

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Only a woman! Yes, a woman, sad and solitary, and well-nigh despairing. The man of a London crowd is too intent on the pursuit of pleasure to trouble itself about the woes of a street flower-seller, forlorn and helpless though she be. Poverty and suffering are objectionable things at the best of times. Pleasure and pain may be skin, but they dislike being in company.

She stood near one of the theatres in the Strand, trying to sell her posies—early violets—sweet flowers of spring-time. But sentiment is dashed aside in the struggles to live; to the lonely woman on the curbstone may have come visions of the dimly-remembered past when, as a free and happy girl, she plucked such flowers from sheltered nooks near the river or amongst fairy dells in the Kentish copests.

Flowers in such a March seemed almost a mockery, for a driving sleet on a bitter east wind, had nearly killed them, and now strove to extinguish the last spark of vitality in the sinking flower-seller.

As the last of the long line of men and women passed into the warm theatre from the March night Jenny Hayes sank with a moan in the gutter. Illness, starvation and despair made a breach for the bitter wind at last. The woman in the faded gray shawl had fainted from exhaustion.

"Confound her!" exclaimed stalwart Number Forty-two. "Just my luck! Gets the crowd in, and then a bloomin' flower girl wants lookin' after. Come along," continued the officer, shaking the gray bundle; "none of your nonsense, now! I can't allow it!" But the bundle stirred not.

"O, don't hurt her," pleaded a young woman who was hurrying by. "Take her in there, I'll look after her, poor thing!" Maybe the glances of her bright eyes and the coldness of the night was the heart of the law's representative; anyhow, without further delay, he carried the insensible woman who was as light as a child, into the main saloon of a neighboring restaurant, ablaze with light and agog with visitors.

So charmed was the policeman with his fair Samaritan that he laid his burden on a settee with a tenderness as welcome as it was unexpected. At the next table a lady and gentleman who were quietly discussing a most enjoyable repast looked with surprise at the unusual scene.

"Do you know who she is?" queried the young woman.

"Well, miss," replied the constable, "I have heard her called Jenny Hayes."

"What?" exclaimed the gentleman at the neighboring table. "Jenny Hayes? Surely a mistake!" He came over to the group and begged pardon for intruding. "Could he help? He had once known a lady of that name."

A stimulant was procured, and after awhile the woman regained consciousness, only to find, gazing at her, the kindly gray eyes of her old schoolmate and play-fellow, Philip Vane.

Yest without a doubt it was Jenny Hayes, a friend of his childhood; but oh, what a change. She knew him instantly.

"Phil! Mr. Vane! Thank God! I am so glad. I shall get better now, but I am so tired."

In moment he saw that her only fault was poverty. As he looked into those honest eyes he realized that through the mire of a London life she had passed unscathed.

Jenny was astonished to see so many friends around her. The lady with Philip Vane was his sister, who proved sympathetic in her attention. The world had changed, indeed. Even the burly policeman smiled. Why not? Policemen have hearts, sometimes, like other folk.

Anyhow, it was all pleasant for the tired woman, who, as she looked in the earnest face of Philip Vane and felt the clasp of his hand, knew that she had found a friend at last.

After long years, fate again was kind. Fifteen years ago, when little more than a girl, she was taking all London by storm with her wonderful dancing. At that time Philip Vane was on the high road to success as a mining engineer. Had she willed? he might have loved her, but she did not—they had loved best friends, nothing more.

Then he went to the Cape for a mining syndicate, where for years he had been prospecting in the interior, never doubting that his little sweetheart had married well and forgotten her youth and swim.

And while he was prospecting, she met with her great misfortune. She was doing an engagement at the Royal Music Hall the week it was burst down. At great risk to her own life she saved a child belonging to one of the waiting-women, but sustained such an injury to her right foot that from that moment her career as a dancer was ended.

The world made a subscription and then conveniently forgot her existence. Her star had set. Broken in health,

without friends, during those long and dreary years she had struggled for a bare subsistence.

Six weeks before Philip Vane had returned from Africa with a comfortable competence and was visiting his sister in London. With her Jenny found a refuge, and by kindly deeds and deep and earnest love they coaxed her back to life and health again.

With returning health some of the beauty of her early days came back, and, although she will have to bear the lameness that spoils her dancing and the bitter memories of privation through which she passed, yet as Mrs. Philip Vane she is keenly alive to the suffering in the world, for she ever remembers the joy that came to her life at the eleventh hour.—The Princess.

THE DISTRICT.

What is Going on All Around Us.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE LEADING CENTRES OF KENT AND ESSEX.

OUVRÉ.

