

THE GRAND PROMOTER

He Pays a Debt, but Can't Make Out How He Came To

(Copyright, 1902, by Charles Austin.)

MAJOR CROFOOT had been talking to a caller for half an hour on the profit of raising long tailed oxen and establishing soup factories all over the world when he opened the door to let the man out and found another ready to step in. It was a man with a bill for \$2.50 for a hat.

"I have come to see if you intend to pay this bill," said the collector as he stepped inside the room and set his jaw.

"A bill, and against me?" queried the major in a surprised voice. "My dear man, but there must be some mistake—there surely must."

"It is for a hat, and the account has been running for two years."

"A hat? Ah, is it possible that I bought a hat two years ago and didn't pay for it?"

"It is not only possible, but it's a cold fact," replied the collector. "I have worn out a pair of shoes hunting you, and now I want to know what you are going to do about it. Understand right off the reel that you can't bamboozle me. I'm on to all your little tricks."

"You seem to be laboring under considerable mental excitement," calmly answered the major as he walked about, "and therefore I shall overlook your somewhat insulting remarks. My friend, I can pay \$1,000 for \$1 as fast as any old debts come in."

"Then pay the face value of this one. You have shirked it long enough."

"Exactly. It shall be paid. Will you have cash or a check?"

"The cash. Your check wouldn't be worth the ink it was written with. Two and a half, please."

"You shall have it, and I trust you will later on render me full and ample apology for your words. Meanwhile let me ask you if you know anything about explosives?"

"I know when I'm blown up or when I blow some one else up. What's explosives got to do with this old debt?"

"A good deal, indirectly, perhaps. You haven't heard of the Crofoot warship extermiator because its existence has not yet been made public and won't be for ten days yet. It is an ex-



"PRODUCE THAT MONEY OR I WON'T LEAVE A WHOLE BONE IN YOUR BODY."

plusive shell of my own invention and will be tested by the government inside of a fortnight. We will say the situation is this: An enemy's fleet is—

"To Texas with an enemy's fleet!"

interrupted the man as he flung his arms around. "I want the cash for this bill—two and a half—and your chocus pocus don't go."

"An enemy's fleet is approaching our shores with hostile intent," mused the major as he looked up at the ceiling.

"It has arrived within a distance of twenty-eight miles and is slowly creeping in—six vessels in line—when the Crofoot cannon is fired, and the Crofoot shell goes whizzing through the air. Five seconds later it falls among the fleet. There is a terrific explosion, followed by shrieks and groans of despair, and six shattered men-of-war, each manned with 550 men, slowly disappear in the depths of the Atlantic, to be heard of never again. Not a ship—not a man—escapes. My friend, my conscience almost upbraids me for having invented such a thing."

"And you want me to go into it, of course?" sarcastically queried the collector.

"The position of secretary of the Crofoot warship extermiator has not been filled yet, and as the salary is \$20,000 per year and you are a trusty man—"

"Look here, old man," said the collector as the major paused. "I have come for cash. I'll either have it or give you such a lambasting that you'll be in bed for a week. Don't hold me there five minutes longer, or I'll break loose."

"There was a time, and not so very long ago, when I was hard up. I found it hard work to even pay my laundry bills. Certain people, and you are one of them, stood by me and had faith in my promises."

"Never! I always took you for a deadbeat! Don't spring any guff of that sort on me!"

"And it is such men I would like to reward now that my sun of prosperity has risen," continued the major in even tones. "You may not know anything about explosives, but you can learn, and under the circumstances—"

"Do you pay, or don't you?" shouted the collector as he seized the major's coat collar.

"My dear boy, it was settled long ago

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

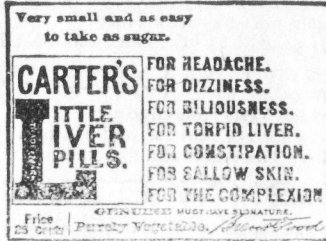
Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



that I would pay. I will at once write you out a check for twice the amount, and I hope—

"I want no checks."

"Then you shall have the ready cash. If you took the position of secretary, I should expect you to report within a week. Can you do so?"

"I'm right here this minute. Cough up that two and a half."

"If the position and salary of secretary are not to your liking, then I would suggest," began the major, but he never finished the sentence. The collector grabbed him and backed him up against the wall and "chugged" him three or four times and said:

"Now, by the beard of Joshua's goat, you produce that money, or I won't leave a whole bone in your body! Out with it!"

