PERE MARQUETTE R.R.

E. BRITTON, D.P.A., London

THE WASASH HAILROAD OO EAST BOUND GOING WEST No. 1—645 a.m. No. 2—12.23 p.m 3—1.07 p m. 4—11.19 p.m 13—1.25 p.m. 116—2.25 a.m 15—7.03 p.m. 6—1.32 a.m 9—1.18 a.m. 9—2.49 p.m J. A. RICHARDSON, Dist. Pass. Agt., Teronto and St. Thomas.

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GOING EAST GOING

GOING WEST GRAND TRUNE

‡ 3.23 a.m. for Windsor, Letroit and in-ermediate stations except Sunday 12.42 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit. ‡ 2.30 p.m. for Windsor and intermediate

1 4.13 p.m. for Windsor and Detfoit. * 9.98 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and west International Limited 9.08 p.m. daily EAST. \$82.7 a.m. for London, Hamilton, Toron

o, Buffalo.

† 1.45 p.m. for Glencoe and St. Thomas
†2.17 p.m. for London, Toronto, Moutreal, Buffalo and New York.

*5.0 8 p.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and East.
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CANADIAN PACIFIC Settlers' Trains

Will Leave Toronto Every Tuesday During March and April at 9.00 P. M. for

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Full particulars and copy of Settlers' Guide and 'Western Canada,' from W. H. HARPER, Canadian Pacific Agent, Chatham. or C. B. FOSTER, D. P. A., Toronto.

During the months of March, April and May, the Wabash will make-sweeping reductions in one way colonist rates from Canada to Texas, Old Mexico, California, Nevada, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Arizona, Utah, Washington and British Columbia. Also round trip tickets on sale daily at greatly reduced rates to the south and west. There is nothing more assuring to the traveller than his knowledge of the fact that he is travelling over the Wabash System, the great winter tourist route to the south and west.

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Minard's Liniment for Sale Every-

A TAKER OF CRUMBS

By Channing Pollock

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"The red sun slipped over the edge of the earth and left her sitting there. She was very lonely. After a moment she walked to the window and began reading her letter for the fiftieth time. 'Dear Lady o' Mine' was its first line— 'Dear Lady o' Mine.' "

Anne Stacey's laggard fingers dropped from the typewriter keys into her lap, and she whispered the last words of the paragraph to herself almost lovingly. The story was too nearly fin-ished to be written all over again, and yet that was the very phrase which opened the note lying at her side. To epitomize the romance of her own life was one thing, she thought; to use

its language was another. For an instant she was disgusted at the recollection that she had intended to offer any part of the little history for sale, and she was about to tear the page from the machine. Then came the reaction. She remembered how many empty hours she had spent in an attempt to force something purely imaginary from her brain. She knew the story she had lived and written was an interesting story and that she could dispose of it. After awhile the tired fingers returned listlessly to the keys, and the sentence in her mind staggered across the white sheet before her.

The end of the procession had been reached when the dinner bell rang.
Anne Stacey laid the completed manuscript on her desk and added the note to a small bundle locked in her bureau drawer. Then she stood before the mirror and patted her soft brown hair in several places. The face that stared back at her was a plain face—sweet and honest but far from beautiful The mouth was too large, the nose too small, the eyes sufficiently far apart to denote intellectuality, but net nearly close enough for that prettiness which is worth so much more to a woalmost from the time that her eldest rother had been able to talk, but she sighed as she crossed her tiny room and walked into the hallway. A mingled odor of cabbage and burned beef as cended the stairs with the noise of many voices. Then the bell rang again, and Anne went to dinner.

