

VETERINARY SURGEON.

DR. DECOUW is prepared, as usual, to furnish first-class orchestras for concert and other entertainments at reasonable rates, any number of pieces furnished, also violin and cornet soloists. Pupils taken on violin, and all orchestral and band instruments. Studio, Centre St.

MEDICAL.

DR. J. P. SIVEWRIGHT.
Office, Opposite Grand Opera House,
URQUHART BLOCK
(Upstairs) Phone 235

DR. E. O. MILLAY

OSTEOPATHIST
At the Garner House, Chatham, Tues.
and Sat. Afternoons and Evenings.
232 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Phone Main 4997

LODGES

PARTHENON LODGE, No. 267, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets first Wednesday of every month in Masonic Temple, King Street. Visiting brethren always welcome.
J. M. PIKE, W.M.
J. W. FLEWIS, Sec'y

WELLINGTON LODGE, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month in the Masonic Hall, Scene Block, King St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.
GEO. MUSSON, W.M.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y

LEGAL

S. B. ARNOLD—Barrister etc., Chatham, Ont. Money to loan at lowest rates on easy terms.
HOUSTON & STONE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite H. Malcolms's store. M. Houston, Fred Stone.

SMITH, HERBERT D.—Counsellor Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham.

THOMAS SCULLARD—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block Chatham, Ont.

WILSON, PIKE & CO.—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on Mortgages at lowest rates. Office, Fifth Street. Matthew Wilson K.C., J. M. Pike.

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN—Company and Private Funds, Farm and City Property for Sale. W. F. Smith, Barrister.

Money to Lend

On Hand Mortgage, on Chattel Mortgage, or on Note.
LOWEST RATE. EASY TERMS.
May Pay Off Part or All at Times to Suit Borrower.
J. W. WHITE, Barrister,
Opposite Grand Opera House, Chatham.

MONEY TO LOAN

ON MORTGAGES
Lowest Rate of Interest.
Liberal Terms and privileges to suit borrowers. Apply to
Lewis & Richards
CHATHAM

S. F. GARDINERS'

Financial and Insurance Agency,
PIKE INSURANCE SOLICITED.
\$100,000 City Lots and Two Good Farms for Sale.
\$100,000 to lend on Mortgages of Farm and City Properties at Lowest Rates.
\$30,000 Debentures for Sale—interest half yearly at 4 and 5 per cent.
30 Shares Reliance Loan and Savings Co. Stock for Sale.
Fire Insurance Risks taken in the Law Union and Crown Insurance Co. of London England. Assets exceed \$20,000,000.
15 Desirable Houses and Lots for Sale.
5 or More Houses to Rent.
Office: King Street (upstairs) opposite K. H. Hance Loan Building.

Atlas Cement

Is the Best

Large assortment of Sewer Pipes at closest prices.

John H. Oldershaw

Thames St. Near Idwell's Hotel

TOMLINSON & TUMMON

Slate and Gravel Roofs
Slate Blackboards
REPAIRING SPECIALLY
ATTENDED TO.

Estimates Promptly Furnished.
OLD ROOFS RELAID.
Office: Inches Ave., Chatham, Ont.
Phone 285.

Tomlinson & Tummon

FOR SALE

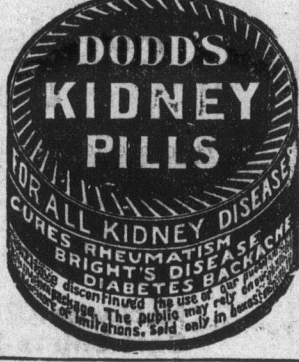
100 acre farm in Harwich, good buildings. Price \$6,000. About two miles from city.
Good Home on Lorne Ave., on Lot 41150, modern conveniences, price \$1150.
Possession Given Immediately

SMITH & SMITH

Real Estate and Fire Insurance Agents, Chatham.

Men shoot and women strike pins into each other.

Minard's Liniment—Lumberman's Friend.



MAXIM'S LATEST DEVICE.

New Safety Detonating Fuse Invented After Ten Years' Experimenting.
New York, March 23.—Hudson Maxim, inventor of high explosives, made the dinner tendered by the Canadian Club last night to Sir Percy Sanderson, the retiring British consul-general at this port, the occasion of the first announcement about a new safety detonating fuse which he has invented after ten years' of experimenting.

He declared such a device has been the aim of inventors for years. By means of it, he said, it is at last possible to send an armor-piercing shell through armor and cause it to explode at exactly the distance behind the armor desired by the gunner. It will not matter whether the armor is one-inch or 12 inches in thickness, the inventor asserted.

