

JOSEPH KIDDY,
BACHELOR

By PHIL M. CONGER

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I had gone over to Paris from London for a few weeks. At home, in London, I was an ardent, conservative and retiring as any old bachelor of forty-five you could find. I knew very few people, belonged to only one club, and seldom went to the theater or had company at my rooms. When I was in Paris, I usually gave myself a little more license. On this occasion I had so far departed from my home programme as to pick up an acquaintance before I had been in the French capital a week. In a cafe where I had dined several times I encountered a middle aged gentleman of my own nationality and soon became quite friendly with him. Had he been of any other nationality I should have been less ready to make his acquaintance. He had come over from Liverpool, he said, "on business for a well known firm, and his cards showed that he was a solicitor."

We attended the theater twice in company, and then Mr. Graham, as he called himself, asked me to accompany him to the rooms of a friend to a little dinner. I was astonished at myself promising, as little dinners with people who would probably drink a bottle or two apiece and bring out cards afterward were quite out of my line. I was ready at the hour appointed, and when we reached his friend's house I found him a young man and a capital entertainer. I am a man who laughs perhaps but once a year, and then only with conservatism, but this fellow soon broke down my natural reserve and got me to laughing very heartily. He was full of pleasant and witty anecdotes, and the dinner was all that could be asked. When the table had been cleared and the cards brought out, I did not utter a protest. To my consternation, I had flattered out and become both companionable and genial. As I roared with laughter I wondered what my landlady would say if she could hear, and as I slipped my leg and roared again I realized that I was guilty of a misdemeanor that would expel me from my London club instantly. There were forty members of that club, and I had been with it ten years and had never heard a laugh. In our club we played for tuppence a game and never went beyond, but when the three of us sat

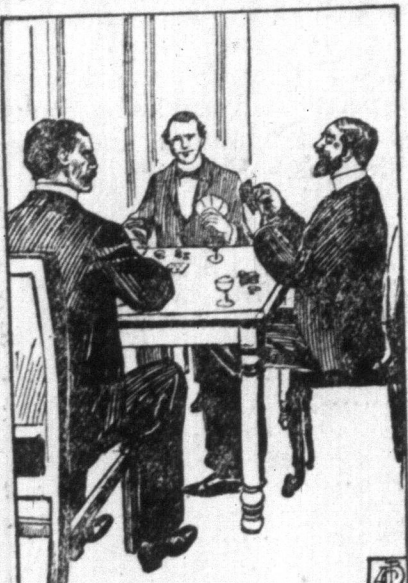


TABLE OF US SAT DOWN TO POKER AT A DOLLAR ANTE.

down to poker at a dollar ante and \$5 limit it seemed all right to me. In other words, years and years of strict probity rolled off as a blanket, and I felt myself going to ruin. I fully realized it, but did not care. In my utter abandon I continued to laugh and make merry.

I had never played twenty games of poker in my life, but I went right at it as if I had never patted a Sunday school scholar on the head or sent tracts to sailors. I am a very economical man and scrutinize my bills very carefully, but on this occasion I found myself saying that I did not care if I lost even a whole pound. The old saying of a fool too fool held good in this case. I knew afterward that the dinner was a put up job to skin me at cards, but the two sharpers failed in their purpose. I have no doubt they resorted to all sorts of tricks with the cards; but, do what they might, the hands ran in my favor, and I raked in the pots.

It was a no less personage than myself who by and by suggested that the limit be removed. The others promptly assented, and the result was that after two hours' play I had them dead broke. As their plan to skin me had failed, they resorted to other tactics. One of them must have poured knockout drops in a glass of wine offered me; for I no longer drank it than I felt my senses leaving me. As near as I could ever figure it, twenty-four hours elapsed before I woke up and found myself in a hospital. That was not the worst of it, however. I could remember nothing. I could not recall my name, nativity, hotel or anything connected with myself. I had not the remotest idea where I lived or what had occurred.

I was told that I had been picked up in the street. Graham and his friend had robbed me, dressed me in an old suit of clothes and carried me out upon the street. They had shaved off my whiskers, trimmed off my heavy eyebrows and otherwise disguised me, and one of them had gone to my hotel and robbed me of my money. I was then taken to a hospital, where I was treated for some time. When the hospital doctors found that my memory was gone, they

did not press me to talk, but sought to encourage me by saying that things would soon come right.

