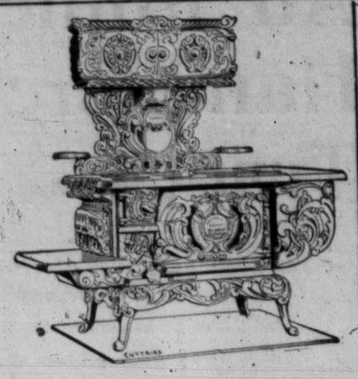
THIS STOVE

**Breathes Fresh Air**



THE peculiar operation of an aerated oven and its utility in art of improved cooking, will be easily seen when it is understood that the simple meaning of aerated is to supply or impregnate with fresh air—to compel its free action within any prescribed limit. It infuses and continually forces a rapid circulation of fresh air in exactly the same manner as we aerify our lungs So we say aerated ovens in **Souvenir Ranges** actually brea he fresh air.

Sold Everywhere. One will last a lifetime.

THE GURNEY-TILDEN CO., Limited - - - HAMILTON
Stove, Furnace and Radiator Manufacturers
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They have the best assortment and value in Chatham.
Remember this and save time and money by going direct to them when you are in need of any horse gear.

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The Uncommon For Xmas

Who likes to give for Christmas what everyone else is giving? But the hard part is to find something that is different to what is seen everywhere. We have them:—

Reed Rockers and Chairs, $2 to $6
(handsome and most unique designs.)
Reed Sewing Baskets
Reed Music Stands
Reed Easels, Stools, Tables, etc.

There is something suggestive in this list. We suggest early looking and securing widest choice.

**The New Fancy Furniture Store**
**PERCY E. BROWN & CO.**
PHONE 218 GRAND OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

Young Middle-aged Old **MEN CURED** Or No Pay. No Risk.

READ CAREFULLY If You Require Our Aid

OUR VIGORAL ABSORBENT **PAD** FOR WEAK MEN

Acts by absorption. It builds up the Reproductive Glands and Nervous Surfaces, and is the only sure cure for the effects of Early Follies, Later Excesses or Sedentary Habits

SHUNTED ORGANS, VARICOCELE IMPOTENCY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS UNNATURAL DRAINS, LOSSES, ORCHITIS, HYDROCELE, OR ANY OTHER CONDITIONS TO WHICH MEN ARE HEIR, for any of the above named causes are speedily and permanently cured by us. No matter who has failed remember we can CURE you.

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**Gleet** Cured in from 5 to 15 days without the use of an injection sound or knife.

HOME TREATMENT Can Be Had If Desired

Nothing sent C. O. D. All letters answered in plain wrappers and sealed. All business confidential. No names used. We refer you to any Detroit Bank. All cases are guaranteed or money refunded.

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OUR NEW SYSTEM

Has revolutionized the medical world, we have cured thousands of so called incurables, do no give up in despair before getting our opinion.

**Syphilis** Is cured by us in from 30 to 120 days without mercury or iodides or no PAY. We remove all symptoms in from 5 to 30 DAYS or not a cent is required.

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You may deposit your money or if responsible pay when cured.

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## MARGHERITA.

Margherita's head was small and shapely and her hair fine and silky, like the hair that is supposed to be nourished only by blue blood.

But there was no blue blood in Margherita's veins. At least if there was it had never been boasted of in her family. The blood that tinged to red the olive of her cheek was warm, rich blood, such blood as the honest Italian peasantry women delight to keep pure.

There was a touch of yellow in her hair that just saved it from being black as night and gave to it little hints of gold when the sunlight fell on it here and there. This she owed to the Saxon blood of her mother; all the black was the father's.

How shapely her figure! And her hands—her hands were very small, Pedro had often noticed, in spite of much hard work in the gardens.

The gold in the hair Pedro had also long ago noted and the fine set of the small head on the straight young neck.

Perhaps he noticed it all more particularly this bright summer afternoon than he ever had before.

There had come a change into Margherita's life, and she was telling him about it.

Had a stranger chanced along the road just then, past the little house with its great gardens that lay just outside the town, he would have cast more than a careless glance at the young couple who stood at the gate.

The girl wore a blue calico dress, cut round at the neck and with sleeves that fell loose to just below the elbow. Resting her elbows on the top piece of the gate and her chin in her palms, the sleeves fell away and left her slim, rounded arms bare almost to the shoulder.

The young man stood outside the closed gate and gazed earnestly down into the girl's laughing face.

"He is as handsome as the girl is," the passing stranger would have commented, "just as dark and unmistakably a child of the same sunny clime."

Pedro's gardens were but a bit of a way from those of Margherita's father. His lettuce was always the crispest and greenest, and his celery was famed the country round. Margherita often helped him tie it up into bunches, and the celery went away to market with a merry girl's bright laughter to season it. Pedro's cart never came back with a burden.

