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oms, but live in hopes no serious resul toms, but live in hopes no serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore Throat, Ulcers on the Tongue or in the Mouth, Hair Falling Out, Aching Pains, Itchiness of the Skin Sores or Blotches on the Body, Eyes Red Sores or Blotches on the Body, Eyes Red and Smart, Dyspeptic Stomach, Sexual Weakness—indications of the second stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin your system with the old fogy treatment. mercury and potash—which only sup-presses the symptoms for a time, only to break out again, when happy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you Our New Method Treatment is guaran Our New Method Treatment is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds, that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our New Method Treatment for over twenty years. No experiment, no risk—not a "patch-up," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited. We treat and cure Nervous Debility, Sexual Weakness, Gleet, Blood Poison, Stricture, Varioccele, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, and all diseases peculiar to men and women.

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SOME VIVID DREAMS.

WARNINGS AND VISIONS THAT HAVE COME DURING SLEEP.

Lady Andover's Dream and Her Husband's Tragic Death-The Murderous Butler Who Was Scared Away. The Young Woman In Gray Silk.

In "The Story of My Life," by Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, are told the following dream stories: When staying at Ravensworth castle in November, 1876, General Stanhope, talking of dreams,

"Lady Andover, who was the daughter of Lord Leicester, was with her husband at Holkham, and when one day all the other men were going out shooting she piteously implored him not to go, saying that she had dreamed vividly that he would be shot if he went out. She was so terribly eager about it that he acceded to her wishes and remained with her in the painting room, for she painted beautifully in oils, and was copying a picture of the 'Misers' which was at Holkham. But the afternoon was excessively beautiful, and Lady Andover's strong impres-sion, which had been so vivid in the morning, then seemed to wear off, till at last she said: 'Well, really, perhaps I have been selfish in keeping you from what you like so much because of my own impressions; so now, if you care about going out, don't let me keep you in any longer.' And he said: 'Well, if you don't mind, I should certainly like to go,' and he went. He had not been gone long before Lady Andover's impressions returned just as viv. ssions returned just as viv dover's impressions returned just as vividly as ever, and she rushed up stairs and put on her bonnet and pursued him. But, as she crossed the park, she met her husband's own servant riding furiously with-out his coat. 'Don't tell me,' she said at once. 'I know what has happened,' and she went back and locked herself into her

room. His servant was handing him a gun through a hedge, it went off, and he was killed upon the spot." While in Rome in 1870 Mr. Hare heard

the following dream story: Lady Vernon dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, crossing the entranc hall, and she awoke with a great start.

After awhile she composed herself to sleep again, and she dreamed—she dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, on the middle of the staircase, and she awok with a great shock. She got up; she thought she could not be quite well, and she took a little sal volatile. At last she fell asleep again, and she dreamed she dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, standing at her bedroom door, and she awoke in a great terror, and she jumped out of bed, and she said, "I'll have an end of this; I'll have an end of these foolish imaginations," and she rushed to the door, and she threw the door wide open. And there at the door stood the butler, wih a knife in one hand and a candle in the other. And when he suddenly saw Lady Vernon in her white nightdress, with her hair streaming down her back, he was so dreadfully frightened that he dropped the candle on the floor and rushed off down the staircase and off to the stables, where there was a horse ready saddled and bridled, on which he meant to have ridden away when he had murdered Lady Vernon. And he rode away without ever having murdered her at all, and he was never, never, never

heard of again. Lord Denbigh sent the following story Mr. Hare of a supernatural which he had heard from Henry Malet in 1869: In the winter of 1854-5 Malet was in Paris and saw a good deal of Palgrave Simpson, the dramatic author. One evening after a dinner Simpson ex-pressed himself a believer in clairvoyant phenomena. A few days afterward Malet received an order to return to London and hold himself in readiness to embark for the Crimea with his regiment. the night before his departure for Malta he received a note from Simpson inclesing an antique ring. The note said: "Do not laugh at me, but while you are in the Crimea wear the inclosed ring. It was given to me by the last representative of an old Hungarian family on her death-******* bed. In her family it was an heirloom and considered as a most precious talisman to preserve the wearer from any external harm." Malet slipped the ring on his finger without attaching any great importance to the matter and the next rning sailed from Portsmouth. will let him tell the remainder of the

