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If you ever contracted any blood disease you are never safe unless the virus of poison has been eradicated from the system. At times you see alarming symptoms, but live in hopes no serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore Throat, Ulcers on the Tongue or in the Mouth, Hair Falling Out, Aching Pains, Itchiness of the Skin, Sores or Blisters on the Body, Eyes Red and Swart, Dyspeptic Stomach, Sexual Weakness—indications of the second stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin your system with the old fogey treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time, only to break out again, when happy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our New Method Treatment is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds, that the discharges have been already cured by our New Method Treatment for over twenty years. No experiment, no risk—not a "watchdog" but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited. We treat and cure Nervous Debility, Sexual Weakness, Gleet, Blood Poison, Stricture, Varicocele, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, and all diseases peculiar to men and women.

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25c bar dish with soap, for 20c.
4-lb. prunes, 25c.
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3 pounds mixed biscuits, 25c.
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Fine spiced cucumber pickles, 10c per dozen.
1 lb. can Gold Seal B. Powder, fresh, 10c each.
1 lb. Cream B. Powder, with step-ladder, 25c.
Just arrived, a fine assortment of dinner sets and chamber sets, to be sold at our usual low prices; we would like you to see them. Five per cent off the above, and 10 per cent off china and glassware, on Saturday, 3rd of May.

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BOY'S LOVE

Copyright, 1901, by Isola Forrester

"Are you cold?" He asked the question politely, but not solicitously. Each time he had walked to the top of the little sand dune and back again to the lone figure sitting in silent dignity among the straggly sword grasses and sand cherries he had asked the same question with the same result.

"Thank you, not at all," said Jeannette without removing her gaze from the blot of ink splashed on the lake's sunset stained breast far to the westward that represented Macatwa Island.

"Are you hungry?"

"No."

The other times he had gone away to his solitary lookout point when she had uttered that frozen negative. Now he paused and took another look at her. She was cold. She must be cold in that lacy, foolish, exquisite excuse for a rational garment which she wore. It was nearly 7, and there had sprung up

SHE GLANCED UP INDIGNANTLY.

a fresh, cool lake breeze since the sun shot its last crimson shaft above the pines of the mainland shore. He was cold with his coat and sweater on. "If only she would give some sign of weakening," he thought and then caught a glimpse of her profile—the lifted rebellious chin and the short upper lip, the straight little nose, with its delicious tendency to tilt heavenward, and the fluttering wisps of straying curls that the wind tossed where it pleased—and his foot ground an unfeeling clump of asping clover in the sand.

If she had never kissed him, it would have been another matter, but she had not once; he could distinctly remember several times. And they were not casually kisses either. Eleanor kissed him in a coquettish fashion—friendly, mild little kisses at his chin or eyebrow—when he had a birthday or left for college, but Jean had been different—different ever since he could remember, when, a thin, big eyed, red haired young creature of six, she had proclaimed her love for him from the house-top and graciously showered him with favors varying from sticky caramel kisses to the eyes of her loved doll when the latter went the way of her kind. He looked at his watch. The boat could not possibly reach them from Macatwa before another half hour. It would make a landing on its way around the lake to gather up the cottagers for the hop.

"Are you hungry?"

It was a last appeal. Jeannette plucked a spray of sand cherries and began to eat them stolidly. He remembered other girls with red hair who had the same pleasant, maddening little ways at critical moments. It must be in the color, or was it just pure—

She glanced up indignantly when he knelt beside her and wrapped his coat around her and then laughed when she saw the look on his face.

"I like you when you're like that, Tom," she said.

"Like what?"

"Oh, just brace up and boss me and forget you're only a boy! Can you see the boat yet?"

"No; I'm not a boy. Does Kerwin boss you?"

"Not very much; sometimes. He's never rude."

"Isn't that pleasant?" After a pause, "Do you like him so awfully well?"

He was stretched out on the sand at her feet, all his heart in his eyes as he looked at her. They were good eyes that had not yet lost the frank, questioning directness of boyhood.

Jeannette gazed steadily at the red light that had suddenly flickered to life in the lighthouse at Osbourne point.

"Pretty well," she said thoughtfully. "Better than you do me?"

"You are so disagreeable at times, Tom, that it isn't fair to judge," she returned generously. "You keep one so in doubt, you know, and Mr. Kerwin is always the same. He is one of the most amiable men I have ever met."

"I hate amiable men."

"How you must love yourself, dear!" "I don't call me dear. When we fight, you always ring in the cousin racket and 'dear boy' me. I'm not a boy."

"Don't growl so. You are a boy, six feet one and a hundred and sixty pounds of good, solid, sweet tempered lovable boy. I wonder if Mr. Kerwin will be worried about me and come on the boat. He has the first watch."

"You always give him waltzes. All

Lumbago

is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys do their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

I got are two steps. What fellow has any chance in a two step?

"Two steps were made for you, Tom. Your graceful prance is heavenly. I feel as if I had been at a football game when you slow up and deposit my remains on a friendly chair. But one doesn't wait as if one were wound up like a toy engine to scoot from wall to wall in a frenzy. Mr. Kerwin learned in Europe, he says."

"If I could think that you only did it to torment me, the way it was with Bob and Cliff Mason and the rest, I wouldn't care a hang. But some way he seems different. He's forty-five."

"Thirty-six."

"It's all the same, and I know Uncle Nick smells cold cash or he'd never throw you at his head the way he does."

"He doesn't throw me at his head," came the hot denial. "Eleanor is always with us."

"Oh, well, Eleanor, she's most thirty."

"Twenty-five last April."

"I don't care. She wouldn't look at Kerwin. If he comes on the boat, I'll throw him in the lake."

"You sweet child! Tom, dear, do you know?"

