Had to Give up and go to Bed.

Several Doctors Attended But Did No Good.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills CURED.

Read what Miss L. L. Hanson, Waterside, N.B., says: "I feel it my duty to express the benefit I have received from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. A year ago last spring I began to have heart failure. At first I would have to stop working and lie down for a while. Then I got so bad I had to give up altogether and go to bed. I had several doctors attend me but they did me no good. I could get no relief until urged by a friend to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Before I had used three quarters of a box I began to feel the benefit and by the time I had taken three boxes I was completely cured."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure nervousness, sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, skip beats, and all troubles arising from the heart or nerves.

Price 50 cts. box, or 3 for $1.25, all dealers, or

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

Money to Loan on Mortgages at 4½ and 5 per Cent.

FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.

Brick house, two stories, 7 rooms, lot 40 feet front by 208 feet deep, $1100.00.

Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 ft., good stable, $1100.00.

House and lot, 9 rooms, $1050.00.

House and lot, 5 rooms, $400.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 50 acres. All cleared. Good house and barn, $3100.00.

Farm in Township of Harwich, 200 acres. Large house, barn and outbuildings, $12,000.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 46 acres. Good house, new stable and granary, $2250.00.

Ten acres in suburbs of Chatham, $1600.00.

Valuable suburban residence, 11 rooms; with seven acres of land. Good stable, $3000.00.

Apply to
W. F. SMITH,
Barrister.

Wood's Phosphodine
The Great English Remedy

Is an old, well established and reliable preparation. Has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend as being the only medicine of its kind that cures and gives universal satisfaction.

Before.

It promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, the Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants; Mental and Brain Worry, all of which lead to Infirmity, Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Price $1 per package, or six for $5. One will please; six will cure. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send for pamphlet—free to any address.

After.

The Wood Company,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Chatham by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store.

THE STEAMER
City of Chatham
will commence her regular trips on Monday, May 11th, and will make a round trip from CHATHAM to DETROIT every

Monday, Wednesday and Saturday,

Leaving Rankin dock, South Chatham, at 7.30 a.m., and returning leaves Detroit (foot of Randolph St.) at 3.30 p.m. Detroit time, or 4 o'clock Chatham time.

ONE WAY TRIPS

Leaves Chatham for Detroit on Thursday morning at 9.30 o'clock, and leaves Detroit for Chatham on Friday morning at 8.30 Detroit city time or 9 o'clock Chatham time.

FARES.

ROUND TRIP, - - - - 60c
SINGLE TRIP, - - - - 50c

Children under 12 years, half-fare.
Tickets good for day of issue only.
Agents—Stringer & Co., Chatham, Odette & Wherry, Windsor; John Stevenson, Detroit.

JOHN ROURKE, Captain.
WM. CORNISH, Purser.

The Chatham Loan and Saving's Co.
43rd Half Yearly Dividend

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of six per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital stock of this company has been declared this day for the current half year ending June 30th, 1903, payable at the company's office on and after July 2nd, 1903.

The transfer books will be closed from the 20th to 30th June inclusive.

By order of the Board.
S. F. GARDINER,
Manager.

Chatham, June 4, 1903.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

THE WOES OF SAMMIS

His Adventures as Elevator Boy Are Many

ONE day last month a staving good looking girl named Miss Harris took an office in our sky scraper and set up typewriting. From the moment I saw her I felt that my fate was sealed. Her woman's heart must have told her of my feelings, and I found encouragement in her blushes and downcast looks. For three days I humped my elevator up and down with my heart fluttering like a wounded crow, and then I determined to know my fate. With the courage of a Kid McCoy going into battle I entered her room and stood before her and began:

"Miss Harris, you must have seen—you can't help but have sawn—your own feelings have surely told you that—that"—

I stopped there to get breath and to see if my hair was parted in the middle, and Miss Harris rose up and took me by the ear and led me to the door and said:

"Bubby, it is time you went home to your ma and your trundle bed."

"I went back to my elevator in a dazed condition. The world seemed to be going round with me. I had been rebuffed, ridiculed, thrown down. My love had been spurned and my affections trampled underfoot. It was hours before I came to myself again and realized the insult, and then—then—

Next day I went up to room No. 402 to see old Mr. Thomas. I asked him if the steam pipes in his room were all right, and if he was all right, and if he was satisfied with the paper on the walls, and finally got around to speak of Miss Harris. When I had finished he thought for awhile and then said:

"I had already observed, Sammis, that she was young and good looking, and I had wondered if it was not my

"WITH THIS DOLLAR YOU WILL BUY A BOUQUET."

duty to assume a fatherly attitude toward her. After what you have just said I think it is. I will have a bouquet for her tomorrow, and I will send it in by you with my compliments."

