

The Chatham Record.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 4.00.

For larger advertisements liberal concessions will be made.

Harvest for the Soul. In the country there's a lavish waste of bloom. All the freighted air is weighted with perfume.

A Tussle With a Lucifere.

"Hadn't you better bring in the bossy from the field behind the barn before you go, George?" said little Mrs. Adams, to her broad-shouldered husband, as he made ready to start for the village one afternoon just after having.

And the animal, whatever it was, stooped, and then retreated sullenly, creeping through an aperture beneath the log fence and disappearing in the thick woods. Mrs. Adams was nearly fainting with terror, while the boy flushed with pride at the thought of saving his pet.

down and dashed out of doors, a wild fear tugging at her heart. Her husband's life was in jeopardy. She flew rather than ran, some instinct securing to guide her footsteps. The claws of the lynx had dug deeply into the shoulder and breast of the prostrate man, and drops of agony stood upon his forehead.

Children's Column



The sun was shining calm and bright. The meadow grass was deep. The daisies and the buttercups were nodding half asleep.

ROMANCE PAID TO 'SKY STONES'

Because they come from meteors, bodies that fall in this way are called meteorites; and for very many years past all the meteorites which have been found, or could be found, have been carefully kept, so that they may be studied.

A FIRST BATTLE.

An old soldier, who had seen service for many a year in the Crimea, India, China, Africa and Egypt, was asked one day in a London club whether he remembered the first time when he was under fire.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

A wheel of bells is the very latest novelty for a country house. It is lovely for a door bell or for a dinner gong.

TO WASH DELICATE COTTONS.

An excellent way to wash delicately soiled cottons, which you may wish to starch, is as follows: Make a gallon of rather stiff flour starch.

NEAPOLITANNESS.

Old Mr. Chapman sat down at the table and ordered a glass of milk. "See here," he called to the waiter, and his voice was full of indignation.

O, Summer Night.

O, summer night, so clear and bright, Far hills in purple shadows light. And meadows bathed in silvery light.

HUMOROUS.

Her Sister—I never thought you and Harry would fight. He's a very indulgent husband. She—If you will buy that gold watch for me I will set back the hands two hours on club nights.

Business first, you know. Passenger—Say, captain, how far are we still from land? Captain—About two nautical miles. Passenger—But we cannot see land anywhere. In what direction does it lie? Captain—Straight below us!