

ASK YOUR
GRO-ER FOR
**Gold Leaf
FLOUR**
Manufactured in Ingersoll
S. C. Partlo

WANTS

WANTED.

MEN WANTED—10 GOOD SHOVEL-
ERS; \$1.75 per day. Apply S. M.
Douglas, Chairman Board of Works.

WANTED—AT ONCE, A GIRL TO
assist with general housework. Ap-
ply at the Normandie House.

WANTED.—10,000 PAIRS OF BOOTS
and shoes to repair. Nothing but
first-class work. Try O'Sullivan's
rubber heels. Wade's, Charles St.
east.

WANTED—A GOOD COOK, (MALE)
to cook for party of six engineers.
Salary \$40 per month, and board
and lodging. Only clean and oblig-
ing man wanted. Apply to person
at the office of the C.P.R. Engineer-
ing Department, opposite the At-
lantic House.

FOR SALE AND TO LET.

FOR SALE—HORSE, 8 YEARS OLD,
kind, and a good driver. Apply
Chronicle Office.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—SEVEN-
roomed frame house, two lots,
Thames street north. House in first
class condition. Hard and soft wa-
ter, gas for cooking and lighting.
Possession immediately. Apply Geo.
Sutherland.

ROOMS TO LET—OFFICE AND
dwelling rooms over L. M. Harris'
store. Apply Waterworks office.

FOR SALE—8 ROOMED TWO STORY
frame house on Charles St. west.
All modern conveniences. Apply Dr.
G. F. Moore, Ingersoll.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—ON SATURDAY EVENING,
crescent brooch set with pearls. Fin-
der will be suitably rewarded by
leaving at this office.

LOST—ON SATURDAY NIGHT, A
locket and fob, Finder please leave
at this office.

Large Size
PE A COAL
for Ranges, \$5.50 per Ton
You will SAVE MONEY
buy our COAL NOW for next
winter supply.
Your Order Solicited
H. W. PARTLO
Bell 128 PHONES Ind. 22

**SUNBEAM
TO-DAY**
Don't miss this Western Picture—
The Rangers Bride
—and—
The Little Old Man
of the Woods
SONG—I Love my steady
L. J. Barton, S. loist

GOOD Word
It is wise to say a good
word for yourself or your
business, whether your
business is in trade be mer-
chandise or labor. Want
Ads. are the most direct
line of communication
to the best buyers.

Used in Canada for
over half a century
—used in every corner
of the world where
people suffer from
Constipation and its
resulting troubles—

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills,

stand higher in public
estimation than any
others, and their ever-
increasing sales prove
their merit. Physicians
prescribe them.

25c. a box.

Real Estate For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale the
following property:—

Cottage and Lot, on Wellington
Street, East side of Pond — Good cel-
lar—Furnace — Town water — Gas—
Bath room and Closet.

A 1 story Brick House and 1-2 an
acre of land, Thames street south—
frame kitchen, small barn, modern
chicken house. Possession soon.

Good House and Barn, with about
9 acres of land, on Thames St. north,
—very central and desirable for Gar-
den or Retired Farmer.

Small House and Barn and 36 acres
of land, 15 minutes from the Conden-
sing Co. Factory, in West Oxford, —
owner in England, small payment
down, balance on mortgage.

First Class Farm in Dereham, own-
ed by James Little; Hundred Acres,
Brick House, two stories, in good re-
pair; Bank Barn; Grain Barn and a
large drive barn; about three acres
of maple timber; well watered; wind
mill; first class soil; eight miles from
Ingersoll; 1 mile from Factory, Post
Office and Church. Possession at once.

First class grain and dairy farm,
200 acres, known as the George Partlo
Homestead, 1st class frame, modern
two-story house, good furnace, bath
room and W.C. Large bank barn, drive
barn and hog pen, stone foundation.
About sixteen acres of maple and
beech wood, mile from Verschoyle,
school, churches and cheese factory.
&c. Church on corner of farm. There
is also a good orchard. This place is
about five miles from Ingersoll. Pos-
session next spring.

M. Walsh, Solicitor.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.	
Going West.	
Chicago Express	10.43 a.m.
Detroit & Chicago Express	3.16 a.m.
*Accommodation	10.22 a.m.
Detroit & Chicago Express	11.01 a.m.
Chicago Express	5.51 p.m.
*Mail	9.38 p.m.
International Limited	7.30 p.m.
Going East.	
New York Express	12.42 a.m.
Buffalo & New York Exp.	4.11 a.m.
*Mail	5.00 a.m.
*Ontario Limited	9.29 a.m.
Toronto & Buffalo Express	12.12 p.m.
*Day Express	2.44 p.m.
N. Y. Express	4.56 p.m.
Eastern Flyer	7.21 p.m.
*Run daily, except Sunday.	
S. J. Roz, Agent.	

