

How Chathamites will Spend the Summer

A SERIES OF SKETCHES OF THE CHARMING RESORTS WHICH BECKON PLANET READERS FOR THE LONG VACATION.

NO. 2—ERIE BEACH.

Erie Beach, once the only watering place that Chatham could boast of, will furnish a haven of refuge from the heat of summer for quite a large number of Maple Cityites. It was rumored that this health resort, situated on the high banks on the northern shore of Lake Erie, would lose its popularity as the Eau Claire, but Erieau has grown and increased in popularity and Erie Beach has lost more of its prestige or popularity.

The houses there were all occupied last year and had, there been more, there would have been more people at the summer resort on the north shore of Lake Erie. The reason why Erie Beach, or "Grillville," as it has been dubbed by those who don't go there, has always held a warm spot in the hearts of all who have ever spent the summer there, are manifold. Being situated on cliffs 50 feet above the water, the place catches all the breeze that is going, and the houses being moved above the refraction from the water, enjoy a coolness not a part of residences more lowly situated. For years, Erie Beach has been the summer home of many Chathamites, and it has become as much a part of the lives of such as their food and their sleep.

It has been said and mayhap said truly that the place we love the best are the places that we know and the memories of which take us back to happy days long past. Such must have been the feelings of the ancient resident, who, on meeting a man who had never been to "Grillville," said, "well, if you have never been to Erie Beach you have still got something to look forward to." As it happens, the man who said this may all know that even I have got something to look forward to. A delightful prospect truly and one that will be an accomplished fact some day.

At present Erie Beach boasts of sixteen residents, owned by Wm. Ball, Manson Campbell, Geo. Stephens, M. P. Judge, H. P. Taylor, J. R. Gathright, and others. James Holmes, John A. Walker, N.

H. Stevens, Dr. Rutherford, Fred. Stone, Spencer Stone, Wm. Douglas, these gentlemen are many and differ to some extent from the pleasures the people of Erieau enjoy. The lake affords bathing, fishing and boating. Of the three, the first named is the only amusement that can be thoroughly enjoyed and, disporting in the water certainly occupies a good deal of the time of the residents at Erie Beach. In the calm weather, fishing may be enjoyed along the lead lines of the fish nets and some good big perch are caught and lots of them.

The opportunities for boating are many, and there are only about two of the residents at "Grillville" who possess boats, which fact proves either that the people there don't care for boating or else they are unable to use boats. The latter surmise is not quite correct, however. They can use boats, but not every day, and the difficulties are great. There are both the wind and the waves to contend with.

There are, however, only a few of the many amusements that "Grillville" utilizes in speeding the flying hours. The place boasts of two real golf courses and a few more real good players. The boys play baseball, shoot chipmunks and climb trees, and when the opportunity offers disport the orchards of the natives. When the time hangs heavy, if it ever does here—the young folks can wheel to Blenheim and in a half hour go from the quiet calm of this rural resort to the busy life of the bright little town on the hill. The older folks can take delightful drives along the quiet and shady country roads.

In the evening there are camp fires on the beach when the brilliant glare of the fires light up the shore for yards around and cause the flickering shadows to run up and down the cliff, suggesting goblins, ghosts and other weird and uncanny creatures. In the houses, the elder folks enjoy a quiet game of cards till bed time. Then all tired seek their couches and the next morning are ready for another day of pleasure.

GYPSY.

LIVED IN THE LONG AGO

Planet Correspondent Visits a Kent County Graveyard and Studies Records of the Past.

Many Interesting and Unique Epitaphs Noted—A Sunday Morning Trip up the River.

It was last Sunday morning that I—having nothing worse to do and, besides, preferring the fresh, pure spring air outdoors to the gloomy atmosphere of the house—set out alone on a voyage up the river. I had been promised company but it is a failure to materialize, so, as I said, I set out alone.

I was not a very inviting morning, as the skies threatened rain. After paddling for some time along the many winding turns in the river I reached Pkerville. Here a native who viewed the scene that had been taken on to raise the gunboat, volunteered the information that the "Them city fellows" would know a heap more about raising gunboats than they do now when they get that gunboat up.

Judging that the rustic knew more of the weather than of gunboats, I returned reply to this friendly information with a query as to the probability of rain. "It won't rain so long as the wind keeps in the north. It may spit a little, but it won't rain enough to wet a piece of tissue paper," was his reply.

