters."

"Mother," said Brenda resolutely, "you might as well know that I never shall marry anybody but John Masters. We are engaged, and all that, but you mustn't care about him, Brenda, and I've said so before. They wouldn't like it, and I could see that the rector's lady thought it wasn't suitable. Remember that you are in the station in which Providence has been pleased to place you. Why can't you oblige your father and mother and take Martin?"

by his going pretty well, and father's rheumatism is better, and maybe I can help a little up at the hall, and so we can manage even if I am not married for two or three years. Oh, I love him so, mother! You can't imagine how I love him! And he's going away!"

The mother could stand it no longer. She tossed Brenda's fair head away from her as if it had been a worthless sweet potato and marched into the house, mimicking her loveliest daughter's tone as she did so.

The day came when John Masters was to sail. The engagement was to be kept perfectly quiet for the present. In order to that end Martin Mears was to be allowed to come to the Gilbert cottage occasionally, but Brenda had declared that she should never say one word to any young man to amuse or entertain him. Her lover should never have the slightest cause for jealousy.

The next steamer did not get in until a fortnight later. It arrived on a Sunday, and the mails were opened on Monday. Brenda could not get away in the morning. She thought it was not likely that she could receive the mail if she did, for such matters were so slowly in the islands. In the afternoon she went, there was nothing for her. But that was not very strange, she reflected. She really ought not to expect anything before another steamer.

When he came to his dinner the letters lay beside his plate. He recognized them instantly. One of the children was taking its noonday nap. He sent the other to be fed by the negro woman in the kitchen. Brenda was sitting in her place colorless and her eyes fixed on him and burning with remorse. Then he dropped upon the floor and groveled at her feet, and she spoke for the first time.

"How could you, Martin; how could you?" "Oh, I know it wasn't right, Brenda," he said hoarsely, "but I loved you! You don't know how I loved you! Nobody ever loved anybody so. I had to have you, and so I got Digby to get the letters, and I paid him not to let you have them. Oh, it wasn't right! But it was the only way that I saw to get you. And I haven't been good to you, Brenda? Haven't I done everything for you?"

She rose and left him. His touch seemed to poison her. A week followed of horrible, silent suffering for them both. Then came a scene which she had pictured to herself for many years. Even since her marriage she could not help sometimes imagining it, though she had tried to be a good and faithful wife to the one who, as she now knew, had robbed her of the only man whom she had ever loved.

"Dressing herself the next day with uncommon care, she set forth. Yes, Mrs. Masters was at home. Brenda had written her name on a plain card which she handed to the maid. She heard Mrs. Masters coming down the stairs. She rose, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. Then it occurred to her that of course John was living. If he had died everybody

would have known it. What a fool she had been to come here! Yes, Martin was right. He had a certain hard sense which she had always admired in him. Or perhaps she could get out without seeing anybody, after all. Her gown almost escaped from her in shrieks.

"Did you wish to see me?" A cold, stately personage stood before her. Brenda remained standing. She saw that the woman recognized her. How much had John told her? Oh, what should she say? The haughty woman waited, staring at her. A pitiful smile crept over the girl's face underneath her dotted veil. She put her hands out as though to catch hold of something. Then she tottered and fell. The satin sofa caught her, and the cold woman was warmed up to the extent of lifting the fainting girl's veil and pulling off her gloves, while she rang the bell for assistance.

Before anybody could answer it Brenda had come to herself and had sat up on the sofa, looking the proud mother before her full in the eyes.

"Tell me," she said breathlessly—"tell me before anybody comes—is John well? Tell me! Tell me!" "Yes," said John's mother, a stern crease over her handsome face, which was the counterpart of her son's. "I cannot imagine why you want to know. But John is finely established in New York. We have many friends and relatives there, and he is very happy."

One day Brenda was in her store-room, when in moving a small box of her husband's, which he always kept locked, it fell to the floor. The lock broke, and a package of unopened letters dropped out. Brenda's blood froze in her veins as she looked at them. They were addressed to her in the handwriting of John Masters. She tore them open feverishly and read them—letters full of love at first, of agonized doubt and fear later, then of despair. One letter had been written after her marriage. "Oh, how could you leave me, my darling? Could you not wait for me? Have I not done all that I could for you? You have stripped me of all my brightness for me. Oh, if I could only know what has come between us!"

