

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
Corrected Oct. 1st, 1905.

GOING EAST **GOING WEST**

* 7 a.m. daily, ex-Sunday 1.00 a.m.
* 3.15 a.m. Express..... 1.15 a.m.
* 3.32 p.m. 9.50 p.m.
* This train runs daily except Sunday.
* Starts from here and remains over night.

THE WABASH RAILROAD CO.

GOING WEST **EAST BOUND**

No. 1 6.45 a.m. No. 2-12.23 p.m.
3.07 p.m. 4-11.19 p.m.
13-1.25 p.m. 6-1.32 a.m.
5-9.30 p.m. 8-2.49 p.m.
9-1.13 a.m.

J. A. RICHARDSON,
Dist. Pass. Agt., Toronto and St. Thomas.
J. C. PRITCHARD,
Station Agent.

W. E. RISPIN,
W. P. A. 115 King St. Chatham.

GRAND TRUNK
Takes effect Sunday, Oct. 1st, 1905.

WEST.

1.39 a.m. for Windsor, Detroit and intermediate stations except Sunday.
12.12 a.m. for Windsor and Detroit.
1.15 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.
8.19 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and west intermediate Limited daily.
Mixed 2.30 p.m.

EAST.

2.37 a.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Buffalo.

12.00 p.m. for London, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and New York.
5.18 p.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and East.
2.00 p.m. for London and intermediate stations.
Daily except Sunday: * Daily.

PERE MARQUETTE R.R.
BUFFALO DIVISION

Leave Chatham Express Express
at Chatham 6.35 a.m. 4.40 p.m.
and West..... 7.55 a.m. 4.55 ..
Sarnia..... 7.55 a.m. 4.45 ..

Arrive at Chatham
From Sarnia and
West..... 7.55 a.m. 4.45 p.m.
Sarnia..... 7.55 a.m. 4.45 ..

City Central Standard Time—one hour slower than city time.

EFFECTIVE MAY 1, 1905.
E. BRITTON, D.P.A., London.
W. M. HOOD, U. F. MOELLER,
Agent, Agent,
Chatham, Detroit.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
SINGLE FARE
—FOR—
THANKSGIVING DAY

Good going October 25th and 26th, returning until Oct. 30th, between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Suspension Bridge and Buffalo, N.Y.

For Hunters! Single Fare!

Good going daily until Nov. 7th, to points in Tennessee, Ky. & H. O. Ry.; to points Mattawa to Port Arthur inclusive; to Port Arthur via N. N. Co., good going October 26th to Nov. 7th, to Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Magnetawan River, all Stations Argyle to Cobocook, Severn to North Bay, points on Northern Nav. Co. (Georgian Bay and Mackinaw Division), Midland, Penetang and Lakefield. All tickets valid returning until December 9th.

For tickets and full information call on W. E. RISPIN, City Agent, 115 King Street; J. C. PRITCHARD, Depot Agent.

THE WABASH SYSTEM

In the great Winter Tourist Route to the South and West, including Old Mexico, the most interesting country on the face of the globe; Texas and California, the lands of sunshine and flowers. The new and elegant trains on the Wabash are the admiration of travellers; every comfort is provided, there is nothing wanting to complete one's happiness; the days and nights pass only too quickly while travelling on the Great Wabash line.

* Full particulars from any Wabash Agent, or J. A. RICHARDSON, District Passenger Agent, North East Corner King and Yonge Streets, and St. Thomas; W. E. RISPIN, C.P.A., Chatham; J. C. PRITCHARD, Depot Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

FOUR TOURIST SLEEPERS

Each week for North West and Pacific Coast points leaving Toronto

* 1.45 p.m. Tuesdays
11.30 p.m. Wednesdays
11.30 p.m. Fridays
* 1.45 p.m. Saturdays

Cars are fully equipped with bedding, cooking range, etc. Moderate berth rates. For first or second class passengers.

* Cars leaving Tuesdays and Saturdays stop at Winnipeg twice a week, thus giving through passengers opportunity of seeing City.

