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Six-acre campus. For year book write
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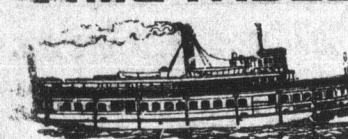
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Force, usual price 15c., now 10c.
Corn Starch, old reliable chal-
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Bright Clear Rice, 5c. per lb.
Our 1 lb. Cans of Sunlight Baking
Powder, at 10c., are quick sellers.
3 Cans Corn or Peas for 25c.
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You take no chances on Rodpath
Sugars. Ask our prices for it.
Fruit Jars, Rubbers, Groceries and
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John McConnell

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Will make her regular round trip
from Chatham to Detroit every
MONDAY and WEDNESDAY,
leaving Rankin Dock, South
Chatham, at 7:30 a.m., and re-
turning leaves Detroit, foot of
Randolph Street, at 3:00 p.m.
Detroit time, or 4 p.m. Chatham
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Will also make round trips from De-
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Detroit, foot of Randolph Street,
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Chatham time, returning will
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Chatham at 9:30 a.m., Sunday
leaving Detroit at 8 o'clock. De-
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Round trip, 75c.: One way, 50c.
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Use Big 4c. for unnatural
discharges, inflammation,
irritations or alterations
of menses, membranes,
Painful, and not satis-
fying. Sold by Druggists,
or sent in plain wrapper
by express, prepaid, for
5c. or 3 bottles 12c. 25c.
Circular sent on request.

CASE OF GROAN.

Yes, the party was a big success
plenty of eating and all that.
I supposed the tables groaned with
the delicacies of the season.
But the groan was a mere cir-
cumstance. The guests groan.

Coppering Caverly.

By Benson Graydon.

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastmont.

"I don't care what it costs," declared Caverly. "This man's father nearly ruined me once with his speculations. Now comes his son, who not only follows his father's footsteps in the street, but he clandestinely wins my daughter's heart."

"Those Newtons always were greedy," agreed Tait, fanning the flames of the other's anger. "I don't suppose you want to figure in this matter."

Caverly shook his head. "Not yet," he explained. "Time enough to tell him when he is ruined."

"Trust to me," said Tait confidently. "We will jolt the young man considerably."

Caverly went out chuckling. The night before Emory Newton had had the audacity to demand Belle Caverly's hand in marriage. He made light of the old enmity that had existed between his father and Caverly and suggested that Kentucky feuds and Corsican vendettas were out of fashion in New York. Caverly had ordered him from the house, and now he was scheming with Tait to ruin the boy.

For a week or two Newton did not suspect that his brokers were betraying him to Tait. Runs of hard luck were common enough on Wall street, and he simply seemed to have struck an unusually bad one; that was all. It was Belle who gave him the hint when they met.

"Are you having bad luck with your stocks?" she asked as they sat in the Hargrave conservatory.

"Who told you?" he smiled. "Since when did you busy your pretty head with stocks and things?"

"I heard father talking over the telephone," she explained. "I don't know just what he meant, but it seemed as



"YOU ASKED FOR THE INTERVIEW," HE EXPLAINED.

though he had hired some one to make your stocks go the way you didn't want them to."

"I see," he said, with a laugh. "I thought it merely a run of luck. I shall have to get even."

"I think it's mean of dad," she went on. "He won't let me marry you, and he wants you to lose your money."

"Don't worry," he replied. "I think I can teach him a lesson. There's the music."

They went back to the ballroom, and Belle forgot the incident. If it bothered Newton so little, it could not be very serious. But it did bother Newton more than a little. It explained to him how it was that when he bought for a rise his stocks fell. When he sold "short" in the expectation of prices being lower, they took an upswing more. If it was Caverly behind the scheme, it meant a finish fight unless he wanted to quit the street.

Newton did not need to speculate. His income was ample, but he liked the excitement, and he had inherited his father's stubbornness. He would not be driven from the field. He took his losses placidly and smiled at every fresh blow.

If Caverly found his revenge expensive, he at least found it worth while. Through Tait he obtained from Newton's broker an accurate account of the losses sustained, and the sum was growing well into seven figures.

But even Caverly almost balked when Newton went in for P. and N. This was Caverly's pet stock. For almost a year he had acquired blocks of it here and there until it looked as though at the next election he might gain control.

