

WILLIAM FOREMAN & CO. WILLIAM FOREMAN & CO.

A Magnificent Showing of Summer Wash Goods

Many choice wash goods stocks have congregated at this store in the past. This year we have outdone all previous efforts. We have without doubt the richest stock of

Wash Goods

for summer 1902, that has ever entered this store.

A splendid showing of French Cambrics, in colors light blue, navy, pink, with white stripes and black and white stripes, neat for waists, at per yd. 25c.

Striped and Figured Dimities for waists or dresses, at per yd. 25c.

Scotch and Canadian Gingham, at per yd. 12½c, 25c.

Crepe-de-Chene, Satin Duchess, Cotton Fou lards, Organdies, Etc.

William Foreman & Co.

The Surest

Way to get the best value in shoes is to go to a reliable and well known house where foot-wear of all styles are always to be found. No risk when you do this. We point with pride to our record of low price selling for the past number of years. Ask your neighbor about us. He will tell you the best assortment, newest styles, biggest stock and lowest prices of any Boot Shop in Chatham and the largest stock of **Trunks and Valises.**

J. L. CAMPBELL, Boston Shoe Store
Repairing of all kinds neatly done.

Bicycles

BICYCLE SUPPLIES
BICYCLE REPAIRS
BICYCLE LIVERY

Sporting Goods

BASE BALLS, LAROSSE
SUPPLIES, TENNIS BALLS,
BASE BALL SUPPLIES, BOYS'
TRIOLES, BOYS' EXPRESS
WAGGONS.....

FRED H. BRISCO, OPERA HOUSE
CHATHAM, BLOCK 3



THE STEAMER City of Chatham

Will make her regular round trip from CHATHAM to DETROIT every

Monday, Wednesday, Saturday

Leaving Rankin Dock, Chatham, at 7:30 a. m., and returning leaves Detroit (foot of Randolph St.) at 3:30 p. m. Detroit time, or 4 o'clock Chatham time.

One Way Trips:

Leaves Chatham for Detroit on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock and leaves Detroit for Chatham on Friday morning at 8:30 Detroit city time or 9 o'clock Chatham time.

Fares:

Round Trip.....60c

Single Trip.....50c

Children under 12 years half fare. Tickets good for day of issue only.

Agents—Stringer & Co., Chatham; Odette & Berry, Windsor; John Stevenson, Detroit.

E. Cornslet - Captain

When you want an artistic design made with the choicest and freshest flowers, your wants can always be supplied at the Victoria Avenue Green Houses.

SUCCESSFUL ANNIVERSARY

Crowded Congregations Attend Service in First Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Mr. Tolmie's Splendid Addresses—Good Music and Excellent Services.

Rev. J. C. Tolmie, of Windsor, occupied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church yesterday. It being the anniversary of the church's erection, the services on both occasions were of a special character.

Mr. Tolmie, who is ever a welcome visitor to Chatham, was greeted with very large audiences both morning and evening, and those who attended rewarded by hearing two of the ablest sermons ever delivered in the city.

In the evening it was with difficulty that seating accommodation was found for the large crowds who sought admission. Chairs were placed in the aisles and every seat in the church was occupied.

Mr. Tolmie chose for the subject of his discourse the words of Apostle Paul, uttered near the end of his life, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

With his clever descriptive powers the preacher took his audience back to the days of this noble martyr and described very eloquently his life and work in Rome, pointing out the numerous trials and troubles with which he had to contend, and how, in the face of all of these difficulties he was able, in the last years of his life to say the words of the text.

"Will you and I ever be able to say those words?" he asked his listeners. "I think it is one of the noblest things in this earth to live a life of self-victory—to crush down the base that is within us and lead a pure, holy and true life. Temptation is a good thing and is a source of strength to all of those who are trying to live pure Christian lives. There are some men who, by the temperance movement would wipe off from the earth every vestige of the liquor traffic. They would have a garden without the tree of temptation. If such were done man would go through this life sapless, spiritless and useless. Give me the man who has withstood the temptations of this life and who has come through it all with his muscles developed in the battle of life. You don't have to have a good government sit to do it. Any man can do it."

Here he gave instances where men such as Samson, Judas and others had failed to keep their trust and how in each case they suffered untold mental agony for their sin. "No man," said he, "can be happy in his sin. Heaven needs no walls or gates to keep out sinners from entering. They could not be happy in the company of righteous men."

"I have finished my course. We should be very careful in choosing which course we are to pursue in life. One of the great evils in this world to-day is that one man is trying to do another's work. A parent should be very careful in selecting a profession for a son without consulting his own tastes. Train up a child in the way he should go is good advice and should be seriously observed."

"I have kept the faith." This was done by him, when he was surrounded by heathen who did all in their power to discourage him in his work. I think we as Presbyterians have great reason to feel proud and hold up our heads in the world as men who come from a noble stock of martyrs who have lived and died for their religion.