For descriptive booklet, rates, etc. call on nearest Canadian Pacific Agent, W. H. HARPER, Chatham, or write C. B. FOSTER, D. F. A., Toronto.

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CEMENT BLOCKS
CEMENT WALKS

Contracted for at lowest prices.
Works Opposite McKenough's School House.

ONIBER & CLEMENTS
ST. CLAIR ST. CHATHAM.
Correspondence Solicited.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.



"Appearances ARE deceitful—
but so long as they are, there's nothing
like having them deceive FOR us,
instead of AGAINST us."

"Progress Brand" Clothing

creates good impressions. "Progress Brand" Suits and Overcoats give men the appearance that Fashion demands.

A man who depends on "Progress" clothes need not read fashion notes to find out what is new and proper to wear.



"Progress Brand" sets the style—
not follows them. "Progress Brand"
creates fashion—not imitates it.

Make your clothes count FOR
you, by wearing "Progress Brand."

C. AUSTIN & CO.

A Full Stop.

A returned traveler who spent half of his holiday in a tour of Ireland brought back a sample of the happy-go-lucky wit of the Irish "jarvey," or driver. In a breakneck race down a hill he suddenly realized that the spirited little Irish mare was running away.

"Pull her up," he shouted, excitedly. "Hold tight, your honor," returned the jarvey, easily.

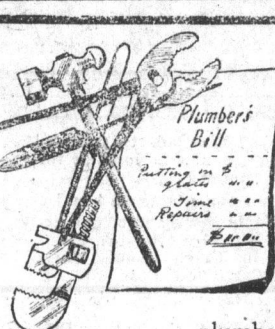
"Pull her up," again commanded the traveler, making a grab for the reins. "For your life don't touch the reins," the jarvey answered, without tightening his grip. "Sure, they're as rotten as pears."

The traveler made ready to jump, but the jarvey laid a soothing hand on his shoulder.

"Sit easy," he said, reassuringly. "I'll turn her into the river at the bridge, below here. Sure, that'll stop her."

We doubt very much if there is any investment that pays such wondrous dividends as does kindness. Just try it, and you will be astonished at the return.

Rest is the sweet sauce of labor.



Did you ever have your range grates burn out?

If you did you will know what that means in common ranges—it means plumbers, delay, muss and big bills—because common ranges are built that way.

As range grates must some time burn out you are certain to have that kind of trouble if yours is a common range.

If you have the Pandora you won't have any trouble, because you can take out the old grates and put in the new ones in ten minutes, and a ten cent piece for a screw-driver does it easier in the Pandora than a whole kit of plumbers' tools will do it in common ranges.

McClary's Pandora Range

Warehouses and Factories:
London, Toronto, Montreal,
Winnipeg, Vancouver,
St. John, N.B., Hamilton

H. MACAULAY - Sole Agent CHATHAM

Eyes Tested Free...

Jordan's Jewellery Store

SIGN OF THE BIG CLOCK

Why the Bell Told.

A gentleman who was traveling from the north had occasion to stop at a country village some fifty miles from London. Having a few hours to spare he went around inspecting the places of interest in the neighborhood to pass the time pleasantly away. About mid-day the bell of the village church began tolling. His curiosity being aroused, he stopped a boy who happened to be passing at the time and said, "Can you tell me, my little fellow, why that bell is tolling?" "Cause I can," said the promising master, "cause the sexton's pulling the rope."—London Spare Moments.

HAVE YOU HEARTBURN?

It is quite common with people whose digestion is poor. Immediate relief follows the use of Nerviline. Stomach is strengthened, digestion is made perfect, lasting cure results in every case. Use Polson's Nerviline once and you'll never be without it, because every type of stomach disorder is conquered by a few doses. One 25c. bottle of Nerviline always convinces. Sold everywhere for the past fifty years.

Tokio is a hundred years older than St. Petersburg.

THE BLOOD OF HIS SIRS

By C. B. LEWIS

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There was hunger in the house of the wolf.

When night had come down there had come with it from the crest of the mountains, from the black mouths of the passes, from the depths of the dismal canyons, a wind that cut like a knife and shriveled like fire, and now and then a gust had brought hail to sting like bird shot. The wolf had gone back to his lair and given up the hunt for the night. There would be no game about for him in such weather.

