

FATHER THOUGHT CHILD WOULD DIE

Suffered with Cuban Itch, and Sores Covered Body from Head to Foot—Would Claw Himself and Cry All the Time—Could Not Be Dressed—Mother Advised to Try the Cuticura Remedies.

CURED BY CUTICURA AT EXPENSE OF 75c.

My little boy in the Spring of 1901, when only an infant of three months, caught the Cuban Itch from one of my neighbor's babies.

Some broke out from his head to the bottom of his feet, and he would not sleep day or night. I had to wash him in his carriage most all the while to keep him from scratching himself. He would not sleep day or night. I had to wash him in his carriage most all the while to keep him from scratching himself. He would not sleep day or night. I had to wash him in his carriage most all the while to keep him from scratching himself.

Remedy friend told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a bottle of Cuticura Ointment, and I washed him all over with the Cuticura Soap and applied the Cuticura Ointment and he at once fell into a sleep, and he slept with ease for the first time since two months. When he awoke I applied it again, and it cured him. I was so glad that I wrote to the Cuticura Remedies Co. and told them that I had cured my baby with Cuticura. I would have gladly paid \$100.00 for the cure. The treatment only cost me 75c. and I would have gladly paid \$100.00 for the cure. The treatment only cost me 75c. and I would have gladly paid \$100.00 for the cure.

Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Mfrs., Dept. 1, Buffalo, N. Y. Cuticura Remedies Co., 150 N. 2nd St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Others Equally Guilty.

May Be Further Enquiry Into Case of G. T. R. Conductor.

Toronto, May 16.—A communication from Justice Riddell was received by the Attorney-General's Department yesterday, recommending that further enquiries be made in the case of G. T. R. Conductor Thompson, who was sentenced to three years in penitentiary for neglecting his duty and thereby causing an accident on the line.

The judge does not suggest that there should be any amelioration of Thompson's sentence, but without mentioning any name, he intimates that there were officials who should have seen to it that Thompson should not work a longer period in the day than the legal number of hours, and the inference to be drawn from his letter is that these parties are as deserving of punishment as Thompson.

The communication had not reached Premier Whitney, who during Mr. Foy's absence is acting Attorney-General, so that nothing has been decided as yet as to the course the department will adopt in the matter.

CARUSO DROPS APPEAL.

Has Paid \$10 Fine Imposed For Pinching Woman.

New York, May 16.—Endico Caruso, leading tenor in the Metropolitan Opera House, who was convicted of having annoyed Mrs. Hannah Graham in the monkey-house in Central Park, and fined \$10, will take his next steps to fight his conviction. His lawyers have withdrawn their notice of appeal to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, and Tuesday paid the fine. Caruso was tried before Magistrate Baker, and although Mrs. Graham did not appear as a witness, the magistrate held that he was guilty. An appeal was taken to the General Sessions Court, which upheld the magistrate.

It takes more than an amateur gardener to raise hops.

STOMACH TROUBLES

To wrong action of the stomach and impaired digestion a host of diseases owe their origin.

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body, and then stomach troubles start to appear.

Thus you become thin, weak, nervous, and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vigor are lost and in their place come dizziness, drowsiness, loss of appetite, depression and languor. The great point is you get the stomach back into good shape again so it can properly digest the food, and the easiest, quickest and best way to do it is by the use of

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Miss Lizzie Furlott, Jaquet River, N.B., writes: "I was very much troubled with my stomach and did not know what to do. I consulted several doctors, got medicine from them, but all to no purpose, and was constantly growing worse. One day I had the good luck to meet with a friend who had been troubled in the same way as myself. My friend told me of the wonderful cure Burdock Blood Bitters had made with her and advised me to try a bottle. I did so, and what a happy change! I took two more and I am completely cured, and I shall ever sing the praises of B.B.B."

Price \$1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for \$5.00.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff

BEAUTY OF GRATITUDE

FAILURE TO APPRECIATE DAILY BLESSINGS IS A COMMON SIN.

THANKFULNESS IS OUR DUTY

On Life's Journey Many Kindnesses Are Needed—Too Often They Are Soon Forgotten—Thanksgiving Is Neglected—Story of the Lepers—Joyful Service the Highest Form of Praise.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1907, by Frederick Dyer, Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 12.—In this sermon the preacher calls attention to the universally prevalent sin of ingratitude, as shown in our lack of appreciation of many blessings that come into our daily lives. The text is Luke xvii, 15, "And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back and with a loud voice glorified God."

