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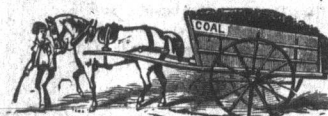
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Having the tug "Vick" and a sand scow, I am prepared to enter into contracts for the supply of sand and gravel at lowest prices. Apply to Capt. V. Robinson.

SHORT SIGHTED LOVE

PENILESS HONEYMOONS OF SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE.

Southey Parted From His Bride at the Church Door After the Ceremony—New Carlyle Made It Easy for Leigh Hunt to Marry—Actors Who Had Slim Purse, But Infinite Faith in Themselves.

If Love is not so blind as he is credited with being, he is at least very short-sighted at times, and little disposed to take any thought for the morrow, so long as to-day's happiness is ensured.

This was undoubtedly Southey's frame of mind when one day in November, 1795, he led Coleridge's sister-in-law, the fair Miss Edith Frick, to the altar. It was only by dint of resolute saving—even to the extent of dispensing with many a day's dinner—that he was able to pay his wedding expenses, and so empty was his purse when he had done this that he was compelled to part from his bride at the church door after the ceremony, as he did not know where his next meal was to come from.

Coleridge was almost equally improvident, for after a few weeks of an ideal honeymoon in a rustic cottage in the heart of the country, he loved so well he "saw poverty staring at him through the lattice-panes." His small stock of money was quite exhausted, and many years of struggle and privation followed on the heels of his brief dream of happiness.

The story of Leigh Hunt's domestic straits is better known, perhaps. He was the most impractical of men, and his wife was almost as unworldly as he himself, and their domestic condition is generally considered to have been one of chronic financial difficulties. Happily he had many good friends, one of whom was Carlyle, his neighbor, who, whenever he expected a visit from Hunt, would leave a sovereign or two lying exposed on the mantelpiece, so as to make the inevitable borrowing as easy as possible.

Many pathetic stories are told of the privations of Mozart and his young wife during their early married years. Mozart willfully wedded a penniless girl against the advice of his friends, saying proudly, "I have that within me which will enable me to support the woman I love." But poverty was long an unwelcome guest in their house before fame discovered their address; and not only was the family-cupboard often bare, but more than once they were caught dancing together to keep themselves warm, when there were no coals in the house.

Wagner was just as confident of his powers to support a wife as Mozart, when at the age of twenty-four he married a beautiful, but penniless, girl; and yet within a few weeks of his honeymoon, when he was declaring that the two things he coveted most on earth were a warm overcoat and some firewood. For twenty years it was a desperate fight for bare existence, and many a time if it had not been for the kindness of Liszt and a few other friends.

Samuel Phelps, the great actor, never did a more daring or a wiser thing than when he faced the altar "with a smiling face and an income, all told, of 38s a week." So poor was he that when he secured an engagement at Leeds he would tramp to York every Saturday night to spend a few hours with his wife, starting on his return journey as the clock struck twelve on Saturday night. In later years, when he had drunk deeply of the cup of fame, and when his wife was no longer with him to share it, he exclaimed, "Ah! was much happier then on eighteen shillings a week with her to share it than I am now with 'half the house' for myself every night."

Edmund Kean's purse was so empty on the eve of his wedding that he had to borrow half a sovereign from a friend to pay for the ring, and it was only through the generosity of the landlady of the Dog Tavern that he was able to offer his bride a breakfast.

Charles Matthews, the "King of Comedians," had such infinite faith in himself, and, perhaps even more, such an insatiable love of Miss Strong, that he undertook the responsibilities of married life on 12 shillings a week, and smiled when his friends predicted a honeymoon in the workhouse. And yet during the four short years of their wedded life no couple in England were more perfectly happy.

When John Scott, known to fame in later years as Lord Eldon, ran away with Miss Surtees, the banker's beautiful, if wayward, daughter, his purse was so slender that he had reached the bottom of it on the third day of his honeymoon, and was on the predicament of "having no home to go to, and of not knowing whether our friends would ever speak to us again."

Shelley had a similar experience when, as a boy of nineteen, he eloped with his sister's school-friend, Miss Westbrook. Before the runaway couple had got as far as York on their way to Edinburgh they found themselves parting with their last shilling; and the too ardent lover had to appeal to Hogg to send him £10 to relieve "a slight pecuniary distress."

There was surely never a bride and bridegroom more impetuous than Flaxman and his brave young wife. Even his best friends declared that he was a ruined man from the moment he stood before the altar, and it is true that for some time starvation was never far from his door. But Mrs. Flaxman determined that if her husband was to be ruined it should not be through her, and she practised her economies so skillfully that within five years she had saved sufficient money to enable him to study the works of his great predecessors in Rome.



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There's the bunch of money you'll pay out to get rid of the rheumatism if you buy prescriptions with it. It's a cure you want, not prescriptions.

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SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE
rich in healing powers, relieves bladder and kidney troubles in six hours, and in the worst cases will speedily restore perfect health.
Sold by Messrs. Gunn and McLaren, Druggists, Chatham.

