

Thin Blood

Experience count anything with you? Then what do you think of 60 years' experience with Ayer's Sarsaparilla? Sixty years of curing thin blood, weak nerves, general debility! We wish you would ask your own doctor about this. Ask him to tell you honestly what he thinks it will do for your case. Then do precisely as he says.

R&O Hamilton-Montreal Line

Steamers leave Hamilton 4:30 a.m. Toronto 4:30 p.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Bay of Quinte, Port, 1000 Islands, Montreal and intermediate ports.

TORONTO - MONTREAL LINE

Steamers leave Toronto 4:30 p.m. daily for Rochester, 1000 Islands, Rapids, Montreal and intermediate ports.

Montreal-Quebec-Canada Lines now running. For tickets apply to G. T. Railway or C.P.R. Railway, or write H. Foster Chaffee, Western Passenger Agent, Toronto.

BAXTER THE FLORIST

Still has a few of the best bedding plants, such as Geraniums, Coleus, Canas, Salvia, also plants for Boxes and Hanging Baskets.

ADELAIDE ST. NORTH

My! How Delicious!

You hear the above remark from all of those who eat

CRUMP & CO'S BON-BONS.

They are unequalled for superior workmanship and delicacy of flavor. We will sell these choice goods for a few days at

25c. a Pound.

Try them. Bring your Bode's Gum Coupons to

Crump & Co's

Wigzell's Old Stand

Phone 196

Chatham, Windsor & Detroit



TIME TABLE

CHANGE OF TIME THE STEAMER CITY OF CHATHAM

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 returning leaving Detroit, foot of Randolph Street, at 3:30 p.m. Detroit time. Or at 4 p.m. Chatham time. 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.

JOHN KORKK, Captain

Do You Eat Bread?

If so, do you not think that you might as well eat THE BEST? The best bread is that which contains the MOST nutriment and the LEAST waste matter and is absolutely pure. TRY US.

LAMON BROS.

Phone 489

TRY MAPLE CITY BRAND

SUGAR CURED SHOULDER

12c. a Lb.

J. P. TAYLOR

Phone 187

The Best, Easiest and Most Economical Way to

PRESERVE YOUR FRUIT

IS WITH PRETT'S PREPARED SUGAR.

Makes Fruit Preserving a Pleasure. NO COOKING. NO FIRING. SAVES LABOR.

Any one can use it. Fruits retain their natural appearance, color and flavor when preserved with Prett's Prepared Sugar, which prevents fermentation.

60c. a Package.

Preserves 14 pounds fruit. For sale by

JAS. N. MASSEY, Phone 60. Opp. Market GROCER

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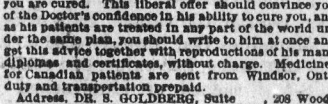
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The Message From Bleaker's

By Alice Crittenden Derby

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

The night operator at Bleaker's Lift

was crying. Job Daly, the taciturn

old track walker, saw that with

half an eye—which was all he ever di-

rected toward the sex—when he came

in for the coal scuttle that evening.

Taxing his imagination for a cause,

Job surmised that Rhoda wept because

her father was laid up again with his

crippled back, a memento of the last

landslide, which he had defied in order

to tick off a warning to others. As a

filial ones, but pertained to the discov-

ery that the young engineer of No. 7

was no ordinary sweat-of-the-brow run-

ning man, but a chap of very different

caliber—in short, a son of the first vice

president, with a penchant for practical

knowledge concerning his father's

road.

True, Dave maintained that a man

is not accountable for his father and

had blustered reassuringly when Rhoda

wormed out of him the admission that

his sire had shown a tendency to a

box when told of their matrimonial

plans.

"Dad needn't be so doggoned crit-

ical," grumbled Dave, blissfully deposit-

ing a chunder smudge near Rhoda's pink

mouth. "He's self made, every inch of

him; began at rock bottom forty years

ago. He isn't snobbish either in some

ways. He's often told me that I'm

named for an old 'buddy' of his; some

one he thought the world of and would

give a lot to find."