I do not believe that a man standing defenseless before a crouching lion feels the terror I did when I found that I had been wiped out of existence. For want of a name they called me "No. 14" in the hospital, and I never heard it without a gasp and a shudder. In a way, the old suit of clothes and empty pockets suggested that I was a poor man, yet when they came to see that I was one who had bathed daily and had taken proper care of my nails and teeth they were puzzled. My speech proved me to be English, but that was no great point gained. There are hundreds of Englishmen to be met in Paris, and how were they to hunt out my record without a name and with a very bad personal description?

It was two weeks before I was well enough to leave the hospital, and then came the question of where I should go and what I should do. I was penniless and among strangers. Influenced somewhat by sympathy, no doubt, but more by professional interest, the head surgeon took me to his own home to see if time or accident would not bring back my memory. I, who had an income of £7,000 per year, a valet at my rooms in London and was looked upon as a gentleman of leisure, became the doctor's "man." I blacked his shoes, brushed his coat and hat, ran errands and bought meat and vegetables for the family table. There was not an hour of the day that I was not working my brain over the mystery, but try as hard as I would I could not go back further than the hospital. When I woke up, there my life began anew.

During the six months I was with the doctor various suggestions were made and followed. I took long walks to see if I could identify streets and squares and buildings, and I mingled with crowds in hopes that I might see a face I could recall. A map of London was shown me, and the doctor called off the names of hundreds of streets. It was all in vain, however. The book was closed, and I couldn't open it. There would come moments when I could almost grasp the past, but as my heart began to thump and my brain to whirl, memory would slip away again.

At the end of six months and while we seemed as far from the solution as ever I started out one morning to get a pair of the doctor's boots re-soled. Just as I was turning into a small street to visit a cobbler, I came face to face with a member of my London club—a man with whom I was well acquainted. My whiskers and eyebrows had grown again and I looked like my old self. He at once put out his hand and said:

"Why, old boy, you've been dead for months and months, and yet I find you in Paris very much alive!"

I looked at the man in open mouthed astonishment for a minute and then went down in a heap. I was taken to his hotel instead of a hospital, and after a time was restored to consciousness, and the very first words I uttered were a shout:

"Write down—write it down! My name is Joseph Kiddy, bachelor, of London!"

Everything came back to me with a rush, and for a time I was so excited that I acted like a lunatic. At home I was supposed to be dead, and my lawyers had searched in vain for traces of me. As I got out, Paris looked as of old to me. Every little incident came back, and the French doctor who had been so kind to me was one of the heartiest in his congratulations. I sought the aid of the police to hunt down Graham and his friend, but nothing ever came of it. They had moved on to find other victims.

The Sense of Touch.
The sense of touch is the simplest but at the same time one of the most important special senses of the human organism. It is possessed by nearly all portions of the general surface of the body, but finds its highest development in the hands.

The true skin contains multitudes of nerve filaments arranged in rows of papillae about one-hundredth of an inch in length. It is estimated that there are 20,000 of these papillae in a square inch of the palmar surface of the hand. The cuticle is absolutely essential to the sensation of touch, for when the true skin is laid bare by a burn or blister the only feeling that it experiences from contact is one of pain, not that of touch. The cuticle shields the nerve filament from direct contact with external objects. Touch is most delicate at the tips of the fingers, and the hand is one of the most important organs.

Buffon declares that with fingers twice as numerous and twice as long as ours we would become proportionately wiser. Galen, however, taught that man is the wisest of animals, not because he possesses the hand, but because he is the wisest and understands its use the hand has been given to him, for his mind, not his hand, has taught him the arts.

Why She Lost Interest in Him.
They were watching the balloon go up and he was telling her about the various crank aeronauts, including those couples who for the sake of notoriety are married in balloons and sail away. "I don't think I'd like to get married in a balloon," she said softly.

"No," he assented thoughtfully; "there's too much risk in it. It's plain going out of one's way to find frills." And after that she seemed to be less interested in him.

Worse.
"So Smith acted as judge?"
"At a church raffle? Foolish man!"
"No, no—not at a church raffle; at a baby show."
"Idiot!"—Baltimore Herald.

GOOD LIVING

Quite often results in bad health, because what is termed "good living" is usually the gratification of the palate without reference to the nutrition of the body.

