IN THE WINTER CY LOVE.

th, yes, love hath its June: ah, yes!
But, oh, dear one, there comes its winter days!
and you and I must one day feel the winds
That sweep across the lonely moorland ways,
and you and I must hear the plaintive song
That gives the heart a pang of sad regret,
But, oh, sweetheart, the roses bloom for us
Now in our youth! It is not winter yet!
It is not winter yet!

ah, love hath had its summer days, dear heart, the nusic and its rhapsody of peace!

The days we hoped to keep forever, love,
Have fied from us and found a swift release.
And you are gone! December's lingering snow
Has touched my heart and kissed each leafles

bough, since you are gone, oh, love, how well I know That June is dead! And it is winter now, And it is winter now! Charles Hangon Towne in New England Maga-

## THE BROKEN & CHAIR...

A Story of Italian Love.

\*\*D\*\*D\*\*D\*\*D\*\*D\*\*D\*\*D\*\*O\*\* Giacomo went rapidly up the stairs to the fifth floor, and when he had reached the last landing, on which two doors opened, one at the right and the other at left, he paused for a moment, drew a key from his pocket and for a long time regarded the left hand door, heaved a deep sigh and then opened the door on the right. As he stepped over the sill he turned his head quickly and again gazed longingly at the other door, gave a second sigh and finally stepped inside. On entering his little room he removed his over-coat, took a chair, placed it beside the wall, seated himself thereon astride, lighted a cigarette and remained thus, watching the clouds of smoke that ascended to the ceiling, every few minutes placing his

ear against the wall. He continued to sit there for some time, had smoked more than one cigarette and had repeatedly placed his ear against the wall, when his face, hitherto clouded, suddenly assumed an expression Some one was moving about in the other room.

"She has come home," murmured the young man, and, in fact, a sound of chairs and dishes could now be heard.

"She is preparing supper," again mur-mured Giacomo, and, leaning his head against the wall, he tried to catch every ovement of his neighbor, for, though he could not see her, he was happy in feeling that she was there and in thus being

able to live next door to her.

Poor Giacomo! He feared that he should never again behold her, and this was indeed a great grief to him. At one time he had been accustomed to see her often, for he used to arrange to meet her on the stairs, and there he was wont to await her coming for hours and on seeing her approach at a distance of hastily ending a few steps in order to give her time to arrive, when he would go slowly down stairs, feigning to meet her by But he was always so overcome on beholding her pass by, ever serious and reserved, that he would then bow more awkwardly than the most diffident schoolboy and lower his eyes, too timid to gaze on her. It was all in vain that he told himself to be less shy, to practice bowing. to find some pretext to start a conversaion or to make some brilliant remark, for at the psychological moment all his fine intentions vanished in thin air, and he ended by saluting the girl more awkwardly than ever and on one of these occa-sions by even dropping his hat. Finally, in despair of ever succeeding in overcoming his timidity and emotion and fearful of producing a bad impression, he had renounced the satisfaction of seeing her at all. In this way, thought he, if I cannot succeed in rendering myself attractive I shall at least be sure of not displeasing her, and he had then arranged his manner of life so as to go out and return simulta-neously with his fair neighbor and had thus contented himself with living beside ber, his existence to a certain degree in terwoven with hers, while she perhaps

himself even existed. So he saw her no more, though he now knew who she was. Her name was Carlotta. She supported herself by doing embroidery, going out early every mornling and returning to her home in the evening. Giacomo was filled with admiration for this courageous and beautiful girl, who, though all alone in the world, for alone she certainly must be, as she received no visitors, should thus resist all

did not suspect that such a person as

the temptations that beset her pathway.

