

Our Story Teller

HIS LAST TRIP.

The train boy watched the quiet man in the dark blue suit with some curiosity. He was a quiet man and yet strangely restless. At every station he would rise from his seat and step out on the rear platform of the car. If there was sufficient time he would go out on the station platform and walk up and down. When he returned to his seat his eyes were either turned to the landscape, or on his watch, or on a bundle of papers he drew from an inner pocket.

The train boy was in the habit of studying the passengers. He set this particular passenger down as an amateur who was afraid he might miss something.

Business was dull with the train boy. It was a hot, June day, and customers were scarce when the thermometer climbed up in the 80s, and the air was full of dust, and the flying landscape was almost painful to look at in its dazzling brightness. The train boy had stacked up his goods on a seat at one end of the car. He felt a little lonesome and slowly strode up to the rear platform. He paused beside a seat where sat a gray haired woman of very neat but unassuming appearance. The boy stopped over.

Anything I can get for you, grandmother, he asked in his cheery way. How about a drink of water?

The elderly woman looked up and smiling shook her head.

All right, said the boy, you just motion to me if there's anything you need. I'll be round somewhere.

He moved along until he came to the quiet man, who for the moment happened to be idle. The boy perched himself on the arm of the opposite seat. The quiet man looked up at him. He was still a young man but with a face that seemed to bear the impress of much experience. He knitted his brows slightly as he looked the boy over.

Sit down my lad, he said, as he pointed to the seat in front of him, which was turned over so as to face the quiet man, who was seated.

The train boy took the seat. He looked up at the quiet man.

Guess it's your first trip over the line isn't it?

What makes you think so?

You're so fidgety, said the boy. You're afraid you're going to miss something. It seems a little funny to me, you know, to have been over the road every blessed day for the last four years.

You know all about it, then, said the quiet man.

Don't I, laughed the boy. I used to make a study of it, but I got tired of that. When I first came on, I was a little scared, you know. I'd read in the papers about the terrible things that happened to the old clumpety-clumpety until it sort of made sense for me, and after a while there was a kind of a song for every piece of the road.

You're something of a poet, said the quiet man.

Cures Weak Men Free

Send Name and Address To-Day--You Can Have it Free and be Strong and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME



L. W. KNAPP M. D.

How many men may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small, weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 1710 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and he will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so that any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer and the following extracts taken from his daily mail show what men think of his generosity.

"Dear Sir:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sir:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sir:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelopes. The receipt is free for the asking and he wants every man to have it.

I guess not, laughed the boy. Being a train boy will knock the poetry out of a fellow about as quick as anything I guess.

Perhaps you are right, said the quiet man. I was a train boy for a little while myself, once.

You cried the boy. He laughed as if the idea amused him. I don't believe you was much good at it, he said. You haven't got enough cheek.

Well, said the quiet man with a laugh, that faintly echoed the boy's. I didn't keep the job long. I was rather glad, I remember, when I was promoted to brakeman, and still more glad when I left that job to be a telegraph operator.

Well, said the boy, you know more about railroading than I gave you credit for.

But I feel pretty sure you know a good deal more about this particular piece of railroading than I do, said the quiet man.

Perhaps, said the boy. Guess I can tell the poor spots along the line about as well as anybody. I know your sharp curve just this side of Billings that ought to be straightened. And there's a rough piece near Bayneville that needs relaying. An' I know we're going to strike the worst section all when we pass Ketchikan. They've been talking about relaying it for months, but they don't do it.

Yes, said the quiet man as he drew a paper from his pocket and penned a note on the margin.

So you're a railroad man? continued the boy, as he studied the stranger's appearance.

I'm something of a railroad man, was the reply. What branch would you imagine me to be in?

The boy looked him over carefully.

Well, he said, I guess you're a freight conductor going home to spend your vacation with your mother.

The quiet man laughed aloud.

A good guess, he said and laughed again. Then he asked, I suppose you are glad to spend your vacation with your mother?

Me? said the train boy. I don't remember that I ever had a mother. I'm just a boy out of the streets. A street that turned me adrift is the only relative I remember. Besides, I don't have any vacations.

