Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST.

7.00 a.m., 10.55 a.m., 7.49 p.m.

GOING WEST.

8.57 a.m., 5.19 p.m., 8.31 p.m.

SUNDAY—

Going West 8.57 a.m. Going East 7.49 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

(H. & N. W. Division.)

GOING NORTH. GOING SOUTH.

8.50 a.m. 6.00 p.m. 10.15 a.m. 8.05 p.m.

Heart Paipitation.

A QUEBEC LADY RELEASED FROM GREAT SUFFERING.

She Had Tried Many Medicines Without Avail, But Ultimately Found a Cure Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Few bodily afflictions are more terrible than disease of the heart. To live in constant dread and expectation of death, often and with but a fare well unspoken, is the lot of most people afflicted with any form of heart disease. More awful to contemplate than the most serious or long-lingering illness. The slightest excitement brings suffering and danger to such people.

For years Mrs. Gravel, wife of Peter Gravel, foreman in Barry's saw mill, Point St. Charles suburb, Quebec, had suffered from heart trouble, but thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is again in the enjoyment of good health. Mrs. Gravel says:

My husband was laid for some time with a severe attack of heart trouble. My appetite was poor, I was easily tired, but it was the sharp pains and violent palpitations of my heart which caused me the most alarm. I tried many medicines, but was neglected by several doctors, but finally I became so poorly that I was not able to do any housework and was frequently confined to my room. At the suggestion of one of my neighbors I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a few boxes I began to gain new strength and the pains in my heart were less frequent and severe, and in every way I was improving. I continued using the pills until I had taken twelve boxes when I had completely regained my health. I have gained in my appearance, I eat well and I am able to do my household work without any fear or trouble. I was before the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills very nervous, and in every way I felt very thankful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for what they have done for me, as I was in very much suffering condition when I started using the medicine. Ladies who may be induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be assured that they will find a valuable medicine.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are by general medicine dealers, or may be obtained by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

Scribner's Magazine.

Scribner's Magazine for May contains a number of articles that are unusually timely in regard to events and matters of contemporary importance. The leading article on "The Picturesque Exposition" is both text and picture. It is illustrated by the artist E. C. Peixotto, and is dated from Paris. Contributed to this number by William R. Parsons, chief engineer of the Panama Canal Commission. Nothing is more remarkable in the history of the West than the entire change in Colorado in a few years, from a silver-producing to a gold producing State. Frank Lynde, the well known writer, describes this tremendous industrial development in an article on "Cripple Creek," prepared after a special investigation undertaken for Scribner's Magazine. The articles of the Boer War is closed with another brilliant article by H. J. Whigham, who reviews the alleged mistakes of the British generals in strategy and tactics, and discusses many much-disputed points in the campaign. In Fiction this number contains "Egg Land," a story of a marvellous adventure in a valley in the southern hemisphere, by an Australian, and a sobbing tale of misery. There is also another O'Connor story called "Princess Royal," which reveals that delightful Irishman in a new and ingenious situation. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel" in this instalment brings Tommy to the difficult situation of attempting to make love and yet continuing to play a part. Governor Roosevelt continues his monograph on "Oliver Cromwell" with an account of the Commonwealth and protectorate. It shows how Cromwell, as an executive fell far short of his ideal; leads by failing "to carry out his intentions in good faith without thinking of his own interests." The last Cromwell paper will appear in the June issue. George McLean Harper, recently made the successor of Professor Bliss Perry at Princeton, contributes a very thoughtful and discriminating essay on "Balzac." There are poems by the number by Mary E. Wilkins, Edwin Markham, E. S. Martin and Russell Taylor. There is also a paper on "the Field of Art on Formal Gardens and Small Parks," by Montgomery Schuyler.

