

## Suffered Intense Pain Around The Heart For Four Years.

Was Very Dizzy.

## Four Boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

Effected a Complete Cure.

They are a specific for all troubles arising from a weak condition of the heart or from the nervous system. For troubles such as Palpitation of the Heart, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Faint or Dizzy Spells, Shortness of Breath, Starting in the Sleep, Cold, Clammy Hands or Feet, Brain Fag, etc., we would strongly advise the early use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, as this remedy, taken in time, has been the means of saving many a life, and restoring strength to those who were weak, nervous, health-shattered invalids.

Mrs. E. Kilmer, Humberton, Ont., writes: "Allow me to tell you of the great results I have derived from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. For four years I suffered intense pain around the heart, and was very dizzy. After using four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I was completely cured."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50 cents per box, or 8 for \$1.25.

All dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price.

THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED,  
TORONTO, ONT.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

\$42.25

VANCOUVER  
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One way. Second-Class. From Chatham. On sale March 1st to May 15th. Time table and full information from any Canadian Pacific Agent or write C.B. Foster, D. P. A., Toronto, W. H. Harper, Chatham, Ont.

## WABASH

During the months of March, April and May, the Wabash will make sweeping reductions in one way rates from Canada to Texas, Old Mexico, California, Nevada, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Arizona, Utah, Washington and British Columbia. Also round trip tickets on sale daily at greatly reduced rates to the south and west. There is nothing more assuring to the traveler than his knowledge of the fact that he is travelling over the Wabash System, the great winter tourist route to the south and west.

For full particulars address—  
J. A. RICHARDSON,  
Dist. Pass. Agent, N.E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas.

W. E. RISPIN, C. P. A., Chatham  
J. C. PRITCHARD, Depot Agent.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Special One Way Excursions

FROM CHATHAM TO  
Billings, Mont., \$34.25;  
Colorado Springs, Denver, Colo., \$37; Helena, Butte, Mont., Ogden, Salt Lake City, Utah, \$37.75; Spokane, Roseland, B. C., Spokane, Wash., \$38.25; Portland, Ore., Seattle, Wash., Vancouver, Victoria, B. C., San Francisco, Cal., \$40.75. Proportionately low to other points. Tickets on sale from March 1st to May 15, 1905.

## SPECIAL SETTLERS' TRAINS TO NORTH-WEST.

Special train with Colonist Sleeper will leave TORONTO at 9 p.m. every TUESDAY during MARCH and APRIL for Manitoba and North-West. Passengers travelling without Live Stock should take the Pacific Express leaving Toronto at 1.45 p.m. For tickets and full information call on W. E. RISPIN, City Ticket Agent, 115 King Street, Chatham, or to J. C. PRITCHARD, Depot Ticket Agent.

The woman who has the reputation of being sweet tempered knows how to push along the delusion.

True dignity is never gained by place, and never lost when honors are withdrawn.

## ISLE OF LOVE

By  
CECILIA A.  
LOIZEAUX  
Copyright, 1904,  
by Cecilia A.  
Loizeaux.

Ned Cramer shoved the little canoe into the water and waited a moment, the tiny rope in his hand. While he waited he looked at Anne Prescott, who was standing on the very edge of the wharf reading a letter. Anne's dress was of curlicue blue linen, and the setting sun made her hair red gold. Finally Ned spoke, albeit the picture was rarely pretty and appealed to him.

"Ready, Anne?" he called.  
"All right!" said Anne, but she didn't move, and Ned waited some more patiently, for he knew he was soon to have his innings and was in no hurry to take the bat. But when he spoke the second time he said firmly:

"Come, Anne."  
Anne took the letter in two, threw it into the water and came to the little bark, where she settled herself Indian fashion on her knees in the business end of the canoe. She held it steadily while he stepped in and bestowed his long length of limb opposite; then she let the boat drift while she rolled up her certain blue sleeves. It was one of Anne's peculiarities that she always did the paddling herself. It was not merely that the attitude and motion were becoming to her, though she was aware of her good points, like most well balanced girls. It was simply that she preferred having the men at a disadvantage—at her mercy, as it were. They always looked awkward with nothing to do, and it seemed hard for them to keep up the conversation.

Ned Cramer was a little different. He always made himself supremely comfortable, and while he didn't look at her as much as most of the fellows did, his glance always put her on her mettle.

The quick strokes of her paddle sent them rapidly downstream. When they reached the first bend they passed the latter, which was skimming along the surface.