Rev. Mr. Curwen preached his farewell sermon in Grace church last Sunday. He will be located in the vicinity of St. Thomas during the ensuing year.

The Ladies' Aid held a strawberry social last week, which was a success financially.

Nearly all who are raising tobacco around here, are complaining of stiff backs and legs.

FLORENCE.

Mrs. Webster, sr., and Miss Nellie Unsworth are visiting relatives in St. Mary's.

Rev. J. J. Brown, Bothwell, visited in town Monday and Tuesday.

Miss F. Coates, Chatham, was the guest of her cousin, Miss I. Corbett, this week.

Miss Little, Wallaceburg, is the guest of the Misses Boldin, Camden.

Miss Nellie Sigdal is the guest of Mrs. Craig, Detroit.

Mrs. Clark has returned from England, where she has been for a year visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Drake and Miss Nelson, Toronto, are visiting Mrs. Ridley.

Mr. G. G. Corbille, B. A., preached his farewell sermon to a crowded house, Sunday. He leaves for a new field of labor early next week.

R. McLean, Newbury, visited friends in town this week.

O. P. Forshee, Dresden, spent Monday with his son, W. P. Forshee, drugist.

Mrs. Harry Webster, Chatham, spent the first part of the week with Mrs. J. B. Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. Doherty, Newbury, were the guests of their father, Thos. Doherty, this week.

Miss Bird Hall is visiting friends and relatives in Chatham.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Below will be found a list of new inventions recently patented by Canadian, United States and English governments, through the agency of M. M. Martin & Martin, New York Life Building, Montreal:

67,753—Oscar Legros, North Bay, Ont., fire box.

29,920—Marguerite Drolet, Montreal, pile fabric.

62,484—R. Pitzamoni, Wapella, Asea, non-refillable bottle.

62,484—R. Pitzamoni, Philadelphia, P. Q., clothes.

62,905—J. E. Kennedy, Montreal, improvements in shoes.

62,905—J. E. Kennedy, Three Rivers, P. Q., acetylene generator.

62,905—Thomas Benwick, Miami, Kan., game apparatus.

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The Whole Civilized World

Is Speaking of Paine's Celery Compound and Its Wonderful Cures.

It Saves Men and Women When All Other Medicines Fail.



Ask for "PAIN'S" With Trade Mark As Above.

LOST OPPORTUNITY.

"There is a nest of thrushes in the glen. When we come back, we'll see the glad young things."

He said, "We came not by that way again; And time and thrushes fare an eager wings!"

"You rose,"—she smiled—"but no; when we return, I'll pluck it then." 'Twas on a summer day.

The ashes of the rose in autumn's urn Lie hidden well. We came not back that way.

We do not pass the self-same way again, Or, passing by that way, no thing we find.

As it before had been; but death or stain Hath come upon it, or the wasteful wind.

The very earth is envious, and her arm Reaches for the beauty that detained our eyes; Yes, it is lost beyond the aid of charms.

As it, once within our grasp, we leave the prize!

Thou traveler to the unknown ocean's brink, Through life's fair fields, say not "Another day."

This joy I'll prove, for never, as I think, Never shall we come back this self-same way!

—Edith M. Thomas.]

Curfew for Married Men. The women of Waycross, Ga., are agitating for a curfew law which will send all married men home before an appointed hour. Ten o'clock is thought to be late enough for married men to be out.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

FLORIDA WATER

THE SWEETEST MOST REFRESHING AND PURIFYING OF ALL PERFUMES FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET OR BATH.

ALL DRUGGISTS, PERFUMERS AND GENERAL DEALERS.

Walter Boyington is doing a rushing business putting up his famous Excelsior wire fence.

Warden Deshardt has gone to London.

F. C. Dulant, our popular tailor, is the possessor of a new wheel.

A Jesse James Held Up.

A. M. McCoy of Horse Cave, Ky., is famous throughout the Blue Grass State. For about two years he has owned the stagecoach lines between Horse Cave and Mammoth cave and Glasgow and Mammoth cave. He operated these lines all through the troublous times of the civil war. Of course he met with many harrowing experiences during the time, and which he likes to tell.

Probably no incident connected with his career is more thrilling than the hold up of one of his stages by Jesse James and three of his "pals" some time back in the seventies. This incident is described in one of the stories of that notorious highwayman. It occurred early one morning. When the stage was about half way between Horse Cave and Mammoth cave, four men sprang out from the side of the road and ordered the driver to halt. One of the men caught the horses and the other three drove the driver and passengers. The driver of course did as ordered, and the men proceeded to search the passengers. Everything of value was taken.

