

## KILLED BY A LOBSTER

A Chicago chef has just died from blood poisoning following upon a nip from a lobster. Zam-Buk applied immediately after that trivial accident would have saved that man's life! Zam-Buk is just as fatal to poison and disease germs, as these are fatal to us, and a little more so; because, while we sometimes get germs into our system and still live, when those germs get Zam-Buk they give up the ghost without a struggle. One of England's leading analysts has proved this. Write to us for his report. Meanwhile, when you sustain a cut, a burn, a bruise, a scratch, or any injury, just apply Zam-Buk. Two processes right away—cleanses the sore, thus preventing

blood poison and suppuration, and commences to heal. Incidentally it takes out soreness. Soreness is not necessary to Nature's healing processes. See free sample offer in adjoining column. All stores and druggists sell at fifty cents a box. Nothing like it.

## THE MAGISTRATE IS RIGHT

Magistrate Perry, of Goldfields, B.C., believes in making a good thing known, and we do not blame him either. Writing of Zam-Buk, he says: "After a very fair trial I have proved Zam-Buk eminently satisfactory. In my case it cured a skin rash of five years' standing which no doctor had been able to do any good for. I would cer-

tainly encourage any person to keep Zam-Buk in his home." He is quite right. Every home needs it. Is it in your home? If not, why not? All stores and druggists sell at 50 cents a box.

## A GENUINE OFFER

Test Zam-Buk at Our Expense  
We appreciate the position taken by the man or woman who says to us: "If your preparation is what you claim, you should have no objection to letting us try before spending money on it." To every person taking this view we say, "We agree." Send us a cent stamp (to pay return postage) and name and date of this paper, and we will mail you a free trial box of Zam-Buk.

# Every Home Needs Zam-Buk

"RUB IT IN"

## DISTRICT

## JEANNETTE'S CREEK.

Miss Annie Dawson has returned to Chatham, after spending three weeks at her home here.  
Miss Flora Peck, of the Ursuline Academy, is spending the Easter holidays with her parents.  
Misses Grace and Pauline Smith, of Prairie Riding, were guests of Mrs. Peck for a few days last week.  
Mr. Jas. Chittim of Windsor, was a Sunday visitor to his parents here.  
Mrs. Forbes visited relatives in Chatham last week.  
Miss Ray, of Toronto, is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Harvey Garbutt.  
Messrs. F. C. Peck, J. Mickle and C. F. Ouellette attended the Coun-

oil meeting in Tilbury Monday, in behalf of the condition of the Jeannette's Creek road.  
Mrs. John Warnock, of Tilbury, spent a few days here this week with friends and relatives.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. Venning and Miss Ethel spent Saturday in London.  
Mrs. W. Shaw, Jr., spent Good Friday with friends in Chatham.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Clark spent last Thursday in Detroit.  
Miss Georgia Kontze is spending a few days in Chatham the guest of Miss Beulah Colby.  
Mrs. Will Williams, of Wheatley, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Gilbert Smith, this week.  
Mr. C. Chittim, of Providence, spent Monday here with Mrs. G. Racker.  
Mr. Connelly and little daughter, Miss Anna, spent Saturday and Sunday in Newbury.

## SHOT GRIZZLY BEAR.

New Little Indian Boy Saved His Father Who Was Crushed.

A recent despatch from Dawson, Yukon Territory, says:

With arm broken, injured shoulders, and scorched head, Roderick, a member of the Peel River Indians, called on acting Governor Lithgow the other morning to ask for aid. The old man had been in a fight with a bear, and was injured.

Far in the Arctic wilderness beyond the Rockies, Roderick and his little boy, several months ago, met a giant grizzly. The father had his rifle, and gave fight to the mammoth brute. The animal was wounded, and Roderick went up to him. The animal arose, made a lunge for the man, struck him with his powerful arm, and furiously endeavored to smother the life of the Indian.

The old man's little son, who had stood by, stole up close to the raging bear, and sneaking back awaited his chance. When the time came the little fellow, with lion heart and nerve of steel, drew a steady bead. It was a trying time. To the boy it was a most desperate test of whether or not he should save his father and perhaps also himself. There was no time to meditate. When the bear was drawn the little warrior hesitated not. His steady forefinger bent over the trigger. There was a sharp crack and the grizzly fell back. The big animal dropped in his tracks.

