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Look carefully at this little picture. There's a great ? deal toit. There's a lamp, that makes the heat. Right over it is the vaporizer that holds the Vapo-Cresolene. This Cresolene is a wonderful medicine. It kills most kinds of disease germs, and is a most remarkable healing agent. You simply breathe in the vapor of it, that's all; it goes all through your bronchial of nonsense about her, and she had retubes, curing asthma, croup, coughs,

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Over fifty years'r. household remedy for Burns, Sprains, Wounds, Bruises Coughs, Colds and all accidents lia ble to occur in every home.

CAUTION--There is only one Pond's Extract. Be sure you get the genuine, sold only in sealed bottles in buff wrappers.

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IN THE ROGUES' Hastings

When Aunt Milly returned from her visit to Boston, she was a changed woman. She had gone away a staid old maid of thirty-seven, with never a bit turned flustrated-that is, she simpered and giggled and acted "girly." She took to wearing bows and jewelry, and she was anxious about her eyebrows and the mole on her chin. Her sister Florence, a widow and the head of the house, noticed these things with something like astonishment, but reserved comment. She argued that they were the legitimate results of a woman getting away from the sober influences of her country home and that they would soon wear off. Her daughter, Susie Warden, was the third member of the household. Susie had been denounced as worldly by the old maid. She had also been charged with coquetry. It had even been hinted that she was heartless. All this because she cared more about her horses than for the young men who bowed to her good looks and her future financial prospects and because she preferred a walk through the woods with a gun in her

on a rustic bench and flirting with a callow youth. Susie had never been in love or anywhere near it, but Aunt Milly's symptoms did not escape or deceive her. She judged them to be symptoms of love, and her curiosity was aroused. What manner of man could have touched this old maid's heart? All sorts of men might fall in love with a girl; but, according to Susie's reasoning, only one or two sorts would fall in love with an old maid, and especially a homely one. She thought things over until she felt in a measure responsible for the aunt who knew nothing of the pitfalls of the world, and then she tackled her one day with:

hands and a dog at her heels to sitting

"Look here, Aunt Milly, you are in love, and I want to know all about it." "My dear child, but what can you mean?" gasped the aunt as she blushed as hard as she could and bit her finger nails.

"I mean that you fell in with some man in Boston who talked soft to you and that you are getting two letters a week from him and answering them with exceeding promptness. It is no



"I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT MAN. use to try to deceive me, for you can't do it. This giggling and simpering around and writing for hair dyes and complexion powders mean love. Who is the man?"

Aunt Milly blushed some more and fenced some more and then owned up. It was a relief to own up and have somebody to share her joys and anticipations, and she was glad of the opportunity. Yes, she was in love. It wasn't the wishy washy love of a young girl, but a strong, deep feeling, founded on respect, admiration and friendship. She had been introduced to professor while in Boston, Professor Holden. He wasn't connected with any college, but was "professing" on his own hook and delivering interesting lectures on physiology. He hadn't called her an angel and fallen in love at first sight. On the contrary, it had taken him five or six days to discover that he had at last met his affinity, and he had skipped her face entirely in summing up her graces. All this and much more the blushing aunt related to the inquiring nièce, and the latter

finally demanded: "Now show me this man's photograph. I know you've got it." Aunt Milly almost lied about it, but finally produced a cabinet photograph. She was of course wearing it over her heart. It was the typical "professor" or rather more so, and after a long look at the picture Susie handed it

back with the remark: "I don't like the looks of that man, and I'm going to keep an eye on things. If he doesn't know more about corn cures than physiology, then his photo-

graph is way off." Aunt Milly was shocked, upset and angry, and her defense of the professor was vigorous and decisive. They were not actually engaged as yet, she admitted, but he was coming on soon for a visit and would then doubtless propose for her hand. His lettefs were beautiful, and no woman could read them without almost reverencing the writer. She refused to exhibit them, but a few hours later Susie had the meanness to steal and read every one. She saw that the professor had neglected orthography and grammar in his

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in one single case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—pill, box and name—but imitatious are dangerous. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

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schooling, and the only beautiful thing she could discover about the epistles was his statement that he sought for a "harte" to beat responsive to his own. It was no use to say anything further to Aunt Milly. She was "sot" in the matter and loval to the absent one. A week later Professor Holden arrived. He was a distinguished looking man. As Susie looked him over she believed she could distinguish him from most fakirs by the grease on his hair and the set of his ready made coat. He was a fairly agreeable man of big words and eccentric ways. He hadn't come to propose a secret marriage or an elopement, but to boldly declare his love in the face of everybody and ask for Aunt Milly's hand. Aunt Florence was inclined to be neutral, and Susie had nothing to say. So it came about that the lovers pledged themselves, and the marriage day was set for three months ahead. Susie's seeming indifference was annoying to the happy hearted old maid, who wanted everybody to rejoice with her, but the only explanation she

received was: "I'm doing a lot of thinking just now, and you wait till I get through, and I'll congratulate you."

