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GRAND TRUNK SALLWAY clonist Excurions

One way tickets at low rates on sale un. I June 15th, 1903, to points in Montana, olorade, Utah, Washington, California, and British Columbia.

SERVICE TO 1 E EAST.

To Manitoba and Canadian North we Leave Arrive Arrive. Will leave Toronto eyery TUE-SDAY di Chatham. Toronto. Buffalo. New York ing March and April, 1903, if sufficies 32 a.m., 11.30 p.m., 13.05 p.m. 19.30 p.m. 13.30 p.m., 13.05 p.m.

Passengers travelling without It's 50 p.m. 13.25 a.m., 18.20 a.m., 14.33 a.m. 2 Daily. † Daily except Sunday. The Eastern Flyer at 5.08 p.m. has Cafe Parlor Car to Toronto; through Pullman sleeper to Montreal, and sleeper Toronto to Uttawa.

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The undersigned has opened out a Tinmithing and Plumbing Shop on 445 for nearly opp. the Rankin House ables, where he is prepared to do all tds of tinsmithing and plumbing. Further work on the shortest notice. Pstires cheerfully given.

CS. GORSELITZ, Fourth St

Frid's Liniment - Lumberman's

I suppose, said the long-faced visitor, that a thirst for whisky brought

you here?

Not much, replied the convict. This is the last place that I'd come to look

for whisky.

Ah! There was a woman in the Case, perhaps ?
Well, the Black Maria brought me here, sure enough.

Americans are known as a dyspeptic people. The extent of this disease may be inferred from the multitude of so-called "medicines" offered as a remedy. They are often in tablet form and have no value except as palliatives of the immediate effects of dyspepsia. The man who used them may feel better but is surely getting worse. They, do not touch the real cause of the disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a medicine specially prepared to cure diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It is not made to give temporary relief but to effect permanent cure. In ninety-eight

made to give temporary relief but to effect permanent cure. In ninety-eight cases out of every hundred it cures perfectly and permanently.

It has cost Dr. Pierce \$25,000 to give away in the last year the copies of his People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, which have been applied for. This book of 1008 pages is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing and customs. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Life is a mirror; if you frown at it, it frowns back; if you smile, it returns the greeting.

I was Cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. A. LAGUE.

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LEWIS S. BUTLER. Burin, Nfld.

An odor of perfume about a man is pt to check expressions of friend-

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish - but won't wash

sarily a sign of good fellowship.

A WARNING.

To feel tired after exertion is one thing; to feel tired before is another. Don't say the latter is laziness—it isn't; but it's a sign that the system lacks vitality, is running down, and needs the tonic effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It's a warning, too,—and sufferers should begin taking Hood's at once.
Buy a bottle to-day.

Be a man's vocation what it may, his rule should be to do his duties perfectly, and thus to make perpetual progress in his art.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

WABASH The Wabash Railroad

WILL SELL ROUND TRIP TICKETS TO

CALIFORNIA

at LESS THAN the FIRST-CLASS ONE WAY RATE. Tickets on sale May 3rd and May 12th to 18th inclusive, good to return until July 15th, 1903.

Tickets on sale via all direct routes. This will be the grandest oppertunity ever given to visit this golden land of sun-shine and flowers at a very low rate.

One way Colonist Rates at big reductions on sale daily until June 15th.

All tickets should read via Detroit and over the Great Wabash Route.

For information as to rates, routes and sleeping car berths address any ticket agent or

J. A. RICHARDSON, Dis. Pas. Agt., Toronto and St. Thomas

W. E. RISPIN, C. P. Agent, Chatham

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure When Herbert Moxon climbed out of the wagon in front of the farmhouse gate, he looked forward with all a city boy's delight to a whole month in

TWO

MIRANDAS

Dangerfield

the country.

That he had never seen his aunt or uncle before did not trouble him in the least. He had been brought up in a wholesome belief in the kindness of human nature in general and showed it so frankly that people invariably turned their best side toward this sunny faced lad of ten.

His uncle came hurrying down the box trimmed path to meet him. "I'm glad ter see ye, real glad," he declared warmly. "I'd 'a' come myself stead of sendin' Lucas, but I've had

the rheumatiz considerable lately." The boy paused a second at the doorstep to remark on the beauty of two full leaved and fruited apple trees which grew almost at the threshold, one on each side. But to his surprise his uncle scowled slightly and hurried him into the house.

Only the cheery voice of the fire welcomed nim. Herbert turned ques-tioningly to his uncle.

"Aunt? Is she well?" Jonas Alwyn showed a momentary confusion before the boy's clear glance. Then he said hastily:

"Well-oh, yes; but she ain't to home jest now-won't be fer several days." Time sped swiftly. There was so much to see and to do! True, his uncle's disposition varied from extreme cheeriness to fits of moody abstraction. He proved to be so skillful a cook that he filled his nephew with wonder

"I'll bet aunt's pancakes don't beat yours," he remarked one morning, his mouth full of light cakes and sirup making the compliment a trifle indistinct.

