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Frame house, two storeys, 12 rooms, Lot 50 ft. front x 115 deep, \$1,000.00. Brick house, two storeys, 7 rooms, Lot 40 ft. front x 208 feet deep, \$1100.00.

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FINISHED THE BEAR.

A MEAL THAT WAS A LITTLE BIT TOO HOT FOR HEALTH.

An Engineer's Narrative of His Lively Adventure With a Certain Mrs. Bruin In the Early Railroading Days In Pennsylvania.

The fat engineer had been trying to make himself heard for some time and finally succeeded in getting the attention members of the roundhouse stove

"Yes, yes," he said, "Pennsylvania used to be a wild state in the days when I did my first throttle pulling on the Royal Blue line, and many were the hair rais-ing experiences we had. Bears? Why, they were thicker than dead flies on sticky fly paper. They were a little shy when the road first went through, but after the novelty wore off they got so they enjoyed a ride on a freight train as much as any hobo living, and it was no uncommon sight to see a bear sitting on the edge of a box car, letting his legs dangle over the edge, just like a real brakeman. Yes, yes. That's a fact.

"In about the wildest part of the country we ran through there was a passing siding which was called Haskin's Switch. This was a regular hanging out place for the bears. One day an old female bear was giving her cub a boost to get him up on a flat car for a little outing when he slipped and fell under the cruel wheels, his young life being crushed out instantly. The old mother bear took it real hard and did some ugly growling as

she passed by the engine.
"The incident faded from my mind very soon. A couple of days after that we came along to Haskin's and had to we came along to Haskin's and had to take the siding for a passenger train. The boys of the crew and my fireman thought they would go up in the woods about a quarter of a mile and get some good spring water, as we had a few minutes to wait before the first class train came along. They left me all alone with the train.

"The running gear of the engine on the left hand side, forward under the boiler, had been working badly, so I thought I'd look things over. I took my long necked oil can and, lighting my torch, got off the engine and went forward to look over the troublesome gear. I found that a link hanger needed attention, necessitating my getting down flat on my belly under the engine with legs projecting over the rails. I had been at work in this position for some minutes when I felt a strong tugging at my left trouser

leg.
"'It's the boys back from the spring, I thought to myself, and they're trying to get gay with me. I'll just pay no at-tention to them whatever.' "I kept right on at my chore, but the

boys kept right on fooling with my legs. Finally my temper got the better of me and I shouted angris:
"Harry, by jiminetty, if that's you,
I'll come out there and kick you so hard

that you won't be able to sit down for a week. Harry was my fireman's name, "The only answer I got was a low growl. I will admit that I got frightened, although such a thing is unusual with me. Nevertheless having finished my work, I began to back out from under the engine, keeping my torch and oil can in my hands.

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather, for when I got out so's I could see, the first thing my eyes lit on was that old she bear, sitting on her haunches waiting for me to come out. She was ugly, too, and growling. The look on her face seemed to say: 'You are the cause of the death of my offspring. a'd been more eareful, it wouldn't have happened. I'm here to settle with

"When I got out, she made several movements toward me, but I kept her at a comfortable distance by waving my torch in her face. She was getting bolder all the while, however, and I knew I would have to devise some scheme to get on the engine, as I didn't want to try an argument in close quarters with her, because a bear in as ugly a, mood as she was is not a thing to be sneezed at.

"So I set my wits to work. Glancing

around I saw that I was nearer to the pilot of the engine than I was to the step on the side of the tank, and if I could reach the pilot before the bear did I could get to the cab via the running board along the side of the boiler and laugh at Mrs. Bear.
"I decided to try for it, and, making a

feint lunge at my animal friend with the torch to get her farther from me, I dusted for the pilot. I reached it before she did, but just as I was drawing my leg up the bear grabbed it with both her fore paws. I tried to break away from her hold, but it was useless. Turning, I saw her jaws wide open within easy reach of my arm, and something superhuman seemed to tell me what to do. I stuck the torch in her wide open mouth. With the other hand I, brought my oil can into play and poured the coal oil from the can on the lighted torch in the bear's wide open mouth. The effect was very disas-trous for the bear. The inflammable oil took fire going down her throat, and, ex-ploding, almost blew her head off, killing

her instantly. "The boys got back shortly after that, but they wouldn't believe my story until I showed them the bear's carcass."

Phillips Brooks as a Nurse. Dr. Brooks was calling on some of his poorer parishioners one day and found

one woman looking very tired and mis-erable, with several little children and one small baby under her care. He told her she ought to go out and take a walk with the older children, the day being a beautiful one. She replied that she had no one with whom she could leave the baby, "Leave it with me," answered Dr. Brooks. And he remained with the baby until the woman returned, brighter and better for the breath of fresh air she had obtained.—Ladies' Home Journal.

