

E. & D. P. R. TIME CARD NO. 1

Effective Oct. 1st, 1901

Station	Express	Express	Mail and Express	Mail
Chatham	7:30 a	10:30 a	7:30 p	12:15 p
Midway	7:30 a	10:30 a	7:30 p	12:15 p
West Lorne	7:30 a	10:30 a	7:30 p	12:15 p
Donn	7:30 a	10:30 a	7:30 p	12:15 p
St. Thomas	7:30 a	10:30 a	7:30 p	12:15 p
London	7:30 a	10:30 a	7:30 p	12:15 p
Leamington	7:30 a	10:30 a	7:30 p	12:15 p
Windsor	7:30 a	10:30 a	7:30 p	12:15 p
Windsor	7:30 a	10:30 a	7:30 p	12:15 p
Windsor	7:30 a	10:30 a	7:30 p	12:15 p
Windsor	7:30 a	10:30 a	7:30 p	12:15 p

CANADIAN PACIFIC

For Christmas Vacation

Will issue return tickets to general public, at Single First Class Fare, good going December 24th and 25th, good returning until December 25th, 1901. At First Class Fare and One Third, good going December 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25, 1901, returning until January 3, 1902. Students and Teachers—At First Class Fare and One Third, from December 7th to 31st, 1901, inclusive, good returning until January 20th, 1902. Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor and East, to and from Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and Detroit, Mich., and, but not from Suspension Bridge, N. Y., and Buffalo, N. Y. Commercial travellers—On presentation of Commercial Travellers Railway Certificate, at Single First Class Fare, good going December 20th to 25th, 1901, inclusive, good returning until January 6th, 1902. Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor and East.

A. H. NOTMAN,
A. G. P. A., Toronto.
W. H. HARPER,
City Pass. Agt., Chatham.

WABASH

Christmas and New Years Holiday Rates

General public—At lowest first one way fare, Dec. 24th and 25th, good returning Dec. 26th, 1901, and also on December 31st, 1901, and January 1st, 1902, tickets good returning from destination not later than January 2nd, 1902.

At lowest one-way first class fare and one-third, Dec. 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th, 1901, good returning from destination not later than January 3rd, 1902. Also on December 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 1901, and January 1st, 1902, good returning from destination not later than January 3rd, 1902. Teachers and Students—(On presentation of certificate signed by Principal) At lowest one-way first class fare and a third, from December 7th to 31st, 1901, inclusive, tickets good returning from destination not later than Jan. 20th, 1902.

Between all stations in Canada, on the Buffalo division, and to Detroit, Suspension Bridge, and Buffalo. Full particulars from any Wabash agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, Northeast corner of King and Yonge Sts., Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

W. E. RISPIN,
City Ticket Agent,
115 King St., Chatham.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Christmas and New Year Holidays 1901-1902

Between all Stations in Canada.

All Stations in Canada to and from Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Port Covington, Bombay, Ind., Helena, Mass. Springs, Rouse's Point, N. Y., and Island Pond, Vt., Buffalo, Black Rock, Suspension Bridge, and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

General Public
Going dates and limits.—At lowest one-way first-class fare, December 24th and 25th. Tickets good returning from destination not later than December 26th, 1901, and also on December 31st, 1901, and January 1st, 1902. Tickets good returning from destination not later than January 2nd, 1902.

At lowest one-way first-class fare and one third, December 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th, and also on December 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 1901, and January 1st, 1902, good returning from destination not later than January 3rd, 1902.

School Vacations.
To teachers and pupils of schools and colleges, on presentation of Standard Form of School Vacation Railway Certificate signed by Principal.

Going rates and limits.—At lowest one-way first-class fare and one third, from December 7th to 31st inclusive. Tickets good returning from destination not later than January 20th, 1902.

Commercial Travellers
Territory—Between all Stations in Canada.

Fare, going dates, and limits.—At lowest one-way first-class fare (not Commercial Travellers' fare) from December 20th to 25th, inclusive. Tickets good returning from destination not later than January 6th, 1902.

Tickets and all information from Agents Grand Trunk Railway System.
W. E. RISPIN,
City Passenger and Ticket Agt.,
115 King St., Chatham.
M. C. DICKSON,
District Passenger Agt., Toronto.

Minard's Liniment — Lumberman's Friend.

== IONE ==

A Broken Love Dream.

—BY—
LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

To Arthur Rochester those hours that passed were like the agonies of death.

Another week of torture passed, and again, upon being approached, Lyons refused to speak.

"I will use my last inducement," said the detective, as he started for Lyons' cell.

It was a shock to Lyons when he discovered the double charge on which he was to be tried — for that murder committed in Pittsburgh on that bitter winter night, as well as for the abduction of Ione Lawrence.

"It will be all up with me anyhow," he told himself, with a laugh horrible to hear, "and if I have to face the gallows, it will be a glorious revenge to me that I will carry the secret down to the grave with me. Arthur Rochester will never find his darling."

The trial of Frank Lyons was one of the most celebrated that was ever tried in the metropolis, owing to his hitherto high social position.

He was found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hanged.

On the morning the whole city was startled by the news of his daring escape. For time no one could find the slightest clue as to how it had been effected; and, at last, it came out that an old friend of Lyons' had aided him, by securing with influential aid, a position in the prison, and had slipped him the keys that had unlocked the doors to freedom.

"We will capture him sooner or later," declared the chief, energetically. "Our men will be active in the search, the reward is so great."