Then the younger rushed to the side of his father. He drew the bleeding man aside and staunching his wounds, and rushing to the brook got water and bathed the injured man. With all the loving kindness that the filial heart can know did the little fighter stand by his injured father. Then when the man could arise, the lad led him to the tribe. There the Indians made a rude splint and set the broken arm, and from the leaves of the trees and otherwise they prepared their crude medicines.

Weeks, weary weeks, crept by and Roderick grew better. In the meantime the little boy was exalted among his people. He it was who had killed the great bear and had brought the claws back in triumph. The skin of the huge grizzly was hung by the family tent, and there tanned by the sun and breeze and the savour of the day of the bravery of the little man.

The other day old Roderick came with the sad tale to the Governor that broken and injured as he is he no longer can work and earn his way like the energetic, able-bodied men of his tribe. And, to add more to his sorrow, his little son, the saviour of his life in the fight with the great bear, is dead. The little fellow took ill not long ago, and died in his wilderness home at the head of the Blackstone River, in the wilds of the Rockies. The old father came to Dawson, 200 miles over ice and snow, and through the untrodden forests, with the Peels who arrived last week with the first meats, caribou skins, and beadwork of the year from their region.

Chief Isaac, of the Moosehide tribe, and Chief Julius, of the Tanana tribe, accompanied Roderick to the Governor, and led in the big pow-wow which followed the smoking of the pipe of peace. It is likely, since the Peels are on British soil, and Dawson is their nearest post, that they will be given every consideration, and the old fellow given what treatment is needed. The work of the Indians in putting a splint on the broken arm was in itself something of credit to sons of the wild.

## Some High Priced Animals.

A spinster with money to burn recently paid \$6,000 for a bulldog. A man in Massachusetts has just bought a cow for \$8,000. Walter Garvey has a hog for which he refused a cash offer of \$4,000. James Keene refused \$200,000 for Sysonby, a race horse. There are several roosters of fashionable blood priced as high as \$800 each. You can buy a fine lion for \$300 and a tiger for \$700. By and by we shall have a craze for breeding fishes, and a fine male salmon educated to pond life might be worth \$1,000. The \$8,000 cow has one calf a year, worth \$4,000. The female salmon may become the mother of 300,000 little fellows in the same time, worth in the aggregate possibly as much as the calf.—Kansas City Journal.

## Reversible Cognoscent.

When the first lady of the land met the first lord of the land she, with a gracious bow, presented her card, on which was written her name—Eve. Not knowing how she read it—i. e., whether from right to left or from left to right—and desiring to be right in either case, he took his pencil and wrote, "Madam, I'm Adam."

Of course this is old.  
There is in New York today, however, a contractor and dealer in glass who when weary from writing his name from left to right can reverse the process without in any way changing the spelling—Leon Noel.—New York Press.

## A GENIAL DESPOT.

Bonaparte Smiles and Smiles, but Has His Own Way.

Charles J. Bonaparte, the attorney general of the United States, can be the suavest man in all creation. He smiles so sweetly while he talks that people have gone away quite pacified and never realized till after it was all over that he had calmly gone ahead and done precisely what he proposed to do.

To return to that smile. It is so like the poor. No one ever saw Bonaparte who could think of much else. True, the first thing one sees on meeting him is the bullet round head—the Napoleon head—with its bold forehead, just baid enough to make it yet bolder.

Then one notes the nose, a dominating nose, the full eyes between heavy eyebrows, the short, thick mustache. Then the smile. It starts with the eyes, droops to one corner of the mouth, slips over to the other, then becomes audible in a queer kind of chuckle in the throat, which shakes an increasingly prominent double chin.

The upper chin is very timid and retreating, but there's a dimple in that smile which works in wonderfully with that snare. But don't natter yourself and get your own back and think the attorney general is dead easy. That smile is only a cloak to cover up, you will never know what it covers up till you come away and discover where you are.

He will cut your throat with a feather while he chuckles and smiles. If you are not satisfied with being thus graciously beheaded and answer back, you'll find an adept at sarcasm and irony using a penknife.

