

## DR. J. P. SIVEWRIGHT.

Office Opposite Grand Opera House.  
CHATHAM, N. S. Phone 235.  
(Opposite)

## LODGES

EARTHEN LODGE, NO. 267, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C. meets first Monday of every month in the Masonic Temple, King Street. Visiting brethren always welcomed.

J. M. PIKE, W. M.  
J. W. LEWIS, Sec'y

WELLINGTON LODGE, NO. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C. meets first Monday of every month in the Masonic Temple, King Street, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren always welcomed.

GEO. MUSSON, W. M.  
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JOHN K. KERR, W. E. GUNDY, R. L. BRACKIN

## Drifting Into Matrimony.

By Elizabeth Taggart.

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"We'll soon have matrimony fore and aft," declared Donald Frazer as he glanced down from the bridge. "Half of them are not speaking now, and I'm pretty certain that Betty has broken her engagement to Halgren."

"I could stand everything except the ice," said Dicky Rich plaintively. "I haven't had a highball in four days. Can't they fix the shaft?"

"MacPherson is working on it, but there's small chance," said Frazer. "I guess we'll just have to drift until a breeze or a steamer comes."

"It's too bad," said Rich sympathetically. "This trip was to mean so much to you."

Rich slipped down the ladder, and Frazer moved over toward the man at the wheel.

Rich was right. The trip had meant much to him. He had planned the cruise to bring his niece, Betty Holcombe, and Ralph Halgren together. Betty was his sister's child and ever



since her mother's death had been his pet. Brilliant Geraldine Frazer would have nothing to do with his matchmaking. It had been all he could accomplish to induce her to embark on the yacht while the season was on.

Betty had announced her engagement to Ralph and things were as merry as a marriage bell when the shaft of the Ventura had cracked. Sails had been resorted to, but had been blown away in the mild hurricane that had followed the accident, and now the yacht was drifting far out of the track of the coastwise and West Indian steamers.

There were provisions and water to last three months, but the party was badly planned, and already they were heartily sick of each other. Even the newly engaged couple had found the monotony irksome, and the girl in a flash of bad humor had handed back her ring and was too proud to ask for it again.

Frazer left the bridge and descended to his wife's cabin. Mrs. Frazer had taken to her berth at the first sign of trouble and was comfortably enjoying a novel and a fit of the nerves while her husband wrestled with the task of entertaining a dozen utterly uncongenial persons on board a crippled yacht with no immediate hope of rescue.

Mrs. Frazer looked up languidly from her book as Frazer entered. She received his inquiries as to her health with a look of weary indifference, and then Frazer sat down on the edge of the berth.

"Look here, Gerry," he said despondently. "Can't you get out of this and help me? The men are growing to hate each other, and I look to see the women pulling each other's hair any moment."

"Terrors, no!" gasped Mrs. Frazer. "My nerves are bad enough as they are."

Frazer rose to his feet. From long experience he knew the hopelessness of argument. He was just leaving the room when she called him back.

"Perhaps Miss Brockway can help you," she suggested. "She's a rather capable girl."

She resumed her book, and Frazer went in search of Clara Brockway. He wondered that he had not thought of her before. She was a sort of social secretary to his wife, and that she was tactful was evinced by the fact that she had been serving in that capacity for two years. He found her sitting well up forward, for it was not Mrs. Frazer's way to make an employee an equal.

Briefly Frazer sketched his troubles. "The cruise will end up in a free fight," he said humorously. "Unless you will serve as a peace commissioner."

"Let's have a minstrel show this evening," she suggested. "Don't let the women know and surprise them after dinner."

"Just the thing," cried Frazer as, with beaming face, he hurried off to round up the men. It was not a difficult matter, for they were all sitting gloomily apart, and presently they were gathered in the chart room and Clara was outlining her plans.

They worked so hard all the afternoon that they were positively cheerful when they went off to dress for dinner.

Frazer glanced about the table, and the contrast between the men and the women, the latter with their airs of ennui, cheered him. Miss Brockway had worked half the cure. The rest would come after supper.

The minstrel show, held on the after deck, was a huge success, and the roars of laughter even brought Mrs. Frazer on deck. That was but the first of a series of entertainments that kept the passengers and crew alike busy. Clara was director of amusements, and sometimes it taxed her brain to develop new ideas, but something always turned up. A ghost party was one of her last resorts, and in the bright moonlight the white draped figures had a most spectral effect.

