GOING WES

GOING WINES

4.23 p.m

EAST BOUN.

2-12.23 p. m

4-11.06 p. m.

6-1.32 a m. 8-249 p. m.

Chatham

CANADIAN PACIFIC.

Cornected Nov. ed. 1901

GRA 4D RUNP

1 45 p. m. Accomodation . 2.30 p. m. 5.01 p. m .*"Eastern Flyer"

THE WABA RAIROAD CO.

AKÉ ERIE NA : " & DETRO HIVEN

. E. & D. R. R. TIME CARD NO. 8

4.15 P

Going North, mixed 2.05 p m

7.30 a m for London is a through train, rains connect at Blenheim for East and

hanging cars, L. E. TILLSON, Gen. Agent, Chatham. THOS. MARSHALL, A. G. P. A., Walkerville,

Round Trip Tickets will be

Issued at

Going May 23 and 24, Return-

ing until May 26, 1902 Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor and

ast; TO and FROM Sault Ste. Marie

Mich., and Detroit, Mich., and TO, but

not FROM, Suscension Bridge, N. Y., Niagara Falls, N. Y., Black Rock, N.-Y., and Buffalo, N. Y.

Dist. Pass Agent,i Toronto and St. Thoma

W., E. RISPIN,

City Pass. Agent,

J. A. RICHARDSON,

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM

Victoria Day

MAY 24th, 1902

Return tickets will be issued at

Single First-class Fare

troit, Mich., Port Huron, Mich, Fort

Valid returning from destination on

Tickets and all information from

agents Grand Trunk Railway System. W. E. RISPIN,

Chatham.

Commencing Saturday, May 24

PACIFIC

CANADIAN

or before May 26th, 1902.

City Pass. Agent, 115 King street,

Effective Mar. 12, 1902

.....*Express. 12.42 p.mp.

9.02 a. m....*Express...... 8.15 a.

3-1.07 p. m...

GOING EAST

OING EAST

GOING WEST

Apure hard Soap MAKES CHILD'S PLAY

With a Modern

Gas Stove

find it will serve every purpose for cooking and prove more econ unical than wood or coal, at much less expense. This is the experience of hundreds using our fuel to-day, and it can be yours. Full information can be had at our office.

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Caustic Soda, Camphor, Ammonia, Sponges and Chamois

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on deposit receipts.
DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager Chatham Branch.



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

NOTICE

Municipality of Harwich. The Court of Revision

the assessment of the Municipal ity of Harwich, for the year 1902, will be held in the Harwich town hall on Saturday, 31st day of May, 1902, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., for the hearing and determining of appeals against the said assessment for 1902.

All appeals therefrom must be made to the clerk on or before the 14th day of May, 1902.

GEO. M. BAIRD, rk's Office, April 29th, 1902.

Where Li jes Bloom

Cape Colony, Natal and the Transvaal are flower-decked lands, many of the flowers have perfumes subtle and refreshing. In Cape Colony, for many miles between Paarl and Cape Town, the line is bordered with so-called "pig lilies." Near Ceres there are great fields full of these snowy white lilies with their orange-yellow pistils.

In Pretoria roses are prolific; in fact, most of the streets are bounded by rose hedges throughout their length, and the flowers bloom with a frail pink monthly rose blossom for three-quarters of the year. The wild erchids of Swaziland are famous. There are at least 20 different kinds, although they are no longer rare or valuable, they are extremely curious

Everything grows in the Transvaal, if the trouble is taken to plant it. The soil being all practically virgin and naturally rich, the smallest am-ount of attention is required, and the results obtained in a few months are simply marvellous. A welf known English tenor, traveling in the Transvaal, once remarked that he believed that if you planted walking sticks you could reap umbrellas

Chorea St. Vitus' Dance Has Its Origin In Weak and Debilitated Nerves.

Children of Nervous Tempera ment Are Usually the Sufferers.

Paines' Celery Compound AN INFALLIBLE CURE FOR THE TERRIBLE DISEASE

While Chorea is common with children of nervous temperament, it also affects older people. It has its origin in debilitated nerves.

Parents can easily note the leading symptoms; unusual movements and jerkings of the limbs, and twitchings of the muscles of the face. Frequently the limbs are so seriously af-******** fected, that the gait becomes awkward and unsteady. The hands and arms fails to obey the will, and the victim s unable to raise a glass of water to the mouth. The tongue at times is in-

volved, and speech is stammering.

Dear Parents, when any of the symptoms just mentioned are manifest, it is your imperative duty to exercise all necessary care, and have your dear ones use Paine's Celery Combound, the great nerve feeder and aerve bracer.