Feeling reassured by this information, I continued my journey up stream. I may as well confess right here that my objective point was a graveyard, a relic of former days. I knew about where it was, at least within a mile, but that was all. On my way up stream I passed many landmarks of brick and wood, but, having any old resident to enlighten me as to what they were, I had to form my own conjectures and guess as to their uses. One brick building, large and evidently deserted, had, judging from its structure, been a store or warehouse at one time. It had been spitting, as the native had called it, nearly all the time I had been on the water, but now the rain began to fall quite heavily and, looking ahead, I saw three piles in the centre of the river. I wondered how and where with reference to them and learned afterwards that they had formed part of an old dock and that a well had once stood on the bank opposite. As I drew near I perceived a man on the bank and I hurried forward to meet him. He proved to be William Wees, the lessee of the McGarvin farm, on which was the graveyard for which I was looking. This is the property known as the Traxler farm. Mr. Traxler was Mr. McGarvin's great grandfather, and during the war of 1812-13 the farm was one of the few on the river. The Americans and the Sheriff Mercer estate.

The pastimes of the families of

camped here the night before the battle at Moraviantown and despoiled Mr. Traxler of 36 acres of corn and a number of cattle. There are two walnut trees on the place, which Joe McGarvin's father, as a boy, helped his grandfather, Mr. Traxler, to plant. They were planted as poles to hang tobacco on, and the green poles planted took root and grew into trees. The trees are shown today to all visitors. It was just here that one of the gunboats was burned in 1813 and Joe McGarvin's father saw it burn. The water where it sunk is about 12 feet deep.

The two graveyards that adjoin each other on this farm are remarkable and interesting. Mr. Wees kindly offered to show them to me, but candidly confessed that the McGarvin burying ground he had never visited and the Traxler not for a long time. We first visited the old Traxler burying ground. The fence had rotted away and was down in many places. Shrubs and saplings had grown up wild, tombstones were lying around and broken and a more unkempt and neglected plot of ground it would be hard to find. With difficulty we made our way through and then deciphered the epitaphs.

The one that first attracted our attention was the tombstone of George McKenzie, who died Sept. 6, 1857, 25 years old. Mr. McKenzie was a contractor and was killed in a road race near Kent Bridge. He was leading when a pig ran across the road and the unfortunate man was thrown over his horse's head and killed. It is said that the eve before the race he said as he left the house of a friend that he would win the race and that he would win the horse, and the following bold warning:

"Remember, man, as you pass by, As you are now, so once was I; As I am now, so must you be; Remember, man, you're born to die."

Beside Mr. McKenzie lie his two wives, who had evidently preceded him across the river Styx. Next to him is the stone marking the grave of Hannah, wife of George McKenzie, who died Sept. 6, 1857, 25 years old. Her husband had surely admired her and expected to meet her again, possibly not in the place already alluded to. Witness the following epitaph:

"A faithful friend, a companion dear, A tender mother both here and there, Great is the loss that we sustain, But hope in heaven to meet again." Near by the son lies, marked by a stone that tells that beneath is the grave of George June, son of George and Hannah McKenzie, died Feb. 15, 1856, aged two years. "He sleeps in Jesus and is blest, How sweet his slumbers are, From suffering and from sin released, And freed from every care."

SANTAL-MIDY
Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runny Eyes, in 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Just at the foot of Mr. McKenzie's grave lies his first wife, Elizabeth, who departed this life June 23, 1848, aged 19 years. She left a command for her husband to follow her to a very different place from that which he was going to race to. The following is on her tombstone:

"Farewell, dear husband, and kindred all, I must depart, the Lord doth call. When I my Savior's face do see, Prepare for death and follow me."

Another stone marks the grave of a Scotchman. The writing on it is given without comment. It needs none.

"In memory of William Neil, a native of Ayrshire, Scotland, died June 11, 1861, aged 34 years. "He was for many years a conductor on the Great Western Railroad. "He never had greed to gather gear, Yet rigid kept his credit clear. He ever was to misery dear, His loss she'll feel. She says she got six-pence or a tear Frae Willie Neil."

Ann, wife of Peter Traxler, died on July 8, 1868, aged 24 years, has the following on her tombstone:

"Mourn not for me, my life is past, My life was not in vain, But mercy show and pity take, And love my children for my sake."

