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There are few things less common than common sense.

If you would flatter a man, ask his advice.

LILY OF THE FIELD....

By A. S. RICHARDSON

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Norah Fogarty knelt in the dim church and prayed—not for absolution, but for a new gown.

It was the Wednesday before Easter. Tim McCarthy's invitation to the annual ball of the Order of the Golden Fleece on Easter Monday night lay tear stained and crumpled on the cushion behind her, and Norah, like her predecessor in woe, Flora McFlinty, had nothing to wear—that is, nothing worthy of the annual ball of the aforementioned association. To be sure, the other girls who worked at Reisenberg's flower factory envied the "air" with which Norah wore her short skirt of gray homespun, her bargain counter



NORAH TIM COULD HARDLY BELIEVE THE OWN

shirt waists and her simple ribbon stocks, but one couldn't pass an "air" off for a party dress, especially when the annual ball of the Golden Fleece was the event of the season in that social circle of which Tim McCarthy, foreman and contractor prospective, was an acknowledged leader.

And Norah loved Tim. She had told him so at his very urgent request some months before, and they had agreed to wait patiently and decently until Tim's two young sisters had become self supporting and the lover could afford to set up an establishment of his own at a safe distance from the noisy flat occupied by his widowed mother and her brood.

Norah, too, had her responsibilities. Her father was one of those happily constituted individuals who believed that the world owed him a living, and it happened that from his point of view just now Norah represented the world. And when one's mother spins her wrist and cannot make buttonholes for three weeks and one's little brother is so inconsiderate as to contract a stubborn attack of measles one may not lay up money for hell gown.

So Norah prayed in the firm belief that the Mother of Sorrows, who had answered her petition for her own mother's recovery two years back at the hospital, would incline her ear to so personal a request as a new dress.

The answer came in less than ten minutes. Norah scurried around the corner and plunged into the lunch-tide throng which filled Broadway from window to curb. A man jostled her rudely, and with the true womanly instinct she turned to the nearest window to see whether her hat was on straight. The window held nothing but paper, crumpled paper, tissue paper, stamped paper, paper shades for lamps, paper flowers, paper frames and paper dolls.

Norah forgot her hat, and her artistic eye rejoiced in the wealth of dainty colorings. She had never dreamed that paper came in such beautiful patterns. Why, they looked just like silk crapes, and there was a piece of violet brocade paper for all the world like the brocade waist Miss Hagan, their forelady, had worn at the Christmas ball given by the Reisenberg employees.

Then Norah gasped. Her hand closed convulsively over her purse. It held a dollar that she could spare. Norah shut her eyes for just an instant as if the thought made her dizzy. Then with very pink cheeks and her head held high she marched into the store.

"Yes, we have it in pink—the brocade, you mean? Twenty cents a roll, eight yards to the roll. For a dress—um—um! Why, if you sewed it on a foundation of tulle or cheesecloth I think two rolls would make it. Yes, we have the same shade in plain tissue. Twenty-five sheets? No, I think I'd use the sage green for stems. It's softer. Sixty-three. Thanks."

And Norah was again speeding up the street, her eyes very bright and a bulky package tucked securely under her arm.

For the ball of the Order of the Golden Fleece was to be a fancy dress affair, and if Mary O'Hearn could go as Boopie in figured calico and a straw hat why could not Norah Fogarty wear paper that looked much finer than calico? To be sure, Mary O'Hearn was hiring her costume at the exorbitant price of \$2.50. Norah knew, for she had gone to the same customer to

see whether anything could be rented for a dollar. And of one thing she was certain, that as the expert carraion maker of the Reisenberg shop she would make such gauds of blossoms to trim her gown as never a Fifth Avenue belle imported from Paris.

Precious little did Tim McCarthy see of his sweetheart for the next few days, for Norah had much to do, and she put him off on the plea that he had a great surprise coming for the night of the ball.