One of the men robbed was a man named Roundtree, who was known at that time. He had a valuable gold watch, which James confiscated for his own use. The timepiece was held very dear by Roundtree, as it had been presented him by ex-Governor Knott, who was at that time a young man. The notorious Jesse carried this watch during the rest of his life.

She Was Well Fed.

In the Sunday school room of an Episcopal church in Brooklyn the other day a lecture was given for the benefit of some worthy object. It was on a weekday, but on the hymn board in the front of the room were what the regular members of the congregation said were the numbers of the hymns that had been sung on the Sunday before. But an outsider was struck with something peculiar about them. There were four numbers arranged in line one under the other, as is customary on the hymn boards, and they were, as they appeared to the audience gathered for a lecture, "4, 11, 44," and "7-11."

"Why, it was the funniest thing," said a woman who was present. "I noticed it the minute I went in, and it must have been done on purpose, for there is no seven hundred and eleventh hymn in the hymnal; six hundred and something is the last. The first three were police numbers and the last craze. What's it funny?"

"Funny?" said the friend, who was listening to the joke. "I should say so. But not so much the numbers being there as that you should know what they meant. Now, confess how in error you did?"

When You Meet In Japan.

Nothing is more amusing than to watch two acquaintances saluting in the streets of a Japanese town. As they come in sight of each other they slacken on their pace and approach with down-cast eyes and averted faces, as if neither was worthy of beholding the other.

Then they bow low, as to bring the face on a level with the knees, on which the palms of the hands are pressed.

A succession of blissing sounds is next made by drawing in the breath between the closed teeth, interspersed with a series of complimentary phrases uttered with great volubility in a sort of undertone falsetto, each trying to outdo his friend in rapidity and extravagance of language, while the palms are diligently rubbed against each other.

At last the climax is reached, and each endeavors to give the precedence to the other. For some moments, perhaps for a full minute, the polite contest continues. Then the ceremony abruptly ends, as if the difficulty were capable of none but a brusque solution, and the two pass on hurriedly, with a look of extreme relief.

Articles Made of Eelskin.

An eelskin leather factory is situated in a quiet street in the neighborhood of London bridge. Here are prepared and manufactured various articles from the skin of the common eel.

The skins are manipulated by numerous complicated processes until they resemble and would easily be taken for leather, although of a more glutinous and pliable nature. This strange commodity is cut into long, thin strips and plaited very closely together for whipslashes and to cover the handles of the handles of many expensive whips. Certain kinds of lashes and harness leaces are also made of eelskin.

This leather is almost indispensable in articles of this description, where flexibility allied with an uncommon toughness is desired.—Invention.

Duffy and His Poems.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy relates that he once had put into his hands by a hostess a volume containing some of his own poems and was asked for his opinion of them.

"Dreadful drivel," replied the modest Sir Charles.

His hostess flushed. "I don't mind your laughing at me," she said, "but pray don't laugh at verses which came to me from the very heart of my husband when we first knew each other and which I will treasure to my dying day."

Rejoiced With Thanks.

Strong Minded Woman (pointing to article in paper):—Sir, did you write that?

Terror Stricken Editor—Y-y-yes, madam. I—I wrote it.

Strong Minded Woman—It meets my approval exactly. It is seldom one needs a person of your sex capable of such just discrimination. Will you marry me, sir?

A Difference.

Eliza—Uncle John, are you an author? Sir upon the language of flowers?

Uncle John—What do you mean—the language employed by the women who receive them or by the poor devil who has to pay the bill?—Boston Transcript.

Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt.

CURIOUS MAINE NAMES.

The Postoffice List Shows Many Traces of Early Indian Influence.

There are 1,198 postoffices in the state of Maine, and although many of them, especially in the southern and more thickly populated portions of the state, bear plain, simple, short and easily pronounced American names, there are a considerable number in what may be called "the backwoods" or the interior which bear names of Indian origin. In Aroostook county there are Wytopituck, Mattawabscog, Oxbow, Mooselook, Medoushew, and Mowabscog. In Piscataquis county there are Mattagonsis, Spurdabunk, Unumtakup, Nahmakania, Allagash and Pansadock. In Somerset county, Chamaheamtoosk, Cauquoggon, Massabunk and Sebemoosk. In Franklin county, Moosookmaguntic; in Oxford, Chamaheamtoosk, Farnesebunk and Unabog.

