



Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy, than to take the remedy into the stomach?

**Vapo-Cresolene**

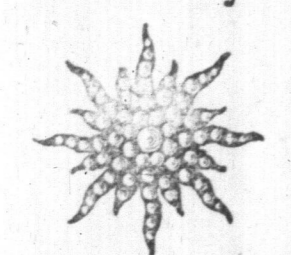
Established 1875.  
Cures While You Sleep

It cures because the tenderly strong antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children. Is a boon to asthmatics.

Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Croup, Catarrh, Colds, Grippe and Hay Fever. The Vapo-Cresolene and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, together with a bottle of Cresolene, \$2.00. Extra supply of 100 bottles 25 cents and 50 cents. Write for descriptive booklet containing highest testimony as to its value. VAPOR-CRESCOLINE IS SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Vapo-Cresolene Co.  
150 Fulton Street New York  
150, Notre Dame Street Montreal

## Christmas Jewelry.



THE Brooch which we show above (No. 900) is a Sun Burst Pattern of 14k. gold mounted with sixty-five pearls. We send it to any address for \$24.00.

We have hundreds of other styles. You may save a goodly amount on your Christmas purchases by sending for our 1902 catalogue. We send it free of cost.

You will find in it illustrations of innumerable gift pieces at prices most inviting.

**Ryrie Bros.,**  
Jewelers,  
Yonge and Adelaide Streets,  
Toronto.

"DIAMOND HALL" Est. 1854.

## Radley's Cough Cure

25c per Bottle  
Is the best preparation on the market for Coughs and Colds.

The Bell Telephone Co.,  
Of Canada.

A New Issue of the  
Subscribers' Directory

For the District of Western Ontario, including the Chatham Exchange, will be issued early in September. Orders for new connections, changes of address, changes of names, duplicate entry of names, etc., should be placed at once to ensure their appearance.

F. D. LAURIE, Local Manager.

Money to Loan on Mortgages  
4 and 5 per Cent.

FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.

Brick house, two stories 7 rooms, lot 40 feet front, by 208 feet deep, \$1100.00.

Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 ft., good stable, \$1100.00.

House and lot, 9 rooms, \$1050.00.

House and lot, 5 rooms, \$400.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 50 acres, All cleared, Good house and barn, \$3,100.00.

Farm in Township of Harwich, 200 acres, Large house, barn and out-buildings, \$12,000.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 46 acres, Good house, new stable and granary, \$2,250.00.

Two acres in suburbs of Chatham, \$1,500.00.

Valuable suburban residence, 11 rooms, with seven acres of land. Good stable, \$5,000.00.

Apply to  
W. F. SMITH,  
Barrister

## RAYMOND'S TIP

By...  
John Gregory

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson

"It's affection—nothing else!" exclaimed little Miss Grayson, dropping her morning paper to stare after the tall, slender figure following the path to the beach.

"She dropped her handkerchief this morning near the dining room door, and when I called her attention to the fact she merely said, 'Thank you,' and hurried on before I had a chance to say another word." This in an injured tone from Miss Berger, who was sorting embroidery silks.

"You should be grateful that she even thanked you," Dan Marlowe replied idly.

"She despises men—doesn't want to meet any one."

"Imagine a summer girl who despises men!" murmured Dan.

"Perhaps she wants to bury herself from the world and nurse a bruised and tortured heart," suggested Miss Allen, who was tall, angular and tailor made in carriage and dress.

"Perhaps she has a past she wants to forget," suggested Miss Grayson, a bit maliciously. Walter Raymond hardly heard the gossip. He was back in the city. The sharp clang of the elevated trains rose above the laughter and murmur of voices on the porch.

He was thinking of the girl who morning after morning had boarded the same train with him at One Hundred and Sixth street. He remembered how he had learned to watch for her, to study her little tricks of catching up vagrant locks of hair, of holding her skirt and swinging her purse. He remembered how disappointed he had been on several occasions when he had missed that train. She never missed it. Then he pushed back his hat. The figure was disappearing beyond the line of gray rocks leading to the cove. He wondered if, after all, it was not fate.