When the good liver is a business man and rises from a full meal to plunge at once into work requiring mental effort the result is almost sure to be disastrous, because digestion draws upon the same nervous forces which are employed in thought. In time the stomach becomes diseased, the processes of digestion and nutrition are imperfectly performed, and a physical breakdown.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It eliminates the effete poisonous matter which originates in the system as a consequence of imperfect digestion. It gives sound health to the whole body.

"I wish to say to the world that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has proved a great blessing to me," writes Mrs. E. B. Bacon, of Shutesbury, Franklin Co., Mass. "Prior to September, 1897, I had doctor for my stomach trouble for several years, going through a course of treatment without any real benefit. In September, 1897, I had very sick spells and grew worse; could eat but little. I commenced in September, 1897, to take Dr. Pierce's medicine, and in a short time I could eat and work. I have gained twenty pounds in the last month."

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. D. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Composer.
Hoax—I thought you said that man was a musician?
Hoax—Nonsense!
"You certainly told me he wrote melodies."
"I told you he was a composer of heirs. He sells soothing syrup."

A Marrying Man.
"Are you a marrying man?" was asked of a somber looking gentleman at a recent reception.
"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "I'm a clergyman."

A Cheerful Proposal.
A Scottish headie one day led the manse housemaid to the churchyard and, pointing with his finger, stammered:
"My folk lie there, Jenny. Wad ye like to lie there too?"
It was his way of popping the question.

Under All Circumstances

Our special object is to give our customers the best service and attention. Our steadily increasing trade is an indication that our patrons appreciate our goods and prices. We solicit a visit from all who desire prompt filling of prescriptions.

THE BEST OF MEDICINES.
Paine's Celery Compound is earth's best medicine for the common ills of life. If you are sleepless, nervous, weak, rundown, despondent, irritable, or have those tired feelings, one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound will give you happy results. We sell the kind that cures.

J. W. McLarenn Druggist, Chatham, Ont.

Try This—Drop a Penny.

Have you ever noticed the interest that money attracts even if it is only a single cent? The next time that you see a copper coin dropped in a street car just observe. Every eye in the car will turn to the spot where it dropped, and there will be manifesting a real general concern over its recovery. Two or three heads are likely to come in contact over the point of its disappearance, and then their owners will draw suddenly back and try to appear unconcerned, but in another second they are again leaning forward.

The man who dropped the cent is usually the first who appears to have brushed memory of the trivial occurrence aside, but just as soon as the coin has turned from him his own ears are sure to go back to the floor in the hope that the truant coin will be seen.

When he has gone, there is a renewed interest among the passengers, for the stage of "niggers keepers" has arrived, and those near the spot of disappearance become quite diligent until they are aware they make a center of attraction. But interest in that little cent is not lost while there is a passenger left, and when the car is empty the conductor takes his turn and resurrects the cent.

THERE'S A REASON

For setting forth our claim as up-to-date and live druggists. We have been quick to adopt all the most approved modern methods for the safe and accurate filling of prescriptions. This is an important advantage to those who favor us with their trade. Our stock of pure drugs, perfumes and toilet goods is unsurpassed.

ITS SPECIAL WORK.
Paine's Celery Compound is especially recommended for purifying the blood and bracing up the weakened nerves. If you suffer from Blood impurities or find your system out of gear, we strongly advise the use of Paine's Celery Compound. We have always the genuine "Paine" in stock.

C. H. Gunn, & Co., Druggists, Chatham, Ont.

Happiness can be made to shine as brightly in the hotel as it does in the palace.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS

THE MYSTERIOUS TUMBLER

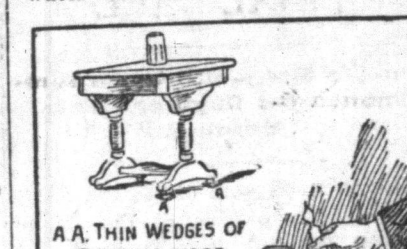
A Simple Trick That May Be Performed by Any Boy or Girl.

The boy or girl who can perform a clever feat in magic or make a neat experiment in physics is always considered an acquisition to a company and is popular accordingly. Besides, the performance of the feat or the making of the experiment is sure to give the boy himself a good deal of pleasure.

Here is a little experiment that is mysterious enough to those that witness it to seem like magic, and yet it is simply an illustration of a well known principle of natural philosophy. All you need to make the experiment is a marble top table, such as may be found in any parlor or sitting room; a glass tumbler and a piece of candle.