Didn't I hear you call one of the passengers' grandmamma? inquired the quiet man.

Yes, replied the boy. I called her that because she looks like the kind of grandmamma I would like to have. I've had my eye on her ever since she came aboard at Berkeley. She knows her feet, more comfortable. Every trip now I look out for somebody to keep a watchful eye on 'em. It makes the ride a little more pleasant for them, you know, and besides it always helps to pass away the time.

The stranger looked at the boy with a new interest.

What's your name? he asked.

Jack, said the boy, Jack Manning. He looked out of the window as he spoke. (We are just passing Ketchikan, he said. Well, strike that, though. It does me some good, too. You'll notice the bumpin' all right.

So you get no vacations? said the stranger. All work and no play must make Jack Manning a dull boy.

The train boy laughed.

Guess I ain't specially dull, he said. Besides I'm going to get what may be a good, long vacation right now.

away. This road has got through with train boys; they're all laid off. This is my last trip.

Your last trip? echoed the stranger. The words had scarcely left his lips when the car gave a sudden lurch and careened. There was a savage bump or two, and then, with a mighty crash, the car rolled over. High arose a chorus of shrill shrieks and the air was filled with blinding dust.

When the train boy got back his dazed senses he found himself crawling up the bank of the ditch. There was a bump on his head, a cut across his ear and one of his ankles was wrenched. He looked around as he wiped his gritty face.

The train had been dented and it was a bad wreck. Ahead he could see the white cloud of steam that told of the engine's position. The tender was piled above it, and behind that came the baggage and express cars and the four passenger cars, crushed against one another or lying battered and scattered along the ditch. Like so many broken toys.

Jack! called a voice. The quiet man, with his head and shoulders protruding from a window, was calling to him. Here, Jack, give me a lift. I seem to be pinned down by something.

The boy mounted the side of the crushed car, and with a steady push drew the quiet man out. My arm is twisted, said the latter, as he looked about, for I could have helped myself. He gazed around and gave a little groan. Then he seemed to Jack as if his manner suddenly changed. He straightened up, and his eyes sparkled.

We must have help at once, he cried. Do you know where we are?

The next stop is Caldwell, about three miles ahead, answered Jack.

And Hammersburg is nine miles beyond that, said the quiet man. They can make up a special train for me. Get down into the car and bring up my bag, he said, with swift abruptness.

Jack quickly climbed through the window, and a moment later passed up the handcar.

Here, he suddenly called, here's grandmamma and she's all right. Almost as he spoke the head of the lay appeared above the opening, and with a strong pull from the quiet man's sound arm she was helped down. She was quickly drawn through the car window.

She was a brave lady, and though she trembled a little her voice was firm.

There is a shady place under the tree on the bank there, she said as she looked about. Have the hurt brought up there, I will do what I can for them. I have had experience as a nurse.

I hope to have help here very soon, said the quiet man. Then he turned to the boy. Climb that telephone pole, there and cut the three wires on the lower arm. Have anything to do the cutting with?

Yes, sir, replied Jack. I've got a jack-knife that was sore and his head hummed and throbbed and it was hard climbing, but he managed to reach the bar. A moment later the severed wires fell and the quiet man drew a telegraph instrument from his bag and was sounding them. As Jack reached the ground he heard the rapid clicking.

The quiet man presently arose. An engine with doctors will leave Caldwell in five minutes, he said, and a relief train will be made up at once at Hammersburg.

Yes, sir, said Jack, the quiet man as he stared at the boy.

Only a scratch, sir. He flung his coat aside.

Waiting orders, sir, he said.

Go down the line and tell the trainmen to report to me here at once. We must go at this work in an orderly way.

Who shall I say sent me? Manager Robbins.

The boy whistled as he sped along. The new general manager, he murmured, and he's a corker. And then followed one of the hardest work the boy had ever known. He was the manager's right hand man, his messenger, his lieutenant, his faithful clerk. Through all these scenes of suffering and hurt the boy never faltered. The old woman got at him and bandaged his head and begged him to rest, but he shook his bandage at her and hurried back to the side of the quiet man. The quiet man was a man of steel, with one arm dangling by his side, gave his orders, and sent dispatches and kept an ever watchful eye on all that was done.