She had come to live in this house the preceding year. At first he had only thought of her as a pretty girl and no more. Then by degrees, living there thus beside her, he had ended by always thinking of her and by loving her with his whole heart. If she had only been willing to say a word or two to him or if he on his side had only had the courage to speak, his declaration or rather his pro-fession of faith would have been brief,

'Signorina, I love you. Will you be my

But, then, alas, in order to offer his hand to the girl it was necessary that the hand should contain something, and Giacomo unfortunately had nothing. He was painter, one of those artists who 'arise" in the end, but who at the time possessed naught save hopes and whose possessed haught save hopes and whose canvases found no purchasers, so that the poor boy had been compelled to sell his furniture in order to pay his rent. Nothing now remained save his bed and this wretched, shabby old cane chair that was only held together by a miracle and on which he was now seated, smoking and lending an ear to the slightest sound

that proceeded from the other side of the As the blind who by the sense of touch alone can give an accurate description of the form of any object, thus Giacomo on hearing the rustle of Carlotta's gown against the furniture by her step, now advancing, now retreating, by the silence that from time to time succeeded sound, had at last come to "see" her, just as if she was really standing before him, and so would say to himself:

"Now she is setting the table."
"Now she is eating."

"Now she has finished." "Now she is putting away the things."
And then it would seem to him that he was really sitting beside her contemplat-

Sometimes when seated as usual astride his chair—his observatory, as he called it —he would close his eyes and give free

rein to his imagination. rein to his imagination.
"Who knows of what she may now be thinking?" he would then ask himself.
"Who knows but that she may even suspect that I am here beside her? Ah, if she only knew how I loved her!" And the temptation would then seize him to make some disturbance in order to attract the

girl's attention, such as the discharge of a weapon like some make believe assas-sin, one who fires a revolver loaded with powder at a passing prince simply that people may talk about him. But the fear of displeasing her restrained him, and he preferred that she should never know that he loved her rather than to be sure that she would never care for him. that she would never care for him.

Then he fell to building castles in the

"It is impossible." thought he, "that she should never think of me at all. She knows that there is such a person as my-self; that I live directly adjoining her. When she comes home, she can see that there is a light in my room through the door that I leave ajar. Like all women, she must have some curiosity and at times must surely ask herself what I am doing and why I never go out. Perhaps she has already noticed me notwithstanding 14y awkwardness, possibly precisely on that account. She may even have di vined that I love her. She may expect me to declare myself, and, seeing that I dare not do so, perhaps she will make the first advances. But how can I man

age that she shall not delay doing so?"
And Giacomo, still astride his chair, continued his reflections. Suppose he were to write her a letter and push it under the door? He had often thought of doing so. But, then, would the girl have read it? And, even admitting that she read it? And, even admitting that she had, would not the very first words have wounded her? Should he try and get her to speak of some one? But of whom, then? They had no friend in common. No, no. All these means were decidedly objectionable or impossible. There was nothing to be done but to wait. But, oh, ow long would he have to do so?

Meanwhile it was growing late, and Carlotta in her little room was making the needle fly rapidly. She had decided finish the piece of work begun that night, and in order not to fall asleep she

was singing. Giacomo naturally sat up likewise, still in the same position, listening and me-chanically keeping time with his body to the measure of the melody. When the tune was a slow one, all went well, but when it was accelerated his motions became dangerous, for the poor, trembling chair was constrained to execute gymnastics far beyond its strength. The repertory of the beautiful brodeuse was most extensive, and hours thus passed by, Giacomo truly enchanted with this concert which he was thus privileged to en-

After awhile, however, the girl began to grow weary, and the grand arias which she had been singing from the first to the last notes were followed by fragments of songs interrupted now and again, while the tones of her voice grew lower and sweeter, and to cavatinas ceeded "romances" and "reveries." como, still seated upon his chair, was not getting drowsy, but continued to stay there, listening to the songs as in a sort of dream, mechanically keeping time by the swaying of his body to the measure of the music. Carlotta also was falling asleep, but then decided not to go to bed till her work was quite finished and so made a supreme effort to shake off the drowsiness that was overpowering her and in order to do so suddenly began to sing a waltz with all her might, "Waltz of the Roses," by Metra. Giacomo was now dreaming. Of course he was dreaming of waltzing and so moved himself about, keeping time to the music, but to this final proof of its strength the chair refused to respond and, with a fearful, screeching sound, gave way, dragging