The literary features of The Eclectic Magazine for May are among its most striking attractions. They include an exhaustive and flattering review of The Poetry of Stephen Phillips, from the Edinburgh Review; a characteristically clever article by Andrew Lang on The Evolution of Literary Decency; Robert Buchanan's reply to Sir Walter Besant on the Kipling Controversy, entitled The Ethics of Criticism; and a paper on John Ruskin by Julia Wedgwood, which has a strong personal as well as literary interest. In this list belongs also a delightful appreciation of The Sentiment of Thackeray from the Quarterly Review, and a tribute by R. Le Gallienne to that too-little appreciated poet, Sidney Lanier. Topics of specially timely interest are Major Griffith's account of the workings of the much-maligned Intelligence Department of the British War Office; and an article on Paris and the Exposition, translated from the French of Gabriel Hanotaux. Animal-lovers cannot fail to enjoy Woods Hutchinson's article on Animal Chivalry; and there is food for half an hour's mirth in Catherine I. Dodd's summary of School Children's Ideals. The poets of the number are M. Henri de Regnier, Austin Dobson, William Watson, Sir Edwin Arnold and Moira O'Neill, a brilliant list. The Living Age Company, Publishers, Boston.

Two Port Arthur boys have been arrested with nearly a dozen charges of arson against them.

The Winnipeg General Hospital has been placed under a close quarantine as a result of an outbreak of smallpox among the nurses. The disease was brought to the institution by Hector M. Finlayson, an Australian, on his way to England via Japan, who died of the disease.

The Great Middleville Cyclone.

By W. L. ALDEN.

"Yes, sir," remarked the landlord, as he sat fanning himself on the veranda of the Middleville hotel, "as you say, this town has sprung up like a mushroom in the night. Why, only five years ago there were only two houses here, and now we have the biggest population of any town in northern Minnesota. The two houses were pretty small ones too. Mine stood just where this hotel is standing, and it was nothing more than a one story, two roomed shanty. Captain Martin's house, which generally stood on a knoll about a quarter of a mile from here, wasn't much bigger."

"What do you mean when you say that your neighbor's house generally stood on a knoll?" I asked. "Wasn't it in the habit of staying in the same place?"

"Why, what with cyclones and cloudbursts, and one thing and another, that there house did do considerable traveling while it was in this section. What became of it after it left here I can't precisely say, but I rather think it made its last journey when it went down to West Antioch. It was a curious sort of house, being put together with ropes instead of nails, which was probably one reason why it lasted as long as it did.

"You see," continued the landlord, "I was the first settler here. I took up a quarter section of land, and with the help of two mules and a Norwegian, I put up my house and went to farming. About six months later, along comes Captain Martin, and allows that he will farm the quarter section next to me. He was a man about 60 years old, who had been a seafaring man all his days, and, like most seafaring men, he wanted to be a farmer, though he didn't know beans from a bull's foot. First along I thought he was a sociable sort of old chap, and he and me used to spend our evenings together. But I found out that he wouldn't take any advice, and when I told him that he was a blamed fool for building a house on a knoll in a country where cyclones were almost as common as snakes, he got mad and dropped my acquaintance. He was as touchy as he was opinionated, which is saying a good deal.

"Well, he built his house with the help of a couple of men from Lucullus, which at that time was the nearest settlement to us, and was considered to be seven miles from here, though now that Middleville has grown clear up to the southern boundary of Lucullus, it don't seem to be so far away. I told you that Martin's house was put together with rope lashings. The captain said that no land carpenter knew how to build a house, and that he hadn't any confidence in nails, and didn't consider them ship-shape. His house was much the same thing as mine, except that it had a veranda on one side, where the captain used to walk up and down and look at things through a telescope.

