

The Baby Sick?

Then probably it's a cold. Babies catch cold so easily and recover so slowly. Not slowly, however, when you use Vapo-Cresoline. Then a single night is all that is necessary for a cure. You just put some Vapo-Cresoline in the vaporizer, light the lamp beneath, and place near the crib. While baby sleeps he breathes in the healing vapor. Cold croup, inflamed membranes heal, and all trouble ceases. It's a perfect specific for whooping-cough and croup.

Vapo-Cresoline is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresoline outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Vapo-Cresoline, complete, \$1.50; extra supply of Vapo-Cresoline, 50c. Illustrated booklet containing testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresoline Co., 110 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

For sale by C. H. Gunn & Co., druggists.

St. Thomas Business College

The growth of this institution during the last two years has been wonderful. The attendance has been doubled on account of the thorough course of training which we give. One of our young men is now drawing a salary of \$1,800 a year; another \$1,000; others from \$400 to \$800. Within the last month two of our students have gone direct from the College to positions paying \$500 a year. WE QUALIFY OUR STUDENTS TO FILL THE BEST POSITIONS.

Young people are foolish to spend the best part of their lives learning Latin, French and the dead languages, when a few months spent in our Commercial or Shorthand Department will fit them to earn salaries like the above.

Spring term begins April 1st. Enter and complete a three months' course before mid-summer.

Send for Catalogue.

H. T. Gough, Principal.

St. Thomas, Ont.

The Best

Have you seen the Catalogue of THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE, CHATHAM, ONT.

If not, you are not familiar with the best Canada has to offer in the line of Business Education, Shorthand or Penmanship.

EASTER TERM.

Commences Tuesday, April 9th, but pupils may begin at any time most convenient to themselves.

INSTRUCTION AT YOUR HOME BY MAIL.

We are now prepared to give you a course of instruction at your home in either book-keeping, Shorthand or Penmanship, and have already handled a number of pupils successfully in this way. To those whose circumstances will not allow them to leave home to attend school, this affords an excellent opportunity of getting a thorough knowledge of these subjects, while you are still following your daily work. We can qualify you to fill a good position through these mediums. Write for the Catalogue of Mail Course. To those who can come to Chatham, but who cannot commence for some time, we would strongly recommend their taking the Mail Course in the interval, and thus saving themselves considerable time and expense after coming.

We allow railway fare to those from a distance up to \$2.00, and can secure good board for gentlemen at \$2.50 per week, and for ladies at \$2.00.

Our Catalogue is acknowledged to be the handsomest of any business school on the continent. Write for one, if interested.

D. McLACHLAN & CO., Chatham, Ont.

M19-a8

CURE YOURSELF!

The Big 48 for Gonorrhea, Gleet, Syphilis, Rheumatism, White, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or soreness of the urinary tract. Most satisfactory of all cures.

U.S.A.

Sold by druggists.

Price 48¢ per bottle.

Our... Oyster Patties

Are Not Surpassed Anywhere in Canada

Orders for Holiday Parties, Socials and Entertainments promptly attended to.

Wm. Somerville

NEXT STANDARD BANK, CHATHAM

Phone 36.

MONEY TO LEND.

To pay off mortgages. To buy property. Very lowest rates. Pay when desired. Will also lend on note and chattel.

J. W. WHITE, Banker.

King St. West, Chatham.

..Money to Loan..

ON MORTGAGES

At 4% and 5%

Liberal terms and privileges to borrowers.

Apply to LEWIS & RICHARDS.

SIGHT OR HEARING?

IF YOU HAD TO LOSE EITHER, WHICH WOULD YOU RETAIN?

The Deep Pathos of Beethoven's Great Affliction—How the Great Composer Came to His Death—A Few Remarks About the Ear.

Which would you rather be—deaf or blind? Here is a subject for debate or clubs or by the breakfast table.

It seems to us curious that there should be any doubt concerning the question propounded. But investigation shows that such doubt does exist.

Many a man will tell you that he would rather be blind and hear what is said around him than lose his hearing and continue to see.

