

LITTLE JACK HORNER



Little Jack Horner
Ate in his corner
A meal that gave him no aches.
He said: "My, it's good—
A swell breakfast food—
I just love

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TIME TABLE



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Will also make round trips from Detroit to Chatham every FRIDAY and SATURDAY, leaving Detroit, foot of Randolph Street, at 8 a.m. Detroit time, or 9 a.m. Chatham time, returning will leave Chatham 3 p.m. Detroit time or 4 p.m. Chatham time, arriving in Detroit about 8 p.m.

SINGLE TRIPS—Thursday leaving Chatham at 9:30 a.m., Sunday leaving Detroit at 8 o'clock, Detroit time, or 9 p.m. Chatham time.

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An ounce of confidence in yourself is better than a pound of confidence in others.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

THE BROOK AND THE MAN.

Did you ever see a brooklet?
All of fifteen inches wide,
One so very small and modest
You could cross it at a stride;
Just a little thread of silver
Stealing slowly through the dale,
Hardly large enough for minnows,
To say nothing of a whale?

But behold it when a freshet
Makes the brooklet swell with pride,
Several rods from side to side,
In its flood sufficient volume
Easily to drown a team.
Then the flood subsides, and quickly
It becomes a placid stream.

Did you ever see a fellow
Who was only two by four?
Just a little dried up turnip,
Simply that and nothing more—
Well, a pocket size edition
Of a full developed man,
Quite a neat and tiny model
Built upon a boy size plan?

Did you ever have occasion
To observe that little runt
Trying to be large and chesty,
Putting on an awful front?
Did you notice for a minute
That he seemed a howling tough,
But was just a little fellow
When a stranger called his bluff?

Getting Close to It.



"She said that her husband was going to get her a picture hat."
"Did he do it?"
"Well, almost—that is, he got her the picture of one."

Hit Him With a Snowball.
There are various ways of getting a husband. Some advertise and take their pick at their leisure, while others purchase a complete assortment of complexion at the drug store and try their best to make a noise like an heir.

A Chicago girl has just married a man she got acquainted with last winter by hitting him with a snowball. That is a much better way than to wait until after marriage and then begin throwing bottles and flatirons at him.

Before marriage a man may think it is real cunning to get pasted on the ear with a soft bunch of snow by a pretty girl, but after he has secured such things as apt to make him grouchy.

Little did the girl know what she was doing when she tossed the white ball at a passing man, and she was probably scared to death when she saw that it hit him, and if she was throwing at a cow on the other side of the street, which is more than likely, she will wait a year or two before telling him.

Spotted the Romance.
"Well, did your cousin Marie give you lessons in milking when you visited her on the farm?"
"No, she didn't. I suppose she might have, too, but she didn't appear to think about it. In fact, she was too busy playing the piano about milking time."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Sometimes a man appears so much the personal property of a woman that she ought in justice to be made to pay taxes on him.

Economy is a feminine vice made to offset the masculine one of self-indulgence.

A man who has nothing in his pocket needs to have something in his head if only for his stomach's sake.

Money is a medium that makes some people see spirits—and to drink them too.

Nothing is good except as you use it—or bad either.

Long headed men rarely need also to be strong armed men.

Be kind to all you chance to meet, for you don't know who may have a big stick behind his back or who may wear a large halo under his hat.

Many people act as if they think that any desirable quality is to be bought at so much a yard or bushel.

Sensible women are common as cold days, but nobody cares very much about a sensible woman.

Money enough to keep the bill collector from haunting our doors is what looks like affluence to the most of us.

Getting experienced is all right if you are wise enough to get the right kind of experience.

INDIAN MASQUERADERS.

Dancing Masks and Blankets Used in the Northwest.

Here are some strange figures from the great Northwest. They represent the dancing masks and blankets used by the Tsimshian Indians of British Columbia in their medicine and sun dances.

Many an Indian has fainted from the exertion of wearing the heavy wooden masks and working the wires that hold the jaw. It is impossible to buy one of these masks.

Dealers in Indian curios have smaller ones made for tourists, but they are never like the originals which can only be found among the Indians.



INDIAN MASQUERADERS.
who jealously guard them, or in the Sheldon Jackson Museum, at Sitka. The Chilkat blankets on the images are kept in the secret recesses of the Indian huts and only brought out on state occasions.

Each design on them means a story, and the few people who were fortunate enough to get Chilkat blankets in the early days of British Columbia and Alaska paid from \$200 to \$300 for them.

No Indian blanket is as rare or prized as highly. It is a queer thing that though the Indians live in the dirtiest of huts their blankets and masks always come out fresh when they wish to wear them for some orgy or celebration. The masks in this picture are owned by one family, and this accounts for the similarity in shape and design. The colors on them are dull reds, blues and black.

PRINCE LEADS QUIET LIFE.

Heir to British Throne Has As Peaceable Days As Commoner.

