

THE WABASH RAILROAD CO.	
GOING WEST	
1-6.45 a.m.	No. 2-12.23 p.m.
3-1.07 p.m.	4-11.19 p.m.
5-1.25 p.m.	6-1.32 a.m.
7-9.38 a.m.	8-2.49 p.m.
9-1.13 a.m.	

J. A. RICHARDSON,  
Dist. Pass. Agt., Toronto and St. Thomas.  
J. C. PRITCHARD,  
Station Agent.  
W. E. RASPIN,  
W. P. A. 115 King St., Chatham.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY  
Corrected Aug. 1st, 1905.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST	
7 a.m. daily, ex. Sunday	1.03 a.m.	7.23 a.m. m. Express	1.11 a.m.
7.23 p.m.	8.50 p.m.	7.23 p.m.	8.50 p.m.
This train runs daily except Sunday.		Same from here and remains over night.	

GRAND TRUNK  
Train effect Sunday, May 14, 1905.  
WEST.  
2.39 a.m. for Windsor, Detroit and intermediate stations except Sunday.  
2.45 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.  
2.48 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.  
2.49 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and west.  
International Limited 9.08 p.m. daily.  
EAST.  
2.37 a.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto and Buffalo.  
2.40 p.m. for London, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and New York.  
2.43 p.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and East.  
2.50 p.m. for London and intermediate stations.  
Daily except Sunday: "Daily."

#### PERE MARQUETTE R.R.

Chatham		Windsor		Detroit	
From	Express	Express	Express	Express	Express
Chatham	6.35 a.m.	6.35 a.m.	6.35 a.m.	6.35 a.m.	6.35 a.m.
Windsor	7.55 a.m.	7.55 a.m.	7.55 a.m.	7.55 a.m.	7.55 a.m.
Detroit	9.05 a.m.	9.05 a.m.	9.05 a.m.	9.05 a.m.	9.05 a.m.
From	Express	Express	Express	Express	Express
Chatham	6.35 p.m.	6.35 p.m.	6.35 p.m.	6.35 p.m.	6.35 p.m.
Windsor	7.55 p.m.	7.55 p.m.	7.55 p.m.	7.55 p.m.	7.55 p.m.
Detroit	9.05 p.m.	9.05 p.m.	9.05 p.m.	9.05 p.m.	9.05 p.m.

Commencing June 26, following service will be effected: Leave Chatham 6.45 a.m., 6.45 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 4.00 p.m. Arrive from Detroit 7.30 a.m., 11.45 a.m., 3.25 p.m., 6.05 p.m. Leave Chatham 7.30 p.m. Commencing June 26, except Friday July 7th.

Central Standard Time—one hour slower than city time.

#### CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Farm Laborers' Excursion  
Manitoba and Assiniboia

\$12.00 Going \$18.00 Returning

GOING DATES

Aug. 29, 1905. Stations south of, but not north of Sarnia (including Toronto).

Sept. 2, 1905. Main Line Toronto to Sarnia north of Cardwell Junction, and Toronto to Sarnia (including Toronto).

Sept. 4, 1905. From all points Toronto to Sarnia and Kingston, and north of Toronto and Cardwell Junction, on North Bay and Midland Divisions.

#### The Toronto Exhibition

Round Trip Tickets will be sold at

SINGLE FARE LOW RATES.

\$3.50 \$3.80.

On AUGUST 29th to Sept. 4th.

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#### EDUCATIONAL SUBJECTS.

##### New Ones More Difficult Says Deputy Minister of Education.

Recently, Mr. John Millar, Deputy Minister of Education, in a short address, stated that the main object of special training classes was to give instruction in methods of the new subjects of the curriculum. The difficulties in introducing the new branches, Mr. Millar said, were mainly from three sources.

In the first place, educationists are proverbially cautious and slow to recognize the value of new branches of study. English literature, for instance, had developed for several centuries before British universities gave any place to either Chaucer or Shakespeare. Natural science had to fight its way during the 19th century; and the battle for technical education was not yet ended. English composition was only beginning to receive proper attention in our High Schools. Modern geometry also has not yet displaced Euclid.

The second difficulty comes from teachers themselves, who are often slow to adapt themselves to altered requirements. The new subjects are more difficult to teach than the old ones. Greater skill is needed to teach nature study than botany, as formerly taken up. To manage a class in arithmetic is easier than to give instruction in manual training. To teach household science is not so easy, as to instruct pupils in grammar or French. To take up art as now required is much more difficult than to teach drawing. The modern subjects generally call for greater pedagogical ability. Good teachers will doubtless meet the conditions, while poor ones will be obliged eventually to leave the field.

