

Cleveland-Rond Eau

Port Stanley Navigation Co's.

Steamer *City of Grand Rapids*, until further notice will be operated as follows:

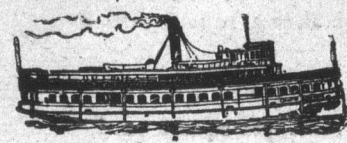
Leave Cleveland for Rond Eau:
Mondays at 8 o'clock a. m.
Wednesdays at 8 " a. m.
Fridays at 8 " a. m.
Saturdays at 6 " p. m.

Leave Rond Eau for Cleveland:
Mondays at 4 o'clock p. m.
Wednesdays at 4 " p. m.
Fridays at 4 " p. m.
Sundays at 8 " p. m.

Leave Cleveland for Port Stanley:
Mondays at 10 o'clock p. m.
Wednesdays at 10 " p. m.
Saturdays at 10 " p. m.

Leave Port Stanley for Cleveland:
Tuesdays at 10 o'clock p. m.
Thursdays at 10 " p. m.
Sundays at 12 " noon

Chatham, Windsor and Detroit



TIME TABLE

CHANGING OF TIME
THE STEAMER CITY OF CHATHAM

Will make her regular round trip from Chatham to Detroit every MONDAY and WEDNESDAY, leaving Rankin Dock at Chatham, at 7.30 a. m., and returning to Detroit at 4 p. m. Chatham time, arriving in Detroit about 8 p. m.

Will also make round trips from Detroit to Chatham every FRIDAY and SATURDAY, leaving Detroit, foot of Randolph Street at 8 a. m. Detroit time or 9 a. m. Chatham time, returning will leave Chatham 3 p. m. Detroit time or 4 p. m. Chatham time, arriving in Detroit about 8 p. m.

FAKES—Round Trip 60c, Single Trip 30c. AGENTS—Stranger & Co., Chatham, W. H. Wherry, Windsor, John Stephenson, Detroit. JOHN PORKE, Captain, WILLIAM CORNISH, Purser.

House Cleaning Time

Is here and no doubt your home requires painting and papering. We have a number of First-Class Workmen in this Department who can attend to your wants. All work guaranteed. Call at the Office or Phone 52, and we will call and submit samples and prices.

Blonde Lumber and Mfg Co., Ltd.
Builds Lumber Dealers, Phone 52, and Contractors

Lime, Cement AND Cut Stone.

We keep the best in stock right at prices.

JOHN H. OLDERSHAW,
Thames Street, Opposite Police Station...

Fire, Life and Accident

Money to Loan at lowest rate of Interest.

GEO. K. ATKINSON

Phone 346, 5th Street, Next to Harrison Hall

ICE CREAM

Maple City Creamery Butter

WHITE FROST

This morning at Maple City Creamery would not freeze your plants but will make finest Ice Cream in the city. Send us your order.

MAPLE CITY CREAMERY
Opp C. P. RY Station.

PACIFIC COAST EXCURSIONS.

During June, July, August and September the Chicago and North Western Railway will sell from Chicago round trip excursion tickets to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Ore., (Lewis & Clarke Exposition), Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver at very low rates. Corresponding cheap rates from all points in Canada. Choice of routes, best of train service, favorable stopovers and liberal return limits. Rates, folders and full information can be obtained from B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King Street, Toronto, Ont.

SOME NOTABLE WOMEN

PATRIOTIC WIVES AND MOTHERS OF JAPAN.

Count It Joy to Give Life, Husbands, Brothers and Sons for Their Country—In Present War One Has Been Hanged by the Russians As a Spy—Sketch of the Marchioness Oyama.

The little women of Japan love their country so passionately that for it they would sacrifice every being and every object they hold dear—husbands, brothers and sons—and their own lives first of all and count it joy. There are several instances on record in which in the present war Japanese women have disguised themselves as men and joined the army, their only being discovered when they were killed or wounded. One of these heroines served her country as a spy in the capacity being most successful and fearless. At last she was captured by the Russians and hanged. She met her



MME. OYAMA.

late wearing a glorified smile, as though she knew heaven itself was waiting to receive those who died for their country. After her death it was discovered that the body being prepared for the grave was the body of a woman. This was told to the Russian general. In despair, likewise admiration, he exclaimed:

"Great heavens! How can we expect to conquer a people like this? Japan is to-day more really democratic socially than the republic of America. Ladies of the highest nobility have none of the top-bottled snobbery that characterizes many of the women of the 'new rich' in the United States. Mme. Oyama, wife of the Japanese field marshal, is as single-hearted in her patriotism as the humblest woman laborer in the rice fields and thinks herself no greater than this sister in the work for the soldiers at the front.