You first put under the two legs at one end of the table thin wedges of wood or paper, to give the table a very slight incline in the direction of the other end. If you wish to make the feat all the more mysterious, you should put the wedges under the legs when the company is not looking.

Now take a plain glass tumbler and moisten the rim carefully so that the water will stick to it or at least enough



A THIN WEDGE OF PAPER OR WOOD

MAKING THE TUMBLER MOVE.

of it to make a thin coating of moisture. Place the tumbler, rim down, on the end of the table where the wedges are, and it will not move, for the incline, if you have not made the wedges too thick, will not be great enough to make the tumbler move by gravity.

But you are going to make the tumbler move of itself so that it will seem to do so by some magical power. To do this light the piece of candle and hold it near the tumbler for a few moments. The heat from the candle will cause the air in the tumbler to expand, and this expansion will have the effect of raising the tumbler just a little from the smooth marble. The air cannot escape, however, because the water around the rim of the tumbler keeps it in.

Then the tumbler will begin to move slowly along the marble top, for the slight elevation it makes it now rest on a thin layer of moisture, and it slides down the incline by the force of gravity.

A Two Story Nest.

A very curious bird's nest is preserved at Salem, in Massachusetts, in which state the novelty was found. The story of the nest is very interesting.

The cow bunting of that section never builds a nest, but the female bird lays her eggs in the nests of those birds which feed their young on insects. In the case in question a cow bunting laid an egg in the nest of a sparrow, in which the sparrow returned, she saw that an intruder had been there. She remembered that she had one egg and no more, and there before her were two. What was to be done? She consulted with her mate, and finally they hit upon a plan of action. They built a bridge of straw and hair directly over the two eggs, making a second story in the home and thus leaving the two eggs below out of the reach of the warmth of her body. In the upper apartment she laid four eggs and raised her brood. When the sparrows left the nest, it was taken down, with the two eggs still in it, and preserved as a curiosity.

A Miniature Oak Tree.

If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will in a few months burst and throw a root down into the water and shoot upward its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves.

A young oak tree growing in this way is a very interesting object. A chestnut may be treated in the same manner. The water must be changed sufficiently often to afford these trees the necessary quantity of nourishment from the matter contained in it.

The Brave Robins.

The most singular instance that I have known of a robin's fearlessness was the kind of military instinct which some years ago led a pair to make their nest at the back of a target at Aldershot. It was in the shooting range of the Fourth battalion of the Sixtieth rifles, and the colonel of the regiment told me of it at the time.

The little pair paid not the least attention to the shots thundering on the target just at the back of their nest. The soldiers were careful not to meddle with them, and the young brood hatched and were brought up in safety.—Cornhill.

Fully Appreciated by All
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Ceylon GREEN Tea, absolutely pure and free from adulteration. It will displace Japan Tea just as "SALADA" Black tea is displacing all other Black Teas. Lead packets only, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c per lb. By all grocers.

SEPTEMBER FEATURES
THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Coronation
An article written by a Canadian Eye-witness, with Numerous New Portraits and Pictures

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A Complete History of our National Game. How the Indians played the game. Fully Illustrated

Burns
Professor Clark's Oration at the unveiling of the Burns Statue in Toronto. A Brilliant Effort

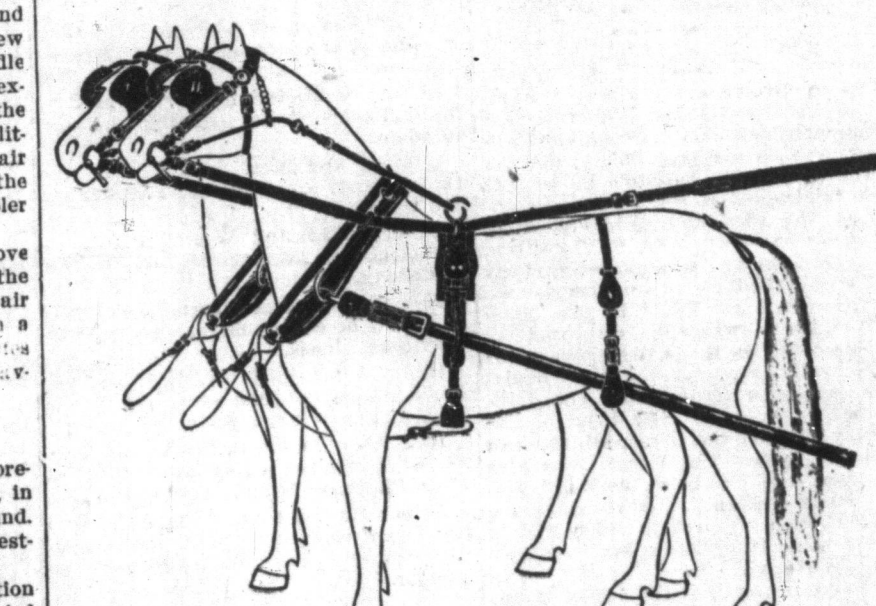
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Short Stories by W. A. Fraser and others
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BEE STARCH