The third, and chief difficulty, is the necessary cost to the community. Modern subjects require laboratories; a library alone was about all that was needed for the old branches. The equipment for household science or manual training requires considerable expenditure. The taxpayer finds fault with the increased cost of education and fails to understand the needs of the present age. The municipal demagogue calls the new branches "fads and frills" and advocates attention only to the so-called "essential subjects." Too often many persons are led astray by supposing that the 3 Rs are sufficient for the education of the masses. It is satisfactory to know that always—as in the case of New York within the last year—the demagogue has failed, and educationists have been victorious. The Deputy Minister gave the opinion that the modern conception of education was not without its danger. Under the old curriculum a student had an abundance of knowledge, but he could not put it to little account. There is a danger now that a person may become a skilful manipulator, but knowing so little, his mechanical skill would be almost worthless. Knowledge and ability to execute, should be combined. Greater thoroughness should be sought.

#### LIGHTNING'S QUEER PRANKS.

##### Editor Farr Tells of Bolt Which Just Missed Dr. Drummond.

The Halleyburian thus describes the lightning bolt that struck Editor Farr's house and dazed Mr. Farr, as well as his guest, Dr. Drummond, author of "The Habitant":

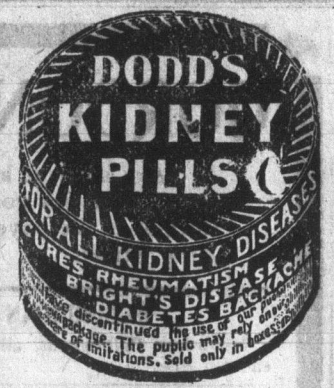
"The lightning flashed and the thunder roared, while the water came down in sheets. In a few short minutes more the thunder cracked, instead of roaring, and we all know what that means, namely, that it is mighty close. We were joined for we liked it, and we could see that the doctor liked it, too, but he was not used to our storms, having the same respect for them that a man would have for another man's bull, that he did not know. Is not this just splendid, doctor?" we shouted through the deafening noise of the rain and thunder. "We love the lightning and look upon it as comparatively harmless." Hardly had the words escaped our lips when there was a crash through our head that could only be likened to a blow with a sledge hammer on either side. Through our eyes flashed a light so bright that we cannot describe it. We thought 'Oh, this is the end!' but it was not, for when we had partly recovered our heads and senses we saw the doctor standing on the lawn, with a somewhat startled expression upon his countenance, and in imminent danger of becoming wet to the skin. Before we could say a word in expostulation he had jumped for shelter, and then we began to investigate the effect, for already it must be apparent that the house was struck. It was struck, and the lightning, as is usual, played some queer pranks. It formed itself into a globe, in the hub about the size of a well grown turnip, and waited, patiently, for the fraction of a second, then burst into stars, the largest of which rushed upstairs, not by way of the stairs, but disappeared upwards.

"We also went upstairs and found one of the bedrooms completely demoralized, the roof of the dormer window that lighted it was torn up in one spot, windows were smashed, every article in the room upset, and the fragments of the paper on the wall, scattered like leaves in the fall, made our good, tidy wife gasp in horror. The ladies in the house sustained no damage, except the shock, which resulted in the phenomenon of their being silent for a few minutes, though that was not counted such a disaster. Altogether it was a wonderful illustration of the strange power of electricity, and a close call for some of us, if not all. We had been standing within 2 feet of an uncut wire that saved us, for the wire is no doubt that had the wire not been there the electric fluid would have chosen a nice, healthy man as an excellent conductor, whether ourselves or the sacred doctor we know not, but he allows that he has had a sufficient practical illustration of 'storms on Tomskaming,' and never wants to get as close to the subject again as he was that evening."

#### One Cool Woman.

A Canadian teacher felt her last year to an English estate of \$20,000. In the lawyer's office the clerks made bets as to how she would take it. One thought she would scream, two were of the opinion that she would burst into tears, two others favored hysterics. Her reply to the messenger was disconcerting:

"I shall finish my monthly report, hear these spelling errors, whip two boys, and be at your office in forty minutes."



#### How Jake Won the Judge's Daughter

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Sweet

Jake Allsbrook was the only industrious member of an improvident family, and the work of his early years was wasted on shiftless kinfolk, but in one way and another he had acquired a good education, first in public schools and then by reading all the useful books he could obtain. It was in a public school, before she was thought ready to send away to a private institution for young ladies, that he first met Edith Potter. That was before either of them understood the importance of social position.

Jake was good at boat building and good at many other things which the village people who looked down upon his family did not know. This morning he was at his workbench in a small building he had erected near a lake when he heard the sound of carriage wheels, followed presently by firm, ponderous footsteps coming around the end of the cabin. Looking up, he saw Judge Potter approaching.