Two hours later I went to room No. 300 to see Mr. Griscom. He is also an old man with paternal feelings. He is the agent of the grindstone trust, but he has no gritty feelings toward humanity. When I had told him that for aught I knew Miss Harris might be a lone orphan and struggling against selfishness of the world the tears started to his eyes and he replied:

"Sammis, you are a boy with a heart, and such sentiments as you express do you infinite credit. I will let Miss Harris know that there is at least one person in this cold world who sympathizes with her in her struggles for existence, and if I can smooth the path for her it shall be done. With this dollar you will buy a bouquet and present it in my name. In doing so you will casually mention the fact that I am a widower, with an income of $100 per week. Don't fail to get in the per, Sammis."

My third call was at room No. 504. Old Mr. Taylor didn't receive me in a fatherly spirit at first. Some one had told him that I had called him an old masher, and of course his feelings had been hurt. I soon made that all right, however, and then held up the case of the new typewriter to his attention. His interest was instantly awakened. The top of his bald head began to blush and his chin to quiver, and when I had ended my peroration he pounded on the desk with his fist and replied:

"Sammis, I am not a man with a heart of stone, though I represent a flint glass company. As you say, Miss Harris is young and beautiful. She is also innocent and unsophisticated. She needs an adviser, a sympathizer—in fact, a father. My heart tells me that I should be a sort of father to her."

"But it's an infernal insult, all the same, and I will begin tomorrow Sammis, you know what discretion is, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. It means say nothing and saw wood."

"Exactly, Sammis, though you might have used more elegant language. You might drop in on Miss Harris in a casual way some time tomorrow, carrying a bouquet I shall provide for the occasion, and present my compliments and anything nice you happen to think of."

"I needn't say you are a married man, need I?" I asked.

"Well, n-o. I fail to see the necessity of that. One can be a husband and a father at the same time, of course. And should Miss Harris ask how old you think I am"—

"I will say forty-eight instead of sixty."

"Forty-eight or forty-nine, Sammis, and I will remember it to your credit. You have the situation well in hand, I think, and I will leave it to you. Drop in to see me occasionally. You will always find me glad to see you."

I met Miss Harris the next day. She looked so innocent and beautiful that my heart smote me, and I decided to give her another chance. I sighed and looked at her in a yearning way, and she must have heard the throbbing of my heart, but she turned on me and patted me on the head and said:

"Bubby, you should tell your mother to give you infant's food twice a day until the pain goes away. What ails you is indigestion."

That remark sealed her doom. If she had been twice as beautiful I would not have spared her. I went back to my elevator and vowed that I would run it through the roof if necessary to reap a terrible revenge. An elevator boy can stand a great deal, but when the throbbings of his love are laid to apple cores or other indigestible things no one can blame him if he thirsts for human life. A week from that date, just before the noon hour, three old men, each one of whom wanted to be a father to the false hearted Miss Harris, met in her room. They breathed hard and glared at one another. They clinched their fists, and their hair curled. They called each other traitors and hypocrites and liars, and I walked in and gleefully exclaimed:

"Behold the false jade who has wrecked our lives. Even now she waits for the cross eyed man in No. 600 to come down and take her to lunch and revel in our humiliation."

It was enough. Each of the three simply wanted an excuse to fall upon the other, and my words furnished it. They fell. They clawed and bit and kicked and pulled hair, and everybody on that floor rushed in to see, and the girl who had coquetted with my feelings knew the bitterness of humiliation. She fled far away next day, and the would be fathers remained home for the next week to repair damages. Mr. Rasher, the agent, called me down to his office to say:

"Sammis, I can't blame you for feeling thus when you are thrown down, but you must remember that we are in this thing for the money and can't afford to carry vacant offices."

It is far from my wish to drive cash paying tenants away from this sky scraper or to be on bad terms with any of the occupants, but let it be understood that I have feelings that cannot be lightly toyed with. Whenever any one tries it let him beware of the revenge of Sammis, the elevator boy.

M. QUAD.

No Need For One.

"But you have no hospital here," protested the tenderfoot, "and there's so much violence here too!"

