

LUDWIG AND EUGENE.

From Handsome Prince in the World to a Blasted Self-Hungry Careless Woman's Influence Changed Him.

During the Third Empire a young man appeared at the Tuilleries. Eugene kissed him, and in the process declared him to be the handsomest prince in the world. At the compliment the young man blushed, and blushed still more at the embrace. His name was Ludwig. By profession he was King. In addition, he followed the entirely genteel vocation of lover. But an amateur merely. He had yet to learn that the art of loving and the art of being loved are separate and distinct. This young woman, afterwards Duchesse d'Alençon, lived in the heart of a Bavarian forest. A poet who chanced to encounter her there has related that he mistook her for a sylph—one of those enchanting apparitions that dwell in dim green woods and long dreamland ballads, and whom prince used to woo. Ludwig mistook her for a saint. To err poets and princes are liable alike.

Ludwig looked as if he had stepped from a fairy tale. As he looked at her, he dreamed of the country he ruled with palaces of enchantment. She lived, too, to see him hide himself in them. She lived to see the handsomest prince in the world change into a blow in the world. She realized that it was her work, and so realising, perhaps was glad to die. For, if not a saint, at least she was human. When ultimately, in cups of champagne, strained through violets, he tried to soothe her reason, she lost her own. Subsequently, as noted, she lost her life. It may be that it was fate that felled her, yet in that case it is a pity that fate was so slow. Had it but throated her in the cradle, or smothered her in the green and quiet of the slumberous wood, Europe might have enjoyed the spectacle of an ideal King reigning ideally—Edgar Saltus in the Smart Set.

Men as Customers.

A saleswoman sees phases of human nature that are seldom revealed under other conditions, and there is enough of truth in this sketch from The Philadelphia Times to make it interesting to both sexes.

The saleswoman whose duty it is to wait upon men was not thus engaged. She had gone to serve a woman, who proved to be an extremely hard customer to suit, calling for one style after another. The clerk was becoming discouraged, and beginning to feel as if she didn't care whether a sale was made or not.

At this point the saleswoman said to her, "Maud, there's a man," and came to relieve her of the uncomfortable customer.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Maud, as she started toward the counter where men's gloves were sold.

"What would you like to see, sir?" she asked of the man who was waiting.

"I want a medium shade of brown, with wide stitch on the back, and fastened with a button instead of a clasp."

The saleswoman placed a varied assortment before him. Quickly selecting a pair, he exclaimed, "Just what I want!" and had one glove fitted. It suited him exactly, and having paid for his purchase he left the store.

Now what sort of glove does the reader think this man purchased? They were a dark shade of brown, not medium; they had a narrow stitch on the back, not wide; they were fastened with a clasp, not with buttons.

Perhaps some man can answer this question: Why do women like to wait on men better than on their own sex—because men are so easily pleased, or because they do not really know what they want?

Unkind Letter From Kansas.

A Kansas man, who contemplated buying a bicycle, wrote this letter to a manufacturer: "My nephew told himself a new bicycle and sent me his old one by freight, and I've intended to ride some. It's a pile of fun, but my bicycle is too considerable. A fellow came along day yesterday with a bicycle that had hollow-injun rubber tires stuffed with wind. He let his try his and me, and it run like a cushion. He told me you sell injun rubber just the same as hissen. Mine is all iron wheels. He you pinch the hollow hole through the injun rubber or will I have to do it myself? How do you stick the ends together after you get it done. If your injun rubber is all ready will it come any cheaper empty? I can get all the wind I want here."

Some Bad Bargains.

A Sabbath school teacher once remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of anyone making a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy. "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said: "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his lord for 30 pieces of silver."

A third replied: "Ananias and Sapphira made a bad bargain when they sold their land, and then told Peter a falsehood about it."

A fourth observed: "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who to gain the whole world loses his own soul."

Man's Horn Blasts.

Crookedness cannot be consecrated. A double-minded man is but half-witted.

A troubled conscience makes a hard pillow.

One can do what he cannot do if he does what he can.