(reading)—Another mysterious Unknown man throws himself

Husband (thoughtlessly)—Bet his wife was at the bottom of it. Wife-Charles!
Husband (hurrledly)-Of the cliff, my
ove, not the sulcide.

What has become of the old fashloned father who kept a strap behind the kitchen door? Are any of his sons still living with him to tell about it?—Atchison Globe.

Speffield is the smokiest city in land. In proportion to its size it sumes eight times as much coal as

Taking No Chancel

Somehow she felt that he had She was as certain of it as she would have been if he had told her, and consequently she amused herself by teasing him for half an hour before she let him have a chance to ne to the point. And then he balked.

She couldn't understand it. She knew that he was on the verge of asking her to be his wife, but he didn't put the question. He became suddealy very ill at ease and nervous, and sheered off every time they got anywhere near the subject that was uppermost in the mind of each. She looked at him soulfully, and he returned the look, but that was as far as he went. She sighed and he sighed, but he didn't put his hopes and wishes into words. She became ensive and romantic, and talked of the loneliness of a woman or girl who had no strong arm to lean upon as she walked through life, but it did

him too long, and had, possibly, lost him: but at last he spoke: "Shall we go out into the garden?" he asked. She knew, although he did not, that

not bring an avowal from his lips.

She feared that she had played with

there were others in the garden, and she pleaded that she was afraid of He looked about the room anxious ly, but seemed to find nothing that gave him any hope. He seemed to be

despondent, but in a measure deter-"Mabel," he said at last, speaking

very softly.
"Yes," she returned, endeavoring not to show her agitation. "There is something I wish much to say to you." She looked down at the toes boots and said nothing. He came over to her and took

her hand. "Mabel," he said earnestly, "if you will take that confounded parrot out of the room, I'll tell you what it Then she understood why he had beer so nervous, and the parrot was pur where he could not overhear and

repeat what might be said.

Decided by Jury. It is not uncommon for an English judge to try to raise a laugh — and strange to say, he usually succeeds by affecting infantile ignorance of all things but purely judicial matters. Sir Henry Hawkins not long ago asked in court: "What is hay?"

A correspondent of The Philadelphia

Ledger says that in a recent libel suit a strange affectation of judicial ignorance was evinced-by Lord Rus-Sir Edward Clarke read, from a book of the plaintiff's, a description of Chopin's "umber shaded head."
"What shade?" asked Lord Rus

"Umber," replied Sir Edward. "Yes, but what is that?" persisted

the chief justice.

At this point the feelings of the jury were too much for them. With a unanimity reminiscent of the "Pi-rates of Penzance," they chanted in expostulatory chorus: "Brown, my Lord, brown," and the trial went on.

A Naples correspondent writes to the Paris Messenger: Have you ever heard the name of Lina Cavalieri? Eh bien, she was only a short time ago a music-hall such a lovely creature, that she attracted every eye, wherever she went; men threw themselves at her feet, and a Russian Prince would have married her, but she refused! Instead, she took to studying singing in earnest, with one of the most celebrated teachers of the day, and now she is creating a furore at San Carlo in "La Boheme." People have come from Rome to see and hear her, and all are surprised, for she really sings well and has great dramatic talent. It is not for her wondrous beauty alone, therefore, that she is ap-

plauded, encored, and called before the curtain. She has the most beautiful eyes ever saw in my life. There should be a great future in store for her!

Sir Charles Warren's Morning Tub. There is something extremely English in the story of Sir Charles War-"doing trimbies," as Bouncer expressed it, in the open air on the bat-tlefield of Vaal Kranz. Sir Charles under no circumstances intermits his morning bath, says The London Daily News. On the occasion of Buller's last effort to relieve Ladysmith Sir Charles found it impossible to leave his post, so when day broke on the battlefield he ordered his servant to bring his bath, with sponge and towel, and there and then, in the open air, Sir Charles Warren, comanding the Fifth Division, proceed to take his bath, sublimely indifferent to the fire of the enemy. The enemy was perhaps too much aston-ished at the British eccentricity of bathing at all, much more of bathing n this extremely public fashion, to attempt any violent interruption.

Did She Help Him Much?

A gentleman not famed for wit and tact found himself seated at dinner between Mme. de Stael and Mme. Recamier, equally well-known for her beauty and foolishness. With a polite bow right and left, he said: "Here Iam between Wit and Beauty," where-upon Mm2. de Stael, seeing Mme. Recamier's flush of vexation at this back-handed hint at her lack of intelligence, quickly soothed her down by exclaiming "Well this is the first time I have ever been complimented upon my good looks." — London Glabe.