And surprised he was. When he called at the Fogarty flat on Easter Monday night honest Tim could hardly believe his own eyes. Never outside of picture books had he seen such a vision in pink as Norah, her eyes shining like twin stars, her soft brown hair waved above her ivory white brow and crowned with a dainty wreath of carnations just bursting into bloom, and her plump white shoulders rising from the bodice, cut not too low, but gracefully curved and garlanded with blossoms and straps of the blossoms over her shoulder, like the well society women whose pictures he saw in the Sunday papers.

"Stand your distance, Tim," said Norah, with a nervous little laugh. "Sure, mother and me have worked the week like twin slaves, and you mustn't muss it now."

"I'm glad I brought a carriage," said Tim, his eyes glowing proudly. "For no fairy like me Norah should be walking to Powers' hall. Sure, it wouldn't surprise me at all if Mr. Hagan, president of the association, asked you to lead the grand march with him."

"Don't be teasing me, Tim," said Norah, but it was to her mother that she turned to have the feeble fascinator and the old fashioned Paisley shawl wrapped about her.

But Tim proved to be a good prophet, for the president of the association had a keen eye for Irish beauty, and it was Norah's pretty face he saw long before he noticed the dress with its garlands of flowers. His choice, alas, was the cause of Norah's downfall, for the petty jealousies of the less fortunate girls took the form of caustic remarks, and soon Norah's appearance on the floor was the signal for jests that floated to her pretty, shell-like ear. And there was laughter, too, as girls passed her in the dance, which made Norah hold her head but the higher, not that she lacked for partners. Faithful Tim had difficulty in getting an occasional dance, and it was but a few minutes that she snatched for supper. Tim was jubilant, his naturally jealous temperament subdued by pride, and when he had tucked her into the carriage for the homeward ride he drew her dance card from his pocket and surveyed it by the flitter glare of the street lamps.

"Sure, you were the belle of the ball, Norah, an' I'm that proud of you I can't tell it. I asked Hagan to be the best man, Norah, an' he accepted on the spot. How's that for a compliment for you? An' your dance looks like the pencils had been dancin' a jig on it, with every dance divided into parts. The woman's a girl in a room could touch you, Norah, an' you made me think of them verses from the Bible about the lilies of the field givin' pointers to Solomon himself."

Norah did not answer. Something very like a sob followed his words, and then Norah's head drooped wearily. She was crying softly.

"Norah, me girl, what's wrong with you?" asked Tim anxiously. "Maybe you've danced too much?"

"No, no," sobbed Norah, "but I'm ashamed to look you in the face, Tim. I've deceived you, you being a man and knowing nothing about clothes. Me dress was made of paper—and the girls have been making fun of me, as you thought was the belle of the ball."

Tim reached for her hat, trembling hands and smiled in the darkness of the cab.

"Sure, I knew it from the start, Norah. You never deceived me a bit. 'Twas Mary O'Hearn that let me know at once when you walked off with Hagan. Sure, she was that jealous she couldn't hold in the information. An' listen, me girl, I'd rather you'd wear paper that's paid for than satin that ain't, or hired clothes that there's no tellin' who's wore before you. It tells me plain that you won't be runnin' up bills for me to pay when we're married, an' now, being as the dress won't ever be worn again, there's no harm done."

And, snatching the action to the word, Tim gathered into his arms the drooping figure, brocade paper, tissue garlands and all, and the crumpled lily went a few happy tears.

Ahead of His Age.

The probability that vehicles driven by steam would be the future means of transportation on land was very well foreseen twenty years before the eighteenth century closed by Oliver Evans of Philadelphia, the inventor of the high pressure steam engine. As early as 1788 he petitioned the legislature of Pennsylvania for the exclusive right to use his inventions for road wagons to be propelled by steam. The word locomotive had not then come into use. This privilege was denied, but the Maryland legislature granted the right for fourteen years. There appeared at once the good prospects of Evans obtaining the necessary financial support to apply his steam engine to the propulsion of boats and road wagons, but some cautious capitalist of that day determined to have B. H. Latrobe, an accomplished architect and engineer, report upon the schemes that Evans was advocating. Latrobe reported strongly against the steam engine, saying that the inventor was a visionary, that the report required Evans' career and deprived America of the benefits of the steam engine in transportation for two generations longer.