ONE OF THE SADDEST STORIES.

First it was a cold, neglected, of course, and catarrh developed. Nothing was done and consumption followed. Watch the little cold, keep it from growing by using Catarrhoxone. Nothing simpler than inhaling the germ-killing vapor of this grand remedy. Colds and catarrh flee as before fire. Every trace of throat and bronchial trouble yields immediately. Catarrhoxone is scientific and absolutely guaranteed for preventing and curing catarrh and kindred ills. Two sizes, 25c. and \$1 at all dealers.

Perished in the Storm.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., March 22.—This morning Oliver Mason, a prominent farmer and horse-dealer, aged fifty-two, of Hopetown, near Charlottetown, was found dead in a field near his home. He perished in a field near his home. He left Charlottetown in the evening, and after crossing Hillsboro River it is presumed his horse ran away. This morning the animal was found near Hillsboro Bridge.

BE A STRONG MAN.

Increase your vitality and nerve energy, restore vim and force to the overworked body. Ferrozone will do this for you as it did for Mr. Walter Wood of Beaupre, N. B., who says, "I can say Ferrozone has given me a new lease of life. A year ago I suffered so from nervous exhaustion I was scarcely able to drag myself around. My appetite was gone, I had no color or ambition and felt utterly worn out. One day I took a number of boxes and my health was completely restored." For men who are tired, pale, nervous and thin-blooded nothing compares with Ferrozone. 50c. per box, at all dealers.

Four Killed by Dynamite.

Helena, Mont., March 23.—Four men were blown to atoms Thursday night in a Northern Pacific tunnel near Lombar, as a result of a careless workman tamping a hole with a steel instrument. The names of the dead were unobtainable.

READ AND YOU WILL LEARN

That the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice endorse and recommend, in the strongest terms, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or indigestion, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long-standing cases of catarrhal affections and their results, as bronchitis, throat and lung diseases—except consumption—accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherrybark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Mandrake root, Stone root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Professor Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M.D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M.D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M.D., of Hahnemann Med. College, and scores of others eminent in their several schools of practice.

We do too much talking and too little living.

Marion Bridge, C. B., May 30, '02. I have handled MINARD'S LINIMENT during the past year. It is always the first Liniment asked for here, and unquestionably the best seller of all the different kinds of Liniment I handle.

NEIL FERGUSON.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff

HER DAY OF FREEDOM.

By ROSALIE DAVIS.

Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Grace Crimer received the news of her aunt's trifling illness with outward manifestations of regret and sympathy, but an inward feeling of excitement which she realized was, to say the least, ungrateful. Aunt Felice had been a patient, untiring, uncomplaining chaperon for one long week.

"Tell Mrs. Crimer I hope she will be feeling very much better when I come back from a drive. Is there anything I could bring her—violets or perhaps roses?"

"Madam cannot endure perfume of any sort when she has one of these attacks, but I shall tell her of your kind thoughtfulness," said the precise, black-gowned maid, who had been in Mrs. Crimer's service for fifteen years.

Well trained and capable was this maid, but it never dawned upon her that she should personally see that Mrs. Crimer's order for the carriage was executed. Certainly this sturdy young woman from the west, only daughter of Mrs. Crimer's only brother, looked as if she were quite capable of giving her own orders.

And so it happened that the butler, not without some misgivings, held open the big walnut and bronze door for Grace to pass out half an hour later and watched her walk briskly down the avenue.

At Thirty-fourth street she paused uncertainly. There were several points of interest she really wanted to see before returning home—the statue of Liberty, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Grant's tomb. Of course New Yorkers were always bored with such things, but Grace was from the west and frankly interested in sightseeing. And such a morning as it was for sightseeing!

In front of the Waldorf-Astoria stood a line of hansoms. With deliberate steps and keen glances she turned her feet in their direction. The cabbies looked at her expectantly—sharp featured English drivers, heavy-jawed and red-eyed Irish drivers, a couple who looked as if they had sprung from the ghetto and one who caught and held her glance, smooth and boyish of face, smart and well-groomed of coat and hat. She stopped and looked up into his face, shielding her eyes with her long fat purse.

"How much?"

"Where, miss?" said the driver courteously.

"Oh, I don't know just where—by the hour, I guess."

"One-fifty for the first hour, a dollar an hour after that."

"All right. And first we'll go to the museum in the park."

He touched the front of his hat with his gloved fingers, and some rude young men lounging near the carriage started. Perhaps he had better not. Then she glanced up at the young man on the box.

