

SURPRISE SOAP

Pure Hard Soap

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Corrected June 3rd, 1902.

GOING EAST GOING WEST
 2.36 a. m. L. Express 1.11 a. m.
 3.32 p. m. Express 1.04 a. m.
 Daily.
 7.00 a. m. arrives in Chatham from Toronto, 9.25 p. m.

Lake Erie & Detroit River R.R.

Effective June 1st, 1902.

Leave Chatham for Detroit, Hamilton, Toronto, Buffalo, etc.
 7.05 a. m. Express 1.11 a. m.
 3.32 p. m. Express 1.04 a. m.
 Daily.
 7.00 a. m. arrives in Chatham from Toronto, 9.25 p. m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Effective June 1st, 1902.

Leave Chatham for Detroit, Hamilton, Toronto, Buffalo, etc.
 7.05 a. m. Express 1.11 a. m.
 3.32 p. m. Express 1.04 a. m.
 Daily.
 7.00 a. m. arrives in Chatham from Toronto, 9.25 p. m.

WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, APRIL 30-DEC. 1, 1904.

90,000 gallons of water per minute flow over cascades.

Special Colonist One Way Excursion Fares

FROM CHATHAM TO

Billings, Mont. \$37.75
 Colorado Springs \$37.75
 Denver, Colo. \$37.75
 Salt Lake City \$37.75
 Seattle, Wash. \$37.75
 Vancouver, B.C. \$37.75
 San Francisco \$37.75
 Los Angeles \$37.75

OVER THE WABASH

To the great World's Fair, St. Louis Mo., opens April 30th, closes December 1st, 1904. Covers 1240 acres, cost more than \$50,000,000. The most gigantic and colossal undertaking ever attempted by man. The Great Wabash Line is the only railroad that owns and controls its own rails, from Canada, direct to the world's Fair gates.

The new superb and magnificent train built especially for this traffic, places the Wabash in the very first rank for this business. For full particulars, address any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agent, N. E. Cor. King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

W. E. RISPIN, C. P. & T. A., 115 King St., Chatham.

J. C. PRITCHARD, Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

World's Fair, St. Louis, April 30 to Dec. 1, 1904.

Settlers' One-Way Excursions, 1904.

To Manitoba and Canadian Northwest, will leave Toronto every Tuesday during March and April if sufficient business offers. Passengers travelling without Live Stock should take train leaving Toronto at 1.45 p. m. Passengers travelling with Live Stock should take the train leaving Toronto at 9 p. m. Colonist Sleeper will be attached to each train.

For full particulars and copy of "Settlers' Guide," "Western Canada" and "British Columbia" apply to any Canadian Pacific Agent, or to A. E. NOTMAN, Dist. Gen. Pass Agent, King St. East, Toronto.

W. H. HAPER, City Pass. Agent.

One Result of the Martinique Disaster.

BY DOROTHY CAMFIELD.

"My dear young lady," remonstrated the colonel. "My dear young lady! Did anyone ever hear of a most unreasonable request?" He sank into the steamer chair beside me and rolled himself comfortably in the rug. "It is so unreasonable that you must be forced to confess that you have not the slightest idea that it will be granted. Preposterous! As if one could say anything interesting on shipboard—much less tell a whole story!"

"This is a very good prologue," said I. The colonel did not smile. He was contemplating the line of the horizon with a far-away look in his eyes.

"You see, people's ideas of what is interesting are so different. Now there is a story that I might tell—but whether it would interest a young lady, that is the question. It is a rather odd experience of mine that happened several years ago. It is about the curious and first-hand of a great change in the state of things, with which you are so familiar as doubtless to have forgotten that it is a change."

I settled back contentedly in my chair. The colonel smiled a little and began. "I told that it happened several years ago, but that was of old men's way of speaking. I dare say you would call it many years ago, as you were probably a baby at the time, if, indeed, you had appeared at all."

"It was a year of great disasters of various kinds, natural, political and social; and I embarked on a fast liner for Liverpool with the gloomy feeling that some new horror would probably greet my eyes on landing."

"We had a prosperous journey, until what I suppose was the most important happening of my life occurred. I had a headache."

"Why, colonel," said I, "I thought you told me the other day that you never had headaches?"

"The colonel looked at me reproachfully. 'I had a headache,' he continued, 'the most severe one I have ever experienced, although I have from childhood been subject to them.' He emphasized the words. 'It lasted two days, and on the third, unable to endure the pain, I sent for the ship's doctor. He gave me opiate and brandy, and told me to be careful in using it, as it was very strong. The pain continued, and finally, driven almost insane by it, I raised the glass to my lips and drank off all of the drug which the doctor had left.'"