story: "We touched at Gibraltar, but it was not till our arrival at Malta that I heard from my family. Then I found a letter from my mother dated from Frankfort on the very day of our sailing from England. It said: I have been quite broken hearted about you, and could find no comfort anywhere, but now all is changed, for a most extraordinary reason. This morning as I lay in bed in broad daylight and after my maid had brought my hot water, just as I was about to get the state of the s I was about to get up, a most beautiful young lady, very fair and dressed in gray silk, drew aside the curtain of my bed and leaned over me and said: "Do not be unhappy about your son; no harm shall happen to him." I am quite certain I have had a vision, yet it seemed as if have had a vision, yet it seemed as it a were awake; certainly I was so the moment before this happened. The whole thing is as distinct as possible and as unlike an effect of imagination. Of course, I cannot account for it, but it has made me quite happy, and I know you will come back safe. On receipt of this letter I bethought me of the ring, and begged my mother in reply to describe minutely the appearance of the mysterious visitor. My mother said it was a young woman My mother said it was a young woman about 27 years of age, rather pale, with very straight features, large gray eyes and an abundance of brown hair worn in rather an old fashioned manner. The sleeves of the gray silk dress were what we call 'bishop sleeves.' I sent copies of my mother's letter to Palgrave Simpson, we call bishop sleeves. I sent copies of my mother's letter to Palgrave Simpson, and he answered me that the description was in the minutest particular the coun-terpart of the lady who on her deathbed had given him the ring, some 16 or 17 years before. It is to be observed that no communication whatever passed be-tween me and my mother between the re-ceipt of the ring and my arrival at Malta, and I will swear that I told no one the story."

Sugar Water. Eau sucree is said to dispel thirst mo Eau sucree is said to dispel thirst more efficaciously than any other drink, and it is simplicity itself. Put three large lumps of sugar in a tumbler with a tablespoonful of water and allow the sugar to dissolve, then fill up with more cold water. The French say that the perfection of this drink consists in letting the sugar first melt slowly in a small quantity of water.

Steaming, Switching and a Roll In the Snow Are the Processes.

A primitive sort of Turkish bath is indulged in by some of the Finlanders of northern Norway. In winter in this part of the country the thermometer averages 40 degrees below zero, and water bathing is not practicable.

These Finlanders, unlike the Lapps farther north, have an instinct for bodily cleanliness and manage to preserve it

farther north, have an instinct for bodily cleanliness and manage to preserve it after the following fashion. Paul du Chaillu, who spoke from personal experience, declared the method fine. Each hamlet has a bathhouse for common use. It is perhaps 15 feet long by 12 wide. It boasts no windows, and only when the door is opened can air or light enter. In the middle of the interior is an ovenlike structure of bowlders piled one upon the other.

Rows of seats constructed of the branches of crees run along the sides of he wall. There is no other furnishing. Bathing day comes once a week-Sat

wood is brought and a fire started.

When the stones become hot, the fire is put out, the place cleaned, a large vessel of water and some slender birch twigs brought in and the preparations declared complete.

As no dressing room is provided toilets are unmade and made in the various homes. It is scarcely necessary to add that no time is lost in the progress from the home to the bathhouse. No clothes and a temperature of 40 degrees below zero are incentives to haste. When all the boys and men aregin the

bathhouse and the door closed, water is brown upon the hot stones until the place is filled with steam. Perspiration pours from the sweltering bodies, yet more ac-tive exercise is demanded, and switches come into play. Each bather lays on his neighbor with a will until "Enough!" is

Again water is thrown upon the stones, nore steam raised and another switching As may be imagined, the bodies are now as red as boiled lobsters and the blood circulating actively. A roll in the snow completes this novel

GOOD BOOKS.

Good books, like good friends, are few

and chosen—the more select the more enjoyable.—A. Bronson Alcott. A good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose, to a life beyond life.

—John Milton.

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed. Sir William Temple.

Of all the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call books.—Thomas Carlyle.

Knowledge of books in a man of hust. Knowledge of books in a man of business is a torch in the hands of one who is willing and able to show those who are bewildered the way which leads to prosperity and welfare.—Joseph Addison. A taste for books I would not exchange

for the wealth of the Indies. The miseries of a vacant life are never known to a oan whose hours are insufficient for the inexhaustible pleasure of study.-Gibbon. Except a living man, there is nothing re wonderful than a book, a message to us from the dead, from human souls whom we never saw, who lived perhaps thousands of miles away, and yet these, on those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, vivify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as broth-

ers.-Charles Kingsley. Above all, there is this value in booksthat they enable us to converse with the dead. There is something in this beyond the mere intrinsic worth of what they have left us. When a person's body is moldering, cold and insensible in the grave, we feel a sacred sentiment of veneration for the living memorials of his mind.-Sir Egerton Brydges.

Books, it is true, are silent as you see them on their shelves; but, silent as they are, when I enter a library I feel as if almost the dead were present, and I know that if I put questions to these books they will answer me with all the faithfulness and fuliness which have been left in them by the great men who left the books with

The Ear and the Thumb.

There is a whole world of telltale indications in the apex of the ear. If it lies close to the head, the owner possesses a refined nature, but if the top starts away from the head at a well defined angle that person has an uneven disposition not to be relied upon. If a girl's thumb lies flat or droops a little, marital submission to the master mind is indi-cated. If the thumb has a tendency to stand at right angles to the hand, the damsel owning it is headstrong.

damsel owning it is headstrong.