Pretty Bessie Kavanagh was not a man biter on general principles; neither was she recovering from the after effects of a heart tragedy. She was simply exhausted by ten months of unrelenting, exacting service as private secretary to a prominent insurance man, who was more dependent than he cared to admit upon his capable stenographer.

Three days before, when the train had rounded Pigeon Cove, Bessie Kavanagh

had given a gasp of delight and had felt a wild desire to stretch her arms out to the waves beating in sullen solitude on the curving beach.

"Think of it! Three long, beautiful weeks with that magnificent sea! Oh, I know it will sing me to sleep tonight!"

The hostess of Sea Cliff cottage followed the new arrival to her room in the "L." She was a tired, busy soul, and somehow she had liked the brief, businesslike letters Miss Kavanagh had written:

"I hope you'll be comfortable, Miss Kavanagh, and have a good night's rest. There's a sailing party starting out early tomorrow morning, and—"

"Thank you, but I'm a wretched sailor. I think I'll be perfectly satisfied with the beach."

"Well, you'll get acquainted after a bit. There's some real nice young people here this year."

Miss Kavanagh hesitated a minute, then with a winning smile replied:

"Thank you again, but I'll consider it a great favor, Mrs. Brown, if you don't introduce me to the other boarders. What I need is to be alone—away from people—if I am to go back to my work rested. You won't think me ungrateful, will you? But, really, if once I meet them, you know, I'll be drawn in to the swim."

Tired little Mrs. Brown left the room feeling half dazed. Here was a new boarder who was satisfied with just the sea. She gave strict orders that no one was to share with Miss Kavanagh the small, round table in the bay window of the dining room, and the girl who wanted to be let alone was quite content until she caught Walter Raymond gravely regarding her from the far end of the long dining room. Where had she seen that face before?

Oh, yes, and she almost smiled as she remembered. It was the morning

she lost her purse. He had followed her to the platform with the trifle of leather and silver mountings. He had missed the train, too, and had been obliged to wait for the next one—all for her purse.

Then she bent her head to catch the roar of the ocean and forgot Raymond and his courtesy.

The days rolled on happily, peacefully, for Bessie Kavanagh. For Walter Raymond it was a feverish procession of hours that brought him ever nearer to the end of his vacation, with no prospect of meeting Miss Kavanagh. He scorned the ordinary means of making a casual acquaintance.

The landlady had told him quietly, but firmly, that Miss Kavanagh did not care to be introduced to any one. He was beginning to feel that, after all, it was not fate when the telegram appeared.

Not that it was the first telegram Miss Kavanagh had received. Her employer had been obliged to consult her by wire on an average of once a day ever since her arrival.

Raymond was smoking on the shady side of the porch. The messenger tossed him the yellow envelope, saying:

"Answer—an' tell her to be quick. Got another message here for the Burton cottage."

Raymond's feet came down from the railing to the porch with a bang. The cottage was wonderfully quiet. He finally found Mrs. Brown in the kitchen.

"Oh, dear, another telegram for Miss Kavanagh. And Albert's gone to the store. I can't leave this strawberry jam, or it'll burn. Would you mind, Mr. Raymond, just to take that to her room?"

Would he mind? Perhaps it was fate, after all, in the form of a dusty messenger boy. A minute later he was stalking down the cool, dark entry leading to Miss Kavanagh's door. His knock was answered by a gentle "Yes."

"A telegram, and the boy is waiting for a reply," he called rather hoarsely, for he felt oddly nervous.

The door opened just wide enough for the message to be placed in a tanned, but graceful hand. There were a rustle of skirts, the scratch of a pen, then a quick step toward the door. The same hand, a prettily curved wrist and a half bare arm, over which fell a lace ruffle, were thrust through the narrow aperture.

"Thank you, Albert; there's the answer. The time is for yourself."

By desperate effort Raymond refrained from bending over to kiss the arm so temptingly close.

"Thank you, Miss Kavanagh, but this is not Albert. It's Mr. Raymond, but I'd like to keep the dime—"

A gasp, and the door opened far enough to show a blushing face and a mass of tumbled, waving hair.

"Oh, Mr. Raymond, I—I am so sorry—I beg your pardon." Then remembering her tumbled locks, she shut the door fast, and whispered through the keyhole: "I—I'll see you some other time."