Carlotta, overcome with fright, uttered a loud cry, but Giacomo was silent, for the poor fellow in falling had struck his hea against the bed and now lay stretched upon the floor in a deep swoon. - .. When he finally regained conscious he found himself lying on his bed with his head bandaged, and there beside him, watching over him while embroidering and seated upon a chair that was neither old nor shabby, he beheld a lovely young girl, and whom should it be but Carlotta!

"How is this?" he exclaimed, "You here, "Yes, signor, Last night after the commotion caused by your fall, not hear-ing any further sound, I feared that some hisfortune had befallen you and so came here and found you in a faint. Now, however, you are much better, and in a few days you will be quite yourself again. But, tell me, how in the world did you ever happen to fall off your chair in

so strange a manner?" Giacomo did not reply and blushed deeply. But women are quick to divine the sentiments that they inspire, and Carlotta was not long in reading the

young man's heart. And now Giacomo and Carlotta are husband and wife and as happy as it is possible to be in this world. Carlotta is no longer compelled to embroider. The sale of some of her husband's pictures, for he is now beginning to be known, is sufficient to provide for them both. They are living in a simple but pretty apartment tastefully furnished and are held in the complex and who know them. high esteem by all who know them.

One' thing, however, causes their friends to wonder. In the place of honor, in the center of their tiny drawing room, there stands a great ugly cane chair which is in so rickety a condition that in order to maintain it in an upright posi tion Carlotta has been compelled to bind it together with cords.—Translated From the Italian For New York Commercial.

One of Larry Jerome's Pranks. Lawrence R. Jerome, known as Larry Jerome, was one of the best known of the old school of practical jokers and "men about town." With a friend Mr. Jerome was watching the progress of a real heart thriller of the old days, the plot, of course, revolving about the disposition of a mortgage that threatened to thwart the happiness of the heroine—the charming Mrs. John Hoey, in her day as popular as any actress of these times. With the plot at its thickest, the heroine in despair, the villain triumphant and the tlook in every way dark for the perse cuted girl as the curtain was descending at the end of the third act. Larry Jer ome, with tears rolling down his cheeks, rose from his seat and in most impassioned tones, his voice broken with sobs but audible all over the house, exclaimed

"By heaven, Tom, I'll pay that mortgage myself!"

Then this consummate old joker and clever actor strolled out into the labby to enjoy one of the biggest sensations a first night audience at Wallack's had had in their lives. Incidentally, too, the ruse of Jerome's helped materially to the making of the play.—New York Times.

She-He says he loves me, yet he has only known me two days.

Her Friend-Well, perhaps that's the THE UNLY UNE.

The man who says that all 1m fool. For Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cur-has no equal. W. C. Switzer, Har-rowsmith, O., suffered with science cheumatism for ten years. He tried every known remedy recommended for the cure of rheumatism without aining relief. Six bottles of Dr. impletely cared him. Thi Hall's co great blood purifier is put up in bottles containing ten days' treat-ment. Price 50 cents at all drug stores or The Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue but the parent of all

Birth-marks which mark and mar the outside of the body are a grief to every mother whose children may bear them. But for every child who bears a birth-mark on the skin there are many who bear an indelible birthmark on the mind. Nervous mothers have nervous children and many a man and woman owes an irritable and despondent temperament to those days of dread when the mother waited the hour of her maternity. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescripion strengthens the mother for her trial. With strength comes a buoyancy of spirits and quietness of mind, which is one of the happiest gifts a mother can bestow on her offspring. By giving vigor and elasticity to the delicate womanly organs "Favorite Prescription" practically does away away with the pain of maternity and makes the baby's advent as natural and as simple as the blossoming of a flower. There is no opium, cocaine or other narcotic contained in "Favorite Prescription.