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.	
Port Burwell Branch.	
Going south	11.15 a.m.
Going north	6.55 p.m.
Arriving from south	8.00 a.m.
Arriving from north	5.40 p.m.
All trains daily except Sunday.	
St. Thomas Branch.	
Going east	8.03 a.m.
Going west	11.08 a.m.
Going east	5.48 p.m.
Going west	6.50 p.m.
All trains daily except Sunday.	
Jas. Enright, Agent.	

INGERSOLL POST OFFICE.

The following are the hours of de-
parture of mails from Ingersoll post
office:
G. T. R. Going East.
8.09 a.m. mail closes here at 7.30 a.m.
2.44 p.m. mail closes here at 2.10 p.m.
12.12 p.m. mail closes here at 11.25 a.m.
Going West.
8.24 p.m. mail closes here at 8.30 p.m.
Ma. C. P. S.
Going West and South.
11.07 a.m. mail closes here at 10.40 a.m.
Going East.
5.45 p.m. mail closes here at 5.15 p.m.
Stages.
11.45 a. m.
Registered mail matter closes 20
minutes earlier than ordinary matter.

English Mails.
First boat sails via New York on
Wednesday. Mail closes here at 8.30
p.m., Monday.
Second boat sails via Canadian line
Saturday. Mail closes here at 2.15 p.
m., Thursday. Sails from Halifax, N.S.
Third boat sails via New York on
Saturday. Mail closes here Thursday

FIVE MEN INJURED

Wreck Occurs on C.P.R. Line
Near Peterboro.

AN ERROR IN DESPATCHING

Collision at Indian River Results In
Bruises and Cuts to Five West To-
ronto Men — Name of Crossing
Place Was Omitted From Train
Orders—Frenzied Cattle Went
on Rampage In Their Cars.

Toronto, July 27.—Five men were
injured in a collision on the C.P.R.
in a rock cut at Indian River, ten
miles from Peterboro, at four o'clock
yesterday morning. They are: Ed-
mund Trout, C.P.R. engineer,
273 Pacific avenue, West Toronto,
shoulder dislocated and badly bruised;
R. Follis, C.P.R. engineer, 43 Clenden-
narian avenue, West Toronto, should-
er dislocated and otherwise injured.
Thomas Dirby, fireman, Toronto, en-
gine 641, injured back and legs.
E. C. Knapp, conductor, 183 Mayville
street, West Toronto, right side badly
bruised and legs hurt.
James Weir, fireman, West Toronto,
hands and arms injured and badly bruised.

Two freight trains were to have
"crossed at Indian River," but through
some error in orders a collision oc-
curred that telescoped both
engines, and piled nine cars filled
with Quaker Oats all up in a heap
and scattered their contents over the
road.

Engine 641, with Engineer Trout,
Conductor Thomas Dirby and Fire-
man James Weir were going east, and
met the up train in charge of Con-
ductor Knapp and Engineer Follis
headed west. Both trains slowed
down, and in this fact is explained
why one of the two crews is alive to
tell the tale.

The error in the order is said to
have been the omission of the words
"Indian River," the crossing place,
from the order.

A great deal of trouble was also
given by a few cars filled with cattle
attached to the tail of the train from
the west. The animals were terror-
ized. They rushed from side to side
of the cars, crushing each other in
their mad struggles.

Aeroplane Soursaulted.
New York, July 27.—After his aero-
plane had turned a complete somer-
sault, falling to the ground with him,
during a flight near Garden City, L.I.,
yesterday, George Russell picked
himself up and walked from the de-
bris without a bruise or a scratch.

Russell had made one flight in a
25-mile breeze and was rising from
the ground for a second spin when
the accident happened. He ran along
the ground at high speed for several
hundred yards, but when he under-
stood that he had made a complete
loop, he rose to his feet and walked
toward the wreckage.

The aeroplane, which was a clean
"backslip," came down on its
back, with the engine on top. Rus-
sell was found head over heels and fell
in a tangled nest of snapped wires.
The aeroplane was damaged badly.

