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Will make her regular round trip from CHATHAM to DETROIT every Monday and Wednesday. Leaving Rankin dock, South Chatham, at 7:30 a. m., and returning leaves Detroit (foot of Randolph St.) at 3:30 p. m. Detroit time, or 4 o'clock Chatham time.

Will also make round-trips from Detroit to Chatham every

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Leaving Detroit, foot of Randolph St., at 3:30 p. m., Detroit time, or 9 a. m., Chatham time, returning will leave Chatham at 3:30 p. m., Detroit time, or 4 p. m., Chatham time, arriving in Detroit about 3:30 p. m.

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 ROUND TRIP, 60c
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JOHN ROURKE, Captain,
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HIS Young wife was almost distracted for he would not stay a night at home so she had his LAUNDRY done by us, and now he ceases any more to roam.

Parisian Steam Laundry Co.
 TELEPHONE 20.

TOM JONES, COWBOY

.....By C. B. LEWIS

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Tom Jones was a real Montana cowboy, the genuine stuff. By that is meant that he was no consumptive son who had been sent out from Boston to try the western ozone, nor was he a student of Yale or Harvard who was picking up \$30 a month to help him squeak through college. He was born to the business, knew all the ins and outs, and no one could beat him at turning a stampeding herd or throwing the lasso. It was said on all sides that there was only one thing out of kilter with Tom Jones—he had aspirations. If he had aspired to keep three guns shooting at once or to hold four aces in every other hand of poker, he might have had the sympathy of his fellow workers, but his aspirations took a different line.

Tom Jones had read no less than six different accounts of eastern headdresses coming out west on a visit and falling in love with and marrying cowboys. Cowboys had saved them from robbers, Indians, stampedes and prairie fires, and their natural gratitude had resulted in love and marriage. What had happened once might happen again. Tom's aspirations, then, ran to headdresses. He was expecting one along any day in the week and was always prepared to carry out his part of the contract.

Even an heiress may come to him who waits, and in due time, when her engagements permitted, Miss Griscomb, from New York, paid a visit to relatives at Taylor's ranch. Tom had heard of her beauty and what a pile of money her old dad had in the bank within twenty-four hours after her arrival. It was now up to him to bring in the heiress and start things going. He got out his Sunday togs and greased his hair as a beginning.

Nor was the labor thrown away. He had hardly set forth on a hunt for



POOR TOM HAD TO GRAB THE TAIL OF THE GIRL'S HORSE.

stray steers when far across the plains he saw the object of his aspirations. The broncho on whose back she was seated had stopped to indulge in the wild west business of bucking and jumping, and Tom imagined that he could hear terror stricken shouts from the rider. It was all imagination, however. When he had reached her side after a furious burst of speed and begged the privilege of saving her life, she quietly replied:

"Please don't interfere. I rather enjoy the change."

Tom Jones was nonplused, but he waited. In the course of two or three days Dutch Pete broke loose on one of his quarterly jamborees. Dutch Pete kept the doggerly at Dead Man's Corners, and when he started out to clean up the state he kept his two guns red hot. Tom figured that it would be on the bills for Pete to bear Miss Griscomb away into the mountains, and he hovered along the Fort Wingate road as her protecting angel. His figures turned out to be way off. Miss Griscomb and Dutch Pete met one morning at the crossing of Lane Wolf creek, and when the cowboy came up the girl had his hands raised, and the girl had a gun on line with his eye. She thanked Mr. Jones very kindly for the interest he exhibited, but she really couldn't think of putting him to any particular trouble.

Then Tom Jones prayed for a cloudburst. Lane Wolf creek had its rise up in the mountains. At 9 o'clock of a summer morning it might be a mere rivulet crossing the stage road. An hour later a flood wave six feet high might be booming down as the result of a cloudburst up among the peaks. The burst came as prayed for. Miss Griscomb was on the west side of the creek when caught by the flood, and all escape seemed cut off when the cowboy came tearing around Bull bend to rescue her. Three minutes later the girl was rescuing him. His broncho got tangled up with a mass of driftwood and was drowned, and poor Tom had to grab the tail of the girl's horse and take a tow to the bank.

"You had better go home and change your clothes, and I hope you will be more careful in future," was all the thanks he got as the heiress rode away and left him to hang himself up to dry.

