

Aporehard Soap.

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY



J. S. BLACK, W. M.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN.

The home lies at the very beginning and foundation of a pure national life. My friend, have you protected your home by insurance, which our Order offers at such a low rate. If not, why not? The past progress and present stability of the order warrants us in inviting you to unite with us. Brothers make special effort for new members. Organizer Kelly is ready and willing to assist.

Visiting brethren welcome.
W. G. ARNOLD, J. R. SNELL,
Master Workman, Recorder.

LEGAL.

J. B. RANKIN, K. C. — Barrister, Notary Public, etc., Victoria Block, Chatham.

W. F. SMITH — Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Office, King Street, west of the Market. Money to loan on Mortgages.

J. B. O'FLYNN — Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King Street, opposite Marchant's Bank, Chatham, Ont.

HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE — Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, Scane's Block, King Street.

M. HOUSTON, FRED STONE, W. W. SCANE.

WILSON, KERR & PIKE — Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Proctors in the Maritime Court, Notaries Public, etc. Office, Fifth Street, Chatham, Ont.

Money to loan on mortgages at low rates.
MATTHEW WILSON, K. C., J. G. KERR, J. M. PIKE.

THOMAS SULLARD
Barrister
251 Victoria Block, Chatham, Ont.
Money to loan on Land Security

CURE YOURSELF!
This is the best medicine for all ailments. It is sold by Druggists.

JOHN'S SECTION
This is the best medicine for all ailments. It is sold by Druggists.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Chatham by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store.

VERY LOW RATES

Every day during the months of March and April, 1902, the UNION PACIFIC will sell Colonist one-way tickets at the following rates:

FROM —

MISSOURI RIVER

\$20.00 To Ogden and Salt Lake City.

\$20.00 To Butte, Anaconda and Helena.

\$22.50 To Spokane.

\$22.50 To Points on the Great Northern Ry., Spokane to Wenatchee, via Hunt and Spokane.

\$25.00 To Points on Great Northern Ry., West of Wenatchee, via Huntington and Spokane.

\$25.00 To Portland, Tacoma and Seattle.

\$25.00 To Ashland, Oregon and Intermediate Points, including Branch Lines on S. P. Co. South of Portland, via Portland.

\$25.00 To San Francisco, Los Angeles and other California Points.

Full Particulars cheerfully furnished on application to:

G. G. Herring, G. A.

155 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

Ask for Minard's and make no other.

Leaves Used For Paper.

Purposes very early by the Egyptians and probably by the Greeks. The Hindus continued the use of this material until within a few centuries. Even at the present time books of leaves are not uncommon in the south of India and the island of Ceylon. The leaves of some Asiatic trees, from their size and smoothness, are admirably adapted for books. If we may judge from the same "leaf" being still applied to the paper of books, we should imagine these leaves to have been formerly the principal material in use.

Umbrella Inconveniences.

"There's something remarkable about this umbrella," said Jawleigh, exhibiting the antique handle. "I suppose," remarked his friend, "you refer to the fact that while your name is John Anderson Jawleigh the monogram is F. L. T.?" Nothing peculiar about that at all, sir.

BE WISE TO-DAY!

'TIS MADNESS TO DEFER!

THE USE OF

Paine's Celery Compound

IN SPRINGTIME

Means Banishment of Disease

and the Establishment of

Strength, Vigor and Permanent Health.

Well meaning and really worthy people err when sickness and disease come to them. Too often they are content to follow blindly the advice of second-rate physicians who in nine cases out of every ten fail to properly diagnose the trouble and are called upon to cure. Too often they are called upon to cure. Too often they are called upon to cure.

Happy are the people who, when disease has laid its hand upon them, use Dr. Paine's life-giving prescription, Paine's Celery Compound, a medicine that stands without an equal for feeding exhausted nerves, purifying the blood and building up the weakened and run-down system.

Weakly, sickly and disease-laden mortal, it is madness to defer the use of that health-giving medicine that has rescued and saved its tens of thousands in every land.

Paine's Celery Compound is the one true specific recognized and prescribed to-day by our most eminent and our most honest practitioners for diseases arising from a debilitated nervous system. You need its use every day; your condition demands it; common sense and a knowledge of what Paine's Celery Compound has done for others should be your guide at this critical time in your life. PAINE'S is the kind that makes sick people well. See that the name is on both bottle and wrapper. Do not be induced to take a substitute or any imitation; you need the kind that has cured others.

