

An Alluring Abandon

A GARDENED GLADE

EDITED BY HELEN HALL

THE REVERIE.

How time and space defying is the soul of man! By no manner of means is it possible for the thoroughly sound mind to entirely estrange itself from the influences and experiences of the Past. Let life's sea in childhood flow peacefully onward in a joyous and uninterfered calm and its effect will never be effaced in after life, though assailed the darkest clouds and wildest storms of trouble and adversity. On the other hand if want and oppression find their abode in the childhood consciousness there they remain in a certain sense throughout the whole span of existence, changed though it may be to outward intents and purposes. It is memory which helps to bind a life time into an indissoluble unity. This power of mind is the beginning of emancipation from the limitations of time and space, because it is "to some degree makes the past now and the far-off here."

Strange indeed, and quite inexplicable are the workings of this wonderful activity of the soul. The old man reclining in his easy chair is attracted by a whistled tune falling carelessly from the lips of a passing school boy. A flood of memories crowd in upon him rendering him dead to present environs, taking him back to boyhood days and starting the same to those almost sightless eyes. The presence of a will flower gently touched by memory's fairy wand serves to provoke a whole host's chain of thoughts. A face in a crowd, a gesture of the hand, an intonation of the voice, a hue in the azure sky is of sufficient moment to arouse associations resulting in a reverie.

Far away among the bonny hills of Lonsy Scotland a little girl enjoyed the sweet simplicity of peasant life. She was a very beautiful girl, and yet in the depths of those dark blue eyes lurked an indefinable something which forebode discontent. The home was a small but neat cottage whose comforts were shared by a mother and father and little brother. In front of this cottage stretched verdant fields, the monotony of which was broken by an occasional clump of trees. To the left fell a gradual slope ending in a winding river wherein the stars and moon on certain nights met and mingled together. Behind and to the right of the hamlet the mountains stood forth in all the wonder and glory of their strength. Every inch of the ground on mountain and plain for miles around had been traversed by these children many, many times. Hither and yon they rambled in search of wild flowers, of wild berries, of anything and everything that good Mother Nature treasured up in her secret solitudes. As the girl grew older the very beauty of her surroundings and her susceptibility to it seemed to foster discontent in her soul. From home she must and would and did go, to find herself in the heart of a city like old London. Here poor Susan rashly importunate, fell an easy prey to a life of sin and disgrace, after some years of degradation, while passing round the corner of Wood street one morning just at break of day she heard the song of a caged thrush. (Beg pardon, Mr. Wordsworth, no one but myself has power to describe "The Reverie of Poor Susan.")

"Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees A mountain ascending, a vision of trees; Bright volumes of vapour through Lonsbury glade And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside. Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale, Down which she so often has tripped with her pail; And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove, The one only dwelling on earth that she loves. She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but the shade, The mist and the river, the hill and the stream, will not flow, and the hill will not rise, And the colors have all passed away from her eyes."

SUMMER COMFORTS.

"What's Worn" has no more business in the Gardened Glade than "What's Eaten." Therefore, in copying the following from the Philadelphia Evening Post, Hyppatica wants it distinctly understood it is not putting before the masculine public any to-be-closely-followed ideas touching their wearing apparel. The very hint of such a thing betrays her utterly. Might not her friend of the interesting Side Light Series justly feel that her duties had been usurped? And how unequalled for is the boldest attempt at usurping duties so satisfactorily and faithfully performed. But the article provoked such mingled feelings of laughter and tears, such visions of soiled sleeves, color-run belts, lines, galore laundry bills, etc., etc., that its further publication could not be refrained. It is entitled "All the Comforts of Summer," and is written by one Lynn Ruby Meekins, of whom we know naught. Neither know we Postmaster-General Smith, to whom reference is made. We would conclude however, that he is a man of very high moral tone who is trying to do good by, although this is a thankless undertaking in summer time. Along about August the very best of us, be we never so well bred find it hard to tell just how we would wish to be done by.

"Postmaster-General Smith has issued an order that will allow carriers to wear a neat shirt-waist or

loose-fitting blouse, instead of coat and vest." In some of the cities movements are under way to permit policemen to forgo the heavy blue and gray cloth and blossom forth in shirt waist attire.