A person of weak character has a pendent thumb. The strong character has a strong, erect thumb. Fingers which bend backward mean powerful determination. If they are round, strength, both physical and mental, is indicated. Stubby fingers are grasping fingers. Finger nails that are rounded show refinement; if long and rather square at the ton firmness and energy are denoted.

Kinship Names.

Katle, the romping 6-year-old, came dancing and singing into the parlor, Then, seeing a strange caller, she stop-

ed, abashed.
"This is my little daughter," said her nother. "Katie, this is Mrs. Baggs."
"How do you do, Mrs. Baggs?" said Katie, anxious to remove any unfavorable impression the visitor might have formed. "I know a little girl at school named Save Is she any relation of

The Canadian Seacoast. The eastern Canadian seacoast, from the bay of Fundy to the strait of Belle Isle, covers a distance of 5,000 miles, and British Columbia, with its multitude of bays and mountainous islands, has a seacoast of 7,180 miles and a salt water in-shore area, not including minor indenta-tions, of 1,500 square miles.

"I want a positive answer, Miss Jones. Will you marry me?"

"No!"
"That's hardly fair. I asked for a pos itive answer, and you have given me a negative."

There is one thing about college degrees—no matter how many are bestowed, there are just as many left.—Boston Trans-

Great Physician's Favorite Prescription

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AN EDITORS OPIOION

Mr. A. R. Fawcett, the well-known editor and proprietor of The Leader and Recorder, Toronto Junction, writes: "It is very seldom that I need medicine of any description, but this spring if got so badly run down and out of sorts generally that I became somewhat alarmed. Chancing to read estimonial about the results derived from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, from a identical with my own, I purchased a box and commenced using it.

"The result was simply marvellous. was benefitted from the first, and oon restored to my usual good health. I never felt better in my life than' do now. To tell the simple truth, I did not have very great faith in why medicine until I used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, but now I have no hesitation in strongly recommending this great remedy to others, as a valuable and effective remedy."



So long as the laws of nature remain unchanged, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cannot fail to benefit the health of anyone who uses it, for it contains in condensed form the very essence of the most powerful blood creating and nerve-restoring elements to be found in all nature's realm. It naturally and gradually forms new, firm flesh and healthy tissues, and through the medium of the circulation and the nervous system reaches and revitalizes every organ in the human system. A few weeks' treatment will convince you of the extraordinary power of this famous food cure to put new vim and energy into the body and increase flesh and weight. 50c a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all d alers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE BRIDEGROOM WAS LATE.

Why He Arrived Tousled and Covered With Cobwebs. "One of the most embarrassing situa-

tions I ever saw," remarked a gentleman at one of the hotels, "was at a big wed-ding celebration at one of the large churches in a southern city several years ago. It was the event, socially, of the season, and the church was filled with belles and beaus. The bride and bridegroom were among the most popular of the social set. The young lady was the very essence of grace in all things. But the man who had won her was one of the most awkward specimens of humanity I had ever seen. He was simply built that way. He looked it. He walked more like a camel than any human being I have ever seen. He was the kind of fellow, too, who was always blundering except in business. In business he was as keen as they made them, and among the older men in the commercial community he was held up as a splendid example of the young manhood of the time. "But, getting back to the wedding, the

wise, whispering folk who generally after such things had arranged for the affair in the most popular church of the city, and in spite of his protests they had made it a trifle more elaborate than he had even expected. They had arranged for the bride and a number of attendants to approach the altar from the front part of the church, and 7:30 was the time actly when the meeting between bride and bridegroom should take place at the

"The bridegroom was to come from the

back of the church. The organ thundered forth the usual strains, and the pretty bride walked down the aisle toward the altar with the attendants. They reached the altar. It was 7:30 p. m., on the last tick of the half hour. The bridegroom tick of the half hour. The bridegroom was not there. All eyes turned to the door through which he was to enter. But it never opened, and the seconds seemed to lengthen into centuries. It was awful. The bride's face flushed, and she was rapidly weakening under the trying wait. "Five minutes nearly had passed, when the door was flung open and the embarrassed bridegroom entered. His face, too, was flushed, his hair was touseled and disarranged, his gloves and shirt front disarranged, his gloves and shirt front were soiled, and, in fact, he was literally covered with cobwebs and dust. But he had the smile of victory on his face when he broke through the door, and everybody seemed to be almost in a humor to

"After the ceremony he explained why it was that he did not arrive on time. The yard behind the church was not well The yard behind the church was not well lighted. A huge organ box had been placed up close to the church, and it was one of the boxes with a folding door that swung on hinges. In his excitement and hurry he had opened this door and had walked into the organ box, and before he could get his bearings he had managed to undo all the little tidy arrangements he had made for the occasion, and this accounted for the dust and the cobwebs which clung to his hair and clothing when he rushed into the church.

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