When morning came the weather had softened a bit, and there were snowflakes flying about in wild confusion. The wolf sat up at the mouth of his lair and whined and complained. As he felt the pangs of hunger he howled dismally. No beast of prey can find his game blindfolded. Back in the cave was a mother wolf, with her two young, softly growling to herself as she heard the howls of the father.

By and by the wind ceased for a moment, as if smothered by the falling flakes, and then it came with noisy complaint up the narrow valley and around the rocky cliffs and big bowlders. The wolf ceased howling. He stood on his hind legs and pawed the air and sniffed and showed his fangs. A moment later he signaled for the mother wolf to join him. She also reared up and sniffed at the air.

It surely was the scent of game. It was feeble and came from afar, but it was worth investigation. With a half angry growl at each other, born of hunger and greed, the wolves bounded away down the wind. The falling curtain of snow limited their vision to yards, but a wolf's nose guides him after he becomes blind of old age.

"We will go out this morning," said the leader of the pack patrol to his men. "We will go north, east, south and west. The buffaloes will be lying up in the thickets in such a storm as this, and the wolves will be hungry to find them."

They went in pairs, the strong and hardy men who brave the seasons to protect life in the great park set aside for the nation away where the waters of the muddy Missouri are as cold as the Arctic ocean and as clear as glass.

The buffaloes would have only one enemy on such a day—the big timber wolf. The bear would wait for better weather to search for his food. The men turned their backs on each other, leaned forward on their snowshoes and in thirty seconds were hidden from each other's sight. They knew the groves, the thickets, the spots which the buffalo would seek for shelter, and they skirted or passed through such places with the stealthy tread of ghosts.

"Bark! It is the snarl of a wolf!" The two men who had gone to the north halted in their tracks with hand to ear and listened. As the wind had brought the scent to the wolf at the door of his lair so it also brought the menacing snarl of a beast of prey to the expectant patrollers.

"Wolves, for sure!" "And after buffalo! Straight ahead!" The wolves had followed the scent to its source. A buffalo bull and three or four cows, scattered some distance from the main herd, were sheltered up in a small grove on the bank of a creek. The bull had come to his prime in the wild and rugged park. He was not a stranger to the grunt of the bear and the snarl of the wolf. They had menaced him many times, and many times he had defied them, though it had never come to open attack. Both wolf and bear appeared to have an intuition that the buffalo was under man's protection and that it would not do to go too far.

With the scent coming stronger at every jump, the wolves at length broke through the dead vines and stunted cedars to find themselves upon their prey. In front of the thicket was an open glade. They paused here for a moment to plan the attack, and as they planned they whined and snarled and growled. They did not want to have anything to do with the bull. The cows were not fighters, and their flesh was more tender. If they became frightened at the growling they would make a bolt for it and separate.

The bull had caught sight of his enemies as they broke cover. He never had seen a timber wolf at such close quarters. Something told him that they were hungry and desperate and that they would attack. He gave a shiver of apprehension and almost started to flee. Then the blood of his sires came surging through him. They had fought the wolves of the prairie, the wolves of the timber, the lions of the foothills. Many had been pulled down after a long, hard battle, but not one had ever turned tail and run away. With a call to stand their ground and with head and tail up and eyes beginning to burn, he dashed out of his covert to begin the battle. He had bulk, and he must have freedom of movement. The wolves, surprised by his sudden attack, gave way, but they did not go far.

"Now we shall see a fight worth talking of," said one of the patrollers as both took positions of vantage. "The wolves are big and hungry and cunning, but if the bull is not the son of his father we will kill him for a coward. Now the battle begins!"

The wolves separated to make the attack. They were done with snarls and growls. They needed all their breath for sterner work. While one dashed at the muzzle of the bull the other sought to gain his rear and hamstring him. A long leap and a savage bite would do the trick. The bull bore no scars of former conflicts, but instinct told him what to do. His wheelings were so swift that every spring of the wolf was disappointed, and twice within ten minutes a pair of cloven hoofs caught the shaggy beast in the ribs and rolled him over and over in the snow. Then the pair gathered in front to make an attack on the throat. It was only a feint intended to force the bull back into the thicket, where his movements would be hampered. He had scarcely given ground when he saw through the game and blocked it.