Presumably the choice would depend on the mental make up of the person choosing.

The man accustomed to look inside of his own mind for resources and for interest would, we should say, not find deafness a hopeless curse.

The deaf man with sight can read and compel the greatest mind of every age to talk to him.

He can concentrate his thoughts at all times and in all places, for there is none of the world's distracting racket to divert him.

The blind man is shut out from the beauties of nature, and greatest loss of all, he is unable to study the wonders of the universe as spread out in the heavens at night. He finds himself limited to his own thoughts and to the idle talk of those around him.

Is there not in the marvels of one sunset more inspiration than in all the talk of a hundred men?

Is there not in the study of a young child's face more to be learned than in much empty conversation?

The greatest curse of deafness is that it shuts us out from the wonderful inspiration of music. But we consider this loss more easily borne than inability to improve the mind with study of the visible universe.

Talk this subject over with your friends. You will find it better worth discussing than the chances of rain or snow, or other of life's trivialities.

The power of the human mind is shown most vividly in the accomplishments of great men whose genius has surmounted the horrible affliction of deafness or blindness.

Homer was blind, Beethoven was stone deaf.

Milton was blind when he wrote "Paradise Lost." What could physical sight have added to his marvelous mental vision?

Of himself he says, "Wisdom at one entrance, quite shut out." But the affliction which would utterly destroy mediocrity adds fire and purpose to Milton's genius:

So much the rather, thou celestial light, shine inward, And the mind through all its powers, translate. There plant eyes that I may see and tell Of things invisible to mortal sight.

All history of pathos since the world began fails to match the story of Beethoven's affliction. One of the three greatest beings born on earth, he was fated never to hear except within his brain, and through his inward sense of harmony, the greatest works of his genius.

For earth's greatest picture of pathos, study this scene.

Beethoven's genius had culminated in the production of his two greatest works. A magnificent ovation was prepared for the master who has given such happiness to the mind.

A vast assemblage was gathered to conduct. Beethoven, the deaf genius, was to conduct.

The moving baton in his hands does not guide the musicians. His noble forehead is wrinkled deeply, his gaze fixed on the leading violin before him. The "leader" hears not a sound of his own marvelous music, and he "leads" by watch ing the bowing of the violinist who interprets his work.

Applause shakes the building. The thousands of spectators stand in their seats, waving their arms, shouting, cheering. Not a sound is heard by the author of all this excitement. He looks straight ahead, unconscious that frantic admiration has drowned the sound of the music. A woman advances, turns Beethoven gently round, that his eyes may behold the tribute of admiration to his genius.

He beholds thousands of men and women in tears, called forth by sympathy for his affliction.

But that scene move your sympathy, but let it also save you from possible affliction.

One piece of carelessness made Beethoven deaf and filled his life with sorrow.

After violent exercise he sat with his ear near an open window. Cold and inflammation resulted, and he was soon hopelessly deaf.

Bear in mind that similar danger threatens all of us at all times under similar conditions.

You may see some foolish young man racing to catch his ferryboat.

He catches it and stands in a cold wind on the front deck. His coat collar is turned up, and he thinks he is safe from cold. But his ears are wide open, and the icy draft strikes full upon the delicate membrane of the drum.

He thinks he is safe from cold in his ears as from cold in his back. He is foolish.

We ask you to remember that after hard exercise your weakest spot is the inside of your ear.

It is a good thing to get fresh air. But if you are warm from running or from sitting in a hot office keep your hands over your ears for a few minutes. Let yourself cool off before exposing the ear passages to sudden cold.

Live Agent Wanted.

Man or woman—lady preferred. We have pleasure and profitable employment for any man or woman at every post office address in Canada or in the United States, who is capable of great merit, which sells at sight. Exclusive territory given to competent agents. Address N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Every inhabitant of the United Kingdom may be said figuratively to hold sway over thirty acres abroad.

Fools Use Washes and Snuffs.

