

## PERE MARQUETTE R.R.

BUFFALO DIVISION

EFFECTIVE DEC. 1, 1904.

Leave Chatham	Express	Express
For	For	For
Blenheim and West	8:45 a.m.	8:55 p.m.
Sarnia	8:55 a.m.	9:05 p.m.
Arrive at Chatham		

Leave Chatham	Express	Express
For	For	For
Walkerville	9:55 a.m.	7:55 p.m.
St. Thomas	10:05 a.m.	8:05 p.m.
Sarnia	10:15 a.m.	8:15 p.m.

Central Standard Time—one hour slower than city time.

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

W. E. RISPIN, H. F. MORLEY, G.P.A., Chatham.

THE WASASH RAILROAD CO.

GOING WEST EAST BOUND

No. 1—6:45 a.m. No. 2—12:23 p.m.

3—1:07 p.m. 4—11:19 p.m.

11—1:25 p.m. 12—2:25 a.m.

13—7:03 p.m. 14—11:19 p.m.

5—9:38 p.m. 6—1:32 a.m.

8—1:18 a.m. 9—2:45 p.m.

J. A. RICHARDSON, Dist. Pass. Agt., Toronto and St. Thomas.

J. C. PRITCHARD, Station Agent, Chatham.

W. E. RISPIN, W. P. A. 116 King St., Chatham.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Corrected July 3rd, 1904.

GOING WEST GOING EAST

2:35 a.m. Express 1:00 p.m.

8:55 a.m. 1:11 a.m.

2:32 p.m. 8:42 a.m.

7 a.m. daily, except Sunday.

GRAND TRUNK.

WEST.

2:23 a.m. for Windsor, Detroit and intermediate stations except Sunday.

12:42 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.

2:30 p.m. for Windsor and intermediate stations.

4:13 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.

9:06 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and west.

International Limited 8:05 p.m. daily.

EAST.

3:27 a.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Buffalo.

1:45 p.m. for Glenora and St. Thomas.

2:17 p.m. for London, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and New York.

7:03 p.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and New York.

2:50 p.m. for London and intermediate stations.

Daily except Sunday. \*Daily.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Settlers' Trains

Will Leave Toronto Every

Tuesday During March

and April at 9.00

P. M. for

Manitoba and the North-West

and run via Grand Trunk, North By and Canadian Pacific. A Colonist Sleeper will be attached to each train. Passengers traveling without live stock should take the train leaving Toronto 1:45 p.m. Train leaving Toronto at 9:00 p.m. is for passengers travelling with stock.

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.

WABASH

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 alluring to the traveler than his knowledge of the fact that he is travelling over the Wabash System, the great winter tourist route to the south and west.

For full particulars address—

J. A. RICHARDSON, Dist. Pass. Agt., N.E. corner Kings and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas.

W. E. RISPIN, C. P. A., Chatham

J. C. PRITCHARD, Depot Agent.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Special One Way Excursions

FROM CHATHAM TO

Billings, Mont., \$34.25;

Colorado Springs, Denver

Col., \$37; Helena, Butte,

Mont., Ogden, Salt Lake

City, Utah, \$37.75; Nelson

Rossland, B. C., Spokane,

Wash., \$38.25; Portland,

Ore., Seattle, Wash., Van-

couver, Victoria, B. C.,

San Francisco, Cal., \$40.75

Proportionately low rates to other points.

Tickets on sale from March 1st to May 15, 1905.

SPECIAL SETTLERS' TRAINS TO NORTH-WEST.

Special train with Colonist Sleeper will leave TORONTO at 9 p.m. every TUESDAY during MARCH and APRIL for Manitoba and North-West. Passengers travelling without Live Stock should take the Pacific Express leaving Toronto at 1:45 p.m.

For tickets and full information call on

W. E. RISPIN, City Ticket Agent, 115 King Street, Chatham, or to

J. C. PRITCHARD, Depot Ticket Agent.

Minard's Liniment for Sale Everywhere.

## A TAKER OF CRUMBS

By Channing Pollock

Copyright, 1904, by Channing Pollock

"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 of Mine' was its first line—'Dear Lady of Mine'."

Anne Stacey's lagged 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 finished 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 apart to denote intellectual ability, but not nearly close enough for that prettiness which is worth so much more to a woman. Anne had been told these things almost from the time that her eldest brother 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 ascended the stairs with the noise of many voices. Then the bell rang again, and Anne went to dinner.

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

reached for the bundle, unlocked the key, and drew out the manuscript. It was 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 tale.

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 evenings and to take a cab ride 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 died 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 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 tale.

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 of 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 very lonely too. Will?"

