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THE WELLS

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J, W. WHITE,

IN WILDS OF CANADA

EXPERIENCES WITH VOYAGERS ON AWAY BACK WATERS.

Savage-Through an Indian Hunting Ground-A Good Word for the Indian -In His Own Business He Cannot Be

An interesting account of experiences in the Canadian forests is given by a writer for The Empire Review, under the title, "Canadian Voyageurs." In the course of it he writes as follows:

But to those who know the smell of the balsam and the aroma of the twisted cedar, who have seen the infinite cliffs, the hollow canyons and the dashing cascades of the Caradian northland, the yearning for the roods is not one which passes understanding. The fever is still in the blood though the breed has changed. The coureurs de bois were the lost legion of the French regime, but they were empire builders, after their kind, who stayed not for forest nor torrent, but pressed north, west and south, to spread the Gallic lilies over half a continent. To-day Canadian voyageur is the scout another empire. Still resolutely he pierces the sub-Arctic wilderness, and paddles his birch bark into unknown waters. The rulers of the old regime set themselves against the woodland fever. To-day the government turns it to account by organizing and despatching exploring parties into that vast country lying between Hudson Bay and the Great Lakes,

Expeditions of this kind are naturthrough an Indian hunting ground; but in that broad district stretching from Labrador to the Lake of the Woods, where once the populous Montagnais, Algonquins, nd Pottawattamies roamed, tribes are few and far between. century of commercial hunting trapping has made the peltries scarce and now the straggling natives are selling their birthright for a mess of pottage. The aborigines are surely passing with the game. Hunger and exposure bring consumption, and it is now rare to find an Indian whose

ungs are sound. It was about 5 o'clock on a June norning that our small fleet of canoes pushed off in the rain from the south shore of Lake Helen, and paddle of three miles brought us to the Narrows; 9 miles further up we came to Camp Alexander, which lies at the foot of two miles of rapids, the first chute on that magnificent waterway, which is also the first trout stream in the world. Here, in a blinding rainstorm, — we pitched our tents, and, besides the discomfort of being wet, we were rav-Nothing can equal next day, and the next, we wad the ed over the portage through mud, weighed down by loads ranging from 100 to 200 pounds, according as we were whites or Indians, The derfect or seasoned packmen. man who has never had a pack strap across his forehead or staggered mile or so under a hundredweight of

pemmican will know but faintly of the joy of a two-mile portage or the perspiration which attendeth it. On the fourth day we had our canoes once more in the water, and an early start brought us to Split Rock Portage before noon, Islet Portage was reached in due course, and for the night we camped at the south end of Pine Portage, At the foot of these rapids we landed several five and six-pound speckled trout, which made a pleasant variationn in our menu. The day following we forwarded our supplies across Pine Portage, a distance of two miles. Passing around the foot of the White Chute we came to Little Flat Rock early in the afternoon, and, leaving the Nepigon River, crossed little Black Sturgeon Lake to the west, camping for the night on Flat Rock Portage—the home of the original

At daybreak we made our way across the trail and had our first glimpse of Lake Nepigon, the largest body of water between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay, measuring about 40 miles long by as many abruptly from the dark, deep water, and forest fires have scorched its bleak headlines. Here the Hudson Bay schooner Bella was waiting for us, and as soon as our supplies were on board she slipped out of the bar-

ren harbor. I must not give the impression the Indians as a race,, idle, childish and incapable. In his own business, so to speak, the Indian cannot be surpassed. In the woods he is agile as a deer. He will carry his canoe through undergrowth that almost balks you empty handed. one occasion we were making our way overland to a small lake. There was no trail to speak of, and the distance was five miles. We rested only once, and, although I was only burdened with a rifle, I had great trouble in keeping pace with the cop-perhead who bore on his shoulders my 50-pound canoe. Seeing that the savage triumphs over his environ-ment through the sharpening of his wits, one half expects the ingenuity by which he secures his prey. His traps and deadfalls are marvels of crude engineering, but he does not rely on such implements exclusively. One day a partridge started up in front of us as we were crashing through the brush, and by some through the brush, and by some chance we were without a firearm. The bird looked down upon us foolishly, after the manner of partridges, little suspecting the sequel. In about a minute an Indian had cut down a sapling, pulled forth a tendril from under the moss, and, executing a flank movement, he soon had the silly bird dangling at the end of his pole.