"We'll go down to the island and see how long it will take for the letter to get there," said Anne, and Ned assented lazily. He lit a cigarette and smoked awhile in silence. When he spoke his words were, as usual, to the point.

"When are you going to marry me, Anne?"

Anne, elaborately surprised, held her paddle in mid-air in a charming pose for a moment; then it dropped into the water with a splash.

"I have no present intention of marrying you at all," she said.  
"Then it's a good time to form an intention. I'll help you." He smiled persuasively. "Make it October. Fall weddings are so pretty, and that will give you two months to burn all your old love letters and make your good resolutions."

The blood rose under the tan on her cheeks, but her only answer was a vigorous and renewed paddling. Ned threw away the stub of his cigarette and felt in his hip pocket for his tobacco pouch. If he was nervous he did not show it.

"Shall we say October, then?" he queried, adding with a note of tenderness in his voice: "You have made me very happy, Anne. You will not regret."

"Well, of all the cool impudence I ever heard!" gasped Anne. "I wouldn't marry you if—I—She stopped, exasperated."

"If you didn't love me," he finished for her.

"I hate you!" she boomed. "This is six times you have made me make an assertion this summer. Love you! I act as if I loved you, do I? She stopped paddling and looked at him. Her eyes blazed, and he thought she hadn't looked so pretty since the last time she had refused him.

"No," he said; "you act as if you didn't, but I know you do." He looked serious. "Why, it stands to reason, Anne, that you love me or you wouldn't get so mad when I tell you about it."

"Ned Cramer," she blazed out, "if you ever try to make love to me again I'll—I'll make you sorry! Now, you either talk about something else or keep quiet."

She had evidently forgotten about her intention of reaching the island, for she put down her paddle and let the canoe drift idly along shore. It was growing dark, and a crescent moon was faintly shining in the east. Anne, looking attentively upstream, saw a white speck in the water and, taking her paddle, fished it out and deposited it, dripping, on his knee.

"It's the letter," he announced, touching it. Anne started.

"Give it to me," she demanded, holding out her hand.

"After I've read it," he said calmly.

"Ned Cramer, that's my letter, and you have no right to read it."

"On the contrary, it's mine since, firstly, you threw it away, and, secondly, I picked it up again and gave it to me to have and to hold."

Anne quaked, but she tried bravado. "Well, it's too dark to read it anyhow; besides, it's all soaked and bleared," she said.

"My excellent eyes are not the least of my many good points," said Ned, spreading it out carefully. Anne looked about for means of escape. She saw Ned lean out and snatch something out of the water.

"It's the other half," he beamed.

"Now, I'll read it to you." He patched the halves together, held them to his eyes a moment, laid them down again on his knee and glanced over at Anne. She looked relieved.

"I told you it was too dark," she said triumphantly.

"I have some matches," he answered, pulling out a little silver case.  
"Anne," he went on, "you know you love me."  
"I know that I hate you," she answered.

"Anne," he said, smiling at her, "I'm going to give you just one minute to tell me you love me, and, if you don't say it, then I'm going to prove it to you."

Anne's heart panted to say "Yes," but her stubborn will would not yield. She said weakly, "Ned, I—"

"Time!" called out Ned, and then he lit a match and leaned over the letter. Anne bent forward, her lips parted, her fingers twitching. The canoe rocked dangerously.

"Of course I love Ned," read the man slowly. "The letter," he interrupted himself, "seems to be from—some one to Clara Carlton. Of course I love Ned, but he is too sure of it, and I mean"—

He never finished the sentence, for in her attempt to snatch the letter Anne upset the canoe and landed Ned, herself and the letter in the muddy river.

When she regained her balance and thought of Ned she discovered him turning the canoe right side up and paying no attention at all to her. Her first thought was that it was fortunate he had caught hold of the boat. Then she gasped in amazement, for he had let it go, and it was floating down stream.

"Ned Cramer, are you crazy?" she screamed. "Catch it!"

"I'll take you to the island first," he answered and waded through the shallow water to the bald, sandy spot they called an island. It happened that when he set her down her feet touched something hard, but which moved nevertheless.

"Ned," she screamed, "it's a turtle!"

Ned had started away, and he called over his shoulder:

"They won't bite if you don't scare them or the snakes either."

Snake! She held her dripping skirts tightly around her and stood, a pathetic but nevertheless a funny figure. She was too frightened to move when she saw the great turtle she had stepped on come straight toward her, craning its head, mawy head from side to side. The tears rolled unheeded down her face and mingled with the water that dripped from her strings, wet hair.