"Between my land and Martin's there was the highroad, though at that time it wasn't often that anybody passed over it, and by the side of the road and just at the foot of the captain's knoll ran the Pomponoosuc river. It don't look much like a river at this time of year and you could jump across it most anywhere, but just you wait till the spring freshets set in and you'll admit that it is right smart of a stream. I've known half a dozen men—sober men too—to be drowned in the Pomponoosuc, which is more than the Lucullus people can say for their miserable little river. One of the last things that I said to the captain before he and me had a coolness was that he had better dig a cyclone pit. You know what that is, I suppose? No? Well, then, I'll tell you. It's just a hole in the ground about six feet deep, covered with a trapdoor. When you see a cyclone coming, you get into your cyclone pit and shut the door until the trouble is over. It's the only safe way, for if you stay in your house you're liable to be crushed to death, and if you stay outdoors the cyclone will pick you up and carry you to kingdom come. But old Martin wouldn't hear of digging a pit. He allowed that if a cyclone did come he calculated to be on deck and see it out. He said it was all very well for me to skulk down below, seeing as I was only a landsman, but that he considered that the quarter deck was the proper place for him in bad weather. I made my cyclone pit nearly opposite his house and close to the road, for I calculated to use it as a handy place for keeping shovels and spades and rakes and such and saving the trouble of bringing them up to the house. Captain Martin used to sneer a good deal at my pit and called it a 'glory hole,' which I considered to be irreligious, as well as ungentlemanly. However, the day came when he would have been mighty glad to have a cyclone pit and to be able to climb down into it without my knowledge.

"The captain hadn't been living in his new house above six months when the great cyclone of 1887 came along, and I don't doubt that you have heard of it. It was about 10 o'clock of the morning and it was at least 20 degrees hotter than it is today, though it was only the middle of June, instead of the middle of August. There wasn't a breath of air stirring, and the sky had a sort of greasy, coppery look, that made you feel sort of suffocated just to look at it. The mules and the Norwegian were lying under a tree down in the sorghum field, and I was making a pretense of weeding my onion bed, though I didn't make much headway with it. I happened to turn round, and there in the northwest was a little patch of cloud, which I was glad to see, thinking as I did that perhaps it might mean rain. But while I was looking at it I could see it was spreading as fast as a gallon of petroleum would spread if you dumped it into a mill pond. In a few minutes pretty near one-half the sky was covered with a cloud that was as black as Pittsburg coal smoke. The way it spread reminded me of a parcel of men laying a carpet on the stage of a theater. You could see the upper edge of the cloud rolling over and over in great thick masses. All of a sudden a light breeze sprang up that blew directly toward the quarter where the cloud came from, and I knew then that we were going to have a big storm and that the wind was drawing toward it. The next thing I saw was a sort of funnel that seemed to drop from the middle of the cloud. The lower end kept twisting and squirming like the tail of a snake when you've got your boot heel on its head. I didn't wait any longer, but I just dropped my hoe and made a bolt for my cyclone pit. There's no mistaking what that funnel meant. There was the biggest kind of a cyclone on its way, and it was coming straight for me. I was not on speaking terms with the captain then, but as I came near his house and saw him standing on his veranda and lashing himself to one of the posts with a rope, I sung out to him to come with me if he valued his life. He only said, in a mighty cool and condescending way, 'I don't remember asking you for any advice, my man.' That made me so mad that I didn't waste any more time or breath on him, but lifted the cover off my pit, jumped into it without stopping to use the ladder and pulled the cover on again.

"By this time the cyclone was making itself heard. First there was a low, rumbling sort of sound, like a railroad train makes when it is a good way off. It grew louder and louder, till it got to be a kind of shrieking roar, like a hundred big church organs mixed up with a dozen or two steam whistles. It was as black as night in that pit, except when the lightning flashed, for there is always more or less lightning playing around the funnel of a cyclone. It seems as if no expense was spared in making a cyclone as various and entertaining as possible. Just when the roaring was at its loudest there came an awful crash that made the earth shake, and then the sound began to weaken, and in a few minutes it had died away, and the place was as still as a man's house when he comes back to it from his wife's funeral.

"So far, so good! says I to myself. Now I'll clamber out and see if there is anything left of my house and the mules and the Norwegian. But when I tried to lift up the cover of the pit I could stir it only a few inches, and that didn't let in any light. I couldn't understand what this meant, but, being a smoker, of course I had my matches with me. So I struck a light and investigated. I found that there was a sort of board flooring above the cover of the pit which prevented me from lifting it, and consequently I knew that the cyclone had dropped something just over my head.

