

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
 Corrected July 2nd, 1904.
GOING EAST **GOING WEST**
 * 1.03 a.m. Express... 1.03 a.m.
 * 3.32 p.m. " " " " 3.32 p.m.
 * 7 a.m. daily, except Sunday

GRAND TRUNK WEST.
 * 8.23 a.m. for Windsor, Detroit and intermediate stations except Sunday.
 * 12.42 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.
 * 2.30 p.m. for Windsor and intermediate stations.
 * 4.13 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.
 * 9.08 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and west.
 * 11.11 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and west.
EAST.
 * 2.32 a.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Buffalo.
 * 1.45 p.m. for Glenora and St. Thomas.
 * 12.17 p.m. for London, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and New York.
 * 6.0 p.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and East.
 * 8.50 p.m. for London and intermediate stations.
 * Daily except Sunday; * Daily.

THE WABASH RAILROAD CO.
The Wabasha World's Fair Route.
GOING WEST **EAST BOUND**
 No. 1-6.45 a.m. No. 2-12.23 p.m.
 No. 3-1.07 p.m. No. 4-11.19 p.m.
 No. 5-1.25 p.m. No. 6-11.25 a.m.
 No. 7-7.03 p.m. No. 8-6.13 a.m.
 No. 9-1.13 a.m. No. 10-8.49 p.m.
 J. A. RICHARDSON,
 Dist. Pass. Agt., Toronto and St. Thomas.
 J. C. PRITCHARD,
 Station Agent,
 W. E. RISPIN,
 W. P. A. 115 King St., Chatham.

PERE MARQUETTE R.R.
BUFFALO DIVISION
 EFFECTIVE DEC. 5, 1904.
 Leave Chatham Express Express
 For Buffalo and West 6.45 a.m. 5.10 p.m.
 " " " " 8.35 a.m. 6.35 p.m.
 Arrive at Chatham
 From Buffalo 9.55 a.m. 7.58 p.m.
 St. Thomas 4.25 a.m. 6.58 p.m.
 Toronto 8.10 a.m. 6.30 p.m.
 Buffalo 10.10 a.m. 8.30 p.m.
 Central Standard Time—one hour slower than city time.
 E. BRITTON, D.P.A., London.
 H. F. MOELLER, G.P.A., Detroit.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
Canadian West Grain Crop
WHEAT—50,000,000 Bushels.
OATS—40,000,000 Bushels.
BARLEY—10,000,000 Bushels.
Total—110,000,000 Bushels.
 Based on 5,313,554 Acres.
 The Estimated Value of Wheat Alone is \$41,250,000.00.
Over 100,000,000 Acres
Good Land yet for Settlement
 And hundreds of miles of new Railways will be built there in 1905.
 Above figures from Winnipeg Free Press.
 For maps, descriptive pamphlets, settlers' passage and freight rates, call on nearest Canadian Pacific Agent, or write to C. B. Foster, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.
Tickets and full particulars from W. H. Harner, City Agt., or C. B. Foster, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
February at the Winter Resorts.
 The most popular month of the year at Southern winter resorts; California, Mexico, or Florida, offer attractions difficult to find in any other part of the world. Delightful weather, health resorting climate, luxurious hotels.
 Round trip tourist tickets to all Southern Resorts are on sale daily. Those who cannot take advantage of the above resorts, should spend a few days or weeks at "Near Winter Resorts." St. Catharines Mineral Springs, Mount Clemens Mineral Baths, and Preston Springs, all situated on Grand Trunk.
 W. E. RISPIN,
 City Ticket Agent,
 115 King Street, Chatham.
 E. C. PRITCHARD,
 Depot Ticket Agent.

WABASH
 In the great winter tourist route to the south and west, including California, Mexico, the most interesting scenery on the face of the globe. Warm and California, the lands of sunshine and flowers. Round trip tickets on sale daily at greatly reduced rates. The Wabash is the great trunk line between the east and the west, and runs the finest equipped trains in America.
 For time-tables and descriptive folders and other printed matter, address:
 J. A. RICHARDSON,
 Dist. Pass. Agt., N.E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas.
 W. E. RISPIN, C. P. A., Chatham
 J. C. PRITCHARD, Depot Agent.

Glenn & Co.,
 WILLIAM ST
 Import direct the finest Ceylon, Assam and China Tea, Black Gunpowder and Young Hyson, Best English Breakfast Tea 35c and 40c.

A WORKER OF MIRACLES
WONDERS ACCOMPLISHED BY BURBANK, WIZARD OF PLANT LIFE.

Achievements of a California Horticulturist in Producing the Thornless Cactus, Fadedless Flowers and Stoneless Plums—His Career, Which Began in 1848-75, Is One Alike Interesting to the Scientist and to the Ordinary Layman.