"Long since she had been recognized as one of the party, and she looked particularly effective in her white wrappings. Dicky Rich was leaning beside her at the rail.

"I think you are more witch than ghost," he laughed. "You have certainly bewitched us. The day of the minstrel show I was carefully planning a murder just to offset the deadly dullness of the cruise."

"Minstrel shows are a more refined form of torture," she smiled. "Wish I were a witch. I might conjure us a ship."

"Try it," he urged. "Let's see if you are able to make a go of it."

She pointed a slender white arm over the water. "Here, ship!" she called. "Come, ship! Nice ship!"

In a steamer chair near by some one had left a pair of glasses. Dicky caught them up and looked out over the water. Then he made for the bridge, where the sailing master paced impatiently.

Clara, watching his strange movements wondering, started as a trail of light shot from the Ventura, and Dicky came dashing back.

"You did it!" he shouted. "You conjured it up! Look! There comes the answer."

A faint streak of fire marked the horizon, and the whole party crowded to the rail to watch, though they knew that it would be hours before the steamer could come up.

Clara, watching his strange movements wondering, started as a trail of light shot from the Ventura, and Dicky came dashing back.

"It has turned out a pleasant cruise, after all," he said. "I'm just a little bit sorry that you found the ship."

"So am I," she admitted. "It has been a sort of Cinderella time for me. Now I must get back to my duties as secretary and forget this pleasant time."

"I don't think any of us will forget it," he smiled. "I know Halgren is devoutly thankful to you. He and Miss Holcombe adjusted their dispute, you know. Then Frazer was lifted from the depths of despair, and all of us will have some cause to remember your meritorious role."

"It will be pleasant," she said, "to remember that I was of real service."

"I think you did me the greatest service," he said softly. "You showed me that even a confirmed bachelor can fall in love."

"Are congratulations in order?" she asked, smiling through the tears that glistened in the moonlight.

"That depends upon yourself," he answered, "for you are the woman I have learned to love."

"Don't you think you had better wait?" she urged. "It may be that it is wisely owing to the way we have been thrown together on this cruise. Wait until you mingle with your own set again. They say that the hotel is still crowded."

"Wait!" he laughed. "It has been all I could do to wait this long. Is it yes, dear?"

She looked into his honest eyes, and what she saw there satisfied her. Her hand slipped with his, and she said softly, "I think it is, Gerry."

"That's just how I feel about it," he agreed, "only with a different meaning."

The Chalk Laundry.

The elderly man in evening dress had eaten his soup indiscreetly, and when he and his wife stood up to leave the restaurant he gave an exclamation of dismay at the condition of the lower part of his shirt bosom. He looked considerably abashed and, grabbing a napkin, began rubbing at the unsightly spots. Then the waiter butted in with his Swiss English:

"I fear zat in joust one seconde eef monsieur and madame will sit down."

He disappeared through the kitchen entry and in half a minute returned with a piece of chalk between his fingers—a plain, common, ordinary stick of chalk, such as the children use for blackboard work in school.

Then, stooping in front of the spotted dinner, he went over his shirt front, carefully chalking every spot until, at least at long range, the linen looked immaculate. The lady rewarded him with a smile and the man with something that looked like a quarter—New York Sun.

Honorable Youth.

"Here, you, sir!" cried the frate father. "How dare you show your face here again?"

"Well," replied young Nerve, "I might have worn a mask, of course, but that would have been deceitful."—Houston Post.

What Happens.

"When Greek meets Greek" said the man who quotes.

"What happens then?"

"I don't remember exactly. I suppose it's time to get an interpreter."—Washington Star.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

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Bentley

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

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GUARANTEED PURELY VEGETABLE. No Harmful Ingredients.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

## SONGS IN THE ABBEY.

Madame Clara Butt's Experience at Westminster.

In the story of "My Life as a Singer," told by Madame Clara Butt in The Quiver, the noted songstress says that perhaps the oratorio solo she sings best is "O Rest in the Lord," and that to be able to sing that is quite enough in itself to make one happy and cheerful. Then she told a story of an experience in the Abbey.