PERIL IN THE HAND-SHAKE.

Not long ago Dr. J. N. Hirsch, of Chicago, said: "The most delicate perils upon the hands are not a sign of freedom from germs, and the most refined are not free from disease of lungs or throat, and the germs are rapidly spread by touching the hand that has handled the handkerchief of one afflicted with a cold, catarrh or consumption. The breath one inhales from the lungs of another may contain germs of disease." You will not only be able to resist the germs of consumption, but many thousands of cases have been known where persons who were suffering from incipient phthisis, or the early stages of consumption were absolutely cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It maintains a person's nutrition by assimilating food. It overcomes the gastric irritability and symptoms of indigestion, and thus the person is saved from those symptoms of feverishness, headache, etc., which are so common.

An alternative extract like Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made of roots and herbs, without the use of alcohol, will assist the stomach in assimilating or taking up from the food the elements which are required for the blood, will assist the liver in throwing off the poisons in the system, and will prevent the designing druggist to insult your intelligence by offering you a remedy which he claims is "just as good" because he made it up himself, or ten chances to one will be a medicine made up largely of alcohol, which will only weaken the system.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is heartily recommended by every person who has ever used it and it has stood the test of thirty-eight years of disproof from people all over the United States.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 30 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

FIRE BURNS BOSTON PIERS.

At 230 Blast Unchecked and Lives May Have Been Lost.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 21.—A fire entailing immense losses broke out on Pier 4 of the Hoosek Tunnel Docks, Charlestown, at 1.30 o'clock this morning.

The flames spread with startling rapidity, communicating soon after with the Furness-Leyland Line steamer Philadelphia, which was alongside the pier, and in a few moments was in flames from stem to stern. Captain Dickenson and his crew of 48 men had a narrow escape, if, indeed, all were saved. The boat's side until he was rescued by the sailors who passed him. When the flames were discovered most of the crew jumped overboard. Capt. Dickenson himself hung by a rope over the boat's side until he was rescued by the sailors who passed him. When the flames were discovered most of the crew jumped overboard. Capt. Dickenson himself hung by a rope over the boat's side until he was rescued by the sailors who passed him.

From the Philadelphia, the flames jumped over to the steamer Dalton Hall of the Antwerp Line, which was soon after permitted to arrive at the pier. The Dalton Hall escaped. At 2.30 o'clock this morning the flames were apparently unchecked.

Nova Scotia's Blockade.

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 21.—It is now apparent that the snow blockade will result seriously to the Province of Nova Scotia. Passenger trains in some parts are moving irregularly, whilst, in other sections, a wheel is turning. Everywhere freight trains are stalled, and in many cases will have to remain so for weeks. In Hants County, the rails of the Dominion Atlantic Railway are covered with ice and the railway officials have abandoned the work of clearing the road. The inability of a coal famine is very serious. Already the Nova Scotia Government has been compelled to close down in consequence of shortage of fuel. Mills are stalled everywhere.

G. T. R. Telegraphers Win.

Toronto, Feb. 21.—The award of the board of arbitration to settle the differences between the Grand Trunk Railway Company and its telegraphers on three stated points, was made public last night. The telegraphers win. It is not a unanimous decision. G. F. Shepley, K. C., who represented the company on the board, agreeing with his colleagues only on that point which is decided favorably to the G. T. R. The telegraphers, however, and Hon. Justice Teitel, the third arbitrator, however, as being the majority, bring to an end a long period of dissatisfaction and disagreement between the masters and men.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as a sugar.

CARTER'S

FOR HEADACHE,

FOR DIZZINESS,

FOR BILIOUSNESS,

FOR TORPID LIVER,

FOR CONSTIPATION,

FOR SLOW SKIN,

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

OUR SEAL INDUSTRY.

