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H. Macaulay, "The Ark" has the agency for Chatham Also see sample of Famous Gas Range at the City Gas Office.

### CONSOLATION.

Now sleep the rose, the lily sleep, The daisy sleeps; the sky in rain Upon their graves, departing, weeps. 'Tis raining; they will rise again, And bring her pretty robes to birth. But sleeping where our longings are. 'Tis but a little weary while Of smiles about and touches earth Before the spring shall wake and smile And bring her pretty robes to birth. And thou, poor sky, with eye of blue, Shall see return the new flowered year Next drop an April tear or two For joy once more to find her here. Thy happy tears shall gently fall On all the buds that charm thee most; Next spring brings all—or nearly all— Which with last April's loved and lost. —E. Nesbit in Literature.

### A MAN'S MAKING.

The "judge" paused long enough to change the position of the stick which was whitening the left cheek of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other and then glance around at the two young men sitting on the plank sidewalk on either side of him. The judge was 60; not fat and 40, but fatter and 60. His six feet of height was burdened with the painful necessity of carrying 300 pounds when he walked and of supporting the same weight when he did not move. The judge supported, it usually, and that was the reason his clothes wore out so much more quickly at one certain place than at any other. He went up and down from his feet to his waist and then up and in from his waist to the top of his head—a bourgeois cut in two and put together again with the large ends in the middle. A fringe of long, dirty looking hair showed from under the band of his sloach hat. Through the hole in the top of the hat one caught an occasional glimpse of a bald and shining spot, the peak of his head trying to get through into the fresh air. But the strength had gone from his hair and his beard, for his whiskers were long and bushy and his mustaches equally so. Judge spoke, not with a drawl, but with that slow movement peculiar to fat and lazy people. Yet the little gray eyes sparkled all the time, as though they had absorbed all the energy in the man.

"Well, boys," he continued, after completing his survey, "where'd you be now if you'd enlisted?" "If we'd gone with the state regiment, we'd be at Manila probably. But if we'd gone with Grigsby's cowboys we'd be at Chickamauga, judge."

"Yes, that's it, boys. And it's a hot fever in the summer time. I spent a couple of summers in that country in 1868-4 with the army. Had a good place, too, boys, where I didn't have much hard work to do, but it was hot all the same."

"What did you do, father?" asked Charlie, who was the judge's youngest son. "I was judge advocate of the regiment. But soldiering is hard work, no matter what you've got to do. It's a dog's life."

"Yes, we know that, judge," the other boy, Henry, said, "but we decided we could stand it and had saved enough to do what we were told to do without kicking, and we thought if we did all that and did it well we might have a chance for promotion."

"Well, boys, I don't believe I'd go as a private in any regiment," said the judge, "but I can't tell what kind of an ass you're going to have bossing you. Some of the losses may be all right, but there's bound to be one you can't get along with."

"Yes, father, we know it would be hard, but we thought we could stand it, even if we didn't like it."

"That's all right, boys, but you don't know anything about it. You've got to enlist and see for yourself. It's hard enough when you are an officer, but when you're just a private it's a—d—d—d."

"Did you enlist as a private, judge?" Henry asked.

"No, Had I organized a company and was elected captain and held that rank until I got to be judge. You see, I came out to Iowa from Ohio when I was quite a kid and had been living there for some time when the war broke out, so everybody knew me, and as I was always a good natured cuss they all seemed to like me."

"The judge's stick and tobacco needed attention, and he was silent while he looked after them. Then he went on:

"We had a colonel that was the biggest ass I ever saw. He got the office through political friends, and he didn't know B from bull's foot. Our lieutenant colonel was a pretty decent sort of a man, and the two majors were fair. But that colonel! He was so mean that I never saw him, but I didn't want to snatch a gun from one of my men and shoot him. I had enough sense not to say anything, although the colonel did know I didn't like him extra well. Finally I got the chance I had been longing for to tell him what I thought of him. But see here, boys, if you ever get into the army don't you think of doing anything like it. I was young then and a little foolish."

"The colonel—I shan't call any names—got us into such a bad fix on the battlefield that he had to resign to keep from being kicked out. And there was a big feast in honor of his departure. Of course it was supposed to have been got up as a token of his under-officers' regard for him. After we had finished eating—it was in the lieutenant colonel's tent—it was the whisky and wine and cigars were on the speech-making began. The colonel made a little talk, saying how sorry he was to be leaving us and all that sort of thing. Then the lieutenant colonel and the two majors made a little speech. They all said something about the colonel being such a fine man and officer and how sorry they were to see him leave—every bit a—d—d—d."