She had a dim remembrance of havng seen a photograph of the professor before. She cudgeled her brains for a week, and she still doubted as she took the train for New York one morning. On reaching the city she took a cab to police headquarters, in Mulberry street, and when finally ushered into the detective department she astonished the inspector in charge by asking to look

at the rogues' gallery.
"Any particular picture?" he queried. "Yes, sir; I want to find the photograph of the man who is going to marry my aunt if I don't stop him, though it just occurs to me that you can't have pictures of professors here.

"Oh, yes, we have, scores of them," he replied. "Here's Professor Marshall, who delivered lectures on astronomy and robbed postoffices the same night; here's Professor Massarin, who made a study of plant life and worked the gold brick racket at the same time; here's Professor Du Bols, the eminent student of geology, who went about New Hampshire studying rocks in the daytime and stealing horses at night; here also"-

"You needn't go any further," interrupted Susie as she turned away. "Are you looking for Professor Du Bois?" "I'd give \$500 to see him on a little

matter of business." Susie said nothing on her return home. It was only when the newspapers containing an account of the arrest of the professor arrived by post that she took Aunt Milly out into the orchard and handed them to her to read and asked:

"What are you going to do about it?" "Why-why," answered the dazed woman as she let the papers fall from her hands and looked about her in a pitiful way, "I-I ought to faint away, oughtn't I?

"Yes, I think that would be the proper caper." "Then I will!"

And she did, and when she returned to consciousness her romance was Don't "break" the colt; educate it.

Nothing is more friendly to a man than a friend in need. Prune off all broken ends of roots before planting trees,

A GOOD

COMPLEXION

Who

does not wish to

possess it?

Who does not delight

to see it?

It is the beauty of good health. It is the evidence of

rich blood.

IRON-OX

TABLETS

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50 Tablets 25 Cents

The region of the Amazon is overrun by an interesting species of ants known as saubas. They are represented as the curse of the country because of their social and military organization. Some observations upon the discipline maintained by them were made by C.

Barrington Brown: We were greatly amused by a singular struggle going on between a soldier ant and his working fellows at the mouth of their underground nest. Some eight or ten of the workers clung on to his legs and antennæ and tried to drag him back as he endeavored to come out

Although he was furnished with huge mandibles, he did not lose his temper nor try to bite them, and it was evident that, although they detained him by force, they never nipped him hard.

During the struggle they allowed two or three other soldiers to saunter out past them and go roaming by themselves. It appeared as if this particular individual had behaved badly, was under arrest and was now being preyented from breaking barracks. The end of the struggle was not witnessed by us, and it will never be known who gained the day, but from all appearances it went against the soldier.

Nature's Use For the Mole.

When nature wants something done, she is apt to inveigle an animal into doing it. The mole is bent only on catching earthworms. He makes his long burrow near the surface and then, traveling up and down its length, he picks up all the worms that stumble into his way, his slender nose serving as an effective instrument for withdrawing them from their burrows. I think, too, he eats the beetles and cutworms that lie in his path.

But while he is intent on his own work he is at the same time loosening up the soil and letting the air through it and mixing up the leaf mold with the earth, thus enriching the land. It is aggravating to see the ridges that mar the surface of our lawns and gardens, but we must put up with that for the sake of the good of the soil. Besides, I suspect his claim to the land is an earlier one than ours.-Ladies' Home Journal.

Amply Qualified.

"I see," said the young woman who had called to apply for a position, "you want a girl in your grocery department. I think I'd like the place."

"Have you had any experience in that line?" asked the manager of the department store.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "I can write 'one pound granulated sugar' with three scratches and a flourish." She got the place.-Chicago Tribune.

Notes for Beekeepers

If honey is overheated both color and transparency is injured. Keep bees to honey. Begin with a few hives.
Strong colonies protect themselves against robbers and bee moths. It is quite an item to breed the hive full of bees just before winter.

Never leave a newly-hived swarm near the place where it clustered. Bees generally require about 30 pounds of honey on which to winter. Thick, well-ripened honey will not granulate so readily as that which is

In rendering beeswax use a tin, brass or copper vessel. An iron one will darken it. It is a good plan to do what feed-

ing is necessary at night, so as not to excite robbing. A little pine tar smeared on a board and put next the hive will drive away ants.

In making candy to feed to bees be careful not to burn it. Burnt candy will kill bees.

In cold weather when bees are quiet is when they are doing best, do not disturb them.

There are three personages in the beehive proper-the queen, the worker bee and the drone.

Unite weak colonies and their tores. They will winter better tostores. gether than separately.

Besides loosing its beauty and fine appearance, honey kept in a cellar gets watery and its flavor is lost.

Youngman-I wonder what's the best way to find out what a woma thinks of you? Henpeck-Marry her.

"Dr. Johnson could remember anything he wrote," said the literary man. "That's the difference between Dr. Johnson and myself," answered the composer of music. "I write everything I can remember."

Apple and pear trees should be kept clean the first year.





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Quinn & Patterson have just received their first Oar Load of the Oanada Carriage Co's. Buggies and Carts, and they are beauties. The Farmers now have some idea of what Quinn & Patterson have saved them on Fencing Wire and Binder Twine. This will also apply to anything they handle, and if you want a good Buggy or Harness, cheap, you can get it from them. Don't get it mixed up and say they have cheap goods, you should say, good goods cheap.

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