Luther Burbank, whose discoveries in fruit and flower culture have again brought him prominently before the world, has been aptly termed a wizard of plant life. He is almost a miracle worker in the gentle art of horticulture, and one of his latest feats in this field is the production of a flower that will not fade or wither. At least after more than a year some of the faded flowers that have stood in Mr. Burbank's parlor show no signs of losing freshness or color.

Perhaps the most important horticultural achievement of Mr. Burbank from the practical standpoint is his success in producing a thornless and spineless cactus. It was only about a month ago that he announced his



"taming" of the wild desert cactus, and it is the result of ten years of study and experiment. It means the reclamation of the desert, for the cactus grows in great abundance in arid regions, and if it can be made useful as a food plant the importance of Mr. Burbank's achievement is manifest. A three-year-old thornless cactus is now growing in front of Mr. Burbank's home at Santa Rosa, Cal., and one can pick the leaf of the plant, ordinarily so thorny, and rub it over the cheek with as much freedom as though it were a soft and downy peach. The cactus grows in desert regions in the United States, Mexico, South America, the shores of the Mediterranean and some other localities, and from 1,500 varieties of plants from different places Mr. Burbank produced the edible cactus. In many places where no food for animals grows the cactus is found in abundance, and its leaves are said to be more nutritious than beets. According to Mr. Burbank, it will produce the most food during the months when the deserts are entirely devoid of other vegetation. If the thornless cactus can be produced in these arid regions as sustenance for stock the cultivation of the plant on a large scale will be undertaken and vast tracts of land useless now will become productive and populous.

Mr. Burbank works slowly, but with remarkable success. He has produced white blackberries, stoneless plums, the plumcot, a permanent cross between the plum and the apricot, the pineapple quince and the peach almond. He has created a variety of walnut that has a thin shell, and one of his most popular flowers is the Shasta daisy, which is much larger and prettier than the ordinary varieties and at the same time is hardy and can be grown in almost any soil. In producing the common daisy was first grafted upon an English daisy, and the hybrid thus obtained was again grafted upon a daisy from Japan, and so on through other varieties.

In the case of the stoneless plum the fruit has been left with the naked seed in the centre, so that one can bite through without trouble. In crossing two fruits Mr. Burbank merely takes the flower of one species

and dusts it into the stigma of the flower of another species, using in his experiments his knowledge of nature's laws and the skill in obtaining results that he has gained in years of patient observation. Mr. Burbank was born in 1849 at Lancaster, Mass. He has lived at Santa Rosa since 1875. He enjoys a large income, but works more from love of horticulture as a science than from desire for revenue. He is credited with producing some 2,000 new varieties of plants, and the results he has achieved have given him rank as the most successful investigator in the world in his particular field. Mr. Burbank has received many medals and testimonials from scientific societies, and recently the Carnegie Institute granted him an allowance of \$10,000 a year for ten years for his experiments. "My aim in this work," he says, "is to benefit mankind."

Contracted Bad Cold.
Doctor Said, Serious!

Wanted To Send Him Three Hundred Miles To The Winnipeg Hospital.

Bottle and a Half of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup Cured.

Read what Mrs. A. G. Wheeler, Waseca, Minn., has to say about it:—"Please let me thank you for the great good that both my husband and my children have received from Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. One night when my husband came home from work he had contracted a very bad cold. He became so bad that he had to go to bed and send for the doctor. When the doctor came he pronounced it a very serious case, and wanted me to send him to the Winnipeg Hospital. This I would not do, as it is about 800 miles to Winnipeg. I decided to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and got four bottles of it. He only took one-and-a-half bottles before he was all right again and only lost a few days' work. I always keep it in the house for the children. Even the baby, seven months old, takes it and seems to like it, and as for myself I do not know what I would do without it. I think that every good housekeeper should keep a bottle on hand, for I know it will save many a doctor bill."

Price 25 cents. Put up in a yellow wrapper and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes.
THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED,
 TORONTO, ONT.

Rules As to "Ips" in England.
 It is an unspoken law that you should not only tip your friends' servants, but allow them to tip yours. The tips given to private servants were, and are, somewhat irregular, according to the number of servants, and often according to the quality of the guests. The nouveau riche, for instance, will give the gamekeeper five pounds, or even ten, thereby making matters very uncomfortable for a sportsman, less endowed, who follows after him.

Young girls should only tip the housemaid, and the parlor-maid if expected to tip the coachman or the butler, although she would naturally give the groom something if she has done any riding.

A bachelor of my acquaintance explained that his method of tipping was conducted on the strictest business lines. "I always give the same amount," he said, "wherever I stay. I give the keeper 5s. per day—unless it's covert shooting and we get over fifty pheasants, then I make it 10s. I also give 10s. to the under-keeper. 2s. to the man who carries my gun, and 5s. to the man who cleans it. These figures vary, of course, according to the number of keepers, etc., my friends have. One pound is enough for a week's fair shooting."

