

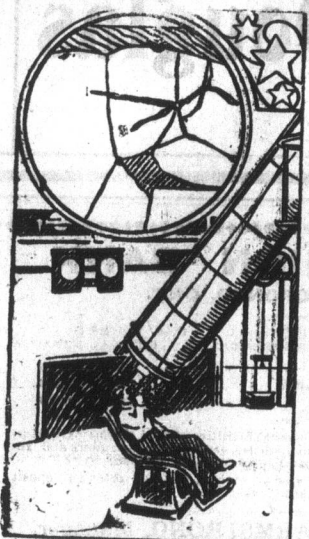
## PLANET MARS PEOPLED

OUR NEIGHBOR IS INHABITED  
ACCORDING TO PROF. LOWELL.

Astronomer Says They Beat Us as Canal-Builders, and That the Panama Canal is a Mere Gas Pipe Trench Beside Theirs—Marian Canals Illustrated—Taking a Squint at the Little Red Planet.

Now for the first time a scientist of high reputation has come forward with the unqualified declaration that the planet Mars is inhabited by intelligent beings. This declaration has been made by Prof. Percival Lowell, eminent astronomer, who has spent a dozen years chiefly in the study of Mars. Prof. Lowell believes that Mars is the home of a race of beings even more acutely intelligent than ourselves, since, according to his discoveries, the Martians have constructed at least 454 canals, each of which would make the Panama canal look like a mere gas pipe trench. It is the canals on the surface of Mars that have given earth dwelling humans their most plausible clue to the existence of living, thinking and working beings on the planet.

The astronomer Schiaparelli first discovered the Martian canals in 1877. He pointed out that the peculiar streaks on the planet, visible through the telescope, are not merely natural markings, but are artificial excavations filled with water. The symmetry of these streaks, their extreme length and the fact that they



MARTIAN CANALS—TAKING A SQUINT AT THE PLANET.

follow usually the imaginary great circles around the planet give weight to the theory of their artificial construction, but there is more scientific evidence in its support.

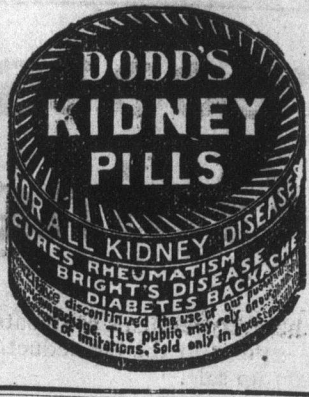
Astronomers have discovered that Mars possesses air and water, the two primary essentials of animate existence. This discovery does not imply necessarily that animal life exists there. We must look for some actually visible evidences of organic life and intelligence. Man is known by his works. Martians must be known to us by their works if at all. According to Prof. Lowell, the canal works on Mars must be accepted as conclusive evidence of intelligent life.

Mars is much smaller than the earth. The planet has only about one-seventh of our bulk and only one-quarter of our surface area. Savants say, however, that practically all the surface of Mars is land. As three-fourths of the earth's surface is ocean, the Martians have as much land as we have. Mars has reached the corresponding more advanced stage than the earth. This may be ascribed to the fact that, being smaller, its molten mass cooled off more rapidly. Then the waters, such as did not evaporate, went to the poles of the planet, where in the Martian winter seasons they are visible to earthly astronomers in the form of vast ice caps and snow fields, glittering white.

Astronomers have observed that these snow caps disappear during the Martian summer seasons. What becomes of the water resulting from the melting? Why, it is used for irrigation purposes by the marvelous civil engineers of Mars, who were far advanced in stupendous land reclamation projects long before the Carey act passed Congress. The theory is that the surface of Mars is largely desert, with considerable oases here and there, and that the inhabitants occupy these oases and make the land cultivable by bringing the melted ice and snow from the poles through immense canals. Thus both the north pole and the south pole problems are definitely solved on Mars, with no further need for polar expeditions.

It is conceded by astronomers that Mars is a much chillier planet than the earth. Some hold that it is too cold for life to exist, and they ask what becomes of the inhabitants in winter. This is still a problem, though some scientists point out that hibernation, as practiced by bears and Russian peasants on this globe, may preserve the Martians through their long winter freeze up. In this event living expenses on Mars must be reduced to a minimum, but it must be hard picking for the theatrical managers unless they confine themselves to summer stock companies and roof gardens.