"Luckily there was a crowbar among the tools standing in the corner of the pit, and I hunted it up and got to work as well as I could in the dark. It didn't take me very long to burst a hole in the flooring that I spoke of, and after I had made an opening and let in the light I saw that there was a house on top of me. I set to work again with the crowbar, and presently I was able to climb out, and found myself in a small bedroom. I didn't stop to examine it, but opened the first door I came to, and there I was in Captain Martin's room, face to face with the old man. The furniture was all upset, and the sides of the house were slanting one way and another, but there was no mistaking that it was a house and that Captain Martin was there, looking none the worse for having been through a cyclone.

"'So you've been and broke into my house with a crowbar, have you?' he asked. 'Perhaps you don't know, my man, that you've committed burglary, and I can have you arrested for it.'

"'Perhaps you don't know that you're trespassing on my land, said I. 'I never gave you no permission to put

"I don't remember asking you for any advice, my man."

no shanty on my land, and if you don't take it off mighty sudden there's a prospect that there'll be more or less shooting.'

"'You don't know much about law,' says the captain. 'I never put my house on your land. It was done by what the underwriters call "act of God or public enemies," and if you was a sailor, you'd know that nobody can be held responsible for such occurrences.'

"Just then he saw me looking out of the window toward where my house had been and he said: 'The last I saw of your house she was scudding before the wind and heading about sou'-east or nebbe a little east of that. She was making, as I should judge, about 80 knots an hour. It'll take you considerable time to overhaul her, and you'd better give chase at once.'

"'I ain't anxious for to stay in your house,' says I, 'and I'll leave it this minute. It's my duty to warn you that if you set foot on my land there'll be trouble. As for the matter of your squatting with your house on land that don't belong to you, I'll see a lawyer this very day, and I calculate you'll wish you hadn't done it.'

"With that I made him a bow and left him. He came out on the veranda and said: 'If you're looking for them mules and that there Finn of yours, you'll be wasting your time. I saw a couple of mules about 60 feet in the air, and when they do come down they won't be of any further use, considered as mules.'

"My house and everything else belonging to me was clean gone, but I was that mad at the captain that I did not care a straw about it. I walked straight to Lucullus, which the cyclone hadn't touched, and I hunted up Squire Gibbs and laid the case before him. He said that he couldn't see as Captain Martin could be held liable for trespassing, so long as he staid in his house and didn't step outside on to my land. 'You can't set his house afire or anything of that kind,' said he, 'without getting into trouble. No more can you move it while he is in it, for that would be an assault on him. But I don't see anything to hinder you from getting a team of oxen and some rollers handy and the first time he comes up to Lucullus to buy groceries you can move his house back on to his own land and he can't find any fault with you.'

"Squire Gibbs was a first class lawyer, and I knew I'd be a fool if I didn't follow his advice after paying $5 for it. So I hired a tent that I could sleep in till such time as I could run up another house, and I laid in provisions and a yoke of oxen and some rollers, not forgetting a small hydraulic jack. When I got back to my farm, I pitched the tent right in front of Martin's shanty, so that I could keep a good watch on him, and I went to work with the help of a couple of men from Lucullus to build me another house. You see, the full force of the cyclone had passed over just where my house had stood, while only the outer edge of it had struck the captain's premises. That accounts for the fact that my house had been carried clean away, while his had only been picked up and carried a few rods. As for the mules and the Norwegian they were scattered all over Minnesota. It was said that some of the Norwegian was picked up about 30 miles from here, but it wasn't ever satisfactorily identified.

