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At this season of the year are filling the place of exhausted supplies of canned and fresh goods. To fill this vacancy we have in stock the following:—

New Peaches, per lb. 15c
New Nectarines, per lb. 25c
New Golden Apples, per lb. 15c
New Apples, per lb. 15c
Large Silver Prunes, per lb. 15c
Large Harvest Prunes, per lb. 15c
Small Harvest Prunes, per lb. 15c
Dried Apples, per lb. 15c
Finest Hollowed Dates, 3 lbs. for 25c
Crockery and China Department
Upstairs

J. A. Wilson

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While they last at special cut prices. Also a general line of staples, such as

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King, Cunningham & Drew

King Street. Chatham

The Chatham Loan & Savings Co.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1881.

CAPITAL \$1,000,000

Money to Lend on Mortgages

Persons and others wishing to borrow money on mortgages at low rates should apply personally, and more especially, and secure better advantages by dealing directly with this Company. Interest allowed on deposits of \$1 and upwards. Depositors saved from 5 to 5 years, interest paid ready.

SAVED BY A PHANTOM PILOT.

Weird Experience of the Ship Anderson on the North Pacific Coast.

George Carmack, a lad of gold on the mossy banks of Bonanza creek in the summer of 1896 started probably the biggest stampede of gold hunters in the history of the American continent. Every vessel afloat on the Pacific which could procure a certificate of seaworthiness was pressed into service in carrying the thousands of eager tenderfoot who left their homes in the east to seek fortune in the gravel banks of the Klondike. The Eliza Anderson, with her record of a quarter of a century of honorable service in man's needs on the north Pacific coast, was one of these. She had been wrecked more times than may be told in one short article. A pile had come through her hull in the harbor of Seattle years before, but her master, Captain Tom Wright, resur-



"I'LL PILOT YOU TO PLENTY OF COAL."

rected her and put her again in commission. Captain Tom, as he was known, had been for several years the chief owner of the Anderson. He was as good and true a man as ever lived in the opinion of those who knew him, and his life was almost wrapped up in the Anderson. Aug. 10, 1897, the Anderson sailed from Seattle with 120 men and women aboard, says The Post-Intelligencer, having in tow the schooner W. J. Bryant and the old Politoisky, once a gunboat owned by Russia, but which was taken in the sale of Alaska and which subsequently fell into the hands of a firm of shipping men on the sound.

The Anderson was old and feeble. She had been rehabilitated, however, and was pronounced staunch when she left here. She was a sidewheeler, one of the few remaining vessels of this type on the Pacific coast.

The Anderson's master on her last trip was Captain Thomas Powers, now gone to "the bourne from which no traveler returns." Captain Powers was a part owner in the venture. Big money was charged to passengers who sought to reach the Klondike by the water route. Two weeks after the ship left port she ran into one of the worst storms recorded off the Gulf of Alaska. The wind came with a velocity of 40 miles per hour from the south. The Anderson lay in the trough of the sea at the mercy of the elements. Her passengers were in extreme wretchedness. Many of them had never been at sea before. Each successive wave pounded the old sides of the steamer with terrible force and effectiveness. Still she rode the waves.

It rained in torrents, and the barometer fell rapidly. The storm grew in violence. The Bryant and the old Politoisky were lost in the blackness that lay astern, and the Anderson, free of her tows, ascended before the wind.

The leaking ship lay 250 miles from Dutch Harbor, the nearest port, and 40 miles from shore. Her master, with rare presence of mind, had suggested the shore line of Alaska all through the voyage. His men worked like heroes at their places in the fireproof. The coal ran short. The chief, after surveying the coal bins, determined that by scraping every piece from the bins and floors, even to the seams, enough could be obtained to last the schooner 40 miles.

He sent word to Captain Powers to this effect. A consultation of the officers was called in the captain's office. By this time the Anderson had moved away from the storm center and was headed to shore, where there was, as far as any one knew, no habitation of man.

As the consultation was in progress a seaman on the deck below sighted a black spot far off to the starboard. It looked like a pile afloat, or perhaps like a small boat. Some unexplained impulse led the man at the wheel to head the steamer to that black speck, which loomed up in spite of the darkness of the storm.

A moment later all on board could see that it was a man in a small skin canoe. What was he doing in that storm? 30 miles from land? How could his frail craft live in such weather?

Those were the questions in the minds of the passengers who hung over the starboard rail of the Eliza Anderson as she neared the dark object. Presently the canoe was alongside, and a weather-beaten figure clad in oilskins climbed aboard.