His gloved fingers were still against his hat, the doors were invitingly open, and though his face was quite grave, his eyes danced in his own joy in being free from surveillance for a whole day.

She sprang into the hansom, and the doors clattered shut.

"How silly to be afraid!" she murmured. "Why, at home I go everywhere alone—and he is such a nice looking Irish boy."

"The nice looking Irish boy," gathering up his reins, turned his eyes on the group of rude laughing youths near the starter's booth, and in that look was a curious mingling of triumph and reproach.

They bowled through the park and drew up with a flourish in front of the museum. Grace sprang out.

"Oh, it is so much larger than I expected," she said, turning to the driver in frank surprise, not untinged with appeal. "I had no idea there was so much of it. You don't suppose I can begin to see it in half an hour or even an hour?"

The young man leaned respectfully from the box.

"Indeed you can't, miss. I've been here nearly every Sunday for the past three months, and I don't feel as if I'd seen the half of it yet."

"Oh, then you don't work on Sundays?"

"The cabbies fished."

"After 6, miss. There's not much doing here on Sundays till dinner time."

"Do they have guides?" she said, waving her hand toward the museum.

"No, miss. But you can buy a catalogue."

"And spend all my time trying to figure out the catalogue. Goodness, everything is so big in New York! It appeals me." She took a step forward, then turned.

"I don't suppose—would you mind—if you could get some one to hold the horse—could you take me through? It would save so much time if you know the building, and then maybe I could see Grant's tomb too."

The young Irishman swung around on the box. Yes; there, a few rods away, was a policeman. He drove toward the officer, held a whispered conversation and in a few moments returned on foot, leaving the horse in the care of a bright looking boy, with the sympathetic policeman in higher authority.

"You'll want to see the Vanderbilt loan collection, a few of the biggest and finest pictures and the Morgan jewels," he said. But they saw much

more, and it was fully an hour and a half before they emerged from the museum.

"Isn't hard to see that you have spent your Sunday afternoons to good advantage," said the girl without a touch of patronage, and the young man looked at her gratefully.

"Once I thought I'd like to be a painter, but now—"

He signaled to the lad, who led up the horse.

"Ah," thought the girl as the doors closed in upon her, "probably has a poor mother and some little brothers and sisters to support."

At Grant's tomb he found another obliging youth to hold the horse, and he pointed out to her all the interesting features of the battle scarred relics in the crypt. He drove her out past Claremont and the viaduct, then lifted the window above her head and asked:

"Where next, miss?"

"Home, and I suppose you had better hurry. It is past lunchtime now. Fifth Avenue."

The tiny window fell with a sharp click. The young man sat on the box so surprised that the girl in the hansom wondered why he had not obeyed her order to hurry. Then with a clatter they dashed down the drive.

"Three hours—that's three-fifty." She handed him a five dollar bill. "And please keep the rest for yourself. I've had such a beautiful time, and you showed me so much more than our own coachman could have done."

The young Irishman bent low to hand her some change.

"Beg pardon, miss, but I belong to an association, and members are not allowed to take more than a quarter for a tip. Now, if you happened to have a silver quarter, particularly a nice shiny quarter, I'd—"

Grace fingered the change in her long blue purse and triumphantly drew out a brand new quarter which glistened in the clear winter sunshine.

"I don't suppose I could have your hansom tomorrow if I?"

"I'm sorry, miss, but I don't know where I will be sent tomorrow. You see, we're posted at different points different days."

"Well, he is the most human thing I've met in this frosty old town," said the pretty westerner to herself as she touched the electric button.

The Ernest cottion was at its height. Mrs. Crimer, quite recovered from the illness, watched in radiant triumph the success her husband's niece was scoring.

"Brimming over with personality, don't you know," murmured an old maid, nodding over Mrs. Crimer's shoulder at the lovely girl in her dancing frock of silver gauze. "Actually enjoying herself, isn't she?"

Just then to a rattling twostep half a dozen young men pranced into the room, clad in coaching coats and hats made of paper and carrying long whips, which they snapped as they circled round the great room.

"The horse show figure—how clever!" murmured Mrs. Crimer. "And I hear the favors are exquisite silver brooches and buckles pinned on blue ribbons."

Just then one of the dancers paused before her niece and raised his high paper hat. He was a smooth-faced chap, with blue eyes that twinkled merrily into the astonished face of the girl.

"Why, I thought you were!"

"I was for one day," he said as he led the dazed girl into the mazes of the dance. "An election bet I had to stick of time."

"And you said that you wanted to be a painter?"

"So I did," he maintained stoutly. "You'll at least admit I know something about art."