Stematz Yamakawa, now the wife of Gen. Oyama, was a child during the war which finally drove the shoguns from the throne of Japan. The older sisters of Stematz actually wore armor, prepared to defend their home, which was besieged during the war. Later brave little Stematz was sent west to be educated. After eleven years she was graduated at Vassar. Marchioness Oyama is at the head of an organization formed to collect and forward useful gifts to the beloved soldiers in the field.

The mother of Japanese women patriots may be said to be the venerable Ioko Okumura, known and loved through the length and breadth of her native land. She appears to have been one of the first Japanese women to feel a call to modern philanthropic work. Before the war between China and Japan Mme. Okumura went to Korea to do missionary work among the ignorant people of that out of date land. At the outbreak of the China-Japanese war Mme. Okumura returned from Korea and went where she could serve her country directly. She already a gray-haired woman, was in China during the Boxer uprising and was actually with the Japanese advance against the rebels. When a soldier was killed this pious and loving woman attended his funeral and prayed for the departed soul, according to the custom of her people. To see her kneeling in prayer beside the bier of one of their comrades brought tears to the eyes even of rugged Japanese soldiers. After the Boxer rebellion was put down Mother Okumura, as she was now called, went home and organized the Japanese Ladies' Protective Association, a national society to take care of the families of soldiers.

One of the most active of Japan's army of patriotic women is Mme. Uru, wife of Vice-Admiral Uru. Both Mme. Uru and her husband were educated in the United States. Her maiden name was Shige Nagai, and she was the schoolmate of Marchioness Oyama. At the same time Shige Nagai was a Vassar student her future husband was a cadet in the Naval academy.

Day and night the women of Japan work at home for the men in the field. The Ladies' Protective Association now numbers 40,000. Instead of bewailing the fact that her husband is called to fight for his country, the brown women are glad and proud to toll like a slave to support her children while he is away.

Work On the Bible.

An immense amount of labor has been expended on the various Bibles of the world. The palm for execution must be given to the Kutho-daw, which is a Buddhist monument, near Mandalay, Burma. It consists of about 700 temples, each containing a slab of white marble on which the whole of this Buddhist Bible, containing more than eight million syllables, has been engraved. The Burmese alphabet is used, but the language is Pali. This wonderful Bible is absolutely unique. The Kutho-daw was erected in 1857 by Mindon-min, the last king but one of Burma. The vast collection of temples, together form a square, with a dominating temple in the centre. Each of the marble slabs on which the sacred text is inscribed is surmounted by an ornamental canopy in pagoda form.

"IT SAVED MY LIFE"

PRaise FOR A FAMOUS MEDICINE

Mrs. Willadsen Tells How She Tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Just in Time.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that you have saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words."



"Before I wrote to you, telling you how I felt, I had doctored for over two years steady and spent lots of money on medicines besides, but it all failed to help me. My monthly periods had ceased and I suffered much pain, with fainting spells, headache, backache and bearing-down pains, and I was so weak I could hardly keep around. As a last resort I decided to write you and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful that I did, for after following your instructions, which you sent me free of all charge, my monthly periods started; I am regular and in perfect health. Had it not been for you I would be in my grave to-day."

"I sincerely trust that this letter may lead every suffering woman in the country to write you for help as I did."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. Refuse all substitutes.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Sea Water.

Sea water is a complicated mixture of a great variety of substances. Roughly speaking, it consists of 96 1/2 per cent of fresh water plus 3 1/2 per cent of mineral salts. Three-fourths of these salts are chloride of sodium, or common table salt, and the next largest constituent is chloride of magnesium. After these come sulphate of magnesium, sulphate of lime, sulphate of potash, bromide of magnesium and carbonate of lime. In addition to these substances sea water contains minute quantities of quite a variety of elements, including iodine, phosphorus and arsenic. It also contains some silver, copper, zinc, nickel, cobalt, iron and gold. There is said to be 2 cents' worth of gold in every pallful of sea water, but as yet nobody has found a way to extract it. Copper and zinc are found in some seaweeds, and certain species of coral is three-millionths silver.

Stonewall Jackson's Battles.

Stonewall Jackson's negro body servant knew before anybody else when a battle was imminent. "The general tells you, I suppose," said one of the soldiers. "Lawsd, no, sir! De g'neral never tell me nothin'. I observe de motion of de g'neral dis way: Cose he prays just like we all mornin' an' night, but when he gets up two, three times in a night to pray den I rubs my eyes an' gets up, too, an' packs de haversack, 'cause I done find out dere's gwine to be old boy to pay right away."—From Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's "Reminiscences."

