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vitality, will find nothing equal to Mil-burn's Heart and Nerve Pills for restor-ing the health and strength and keeping ing the health and strength and keeping the energy and activity unimpaired.

Mrs. C. H. Dobson, a fine old lady living on Steadman Street, Moncton, N. B., made the following statement:

"I am 70 years of age, and do not like te exert myself very much, but it is a pleasure to tell how much I value those wonderful Milburg's Heart; and Nerve Pills. I have been troubled for some time with a pain in my left side and a futtering around my heart, which weakened me so that I was scarcely able to move.

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THE TRAMP.

He was a real, bona fide tramp. His oat was a marvel of grease and tatters on one foot he wore a tolerably respect able boot, while the toes of the other protruded through a very ragged shoe and his hat would never have been rec-ognized for that article of headgear if it had not been upon his head. Altogether he might have been the original of the funny papers' latest edition of Weary

At present he was resting. This wa the chief occupation of his life, his pro-fession, as it were, and after many years of experience he had succeeded in years of experience he has succeeded in bringing it down to a very fine point, being able to pursue it under the most unfavorable conditions and. in circum-stances that would have daunted an or-dinary mortal. Such is the result of

Just now the conditions were ex-Just now the conditions were extremely favorable, the day being warm and the fence corner grass grown, and shady, so the tramp lay upon his back, with one leg thrown over the other and his hat pulled down over his forehead.

Over in the field opposite a farmer was plowing up stubble, pausing now and then to wipe his perspiring face while his blue shirt clung in damp streaks to his skin.

The tramp watched him meditatively 'I wonder why people like to work?' he soilloquized. 'Queer! They're always a-doin somethin. Now, I ain't never done anythin, and I git along just the same. I bet that chap owns.

never done anythin, and I git along just the same. I bet that chap owns this whole place all round here, but he ain't havin as good a time as I am, and I ain't got a red cent. I wonder what people want to be always workin for when they might be takin it easy. It's a funny world. Wisht I had a

chaw of terbaccer.

By and by the tramp climbed the fence and began to investigate a hay-stack standing a short distance from the road.

"Might's well fix my bed for tonight," he said and squirmed into the heart of the stack. Presently he heard the sound of voices. It was probably the farmer, and he lay still in his hiding place.

ing place
"Of course 9:30 is a little early for our biz, but that is a through train and bound to be worth more than either of

the other two."
"But there will be more people on it."
"What's the odds? A dozen more or less. They won't sit heavy on our con-

less They won't sit heavy on our consciences."

'It's a dead easy thing too. All it takes is grit. We'll be pretty sure to strike a gold lined pocket or two before they can make out what's happened. And if any one turns up beforehand?"

'Shoot him dead. We don't-stand no trifling. You stand at the bottom of the gully; ain't likely to be a soul walk that track, but if there is crack him dead without a word. I'll take care of, my part. I tell you, I'm desperate, and if— Look, there's a man over in that field. Get around on the other side. He didn't see us. Make a bee line for that hedge. We can'—

didn't see us. Make a oee ine for that hedge. We can'—
The voices died away. The tramp turned over on his side.
"Train wreckers! Well, it ain't no business of mine." he grunted.
Nevertheless the vision of a wrecked with districted his non and he crawled.

train disturbed his nap, and he crawled out of his hole. He sat on the fence and nursed his ragged foot, watching the

sunset

"It's a pity for so many people. I guess some of 'em would be young, too: maybe some little babies: maybe a feller about my age. They're all a-lookin at the sun for the lattime if they

only knew it."

What kind of a queer feeling was this? He tried to whistle it off, but it only came bask the stronger. The frogs singing had never disturbed him before, but tonight it sounded weird and sad, and after awhile the very stars came out and, looked at him as if they knew something about it.

knew something about it
"What a strange thing it must be to
die! Maybe somebody'll be waitin and
waitin for some of those people to come

member any love, but somehow he understood this waiting.

