

Germ, Germ.

We hear a great deal about germs these days, and rightly so; 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-Cresolene. 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-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. It is a Vapo-Cresolene emulsion, containing the Vaporizer and Cresolene, complete, 8-50; extra supplies of Cresolene emulsion and Vaporizer illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 36 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.



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First in 1888—Foremost ever since.

To have been "first" merely proves antiquity. To have remained first proves merit.

DUNLOP TIRE CO., LIMITED, TORONTO.
Local Depot for Dunlop Carriage Tires.

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By having EFFICIENT TELEPHONE FACILITIES. We will quote you rates on a Private-Branch Exchange System in your Office, Warehouse or Factory.

The Bell Telephone Co., of Canada.

MISS SYLVESTER and MRS. McTAGGART Dress and Mantle Makers Over McKays' confectionery store and between Foreman's and Northway's dry goods store, King street.

Pure Gold Jellies

Nothing can equal them for a table jelly and so easily made. We have them in all flavors.

10c per Pkg., 3 for 25c.

Upton's Jams, in jars 10c each.
Good Dried Apples, 3 lbs. for 25c.
Apricots, 15c per lb.
Dried Peaches, 2 lbs. for 25c.
Orange Marmalade, 10c per jar.

S. E. Smith Grocer Next Bart's Drug Store King St. East.

Notice These Prices SHIRTS - 3c each COLLARS - 1c each CUFFS - 1c each

Parisian Steam Laundry Co. Telephone 20

Linard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

LIBRARY OF CANADA

VAST WEALTH OF BOOKS STORED AT THE FEDERAL CAPITAL

Moreover, It is Set in One of the Grandest Landscapes in the World—The Building, Too, is of the Most Exquisite Character—More Room, However, is Required—Wide Range of Volumes.

The library of Parliament is, so to speak, the monstrosity of the nation's temple. This beautiful building which dominates the landscape for miles around is the casket containing its greatest treasure, for here are housed the three hundred thousand volumes which comprise one of the choicest collections in America. Much white paper has been squandered in describing this triumph of the architect's art—so lofty, so airy, so symmetrical, as light and fanciful as the fabric of a vision, yet strong and dignified as the everlasting hills which it faces. It has been said that the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa and the University College, Toronto, are the only two buildings worthy of being set down in the streets of Oxford, and, though comparisons may be odious, it must be admitted that nature and art have favored Ottawa. This library building is the cynosure of a carcanet of architectural genius, set in one of the grandest landscapes in the world. It is a Kohinoor of libraries. People from all over the earth come here, gaze at it inside and outside from every angle, and depart with but one verdict. There may be larger libraries than this, but none more exquisite—none which so well satisfies the eye without stunning the senses; none so majestic and yet so comprehensible in one view. There are buildings whose vastness is overpowering. They leave an aching impression of insufficiency in man. The charm of the Parliamentary library is that it inspires without any alloy of discouragement. It comforts the beholder that imperfect man should conceive such a purely beautiful creation. The interior of the library but increases the spell—through every window a Turner picture whose frame is the horizon, from every gallery a coup d'oeil in which color blends with color in seductive riot, the whole flooded with the soft incandescence of the sun or the electric bulbs. Here stand the serried rows of books—an army of wisdom, outnumbering our forces in South Africa, an army on dress parade, drawn up to the standing at attention, ready to march forward, it almost seems, and salute the marble statue of Victoria which holds the centre of the floor. It is a wonderful array this, and as you enter it but has some great thought hidden under his leather tunic.

To make the ensemble more warlike than ever are the arms of the Provinces, carved on the pine and painted with heraldic accuracy. These are the standards for which these legions are massed to do battle, to use their best service, whether it be to stand mummified day after day on a shelf or to be barked fore and aft by some inquisitive member of Parliament in pursuit of a fact. It is sweet and proper to die for one's native land, to do sentry go until the bookworms bore you through and through, or to be thumb-marked, pencilled, and otherwise disgraced. This is a silent army—no clash of arms, no fierce charges, no fire and thunder; all its work is done under masked batteries. The air is filled with a busy quietude. Every man who enters here removes his hat and speaks softly. The very youngest attaches of the library forbears the merry jest and the loud laugh. He would as soon think of singing songs at the high altar. The librarians, who have been here for years and years, living daily in this studious Nipenthe, shudder at a loud voice as if it might be a profanation. The two chiefs are litterateurs of national reputation, whose lore goes behind the dories of their books, but every morning they come to their duties with new reverence. Such is the compelling, almost devotional, atmosphere of the place, that even the "business alcove," where Parliamentarians mug up their speeches, makes no more murmur than a cote of turtle doves.