And then when night's shades had fallen and a merciful coolness had come with the setting of the sun, and the second relief train was about to leave and the track repairers and the wrecking crew were at work the quiet man turned to the boy and gripped his shoulder.

Well, my lad, he said, with a dry sob, we have done what we could, please God. He looked at the lad.

You have found me a hard master, he said.

You are just my style, said Master Jack a little brokenly.

Come, said the quiet man, we can go now. He leaned on Jack's shoulder as they walked toward the train. He was tired and faint. And remember, he added, with a little smile, that vacation is indefinitely postponed.

All right, sir, said Jack.

Complete Success

After Many Failures W. C. Anderson Makes His Discovery at Last.

Treated in Va'n by Five Different Doctors for Kidney Trouble Took Many Medicines Water Cure Success. Dodd's Pills Succeeded Where Other Things Failed.

Waterdale, N. B., Sept. 6.—W. C. Anderson, of this town, is a remarkable example of persistence. For years he has been trying to find a cure for his trouble, and for years he has been trying to find a cure for his trouble, and for years he has been trying to find a cure for his trouble. But he has succeeded. He has succeeded. He has succeeded.

His trouble was kidney trouble, by no means uncommon in this province. He followed the advice of five different doctors. He took many medicines. He tried the water cure. He tried Dodd's Pills. He succeeded where other things failed.

One year ago Mr. Anderson told his friends he had found a cure at last. His friends smiled and said nothing in reply. His continued hopefulness was proverbial, but everybody had long since paid little attention to the remarkable remedies he was continually discovering and subsequently proving failures. But this time it was no failure. It was Dodd's Kidney Pills.

W. C. Anderson considers himself today as successful a man as there is in New Brunswick. He has found good health after many disappointments. Dodd's Kidney Pills have raised the burden off his life. Since he cured him of every symptom of Kidney Disease, and he acknowledges he owes his success to them.

The woman who goes shopping makes counter charges against her husband.

Moses came early, but he was unable to avoid the rashes.

RAILWAY SMASHUP.

Dallas, Texas, Sept. 5.—A Texas & Pacific freight train crashed through a Gulf, Colorado, & Santa Fe passenger train, at the crossing of the roads in the eastern part of the city late this afternoon.

The combination baggage and express car was cut in two, and the body of Mall Clerk A. E. Jackson of Waco, Texas, was found buried in the cab of the freight engine, which was overturned and badly wrecked.

The two front cars, loaded with horses and mules, were demolished, killed between 15 and 20 of the animals.

Engineer and fireman of the freight narrowly escaped with their lives. None of the passengers were hurt. The cause of the wreck is not known.

Paine's Celery Compound

IS A BLESSING TO SUFFERING WOMEN.

Mrs. Etie Hurd, of Summerville, N.S., Tells How She Banished Nervous Prostration, Sleepless Nights, and Debility.

Thousands of Thankful and Happy Women Owe their Present Good Health to PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, Gentlemen,—I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful curing medicine, Paine's Celery Compound, from which I have derived such direct benefits, after suffering from nervous prostration, sleeplessness and general debility. I first used one bottle and was greatly improved; I afterwards used other two bottles, and find myself quite well. I wish to recommend Paine's Celery Compound to others, because where sickness prevails so that health may be restored.

Yours faithfully,
ETTIE HURD.

Remember that in making character for yourself you are making character for posterity.

Valuable Advice to Rheumatics.

Eat meat sparingly, and take very little sugar. Avoid damp food, drink water abundantly, and always rely on Paine's Celery Compound, an absolute reliever of rheumatic pains. Being five times stronger than other remedies, its power over pain is simply beyond belief. Buy a large 25 cent bottle to test, test it, and see if this is not so. Paine's Celery Compound always cures rheumatism.

We are doing a great deal toward making ourselves look old and ugly when we give way to worry and fretfulness.—Ruskin.

Out of the shadow.