"The colonel paused impressively. 'I have never known nor been able to conjecture how long I lay in the heavy stupor that immediately followed this reckless act. When I became again dimly conscious of my surroundings, the first feeling that assailed me was an overpowering hunger. I pressed the electric call impatiently. No one answered. I rang again, and shouted 'Steward! Steward!' at the top of my voice; but there was absolute silence when my cries ceased echoing. Then it occurred to me, that the ship was perfectly still. There was no throbbing motion of the sea nor any pitching and tossing. She lay as still as though she were in drydock, and that I had slept through all the noise and bustle of the disembarking. The silence grew oppressive. This was out of the blue to the electric light. The key snapped, but no light came, and at the same instant I felt the sudden piercing breath of the most intense cold I have ever experienced. Ah, I grew accustomed to that cold later! I groined about for my cap and overcoat, and rushed out of the cabin. I made for the stairway, filled with a great horror of the dark and cold and silence. I found the stairs, and as I hurriedly ascended them it began to grow lighter. It was day when I reached the deck, and again as I rushed along the hall leading to the deck door, but there was no answer. Everything looked about as usual, however, and there was nothing to prepare my mind for the astounding spectacle that met my eyes as I threw open the door."

"I am not an eloquent man and I cannot describe to you the tremendous surge of emotions which almost turned me faint as I realized my situation. I can only tell you what it was, and you can imagine for yourself. Far, far below me lay the sea. It was as though I were looking down from a cliff, but this cliff would not venture again out of touch of the sea."

"I went on down the street. My foot-steps echoed in the silence. The pavement seemed interminable. After walking an hour or two, I again felt my way to the sea and I was in despair. My hands encountered a wall—brick wall. I stood a moment, reflecting. All capacity for astonishment seemed to have been exhausted by the amazing events of the past few hours. I reasoned as calmly as I should now. 'There can be no doubt of being here, following the wall if I don't allow my feet to leave the sidewalk,' I thought; and proceeded at once to step along beside the wall. Shortly I encountered a flight of stone steps. I mounted these and found myself before a locked door. I felt mechanically for the door-bell, and pulling it, heard the familiar tinkle at the rear of the house. There was no answer and I rang again. The tinkle died away in the silence. I tried the door and found it was impossible to stir it, and descended the steps as though I had received the message. The ladies are not at home."

"I sat down on the bottom step to think, but the more I thought, the less I could make out of it. Was it possible that there was a city in Greenland with never a stick of timber, and that I was there? And if so, where were the inhabitants?"

"I went along the street and found other steps, and mounted them and rang other bells, as though I had been a book agent 'doing the town.' But the deadliest silence reigned. I tried again and found that the door was locked. I could not succeed, finally, exhausted, puzzled, baffled, and discouraged, I rolled myself in my blanket before the door of one of the houses to try to rest."

"I had not supposed that I could sleep, but I must have done so, for I awoke suddenly awakened by the sun shining in my eyes. Springing eagerly to my feet, I looked about me with the greatest curiosity. I was in a city street. Rows of respectable, brick houses stretched away on either side of me, and an asphalt pavement lay beneath my feet."

derful sea-happenings, and though that if ever I reached land again I would have a new one to tell. I wish I had the time to fully describe the charms of a sojourn on an iceberg, but the point of my tale is concerned with later events. I will leave my Robinson Crusoe years for some other time, and go on with my story."

"There had been the most severe and long-continued fog that I had yet experienced, for at least a week. One morning, as I was pacing up and down the section of deck that was my tiny kingdom, the fog lifted and disclosed to my amazed eyes a high chalk cliff within a short distance."

"This was the moment for which I had waited all these years. I hastily gathered together the few things necessary to complete the outfit of my raft. Cutting the rope, I beheld myself floating from my prison with feelings of unmingled delight, to my intense surprise, I found myself on a well-made road."

"I thought that I must be near a settlement of some kind. Pushing briskly forward, I indulged in the liveliest anticipations of once again seeing and speaking to one of my own kind."

"I stepped briskly along through the darkness, turning my lantern first to one side and then to the other, expecting every moment to come across a hut or skin tent to which would announce the presence of human life. But the yellow light showed me nothing but barren, flat land, with little or no vegetation."

"As the first streaks of light were seen I looked about me with much interest to get my first view of the land; but at the same moment a thick creeping mist shrouded me in a far more impenetrable darkness than the night had been. I was tired, and this fresh misfortune quite discouraged me. I sat down on a stone beside the road to rest and reflect, deciding that part of my despondency arose from hunger. I opened my knapsack and made a hearty lunch. After this I felt more hopeful. 'There is no such thing as a road that leads nowhere,' I said to myself. 'If I keep right on, I must come to something and somebody.'"

"I pushed through the fog, doggedly determined that I would not lose courage."

