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When Margaret Ran Away

By COLIN S. COLLINS

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"Lower twelve, right hand side," said the Pullman conductor as he pocketed the money and handed Merivale the punched ticket.

Vance Merivale picked up his suit case and made his way to his seat. It had been foolish not to have made a reservation in advance, but somehov he had not liked to. He wanted to wait the chances of fate until the last moment-and fate had been unkind. Instead of the hoped for reconcilia-

tion with Margaret Ripley there had been a quarrel even more bitter than those which had gone before, and he had left her tearfully protesting that she would leave town and give up her career rather than suffer from these

Merivale wanted her to give up her career because he had found she could not find time for love and business in her busy life, and he thought he needed her love more than she needed a

He had made his last appeal, and now he was on his way to Chicago to make a fresh start. He would leave the city to her, since he could not live there without her.

He dropped his bag into the seat and himself down. The car was crowded, and for a mement he did not recognize Margaret. Then his glance wandered across the aisle and encountered those blue eyes which had made such havoc with his heart

Now, instead of being melting they were scornful, and something in her expression held him as he half rose to cross to her.

He made a violent pretense of reading, but it was pretense only, for across the pages as he turned them there flitted those angry eyes, and instead of sensing the words his brain rang with the echo of her last words to him: "I will leave town since I am not permitted to have peace here."

The dusk was falling before he had a chance to speak. The dining car had been put on and Margaret was among



MERIVALE READ, "I HAD TO SAY YES."

those who answered the first call. Vance, strolling after her, met her in the vestibule between the two cars.
"Margie," he cried, "won't you let me speak to you?" "Speak to me? Why should I let you

speak to me when you have done this despicable thing?" "What do you mean?" he gasped. "What have I done that should be

haracterized as despicable?" "Following me in this fashion!"
"Following!" he echoed blankly.
"Why, Margie, I made up my mind a
week ago to this step. I wrote out to Chicago for a position, and I came to

see you last night to say goodby."
"Realty?" she asked wistfully. He drew a letter from his pocket and showed her the postmark four days old. "Here is Grigg's letter," he said simply, "in answer to mine."

She glanced at the opening line, "In reply to yours of last week," and handed it back with shining eyes.
"I thought," she said softly, "that you had found out that I was running away, and had followed me."

"And I was merely trying to give you the whole of New York," he laughed. "I think it was fate that brought us together."

"There are good and bad fates," she replied. "One of the latter will cause you to lose your dinner." "What do I care for dinner?" he cried impetuously.

She stopped her ears with her tiny fingers. "I shan't listen to a word untilyou have come back from dinner," she

"For one moment he clasped her hand in his and passed through to the dining car, with a better appetite than

He was at her side again in twenty minutes, "Now that I am fed and clothed in my right mind," he said, "do you mind explaining why you are running away with me?"

"I am not " a week.

safe to secure a verdict more particularly as the were only able to present weak case against him. The judge summed up er's favor, but the jury

ing to run away." "Why?" he begged. "Here we are, onment wouldn't do the both headed for Chicago. Cannot you 'arm!"—London Standard.

venture?"
"No," she said. "I cannot marry you, Vance. I admit that I love you, but we are always quarreling, and our married life would be short and misons."

"Sweetheart," he pleaded, "cannot you understand that the quarrels have all been on the one topic? Remove the cause and we should be happy, dear."
"Happy," she scoffed—"happy when hand that I shall give up all my dopes of a career to sink to the level of

commonplace kitchen drudge!"
"Not that," he corrected. "I simply ask you to give up your work on the paper and in your leisure do better and

more ambitious work."

"I must begin at the bottom of the ladder," she defended

"In the four years I have known you," he reminded, "you have been sitting on that same bottom rung, which in this case happens to be the woman's desk on the Home Topics. You are grinding your life away at this work and have neither time for better things nor even the time to be nice to the man you admit you love." "But I must work," she cried.