She nodded her head, but flung him a reproachful glance.

"Well, my father decided that I ought to help him build railroads instead; that's all."

"If you can drive spikes as straight as you drive a hansom?"

"It was rather a jolly morning, eh?" he said, with a chuckle. "My, but the boys were sore! They hoped I'd get some old girl on shopping bent, who would keep me outside the shops, where I'd meet everybody I knew, but you rescued me in that park drive."

He was handing her the dainty silver favor, and then he thrust his fingers into his vest pocket and drew out a quarter.

"That's a little the best favor that ever came my way. I am going to keep it!"

"Will you have another fare?" He turned grave.

"As long as I live."

"I am going home tomorrow," she remarked irrelevantly.

"How odd! And I am going to Denver on business. Great luck, and I guess we've proved that we don't require a chaperon."

Bermuda the Onionless.

If you just go to Bermuda for the onions, you had better stay at home, because all the onions are exported.

But if you can make up your mind to do without onions you will have a splendid time. In the first place, there are no railroads and—oh, blessed thought!—no trolleys on the islands.

You can forget the hurry and the fret and rest tired nerves. You can bathe; you can sail on the wonderfully clear, still water within the rampart of coral; you can fish and look through water glasses thirty feet down on the teaming life under sea. The Bermuda boats are rigged with something which is almost a balloon jib and a leg-o'-mutton, or jib headed mainsail, and they are of deep draft. But they work pretty handsomely and will stand up and sail fast in rough water, so that you can take them out beyond the protected water without fear.—Travel Magazine.

CATARRH

To prove unquestionably, and beyond any doubt, that Catarrh of the nose and throat can be cured, I am furnishing patients through druggists, small free Trial Boxes of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure. I do this because I am so certain, that Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure will bring actual substantial relief. Nothing certain, is so convincing as a physical test of any article of real, genuine merit. But this article must possess true merit, else the test will condemn, rather than advance it. Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure is a snow white, healing antiseptic balm, put up in beautiful nickel capped glass jars at 50c. Such soothing agents as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., are incorporated into a creamy, cream like preparation, imported by Dr. Shoop from Europe. If Catarrh of the nose and throat has extended to the stomach, then by all means also use internally, Dr. Shoop's Restorative Stomach Dilectra, a lack of general strength, bloating, belching, biliousness, bad taste, etc. surely call for Dr. Shoop's Restorative. For uncomplicated catarrh only of the nose and throat nothing else, however, need be used but

Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure

C. H. GUNN & CO.

FAST TRAIN DERAILED.

No One Injured—Track Was Tampered With.

Pittsburg, March 23.—Train No. 23, the Chicago Limited from New York for Chicago, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, while going about thirty-five miles an hour, was wrecked yesterday at Stewart, Pa., about seventeen miles east of here. The engine and the first five cars were derailed, but not one was hurt, and the passengers were transferred to the three-wheel cars and brought to this city, where another train was made up, and they continued their journey. It is said that evidence leading the officials to believe that the track had been tampered with was found at the scene of the wreck.

DON'T USE GREASY LINIMENTS.

A century ago they were popular. To-day people want something easy to apply, certain in results, and, above all, a clean liniment. When Nervine is applied aches and pains disappear, as the pores absorb its soothing, healing properties. Nervine penetrates to the core of the pain, eases instantly, and leaves no oily, bad smelling memory behind. Good to take in, capital to rub on, and five times more powerful in destroying pain than any oily liniment. Don't fail to get a large 25c. bottle.

Transvaal Bars Asiatics.

Pretoria, Transvaal, March 23.—The Upper house of Parliament yesterday passed the "Asiatic Ordinance," providing for the exclusion of the Japanese and other Asiatics, who are immigrating to South Africa in increasing numbers.

Caught in Shafting; Killed.

Welland, March 23.—Charles Spellman of Tiffinville, Pa., a traveler for the Canada Forge Works, here, was caught in the shafting and fatally injured, dying about noon yesterday.

"Preventics" will promptly check a cold or the Grippe when taken early or at the "snagging stage." Preventics cure seated colds as well. Preventics are little candy cold cure tablets, and Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., will gladly mail you samples and a book on Colds free, if you will write him. The samples prove their merit. Check early Colds with Preventics and stop Pneumonia.

Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

A New London Hospital.

There is probably no costlier operating-room in the world than that of the hospital opened in London on Nov. 19. The room is made of marble, so as to prevent any accumulation of dust. It has a tessellated floor of Terrazo marble, and the walls are lined with Sicilian marble. Electric heating makes it possible to obtain any desired temperature, and noiseless fans provide ventilation. That the patient may not be frightened by the instruments used in the operation and the presence of so many physicians and medical students, there is an ante-room to the operation hall, where the patient is put under the anaesthetic.