She had expected to make corrections story afterward and to post it when she went out for her usual car ride. Instead, she unlocked the drawer,



SHE LOCKED THE LETTER, ENVELOPE AND ALL, IN HER BUREAU.

took out the packet of letters and began reading them. An observant by-stander would have noticed that none stander would have noticed that none of them was inclosed in an envelope. There was every reason why all should have been hidden from the prying gaze in that manner, for they were love letters. Anne had burned the envelopes three years before, doing her best to avoid seeing what was written on each. Not one of the lot had been addressed to her. Not one of the lot had been to her. Not one of the lot had been meant for her. They were the love letters of another woman.
"What's the harm?" Anne had asked

herself when she had adopted them. The other woman had been married the day of the adoption and not to the author of the letters. She was a bright little creature, fluffy from the hems of ther of the letters. She was a bright little creature, fluffy from the hems of her various skirts to the topmost curl of her fair hair, and she had kept as many men wrapped around her smallest finger as there were rings around the other seven. An author of love letters more or less had not meant very much to her. So, when she finally decided upon Fred, the epistles of Joe and Will had found a mutual resting place at the bottom of an extremely dainty Japanese wastebasket which occupied at least a twentieth of the floor space in the room the girls had tenanted together. On top of mem the bright little creature had piled numberless dance programmes, fans with names scrawled across them and a couple of periodicals containing verse from the pen of the irrepressible Will.

Of the three men Will had been most in earnest. The afternoon of the marriage he had gope west to work for a Chicago newspaper and to forget. The latter part of this purpose was set forth beautifully in one of the letters in the packet.

Anne Sacey, who had written "on

escued the bundle from the Japan wastebasket. She recalled Will as a fine, broad shouldered young fellow who up to the time that he had ceased visiting her chum, a few months be-fore, had paid no attention whatever to the large mouthed, small nosed, intel-lectual girl who always made a point of having an engagement somewhere within ten minutes of the hour of his arrival. Anne had never been noticed, and she didn't expect it. She promptly forgot being snubbed and reme bered only that once Will had pres her hand quite tightly while he said, "Little woman, I think you understand what this means to me."

Recollecting this, Anne had adopted the letters. At first she had enjoyed them only as love letters—letters which were real and which said just what she had been making her people say for ever so long. Then, as the deser-tion of the bright little creature came to be realized as an endless desertion and as she made no new friends, those ardent notes had commenced to seem her very own. Their author was her lover. She read them over and over and over, making them more personal with each reading. For three years she fed her hungry soul with them, and then, being temporarily destitute of ideas for stories, it had occurred to her that they were the clew ready made-a story of which she was

"A Taker of Crumbs" was duly finished that very night and dispatched to the mail box in charge of the young woman in the room adjoining, who was going out to buy ice cream. Anne thought about it a great deal in the days that followed. A dozen times she would have given the world to have had it back, if only long enough to have substituted fanciful terms for the ones she had taken from the letters. "Dear Lady o' Mine!" Twice at night she dreamed that Will had come out of the west to rebuke her for stealing his love words and to take the packet out of her keeping. At the end of a month she got a check from the maga-zine to which the manuscrip, had been sent, and after that she merely waited for the appearance of the story in type. When it did appear, illustrated with a picture of a very tall girl holding two extremely long arms toward an astonishingly low door in the middle distance, she was surprised that no one seemed to take the least notice of the

Anne went back to her work and wrote other stories. By grace of these and a kindly providence she was able to pay \$7 to her landlady regularly on Saturday evening and to take three car rides a week. Every Wednesday morning she walked uptown and drew a little money from a newspaper for which she wrote a column called "Hints for Home Makers." She dined at 6. revised manuscripts until 10 and cried awhile over the bundle of letters before going to bed. Now and then she stood at the window, looking out upon the hurrying throng and remembering that not one person in all that throng cared

whether she lived or died. whether she lived or died.

Three weeks after the publication of
"A Taker of Crumbs" she found lying on the table in the lower hall an envelope without the name of a newspaper on it. The postmark was New York. She climbed the steps leading to her room and sat down on her couch to read the letter. "Dear Lady o' Mine"—yes, it was addressed to her.
"Who would have believed that there was so loving a little woman in the world? May I call tonight? That's rather soon, I admit, but-well, I am

Anne Stacey got up and dropped the packet of letters in the Japanes wastebasket. She locked the one let-ter just received, envelope and all, in bureau drawer in a place left for

Just Out of Them. A lawyer who is fond of a joke went to supper after the theater with a party of friends, and he ordered coffee: "Please bring it in a cup with the handle on the left side," he said confi-dentially to the watter. "I'm left hand-ed, and I can't use any other kind of a

"Yes, sir," stammered the waiter. "I will, sir." He was seen to hasten away and confer with the head waiter. The head waiter bore down on the party.