If you still rebel, the next you know a backwoodsman will be at you with a brute of an ax. But he will be smiling and chuckling through it all.—World Today.

## Where They Eat Muskrats.

One dealer on Dock street sells about 3,000 muskrats a week. These are purchased principally by negroes, who are very fond of the dish, though it is whispered that in season at some of the restaurants muskrat after masquerades as rabbit. It is somewhat similar to the latter in taste, but sweeter, and those who have eaten it pronounce it all right. For this market the rats come alive, and when possible, frozen. They are found everywhere in the vicinity of Philadelphia, but a chief source of supply is Salem, N. J., where the catching of them is something of an industry. Whenever they are found they are frozen and kept until the supply on hand is sufficient for a shipment and then dispatched to this city. They are eaten in many small places by people who catch them, but are not sold at retail except in the larger cities.—Philadelphia Record.

## Bad Symptoms.

The woman who has periodical headaches, backache, sees imaginary dark spots or specks floating or dancing before her eyes, has a gnawing distress or heavy full feeling in stomach, faint spells, dragging-down feeling in lower abdominal or pelvic region, easily startled or excited, irregular or painful periods, with or without pelvic catarrh, is suffering from weakness and derangements that should be speedily attended. Not all show symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

Neglected or badly treated and such cases often run into cases which demand a surgeon's knife if they do not result fatally.

No medicine extant has such a long and numerous record of cures in such cases as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. No medicine has such a strong professional endorsement of its curative ingredients—worth more than any number of ordinary non-professional testimonials. The very best ingredients known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments enter into its composition. No alcohol, harmful, or habit-forming drug is to be found in the list of its ingredients printed on each bottle wrapper and attested under oath.

In any condition of the female system, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can do only good—never harm. Its whole effect is to strengthen, invigorate and regulate the whole female system and especially the pelvic organs. When these are deranged in function or affected by disease, the other organs and organs of digestion become sympathetically deranged, the nerves are weakened, and a long list of bad, unpleasant symptoms follow. Two must not be expected of this "Favorite Prescription." It will not perform miracles; will not cure tumors—no medicine will. It will often prevent them, taken in time, and thus the operating table and the surgeon's knife may be avoided.

Women suffering from diseases of long standing are invited to consult Doctor Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps for paper-covered or 50 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address as above.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

## PORT CREDIT INQUEST.

No Fresh Light As to How Elliott Came By Death.

Port Credit, April 4.—The mystery surrounding the death of Edward Elliott on the Grand Trunk between Port Credit and Clarkson early Good Friday morning is no nearer a solution, and despite the fact that at the reopening of the enquiry yesterday nine witnesses were closely examined by County Crown Attorney W. H. McFadden, nothing of a tangible nature was adduced to show how the unfortunate sectionman met his end.

At this stage of the investigation four theories present themselves, any one of which prove the solution of the mystery. The first and most probable theory is that Elliott was done to death by some person or persons unknown. The second is that he fell from a westbound train. The other two are that he was killed by the way freight, the brakeman of which saw him signaling to the train, or by another train, which immediately preceded it, bound in the same direction.

The evidence of Dr. Sutton, who performed the autopsy, will not be heard until next Wednesday, owing to his indisposition. It was also understood that Harry Gallagher, the man with whom Elliott left the section camp, at Clarkson to go into Toronto, was to be brought from Hamilton to give testimony, which, it was expected, would materially assist in explaining how Elliott was killed.

## Farmer Victim of Runaway.

Douro, Ont., April 4.—Morris Condon, a farmer of this neighborhood, was the victim of a runaway accident yesterday. While driving to Lakeside his spirited team became frightened and got beyond control. He was thrown violently into a ditch, and besides having his arm broken, received serious internal injuries. The wagon was demolished.

## Burned to Death.

Vermillion, Alta., April 4.—George Walker, an engine wiper, lost his life, and a companion was seriously burned, in a fire which destroyed the C.N.R. oil-house at this point last night. The origin of the fire cannot be learned at present. An inquest will probably be held.

## SHAKEN BY EARTHQUAKE.

Panic Stricken People Fly From Villa Franca In Azores.

