EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE

LORD WAS NOT IN EITHER, BUT IN THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

SAN FRANCISCO'S LESSONS

"Judge Not, That Ye Be Not Judged," When Tempted to Ascribe the Disaster to Punishment For Sin—World's Great Loving Heart—Individual Regeneration, Consequent Upon the Promptings of the Still Small Voice, Means Better City Will Arise.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1906, by Frederick Dyer, Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 6.—In the terrible calamity which has befallen San Francisco the preacher to-day finds a lesson for the whole nation. The text is I. Kings xix, 11, 12, "An earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice."

"Extra! Extra! Extra!" cried the newsboy in the street. Like the fishmonger's call, the voice echoed up and leaped through my study window. It did not cause even the tremor of the hand that held the moving pen. Why, I have heard that call of "Extra! Extra!" so often that it was like the cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" in the legend of old. I did not even have interest enough to say, "Another railway accident," or "Another eruption of Mount Vesuvius," or "Another threatened war between France and Germany over the Africa troubles." But suddenly my self-complacency was roused to vehement action. A member of the family rushed into the room and said: "Have you heard the news? San Francisco is destroyed by an earthquake. The Palace Hotel and the Call Building and the great City Hall are in complete ruins. All the great hotels are gone. All the places of amusement are in flames. A thousand people are dead. The city has taken fire, and the water mains are burst." "God help them! God help them!" was my answer. "But very probably, like all first rumors, there is exaggeration in the report. San Francisco, with its splendid buildings, could never have its foundations ruined. Let me find out from headquarters." So I stepped to the telephone and called up a friend at one of the prominent city newspaper offices and asked, "Are reports as bad as the first telegrams intimate?" "Much worse, much worse," he answered. "The city is in flames, and we fear it will be completely destroyed. The city is said to have sunk. What the earthquake did not upheave we fear that the holocaust will obliterate. That is the last report received, but the communication is broken now. The wires are all down."

Oh, the horror of it! The city of Los Angeles lay stunned. Two-thirds of all our population had friends or relatives or business interests in the city of San Francisco. The bleeding, moaning, helpless cry of America's metropolis of the Pacific was nowhere answered by a deeper sob of anguish than that which arose from the City of the Angels. We were one—one in family love, one in business interests. We seemed to be more than sisters. San Francisco's sufferings were Los Angeles' sufferings. We are next door neighbors in the family of cities.

Then the long wait. No news—wires down; communication stopped. Ah, Los Angeles knew then what must have been the feelings of the fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters when the telegraph wires thrilled and the news flashed over the northern and the southern states that the battle of Fredericksburg was being fought. Oh, the anxious moment of waiting for the dead list! They say it is hard to go to the front and die. I do not think it is nearly so hard as to stay home and live and think that your dear ones are soon to be numbered among the dead. They say that all of 15,000 men were killed at Fredericksburg. The rumors at first declared that 10,000 were dead in San Francisco. "What—will my telephone bell never stop ringing?" "My husband is in the Palace Hotel," says one. "My mother and sisters are living there," says another. "I have two brothers there," says another. "My son is there," says another. Aye, they could say it, but what could I say? Nothing. The wires were down. There seemed to be no hope. Then the telegraph instrument began to click. The streets about the different bulletin boards were blocked. "News, news! Give us the news!" was the cry. But when the news began to come in, instead of a smile upon the lip, the blanched cheek became paler, if that were possible.

Then, as the crowds grow thicker and denser, we find men fighting their way out. "What is the matter with you?" we ask. "Let me out!" they cry. "Let me out! I want to get the train and start north at once. I must get into that doomed city and go to my dear one." Crowds are now blockading the railroad offices for passage; but, though a thousand cars were to start, it would not be a long enough train to accommodate those who wished to go to San Francisco to rescue their friends. Then the reports came in awfully monotonous regularity: "Flames spreading. Buildings being dynamited to stop onward progress of conflagration. Gen. Funston forbids any one to land in the city. Water famine threatened. All wholesale houses destroyed. Hunger and famine staring the people in the face. People dying in the streets from exhaustion and starvation. Napa Insane Asylum destroyed. Stanford University buildings down. San Jose a wreck." Then, as a wailing cry, came the telegrams from Oakland, from the mayor and the governor: "Help! Help! Give us help! San Francisco is starving! Help! Help!"

