

VE US L FOR SHOES

369A and we will
deliver your
day if required.

Shoe Repair

S. WADE

Street East.

LEGAL.

A. A. CAMPBELL, B.
Solicitor, Notary Public
Collector. Money to lend
on collections prompt.
Office over the
Ingersoll.

MEDICAL.

M.D. B.S., M.D., C.
L.M.C.C. Licentiate of
Ontario Medical Council
over old Royal Bank
and King. Office
from 1 to 3 and 7 to
9 p.m. 2 to 4 p.m. Phone
318. House 318A.

MacDONALD, HONOR.
Dentist, late House Sur-
geon. Office hours 9 to 10.30,
11 and 7 to 8.30 p.m.
280, Ing. phone 387.

PHYSICIAN & OSTEOPATHY.

Dr. GRADUATE DRUG-
gist. Specialist in nervous
and diseases peculiar
to the spine. Office and residence
at 218, Ing. phone 9-11 a.m.
7-9 p.m., Ing. phone

DENTIST.

DR. L.D.S., D.D.S., D.D.S.
Dentist in all the branches
of dentistry. Office at children's
Royal Bank Building,
phone 1802.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLE. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY GOING WEST

*Detroit & Chicago Express 4.37 a.m.
*Accommodation 10.02 a.m.
*Chicago Express 10.37 a.m.
*Detroit & Chicago Express 10.51 a.m.
*Toronto to London 4.57 p.m.
*Buffalo to Chicago 7.41 p.m.
*International Limited 8.24 p.m.
*Mail 9.55 p.m.

GOING EAST

New York Express 12.57 a.m.
*Buffalo & New York Exp. 6.39 a.m.
*Mail 8.03 a.m.
*Ontario Limited 9.30 a.m.
*Toronto & Buffalo Ex. 12.50 p.m.
*Day Express 2.31 p.m.
New York Express 4.56 p.m.
Eastern Flyer 7.36 p.m.
*Run daily except Sunday.

*Does Not stop at Ingersoll only to let
passengers off from Buffalo and
east thereof.
*Stops at Ingersoll only to let pas-
sengers off from Kingston and East
thereof.

A. Macaulay, Town Agent.

F. N. Burke, Station Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Going East 6.32 a.m.
Going West 11.03 a.m.
Going West 7.33 p.m.
Ar. from Pt. Burwell 9.10 a.m.
Ar. from Pt. Burwell 5.15 p.m.
Going South 11.10 a.m.
Going South 7.40 p.m.

INGERSOLL NORTH

Arrive 8.55 a.m.
Depart 9.55 a.m.
Arrive 5.50 p.m.
Depart 7.00 p.m.

Jas. Enright, Station Agent.

Geo. Sutherland, Town Agent.

INGERSOLL POST OFFICE.

The following are the hours of de-
parture of mails from Ingersoll Post
Office

G. T. R. Going East.

8.03 a.m. mail closes here at 7.30 a.m.
9.03 a.m. mail closes here at 8.30 a.m.
12.50 p.m. mail closes here at 12.15 p.m.
All trains daily except Sunday.

Going West.

10.30 a.m. mail closes here at 9.40 a.m.
9.55 p.m. mail closes here at 8.30 p.m.

Mails C. P. R.

11.04 a.m. mail closes here 10.30 a.m.

Going East.

6.30 p.m. mail closes here at 4.56 p.m.

Stages.

Bayham-Arrives 9.30 a.m.; closes
10.30 a.m.
All Royal Routes close here at 10.30
a.m. They comprise Routes Nos. 1,
2, 3, 4, and 5.

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.

Third boat sails via New York on
Saturday. Mail closes here Thursday
at 8.30 p.m.

A WANT AD. THOUGHT
FOR TO-DAY.

Want advertising, when used
in a business way, is the sil-
ent salesman that tells the
public what the advertiser
wants them to know. It is also
an insurance policy against
them forgetting. A frequent in-
jection of advertising stimulat-
es the heart of business.

The BLACK BOX by E. Phillips Oppenheim

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal
Film Manufacturing Company.

She leaned towards him, a torrent of
words streaming from her lips. The
professor answered her in her own lan-
guage. She listened to him with an amaze-
ment. The anger passed. She held out
both her hands. The professor still
argued. She shook her head. Finally
he placed some gold in her palms. She
patted him on the cheek, laughed into
his eyes, pointed behind and resumed
her dance. The ankle remained in the
professor's hand.

"Say, we'll get out of this," Quest
said. "The girls have had enough."
The professor made no objection.
"Congratulations," he said. "I have
been a collector of Egyptian gold orna-
ments all my life. This is the one
anklet I needed to complete my collec-
tion. It has the double mark of the
Pharaohs. I recognized it at once.
There are a thousand like it, you
would think in the bazaars there. In
reality there may be, perhaps, a dozen
more in all Egypt which are genuine."
They all looked at one another.
Their relief had grown too poignant
for words.

"Early start tomorrow," Quest re-
minded them.

Lemora, a few nights later, looked
down from the star-strewn sky which
seemed suddenly to have dropped so
much nearer to them, to the shadows
thrown across the desert by the dan-
cing flames of their fire.

Laura rose to her feet.

"Say, I'm going to get a drink," she
announced.