Ponta Delgada, Island of St. Michaels, Azore Islands, April 4.—Violent earth shocks prevailed throughout this island during last night. The worst disturbance occurred at Villa Franca, where the panic-stricken people fled to the outskirts of the town. The wealthier inhabitants are leaving Villa Franca, the ancient capital of St. Michaels, which was twice previously destroyed by volcanic eruptions, being practically swallowed up by an eruption of mud in 1622.

St. Michaels, or San Miguel, is the northern island of the eastern group of the Azores, and Ponta Delgada is the principal city of St. Michaels, and commercial capital of the Azore Islands. It is well built, is situated on a plain extending about two miles along the shore, and in 1890 contained, including the suburbs, about 17,000 inhabitants.

The town of Villa Franca is of considerable importance. Three and a half miles north is a crater named Lagoa De Fogo, with fifteen fathoms of water in it. Villa Franca is situated fourteen miles east of Ponta Delgada, and in 1900 had a population of about 7,500.

## MURDER CHARGE LAID.

Three Prisoners Held For Causing Death of Toronto Woman.

Toronto, April 4.—A charge of murder was sworn out by Acting Detective Murray yesterday morning against Jennie Long, Joseph Clegg, and Robert Kenmore, who are alleged to be responsible for the death of Fanny Malone, who died in the jail hospital. The Crown has evidence to show that a fight occurred in the house of Joseph Clegg, and the Malone woman was thrown out of the house. When the police found her she had several serious wounds. Her condition was not considered serious, but she rapidly grew worse and died resulted. Yesterday the Crown took action and the three prisoners were taken in to custody charged with aggravated assault.

Magistrate Denison refused bail pending result of coroner's inquest.

## Alimony Only for Cruelty.

Hamilton, April 4.—Judge Monk ruled that a wife has no right to leave her husband and demand alimony unless he beats her repeatedly.

James J. Morden of Bullock's Corners, who was ordered by a magistrate to pay his wife \$3 a week alimony, appealed against the ruling. Morden claimed his wife's favorite term of endearment for him was "Drunken brute," and that she said she hoped his soul would shrivel in hades. Evidence was produced to show that, after repeated bickerings, Mrs. Morden purposed to attend church with her husband and sit in the front pew. Then, she alleges, he beat her.

The judge allowed the appeal of the husband.

## Michigan Reduces Railway Rates.

Lansing, Mich., April 4.—The Senate yesterday passed a bill requiring a two-cent-a-mile passenger fare on all Lower Peninsula railroads whose net earnings exceed \$1,200 a mile. Upper Peninsula fares, which are four cents, are restricted to three cents a mile.

## Closes Legislature.

Regina, April 4.—The Legislative Assembly was prorogued with the usual ceremonies by Lieut.-Gov. Forget yesterday.

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THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## A POCKET ADONIS.

Sobriquet Still Clings to Lord Buchan, Who Is Now 56—About to Start On Tour of South America.

Lord Buchan, the "Pocket Adonis" of society, is just about to start on a tour of South America. He is now 56 years old, but the nickname, which was applied to him in his young manhood, because of his good looks and diminutive stature, still sticks to him, for he has always lived up to it. He is a dapper little man, exquisitely groomed, and the mirror of fashion at all times, but he is far from being a mere dandy. He is a good shot and a keen yachtsman. As a Scotch peer, the Earl is freed from all the



LORD BUCHAN.

legislative responsibilities that attach to members of the hereditary chamber, and can devote himself solely to getting all the enjoyment possible out of life. In that he succeeds.

Curiously enough, although his earldom is one of the oldest in Scotland, dating from 1469, his chief country seat is in England. It is situated in Cambridgeshire. It is called Gogmagog hills, the why and wherefore of which singular designation no man knows. The "hills" are an offshoot of the Chalk range, and would scarcely pass by such a name in a country less monotonously level than Cambridgeshire.

On their summit are the remains of an ancient camp known as Wandlebury. Associated with it is a weird legend which was the chief source of the "Host's Tale" in Scott's "Marion." It concerns a certain knight named Osbert and a ghostly opponent with whom he did battle in the lonely spot.