It is not necessary to act the fool n order to demonstrate that you are

THE Materials used in "The D. & Emulsion are the finest the morket affords regardless of expense. Taken in cases of wasting diseases, loss of weight, or loss of appetite, with great benefit. Davis & Law-rence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

Many a man looks into the clouds for work that God has put under his

THERE has been much talk about Pyny-Balsam, the greatest modern remedy for coughs and colds. It cures quickly and certainly. 25c. Of all dealers. Made by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer

Truth will give up her treasures to you when you give up your prejudices

MAKE a note of it, when you are leaving home to buy "The D. & L." Menthol Plaster. It is guaranteed to cure the worst case of backache, fieadche, stitches. Avoid everything said to be just as good. Get the genuine, made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing as gentle as real strength.

down in its fall the unfortunate cavalier. A good newspaper, like a paper of This caused such a terrific erash that first-class pins, is full of nice headings and good points.

Thin-cr Than a Rail

Spending every day, as much energy as you make, and if the balance goes little further, well, you get thinner. Not wise to go that way longer. Better use Ferrozone, you will digest more-a little gain the first week, but the gain keeps growing. Not quite so thin! Keep right on, only don't use Ferrozone too long or you will get too fat. Then your blood will be rich, your heart strong, you won't puff so much you won't get tired quickly. Fat, blood strength, you have them all with Ferrozone. Sold puff have them all with Ferrozone. by McCall & Co.

Nature made the world for all; hus man nature has made it for the few,

Why Catarrh is Fatal

Because it pours a flood of poisons into the circulation that saps digestion and strength so materially as to ender the body incapable of resisting disease, and consumption is the Catarrh is quickly cured by Casult. tarrhozone, a fragrant, germ destroy-ing vapor that goes to the root of the disease. It sooths and heals the inflamed mucous surfaces, clears the head and throat, and positively never fails to perfectly cure Bronchitis, Catarrh or Asthma. Nothing is so good for diseases of the respiratory organs as Catarrhozone. Large outfit \$1. Small size 25c. Druggists or by mail from Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

When we think about the future, we should think, not of what is probable for us, but of what is possible for us.

Rheumatic Pains Cured by Nervine

This is the testimony of Mr. Benjiman Dillon, of Leeds, Ont., who says: I feel it my duty to proclaim the mar-vellous value of Polson's Nerviline as an infallible cure for rheumatic pains. It cures them every time. Nothing I know of equals it as a household liniment, and mothers should feel it as necessary as bread itself. Nerviline has cured rheumatism of thirty years' standing, and can cure you. Instant relief, absolute cure, large bottle 25c.

Ill temper and selfishness are twin explosives, about as safe to keep in one's home as dynamite and gunpow

believe MINARD'S LINIMENT every case of Diphtheria.
MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

believe MINARD'S LINIMENT nce growth of hair.
MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.

Stanley, P. E. I.
I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth MATTHIAS FOLEY. Oil City, Ont.

If thou hast a grief too heavy to bear call Patience to help you, and she will bring you a blessing in its

A REAL TALKING MACHINE.

wention Which Itself Speaks, Not Merely Reproduces Speech. A remarkable triumph in mechani cal invention has just been achieved by Dr. Marage, who has succeeded in constructing a machine that can utter plainly and distinctly the five vowels-a, e, i, o, u.
Although many attempts have been

made at this, it is only now that success has been attained, and fore long we may expect to have a machine that can really talk. Of course, the phonograph is not a talking machine, because it merely

gives off a record that has already been made upon a cylinder by ar actual human voice. Dr. Marage's machine, however, creates the vowel sounds at first hand. This machine has been constructed so as to reproduce the interior of a

person's mouth while pronouncing the different vowels, using the plas tic substance employed by dentists These false mouths, as it were are made of plaster Paris, and are fitted by sirens giving the appro-priate combinations of sounds. Dr Marage then sets his machine in operation and the vowels are produced

synthetically. Dr. Marage purposes to modify the steam sirens used on shipboard that they will imitate the Thus different phonetic syllables may be obtained may be used to form an international alphabet.