The froga sung on, the young moon sailed slowly down the heavens, and by and by the tramp climbed off the fence and sloweled away down the road. Stanging beside a stable door he had seen a lantern when he passed that afternoon, and he crept up, hooked it off the nail, and went on his way. He had no definite purpose in view except that he was going toward the gully, and it might be useful. "I never did do anything, and I always got along. But it's a pity to let them all die. Better to have one old feller go. I wonder how it feels to die!"

He shuddered a little and seemed to hear the voice again. "Shoot him dead!"

He sat down by the roadside and said sullenity. "It ain't none of my business. I ain't got nothin to do with it. It don't concern me any."

But after awhile he went on again. "It must be 9 o'clock now." he said. The night had grown dark and cloudy; only a few stars glittered at intervals through the flying rack. The track aloned around a curve a few yards be-

n either side. The tramp lit his lantern, and, takand tamp it is laucer, and takening off his coat, wrapped it carefully around. Then he lay down on the ties, flat on his face, and began to creep slowly along; squirming and crawling like a worm.

After a seemingly endless time of creeping and feeling carefully with his hands he felt the smooth cold steel of the track end abruptly. The rail had been removed just at the highest point seath-mally.

been removed just at the nignest point in the gully.

Now he had nothing more to do but wait. And be killed! He wondered how, it felt to be shot. A strong desire to get up and run took possession of him, but he might just as well be shot saventhe way to be a strong to the shot saventhe way to be a strong to the shot saventhe way to be a strong to the shot saventhe way to be a saventhe way to be a strong to the same to be a strong to the same to be a strong to the same to be a saventhe way to be a saventhe saven

ing the train as now, so be lay still.

"Maybe I won't be killed. I might git through some way. An old no count like me "u'd be likely to git through with a whole hide. Anyway, twon't be much lost. If 'twould only come." It seemed an hour since he had lain

It seemed an hour since he had him there; then he heard the rumbling and the distant "whoo—o—whoo—o—o," and in a minute the train rounded the curve. The tramp flung his coat into the gully and sprang to his feet, waving the lantern up and down over his head. Five pixel shots rung out sharp-about the recise of the train the lantern up and the lanter ly above the noise of the train, the lan tumbled into the gully, and the

tern tumbled into the gully, and the tramp fell forward across the track, the engine coming to a standstill within two feet of his body.

Instantly a camor of voices arose, the engine puffed breathlessly, lights flashed, through the darkness, the ties were examined, the lantern, the coat and an empty pistol were rescued from the gully, and the tramp was lifted by a dozen pairs of hands.

"He is dead!" they cried. "Shot dead! Murdered by train wreckers!"

A young doctor elbowed his way through the crowd. He was of talk, commanding presence, and they fell

shrough the crowd. He was of tall, commanding presence, and they fell back before his authoritative voice.

"Make way, there!"

He knelt down beside the tramp and after a rapid examination said: "The man isn't even seriously hurt. There is only a flesh wound in the bip. He has fainted from fright." fainted from fright.

only a nesh would in the ship the lass fainted from fright."

Even as he spoke the tramp opened his eyes. A young girl sat down and took his shaggy head into her lap, where he moved uneasily from time to time as he told his story.

"He's a real hero!" cried the girl.

"A brave, noble fellow, God bless him!" cried another woman.

A man held his brandy flask to the tramp's lips and another shook his hand heaxily. The tramp seemed to hardly understand it all. He blinked at them stupidly, but clung to the brandy flask. They carried him aboard the train, and the engine backed slowly toward and the engine backed slowly toward

the town, a mile away, and as the tramp reclined upon velvet cushions, surrounded by sympathetic faces, for the first time in his life treated as an equal, a man among men, strange, new desires stirred vaguely in his

"I ain't been nothin but a no 'count "ain't been nothin but I'm mighty
glad I could save 'em all, mighty glad."
"We will make up a suitable reward
for that brave fellow," said an old gentleman, but the young doctor spoke up

suddenly.
"See here! That man is a fake! His story is the thinnest I ever heard. I say story is the thinnest I ever heard. I say he took up those rails and waved the train in the hope of a reward, shooting himself to give weight to the story. Do you think of five shots aimed straight at a man only one would hit him and inflict a slight flesh wound? And if he feared the wreckers why, didn't he wave the train on the other side of the curve? Any sane man would have done that."