"Then Paul also looked forward to his reward as a crown of Righteousness. I have heard this preached about as a crown with stars to be worn on the head. This is a sample of the literalness which is killing our religion. The crown of Righteousness is a crown of right living."

Mr. Tolmie closed his sermon with strong appeal to his audience to copy more after the life of the Apostle Paul.

The choir, under the directorship of Mrs. John Cooper, rendered special music both morning and evening. In the morning the choir sang an anthem, "Jubilate Deo," very acceptably with the solo parts well taken by Miss Helen Smith, contralto, and Duncan Robertson, basso. Mrs. Bogart also rendered a magnificent solo, "Calvary." In the evening the choir sang an anthem, "The Shadows of the Evening," with solo parts again taken by Miss Smith and Mr. Robertson. At this service also Miss Lucy McKellar, a promising young soprano, sang "Not a Sparrow Faleth." Mrs. Cooper deserves a great deal of credit for the excellence of the musical portion of the service.

"DRINK GRANO, CEREAL COFFEE"

A white lie is the foundation for many a highly colored tale.

"DRINK GRANO, CEREAL COFFEE"

The land of promise must be where people never pay their debts.

"DRINK GRANO, CEREAL COFFEE"

Tears fall on both the barren and the green places of memory.

"DRINK GRANO, CEREAL COFFEE"

A kiss may be either a punishment or a reward.

Infants too young to take medicine may be cured of croup, whooping cough and colds by using Vapo-Cresolene—they breathe it.

Money and Dreams.

He settled himself in his roomy chair in his big, old house, where he had lived so long that the city had grown up away and beyond him, leaving the house, which had been in a fashionable neighborhood, so far down town that there was little more than the hum of business to be heard all day around it. The old man's housekeeper brought him a cold drink, and one of his nephews came in to enquire how he had stood the unusual heat of the day.

He had so many nephews and nieces to look after his comfort. Some even stayed in town all summer to be near him. When they tried to persuade him to go away for a little rest in the hot weather he would say: "Best. Who was rest? If you let money rest it rusts—rusts! Turn it over, keep turning it over; it grows, it grows!" And he would add that the summer was the best time of all for the old financier was the possessor of many millions. But he walked alone. This evening he sat in the twilight which settled itself hot and thick about him. The night was bringing no cooling breeze. The roar of the metropolis was dying away in tired sobs outside. The city's life seemed sapped with the heat. Even the old man, who never stopped his work for anything, had ceased to work. He fanned himself with his newspaper and took a sip from the glass which stood near him on the table.

He closed his eyes. He felt such a strange sense of oppression. No, he was not dizzy. It had passed. He opened his eyes and put up his hand to unfasten his collar. At his neck he touched a twisted cord of silk that was around it. He pulled at the cord and drew out its length. From it hung a ring—a silver ring—old-fashioned and worn, and on it two raised hearts lying against each other and rubbed smooth by time.

He sat now with his eyes closed again and his hand folded over the ring on his breast. He dreamed once more, and it was his last dream. It was summer—yes—but it was nearly fifty years ago. The dust and roar of the city gave way to the scent and quiet of an old garden; the heat to the dew of a country evening, its breeze lightly moving the leaves of the trees and fluttering the ruffles of a girl's muslin frock, with its pattern of summer blossoms upon it.

A boy—such a boyish country boy—took the silver ring, then new and shining, from his pocket and put it on the hand of the girl in the flowered muslin frock. Then they kissed each other, and the girl fell to sobbing, with her arms about her companion's neck, and he spoke:

"Never mind, dear; Annie, dear. I am going away to make a fortune, and I'm coming back for you, and we will be married, and I will take you away to the city, and you will be rich and have everything you want."

"But I don't like the city. I should be so afraid and so confused, and you might not love me there as you do now here in the country. People in the city forget each other so."

"No, they don't; not if they really love each other, and I love you. Nothing can ever make me forget you. See, not as long as evening comes after the day and the stars come with it."

They kissed each other again. The ring came back to him in a letter with a flower from Annie's grave. Never once did he go to seek the grave to rest by it a moment. Work became his love and gold the star that guided him.

Now he clasped the silver ring tighter, tighter. By and by he gasped and fell forward. His clasp relaxed; he sighed once, a deep sigh, then lay there quite still. And later they found him so—Margaret Klein in the New York "Herald."

A Useful Helpmate.

The editor of the Grapevine "Telegraph," after spending six years without a break, in the editorial harness, felt himself entitled to a vacation, and went away to the mountains for a month's hunting and fishing, leaving his wife in charge of the paper.

On his return he was astonished to find his office overflowing with potatoes. Everything that could be turned into a receptacle was filled with them. Each pigeonhole in his desk contained a potato. The drawer of his editorial table was bursting with potatoes. Old ink-kegs, lined with paper, were filled and heaped with them. There were potatoes in the coal-bucket, in the ashpan, and even in the stove itself.