Sharp questioning brought out the fact that the man was of Swedish extraction. An air of mystery hung around him. He did not give his name. Told of the plight

of the steamer, he pointed toward the shore and said: "There is an old abandoned cannery over there, with coal in plenty under one of its sheds. You can have that fuel. I'll pilot you there." Then the man's lips closed. No more was got out of him. Blindly the captain of the Anderson followed his lead. The stranger stood on the forward deck of the steamer and pointed the way. Shore was sighted. Two miles from where the waves broke in a white line the stranger said he would leave and go his own way through a small pass to Bering sea. He was allowed to depart, and the Anderson made land.

Beneath the wrecked roof of an abandoned cannery the officers of the Anderson found 75 tons of good coal, preserved from the weather as if by the act of Providence. It was almost the weight in gold to the unfortunates on the Anderson. The old steamer's coal bins were piled high with the fuel, and she was headed toward Dutch Harbor. This port she made in safety, and 120 men, women and children breathed a prayer of thankfulness to their Creator.

The revenue officers came and surveyed the Eliza Anderson. They saw the gaping seams in her hull and ordered that she proceed no farther. There she lay, her anchors set in the soft sand of the harbor, until a couple of months later, when in a terrific gale from the southeast the Anderson was driven on the rocks, where she lies today.

Who was the man who led the Anderson to shore, where the fuel for her boilers lay, as if placed there by Providence? There is no record showing his name. No one who was on the Anderson then knows where he lived or what his calling was. He disappeared as the Anderson approached the shore as if he had dropped from the clouds and ascended again.

One old sailor who was on the Anderson believes the stranger was a spook. "It was Tom Wright's spirit," he said the other day. "The old man loved the Anderson as if she were his own child. He knew of her peril and came to guide her to a port of safety. I never heard that any one knew the name of the man in the canoe who told us of the coal on Thin point. Without that fuel we would have been dashed helpless on the rocks. God knows how many of us would have been left to tell the story! Captain Tom's spirit saved our danger. He knew and loved the Anderson, and that was how it happened that a stranger came out of the storm and brought us safely to land."

Boer Sharpshooters.

The work of the Boer sharpshooters in the present South African war is marvellous. The accompanying picture from



BOER SHARPshooters WATCHING A TRAIN. A London illustrated paper represents a party of Boers watching a train of cars in expectation of finding British soldiers.

Rather in the Way of a Puzzle. Some of my readers are, I know, much interested in anything in the way of a mathematical puzzle. Here is one which may amuse them:

Open a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines and less than the tenth word from the end of the line. Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by 5, then add 20, and then add the number of the line selected; then add 5, then multiply the sum by 10 and add the number of the word in the line. When this has been done, subtract 250, and the remainder in the unit column will indicate the number of the word, in the ten columns the number of the line and the remaining figures the number of the page.—Answers.

The Squire in Whittier's Slippers. One evening as I sat with Mr. Whittier before his Franklin stove he hospitably brought forward a pair of slippers and laughed as he pointed at the satirical device embroidered upon them. He said Gail Hamilton worked them for him when his wartime poems were being published. They represented a pair of beligerent American eagles armed with the thunderbolts of Jove, and they were done in the soberest Quaker drab—thunderbolts and all. "There seen," he said, "she is as sharp with her needle as with her pen."—Samuel E. Pickens in Ladies Home Journal.

DEAD MAN'S ISLAND.

NO MAN WHO SETTLES ON IT EVER SURVIVES.

A Long, Hoody History—Haunted by a Murdered Indian, It Bears Fruit Suggestive of Tragedy—The Sights and Sounds May Be Due to Lively Imagination.

At the mouth of Trinity river, between two narrow passes is a patch of ground known as Dead Man's Island. It is hardly more than ten acres in extent, low and swampy and almost inaccessible, but it is the home of more gruesome stories and strange vegetation than any other piece of ground of equal size in the whole State of Texas. During Mexican rule, and up to the time of the outbreak of the war for Texas independence, the island, and much of the land surrounding it, was owned by the Anahuac tribe of Indians. Dead Man's Island is said to have been the individual property of a chief of the tribe. He was murdered there when the Mexicans were driven from the old town of Anahuac, for treasures he had in his possession, supposed to have been left in his care by some of LaFitte's men.

From that day the island seems to have been a fatal place to all who have settled upon it. Some hunter or fisherman takes possession of it every year, thinking to break the fatal spell, but none so far has been known to escape with his life. Some die suddenly, without apparent cause; others disappear mysteriously, and are never heard of again. Some are murdered by unknown agencies; others take their own lives, or lose them by flood or fire, or are destroyed by lightning and the sudden coming of storms.