This was an indisputable fact, and

curve? Any sane man would have done that."

This was an indisputable fact, and the passengers began to comprehend the whole matter.

"He says he heard the two men at 6 o'clock." the young doctor went on "Why, he could have gone to Fords-ville and got a posse to capture them in that time! And he says he took the lantern from a farmhouse stable. Why, he could have gone in and informed the farmer! Pshaw! The thing couldn't be plainer. He was after the reward. You will be lucky if you are not sent up for this, old fellow."

The passengers laughed or were an-

this, old fellow."

The passengers laughed or were angry according to their various temperaments, while the tramp tried to understand the meaning of the change in their manner, but could not exactly comprehend. Hadn't he saved the train? They, took him to the hospital at Fordsville, and later on the men whom they had left behind came in to report that they could not find the slightest trace of the wreckers or any evidence to prove the truth of the tramp's preposterous story.

posterous story.

In the morning the young doctor called at the hospital, and the nurse who received him said: "The man is called at the hospital, and the nurse who received him said: "The man is dead. He died during the night of heart disease, from the fright, I suppose." She showed him the bed, and they both stood looking down on the still form lying there. "Well, he's gone to his reward," said the doctor jocularly.—Chicago Newa.

caught out of doors. Rats taken indoors were then kept for a day or so in a cage with an earth floor, after which they were readily eaten. A very similar experience was had with smaller snakes, copperheads, these declining to eat house mice, permitting them to run about the cage or even over their bodies with impunity, while field mice were quickly taken even after they had been dead for some little time. These facts seem to show that makes have a very keen sense of smell and are largely guided by it in the choice of their food.

—Science

LARGE ESTATES.

Sir Thomas H. Esmonde Holds Them in Ireland and He Belongs



SIR THOMAS H. ESMONDE.

eleventh baronet of his name and holds large estates in Ireland. He has been senior whip of his party, and the refusal of Thomas Sexton to assume the leader-ship makes him the logical successor of Dillon. Sir Thomas was born in Pau in 1862, and was educated at Oscott College. He first went to Parliament as member for County Dublin South. That was in 1885. In 1891 he became member for West Kerry. He is a Justice of the Prace of County Wexford. Among other positions he has held have been a lieutenancy in the Waterford artillery mittia and the office of High Sheriff of County Waterford. He has published a volume of travels in various countries.

Jon ... usy us a Disease. Jealousy is now regarded as a disease by the medical profession, and in suc-ases as are brought to eminent doctor

PATHETIC STORY

Queen Ranaval-The Savage Queen in Ex le.

Vny the French Bundled her off elgeria - May die of the strange mate if she Overcomes the Homesickness She is

A savage queen in exile is rather a pathetic sight. Poor Ranavalo, the mild-mannered ex-ruler of Madagascar, cannot be trusted in the island, her native home, by the French, so they bundle her off to Algeria, where she arrived recently, and let her live and die in state where she can do no harm to their occupation of the island. Her second husband, Rainalaiarie vony, also her premier, who was exited to Algeria a few years ago, did not long survive his expatriation, dying lass year. It is not unlikely that Ranavalo will soon follow him, as she is not strong, and the strange climate, if not homesickness, will probably shorten her life very materially. not Poor

will probably shorten her life very meterially.

While in Algeria the ex Queen will have a magnificent mansion for her own use and an income of \$4.800 from the French Government. She is said, however, to have jewels valued at \$6.00,000, and hence is not exactly poor. Her aunt and niece, a secretary and a suite of seven persons make up her retinuse-dise under the moles were executed by the French Government in March, 1897, and Ranavalo was then exiled to the Island of Reunion, whence she was brought to Algeria. When interviewed, she said—this is, of course, the



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