It is quite certain that we are facing the greatest shirt waist season in the country's history. The summer girl is no longer to monopolize the comforts of summer. She has had a long run, but the time has now come when she must share her blessings with the other sex. It is not likely that the result will add very materially to the attractive appearance of the streets, or to the handsomeness of the crowds. The shirt waist does give a touch of color to gatherings, and this year it will probably rob the rainbow of its glory, but somehow it is not beautiful. It has an unfinished look about it that is not aesthetically satisfying. (Here, here!) It is as if the wearer had not quite completed his toilet.

But the comfort of new apparel is evident when we look back over the old fashion plates and recall our own experiences, we find many sharp contrasts. (too true.) The high collar and the heavy clothing now seem very absurd for warm weather. Yet it has taken many years to bring about the change. The conventions were in the way. Now it is hard to say just where we stand. It may be necessary to print a weekly schedule so that those who want to dress exactly right may know what to wear and when to wear it. Altogether the world has gained. There is not much fun in being rich or green, or proud unless one can also be comfortable, and many a millionaire has envied the barefoot youngster whose single suspender was his main annoyance. Now the shirtwaist enables the millionaire to be almost as cool as the urchin. It may be another illustration of the tendency of these modern days. The rich are getting almost everything—even the comforts of the poor.

While the pit and dress circle applaud "anticipation forward points the view."

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Defects and derangements of digestion are among the most common of human ailments in hot weather. Improper dieting and the use of grain breakfast foods that tax digestive strength are prime causes of stomach troubles. Malt Breakfast Food, pre-digested, nutritious, energizing and easily digested, is the true summer health food. It maintains health and promotes refreshing sleep. Grocers everywhere.

BIG TRAVELING ZOO.

Unrivalled Collection of Wild Animals With Ringling Bros. Circus.

Ringling Brothers' menagerie, which will be seen with this famous big show when it exhibits Chatham next Wednesday, June 26th, is the largest and most complete zoological collection in the world. The display is complete in every detail. It contains more specimens of rare wild beasts than all the other circuses and zoological gardens in America combined, including the only giraffe known to exist. The magnitude of the collection is sufficiently indicated when the statement is made that it embraces thirty elephants, ranging from the tiniest of baby elephants to a herd of the largest pachyderms in the world, together with scores of other led animals and a hundred dens and cages of rare and costly wild beasts. The method of displaying these animals is admirable. The great menagerie pavilion is arranged like a vast zoological garden. In the centre spaces are displayed the elephants, the great herd of camels, the curious Philippine water buffaloes, the dwarf sacred cattle, the sixty Shetland ponies and other led animals. The wild animal dens, which are handsomely carved and gorgeously decorated, line the walls, with a broad esplanade between. A successful effort has been made to exhibit the animals in such a way as to illustrate their life in a natural state. The aquaria in which the hippopotami, sea lions, seals, and other water-frequenting animals are exhibited, is supplied with constantly flowing water. The aviary comprises nearly a score of handsome, gold-luminated cages, filled with the gayly-plumaged birds of every land.

The children's menagerie, with its tiny cages of animals, has the largest and most varied collection of monkeys, apes, chimpanzees and other simians ever placed on exhibition for the pleasure and profit of the little folks. Among the hundreds of other curious animals there are many rarely seen in captivity. There is a ferocious bi-horned rhinoceros, a fine specimen of thegnu or horned horse; monster white Polar bears; a den of black tigers; several superb specimens of the Royal Bengal tiger, scores of lions, zebras, kangaroos, and many other wild animals; and a magnificent display of mammoth desert ostriches. An hour spent in Ringling Bros' menagerie is a fitting introduction to the performance in the vast hippodrome pavilion. The circus, like the menagerie, is bigger and better than ever this year. Scores of new arena features have been secured for the present season; thirty riders, sixty acrobats, an equal number of acrobats, forty clowns and a great congress of other high-class specialists contribute to a magnificent three-ring circus performance, which is thrillingly complemented with an all-new Roman hippodrome, presented upon an unequalled scale of grandeur and completeness.