"You will go, then?"

And the young man's gaze traveled across the wide slope of Margherita's father's green gardens until it rested on the turretlike end of a big house that just peeped up over the brow of the hill and between the tall trees.

"You will go up there and serve rather than— But, pshaw! What am I saying?"

Margherita looked up eagerly now into his face, as if half expecting, half hoping, that she would hear him say the something she felt sure he would say some day. But it was not said. In after years, when Pedro sat alone until far into the night, he wished that it had been.

The girl's expectant look changed quickly to one of willfulness.

"And why not? Why should I not as well serve there as here?"

"Up there there are fine ladies and—and fine men. You are pretty. You will lay by your calico dress and put on fine clothes. You'll forget about the gardens and how to bunch celery and lettuce and"—

His dark cheeks were burning now, and he half stretched his arms out over the gate. To a girl not used to the soft and musical accent his words would have meant much, but Margherita had known him always—why, yes, since she was a tiny child and he not much larger, when he used to break the orange flowers from the trees and shower them down over her head in the garden of their poor but sunny home across seas.

Some day—yes, maybe some day, when Pedro paid off all the debt on his gardens—he would ask her to be his wife. But gold was not as fast coming in America as once when far away they had thought. But why must she work in her father's gardens and wait, always wait? The only glimpse she had of the big, gay town was on market days, and now—now as a fine lady's maid she would maybe see the town every day and hear the music at the balls, and, oh—

But the thought of it all made her head dizzy.

Pretty? Yes, Pedro had said so. And the fine men!

Here the spirit of coquetry seized her. But Pedro was to blame. She would never have thought of the fine men had he not said something about them. What was it he had said about the fine men up at the big house and herself? But Margherita could not remember.

* * * * * * *

There were only occasional glimpses to be had of Margherita now when Pedro drove his cart of fresh green things to the back door of the big house each morning. Margherita's young mistress had long been one of Pedro's patrons, and Margherita would take care now to see that no other carts were so liberally patronized as his.

The short blue calico frock and the gay handkerchief that she used to wear over her head were gone. Instead, the trim and rounded figure was clad in a dark blue cloth gown, with white lace frills at neck and sleeves. The dark hair was tossed up in a fluffy mass at the back of the little head, and a tiny cap of lace and ribbons topped it all. In place of the stout leather shoes slim black satin slippers, with saucy bows that called attention to them, were on her feet.

The first day that Pedro saw her like this she had run down the steps all out of breath and flushed like a child to show herself to him. She had overturned a workbasket from the little table by the window where she was sitting, putting buttons on a long pair of gloves, when she spied Pedro's cart coming over the hill. The mistress had seen the flight of the little maid, and, guessing the meaning of it, stooped smilingly and picked up the scattered buttons.

Pedro looked at the girl and sighed.

"Why do you look so, you stupid? Don't you want to see me in pretty clothes? Well, maybe there are others who would like to."

And Margherita caught hold of her skirt at each side and spread it, displaying as she did her shapely ankles and small feet and a white fluff of lace.

Pedro sighed again and mounted his wagon seat. Margherita's eyes filled with tears.

"Pedro, Pedro!" she called after him. "You are mean! I hate you!"

But Pedro was driving away.

* * * * * * *

The summer days were fast passing. The gardens had grown and flourished, and there was another small sum to add to the debt which was now "almost done," Pedro happily thought.

Margherita could find less time for a chat at the wagon in the morning. There was time enough in the evening, but she said she was busy getting ready to go away, to travel with her mistress abroad. "Back to Italy, Pedro! Think of that!" she had exclaimed the day she had told him that her going was certain.

Slowly the days were passing for Pedro. But how fast they went for Margherita! Margherita was light hearted, but Pedro's heart was aching. There was gossip afloat, and Margherita was the one whose name gossip whispered.

"No good will come of it," said busy gossip. "No good will come of it. It means no good when a girl meets a man to take walks only after the sun is down and he one who is a fine gentleman. Margherita should know better. And then she goes no more to confession. Poor Pedro! If he knew."

And Pedro did know, though he said over and over to himself that they were busybodies who said that Margherita was seen walking along in the moonlight with a handsome stranger.

It was one moonlit evening that Pedro, just strolling by the great house to maybe catch a glimpse of Margherita as she would chance to flit by the window, saw two figures going along a secluded path of the wide lawn. One was Margherita's, the other that of a man tall and young. Pedro's heart grew sick. But he had just come up to see Margherita pass a window. He would not do so mean a thing as spy. He knew that Margherita had always loved him. He could trust Margherita. She was so good and honest. But it was Margherita walking there.

* * * * * * *

One day there came a letter. It was written on delicate paper and bore a crest. Margherita's father walked across the now almost bare gardens to where Pedro lived. He put the letter in Pedro's hand and said not a word as he turned away.

