

## Germ, Germ.

We hear a great deal about these days, and rightly too; for they are the direct cause of whooping-cough, diphtheria, scarlet fever and other diseases of childhood. When any of these are in the neighborhood, you should use Vapo-Crescogene. Every evening purify their sleeping rooms with this perfectly safe remedy. It is so easy to prevent the disease in this way. For whooping-cough and croup, the doctors say it is a perfect specific.

Vapo-Crescogene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Crescogene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Crescogene, complete, \$1.50; extra supply of Crescogene, 50c. The Crescogene Co., 110 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A. Recommended and sold by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store, Chatham.

## It Does Pay to

**The Best**  
and many of the former pupils of the  
**CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
CHATHAM, ONT.,

who have stepped directly from the college to some good position in a business office, or to fill some vacancy in a commercial school as teacher, are ever ready to testify to the fact that it DOES PAY TO ATTEND THE BEST.

The following extract from a letter received from a Massachusetts Business College a short time ago is only one of scores of a similar kind that we have received from other Business Colleges asking us to supply them with teachers.

Dear Mr. McLaughlin—I am again looking for a commercial teacher and would be pleased to know if you know of one. We want a young man, single, not under twenty-five, of good address, neat in appearance, thoroughly alive and well up in book keeping, arithmetic and English.

Letters such as the above tell far more than pages of idle claims to superiority. There may be business colleges much more convenient to you than Chatham, but that should be no reason for your attending anything but the best.

We pay the railway fare of students from a distance, up to \$6.00, and can secure good board for gentlemen at \$2.50 per week and for ladies at \$2.00.

For HANDSOME CATALOGUE issued by any BUSINESS SCHOOL in Canada, write

D. McLAUGHLIN & CO.,  
Chatham, Ont.

**St. Thomas Business College**

is unsurpassed in the facilities it offers students for acquiring a thorough practical business training in the shortest possible time.

We have rejected every species of clap-net and showy device for dazzling the public and alluring young people into our school. We rely on the results of honest, carefully directed effort as the basis and test of success.

Our courses are thorough and practical, and only thoroughly trained teachers who are acquainted with the latest and most logical methods of instruction, are employed on our staff.

A student cannot be a graduate of this college without first passing the examinations of the Business Education Association of Canada, which is the highest standard in Canada, excepting that of the Chartered Accountants of Ontario.

College re-opens for new term Jan. 2, 1901.

Catalogue free. H. T. GOUGH, Principal.

St. Thomas, Ont.

Winter Term Begins

Jan 2nd 1901

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

Stratford, Ont.

**The Best**

Place 1 Canada for high grade training in the book-keeping, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting, Etc. Our graduates are highly successful in obtaining excellent positions with big new firms. The one made up of us during the last three years by using our college for our studies to take positions as teachers in their schools has been nearly 500. This shows that our college enjoys a high reputation for superior work. Write for catalogue.

W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

**CURE YOURSELF!**

Use Big B for Gonorrhea, Gleet, Syphilis, etc.

Big B is the only medicine that cures all these diseases, and is safe for the most delicate cases.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

Big B is sold by all druggists.

## THE ELEVATOR BOY.

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES RELATED BY HIMSELF.

Mr. Mosswell was a kind and good man to Sammie until one unlucky day which neither Mr. Mosswell nor Sammie will forget.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

When Mr. Mosswell came to my skry-scraper as a tenant, I thought that he was one of the most fatherly men I ever met in my adventurous elevator life. His desk had hardly been put into room No. 237 when he sent for me and said:

"Sammie, my boy, the owner of this building I do not care to know, and I shall pass the agent by with a cold nod. The janitor and the engineer will be brought to me, but I wish for the good will and friendship of the elevator boy. I hear that you are fatherless. Let me be a father to you. I hear that you are trying to pay off a mortgage on your widowed mother's little cottage. Take these \$5 as freely as they are offered. Let us be father and son—comrades—friends."

That's the way he talked, and he won my young and innocent heart at once. I started right out to make life worth living for him. He was agent for a smoke consumer, and I told everybody who got into the elevator that I beat anything ever invented and ought to be in every respectable family. When a girl came looking for a situation as typewriter, I told her how

benign and fatherly Mr. Mosswell was, and that if he employed her she ought to be glad to work for \$3 per week and pay for his ginger ale besides. I stole lemons and mint from Mr. Rasher, the agent, and carried them out to room 237 on hot days, and when collectors came around with bills I lied to them and said Mr. Mosswell was out in California to develop a \$3,000,000 gold mine. No elevator boy on the face of this earth ever set out to do more for a benign tenant. For four weeks the harmony existing between us was the next thing to love. We got to be known around the building as Damon & Co.