Potato Billiard Balls. Many persons will be surprised to learn that the potato is used in France in the manufacture of imitation meerschaum pipes and "marble" billiard balls. After the potatoes are peeled they are kept for 36 hours in an 8 per cent. solution of sulphuric acid. They are then dried and pressed hard enough for use in making pipes. Under strong pressure they become solid enough to be turned into billiard balls.



C. P. A. Executive.

Toronto, Feb. 9.—At the meeting of the Canadian Press Association yesterday, the following members were elected to the executive: H. R. Donnelly, Simcoe; J. F. McKay, Toronto; Wm. M. O'Brien, Stratford; W. E. Smallfield, Renfrew; C. W. Young, Cornwall.

The following officers were elected by the daily newspaper section: President, W. M. O'Brien, Stratford; Secretary, A. G. Donaldson, Toronto; Executive, J. A. McKay, Windsor; F. H. Dobbin, Peterboro; W. J. Taylor, Woodstock; J. F. McKay, Toronto; S. Stevenson, Chatham.

Last night the members and friends attended the performance at the Princess Theatre.

## WHEN CHILDREN ARE SICK

They eat something that disagrees, catch cold, have cramps or colic. It is their pain just apply Nerviline. It's good to rub on, and for the inside it's most comforting. Effective and pleasant, you can't find a household panacea to equal Polson's Nerviline. Used with satisfaction for half a century and in better demand every day because it does stop pain, ease suffering and cure the thousand and one ills that constantly arise in the family. Large bottles at all dealers for 25c.

## Blown to Pieces.

Patterson, N.J., Feb. 9.—Justice of the Peace Robert Cortese was almost literally blown to pieces in his office by the explosion of an infernal machine sent him by express. The judge, it was said, would die before morning. The judge had actively aided the police in the capture of Italian law-breakers recently.

Five Killed in Collision. Birmingham, Ala., Feb. 9.—It is reported that five people are killed and many passengers injured by a train demolishing an Eastlake car last evening.

## IT CREEPS LIKE A SERPENT.

Steals through the system like a thief in the night. That's how catarrh acts. Don't trifle with such a scourge. Don't experiment with a doubtful treatment. Time and experience prove that Catarrhazone does cure, that it gives quick relief and so thoroughly destroys the disease that it does not return.

Get Catarrhazone in the first place and your cure is assured. In 25c. and \$1.00 sizes, at all dealers and guaranteed in every case.

## An Indian Superintendent.

Toronto, Feb. 9.—Frederick O. Loft has been appointed as superintendent of the Six Nations Indians. He is a full-blooded Indian and well educated, having graduated from Belleville Commercial College and afterwards received a thorough newspaper training. His position will be much like that of a consul between the Government and Indians, and he will have magisterial power as well.

## Peach Trees Sacrificed.

Leamington, Feb. 9.—Fruit growers in Essex County say the San Jose scale has wrought havoc with the peach trees and that the crop will be light next season in consequence. Many of the growers have been compelled to cut down trees. One man is said to have sacrificed 300 trees.

## \$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sod by all Druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Cockfight Near Oakville.

Hamilton, Feb. 9.—The police were notified last evening that a big cockfight was in progress near Oakville, and that enough Hamilton sports to fill special Radial cars had gone down to the scene of action. The police took steps to interfere, on the ground that the offence was committed outside of their jurisdiction.

Bert Marshall, Aberdeen avenue, a well-known young man, was arrested last evening on the charge of seduction. The complainant is Miss May Wilson.

## THEY ALL FAILED.

Many have tried to devise a corn cure equal to Putnam's, but after fifty years nothing has come upon the market that so painlessly cures corns and warts. Don't experiment, use the best, and that's "Putnam's."

## When Things Hummed

By Amy Harris

Copyright, 1906, by May McKoon

"Now, then, Hannah, things are going to hum."

It was Aunt Judith Wellman who spoke. She had arrived from Indiana for a visit with her sister in Michigan, and the pair had been talking for the last hour of the veranda, while Farmer Henderson was doing up the chores at the barn.

"What do you mean, Judith?" was asked.