"No; I don't know," he retorted bitterly. "I don't know anything, Jeanie, except that I love you, and you don't care a rap."

There was silence. After a few minutes she stole a glance at him. His head was lying on his arms, his face hid. She smiled a little, tremulous, fearful smile. What a boy he was! A man would have known, taken it for granted anyway. But all he did was avow his cause and lay down heart and sword before the battle had even begun.

Far off on the distant marsh some night fowl sent a quavering, anxious cry across the lake, and the water lapped lazily among the reeds down near the rickety old pier.

She shivered and looked away from the strong, athletic young figure lying among the sword grasses at her feet. If he had not been going away that night! How long half a year seems when one must be alone! But he was such a boy! She turned and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Tom, don't do that," she said quickly, a little frown contracting her eyebrows. "I didn't know. You always acted as if it were half fun. Don't you know you did? And Bob and Cliff weren't in earnest. Boys aren't generally. They fall in love because—oh, just because! And I thought you were the same. I didn't think you would want it to be forever, the way men do."

No response from the prostrate figure. Her hand wandered to his hair. It was thick, wavy hair. She had loved to pull it back in the old days when she had been angry with him. One could get such a splendid grip.

"You never said you really wanted me, you know, Tom." The words did not come as easily now. "Mr. Kerwin proposed, really and truly, in the regulation way, like a man. You never even proposed."

The figure sat bolt upright.

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Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

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CHAMBERLAIN'S PAIN EXPELLER.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

"What did he say?"

"The boat has left the island."

"How did he do it?"

"They'll be here pretty soon."

"Jean, look at me. Don't laugh."

After awhile, when they could hear the slow, faint whistle of the boat and walked down to the pier together swinging hands, he asked suddenly:

"Did I do it right?"

"Lovely?"

"You dear! Better than Kerwin?"

"Ask Eleanor!" she said.

A Barber and Poet.

Jasmin, the Gascon poet, who was also a barber, had many a strange adventure arising from the incongruity of his two professions.

At one time when he was visiting the mayor of a French town and had promised to give an informal recitation to the townspeople the hour arrived, and his host did not appear. Several important personages assembled to accompany them to the hall, but the mayor remained invisible, busied with his toilet.

Finally, fearing the impatience of his guests, he opened the door of his chamber to apologize and showed his face covered with lather.

"Just a moment," said he; "I am finishing my shaving."

"Oh," said Jasmin, "let me help you."

He at once doffed his coat, gave a finishing touch to the razor and shaved the mayor in a twinkling with what he called his "hand of velvet." In a few minutes he was in the hall receiving tumultuous applause for his splendid recitations.

From Medicine to the Drama.

The earlier part of Victorian Sardou's career was beset with many trials and difficulties. His parents wished him to take up a medical career, and he began his studies with some zeal. The love of the drama, however, was far greater than the love of the pill box, and in the interval of the other work Sardou was busy upon a play. Life was a struggle for him, for he had little money though he managed to get journalistic work to supplement his slender income.

His first play was a failure, and Sardou rushed from the theater vowing never to enter one again. He fell seriously ill, was nursed back to health by Mlle. de Brecourt, an actress who lived on a floor below, and from that time his fortune was made.

Experts in Chirography.

Barnes—So you are going upon the stage? Expect to become a great actor one of these days, I suppose?

Howes—Expect nothing! I want to learn to write as they do upon the stage when they have a letter to write. Jimminy! Chirography is nothing to it!—Boston Transcript.

THE SUN IS SELDOM ON TIME.

Only Four Days in the Year When Old Sol Isn't Too Early or Too Late Arriving.

The sun does not keep good time. He is almost always too fast or too slow. Once about the middle of April he is just on time, then not again before the middle of June. At the beginning of September he joins the clock a third time, and lastly once more late in December. Now it would seem as if he were startled at the way he had neglected us. In February he fell back until he was fifteen minutes late. By the beginning of March he had made up five minutes of his loss, and before the month is over he will have caught up to within five minutes of the schedule. Meanwhile the days have been growing longer very rapidly. We begin March with our nights longer than our days. We end it with the one month we have added to the length of our day an hour and twenty minutes, a bigger gain than any other month can show.—Professor S. O. Schmeucker, in The Ladies' Home Journal.

Scotch Proverbs.

Fools' haste is no speed. Guide watch prevents harm. Little said is soon mended. The Great barker are nae biters. Never quit certainty for hope. Nothing so bold as a blind man. Every shoe fits not every foot. A hay man never wants won. A man is a lion in his ain cause. A sorrowing bairn was never fat. Forbid a fool a thing and he'll do. An ill plea should be well plead. A bad man should be very wise. I like nae to mak a toil o' a pleasure.

A guide word is as soon said as an ill one.

A word before is worth two behind.

Be a friend to yourself, and others will.

Many irons in the fire some may cool.

Nae great loss but there is some gain.

I cannot sell the cow and have the milk.

Be the same thing that ye wad be ca'd.

It is not the cowl that makes the friar.

Force without forecast is of little worth.

A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.

As ye mak' your bed sae ye main lie down.

A guide tale is na the waur to be twice told.

Better an empty house than an ill tenant.

If it can be nae better, it is weel it is nae waur.

He that wad eat the kernel maun crack the nut.

He that seeks trouble, it is a pity should miss it.

He was scant o' news that tauld his father was hanged.

Gentility sent to market will not buy a peck o' meal.

He has need of a long spoon that sups kail with the de'il.

Faults are thick when love is thin.

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"SURPRISE" makes child's play of wash day. Use the "Surprise" way. Follow directions. They are plain.

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Our new models are now ready. Not much better perhaps than the '01, but with some new features to interest you, and excellent clear through.
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