Suicide at Falls.
Niagara Falls, N.Y., July 27.—Tired
of life's struggle in solitude, Mrs.
Mary Cleber, a dressmaker, with
rooms in the Simmons-Baker build-
ing on Third street, threw herself in-
to the Niagara River from the Third
Street Island at 6.15 o'clock Monday
night and was speedily carried over
the Horseshoe Falls. The deed was
long premeditated and the woman took
herself from the arms of her life-long
friend, Mrs. Herman Paylock, of 403
Ferry avenue, with the words, "Be-
fore I'll go home I'll go." The
deed was never finished. It was
only a reply to an entreaty to go home
made by Mrs. Paylock as she placed
her arms around the woman's waist.

Fell Into a Furnace.
St. John, July 27.—Francis Roy,
aged 17, while feeding a furnace in
the Nesbitt Co.'s Shingle Mill at
Rathurst, fell in and was so badly
burned that he died before being re-
scued.

Michael Driscoll of Hanwell drop-
ped dead as a result of over-exertion
during a day of extreme heat.

Miss Anne Skene, aged 62, of Penn-
field, fell into the Letang River and
was drowned.

Mrs. O. Martin of Waltham, Mass.,
while visiting her sister, Mrs. Eph-
raim Pine at Richibucto, was killed
by lightning while washing some
dishes in the pantry.

Belleville Old Boys.
Belleville, July 27.—The old boys'
reunion closed yesterday afternoon
and has been one of the greatest suc-
cesses in the history of this city. The
visitors were entertained by aquatic
sports, band, concerts, etc., and
yesterday afternoon Lee Riggs of New
York, an old Belleville boy, gave an
organ recital in the Bridge street
church. Most of the visitors go home
to-day.

A Year for Attacking Women.
Windsor, July 27.—Joseph Williams,
the negro, who was attacking two
women on Glenary avenue recently,
was convicted before Judge McHugh
and sentenced to spend a year in the
Central Prison.

Dropped Dead.
Port Colborne, July 27.—William
Mehlenbacher, aged about 45 years,
hotelkeeper of Humberstone, dropped
dead yesterday afternoon from heart
disease. He leaves a widow and three
children.

Twenty-Five Perish In Cloudburst.
Budapest, Hungary, July 27.—Twenty-
five persons perished in a flood that
followed a cloudburst at the Town of
Dees yesterday. The damage to prop-
erty and crops was heavy.

HOW MANY REALIZE THE MARVELLOUS VALUE OF FRUIT

IN CURING MANY DISEASES?

Wonderful Success of "Fruit-a-lives"
—The Famous Fruit Medicine

Fruit juice consists of about 97 per
cent of sweet matter, and only 3 per
cent of an intensely bitter substance. Careful
experiments show that it is this bitter
principle, which is the active or medi-
cinal material of fruit juice.

Under certain conditions, the bitter
principle can be made to replace or
transform some of the sweet atoms in
the juice, thus making a new compound
which is much more active medicinally
than the ordinary juice.

Many fruits were analyzed and it was
found that the juices of apples, oranges,
figs and prunes gave the best results.

These fruit juices, having been made
more active by the secret process of
changing the sweet principle into the
bitter, are combined with tonic and
antiseptic and made into tablets. These
tablets are the famous fruit medicine—
"Fruit-a-lives"—known in every part
of Canada for their wonderful curative
qualities in diseases of the Stomach,
Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Skin.

"Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine
in the world made of fruit juices, 50c.
a box, 6 for \$2.50 or trial size, 25c.

HOMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS TO WESTERN CANADA.

Through the metropolis of Chicago,
thence via Duluth and Fort Frances
or through Chicago and the twin cit-
ies of Minneapolis and St. Paul, July
12th and 26th. Via Sarina and North-
ern Navigation Company's steamers;
leave Sarina 3.30 p.m., July 13th and
27th. Winnipeg and return \$32.00.
Edmonton and return \$42.50. Tickets
good for 60 days. Proportionate rates
to certain other western points. Tick-
ets and full information from Grand
Trunk agents.

FOR ECZEMA

A TREATMENT THAT IS GUARAN-
TEED TO GIVE RELIEF.

Eczema is parasitic in nature. It is
said to be a contagious disease. Until
the parasite or germ hidden in the
skin is completely destroyed and re-
moved, eczema cannot be cured. Fully
one-third of all skin-diseases is in the
form of eczema. It affects persons
of all ages and classes. It is very pre-
valent among people between the ages
of 20 and 40.