Paine's Celery Compound has already chieved a marvellous record in the trong boys and girls out of buny and almost helpless children, and the hearts of thousands of fathers and mothers have been gladdened. Bear in mind dear parents that it is olly on your part to delay the use of Paine's Celery Compound when you note the symptoms of nervous troubles in your children. The great medicine Il free them from disease and enable them to grow up strong, happy and contented. Do not make it possible or your children to look back upon heir childhood years and find in them lack of care on your part which al-owed bodily disablement and disease o make them weak and wretched.

We cannot turn our backs upon pa sins. They have a strange facility for getting to the front and facing us as long as we live.

Tendency of Catarrh is to Spread

Just a slight matter at first, and cause slight, neglected; but the seed own brings forth a dangerous harest, Consumption, which is the harvest of death. Better spend a few oments each day inhaling Catarrhezone, an aromatic antiseptic that reieves at once, clears the nasal passages, and restores lost sense of taste and smell. The immediate effect of Catarrhozone is magical, so prompt and efficient. Cure is certain and permanent if you use Catarrhozone, Price \$1. Small sizes 25c., at Drug-gists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

The heart of a woman is as a driv on well and he who would sound its depths must be blessed in patience, even like one who dives for pearls.

How To Get Up an Appetite

Distaste for food often follows Grippe, and fevers, and is associated a general weakness of the system. To impart a real zest for food, and give power to the stomach to digest and assimilate, no remedy can equal Ferrozone. This is startling discovery. It strikes at the root of disease and by removing the cause, cures quickly and permanently. Ferrozone will quickly enable you to eat and digest anything. Mr. McCall, Druggist, can tell you a great deal more about Ferrozone, how it cures and why it cures. Call to-day and see him. Price 50c.

Good luck is the willing handmaid

3. The Curl 3.

A Love Story of France.

By ETHEL WHEELER.

We were sitting on the terrace of ar old French chateau, sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes. It was a hot autumn afternoon. The tapestries of the woods were worked in the faded colors of decay; they rustled with the sentiment of the lost, the past, and the dead. The warm sun had raised a wavering veil of moisture about them, and in allowing for its influence one was in clined to exaggerate the definition of leaf-line underneath-that delicate de finition, incident on the sparseness of autumn, which charges the smiling abundance of summer with the first exquisite thinness of renunciation, to sharpen later into the hard features of winter asceticism.

Beneath the tobacco smoke my old friend's face showed shriveled and wrinkled with a like delicacy of line. Its sentiment of expression was almost one with the sentiment of this essentially French moment of the year. The woods were sad, but they were more happy than sad: with them it was the time of dreams, and they were haunted by the fragile loves of a vanished spring. The sorrow that was in them was plaintive, wistful-almost a tender impersonation: theirs was the sentiment of sorrow, its iridescence and play, unconscious of any depth or darkness of suffering.

It was forty years since I had met Louis de Brissac. In Paris, as young men, we had been close friends. I had gone over to study in the French capital, and from the very first Louis had won me to him by the charming romance of his friendship for me. Since that time, during the long years in Incore of me through mutual danger and mutual endurance; I had felt the stir of those silent friendships whose most open manifestation is a firmer handgrip, an understanding eye glance. Beside these hidden vital emotions the memories of my Paris friend were as pale-colored as his autumn woods, but yet in these far-off memories there vas a sweet fragrance which the ro-

buster attachments lacked. Louis had written to me regularly for years and years: I had whole boxes of letters in his fine, pointed handwriting. He was expansive, and thought no detail too trivial for my interest: not only was I familiar with the administration of his estate down to the minutest particular, but also his whole mental life, with all its philosophic doubts and conjectures, was laid open before me. The letters were written with flow and lucidity; they were full of keen observation and admirable criticism of life and books. But partly through lack of time, partly through difficulty of composition in the French language, and mostly through constitutional self-repression, my replies were, I fear, somewhat bald and brief. Then, during a period of extended travel, I missed several of his

letters, and, having no incentive, to

write to him, I let the correspondence

On my return from India the London doctors advised me to try the waters at Vichy, and thither I repaired, intending to find out if my old friend still lived in the neighborhood. On the very first evening I came across unexpectedly. I had dropped into the Cercle Prive to watch the gambling, and amid the grasping and repulsive faces of those present my attention was attracted by an old man of great benevolence of aspect. I could not be mistaken. I knew him at once, in spite of his white hair and his wrinkles. The peculiar charm, the dash of melancholy happiness, that had always belonged to Louis were there still, more marked than ever. He was playing the game with a childish pleasure-staking deliberately, but not high. He had evidently set a limit to his losses, for presently he came over, with a pleasant word to a friend or two, toward

the window where I was standing. "Louis!" I said, touching his arm. He looked at me for a moment quite blankly. Then his face grew irradiated. "Richard!" he said, pronouncing the name French fashion. "It is Richard—my friend Richard Wright! My poor Richard, but how you have changed!" I smiled. "Well, it is forty years," I

"And to meet you here!" he continued. "I always dine here when I come to Vic. y on business. And I play a little. It is excitement. If you win, ext ement; if you lose, more excite-ment. . . . My friend Richard Wright!