SERIES OF SIDELIGHTS

EDITED BY HELEN HALL

The old adage—"Too great a freedom breeds contempt," can be applied to many others beside the fox of childhood remembrance. During a trip down the river one cannot help thinking of the adage in connection with sightseers. They spend weeks of every year in visiting this region and that region, even going so far as to go over to the continent to see some beautiful scenery. Then they return to make you envious with their stories of imposing mountains, peaceful valleys, sparkling streams, gorgeous sunsets and the quaint pastoral lives of the peoples of these distant lands. Nor is any fault to be found with them for taking advantage of their opportunities. Travel is our best and most perfect education. True, our literary geniuses furnish us with excellent descriptions of these wonderful lands, and if we cannot see them for ourselves, we are wise if we make use of their eyes. But it is only when we see them for ourselves and really appreciate them that they become part of us. It is only then that we begin to understand something of this old world of ours, to know that there is really someone else living on the bounty of the earth by the sweat of their brow besides you and me, to know that there are other nations besides that over which the old Union Jack floats. And comprehending all this we see, as we never did before, our own insignificance and the omnipotence of the all-powerful One who is able to summon into being, not such a world, but such worlds.

But these sightseers never see the beauty of our own neighborhood, and more particularly our own river. There are a great many people who will smile if you mention a trip down the river for pleasure. They do not see any enjoyment in sitting on the deck of the City of Chatham for five hours. They will tell you fairy stories about the trip down the St. Clair or the Detroit and all about the number of boats that are to be seen on these rivers. But they forget all about the people to be seen on the banks of our own river; so close, too that you can see their daily life.

To see our old river to advantage the boat is preferable to the carriage because you view from a better vantage ground. After the usual "all aboard," from the genial captain of the City the gang-plank is hauled in and we are off on—I wish I could say the sparkling waters of the river Thames. But not even its most ardent admirer would be so enthusiastic as to apply that term to our river. As we leave Chatham the banks are quite high and covered with a green growth of willow and shrubs. The green leaves seem to be so near that you think you have only to put out your hand to get one. This is one of the chief charms of the river Thames. As you pass quietly along you are in close touch with the life along its banks and there is not the loneliness that so often accompanies a trip on the water. Another charm of our river, and one often spoken of by visitors, is its graceful bends. One minute the boat is steering straight for the bank when suddenly it takes a turn only to find its bow pointed for the opposite bank and continued all the way to the lighthouse. The houses

and barns are at first large and bespeak the prosperous and extensive farmer. Green fields stretch as far as the eye can see, while the whole is framed with woods showing light and dark tints of green according as the sun shines on the trees. The birds are chirping and singing along the banks. There is a bustle and stir about the farm yards that betokens the beginning of a busy day. As the boat proceeds farther down the river the banks become lower and the houses more numerous. We are coming to the small farms of the French settlers and some of them are very quaint. The houses are very tiny and generally white-washed. Around them is a neat tidy door yard. As the boat comes in sight four or five children will suddenly appear on the scene followed by a dog or two. This company will run across the little yard and they are at the water's edge. Then they will wave their old straw hats, dance around on their little bare feet and coax baby, who will be sure to be there, to do the same. All this time the dog is standing, his ears pricked up with a very ownership air about him. They seem so glad to see you that unconsciously you wave your hand to them. Glancing up at the house you will see the mother standing at the door to get a peep of the boat. It is the only glimpse some of them get during the busy summer months of another world from theirs. If you should find this an interesting trip get near one or two children on the boat. They will point out any number of interesting things. They will be the first to see the young lambs run scampering away, startled as the boat comes around a bend. They will be the first to see the boy and his dog having a race to the yard smoking their evening pipe and the women do not hug the door sill as they did in the morning. While over all there is a red light for the sun is setting. Soon he drops below the horizon and shuts out the scene. Then we begin to watch for the electric lights of Chatham. Soon the bridge is in sight. Then the interest of most of the passengers centres round a certain lantern that is always to be seen on the dock. But don't question them about their interest in that lantern. They will only profess ignorance if you do.

WHAT'S WORN.