The messenger boy departed with wonder in his soul. Raymond had tipped him 50 cents, an unheard-of extravagance at Pigeon Cove. But Miss Kavanagh's dime formed no part of the exorbitant tip, for polished and emblazoned with a certain monogram, it now graced Raymond's watch chain.

And Raymond says that Mrs. Brown of Sea Cliff cottage is surely coming to the wedding, for if she had not been stirring strawberry jam and sent him to deliver Miss Kavanagh's telegram it never would have happened. Which goes to show that Mr. Raymond has transferred his faith from fate to "tips."

When Tennyson was rebuked.

Little as Tennyson cared for society, he was sometimes to be met in houses which interested him, and one of these was the Duchess of Bedford's, in Eaton square. It was at a party there one evening that he saw a certain great lady of whom he had heard, but whom he did not know. He desired to be introduced to her, or perhaps to her lady, who was sometimes regal—desired that she might be presented to him. In whichever way it was the ceremony took place, and Tennyson's second remark was this question: "Oh, Lady Blank, do I know Lord Blank?"

The person about whom he thus inquired was a peer who, though young, had won much distinction in public life and was widely known in private.

His wife was devoted to him and jealous of any word which sounded like disparagement of his position or indifference to his renown. She looked Tennyson in the face and answered, with perfect composure of manner: "I am sure, Lord Tennyson, I can't say. I never heard him mention your name in my life." For a moment the poet was staggered by this straight hit from the shoulder, but he had the good sense and good temper to take it well.

Curious Picture Frames.

In many churches of Provence and Italy, especially those near the sea, ex voto paintings placed on the walls in accordance with vows made by pilgrims in moments of danger are often remarkable for their frames. Among the curiosities may be enumerated laths formed of splinters from ships that have been wrecked, also frames made of pieces of heavy cables, occasionally painted bright hues, but sometimes left in their primitive gray color or splashed with tar. Nailed to the laths surrounding a painting representing sailors fighting with fierce savages may be seen African or Polynesian spears and darts or swords made of hardwood, evidently fragments of terrible struggles. Sailors or landmen who have met their primitive gray color at sea and who have no trophies to display will surround their paintings with broad bands of wood, heavily incrustured with shells and seaweed, not infrequently of rare and extremely beautiful kinds.

she lost her purse. He had followed her to the platform with the trifle of leather and silver mountings. He had missed the train, too, and had been obliged to wait for the next one—all for her purse.

Then she bent her head to catch the roar of the ocean and forgot Raymond and his courtesy.

The days rolled on happily, peacefully, for Bessie Kavanagh. For Walter Raymond it was a feverish procession of hours that brought him ever nearer to the end of his vacation, with no prospect of meeting Miss Kavanagh. He scorned the ordinary means of making a casual acquaintance.

The landlady had told him quietly, but firmly, that Miss Kavanagh did not care to be introduced to any one. He was beginning to feel that, after all, it was not fate when the telegram appeared.

Not that it was the first telegram Miss Kavanagh had received. Her employer had been obliged to consult her by wire on an average of once a day ever since her arrival.

Raymond was smoking on the shady side of the porch. The messenger tossed him the yellow envelope, saying:

"Answer—an' tell her to be quick. Got another message here for the Burton cottage."

Raymond's feet came down from the railing to the porch with a bang. The cottage was wonderfully quiet. He finally found Mrs. Brown in the kitchen.

"Oh, dear, another telegram for Miss Kavanagh. And Albert's gone to the store. I can't leave this strawberry jam, or it'll burn. Would you mind, Mr. Raymond, just to take that to her room?"

Would he mind? Perhaps it was fate, after all, in the form of a dusty messenger boy. A minute later he was stalking down the cool, dark entry leading to Miss Kavanagh's door. His knock was answered by a gentle "Yes."

"A telegram, and the boy is waiting for a reply," he called rather hoarsely, for he felt oddly nervous.

The door opened just wide enough for the message to be placed in a tanned, but graceful hand. There were a rustle of skirts, the scratch of a pen, then a quick step toward the door. The same hand, a prettily curved wrist and a half bare arm, over which fell a lace ruffle, were thrust through the narrow aperture.