Timber Raft to Cross the Ocean. A raft to contain 14,000 piles now being constructed at Seattle, Wash, by a San Francisco firm, to be towed to Japan. When completed the raft will be 635 feet long, 53 feet in diameter and will contain 14,-000,000 feet of lumber. Although rafts of this kind are frequently towed from the l'uget Sound to San Francisco, it is feared in marine cir-cles that the task of towing such a craft across the Pacific is somewhat

Mrs. M. McCarty

long time. Every woman knows ho annoying these are. I tried hard to cur myself, but some remedies would only he me for a while. To-day I am cure by the use alone of Dr. Coderre's Red Pr which I recommend most strongly to eve

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"So you never had a lovers' quar-"Never."
"Dear me! What's the use of being

engaged, then?" A childless home is a cheerless home A childless home is a cheerless home. The maternal instinct exists in every woman, and when it is ungratified she is deprived of much of the happiness of life. It often happens that child-lessness is due to some cause which can be removed, and often is removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The vigor and vitality scription. The vigor and vitality which this remedy imparts to the delicate womanly organs, puts the deli-cate womanly organs, puts them in a condition of normal health, the lack of which is often the sole obstruction to maternity. Every woman should read Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book containing 1008 pages and 700 illustrations. It is sent pages and 700 illustrations. It is self-entirely free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing and customs. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the paper bound volume, or 50 stamps for cloth covered. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is easier to take things as they come than it is to part with them as they go. (

Stanstead Junction, P. Q., 12th Aug.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co. Gentlemen,—i rell from a bridge leading from a platform to a loaded car while assisting my men in unload-ing a load of grain. The bridge went down as well as the load on my back, and I struck on the ends of the sleep-ers causing a serious injury to my ers, causing a serious injury to my leg. Only for its being very fleshy, would have broken it. In an hour could not walk a step. Commenced using MINARD'S LNMENT, and the third day went to Montreal on busi ness and got about well by the a cane. In ten days was nearly well.
I can sincerely recommend it as the
best Liniment that I know of in use. Yours truly, C. H. GORDON.

A fool praises himself, but a wise man turns the job over to a friend.

In the Jaws of a Lion The gallant Major Swaine tells o fhe gallant Major Swaine tells of being knocked sensoless by a lion that lacerated his arm. His thrilling escape from the jaws of death is only equaled by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which has saved thousands from desperate Throat and Lung troubles. "All doctors said my wife would soon die of Consumption." writes L. C. Overstreet, of Elgin, Tenn., "but your wonderful medicine completely sured her, and saved her life." Satisfaction is guaranteed by A. I. McCall & Co., who give trial bottles free, Large bottles 50c. and \$1.

Every time a woman talks back to her husband she gets a new wrinkle. Brave Men Fall

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles and feel the result in loss of appetite, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, run-down feeling, but, "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man," writes J. W. Gardner, of Idaville, Ind., "when he is all run-down and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and have a new lease of life." Only 50c. Every bottle guaranteed by A. I. McCall & Co., druggists.

A reasonable woman is one who isn't unreasonable all the time.

The great amount of design work done at the Victoria Avenue Green House is sufficient proof of the excellence of the work. Nothing but the best at the lowest prices. Telephone 181.

Some men are so full of human nature that they have no room for prin-Somehow the marriage of a grass widow with a make seems to savor of the eternal fitness of things. His Wonderful Nerve

Alone sustained Editor F. M. Higgins, of Seneca, Ill., when all doctors and medicines failed to relieve his pain from piles. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured him. Infallible for vajuries, Pains or Bodily Eruptions. Oure guaranteed. Only 25c. a box. Sold by A. I. McCall & Co., Druggists. "If I get the office," says a politi-

cal aspirant, "I guarantee to perform its duties faithfully, and to stay in it until it pleases Providence to call me higher!" Ask for Minard's and take no other.

BECAME RECLUSE.

A Girl Who was Deceived by Gay Lothario

Never Again Exposed Her Face to Man-A Queer Tale From New Jersey.

When in the little Baptist church at Newcombtown yesterday the form of Rebecca Newcomb reposed in a coffin ready for burial it was the first time any of her neighbors had gazed upon her face in two score years. In all that time she had lived the life of a rigid recluse. It began with a little love affair of forty years ago, when Rebecca Newcomb, the come'y and sprightly daughter of one of the most prosperous farmers in the county, his farm lying between Newport and Cedarville, was wooed and won by a gay and dashing young man from the gay and dasning young man from the city. She gave her whole heart to him and believed that he was all that a maiden's heart could desire.

The wedding day was set and many

daintily worked garments were pre-pared for the event, and many de-tails prepared for the ceremony. But one day there came an awakening, The country lass discovered that her dash-ing lover was false; that he had simply toyed with her heart and had cruelly

deceived her.