An Old Time Explosion.

An old chronicler tells a curious story of an explosion which occurred in London Jan. 4, 1649. A ship chandler, it seems, "about 7 of the clock at night, being busy in his shop about barrels of gunpowder, it took fire and in the twinkling of an eye blew up not only that, but all the houses thereabout to the number of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could never be known, for the next house but one was the Rose tavern, a house never (at that time of night) but full of company. And in three or four days, after digging, they continually found heads, arms, legs, etc." The most interesting part of the account comes further on:

"In the digging they found the mistress of the house of the Rose tavern sitting in her bar and one of the drawers standing by the bar's side, with a pot in his hand, only stifled by dust and smoke, their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling across one upon another. There was also found upon the upper leads of Barking church a young child lying in a cradle as newly laid in bed, neither child nor cradle having the least sign of fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it for a memorial, for in the year 1666 I saw the child, grown to be then a proper maiden."

The Troubles of the Coyote.

The coyote has small chance for life. It is hunted upon all occasions and by various and sundry methods. The plain cowboy carries along the plains the pop at it with his six shooter. The wise ranchman has a shotgun or rifle hanging in a convenient place awaiting the appearance of a coyote near the ranch house. The hunter of more choice game never misses a shot at a coyote, while there are professionals who do little else but pursue it from one year's end to another. Besides, there are organized hunts inaugurated in settled communities for both pleasure and profit, when a large scope of the country is swept clean and the coyotes falling into the meshes of the hunt are dispatched and their skins tanned for rugs and doormats. Then animals are baited with poisoned meat. This method of destruction is not only used by ranchmen, but by persons who make a business of killing coyotes for a living.

Real difficulties are the best cure for imaginary ones; because God helps us in the real ones and so makes us ashamed of the other.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

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Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

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Very small and so easy to take as sugar.
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THE LITTLE COACHMAN

By Elliot Walker

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There was more than a suspicion of snow in the dampness of the late twilight, now darkening rapidly as the dismal clouds above closed pall-like over the city streets.

The well clad business man, the sturdy laborer with no overcoat, swinging his dinner pail by rough red fingers; the factory girl hugging herself within a faded shawl, the smart clerk, the trim saleslady—all pressing on, leaving their workday behind.

Among them glided a small, wiry man, stepping fast where open spaces gave him expeditious advantage. His head was bent, his eyes pulled over his eyes and the collar of his heavy box coat turned well up to hide all view of the face and head save a glimpse of grizzled, close cropped hair, a jutting nose and quick eyes.

Presently he slipped down a side street, keeping close to the smooth walls of the high brick buildings, then with a lessened speed, moved cautiously into a dark alley. A few moments later found him in a poorly lighted saloon, knocking softly upon the closed door of a room to the left of the unattractive bar.

"Come in," sounded a low call, and the man entered.

At a round table sat two men, both of good appearance and in apparently poor keeping with their dingy surroundings.

A gas jet flickered dimly from the tarnished fixture on the cheap papered wall, glimmering on the empty glasses and the bottle ornamenting the table between them.

"Turn up that light and sit down, Penock. I got your note. What's the news?" remarked the older of the occupants to the newcomer.

"It looks like a chance tomorrow night, Mr. Grady," began Penock in a deliberate whisper.

"Sh!" said the other warningly. "We'll drop names, I guess, and his companions nodded. 'Have a drink!'" he added.

"No, I must skip back. The old man's particular, you know. He won't keep a coachman a minute if he smells of liquor."

"How about the first time you met us?" grinned the third man.

"That was a night off," replied the coachman soberly. "I know better now. Gentlemen, if I turn the boy over to you what do I get?"

"Twenty years if you're caught," said Grady facetiously. "That's what we will all get. If we work things right it means a fortune for you."

Penock's gray eyes were expressionless in their stare. His thin, close shaven lips set anxiously. "But I've got to get away," he objected. "I'm the one they'll look for, of course. I'll



THE CONSPIRATORS WERE YANKED VIOLENTLY TO THE ICE PAVEMENT.

need money. It's run and hide for weeks perhaps, and I've but a few dollars. You gentled me into this; not but what I was willin', but it looks foolish now. Give me a thousand down when I place the lad with you—a thousand, see! If not, I swear I won't take the risk. I know the inside of a jail, and I don't like it."

His companions, leaning on their elbows, covered their hard mouths with compressed palms and gazed thoughtfully in each other's eyes.

"You two are as safe as fleas," went on the coachman. "I'm to provide the team and get rid of it. You're landed at the place you've picked out with what you've been after these two months. Where am I? Escaped for my life or just as bad. A thousand ain't a penny too much; no, nor five thousand with what you'll get."

"Hush!" hissed Grady through his fingers. "Tomorrow night, you say. Deliver the goods and it's yours. Then get out and keep hidden until you hear from us. Where shall we meet?"

"Carter street, corner Hammond avenue, between 9 and 10 o'clock. I'm drivin' him home from a kid's party and he'll be alone. That's it."

