

Musical

Piano Forte

The Krause Method

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Will reopen her classes in music, on Monday, September 24th, 1931, Third St., Chatham.

Private School

MRS. THOS. WRONG,
Third St.

The School will reopen on Monday, September 24th.

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Mr. Carter is the HONORARY REP. of the Toronto College of Music, and prepares students in all subjects for College of Music Examinations, which are held annually in Chatham. No student is eligible to take Toronto College of Music Examinations, unless they are under the personal supervision and instruction of Mr. Carter.

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Fall Term Opens Monday, Sept. 2nd, 1931.

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Do You Want To Know

What are the three big bargains in groceries at McCann's, Park street. It will pay you to call and ask. The profit is yours for the day.

I will sell two dinner sets, two tea sets, two chamber sets at a ten per cent reduction for the day only.

All other crockery sold at five per cent discount during the day.

All other groceries will be sold at three per cent discount for cash during the day.

J. McConnel PHONE 120

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—AT THE—

Chatham Pork Store, Opens House Block, P. Chaplin. Phone 240

WEAKNESS OF MEN AND WOMEN

Could we read the hearts of every man we meet, what a load of sorrow and despair would be disclosed. Indigestion and Blood Diseases have caused more physical and mental weakness than all other causes combined. They strike at the foundation of manhood; they sap the vital force; they undermine the system, and not only do they often disrupt the family circle, but they may even extend their poisonous fangs into the next generation. If you have been a victim of early sinful habits, remember the seed is sown, and sooner or later you will reap a harvest. If your blood has been diseased from any cause do not risk a return later on. Our New Method Treatment will positively cure you and you need never fear any return of the disease. We will give you a guarantee bond to that effect. We would warn you sincerely against the promiscuous use of mercury, which does not cure blood poison but simply suppresses the symptoms.

WE CURE OR NO PAY.

Don't let your life be drained away, while a faint blush rises to her pretty cheeks. "It must be a mistake."

"By no means," returned her father, smiling. "Here, open it! Let us all see it. Oh, what a lovely card! Why, Katharine, where are you going?"

But the father received no answer. Katharine hurriedly gathered up her letters and left the room in a whirlwind.

The above mentioned Baron Horn was a young nobleman who had just returned from Africa. It was well known that he took great pleasure in visiting the Van Krohn family, and under all manner of pretexts took every opportunity to be with them.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN
Cor. Nicholas Ave. and Shelby St. DETROIT, MICH.

THE LITTLE WATCHER.

My watch—little watcher, good night!
You're as true as steel and as good as gold
And changeless alike in darkness or light;
So, wait, while the night grows gray and old.

My watch—little watcher, good morning!
You're the hands that never will shrink;
These jewels that are your soul, adorning—
I call them Constancy, Patience and Work.

My watch—little watcher, good night!
'Tis a comfort to have you so very near;
For you seem to say: "All's right, all's right!"
As the best of your faithful heart I hear.

My watch—little watcher, good morning!
You're telling me now, "Tis a precious day!"
If ever a spendthrift I grow, give me warning—
The hours are slipping too quickly away.

—Edith M. Thomas in St. Nicholas.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

"Da—!"

"Oh, papa, pfui! how can you?"

The old high bailiff of Krohn pushed away the pretty little hand that his eldest daughter sought to place over his mouth.

"No," he said, "I will not keep quiet. I repeat that the whole custom of sending New Year's cards is a bad one, and it is time to put an end to it. What are the results of such nonsense?"

"First, I get my mail bag an hour later than usual, and secondly, it is crammed so full of the stupid stuff that I can hardly get it open."

At length the old gentleman's efforts were rewarded, the bag sprang open, and he emptied its contents with impatience on the breakfast table.

"Just look what a lot of letters are for me," cried Katharine, pulling the letters upon the table in front of her and her face lighting up with pleasure.

"Are they all for you?"