"Some time ago," she says, "I had a strange experience. Archdeacon Wilberforce gave an 'at home' one night at the deanery, Westminster. My husband and I were there and towards the end of the evening Sir Frederick Bridge came up and asked me if I would care to go into the Abbey and sing. You know what the Abbey is like in the daytime. You have felt its wonderful solemnity, its peacefulness. But can you imagine what it looks like at night? When the dusk has stolen in through the great rose windows, when every nook and corner, every chapel and aisle is full of gloom and mystery; when, as Washington Irving says, 'the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and makes the beholder into a noiseless reverence'; when the effigies of the kings have faded into shadows, and the cold breath of the grave creeps out on the high altar, and the spirits are hovering in the stillness, whispering to one another of the night and the great coming dawn when the Eternal Master-singer shall put a new song in His children's mouth; when they shall praise Him in whose Name and Person all true art has its being. If you do not know the Abbey as it is then you have something to look forward to. If you have been there at such an hour, you will understand something of what I felt as I stood in the organ loft singing to the still, dead folk down below. Never, before or since, have I sung in such an atmosphere; it was perfect. I sang 'Gloria to Thee, My God, This Night, Abide With Me.' Songs like these seemed to suit best the place and time. I shall never forget the roll of the organ, and the sensation of hearing my voice rising and falling, echoing and re-echoing, through the darkness. Some night, I trust, I may be allowed to sing again in the glorious old Abbey."

John Smith, His Day.

Toot, toot!

Let the horns do business.

And the cannon shoot.

For who?

You Guess.

But you never could.

Yes.

It's for your old friend John Smith.

Know him?

Course you do.

Several times too.

Say.

He's the hero of 100 victories.

Kind of not all.

His call for fame is greater yet.

You can bet.

Why.

They've got a whole exposition at Jamestown.

Where he landed some years ago.

As schoolboys know.

And gave the whole blooming United States its start.

Kind of him.

Wasn't it?

You may think The John Smith you know is slow.

And maybe he is.

But say.

If the original John Smith hadn't got busy where would we have been today?

Had Plenty of Chance.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?"

"Do I? My father was first mate on a canal boat."

True, but then—

"He is a man of rare good judgment."

"Indeed, I never noticed it."

"What?"

"Can't say that I did."

"Never noticed that he invariably says nice complimentary things about me?"

An Inference.

"Have you seen anything of my dog going alone here?"

"I have seen a dozen dogs go past. How should I know yours? Does he look anything like you?"

Fishing Weather.

There's no use in talking. Cannot do a thing. Find myself a-balking. When the robins sing. Feet refuse to travel. Hands refuse to go. Want to walk on gravel. Where the waters flow.

Never saw such weather. Where's my rod and line? Here they are together. Gee, the day is fine! To the winds with wishing. The desire would pass. Had to go a-fishing. For a mean of bass.

Just Like a Man.

"What do you consider your first duty?"

"To please myself."

"Ah, and your wife's?"

"Same thing."

The Bills Are Just the Same.

"Why is it that a man never worries like a woman over whether his wife still loves him?"

"Oh, a man can't see that it matters, anyway."

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

## PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Many a woman finds it hard work to be religious for her whole family.

If we could look upon our troubles with the complacent eye that other people look upon them, life would be a gladsome tilting lay.

Don't stand around and feel sorry for yourself; it is a lot more satisfactory to find some one to do the job for you.

Most of us know how our neighbor might get rich.

Justice never looks twice alike.

One way to attract an heiress is to walk along the street wearing an eyeglass and make a noise like a title.

The wine of experience that is pressed from the purple grapes of youth doesn't make anybody drunk.

Being happy is purely a mental condition except when you have the grip.

A man who can keep a baby from crying can have a square meal most anywhere he chooses to go.

Schoolteachers earn a lot of the taxpayers' money that they don't get.

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## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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## DISTRICT

## HIGHGATE.

Miss Birdie and Master Earl McLachlan are spending their holidays with friends in Kingsville.

Miss A. B. Stone has secured a position on the staff of the Woodstock Collegiate Institute.

Mr. C. A. Milburn, late principal of our school, left for his home in Desboro last week.

Rev. Mr. Long and family are enjoying an outing at Rond Eau Park for a week or so.

The Misses Grace and Edith Reynolds are visiting friends in Hamilton.

Mr. Archie Cree, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, an old Highgate boy, was in the village a few days last week.

Of the five pupils of our school who wrote on the entrance examination, all were successful.

Mr. Geo. Swanton, an old resident of this vicinity, passed to the Great Beyond on Thursday last. The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon and was largely attended.

When the outlook is not good, try the uplook.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

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## A RUSH

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I purchased a large shipment for June, but did not receive it until July, and to dispose of it I am selling at killing prices! What is nicer for a gift than a piece of Hand-painted CHINA?

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