Notwithstanding the vice president's

magnanimity toward the memory of a

willow "buddy," Rhoda felt that her

humble self as a daughter-in-law

should not be wantonly thrust upon

him, particularly since Dave confessed

light heartedly that the act might blind

him to an engineer's life in dead ear-

nest. She was a girl with a conscience,

and that unfeeling mentor represented

that she ought not to wreck her lov-

er's career. Therefore Rhoda was dig-

ging a little heart grave that night at

Bleaker's Lift and trying to shovel big

Dave into it.

Old Job in his wordless sympathy

had filled up her coal stove so solici-

tously at 10 o'clock and again at 1 that

Rhoda was driven to the open door for

a breath of the keen mountain air of

late November. The black night show-

ed only a few sickly stars above the

fall pines and Job Daly's lantern

swinging along the winding path to-

ward his own shanty. Suddenly the

one friendly twinkle amid the darkness

lurched sideways and went out.

"Job," called Rhoda concernedly.

"Job, did you fall?"

There was no answer, and the girl

turned resolutely within the office. She

had lighted another lantern and was

reaching for a wrap when unusual

sounds made her wheel quickly. Five

burly, evil looking men blocked the

doorway.

Rhoda stepped across to the table,

her eyes seeking the old fashioned pho-

tograph hanging above it as one might

appeal to a crucifix. It was the like-

ness of her father, whom she idolized,

and she was taking counsel of him

now and also thanking God that it

was she on duty that night instead of

him. Then she cooly faced the in-

truders, her back to the table and one

hand creeping out stealthily behind her.

With a House Imprecation

lumped to the floor, his temple striking

a broken drawback, which fate, in the

person of Job Daly, had cast into a

corner that afternoon. Blood gushed

from two wounds and he lay white and

motionless where he had fallen.

In Rhoda's ears was a running re-

verberation. She thought it was her

own heart till the deck lights of a

freight whizzed past and then she knew

why the report of her shot had not

brought the other men back. She

crouched in her chair, hiding her eyes

from that rigid, white faced object with

its cozing of the sander was gone and

the mournful sighing of the pine trees

without seemed a ghostly requiem for

slain hope.

After many hours, she thought, there

came a locomotive's sharp rick, waking

the mountain echoes; then the nearer

rolling thunder of a train. She heard

the brake shoes grind upon the wheels

and then oblivion enfolded her, unpen-

etrated by the hubbub of shouts and

firing which followed.

What she knew next was that Dave

beat over her, pressing her drooping

head against the breast of his sooty

coat. The room was full of men,

some of them bound and gagged.

Among these latter was Job, for once

more silent than even he enjoyed,

though he spoke no word when some

one loosed him.

A stately old gentleman emerged

from the background and, crossing

over, twitched the engineer's sleeve.

The young man lifted his eyes, a ten-

der, adoring light still filling them.

"Father!" he exclaimed. "What in

the name of all?"

"The old gentleman smiled quizzically.

"I had a fancy to see how you ran

an engine, Dave, and I got right into

it. Hey, boy?"

At that moment a commotion arose

from the ruffian in the corner. Rais-

ing himself on one elbow he stared

stupidly about, then lifted a vindictive

finger and shook it at Rhoda.

"You young Jeebel, you," he roared

painfully, "to serve me like this after

I'd saved you from the gang. They'd

have hung you a through ticket if I

blowed your message, and you know

it, too, you—bully little devil! he

was going to help you make a sneak

if you hadn't plugged me, but—"

A groan and a collapse ended the

sentence.

Rhoda sprang forward, remorsefully

wringing her hands. Dave's gaze went

with her devoutly.

The vice president looked from one

to the other. Then he adjusted his ey-

eglasses and picked up the yellow tele-

gram slip which the division superin-

tendent had just laid down. He read:

"Danger at H. Robbers waiting for

train No. 7. Don't stop, for God's

sake."

The official smiled again, this time a

little uncertainly. Edging closer to his

son he laid a gentle hand upon his

shoulder.

"Lad," he said reproachfully, point-

ing to the little old photograph above

the table, "why didn't you tell me long

ago that she was Dave Brody's girl?

Surely you knew that he was my old

buddy?"

The Color of Water.

After long hesitation scientific men

agree in admitting that water physical-

ly pure seen in mass is sky blue. This

color is that taken by the white light