Newton sold a put at ten points rise. To depress it some of Caverly's holdings must be offered at a lower price. It was a stiff fight. Most speculators held off, but there was some one who eagerly bought at the low price. Seven thousand shares were sold before Newton dropped from the market. He had promised to buy it at 97½. It had dropped to 81½. He stood to lose, and Caverly chuckled.

"Can't even win on P. and N.," he jeered to Tait. "I guess that ought to finish him."

"Siegrist & Platt want that P. and N. stock," said the head clerk, interrupting. "We have none."

"Of course not," agreed Tait. "Didn't suppose they wanted actual delivery."

"Well, they do," said the clerk. "Mr. Siegrist is here himself, and he refused

a check for the profits; wants to know if we keep a bucket shop."

"Send him in," said Tait in a husky voice. It looked like trouble. After Newton had been trimmed the stock had been permitted to rise a few points. Tait had supposed that a check to cover the increase would be sufficient. If Siegrist insisted upon the actual delivery of the stock and he could neither buy nor borrow, he would be expelled from the exchange for "bucketing" the stock. Before the broker entered he turned to Caverly.

"You will have to make good with your stock," he snarled. "If you don't, I'll tell just how it happened."

Caverly knew that if he offered stock with no intention of letting it go he was in the same boat with his broker, and in the end he had to send over to his office for the necessary shares.

There was a heated session between the two men after Siegrist left, but that did not bring back the stock. The registry books closed the following day, and Caverly had lost control of some 2,000 shares which he could not possibly replace in time for the meeting.

That evening Belle was surprised to see Emory Newton passing through the hall into the library. Evidently he was expected, for Caverly looked up coldly.

"You asked for the interview," he snapped. "What is it you wish?"

"I wanted to explain something to you," said Newton. "As you are to be my father-in-law some day, I hate to see you lose control of the P. and N. I bought a put for 7,000 shares at 97½."

In trying to stick me you sold to my agent shares that you were forced to deliver. If you want to purchase them back, they are in the market."

"Your agent," echoed Caverly. "Siegrist your agent?"

"My agent's broker," he explained. "I knew that my man was selling me out to Tait. By coppering my operation I have won double what I have lost. Siegrist is honest; besides, he didn't know."

Caverly sank back in his chair. He had been happy in the thought that he was ruining Newton. Instead Newton had been informed, and he had really been the gainer. Caverly was an old man, and suddenly he felt very worn and feeble.

"I think I'm getting out of the game," he said, with a sigh. "What is your price for this stock?"

"Belle," answered Newton. "She's worth every share and script in the market."

For a moment Caverly hesitated. It was hard to surrender, but in the end he knew that Newton would win in his love affair as he had won in the street. He was the son of Caverly's ancient enemy, but nothing mattered. He touched a bell, and the butler entered.

"Send for Miss Caverly," he ordered, and Newton knew that he had won.

A Hunting Dialogue.

"Do you know of a dead sure way to start a good fire with your last match?" asked a sportsman of his guide.

"Not a dead sure way exactly," answered the guide. "But I know a way that I'd be willing to count on."

"No, but a dead sure way," persisted the sportsman, "a dead sure way to start a fire with your last match."

"Well," inquired the guide, "daring up, what is a dead sure way to start a fire with your last match? That's what I'd like to know."

"Why, let me see—why, you put some powder on a dry piece of birch bark and start it that way."

"But suppose you ain't got any birch bark nor any powder. How'd you start that fire with your last match?" demanded the guide, now grown angry.

"Say, what would I be doing starting a fire?" countered the sportsman.

"What would I be starting a fire for? Just tell me that, will you? What does a man pay a guide \$3 a day for?"

"What for? Why, to take along plenty of matches. Who'd expect anybody but a man from the city to go rambling around in the bush with only one match?"

And after the dust had settled it was found that the bag containing the expedition's supply of matches had been lost somewhere on the last portage—Forest and Stream.

Joy in a Tramp's Life.

I have never experienced sufficiently the tramp's disgust at having "to do time" in June. From May till November is his natural roving time, his box car vacation. In winter, jail, even the workhouse, is often more of a boon than otherwise. However, even thirty summer days, precious as they are on the "outside," pass away sooner than one at first expects them to, and then comes that glorious moment—thunder, lightning, not even a pouring rain can mar it—when the freed one is again his own master. There may be other experiences in life more ecstatic than this one, but I would willingly trade them all temporarily for that first gasp in the open air, and that unfettered tread on the ground, which the discharged prisoner enjoys. —Joseph Flint in Success Magazine.