May Ann, wife of John P. Traxler, died Oct. 3, 1873, has the following epitaph:

"Afflictions sore long time I bore, Physicians were in vain, Till God saw fit to give me ease And free me from my pain." The McGarvin burying ground, as I said, adjoins, and is better kept than the other, but it, too, shows evidences of neglect of late. The oldest stone is marked in memory to James McGarvin, who died on Oct. 3, 1858, aged 58 years. This ended our examination of the burial place of former residents and it was refreshing to leave the precincts of the city of the dead and to return to the culture of the living. The sun, too, came out and brightened both my companion and myself and we felt cheerful again. During the time we had been in the graveyard it had been raining, but the water having ceased to fall, I embarked and started homeward well satisfied with the pleasant time I had spent on the river and the experience in the little cemetery studying records of long ago.

How a Little Girl Made Her Home Happier

The following extracts are taken from a letter written by a well known lady of London, Ont., to the Malted Cereals Company, Montreal.

"My little girl, aged twelve years, came home recently after a visit of ten weeks in Toronto. She got home looking so plump and hearty that I came to the conclusion that she had been well fed. I found that while her diet, morning, noon and night was very much the same, as she had been accustomed to eat at home, she had been using what she called Malt Breakfast Food at her aunt's, and that was this food that had given her extra flesh and such a robust appearance. I got no peace from her till I ordered some from my grocer, so that we might try the food she had thrived so well on. We now use Malt Breakfast Food every morning, and I am pleased to say we all love it, and would not be without it for any consideration. We think it the most delicious and healthiest food we have ever used, and wish you every success with your beautiful Malt Breakfast Food." All first class Grocers sell it.

Altruism is not the same thing as ability. Position does not bring merit. A small boy astride of the ridge-pole of the highest barn in the county is as much of a small boy as ever.

The girl is the mother of the woman just as "the boy is the father of the man." The period in which the womanly functions begin is one to be carefully watched and considered. Irregularity or derangement at this time may be promptly met and cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. But neglected at this critical period may entail years of future suffering. "Favorite Prescription" acts directly upon the womanly organs giving perfect vigor and abundant vitality. It removes the obstructions to health and happiness and delivers womanhood from the cruel bondage of "female weakness." You pay the postage. The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1908, pages, 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray cost of mailing and customs. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the paper bound book, or 50 stamps for cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

He who does not respect himself, cannot long hold the respect of his fellows; and he who respects himself cannot long be deprived of the respect of his fellows.

Sore Throat and Hoarseness—with their attendant dangers may be speedily averted and remedied by the use of Polson's Eucalypti. Excellent to gargle with—ten times better than mustard plaster, and more convenient for the outside. Nervine penetrates the tissues instantly, soothes the pain, allays inflammation, and cures sore throat and hoarseness simply because that's what it is made for. The large 25 cent bottle of Nervine is unequalled as a household liniment. It cures everything.

The universal mark of manhood is manliness. Possessions and position are mere accidents of local conditions. —Lancaster and weakness, due to the depleted condition of the blood, are overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great vitalizer.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

TOLSTOI TO THE CZAR

THE PHILOSOPHER'S APPEAL TO THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR.

Tells Him of the Absurd Cruelties Practiced in His Name—Warns Him Against Poblednostoff and Spilagin—Letter Opens With an Appeal to Read It Alone and Allow His Own Good Heart to Prompt.

In 1896 a Russian official publication called The Statesman's Handbook for Russia was issued in the English language from the Chancery of the Emperor. As a contrast to young Empress, the granddaughter of Queen Victoria, with the institutions of the country which had just become Her Majesty's new home, and also to afford information on the subject for Englishmen in general, says the Moscow correspondent of The London Times. In that book, among other extraordinary things, exactly the reverse of what it means in the Russian Government in religious matters entitled "Freedom of Religion," which will astonish any reader who happens to know the real position of Russia in this respect, and is certainly calculated to mislead the Englishman who takes his information from this and other official publications lately distributed by the Russian Government with an unprecedented expenditure of labor, money and zeal. As a contrast to this official "Freedom of Religion," which, like many other Asiatic or medieval things in Russia, hidden under European nomenclature, means exactly the opposite of what it means everywhere else in Europe, I send a translation of one of the many copies of Count Tolstoi's last letter to the Czar, now being privately circulated. The style in Russian seems to be a simple, direct, and unadorned writer; but this, I am told, is to be accounted for by the fact that it was written when the author was very ill and bedridden at the end of last year. It contains, however, some so generally known here among all well-informed people that there can hardly be any doubt as to its authenticity. The request made on behalf of certain Russian women, who ask to be allowed to leave their present place of abode evidently refers to their wish to join their husbands in exile somewhere in the remote parts of Siberia.