Another important application of this synthetic process can be made in the construction of ear trumpets that will not fatigue the deaf, cause they will not modify grouping of oscillation adapted to the ear. Dr. Marage has also constructed the "acouometer," g a typical sound of the vowel giving for example, which may be used as a standard to which certain other sounds may be referred.

Thus there are far greater possibilities for this self-talking machine than appear from a first glance at Now that it is possible to make exact mechanical reproduct the human mouth with pliable lips perfect teeth, and all the wonderful inner mechanism, it would be possible to use these mechanical producers on a magnified scale steamships at night and in fogs, and many disasters may thereby

averted. At present Dr. Marage is engaged perfecting his invention studying particularly those production of which in the cheeks play a more or less important part, for in this direction le feels he has not yet achieved perfection .-London Express.

Defence Against Household Pests. "Keep the house and surroundings clean, dry and well aired if you want. to keep out pests," writes Maria Parloa, in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Do not keep kitchen garbage, wet cleaning-cloths, dish-

cloths or towels in the house. Burn or otherwise dispose of the garb-age; wash and dry all cleaningcloths every day. Keep cereals in tin, stoneware or glass receptacles wood harbors insects. Fill all the cracks in walls and floors. floors, closets and drawers with carbolic acid water. If unwelcome visitors appear in any part of the house use a strong solution of car bolic water for injecting into cracks and grooves; five ounces of

to one of carbolic crystals. Children Should be Taught to be Thrifty
A savings bank account is a great
incentive to thrift in children. If
one is begun for the baby, even with a very small sum, and added to through all childhood and youth with a certain proportion of the money that of wise would be spent carelessly by the child, there will be a very respectable amount on credit side of the ledger when depositor is eighteen years old. The habit of self-denial is not the least of the substantial benefits that follow a wise economy of money.--La-

Appreciative. "You have a fine pedigree," said the American multi-millionaire the nobleman. was the nonchalant "Yes,"

dies' Home Journal.

"And I want to tell you I appre ciate such things. If there is anypedigree. Why, when I was young-er I could go to the races and name over the ancestry of every horse at the track."

Secret Trade Processe

The two oldest secret trade sses now in existence are considered to be the manufacture of Chine red, or vermilion, and that method of inlaying the hardiest steel gold and silver which seems to have been practised at Damascus ages ago, and is known only to the Syrian smiths and their pupils even to this day.

An Economical View. Minks-Hello! I thought you'd one to Dakota.

Winks-Changed my mind. Minks-But you said you wanted get a divorce because your wife made things so hot for you that you couldn't live with her.

Winks-I've concluded to keep her
until that tarnal coal combine busts.

A Modern Instance. "I see it is maintained by people that miracles still occur."
"So they do. One happened at
our house last night. My wife disour house last night. My wife discovered after it was too late to do \*++++++++++++++++++++++++++ any ordering that we didn't have a in the way or refresh

and he can't come out either,

thing in the way or refreshments around the house—and nobody call-ed." Not in Society. Mrs. Nextdoor-I haven't seen your parents for ever so long.

Little Tessie-Mamma has scarlet lever and can't come out. Mrs. Nextdoor-And what has you papa got?
Little Tessio-Papa got six months

Ceafness Cannot Be Cured.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies, Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachain tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of

the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by eatarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them.

About seventeen million letters and packages are mailed in this country during a year, making an average of about twelve hundred a minute. -

## THE "DROP-OFF" HEART

Doctors didn't give Mrs. James long to live-but Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart

foiled them and cured her. For fifteen years Mrs. John A. James, of Wiar-For fifteen years Mrs. John A. James, of Wiarton, Out., was a great suif r r from Heart Disease. For days at a time she was confined to bed, and it seemed as though every breath might be her last. Her physicians said that she might "drop off" any minute. With woman's tenacity in suffering, and believing that "while there's life there's hope," she started using Dr. Agnew's Care for the Heart. Three bottles cured her. This remedy relieves in thirty minutes. This remedy relieves in thirty minutes. 75

Sold by J. W. McLaren, Druggist,

It takes a business man to succeed

## A MODERN JOB

Faith, patience and six bottles of South American Nervine "made over" Mr. Wright—and all his troubles started in a disordered stomach.