The dragonman who had been hover-
ing around, bowed gravely and pointed
towards the water bottles.

She took the horn cup from the
dragonman.

"Have some yourself, if you want
to," Hassan said.

Hassan bowed gravely, filled a cup
and drank it off. He stood for a mo-
ment perfectly still, as though some-
thing were coming over him which he
failed to understand. Then his lips
parted, his eyes for a moment seemed
to glow from out of his dusky skin.

He threw up his arms and fell over on
his side. Laura, who had only stepped
her cup, threw it from her. She, too,
reeled for a moment. The professor
and Quest came running up, attracted
by Lemora's shriek.

"They're poisoned!" she cried.

"The Voodoo!" Quest shouted.

"My God! Pull yourself together,
Laura. Hold up for a minute."

He dashed back to their little en-
campment and reappeared almost im-
mediately. He threw Laura's head
back and forced some liquid down her
throat.

"It's camphor!" he cried. "You'll be
all right, Laura. Hold on to yourself."

He swung round to where the dragon-
man was lying, forced his mouth open,
but it was too late—the man was dead.

He returned to Laura. She stumbled to
her feet. She was pale, and drops
of perspiration were standing on her
forehead. She was able to rise to her
feet, however, without assistance.

"I am all right now," she declared.

Quest felt her pulse and her fore-
head. They moved back to the fire.

"We are within a dozen miles or so
of the Mongar village," Quest said
grimly. "Do you suppose that fellow
could have been watching?"

They all talked together for a time
in low voices. The professor was in-

German Generals in every issue.

It is said that Von Bissing himself
still receives a special copy with exas-
perating regularity, and invariably
the Governor finds it on top of all the
other papers on his desk.

The Governor first promised a prize
of 25,000 francs (\$5,000) to any per-
son who would betray the names of
the editors and publishers, and the
prize was raised to 50,000 francs
(\$10,000) and then to 75,000 francs
(\$15,000), but in vain.

One of the recent issues of the
paper, copies of which even reach
Paris, repeats the story told by the
famous English war correspondent,
Russell of the Times, who followed
the Prussian army in 1870, about the
destruction of the chateau with a
German officer named Strauts. A few
moments before the chateau was set
afire, Strauts exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I am the last com-
mandant of Saint Cloud. For the very
last time, we will visit the magni-
ficent apartments. We will throw a
last glance at them, and in order that
they may forever remain in our mem-
ory we will each take along a sou-
venir. Take whatever you want—
wines, paintings, or books, whatever
you like."

Russell adds: "I went inside with
Lieutenant von Bissing and Major
von Glass, and when they saw that I
carried away nothing they insisted
that I must do so. I explained to
them that my position was different,
and that I could not take what had
not been offered to me."

"Then you ought to have seen what
happened. From all sides gifts pour-
ed in on me, gifts so magnificent that
it would take the author of the Ara-
bian Nights to describe them."

The "Libre Belgique" identifies
this von Bissing as the present Gov-
ernor of Belgium who was born in
1844, and who served as a Lieuten-
ant in the Prussian army in 1870.

A KNOCKOUT BLOW.

Curious Experience of a Boxer Who
Got One, Yet Fought On.

Many and varied stories are told of
boxing, but few are better than that
describing the nauseating effect of a
knockout blow. Some blows deprive
the victim of all sense of surroundings,
but leave him power to continue the
contest. He boxes in a mechanical
way and is oblivious of all things tak-
ing place around him.

A queer freak of this nature hap-
pened in Apollo hall, Chicago, more
than fifteen years ago. Andy Daly, a
Boston lightweight, was boxing Joe
Galligan, an Italian boxer of Chicago,
the decision to be given at the end of
six rounds. Daly was a clever boxer
with a good punch, while Galligan, al-
though he could not boast of the cle-
verness of his opponent, had a danger-
ous right hand blow. For four rounds
Daly had the better of the contest.

Early in the fifth session the Boston
lightweight became careless, and Gal-
ligan, taking advantage of an opening,
sent over his right to Daly's jaw. The
clever boxer took the count of eight,
sat up, rubbed his eyes, regained his
feet and finished the round. He con-
tinued the sixth session, displaying no
ill effects as a result of the blow. Gal-
ligan made a strong finish, but Daly
gave blow for blow and won a draw.

Daly went to his dressing room and
put on his street clothes. Emil Thiry,
who managed Packey McFarland, was
manager of Daly then and was with
him after the contest. Just before they
left the room Daly called Thiry to him
and said:

"Now, Emil, I'm going to ask you a
question, and I don't want you to laugh
at me. It's no laughing matter with
me at all. You'll think it strange, I
suppose, but this is what I want to
know: Who won the fight?"

"Which fight?" Thiry asked in sur-
prise.

"My fight, of course," Daly retorted.
"Why, it was a draw and you did
well after that fifth round." Thiry
answered. "Didn't you hear the de-
cision?"

"I don't remember a thing after the
fourth round," Daly answered. "The
reason I went into that other room
just now was to overheat something
about the bout without having to ask
any questions. Nobody said anything,
and that is why I had to ask you. I
was afraid I had been knocked out."

New York Times.

GOOD WORK FOR SICK WOMEN

The Woman's Medicine Has
Proved Its Worth.

When Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies
were first introduced, their curative
powers were doubted and