"Yes, all. Now you can see what it is to be known as a beauty."

"And an heiress," added the father.

"Yes, and an heiress," she repeated thoughtfully.

"But is there nothing there for my little Lili?" asked the father.

Katharine shrugged her shapely shoulders impatiently.

"Why, of course not. If a girl expects to be shown much attention she must be a little more pushing and important."

"And an heiress, too?" was the father's laconic addition to the sentence.

"I really should be very grateful, father, if you would not allude so much to my money," was the father's curt protest.

"I can't help it, Katharine, when I see my little Lili here, as beautiful as the flower that gave her the name, and—well, she is not an heiress, do you understand. That's the whole thing."

Katharine made no answer. She was busy studying the handwriting on the envelopes.

A young girl who had hitherto sat opposite to her in silence left her seat, went up to the high bailiff, and, putting her fair young arms around his neck, gave him a kiss.

A world of love shone in his eyes as he looked at her with pleasure and stroked her soft cheeks.

"Never mind, Lili," he said, slowly. "I am glad that you don't get such a pile of letters. I'm grateful, too, that you're not an heiress. Perhaps then, no one will take you away from me."

The high bailiff of Krohn, the father of these two girls, had married twice. His first wife, a lovely, proud, but vain woman, died soon after the birth of a little daughter and left her the whole of a large fortune. His second wife, the daughter of a country clergyman, brought him no wealth, but a sweet and beautiful disposition. When she too died after two years of married life, he felt overwhelmed and had never since wholly recovered from the blow.

Katharine, the elder of the children, had just finished her twentieth year, and, as she was as proud, pretty and just as vain as her mother, had already laughed at many proposals for her hand—and money. No one and so far been able to take her fancy.

Lili was in almost every respect the opposite of her sister. Small in figure, quiet and retiring, it happened that she was often entirely overlooked. It was certainly not right of a father to love one daughter more than another. Still, he did so, and it was plain to everybody that it was the soft, sweet, patient Lili who was his favorite.

It made Katharine feel annoyed to see her father so gentle and affectionate toward her sister, for she said, with a sharp look at them both:

"What! Kissing again! I cannot understand how you find pleasure in always lying round each other's necks."

"You are out of sorts, Katharine," said her father. "One of the cards you expected has not come, perhaps. I would almost wager that among all letters there is none from Baron Horn!"

"H?"

Katharine grew a shade paler at these words.

"I certainly expected a card from Baron Horn," she replied, trying to conceal her annoyance. He surely has sent me one! Are you sure you emptied the mail bag thoroughly?"

"Yes, I think so. But you had better look for yourself; it would not be the first time that a letter has remained stuck in one of the corners."

"Ah! I thought so," exclaimed Katharine, pulling a crumpled letter out of a deep corner of the bag.

She glanced quickly and sharply at the address; and then with an exclamation of vexation let the letter hurriedly drop.

"Not from Baron Horn, after all!" asked her father, picking it up, "and yet that is his writing. Heavenly why it's for you, Lili; it's addressed to you."

"Oh! impossible!" said Lili, quietly, while a faint blush rose to her pretty cheeks. "It must be a mistake."

"By no means," returned her father, smiling. "Here, open it! Let us all see it. Oh, what a lovely card! Why, Katharine, where are you going?"

But the father received no answer. Katharine hurriedly gathered up her letters and left the room in a whirlwind.

A course everyone thought that the attraction was the rich and beautiful Katharine, and she herself took particular pains to spread this view of the matter.

Accustomed as she was to a large number of enthusiastic admirers, she had never for a moment imagined that the Baron could interest himself in her quiet little sister until she was reminded to-day in a rather unpleasant manner of the possibility of such a thing.

She read her letters through and became better humored.

"How stupid of me to get so cross," she said, as she smiled at her lovely face in the glass. "It is not possible that he favors Lili when he knows me."