While white, pink and blue organdies, muslins, zepher and dimities are the fashion of the moment, there is some one thing that is considered particularly smart. Last summer it was the navy blue muslin with the white yoke. This year it is to be the linen-colored gown. It is shown in all shades from brown to white. A few have a yellow cast in them. The popularity of this shade is also having an influence on the lace trimmings of the gowns of heavier materials, it being considered much more fashionable at the present time than white or cream. The sailor effect, modified in different ways, is to be seen on a great many of these gowns.

One gown is of linen-colored muslin. The skirt is trimmed with insertion about a half an inch wide of the same color. The waist has a sailor collar, V and stock of white pique. Around the edge of the collar is a heavy open applique of linen-colored lace. Just the scallops of the applique crown behind the collar, leaving the greater part of it over the white pique. The collar is finished with a sailor's knot of the muslin.

The waist of another gown has square reverses extending round the neck in the form of a deep lay-over collar of the same material as the skirt. This opens over a front of white mull trimmed with white lace. A sailor's knot holds the fronts in place but they lack about four inches of meeting from the end of the reverses to the waist. The skirt has two bias ruffles on the bottom with both their upper and lower edges bound instead of hemmed.

Another waist has the front trimmed with half inch tucks. Narrow white lace, stitched on with the machine edges the tucks. The stitching on the waist was done with white Barber's linen thread and, as the ironing adds a gloss to it, it makes a trimming itself.

Black silk skirts promise to be very popular this summer. The majority of them are made with the lining separate from the silk but both fastened to one band. One has a circular flounce with the whole of the upper part of the skirt tucked. Then there is a narrow ruffling of black satin binding heading the flounce and two other rows on the flounce.

Another skirt of softer silk is trimmed with a ruffling made of the silk cut on bias but not hemmed.

If you are tired of the pin used to fasten up the short hairs at the back of your neck take a small piece of narrow black velvet ribbon and, passing it through the longer hairs to keep it in place, tie up the shorter hairs. The little bow looks quite smart on the hair. Another device is to put the bow on an invisible hair pin.

—HELEN HALL.

Spring Weariness.



It is wrong to think that you are worn out from overwork. Work never hurt any man, and if you feel jaded, weary, if you have a nasty headache and feel out of sorts generally it's due to disease germs.

When your body retains any poison or foreign matter, disease germs are produced in your body just as rapidly as they are in the open air from decaying animal or vegetable matter. The only thing for you to do is to make your system healthy—get rid of the poison, so that the disease germs find it impossible to affect you. You destroy these germs when you make your body healthy, and you do that by taking Powley's Liquefied Ozone. The condensed oxygen is a natural way of building up the system.

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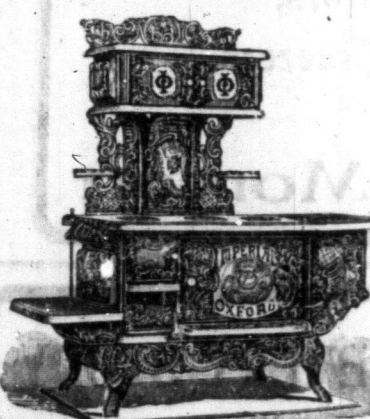
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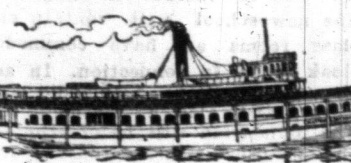
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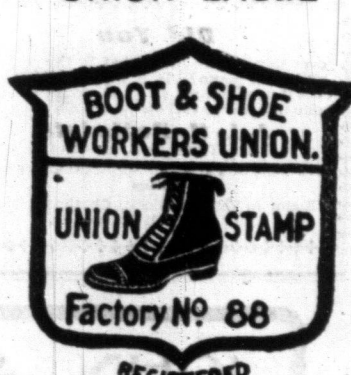
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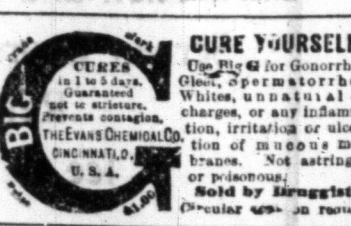
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