They were no small potatoes, either. Every one of them was as big as his fist, and some were as big as two fists. The collection would have taken a premium at a county fair.

"Lucy," he said, after the greetings were over, "what does all this mean?" "Oh," she almost sobbed, "I wanted to do something original, and so I announced, in the first number of the paper I printed after you went away, that the 'Telegraph' would be sent for one year to the person sending us the largest potato raised in this county, for six months to the person sending the next largest, and for three months to the one sending the third largest. The potatoes began coming in right away, and they've been coming ever since. Some persons, I am afraid, have tried to get all three of the prizes. I have begged the people not to send any more, and I do believe they are doing it now for a joke. We can't announce any prizes till they quit coming, and there are some boys in the other room with their pockets bulging with them right now, and—Oh, Cyrus, what shall we do?"

"Do?" said the editor, with a grin on his face. "Do? The right thing to do would be for me to go away for another month and let you continue to edit the paper. Potatoes are worth a dollar a bushel, and you have got enough of them here to pay all the expenses of my trip, and all they cost us is a dollar and seventy-five cents' worth of 'Telegraph.' If you want an appreciation, just consider me in line for the job."

Wife—I am going down town this morning to try and match a piece of silk. Husband—Very well, my dear; I'll tell the cook to save some dinner for you, and I'll put the children to bed myself.—"Tit-Bits."

Boys'— Fancy Sweaters

The sweater is a garment dear to the heart of a boy. It represents the utmost freedom of movement, and the mere wearing of one suggests feats of doing and daring that would never occur to a boy in a coat.

As a rule you may take it that the lad in the sweater "gets there" in all sorts of young athletics.

And the sweater makes for economy. It will go through any amount of rough and tumble and come out looking positively the better for the experience. Beside the sturdy domestic makes we have some fancies from Germany; stripes and plaids in as many colors as Joseph's coat. Some of them are fine Saxony wool, and run all the way into men's sizes.

Boys' sweaters of sturdy Canadian all-wool in small and medium sizes. Heavy rib, deep cardinal color, 50, 55, 65 and 75c.

Another line of domestic make, in same sizes, heavy all-wool. Solid colors with stripe border. Blue with red stripe, cardinal with white..... 60, 65, 75 and 85c.

German made sweaters, for boys of 5 to about 15 years. Dark stripe patterns, each showing half a dozen colors..... 50, 55, 60, 67½ and 75c.

Boys' and Men's sweaters; sizes from 5 years upwards. Fine Saxony wool in plaid patterns on black or garnet ground. Plain colored sleeves..... 75c, 87c, \$1.00, \$1.10, \$1.25, \$1.35 and \$1.50.

THORNTON & DOUGLAS
IN LIQUIDATION.

BICYCLES

Don't Buy Trash When
You Can Get a.....

Cleveland

The World's Best For

\$45.00

They Have Stood The Test.

WESTMAN BROS.' CHATHAM

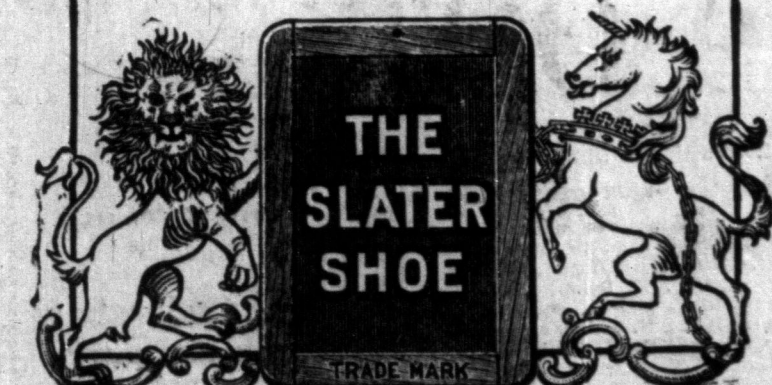
THE FOOT FEMININE.

A Woman's foot looks womanly, when clad in the Slater Shoe for Women.

No other make combines so much Parisian elegance, with the fit and comfort of the Slater Shoe for Men.

No other make is sold—through 210 Slater Stores and Agencies,—with the Makers valuation stamped on each pair, viz. \$3.50 and \$5.00.

Catalogue "For Women" on postal request.



Trudell & Tobey, The 210's Sole Local Agent's

Dainty Portraiture

Is our delight. An Artist despises crude work and we claim to be artists in our profession. Whether we can substantiate our claim or not is for you to judge and we cordially extend you an invitation to investigate thoroughly before placing yourself in our hands.

If you sit to us and we don't produce artistic work, we will not accept your money. We are after money—but we want to get it by the "artistic worth" plan.

WESTLAKE BROS.,
Fifth Street, Chatham