There are very few French or French-Canadian names in the whole state. By the last state census of the Pine Tree State there were 78,000 foreign born inhabitants within its borders and of this number about two-thirds, or 52,000, were Canadian, chiefly French Canadian. There were by last census only 1,100 German, 2,500 Scandinavian and 11,000 Irish inhabitants in the state out of a total population of 660,000, but notwithstanding this circumstance and the fact that the upper portions of Maine were for a time under French rule there is practically no trace of French names in these counties or in the towns comprising them, although in neighboring Vermont, and many of the townships have French names, which are much easier of comprehension and much less open to the charge of mistake than are those of the peculiar and confusing style which is so general in Maine. To the business of the dead letter office Maine makes a considerable contribution each year.—New York Sun.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

Serving His Queen, in Various Countries, He Fell a Victim to Rheumatism.

Suffered Unbearable Torture for Many Years—Fervent Remedies Failed to Help Him. Till He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills—Then He Cured Him.

Windsor, June 24.—"I have suffered for many years from chronic Rheumatism," writes Mr. F. G. Fenton, of this city. "I have seen active military service on different occasions, in different climates, and the hardships I have borne, sowed the seeds of the disease in my system and nourished it, till it had me completely in its toils. I went through the Northwest campaign, in 1855, and after my return home, I thought I would never be of use again."

"My sufferings were past the power of words to describe. Every joint was furnace of fiery burning pain. Every movement seemed to tear my flesh asunder. I used remedy after remedy, but with always the same result—Failure."

"Finally, thank God, I was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I did so, and the result is told in three words—They Cured Me."

"I have served in the 33rd (British) Regiment, through an Indian campaign, and in No. 2 Co. R. I. and my comrades in the latter corps can vouch for the truth of these statements."

Mr. Fenton is a man who has earned an honorable record in the service of his Queen and country. He knows whereof he speaks, and his word cannot be doubted. In his experience with Dodd's Kidney Pills enough to prove beyond dispute that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one, the only cure on earth for Rheumatism!

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, or will be sent on receipt of price by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

THE FAMILY IN JAPAN.

Filial Piety and the Longing for Immortality Its Guiding Stars.

In a recent lecture Professor Kakichi Mitakur of the University of Tokyo gave a description of the social life in his native country, which differs materially from many other accounts. "The social unit in Japan," he said, "is the family, each family having its officially registered head, frequently the wife. Occupations in all classes as a rule are handed down from generation to generation, and it is a matter of family pride that that occupation does not deteriorate. The works of ancestors are kept constantly before the family as sacred models, and the result is the inimitable beauty of Japanese productions."

Another interesting custom arising out of the treatment of the family as the social unit is seen in the fact that the head of the family always has the same name and that as each person succeeds to the dignity he changes his youthful name to the family name.

Though this custom still survives in the country districts, there is no stagnation of social and industrial types, it being now within the power of the humblest to rise to the highest office in his state by merit alone. The first known ancestor is regarded as the founder of the family; the names of ancestors are kept on tablets in the most sacred place of the house, while the anniversary of the deaths of ancestors are observed with more or less of religious ceremony. Women are held in commendable respect, while children are treated with deference; they represent the future generations. There is a strong desire in the mind of the father that the memory of those who have gone before should be kept green; hence the idea of the family as the social unit is kept up by two factors—filial piety and the longing for immortality."

A wife further says that if you say 'No' you should mean 'No.' Unless you have a good reason for changing a command, hold to it.

Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt.

Windsor Salt.

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Windsor Salt.

Windsor Salt.

Windsor Salt.

Windsor Salt.

NEW MANHOOD

To you, my friend, young or old, if suffering the results of youthful folly, such as DRAINS, NIGHT LOSSES, IMPOTENCY, LAME BACK, VARICOCELE, etc., take the advice of my 30 years' experience.

DON'T USE DRUGS

when you can get nature's own simple remedy, the very essence of life itself—ELECTRICITY. The DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT for weak men is known the world over. I am the inventor. With it last year I restored manly vigor to 5,000 sufferers. Little book explaining all, sent sealed free upon request, or drop in and consult me free of charge.

Dr. A. S. SANDEN, 132 St. James St., Montreal, Que.

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We have the best value in the city.

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A Bicycle at a Low Price is not always a bargain, but when buying a wheel CONSIDER THE QUALITY and reputation of each make, we have the ECLIPSE WITH THE NEW AUTOMATIC BRAKE AND COASTER, the latest and only real improvement in the Bicycle line. IMPERIAL, OXFORD, GENDRON, CAMBRIDGE, AND FAMOUS at prices that will suit you. Also see our new 1000 mile axle buggy.

Wm. Gray & Sons

Buy Your Lawn Hose

From Geo. Stephens & Co.

Screen Doors And Windows, All Sizes, Very Cheap.

Best place in Chatham for this class of goods. Refrigerators, Hammocks, Ice Cream Freezers, Lawn Mowers and all summer goods away down in price.

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Dr. Agnew's Ointment, 25 CENTS.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment, 25 CENTS.