Tom Jones felt that he had made a failure of it thus far, but he hoped for a stampede to change things. In one of the stories he had read a cowboy

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FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

GUARANTY SURETY.

PURE SICK HEADACHE.

had saved an heiress from a stampede and won her undying love in ten minutes. There were 5,000 steers covering the plain between Taylor's ranch and Lane Wolf creek. If they would only get a move on them at the right time, he would be there to do the hero's part. The steers were cheerfully willing. One morning soon after the heiress had passed down the road they lowered their heads, threw up their tails and stampeded. The move was not expected by the cowboy, but by great good luck he was on hand to mix in. It seems the easiest thing in the world for a hero to cut across the front of a stampeding herd of steers and snatch an heiress from her saddle and bear her away to safety and win her eternal gratitude, but Tom Jones didn't find it so in practice. As a matter of fact, he was rolled in the dust and walked on in a shameful manner, while the heiress saved herself, and when the herd had passed she helped him to find the remains of his hat and advised him to go home and keep quiet for a few days to avoid nervous fever.

There was only one more hope for the cowboy hero. If he could rescue Miss Griscomb from a prairie fire, all might yet be well. A drunken Indian brought things about as he wished. It wasn't an overgrown spectacular display as far as flames went, but there was a heap of smoke and a grand opportunity for yelling, and in due time Tom Jones started in on his work of rescue. While he was dashing through the billows of smoke and frantically calling upon the heiress to be saved she had already saved herself, and it cut him to the quick to have her remark as he finally rode up to her that she didn't like the smell of singed hair. The cowboy had played his last card, and, weary and hopeless, he sought out the Diogenes of the flock and stated his case.

"My son," said the old man when he had heard the story, "did you ever hear the saying of 'up to date'?"

"Of course. I'm there myself."

"And there lies the cause of your failure. Miss Griscomb is more up to date as a girl than you are as a man. You had better stop making a fool of yourself and hustle those steers around."

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THE OLD TIMERS.

Some Contemporaries of the Late Sir Oliver Mowat—Was Their Day Better Than the Present?

The old order changes, giving place to new, says The Toronto World. Only a few years ago there were to be found on the bench and in the Governments of Canada and the provinces, men who had been active and prominent before confederation, and even before the union. One of Sir Oliver Mowat's contemporaries on the bench, William Henry Draper, was Chief Justice of Ontario until November, 1877. He was a famous lawyer sixty years ago; got his Queen's Counsel title in 1842, and was so gently persuasive with juries that he won the sobriquet of "Sweet William." He was member for Toronto in the legislature of Upper Canada in 1836; served as an assessor to the Governor during the rebellion, and became Solicitor-General in 1837. After the union he figured as the chief adviser of Governor Metcalfe while he was vainly contending against responsible Government.

Another old-timer was Chief Justice Hingarty, whose tall figure was well-known to frequenters of the courts a few years ago. During the conflict between Metcalfe and his advisers he was a gay young Tory lawyer, and he composed a parody on the "True, Old English Gentleman," in honor of Metcalfe, who was nicknamed "Old Square Toes." They were composed impromptu at a public dinner, while the fight was in progress. A couple of verses are given by Dent:

One verse the songster has forgot—he has another claim;
 One brave old square-toed gentleman he of the statesman name;
 For Indian laurels grace his brow, Jamaica loves him, too,
 And Canada will fight for him 'gainst all the Baldwin crew.
 The fine old square-toed gentleman, all of the present time.

So let our loyal shouts go forth, let traitors hear and quail,
 And British hearts will beat for joy on every hill and vale;
 And though the Baldwin clan may howl, though loud they rave,
 We'll rally round old square-toes, and give him one cheer more.
 The fine old square-toed gentleman, all of the present time.

Not many years ago the Premier of Canada, and his right and left men, Tupper and Tilley, were all old-time men who had taken an active part in the politics of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick before the union. One of them, Sir Charles Tupper, was Premier as late as 1896, and is still a hale and hearty man. Until recently our dominating ideas were those of pre-confederation statesmen. In Ontario Sandfield Macdonald, one of the heads of the old Canadian Governments, was Premier of Ontario after Confederation, and was succeeded, after a short interval by Oliver Mowat, whose official life began in the Brown-Dorion Government of 1858. Though Canada was a small country in those days, and though there was a good deal that was petty and tricky in its politics, it brought forth some strong men. We are hardly yet able to adopt a condescending tone toward Macdonald, Tilley and Tupper, Brown and Dorion, Holton and Mowat; there is indeed almost a temptation to fall into the opposite mood, and say "The former times were better than these." But it may be that we have not yet got the right perspective.