"I think I must have gone on several days. I rolled myself in my blanket and slept when I needed rest, and at my biscuit and dried meat, and drank my wine. A brook beside the road, and breaking the ice, I sucked the pieces. My plan was to go ahead till I had used up half of the provision I had with me, and then to about face and make for the raft. That despatch craft began to seem a haven of rest and empty desolation."

"Suddenly one day—or perhaps night, for the fog continued so dense that I could make no difference—my foot struck something hard, and in an instant my steps were ringing on what sounded exactly like a city pavement. I thought of the old story of the sailor and smiled, for this was quite as absurd, but when I bent over to feel what it was, I was thunderstruck. For it was a city pavement! I stood still in utter amazement. I stamped to make sure it was real. It was under my foot with convincing firmness, and I was in doubt as to whether I was a lunatic or a fortune teller. This was much! 'I have gone mad,' I thought. 'The dark and loneliness have driven me mad.'"

"I sank down, and held my head between my hands. Then I thought that there was a strange and a curious thing about this. There must be a house, and springing up I went to the other side of the sidewalk. There was nothing there, and I walked right into gravel. In a second I was seized with the wildest panic. It was day when I reached the deck, and again as I rushed along the hall leading to the deck door, but there was no answer. Everything looked about as usual, however, and there was nothing to prepare my mind for the astounding spectacle that met my eyes as I threw open the door."

"I am not an eloquent man and I cannot describe to you the tremendous surge of emotions which almost turned me faint as I realized my situation. I can only tell you what it was, and you can imagine for yourself. Far, far below me lay the sea. It was as though I were looking down from a cliff, but this cliff would not venture again out of touch of the sea."

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Says the New York "Sun": "Fascinating by the Presbyterian churches and the other churches, which draw their system of doctrine from the Westminster Confession and similar standards of faith, have abandoned the doctrine of hell. At the bottom they are all Universalists, whatever their creeds may say."

NOTHING I EAT AGREES WITH ME

That is the Cry of Thousands of People who can Find Relief and a Permanent Cure in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"Nothing I ate would agree with me." That was the deplorable condition Juliana Sandburg, of 221 John St. North, Hamilton, was in. There are thousands of others in the same unhappy state and to these she sends a message:

"I bought one box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. After taking part of the box I found relief, and after taking the whole box I was cured and am still cured."

The way of escape is simple. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are especially prepared for building up run down stomachs. They do the digesting, the stomach gets a rest. In a short time it is strong and healthy and ready to do its regular work."

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets bring quick relief and sure cure. They are easy to carry, easy to take and easy to get. For those who take them. One or two taken after eating is an insurance policy against discomfort."

Lost and Found It Himself. A story of the recovery of lost property comes, says The Cork Examiner, from a popular Irish seaside resort, where good golf links are not the least of the attractions offered. Three years ago a lady, an ardent golfer, staying at the principal hotel there, lost a ring at the club house. As she highly valued the ring for its associations, she caused very wide search to be made for it, but despite the fact that not only then, but ever since, a careful lookout had been kept, not alone by the caddies, but by almost everyone who heard of the loss, it was not found. The other day, however, while the loser of the ring, again on a visit to her favorite resort, was playing golf, she, in missing a stroke, struck the ground, dispersed some sand, and uncovered her long-lost property."

READ IT THROUGH. 'Twould Spoil This Story to Tell it in the Headlines.

To use an eighteenth century phrase, this is an "over true tale." Having happened in a small Virginia town in the winter of 1902, it is a story very much of the present. Up to a short time ago Mrs. John E. Harmon, of Melba Station, Va., had no personal knowledge of the rare courage properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. "Last January," she says, "my baby took a dreadful cold and at one time I feared she would have pneumonia, but one of my neighbors told me how this remedy had cured her little boy and I began giving it to my baby at once and it soon cured her. I heartily thank the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for placing so great a cure within my reach. I cannot recommend it too highly or say too much in its favor. I hope all who read this will try it, and be convinced as I was." For sale by All Druggists.

On the Installment Plan. Mrs. Browne—Oh, what lovely wedding presents! Such beautiful silverware and such rare china! Wasn't it nice to get such presents?

Mrs. Browne—Yes, it was, but we are now beginning to pay for them on the installment plan.

Mrs. Browne—Pay for them? On the installment plan? Why, Mrs. Greene, what do you mean?

Mrs. Greene—Why, the young people who gave us wedding presents are getting married, and we have to send them wedding presents.

WELL AGAIN.

The many friends of John Blount will be pleased to learn that he has entirely recovered from his attack of rheumatism. Chamberlain's Pain Balm cured him. Chamberlain's Pain Balm cured him. Chamberlain's Pain Balm cured him.

He called me a fool. Shall I? Sure. Why, a man has got to show justification even for telling the truth about another.

EVERY CHILD'S HEALTH DEPENDS

The use of a laxative occasionally. For a mild, safe and certain relief use Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Specially suited to children. Let your children use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular. You have not lost your fortune as long as you have not lost your life.