It is not always profitable or agreeable to give an unbiased opinion when asked.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co. Gentlemen—After suffering for seven years with inflammatory rheumatism, so bad that I was eleven months confined to my room, and for two years could not dress myself without help. Your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT in May, '97, and asked me to try it, which I did, and was so well pleased with the results I procured more. Five bottles completely cured me and I have had no return of the pain for eighteen months.

The above facts are well known to everybody in this village and neighborhood.

Yours gratefully, A. DAIRY. St. Timothee, Que., May 16th, 1899.

Reactionary ideas are very seldom put into practice by those who advocate them.

NEVER is time more precious than when some member of the family is attacked by colic, dysentery or any bowel trouble. The doctor is distant but if Perry Davis' Painkiller is near all danger is soon ended.

Economy is half the battle of life; it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.

BY BRUING the nerves with opium you may stop a cough but the inflammation goes from bad to worse. Allen's Lung Balm, containing no opium, goes to the root of the trouble and cures deep-seated affections of throat and lungs.

Children Cry for

CASTORIA.

John McNairn, Prospector.

By SID HOWARD.

GOD old John McNairn is down from Whitefish to see about his mine. Whitefish, a map-forgotten station up on the north shore, be it known, is a town of the woods and hungry for the gentle ways of civilization and the sight of petticoats and clean, smooth faces. John comes to camp in the sectionmen's house and watch the trains go by. Two passenger trains a day, one from the east and the other going back there—the east where the money is, where the soft-mannered, gentle-voiced women are from whom John, having lived all his life in the woods, is now forever cut off.

For that is the saddest part of John's life. He is absolutely alone. His friends are dead or lost, and the relatives of his boyhood away down on the St. Lawrence. All the days of his manhood John has dwelt in the wilderness in the lumber woods and the Gattineau and far up at the head waters of the Ottawa, where the mighty river rises on the lower Canada side. At the time of the construction, the great British Columbia, the building of the C.P.R., John found himself with the treble gang at Whitefish. And when the last rail was laid and the North Shore section was finally after laborious years complete, John took his money, made up his pack and struck north into the woods. It was a new country, and he intended to make "strake" some day; then, in the hazy future, go back east, marry maybe, and settle down. He had a girl back there once, but she died. So John didn't care much where he went to make his "strake." "There was no strings on him," there were none on him now. But sometimes, after playing the morthogran to him in his little log shack at night, he used to tell me that he "sort of wished he had somebody belongin' to him."

"But I've waited too long, I guess," he'd say. "Nobody'd take to me now, a wild man of the woods like me."

He'd smile and sigh at the same time, with that lovable gentleness that belonged to him in spite of his grizzled, weather-beaten face.

"Do you think," he'd say, lighting his pipe and holding his hands so as to half hide his face, "do you think there be's any old spinsters, or widows, women, down here, that would be willin' to stake out a claim up here with a feller like me? I guess not, eh?"

His face would brighten when we assured him there were plenty of unmarried ladies who would be only too glad to have him. He smiled away, but he didn't believe it, and neither did we. He had waited too long.

"There was one time here," he said once, "I had an ambition to board up the floor, but I never done it."

Two-inch cracks between the squared spruce logs which now separate John from the bare earth make his shack a decidedly precarious place when it comes to dropping little things for which one has any immediate requirement.

"A man grows careless," explained John. "You're easily satisfied when you're by yourself. It's a case of 'Casey goes at all; good enough, good enough!'"

He showed me a photograph one time of himself before he became a prospector. It pictured a straight, vigorous man, with a strong, clean-shaven chin and a full moustache. Evidently young, it is in the last years of his life.

John was a much older man than the photo showed—older than the years since it was taken should have been. He had a faded, weary picture too, a faded "mope" affair, of a woman. He didn't tell me anything about that one.

Good old John! Owner of the old mine, he would one day make him a millionaire. If he lives long enough they may, but he's lived the heavier end of his life already. The North Shore is no a poor man's country. Money makes money the world over, and it takes capital to crush the gold out of the low-grade ore of the North Shore.

John has been and traps and works in the other mines of the district, and waits. In the summer he goes out into the woods and the splintered granite hills alone with his gun, living on pork and biscuit and fried "patridge," rapping at rock exposures with his geologist's hammer or crushing quartz in an iron bowl with a wooden pestle.

He looks for "colors" in the dregs. He hopes that the people down east will take a hold some time soon and put their money into the country and make it "hot." "How do you do," and when you return the question he is always cheerful in his reply. "Pretty good," "She's bound to boom," he says. When you ask about prospects in the North Shore country, "She can't help it," Man, dear, the minerals here, ain't it?"