We unhesitatingly guarantee to re-
turn every cent paid us for Rxallex
Eczema Ointment in every case where
it fails to give entire satisfaction. It
possesses remarkable cleansing, anti-
septic, healing and curative power.
Its great value is very pronounced in
the treatment of eczema, whether of
the dry, scaly, sort or of the weeping
type, where there is a constant flow
of an irritating exudate, or of the
other intermediary forms, such as
ring worm, acne, pimples, blotches
and discolorations.

Rxallex Eczema Ointment is very
useful in treating ulcers, sores, in-
sect bites, venous, cutaneous rash and
hives. It is particularly recommended
for the treatment of children who are
tormented with itching, burning
and disfiguring skin disease. We urge
you to try a box at our risk. Your
money waits you if you are not sat-
isfied with the treatment. Two sizes,
50c. and \$1.00. Remember you can
only obtain Rxallex Eczema Ointment
in this town at our store—The Rxallex
Store. J. L. Gayler.

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aged 17, while feeding a furnace in
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followed a cloudburst at the Town of
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Another Lindsay Drowning.
Lindsay, July 26.—A drowning fa-
tally occurred here yesterday morn-
ing directly opposite Horn Bros.
Woollen Mills, when Harold, the
eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. D.
Walker, who reside on William street,
fell out of a punt in which he was
playing.

Had to Continue by Rail.
Prescott, July 26.—Owing to an ac-
cident which the Rapids King met
with at Cornwall, there was no boat
from Montreal to connect with the
Kingston. The passengers were ob-
liged to continue their journey by the
G.T.R.

Cotton Mills Closed.
St. John, N.B., July 26.—Both cot-
ton mills at St. John will be closed
down on Aug. 1 for one week. Man-
ager Cudlip says the increasing price
of raw material is responsible for the
dullness in the cotton market.

C.N.R. Makes Progress.
Colborne, July 26.—The grading on
the Canadian Northern is now about
completed between Trenton and the
outskirts of the town, and the steel
is laid between Trenton and Col-
borne, 14 miles east of here.

Centenarian Dead.
Penetanguishene, July 26.—Mrs. T.
Columbus, about 100 years of age,
died in Penetanguishene Sunday afternoon.
The woman claimed to be a descendant
of Christopher Columbus, the
discoverer of America.

High Fliers In Society.
New York, July 26.—Mrs. Clifford
B. Harmon and Mrs. Wm. F. Vander-
bilt, jr., each are to purchase mono-
planes. Two of the machines have
been purchased by society women in
Canada.

loved me ten times more than you
say you do, I should have been tor-
mented with the demons of suspicion
and doubt if I had wooed you as the
marquis: some time or other, in one
of my black fits—"

Jeanne looks up, with a little smile
of incredulity curving her lips. Black
fits! He, the most courteous, large-
hearted and good-natured man!

"Yes, Jeanne," he says, with a lit-
tle remorseful smile in answer to that
look of hers, "I have my black fits;
we all of us have. You haven't heard
of the 'Fendale temper' yet?"

Jeanne flushes and starts slightly.
Was Lady Lucille also true in this
point, too, that Vane was fickle, pas-
sionate, capricious, and changeable?

"I say, in one of my black fits, the
ugly doubt would have crept into my
mind; Oh, she loves me for my cor-
net, and not for myself; she is like
the rest. But now"—and he takes her
face in his hands and kisses her—"but
now, no doubt it is possible, for it was
Vane you loved, and you had no sus-
picion that he was anything more
than an out-of-the-way artist. No sus-
picion!"—he laughs—"not the faint-
est. Jeanne, it was cruel; but I en-
joyed, I revelled in—"

But confidences are cut short for
the present. The carriage pulls up
at the station, the Park footman—who
has learnt the importance of the in-
dividual he is attending—hurries to
and fro with unvoiced excitement;
wraps, books and paraphernalia are
arranged in a carriage, and the sec-
ond stage of the journey is just com-
mencing, when a groom rides a pant-
ing and sweating horse into the sta-
tion yard, swings himself from the
saddle, and dashes to the platform.

Looking up and down the platform,
he sees Vane standing by the carriage,
talking to the guard, and hurrying
up, he held out a letter. Vane took it
and glanced at it, and his face dark-
ened. With a curt nod he dropped
the letter into the huge pocket of his
travelling jacket, and, as if with an
effort, cleared his brow.

"Are you ready, my lord?" asks the
guard. It is wonderful how soon a
man's title is known. Vane jumps in,
and the train starts.

