

DIZZY AND FAINT SPELLS.

Warnings of heart trouble that should be heeded.



These feelings of faintness, those dizzy spells and "all gone" sinking sensations, which come over some people from time to time are warnings that must not go unheeded.

They indicate an extremely weakened condition of the heart and a disordered state of the nervous system. Nature is asking in an unmistakable manner that aid be brought to her assistance quickly.

There is no time for delay. One faint may be recovered from—will the next? One dizzy spell may pass off but the next may prove more serious.

Those who are wise will start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at once before their case gets hopeless.

This remedy acts directly on the disordered heart and nerves and restores them to healthy action.

Mrs. JOHN GILBERT, Maria, Bonaventure Co., Que., recently wrote as follows:

"It gives me great pleasure to be able to state that I have been using for some time the wonderful remedy, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

"For a number of years I have been troubled with heart throbbing and dizziness, followed by nervousness and weakness.

"I was advised by a friend to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I did, and got great relief from the first, and now am completely cured. I feel very grateful for the benefit I have received.

There is no one who has ever taken Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills faithfully but has derived benefit from their use. They have cured thousands of cases of palpitation, dizzy and faint spells, throbbing, skip beats, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, anaemia, pale and sallow complexion, female complaints and general debility."

Price 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25. at all druggists or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

A GERMAN'S WIFE

He Lost her and his Sorrow was Immense but not too Great

To Prevent Him Talking Business—A Unique Letter Received by the Manager of an Insurance Company

The following letter was recently received by the manager of a large German insurance company:

DEAR SIR—It is with deep sorrow that I take the pen to inform you that my dear wife, Annie Marie, nee Lindner, insured with you—your will find the number—your index—to you the sum of marks 1,000, has died suddenly, leaving me in this world in the bitterest despair. This painful blow befell me this very day at 1 o'clock in the morning. Will you try to get for me the amount insured as quickly as possible? The policy bears No. 2750. I can say very seriously and very sincerely that she was a faithful wife and an accomplished mother. So that matters may proceed most expeditiously, send you herewith an official certificate of her death.

Her illness has been very short; nevertheless she suffered very much, which rendered my sorrow the more intense.

I trust that you will help me in consulting myself by sending me very promptly the amount insured, especially after having received my formal promise—and I make it to you this very moment—that when the time comes I shall insure my second wife for marks 6,000. My sorrow is immense. However, the prospect that you will hasten to satisfy me sustains me in this terrible trial. In the hope that I shall soon receive the amount insured, I and my children pray you to accept, etc.

—Cote Européenne.

THE CAULIFLOWER

Its Culture for Profit—It Pays Well When Grown for Market

For which the Co. offers all Right but Go early! They are often not available.

There is a good profit in growing cauliflowers for market if the conditions are all right, but with the culture often given them, they are not a reliable crop. In growing cauliflowers for sale, the first thing to be considered is a market for these luxuries. The crop is not a staple one, like some which are considered necessities of life, and you must find people who want them and are able to buy them. In most large villages there is a sufficient number of people who want them to make a market for a few thousand heads. In some seasons, and at some times in the year, there is a good profit in growing them to ship to dealers in the cities, but the most money is made by retailing them in villages where no one is growing them and there is no competition.

It is not best to economize too much in purchasing seeds. The higher priced strains of white cauliflowers, where the type has become established by careful selection for several years, are more reliable in heading, and the whiter heads the better they will sell in the market. The large pure white heads with the leaves trimmed nicely around them attract the eye, and people buy them because they "look nice."

The Early Snowball is the standard with many people and probably more extensively grown than any other variety and is usually very satisfactory. I make the first sowing of the seed in a hotbed in March. A little later I sow more seeds in a cold frame, and sow at different times in the open ground from April until June. My plan is to have only a small part of the crop mature at one time, for the leaves will soon grow through the heads if they are not marketed at the right time.

A deep, moist clay soil is the best for cauliflowers, although good crops can be grown on any good garden soil. I cover the ground two or three inches deep with stable manure and plow it in. Then harrow and furbow two and one-half feet apart. If I have well rotted manure, I scatter it in the furrow and mix it with the soil with the cultivator, or, if the manure is not so well rotted, I set the plants and in a few days apply around them a little commercial fertilizer that is rich in nitrogen. Vegetables of which the leaves or stalks are the edible parts need plenty of nitrogen in an available form. The plants are transplanted at different times from May until June. Cauliflower plants from the hotbed should not be set too early unless they are well hardened, for they are more easily injured by frosts than cabbage.

