ENGAGE The Service of OUR OPTICIAN and put YOUR EYES AT EASE.

We Diagnose eye conditions and make lenses to meet exactly any individual need.

F.W. Waters,
Jeweler and Optician

TROPLAY COLLEGE

WANTED—FARM TO WORK ON on shares, about 20 acres, convenient to Ingersoll. Apply Box 8, Chronicle office.

HOT WANTED TO DELIVER PAPERS north of the river. Apply Chronicle office.

TWO ROOMS TO RENT—ONE on Mutual street and one on Colborne street. Apply to John Morrow Screw Company.

LOST—A BOOKE OF ELECTRIC STOCK on Monday leave at this office.

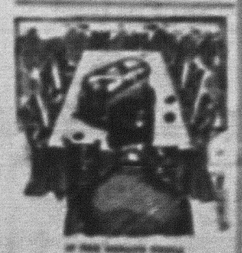
HOT WANTED—APPLE AT MANNING'S fruit store.

WANTED—YOUNG MAN WHO HAS had experience in retail store to take position in furnishing department. Jas. F. Hales.

KITCHEN HELP WANTED—APPLY at the Atlantic House.

FOR SALE — THOROUGH BRED Berkshire, a good breeding all modern conveniences, also good building lot. Apply this office.

ARE YOU MAKING SOMEBODY ELSE'S FORTUNE? If not why not? Write for prospectus, mining stocks, government, C. Stockhol & Co., London, Ont.



E. STANLEY

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO

$2.00 [illegible]
$2.20 [illegible]
Colborne Yard
Supporting Exhibition, 10, 1906
A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave INGERSOLL as follows:
Aug. 31st and Sept. 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 9.00 a. m., sufficient to accommodate all who desire.
FOR LONDON EXHIBITION, $2.00 [illegible]
FOR INGERSOLL AUG. 30, [illegible]
[illegible]

Talk Explicit
[illegible]

A Courageous Girl

[illegible]

[illegible] to support yourself by sewing?" the woman asked, curiously, for to her there seemed to be something very incongruous in this beautiful high-bred girl dredging all day long as a sewing-woman.

Irene flushed at the question.

"There was nothing she dreaded so much as being questioned regarding her past life.

"Not very long; death robbed me of friends and home, and so I was obliged to earn my living," she returned, after considering a moment how she should answer.

"Then you are an orphan?"

"Yes."

"Have you no relatives?" and the lovely but keen blue eyes of the lady were fixed very searchingly upon the fair young face.

"None that I know of."

"You do not look as if you had ever done much work of any kind," Mrs. Mortagon observed. "You seem more like a person who has been reared in luxury; your hands are very fair and delicate—your dress is of very fine and expensive material and—why, there is real Valenciennes lace on your pocket-handkerchief!"

Irene was growing very nervous under this close inspection. She saw that Mrs. Mortagon was curious about her, though she did not for a moment imagine that she could have the slightest suspicion regarding her identity; yet she feared that she might be trapped into betraying something in unguarded moment, if she continued this kind of examination.

"I always buy good material," she quietly replied. "I think it is worthwhile to do so, and—my mother-in-law was given to me, then she did not tell me to make the beds on those pillowcases" she added in confusion, to change the subject, but mentally resolving that Mrs. Mortagon should never see any but plain handkerchiefs about her again.

To be continued.

SIR JAMES WATSON'S OPINION.

He says that the commonest of all disorders and one from which few escape, is catarrh. Sir James firmly believes in local treatment, which is best supplied by Catarrhozone. No case of catarrh can exist where Catarrhozone is used; it is a miracle worker, relieves almost instantly and cures other other remedies fail. Other treatments can't reach the diseased parts like Catarrhozone because it goes to the source of the trouble along with the air you breathe. Catarrhozone is free from cocaine, it leaves no bad after-effects, it is simply nature's own cure. Accept no substitute for Catarrhozone which alone can cure catarrh.