Never in the history of England has there been such a contrast between a King and the heir to his throne as at present. The father, "weighed with the crown," rushes up and down the land in motor cars and special trains, attending christenings, race meetings, receptions, garden parties, semi-state and state functions, morning, noon and night. The son, whose only trouble seems to be the riddle of killing time, sits in his room at Marlborough House pasting stamps into an album or reading a book. He does absolutely nothing, and does it with such a mastery of inactivity as to rouse one almost to enthusiasm at the idea of how successfully this proud prince manages to while away his golden days.

The prince, the princess and the rest of the family are up betimes, which means about 8 o'clock in the morning. There is the ordinary breakfast of a well-to-do English family, and the head of it begins the intervals between bacon and eggs with the morning papers. After breakfast there are charity letters to dictate to a secretary, for even the Prince of Wales is not exempt from the incessant stream of begging letters and appeals for aid. Then there is the inevitable weigh down the postman's bag at every delivery.

Having completed this, the heaviest task of the day, the prince goes for a walk in St. James' Park or Hyde Park accompanied by one of his equerries who lives in Marlborough House, and when this constitutional is over it is time to go back and prepare for luncheon. Sometimes there is a guest, but more often the meal is taken only in the company of one of the equerries and a lady of the princess's household. Luncheon over, there must be some stamps to sort (the prince's stamp collection is the finest in the world, and is said to be worth more than £100,000).

Then comes another walk in the park, and then a book to read until tea time, when there are generally one or two visitors. Dinner, at 8:30 p. m., is quite informal, with a guest or two only here and there. If the royal couple go to the theatre, dinner is set for 7, but as they do not often go to the theatre the evening is spent quietly at home, the prince reading a book and the princess doing some fancywork with the needle. Bed at 10:30 p. m.

Queen At Starting Post.

While out motoring recently, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, and attended by Col. Brocklehurst, paid a surprise visit to the starting post, arriving at the starting gate just before the starting of the competitors in the Workingham stakes. Alighting, Her Majesty and the Princess walked to where E. Willoughby takes up his accustomed place as starter, and, though there is usually a large crowd at this point, the royal party was unrecognized.

The Queen requested Mr. Willoughby to point out the various horses engaged, and also inquired the names of some of the jockeys.

As there was a delay of seventeen minutes at the post, owing to frolicsomeness, there was ample time to have a good look at the horses. After the horses had been dispatched the Queen and Princess went for a short walk, but returned to the starting place in time to see the horses engaged in the Windsor Castle stakes sent on their journey.

It was just after this that the Queen was recognized, and, naturally, she was cheered. This she acknowledged and then, stepping into her motor car, returned to Windsor castle.

A Famous Charger.

Marengo, the famous war charger of Napoleon, is said to have been the greatest horse known to modern history. The emperor rode Marengo for the last time in the battle of Mount St. Jean, where the horse received his seventh wound. The steed died at the age of 36 years.

IN FASHION'S REALM.

The Newest Thing in Negligee Effects.

LINGERIE SKIRT AND SACK.

Now of the Short Matinees Show Any Waist Line—The New Shoulder Style Seen in These Up to Date Robes—A Pretty Maternity Sack.

Quite the newest thing in negligee effects is the lingerie skirt and short sack combination, and nothing daintier has been offered for a very long time than may be indulged in by those of moderate means as well as those of the very wealthy class.

In design the petticoat follows the conventional, and the jacket is quite short, falling only a little below the waist, something like a pony coat, being quite loose and not defining the figure in the least. The sleeves vary. There are the minko, the wing and the bell all to choose from. Sailor collars, the large star shaped and the short square Dutch neck are all represented.

Sacks come separately as well as in sets, are in dotted swiss, batiste, lin-



IN IVORY CHINA SILK.

gerie and printed lawn, in prices from \$1.75 upward. At this price a very pretty sack of white dotted swiss may be bought, and for an advance of 50 cents there is a printed lawn in delicate pink and white, with sleeves in double bell effect, the wide collar falling over the tops of the sleeves and suggesting a third bell.

Few short matinees show any waist line, but just fall straight. This may be said, indeed, of all wash goods models. A few in china silk are tucked or gathered a little, defining rather than emphasizing the waist line.

A pretty little maternity sack seen in a shop is of pale pink accordeon plaited china silk, supported by a square yoke of lace. The sleeves are full, edged with lace and accordeon plaited; \$3.75 will purchase this dainty garment.

A new cut which is the expression of the long shoulder is a loose looking affair which seems to have been a very large circle folded in half, the fold to come on the shoulders. Then a por-



IN DOTTED SWISS, HAND EMBROIDERED.
tion is taken out which creates sleeves and brings underarm seams. It is quite the simplest pattern imaginable and could be made from any of the pretty remnants found thus early on the bargain counters.

Long negligees are exceedingly lovely. Indeed, some of the more expensive of these dainty garments are so exquisite, both in design and coloring, that it is almost difficult to believe that they are not ball gowns masquerading under another name, and, as a matter of fact, quite a number of these are being sold for home dinner gowns, for which function they are certainly worthy.