Travelers tell us that in one of the eastern states there is a high mountain range and to go from one part of this state to the other you must climb those mountains. The upward pathway bends and winds, now steeply arched by trees, now under the shadow of some overhanging cliff, but still onward and upward. The weary traveler, panting and puffing, is too exhausted to look back and see the beautiful valley he has left behind. He keeps saying to himself, "Oh, if I were only at the top, then the rest of my journey would be easy."

Suddenly the trees ahead of him abruptly cease and instead of overtopping branches he sees the blue sky rimming the top of the mountain. With a final spurt he reaches the top. There, much to his surprise, upon the summit he finds a rude bench of stone upon which has been carved these words, "Rest and be thankful." Yes, traveler, rest and be thankful that the hardest part of your journey is over. But also rest and be thankful because some good kind brother has made you the stone bench upon which you can rest your weary limbs and aching back. If the time should ever come when you can meet that thoughtful brother who made that seat and chiseled that invitation upon the top of yonder mountain, tell him how much his work was appreciated. Tell him that the bench of stone not only gave you physical rest but that his words reminded you of a duty.

How much harder our lot would be if there were not some people considerate and kind to weary travelers on life's journey! Some people take the kindness gratefully, while others need the admonition, "Be thankful."

An American art student in Paris tells of meeting his landlady at some distance from home with her bread basket upon her arm. She was going to the bakery to get her rolls and bread for the day. He asked her, "Why do you go so far for your bread every day? Does the baker where you make better bread than any other baker in Paris?" "No," answered the woman, "he does not make better bread. The reason I cross the Seine every day to buy my bread at monsieur's is because a few years ago my husband was thrown out of work, and I was very sick. We had no money in the house, yet for weeks this baker trusted us, and kept us supplied with bread. Had it not been for his goodness my husband and children might have starved. As he cared for us when we had nothing, I must not forget his kindness now that we have money." To be thankful means to be "thoughtful."

That means so to train our grateful memories that we will never forget the kindness of those who have helped us in the dark days of our past struggles.

The hero of my text is a "thankful" man, a "thoughtful" man, a man who would not if he could and could not if he would forget the priceless blessing which Jesus had conferred upon him. For years this man had been a leper, a leper who was repulsive, loathsome, and feared by all. His mother and sisters had fled from him as they would from a mad dog. His wife and children, if he had a wife and children, had deserted him. He was a leper, a leper who was repulsive, loathsome, and feared by all. His mother and sisters had fled from him as they would from a mad dog. His wife and children, if he had a wife and children, had deserted him.

One day, with nine other lepers with whom he was associating, he stood upon the hillside and saw Jesus and the multitudes passing by. By the strange law of the leper world, which gathers information from every source, these ten lepers learned that it was Jesus, the miracle worker. So these ten lepers begin to cry out at the top of their voices for divine help. Again and again they call, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!" Christ turns toward them, as he always turns at the call for help, and practically says: "Yes, I will cure you of your horrible, infectious disease. Go show yourselves unto the priests." And it came to pass that as they went they were cleansed.

No sooner did this leper of my text feel the scales drop off his body and the blood of health course through his veins than at once he cried: "I am well! I am well! I must go back at once and thank the Lord for what he has done for me." And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back and with a loud voice glorified God and fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks, and he was a Samaritan. We respect that man, and we have a poor opinion of those other nine who went on without giving thanks. But the incident has a lesson for us. We have received many blessings from God. Are we like the cleansed Jewish lepers who went forward ungratefully or like the Samaritan who "turned back and glorified God?"

Like the cleansed leper of my text, let us thank God for our physical health. Let us thank God that we have food enough to eat. More than this, let us thank God for a good digestion with which to eat food. How many of us who have perfect health forget to thank God for a good pair of

lungs and the steady nerves and for a regular heart, for good teeth, for good eyes and a good pair of legs upon which to walk! How many of us omit to thank God when we get up in the morning that the joints of our bodies do not squeak on account of rheumatism, like an old rusty hinge which has not been moved for many years! When we go to bed at night, do we thank God that we can go there to sleep and not have to toss hour after hour until at last we cannot endure the suffering any more and we have to arise and light the gas and go to reading in order to distract our irritating thoughts? In other words, do we thank God that we have health and strength? Too often we neglect to do so until we have learned by pain and suffering the blessings we have lost. You who have suffered like the leper of my text or like scores and hundreds of us who have passed through years of pain and weakness then you know why I put the blessing of physical health in the forefront of this sermon.