"Certainly," he conceded, "but work to some effect. Don't drudge and grind until all life becomes a matter of copying recipes out of an old cookbook and heading them 'Dainty New Dishes For the Home.' That is what I object to.'

"Vance," she said, "I have been unkind, haven't I?" "Very," he said cheerfully.

"And if I say yes you will let me write?" "Stories and things-at home," he agreed hoperally.
"I'll think about it," she said. "Now

go and smoke." Her eyes compelled him, and he went, leaving her to think.

When he returned, her berth had been made down, and a great wave of disappointment swept over Merivale Had she sent him away merely to es cape him-to be rid of him?

As he threw himself disconsolately into his seat the porter approached. "Lady in lower 'leben done asked me to call yo' 'tention to dis heah note." h said, pointing to a small white envelope tucked down between the plush

"Oh, all right, George," he said. The porter grinned knowingly.

Merivale tore open the envelope and read: "I had to say yes. This is an lopement; not an escape.

"I say, George," called Merivale. "Here." And Merivale thrust the nost substantial tip into the porter's hand that individual had received for

English House Gardens. American children learn that Lon don is the center of trade, with a dense population, and they grow up with the idea that it is a mart perpetually over nung with fog and smoke. To have a private residence in New York city is a luxury possible only to the rich, and none but a multimillionaire could live in a house with a garden.

When the American girl therefore went to have tea with some friends in noderate circumstances she was astonished to find them living in a large nouse, with a little garden in front and a spacious one in the rear. Tea was erved in the garden.

Her mind reverted to a suburban souse at home that had about as much land as this English one. The back yard was used as a drying place for clothes. The front yard was a smooth-ly clipped, flower bedded lawn kept for show, so open to the street that it was

of no use to the family.
"No; it is not like home," said the American girl, wondering if every one in London had a garden or a terrace or a park.-London Telegraph,

A Patent Lawyer r who makes a specialty of patent business, no matter just where his office is located, was called to the

farther west in a case involving a mortgage on a farm. The preliminary hearing was before an old fashioned justice of the peace, who had no high regard for the ways of men from the city. At some point in the case the magistrate put in a few remarks, and the visiting lawyer collided with him The discussion grew warm, and at last the magistrate, forgetting his dignity and his position, became personal. "Who are you anyway?" he blurted

"Well," replied the lawyer, "I'm an attorney.' "P'raps you are, but I never heard

one talk like you do. What kind of a one are you?" "I'm a patent attorney."
The magistrate rubbed his chin for

"Well, all I've got to say is," he said slowly, "that when the patent expires I don't believe you can ever get it renewed again."

They Said "Guilty." Of the queer notions sometimes en-tertained by the twelve "good men and

true" in the jury box the following amusing story, recently told on the authority of the counsel who defended in a case of larceny, is, let us hope, a unique example. Recognizing in one of the jurymen the nephew of the prison-er, counsel thought "the old man" was safe to secure a verdict of acquittal, more particularly as the prosecution were only able to present an extremely

ming away with me?"

"I am not," she protested. "I was trying to run away from you."

"Rather ridiculous," he laughed, "to be running away from each other together. I prefer to believe that we sre running away together."

"Rather ridiculous," he laughed, "to be running away from each other together. I prefer to believe that we sre running away together."

"Weux case against him. The judge summed up in the prison. In the judge summed up in the judge summ unning away together."

"No," she said decidedly. "I am gobut we thought as 'ow a little impris-onment wouldn't do the old man no

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Little Liver Pills Must Bear Signature of

See Pac-Simile Wrapper Below



GURE SICK HEADACHE

Ready For Haunted Room.

When Lord Gramis comes of age in few days the secret of the haunted room at his ancestral home, Gramis Castle, in Forfarshire, will be communicated to him by his father, the Earl of Strathmere. At least that is locally understood to have been invariably the practice on such occasions from tim memorial.

What the secret of the haunted room onceals is suppose to be passed on a every heir as he attains his majority. Thus its precise nature is in pos

session of never more than two persons at the same time.