A Muddy Day in London.

It has been calculated that the cost of a muddy day in London is something like \$25,000. This is not surprising, says Tit-Bits, when one remembers that no fewer than thirty-two tons of mud are carried about from place to place on the wheels of carts and carriages and horses' boots. After a wet day the dry mud brushed from people's clothing amounts to fifteen tons, and a very similar amount is shaken out of the door mats. City mud, however, has its good points. The shoeblack increases his earnings in the muddy weather, and new silk hats and dresses and boots and shoes are each and all the direct outcome of its destructive qualities.

PATERSON'S

COLUGH DROPS

Not more a cure, though they are delicious—A, and as well, and a cure for all kinds of colds, and all kinds of all kinds. Doctors say these drops are all right. Demand for them is increasing all the time. Demand for them is increasing all the time.

THEY WILL CURE

King Edward At Work.

The return of King Edward is always particularly welcome to Lord Knollys, and also to the under secretaries employed by His Majesty, for when on a holiday the King does not care about transacting any but the most pressing business, which means that a great deal of extra work falls on the shoulders of his secretaries, and also that a large accumulation of correspondence must be worked off on His Majesty's return.

At each of the royal residences there is a special office fitted up for the King's use, furnished with one of His Majesty's favorite flat-topped writing tables and Morocco leather arm chairs. The King is generally in this office before ten o'clock, when Lord Knollys arrives, and remains until a little before lunch time, provided, of course, there is no function necessitating his attendance before then.

Over 50,000 letters and documents have to be dealt with during the year, and a considerable portion of this huge correspondence requires the personal attention of His Majesty.

While working the King smokes constantly, both while writing himself or dictating to his secretary, and boxes of cigars and cigarettes are always placed ready to hand in his office. The King himself writes rapidly when necessary, using ordinary steel pens, but prefers to dictate his correspondence if possible. At the close of each day's work the contents of all waste-paper baskets, etc., are carefully burned, under the personal supervision of Lord Knollys, as, during the reign of the late Queen, several pieces of important news leaked out through carelessness in this direction.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Scottish Town Sinking.

The inhabitants of Motherwell, Lanarkshire, which is undermined by coal and iron fields, have been alarmed by a number of serious subsidences.

A large two-story building in Wellington street was rent from top to bottom.

The occupants rushed into the street in the wildest alarm.

Buildings in other parts of the town sank about six inches, and the gas pipes are torn and twisted, involving considerable danger from escaping gas.

The damage is spread over an extensive area, and hundreds of buildings present a hanging and dangerous aspect. Many of them were new.

A Korean Romance.

A romantic little story comes from the Chuksan district. One of the residents having died of illness, his only wife declared her intention of killing herself. Arguing that it was not right for a woman to remain alive after her husband was dead and that she would be far happier if she followed him, she put her plan into execution and committed suicide the same night. She was only twenty.

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

is prepared, packed and shipped with every care. It travels straight to your table in absolute purity.

TOWNS WITH TROUBLES.

London's trouble is her fog. Tokyo's trouble is earthquakes. In her worst 200,000 residents were killed.

The mistral is the trouble of Marseilles, an east wind that increases the city's death rate 50 per cent.

Calcutta's trouble is cholera, and the bubonic plague is the trouble of Bombay. Each city pays for her trouble an annual tribute of 9,000 souls.

Bagdad's trouble is the "Bagdad button," a sore that attacks practically every resident and visitor, leaving a button shaped permanent scar.

Madrid's trouble is the solano, a summer wind from the southeast. It is exceedingly hot and is accompanied by blinding, choking clouds of dust, so that notwithstanding a temperature of 105 or 110 degrees all windows must be closed. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

Bigotry is conscience stuck in the mud.

The gifts of a bad man bring no good with them.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Every packet will kill more flies than 800 sheets of sticky paper

—SOLD BY—

DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES

10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c.

Will last a whole season.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

STAY BY IT.

Oh, do not be a quitter. Whatever you may do, But stick to anything you start Like some one's floundering glue. Determined if the skies don't fall That you will see it through.

Don't dip into a venture Until you know the ground. Have given to all its quirks and turns A study most profound. Then, after having started it, Be sort of hanging round.

The man who starts in bravely. All loaded up for bear. Then on the job gets weary And says he doesn't care. He simply gets just nowhere And often not quite there.

It isn't in the holier. The noisy howl I do. You make at the beginning That runs the project through. It's being at the finish That makes your dream come true.