Then the revolving wheels of the railroad trains come rumbling into our depots and the passengers alight. These are the first refugees from the city of death. "Were the stories overdrawn?" we ask. "No, no!" they answer. "Terrible about your experience." "We [illegible] boldly, in [illegible] safe." "Old [illegible] tors of stable [illegible] bonfide [illegible] er to [illegible] ing the life out of it, and then dropped for dead. Then the streets were filled with men and women and children in their night robes. Some were praying, some shrieking, some muttering like madmen. The walls began to totter and to fall. Buildings which had not been overthrown became blazing furnaces. At one time the flames leaped out of every window of the Palace Hotel. The top stories of the different buildings in many instances seemed to catch fire first. Then men and women started to run for the ferryboats. It was not a struggle to save property, but a mad race for life."

Oh, why should we go on and describe this horror In all the history of the world there never was a more ghastly tragedy. The battlefields of Gettysburg and Waterloo were tragedies of men only and had not the pathos of dying women and children, as had this pandemonium of furies. And yet, amid the heavy, rocking earth, amid the hissing, leaping flames, amid the lurid skies and the starving and the dead, we can to-day find some gospel lesson for practical use for everyday life.

Let us beware, in the first place, lest we attempt to handle the lightnings of God's wrath. Let us halt before we pass judgment upon the past sins of this great city. The Bible says, "Judge not that ye be not judged." But in spite of this divine command to "judge not" there are people who are ready to affirm that the reason why this tragedy was permitted to overtake the metropolis of the Pacific was because San Francisco was a city fostering and reeking with sin. Why, no sooner was this awful tragedy reported over the wires than one of the prominent newspapers of this city called me up and asked whether I believed that San Francisco was destroyed, like Sodom and Gomorrah, on account of its sins. I replied then as I reply now: "Any man who would make a statement that he thought San Francisco was destroyed on account of its sins is unfit to be a religious teacher and unfit to be quoted in any newspaper article." As the ancient prophet found, as he shuddered at the earthquake in his day, God was not in the earthquake. And after the eathquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire a still small voice. In that he heard the voice of the Lord.

"Do you think John Milton became [illegible] on account of his sins? Do you [illegible] ham Lincoln and James A. [illegible] d William [illegible] Were those missionaries who were tortured and killed in the Boxer uprising of China some years ago murdered on account of their sins? Then, if they were, you might have a right to say that this tragedy came to San Francisco on account of its sins; but, if not, you have not the slightest reason for affirming that the earthquake came as a judgment of God.

Has any one a right to say that San Francisco was destroyed on account of its sins if he listens aright to the words of Christ? What said Jesus when his disciples pointed to a man who was blind from his birth and asked, "Master, did this man become blind on account of his sins or on account of his parents' sins?" That was as much as to say: "All blindness and physical ailments are directly due to some man's evil deeds. Who sinned—this man or his parents?" Christ answered, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." Then in another place Christ told how the tower of Siloam fell. It fell as quickly and unexpectedly as the campanile of St. Mark's in Venice. Then he said: "Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans because they suffered such things? I tell thee nay, but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." Thus to-day, in lieu of Christ's words when you propose to say, "This catastrophe was sent upon San Francisco on account of its sins," I put my finger upon your lips and say: "Stop, brother! Stop, sister! Silence! Judge not that ye be not judged. Let God's lightnings flash as they will, but leave to him the right of judgment. Let us first see that our own city is cleansed of sin and not talk so much about other cities' sins." Wouldst thou try to pluck the mote out of thy brother's eye and perceive not the beam which is sticking forth out of thine own eye?