Have you never by personal experience been able to picture the distress of this poor leper of my text before he was compelled to confess himself a hopeless leper? I have often. I have sometimes imagined him one of the stalwart men of the East, a healthy young man, and then marry. He has a beautiful home, a dear wife and a couple of lovely children. All that is possible to make a young man's life happy as his. But one day while taking a walk he sees a little white spot just over his left shoulder. He does not think much of it at first. He tries to rub it away, but it will not rub off. Then in a week or two he sees that this small white spot is growing a little larger. He tries to wash it with a rough towel, but it will not rub out. Now he begins to have his suspicions. His face takes on a worried look. He does not tell any one, even his wife. Now he cannot sleep well at night. He becomes cross and irritable. One night his wife misses him from his room. She goes to find out where he is gone. She finds him in the next room bending over the sleeping children. He is weeping and wringing his hands, saying, "Oh, who will look after these children after I am gone?" "What is the matter, husband?" she says. "You are not going to leave the babies, are you?" Is anything the matter? He says, "Nothing, nothing," for he dare not tell her the truth. Then he feels himself gradually growing weaker and weaker.

One day he faints dead away. When the servants undress him to put him to bed, they find out his true condition. He is a leper, a doomed leper. Then they drive him out from the home. They drive him out from the habitations of man. They drive him out to live and die among the lepers. Thus you can see how grateful that leper ought to have been when Jesus brushed away the fatal scales of leprosy from off his breast and arms and neck and forehead. Do you wonder that that leper returned to thank God for his physical health?

Ought not hundreds of us to thank God for our restored physical health? Some of us well remember the day when we never expected to be strong and well, as we are now. Perhaps your physical history has been that of many. Perhaps we came up to twenty or twenty-five years of age and never knew what it was to have an ache or a pain. Then disease, like a creeping paralysis, got hold of us. Then our health came back to us almost as miraculously as did the restored health of the ancient leper. We felt as one snatched from the tomb. Like the leper of old, are you grateful to God for that restored physical health? Remember there was a day when you would gladly have given every dollar you owned to be physically well as you are to-day. Now, are you glorifying God, like the leper of old, for your restored physical health? Oh, for the inestimable blessings of a sound physical body! Who would dare to keep silent lips when God has thus blessed him with a sound physical frame?

But next to the blessing of physical health, for what do you suppose the leper of old thanked Jesus? Do you suppose that cleansed leper kept kneeling at Jesus' feet, saying, "Master, Master, I can never thank thee enough! I will never leave thee! I will always stay by thy side if thou wilt only let me." No, I do not believe that leper did any such thing. I do not believe he stayed with Christ very long. I think he ran to Christ to give him his thanks. Then he said, "Master, I want to run home and see my wife and children and father and mother, and all my dear ones. Oh, I want to tell them what you have done for me. I want to take them in my arms and kiss them, just as I used to do before these fatal scales came upon my breast." Then I think Jesus said, "Go, my son, go, and tell your dear ones the glad news. I have given them to you to love just as I have given you your physical health." Now I see that cleansed leper running toward his old home. I hear him say as he goes, "Jesus has given me back my father and mother and brothers and sisters and wife and little children. Thank God for my restored home! Thank God!" As you thank God to-day for your physical health, are you also thanking Him for the sanctity and the purity and the love of your domestic circle?

Do you thank him for your babies' cries? Do you thank him for your wife's tender, gentle companionship? Do you thank God because your old mother is yet alive and that she is ever thinking and planning and praying for her boy, no matter where she is? Do you thank God because your dear ones' joys are your joys and because your sorrows of life are lessened by their willingness to help you share them? Have you ever thanked God for the infinite joy he has given you to live and working for the treasured members of the home circle? Ah, yes, we appreciate our dear ones when God takes one of them from us. Why do we not and why can we not appreciate our loved ones when they are by our side? Is any of them should have gone before we should think of death simply as a transition, a going from one group of loved ones to another group of loved ones. Can you not thank God for the