CHAPTER XIX.
QUEEN JEANNE.

"Oh, Vernon, look! What a pretty
station!" exclaims Jeanne, leaning
forward to the open window, through
which the innumerable perfumes of a
summer evening are wafted as the
train puffs into a rural station, as
if it were dropped from the clouds,
amid the Scirry hills. They had been
travelling all day, and it is nearly
eight o'clock when Jeanne gives tongue
to her admiration. A long jour-
ney is a wearisome thing generally;
but there are exceptions, and this is
one of them. Jeanne is chatty and
slightly—only slightly—stiff, but she
is deliciously and bewilderingly happy
and owns to a slight reluctance to
arriving at their destination.

They have halted midway and par-
taken of luncheon—whose luxuries had
been prepared for them at the railway
hotel—and where, though unknown to
Jeanne, some of the castle servants
had come down expressly to wait upon
them. With each mile my lord mar-

"The Plain Girl
—and—
The Marquis

"Jeanne, do you remember the win-
ter night you stood behind the old
wall with the snow falling softly
down, and the stars beginning to peep
out of the clear, blue sky? I had taken
leave of the world in the shape of one
man, who had proved himself the one
true, disinterested friend, and I was
going to my lonely life of solitude
with a heavy smiting heart.

"What that madcap freak into your
little head? Was it chance? I
think not. I remember, as I felt the
cold snow falling down my back, that
I awoke from my dismal dream and
turned to see what? Only a little,
slim girl, with silky brown hair blown
and tumbled about her face, and a
pair of soft eyes, bright with childish
mischief. I remember the very dream
you wore that night, remember the
half-distant, half-fearful curve of the
red, pouting lips, as you looked up
at me, half boldly, half shyly, and
panted out your little imperfections."

Jeanne smiles and blushes.
"It is so long ago—I was a child
then," she murmurs, almost inaudibly.

"Long ago! Yes," he says, putting
the hair from her face and kissing her
passionately. "Six months ago. Well, I
look that face home with me against
my will. It haunted me. I even asked
Mrs. Brown to whom it belonged,
and looked for it the next morning
like a hungry man for a morsel of
bread. Jeanne, I fell in love with
that little, proud, defiant face that
night. Then came the days that fol-
lowed close upon; how I fought
against the spell that the little child
face had cast upon me! How I swore
that she had passed from me; but
how I looked and longed for you! How
I hated those gold people—the Lam-
btons—and that vulgar place that saw
so much of you! Why, Jeanne?" he
says, with a little laugh, "I was even
jealous of Fitzjames—my Lord Lane
who was more than half in love with
you, himself; but you didn't know
it, did you?"

Now Jeanne there are to be no con-
fessions, no admissions. Speak out!
I envied Hal—dear old Hal, the
truest, bravest boy I had ever seen.
I envied him the caresses of those soft
hands, and the kisses of those soft
lips—Oh, but I may kiss them now as
often as a plump little wife, and he
kisses her passionately. "Well, dear
Jeanne, what a long story it is! But
I like telling it. I loved you more
passionately each day. Then came the
question, Shall I tell her my real
name and position? No, I thought.
Here is a chance of winning love, if
it is to be won by me, for itself
alone. Here's Clarence Fitzjames, the
honorable, and there's the Reverend
Peter Bell. These are my rivals. Now
if I, plain Vernon Vane, supposed to
be a poor, struggling artist, can win
her from these, why, then, I shall
have found true love at last. And so
I went on, still fighting against my
desires until Fitzjames good-bye one
right—it was at the Park—in re-
vealing my love. Do you remember?"

Is it likely Jeanne has forgotten—
will ever forget?

Vane pauses and draws her other
hand into his.

"Then I ought to have told you; but
I could not. The greatest happiness
I had ever known came to me as Ver-
non Vane, and Vernon Vane I wished
to remain. Jeanne, your love is twice
as sweet to me, giving it as you do,
to the poor artist; though you had

quies had grown more thoughtfully at-
tentive, and deliciously loving and
tender; sometimes being prevailed up-
on to light a fragrant cigar, and once
—actually once insisted upon Jeanne's
lying at full length and resting her
silly head upon him for a pillow. Yes,
notwithstanding the heat, and the
dust, and the slight stiffness, Jeanne
is happy, and it is with a certain
pang that she hears Vane reply;
"Pretty, is it? Well, this is Eaton,
and our station."

To be continued.

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