This catastrophe also teaches us that the gospel of Jesus Christ is a matter of faith and not necessarily of earthly interpretation. We now see through a glass darkly. We now know only in part. And the sooner we are willing to unite with Paul and say, "Great is the mystery of godliness," and then with the next breath say, "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief," the better it will be for our spiritual life and for the spiritual lives of those about us. You cannot understand often why God does as he does. We will have to leave all the explanations for heaven. Earth can never solve them.

But there is still another lesson. This tragedy, as no other tragedy during the past century, has proved how much the American people are akin and how much they are willing to help each other. "God hath made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth." But, though we may all be of one blood, yet no power on earth will make us call each other brother so appropriately as when the heavy hand of trouble is laid upon a brother's heart.

Can we not find in geological affinities of the world the symbol of this love of man for his fellow man, clinging to each other in times of trouble? If you study eruptions and volcanic disturbances, almost without exception you will find that earthquakes in one part of the world nearly always mean earthquakes in another part of the world—Mount Vesuvius in [illegible] blows of death about the same time; Mont Pelee and Mauna Loa seeming to have subterranean passages which connect; Lisbon, in 1755, with its 50,000 dead; Koschan, North Persia, with its 40,000 dead. What are the causes of these simultaneous geographical disturbances we know not; but, just as when Europe trembles America seems to tremble, so we find through all the great world when one part of the human race is suffering other parts of the human race suffer also.

I know many people may not agree with me. They affirm that this is a mean and contemptible world and that human heart is not in sympathy with human heart, but the actions of the American people toward suffering San Francisco give that statement the lie. No sooner did Los Angeles and the other cities hear what had happened to their sister, San Francisco, than the money began to flow in streams. Doctors and nurses volunteered their services for help. Schools were closed to send the children home for clothing and food to be expressed to San Francisco at once. Churches were turned into receiving stations for goods. The railroads said, "We will carry the refugees free." The express companies said, "We will carry the breadstuffs free." The great dry goods stores said, "You can come and buy your goods at cost price." And what Los Angeles was doing Boston and New York and Philadelphia and Pittsburg and Milwaukee and Denver and New Orleans and all the other American cities are doing. Oh, it is a glorious sight to see men and women giving of their substance to their fellow men merely because they are in trouble. Do not talk to me about this being a mean world. We as individuals may be mean, but the great world has a loving heart. The helping hands that are now reaching forth to agonizing San Francisco prove it.

But I learn from the awful catastrophe another lesson. It is this: Men and women seem to be blind to the ever present signs of danger. Because the tragedies of the past, like the lightnings, have struck right and left and hit everywhere, except at their own lives, they seem to feel that they themselves are impervious to dangers and will never be smitten down. They think, because they live in San Francisco, an earthquake will never jolt them into ruins, as Pompeii and Herculaneam were destroyed. They think, because they live on Long Island, they can never be submerged as was Galveston. They think, because they live in St. Louis, a cyclone can never destroy them, as Louisville, Ky., and Gainesville, Ga., were destroyed. Oh, yes, they can think of earthquakes and tornadoes and tidal waves 1,000, 2,000 or even 3,000 miles away from home. They may even picture one in Charleston, but not one at their own doorsteps. Like a flash out of a clear sky came the destruction of the city of San Francisco at the Golden Gate. Like a flash death may come stalking along, and come pounding at your door and mine, as it came and toppled over the massive walls of the metropolis of the Pacific coast a few days ago.