'What sort of a cup was that you wanted, sir?" he asked.

wanted, sir?" he asked.

"Cup with the handle on the left side,
I'm left handed," said the lawyer.
The head waiter disappeared to return a little later obviously perturbed.

"The cup yon"—he began.

"What?" said the lawyer. "Do you mean to tell me that in a first class cafe you haven't such a thing as a cup with the handle on the left side? Absurd! Why, I couldn't possibly use any other kind. You must have plenty of them."

"Well," said the head waiter, "we usually has, but I regrets to say, sir, that the last we had was broke this morning."—Washington Post.

much to ber. So, when she finally decided upon Fred, the episties of Joe and Will had found a mutual resting place at the bottom of an extremely dainty Japanese wastebasket which occupied at least a twentieth of the floor space in the room the girls had tenanted to gether. On top of mem the bright little creature had piled numberless dance programmes, fans with names scrawled across them and a couple of periodicals containing verse from the pen of the irrepressible Will.

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Anne Siacey, who had written "on space" for a living since girlbood and who had never had a sweetheart, had Animals That Shed Tears.



The woman of the office or shop has more cause than the housekeeper to wear out in days like these. The housekeeper to the control of the day's work. The thousekeeper thould find time for a nap; she can get into loose clothing, while the business woman must fight it out until the end of the day's work. The tired woman comes home from the office completely fagged out. She is nervous; she finds she cannot rest; she rolls and tosses through the night, a victim of insomnia. The housewife, perhaps the mother of a large family and doing her own housework, should take some little leisure in the middle of the day, if it only be for ten minutes. Slip away from cares and duties and throw yourself down on lounge or bed for a little while. Try to relax every muscle until your body feels heavy. Then try and stop thinking; relax your mind; throw off worry. For those ten minutes or half an hour, lie perfectly still.

"I had been a sufferer from infammation of the ovaries for six years, and doctored with good physicians, receiving only temporary relief," writes Mrs. B. W. Starkweather, of Despatch, Monne Go., N. Y. For nearly two years of that time I had falling of uterus and general female weakness. In December last I was obliged to so to bed, and suffered everything for about ten weeks. The doctor said the only help for me was an operation, so my husband wrote to Dr. Pierce for advise. Head rised my taking the days I was officed in taking the days I was officed from the days of the suffering from diseases of long standing, are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Plerce. Buffalo, N. Y., 31 one cent stamps, for this book in paper covers, of 50 stamps for a copy in cloth binding.

A Royal Romance

The London Dally Express' Paris cor-respondent says: The Liberte, which is in touch with the political friends of Prince Napoleon, asserts to-night that, notwithstanding the denial issued by notwithstanding the denial issued by the Belgian court, there is a formal en-gagement between Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clementine, thought it is not yet officially recognized at the court. King Leopold alone is hostile to the match, because he fears to offend the French Government, but both the Princess and the Prince are determined Princess and the Prince are determined to get married in spite of all obstacles. In accordance with the Belgian law, where a parent refuses his consent, three respectfully worded notices will be sent to King Leopold at intervals of three weeks. After this delay the couple can get legally married, even if the King still withholds his consent.

Shares Record With Pitt. An interesting incident of a recent sitting of the House of Commons was the promising maiden speech of Viscount Turnour, who is not yet 21 years of age. He was warmly congratulated by many members, including Sir Edward Grey, who complimented him on sharing the record with the boy Pre-William Pitt

THE PRODIGAL

A prodigal, he said, "I will arise And seek my people ere they end their days." But when he came unto his native

place, With heart that feared that all would recognize
The wayward son, he found it other-And none did mark him with a con-

To fear that none might know him, and he sought
His home with faltering steps and

It doesn't take two pairs of half-ose to make a whole.

Cenuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills Must Bear Signature of

Breutspood See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below Very small and as easy to take as sugar,

CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILLOUSHESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR GONSTIPATION
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXIOR. Pirely Vegetable.