"To the coachman who has driven me to and from the station I give 3s. or 5s., if he has driven me anywhere during the week. If he has driven there for over a week and 10s. if under a week, and 5s. to the man who has seen to my clothes. "To housemaids I usually give 1s. per day, but if extra attentive I make it (the same applying, of course, to a page or maid) 1s. 6d. for my week. It is wiser to ring your bell and give the money than to leave it on your dressing-table; for you are sure at least that it goes to the right person.—Pall Mall Magazine.

Men are apt to speak of ambition as a mere want only the possession of money.

Flattery is the salt on the tail of vanity.

Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to female disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be averted if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

at stated intervals. Miss Nellie Clark, Lambeth, Ont., tells of her cure in the following words:—"I suffered for about two years with kidney trouble. I ached all over, especially in the small of my back; not being able to sleep well, no appetite, menstruation irregular, nervous irritability, and back-ache deposit in urine, were some of my symptoms. I took Doan's Kidney Pills. The pain in my back gradually left me, my appetite returned, I sleep well, and am effectively cured. I can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers, or DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., TORONTO, ONT.

WILL THEY MISS YOU?
 Question to Which Everyone Should Endeavor to Give Affirmative Answer.

I used to see him as he passed the fare box in the crowded car. His voice was cheery and his face was lit by a smile, and that man dispelled the discontent of the swaying strap, the crowded seat, and the cold by the gladness of his voice and smile. Time after time I've seen him, and his work was hard, for the hour was a trying one, but he rose above it with a smile. One day I did not see him at that hour. He had gone and I missed that man.

Would you be missed? Would they miss you if you were to leave your office, that desk that knows you so well? Would they be lonesome or would they be glad? Would that one who works next to you miss you for the kindnesses you used to show him, for the help you rendered him when he didn't know just what to do? Will they miss you?

Would they miss you in the shop? Did you do the job a little better than the other fellow, and were you willing—willing to learn, to take advice, willing to work hard and wait a little after the whistle blew if the boss was pressing? I say, would the boss miss you in the shop, and would the fellows be sorry to see you take your hat and coat and go?

Would they miss you in the church? Would there be an empty pew and the pause and a silence in the prayer meeting, a pause and a silence that once was filled by you?

Would they miss you in the legal circle, for your ability and for your skill—for your genius at unravelling and following a case that will clear your client and win his case?

Would they miss you in the school where you teach—would some heart, some scholar's heart, wonder where you were, and, wondering, wish for the sound of your voice again?

And would they miss you in the pulpit if those lips should cease to preach, and would they long for the counsels which lift and live?

Would they miss you in your town, at your corner, and on your street, and in your lodging? Would they look for you with regret, a regret akin to mourning?

Would the town be poorer and the street less lively, and your boarding-house more lonesome, just because you had gone? Would they miss you there?

And would they miss you in the home, would they miss you there, more work for mother to do, more lifting tubs, more bringing up the coal, more sitting, more shoveling? If you went away would they miss you there?

Young woman, would they miss you at home? And father and mother, in their declining years, would they miss you much, or are you seldom in; would there be more washing—more ironing—more mending, if you went away? Do you lift the burden, you women; would they miss you in the home?

And, father, would they miss you, knowing that you were courageous in the midst of adversity, gentle in the midst of trial, and strong to the very end?

Alas, mother, and would they miss you? Have you that touch that, no one else may give—that good-night kiss—that arm around the neck—that hand that helps—would they miss you, mother, for this?

And you, my friend, will they miss you anywhere—will they miss you when you go?—Charles F. Raymond, in The Star.

The Governor Made a Hit.

Earl Grey made a great hit at the opening of Parliament, writes an Ottawa correspondent. Part of the speech he had evidently composed himself. There is every reason to believe that, down to the words "It is gratifying to note that the trade, etc.," His Excellency actually did it off his own bat, after which the Cabinet, according to constitutional usage, took a hand in and provided the usual quantity of dry bones that a speech from the Throne contains. His Excellency, however, made no difference between his own part and the other. He read one part just as well as the other, and he read it in a fine, vibrant voice that could be heard in every part of the chamber—a great improvement on Lord Minto, who slurred it over as a kind of solemn foolishness. Earl Grey took more time and was more impressive. He gave the effect of believing that there was really something between the lines. He raised it almost to the level of poetry by his careful diction. He paid attention to the expression marks and allowed his voice to rise and fall at the proper places. It was a distinct innovation, and people whispered to each other, "Here is a Governor-General that may be caught thinking some day." His Excellency did it all over in French, and the favorable impression was redoubled. His declamation was just as effective in one language as in the other. The French members said that his accent was impeccable.