"I owe you two and a half," said the major as his right hand went down to his pocket.

"You do?"

"And—here it is. That is to say—"

That was to say that he pulled out only a dollar, but the collector "chugged" him again, and a dollar and a half was added. The bill was re-celpted and left on the desk, and as the man went out he said:

"That's all today, and I hope you'll enjoy the novel sensation."

But the major didn't. He sat down and got up, and he walked to and fro and stood still, but he seemed to be in the midst of wheels going round. "I owed two and a half," he mused. "It was an old debt for an old hat. I have been ass enough to pay it, and the man has departed with the money. How did I come to? What has happened? What's wrong with me?"

And two other creditors at the door, who had found it locked, heard the major pacing to and fro and talking to himself, and they wondered whether it would be a case of suicide or one for a lunatic asylum. M. QUAD.

His Classification.

Ingomar Buskin—There's a dispute about my acting. Some critics put it in the first rank, others in the second. Now, how would you designate it?

Herat Jones—Oh, I'd simply designate it as rank!—New York Times.

Bleeding Piles

Not Only Painful and Annoying, but a Menace to Life Itself—Can be Cured by

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Pile or hemorrhoidal tumors, like varicose veins in other parts of the body, sometimes burst and permit the escape of blood from their central veins. These constitute bleeding piles. Such hemorrhages are sometimes exceedingly profuse, so as to even endanger the life of the patient.

The victim of piles should avoid rich and stimulating foods and drinks and should keep the bowels slightly relaxed as constipation is one cause of this ailment.

Some people do not think of trying Dr. Chase's Ointment for bleeding piles, though they know of its wonderful power in curing other forms of this horrible complaint.

The best proof of the efficiency of Dr. Chase's Ointment in this regard is the testimony of persons who have been actually cured of bleeding piles by using it. The statement of Mr. Jackson given below is that of a well known and responsible business man who felt so grateful for the benefit derived from Dr. Chase's Ointment that he determined to do what he could to let others know about it.

Mr. James Jackson, of the Laurie Spool Company, St. Alexis de Montis, Que., writes:—"You may put my name to any praise you can give to Dr. Chase's Ointment, for it has done me more good than any medicine I ever used."

"I was troubled for two years with that cruel disease, bleeding piles, and after using Dr. Chase's Ointment, I can say I am entirely rid of it. It is a treasure to all suffering from piles."

Dr. Chase's Ointment 60 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

RAILROAD MEN'S WATCHES.

They Must Be Good Ones and Regularly Compared and Inspected.

A man with smoke ground into his hands and face walked into one of the downtown jewelry stores and handed over a big gold watch and a card. The repair man looked at the watch, made some queer marks on the card and handed both back. And the man walked out of the store.

"Didn't know you sell on the installment plan," suggested the inquisitive loafer.

"Don't," was the laconic response, and then the jeweler explained. "The man is a locomotive fireman, and his watch was being compared. You see, it is absolutely necessary that railroad watches keep good time, and the matter of making them keep good time has been systematized."

"The firemen, engineers, conductors, rear brakemen and train masters on all of the roads in this country have orders to have their watches compared twice a month and inspected every six months. On some roads nearly all of the employees are supposed to go through this same routine."

"When a watch is bought by any of these men, it must be passed upon by the jeweler who has been appointed inspector for the road that the purchaser serves. It must be a good watch, costing about \$35 for the works alone, for the rattle and jolt of a train would seriously affect a cheap watch, but it may be of any make, provided it comes up to the standard. Stop watches, watches that tell the day of the week and such complicated novelties are barred. A key winder is not acceptable, nor is a watch that has been changed from a hunting case to an open face. An open faced watch is preferred, though a good hunting case watch is not turned down on the majority of roads."

"After the inspector has passed favorably upon the watch he makes out a slip to that effect and returns the watch to the railroad, along with the indorsing slip and a small card. On this card are a number of ruled spaces. Twice a month the railroad brings his watch and card to the inspector, who notes on the card whether the watch was fast or slow and how much, whether it has stopped or run down and whether or not he regulated it. In this manner the inspector can tell just what the watch is doing and what it needs."