It is a very comprehensive library. It doesn't contain every volume in the world, but it does contain all that is best in belles lettres, biography, science, history, politics, and philosophy. Every book reaches here within twelve days after it is published in London. Learned societies and public bodies all over the world forward their publications. In his twenty years of service the Parliamentary librarian has handled and indexed every blue book published in the British Empire. The library boasts an American section, second only to that at Washington, a magnificent collection of political biography, the history of England from the ancient chronicles down, the Congressional documents and details of the United States—a complete series, including the secret journals of 1774—the early journals of Ontario, many of them in manuscript, and Confederation laws and blue books, Newfoundland documents—quite invaluable if this colony ever contemplates the Confederation—the English Hansard from its inception, and a collection of Americana, which, next to Harvard, is the best in the world, and contains some volumes which are not to be found in the British Museum. This particular section is kept under wire screens, carefully locked, to prevent depredations from the clandestine bibliophile.

The library has no special treasures which are not to be seen in other famous libraries, but it has some books in which it takes particular pride. Among these are certain handsome morocco bound volumes, with the N and the Eagle of the great Corsican, presented by Napoleon III. to the Canadian Parliament. Many years ago one of the princes of

Blood Disorders

are simply kidney disorders. The kidneys filter the blood of all that shouldn't be there. The blood passes through the kidneys every three minutes. If the kidneys do their work no impurity or cause of disorder can remain in the circulation longer than that time. Therefore if your blood is out of order your kidneys have failed in their work. They are in need of stimulation, strengthening or doctoring. One medicine will do all three, the finest and most limited blood medicine there is.

Dodd's Kidney Pills

the House of Donaparte visited Ottawa and had luncheon with Sir John Macdonald. Ever since that time the prince, who is a distinguished amateur in science, has forwarded his works to what he called the most beautiful library in the world.

But all this beauty has its burdens. The problem now is shelf space. In 1872 Joseph Howe, speaking to the Y. M. C. A. at Ottawa, pointed out the treasures of Parliament Hill. At that time he estimated the number of volumes at 100,000. Since then it has increased—by the most critical methods of selection—at the rate of 6,000 a year, and now stands at 300,000 volumes. Fiction, it may be said, comprises but 1 per cent. of this great collection. There is a maxim in the library that the novels are for the members' wives and as soon as they have served their day they—the novels—are hustled off to the crypts in the basement. Even with the more frivolous elements buried and out of sight, the books shoulder and jostle each other distressingly. Shelves that were intended for one deep must make room for three.

Where are the new ones to go? Here stand the serried rows of books—an army of wisdom, outnumbering our forces in South Africa, an army on dress parade, drawn up to the standing at attention, ready to march forward, it almost seems, and salute the marble statue of Victoria which holds the centre of the floor. It is a wonderful array this, and as you enter it but has some great thought hidden under his leather tunic.

To make the ensemble more warlike than ever are the arms of the Provinces, carved on the pine and painted with heraldic accuracy. These are the standards for which these legions are massed to do battle, to use their best service, whether it be to stand mummified day after day on a shelf or to be barked fore and aft by some inquisitive member of Parliament in pursuit of a fact. It is sweet and proper to die for one's native land, to do sentry go until the bookworms bore you through and through, or to be thumb-marked, pencilled, and otherwise disgraced. This is a silent army—no clash of arms, no fierce charges, no fire and thunder; all its work is done under masked batteries. The air is filled with a busy quietude. Every man who enters here removes his hat and speaks softly. The very youngest attaches of the library forbears the merry jest and the loud laugh. He would as soon think of singing songs at the high altar. The librarians, who have been here for years and years, living daily in this studious Nipenthe, shudder at a loud voice as if it might be a profanation. The two chiefs are litterateurs of national reputation, whose lore goes behind the dories of their books, but every morning they come to their duties with new reverence. Such is the compelling, almost devotional, atmosphere of the place, that even the "business alcove," where Parliamentarians mug up their speeches, makes no more murmur than a cote of turtle doves.

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ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Dr. J. C. Wood

See Face-Stroke Wrapper Below. Very small and as easy to take as sugar. CARTER'S LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

regate if they could, make a nest of these bulky volumes. But caution forbids. These records of contemporary history must be kept. And here they are, row after row, orderly arranged, of papers alive and kicking, of others long since dead. The dead ones are pitiable. How much young enthusiasm lies buried in these dusty files! Just to think of the young men who worked with small pay and high purpose, imitating the great writers of the day as each one exerted his spell, casting their pearls before a callous public. And now it is all inured, and the flowers of speech are fading, and the page is getting yellow! Sic transit gloria mundi. What a comfort to reflect that force, whether it be moral, physical or mental, is never lost! We do not die altogether. The librarians have their little troubles. For instance there is the pamphlet. It is a sad commentary on political fervor that the minute an election is over—and elections here are published—interest flags. The library should get a free copy of every political pamphlet published in Canada, actually has to buy its pamphlets, and each purchase takes about three letters to accomplish. The library of Parliament is a sort of correspondence bureau, and puzzles from all parts of the Dominion are answered as near as possible by return mail. Then there is the member who takes out books for his friends and forgets to bring them back. A very considerable percentage of loss is caused in this way. But these are the flies in the honey—the crumpled rose leaves that none of us can escape.