When about a month had passed and our bond of friendship seemed to be growing stronger every moment, Mr. Mosswell called me up one day and said:

"Sammie, have you observed the pale faced, careworn woman in No. 235?"

"You mean the red checked, jolly looking stenographer?" I said.

"Do not argue with your adopted father, Sammie. To me, at least, she looks pale and careworn and something tells me that she is not long for this world. Her salary must be very low, as old Banks is known as a stingy man, and she must want to buy flowers to lay on the grave. Here is a bouquet. When she is out at lunch today, I want you to leave it on her desk. There is no card attached. Other bouquets will follow and eventually she will get to know the name of the donor and sympathizer."

I couldn't make things out. Miss Jared, the only woman in room 235, had cheeks like roses and was always laughing, and she could beat me at jumping over chairs. I took the bouquet, however, and had just placed it on the desk when old Banks came out of the inner room. As soon as he saw the flowers he grabbed me by the hair and yelled:

"You young villain, but what masher has dared send my niece flowers? Give me his name, or I'll twist your neck."

"They are for her sister's grave," I said.

"You young liar! She never had a sister!"

"Then they are because she looks pale and careworn."

"That's another lie!"

Then he shook me about till I told him who had sent the flowers. I didn't want to, of course, but I thought Mr. Mosswell had been mistaken and it would do no great harm.

"Oh, it's that old howled dog, bud, eh?" sneered old Banks as he let go of me. "All right—I'll toy with him. Come along and see the fun."

He entered room 237, and he grabbed Mr. Mosswell by the neck and slammed Jared stood in the door and clapped her hands. When my adopted father became a wreck, he was flung under the desk, and the wrecker took his departure. It took 20 minutes of "first aid" on my part to revive Mr. Mosswell, and the first thing he did after getting his breath back was to yell at me:

"You scum of the earth, but I'll burn you at the stake for this!"

"But what have I done?" I asked.

"Given me away!"

"But what was there to give away? Can't anybody send a pale faced, anxious woman, working on starvation

wages, a bouquet to lay on her sister's grave?"

"Retal!" he whooped as he made a grab for my hair.

I had to leave him. His benignness had fled, and he was no longer my adopted father. He might help other elevator boys to pay off the widow's mortgages, but he had no more plunks for me. I went down stairs with heavy heart, and that was our last meeting. I got the janitor to go up as a mutual friend, but Mr. Mosswell threatened to brain him with a chair. Two days later he moved out to give him a parting kick, and Miss Jared chuckled to see him go. In the elevator, as I took him down, I started to express my sympathy, but he tried to cross his right and find the point of my jaw as a reward. I am gripped and sorry, but I cannot blame myself. There are wild adventures and strange mysteries in all lives, but in none more than in the life of Sammie, the elevator boy.

M. QUAD.

**The Safest Way.**  
The colonel and I sat talking under a shade tree in front of the town post-office, when a doglight started down the street.

"Come on!" I said as I sprang up.

"Come this way!" replied the colonel as he seized my arm and drew me into a doorway.

"But I want to see the doglight," I protested.

"Yes; reckon you do, but you also want to keep clear of the shootin'."

"Why should there be any shootin'?"

"Because one dog has got to lick 'Fother, and the owner of the loked dog ain't going to let it rest that way. There they go!"

Ten minutes later we stepped out to find one man lying on the ground with two bullets in him and some people carrying away a second with half a dozen.

"Dogfights are bewtful affairs," said the colonel as we walked away together, "but the safest way to see one in Kentucky is to wait till it's all over and the dead carried off."

**Intuitive.**  
The intrepid explorer accented the antarctic Eskimo in all confidence.

"You look just like the arctic Eskimo," said he, "but—"

"There's all the difference in the world between us," interposed the arctic Eskimo, with a loud laugh, although he had never before come in contact with civilization.

As for the explorer, his chagrin knew no bounds upon discovering that this well known joke was quite intuitive.—Detroit Journal.

**Laying It to George.**  
"What is so meaning of so phrase 'at won't wash'?" asked the foreigner who was trying to acquire a knowledge of American slang.

"It means 'it can't be proved,' 'it isn't true,'" replied the solemn young man who was cheerfully imparting the latest thing to love.

We got to be known around the building as Damon & Co.

When about a month had passed and our bond of friendship seemed to be growing stronger every moment, Mr. Mosswell called me up one day and said:

"Sammie, have you observed the pale faced, careworn woman in No. 235?"

"You mean the red checked, jolly looking stenographer?" I said.