"Thank you, Albert; there's the answer. The time is for yourself."

By desperate effort Raymond refrained from bending over to kiss the arm so temptingly close.

"Thank you, Miss Kavanagh, but this is not Albert. It's Mr. Raymond, but I'd like to keep the dime—"

A gasp, and the door opened far enough to show a blushing face and a mass of tumbled, waving hair.

"Oh, Mr. Raymond, I—I am so sorry—I beg your pardon." Then remembering her tumbled locks, she shut the door fast, and whispered through the keyhole: "I—I'll see you some other time."

The messenger boy departed with wonder in his soul. Raymond had tipped him 50 cents, an unheard-of extravagance at Pigeon Cove. But Miss Kavanagh's dime formed no part of the exorbitant tip, for polished and emblazoned with a certain monogram, it now graced Raymond's watch chain.

And Raymond says that Mrs. Brown of Sea Cliff cottage is surely coming to the wedding, for if she had not been stirring strawberry jam and sent him to deliver Miss Kavanagh's telegram it never would have happened. Which goes to show that Mr. Raymond has transferred his faith from fate to "tips."

When Tennyson was rebuked.

Little as Tennyson cared for society, he was sometimes to be met in houses which interested him, and one of these was the Duchess of Bedford's, in Eaton square. It was at a party there one evening that he saw a certain great lady of whom he had heard, but whom he did not know. He desired to be introduced to her, or perhaps to her lady, who was sometimes regal—desired that she might be presented to him. In whichever way it was the ceremony took place, and Tennyson's second remark was this question: "Oh, Lady Blank, do I know Lord Blank?"

The person about whom he thus inquired was a peer who, though young, had won much distinction in public life and was widely known in private.

His wife was devoted to him and jealous of any word which sounded like disparagement of his position or indifference to his renown. She looked Tennyson in the face and answered, with perfect composure of manner: "I am sure, Lord Tennyson, I can't say. I never heard him mention your name in my life." For a moment the poet was staggered by this straight hit from the shoulder, but he had the good sense and good temper to take it well.

Curious Picture Frames.

In many churches of Provence and Italy, especially those near the sea, ex voto paintings placed on the walls in accordance with vows made by pilgrims in moments of danger are often remarkable for their frames. Among the curiosities may be enumerated laths formed of splinters from ships that have been wrecked, also frames made of pieces of heavy cables, occasionally painted bright hues, but sometimes left in their primitive gray color or splashed with tar. Nailed to the laths surrounding a painting representing sailors fighting with fierce savages may be seen African or Polynesian spears and darts or swords made of hardwood, evidently fragments of terrible struggles. Sailors or landmen who have met their primitive gray color at sea and who have no trophies to display will surround their paintings with broad bands of wood, heavily incrustured with shells and seaweed, not infrequently of rare and extremely beautiful kinds.

## CLUBS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Queer Organizations in Several American Cities.

"Courtship without matrimony" is the motto of a club just formed in New York, says the Philadelphia North American. The members are sworn to make love only to damsels who are content with platonic affection and who will understand that no offer of marriage will ever come from the friendship. The members of the club are to take their chosen friends of the other sex to the theaters and places of amusement, make them presents and act in every way as an enamored swain should who intends to marry the girl of his choice in due time, but no marriage is to follow.

Should the couple decide that only by marriage can the principle of human happiness be attained a fine of \$50 is to be paid before the wedding can take place. With this money the members who have remained true to their vows dine together as sumptuously as the money will permit.

Chicago has an even more curious club. It is composed of young men whose Christian name is John, and every John is pledged to marry no girl other than one whose first name is Mary. The way the club originated is this: One day a number of young couples who were on a jaunt in the country compared notes concerning the Christian names of those present, and it turned out that all the males were Johns and all the girls Marys. The club was started then and there.

At Aurora, Ill., the young men of the town have formed a club for the protection of the girls against the attentions of outsiders. Several brutal outrages have been credited to the members of this queer organization, who have assaulted young men who came poaching on their preserves and in some instances sent them back to their native villages more dead than alive.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR SLEEPLESSNESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. CHATTELAIN'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A man never knows whether a woman's hat is on straight or crooked.