"I mean several things. I mean that I have never heard of a case like it. Your Minnie has been old enough to marry for these last three years, and you've let a feller dawdle around here and make sheep's eyes at her and keep all other fellers away and yet hasn't asked her to be his and maybe three more years doing it. I call it a mean shame. When I say that things are going to hum I mean that somebody has got to toe the mark mighty soon or get out. You and Elisha ought to have put your foot down long ago."

"You wouldn't do anything to embarrass Minnie," pleaded the mother.

"That's according. I guess the embarrassment will all be on the other side, however. Embarrassment is all right in a girl, Hannah, but it shouldn't be carried too far. Both of us were embarrassed when we were girls, but we weren't so much so as to kill our prospects of getting married. We knew when our beaus had hung around long enough. Has Minnie ever given this chap a jog?"

"Mercy, no!"

"Have you or Elisha ever given him a jog?"

"Never!"

"Then it remains for Judith Wellman to do it, and she's right on deck, with both elbows stuck out. It won't be a week before we'll know whether Joel Davis means business or is just sitting around like a bump on a log."

"But you won't—won't!"

"I don't know what I'll do, except to decide the case one way or other, and you needn't ask questions. I don't believe in folks getting married within a week, and I don't believe in courting for half a lifetime. A fellow either wants a girl or he don't. If he does, let him take her; if he don't, let him shy off and give some one else a chance."

Minnie Henderson was twenty years old and a recognized belle for ten miles around. Everybody was agreed that she would make somebody a good wife. She had been "keeping company" with Joel Davis for nearly three years. Joel was a bachelor of twenty-seven, living on the next farm west. He was steady, sober and industrious, and everybody said that he would make some girl a good husband. But Joel was also bashful and retiring. He was in love with Minnie, to be sure, but that very fact made him tremble in her presence. A hundred times over in the last two years he had resolved to propose, but on each and every occasion his courage had oozed out of his fingers' ends. He felt that the time must and would come, but whether it would take an earthquake or a cyclone to bring it about he wasn't sure.

It was three days before Aunt Judith saw Joel. She liked his looks, and that changed her plans somewhat. She hadn't been going to say a word to Minnie, but now she changed about and opened fire with:

"Well, I am astonished! So that's the feller that has been hanging around here for half his lifetime and will probably die of old age on your father's doorstep?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'hanging around,'" retorted Minnie, with a blush and a toss of her head.

"Why, coming over here two or three times a week to talk about grasshoppers and tater bugs. I am surprised at you. What can you see in such a feller to encourage him? I suppose he knows pumpkins from squashes, but I'll bet a big apple that if you asked him when the pilgrim farmers landed he'd fall off the veranda. Minnie Henderson, if you are the girl I take you to be you will send that feller packing this very evening."

"You misjudge him, aunt. He does not push himself forward, but I assure you that—"

"I've got eyes in my head," snapped her aunt. "It never takes me over five minutes to size up a man. Joel Davis is an 'it'! He'll always be ten days behind the Fourth of July. It's a wonder your father and mother have allowed it."

Minnie choked down a sharp answer and went off to her room to cry, and Aunt Judith sauntered into the kitchen to say to her sister:

"There, now, I've got the thing started, and you and Elisha have got to turn in and help me. Minnie will cry and then get mad and then see Joel, and there'll be a wedding before you know it. Don't you weaken when the time comes."

Next day Joel came to the house to bring back a bushel basket he had borrowed. Minnie was upstairs and Aunt Judith hiding behind the door, so it was left for Minnie's mother to say: "Joel, I've been wanting to speak to you for some time. I don't think you ought to come here as often as you do."

"What?" gasped the lover as he turned very red.

"Your coming here so often keeps other young men away and does not give Minnie a fair chance. Of course she has no thought of marrying you, so it isn't right to waste her time on you."

Joel stared with open mouth, but to

save his neck he couldn't say a word in reply. After making several vain attempts he walked off. On his way home he turned aside and climbed the fence to speak to Farmer Henderson, working in his field. Minnie's father had been posted and was waiting for his opportunity. Joel had stammered out that it was a hot day and that corn seemed to be looking up and that he was afraid that one of his cows had the hollow horn, when Elisha finished hilling up a hill of corn and slowly said:

"Well, there's Minnie, you know. It's time she was thinking of getting married. Some of those windmill fellers are smarter than chain lightning and well off to boot. I've always kinder thought I'd like one of them for a son-in-law."

"Mr. Henderson"—began poor Joel, but he had to halt at that. The change in the attitude of the farmer and his wife brought a great fear to his heart and started chills up and down his back.