Rashness is the faithful but unhappy parent of misfortune.

EVERY MOVEMENT HURTS

When you have rheumatism. Muscles feel stiff and sore and joints are painful. It does not pay to suffer long from this disease when it may be cured so promptly and perfectly by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine goes right to the spot, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, which causes rheumatism, and puts an end to the pain and stiffness.

Biliousness is cured by Hood's Pills. He that swells in prosperity will be sure to shrink in adversity. If you must refuse a favor, learn the art of being polite about it.

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WANTED.

WANTED—At once, pantry girl. Apply Hotel Merrill.

GOOD COOK WANTED—Good wages. Apply at once at Aberdeen Hotel.

WANTED—Skirt maker, waist maker and four apprentices. Apply Miss Shaw, opposite the Market.

WANTED—House to rent by the year. Apply J. L. Campbell, Boston Shoe Store.

WANTED—Girl for general housework; highest wages paid. Apply to Mrs. John Waddell, Water St.

HELP WANTED—For general housework. Wages \$3.50 per week. Apply at once to W. P. Huff, Queen Street, Indian Creek Farm.

WANTED—A steady man for general work in my stable, garden and house. Good wages by the year. March 3, 1904. Chas. R. Atkinson.

A FEW CANVASSERS WANTED—By an established wholesale and manufacturing house selling a full line of daily necessities to consumers. Samples free or returnable; freight charges prepaid; exclusive territory; rapid advancement; no cash advance or security required; salary or commission. Write quick to Cooper, Drawer 931, London, Ont.

WANTED—Men wanted to learn barber trade; only eight weeks required by our system of constant practice; trade taught; diploma given. Full tuition \$25. Call on write, Detroit Barber College, 40 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

WANTED—Special representative in this county and adjoining territories, to represent and advertise an old established business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$21 weekly, with expenses paid each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Expenses advanced; position permanent. We furnish everything. Address, The Columbia, 630, Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT. HOUSE FOR SALE—On Grant street. For particulars, apply to Thomas Scullard, or at this office.

LOTS FOR SALE—One and one-half acres at the hotel of Victoria avenue. Apply to Mrs. Tinsman, Victoria, B.C.

HOUSES FOR SALE—A house on Grant St., and house and lot on Victoria Ave. For particulars, apply to Thomas Scullard, Victoria, B.C., or at this office.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT. Store and Dwelling on Queen St. Title clear, room to build, good business stand, being situated opposite the Free Library, between the Central and Separate schools. Reasons for retiring, ill health. For particulars apply Wm. Brown, on premises.

FARM FOR SALE—North east half of lot 16, Front concession, Township of Harwich, 133 acres. All cleared, clay loam, two good sized frame houses. Large frame barn and cattle shed; stable and driveway combined; granary and implement house. Buildings all in good repair; about five acres of orchard; artesian well, windmill and pump; three other wells. Price \$50,000. Apply on the premises to Mrs. John J. Walrath, or to W. F. Smith, barrister and solicitor, Chatham, Ont.

THE WABASH RAILROAD CO. The Great World's Fair Route. GOING WEST. No. 1—4.45 a. m. No. 2—12.25 p. m. No. 3—7.07 p. m. No. 4—1.02 a. m. No. 5—6.35 p. m. No. 6—1.12 a. m. No. 7—1.18 a. m. No. 8—2.40 p. m.

The Wabash is the shortest and truest route from Chatham to the Great World's Fair, St. Louis, Mo.

J. A. RICHARDSON, Dist. Pass. Agt., Toronto and St. Louis. J. C. PRITCHARD, Station Agent.

U. E. RISPIN, W. P. A. 115 King St., Chatham.

ONE WAY RATES VIA UNION PACIFIC FROM MISSOURI RIVER TERMINALS (Kansas City to Council Bluffs, inclusive) EVERY DAY.

March 1st to April 30th, 1904. \$25.00 to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, and many other California points.

\$25.00 to Everett, Fairhaven, Whatcom, Vancouver and Victoria.

\$25.00 to Portland, Astoria, Tacoma and Seattle.

\$25.00 to Ashland, Roseburg, Eugene, Albany and Salem, including branch lines in Oregon.

\$22.50 to Spokane and intermediate O. R. & N. points to Wenatchee and intermediate points.

\$20.00 to Butte, Anaconda, Helena, and all intermediate main line points.

\$20.00 to Ogden and Salt Lake City and all intermediate main line points.

From Chicago and St. Louis proportionately low rates are in effect by connecting with the Union Pacific to all above points.

For information call on address F. B. CHATTE, G. A., 128 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

A JOURNEY OF PLEASURE. The Wabash-West Shore route is the quick and comfortable one to New York. See your ticket agent.