"Did you see? Did you see?" gleefully exclaimed the elder patroller as he softly clapped his mittened hands together. "I was not mistaken in the bull. He is the son of his father."

"But the timber wolf is cunning and fearless," replied the other, with doubt in his tones.

"Wait and you will see."

The wolves sought to attack on both flanks at once. The bull needed agility here and he put it forth. There was a foot of snow on the open, but that was in his favor. For a quarter of an hour the wolves pursued their plan and two or three times the teeth of one or the other inflicted scratches on the clean loins, but they were not serious, and they circled and leaped in vain. Then they lay panting in the snow, their red tongues seeming half the length of their bodies. It was another feint. It was to lead the bull to believe that he had gained the victory and send him moving off. He would not have taken ten steps before they would have been upon him. He stood his ground and uttered a low bellow. It was a command to the cows to stand their ground also.

"But the bull has not made an attack up to this time. Will he stand on the defensive and let them wear him out?"

"You wait. You see how his tail is beginning to twitch? See the new fire in his eyes? Watch his neck stiffen! I tell you there's a thunderbolt in that bull. He had sires that were game."

Of a sudden there was a bellow of anger and defiance, a rush on the part of the bull, and through the whirling blowing snow the patrollers saw the body of one of the wolves tossed high in air. They moved nearer, but the rushes of the bull scattered the snow as a whirlwind would and only at intervals could they catch sight of assailed and assailants moving about.

"Have they downed him?" was asked as the noises finally died away. "Let the snow settle. These—do you see? That wolf lying there has a broken back; the other is limping away on three legs. See the bull draw himself up and shake his head and lash his tail. Why, man, if there had been six of them instead of two he'd have fought and won. He has the blood of his sires, and blood will always tell."

The Last English Duel.

The last duel—the last fatal one, at least—was fought in a field in Maiden Lane in a solitary part of Holloway in 1843. The district acquired considerable notoriety from the event. It was the duel fought between Colonel Fawcett and Lieutenant Munro. The former was killed. The duelists were not only brother officers; they were also brothers-in-law, having married two sisters.

The coroner's jury on the inquest returned a verdict of willful murder not only against Lieutenant Munro, but against the seconds also. The latter, however, were acquitted. Munro evaded the hands of justice by seeking refuge abroad. Four years later he surrendered to take his trial at the Old Bailey. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. He was, however, strongly recommended to mercy, and the sentence was eventually commuted to twelve months' imprisonment.

The neighborhood in which this duel was fought is no longer solitary. A wide thoroughfare, known as the Brecknock road, runs through it, and a ridge ground beside the Brecknock Arms appropriately indicates the place where the final shot was fired.—Chambers' Journal.

Wanted—A Servant.

Good servants are much in demand in Washington as well as in other cities. Mrs. R. had searched long and vainly for a fairly good general servant, a colored one, and at last in despair she stopped an elderly colored woman who looked as if she might have been one of the antebellum house servants, and therefore a reliable one, and made known her wants.

"I want a girl who is trustworthy and a good cook. I am willing to put out most of my laundry work and to give fair wages, but so far I haven't been able to engage one," said Mrs. R. "Don't you know of some one whom I can get?"

"Deed, no, lady, I don't," was the answer.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. R., "what shall I do?"

"I dunno, fuh shaw, lady, less'n you does as I has to—hire a white woman."—Lippincott's.

How to Detect Arsenic.

One of the familiar tests by which a chemist recognizes the presence of arsenic is the odor of garlic given off when one of its compounds is heated in the blowpipe flame. The same smell of garlic is produced when certain fungi grow on substances containing arsenic. And it is interesting to note that one species of fungus is found to accomplish this feat of chemical analysis more effectively when it is grown in connection with yellow algal cells—in other words, when it forms the plant association known as lichens. The above method of detecting arsenic seems specially applicable to cases of poisoning where the substance is mixed with organic matter which would form a suitable medium for the culture of the fungus.