Now, amid all these scenes of destruction and sorrow that have come to our bereft sister city, I send to these suffering people words of congratulation and good cheer. First, I say, "Thank God, if the earthquake had to come, that it came in the early hours of the morning." You know that San Francisco is situated at the Golden Gate of the Pacific. It was truly the Golden Gate then. The sun was just arising over the eastern hills and throwing its light upon the shimmering waters of the bay. Had this earthquake come hours later Oakland and Berkeley and San Rafael and scores of other suburban cities and towns would have emptied their thousands and tens of thousands of business men and shoppers into the great metropolis. Then the huge office buildings would have been crowded. Then, when the walls cracked and fell, it would not have meant the loss of hundreds of lives, but of thousands upon thousands. Thank God, I say, that the earthquake came at 5.30 a. m. instead of 10.30 a.m. God be praised, we say. San Francisco's walls have toppled, but San Francisco's fathers and mothers and children live. Even the blackest clouds may have the brightest of silver linings.

Second fact for congratulation: Although the city of San Francisco has fallen, yet the city of San Francisco shall rise again. The future San Francisco which shall arise will be as much ahead of the old city as the modern locomotive is better than the old prairie schooner or canal boat. Like Galveston, its streets will be broader and lined with nobler buildings. Its palaces will be richer, its stores filled with better goods. Its people will have better homes. It is all nonsense to talk about this being the end of San Francisco. You can no more blot out San Francisco than you can obliterate New York or London. New York does not belong to the State of New York. It belongs to the United States. It is the port of entry. San Francisco does not belong to California. It belongs to the whole United States. Most of the goods sent to or received from Asia must pass through its "gates of gold." Then, as the country grows to the west, San Francisco must continue to grow. This one setback can no more retard its onward progress than St. Louis' bright heaven of hope can be eclipsed by the dark clouds of one fatal cyclone.

Then, lastly, I congratulate San Francisco because this great sorrow is going to result in the purification and the cleansing from sin and the consecration of its people to the service of the Divine Master. The city of San Francisco has been filled with eastern people. Most of these people came from Christian homes. But after many of them left the old homesteads they broke away, or, rather, drifted away, from the old spiritual moorings. They did as so many eastern people who have come to Los Angeles have done. They put their church letters in their trunks and never took them out. They spent their week days in making money and their Sundays in sport and fun seeking. In other words, they have not been children of God, as their forefathers were children of God. But now, by the broken fortunes and the new-made graves, these people of the northern part of the state will surrender their hearts to Jesus Christ. They will renew their pledges to the Saviour. And thus with the right hand they will reach out to the east and with the left hand they will reach out to the [illegible] such of those hands San Francisco will hold that sacred book in which are recorded the promises of God, upon whom they will throw themselves in Christian love and adoration. Ah, the sufferings have been great, but out of those sufferings Christ shall lead his chosen ones, as he led the children of Israel of old.

May we to-day pray for our bereft brothers and sisters of this stricken city. May we continue to reach out to them the helping hand of brotherly love. And in these times of sorrow and desolation may we with them consecrate our homes, our possessions, our loved ones and our own hearts to the Master's service.

HONORABLE JOHN COSTIGAN

New Brunswick's "Grand Old Man" comes out strongly in favor of "Fruit-a-tives."

Who has not heard of the Honorable John Costigan? He is to-day one of the most powerful, as well as one of the oldest, figures in Canadian politics. He was one of Sir John Macdonald's ablest lieutenants, and for nearly 20 years held various portfolios in the cabinet.

To-day at the age of 71, he is the idol of the electors of New Brunswick, and a power to be always reckoned with in Parliament.

His rugged eloquence—biting sarcasm—and ready repartee—make him at once the dread of his opponents and the delight of his confreres.

When a public man of the Hon. John Costigan's position voluntarily testifies to the marvelous cure effected by "Fruit-a-tives," it is bound to carry convincing weight with the whole Canadian people.

OTTAWA, ONT.,
232 Cooper St., Jan. 8th, 1906.