And recently he came to town to good old John, with his camp-stained pack-sack instead of a trunk, and the loggie five years ago. But he declined a collar, just as he declined the water they offered him after his whiskey. He put up in a good down-town hotel, gave the manager his money to put in the safe, and hung uneasily about the smoking-room, going in to his meals with welcome relief. They set half a dozen knives and forks to each place at that hotel, but John gives his order to his Dredge-suit attendant—who would most surely die if it came to carrying a hundred-pound pack over a portage—with the quiet natural dignity of simplicity, and traps and goes to the smoking-room, going in to his meals with welcome relief. They set half a dozen knives and forks to each place at that hotel, but John gives his order to his Dredge-suit attendant—who would most surely die if it came to carrying a hundred-pound pack over a portage—with the quiet natural dignity of simplicity, and traps and goes to the smoking-room, going in to his meals with welcome relief.

Meat and bread and potatoes—and, "Hey, young feller, a dish of tea—that all he calls for, and he eats with his knife as an unaffected matter of course. And then a pipe. Tea and tobacco are about the only artificial luxuries he has in the bush. Sunshine and fine weather are the greatest comforts, but they are doled out spasmodically, for they are a brush bed and a white-man's fire may be too hot for the prying of an axe, but tea and tobacco come under a different head. John depends as utterly upon tea as a nervous old woman of sixty. But he couldn't find his tobacco the other day.

"Have you got a cigar?" he asked finally.

I had two pure mild Havanas, which a quarter had provided especially for this occasion—cool, mellow fifteen-centers. I passed him one. John had his old black pipe in his teeth. He took the cigar, and before I could stop him he had cut half of it up and packed it into his pipe.

"Good heavens, John!" I said. "Here's half a plug of T. & B."

"This is just as good," said John, holding his "six-day" match in the hollow of his brown leathery hands. "I'm just come out to settle up my affairs," he explained. "I've put it all in the hands of my lawyer. Soon's he says I kin go—shake hands—good-bye—away I go."

"Well, you'll stay and see the Duke?" I said.

"Oh, I've seen hundreds o' men," said John. "I seen his father close as you are, up in Ottawa. He was just a man. Men's men, wherever you go. The Duke o' Cornwall's train stopped at Whitefish for coal and water when I was comin' down. I was sittin' shaved in the section house and I didn't count. I wasn't goin' to let him see me just out o' the woods, not shaved up or nothin'. Besides, I've seen lots o' men, thousands of 'em."

It's a dyle this time, a mile and a half straight across country, with gold, silver and copper.

"This man knows about whiskey, don't he, and feedin' people to make 'em fat? I've gained seven pounds since I been here. It's his business," (John and the hotelkeeper are already fast friends, and John's going to send him down some "patridge"). "Well, I know about rocks, and quartz, and minin', don't I? It's my business. Well, get down where the rock is wet and she's good, she's first-rate. It's the truth, I know, don't I? Look!"

John is loaded down with quartz specimens. He must be carrying pounds around with him. He pulled out a jagged fragment as big as his fist and flashing with yellow blotches.

"Mile and a half she goes, up and down, across cricks and everything. An' nobody knows nothin' about it. Government men, no nothin'. But my lawyer says the money's all in real estate. There ain't no money for minin'."

"Come and have something comfortable, John," I said, "to meind us of old days, the money's all in real estate. 'All right,' exclaimed he, with his peculiarly cheerful emphasis on the 'all'."

It may be a mine ostensibly, but I fancy it's loneliness that's at the bottom of John's "comin' out," this fall. For he confided to me presently that he'd like to meet a "nice, sociable gal" before he went back north.

And if any nice, sociable spinster doesn't mind a one-roomed, log-walled, tar-paper-roofed cabin, with two-inch cracks in the floor, she might do worse. For she'd get one of the far-fabled "nature's gentlemen" in Old John McNairn—philosopher, dry humorist, prospector and backwoodsman.

Grasshopper Bricks For Hens.
GRASSHOPPERS are being put to a new use out in Nebraska. The farmers have killed an incredible number of them by the help of a machine which is, perhaps, the most effective ever devised for the purpose.

It is called a "hopperdoser," and is nothing more nor less than a large flat pan, with a small amount of kerosene contained in a depression in the rear of it. The contrivance, being attached to a horse, is pushed along in front of the animal, the latter is driven across the fields. Pretty nearly every grasshopper is encountered, jumps upon the pan, and is promptly suffocated by the kerosene.