To Perfume Underlinen.
Put a lump of orris root into the boiler on washing days. The clothes will be so deliciously fragrant, even after ironing.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of Twelve per cent. per annum, for the current quarter ending 31st August, 1907, on the paid up capital stock of this Bank has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after the first day of September next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 19th to the 31st August, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
GEO. P. SCHOLFIELD,
General Manager.

TORONTO, 30TH JULY, 1907.

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LETTER BOX THIEVES

MANY INGENUOUS METHODS OF STEALING MAIL MATTER.

Art of Dry Fishing—A Lucrative "Profession"—Thieves Usually Work in Pairs—Birdlime Used As Bait—Artful Dodges Resorted to In Order to Secure Success—Letters Rifled and Re-Posted.

The letter-box thief is by no means of recent birth. The calling has been practised in various forms for many years, and the adoption of the use of postal orders made the "profession" much more profitable, so that at one time there was almost a glut in its ranks. Many were the ingenious methods invented to carry out the larcenies successfully, writes the Chief Inspector Robinson in answer to a letter-box thieves invariably work in pairs. One acts as the "look-out" or "crow," while the confederate operates the "tackle," and does the "dry fishing," as it is termed, at the letter-box. When once letters are abstracted, they are taken clear from the scene of operations—generally into some "doss house"—before they are examined.

When the thieves have decided on a private box they are to attack, which is usually selected by reason of its proprietors doing a class of business on the "cash with order" system, they carefully watch the postman on his first delivery of letters, about 8 a.m., and no sooner is he at a safe distance than one of the thieves is busy "angling" at the box by means of a string, or thin wire, attached to a piece of leather or canvas, about the size of an ordinary envelope. To this is affixed a weight, or heavy piece of lead, so as to carry the apparatus on to the letters in the box, and to exercise pressure when that position is reached. The whole is well smeared with birdlime, to which anything loose will readily adhere.

Stick Contrivance.
To prevent larcenies of this kind, several important firms caused their letter-boxes to be constructed so that the letters fell many feet into the basement. This, for a time, was attended with some amount of success, but eventually an appliance to meet even this difficulty was constructed. It consisted of a bag, or pouch, attached to thin wire supports, riveted in the middle and worked on the principle of a pair of tongs. This pouch was inserted into the aperture of the letter-box, the apparatus being closed. When properly inside, the tongs-like wire were opened. This unfolded the pouch, and the top of each wire being bent, it was secured to the sides of the opening.

When the contrivance was full of letters to the month, they could be extracted one or two at a time by means of a pair of pincers. Public letter-boxes are usually so constructed for their proximity to some noted commercial house, or large business establishment, from which cheques or postal orders are sent out by post—such, for instance as a prominent auctioneer's or large stockbroker's.

In addition to monetary losses, the trouble and inconvenience occasioned by the letter-box thief is immense. As may be imagined, many letters are drawn out of the boxes, and eventually destroyed, before even one is obtained containing anything of negotiable value.

Puzzling Case.
I recollect a case which at first seemed very puzzling. A postman on making his collection from a street pillar-box just off Drury Lane found some forty or fifty letters therein, the envelopes of which were open, although the contents appeared to be intact. In due course he reported the matter to the police.

In conjunction with the postoffice authorities, I had the letters placed in official envelopes and delivered to the owners. The damaged envelopes I retained to assist in the inquiry. Although smeared with a sticky substance, the fact of the letters being open in the box seemed most strange.

Inquiries revealed the fact that all the letters had been originally posted in the city. Then the secret was out. They had been stolen from a city letter-box, taken into one of the many lodging-houses in Clare Market, and there examined. Those found opened in the letter-box were valued as the thieves, who are unable to destroy them in the house without attracting notice, considerably posted them, thus unintentionally saving much trouble to the owners.

A Terrifying Experience.
An interesting story of the supernatural was current not very many years ago of a young girl who slept one night in the "Blue," or "Haunted Room," at Hampton Court. At the witching hour, says the writer in "P.T.O.," she was awakened by a loud noise in the adjoining room. The door of her apartment was violently shaken, the handle rattled, and the sound of footsteps could be heard distinctly. Suddenly it appeared to the startled girl that a figure was gliding up and down in the darkness close to her bed; and then it seemed as if a towering form stooped and gazed into her face. No sound was uttered by the wraith, but the frightened girl felt a cold draught on her cheek, like the blast of an icy breath that might herald the passing of a soul. Then the atmosphere of the room lightened, the noises instantaneously ceased, and the poor girl was left in a dead faint. The integrity of the person who related this story cannot be questioned.

Napoleon and Waterloo.
Military men of all countries have repeatedly declared that Napoleon's last campaign was admirably planned and, up to Waterloo, admirably executed. Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo not because of any twist in his brain, but because of the rain that fell on the night of the 17th of June and the incompetency or treachery of Grouchy. Had it not rained on the 17th, or had Grouchy obeyed orders and kept Blucher from the French right, Napoleon would unquestionably have gained a victory at Waterloo.

Ask for Minard's and take no other