"Do not argue with your adopted father, Sammie. To me, at least, she looks pale and careworn and something tells me that she is not long for this world. Her salary must be very low, as old Banks is known as a stingy man, and she must want to buy flowers to lay on the grave. Here is a bouquet. When she is out at lunch today, I want you to leave it on her desk. There is no card attached. Other bouquets will follow and eventually she will get to know the name of the donor and sympathizer."

I couldn't make things out. Miss Jared, the only woman in room 235, had cheeks like roses and was always laughing, and she could beat me at jumping over chairs. I took the bouquet, however, and had just placed it on the desk when old Banks came out of the inner room. As soon as he saw the flowers he grabbed me by the hair and yelled:

"You young villain, but what masher has dared send my niece flowers? Give me his name, or I'll twist your neck."

"They are for her sister's grave," I said.

"You young liar! She never had a sister!"

"Then they are because she looks pale and careworn."

"That's another lie!"

Then he shook me about till I told him who had sent the flowers. I didn't want to, of course, but I thought Mr. Mosswell had been mistaken and it would do no great harm.

"Oh, it's that old howled dog, bud, eh?" sneered old Banks as he let go of me. "All right—I'll toy with him. Come along and see the fun."

He entered room 237, and he grabbed Mr. Mosswell by the neck and slammed Jared stood in the door and clapped her hands. When my adopted father became a wreck, he was flung under the desk, and the wrecker took his departure. It took 20 minutes of "first aid" on my part to revive Mr. Mosswell, and the first thing he did after getting his breath back was to yell at me:

"You scum of the earth, but I'll burn you at the stake for this!"

"But what have I done?" I asked.

"Given me away!"

"But what was there to give away? Can't anybody send a pale faced, anxious woman, working on starvation

wages, a bouquet to lay on her sister's grave?"

"Retal!" he whooped as he made a grab for my hair.

I had to leave him. His benignness had fled, and he was no longer my adopted father. He might help other elevator boys to pay off the widow's mortgages, but he had no more plunks for me. I went down stairs with heavy heart, and that was our last meeting. I got the janitor to go up as a mutual friend, but Mr. Mosswell threatened to brain him with a chair. Two days later he moved out to give him a parting kick, and Miss Jared chuckled to see him go. In the elevator, as I took him down, I started to express my sympathy, but he tried to cross his right and find the point of my jaw as a reward. I am gripped and sorry, but I cannot blame myself. There are wild adventures and strange mysteries in all lives, but in none more than in the life of Sammie, the elevator boy.

M. QUAD.

**The Safest Way.**  
The colonel and I sat talking under a shade tree in front of the town post-office, when a doglight started down the street.

"Come on!" I said as I sprang up.

"Come this way!" replied the colonel as he seized my arm and drew me into a doorway.

"But I want to see the doglight," I protested.

"Yes; reckon you do, but you also want to keep clear of the shootin'."

"Why should there be any shootin'?"

"Because one dog has got to lick 'Fother, and the owner of the loked dog ain't going to let it rest that way. There they go!"

Ten minutes later we stepped out to find one man lying on the ground with two bullets in him and some people carrying away a second with half a dozen.

"Dogfights are bewtful affairs," said the colonel as we walked away together, "but the safest way to see one in Kentucky is to wait till it's all over and the dead carried off."

**Intuitive.**  
The intrepid explorer accented the antarctic Eskimo in all confidence.

"You look just like the arctic Eskimo," said he, "but—"

"There's all the difference in the world between us," interposed the arctic Eskimo, with a loud laugh, although he had never before come in contact with civilization.

As for the explorer, his chagrin knew no bounds upon discovering that this well known joke was quite intuitive.—Detroit Journal.

**Laying It to George.**  
"What is so meaning of so phrase 'at won't wash'?" asked the foreigner who was trying to acquire a knowledge of American slang.

"It means 'it can't be proved,' 'it isn't true,'" replied the solemn young man who was cheerfully imparting the latest thing to love.

We got to be known around the building as Damon & Co.

When about a month had passed and our bond of friendship seemed to be growing stronger every moment, Mr. Mosswell called me up one day and said:

"Sammie, have you observed the pale faced, careworn woman in No. 235?"

"You mean the red checked, jolly looking stenographer?" I said.

"Do not argue with your adopted father, Sammie. To me, at least, she looks pale and careworn and something tells me that she is not long for this world. Her salary must be very low, as old Banks is known as a stingy man, and she must want to buy flowers to lay on the grave. Here is a bouquet. When she is out at lunch today, I want you to leave it on her desk. There is no card attached. Other bouquets will follow and eventually she will get to know the name of the donor and sympathizer."

I couldn't make things out. Miss Jared, the only woman in room 235, had cheeks like roses and was always laughing, and she could beat me at jumping over chairs. I took the bouquet, however, and had just placed it on the desk when old Banks came out of the inner room. As soon as he saw the flowers he grabbed me by the hair and yelled:

"You young villain, but what masher has dared send my niece flowers? Give me his name, or I'll twist your neck."