wife, the mother, the father, the sister, the brother, the child of the family circle? Can you not, like the leper of old, thank God for the purity and the love of the domestic fireside? But no sooner did this cleansed leper reach his home and clasp his dear wife and children and loved ones in his arms than at once the news began to spread. It flew like a white-winged messenger of joy from house to house. "Have you heard the news?" asked one neighbor of another. "Why, God for long lost friend has been cleansed of his leprosy. Come, let us go up and give our hand of love and join this happy family circle. Oh, the good news; the good news! Come, let us go up and tell how we have mourned for him and how we glory in his wonderful cure." Then I think the neighbors spoke to each other. Now I see them hastening to the home. Some knock and others rush right in. These neighbors squeeze his hand; they pat his cheek; they laugh and pull for joy. Can you, O man, thank God for your many friends who are living under the shadow of your home to-day?

When we were sick did not our friends come in to nurse us and to bring the delicacies? When we lost a limb and the undertaker hung the black pall over our door, have not our loving, sympathetic friends come in to stand by our side at the casket? If we were honest and true, have they not always been willing to come to our assistance? Have they not always been ready to give us their sympathy as well as in times of joy? I once read of an old Danish captain who gave battle to an English frigate. After the battle had been raging for some time a flag of truce was raised, and the old captain in a row-boat pulled over to the English frigate and made this strange request. He said: "My powder has run out. Will you please furnish me some of your powder, and we will continue to fight?" Well, no one ever heard of a man going to an enemy for help, but we have heard of his going to his friends. Ah, yes, our friends in the past have helped us again and again and again! Thank God for your friends! Thank God for noble, true-hearted, brave, self-sacrificing friends!

Again, this cleansed leper must have been thankful that the doors of the temple were once more opened to give him a welcome to the altar of God. In olden times, leprosy was looked upon as the symbol of heinous sin. Thus the poor leper not only felt that he was barred from the temple, but also from communion with God. Methinks I can see these lepers some Sabbath day gathering upon one of the hillsides near to Jerusalem. The service is going on within the sacred walls. The music, which cannot be hindered by the lepers, drifts through the portal and, like a bird, soars over the hills. The poor lepers are listening to the sweet psalms. As the choir sings, they think of the time when they used to gather in the temple with the worshippers. And methinks I can see the tears rain down their parched cheeks as they weep and cry: "O Lord, why hast thou shut me out from thy love? Why am I barred from thy holy worship? With thou never again speak to me in tones of pity and forgiveness, my past sins?" Then when Jesus cured the poor sick man of his leprosy, he seemed to say: "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee! Thou art welcome now to join in public worship. Thy name may now go into the temple and sing God's praises. Though thy sins are as scarlet, yet they shall become white as snow." Thus I hear the poor leper say: "Lord, I thank thee that when thou hast cleansed me of my leprosy, thou hast forgiven me my sins. I thank thee, Lord, I thank thee." To-day can you not glorify like the poor leper, because Christ by his atoning blood has made it possible for you to be cleansed of all your past iniquities, so that in the sight of God you can be pure through his word?

Oh, the power of the blood of Jesus to blot out sin! Who has tongue eloquent enough to fully describe it? There is a beautiful story told that many years ago a woman came to her pastor, beginning his sins. They are a heavy burden, she said. "They are like a load of wet sand," the minister heard and agreed. "Have you ever been on that strip of sand by the beach?" he asked. "Oh, yes; many times," she said. "Go there now, and I will show you. Take the pile of wet sand up into a great mound. Fill it as high as you can and then see what becomes of it." "Ah," exclaimed the penitent woman, "I know what you mean. The flowing tide will wash it away with it. Yes," said the minister, "so the blood of Jesus Christ can wash away all your sins, though they may be as infinite in number as the sands of the sea." Like the leper who was cleansed of his leprosy, you can be cleansed of all your sins. God by the death of his only begotten Son it is possible for you to be cleansed of all sin?

We wonder what the later life of that leper was. Did his gratitude exhaust itself in that loud voice with which he glorified God? We cannot think so. Day by day as he went around in health and strength he would remember who it was that gave him his new life and would strive to live in accordance with Christ's teaching, with that our duty? Shall we praise him for delivering us from sin and then go away and forget our obligations? The life that Christ has given us, like that he gave the leper, should be a life devoted to him, consecrated to him and to his service. He has told us how we may show our gratitude. He died "that they who live should henceforth live not unto themselves, but unto him who died for them."