If God gives you hard tasks, be proud that He has so much confidence in you.

Baggage Man's Backache

A Berlin Baggage Man Recommends Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.

Hauling heavy trunks and lifting heavy trunks strains the back and injures the delicate fibres of the kidneys.

No wonder so many baggage men complain of backache and kidney troubles.

For baggage man's backache, as well as for all kinds of backache, kidney, bladder and urinary troubles, there is no remedy equal to Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.

Read what Mr. Geo. Brenner, baggage man, G. T. R. station, Berlin, Ont., has to say about them: "For three or four years I have suffered from a severe backache due to kidney trouble. The tablets, however, soon took hold, and the result is comfort again. I am only too pleased to recommend them as easy, safe and sure."

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are 50 cents a box at all druggists. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.

It is often better to lose a poor friend than to be snubbed by a rich acquaintance from whom you occasionally borrow money.

What a splendid type of tireless activity is the sun as the peasant deity. It issues like a bride from the chamber and rejoicing like a strong man to run a race. Every man ought to rise in the morning refreshed by slumber and renewed by rest eager for the struggle of the day. But how rarely this is so. Most people rise still unrefreshed, and dreading the strain of the day's labors. The cause of this is deficient supply of pure, rich blood, and an inadequate nourishment of the body. There is nothing that will give a man strength and energy, as will Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does this by increasing the quantity and quality of the blood supply. This nourishes the nerves, feeds the brain, builds up enfeebled organs and gives that sense of strength and power which makes the struggle of life a joy. The "good feeling" which follows the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" is not due to stimulation as it contains no alcohol, whiskey or other intoxicant. It does not brace up the body, but builds it up into a condition of sound health.

If you wish to be held in esteem, you must associate with those who are estimable.

CHILLED TO THE BONE? A teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in a cup of hot water sweetened will do you ten times more good than rum or whiskey. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Revenge is the abject pleasure of an abject mind.—Juvenal.

Riches are apt to betray a man into arrogance.—Addison.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A Gas Range is No Longer an Experiment

Thousands are in constant use summer and winter, doing better work than coal or oil stoves and with less trouble. All things are made possible with a gas range.

...The...

Chatham Gas Co.

LIMITED.

Don't Wait

For a Cold to Overtake you

Have a bottle of Radley's Cough Balm

in the house to catch and cure the cold.

A few doses relieve the cough and allay the irritation. Part of a bottle usually cures. If after using half a bottle it fails in your particular case return the bottle and your money will be refunded.

RADLEY'S

RELIABLE DRUGGISTS Near Garner House

Does Your PIANO Need Tuning?

IF SO it should be seen to at once. LEAVE ORDERS AT P. F. BELL'S Office, Scenic block Rep. McIntyre Piano Co. BOX 36

Chatham

GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

And Misadventure in an Attempt to Climb the Social Ladder.

"It was a bitter disappointment for my wife, but I think it taught her a lesson," said Brown with a smile. "When she announced that she was going to the fashionable summer resort, and that meant an expensive one, to spend her vacation I mildly opposed the plan on the ground that I couldn't afford it. In the argument that followed she held that her only dream in life was to ascend the social ladder, and that going to a fashionable summer resort would afford her opportunities to meet people who are in the social swim. I suggested that she become acquainted with her neighbors first, and she scorned the suggestion."

"Mr. Brown," said she tartly, "it is our misfortune to live in a street of no bodies. There is nothing to be gained by knowing them, and I do not propose to become acquainted with people that I would have to blush for when I realize my dream."

"Well, it ended, as it always does, by her having her own way, and she departed in a flutter for the place that she had selected, leaving me wondering how I was going to meet her bills."

"She returned beaming with satisfaction, and announced that her plan had been a complete success."