"They are for her sister's grave," I said.

"You young liar! She never had a sister!"

"Then they are because she looks pale and careworn."

"That's another lie!"

Then he shook me about till I told him who had sent the flowers. I didn't want to, of course, but I thought Mr. Mosswell had been mistaken and it would do no great harm.

"Oh, it's that old howled dog, bud, eh?" sneered old Banks as he let go of me. "All right—I'll toy with him. Come along and see the fun."

He entered room 237, and he grabbed Mr. Mosswell by the neck and slammed Jared stood in the door and clapped her hands. When my adopted father became a wreck, he was flung under the desk, and the wrecker took his departure. It took 20 minutes of "first aid" on my part to revive Mr. Mosswell, and the first thing he did after getting his breath back was to yell at me:

"You scum of the earth, but I'll burn you at the stake for this!"

"But what have I done?" I asked.

"Given me away!"

"But what was there to give away? Can't anybody send a pale faced, anxious woman, working on starvation

wages, a bouquet to lay on her sister's grave?"

"Retal!" he whooped as he made a grab for my hair.

I had to leave him. His benignness had fled, and he was no longer my adopted father. He might help other elevator boys to pay off the widow's mortgages, but he had no more plunks for me. I went down stairs with heavy heart, and that was our last meeting. I got the janitor to go up as a mutual friend, but Mr. Mosswell threatened to brain him with a chair. Two days later he moved out to give him a parting kick, and Miss Jared chuckled to see him go. In the elevator, as I took him down, I started to express my sympathy, but he tried to cross his right and find the point of my jaw as a reward. I am gripped and sorry, but I cannot blame myself. There are wild adventures and strange mysteries in all lives, but in none more than in the life of Sammie, the elevator boy.

M. QUAD.

**The Safest Way.**  
The colonel and I sat talking under a shade tree in front of the town post-office, when a doglight started down the street.

"Come on!" I said as I sprang up.

"Come this way!" replied the colonel as he seized my arm and drew me into a doorway.

"But I want to see the doglight," I protested.

"Yes; reckon you do, but you also want to keep clear of the shootin'."

"Why should there be any shootin'?"

"Because one dog has got to lick 'Fother, and the owner of the loked dog ain't going to let it rest that way. There they go!"

Ten minutes later we stepped out to find one man lying on the ground with two bullets in him and some people carrying away a second with half a dozen.

"Dogfights are bewtful affairs," said the colonel as we walked away together, "but the safest way to see one in Kentucky is to wait till it's all over and the dead carried off."

**Intuitive.**  
The intrepid explorer accented the antarctic Eskimo in all confidence.

"You look just like the arctic Eskimo," said he, "but—"

"There's all the difference in the world between us," interposed the arctic Eskimo, with a loud laugh, although he had never before come in contact with civilization.

As for the explorer, his chagrin knew no bounds upon discovering that this well known joke was quite intuitive.—Detroit Journal.

**Laying It to George.**  
"What is so meaning of so phrase 'at won't wash'?" asked the foreigner who was trying to acquire a knowledge of American slang.

"It means 'it can't be proved,' 'it isn't true,'" replied the solemn young man who was cheerfully imparting the latest thing to love.

We got to be known around the building as Damon & Co.

When about a month had passed and our bond of friendship seemed to be growing stronger every moment, Mr. Mosswell called me up one day and said:

"Sammie, have you observed the pale faced, careworn woman in No. 235?"

"You mean the red checked, jolly looking stenographer?" I said.

"Do not argue with your adopted father, Sammie. To me, at least, she looks pale and careworn and something tells me that she is not long for this world. Her salary must be very low, as old Banks is known as a stingy man, and she must want to buy flowers to lay on the grave. Here is a bouquet. When she is out at lunch today, I want you to leave it on her desk. There is no card attached. Other bouquets will follow and eventually she will get to know the name of the donor and sympathizer."

I couldn't make things out. Miss Jared, the only woman in room 235, had cheeks like roses and was always laughing, and she could beat me at jumping over chairs. I took the bouquet, however, and had just placed it on the desk when old Banks came out of the inner room. As soon as he saw the flowers he grabbed me by the hair and yelled:

"You young villain, but what masher has dared send my niece flowers? Give me his name, or I'll twist your neck."

"They are for her sister's grave," I said.

"You young liar! She never had a sister!"

"Then they are because she looks pale and careworn."

"That's another lie!"

Then he shook me about till I told him who had sent the flowers. I didn't want to, of course, but I thought Mr. Mosswell had been mistaken and it would do no great harm.