"Captain Martin's house happened to be planted in such a way that one corner of it projected a few inches on to the highroad, and he was able to get out of a window and into the road without coming on to my property. However, he didn't feel easy to leave the house alone, for fear that I might meddle with it, so he staid at home for the best part of a week, when his provisions or his whisky or some other necessary ran short, and he had to walk over to Lucullus to lay in a fresh stock. This was what I had been waiting for, though I never hinted it to him. He used to come out on his veranda and remark in a general way, without addressing himself to me or any one else, that he was mightily pleased with his new location and wouldn't change it for any other building lot in the whole state. I never said anything to him, except to remark, also in a general sort of way, that if any rascally old sailor should set foot on my land he would have a hole bored through him so quick that he would never know what hurt him. Neither of us felt that it would be judicious to quarrel, you understand, and so we confined ourselves to remarks that neither of us was obliged to take any notice of.

"I waited about an hour after the captain had gone, thinking that he might turn back in hopes of catching me in the act of meddling with his house. At the end of an hour I felt safe enough, for it was certain that he must have gone on to Lucullus, and that he couldn't get back before dark. So I called the men that were working on my house, and we jacked Martin's shanty up with the hydraulic jack and had her on rollers in next to no time. Then I hitched the oxen to her with a double ox chain and started her toward the road. In the course of an hour I had her planted square across the middle of the road, so that nobody could possibly get by her, and I had my fence put up again and the ground smoothed out where it had been cut up by the rollers, and then I sat down and waited for the captain to return.

"It was 10 o'clock, and the night was pitch dark, when I heard Martin coming along the road and singing. I knew from his style of singing that he had filled himself up with whisky, and I calculated that he would be considerably surprised when he found out what had happened. He never saw the house till he had walked bang up against it with considerable of a crash. Presently he says to himself: 'Here's a house anchored right in the fairway and with no riding right displayed! Thishyer's a pretty state of things.' Then he hails the house in his loudest voice and wants to know how she is, and where she is from, and where she is bound to, and what sort of an everlasting fool her captain might call himself. Not getting any answer, he swore he would climb aboard and wake the anchor watch with a belaying pin. But after fumbling around for some time and hammering on the door and smashing a few panes of glass a new idea struck him. 'Thishyer's a derelict. That's what it is,' said he. 'I'll just stand by her till daylight and see if a salvage job can't be made out of it.' That was the last that I heard of Captain Martin that night. He lay down in the road close alongside of the house and was asleep and snoring the snore of the just in less than a minute. Then I went to bed myself, considering that there wouldn't be any more performances that night.

"The captain woke up before I did the next day, and when I came out of the tent he was nowhere to be seen, having unlocked his door and gone into the house. About noon he came out on the veranda, looking pretty savage, and I remarked to one of my men that nobody but a born fool would put his house in the middle of the public road, for he would be certain to be fined for obstructing the road. Martin didn't say anything, which sort of riled me, so I said to the man who was nearest to me that I wanted him to go straight up to Lucullus and tell the sheriff with my compliments that Captain Martin's house was standing directly across the road, so that I couldn't get by it with the oxen, and that it was the sheriff's duty to see that the road was kept clear. The man naturally did as he was told, and in the course of the day the sheriff rode down and investigated things and ordered Martin to take his house out of the road.

"'I didn't put it in the road,' said the captain, 'and there ain't no possible way of taking it out of the road without putting it on the property of that there individual standing along side of you.'

"Heaving cuss words at one of our leading citizens, says the sheriff, make any answer, and I could see that he was determined to let his house stand where it was. The truth is he couldn't do anything else. He couldn't haul it back on to my land without committing a trespass, and he couldn't haul it on to his own land without first getting it across the river, which was more than he or any other man could do. My own idea is that if it hadn't been for the cloudburst that happened the next afternoon Captain Martin would have waited for the sheriff with a shotgun, and the sheriff, being one of the brightest minds in our section of country, would have had his revolver ready, and before the work of demolishing the house could begin there would have been one or two corpses ready for the coroner.