For Catarrh, let me send you free, just to prove merit, a Trial Size Box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. It is a snow white, creamy, healing antiseptic balm that gives instant relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars, 50 cents.

Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

It doesn't require much practice to acquire the act of being lazy.

Great investment, absolutely safe, brings returns, giving surplus earnings, large cows have more vitality than small ones, which helps them to make good use of food. Whether large or small, a cow to be profitable must be healthy.—Farm Press.

You'd better paddle your own canoe. For that's what you'll have to do. For when you are in hard luck. And want to borrow a "Saw-buck."

All you'll get is sym-pa-thee, Unless you take Rocky Mountain Tea.

He that runs out by extravagance must retrieve by parsimony.

Minard's Liniment—Lumberman's Friend.

The faith is dead that knows no change.

DIED IN HARNESS.

Lieutenant-Governor Snowball's Useful and Honorable Career.

Hon. Jabez Bunting Snowball, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick who dropped dead last week in Fredericton while on his way to attend a meeting in the Cathedral, had had a long and useful career in Canada. He had not been very well for more than a year, but was able to attend his public duties. He opened the session of the Legislature on February 14, and had since been daily at his office in the Parliament Buildings.

On February 5 last Hon. J. B. Snowball completed his five-year term as Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, but was still in the office when death came. He was born in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, in 1837, his father being Rev. John Snowball, a divine of the Methodist Church, after graduating at Mount Allison Academy at Sackville, N. B., young Snowball took



LATE HON. JABEZ BUNTING SNOWBALL.

up his residence at Chatham, and entered into partnership with John McDougall in a general store. Later he became interested in the fishing industry, and the company, of which he was later president, now controls lobster factories along the whole Gulf coast. As a lumber operator he was probably at his best. He owned the largest saw mill on the Miramichi river, and ranked second only to Alexander Gibson as a manufacturer and exporter of lumber in New Brunswick. About four years ago Mr. Snowball formed his business into a joint stock company, under the title of the J. B. Snowball Co., Ltd. His sons, William B. and Robert A. Snowball, are respectively, manager and outside manager of the company. Between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000 feet of lumber are cut by the company each year. Mr. Snowball was a member of the building of the Canada Eastern Railway, and the branch of the Intercolonial to Chatham, and to the time of his death he controlled the latter branch. For some years Hon. Mr. Snowball sat in the Commons, almost entirely from 1891, was called to the Senate, retiring in 1902, to accept the Lieutenant-Governorship.

SUNDAY IN CANADA.

What Our Neighbors Across the Border Think of Us.

The New York Times says of Canada's right to keep Sunday exactly as it chooses there is no doubt at all, and not much about its right also to make the day one of complete rest—and tedium—to such foreigners as venture into the territory ruled by that not recently mentioned but probably still existent Lady of the Snows. Nevertheless, Canada's new Sunday law does have a most ancient and archaic odor, and one cannot help wondering if it represents Canadian opinion to any great degree than did our own passage of a law abolishing the army canteen.

Everybody who has ever been in Canada knows that people who believe in keeping, and especially in making others keep, Sunday with Scottish rigor are not rare there. People of that sort have somehow managed to survive in Canada in much greater numbers than in New England, for instance, where they were once the whole population. We question, however, if they are anything like a majority, and can only explain their success in bringing about this legislation on the theory that they have terrorized the Canadian politicians exactly as our prohibition ladies terrorized our Congressmen. The province of Quebec, being equally conservative in another way, has stuck to its own notions, and the result is that there the continental Sunday will be found with moss-grown Puritanism all around it.

Oh, well, Canada is a great country, and its people are a fine people, and are good neighbors now, and they will be better neighbors when in name as well as in fact they decide to become a self-governing nation.

The Climats of the West.

In a recent issue of a Toronto paper, describing the death of some family from the cold in Saskatchewan, there was a despatch from Port Hope, Ontario, telling of the freezing to death of brother and sister near that town. They had run short of fuel and the former was evidently unable to travel to the nearest village to secure the necessary supply. Harrowing tales are told of the losses of cattle in Southern Alberta. Would it have been possible for them to have kept alive if they had been left out in the fields of Ontario all winter to get their own food? The losses have occurred simply because the Albertan winter climate is so mild as an ordinary thing that many did not take the precautions to guard against an exceptional year.—From the Edmonton Saturday News.

Large or Small Cows.