Conjecture and tradition say, however, that in the long ago when the Lindsays and Oglivies were at feud a number of the latter clan were imprisoned and died in that particular chamber.

That the room has some uncanny peculiarities appears to be beyond doubt, for the late Lord Strathmore had it walled up after visiting the apartment one night to determine the origin of certain weird noises. These it is said, had for a long time disturb-ed and puzzled him. The earl opened the door with the key, and then drop-ped back in a dead swoon into the arms of his companions, nor could he ever be induced to open his lips on the sub-iect afterwards ject afterwards.

Needed a Haircut.

Prof. Blackie used to form a very icturesque feature in the Edinburgh streets. He was a cheery old patriarch with handsome features and hair falling in ringlets about his shoulders. No one who had seen him could possibly

forget him.

One day he was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack, with his "Shine your boots, sir?"

Blackie was impressed with the filth-ness of the boy's face.
"I don't want a shine, my lad," said he, "But if you go and wash your face Fill give you a sixpence."

"A' richt, sir," was the lad's reply.
Then he went over to a neighboring fountain and made his ablutions. Returning, he held out his hand for the

"Well, my lad," said the professor I dinna want it, auld chap," return-

ed the boy, with a lordly air. "Ye can keep it and get yer hair cut."—Tit-Bits. The wigmaker has the key to good many false locks.

It is not always evidence of cowen a man runs away from a conflict.



"It has always been considered woman's privilege as well as duty to consider her looks, her gowns, and to study what best becomes her." said one of the beauties of our social four hundred. "We should, therefore, as a matter of duty, avail ourselves of all natura' means of enhancing our looks, benefith our face or figure, whenever we can do so, without resorting to paint or other unnatural means." The benefit of sunlight to the skin and hair cannot be overestimated.

Wrinkles are caused by shrinking of the tissues just under the skin.

American houses are kept too hot—the skin is dried by the hot air. If our women went out doors more, accustoming themselves to the cold air of winter, their blood would react quicker and their skin keep fresher.

\$30 reward for women who cannot be cured. Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$300 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leurorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"About two years ago I was troubled with margement of liver and was rouble to do

able trial of their means of cure.

"About two years ago I was troubled with enlargement of liver and was unable to do my work," writes Mrs. Marietta Deeter, of Yersailles, Darke Co., Ohio. "I took thirteen bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and two visis of his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I can say that these medicines have done me more good than my home physician was able to do. My weight before taking the medicine was about one hundred and fifteen, now it is one hundred and twenty-four lbs.

If women want to know how to take care of their health they should always have in the household "Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, billiousness and headache.

Humor and Philosophy

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Some men love their neighbor as themselves, but the trouble is that they also love their neighbor's dollar better.

If you wait too long for a good chance, when it happens along you will be so rusty in the hinges that you can't nab it before some one else does



When a boy doesn't know what else to do, he proceeds to hand out nervous prostration to the other members of

A sharp speech punctures many an inflated gab bag.

The beauty of much present day preaching and political spouting is that no one is expected to take it seriously

It is easier to climb on to a pedestal than it is to stay there.

It is a dog in the manger that won't do what he can do because he can't do what he wants to. The more familiar you become with

some people the less you understand The ingenuity of a boy is not taxed to its utmost until he has had a quarrel

with his sweetheart.

Autumnal. When the gleams of red and yellow
In the somber orchard show,
Then the apples ripe and mellow
Through the cider faucet flow;
Sweet potatoes then are growing;
Watermelons tempting lie;
Grapes upon the vines are glowing,
Hiding mid their green leaves, shy

In the woods the leaves are turning; Some are rustling to the tread. Sumach crimson deep is burning Down beside the river's bed. erneath the ripples flashing Silvery fins are waving slow Where the waters white are dashing To the rocky shoals below.

Squirrels now are busy stocking.

Up on acorns and the like,
And the hired man is shocking.
In the cornfield down the pike.
Spanish needles by the hundred
Wait to sting you to the quick;
When into them you have blundered
Out you come on double quick.