"You don't know what a cloudburst is? Well, that is astonishing! A cloudburst is what we call a sort of Noah's flood without any ark. You see, some big cloud that holds perhaps a million tons of water suddenly goes to pieces and the water all comes down at once, the same as it does at Niagara falls. There's the same difference between an ordinary rain and a cloudburst that there is between sprinkling a cabbage with a watering pot and dumping a whole washtub full of water over it. Thishyer cloudburst that I'm speaking here, and the whole lot of water ran into the Pomponoosuc river and swelled it into a raging torrent that swept everything before it. I heard it coming just before it reached me, and I went for that hill yonder as fast as I could run and just managed to reach it in time. Before I started I hailed the captain and told him to run while he could, but he pretended not to hear me and remarked, as if he was speaking to the universe and all the rest of mankind, that the curse of thishyer country was the confounded incompetence of the lower classes. He was one of those men that nobody can help except with a club, he was that everlastingly obstinate and conceited.

"Martin saw what was going to happen as well as I did, and just before the flood struck his house I saw him trying to rig up a sort of steering oar by lashing a plank to one of the veranda posts. Then the flood, which came down like a wall six feet high, burst on the house, and away it whirled. The captain's steering oar wasn't of the least use, and before he went out of sight he dropped it and sat down on the railing of his veranda with an arm around the post and his pipe in his mouth as comfortable as you please. I watched him for the best part of a mile, and I could see not but what the house was doing very well and that the chances were that it would bring up in some safe locality before reaching the Muskingum falls, which are 47 miles from here. Anyway I says to myself, 'here's an end of trespassing on my property and blocking up the public road and an end of a mighty disagreeable neighbor.' The sheriff when he came the next day and found that there wasn't any work for him to do, said pretty much the same thing.

"What became of Captain Martin? Well, his house floated ashore down high on to 17 miles from here, and the captain never so much as got his feet wet. When the water went down it left the house on the most valuable corner lot in West Antioch, just where the people had calculated to put up a new opera house. Of course the owner of the lot made trouble for Martin and Martin made trouble for him. There were no less than 15 separate lawsuits going on at the same time between them, and the prospect was that they would both die of old age before the courts would find out who was in the right. Captain Martin made an arrangement with a grocer in the town to heave in all his supplies through a window, and he boobooled the walls of his house and made it shotproof, and swore that he would never leave it alive. He never did, for one day he got so particularly mad that he had a stroke, and when the coroner broke into the house a few days later he found Martin lying on the floor dead.

"Yes, sir, what with cyclones and cloudbursts and prairie fires and blizzards, and such like, northern Minnesota is a middling lively place. However, we folks that live here never allows ourselves to worry over what may happen tomorrow, and then again may not happen for the next 20 years. Besides, it would take a first class cyclone or a tremendous big flood to move a house that is built as solid as this hotel is, so you needn't be afraid that you'll find yourself sailing through the air or floating down the Pomponoosuc—that is, so long as you pays your board regular, as I am free to say you always has done, and I presume you always will do."

THE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

The first map folder or circular respecting the Klondike gold strike of 1898 was issued by the Northern Pacific Railway. It is more than a coincidence that the first map folder or pamphlet of the Nome Mining district comes from the same source. The present folder not only contains a good map of the Nome district but is embellished with several cuts of views at Nome City and on the beach, where the method of mining is clearly shown. All information obtainable regarding sailing dates from Seattle and Tacoma, through rates, etc., is given in this book and the public cautioned to go to the agents of the N.P.Ry., who are supplied with diagrams of the Alaska steamers, and arrange in advance for their accommodations rather than to put off this very important business until they reach Puget Sound. There is no doubt but what there will be a very considerable passenger business from the middle and eastern states and a very heavy business from the Pacific Coast States to the Nome district next spring. For folders, rates, etc., call on C. W. McCASKEY, 6 King-st. w., Toronto, Ont., or send a 2 cent stamp to CHAS. FEE, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., and he will mail you the Nome folder.

"I'll give you two days to get your house out of the way."

'won't help you. I'll give you two days to take your house out of the way, and if at the end of that time I find it still in the road I'll make kindling wood of it and arrest you into the bargain. You hear me!'