It was from Margherita's mistress, saying Margherita had left her before the steamship sailed from New York, leaving a note behind, telling that she would be happier where she was going and begging that no one look for her; that she would be safe. "But please send word to the folks at home," Margherita had asked, "that I will not be back for a long time."

There was a check inclosed for Margherita's last wages, which she had not asked or waited for.

How the winter came and wore away and spring once more, with its warm sunshine, coaxed the seed in the garden to send up fresh green sheets Pedro could never remember. But all the warm season had been good; that was certain, for the last of the debt was paid.

Next summer there would be a stall in the market for Pedro to tend and a man to look after the gardens and the wagon. If Margherita had only waited a little longer! But it was winter now and a long time until the stall in the market would need attention, and there was plenty of time to think in the long evenings of Margherita, from whom no news had come.

"It will never come," Pedro said to himself, but he cheered the old father with the assurance that Margherita was a good girl and that in time she would send them some word; that she would never do but what was right, never fear.

* * * * * * *

Springtime again and a letter for Pedro. The postman who rode out that way on horseback brought it just as it was time to light the lamp and put more wood on the fire to get supper. The postman was late in his rounds that day, the roads were so muddy. The letter should have been there hours ago but for that.

Pedro almost snatched the letter from the man. Why did he stand there and talk? Didn't he know that maybe it was a message he had been waiting through long weary months for and now delayed it?

It was just a scrap of writing. It only said, "Pedro, come," and gave an address.

The roads were muddy, and it was a long way to the station. But what of that? There was a good horse in the stable, and if one traveled fast the train that left in an hour could be caught, and by midnight Pedro would be beside Margherita.

It was just midnight when a quiet faced little sister met him at the hospital door. Pedro looked at her intently. The good woman, so used to reading anxious looks, said gently, "She still lives."

Then it was as he had feared. Maybe Margherita would die. All Pedro's impetuous haste left him, and he followed the little sister softly and on tiptoe, as though he were going where there was a sleeping child.

On a little iron bed in the tiny, spotless room, with another sister bending over her, lay the girl, pale and thin. Her dark hair was cut close and clung in little rings above her forehead.

"Yes, you may speak to her. It can do no harm. She may not know you now," the sister whispered.

The strong figure of the man bent over the little cot, and "Margherita" was all he said. The girl opened her eyes.

"Pedro," she answered. "Yes, it is Pedro. We were married, Pedro. You did not think we were not, did you? I am sorry, Pedro; so sorry. Poor Pedro!"

The sisters drew him away. There was a sigh, a little flutter of the slender hands on the white coverlet, and the sister at the foot of the bed made the sign of the cross and said, "It is all over." But Pedro, bending down, saw that faint breaths stirred the ruffles of her nightgown, and all that night he sat by her bed. The sisters came and went, and in the morning the doctor came and said that Margherita was better; that she had slept.

Then Pedro went away. Margherita woke up and told the sisters the dream she had had. Some weeks after that she told it to Pedro, and he said she had not dreamed.

Then Margherita told the story of the years that had not for either of them known happiness, of how she was tired of as a toy, of unkind treatment, of desertion and the coming of kind death to set her free—free to go back to Pedro's love and ask his forgiveness.

The lettuce and onions were sprouting high up above the ground and there were wide stretches of green on every side when Margherita came back home. She had not forgotten how to bunch lettuce or celery either, and as she worked the old color and life came back into her face. The stranger who might have chanced to pass that day when she stood at the gate long ago and told Pedro that she was going up to the great house on the other side of the hill would have noticed little change in her. The blue calico dress and gay handkerchief looked just as bright as ever, and Pedro thought there was no change in the girlish face except it might be a trifle less of laughter in the eyes. In time the tongues of the old neighbors forgot to wag, and the new neighbors coming in had many good words of praise for Pedro's thrifty wife. "He was a lucky man, very, to have a wife to turn her hand so well to helping him."—St. Louis Republic.

A full grown man exhales 17 ounces of carbonic acid gas every 24 hours.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

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## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### The Pretty Stitches.

Now I can sew. Mamma teached me how. First I sewed with a pin an it stuck, so now I sew with a needle.

Yesterday mamma was down stairs an I wanted to sew. I found a thread an a needle on it in mamma's cushion. Then I looked for sunthin to sew. Her dress was on the bed. I said, "Me sew it all up pretty."

So I sat on the floor an sewed mamma's sleeves. The thread was white an it

looked real nice sewed in the black sleeves. When I got finished, I put the dress on the bed again.

Pretty soon mamma came up. She was going out, but she said, "You stay home, baby, with Jack." So I didn't mind, 'cause I like Jack.

Then she put on her dress. "Oh, baby," she said, "who sewed up my sleeves?" "Me," I said, "ain't they nice!" But she said, "You naughty baby!" an Jack came in, an he laughed, an I most cried. Wasn't Jack mean?