You know what fearful trouble I have had all my life time from constipation. I have been a dreadful sufferer from chronic constipation for over thirty years and I have been treated by many physicians and I have taken many kinds of proprietary medicines without any benefit whatever. I took a pill for a long time which was prescribed by the late Dr. C. R. Church, of Ottawa. Also for many months I took a pill prescribed by Dr. A. F. Rogers, of Ottawa. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Finally I was advised by Dr. Rogers to try "Fruit-a-tives" and after taking them for a few months I feel I am completely well from this horrible complaint. I have had no trouble with this complaint now for a long time, and I can certainly state that "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine I ever took that did me any positive good for constipation. I can conscientiously recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to the public as, in my opinion, it is the finest medicine ever produced.

(Signed)

JOHN COSTIGAN.

Was ever medicine put to a severer test than this?

Here was a great Public Official, who had suffered for more than 30 years with Chronic Constipation. The leading physicians of Ottawa prescribed for him without affording any permanent relief. Finally, as a last resort, "Fruit-a-tives" were ordered. And in THREE MONTHS, Mr. Costigan WAS WELL.

"Fruit-a-tives" did in THREE MONTHS, what doctors and drugs failed to do in THIRTY YEARS.

"Fruit-a-tives" are the most perfect combination known to medical science. They are fruit juices, concentrated and combined with tonics and internal antiseptics.

Unlike liver pills, anti-bilious pills and all preparations containing calomel, cascara, senna, licorice, etc.—"Fruit-a-tives" act like fruit DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER. They arouse this organ to vigorous health—strengthen it—and increase the flow of bile. It is the bile, given up by the liver, which enters the bowels and makes them move.

Unless the liver is active and excretes sufficient bile to move the bowels regularly and naturally every day, there is bound to be Constipation. And the only remedy that will cure Constipation is one that puts the liver in a healthy, active condition as "Fruit-a-tives" do.

Do you suffer with Chronic Constipation?
Are you bilious?
Is the liver inactive?
Is the stomach out of order?
Does the head ache?
Do your kidneys trouble you?
Is the skin disfigured with pimples?
Is the appetite poor?

Take "Fruit-a-tives." They sweeten the stomach—regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels—clear the skin—and build up, strengthen and invigorate the whole system.

One box will prove their value. 50c. a box or 6 boxes for $2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, - - OTTAWA.

A Man Who Drinks Hard

needs "Bu-Ju" if he wants to keep his health. Beer, whisky, wine—all alcoholic beverages—irritate the kidneys. Pain in the back, headaches, brick dust deposits in the urine—prove that the kidneys are seriously inflamed.

Bu-Ju

THE GENTLE KIDNEY PILL

strengthens and invigorates the kidneys, heals the inflammation, clears the urine, and takes away the pain.

"Bu-Ju" is not a cure for the drink habit, but "Bu-Ju" does protect the steady drinker against kidney disease.

All druggists have "Bu-Ju" or will get them for you.

THE CLAFLIN CHEMICAL CO. LIMITED
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BIG G
CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express prepaid, for $1.00, $2.75, upon request.

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Lead Packets only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c. and 60c. per lb. At all Grocers

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

MORE DEADLY THAN FAMINE.

Neglected catarrh sooner or later causes consumption, which destroys more human beings than famine and war combined. The way "Catarrhozone" cures catarrh is very simple; it first kills the germs that cause the irritation; then by soothing away the congestion and inflammation it cures the discharge, hawking and drooping in the throat. "I suffered so continually from nasal catarrh," writes Earnest R. Dakin, of Rosemont, "that I scarcely knew what it was to be free from headache and pain over the eyes. Catarrhozone relieved me at once and made a thorough cure." No other remedy cures like "Catarrhozone"—try it for your next cold.

Blake's Best.

London, May 11.—(C. A. P.)—The Canadian Associated Press heard that Hon. Edward Blake is being congratulated on the excellence of his speech on Tuesday night. It is considered the best he ever delivered in the House.

NOT SLEEPING WELL.