The little coachman put on his cap, buttoned his coat, nodded significantly with a finger on his lips and the door closed softly behind him. Then he passed quickly through the outer room and out again to the dark alley now whitening fast with swirling snowflakes.

"I'm 'bout the last one to leave, Penock," said little Philip Vaughn, as the

coachman tucked him in. "It's mom 10, ain't it? I had a lovely time. Ridden home alone in the big sleigh is fun too. Have some candy? I've got two bags."

"No, Flip (every one called him Flip). 'I don't go much on candy.'"

His stern countenance was dimly lit as he mounted the box.

Three blocks and he slowed up and stopped, to jump down with the reins in one hand, bending over to open the heavy door.

"Two gentlemen, friends of your father, Flip," he whispered. "I'm going to give them a lift."

"All right," murmured the six-year-old sleepily. "L' 'em pile in."

A few cautious words, the handing of a small package to the driver, and a whisper of advice from that worthy. "He's almost asleep. No need to dope him."

The millionaire's sleigh slid rapidly on through the lighted streets. Inside it was very dark and still. The child snuggled against the warmth of the villain beside him and his little head fell lower and lower.

Now they were going faster and turned a corner sharply to stop with a jerk.

On each side the curtained doors were violently wrenching outward. The conspirators within, too startled for resistance, found themselves in the relentless clutch of uniformed men who yanked them viciously to the icy pavement with fierce commanding words.

The abductors glared wildly at their captives, then at the entrance toward the rear of the sleigh.

Over it, in black, forbidding letters, plainly to be read in the gleam from a nearby are light they saw "Police Station."

"Tuck that boy in! Tell him it's all right, and we're going straight home," rapped a sharp voice from the box as a shrill wail issued from the interior of the equipage. "Lock those fellows up in separate cells."

A big officer touched his cap. "We'll take care of 'em, sir," he called respectfully, and the little coachman drove on.

"Oh, that's Ellerton, the detective," he added to a curious bystander. "Smartest man in the west for this sort of thing. Old Vaughn sent for him three months ago. Seems he got an inkling that his boy was being watched. Neat, wasn't it—his landing 'em right here at the door?"

But the next morning little Flip wondered what had become of his friend and if he should like the new coachman half as well.

The Thin Man's Adventure.

They were talking of strange adventures. The big man from the north-west told of one which astonished his hearers.

"Some years ago," he said, "I was sleighing in the country, and my way lay across a frozen river. I knew the ice was thin, but I was determined to cross. The team scurried over the river under whip, and we were midway between the shores when the ice suddenly gave way, and the sleigh, horses and myself sank within a second to the bottom. However, the speed of the horses was so great that we were carried by the momentum safe upon the other shore, a little wet, to be sure, but not much the worse for that."

The thin, silent man had listened with great interest to the story.

"It is strange," he said, "but the same sort of an accident happened to me. The issue, however, was more tragic."

The big man squinted at the speaker. "And what was the issue?" he asked suspiciously.

"Well, I was drowned," said the thin man seriously.

A Joke That Led to Butchery.

What citizens of old were cruelly punished for joking about their emperor?

This fate befell the citizens of Alexandria. Caracalla, a monster of atrocious cruelty, left Rome about a year after the murder of his brother Geta, who had shared the throne with him, and spent the remaining five years of his reign in the provinces of his empire until his death, A. D. 217.

While peace prevailed he visited Alexandria, a chief center then of wit and learning, and there some one hung up in the theater a joke made at the emperor's expense. This so enraged Caracalla that he caused the citizens to be assembled outside the city on the plain and told them that they should shortly see that his wit was practical.

Then from a secure post in the temple of Serapis he directed the slaughter of many thousands innocent citizens and strangers and coolly informed the senate that all had been alike guilty of unpardonable insolence.—London Answers.

Evil Days For Actors.

At a time when, as Ben Jonson says, "nothing but filth of the mire" was uttered on the stage, laws were made in England against stage playing. In 1594 common players were debarred from 1598 strolling players were punishable, as rogues and vagabonds, with whipping and imprisonment unless they belonged to a nobleman and had his license, and even this exception was abolished by another act passed in 1604.

It was further enacted in 1625 that players acting on a Sunday should be fined 5 shillings or placed in the stocks. The powers of the cities of London and Westminster with their environs were augmented by an ordinance of 1647 by which all players were brought within the scope of the acts of 1593 and 1604.

By an ordinance passed in 1648 galleries were to be removed, the actors whipped during market hours in some market town, the spectators fined 5 shillings each and all money paid for admission forfeited and disbursed in relief of the poor.



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Beaver Flour

a blend of both, combines the best qualities of Manitoba Spring Wheat and Ontario Fall Wheat. It is the best family flour. Makes light nutritious bread; delicious pastry.

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We are offering Twine for the corn harvest at the following prices, payable Oct. 1st, or 1 1/2 per cent. off for cash:—

600 feet pure Manila at 11c. per lb.

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All twine guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded.

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