"By the rarest of good luck," she said, "I managed to secure an introduction to Mrs. Jones-Jones, and I simply neglected everything else to cultivate her acquaintance. She is awfully swell and exclusive and I simply hugged myself with delight at the catch that I had made. When I left, she said she would be delighted to have me call, and gave me her card. I gave her one of mine, although I was ashamed to, and she looked awfully queer when she read it. Mr. Brown, we move to a more fashionable quarter at once! I'm not going to have my friends blush when they call on me! I don't care if you can't afford it! I explained to Mrs. Jones-Jones that the neighborhood we lived in was quite unbearable, and that we were there only temporarily. So, Mr. Brown, we move at once."

"Where does Mrs. Jones-Jones live?" I asked with a grin.

"I have her card here in my reticule," she answered. "I felt so frustrated when she gave it to me that I didn't read the address."

"What is the matter, my dear?" I asked a moment later, seeing that she was looking at the card in open horror.

"She seemed incapable of answering, so I glanced over her shoulder at the address. But she had it in her hand. The address given was the house next door to ours."

Not Exactly What She Wanted.

A teacher was instructing a class of students in the history of the United States, and was letting the children finish her sentences to make sure they understood.

"The idol had eyes," she said, "but it couldn't see."

"It had ears, but it couldn't hear," said the class.

"It had lips, but it couldn't speak," said the class.

"It had a nose, but it couldn't smell," said the class.

"Wipe it!" shouted the little ones, and the teacher had to pause in her lesson in order to recover her composure.

No Reason to Complain.

"I should think," he said to the man who was engaged to one of the twins, "that it would be dreadfully annoying. They look so much alike I don't see how you can avoid making mistakes."

"My dear sir," was the reply, "that doesn't trouble me in the least. I don't want to avoid it. Are you so prosaic that you can't appreciate the advantage of getting a double allowance of bliss?"

An Easy One.

Mrs. Graves—He is so cold! It is dreadful! I sit all the evening playing upon the piano, and he sits in his chair and never utters a word the entire evening.

Mrs. Wyse—Sits and hears you play all the evening? Why, you silly woman, it is evident he loves you to distraction.—Boston Transcript.

A Distressing Case.

"Vat's de matter, Izzy?" he sold a man a set of teeth with a gold plate at four dollars down and two a week. And he hasn't made de second payment."

"Vy don't you take de teeth away from him?"

"Ve can't." He's got lockjaw.—Life.

No Time Lost.

Hawkins—I tell you what, Sellers reached the top in a hurry.

Robbins—Yes, he must have made pretty good time for he has been blowing ever since he got there.—Smart Set.

Satisfactory Answer.

"Why do you eat that looking glass?" asked the dime museum visitor of the human ostrich.

"Oh, it's good for reflection," replied the freak.—Baltimore World.

Nearsighted.

Nearsighted Schmidt—Vater is der matter mit dem falsch ist was heere two hours and got no bites, and I was losing patience a little, ain't it?

Both.

The Barber—Does this razor hurt you?

The Victim—Yes. Doesn't it hurt your business.—Yonkers Statesman.

Do Not Experiment With Medicines

That Have No Reputation.

Paine's Celery Compound

IS THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT IS FULLY GUARANTEED AS A BANISHER OF SUFFERING AND DISEASE.

Used and Recommended By the Ablest Physicians.

In matters of life and health no man or woman can afford to take risks or experiment foolishly. A heedless move, or following the advice of careless quacks, may result in very serious complications.

When the physical powers are impaired, when you are weak, nervous, irritable, despondent, sleepless, or it may be suffering the agonies of rheumatism and neuralgia, it is wisdom on your part to use the medicine that has banished these troubles for tens of thousands of others around you.

Paine's Celery Compound, a safe and powerful health-giving medicine now within the reach of all, is used and prescribed by the ablest physicians.

Avoid worthless substitutes that may be offered you for Paine's Celery Compound. Some dealers recommend other preparations simply because they pay large profits. Your special case demands the use of the best medicine. Paine's Celery Compound. See that the outer wrapper and bottle bear the name "PAINE'S" with the trade mark, the Stalk of Celery; no other is genuine.

It is easier to break a promise than it is to fracture the crust of the average boarding house pastry.

No Room for Kickers.