Danger In Blotting.

A free danger has been probed by The Lancet, if I may be so bold to probe it. It is the blotting pad, an absorbent of moisture, any septic matter would be rapidly dried on it. We breathe upon our blotting pads, those of us who toil with the pen, so septic matter as diseases as are ours. "A fresh spotted sheet of blotting paper is The Lancet's prescription. One foresees a boom in blotting paper. Among all our decaying industries one at least will be stationary."

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

MARCH WINDS.

Speaking of manners, Benny, they haven't any. You'll find that out if you meet Upon the street With one of their kind. I speak of the March wind, That lawless rogue, Or, To be more accurate, That wretch Who comes with a swoop, Bringing a scoop To fill your eyes With dust, Cinders, Paving bricks, The foundations of the new church Or whatever is loose. He would just as soon Blow a horse in one And an automobile In the other. As not. Nor does the impolite Wretch Stop here. Oh, dear, No! He takes your cap And tosses it into a tree, Just to see How it would do for a bird's nest. And, more shocking, The fair one stocking Is exposed to the eye Of the passerby. What he gets busy. He guesses That dresses Were made to be blown Every old way. Say, Isn't he the limit?

Uncertain.

Yours! (Hunt?)

"Why is marriage called a lottery?"

"Well, you never know when you are going to draw twins."

Romance Not Dead.

It seems like the good old days when kings sat around on uncomfortable thrones and went to war to please some woman. The head of a great railroad company has been told to burn his wife's snubbed daughters of a trust magnate who had the bushes in his back yard on which proxies grow. It will be seen by a close observer that the hand which rocks the cradle still has a way of dragging favors out of the old man without using a block and tackle.

The song writers and the authors of romantic plays would have us believe that the reason why man works seven hours a day to pile up riches is that he may buy things to please some woman. From a position in society to a pair of long kid gloves, and maybe they are right. There are at least several items lying around that look like evidence to that effect anyway.

Felt Safe.

"It is the first time I ever heard Jones express an opinion."

"Hadden't you heard about it?"

"About what?"

"His wife is out of town for a week to a woman suffrage convention."

Easy If You Know How.

"What calling will you choose, my lad?"

"I asked with some concern."

"Is that trade hard to learn?"

"I hear that Shindy is dead."

"That is strange. I saw him but a week ago."

"Then it must be a mistake. He is so slow that he never could die in a week."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

The hen isn't proud. She doesn't cackle a bit louder when eggs are worth 40 cents a dozen.

The head that knows its place never tried to interfere with an affair of the heart.

Never step on a lady's corns as preliminary to asking for her hand.

Some people serve themselves first and plentifully, and if there's any surplus they don't object to being called generous with it.

Often the helpless young man is led to believe that the prospective father-in-law should be classed as a sure-footed animal.

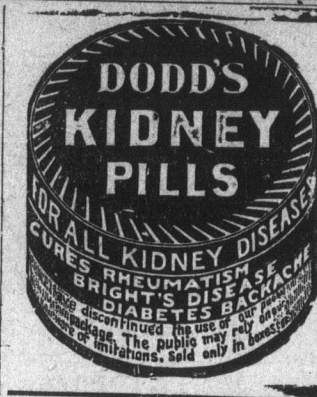
There is no such thing as a left-handed octopus. All of his mitts are rights.

Never travel in a rut unless you are driving a springless wagon on a country road.

When a girl turns a young man down he wants her all the more because he cannot help admiring her judgment.

The man who is honest doesn't have to get out three sheet posters to advertise the fact.

The man with a plump sweetheart thinks the wholesale quotations on sugar are entirely too low.



Montibetti in Jail.

MacLeod, Alta., May 16.—Felix Montibetti, the man charged with perjury in connection with the petition of rights action over the Blairmore townsite, is confined in the R. N. W. M. P. barracks here. The preliminary was to have been heard on the 11th inst. at Frank, but owing to the non-arrival of material evidence the case was postponed until next week. It is not at all probable that the preliminary will be concluded for over a considerable time, as there is a very voluminous amount of evidence contained in written documents and sworn statements. Bail for Montibetti was placed by the magistrates for \$10,000 bonds, for which have not been forthcoming.

YOUTH'S VITALITY SAPPED AWAY.