The discouragement, the despair of ill-health, out into the noon-tide glory of health, vigor and strength. You wish to replace weakness by strength, despondency by hope and expectation, pale cheeks and listless eyes, by the roses' bloom and sparkling eyes. If you buy an Energon, you will make rich red blood, your nerves will grow strong. Old time vigor will return and with it endurance that will enable you to live an active, energetic and successful life. Remember the name, Energon. Sold by McCall & Co.

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility.—John Ruskin.

NO HOME should be without it. Pain-Killer, the best all-around medicine ever made. Used as a liniment for bruises and swellings. Internally for colds, coughs and diarrhoea. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

NOT SO EASY.

Rox—It's easy to win a woman's love; just give her all the money she wants.

Blox—You don't call that easy, do you?

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Moses came early, but he was unable to avoid the rashes.

SANTAL-MIDY

Standard remedy for Syphilis, Gonorreia and all Runny Discharges in 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

COUNTERFEIT BILLS.

An Easy Method by Which They May Be Detected.

"Talking of counterfeiters puts me in mind of one, a notorious rascal, who was caught not long ago in this city while at his nefarious trade," said the ex-treasury official. "The paper money this man produced was absolutely perfect in every detail but one thing, and it seems strange that a man of his knowledge and experience of the art of counterfeiting should not have known it."

Here the treasury official took a \$1 bill from his pocket. It was new and crisp, and he pointed out a distinctive letter C on the right under the bill's number and another down in the other corner.

"Now," he continued, "I don't suppose there are ten men in a hundred outside the treasury department who know that these seemingly unnecessary letters are on United States bills. And even if they had noticed them I am willing to bet that not one of them could tell what they signify."

Handing another bill to the reporter, the ex-treasury man asked him to read the last four figures. They were 5321. The treasury man said almost instantly, "The letter on that bill is A," which was correct.

Half a dozen other bills were produced, and when the treasury man was told the last four figures of their numbers he was able to tell with lightning rapidity, what letter would be found on each bill. In each case the letter was either A, B, C or D.

"The explanation is simple," said he. "If you take the last four figures of the number on any bill, no matter what its denomination, and divide them by four, you will have a remainder of 0, 1, 2 or 3. If the remainder is zero, the letter on the bill will be D. If it is 1, the letter will be A; if it is 2, the letter will be B, and if it is 3 the letter will be C."

"This is one of the many precautions taken by the government against counterfeiters. You can tell instantly whether a bill is bad or good by making that test. I wouldn't give a 5 cent piece for a \$1,000 bill unless I could see the letter. If its little letters did not correspond with the remainder obtained by dividing the last four figures of its number by 4."

WRITERS AND PAINTERS.

Miss Beatrice Harnden sold the copyright of "Ships That Pass in the Night" for \$100, having no idea that the book had been so successful.

Edwin Abbey was painting in London for ten years before he had a picture hung in the academy and began his work as a newspaper illustrator.

Smith's Grand war is years old before she went to school. She made up for lost time afterward in most things, but never learned the art of penmanship.

Mark Twain, replying to an inquiring citizen of Chicago, wrote that the origin of the Doctor in "The Innocent Abroad" was Dr. A. Reeves Jackson, one of Chicago's most prominent citizens, who died in 1892.

Then's start as a dramatist was made early in life when he began, in his teens, the study of medicine. He then chanced to read "Sallust" and was so taken with the character of Catiline that he wrote a play on the subject.

Longfellow was one of the poets of the last century to whom the making of speeches was a terror. In a letter in the Arnold collection he says of the first speech he ever made: "I shall be the last. It was only an inch long, but while it lasted it cast a shadow over my life for three days."

A "Saint Sebastian" by Titian and a portrait of the Archduchess Eleonora of Austria, queen of Hungary, by Velasquez have been discovered in Gorizia, between Venice and Trieste, Professor Cantalamessa, director of the Venetian museum, is sure that the Titian is genuine and declares it a masterpiece.

Natural Curiosity.