There came a gentle knock at the door, and the servant called in and announced that the carriage was at the door.

Katharine at once remembered that Baron Horn had promised to go for a drive with her, and with the thought her face grew bright once again.

A charitable bazaar was to be opened in a neighboring town, and, as the father was not able to go, Baron Horn had offered his escort to the two young ladies after them.

The Baron was as punctual as most lovers—that is to say, he came half an hour before the time and found Katharine quite ready, to his great astonishment, for as a rule, she kept everybody waiting half an hour at least.

Her purpose of frustrating a tete-a-tete between Lili and the Baron was completely successful, for she did not move from his side until all three were ready to get into the carriage.

The father stood with beaming face on the doorstep and waved a fond farewell after them.

"This Horn is a very sensible fellow," he thought to himself, "and I admire his choice. It will be very hard to lose Lili, but I would not have her rather than anyone else."

Although the bazaar was crowded the arrival of Baron Horn and his two lovely companions caused considerable excitement, and they were speedily surrounded by acquaintances.

Among these was a Capt. Linke, a tall, blonde fellow, and one of Katharine's most sincere and faithful admirers.

"How glad I am to see you here," he said.

"Really? Why?"

"May I show you why? Please come with me. At the other end of the hall there is a fortune teller, and I want you to see what she will tell you."

"May we join you?" asked the Baron.

"Certainly. Come, we will go together."

The mysterious room that held the fortune teller proved to be a little figure in the middle of a disc were figures and numbers and slips of paper arranged. Any one who wanted to see into the future paid a mark, set the figure revolving, and took the slip of paper opposite which it stopped.

"Now, my genadiges fraulein," said the captain, taking out his purse, "won't you try your luck?"

But Katharine refused positively to be a party to such nonsense, and, inasmuch as Lili could not be persuaded either, the Baron asked permission to inquire of the oracle himself.

He set the figure in motion and took the slip of paper opposite which it stopped.

"Seek her hand and buy the ring. Thy life will then be full of joy," ran the words.

"Fate Bille!" cried the captain turning to Katharine, "that is famous; you really must be persuaded to try it now. Or shall I do it for you?"

"You may do it for me," she replied, in such sharp tones that every one looked at her.

The captain turned to the figure and read the words: "Hast thou not often heard it said that 'He who hesitates, then loses the paper up and threw it on the floor. The conclusion of the sentence seemed to suit the many proposals that Katharine had received too well for her to read."

"What was the rest, captain?" asked the Baron in all innocence. But the captain looked so displeased that the question was not pressed.

"I wonder what it was?" Lili whispered to the Baron.

"We shall learn later, perhaps," he replied. "But did you get my New Year's card this morning?"

"Yes," she answered, softly, with a blush.

"And you remember what the fortune-teller told me just now? If I buy a ring will you wear it?"

She lowered her eyes and said: "I don't know. You must first speak to papa."—From the German in Chicago Times.

Late Suppers.

The old tradition that to eat anything just before going to bed was sure to produce indigestion and render sleep impossible is now happily exploded. It is not good, as a matter of fact, to go to bed with the stomach so loaded that the undigested food should render one restless, but something of a light, palatable nature in the stomach is one of the best aids to quietude and rest in bed. The process of digestion goes on in sleep with as much regularity as when one is taking violent exercise to aid it, and so something in the stomach is a very desirable condition for the night's rest. Some physicians have declared, indeed, that a good deal of the prevalent insomnia is the result of an unconscious craving of the stomach for food in persons who have been unduly frightened by the opinion that they must not eat before going to bed, or who have, like many nervous women, been keeping themselves in a state of semi-starvation.

Nothing is more agreeable on a hot night than to take a bowl of hot broth, like oatmeal gruel or clam soup. It is positive aid to nervous people, and induces peaceful slumbers. This is especially the case on cold winter nights when the stomach craves warmth as much as any other part of the body. Even a glass of hot milk is grateful to the palate on such occasions, but a light, well-cooked gruel is better, and in our climate during the cold months of winter should be the retiring food of every woman who feels, as many do, the need of food at night.—New York Tribune.