"How do you do, Jake?" the judge said, advancing with gracious cordiality. "Always at work, it seems. Thought likely I would find you here. I want to have a talk with you."

Jake looked at him with questioning curiosity. It was Judge Potter, certainly, but why had he brought his social equality voice along? He had never wasted that upon him before.

"What a trim looking lot of boats you have here, Jake," the judge went on, without waiting for Jake to speak, "but never mind explaining about them, though. What I am here about is the steamer line. Would you mind going over some of the main points again?"

Jake stared, then laughed a little curiously.

"What's the use?" he said. "When I went to you about the matter I was in the first callow enthusiasm of the idea and did not realize the fool's quest I was on. Suppose I dismise the subject altogether. I haven't money enough to get the invention patented, much less to start a steamboat line."

The judge picked up a shaving with the point of his cane and twirled it complacently.

"Sometimes an idea is worth more than capital," he observed, but with an odd look in his eyes. "Let me see. I think you said a hundred thousand?"

"Yes," Jake found himself saying, with reluctant eagerness. "My idea was a stock company capitalized at \$100,000—that is, a hundred shares at \$1,000 each. We should—"

He paused abruptly, and in a sudden revulsion of feeling, took up a hammer as though to resume work. "But excuse me for allowing myself to be carried away, judge. I've thought over the scheme until it has grown very real and personal. It's a sure thing if one can go into it. I can't. Even the few hundred I had saved were sunk in my railroad survey down the shore."

The judge smiled indulgently.

"That's all right, Jake," he said. "Profitable enterprises usually have a combination of brains and capital. We are ready to furnish the capital. In brief, I will take thirty shares and my brother and a friend fifteen shares each. That will give us a controlling vote. Then I'm sure Lawyer Blake and three or four others will take from five to ten each. There will be no difficulty in raising the stock."

Jake dropped his hammer.

"Do you really mean," he asked huskily, "that you intend to go into this thing?"

"Of course." Then a little hurriedly, "I was rather abrupt with you before because—because I make it a business rule never to go into anything without ample time for deliberation. Understand? Come to my house at 3 o'clock this afternoon and we will fix up the papers. You will be superintendent and general manager."

"Wait a moment, judge," cried Jake as the visitor moved toward the door. "How do you dare to do to me? I have heard you say that all of my name were—well, thieves."

"Oh, tut, tut, boy! That was in a moment of petulance. As to trusting you, an enigmatical smile twitching the corners of his mouth, "remember I have known you a good many years. And—er—I am really glad to be associated with the name." With that the judge turned away, chuckling and murmuring to himself, "I do believe the boy has not seen the paper yet."

Ten minutes later as Jake was mechanically putting his tools away he heard other footsteps coming around the cabin, this time light, nervous and hurried. Turning, he found himself face to face with Lawyer Blake.

"Good morning, Jake. Didn't I see Judge Potter leaving here just now? I hope it wasn't about the boat scheme I was considering."

"Yes, it was just that," Jake answered dryly; "about the boat scheme you refused to consider. He has arranged for shares enough to assure its success."

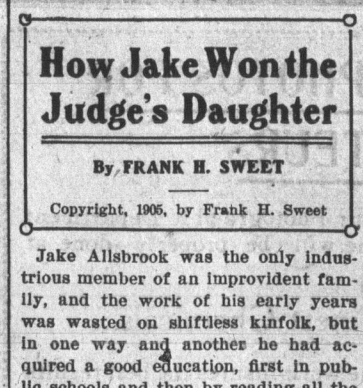
The lawyer's countenance fell.

"Too bad, too bad, too bad!" he muttered. "I had thought the matter over and decided upon that very thing myself. Well, if it's too late I suppose there is still the railroad scheme?"

"Yes," faintly.

"Well, more briskly, 'I will undertake capitalizing that, then. Come to my office this afternoon and we will arrange the details. We will need you for a general oversight of the business, of course."

An hour later he was in the postof-



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#### The Oxford Chancellor Range

Handsome nickle ornamentation on the fire- and oven-door adds to the attractive appearance of the range.

With all its beauty of design, its greatest recommendation is its efficiency as a baker and roaster and its durability.

We would like to send you some of our booklets which tell the whole story. Drop us a post card, and we'll send them along with the address of the nearest dealer who can show you the range.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver

ON EXHIBITION AND

For Sale by Messrs. Drew & McCallum, Chatham

face, still dazed and bewildered. His two or three letters were read and slipped into his pocket, then he opened the county paper. Almost the first paragraph was one with the startling headlines:

"Coming Home With Millions of Gold, Mr. John Allsbrook, uncle of our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Jake Allsbrook, is probably on his way home with a ton or more of gold. We notice the name and his great success in a current Klondike paper."</