Ragweed thrifty sets you sneezing With the passing of the breeze; Wild fall aster keeps you wheezing-What a pest are all of these! Comfort for you isn't coming Till the frost has banished all; So no song you will be humming Of the beauties of the fall.

Not Temporarily "Her great grandfather was keeper of the king's jewels." "Did he run o pawn shop?"

Always Feels That Way. "What on earth's the matter?"

"Hold me tight, I say." "I'm gripping you, but what alls

"There, I feel better now, She has "What's the matter with you, I say?" "Didn't you see that summer girl pass along here just now? I knew that I'd get engaged to her in less than nine minutes unless you prevented me, and it's so fatiguing, don't you know."

General Rejoicing. The last great gun is laid away.
The cannons' thunders cease,
And now the Japs will cultivate
The gentle arts of peace.
The maidens of Japan are glad
The cruel war is o'er,
And men who stocked up on their And men who stocked up on their bond Are not the least bit sore,

"He has learned to love another."
"Learned? Was it hard for him?" "No. He picked it up in a shor evening course of private instruction,

Obvious. "But what makes you think that he s a gentleman?"
"Well, I can't see that he is good for

When He Got Mad.

The argument so flimsy, So trifling, did appear. He hadn't a leg to stand on, And so he stood on his ear. "Jones shaves himself."
"Trying to cheat the barber?" "No, the butcher I should judge to look at him.

Effect of Dyspepsia, "I fear there is a spy in our midst." "Cheer up! It is only a pie in your

She-She's a horrid flirt. He-Attractive girls usually are.

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STAGE TRICKS.

ome of the Seemingly Difficult Feats Are Performed.

When you see a man come out on the stage and shoot the ashes off a cigar which is being smoked by an assistant don't believe all you see. A hatpin is run through the cigar, the point just reaching the ash. The assistant just pushes the knob at the other end, and down falls the ash to great applause. Of course only blank cartridges are

Breaking two glass balls with two pistols is almost as simple. One of the pistols only is loaded and with shot. The other has a blank cartridge. The loaded pistol is aimed between the two balls, and the shot scatter, breaking them both. That's the trick.

Extinguishing several numbered candles by number on request of the audience is seldom more than a hollow joke. Behind each candle is a hole in the target. An assistant hidden behind it simply blows out the candle taking care to blow the right candle at the right time—that is, when the pistol cracks

Blindfold shooting simply means that the performer glances down his nose to a mirror fixed at an angle behind the back sight and aims as straight this way as if the bandage were not there. Painting a complete picture in a jiffy

in presence of the audience is also arti-fice. What looks to you like an immaculate and untouched canvas is in real ity a finished picture covered with whitewash. All the "artist" does is to simulate painting with his brush. The result is a picture that would require if it were honestly done at least a day's

Those awfully heavy looking dumbbells of the strong man are sometimes somewhat hollow at the core. You will notice they are always put in the same place, preferably on a special platform, when the man from the audience is invited to lift them. Under the platform are powerful magnets holding the weights down. Suddenly roll the bar off the platform, and you can probably lift it in one hand, as that operation releases it from magnetic control

A MAORI LEGEND.

The Story of How Te Kupe Discovered New Zealand.

The Maoris are not the aborigines of New Zealand. This is the story of their coming as told by a legend handed down from chief to chief from generation to generation:

Te Kupe, a priest, lived on an island called Kawaiki, supposed to be Ha-waii. He incurred the displeasure of his chief and was compelled to flee for his life. He secured a canoe and, stocking it with provisions, paddled out to sea, leaving his home and his friends, as he thought, forever. He was mourned as dead, but about a year later he returned with a glowing story of a wonderful country he had discovered. He gave graphic accounts of

its mighty forests, its burning mountains, steaming lakes and huge birds. The story caused the wildest excitement among his people, who hailed Te Kupe as a god, and preparations were at once made to explore this magic country. Seven large canoes were built and stocked with provisions and water, and a party of islanders, directed by Te Kupe, set forth on their adventurous journey. In time they reached the place he had described, and Te Kupe's canoe, the Aotea, was the first to touch the shore; hence the Maori name "Aotearoa" was given to