"At the end of each six months the watch and the card are taken to the inspector, who makes a more careful examination of the watch, issues a new card to the railroad and sends in the old card to the headquarters of the road for which the man works. A duplicate of these cards is kept in a book by the inspector."

"The railroad watches that are most closely watched by the inspectors are those that are carried by engineers and firemen on those locomotives that are fitted with electric headlights on account of the danger of their becoming magnetized. This danger is realized by engineers, and many of them leave their watches in the cab while working about the headlight."

The Colt and Its Rider.

Once upon a time a man tried to ride on the back of a young colt, which objected very much to his doing so, and there was quite a struggle between the two, with plunging by the colt and clinging by the man.

Finally the colt threw the man over his head, depositing him on the ground without injury. But the man, determined not to be defeated, pursued the colt and, capturing him, proceeded to again mount, with some difficulty.

There was another struggle, which ended as before—with the man prostrate on the ground—but this time he received severe injuries.

Moral.—Some persons don't know when they are well off.

Same Thing.

"Encore! Encore!" persistently yelled the group of college students in the audience after little Eva had died her stage death and the curtain had fallen.

"Encore! Encore!"

The Uncle Tom, one of the kind that needed no burned cork to emphasize the blackness of his face, stepped before the curtain in some perplexity.

"Gentlemen," he said, "dere ain' gwine be no core!"

Larger Quantities.

Miss Gabbie—And she accused me of retelling gossip about the neighborhood.

Miss Sharpe—The ideal!

Miss Gabbie—Positively insulting, isn't she?

Miss Sharpe—Yes, for you're really a wholesaler.

His Occupation.

"What have you ever done for your country?" asked the indignant citizen.

"Never started to count up," answered the practical politician. "Too busy finding out what my country can do for me."

Assumed at the Altar.

Tess—She's traveling under an assumed name now.

Jess—You don't say! What is it?

Tess—Her husband's. She was married yesterday.—Exchange.

For the Good of the Service.

Clara—He gave me an army and navy kiss.

Maud—What kind is that?

Clara—Oh, rapid fire! Sixty a minute!—Smart Set.

It doesn't follow that the man who boasts of his rural origin will enjoy being told that he looks like a farmer.—Ohio State Journal.

3 wine glasses

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Health Strength and Vigor

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Pale, Weak, Sick People.

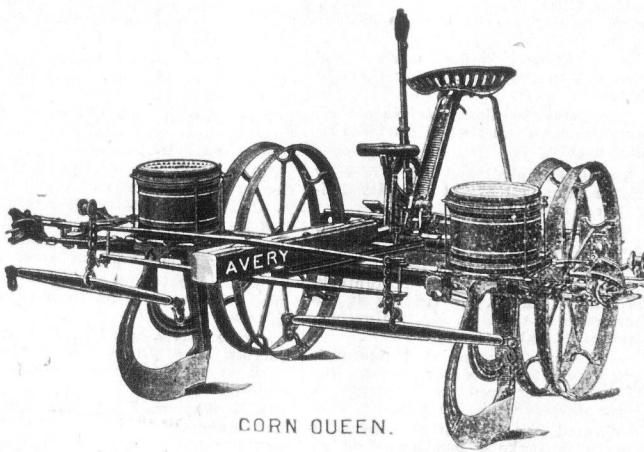
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Read the following testimonial, which speaks for the excellence of this machine.

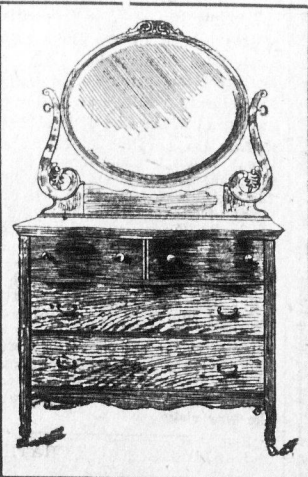


CORN QUEEN.

MESSRS. QUINN & PATTERSON, Dover Township, Sept. 15, 1902.
Gentlemen,—Replying to your enquiries about how I have been suited with the AVERY CORN PLANTER I bought from you last Spring, I must say that it is all I could desire to be. I cannot suggest any improvement on it, and I can recommend it to any one who may want a first-class and up-to-date Planter.
Yours Truly,
FRANK RANKIN.

Any one who drinks green tea will do well to try a package of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green Tea.
Ask your Grocer for it.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green



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We will sell any dresser in the shop separate.

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