The ingenious instrument has been in use for a number of years in parts of the West, but hitherto it has not occurred to the farmers to make any use of the dead grasshoppers. Most common enterprise agriculturists turned a portion of them to account as poultry feed. They found that the hens liked them exceedingly, for it is a fact that a grasshopper is to a hen what a can-vassack duck is to a human epicure—the very choicest and most esteemed of delicacies.

Hence the idea which is now being developed on a commercial scale. The grasshoppers, after being killed by the hopperdoser, are left in winnows in the fields, where they are soon dried. When they have been exposed to the sun for a sufficient time to reduce them to a properly desiccated condition they are gathered up with rakes, shoveled into bags, and conveyed to a shed, where they are put into a press somewhat resembling an ordinary cheese-press, and converted into solid bricks.

The bricks are shipped in quantities to poultry-raisers, who find this new kind of hen-provender most satisfactory, and they are anxious to get more of it. Apparently, it is a great encouragement of egg-production.

It is not necessary to grind the bricks before feeding the stuff to the chickens, but merely to break them into pieces and soften with water.

His Marriage Fee.

A poor couple living in the Emerald Isle went to the priest for the marriage fee. It was not forthcoming. Both the consenting parties were rich in love and in their prospects, but destitute of financial resources. The father was obdurate.

"No money, no marriage," said the blushing bride, "to go and get the money."

It was given, and she sped forth on the delicate mission of raising a marriage fee out of pure nothing. After a short interval she returned with the sum of money, and the ceremony was completed to the satisfaction of all. When the parting was taking place the newly-made wife seemed a little uneasy.

"Anything on your mind, Catherine?" said the father.

"Well, your reverence, I would like to know if this marriage could not be spelled now?"

"Certainly not, Catherine. No man can put you asunder."

"Could you not do it yourself, father? Could you not spoil the marriage?"

"No, no, Catherine. You are past me now. I have nothing more to do with your marriage."

"That ailes me mind!" said Catherine, "and God bless God bless your reverence, I've the ticket for your hat. I picked it up in the lobby and powdered it."

MRS. IDA L. ROSER

Grand-Niece of Ex-President James K. Polk. Writes to Mrs. Pinkham Saying:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been married for nearly two years, and so far have not been blessed with a child. I have, however, suffered with a complication of female troubles and painful menstruation, until very recently.

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Did You Ever

NOTICE that sweet, delicious taste that our baked goods always have!

Our Bread, Pies, Cakes, Buns, etc., are always fresh and tasty. Once a customer you will stay with us.

Wm. Somerville, Confectioner
Next Standard Bank Chatham.

Spring Medicine

Radley's Sarsaparilla, a powerful purifier of the blood. A blood and skin remedy, put up expressly to meet the popular need for a blood purifier. Put up in different sizes.

Prescriptions a Specialty

Camphor, Moth Balls, Moth Camphor, Etc.

Radley's Drug Store
King St., Chatham

Principles are Eternal

A Fundamental Business Principle

"Not what you spend"

"What you get for what you spend"

THE BEST IS CHEAPEST IN THE END.

Gibson's Photos are the Best.

GIBSON'S 8 adn, 39 King Chatham.

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817.

Capital (all paid up) \$12,000,000. Best Fund, 7,000,000. Drafts bought and sold. Collections made on favorable terms. Interest allowed on deposits at current rates in Savings Bank Department, on deposit receipts.

DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager Chatham Branch.

STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Branches and agents at all principal points in Canada, U. S. and Great Britain. Drafts issued and notes discounted. Savings Bank Department (which may be withdrawn without delay), received and interest allowed thereon at the highest current rates.

G. P. SCHOLFIELD, Manager Chatham Branch.

Money to Loan on Mortgages at 4 and 5 per Cent.

FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.

Frame house, two stories, 12 rooms, Lot 50 ft. front by 115 feet deep, \$1,000. Brick house, two stories, 7 rooms, Lot 40 feet front by 208 feet deep, \$1,100.00.

Frame house, 10 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 104 ft., \$600.00. Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 feet, good stable, \$1,100.00.

Two vacant lots, each 60 feet front by 104 feet. House, 8 rooms, lot 60 feet by 208 feet, \$1,000.

Farm in Howard, 32 1-2 acres, house, stable and orchard, \$1,000. Farm in Township of Chatham, 88 acres. All cleared. New frame house. Large barn, stable, granary and drive house and other buildings, \$7,500.

Farm in Township of Chatham, 50 acres. All cleared. Good house, and barn, \$2,500. Valuable suburban residence, 11 rooms, with 11 acres of land. Good stable, \$3,500.

Apply to W. F. SMITH, Barrister.