There are bad bargains that we remember, sometimes with regret and often a little bitter amusement. Says Mrs. E. D. Gillette in her "Boys of Remembrance":

My father had taken some land in Illinois for a bad debt, and this he had never visited. After he had paid taxes on it for several years he was asked to sell the tract. He agreed to do it and named the price, which was the sum he had paid for it without the taxes.

The deeds were scarcely signed when Mr. Father found out that Peoria was growing up on the spot. He was naturally disappointed at what seemed the ill luck of the occurrence, but several years after the annoyance was wrought off his mind. A man came to his office and asked:

"Are you W. J. Duane?"

"Yes."

"Did you own the site of the city of Peoria?"

"Yes."

"Did you sell it for \$500?"

"Yes."

The man rose from his chair.

"Good by," said he. "I only thought I'd like to look at you."

A Choice of Three Things.

Another edition of make jokes that would hardly pass muster in Great Britain, says an English paper. One of them recently going the circuit arrived at a town where a clean charge sheet was presented for his acceptance, accompanied, of course, with the inevitable pair of white gloves. Having accepted the gift, he returned thanks in these terms:

"This proves that either the district possesses an unusually high standard of morality or that there is nothing in it worth stealing or for the police are not active enough to catch criminals."

Leaving his hearers in doubt as to which of the three alternatives he personally favored, the judge smiled sweetly at the local head of the police force and retired from the bench.

Animals and Pains.

A correspondent furnishes some curious instances of the apparent lack of highly developed powers of feeling pain in animals. He has, he says, seen a sparrow shot flying full to the ground and in less than two minutes begin picking up grains that happened to be lying near it. On another occasion a tame rabbit was deprived by a sparrow of its tail, bone and skin, but not the slightest notice of its loss and began feeding again directly it returned to its hutch.

Slim.

First Freak—Were you present at the living skeleton reunion?
Living Skeleton—Yes.
First Freak—How was the attendance?
Living Skeleton—Slim.—Ohio State Journal.

A Run Down System

SHOWS THAT THE BLOOD AND NERVES NEED TONING UP.

This Condition Causes More Genuine Suffering Than One Can Imagine—How a Well Known Exeter Lady Obtained a Cure After She Had Begun to Regard Her Condition as Hopeless.

From the Advocate, Exeter, Ont.

"A run down system" What a world of misery those few words imply, and yet there are thousands throughout this country who are suffering from this condition. Their blood is poor and watery; they suffer for almost continuously from headaches; are unable to obtain restful sleep and the least exertion greatly fatigues them. What is needed to put the system right is a tonic and experience has proved Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be the only never-failing tonic and health restorer.

Mrs. Henry Parsons, a respected resident of Exeter, Ont., was one of the many who have tested and proved the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For many months she was a great sufferer from what is commonly termed "a run down system." To a reporter of the Advocate she gave the following story in the hope that other sufferers might benefit from her experience. "For many months I no longer suffer from a run down system, my constitution being greatly run down. I was troubled with continual headaches, my appetite was poor and the least exertion greatly fatigued me. I consulted a physician but his treatment did not appear to benefit me and I gradually became worse, so that I could hardly attend to my household duties, and then tried several advertised remedies but without result, and I began to regard my condition as hopeless. A neighbor called to see me one day and urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having tried so many medicines without receiving benefit, I was not easily persuaded, but finally I consented to give the pills a trial. My husband and I both greatly enjoyed an improvement in my condition before I had finished the first box and by the time I had taken four boxes of the pills I was fully restored to health. I could go about my household duties without the least trouble; in fact I feel like a new woman. All this I owe to that best of all medicines, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would strongly urge other sufferers to give them a trial.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized by the world over as the best blood and nerve tonic, and it is this power of acting directly on the blood and nerves which enable these pills to cure such diseases as locomotor ataxia, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, scurvy, neuritis, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a gripple, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The best education in this world is that got by struggling to make a living.—Wendell Phillips.