Your Imperial Majesty, Count Nicholas Alexandrovich, kindly read through the enclosed letter yourself and alone; it was not at first intended for you, and it is short. Listen to the promptings of your own good heart and act accordingly.

Nine young women living at liberty, with sufficient for their needs, and two old matrons, beg as a special favor, after selling all they have, to be allowed to give up a free and comfortable existence and to go to the most horrible place of exile surrounded by the most painful conditions. What makes them so bold as to ask to be allowed to leave their present place of abode evidently refers to their wish to join their husbands in exile somewhere in the remote parts of Siberia.

"The Boer treatment of natives is most brutal. I know of too many cases of brutal murder done to innocent natives ever to feel again that a Boer is a kindly, generous, and simple peasant. He is a brute, and tiger-like, kills for the sake of killing. One of our natives left here for Daniel's Kuil with despatches. He has never returned, but the rebel leader has sent word to one of our chiefs that he was captured and shot in cold blood. The story, as told by a supposed eye-witness, is that they tied him to a wagon, flogged him, compelled him by flogging to dig his own grave, and then shot him."

"When these same rebels attacked Daniel's Kuil the women and children of the village went into the church for protection. A white flag was on the building, and the enemy were told that only women and children were there. They neither respected the white flag nor the sex and age of the people, but fired volley after volley into the church, killing a girl and wounded two other people."—London Daily Express.

Victoria's Wedding Ring.

The wedding ring of Queen Victoria was, by her own wish, buried with her, as was the London Chronicle. As a matter of fact it has been held inseparable "ever" for more than sixty years. The rule of her married life has been never to remove it, and once when a cast of her hand was taken, her great alarm was that the ring would be displaced by the plastic artist. The ring, which she wore for the first time at her wedding, Queen Victoria valued a very simple one, indeed. It was made of gold and enamel, and had a very small diamond in its central ornament. Its market value was slight enough, as it well might be, for it was bought with a boy's pocket money. It was, in fact, the first present made by Prince Albert to the Princess Victoria, when at the age of sixteen, he visited the future country of his adoption. The actual emerald serpent ring, which he gave her afterward as the formal engagement ring, was never quite so treasured by Her Majesty as this humble predecessor, which stood as the first token of the memorable affair of the heart.

Madame Tussaud.

On April 16, 1850, died in her nineteenth year Madame Tussaud, founder of the well-known collection of waxwork figures which every tourist to London visits. She had actually lived among the celebrated men of the French revolution, whose effigies formed the nucleus of her establishment. Marat, Robespierre and Charlotte Corday she modelled from her recollection of them as they appeared in life. At one time she was in prison, when her associates were Madame Beauharnais and her daughter, afterwards mother of Napoleon III. Escaping from Paris, she fled for many years a life of struggling poverty, until her settling in London proved the beginning of 40 years of constant prosperity, and the founding of an establishment that has since become worldwide in its reputation.

Sardinia's Giants.

Sardinia is celebrated for the tombs which prove that prehistorically it was inhabited by giants.

view. I speak from the point of view of Your Majesty, who is able to put an end to the crimes committed under the guise of legality and to destroy the basis on which such crimes are founded. Therefore, I take the liberty of advising you as follows: (1) To revise and abolish the contradictory and shameful laws now existing in regard to persecution in the name of religion, which have long existed to exist in every other country except Russia; (2) to put an end to all persecution and punishment for departure from the religious creed of the State, and to liberate all persons imprisoned and exiled on account of their faith; and (3) to reconsider the question of how to reconcile the requirements of conscience in religious matters with the demands of the State—as, for example, the refusal to take an oath and to perform military service—not to punish such dissent as a crime, but try to reconcile the inconsistency, as was done in the case of the Mennonites, by compulsory labor in exchange for military service, and a solemn declaration to speak the truth in courts of law instead of the usual oath. Forgive me if I have not explained myself clearly; my only motive was the good of the people in general and of yourself in particular. I know and feel all the weight and responsibility of your position. I believe that the cruel religious oppression practised in your name, besides doing harm to yourself in the opinion of the people, is in the opinion of Europe and the judgment of history, lays up in you a tormenting responsibility. I am abolishing this religious persecution, and by making its repetition impossible you will not only relieve your conscience of this responsibility, but will experience the pleasurable consciousness of having done a good work. God help you in doing that which pleases Him. And in doing this you will do the greatest good for the Russian people and for yourself. Your loving, December 15, 1900. Leo. Tolstoi.