St. Peter sits at the heavenly gates, his hands on the strings of the lyre, and he sings a few songs as he patiently waits for the souls of those who expire. He hears in the distance a chorus of song that swells from the foot of the heavenly throne, and he smiles as the music is wafted along, and he warbles a lay of his own.

"There is room in this region for millions of souls who by sorrow and we have suffered the misery rolls, but the kickers must turn to the left."

"There is room for the people who, when they were young, persisted in saying 'wild oats,' yet boomed up their town with silver and tongue, but the kickers must go with the goats."

"There is room for the people who point of their town, who kept singing their praises aloud till they died, but the kickers will please amble down. They'd say that the music was all out of time and the angels gone. 'I answer down,' and they'd go to the moon for a jeweler to sample the gold in their crown. So, while there is room for a million of souls who by sorrow and we were made that rolls, as they boomed up here, we want no complaint of the music that rolls, as the kickers must turn to the left."

Basuto Sayings.

The Basutos are addicted to metaphor, and their metaphorical sayings are numerous and interesting. The following are a few in common use and are given as specimens:

"Men may meet, but mountains never." "Do not prick an ant with two-pointed needles, as they hurt yourself quite as much as it does him." "A mother is like the cow which sustains the family in time of drought." "One hand washes another." "A sitting hen never gets cold." "I am as cold as the stone" aphorism. When all is quiet in the land they say, "We are sitting down building houses." Another saying is, "A man who is impatient eats meat that rots, and impatient men eat meat that rots with the flesh of a lean goat."—Chambers' Journal.

WORRY AND LATE HOURS.

Worry and late hours seriously affect the system, causing exhaustion, nervousness, general debility and sleeplessness. "Climax" Iron Tonic Pills are great blood makers. They strengthen the nerves, invigorate the system, restore wasting vitality and cure all constitutional irregularities. Each box contains ten days' treatment. Price 25 cents, at all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. Address: Dr. Hall's Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Corrected Nov. 8th, 1900.

GOING EAST GOING WEST

2.36 a.m. B. Express... 1.11 p.m. 3.32 p.m. Express... 11.05 a.m. Daily, B. Daily except Sunday. 11.41 a.m. except Monday.

McConnell's Specials

You are wanted at McConnell's special sale, for the day we sell

14 bars soap, 25c. 4 lbs. starch, 25c. 5 lbs. starch, 25c. Dried pears, 7c. per lb. Salmon 10c. per can. Pickles, 9c. a bottle. Fresh ground coffee, 15c. per lb. 6 lbs. baking soda, 25c. 12c. boxes Sunlight blacklead for 7c. six boxes in box.

Ginger snaps, 5c. per lb. 4 packages corn starch, 25c. Dish soap, 25c. New goods, prices low for a good article. Don't buy till you have seen us, we will make it worth your while to call for your dinner set, tea set, wedding or birthday present in China or opal goods.

John McConnell

Phone 190 Park St East

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Origin of Expressions.

Many of the phrases one uses or hears every day have been handed down to us from generation to generation for hundreds of years, and in many cases they can be traced to a quaint and curious origin. "Done to a turn" suggests the story of St. Lawrence, who suffered martyrdom by being roasted on a gridiron. During his torture he calmly requested the attendants to turn him over, as he was thoroughly roasted on one side.

In one of the battles between the Russians and the Tartars, 400 years ago, a private soldier of the former cried out: "Captain, I've caught a Tartar." "Bring him along, then," answered the officer. "I can't, for he won't let me," was the response. Upon investigation it was ascertained that the captive had the custom by the arm and would not release him.

The familiar expression, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul" is connected with the history of Westminster Abbey. In the early Middle Ages it was the custom to call the abbey St. Peter's Cathedral. At one time the funds of St. Paul's Cathedral being low, those in authority took sufficient from St. Peter's to settle the account, much to the dissatisfaction of the people, who said: "Why rob St. Peter to pay St. Paul?" Some 200 years later the saying was again used in regard to the same collegiate churches, at the time of the death of the Earl of Chatham, the city of London declaring that the famous statesman ought to lie in St. Paul's. Westminster Abbey was the proper place, and not to bury him there would be, for the second time, "robbing St. Peter to pay St. Paul."