Our cook, Perrot, was a French-Canadian who knew the backwoods from the Ottawa to Hudson Bay, but before we reached home we had dragged him over a country he had never seen before. Perrot was also our interpreter, He knew all about

is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is

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Indians. Some said that his own mother was an Ojibway squaw, but this Perrot denied with a good Scotch oath, and as he wore a long, fair moustache and parted his hair in the middle, I believed him. As a linguist, his repertory was great, including English, French, Ojibway, Cree, Chinook and the profane. The last named he had perfected in long course of river driving on the Gatineau, where a sharp tongue as useful as an ox, and a stark oath as fetching as a canthook. Our guides knew no English, but they told their yarns to Perrot with the most butrageous powpow. And after-

ward he repeated them to us.

To be with Perrot in the canoe was to be at ease. No matter how fierce was the rapid or how high the wave, his paddle seems to throw oil upon it, and he brought us safely through the flood. A rushing river or a foaming cataract had no hidden terrors for him. He knew by the shade of the water and the curl of the wave how deep was the reef, and he would juggle his canoe through the rocky jaws of death. One slip, one salse movement, and the tiny craft would be shattered on rocks or swamped by the back eddy. A Canadian voyageur seldom has two chances, and on account of its element of constant danger the running of rapids is a most exciting sport.

Imagine yourself bounding down a watery stairway, perhaps half a mile in length, swept around a bend by the milky cataract, the banks flying by like the papagama need the mile. by like the panorama past the win-dow of a train. Your pulses are galloping, but your eye is fastened on ment you must second. His paddle is now on the port, now on the star-board side; anon it is thrust out in front to guard against false chan-Over the last chute you bound like a toboggan on the ice, and slide at length into smooth water. The other canoes race down, taking exactly the same course, but running less risk now that you have picked

out the safe waterway. A landing is made at the foot of the rapids, since here is always the best fishing ground. The axes ring out for awhile, and then in the little clearing the tents are pitched. Meanwhile the cook has made a fire, on the beach, and over it on a pole the kettle is hung. Tea, bread, pork and beans—with stewed prunes as the plat du jour-make a banquet in the woods, with hunger for a sauce piquante. One will eat anything, and lots of it, when the aromatic balsam gets in his lungs and the taffrail log shows 30 or 40 miles a day. Then a good long smoke round the campfire to keep the flies at bay; a game of cards; more of Perrot's stories, or your own; and if you have run across a flock of wild duck during the day there will be a bowl of bouillon be-

fore you turn in for the night.

The solitude of a forest older than Lebanon is around you, and you are happy. The howl of a wolf schoes but it fits in well with your lonely mood. How far away you feel from Trafalgar Square-yet still in

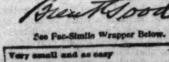
Light is the task where many share he toil.-Homer.

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A Ghostly Game of Chess.

Monico is a truly palatial chamber, over so many feet broad by ever so many more feet long. On the evenings of Friday and Saturday of last week," says London "Outlook," "it was divided by a barts, into two unequal parts. In look," "It was divided by a barrier into two unequal parts. In
the smaller sat, each at his board,
the British chess-players competing
against the American chess-players—
who were not there. Through the larger roamed a selection of the chess
public. . . Inside the barrier, and
next it, sat Mr. James Mason at a
chess-board, facing us. We seem to
have known Mr. Mason as a fine player these—well, say twenty years. On er these—well, say twenty years. On this occasion he is opposing Mr. J. R. Barry of America—who is not here; Mr. Barry is sitting in a room in Brooklyn three thousand miles away, under the eyes of American spectators. It is easy to say that the two men are connected by electric telegraph; but it is not wise to dispose of the mystery and romance of space in so rude a way. . But Mr. Mason, in this grand International Hall, seated opposite nothing better than a man with a book of telegraph forms who waits unconcernedly for the move, can he play thus dumbly and in absence against Mr. Barry in Brooklyn and think it chess? It is a very ghostly busines and we wonder Mr. Mason can get through with it at all. But he does. He is as solemn, as rapt in thought, as oblivious of all but the game as if Mr. Barry were opposite to him in the flesh, and not opposed to him only by electric telegraph. Clearly to him the play is everything, whether the oppon-ent's move comes to him by actual touch, by telegraph, or by psychic sug-