Without sleep there can be no bodily or mental vigor, consequently sleeplessness is a dangerous condition. Nothing so surely restores sleep as Ferrozone; it's harmless — just a nourishing, strengthening tonic. Ferrozone vitalizes every part of the body, makes the nerves hardy, completely rebuilds the system. The cause of sleeplessness is removed — health is restored — you can work, eat, sleep—feel like new after using Ferrozone. Don't put off — Ferrozone costs 50c. per box at all dealers; get it to-day.

Farmer Killed by His Team.

Magnetawan, May 11.—E. B. Parker, farmer, and late bailiff of the fifth division court, living four miles from this village, on Ahmic Lake, was accidentally killed about noon yesterday. Parker was harrowing a field near his residence, when his team ran away, dragging him along the ground, causing injuries from which he died.

CROUP IS DEADLY!

It must be stopped quickly. Nothing so sure as Nerviline. Give it internally, and rub it on chest and throat — croup soon vanishes. No doctor can write a more efficient prescription than Polson's Nerviline, which reaches the trouble and cures quickly. The marvellous power of Nerviline will surprise you; it's the best household remedy for coughs, colds, sore chest, croup, and internal pain of every kind. Large bottles have been sold by all dealers for nearly fifty years at 25c.

Loving Cup to Soldiers.

Victoria, B. C., May 11.—At a farewell concert to the imperial troops on behalf of the citizens, Lieutenant-Governor Sir Henry Joly presented a magnificent silver loving-cup standing three feet high, to the officer commanding the troops. The cup is engraved with the coat of arms of the various branches of the service represented by the garrison.

KEEP THE BOWELS REGULAR.

If your bowels didn't move for a week you would be prostrated. If more than one day goes by you become languid, blood gets bad, breath horribly offensive, you feel sick all over. To remedy this take Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which regulate the bowels and cure constipation. Taken at night you are well by morning. They purify and cleanse the system, prevent headache, biliousness and sick stomach. Prompt and certain are Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, 25c. per box or five for $1.00 at all dealers.

Synod Adjourns.

Toronto, May 11.—The Synod of Toronto and Kingston adjourned yesterday to meet again May 14, 1907, in St James' Square Church, Toronto.

$500 For Sherring.

Hamilton, May 11.—The finance committee last evening made a grant of $500 to Billy Sherring, to be exclusive of the cost of the reception.

Minard Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTEN.
Port Mulgrave.

Minard's Liniment and Dandy

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Family washings and gentlemen's work a specialty.

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WILLIAM STREET LAUNDRY.

We do all kinds of Laundry and Family Washing. Prices reasonable, and work guaranteed.

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$2,000 MACHINE

The Parisian Steam Laundry have installed a New Lace Curtain Machine costing them nearly $2,000.

Now is the Time to Have Your Lace Curtains Cleaned and Done Up at a Very Small Cost.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

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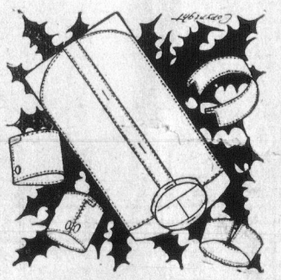

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Is an absolute necessity to the cleanly man. It's to that kind we cater especially. We do not care to

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for the fellow who doesn't care about his apdearance. Our work is too good for such as he. If you are a particular person, fastidious about your appearance, we want your laundry work. You will appreciate our kind of service at the first trial.

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Two Doors West of Planet Office.

SOMETHING NEW IN CHATHAM...

The Dolly Varden Shoe for Women

All Leather. New Styles, Low or High; Button or Lace. The newest novelties in footwear for Spring. Dainty Women — Dainty Spring Outfits — DOLLY VARDEN the dainty shoe for dainty women.

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SINGLE COMB BROWN LEGHORN POULTRY FARM SECOND CONCESSION CHATHAM TP.

Eggs from choice matings, 75c. Per Sitting of 15. From imported stock. Special rates for incubator lots. Orders left at Taylor's Cigar Store, Chatham,

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