Swallows in Parliament Buildings.

The swallows have arrived at the western block, says the Ottawa correspondent of The Toronto Star. Every year they come up from the sunny South in uncounted myriads and hover around this particular section of the Parliament Buildings. They seem to have no use for either the main building or the eastern block. It may be that the conformation of the chimneys on those two structures does not suit them. The birds are all what are called chimney swallows, or swifts, nesting exclusively in chimneys. During the day they scatter over the country, but toward nightfall they gather in immense swarms, thousands of them, wheeling, turning, swooping, circling around the western block. They continue their aerial evolutions until they are finally lost in the gathering dusk. Where do they go? A curious newspaper man a few years ago climbed upon the roof of the building and lowered a lantern down one of the chimneys. Swallows were clinging to the sides by the hundred. There would seem to be something perverted about the tastes of a bird which turns up its nose at trees and bushes and prefers to hang all night by its toes and tail to the sooty side of a chimney. But birds are like human beings in some things. There is no accounting for tastes.

Studies in Color.

Sunday night I went to church and saw the sun perform a miracle, when he and his aide, the stained glass window, painted the pews green, yellow, purple, blue and violet, all in thirty minutes.

The chameleon wasn't one-two-three in this exhibition of lightning changes, writes Charlie Churner in Toronto Star.

The reverend gentleman ducked, dodged and doubled, sank into his collar as a mud-turtle draws into his shell, or stretched his neck to the limit, he stretched and expanded, shortened and heightened, hid below the pulpit, and took refuge under his uplifted notes. But it was all in vain, the sun chased him, ran him down, and shone all over him. He raised his hand to high Heaven, and it became a beautiful blue. He spoke of Heaven, and moved me till his eyes shone with a greenish, unnatural light. He warned of hell, and scared me till he turned a royal purple. He prayed in drab. For his first cry he wore pink. For his second he took on violet. For his third and finally brethren, he was a brilliant red. He pronounced the benediction glorious in a halo of all the tints of the rainbow.

The chameleon, the soprano, the bass, and the tenor, even the organist, changed from glory to glory. It was a picturesque evening.

The Ideal Hog Defined.

The prettiest hog is the one that is the most profitable; the one that makes the most pounds of pork from a hundred pounds of dry matter; the one that makes the largest contribution to the family necessities and to the interest on the mortgage. If a breeder departs from this ideal, he makes a mistake, for sooner or later the common-sense farmer will demand a common-sense hog without preference as to curl in the tail, or drop of the ear. There are breeders who will disagree with us on this point. But wait and see!—Midland Farmer.

Careless.

"What is Mistah Chalkey?" inquired Miss Miami Brown.

"What is he?" repeated Mr. Erasmus Pinkley.

"Yes. He said he wah gwinsten call."

"Well, you see, de troof is dat he's laid up. He wah kyahless 'bout his health."

"Hab he a cold?"

"No. I had a razor out an' inquired if anybody wanted to fight and he said 'Yes.'"

Hero Had to Quit Work.

Corporal John Smith, of Thamesford, of "B" Company, South African contingent, who was wounded severely at Paardeberg, recently obtained employment on the C. P. R., but the leg that received the bullet soon gave out, and he has had to return to Thamesford, where he is living quietly. Corp. Smith recently received \$1,000 from the Canadian Patriotic Fund.



Bureka Harness Oil

Give Your Horse a Chance!

LAKE ERIE & DETROIT RIVER RAILWAY

L. E. & D. P. R. TIME CARD NO. 1

Effective Oct. 1st, 1901

Leaves Chatham for Detroit, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 7:30 a.m. Express. 10:30 a.m. Mail and Express. 12:15 p.m. Mixed. 7:05 p.m. Express.

Leaves Detroit for Chatham, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 7:30 a.m. Express. 10:30 a.m. Mail and Express. 12:15 p.m. Mixed. 7:05 p.m. Express.

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