She wept in great gusts of passion as she read on. And her husband had kept these letters from her. She hated him. When he came to his dinner the letters lay beside his plate. He recognized them instantly. One of the children was taking its noonday nap. He sent the other to be fed by the negro woman in the kitchen. Brenda was sitting in her place colorless and her eyes fixed on him and burning with remorse. Then he dropped upon the floor and groveled at her feet, and she spoke for the first time.

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"I never got your letters until last week, John," she said simply. "I am married, as you know. These are my children, but I married in a fit of wounded pride and despair because I

did not hear from you. I know now that I have always loved you just the same, though I am prepared to live on with my husband and to try to be a good wife to him and a faithful mother to my children. Come and tell me about yourself!"

She led him to the vine wreathed porch, and they sat down together on the bench. The evening wore on. The negro nurse put the children to bed. Still the long separated man and woman talked on. Then Martin Mears came home. Brenda did not look toward him, and the stern expression upon the face of John Masters forbade any speech between him and the man who had so wronged him. Humbly Martin Mears crept past them and went in.

The window of his room opened upon the porch. He threw himself down in his clothes upon the bed. The hours flew, and still John Masters and Brenda

"I cannot imagine why you want to know." He talked on, unmindful of life or death or the lapse of time, while the miserable husband listened.

He heard a description of what the true lover of his wife had suffered. He heard her tell John Masters how she had watched and waited for a letter, then how she had married, but how an awful mystery had hung over her throughout it all and had made her different from her old self and like a person in a dream. Martin Mears groaned to himself, it was all true. She had been kind to him, but it was the kindness of one who knows not what she does.

Suddenly a light began to shoot up from the east. "Is there a fire, Brenda?" asked John Masters. She looked steadily for a moment toward the new light. "The sun is rising, John," she said. "We have talked all night, though it has seemed but an hour. It is the last day for us. You must go, and you must never come back. We must never see each other again."

She broke into a piteous sob. Martin Mears heard the man sob, too, as he tried to still her. "Don't, Brenda," he pleaded. "It is harder for me than for you. Remember that I would love to gather you in my arms and comfort you. I could do that in the old days, but not now. You are another man's wife. It is true that he is a villain, but you are still bound to him. Our only solace must be that we have always been true, and I shall be yours until I die."

The man's self control and high principle astounded the listening husband. "He knows that I hear all that he says," he muttered to himself, "but he knows, too, that whatever he might do I could not say anything." He writhed upon his bed in an agony of remorse. He rose presently and passed them, jostling them rudely as they stood, pale and wretched, at the gate in the dawn.



Do you ever think your boy plays too hard? I tell you a boy that knows how to play has good stuff in him. He'll work all the better for it by and by. But remember, he's burning up a lot of energy. Give him plenty of "FORCE."

Sunday Jim

A boy can easily grow thin and starved and anemic, even if he does eat his meals three times a day—unless the food is the right kind. It isn't what you eat that counts—it's only what digests—the power that is absorbed and builds up muscles and nerves and brain. "FORCE" is the ideal food for growing children, because it not only digests itself but helps to digest the other food substances that are eaten with it.

"FORCE" is made in Canada.

Advertisement for Sewing Machines. Features the text: =125= Sewing Machines ON HAND. THE WHITE IS KING. We want you to let us do your summer sewing for you that you may become familiar with the merits of our machine. Geo. Stephens & Co.

Advertisement for Maple City Creamery Butter. Features the text: ASK FOR MAPLE CITY CREAMERY BUTTER. If your grocer does not keep it order your weekly supply from THE CREAMERY. FRESH EVERY DAY, AT 20c. POUND. Delivered any day you wish. CREAM and BUTTER MILK delivered with butter orders. Corner ADELAIDE and KING STS. Phone 242

Advertisement for Sutherland Sisters. Features the text: SEVEN SEVEN SEVEN Sutherland Sisters Will give a FREE DEMONSTRATION of their HEAD and SCALP PREPARATION on JUNE 13th and following week at the Central Drug Store, Chatham.

Subscribe Now

Advertisement for Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Features the text: Neglect a cough and contract consumption. Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic. cures consumption, but don't leave it too long. Try it now. Your money back if it doesn't benefit you.

Advertisement for Parrott & Rothwell. Features the text: Parrott & Rothwell Real Estate bought, sold or exchanged. Money to loan at low rates. No commission charged borrowers. Houses to rent. Collections made. Fire and Life Insurance in safe companies. Call and see us. Office King St. North wood block, West of Big Clock. Chatham, Ontario.

Mildard's Liniment Cures Disrupter