Jonas started, then pushed away his coffee as though something had affected his appetite. "They're a sight better," he said so

gloomily that Herbert laughed outright.
"I didn't think you'd be sensitive on the subject, uncle. When she comes, I'll tell her what you said. Have you

heard from her lately?" "Not to say lately." "Mother thought she was here when you wrote," went on Herbert.

His uncle rose excitedly. "Ye don't mean it," he declared ve hemently. "No: ye don't mean it, 'cause ye don't know nawthin' about it. But she ain't set foot in this house for eight year come next November."

Herbert rose, pale in his turn.
"I'm sorry," he faltered. "I never knew-mother doesn't know-that anything had-gone wrong."

"Everything's gone wrong," said his uncle miserably. Suddenly he clutched his nephew and hurried him to the door, then down in the pathway, where he faced him about before the two fruit trees.

"This one," said his uncle, waving his right hand much as if he were introducing a duchess, "is Miranda Sweet, and this one," a wave to the left and a frown, "is Miranda Sour."

Herbert smothered a desire to laugh. "Oh! Named after my aunt?"
"Jest so! Them two are seedlin's an' I planted 'em the spring she went away. It's mighty queer that they come true ter the names I give 'em! As ter her goin'—that wuz a misunderstandin'. She's got prop'ty of her own, about ez much ez I own, an' she's livin' on it ten miles away. I ain't" he choked a little—"I ain't seen her sence that spring mornin' when she an' me had it out in the kitchen. watched her bunnit go round the turn,

an'-an' I ain't heard a word of her ept what the neighbors let drop. "Since she's only ten miles away," said Herbert with all the straightfor ward confidence of youth, "I should go to her and tell her it was just a misunderstanding."

misunderstanding."

"That's jest what I can't do," returned his uncle with extreme moodiness. "Every time I start, an' I've started more'n onct, suthin pulls me back. I do b'lieve it's Miranda Sour."

"Miranda Sour?" "When she went away, I named "When she went away, I named them two seedlin's fer her Miranda Sweet," his voice faitered, "to 'mind me of how purty she looked the day she an' me stood up before the preacher. She was the pink cheekedest and softest eyed gal in the hull village

"I named that tree Miranda Sour," the old man went on doggedly, "to 'mind me how set an' contrary your aunt kin be when she's a inclination that a-way! That tree has got all of that a-way! That tree has got all of Miranda's aggravatinest ways—the very way them leaves firt at ye is jest perzactly like the fling Miranda could give them skirts of hern when she was swishin' past ye an' wouldn't listen to reason."

Herbert hit Miranda Sour a sharp blow with a stick. low with a stick.
"I wish a worm would gnaw you. I wish a hurricane would blow you down,"

"No sich luck," said Jonas in tones which expressed a certain mournful pride in his forecasting. "No sich luck. She'll keep on a-growin', Miranda an' me will keep on gittin' furder an' furder apart." Herbert looked round furtively, then

sidled up to his uncle.
"Cut her down," he whispered, one

do nawthin' of the kind! It's all yet aunt's fault that them trees is there,

aun's fault that them trees is there, an' there they kin stay fer me."
Preoccupied himself, Jonas never detected the purpose throbbing in Herbert's whole being nor even observed the guilty glance that his nephew stole of him when the have asked with asat him when the boy asked with as-sumed calm if he might go fishing in-

stead of accompanying Jonas to mill.

"Jest as ye like," said his uncle,
somewhat surprised. "Ain't no good fishin' round here, but I s'pose throw in' the line in the water'll satisfy ye." Herbert waited until his uncle had been gone a full half hour; then he flew round to the wood pile and seized the ax, his heart throbbing to suffoca-He hurried back to the front tion. yard, glancing right and left. There was no one in sight. He looked at Miranda Sour, the representative of "the ungodly." Yes, it was no fancy. Her leaves rustled an insolent chalenge. He sprang to her side and sunk

his ax deeply in her new smooth bark.

After that the blows fell fast and furiously. In less than fifteen min-utes she lay quivering and sighing at

the feet of Miranda Sweet. With desperate strength he dragged the fallen one round to the back yard, sometimes in cold terror over his deed. ometimes with the same exultation that Achilles felt in driving round the walls of Troy. The funeral pyre of Miranda Sour was no easy work, for the day was hot and the limbs full of sap, but at last nothing was left of her save a few blackened pieces not to be distinguished as parts of an apple tree. Then a tired but determined boy put old Dobbin in the ancient buggy and drove up the road at a rate that threatened an immediate smashup.

It was 6 o'clock when Jonas returned. He was dusty, tired and hun-gry. Then as he opened the gate he rubbed his eyes—it could only be a

But certainly the vision had warm arms. They clasped him round the neck, and a face still good to look on was upturned to his own, and the old, beloved voice cried out: "Kiss me, Jonas-right here, right

"Miranda!" he gasped, and then brokenly, "Thank God, oh, thank

"Yes, thank him," faltered Miranda, tears falling now. "And his instru-ment was that blessed boy! Oh, Jonas, he told me how you missed me an' how you kept that beautiful apple tree in front the door to remember me by!