It is a cold water starch—ready for use.
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Hardware and Implement Merchants,
Chatham, Ont.

P. S.—We have a special value in Grain Bags, and intending purchasers will do well to examine our stock and get our prices before purchasing.

MORE ABOUT MARY.

Mary had a little nose
That turned up at the point,
But a little brother came
And put it out of joint.

SIMILAR BUT DIFFERENT.

Biggs—When I make a trade I always want something to boot.
Diggs—Same here—and I usually get it later when I kick myself.

THE RENEWAL A STRAIN.

Vacation is over. Again the school bell rings at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hush of which is a mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the eyes in which she was then so red little boy whose lips were then so red, you would have insisted that they had already lost something of the appearance of health. Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

FEMININE IDEA.

Mabel—What do you suppose this writer means by the pinch of poverty?
Clara—The wearing of last season's waist with tight sleeves, no doubt.

Minard's Liniment cures Gargot in Cows.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Corrected June 2nd, 1902.

GOING EAST GOING WEST
No. 1—8.45 a. m. Express—1.11 p. m.
No. 2—1.11 p. m. Express—8.45 a. m.
No. 3—1.07 p. m. Express—8.45 a. m.
No. 4—1.07 p. m. Express—8.45 a. m.
No. 5—8.52 a. m. Express—1.12 p. m.
No. 6—1.12 p. m. Express—8.45 a. m.
No. 7—1.12 p. m. Express—8.45 a. m.
No. 8—8.45 a. m. Express—1.12 p. m.
No. 9—1.12 p. m. Express—8.45 a. m.
No. 10—8.45 a. m. Express—1.12 p. m.
No. 11—1.12 p. m. Express—8.45 a. m.
No. 12—8.45 a. m. Express—1.12 p. m.

The Wabash Railroad Co.

GOING WEST EAST SOUT

No. 1—8.45 a. m. Express—1.11 p. m.
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No. 3—1.07 p. m. Express—8.45 a. m.
No. 4—1.07 p. m. Express—8.45 a. m.
No. 5—8.52 a. m. Express—1.12 p. m.
No. 6—1.12 p. m. Express—8.45 a. m.
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No. 12—8.45 a. m. Express—1.12 p. m.

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1.45 p. m. Accommodation—2.30 p. m.
2.30 p. m. Buffalo, New York and
Toronto Express
8.32 a. m. Express—8.15 a. m.
5.08 p. m. Express—12.42 p. m.
Buffalo, Toronto and Niagara Falls, for Montreal and Muskoka.

8.50 p. m. Accommodation—4.23 p. m.
International Limited—10.10 p. m.
For Detroit and Chicago.
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8.40 a. m. 10.45 a. m. 5.00 p. m. daily.
3.00 p. m. Mon. Wed. & Fri. boat con.
2.30 p. m. Tues. & Fri. Band Concert.
8.10 p. m. Saturday, Merchants.

7.05 a. m. for London is a through train, other trains connect at Elmham for East and West.

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Will run to stations on C. P. R. in Manitoba and Assiniboia, West, South-west and North-west of Winnipeg as far as Moose Jaw, Estevan and Yorkton.

On Sept. 25th from all stations in Ont.

One-way tickets to Winnipeg only will be sold with a certificate extending the trip before September 15th, without additional cost, to other points in Manitoba and Assiniboia as above. If passengers engage as farm laborers at Winnipeg, provided such farm laborers will work not less than 20 days at harvesting, and produce certificate to that effect, they will be returned to original starting point at \$18.00, on or before Nov. 30th, 1902.

Tickets not good on "Imperial Limited."

For tickets and full particulars apply to your nearest Canadian Pacific Agent or

A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., 1 King St., East, Toronto.

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