The maiden quickly put away the dainty garments, steeled herself to the blow, and vowed that she would never permit her face to be seen by man.

From that time to the day of her death she lived the live of a recluse at the old farm house. At the death of her parents, eighteen or twenty-years ago, Rebecca and a brother were left well provided for financially, and it became necessary for Rebecca to visit the county seat on business connected with the will. This she did in the with the will. This she did in the most quiet manner, and those who saw her only thought of hen as a stranger. It is claimed that that was her only visit from her home in all these years. A few years ago she built another housed on the farm, so that her the property in the farm, so that her the property is there instead of brother might live there instead of in the house with her. The house has for more than a quarter of a century been pointed out as containing the woman who would not let anyone see her.—Bridgeton (N. J.) special to Philadelphia Record.

## A Soul's Kiss.

By Virginia Easton.

The window that faced the west was open. The dying man looked over the bea tiful sky, a sea of purple whose waves were flecked with crimson foam, to the sun that seemed like some fair

whip at anchor.

"It is waiting for me," he thought,
"to bear me out into the night."

There were faint sounds of prayer,
broken by choking sobs in the room. And then—
"Come," said the Angel of Death.
But the Soul lingered, and to the
Loved One whispered "I am at rest."
"He will send His Comforter," mur-

"He will send His Comforter," muramured the Angel, gently.
Then together the Angel and the Soul departed through the open casement.
Now, as they passed over the garden they came to a corner where a rosebush grew, and it was a flower that the man of the Soul and the Loved One had planted.
"On," spake the Angel, for the Soul had paused.

had paused.
But the Soul pleaded: "May I not kiss
this pure bud that it may tell the Loved
One when she walks here how much I
loved and love her?"
The Angel bowed his head.
The Soul kissed the scarlet bloom,
and they went onward toward the Behind them lay a stream of golden light, before them a path of wondrous

jewels.
But behold! The blossoms of the rosebush that were hitherto as red as blood were now as white as the pure soul of a child. soul of a child.

30, when the Loved One, her heart bitter with the salt of tears, saw the fair flowers, she understood and was content.



"SO WHEN THE LOVED ONE SAW.
THE FAIR FLOWERS, SHE
UNDERSTOOD."

Those who passed by the garden beheld them and said one to another.
"How good is God and how beautiful are His works," and their hearts were lighter and their lives sweeter.

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Ilmited number of students will be accepted.—Fall Term commences Sept. 4th, 1900, ddress all communications

=need=A

Parisian Steam Laundry Co.

TELEPHONE '20 In the Surrogate Court of the County of Kent.

In the matter of the guardianship In the matter of the guardianship of Melvin Ray and Samuel Gordon Sloan, the infant sons of Samuel Sloan, late of the Township of Harwich, in the County of Kent, and Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased. Notice is hereby given that after the expiration of twenty days from the first publication of this notice, application will be made to the Surrogate Court of the County of Kent, for a grant of Letters of Guardianship of the person and estate of the above named infants to Mary J. Sloan, of the said Township of Harwich, widow of the said Samuel Sloan, deceased.

Dated at Chatham this 26th day of September, A. D., 1900.

September, A. D., 1900. W. F. SMITH, Solicitor for Applicant, Chatham, Ont.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a court will be held pursuant to the Ontario Voters' List Act., by His Honor, the Judge of the County Court of the County of Kent, at his chambers in Harrison Hall, in the City of Chatham on the 5th day of October, 1900, at eleven o'clock, a. m., to hear and determine the several complaints of errors and omissions in the voters' list of the Municipality of the City of Chatham, for 1900.

All persons having business at the court are required to attend at the said time and place.

W. G. MERRITT,

Clerk of Chatham.

Clerk of Chatham. Dated, Sept. 24th, 1900.

Andronen ere encentraten A. M. FLEMING A-R-T-I-S-T OFP. MARKET NEAR BAIKIES

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Miss M. E. McDanell

PIANO and ORGAN

Soloist and Choir Leader, First Pres-byterian Church, Chatham, will re-sume instruction in Voice Culture at the Conservatory of Music, Chatham, on September 4th. Students desiring to compete for scholarship must begin Round trip tickets will be issued frome-all points in Ontario, Sharbot Lake and West, to Kippews, Temiskaming, Missana-bie, Heron Bay and Nepigon, at Single First Class Fare and One-third, from Sept. 15th-to Nov. 15th, good to return until Dec. 15th. 1900.

students. For terms, etc., address: Krause Conservatory of Music, or P. O. Box 107, Chatham, Ont. Concert engagements accepted. tf Pupil of Mr. H. M. Fie'd. Leipzig, Germany, and Mr R. Victor Carter, (Late of Leipzig)

Krause Conservatory of Music

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