Osbert, who probably was staying at the castle, heard among other ancient traditions of the place that if a knight entered unattended the camp at Wandlebury by moonlight and challenged an adversary to appear, he would encounter a spirit in the shape

of an armed horseman, with whom he would have to do battle. Osbert determined to put the story to the proof, and one night he sallied forth, accompanied by a single squire, whom he bade stay without the intrenchment while he himself entered the haunted ground and bravely spoke forth his challenge to the night wind and the moonlight. Scarce were the words out of his mouth when the ghostly knight seemed to spring from the ground, and in a moment man and specter were riding at each other with spears at rest.

It was to Osbert the fortune of the day—or of the night—fell, for he soon succeeded in dismounting his antagonist and gripping the reins of the latter's steed. As he did so the dismounted specter arose and hurled his javelin, wounding the victor in the thigh, but of this Osbert took no notice, and having led the horse to the outer part of the earthworks he intrusted it to his squire. Once inside the court of the castle, the steed, a strong and mettlesome black beast, with harness of a like hue, was secured by strong ropes, but when, with the first gray hint of dawn, the crowing of a cock was heard below, the charger sprang into the air and vanished from sight.

For Osbert the adventure had one unpleasant consequence. Wandlebury camp might be rid forever of its ghost, but, according to the story, as long as he lived the horse to his thigh re-opened on every anniversary of the night when it had been inflicted.

Lord Buchan's only unmarried daughter, Lady Marjorie Erskine, takes life seriously. She went through a training school for nurses, and was for some time attached to the children's hospital in Great Ormond street.

Frenchmen Balk At Checks. Frenchmen have never cared for checks. They do not understand them. A few days ago a French journalist who had received a check on a well-known London bank showed it to me, and asked me what he ought to do with it.

"Has it any value?" he asked. "Why, certainly," I said. "You simply endorse it on the back, take it to your banker, and he will give you the amount written on it." But he seemed somewhat skeptical, and I could see that he would much have preferred a postal order. But at last a serious attempt is to be made by Parliament to teach the Frenchman how to make use of the check. It will, however, require the sanction of a special law before the masses will believe that there is any real good in the system. It is proposed to introduce the check with the assistance of the postoffice, and to issue check books for a sum not inferior to \$20.—Paris Letter.

A Strong Tonic	Without Alcohol
A Body Builder	Without Alcohol
A Blood Purifier	Without Alcohol
A Great Alterative	Without Alcohol
A Doctor's Medicine	Without Alcohol
Ayer's Sarsaparilla	Without Alcohol

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HIGHGATE.  
Daniel DeCov has rented Mrs. John Beattie's house and is moving into it this week. Dave Forsythe will occupy the house vacated by Mr. DeCov.  
Will McGinn, who for the past year has been in the employ of The Goldie Milling Company, left last week for the Northwest.  
A large number of friends from Chatham attended the funeral of the late Mrs. F. S. Atkinson on Wednesday of last week.

Bole's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam Cures Coughs. Stops them right off. The first teaspoonful does good. In a few hours you notice that "tight feeling" disappear—the coughing spells grow farther and farther apart—the throat is easier—and the soreness gone. Cure yourself at home—for 25c—with Bole's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam. Sold by all druggists. NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED LONDON, ONT.

THORNCLIFFE.  
Mrs. C. Bedford attended Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ross' golden wedding on Good Friday.  
Thomas Robertson lost one of his horses he recently purchased.  
Mrs. D. Shaw attended the funeral of her sister in Chatham last week.  
Miss Ethel Hannon visited Miss Lottie Wilson, Wabash, on Thursday last.  
Since the last rain the roads are in a very bad condition again.  
H. Bedford and S. Hannon were out fishing on Thursday night.

A CHILD can clean house with "SURPRISE" Soap. It loosens up the smoke and dirt and fly-specks on woodwork and paint so that no hard rubbing is necessary. Simply take a cloth and some hot water, make lather of "SURPRISE" Soap, and then rub the doors and window-sash very lightly. It will surprise you to see how quickly and easily the dirt comes off. "SURPRISE" Soap is the best to clean everything washable. It never injures anything or makes the hands sore or rough. It is a pure, hard soap, and costs no more than common kinds. A PURE HARD SOAP