"Vi'lence nothing!" exclaimed the native. "We don't have no vi'lence here, an' we don't need no hospital. When one of the boys shoots there ain't no job left 'cept for the coroner."—Denver News.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Every Growing Child.

Should have for its breakfast, in the summer time, a dish of the delicious brown flakes of

Malta-Vita

The Perfect Food,

Served with cream, milk or fruit. No food so nourishing or so easily digested.

Makes little folks grow
Makes big folks go.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

MADE KINGS WAS EASY.

A Delightful Interview With M. Paoli, Who Has Been Exclusively Attached to All of France's Royal Visitors.

At a quiet little flat on the third floor in a quiet little street in the shade of one of the oldest churches, in an old part of Paris, a voice said, "Come in, please," in quiet, deep tones. The voice was that of M. Paoli—a little man with silvery white hair, snow-white moustache, and deep-set brown eyes, which gleam out of a face that is so typically Corsican that the name Paoli and the big bronze figure of the great First Consul in the place of honor on the mantelpiece are quite unnecessary to show that their owner is a countryman of the great Napoleon. Upon the walls, on etageres, on tables, and on every piece of furniture where there is room to place them are photographs of royal personages with autograph inscriptions—the Queen of Holland, the Shah, the King of Sweden, the Princess of Wales, the late Empress of Austria, and many others; but more numerous than any others are those of the late Queen Victoria. A big official portrait of her late Majesty is on the wall, small water-color sketches of the late Queen on her drives in the Riviera are there, and also a photograph of the Queen in the famous donkey carriage. It is not difficult to see that M. Paoli had a cult for the late Queen of England. In his memoirs, which will be published very soon, this cult will find expression, better than in mere conversation; for, as the dear old gentleman said to me, "I lost a dear friend when she died, and only to my pen can I, at all composedly, confide my feelings."

"I do not, as a rule, like to be interviewed," he said, sitting down next to me and speaking quietly and with an introspective smile. "I prefer to be what I have tried to be for the last fifteen years, the man in the shade, whom nobody notices, and whose work and privilege it is to make the King's way easy."

M. Paoli has been in the service of the French Home Office for the last thirty years, and since Her Majesty first went to Aix-les-Bains some fifteen years ago he has been exclusively attached to all the royal visitors to France—their guide, their protector, and in many ways their mentor. He is naturally proud of it—proud of the invariable smoothness with which each detail of the many royal visits which he has stage-managed has passed off, proud of the confidence placed in him by each succeeding Government of France, proudest of all of the friendship of his many royal and imperial friends.

There were tears in M. Paoli's eyes and deep emotion in his voice as he spoke of the late Queen Victoria. "I was with her at Aix-les-Bains, at Grasse, Hyeres, and at Nice," he said. "I was, to all intents and purposes, more with her than was any other man during her stays in France. Each time she left she asked that Paoli might receive her and look after her upon the coming visit. She treated me not as a servant, but as a friend, and, on the long drives out into the country, when I was practically her sole companion, she even honored me by asking my advice on many matters. Sometimes on these excursions I almost shuddered at the responsibility upon my shoulders. The Queen and Empress of a powerful country, the guest of another. Think of the weight of it! But nothing ever happened. Each time the royal yacht steamed out of Cherbourg, mingled with the natural grief of parting from kind friends, I felt a natural feeling of relief that all had passed off without accident; for you must realize that on these visits I am responsible for everything pertaining to the safety and comfort of the royal or imperial visitor.

"The royal guests of France—I very nearly said 'My royal guests,'" said M. Paoli with a smile—"always make matters very easy for me, and of all the Kings, Queens, Emperors, and Empresses that I have known (it seemed a little odd to hear this quiet statement in a third floor flat of modest aspect) the royal family of England have always been the kindest, simplest mannered, and most charming. The members of your royal family know how much I love them, and they are untiring in showing kindnesses to me. I was invited, and went over to the Diamond Jubilee of the late Queen of England, and I was present at her funeral. The King invited me over to the coronation, and honored me with a long conversation after the ceremonial. As Prince of Wales I knew him well, and he was pleased to say the friendship should continue."

"How is it, M. Paoli, that you don't talk English?"

"The fault of all my royal friends," he answered, "for they all speak French, as do the persons of their entourage. I have always meant to learn your language, but I am a busy man. One had to work hard, don't you see, to keep the signs of my work invisible."—Correspondence of London Pall Mall Gazette.

Tennyson's Uniform.