THE GENTLE BOER.

His Cruel Treatment of Natives—Kills for the Sake of Killing.

Writing from Kuruman, under date February 18, a correspondent sends home a terrible picture of Boer barbarity in that district. "For over eight weeks now," he writes, "we have been isolated, and know little of what is transpiring in the outer world. When the Boers (all rebels) re-entered our district our motives are very anxious to fight. I had very great difficulty in persuading them to sit still, but at last they saw the futility of rising."

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An address by Joseph Choate, Ambassador to Great Britain, on the career and character of Abraham Lincoln—his early life—his early struggles with the world—his character as developed in the later years of his life and his administration, which placed his name so high on the world's roll of honor and fame, has been published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and may be had by sending six cents in postage to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The man who is too busy to be courteous, is busier than he has any right to be.

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"Keep your Stomach in good working order and your general health will take care of itself." This is the advice of an eminent specialist on stomach troubles, and he "clinches" the advice by prescribing Dr. Volz's Pineapple Tablets as a wonder worker in all phases of stomach disorders from the little "ferment" after eating to the chronic dyspepsia. 35 cents—136 Sold by J. W. McLaren, Druggist.

"What's the matter with your partner? I tried to talk to him about the margins of the book I want printed and he hastily left me." "Oh, he was caught in the big stock slump, and he's a little nervous."

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That is the reason no one is claiming for a few more warts—make them fashionable and a remedy to grow warts would quickly be made a financial success. Yes, Patman's Corn and Wart Extractor removes them, works quickly and without pain—any druggist will tell you more about this remedy.

"Miss Gotrox" began Mr. Cal. G. Latte, "I must confess that at last I have lost my heart, and you—" "My heart's too bad!" she interrupted. "It's so small you never hope to find it again."

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For adoption—Fine healthy boy, 10 months old; good parentage. Apply to R. A. Sims, Pres., or R. V. Bray, Exec. Officer.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST	
9:02 a. m.	Express	8:15 a. m.	Accommodation
9:12 a. m.	Express	8:25 a. m.	Express
1:45 p. m.	Accommodation	2:20 p. m.	Express
3:30 p. m.	Express	4:25 p. m.	Accommodation
8:50 p. m.	Express	9:55 p. m.	Accommodation
Limited		8:55 p. m.	
Daily		Daily Sunday included	

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GOING WEST		EAST BOUND	
No. 1—6:45 a. m.	No. 4—11:06 p. m.	No. 1—6:45 a. m.	No. 4—11:06 p. m.
3—1:07 p. m.	2—12:25 p. m.	3—1:07 p. m.	2—12:25 p. m.
13—1:25 p. m.	6—1:42 a. m.	13—1:25 p. m.	6—1:42 a. m.
5—9:14 p. m.	8—2:49 p. m.	5—9:14 p. m.	8—2:49 p. m.
9—1:18 a. m.	8—2:49 p. m.	9—1:18 a. m.	8—2:49 p. m.

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2:36 a. m.	Express	11:11 p. m.	Express
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Daily		Daily except Sunday	
Daily		Daily except Monday	

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To Blenheim & Walworth	6:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.
Ditto	8:15 a. m.
To Blenheim and Ridgeway	10:25 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.
Ditto	3:40 p. m.
Sarnia	9:11 a. m. and 5:20 p. m.
Sarnia	12:30 p. m.

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Between all Stations in Canada; all Stations in Canada to and from Detroit, Mich., Port Huron, Mich., Fort Covington, N. Y., Bombay, Ind., N. Y., Helena, N. Y., Massena Springs, N. Y., Rouses Point, N. Y., Island Pond, Vt., all Stations in Canada, but not from Buffalo, N. Y., Black Rock