Uncle Sam Covets It and is Making Heavy Bribes Efforts to Secure It—Some of the Proposals.

That commercial corporation whose plotting for a monopoly of the Behring Sea sealing industry brought Britain and the United States dangerously close to war a dozen years ago is still scheming to attain its end. Of course, its early methods had to be abandoned when the two powers accepted the finding of the Behring Sea Tribunal in 1893 as a settlement of the dispute. By its concurrence in that agreement the United States renounced the untenable theory that Behring Sea was a closed sea, and gave up the contention that the seals, being bred on its islands, were therefore its exclusive property. That excellent arrangement provides for the perpetuation of seal life by limiting the hunting season to a short period, by restricting the hunters to certain methods of killing, and by authorizing the two powers to police Behring Sea for the enforcement of the regulations jointly adopted. It also confines the operations of Canadian sealers to pelagic sealing, that is, to hunting in the open sea, for its surrounds the breeding islands with a protected zone sixty miles wide, within which the herd is not to be followed even during the open season.

This convention has not worked to the advantage of the big American trading company which sought control of Alaskan commerce. Our sealing fleet, their headquarters being at Vancouver and Victoria, are well situated to intercept the herd on its yearly migration between the Pribilof Islands and the waters of the open Pacific to the south. At all events the United States sealing fleet coming from the ports of Washington, Oregon, and California, capture by no means the highest spoil of Behring Sea. Naturally, they do not like to see the Canadians get the best of the harvest. However, it is not the American competitors in pelagic sealing who keep agitating for the elimination of Canadians from the industry. That is the work of the interests in control of the trade of the Pribilof Islands. These interests desire to put both the Canadian and the American open sea hunters out of business, to abolish pelagic sealing altogether, and have the catch reserved for spearmen employed on the shores of the islands.

Many resolutions aimed at the accomplishment of this subject have been introduced into Congress during the last seven or eight years. But the seasons have passed there was a demand for the suspension of the new plan. It was represented that the pelagic sealers were devastating the herd so rapidly that there would be no seal left if the parties were to defer the revision of the arrangement to the time provided for by the treaty, namely, August, 1898. This view was strongly pressed by the United States Government, to appoint a board of arbitration to negotiate with Britain and other powers concerned. In 1897 he made ineffectual efforts to induce the British Government to re-open the question. This Lord Salisbury declined to do, taking the ground that the article of the treaty providing for a revision at the end of five years should be adhered to. Efforts were then made to draw Russia and Japan into a separate agreement with the United States, and certain conditions were agreed to, but they scarcely touched the question, since the Japanese and Russian hunters pursued herds from rookeries on the coast of the Pribilof Islands, a little interest in the Pribilof seals.

Britain firmly refused to reconsider the question in 1897. In this refusal her Foreign Office was supported by the reports of the biologists sent to make a study of seal life in the North Pacific. Prof. D'Arcy Thompson, who investigated the matter for the British Government, and with whom co-operated Mr. Macoun for the Dominion Government, found that pelagic sealing was by no means so destructive as it was represented to be by interested Americans. Mr. Macoun's report went even farther to discredit these representations. It is true the scientist who examined into the conditions of the herd for the United States did report that pelagic sealing was doing great damage. But as has been said, Britain shuddered by the reports of its own expert. In 1898 Britain had no desire for a foreign arrangement, and as the United States would have much to lose under no arrangement at all, the plan adopted in 1893 continued in force and is in force to-day. But at the last session of Congress a resolution requesting the President to take steps to re-open the question with Great Britain was adopted. This is not likely to be more effectual than former resolutions. Great Britain has been very true to the Behring Sea settlement, and was stiffer in its adhesion to it than the Canadian Government seemed to be in 1897. Britain spends a considerable sum every year to maintain a patrol service on Behring Sea, and is certain not to exchange the present status for one less to Canada's advantage.

A Big Moose Head.