"Minnie ain't looking for a husband, you know. She don't have to do that, but when the right feller comes along I guess a match will be made. A piano agent the other day asked me if she was engaged, and I told him there wasn't anybody around here good enough. Yes, it's a pretty hot dog, Joel, and I shouldn't wonder if tomorrow would be hotter."

Joel didn't do any work the rest of the afternoon. He simply sat and thought. The result was that when evening came he headed for the Henderson homestead. He was going to see Minnie and find out what had happened. It was Aunt Judith who was at the gate when he came up, and she didn't lose any time, saying:

"Young man, I guess you've heard of me. I'm Minnie's aunt. Walk along the road with me while I talk to you. You don't want to force yourself upon a family where you are not wanted, do you?"

"Has something happened?" he anxiously asked.

"Well, Minnie's father and mother have got their eyes open at last. She has been praised so much that they realize she can make a good match. I don't care to tell you what the sewing machine man said today, but you can bet it was something nice. You know you ain't just the sort of man the Hendersons want for a son-in-law. Minnie may like you in a way, but when it comes to real love, that's another thing. If I was you, I wouldn't waste any more time here."

"But I love Minnie!" blurted out Joel, as he was driven to desperation. "But if she don't love you what are you going to do about it? Better give the thing right up and look for some other girl. Going home, are you? Well, good night. Try and think I have told you this for your own good."

Next day a farmer's little girl brought Minnie a note, and half an hour after receiving it she was down in the hickory grove talking with Joel. When she returned to the house, she looked pale and acted in a nervous manner, but she was not questioned. Soon after supper she pleaded a headache and went to her room, and Aunt Judith and Elisha and Hannah winked at each other. At 9 o'clock the house was quiet. At 10 Aunt Judith entered the spare bedroom, where husband and wife sat waiting, and said:

"Well, it's over with. Joel came to the gate and whistled softly ten minutes ago, and Minnie, who was all dressed, slipped downstairs and joined him. He had a buggy down by the barnyard gate."

"And—and—" gasped the mother as she began to sob.

"Hannah Henderson, don't be a goose. They'll drive to the preacher's and be married and be back here before the breakfast dishes are washed. Joel's got a wife, Minnie's got a husband, and you've got a son-in-law, and that's all there is to it."

**Soldiers and Rain.**  
The rain fell in torrents on the soldiers tramping sturdily down the muddy street.

"Why don't they put up their umbrellas?" said a spectator.

"With a sneer an elderly man replied: 'Don't you know, sir, that soldiers never carry umbrellas? History records just one instance of their having done so. It was in an engagement of the civil war, and a group of officers were holding up umbrellas to shield themselves from a thunderstorm when General Grant passed. The general frowned at the sight and sent an aid to the officers with this historic message: "I do not approve of the use of umbrellas in war and will not allow any of my soldiers to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the enemy." "Since that time," ended the old man, "no soldier has ever dared to protect his uniform with the effeminate umbrella."

**Polite Star Singers.**

Prima donnas in the same city having notions of polite society are particular about making formal visits to each other.

It happened in Detroit that Patti and Nicolini, her husband, and Albani and her spouse, Ernest Gye, were staying at the same hotel. Patti and Nicolini had gone out for a drive, and Albani, seeing them pass her window, called to her husband: "Ernest, they have gone out. We had better leave cards for them at once."

On returning Patti received the cards and later, when Albani and Gye had gone to rehearsal, said to Nicolini: "Ernest" (his name was Ernest), "they have gone to the theater. This is a good time to return their visit."

## Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this heart restorer—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help. It is proven would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

## Dr. Shoop's Restorative

C. H. GUNN &amp; CO.

## Shelley's Notebooks Sold.

Following the manuscript of Milton's "Paradise Lost," three unique note books of Shelley, which were the distinguishing feature of the recently sold library formed by the late Dr. Richard Garnett, who was for many years chief librarian of the British Museum, have entered into the possession of F. R. Halsey, owner of the best Shelley collection in the United States.

These note books were given by Shelley's widow to her son, Sir Percy Shelley, who passed them on to Dr. Garnett. All his other note books are in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, and it is much regretted in England that the three books in question were not saved for this country. They are especially valuable, as so much of the matter contained in them is unpublished.