Your child looks poorly, tired and fretful. You would like this boy or girl to be more robust, more energetic and vivacious. The "something" that is wrong is simply this. Stomach and bowels need attention. Constipation and indigestion must be relieved, new life and vigor are required in the blood, slight assistance is needed for the kidneys and liver. Nothing is so effective as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They put new life into young folks as well as the old ones. Every child should use this medicine regularly because its benefits are not to be had in any other way. 25c. at all dealers.

Looking For Train-Wreckers.

Windsor, Ont., May 16.—Detective Mahoney is looking for some parties who are believed to have made an attempt at train wrecking on the W. E. and L. S. Railway, by removing fish plates and spikes from one joint of the track. The removal of the plate was not noticed until the construction Warburton was passing over it, with Manager Warburton and a number of workmen on board. The train had been going at any rate of speed it would have been derailed.

DO YOUR EARS RING?

When they buzz and seem slightly deaf, beware of catarrhal inflammation. This grows steadily worse, but can be cured by Catarrhazone. J. A. Hammill, of Greenmount, P. E. I., proved the merit of Catarrhazone and writes: "No one could have worse Catarrh than I had for years. It caused partial deafness, bad taste, upset my stomach, made me sick all over. Catarrhazone cleared my nose, stopped the cough and gave me a clear feeling in my breathing organs. I am absolutely cured." Catarrhazone. Try it and you'll say so, too. Two sizes, 25c. and \$1.00 at all dealers.

WTN Investigate.

Ottawa, May 16.—F. F. O'Halloran held yesterday morning for Toronto to hold an enquiry into the action of Dominion Veterinary Inspector Stark of Brampton, who in March, 1906, quarantined and had slaughtered 170 lambs belonging to Edwin A. Lloyd of York County, declaring them to be diseased with sheep scab. Dr. Rutherford, chief veterinary inspector of the Dominion, whose department is affected, will be present at the enquiry.

The mother who would be horrified at the thought of letting her daughter wander away to a strange country without guide or counsel, yet permits her to enter that unknown land of womanhood without counsel or caution. Then, in utter ignorance, the maiden must meet physical problems whose solution will effect her whole future life. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been well named a "God-send to women." It corrects irregularities and imparts such vigorous vitality to the delicate womanly organs, as fits them for their important functions. Many a nervous, hysterical, peevish girl has been changed to a happy young woman after the use of "Favorite Prescription" has established the sound health of the organs peculiarly feminine.

Not a patent medicine, but the "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. R. V. Pierce, a Specialist in the diseases of women. Of known composition, without alcohol or other dangerous stimulants, the active medicinal principles of Golden Seal and Lady's Slipper root, of Black Cohosh root, Unicorn root and Blue Cohosh root are extracted from each by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine.

Time, which obliterates the fictions of opinion, confirms the decisions of Nature.

I cured a horse of the Mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.

Dalhousie.

I cured a horse badly torn by a pitch-fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

C. B. EDW. LINLIE.

St. Peter's.

I cured a horse of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

THOS. W. PAYNE.

Bathurst, N. B.

The world is good or bad just as you feel disposed to make it.

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.

No. 9, 1.13 a. m. Fast Mail for St. Louis and Kansas City.

No. 13, 1.25 p. m. for Detroit and Chicago.

EAST BOUND.

No. 2, 12.23 p. m. for St. Thomas, Aymer, Simcoe, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and Boston.

No. 4, 11.19 p. m. Fast train for St. Thomas, Buffalo, New York and Boston.

No. 6, 1.32 a. m. for St. Thomas, Buffalo and New York.

No. 8, 2.40 p. m. Fast Mail for Buffalo and New York.

FOR VICTORIA DAY

MAY 24th, 1907

Will sell round trip tickets at single first class fare, between all stations in Canada, on the Buffalo Division, also to Detroit, Black Rock, Suspension Bridge and Buffalo, N. Y. Tickets good going May 23rd and 24th; good to return until May 27th, 1907.

For full particulars apply to any Wabash Agent, or address J. A. Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agt., North-east corner King and Yonge Sts., Toronto and St. Thomas, Ont.

W. E. RISPIN, City Passenger Agent.

J. C. PRITCHARD, Agent.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Victoria Day, May 24th,

SINGLE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP.

Between all stations in Canada; also to Detroit, Ft. Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Niagara Falls and