There are some women who seem to be perennially youthful. The grown daughters are companions as well as children, and the color in the mother's cheeks, the brightness in her eyes, the roundness of her form, all speak of abounding health. What is her secret? She is at the middle age of life, when many women are worn, wasted and faded, and yet time has only ripened her charms. The secret of this matrimonial health and beauty may be told in the brief phrase, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The general health of woman is so intimately related to the local health of the delicate womanly organs that where these are diseased the whole body must suffer. "Favorite Prescription" dries the debilitating drains, heals alteration and inflammation, cures female weakness and imparts to the delicate female organs natural vigor and vitality. Women who have lost their health and their beauty have been made "robust and rosy cheeks" by the use of this marvelous medicine.

Sensible people judge a man not so much by his position as by the manner in which he fills it.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—For some years I have had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used every remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use, and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored.

R. W. HARRISON.

Glamis, Ont.

If you are getting discouraged about your work read Psalm 28 and Galatians 6, 7-9.

A Knock Out For Asthma.

You have had many disappointments, filled your stomach with nasty drugs, tried all sorts of things, but they all failed. Not being a stomach complaint, of course Asthma can't be cured by stomach medicine. But Catarrhones cures Asthma; it gives it a tired feeling in about fifteen minutes. Inhaled Catarrhones; it makes breathing easy, cures the cough, makes you well. Doctors say there is nothing like Catarrhones for Asthma.

Minard's Liniment—Lumberman's Friend.

LAKE ERIE & DETROIT RIVER RAILWAY			
Corrected to July 15th, 1901			
From	Express	Mixed	Express
Niagara Falls	8.00 a. m.	8.15 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Leamington	8.15 a. m.	8.30 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Kingville	8.30 a. m.	8.45 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Walkerville	8.45 a. m.	9.00 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Albion	9.00 a. m.	9.15 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Dundee	9.15 a. m.	9.30 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
St. Thomas	9.30 a. m.	9.45 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Dresden	9.45 a. m.	10.00 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Wallaceburg	10.00 a. m.	10.15 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Sarnia	10.15 a. m.	10.30 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Rondan	10.30 a. m.	10.45 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
LEAVE			
Rondan	7.50 a. m.	8.15 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Band Concert (Tuesday and Friday)	7.15		
Cottages (Saturday) leave 9.00 a. m.			

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Will run another of the popular excursions to the

Pan-American

Railroad Day, Sept. 14

Tickets good going all regular trains, Sept. 13, returning Sept. 14 at following fares:—

From Chatham, \$3.25.

" Lewistown, \$3.10.

" Thamesville, \$3.05.

" Bothwell, \$2.90.

" Newbury, \$2.85.

" Guelph, \$2.75.

" Brantford, \$2.65.

Engraved souvenir admission tickets to the exhibition will be sold for 50 cents by agent at starting points. For further information apply to W. E. BUSEY, City Ticket Agent, 115 King St., Chatham.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

TO BUFFALO FROM CHATHAM

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC

FOR WESTERN FAIR, London, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

FOR WESTERN FAIR, London, Ont.

September 5th to 14th, 1901

Will Issue Return Tickets.

Chatham to London

Sept. 10th & 12th. Sept. 6, 7, 8, 9, 11 & 13

\$1.55 \$1.95

All tickets good for return up to and including Sept. 16th. Judges and exhibitors can purchase return tickets at single first class fares, from Sept. 2 to 14th inclusive; good for return until Sept. 18th, 1901, on presentation of certificate signed by Secretary.

SPECIAL TRAIN WILL Leave Chatham Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th

Leave Chatham 8.00 a. m.

" Arkwood 8.08 a. m.

" Kent Bridge 8.13 a. m.

" N. Thamesville 8.21 a. m.

" N. Bothwell 8.35 a. m.

" N. Newbury 8.44 a. m.

" N. Guelph 8.57 a. m.

" Appleton 9.08 a. m.

" Carleton Place 9.25 a. m.

" Komoka 9.31 a. m.

" Melrose 9.37 a. m.

" Hyde Park 9.42 a. m.

Arr. London, Que. St. 10.55 a. m.

On Sept. 11th and 12th only special train will leave London, Quebec street at 7 p. m., for Chatham and intermediate stations.

For tickets and full particulars, apply to any agent, or W. H. Harper, City Agent, Chatham.

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