The judge stopped and laughed. His

laugh wasn't loud, and one could not get the full benefit of it unless one saw him. His whole body shook with the amusement of it, and his features took on such a comical expression that it made one laugh just to see him.

"Then," he continued, "they called on me for a speech. I didn't want to respond and told them so. They would not rest, and finally I told them I had never made an after-dinner speech or a departure speech in my life and didn't know whether or not I could make one, but that if I did get up I'd say some things I thought, and I didn't care about doing that. But they wouldn't hear of it, so I got up."

The judge stopped again, shut up his knife and took the remains of his stick in his right hand, holding it on a level with his shoulder.

"I began, told them how long I had known the colonel and what kind of a man I used to think he was before he got his commission as colonel of our regiment. And then I started in. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'if I had known this man was going to have command of my regiment I'd enlisted as a raw private in another one. He's got no more business being in command of men than a yellow cur dog. There's not a man in the army I would rather see kicked out than our colonel. He's the most ornary man, officer or private in the whole army, and I would have been blessing every mother's son of us if he'd been killed before we left camp.'

"Well, boys, I kept up this lick for about 30 minutes. When I began to talk, the faces of all the company were just normal—what faces of men ought to be when they've had a good dinner and are drinking good liquor and have not had anything to ruffle their tempers. But when I began to launch forth against the colonel the faces changed. I knew there wasn't more than one or two men there who didn't feel just as I did. But the colonel—hu, hu! It was the funniest thing I ever saw. He got red, then white, then red again, and kept on changing color this way until I got through my talk. I spoke pretty loud, too, let me tell you, and it wasn't long before every man in the regiment who could was around the tent listening, and everybody in the regiment knew I was blowing up the colonel."

The judge stopped and laughed again.

"These wasn't any more speeches after I got through, because the joy feast seemed to break up by mutual agreement. Soon as I stopped I saluted, got my hat and went out. The boys met me at the door of the tent, hoisted me up on their shoulders and carried me round the whole camp, shouting and yelling like Sioux Indians. Our next colonel was a good man, and we never had much more trouble, except once or twice with our brigade commander."

"Did you ever see the colonel after that, judge?" Henry asked.

"Yes, I saw him when I came back home, but we wasn't very friendly, and pretty soon he moved farther west. When I came out to Omaha, I ran up against him again. He was one of the big guns of the place, wealthy and respected, and was a good man; seemed to have reformed. He met me down town one day and asked me to come up to his office with him. When we got there, he shut the door behind us and held out his hand to me saying: 'Judge, I want to thank you for that speech you made back in 1862 when I was leaving the army. It was the first time anybody ever spoke so plainly to me. It hurt then, but it did me more good than anything that ever happened to me. I want to thank you for making a decent and respectable man out of a contemptible cur who called himself a gentleman.'

"Well, boys, I guess it's about time for supper. Come on, Charlie; there ain't any wood out, and we want something hot tonight."—Philip Rutherford Keller in Omaha World-Herald.

The Path of the Earth.

The common idea as to the path of the earth being "fixed in space" is taken exception to by astronomers, on the ground that there are few, if any, things in the domain of astronomy that can really be called fixed in space—the fact being that unceasing changes are going on, though these changes are generally so slow as to escape the notice of a superficial observer, but are fortunately periodic, so that they fall within the possibility of computation.

Thus, the earth's path is not fixed, and the ecliptic—the imaginary circle-position among the stars, in consequence of which the obliquity of the ecliptic undergoes a very slow change, so that while at present it is a few seconds more than 23 degrees 27 minutes, in about 15,000 years, astronomers calculate it will be reduced to 22 degrees 15 minutes, after which it will begin to increase again, a change so slow and within such narrow limits that it can produce no sensible alterations in the seasons.

The fact remains a positive one, that, even if the earth in its orbital and consequently the sun in its apparent motion in the ecliptic were circular, neither the motion in declination nor in right ascension could be uniform.

The Streets of Seoul.