In addition to the foregoing suggestions given in Vick's Magazine the writer says that to insure success one must have some means of irrigation. The plants should not stop growing at any time; hence the importance of irrigating them during a drought.

ANOTHER

Ten thousand men obeyed his slightest word. He pressed a button at his desk, and, lo! Men who for years had struggled on and on, and bowed servants saw him come and go.

He spoke, and markets rose forthwith or fell. He governed all that mighty wealth will buy.

Fame, honor, power, homage, he possessed, And yesterday you would have called him dead.

But millionaires and paupers have to die.

The shouting in the market still goes on. Through whispering servants' lips to those who hear.

How poor was I beside him yesterday! How rich today beside his faithful clerk. Make fast the bit and let the curtain fall.

—S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.

VINDICATED.

When M. de Bosme returned, to the court in France he was most coldly received. The king refused to see him, and the king's courtiers were quite unkind. At his sweetheart's house, in the Rue des Saints Peres, the door was closed in his face. He was filled with astonishment and grief, both of which were increased when he went to see his friends. All looked askance at him. Few deigned even to speak to him, and none accorded him the explanation he sought.

Too proud to question strangers and yet sensitive enough to suffer keenly under the treatment he had received, he went to his room to brood alone.

There was a mirror here, and in this he surveyed himself. The hardships of war had deprived him of his good looks. His face was drawn and haggard, his skin wrinkled, his eyes were dull and sad, while across his left cheek a long, disfiguring scar told where a sabre had cut deep.

He left the mirror and sat down dejectedly. "I am grown ugly," he said, "and poor, and therefore they shun me." He thought of his life, offered to his country and to glory, of hard campaigns in America and the Indies, of the famous battles in which he had done his part, under Montcalm and Vandreuil. "But all this," he told himself, "has been in vain. The king, my love, my friends, they are none of them left to me. The only faithful ones of my name and name, gladly at my coming—he too is gone, for I have sold him. No one—nothing is left to me!"

One black thought succeeded by another, and his gloom and melancholy increased till life seemed but a burden to be got rid of. He was a man of promptness and decision, and, having come to this conclusion, he did not procrastinate. His pistol lay ready to his hand—one shot and the deed was done.

At court they said, "M. de Bosme had the fever." Weeks and months passed, and they spoke of him no more. He was there remained, to Bosme an old time friend. After serving in Spain for some ten years and growing discontented with his work, M. le Comte de la Puyssaye returned to France and to the court. He gained prestige at Mmes. de Bonny and de Chavreuil's, De Surere's and Luxembourg's, asked new service of the king, and solicited a regiment. He called himself a friend of Bosme. "Poor fellow!" he said. "Only 30 years old! What could have made him leave us that way?"

His face clouded when he heard the story, for he was a brave man himself. "A coward!" he cried. "Impossible!" "But, yes," said his informant. "We repeat only what the reports said—reports which were sent to the king direct. M. de Bosme, it seems, disliked the army too greatly—so much so, in fact, that he could never bring himself to approach him."

"Bosme a coward!" cried the count. "He must have changed greatly, then. May not these reports have been false?" "Well," said the informant, "and so on. La Puyssaye heard the story repeated a score of times, and found that the mention of Bosme's name brought forth only curses or reproaches. He ended by renouncing him.

"But," he said to himself one day, "I can't forget him. I loved him well, and I believe I love him still. Very well, I shall allow myself this little eccentricity—that of loving a dishonored wretch. Bosme remains my friend, and of all the world I alone shall recall him with something other than disdain."

He hung the dead man's portrait on his wall once more. But the portrait was an old one and no longer resembled anybody La Puyssaye, discontented, wished for some other souvenir—something which Bosme had used. He thought of the horse. "Where is he now? They tell me that he sold him. That horse carried poor Bosme for ten years, I must find him."

Once, while his friend still served with him, he had seen the horse—a curious beast, of a dark yellowish color, the product of a cross between a Spanish barb and an Indian pony. He was able to furnish descriptions of the animal to certain men whom he sent in search of it.

The men were away three months. One day La Puyssaye received notice that a horse answering to the description given had been found in a field in Artois. He went to the place and bought the animal at once. It was indeed, Bosme's extraordinary beast, the friend of his friend, old and thin, worn by the hard service before the plow and the ill treatment of the farm hands. There were the white legs, still fine as those of a race, the long, black tail and mane and those eyes, dark, cold, clear and fixed, that made one uneasy. "Strange animal!" thought La Puyssaye.