Prostrated by Excessive Heat

Seldom, if ever, has Canada been visited by such excessive and continuous heat, and the result have certainly never proven so alarming. The work people in factories and workshops, the clerks in stores and offices, business and professional men, the farmer in the field, the woman at her housework, all are suffering, many are dying, unable to withstand the weakening, debilitating and enervating effect of such unusual weather.

What can be done to prevent prostration and collapse? Many have found an answer to this question in the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great system-builder and nerve restorative. It renews the wasted vitality in a surprising manner, keeps the action of the bodily organs regular and active, and fortifies the system against the attack of weakness and disease.



She Felt Tired and Listless.

Mrs. Henry Clarke, Port Hope, Ont., states:—"I have used seven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for nervousness and a completely run down system, and can heartily recommend it, as a wonderfully effective treatment. Before using this remedy I had been in very poor health for some months. I seemed to have no energy or ambition, felt tired and listless most of the time, and could scarcely drag myself about the house. I was weak, irritable and nervous, could not sleep well, and felt discouraged about my health. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has taken away these symptoms and given back my usual health and vigor, consequently I endorse it fully."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD, The Great Restorative.

Too many yield to the temptation to use stimulants when the body is tired and exhausted. The action of the heart is quickened, the tired nerves are whipped up to overexertion, temporary relief is obtained, but the result is an excessive waste of nerve force and a hastening of fatal collapse. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food owes its wonderful success to the fact that it naturally and gradually restores wasted nerve force and builds up the system. It cannot possibly fail to be of benefit to anyone who uses it because it actually forms new healthy tissues, makes the blood rich and pure, and restores the pale, weak and nervous to health, strength and vigor. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Company, Toronto.

Day by Day.

"I don't believe I can ever be much of a Christian," said a little girl to her mother.

"Why?" her mother asked.

"Because there's so much to be done if one wants to be good," was the reply. "One has got to overcome so much and bear so many burdens, and all that. You know how the minister told all about it last Sunday."

"How did your brother get all that wood into the shed last spring? Did he do it all at once or little by little?"

"Little by little, of course," answered the girl.

"Well, that's just the way we live a Christian life. All the trials and burdens won't come at one time. We must overcome those of to-day and let those of to-morrow alone till we come to them. Of course there's a great deal of work to be done in a Christian's lifetime, in the performance of our obligations to God, and the discharge of the duties that devolve upon us, but that work is done just as Dick moved the wood—little by little."

Every day we should ask God for strength to take us through that day. When to-morrow comes ask again. He will give all we ask for, and we need it. By doing a little to-day, a little to-morrow, and keeping on in that way, we accomplish great things. Look at life in its little by little aspect, rather than as one great task to be done at once, and it will be easy to face it.

GEO. STEPHENS, QUINN & DOUGLAS

We Aim To Keep Our Trade

And our store is well stocked, and if right goods and prices count for anything, we will always be the place for careful buyers. Just now, we have an exceptionally fine line of

SINGLE AND DOUBLE HARNESS BUGGIES AND CARTS

That have all been bought from the best makers in the Dominion, in large quantities for cash, and careful buyers will find it to their advantage to inspect these goods before buying elsewhere, as nowhere else in Chatham can the value be equalled.

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See that Stamp.

When you get a genuine "Sovereign Shoe" it will have that mark on the sole.

That mark means a hundred cents' worth of value for every dollar charged for the shoes.

"Sovereign Shoes" are the best shoes—they wear best because they are the best made.

Every pair Goodyear welted—when you get a "Sovereign Shoe" you are sure of a welted shoe.

\$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 per pair.

Stamped on the soles, "Sovereign Shoe."

Sold by D. Turrill and J. L. Campbell.

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