Streets, with a minimum width of 25 feet, with deep, stone lined channels on both sides, bridged by stone slabs, have been the fatal alleys which were breeding grounds of cholera. Narrow lanes have been widened, slimy runlets have been paved, roadways are no longer "free coups" for refuse, bicyclists scorch along broad, level streets, express wagons are looming in the near future, preparations are being made for the building of a French hotel in a fine situation, shops with glass fronts have been erected in numbers, an order forbidding the throwing of refuse into the streets is enforced—refuse is now removed from the city by official scavengers—and Seoul, from having been the foulest, is now on its way to being the cleanest city of the far east.—"Korea and Her Neighbors," by Mrs. Bishop.

### A WONDERFUL SIGHT.

The Tree of Ten Thousand Images in Tibet.

Of all the wonderful sights reported by the Jesuit missionaries Hue and Gobet during their exploration of Tibet by far the strangest is what they have to say of the tree of ten thousand images. They had heard about this wonderful tree long before they reached the locality of its growth, and as they approached the spot their curiosity regarding it increased a thousandfold.

Here is their narrative of the result of their examination of the tree: "It will here be naturally expected that we say something about this tree itself. Does it exist? Have we seen it? Has it any peculiar attributes? What about its marvelous leaves?"

"Yes, this tree does exist. At the foot of the mountains on which the lamasery stands and not far from the principal Buddhist temple is a great square enclosure, formed by brick walls. Upon entering this we were able to examine at leisure the marvelous tree, some of the branches of which had already manifested themselves above the wall.

"Our eyes were first directed with earnest curiosity to the leaves, and we were filled with an absolute consternation of astonishment at finding that, in point of fact, there were upon each of the leaves well formed Tibetan characters, all of a green color, some darker, some lighter, than the leaf itself. Our first impression was a suspicion of fraud on the part of the lama, but after a minute examination of every detail we could not discover the least deception. The characters all appeared to us portions of the leaf itself, equally with its veins and nerves; the position was not the same in all; in one leaf they would be at the top of the leaf; in another, in the middle; in a third, at the base or at the side; the younger leaves represented the characters only in a partial state of formation.

"The bark of the tree and its branches, which resemble that of the plane tree, are also covered with these characters. When you remove a piece of the old bark, the young bark, under it exhibits the indistinct outlines of characters in a germinating state, and what is very singular, these new characters are not infrequently different from those which they replace. We examined everything with the closest attention in order to detect some traces of trickery, but we could discern nothing of the sort."

The missionaries Hue and Gobet might have remained in Tibet as long as they wished had it not been for the interference of the Chinese ambassador there. For some reason this individual took a dislike to them, and ultimately caused them to depart. The lamas were willing that they should remain, but it appeared to the missionaries that their presence might cause disturbance, so they quickly withdrew, taking with them some of the first facts ever gathered in that mysterious land.—San Francisco Call.

Land Crabs of Cuba.

The land crabs of Cuba are larger than a sea crab and live entirely on the land. They run with great speed, even outstripping a horse. At certain seasons of the year they migrate in large bodies from one side of the island to the other, in columns sometimes half a mile wide and so dense as almost to stop a carriage on the road they may be crossing. These columns overcome every obstacle in their direct line of march, even high mountains. It is supposed that these migrations are prompted by the instinct of propagation, as the crabs seek the seashore, deposit their eggs and cast off the old shell. These crabs are so common about the city of Matanzas that the inhabitants often receive the sobriquet of crab-eater. They are frequently found in the houses and in some cases even under the beds.

There is a species of conch which makes similar marches through the country in immense bodies. These are called pirates, from a very curious habit they display. This creature, which resembles a snail, has the ability of detaching itself from the shell, which for some reason it temporarily leaves at times, and while its house is thus vacant another, passing, will back its body, tail foremost, into the empty shell and keep possession.—Diary of Jonathan S. Jenkins in Century.

Making a Presentation.

Here is a good story of the colonel of a regiment who was going to retire. The soldiers, who all liked him, subscribed together and bought him a beautiful silver jug.

An old sergeant was appointed to make the presentation, and also to make a long speech, which he was to learn off by heart. When the appointed time arrived, the colonel was sitting at a table with some of the officers.

The sergeant came rolling up to the table, with a very confused look, and to the astonishment of all present he stammered out: "He—here's the jug," handing it to the colonel, who was so dumfounded that he stammered out, "Oh, is it?"—London Tit-Bits.