. . . I am overwhelmed! . . . You must come home with me to-night. Why, I insist—I absolutely insist. My carriage is here. There is a room ready for you. It is too great happiness to have you with me at the Chateau de La Tour." There was no resisting the pressure

of his invitation, his faithfulness of friendship. I consented, though quizzi-cally, half doubtful what manner of welcome I should receive from Madame or Mademoiselle de Brissac. I supposed, of course, that Louis had married in the long interval since we had ceased to correspond—that he had chil-dren. But I was wrong. I found the chateau presided over by an old butler and his wife, who superintended the servants.

And so, on the next day, looking out on that delicate autumn landscape, so full of vague and lovely regrets, I felt impelled to break our silence with the remark, "So there never was a woman in your life?"

A greater sweetness came into my friend's face. "I s, Richard, there was —and is," he replied. "I will tell you about her when we go in. You will it-you may think it-rather a delightful story. Perhaps you will only laugh at me. . . And you, my friend—you have never married, either? No, no . . . do not answer me. I see I have touched pain. I would not have you speak out of a sore wound. I want to know no more. Forgive me—

"You are-happy in her?" I asked in a low voice. "But you must hear the beginningyou must see," said Louis. "Tell me, did my last letters make mention of any hobby of mine?"

I reflected a moment. "A hobby?" I

Good luck is the willing handmaid of upright, energetic character and repeated, a little puzzled. "Why, yes: one must have a hobby-birds' eggs," said Louis "It is a hob-

by full of poetry, of romance, of senti-ment. When I was young, it took me out into the open woods, but in the epringtime, out in the early morning. Every specimen I collected made me more exquisitely aware of the marvels of creation, and woke in me new won der for nature's supreme artistry of color and curve. Have you ever pon-dered over a bird's egg, Richard—over

the frail brittleness that encloses the germ of sublime music? As the crinkled shell is characteristic of the orisp ocean—as it is thin, but of infinite resistance, and shaded mainly with the yellow and red hues of sand-so the bird's egg is characteristic of the softer contours of the land, and memories of leaves and skies are blended in the greens and blues of its shell."

"That seems to me . . . just a little fanciful," I protested, "but to tell the truth, I have not given the sub-

ject any attention." "I will show you my collection presently," said Louis. "I am arranging and classifying it now. Of course I am too old to get any more specimens myself, and I fear to employ the village lads, lest they should be lacking in wise discretion. But believe me, Richard, on the most bitter winter's day my birds' eggs are potent to bring the spring vividly before me. Within these fragile cases, I whisper to myself, there lives in essence the whole magic of spring-its crystal-clear calls, its high and liquid notes, its flash of lark mounting into the sky, all its varieties of faint flutterings among new leaves. I touch my eggs and say, "Thrush, finch, wood-dove;" and the pressure of woven nests grows round me, and I see the green-cradled babyhood of birds."

"I wonder," I said, "that you ever found the will to take and blow the

eggs? "Ah," Louis replied, "you are too prosaic. I take but one egg of many; with us scientific interest does not ne-cessarily kill sentiment. And the birds do not resent it; they have been kind to me, kind beyond expression. They have given me a gift. I have told you this that you may be in the right mood to understand. Come in, now; I will show you."

Together we went into the chateau. It seemed to me charged with an atmosphere of old-world sentiment, conventionalized by the lines of ancient perpendicular wall papers, of panels and parquets of oak-dim hand-worked tapestries reproduced within the rapture of autumnal decay. A sombre ric ness had grown about the greens and blues of the threads, like an emergent shadow; there was the pallor of ex-haustion in the blanched yellows and waning whites. Everywhere huge potpourri of roses reproduced about the corridors the sentiment if the lost, the past, the dead; giving for the passion ate beauty of June an attenuated sweetness, grown a little sickly in heavy confinement. Louis led me up stone staircase to a long, bare room, arranged as a museum, with a number of cases containing birds' eggs. It was inconceivable to me how anyone could extract a dream of springtime from so arid a spectacle. Louis drew me over to a table upon which stood a casket jeweled with small turquoises: this he opened with a key. Within lay curl of golden hair tied with a piece of faded blue ribbon.