He had it fed, groomed and saddled and set out for Paris at a rather high price. Much fatigued, he arrived at length. But tired as he was there was to be little rest for him. A note from the bureau of war awaited him, informing him that his request for a regiment had been granted, that it was to be known as the Grenadiers Puyssaye, and that he must join it near Fri-

bourg as soon as possible. Taking hardly time for the writing of a letter and the saying of an adieu, he departed for that place, and gratifying his own wish he went there on Bosme's horse.

His new grenadiers grumbled among themselves. "Is it with that plug," they said, "that he means to lead us?"

La Puyssaye's friends looked at its lip. "No use," said the count: "he's an old horse, and his teeth no longer mark his age."

"But why didn't you come on your black fellow?"

"Oh, Constantine broke his leg, and—old as is this charger, he is good enough for the campaign. I judged that we should be only amusing ourselves here, and I did not wish to honor the enemy by riding on a horse."

The officers saluted smilingly, and the colonel, wishing to see the marshal, M. de Coigny, inquired the way to his quarters. Before going thither he left his horse with his orderly, who was going toward the trenches. "Blaise, bring me back to me tonight," said the count, and the man departed with the horse.

But not more than an hour had passed, and La Puyssaye was just leaving the marshal's quarters, when an attack was ordered on a strong point where 1,800 men had been killed. "Blaise, bring me back to me tonight," said the count, and the man departed with the horse.

Being ordered to hold his regiment in reserve, M. de la Puyssaye conducted it behind a certain embankment, then sought to go after his horse. But his friends stopped him. "Not now," they said. "The place is exposed. You would be risking your life needlessly."

La Puyssaye returned to his place and gave vent to his vexation. "Miserable orderly!" he cried. "My horse! See what he has done with my horse!"

"Ciel!" exclaimed a captain in astonishment. "Why are you so concerned about the beast? From whom did you get him?"

La Puyssaye, tired of keeping his secret, revealed it. "From De Bosme. He was, alas, one of my friends."

The news was murmured through the ranks, while the officers marveled audibly. "What an idea!" they said. "Where is he, that we may observe him again?"

"In that trench over there, which is so exposed. My orderly must have been drunk to leave him in such a place."

"Oh," cried an officer, "I have no fear! Bosme's horse! The horse of a coward! He'll crouch when the bullets fly. You'll find him again safe and sound."

"After all," said the other, "the trench covers him. He's satisfied to stay in it. He won't come out."

At that moment a bomb came singing through the air, and from the trench calmly, proudly, defiantly, a horse emerged. He stood alone in the middle of the field, in a great open place—alone. The saddle was on his back, the bit in his mouth, and though he had lowered his neck in the silence following the first bomb, he seemed waiting only for a signal on his bridle. "The coward's horse!" thought the army.

Just then the place seemed to fill with smoke, while the city beyond trembled as with an earthquake shock—three more bombs in the ranks of France, and 15 files were cut down like so much grain.

The trumpets sounded the attack, and at that moment suddenly, magnificently, the last rays of the setting sun clothed the horse in gold. He raised his head, as the brave steed does when the battle is on, and the riders, eagerly, eagerly, charged on, then boldly, eagerly, sojournly, he charged on the city at a gallop. Deaf to the thunder of the cannon, indifferent to the shot that whistled about him, glad to sniff again the smoke of powder, to feel once more the excitement of the combat, the gallant horse dashed on, and on—a sublime spectacle for a whole army to witness.

What moved him to rush on the enemy so madly, to affront death so grandly? Was it the memory of Bosme's glorious battles? Was it the force of a habit acquired after a score of engagements—the result of a lesson learned on many fields?

They who followed swiftly after him did not know, but they swore afterward that they had seen a hand on his bridle, feet pressing his sides, a shadowy form on his back, and for one brief instant a face with a long scar on its left cheek and a look such as no coward ever wore.

The poor beast at length fell, bleeding from a score of wounds, but he had done enough. In the eyes of the army he whose horse this had been was vindicated. Bosme was not a coward.

—From the French For Argonaut.



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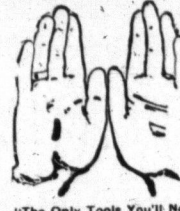
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