Alex. Commander is a wise Indian. He is also deputy game warden in the vicinity of Sturgeon Falls, and one day last winter when he was skinning over the snow on his snowshoes he came on the body of a giant moose freshly killed, in plain view of the power of the law.

Alex, being wise, went his way, leaving the carcass unmolested. He felt sure the culprit would claim his own, and for many days he watched the spot. But the poacher was wise, too, and he decided he could get along without that moose.

Finally Alex concluded it was no use waiting any longer, and he took off the head and antlers and sent them to Chief Game Warden Tinsley at Toronto, who received them the other day. The horns are huge and are the most perfect in form Mr. Tinsley has seen.



"Say, Jimmie, dis 'ere stuff is sure der sweetest dat ever come over der pike."

2 in 1

day calls it, an' it sure is 'er cinch. Gives a shine like der blazin' sun, an' done 'fore you can bat yer blinkers. I makes twice de dough wit dis dat I ever did wit any other stuff—and keeps my customers, too—SEE."

Black and Tan—to and 35 cent boxes and 15 cent collapsible tubes. At all dealers.

BORORO INDIANS.

How the Boys of This Brazilian Tribe Got Their Names.

In an interesting article on the aborigines of Brazil in the current Southern Workman the method of naming boys is thus described:

The ceremony of initiation into the rights and privileges of citizenship in the Bororo tribe is interesting. The little bronze body of the baby boy is more or less daubed with gum or pitch and plated with white feathers; then early in the morning before the rising of the sun the family and friends and the priest or conjurer betake themselves to an eminence near the village. And as the sun, the supreme power, sweeps majestically upward from behind the eastern wilderness the conjurer holds the lower lip of the embryo warrior with an instrument made especially for the occasion and beautifully decorated with brilliant feathers and at the same time whispers "Pladudu" (humming bird) or the name of some other animal or object that the child is to bear. "Pladudu," softly repeat the family and friends in turn, and thus Pladudu, a favorite name, becomes the name of the little one. They are very jealous of their names and will not make them known to aliens. In order to become a citizen of the tribe a person of alien birth would have to reside with it for some time and be initiated much as the child is.

TEA A WEEK OLD.

The "Real Good Old Post and Rail" of Australia.

The tea drinkers of Australia rival those of China and Japan, not, however, in the quality, but in the quantity, consumed. The men especially drink the beverage in large quantities and all day long and at a strength which would make the cue of a tea drinking Chinaman curl. On Sunday morning the tea drinker starts with a clean pot and a clean record. The pot is hung over the fire, with a sufficiency of water in it for the day's brew, and when this is boiled he pours into it enough of the fragrant herb to produce a deep coffee colored liquid.

On Monday, without removing yesterday's tea leaves, he repeats the process, on Tuesday the same, likewise on Wednesday, and so on through the week. Toward the close of the seven days the pot is filled with an acid mash of tea leaves, out of which the tea is squeezed by the pressure of a tin cup. By this time the tea is the color of rusty iron, incredibly bitter and disagreeable to the uneducated palate. The natives call it "real good old post and rail," the simile being obviously drawn from a stiff and dangerous jump, and regard it as having been brought to perfection.

Some people deserve a lot of credit and others demand cash.

You do not kill the tree of sin by picking all its fruits.

When men speak ill of you, live so that nobody will believe them.

A man who can induce others to walk into his trap is a strategist.

The only way to manage a husband is not to let him know it.

Peace is the offspring of power.

MAKES YOU ACHE ALL OVER

Ache all over? Feverish? Chilly? Just coming down with a hard cold? Where do you suppose it will settle?

In the throat? That means hoarseness, sore throat, tonsillitis. In the chest? Then bronchitis, pneumonia, consumption.

Do not let your cold settle. Break it up! Drive it out! Ask your doctor the best medicine for this. If he says Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, take it at once. If he has anything better, take that.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR—For the hair. AYER'S WILLS—For constipation. AYER'S SANSAPARILLA—For the blood. AYER'S AGUE CURE—For malaria and ague.