Once when Tennyson dined with Sir Arthur Sullivan his wide brimmed felt hat and long, flowing cloak greatly impressed a servant at the composer's house. At the end of the evening, when Tennyson had departed, she gave vent to her feelings after asking whether that was "really the poet" in these words: "Well, he do wear clothes?" "Yes, so do most poets," answered Sullivan, "and then you must remember he is the laureate." The girl thought it over for a few minutes, no doubt cogitating on his official position, before she remarked, with a sigh, "What a uniform!"

British Mines in 1902.

The mining industry of Great Britain employed during 1902 856,213 men, 825,401 of whom were engaged in mining coal. There were 227,178,140 tons of coal mined, 29,953 tons of gold ore, 25,062 tons of zinc ore, 6,762 tons of copper ore, 8,925,259 tons of iron ore, 23,615 tons of lead ore, 6,698 tons of tin ore and 25 tons of petroleum.

MELCHERS—RED CROSS
Canadian Gin

"Tickles the palate and agrees with the Stomach."

Superior to Imported Gin because it's old

Distilled exclusively with the finest grains.

The Only Gin . . . which is fully matured for years in bonded warehouses and bottled under government supervision.

The Only Gin . . . having its age and quality guaranteed on every bottle by an official government stamp.

Melchers Red Cross
IS THE FINEST TYPE OF PURE, WELL MATURED GIN.
It has a delicate flavor, and an agreeable mellow taste.

Highly recommended by physicians because it's Old and Pure.

BOIVIN, WILSON & Co.,
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SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.
E. B. EDDY'S
NEW INDURATED FIBREWARE
Tubs, Pails, etc.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.
Insist on Getting Eddy's

Pure Seed for Sale
—AT THE—
Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited.
GOLDENVINE PEAS, JAPANESE BUCKWHEAT,
MAMMOTH CLOVER,
RED CLOVER, TIMOTHY.

The Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited
CHATHAM, ONTARIO.

CUNARD CONSTRUCTION.

Two Monster Ships Will be Built at Once.

New York, June 8.—The Sun has the following from London:—A despatch from Glasgow to The Exchange Telegraph Company says contracts for the construction of the two new monster Cunard liners, which are to be subsidized by the Government, have been placed, one with a Clydebank and another with a Newcastle firm. The original design for these boats has been changed. The beam has been increased, and the displacement is to be 35,000 tons. The horsepower is placed at 70,000, which, it is estimated, will give a speed of 26 knots an hour. The original estimated speed for these boats was 25 knots an hour.

Malt Breakfast Food Has Taken First Place and Will Continue to Hold It

Amongst the ever increasing brands of breakfast foods sold by the Grocery trade of Canada, Malt Breakfast Food has taken first place, and will continue to be the favorite grain breakfast food in tens of thousands of homes. Not only does Malt Breakfast Food furnish the most palatable breakfast dish for young and old for the strengthening of body and brain, but many choice and palate-tickling dishes can be made from this popular cereal food that will aid digestive vigor.

Malt Breakfast Food is now recommended by wise physicians as the best food for the strong and weak, for the young and old. It possesses health virtues unknown to other brands of foods. All Grocers.

Throwing Rice at Weddings.

Like roast pig, the origin of throwing rice at weddings is Chinese, and the legend is scarcely less worthy of Charles Lamb: "A famous sorcerer named Chao became jealous of the power of another sorcerer, a woman, and, conceiving a plan to destroy her, he persuaded her parents to bestow her upon his supposed son. The crafty Chao chose the most unlucky day for the wedding, the day when the 'Golden Pheasant' was in the ascendant, so that when the bride entered the red chair the spirit bird would destroy her with his powerful beak. But Peachblossom gave directions to have rice thrown out at the door, and she passed out unharmed while the spirit bird was devouring it."

HIS Young wife was almost distracted for he would not stay a night at home so she had his LAUNDRY done by us, and now he ceases any more to roam.

Parisian Steam Laundry Co.
TELEPHONE 20.

Simmons Watch Chains.....

Are gold filled, solid gold outside. You cannot tell them from all gold chains unless you cut the links—except by the difference in price. A fine assortment in the newest patterns is here at the

SIGN OF BIG CLOCK.

A. A. JORDAN

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FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE
Money to loan on Mortgages—Company and private funds at borrowers own terms.—No commission charged—City and farm property for sale or exchange OFFICE—Opp. market, next to Baikie's photograph gallery.
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CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U.S.A.

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Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous.
Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.