"The captain heard him well enough and knew that he meant business. However, he didn't condescend to

For Over Fifty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses of the United States. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

The Dominion Company's elevator at Virden was destroyed by fire, with 15,000 bushels of wheat.

At Petrolia an explosion occurred in a magazine containing smokeless powder, on the opposite side of the street from the Begbie works, and used by the Government as an arsenal. Thirteen of the occupants of the building were blown to pieces and fifty were injured.

200,000 WEAK MEN CURED!

STARTLING FACTS FOR DISEASED VICTIMS.

☞CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

ARE YOU? Nervous and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and nights losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back; bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—WE CAN CURE YOU!

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

JOHN A. MANLIN. JOHN A. MANLIN. CHAS. POWERS. CHAS. POWERS.

BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT. BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT.

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS AND IMPOTENCY CURED.

John A. Manlin says:—"I was one of the countless victims of early ignorance commenced at 15 years of age. I tried seven medical firms and spent $600 without avail. I gave up in despair. The drains on my system were weakening my intellect as well as my sexual and physical life. My brother advised me as a last resort to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. I commenced their New Method Treatment and in a few weeks was a new man, with new life and ambition. This was four years ago, and now I am married and happy. I recommend these reliable specialists to all my afflicted followmen."

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY.—CONFIDENTIAL.

"The vices of early boyhood laid the foundation of my ruin. Later on a 'gay life' and exposure to blood diseases completed the wreck. I had all the symptoms of Nervous Debility—sunken eyes, emissions, drain in urine, nervousness, weak back, etc. Syphilis caused my hair to fall out, bone pains, ulcers in mouth and on tongue, blotches on body, etc. I thank God I tried Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. They restored me to health, vigor and happiness." CHAS. POWERS.

Syphilis, Emissions Varicocele, Cured.

☞We treat and cure Varicocele, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Unnatural Discharges, Self Abuse, Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

17 YEARS IN DETROIT. 200,000 CURED. NO RISK.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your Blood Disease not cured you? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion. Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 2 cents, sealed. ☞NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medicine sent C.O.D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of Treatment, FREE.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 148 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

FREE CAMERA Complete with outfit and instructions. Takes a picture 2x2 in., and any person can learn to do it in a few hours by following the instructions. Outfit consists of 1 Camera, 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo, 1 pkg. Developing Tray, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 set Directions, 1 Toning Tray, 1 pkg. Fixing Powder, 1 pkg. Silver Paper, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper. Camera and outfit securely packed in a neat box and sent all charges paid for selling only 12 Gilt Pens at 10c each. They are over 5 in. long, made of colored glass, each securely packed in wooden case. Send this advertisement, with your name and address, and we will forward the pens. Sell them, return the money, and camera will be sent you all charges paid. Toledo Pen Co. Box 7 Toledo, O.

HARDWARE

W. B. CLEMENTS

Carries a large and fine stock of

Shelf and Heavy Hardware

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY, ETC.

CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

DEWAR'S BLOCK, MAIN ST., MILTON

SUCCESSFUL SHOOTERS SHOOT

WINCHESTER

Rifles, Repeating Shotguns, Ammunition and Loaded Shotgun Shells. Winchester guns and ammunition are the standard of the world, but they do not cost any more than poorer makes. All reliable dealers sell Winchester goods.

FREE: Send name on a postal for 156 page Illustrated Catalogue describing all the guns and ammunition made by the

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Men often dress in bad taste without knowing it.

If you wear **Shorey's Clothing** you cannot be otherwise than correctly dressed.

Shorey's

4 Button Sack

Kilmarnoc Tweed Suits,

Retail at $12.00.

They are as good as any one wants for a business suit and better than you can get to order for $20.00.

Sold only by the best dealers, and guaranteed in every particular.

Not made to order, but made to fit.