Wise people use Catarrhazone, why? Snuffs reach only a limited area, child's face more to be learned than in much empty conversation.

Catarrhazone reaches every air cell, the entire mucous surface of the throat, lungs and nasal passages. It requires little wisdom to see that this is the only way that Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma can be reached. Catarrhazone is simply wonderful. A new size, 25c, and any druggist will enable you to try it. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn.

The outdoor sporting tastes of the Emperor of Japan range from lawn tennis to football.

I cured a horse of the mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT. CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS. Dalhousie.

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I cured a horse of bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT. THOMAS W. PAYNE. Bathurst, N. B.

Arthur James Balfour, first lord of the British treasury, is a fine pianist and music is his hobby.

Indigestion, that menace to human happiness,

penalty to his assaults, and no respecter of persons, has met its conqueror in South American Nerve. This great stomach and nerve remedy stimulates digestion, tones the nerves, aids circulation, drives out impurities, dispels emaciation, and brings back the glow of perfect health. Cures hundreds of "chronics" that have baffled physicians.—68

Sold by J. W. McLaren, Chatham.

U. S. Senator Hoar believes, and acts on the belief, that the last car in a train is the safest.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Rose Blizzard has been appointed United States marshal for West Virginia.

If it is asthma, bronchitis, croup, or any such trouble, use Vapo-Cresoline. All Druggists.

Ever does wrong action boget its own retribution, punishing itself by itself and wrecking the instruments by which it works.—J. A. Froude.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

MONEY TO LEND ON MORTGAGES.

Borrowers should apply personally to The Chatham Loan & Savings Company, and secure advantages of best rates, low expenses, etc.

d&w3m.

"What is true charity but giving with a liberal and willing hand?" "By no means. When you know something about another fellow's charity might consist in giving nothing away."

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

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Minard's Liniment—Lumberman's Friend.

Reporter—I am told that your trusted cashier has left the bank?

Bank President—Did he? Thank heavens, we have the building to start with again.

—Humors feed on humors—the sooner you get rid of them the better Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take.

For twenty-four years Vapo-Cresoline has been extensively used for all forms of throat and bronchial troubles. All Druggists.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Got Corns

Foolish to keep them if you have? No fun in corns, but lots of pain. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor raises corns in twenty-four hours. Get a quick crop by raising it—druggists sell it.

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"At last, however, I succeeded in making an appointment and called at his house early one afternoon. I was shown into a handsome parlor, and after keeping me waiting long enough to get my nerves thoroughly on edge Webster himself suddenly appeared. He was a dark, dramatic looking man, somewhat of the Booth type, and without any apparent effort he seated himself by my side and said abruptly, 'I have a message for you from some one in the spirit land, some one who was very dear to you.' 'Who is it?' I asked. 'It is Captain...'

He replied, naming my younger brother, who had been in the Federal army and died about three weeks before at one of the military hospitals. I was momentarily startled, but on reflection it did not seem very wonderful that he should have known the name.

"My brother had been well acquainted in Washington, and very slight inquiry when I made request for an appointment would have developed the fact of his death. This was passing through my mind when Webster surprised me by pulling off his coat and rolling up his shirt sleeve. The white and muscular forearm he extended to me was without a spot or stain, but as I looked at it strange marks began to appear here and there and joined themselves together in connected script. In a moment my brother's full name was written in crimson characters. We were near a window, in broad daylight, and although I was considerably unnerved, I examined it closely. The writing seemed to be formed by a conglomeration of blood directly under the surface of the skin. In fact, the letters were raised a little, like embossing. In a few moments the characters began to fade, and presently they had entirely disappeared, leaving the arm as spotless as before. The remainder of my seance was not especially interesting," continued the speaker, "but the writing incident per se was a mystery for several years.