She sobbed helplessly and with horrified eyes was still watching the turtle, which had stopped in his tracks and was leaning at her, when she heard Ned's voice. Never had anything sounded so good to her ears.

"Do you love me, Anne?"

How one will suffer for pride's sake! She turned her face toward him, unmindful of tears:

"I hate you!" she sobbed.

"All right," he called cheerfully; "I'll just paddle around a little, and when you're ready you call, and I'll come. As I said before, the snakes won't be apt to bite unless you should happen to step on them or something."

He turned the canoe and took a dozen strokes, feeling like a beastly cat every time the paddle touched the water. Then a voice, wild and desperate with fear, shrieked:

"Ned, come back!"

"Coming," he called. "Wait, Anne."

But Anne, terrified beyond endurance by the advancing turtle, ran into the water, and he pulled her, a dripping, sobbing, disheveled figure, into the shelter of the canoe and his arms.

"You'll never regret it, Anne," he said softly.

"But you will," she sobbed. "I'll—I'll lead you an awful life!"

Leaving it to the Postman.

Some queer things are done by thoughtless persons who try by descriptions to supply the lack of a definite address for their letters.

One such letter was directed: "To my sister Jean, up the Canongate, down a close, Edinburgh. She has a wooden leg." Jean safely received her brother's communication.

Another queer letter provided no difficulty at all for the postman. It was superscribed, "This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds two babies, 30 Sheriff street, off Prince Edward street, Liverpool."

Another was addressed, "This is for her that makes dresses for ladies that live at tother side of rode to James Brookfield, Edensover, Chesterfield." This, too, was delivered.

The following specimen, however, proved too much for the mail carrier. It could not be delivered: "E. R., a cook as lived temporary with a Mrs. L., or some such name, a shoemaker in Castle street, about No. 20, Eoborn, in 1851."

"She is a Welsh person, about five feet and stoutish, lives in service some where in London or naboured London," was the superscription of a letter that recently passed through the general postoffice. To pick that short and stoutish Welsh person out of some 7,000,000 people was a task at which the officials threw up their hands. The message had to go to the dead letter office.—London Weekly.

Her Comprehensive Glimpse.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were passengers in an elevated train.

It whizzed past a house that was brilliantly lighted.

"I wonder what was going on there?" ejaculated Mr. Ferguson.

"It was a wedding," replied his wife. "Didn't you see them standing before the preacher? He was in a white gown. The groom was in full evening suit. The bride wore a robe of chiffon cloth, with bertha and yoke of duchesse lace on the bodice and lace flounce on the skirt. She had a full length tulle veil and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Where were your eyes?"

Mr. Ferguson, realizing his utter worthlessness, resumed the reading of his paper and said nothing.—Chicago Tribune.

## ARISTOCRATIC BLOOD.

Is Noble Blood Better than Common Blood?

BY DOCTOR VALENTINE.

It is often said that he has aristocratic blood in his veins which lifts him above the common herd and every one is impressed. However, a long line of aristocratic ancestors is not worth a pint of good blood.

A healthy father and mother, or a long line of healthy ancestors is much better than noble blood.

In active, healthy circulation, what is the best way to set about putting it into shape?

Certainly we should not turn to some blood medicine or tonic which contains a great deal of alcohol, inasmuch as alcohol shrinks up the red blood corpuscles. In order to put the blood in the best condition we must eliminate the bacteria from the body in the best way possible.

The kidneys and liver play an important part in this and must be urged to the utmost action to do this. The only medicine we know of to do this in the best way and at the same time put the stomach in a healthy condition so that the digestive tract will take from the food what is needed to feed the blood, is an old remedy and a good one—it is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It contains no alcohol and offers a reasonable and scientific method of treating the stomach and blood—and helps to keep the balance of health.

Character Our Greatest Asset.

Earl Grey's reply to the Ottawa Civic address presented to him on his arrival in the Capital was of a high order.

"It will I am certain," he said, "be a source of the greatest satisfaction to our Sovereign to know that his French Canadian subjects, who are in the Dominion are in hearty co-operation in working out together the magnificent destiny which awaits this country, and in making available for the uses of mankind the immense resources with which this country has been endowed by a bountiful Providence."

"But there is one asset which you possess even more important than those of area, riches, mystery, scenery, and climate—namely, that which is represented by your national character. If you do not jealously guard the sacred fire of that asset, the others to which I have referred will be as dust and as the crumbling clay. If, on the other hand, you keep, as your address informs me you will keep, the character of your people high, strenuous, virile, imaginative, heroic, and Imperial, no one can venture to set a limit to the degree of the influence which will be exercised on the future of mankind by the great Canadian nation, composed as it is of all that is best in England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, and privileged as it is to be a factor, and a factor of ever increasing importance, in that British Empire, representing already over 400,000,000 beings, which is the greatest and most beneficent organization that has ever attempted to be the instrument of God on this earth."