Boatmen passing the island at night report many strange sights and sounds. An Indian maiden and spectral canoe have been met by many, a mile or more from shore, and at times when their stancher crafts had all they could do to combat the storm and waves and live. Often, in sailing through West Pass, piercing cries, as if caused by mortal pain, reach the ears. At other times, usually on calm, starlit nights, the sounds of mirth and revelry fill the air. These things happen, and are heard and seen, when it is known that there is not a living soul on the island.

All this is ascribed to the curse of the murdered Indian chief. The scenes and sounds at night are certainly uncanny enough to come from such a source. But if the nights around Dead Man's Island are uncanny, the days upon it are no less so.

On the north side of the island is a fringe of short thorny bushes, the leaves of which, in the autumn, turn gleaming red, hang pendant, and resemble dripping drops of blood, so closely as to startle the beholder. The foliage is very scant, with only two or three leaves to the twig. On the top most twig hangs a large fruit, which at a distance appears to be blue, but which upon closer inspection proves to be a deep purple in color, and in shape resembles a human hand very closely. When touched with the hand it seems to shrink and quivers visibly, and feels cold and clammy. It is said that the juice of this fruit pressed out and prepared in a certain way, makes a very powerful intoxicant. The bushes, from the shape of their fruit probably, are known among the hunters as a death tree, in the vicinity of Indian heart, and grow nowhere except on the island.

Near the centre of the island is a small pond, around which grows a plant that resembles the banana in leafage. In the late autumn it bears a peculiar fruit. This fruit is shaped like a human hand, except that it has only three fingers and a thumb. The fingers and thumb show the joints of the knuckles very plainly, the tips are furnished with a hard substance for nails and the palm shows the lines that are seen in the human hand. The part of the fruit representing the hand and wrist is coppery in color, but the fingers are red as if bloody with murder. Some fishermen claim to have eaten of it, and say that it tastes like a half ripe plantain.

There is another shrub that grows on the island which is a strange mixture. No two leaves on it are alike in shape, size or color. It blooms profusely all the year round, but the flowers are of every variety imaginable, and no two of them smell the same, or bear the least resemblance to each other.

The sights and sounds at night may perhaps be due to old stories and lively imagination. But the fate that overtakes those that try to live on the island and the strange plants that grow there are facts which no man who has been there can dispute.

How Washington Tried a Guard.

"You can ride well, shoot straight, obey your superiors and never question a command!" asks Gen. Washington of a candidate for his Guards, in E. S. Brooke's excellent new story, "In Blue and White," from the press of the Lothrop Publishing company. Humphrey saluted. "That's what I try to do, General," he said.

"To saddle, sir! Catch me that boy!" Humphrey was in the saddle at once, galloping headlong down the green slope.

"That boy was a colored servant of man's age, and stature. Hearing a horse come thundering upon him, he flung his watering pail into the air with a yell and made for a clump of trees.

But that sort of chase had been one of Humphrey's amusements on his father's farm behind the Nyack hills. At a gallop he passed the flying darkey, turned, doubled and wheeled as the man tried to dodge. And finally he reined his horse suddenly still, and with one hand clutching the runner's collar-band, lifted the darkey from his feet, wheeled about and saluted the General.

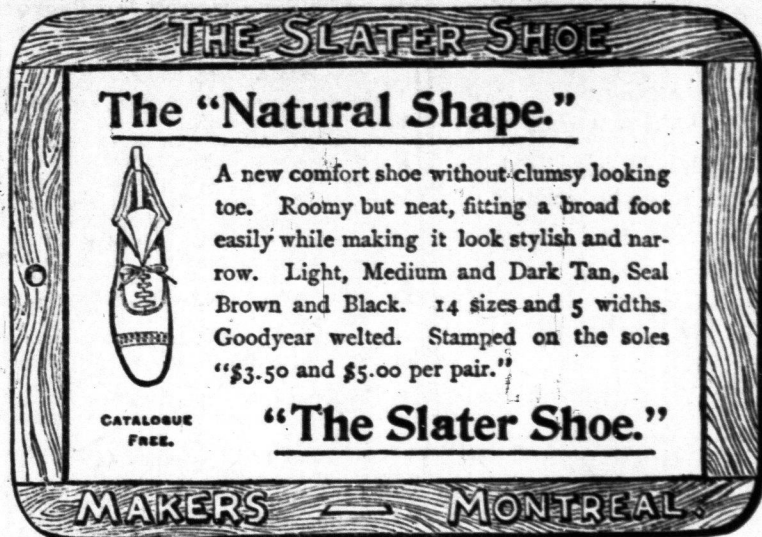
"Golly, massa!" exclaimed the captive. "I never was caught better by any gentleman in my life."