Cooling Off.

The man who would sit on a cake of ice to cool off would be considered crazy. Yet it is a very common thing for a person heated by exercise to stand in a cool draught, just to cool off. This is the beginning of many a cough which ultimately involves the bronchial tract and the lungs.

For coughs in any stage there is no remedy so valuable as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures deep-seated, obstinate coughs, bronchitis, bleeding of the lungs, and like conditions which if neglected or unskillfully treated terminate in consumption. There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery," and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics. Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good."

I took a severe cold which settled in the bronchial tubes," writes Rev. Frank Hay, of Nortonville, Jefferson Co., Kansas. "After trying medicines labeled 'Sure Cure,' almost without number, I was led to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took two bottles and was cured, and have stayed cured."

"When I think of the great pain I had to endure, and the terrible cough I had, it seems almost a miracle that I was so soon relieved. That God may spare you many years and abundantly bless you is the prayer of your grateful friend."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 50 stamps for it in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

JOHN HAY BALLADS.

Dead U. S. Statesman Will Be Long Remembered For "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches."

The late John Hay was the best evolution of the American newspaper reporter known. He was a reporter who was great at the work, and from that onward successful in everything. A reporter, editor, ballad writer; secretary to Abraham Lincoln and then his biographer; an historian; a diplomat, an Ambassador, the ablest secretary of state the United States ever had, holding that office when he died. The story is current that Hay in his better days thought little of his ballads and his early writings. Whether this is so or not we cannot say, but probably Hay will be remembered longer for "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches" than anything else. We reprint these and some others from "Pike County Ballads." Probably John Hay was the inspiration of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, certainly Whitcombe Riley and perhaps also of Rudyard Kipling:

Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle.
Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live you see;
Leastways he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.

Whar have you been for the last three year

That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks

The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerness man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row
But he never flunked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river,
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire

A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp
And her day come at last—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed,
And she she came tearin' along that night

The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, resin and pipe.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made

For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but
Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"Till hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness.

And knowed he would keep his word
And sure's your born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,
And Bludso's cough went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.

He seen his duty, a deadsure thing,
And went for it that then and then,
And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

Little Breeches.
I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips.
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong
Pearl and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd lart him to chew terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
I heard one little squall.
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roused up some torches
And searched for 'em far an' d near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upset dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critter's aid—
I jest flopped down on my marrow
Crotch-deep in the snow and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep fold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleazy and white;
And that sot Little Breeches and chirk-hones

As peart as ever you see.
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he fit thar? Angels,
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him

To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And totching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne.

Banty Jim.

(Remarks of Sergeant Tillmon Joy to the White Man's Committee of Spunky Point, Illinois.)
I reckon I git your drift, gents—
You 'low the boy shan't stay;
This is a white man's country;
You're Democrats, you say;
And whereas, and seen!, and wherefore,
The times bein' all out o' j'int.
The nigger has got to mossey
From the limits o' Spunky Pint!

Let's reason the thing a minute;
I'm an old-fashioned Democrat, too.
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
For to keep till the war was through.
But I come back here, allowin'
To vote as I used to do,
Though it gravels me like the devil to train
Along o' sich fools as you.

Now dog my cats if I kin see,
In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
Of livin' like you and me.
Ef Tim shill go or stay,
And funder than that I give notice,
Ef one of you tetches the boy,
He kin check his trunks to a warmer climate
Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!
You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg
Heights, how ripped
And torn and tattered we lay.
When the rest retreated I stayed behind,
For reasons sufficient to me—
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
I sprawled on that cursed glacie.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us.
And brifed and blistered and burned!
How the Rebel bullets whizzed round us
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
I couldn't believe for a spell:
That nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to me
Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The Rebels seen him as quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees,
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him once to his knees,
But he staggered up, and packed me
With a dozen stumbles and falls.
Till safe in our lines he dropped us both
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazellas that's my answer,
And sence stays Banty Tim—
He trumped Death's face for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him!
You may rezoot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tillmon Joy!

The Stirrup-Cup.

My short and happy day is done,
The long and dreary night comes on.
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sounds drearier as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life—
Good friends, the faithful and the true
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view—

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view:
The night comes down the lights burn blue:
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

Found the "Lazy" Germ.
A special to The New York Herald from New Orleans says:—Dr. Arnold Pfaff of the National Bureau of Education, who believes that laziness among school children is caused by a germ, has found specimens of the germ in school children of New Orleans and is now looking for a cure for the disease.