To stop a Cold with "Preventions" is safer than to let it run and cure it afterwards. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventives will head off all colds and Grippe, and perhaps save you from Pneumonia or Bronchitis. Preventives are little toothsome candy cold cure tablets selling in 5-cent and 25-cent boxes. If you are chilly, if you begin to sneeze, try Preventives. They will surely check the cold and please you.

Sold by C. H. Gunn &amp; Co.

## Falling Into Hole in Air.

One of the strange experiences of a balloonist is that of falling into "a hole in the air," which Mr. Rolker reports as follows: "So you continue sailing, enjoying the present with little thought of the startling surprises that may be before you. Ahead of you, unseen, may be what the balloonist calls a 'hole in the air,' resembling the vortex of a maelstrom, and down this you may literally fall at a rate which is terrifying until by sacrificing two or three bags of sand at once your pilot checks your downward flight. But these 'holes' are scarce, and as a rule the atmosphere is of uniform carrying power."

If you are Constipated, dull, or bilious, or have a nervous, lifeless complexion, try Lax-ets just once to see what they will do for you. Lax-ets are little toothsome candy tablets—nice to eat, nice in effect. No griping, no pain. Just a gentle laxative effect that is pleasantly desirable. Lax-ets meet every demand. Lax-ets come to you in beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents.

Sold by C. H. Gunn &amp; Co.

## Historic New York.

New York City has more points of historical interest than any other city on the continent, there being scores of them, extending from Fort Amsterdam, where the new custom house stands, to Fort George, Fort Washington and the Van Cortlandt manor house on the north.

## IT IMPARTS STRENGTH.

Just think of the enormous strengthening power Ferrozone possesses—consider what it did for H. V. Potter, well known in Kingston. "I was subject to spells of dizziness. For eight months I had intense pain in my right side between the shoulders. I was almost incurable with weakness and lack of vigor. Often I scarcely ate any breakfast and felt miserable all day. Nervous, easily excited, troubled with heart weakness, I was in bad shape. Ferrozone restored me in short order." Whatever your weakness may be Ferrozone will cure. Price 50c. per box at all dealers.

Mr. James was a member of six secret societies. A friend tried to persuade him to join another one. No, he said, I want to spend my Sunday evenings at home.

It never gets damp or lumpy. Each crystal dry, full of salt-life. That's why particular people use WINDSOR SALT.

No one gets more out of life than he puts into it.

The average girl is a paradox. She likes to be kissed and gets mad if you try.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

## FELINE FISHERS.

All Cats Apparently Are Not Afraid of the Water.

Judging from my experience, cats, when lying near water, are generally fond of fishing. I have personally known three feline fishers. One was a mere acquaintance and used to fish in a trout stream. The other two lived with us and during the summer months used to fish in the lake nearly every evening. They would crouch on the shore and suddenly jump into an advancing wavelet, very frequently bringing out a small fish. When they had kittens, I have sometimes seen them bring up to the house three fish in the space of an hour.

I know of a cat, whose home was in Westmorland, close to a stream, that was a regular and accomplished fisher. She was a half Persian. Her daughter belongs to friends of mine, and I have myself seen this latter watching the goldfish in the children's aquarium, which at that time was open at the top and on a broad window seat. Puss put in one paw and stirred the water violently, then sat down to watch with apparent satisfaction the terror of the fish, which she could not on that occasion reach. Once the family found she had caught one and killed a second, so the aquarium was afterward always covered by wire or net. One of this cat's kittens belonged to me and was for her short life of under a year very dependent on human companionship. She came up to my bedroom frequently the first thing in the morning and always took great interest in the wash-basin, from which she would fish out the sponge or soap, and liked to have her paw in the water. She had to be kept out of the bathroom, as more than once she deliberately jumped into the bath when it had in it a depth of two or three inches of water. If this daughter and granddaughter of the original fisher had lived near water, I think the fishing instinct would have developed, as the three generations all showed a fondness for this element, which cats, as a rule, are supposed to avoid.—London Spectator.

## A FIRST NIGHT AUDIENCE.

The Crowd That Makes Up New York's Famous "Deathwatch."

It would be difficult in a line to say just what the character of the first night audience in New York city is. There are the critics, of course, a dozen or so of rather subdued and timorous looking little men who wander lonesomely about, not seeming to have the courage to speak to anybody outside of their own set and who are generally followed by the rueful glances of some hurt actor.