"There is no reason, gentlemen, why the sons of Canada, if they are worthy of their fathers, and of the country to which they belong, there is no reason why they should not in the lifetime of your children, by reason of their numbers and their character, exercise an all-powerful, and in time to come perhaps a controlling, influence on the development of the majesty and destiny of the Empire whose standard is righteousness, and whose path is duty."

A SMALL CHILD'S SWEATER.

An Attractive and Useful Little Garment Very Easily Knitted.

This neat little sweater is easily knitted, as may be seen by the following instructions given in the Delnetter. The materials required are four skeins Saxony worsted and No. 12 knitting needles.

Cast on 84 stitches, k. 13 inches in Brio st. (k. 2, p. 2), bind off 18 st.

SWATERS FOR A TWO-YEAR-OLD CHILD.

On each side for shoulder; knit 4 1/2 inches, one plain and one p. in alternate colors to form a collar.

Sew up 9 inches, leaving the balance for the sleeve.

Sleeve—Cast on 50 st., knit 7 1/2 inches Brio st., k. one plain, one p., 4 1/2 inches in alternate colors to match collar, bind off, sew up and sew into sweater.

Clipped Feather Sets.

Clipped feather sets, consisting of a muff and stole, are considered the favorite day and evening accessories to dress among the young contingent.

Pure white sets rival in becomingness the finest of ermine. The downy softness of the feathers gives to the complexion of youth an especial radiance and tones down the color in the cheeks to a rose like tenderness that is incomparable.—Vogue.

Window Washing.

Do not wash windows when the sun is shining on them, as they will look cloudy and streaky from drying before they are well polished. The glass and each should be first dusted, and the window washed on the inside with water and a little ammonia. Alcohol is excellent for washing windows, only a small quantity is required, and wood alcohol is good for this purpose.

FOR SALE

If you want to buy a good house and lot call upon Smith & Smith, as they have several good houses for sale from \$550 up. They also have private and company funds to loan on farm and city property at lowest rate of interest.

SMITH & SMITH.

## FASHION'S MEDLEY.

Piquant Touches in the Toilet—The New "Whole Gown."

At one time it was thought not indelicate—even the word has gone out of fashion—to appear anywhere without gloves, but now, especially in the evening, lots of people forego them altogether and wear the most lovely rings. Perhaps it is on this account that you so often see the dainty little muffs—mere airy nothings of chiffon, velvet or fur—accompanying beautiful evening cloaks.

The desirability of sham vest fronts, following in close similitude those of white plique affected by the other sex as a relief to too great severity of costume, remains solely a matter of taste, for, as a matter of fact, their vogue is a pronounced one. They are built, too, in every imaginable one of all those materials that nowadays masquerade under the name of linen as well as in brocades and all sorts of silks and chiffon velvets.

Three admirably suggestive little models are included in the accompanying group, the uppermost following very closely the shape stamped by traditional approval, while the others meet more modern requirements and suggest possibilities for original developments of the idea. Included with these is a fanciful neck piece that combines a long, jabot-like arrangement of ribbon bows with a lace stock.

The "dressmaker's frock" represents fashion's latest mood, and the practical delights of the "whole gown," the gown of one color and material, are once more permissible. Any woman who so desires can again have the satisfaction of feeling herself an entirety in a single harmonious garment rather than a composition clothed upon with shreds and patches of this and that.

The blouse, of course, has its devotees, and the trim whole confection may be slow in attracting the great mass of fashion's crowd, but so much the better for the select contingent with whom 'tis now the thing of chic.

J. VERNON-WALKER.

LONG CRAVAT AND SHAM VESTS.

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## Want to try an experiment?

Then take any one of the hundreds of new medicines on the market.

They come, they go, and are soon forgotten.

Or want to be cured?

Then take a medicine that has been tested and tried, generation after generation. A medicine that has been a household remedy for sixty years. Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Intelligent, thoughtful people are relying more and more upon this old standard preparation.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR—For the hair. AYER'S PILLS—For constipation. AYER'S GOUT CURE—For rheumatism and gout.

AYER'S BATH VIGOR—For the hair. AYER'S PILLS—For constipation. AYER'S GOUT CURE—For rheumatism and gout.

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