Anne Stacey got up and dropped the packet of letters in the Japanese wastebasket. She locked the one letter just received, envelope and all, in her bureau drawer in a place left for it.

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 confidentially to the waiter. "I'm left-handed, and I can't use any other kind of a cup."

"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.

"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 you"—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 have, but I regret to say, sir, that the last we had was broke this morning."—Washington Post.

Animals That Shed Tears.

Humboldt states that he had a monkey that shed tears when it was excited with fear. Reinger noticed that the eyes of a small South American monkey filled with tears when it was prevented from getting some coveted object or was much frightened. Darwin cites a third case of a monkey from Borneo which in the zoological gardens was frequently observed to cry when grieved or even when much pleased. Sir E. Tennant, describing the capture of elephants in Ceylon, says that when bound some of them lay motionless with no other indication of suffering than the tears which incessantly flowed from their eyes. The keeper of the Indian elephants in Regent's park has several times observed tears rolling down the face of the old female elephant when her young one was taken away from her.

Anne Stacey, who had written "on space" for a living since girlhood and who had never had a sweetheart, had

rescued the bundle from the Japanese 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 before, had paid no attention whatever to the large mouthed, small nosed, intellectual 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 remembered only that once Will had pressed 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 desertion 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 to one ready-made—a story of which she was the heroine.

"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 of 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 magazine to which the manuscript 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 tale.

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## ALPINE TRAGEDIES.

A Murder That Led to an Almost Equally Tragic Affair—Climbing the Alps in High-heeled Shoes.

The season in the Alps is at an end and The London Express has made an estimate of the cost in human life. Only partial returns are available. The death roll, however, may be estimated from the figures for the first week in August, when 25 people were killed, 30 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 man 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 smart walking stick and a packet of cigarettes, is invariably British.

Miss Mary Wilmet, an English lady who was visiting Chateau d'Oex, lost her life through climbing rocks in dainty high-heeled shoes. Miss Wilmet started with two Swiss companions, but no guide, to climb the Rochers de Paray in search of edelweiss. The party, after ascending some distance, lost their way, and while her companions descended to look for a safer path, Miss Wilmet attempted to reach a patch of edelweiss 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 minor accidents from the same cause are the cases of a young English lady named Miss Nichols, who, rambling alone on the Chamois Mer-de-Glace in soft cycling boots, fell into a crevasse, and was lucky enough to escape with a sprained ankle and a few cuts and bruises, and of Mr. Morriewer, an Englishman, who, while climbing Pilatus in this 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.

Not 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 Chamois 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 portion of the ascent when a fierce storm came on, and their endeavorers to secure themselves to the face of the peak they dislodged a great flake of rock.

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 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 Mr. Parry, a Swiss tourist, to a lonely spot on the mountains, and to have there robbed him and thrown him over a precipice.

To make a difficult ascent with a guide strange to the locality is almost as foolish as to climb with no guides at all, and it was owing to this cause that Professor Demolius, the head of the Innsbruck University, and his Tyrolean guide, Joseph Tombel, lost their lives on the Gabelhorn in July. Though one of the best guides in the Tyrol, Tombel was ignorant of the Zermatt peaks, and this ignorance proved fatal.

Near the summit a huge block of rock, 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 frightfully mutilated.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

Great Highway of Commerce Navigated by the Russian Warships.

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 Tewfik, on

the Red Sea. The canal is 23 feet deep and 120 feet wide at the bottom, while at the surface it is nearly twice this width.

The great French engineer, Ferdinand de Lesseps, won his chief fame in its construction. It was begun in 1859 and opened for commerce in 1869. The cost up to that time had been over \$88,000,000. It has since been enlarged and improved in various ways.

She—Would you be willing to die for me? He—Why, I am dying for you now.—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

THE PRODIGAL.

A prodigal, he said, "I will arise and seek my people ere they end their revelry." The Liberte, which is in touch with the political friends of Prince Napoleon, asserts to-night that the Belgian court, there is a formal engagement 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 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 Grey, who is now 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 Premier, William Pitt.

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## A TRAINED NURSE

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

Mrs. Martha Pohlman

of 55 Chester Avenue, 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 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 such a source.

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

"Immediately after my marriage I found that my health began to fail me. I became weak and pale, with severe bearing-down pains, fearful backaches and frequent dizzy spells. The doctors prescribed for me, yet I did not improve. I would bleed after eating and frequently become nauseated. I had an acid 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. Pinkham'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 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 irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles.

The needless suffering of women from diseases peculiar to their sex is terrible to see. The money which they pay to doctors who do not help them is an enormous waste. The pain is cured and the money is