So mamma couldn't go out an she pulled out all the pretty white stitches, an she said, "Baby mustn't sew mamma's dresses any more."

But the stitches were so pretty.

THE BABY.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

### To See That the Earth Is a Ball.

Any boy or girl who wishes to see that the earth is really a ball, as round as an orange, has only to climb one of Chicago's skyscrapers. From the top of the Masonic temple or the Columbus Memorial building or the Monadnock building or any one of half a dozen other great buildings you can see, on a clear day, how the surface of the earth seems to fall away in every direction as if its edges were curled down. Not only can you see vessels on Lake Michigan which show only their sails above the horizon, the hulls having sunk out of sight, but you can actually see the curve of the earth. If you are looking north, for instance, you can see the long curve of the horizon to the east and west, and if you are looking east you can see the curve from north to south. Few people in Chicago know this very interesting fact, and it will well repay any boy or girl to get this peep at the earth's curvature. Doubtless if Columbus and the other wise men of his day had had a Masonic temple from which to view the earth they might sooner have come to the conclusion that it was round.

There is another curious thing about the tall buildings. Go down to the lake shore and watch a ship until the last trace of its sail top has sunk behind the rim of the horizon, then climb to the top of one of the tall buildings and peep at it through a good fieldglass, and you will be astonished to see not only its sails, but most of its hull again. It is for this reason that ships always keep a man high up at the top of the mainmast to watch for approaching vessels or if whale hunting to report the sight of a whale. They get up so high that they can look over a good deal more of the earth's curvature.—Chicago Record.

### Trades Followed by Animals.

Bees are geometricians. The cells are constructed so that with the least quantity of material they have the largest spaces and least possible loss of interstice.

The mole is a meteorologist. Eels are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator; he raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchor and performs other nautical acts.

Whole tribes of birds are musicians.

The beaver is an architect, builder and wood cutter. He cuts down trees and erects houses and dams.

The marmot is a civil engineer. He not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry.

The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The squirrel is a ferryman; with a chip or a piece of bark for a boat and his tail for a sail he crosses the stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals and many others are hunters. The monkey is a rope dancer. The black bear and the heron are fishermen, and the busy ants are regular day laborers.

### The Giraffe's Dilemma.

All of us have an affectionate regard for that old joke about the giraffe's happiness when he is eating strawberry shortcake.

We also have wondered if he is subject to sore throat, stiff neck, enlarged tonsils or any of the other ailments that mankind

is heir to. The accompanying picture is from a photograph. The unfortunate giraffe, having been constructed for the purpose of feeding on high trees, has considerable difficulty in dining off a low bill of fare. But he has to do it in his captivity or starve to death.—Chicago News.

### The Midnight Sun.

Our talk was of the far, far north
And Norway's sleepless sun.
A bashful little voice piped forth
When other folks had done.
"How lovely it must look, mamma,"
Was Sidney's sage remark,
"To see the sun, like some big star,
A-shining in the dark!"
—Frank Valentine in St. Nicholas.

### His Sentence.

Teacher—I want each of you to make a sentence, using the word "delight" in it.

Small Boy (colored)—De wind come in de winder an blowed out de light.—Philadelphia Times.

Old Golfer—How many holes have you made?

New Golfer (who has not reached the first green)—Not more than four or five, and I put the turf right back.

"You will probably take in the races?"

"No," said the melancholy man. "The races are more likely to take me in."

**Choosing a Husband.**

George Eliot says in one of her novels, that almost any woman can marry any man she makes up her mind to. Whether this is truth or fiction, certainly a woman chooses her husband oftener than he knows it. But she must play the negative part. She can only make herself as attractive as possible in a modest, womanly way and rely upon human nature and manly instinct.

A sensible man naturally seeks a wholesome-looking, healthy, capable companion. Men are not unselfish enough to willingly assume the care of a weak, nervous, debilitated wife.

Men are not attracted by a sallow, pimply complexion, foul breath, or thin, emaciated form, because these symptoms are the sure index of poor digestion and impoverished blood.

A woman afflicted by these mortifying miseries should seek the powerful, purifying and nutrimental influence of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which completely dispels all unwholesome appearances by clearing and renovating the organic sources of healthful vitality.

It helps the liver to filter all bilious impurities from the blood. It gives the digestive organs power to extract nourishment from the food. It rounds out thin forms; wipes away wrinkles, and gives to the complexion its natural clearness and bloom.

"Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me of a severe case of poisoning of the blood," writes Mrs. Celia Ricos, of Coast, Santa Cruz Co., Cal. "Boils one after another would break out on my arms, and were very painful. I have tried the loudly praised Sarsaparillas without any benefit whatever, and not until I took your 'Discovery' did I get well. That was two years ago, and I have not had a boil or sore of any kind since."

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