"As a general builder up of the system As a general bunder up of the system believe nothing can equal South American Nervine. At one time I seemed to be afflicted with almost all the ills that flesh is heir to—indigestion, nervousness, gastric and nasal catarrh, and liver and kidney disorders. This great remedy was recommended to me. I took six bottles in all, and what was apparently a hopeless case was quickly and permanently cured. I felt myself improving from the first few doses."—Noble Wright, Orangeville, Ont. 74

Sold by J. W. McLaren, Chatham.

I have heard much about the in-It may have been my good fortune but I have never experienced eithe of these unfeeling conditions.

## Unildren Cry to: CASTORIA

WABASH CHANGE OF TIME. Taking effect Nov. 2nd, the following changes will be made in Wabash time table from this station, East bound trains 3.05 a, m., and 6.25 a. m. are withdrawn, West bound train 5.40 a. u., and 7.03 p. m., are withdrawn, west bound train now leaving 10.13 p. m., will leave 9.52 p. m., and east bound train now leaving 12.25 p. m. will leave 12.23 p. m. W. E. Rispin, City

Passenger Agent, 115 King St. G. T. R. CHANGE OF TIME. Taking effect Sunday, November 3rd, the following changes will be made in G. T. R. time tables, train east bound new leaving at 8.22 will leave at 8.12 a. m., and train east bound leaving 10.32 a. m., will leave at 9.02 a. m., train leaving 5.30 p. m. will leave at 5.01, p. m., and train west bound, formerly leaving 9 p. m., will leave 9.10 p. m. W. E. Rispin,

City Pass. Agt., 115 King street.

LEGAL.

J. B. RANKIN, K. C .- Barrister, Notary Public, etc., Victoria Block, J. B. O'FLYNN-Barrister, Solicitor,

etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King street, opposite Mer-chant's Bank, Chatham, Ont. W. F. SMITH-Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Office, King street, west of the Market. Money to loan on

tf

SCANE, HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Privata funds to loan at lowest current rates. Scane's Block, King street. E. W. SCANE, M. HOUSTON, FRED. STONE, W. W. SCANE.

WILSON, KERR & PIKE - Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Proctors in the Maritime Court, Notaries Public, etc. Office, Fifth street, Chatham, Ont. Money to loan on mortgages at low-

\*\*\*\*\*\* THOMAS SOULLARD Barrister Victoria Block, (hatham, Ont Money to Loan on Land Security

SONG OF A PLAIN WOMAN

Talk to me and look at her!

She should hold your heart in fee.

Does that smile no passion stir?

(Look at her and talk to me.)

For her face is fair to see.

Are you a philosepher?

ince you, unconcernedly,

k to me and look at her.

the has not a word to say?"
(Yes, I know) but when you game
At such beauty all the day
Does it matter what she says?
For her lips are past all praise,
And her eyes the world could stay;
Yet you notice, while you game,
That she has no word to say!

Tell me all your vain despair.
That your heart will ne'er be free,
Tangled fast in such a snare
As the glory of her hair!
Tell me that you—love her \* \* see
How I bid you strike, not spare!
Talk of her, but talk to me.

I have not a word to say
(No, I cannot tell you lies).
I will listen all the day
To your plainings and your sighs.
But, why need I sympathize
When your hand on mine you lay?
To the question in your eyes

To the question in your eyes
I have but one word to say!

-Maud Nepean in Westminster Gazette. THE PARAGRAPH MARK.