SWINDLING THE FARMERS.—A swindler is devoting his valuable time to the farmers of this section of Ontario. He states that he hails from the Western States and that he is buying up thoroughbred cattle for a wealthy ranchman out west. His scheme is to offer a good price for stock, much more than it is worth, and then to induce the farmer to advance the necessary amount to provide for the transfer of the pedigree in the Ontario Stock Book. This nets him about $5 in each case. The fakir gives his name as Henderson, but he has innumerable other aliases.—Guelph Mercury.

The Champion to Jan. 1st, 1901, only 50c.

Bank of Hamilton

HEAD OFFICE, - HAMILTON, ONT

Capital Paid Up -	$1,500,000
Reserve Fund, - -	1,000,000
Total Assets, - -	13,000,000

DIRECTORS:

JOHN STUART, President.

A. G. RAMSAY, Vice-President.

Geo. Roach, John Proctor, A. T. Wood, A. B. Lee (Toronto), Wm. Gibson, M.P.

J. TURNBULL, Cashier.

H. S. STEVEN, Asst. Cashier.

H. M. WATSON, Inspector.

MILTON BRANCH

A general banking business transacted. Farmers' notes discounted and special attention given to the collection of commercial paper and Farmers' Sale Notes.

Drafts issued payable at all the principal points in Canada and United States. Drafts on Great Britain bought and sold.

Savings Department.

Deposits of $1.00 and upwards received and interest allowed at current rate.

Special Deposits also received at best rates of interest.

D. S. CASSELS, Agent, Milton.

VOLUME 39.

CANADIAN CHAM

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MO

At the Office of Publicatio

MAIN ST., MILTO

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—$1 a year if not so paid $2 will be charged.

TO SUBSCRIBERS—No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor. A post-office notice is not sufficient.

ADVERTISING RATES

SPACE	1 YR.	6 MO
1 Column	$60 00	$35 00
½ Column	35 00	20 00
¼ Column	20 00	12 00
⅛ Column	12 00	7 00

Business Cards of ten lines or less, $5 per annum. The number of lines to be based upon space occupied, measured by nonpareil.

Advertisements without special contract will be inserted till forbid, and charged according to our special Notice, the object of which is to secure the pecuniary benefit of Societies, Institution, or fund, which is a sufficient advertisement, and charged accordingly.

Notices of births, deaths and marriages, free of charge.

Transient advertisements ten cents per line for first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of lost, strayed, stolen, or for sale, or to rent, or situations wanted, or any other matter of a similar character, will be inserted at 50 cents per line for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

WM. PANTO, Editor & Pro

County of Halton Local Court Calendar for 1900.

Place of Sitting	Judges and Clerks	January	February	March, May	April, June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Hours Opening
Milton	Weldon & Proctor	9	13	13	10	11	8	12	10	14	12	10 a.m.
Oakville	Weldon & Proctor	11	15	15	12	13	10	14	12	16	14	10 a.m.
Acton	Weldon & Proctor	12	16	16	13	14	11	15	13	17	15	11 a.m.
Burlington	Weldon & Proctor	8	12	12	9	10	7	11	9	13	11	2.30 p.m.
Georgetown	Weldon & Proctor	10	14	14	11	12	9	13	11	15	13	10 a.m.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 3rd April and 2nd October, and as often at other times as may be required by the Judge.

Division Court Sittings—Tuesday, 2nd January, 3rd April, 3rd July and 1st October.

County Court Sittings—Tuesday, 2nd January, 3rd April, 3rd July and 1st October.

Surrogate Court Sittings—Every Tuesday at 11 a.m., on one of which days Applications for Probate of Wills and Granting Letters of Administration will be disposed of.

Chancery Sittings—Every Tuesday, 2nd January, 3rd April, 3rd July and 1st October, at 11 a.m., on one of which days Applications for Injunctions, Receivers, Motions for Judgment, Motions to Confirm Sales, Petitions, Special Cases, Demurrers, Trials of Issues, Litigation Arising out of Winding Up Acts, Administration Matters, Creditors' Claims, Partnerships, Mortgage Matters, Adoption Matters, Infants' Matters, Lunacy Matters, Petitions, Motions for Judgment, Motions to Confirm Sales