YOUR GUARANTEE THE NAME

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea on the Lead Packet stands for Quality

25c. 30c. 40c. 50c. and 60c per lb. By all Grocers. Highest Award St. Louis, 1904

Chatham Mineral Springs!

HOTEL SANITA, just completed, new and modern, every particular connected with the most complete Mineral Bath House in Canada cheerfully situated, facing Tecumseh Park.

The Mineral Water

Supplied from a deep rock flowing well, is pronounced by expert chemists to be equal to the water of Carlsbad. We are constantly receiving testimonials from people the Bath have cured of Rheumatism in its worst forms, Gout, Uric Acid, all diseases of the kidneys, Bladder, Blood, Skin and nerves. MODERATE RATES.

Write for particulars.
The Chatham Mineral Water Company, Limited.

Nervous Debility.

A POSITIVE CURE IS WHAT YOU WANT

Nervous Debility often results from excessive brain work and worry, as well as from excesses, and the abuse of nature's laws. It causes loss of energy and ambition, easily exhausted, falling memory, despondency, aches before the eyes, loss of vigor, tired in mornings, weak back, poor circulation, nervousness, dreams at night, weak limbs, poor appetite, etc. Don't wait until it's too late. Our New Discovery Treatment will positively cure you. Come and have a heart-to-heart talk with us today free of charge. We will do more for you in one week than other doctors in four, and at half the expense. Don't let poor circumstances keep you away. We treat you with care.

WE TREAT AND CURE ALL DISEASES PECULIAR TO MEN. CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FREE. If unable to call, write for Question List for Home Treatment. Booklet sent Free (sealed).

DR. SPINNEY CO., 290 Woodward Ave. Detroit, Mich.
Office Hours—9 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Sundays, 10 to 12 and 2 to 4 p.m.

CLOTHES THAT TALK

The clothes on a man speak more eloquently than words, and the impression they give is sometimes more lasting. Do your clothes speak well of you? If they're from here, they surely do, as our clothes win their way upon their merits.

If you haven't yet tested the valuable character and service of our clothes, DO SO SOON.

Your appearance and your pocket-book will both profit by it. A full range of sizes in Ready-Made Pants, Cardigan Jackets and Underwear at

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO'Y

K&K NOT A DOLLAR NEED BE PAID UNLESS CURED
ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS.

THE MASTER SPECIALISTS OF AMERICA

We know the diseases and weaknesses of men like an open book. We have been curing them for 30 years. We have given our lives to it, and thousands upon thousands of men restored to Vigorous Vitality are today living monuments to the skill, knowledge and success of Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. We never hold out false hopes, we never undertake a case we cannot cure. We have made so thorough a study of all the diseases of men—of Varicocele, Stricture, Blood Poisons, Hydrocele, Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Bladder, Urinary and Kidney Diseases, General Weakness, Loss of Vitality, and have cured so many thousands of cases that if there is a cure for YOUR disease you will find it here. When we undertake a case there is no such thing as failure. We charge nothing for consultation and our knowledge, skill and experience are at your service. We will explain to you How and Why We Can Cure You; why the diseases of men require the knowledge and skill of Master Specialists; We do not require to experiment with your case as we know from experience in treating thousands of cases exactly what to prescribe for your symptoms. Don't be discouraged if you have treated without success with Quacks, Fakirs, Electric Belts, Free Trials, etc. You must get cured—and Doctors alone can cure you. Our New Method System of treatment has stood the test for 25 years—why should it fail in your case. Should your case prove incurable you need not pay us a dollar. We refer you to any Bank in this city as to our financial standing. If you cannot call write for a Question Blank for Home Treatment. Consultation Free. Booklets sent Free.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN
148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

Lots of good ten cent Cigars, but only one best—the Lord Lake.

Excelsior Paint will give you what you desire—a nice glossy finish. Try it. Drew & McCullum.

Smoke Quail on Toast Cigar 5c. Clear Havana filled.

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