Colonel Hanbury-Williams aroused a wide interest of his own. He is the successor of Lord Maudslayi, but as all soldiers look very much alike to us, it is impossible to arrive at any definite conclusions on first sight. His stride is a little longer than the major's, but that may be set down to the fact that he has got his step a little shorter. They say that the colonel has ideas of his own, but what they are and how they work out is another story.

The Baby's Bath.

The domestic ingenuity of the man in this story from a London magazine may suggest something to economical Canadian householders. He entered a hardware store and asked the price of the small bathtub in the window. "Two shillings and sixpence," "Whew!" exclaimed the customer. "I guess until prices come down we'll have to go on washing baby in the coal scuttle!"

Tired. Nervous Mothers

Make Unhappy Homes—Their Condition Irritates Both Husband and Children—How Thousands of Mothers Have Been Saved From Nervous Prostration and Made Strong and Well.



Mrs. Albert Mann Mrs. Chester Curry

A nervous, irritable mother, often on the verge of hysterics, is unfit to care for children; it ruins a child's disposition and reacts upon herself. The trouble between children and their mothers too often is due to the fact that the mother has some female weakness, and she is entirely unfit to bear the strain upon her nerves that governing children involves; it is impossible for her to do anything calmly. The ills of women act like a firebrand upon the nerves, consequently nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous despondency, "the blues," sleeplessness, and nervous irritability of the female organism.

Do you experience fits of depression with restlessness, alternating with extreme irritability? Are your spirits easily affected, so that one minute you laugh, and the next minute you feel like crying? Do you feel something like a ball rising in your throat and threatening to choke you; all the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to light and sound; pain in the ovaries, and especially between the shoulders; bearing down; nervous dyspepsia, and almost continually cross and snappy?

If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition, and you are threatened with nervous prostration. Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for nervous prostration than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; thousands and thousands of women testify to this fact.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

Battles in the Snow. Many great battles have been fought in the snow, Ellau and Hohenlinden being familiar examples. Ansterlitz was fought in intensely cold weather, and the Russian losses were increased by Napoleon turning the fire of his artillery on the frozen lakes over which the Russians sought to retreat. In our civil war Fort Donelson was captured in February, Fredericksburg was fought in December, Stone River Dec. 31, 1862, Jan. 2, 1863, and Thomas defeated and ruined Hood's army at Nashville on the 15th and 16th of December, 1864.

To the Point.

The late General Russell Hastings served with distinction in the civil war, and his wartime reminiscences were amusing. He was describing one day a time when the soldiers' pay had been in arrears.

"A young westerner, full of braggadochio," he said, "walked up to his captain during the temporary trouble, saluted and said sternly: "Three words with you, cap."

"Well," said the captain, "what are they?" "Money or discharge." "The captain smiled grimly. "Four with you," he said. "Well?" "Neither one nor t'other."

His Mark.

It is well known that people who are unable to write usually use for their signatures the familiar cross or X. Why this sign is used instead of any other is not generally known. In times long gone by the early Christians used to sign with the cross to distinguish them from the heathen. Kings and nobles, too, went to affix a cross to documents, whether they could write or not, as a symbol that they pledged themselves to the Christian faith and thus to the truth of the matter to which the cross was affixed.

A Retort.

"You are not in it with me," said the nightingale, with a superior air. "You can't touch a high note at all." "No?" replied the bird of paradise. "Why, even when I'm dead and embalmed on a bonnet I'll bet I'll come pretty near touching a fifty dollar note, all right."

Old Time Controversies.

Old time controversies were often vigorous in language. In a controversy with Milton concerning the divine right of kings Salmasius called his opponent a puny piece of a man, a homunculus, a dwarf not having a human figure, a bloodless being, a creature of skin and bones, a contemptible pedagogue fit only to fog boys, a rancorous, a hangdog looking fellow. The great English poet not only answered in kind, but entered into an extensive correspondence with people in Holland to obtain petty gossip and scandalous anecdotes concerning his opponent.

Misard's Liniment Cures Distemper

It is hard to make some men understand the meaning of the word "no."

Exclusiveness
 "Progress" Brand Clothing is, above all, exclusive. The "Progress" way of buying direct from the mills, enables "Progress" Brand to command patterns and color schemes that "Progress" Clothing alone can show. The "Progress" way of tailoring lends a touch of individuality—a distinctive style and elegance—that is recognized at a glance. The "Progress" way of selling only to the leading retailers, who are financially responsible—who enjoy the confidence of the best trade—insures the wearer of "Progress" Clothing, an exclusiveness which is not obtainable in other makes.
 Sold by Leading Clothiers throughout Canada.
 Progress Brand Clothing is sold in Chatham by O. AUSTIN & CO., only, Market Square, Corner of King St., Chatham.