GURE SICK HEADAGHE,

Minard's Limment for Sale Every-

A Murder That Led to An Almost Equally Tragid Affair—Climbing the Alps in High-heeled Shoes,

son in the Alps is at an

The season in the Alps is at an end and The London Express has made an estimate of the cost in human life. Only purtial returns are available. The death roll, however, may be estimated from the figures for the first week in August, when 25 people were killed, 20 more or less injured and several reported missing.

Some of the more sensational incidents are thus told by an Express correspondent: Though undoubtedly the best climbers hail from Great Britain, it is none the less true that some of the most rash and reckless come from the same source. The casual young maa or woman who starts off a few hours after arriving in Switzerland to ascend the Wetterhorn, or Mont Blanc, clad in patent leather shoes and a light summer suit, with no other provision than a

leather shoes and a light summer suit, with no other provision than a smart walking stick and a packet of cigarettes, is invariably British.

Miss Mary Wilmet, an English lady who was visiting Chateau d'Cex, lost her life through climbing rocks in dainty high-heeled shoes. Miss Wilmot started with two Swiss companions, but no guide, to climb the Rochers de Paray in search of edge. Rochers de Paray in search of edel-weiss. The party, after ascending some distance, lost their way, and, while her companions descended to look for a safer path, Miss Wilmot look for a safer path, Miss Wilmot attempted to reach a patch of edel-weiss on a slope overhanging a precipice. The rocks crumbled beneath her feet, and, unable to gain secure footing, she slipped and fell on to a ledge fifty feet below, where her companions found her lifeless body. Among miner accidents from the same causes are the cases of a young English lady named Miss Nichols, who, rambling alone on the Chamonix Mer-de-Glace in soft cycling boots, fell into a crevacee, and was lucky enough to escape with a sprain-

lucky enough to escape with a sprainand of Mr. Merridew, an English-man, who, while climbing Pilatus in

man, who, while climbing Pilatus in thin summer shoes, slipped and fell some distance, but managed to arrest his fall and to land comparatively unhurt on the very brink of a sheer drop of 200 feet.

Next to the danger of climbing without a guide comes the danger of making difficulties ascents with amateur guides. Owing to this cause a party of four young German students from Geneva almost lost their lives on the Charmoz a week ago. They were all inexperienced, and were being piloted by a young Swiss man of business from Geneva. They had reached a most dangerous They had reached a most dangerous portion of the ascent when a fierce storm came on, and in their endeav-ors to secure themselves to the face of the peak they dislodged a great

Then they found that they could neither ascend nor descend without risking a fearful fall, and they were compelled to spend the night clinging like flies to ridges and cracks only a few inches wide, expecting every moment to fall from exhaustion. In

moment to fall from exhaustion. In the morning they were rescued by a party of climbers, who lowered ropes to them from above.

Many strange and curious accidents have happened lately on the Alps. Not long ago a guide named Charles Kohl confessed to having, with another guide, led M. Pardy, a Swiss tourist, to a lonely spot on the mountains, and to have there robed him and thrown him over a perbed him and thrown him over a per-

make a difficult ascent with a guide strange to the locality is almost as foolish as to climb with no and none did mark him with a consections gaze.

The tropic sun had swarthed the once fair face,

And time had mapped its walls around his eyes.

And then the fear that all would know him grew

To fear that none might know him, and he sought

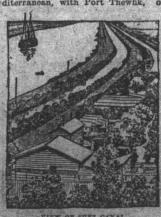
To the head of the Innsbruck University, and his Tyrolese guide, Joseph Tembel, lost their lives on the Gabel-horn in July. Though one of the best guides in the Tyrol, Tembel was ignorant of the Zermatt peaks, and this ignorance preved fatal.

Whose eyes had lost the brightness of their hue
In weeping for him, but who straightway caught
The wanderer to her heart and cried,
"My son!"

Near the summit a huge block of stone, to which the climbers were clinging, gave way, and dashed them into space. The Zermatt guides with much difficulty recovered the bodies, which were almost unrecognizable both being most friction.

THE SUEZ CANAL

The famous Suez Canal, through which a part of Russia's Baltic fleet has been passing, is one of the greatest engineering works of the age. It is about 100 miles in length and connects Port Said, on the Mediterranean, with Port Thewfik, on



VIEW OF SUEZ CANAL.