"It will not matter much," replied Arthur Rochester, gloomily. "He would not divulge Miss Lawrence's whereabouts. He would take the secret into the grave with him." The chief smiled.

"Rest assured he has gone directly to Miss Lawrence," he said; "and by tracking him down, we shall be sure to find her."

But when a fortnight rolled by, and he was not yet traced—nor even the faintest clue to his whereabouts discovered—then, indeed, did Arthur begin to despair. His friends advised him to abandon the search, but he refused.

"Never!" he cried. "I shall never rest, day or night, until I have solved the terrible problem."

When Frank Lyons found himself free, he lost no time in leaving New York city; and, contrary to expectations, he did not go near Ione, but made his way at once to Boston, waiting there for an ocean steamer which he knew would sail early the following week.

"I can never take Ione with me. They are watching me too closely for that," he thought, as he watched the tall spires of the city fade away in the distance of this on-coming night. "I will leave her where she is for a month or so; and when the excitement has partially blown over, return for her. It is perfectly safe leaving her where she is. She cannot escape!"

Taking an ocean steamer had been a very clever plan; but executing it was not so easy. He found each and every one under close surveillance of the police.

"It would never do to remain in Boston," he concluded; and made preparations to take the evening train to an interior town, quite off the main line, and accessible only by stage.

He did not feel quite safe until the train was under headway, steaming out of Boston.

Perhaps there is no sensation in life more terrible than the knowledge a man has that there is a price on his head—the feeling that he is hunted like a wild beast, that the man who gives him to eat or drink looks in his face, and, if he knew him, would betray him. Lyons' bravery was lessening. He had grown nervous from continual pursuit.

And in that hour in which he was leaving Boston a terrible depression came over him. His vile, adventurous life, full of evil deeds, rose before him, and he owed to himself the truth of those words, that there was no hell so terrible to any man as the reproach of his own conscience.

Night was setting in with sullen sultriness, presaging a coming storm. Night fell over the beautiful city he was leaving, over the blue sea beyond and the golden sands; night, with a lowering sky and rising wind, in which the shrill whistle of the departing train was heard more plainly than ever.

Silence fell over the land, broken only by the boding voice of the coming storm.

More than one man on that ill-fated train felt the strange depression—a half warning—a presentiment of coming evil.

As the train reached the first station, it was by some unaccountable reason found to be twenty minutes behind time.

The fireman heaped more coal into the furnace, watching covertly out of the corners of his eyes the engineer, John Doan, who stands thoughtfully before the whist, with his hand on the lever, while the train, puffing and panting, dashes on through the darkness of the night.

And as he looked, the engine whirled with lightning-like rapidity around an abrupt curve. There was a terrible hoarse cry from the engineer.

"My God!" he cried. "Look there! There is a log across the track to wreck the train! In an instant we will be down upon it!"

with an effort born of intense horror, he whistled down brakes. Would it be too late? All the agony of a lifetime was crowded into the awful moment that followed.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Quick as a lightning's flash the train whirled around the fatal curve where the dark object lay across the track, and terrible was the crash that followed.

It was the greatest holocaust known for years. People always spoke of it afterward with a shudder. There was fearful loss of life; scores were mangled, scores wounded unto death.

Luckily a village was near, and the unfortunates were quickly carried thither as soon as they were extricated from the debris of the wreck; among them was Frank Lyons.

He had been taken to the nearest house, a farm-house; and soon the farmer's wife was busy in making him as comfortable as his intense pain would permit him to be.

"Will he die, doctor?" asked the good woman, looking up into the physician's face as she followed him out into the hall.

"His head is not injured, but his spine is broken," was the answer. "Then there is no hope for him," said the farmer's wife.

"Not the slightest," was the reply. "You will have little to do," he went on, "but your work will be tiresome. The young man utterly refuses to believe that he lies in any danger. There is no earthly aid for him. There is nothing to do but to watch him, cheer him, soothe him. Give him wine, brandy, cordial, but make him understand, as soon as possible, that he has to die! Men hear such news better from women than from us. He may last till sundown to-morrow," he added; "not longer."

So human lives are measured off. Then the doctor went away, and the farmer's wife returned to her patient, and, turning down the night-lamp, was about to resume her watch by his bedside, when he called out to her suddenly.

"Don't lower the light. I never could endure darkness. What was that I heard the doctor saying to you? It is their business to croak and make people miserable."

"He has left me a difficult task," said the farmer's wife, gently. "They always leave the hardest part to other people," said the sick man, grimly. "What is your task?"

"To give his message to you," she replied. "But, perhaps I need not fear. Brave men do not fear death. You may be brave."

"You look as though you believe me seriously injured," he said, impatiently. "Such nonsense! I would not believe the doctor if he said so; would you? Do I look like a man likely to die?"

"I cannot tell. The doctor is wiser than I. He believes you will. You are not afraid of death?"

"I am not quite sure whether I am or not," he said. "I have never troubled myself to think much about it. I have never realized it. If I thought, really, that I had to die, there is—"

He stopped abruptly. "If you thought you had to die, there are matters you would attend to?" she said.

He nodded. "Yes, if I were sure I was to die," he repeated at length; then he began to fail, and understood that it was indeed death.

To be Continued.

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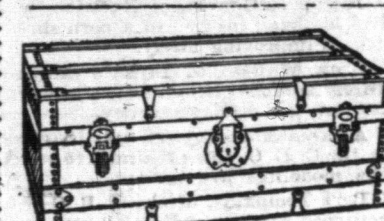
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