gestion. But for our part we cannot throw off a dread of the uncanny nature of the business. We feel infastation of Mr. American Barry's epirit. What better evidence of it could we have than the arrangement of these wooden pieces on that wooden board? There is Mr. Barrymost effectually Mr. Barry, for he is causing Mr. Mason to think, and think, and think; to purse his lips in the old familiar way, to fall into immovable stiences, wherein you would think he was revolving schemes of a new order of creation or puzzling out the mystery of man's origin and destiny; and Mr. Mason is doing the like to him in far Brooklyn. A strange and fascinating pursuit is chess, strange and unprofit-Not politics, nor fame, nor wealth, nor love can so engross a man These objects are usually comp by flashes of passion, insight, and daring; but this slow, prolonged struggle of brain against brain, through the medium of pieces of fantastically carved wood, is pure devotion to an abstraction. The man who wins, who so hems in the piece of wood called a king that he may not move, gain nothing, proves nothing, established nothing but-"checkmate." Yet when he accomplishes that he tastes of a satisfaction deeper and more permanent than is accorded to statesman or complish it he deliberately, and for very love of the doing of it, undertakes an enormous mental effort, a thing which mankind in general shuns as if it were Satan himself. Truly a most myetical business this chess. In Para-dise you will find politicians reading poetry, and poets studying morals; rchants will be cultivating the arts,

Dispensing With Early Rising.

playing chess.

and critics weeping on other people's

necks; but the chess-players will be

Some genius has according to his own advertisement, invented an ap-paratus to dispense with getting up so early in winter time to sat the kettle bolling. As far as we un-derstand it, you fix the new invention on your clock, and at the hour required it starts a fire under a kettle of water. As soon as the water boils a bell rings, and you wake up. This is not the sort of thing that takes the cake;

the sort of thing that takes the cake; it simply grabs it.
We once saw a remarkable invention of this nature in Sheffield. It consisted of a small, but powerfully built bedstead which had an ingenious clockwork arrangement attached, as you would expect, to the ticking of the mattress. In the morning a phonograph got up from under the bed, walked round to your side, and announced it was seven o'clock. After walked round to your side, and announced it was seven o'clock. After
giving you two minutes to reply, one
of the hands of the clock reached up
and pulled your ear playfully. These
were just preliminaries so to speak. If
you didn't move then, the patent bed
began business. It got up on its hind
legs and ran downstairs with you inside it till it got to the garden, where side it till it got to the garden, where you were shot into a modest little heap under the pump. By a clever arrangement of the process of suction you were drawn up to the mouth and a refreshing stream of cold water crawled down your back. If this didn't wake you, you had to wait for Ga-

briel's trumpet.

As a matter of fact, the inventor explained, it did wake most people. But in case you were too sleepy to collect your thoughts into fitting shape, by pressing a little knob in one of the blankets a second phonograph would blankets, a second phonograph would grind out a little appropriate profani-ty to ease your feelings. The invention is patented; and when it is put on the market it will best all the spring mattresses going, as it does for summer, autumn, and winter as well.—"Pick-Me-Up."

An "Infernal" Dinner.

A tiny girl of seven gave a dinner-party the other day, for which twolve covers were laid, and that number of small maidens aat down to dies. It was a real little girls' dinner, and the little hostess herself presided, sitting at the head of the table. She had been very anxious, in looking forward to ft, to do everything as it should be done. "Mamma," she asked, "shall we say grace?" "No," sald mamma; "it will be a very informal dinner, and I think you need not do that." That meant one ceremony the less to be gone through and was a relief. But the little lady was anxious to how all her guests understand it. So as they mained: "Mamma says that this is such an infernal dinner that we mad not have grace to-day!"



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