A TRAINED NURSE

After Years of Experience, Advises Women in Regard to Their Health.

Martha

Mrs. Martha Pohlma of 55 Chester Avenue, Newark, N. J., who is a Newark, N. J., who is a graduate Nurse from the Blockley Training School, at Philadelphia, and for six years Chief Clinic Nurse at the Philadelphia Hospital, writes the letter printed below. She has the advantage of personal experience, besides her experience, professional

experience, besides her professional education, and what she has to say may be absolutely relied upon.

Many other women are afflicted as she was. They can regain health in the same way. It is prudent to heed such advice from man a surges.

to heed such advice from such a source.

Mrs, Pohlman writes:

"I am firmly persuaded, after eight years of experience with Lydfa E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that it is the safest and best medicine for any suffering woman to use.

nausated. I had an acrid discharge and pains down through my limbs so I could hardly walk. It was as bad a case of female trouble as I have ever known. Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound, however, cured me within four months. Since that time I have had occasion to recommend it to a number of patients suffering from all forms of female difficulties, and I find that while it is considered unprofessional to recommend a patent medicine, I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I have found that it cures female ills, where all other medicine fails. It is a grand medicine for sick women."

Money cannot buy such testimony as The needless suffering of women from

regular, suppressed or painful men-struction, weakness, leucorrhœa, disregular, suppressed or painful men-struction, weakness, leucorrhoea, dis-placement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflamma-tion of the ovaries; backache, bloat-ing (or flatulence), general debility, in-digestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizzi-dential.

Two Mountains, the Two Men and

Later Disraeli wrote:

Great Highway of Commerce Navigate

Vegetative is the safest and traction is the safest and traction in the saf

Money cannot buy such testimony as this—merit alone can produce such results, and the ablest specialists now agree that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most universally successful remedy for all female diseases known to medicine.

When women are troubled with irWhen women are troubled with ir-

perience has proved this.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Foil.

DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE.

When the English Admiral J. Moresby discovered two mountains in New Guinea he named one Mount Gladstone and the other Mount Disraeli. He wrote to the two statesmen asking permission to use their names, and their replies, which he gives, are character-istic of the humor of one and the want of humor of the other,

Gladstone wrote:

· Hawarden Castle, Chester Sir-I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of June 24 and to return my best thanks for the compilment you have paid me, iftle deserved as it is, in naming after me the highest peak of the Finisterre range in New Guinea. Allow me to subscribe myself, sir, your most faithful servant,

W. E. GLADSTONE. Captain Moresby, R. N., H. M. S. Basilisk Disraeli wrote:

10 Downing Street, Aug. 17, 1874.
Dear Sir—Allow me to acknowledge the compilment you have paid me by planting my name on the northeast shores of New Gainea and in selecting a godfather so distinguished for the peak which faces Mount Disraell. I am, dear sir, faithfully yours.

BEN DISRAELL.
Captain Moresby, R. N. H. M. S. Bastilsk.

I hope we shall agree better in New Juinea than we do in the house of com-A dull razor is full of the old nick.

THAT DISTANT HILL.

Never climb a hill until you get to it, advises a writer in Medical Talk For the Home. We remember as children that in riding through the country we had a dread of high hills. How often we saw far ahead of us on the road a formidable looking hill. How high and rough and steep it looked, and how we feared it? How hard it would be for the horse to carry us up such a hill? We were sure he would slip and fall and maybe upset the carriage, and so, with the greatest apprehension, we would approach the dreadful hill. But how surprised we were as we came nearer to find the hill receding, growing flatter and really not a hill at all whe we reached the point that seemed so

high and craggy and dangerous?
So it is with many of life's perplexities. How darkly they loom up before around us? But when we get close up to them they have vanished entirely. We spoil so much of life in fear and foreboding. We let slip the beautiful moments that are ours and spoil them by dreading the moments of the future with which we have nothing to do. We ride over the nice, level country, forgetting its beauty, unmindful of its delight, dreading the hill that never



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a ladder, is on the next suit you buy.



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