And Humphrey began to suspect that he had been put to a cut-and-dried test.

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A new comfort shoe without clumsy looking toe. Roomy but neat, fitting a broad foot easily while making it look stylish and narrow. Light, Medium and Dark Tan, Seal Brown and Black. 14 sizes and 5 widths. Goodyear welts. Stamped on the soles "\$3.50 and \$5.00 per pair."

"The Slater Shoe."

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If you have an use for a vehicle of any kind, or think that you have used your old rig long enough we invite you to call and inspect our large and assorted line of vehicles. We use nothing but the best material in the manufacture of our buggies and back them up with the strongest kind of a guarantee. Our prices are very reasonable considering the high quality of the work. Our terms of payment are easy. WE BUILD FARM WAGONS AND FARM TRUCKS.

WM. GRAY & SONS CO., Limited

JOKES OF GREAT JOKERS.

Tricks Played on Unsuspecting People by

Fun Loving Men. Hook forged 4,000 letters to 4,000 tradesmen and others requesting them to call on a certain day and hour at the house of a wealthy widow, Mrs. Tottenham, in Berners street, London, against whom he had conceived a grudge.

These people began to arrive soon after daybreak. The rush continued until nearly midnight. They came by fifties and hundreds.

There were 100 chimney sweeps, 100 bakers, 50 doctors, 50 dentists, 50 acrobats. There were priests to administer extreme unction and Methodist ministers to offer last prayers. There were 50 confectioners with wedding cakes, 50 undertakers with coffins, 50 fishmongers with baskets of cod and lobsters. They pushed, quarreled and fought, and the police were called out to prevent a riot. Finally among the holed ones came the governor of the Bank of England, the royal Duke of Gloucester and the lord mayor of London, each lured thither by some cunning pretext. A police investigation followed, but the perpetrator was not detected.

Flourace and Sothen once asked Captain Lee, Adelaide Nelson's English husband, to dinner at Gramercy Park hotel, where he was to meet Vanderbilt, Astor, Governor Seymour, Longfellow, Bryant and other noted Americans.

These gentlemen were for the occasion personated by Billy Travers, Larry Jerome, Neise Seymour, Dan Bryant and other choice spirits, who, after violent quarrels, drew pistols and bowie knives and filled the room with curses, shrieks and explosions. The Englishmen convinced that these were ordinary American manners, dived under the table, where he remained until dragged out amid the laughter of all present.

WHOM TO AVOID.

The old one—My boy, now that you are starting out, remember there are two kinds of women in the world to avoid—the married and the unmarried.

The young one—How about the widow, governor?

The old one—Don't try. It would be useless.

AN IDLE HOUR.

There are few things that will decide the true success and value of any man more than the way in which he regards his own personal hopes. The common feeling towards them is that they are something to be attained, either by our own exertions or by other means over which we have no control, but that their realization is the end. Then we come, without doubt, the enjoyment which has loomed up in the mind as the final triumph of the aspiration. To only a few comes the thought that the realization of a hope is the beginning of a new responsibility, and that the desire and effort to attain the former should be accompanied by an equal desire and effort to fulfill the latter.

Some persons put so slight a value upon their own self-respect and honesty that they will always agree with the last speaker, even at the expense of their own convictions. But such duplicity, whether cunningly assumed for a purpose or dropping into from a feebleness and poverty of character, is utterly opposed to the frank and fearless search for real union of sentiment. That is always honorable, always dignified, always loyal to its own individuality.

Men may be divided into two classes—who have "one thing" to do and those who have not—those with aim, and those without aim, in their lives. And practically it turns out that almost all the success, and therefore the greatest part of the happiness, go to the first class. The aim in life is what the backbone is in the body. Without it we are invertebrates—belong to some lower order of being, not man.

No man, or woman, was ever cured of love by discovering the falseness of his or her lover. The living together for three long, rainy days in the country has done more to dispel love than all the perfidies in love that have ever been committed.

He who walks through life with an even temper and a gentle patience, with himself, patient with others, patient with difficulties and crosses—he has an every day greatness beyond that which is won in battle or chanted to cathedrals.

He who cannot do as he would must do as he can.

A small fire that warms you is better than one that burns you.