"Meanwhile Webster, who had made a fortune, ruined himself by gambling, took to other dissipations and became a common gutter drunkard about Washington. One night he met me at Willard's and begged for a small loan. When I refused, he took me aside and offered to show me how the arm writing trick was done if I would give him a dollar. I accepted, of course, and he took the blunt end of a match and scrawled his initials on his wrist, pressing down hard, but not enough to abrade the skin. For several minutes nothing was to be seen, then gradually the letters appeared in raised red lines, exactly as had been the case with my brother's name. It was merely a matter of temporarily arrested circulation, followed by temporary congestion. Anybody can do it who has a fairly sensitive skin and a blunt piece of wood. He had written the name just before entering the parlor on the day of our seance."

Triumph.

I hear the world scoff while he strives away, I see men smile when he has turned to go, And even pity, but he does not care, He has so much to bear the things they say, And so goes boasting on from day to day, And in his eyes there is a happy glow, Denoting an exulting heart below, And in his visions pleasing fancies play!

Aye, let them laugh, since, happier by far Than they who understand his frailties are, He hurries on with triumph in his heart, For what is triumph but a glad conceit? That lifts one o'er the rubble in the street, And makes some common cause a noble part!

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

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"At last, however, I succeeded in making an appointment and called at his house early one afternoon. I was shown into a handsome parlor, and after keeping me waiting long enough to get my nerves thoroughly on edge Webster himself suddenly appeared. He was a dark, dramatic looking man, somewhat of the Booth type, and without any apparent effort he seated himself by my side and said abruptly, 'I have a message for you from some one in the spirit land, some one who was very dear to you.' 'Who is it?' I asked. 'It is Captain...'

He replied, naming my younger brother, who had been in the Federal army and died about three weeks before at one of the military hospitals. I was momentarily startled, but on reflection it did not seem very wonderful that he should have known the name.

"My brother had been well acquainted in Washington, and very slight inquiry when I made request for an appointment would have developed the fact of his death. This was passing through my mind when Webster surprised me by pulling off his coat and rolling up his shirt sleeve. The white and muscular forearm he extended to me was without a spot or stain, but as I looked at it strange marks began to appear here and there and joined themselves together in connected script. In a moment my brother's full name was written in crimson characters. We were near a window, in broad daylight, and although I was considerably unnerved, I examined it closely. The writing seemed to be formed by a conglomeration of blood directly under the surface of the skin. In fact, the letters were raised a little, like embossing. In a few moments the characters began to fade, and presently they had entirely disappeared, leaving the arm as spotless as before. The remainder of my seance was not especially interesting," continued the speaker, "but the writing incident per se was a mystery for several years.

"Meanwhile Webster, who had made a fortune, ruined himself by gambling, took to other dissipations and became a common gutter drunkard about Washington. One night he met me at Willard's and begged for a small loan. When I refused, he took me aside and offered to show me how the arm writing trick was done if I would give him a dollar. I accepted, of course, and he took the blunt end of a match and scrawled his initials on his wrist, pressing down hard, but not enough to abrade the skin. For several minutes nothing was to be seen, then gradually the letters appeared in raised red lines, exactly as had been the case with my brother's name. It was merely a matter of temporarily arrested circulation, followed by temporary congestion. Anybody can do it who has a fairly sensitive skin and a blunt piece of wood. He had written the name just before entering the parlor on the day of our seance."

Triumph.

I hear the world scoff while he strives away, I see men smile when he has turned to go, And even pity, but he does not care, He has so much to bear the things they say, And so goes boasting on from day to day, And in his eyes there is a happy glow, Denoting an exulting heart below, And in his visions pleasing fancies play!

Aye, let them laugh, since, happier by far Than they who understand his frailties are, He hurries on with triumph in his heart, For what is triumph but a glad conceit? That lifts one o'er the rubble in the street, And makes some common cause a noble part!

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

Got Corns

Foolish to keep them if you have? No fun in corns, but lots of pain. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor raises corns in twenty-four hours. Get a quick crop by raising it—druggists sell it.

The British colonies are seventy times as large as the area of the United Kingdom.

I cured a horse of the mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT. CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS. Dalhousie.

I cured a horse badly torn by a pitch fork with MINARD'S LINIMENT. EDWARD LINLIFF. St. Peter's, B. C.

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