Aside from the assortment of young millionaires who like the theatrical atmosphere, the main constituency of the first night audience is the "profession" and the allied arts, the criminal lawyers, managers, backers of shows, etc.

In the early part of the season there will always be a number of well known actors and actresses who have not yet gone to work and who are enjoying their vacations, much as the engineer does during his two weeks' rest in August, by spending it at the roundhouse—the theater.

And this in general constitutes the aggregation that has become famous, or infamous, in theatrical circles as the "deathwatch." They are supposed to be a very difficult body of people to please, but, as a matter of personal experience, I have not seen a first night in ten years that has not been riotously and foolishly enthusiastic, no matter how worthless the offering was.

At some of the worst failures of the season I have seen the star called before the curtain a dozen times in the evening, the author and the manager obliged to make speeches of thanks for the "great reception," while the floral tributes gave the whole thing the atmosphere of a hospital on visiting day.

## Origin of the Halo.

In the public places in Athens one or two thousand years ago the Greeks set up the statues of their gods and goddesses. To guard against the possibility of the rain staining the marble faces of their masterpieces they used to protect each with a large metal plate at the top of the head. These were mistaken by the periphrastic painters for emblems of divinity. Accordingly to this day we see around the pictured heads of our Christian saints the curious little ring which is known as the halo.

## A Hint For Amateur Jugglers.

The amateur conjurer should, as far as possible, endeavor to juggle only with the ordinary commonplace articles that are invariably at hand. Cards are to be found in almost every house, hats, handkerchiefs, glasses, coins and paper are always handy, and the man who conjures with these with no apparent preparation will both please and mystify his audience much more than he who brings along a bagful of prepared tricks and spends half an hour behind a screen.—Strand Magazine.

## Only Reviewed.

A reviewer said to a friend, "I get through, on an average, fifty books a week."

"Good gracious!" said the friend. "How do you manage it? Why, it takes me at least a day to read one book."

"I don't read them," he said. "I review them."

## Relief.

Lenders—By the way, that five dollar bill I loaned you—Borroughs—I haven't forgotten, old man. Don't worry, I still have it in mind. Lenders—Yes, but don't you think it's about time you relieved your mind?—Philadelphia Ledger.

## "SKIDOO" FOR YOUR HEADACHE

Ascertain its cause and the cure isn't hard to find. Look to the stomach and bowels. Aren't you constipated, isn't the stomach failing in its mission? What you need is the cleansing, tonic influence of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Their effect is lasting, because they aid all the ailing organs, flush out all unhealthy matter, and tone up the stomach. With Dr. Hamilton's Pills your stomach gets a chance to recuperate, and does so quickly. For real buoyant health use Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly. 25c. per box at all dealers.

## RAILWAYS.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

7 a.m. for London, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary and all Pacific Coast points.  
7:45 a.m. Fast Express for London, Toronto, Montreal, St. John, Boston and all points East, also Winnipeg, Calgary and Pacific Coast points.  
10:05 a.m. for Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul and all points north, south and west.  
1:15 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul and all points north, west and south.  
4:45 p.m. Fast Express for London, Toronto, Montreal, St. John, Boston and all points east, also Winnipeg, Calgary and Pacific Coast points.

Daily except Sunday. \* Daily.

## General Change of Time on Oct. 14th

## GRAND TRUNK

WEST  
8:30 a.m. for Windsor, Detroit and intermediate stations.  
12:30 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.  
4:45 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.  
9:00 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and west.  
International Limited daily.  
Mixed 2:30 p.m.

EAST  
8:30 a.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto and all points north, south, east and west.  
1:00 p.m. for London, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and New York.  
5:15 p.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and East.  
9 p.m. for London and intermediate stations.  
Daily except Sunday. \* Daily.

10:30 a.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto and all points north, south, east and west.  
1:00 p.m. for London, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and New York.  
5:15 p.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and East.  
9 p.m. for London and intermediate stations.  
Daily except Sunday. \* Daily.

## THE WABASH SYSTEM

Wabash trains leave Chatham:

## WEST BOUND

No. 1, 6:25 a.m. for Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis.

No. 3, 1:07 p.m. Solid train for Detroit and St. Louis.

No. 5, 9:38 p.m. Solid train for Detroit and Chicago.