The Answering Light.

Miss Fetherlogg (to sportsman, who is exhibiting his dog's shooting)—Oh, how could you kill these dear, pretty birds? I think it is positively cruel!

Sportsman—I suppose you know there is a great demand for these for hat ornaments?

Miss Fetherlogg—Oh, of course, if it's a case of necessity, it is perfectly excusable.—Boston Transcript.

Heating Capacity of Woods.

German figures credit various woods with the following heating capacities: Linden, 1; Fir, 99; elm and pine, 98; willow, chestnut and hick, 97; maple and spruce, 96; black poplar, 95; alder and white birch, 94; oak, 93; locust and white beech, 91, and red birch, 90.—Baltimore American.

Not Courting.

"Do you court an investigation?" inquired the interviewer. "Well," said Senator Sorghum slowly, "I don't exactly like the phrase. I'm willing to meet an investigation if circumstances make it necessary. But I ain't makin' love to it."—Washington Star.

They Do It Sometimes.

The Spinster Man—I shall never marry any one. The Bachelor Maid—But perhaps some one will marry you.—Detroit Free Press.

The outfit of an oyster tong man's canoe consists of a pair of rakes, a pair of tongs, a pair of nippers, a cutting board, several coiling hammers, a couple of half bushel buckets and an iron half bushel.

The triangular bridge at Croftland, Lincolnshire, is the oldest bridge in England and one of the greatest curiosities.



Out on the water in the moonlight. A more beautiful or romantic situation for a young man to tell the story of his love and ask the young woman of her choice to share his life cannot be imagined.

The courtship of a young couple may be ever so romantic and their married life be very happy. There are common sense considerations outside of love that have a world to do with the making of married happiness. One of the most important of these considerations is the good health of both parties to the sacred tie. The young man who is in the incipient stages of consumption commits a crime if he marries before he is restored to health. He condemns his wife to the life of a nurse and his children to early death, or lives of sickness and suffering. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 90 per cent. of all cases of consumption if taken in its earlier stages. This is its record established during the past thirty years. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder, nerve-tonic and general restorative.

The young woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that make wifehood and motherhood possible has no right to answer "Yes" to a young man's proposal until she is thoroughly restored to health in a womanly way. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription prepares a woman for wifehood and motherhood. It makes her strong, healthy and vigorous where a woman most needs health, strength and vigor. Thousands of women have testified to its merits.

"My daughter," writes Mrs. N. A. Thomas, of Little Rock, Ark., "had been under a doctor's care for four years. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which cured me, also cured her."

Like Home.

Gray—They say the hotel is very home-like. Greene—Yes, three cockroaches glided across the breakfast table the first morning, and then you should see the nicks in the crockery.—Boston Transcript.

Needn't Worry About Her.

"When you play that sonata," said a teacher to his pupil, "you must show off your fingering as much as possible." "Don't you fear about that," she responded, "I'll have a finger ring on every finger."—Stray Stories.

His Unutterable Devotion.

"Arthur, I wish you loved me as Clara's husband loves her." "What does he do to show it?" "He lets her read long articles to him on how to make jelly."—Chicago Record.

Had Them Guessing.

Subeditor—How is Pennington on spelling anyway? Editor—Well, he's a little too quaint for ordinary English and not quite so good as the dialect.—Somerville Journal.

The Governing Factor.

He—You say the widow's grief was terrible, and yet you think it won't be long until she marries again. She—It can't be long. She looked so lovely!—New York Journal.

High Lights.

It is only during the honeymoon that married couples tolerate each other's postures. The snake had his faults, but he didn't try to make Eve think that he was a fur-bon. True friends are people we know who don't ask us to write to them when we go away. Other people's extravagances are most distasteful when we are short of cash ourselves. A cynic is either a young man trying to get old or an old man who is mad because he isn't young. The woman who can speak French nearly always has a husband who pronounces it as spelled. Sooner or later men quit crying for the moon and are thankful for a lamp that doesn't run out of oil. Half the sorrows of women would be averted if men would only listen to them when they want to talk. It is better to be fooled once in a while than to live in a world in which you are the only respectable person.—Chicago Record.

To have a respect for ourselves guides our morals; and to have a deference for others governs our manners.—Sterne.

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 Biliousness, Nausea, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Constipation, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.