It would be interesting to know just what are the interests of Canada's public men. Could we look into the registers of the Parliamentary library, we might gather a few hints on how to read so as to become great. We might and we might not. —H. F. Gadsby, in Toronto Star.

Cape Breton Coal Mines. The output of the Cape Breton coal mines for the fiscal year ending Sept. 3, 1901, amounted to 2,618,567 tons. Of this amount 2,352,567 tons was produced by the Dominion Coal Company from its group of mines located about Sydney, North Sydney, Glace Bay, etc., being an increase of about 700,000 tons on its output of the previous year. Arrangements have recently been made by the Cape Breton Coal, Iron and Railway Company for developing a group of mines lying south of Sydney on the line of the Cape Breton Railway, which promises to be equally productive with those north of Sydney and to add materially to the coal activities of Cape Breton by bringing a large tonnage to the Cape Breton Railway.

Good Exercise. Beating carpets is recommended as an excellent method of physical development at this season of the year.

Lifted Up Forever. Mazzini, whose name is associated with the liberation of Italy, was once asked what he would have taught in school.

"One thing, at any rate, in all," replied Mazzini, "and that is some knowledge of astronomy. A man learns nothing if he has not learned to wonder, and astronomy, better than any science, teaches him something of the mystery and grandeur of the universe. Now, a man who feels this will soon feel something of his own greatness and mystery, and then for the first time he is a man."

Why He Wept. The extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinaman of forty years, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends. "Why do you weep?" he was asked. "Alas, things are not as they used to be," answered the devoted son. "The poor woman's arms grow feeble every day!"

Didn't Hear. First Suburbanite—I hear that neighbor of yours adopted that hired girl of his so as to get her to stay with the family.

Second Suburbanite—Yes, and now his adopted daughter wants to stay in the parlor and play the piano all day and let her mother do the housework. —Judge.

Anticipation. "Doesn't it make you the least bit envious to see what elegant furniture Mrs. Eyerly is putting into her house next door?"

"Not a bit. My husband says it will be sold by the sheriff within six months—and I'll be there to buy."

His Means of Support. Magistrate—What is your vocation? I mean what do you do for a living? "Ah, yes, sir, I understand you now, sir. What I do for a living is, my wife takes in washin'."

Something in Common. Visitor (in museum)—Why don't you get a gimble? Manager—Can't afford it. They come too high.

Don't use steel knives for cutting fish, oysters, sweetbreads or brains. The steel blades and gives an unpleasant flavor.

If thou art a master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf. —Pulter.

"The divine Blood of the Grapes is brother" "to the one that flows through our veins."

VIN'S MICHEL

The most Powerful Blood making and Strength giving Tonic Wine

Gives HEALTH, STRENGTH and VIGOR To Pale, Weak, Sick Men, Women or Children.

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This is the time when the new wheels are creating a great deal of talk. No enthusiast has better foundation for claims for the excellence of his favorite than those who talk of the

"Hyslop"

It's a wheel made for service and easy riding. The price is lower than first-class wheels have sold for in the past.

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The Elephant Brand of Ready Mixed Paints

Made by the largest Paint Makers in the Dominion of Canada, is giving splendid satisfaction, and Quinn & Patterson are the only ones in Chatham who keep it. Prices \$1.40 per gal., 35c per quart, or 20c per pint. They have a first-class assortment of summer goods, such as Screen Doors, Screen Windows, Ice Cream Freezers, Ice Tongs, Etc., and their prices are away down.

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THE SAUGEEN MINERAL WATER

IS ON SALE AT— CENTRAL DRUG STORE and F. A. ROBERT'S LIQUOR STORE

Use Saugeen first thing in the morning and before retiring at night and you will have no trouble with your stomach, this we guarantee.

Money to Loan

—ON MORTGAGES— 4-1-2 and 5 per cent. Liberal Terms and privileges to borrowers Apply to LEWIS & RICHARDS

Willie—Who is that man, Tommy. Is he your father? Tommy—I suppose so. He's the man who sends me off to bed when I ain't sleepy and rouses me out of it when I am.

Sewer Pipe Cements and Lime

At Lowest Prices.

J. & J. Oldershaw

KING STREET WEST, Opp. Piggott's Lumber Yard, Chatham

TEA and TEAS

Glean & Co'y., William St. Import direct from London, England, the finest Ceylon, Assam and China Teas. Try our English Breakfast Tea 50c and 40c.