So do not be a quitter. There's nothing in the game. By stopping in the middle Results go up in flame. Stay with the job, my hearties, And drag out wealth and fame.

Too Unromantic.

Iowa girls have risen to the occasion. After rising they sat down hard and emphatically on the proposition to tax bachelors.

It is not that the Iowa girl loves the bachelor that she is so solicitous about the taxes he will have to pay. That may be one reason, but she will not admit it, but she objects to having any man marry her except for herself alone.

She does not propose that trading stamps or any other inducement shall be offered mankind to make him propose. The offer must come uninfluenced by commercial reasons, and then she will accept him or not, just as she chooses.

Those Iowa solons, though married men themselves, do not understand women. If they wish to promote matrimony, the thing for them to do is to pretend to be going the other way—that is, they should make a law forbidding marriage only under impossible conditions, and there wouldn't be a girl in town who wouldn't elope with the first man who asked her to.

It Depends.

When May acts up a bit. We mostly throw a fit. And grumble, growl and scold And catch a horrid cold And wish that May would "git."

When May acts up a bit. But when sweet May is fair We'd back her anywhere. The best that ever came To help us beat the game And drive away all care— When smiling May is fair.

Appearance of Poverty.

"What are you doing with so many dogs? Do you own all of them?"

"No; I just borrowed a dozen from friends. We are expecting the assessor around now most any day."

Found the Color.

"Jenks had a great idea for a new novel about labor, and he spent several days around a new house that was building to talk with the men."

"I suppose he was trying to get local color."

"Yes, that was his idea."

"Did he succeed?"

"Yes, in a way—that is, a careless workman spilled a pot of paint on his best suit of clothes."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Lots of time you will find that they can't prove their claim to be troubles if you refuse to honor their credentials.

Woman's rights don't differ materially from man's, but she isn't so good a wire puller as he is.

Sometimes family connections help a man up, but mostly they keep him digging.

Many people admire bravery extravagantly because they know so little about it.

There's a lot of fun to be got out of learning to like a thing.

A wild ambition to be good is not responsible for the wreck of many a man's life.

Girls would a heap rather a young man would be fond of them than of himself.

Don't strain yourself to catch a cold. Just loaf around in wet feet, and it will catch you.

A "gentleman burglar" seems to be one who abstracts enough to wear good clothes, and presumably a "lady pick-pocket" is one who keeps her own manure and hair dresser.

Idleness, like industry, is catching.

The best inns—that have earned the reputation of preparing tempting meals—all serve

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

They are the proper accompaniment of savory soups—oysters—and coffee and cheese. And as such, they find their recognized places on all well regulated menus.

Order MOONEY'S—and see that you get MOONEY'S.

In 1 and 3 lb. packages.



DISTRICT

UP THE CREEK.

Frank Collins, Albion, paid a brief visit to friends here this week.

Elizabeth Collard, of West Lorne, is the guest of Carry McCormick.

Dr. McDonald, of Glenora, occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's Sunday.

Mrs. John Lundy leaves this week for Richard's Landing, St. Joseph Island.

A public meeting is being arranged whereat P. H. Bowyer and H. S. Clements will address their constituents here.

A generous response was given by our people to the appeal of Queen's University.

Jean Huftman, of Blenheim, is the guest of Bessie Snodden.

Mrs. Gordon Lowes is in Paris visiting her daughter.

KENT BRIDGE.

Masters Floyd and Clara Hubbell have returned, after a couple of couple of weeks' vacation in Walslae.

Mrs. Harry Poile and Miss Bas, of Detroit, are visiting at the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Arnold.

Mr. Will Richardson, of Santa Paula, Calif., was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. B. Gregory, a few days last week.

Mr. R. West returned to Chicago on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Secord, of North Orford, visited relatives in the village Sunday.

Our football boys intend have a group photo taken this week.

Mr. G. R. Langford returned on Friday, after a two months' trip to Ireland.

Haying is now finished, and wheat will be ready to cut the end of next week.

The following pupils from our school were successful at the recent entrance examinations. — Lizzie Rhodes, Irene Moorehouse, Stafford Peshia, N. Shaw, N. Rowe, and Clinton Worth. Congratulations!

Miss Clara Beaubiere left for Denver, Col., Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Bertram were guests at A. J. Pasha's a couple of days last week.

Alex. Gregory, of Chatham, spent Sunday at his home here.