"She is with me always," he said dreamily; "her sunny presence per-vades the house; I almost think, at times, I see her flitting up and down the staircase. Before, I was lonelycame all 's been changed." "Your dead wife," I said reverently,

for the moment forgetting. "No, no; I was never married. I told you that. But I did not tell you why. There was consumption in our family. consulted a doctor after you left . . I did not think I was

I grasped Louis' hand. "My friend, my friend, how could I guess at so deep a tragedy?" I exclaimed, deeply moved. Here indeed was courage, heroism. "I fancied-forgive fancied you had not known real suffering. My own case . . . I have loved,

. . let me finish. I think "But . you mistake. I never loved . . . in the flesh," he interrupted hastily. "That would have been terrible, terrible. I could not have conquered great pa sion. I think I should have killed myself." He touched the curl. never saw her," he went on. "I found this . . . just as it is now . . . tied up with blue ribbon . . . in the nest of a bird. That is my romance, Richard-the whole of my romance.'

"But-I don't understand!" I gasped. "It gave me something tangible build upon-a lock of hair, brought me in that tender way by the bill of bird, associated with all that is dear and beautiful and wonderful to me. I think; this bit of sunshine in the soft moss of a nest, a golden pillow for we feathered things. She would be pretty, with such hair! She has blue eyes and gentle ways; she has changed a little during the long years she has been with me, but alw. ys she is young, always she is sweet and lovable, with golden hair. Her gentle companionship has grown dearer to me, and dearer her voice is the blended voice of all birds, and the lightness of the birds is in her step, and their timidity, and soft, nestling ways."

"But it is a dream!" I exclaimed.
"Perhaps. Still, there is the curl," he said. Then he put his hand on my arm. "It puzzles you," he continued with a whimsical smile. "No Englishman is like that: you are material, and must have the substance; you do not understand that a dream has as actual an existence as a reality. We have the better of you, dear Richard, in this: we have found one secret of happi-

"If there had ever really been a woman," I began. "I know. This could not have hap-pened," he said gravely, "it could never have happened—in that case, and I should have suffered—like you."

I took up the curl, examining it curl-ously. At one time I had given some study to physiology. "But this is not woman's hair," I remarked, without thought.
Louis grew pale. "Not woman's

Then I realized the mischlef I had done. I cursed myself inwardiy that in a moment of recklessness I had chattered the whole fabric of his Me's dream. It is, of course, easy enough to tell from a lock of hair the age and sex of the owner when it was cut off, and it was quite evident that this suri

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Malt Breakfast Food is now recognized as a prime essential for health building. The ablest physicians as well as the most noted food experts, after repeated tests and experiments, have found to their satisfaction that Malt Breakfast Food contains a much larger proportion of the elements ne-cessary for the building of flesh, bone and muscle, than any other food now on the market.

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frail, for the invalid and convales the dyspeptic, and establish permanent health. All grocers.

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A Fig Qua ter's Worth

is always found in a bottle of Polson's Nerviline, the best household liniment known. It cures rheumatism, meuralgia, toothache, headache, sickstomuch, in fact is good for everything a finiment ought to be good for, Mothers find it the safest thing to rub on their children for sore throat, cold on the chest, sprains and bruises. Nev-er be without Polson's Nerviline. It will cure the pains and aches of the entire family and relieve a vast

And says it hurts him sore, And if he wins he still will kick, Because it wasn't more.

er alone. Start with the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nuorder, and see how quickly your liver will become active and energetic. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvellous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful conrol of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the se-cretions of the blood-making glands cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by

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No. 1-6.45 a. m. While Malt Breakfast Food is the chosen and popular breakfast dish of the strong and well, it is the physic-13—1.25 p. m...... 5— 9.52 p. m..... 9—1.18 a. m.... ian's favorite diet for the weak and The Wabash is the short and true round J. A. RICHARDSON, A few weeks of dieting on Malt Break-fast Food will banish the ailments of Dist. Pass. Agt., Toronto and St. Thoma J. C. PRITCHARD, W. E. RISPIN, C. P.A. 115 King St.,

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amount of suffering every year. DISCONTENT.

A lazy liver may only be a tired liver, or a starved liver. A stick is all Between all stations in Canada; all sight for the back of a lazy man. But Stations in Canada to and from Det would be a savage as well as a stuoid thing to beat a weary man of a Covington, N. Y., Bombay Jet., N. Y., tarving man because he lagged in his Helena, N. Y., Massena Springs, N. Y., starving man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging liver it is a great mistake to lash it all stations in Canada to but not from with deastic drugs. In ninety-nine Buffalo, N. Y., Black Rock, N. Y., Nicases out of a hundred a torpid or agara Falls, N. Y., and Suspension duggish liver is but a symptom of an Bridge, N. Y., ill-nourished body, whose organs are Good Going May 23rd or 24th veary with overwork. Let your liv-Start with the stomach and trition. Put them in proper working

the defection of other organs.

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Arrive Owen Sound 5.20 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Leave Owen Sound 9 a.m.

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