Dr. Pfaff says that he has found the germ in ten students in the Ferrell School and will begin an investigation in the high schools.

The blood of schoolboys which was analyzed by Dr. Pfaff was drawn from their ears. He selected those who seemed chronically disinclined to study.

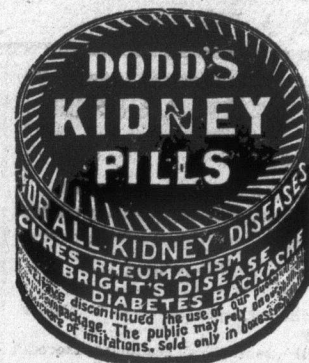
After an analysis he assured the teachers that the boys were not responsible for their condition, but were the victims of the disease. On this hypothesis the boys were allowed to get off easily on their final examination. Dr. Pfaff had all the boys under treatment and assured their teachers that they will be cured before the next term begins.

Bridegrooms Ignored.
Bridegrooms are usually considered necessary to the wedding festivities the world over, about the only land where they are regarded as unnecessary being Polynesia. There the young man who would a-wooing go turns the matter over to his parents and friends and takes to the woods—no difficult matter in that part of the country.

The family proceeded to traffic with the parents of the bride elect, and after a more or less extended palaver the arrangements are brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

Then ensues a festive time, with feasting, speech-making and other forms of celebration, until at last the nuptials are announced and the groom makes his appearance among his friends, in theory at least, sufficiently hungry for human companionship to regard his bride with more than usual complacency.

Keeping the Distance.
"I understand you're a distant relative of Roxley Astorgit."
"You've got it twisted. He's a distant relative of mine."



The Slum Child in the Country.

At a luncheon given by Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens, the illustrator, at her new home at Moylan, the talk turned for a while to the various charitable societies that give slum children outings in the country in the summer.

Remarkable instances were narrated of slum children's ignorance of country life—their idea that milk was an extract of the milkweed, that eggs came from the eggplant, that mush was a product of the mushroom, and so on.

"Those instances," said Mrs. Stephens, "are old and well known. But let me tell you of a new one that happened last summer."

"A little East Side boy was on his first country excursion. He lay on the grass in a peach orchard, making a chain of daisies and buttercups. Across the blue sky a line of birds darted; and his hostess a young woman said: "Look up. Look up quickly, and see the pretty birds flying through the air." "Tommy looked up quickly, and then he said in a compassionate tone: "Poor little fellows, they ain't got no cages, have they?"

VACATION IS A NECESSITY.

All successful people take a vacation. To be successful you need a change from every day occupation. A brief respite among the pines and woods, breathing in the pure air of the Highlands of Ontario, is nature's best tonic. There are so many delightful tours offered by the Grand trunk that it is hard to innumerate, but they not only embrace charming Muskoka, Lake of Bays, Georgian Bay, Kawartha Lakes, Temagami, The Magnetawan, French River, Lake Simcoe, but also delightful six day trips to Mackinaw Island through the 30,000 Island scenery, Duluth, Winnipeg, Portland, Oregon, Exposition, and to the East the always delightful 1,000 Islands and St. Lawrence tours, Historic Quebec, White Mountains, and Sea Coast resorts, Portland, Old Orchard, St. John, N. B., Halifax, etc. A tourist folder, giving rates, etc., may be had for the asking at the City Ticket Office, W. E. Wherry, City Agent, 115 King street, or by addressing J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

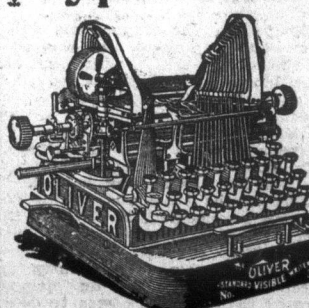
THE FAST TRAINS.

To California are run over the Union Pacific, via Omaha, 16 hours quicker to San Francisco than any other line. No change of roads, no detours, "The Overland Route" all the way. Be sure your ticket reads over the Union Pacific. Inquire of H. E. Currier, T. P. A., 115 James Building, Toronto, Canada, or F. B. Choate, G. A., 126 Woodward avenue, Detroit.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

Buy the best machine made and also save \$25.00 duty

The Oliver Visible Typewriter



It has passed all other standard typewriters in the number of machines now made and sold in the U. S., which shows its superiority at equal figures. As it is "made in Canada" from U. S. models and sold at U. S. price, you save the duty.

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