Jim Dumps found Mrs. Dumps distressed. About an unexpected guest. "There's nothing in the house to eat!" "There's something better far than meat." The guest endorsed Jim's view with vim. When helped to "Force" by "Sunny Jim."

# "FORCE"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

ready for any emergency.

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt.

Why Her Vacation Was Prolonged.

"When you stand in your own house, monarch of all you survey and nothing to eat, it touches you from crown to heel. Mrs. D. wrote to say she missed my usual impatience about her coming home and wanted to know why. I simply replied: 'No hurry, I am eating "Force".'"

Rev. \_\_\_\_\_ D. \_\_\_\_\_  
(Name furnished on application.)

## EDDY MATCH

WITH WHICH TO START THE FIRE

Don't Experiment with other and Inferior Brands Use Eddy's

OUR BRANDS "Victoria" "King Edward" "Headlight" "Eagle" "Little Comet" For Sale Everywhere

HULL CANADA.

WESTMAN BROS.

Have Stoves by the Hundreds Largest Stock in Chatham.

Air Tight Heaters From \$2.00 Up

SEE OUR... Combination Grand Jewel Heater

TO BURN WOOD, COAL, OIL OR ANY OTHER FUEL, \$12.00

Cook Stoves at All Prices. Call and See Us.

Westman Bros.

Big Hardware and Implement House Chatham.

A Few Users of Smith Premier Typewriter Figures Cannot Lie

I. O. Foresters... 27

Canada Life Assurance Co... 18

G. N. W. Telegraph Co... 18

North American Assurance Co... 17

Salvation Army... 17

Provincial Building... 16

C. P. R. Telegraph Co... 14

Imperial Bank... 12

York County Loan and Savings Co... 9

Mass-Harris & Co... 8

Bank of Nova Scotia... 6

American Jary Co... 6

A. E. Ames & Co... 6

M. J. Haney... 6

Norwich Union Fire Insurance Co... 4

Western Insurance Co... 4

Anglo American Insurance Co... 5

Steele Briggs... 4

Robt. Simpson & Co... 4

F. W. Ellis & Co... 5

Municipal Building... 6

Manufacturers Life... 4

McLaughlin Electric Belt Co... 5

John Kay Son & Co... 3

McKean & Mann... 4

Langmuir Manufacturing Co... 3

And hundreds of others using from 1 to 3

Newsome & Gilbert, 68-72 Victoria St., Toronto

## What Talking Machine...

Do you hear the public talking about? It is the

E. Berliner

Gram-o-

Phone,

And his new NOISELESS RECORDS breaks the record of any talking machine now on record, which can be purchased at the

Sign of the Big Oclock

A. A. JORDAN

King St. West, Opp. Piggott's Lumber Yard

MASONS' SUPPLIES.

We have a complete stock of Lime, Cement, Plaster, Sewer Pipe, Fire Brick, Cut Stone, Sand, Hair, Etc., of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices—give us a call.

J. & J. OLDERSHAW,

King St. West, Opp. Piggott's Lumber Yard

Physical Culture

Nature's Only Remedy

Every faculty of the body renovated, every muscle strengthened and developed. Do not drag out a miserable existence, but live and enjoy life as it is intended. Renew your body with new blood become immune against disease, drive all poisons, indigestion, rheumatism, liver and stomach trouble, nervousness, lost vitality, and many other ailments positively cured. Both sexes between the ages of ten and eighty are enlisted. For further information address

W. H. ROBERT, Chatham, Ont. - P. O. Box 24

Physical Culture

Nature's Only Remedy

Every faculty of the body renovated, every muscle strengthened and developed. Do not drag out a miserable existence, but live and enjoy life as it is intended. Renew your body with new blood become immune against disease, drive all poisons, indigestion, rheumatism, liver and stomach trouble, nervousness, lost vitality, and many other ailments positively cured. Both sexes between the ages of ten and eighty are enlisted. For further information address

W. H. ROBERT, Chatham, Ont. - P. O. Box 24

Physical Culture