From Viscount Wolsley.

The following letter from Lord Wolsley is in response to an invitation to attend the Toronto Home Owners' Festival.

Hampton Court Palace, Middlesex, June 26th, 1903.

"Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge your kind and most flattering letter of the 12th of May last, and to thank the Toronto Board of Trade for their very hospitable and tempting invitation. I wish I could accept it, for apart from the pleasure it would have given me to have been present at your coming 'Old Home Gathering,' I long to visit Canada. It is a country in which I spent my happiest years, and to whose history and to whose people I always feel drawn to closely."

"But, alas, I could not leave home this year. I am hard at work upon two volumes of memoirs, which I want to have ready soon for publication, and until I have seen them through the press I must not quit England."

"Again thanking you and the Board of Trade of Toronto for their extremely kind thought of me, I have the honor to be, your obedient servant, Wolsley."

Coal From Japan.

The Frank disaster and the labor troubles at Fernie and on Vancouver Island have had an extraordinary result. The Canadian Pacific recently placed an order for 10,000 tons of coal in Japan. Shipments were to be continued until the beginning of the present month. This coal was required principally for the company's Pacific steamers, and for the railway to Revelstoke, from which point easterly coal from Canmore and other points is used. It was understood that, in the event of the labor and other troubles continuing, more Japanese coal would be bought. Apprehension is expressed by the Provincial press lest the singular spectacle be seen of a Province so rich in coal importing that article from Japan.

A Commercial Traveler's Yarn.

Early in the spring, when the weather was in its most changeable state, a Toronto firm sent out a commercial traveler. He wrote in to the firm on Monday night: "Raining all day. Impossible to get around, and no business." Tuesday he wrote in: "Cold, driving sleet to-day. Miserable weather, and nothing doing." On Wednesday he wrote: "Heavy snowstorm. Everything blocked up, and no use trying to get around." Then he got a wire from the firm: "Come on home. We can get our weather reports cheaper from the Observatory."

LOSS OF APPETITE

If your stomach is upset or in any way out of order—if food seems distasteful to you—if acidity, burning or fullness of the stomach prevents you from having an appetite—if you wish to eat and eat well—take, before each meal, a wine glassful of

VIN ST. MICHEL

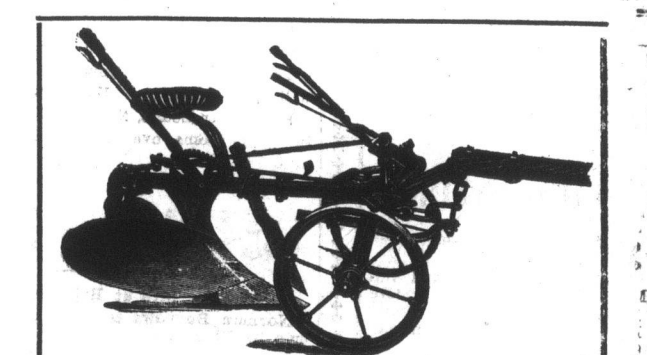
(ST. MICHAEL'S WINE.) It will create an appetite and restore to the palate that lost relishing taste for food. It will make the digestive organs act naturally and properly digest the food eaten, whether your stomach is in good order or not. No matter if you are young or old, sick or healthy

VIN ST. MICHEL MAKES YOU EAT.

Now is the time to purchase an easy riding, light draft Plow Over two hundred

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sold out of Chatham, by A. H. Patterson.



Guaranteed to pull as light as a walking plow. Guaranteed to do as good work as a walking plow, and Guaranteed to plow twice as much ground as a walking plow. They are going fast, and you had better secure one before they are all gone.

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PARRY SOUND DIVISION—A steamer leaves Penetanguishene at 2.30 p. m., daily Sunday excepted for Parry Sound and intermediate ports. Steamer leaves Parry Sound for Midland and Penetanguishene 6 a. m. daily.

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For passenger and freight rates, folders and further information apply to G. T. J. City Ticket Agent (Chatham), L. E. & D. R. Ry. City Ticket Agent (Chatham) or

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