Its Potentiality In the Makeup of the Modern Newspaper. "Speaking of the changes which have taken place in the modern newspaper," said a gentleman who keeps up with matters of this sort, "I have been im-pressed strongly with what I may call the potentiality of the paragraph. Really the paragraph is of more value than many of the other methods devised by men for the purpose of giving emphasis to what is written. The paragraph mark is the thing when it comes to holding an idea out. It beats the old method of using italics, a method, by the way, which is rapidly passing out of existence except among the heavier writers who want to give prominence to a series of proposi

"So far as the newspaper of today is concerned, italies are rarely seen. The time was when the editor was very fond of holding out his strong points by the use of italics, but in the upheavals which have marked the printer's trade during the last few years the use of italics has almost passed. There is probably a rea-son for it. In the first place, the use of letters of this kind mar to some extent the appearance of the printed page. They break the smoothness of the picture, as it were, and detract much from the ap-

pearance of the page.
"But there is another reason to be con sidered in this connection. Time is the great element in the modern newspaper world. Whatever happens in the print-ing line, as in all other lines at this time must happen quickly. Except on special occasions there is no reason for any tedious effort at displaying sentences or In giving a bolder appearance to some striking thought in the written matter. Hence there is but little chance for the use of italics. The age is snappy, and the newspaper office of the day is prob-ably the best place to find a full expression of the push and bustle which char

acterize the age. "So many of the older forms in printing have disappeared in the crash and jam of modern affairs. So the paragraph mode has come to the front as the quickest and certainly the most forcible methest and certainly the most forcible meth-od of employing a point. One may string an idea out in a jiffy simply by using this mark and holding the thought boldly, and it is in my judgment the best meth-od of emphasizing ever devised. There is now a noticeable tendency to give the paragraph mark even greater prominence in the newspapers and other periodicals and I accept this innovation as one of the good signs of the times, for I am a firm believer in the potentiality of the para-graph."

When Harriet Beecher Stowe was alive, Mark Twain, who lived near her i Hartford, had a way of running in to converse with her and her daughters, often in a somewhat negligee costume, greatly to the distress of Mrs, Clemens. One morning as he returned from the Stowes sans necktie Mrs. Clemens met him at the door with the exclamation: "There, Sam, you must have been over to the Stowes again without a necktie! It's really disgraceful the way you noglect your dress." Her husband said nothing, but went to his room. A few minutes later Mrs. Stowe was summoned to the door by a messenger who pre sented her with a small box neatly done up. She opened it and found a black silk necktle, accompanied by the following note: "Here is a necktle. Take it out and look at it. I think I staid half an hour this morning. At the end of that time will you kindly return it, as it is the only one I have? Mark Twain."

Indian Meal. A famous doctor says: Eat a good bowl

f mush and milk for your breakfast, and ou will not need any medicine. Indian corn contains a large amount of Indian corn contains a large amount of nitrogen, has qualities anticonstipating and is easily assimilated. It is cheap and has great nutritive properties. A course of Indian meal in the shape of Johnny cake, hoe cake, corn or pone bread and mush, relieved by copious drafts of pure cow's milk, to which, if inclined to dyspectic of the course of the course may be added. pepsia, a little lime water may be added will make a life now a burden well worth the living, and you need no other treat-ment to correct your nervousness, bright-en your vision and give you sweet and peaceful sleep.

To Test the Oven. A celebrated French cook always tried his oven with white kitchen paper, which he placed on the shelf in the oven on which the article to be be cooked was to be put and left it there for five minutes. If at the expiration of that time it was charred, the heat was too great; if it was dark brown, the oven was right for small pastries and thin cakes; if light brown, it was suitable for pound cakes, pie crusts, etc.; if only a dark yellow, puff pastes, spenge cake mixtures and meringues might be put in.

Learn to Laugh.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to do something for others. Even if you are a bedridden invalid there is always something that you can do to make others happier, and that is the surest way to attain happiness for yourself.—Bostop Bescon. Learn to Laugh

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