Hot shame and fear flooded Jonas He glanced at the house and felt like rubbing his eyes again, for of Miranda Sour not even a stump was left, while in sweet and placid humility, comforted with many apples and tremulous with hints of years of happiness, Mi-randa Sweet shaded the doorway lovingly.

What Buddhism Aimed to Do. The Greeks were capable of much poetical pessimism. They saw the vanity of things as plainly as Gotama did, but they also saw the pleasure of pro-claiming this vanity in sonorous hexameters or musical elegiacs. To give everything up because you cannot enjoy everything forever would not have entered into their very sound brains and healthy nervous systems. Buddha knew this, knew that mankind was light minded, a child pursuing a bird. But in the slack and demoralizing climate of India he found countless disciples. Most of them perhaps cling to the Brahamic survivals in Buddhism, the gods, the fairy tales, more closely

than to the doctrine of renunciation.

It is a hospitable religion and has many nansions. But it did aim at doing away with the sacredness of caste, at proving all men to be equally hu man, equally capable, as far as social distinctions go, of moral excellence. In this view, where Buddhism most directly reacts against Brahminism, it has not been a success. The caste sys-tem in all its Indian minuteness has survived the Buddhist doctrine. "Buddha for the soul and the gods for the world," an old Cingalese saying, still exists in that popular superstition. Hu-man nature cannot be boxed up in a system.-London News.

The most remarkable manifestation of the great religious movement which of the great religious movement which swept over this country just before the war of 1812 was the physical and nerv-ous disorder known as "the jerks." The jerks took their name from the fact that the arms and legs would be thrown about apparently by a force beyond about apparently by a force beyond control of the individual. The disorder was epidemic in Tennessee. A slave owner, a man of great wealth and prominence and irreligious, called his slaves together one Sunday morning, when a camp meeting was in progress near by, and announced his deliberate intention of horsewhipping any one of their number who took the jerks. "It is all imagination," he said, "and I'll whip any one of you that takes it with-in an inch of his life." He went to camp meeting, and while conversing with a friend in the outskirts of the ground was told that one of his ne-groes had the jerks. Seizing his horsewhip, he hastened toward the spot and when half way was himself seized by

George Peabody.

George Peabody spent his money alike for England and America, and his seventy-five years of life gave him ample opportunity to give vent to his ample opportunity to give vent to me instincts of benevolence. Like Peter Cooper, he did not wait for death to come before he parted with his surplus fortune. Peabody was American born, and to his glory he declined the offer "Cut her down," he whispered, one eye on Miranda Sour to see if she overheard.
"Cut her down!" exclaimed Jonas angrily. "Cut down an apple tree ez cost me all that trouble! By gum, I'll that trouble! By gum, I'

WEALTH FOR YOU BECAUSE HEALTH FOR YOU.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

Only 50 cents for bottle and tube, and is worth—as much as your life is worth. Catarrh kills thousands through colds, bronchitis, pneu-monia and consumption, and Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cures all of them when other prescriptions have failed. It will relieve colds and catarrh and cure headache in ten minutes.

FRED H. HELB. JR., the well known distiller of Railroad, York Co., Pa., states:—"I have had catarrh of the head and stomach for two years in the worst form. I tried all the medicines I ever heard of, but without relief. I used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It cured me entirely, 1 am now a well man."

In thirty minutes Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will add strength to that organ. Feeding the body by a full supply of blood it fills life with the old time vigor.

TIMIDITY AND TALENT.

A Lack of Courage is the Death of a Great Deal of Ability.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all proba-bility have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is that to do anything in this world worth doing we must not stand shivering on the brink and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended scheme for a hundred and fifty years and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward. But at present a man waits and doubts and hesitates and consults his brother and his uncle and his first cousins and par-ticular friends till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no time left to follow their advice.—Sydney Smith on "Courage in the Use of Talent."

Danger In Nightmares. "I believe that dreams sometimes kill," said a prominent specialist on nervous diseases the other day. course I don't know that they are fatal, but I have every reason to think so. I had a woman patient whom I was treating for a number of complications, including a weak heart. She could not bear any excitement, and I often warned against exposing herself to sudden fright. She complained of having nightmare and said she often woke up in a state of terrible fright so weak that she could not call for help. One morning she was found dead in bed with an expression of abject terror on her face. I have no doubt that she died from fright produced by a night-

"Persons subject to nightmare who have weak hearts should avoid sleeping on the back. They should lie on the right side and have the right arm extended so they will wake up if they turn over. Most nightmares are the result of sleeping on the back or the left side, where the heart is so comaction."

Don't imagine that all your neighbors need reforming

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The great kidney pill is a sovereign specific for Rheumatism of every description, which is caused by an excess of uric acid and other prinary methods in the blood. urinary matters in the blood. All the varieties of this painful and dread disease have their origin in kidney disturbance. Get the kidneys to working well and the trouble is ended. This you can do by using

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