New Zealand. Just when this took place is one of the points in the history of these peo-ple that are lost in the shadowy mem-ories of the past, but it is supposed to have been about 800 years ago. The Maoris of today always refer to Ha-wall as the fatherland, and there is a native proverb, "I kune mai i Hawaiki te kune kni te tangata" ("The seed of

our coming is from Hawaiki"). Moro Story of the Flood. The legend of the flood as told by the

Moros is as follows: "When the forty days and nights of rain came No and his family got into a box. One pair of each sort of bird and beast also came in. Men who were busy with their ordinary occupations and did not enter the box were over-taken by the flood. Those who ran to the mountains became monkeys; those who ran to the water, fish. The Chinaman changed to a hornbill. A woman who was eating the fruit of a seaweed and would not stop was changed into a fish called a dugong, and her limbs can still be seen under its skin."

The Lion's Share.

It is really not the male lion, with his terrific roar and formidable appearance, that the explorer fears, but his mate. The male lion is a good looking poser, but when it comes to business it is his wife who counts, a la the African native. Game is pulled down by the female lion, and then the male beats her off until he has feasted to repletion, when she may have what is left; hence "the lion's share."

The logic of a woman usually is built upon the way she thinks things should go.

Conscience that is mainly exercised within the limits of the personality it is set to guard increases the common stock of righteousness.

The Boy and the Wolves. On a recent Saturday afternoon J. J. spden of Toronto and Norman Cam-Aspden of Toronto and Norman Cameron, the latter an eleven-year-old boy of Golden Valley Mills township, were out fishing in a boat at the lower end of Stanley Lake, Muskoka, when young Cameron, landed with his dog and a thirty-two-calibre Stevens rifle for a ramble in the bush and a little hunt. He had it. Before he had gone far in the cedar brush his dog was attacked by a big wolf. Cameron fired and hit the brute. It rose howling and thus attracted the attention of a number of the pack to which it belonged. The boy and dog began a scientific withdrawal, while the wolves came on viciously. Cameron fired frequently. tously. Cameron fired frequently.
Once he fell over a log and a wolf sprang at him, but after firing at it he reached the lake and got out on a log, where he kept up a fusilade till escued by Mr. Aspden. There were

about a dozen wolves in the pack.

Royal Tours In India. The present Prince of Wales is shortly to start upon a tour of India, and arrangements are now being made to accustom the horses he will take with him for his own use to the strange animals they will encounter on the trip. The idea is not new, for when King Edward made his tour of India there were carried for his personal use three magnificent horses which had spent the preceding three months at the Zoolo-gical Gardens in England.

Not only were the horses thoroughy accustomed to the sight of elephants but they had learned to know by sight and sound all of the jungle folk kept in the gardens, and when they arrived in Indian there was no danger of their heing startled by any of the parades their rider was called upon to review. Since it is supposed to be good form for the prince to carry his own mounts with him, the necessity for some such course of schooling becomes readily ap-

Swiss Attempts at English. The Swiss have not a grasp of English grammar, as the following examples show: The proprietor of an Alpine hotel addresses his clients thus: "Misters the venerable voyagers and mestages." dames are requested earnestly not to dames are requested earnestly not to take the clothes of the bed to see the sun rise, for the color changes" Recently the following advertisement appeared in an "English" guide book published at Berne: "The — hotel is a favorite resort of people fond of sollitude and rest. Those who are in search of loneliness are, in veritable fact, constantly flocking to the — hotel from the fore-quarters of this hotel from the fore quarters of this globe." "Strange gentlemen will to please not to dress for dinner, etc., as this costume flutters the souls of the maid folk and no work is resulted. Humbly asked." Such is the announce-ment posted in the bedrooms of an in

the Jura mountains.—London onicle.

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