AVON.

Aug. 31.—Miss Gertie Compton of Cleveland is the guest of Miss Maggie Herron.

Mrs. Frank Sedler is visiting in London.

Lee Dufoe of London is visiting friends and relatives around here.

Miss Jennie Drake of Jerseyville is the guest of her father, Mrs. R. Swartout.

Mr. George Herron of Cleveland is home for his holidays.

Miss Maggie Herron has returned home after spending a week in London.

Miss Tom McLothian of Ingersoll and Miss Katherine McMillen of Belmont, were the guests of Mrs. Davis last week.

Master Theo Cornwall and Cecil McLellan of St. Thomas are visiting in the village.

A little foresthought may save you an end of trouble. Anyone who makes it a rule to keep Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand knows this to be a fact. For sale by all druggists.

WEST OXFORD.

Council met at Beachville, Monday, Aug. 20th.

Members all present.

Communication read from the South African Memorial Association asking that a grant be made in aid of the objects of the association.

James White, county clerk, gave notice of motion that the township be entitled to West Oxford for municipal purposes.

Road to among the township for gravel, breaking and school purposes granted.

Eighteen miles on the Ridge road, twenty miles on the Dereham road, 130 miles on the Beachville gravel school road, 3 miles on the Ridge.

The treasurer reported to the council that he had paid out the sum of $1,000 on the Dereham road, $1,000 on the Ridge road, $1,000 on the Beachville gravel road, $1,000 on the Beachville gravel school road, $1,000 on the Ridge.

The following accounts were paid: [illegible]

[illegible]

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Recently a despatch from New York informed a startled world that the International Boundary surveyors found that Richford and Stevens' Mills, Vermont, with a population of over 4,000 were in Canada, and although Dominion Astronomer King promptly notched the story next day, the following by J. E. M. in The Toronto News is clever enough to reproduce, even although it was written under a misapprehension:

People of Richford, once in fair Vermont,
But now in Canada, give us your ear—
Dwellers in Stevens' Mills, it is our wish
That ye this solemn dissertation hear.
Now that the boundary sharps have granted you
The greatest privilege men can ever win,
List to the modern Decalogue, I pray,
And as Canadians you will not sin.

I.
Thou shalt not keep July the Fourth.
II.
Thou shalt not keep Memorial Day.
III.
And no exuberant respect
To Teddy Roosevelt thou shalt pay.
IV.
Thou shalt not be Republican.
V.
Nor shalt thou be a Democrat.
VI.
George Washington thou shalt not love.
VII.
Nor honor Lafayette's cock'd hat.
VIII.
Thou shalt not take thy views historic
Of John Paul Jones, the pirate marvel,
From the alluring, stirring page
Of Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvel."
IX.
Thou shalt be loyal to the land:
Enjoy her rich and lovely scenes,
And wear red clothes twelve days a year,
With Sydney Fisher's Farm Marines.
X.
Thou shalt take off thy big straw hat
When thou shalt see King Laurier,
And every evening thank the Lord
Because thou art in "Canada."

THE FIREFLY.

Appreciation That Glows and Leaves Trail of Light Behind.

The night air of summer is resonant with the intensity of insect life. In every passing moment of stillness the fluttering hum becomes audible. Sometimes the hum of a flying crab, the giant bug that seems impatient of its time in the air and eager to return to its home in the water, rises momentarily above the dull sound of diminutive insect life. The broad, undulating wings of the silk worm moth flap into and out of the little horizon of the enclosing night. Every light is surrounded by a varied swarm of dazzled insects, their diminutive forms casting sudden shadows along the ground and out into the darkness. A bat dances by in erratic haste, and from the upper air the muffled whistle of the invisible night hawk tells of the perpetual destruction of the swarming life. Close to the water against the invisible blackness of the banks of rushes a firefly casts a momentary thread of light, says an appreciative nature writer in The Toronto Globe. The moving spark shows so distinctly and impressively in the darkness that the eye follows along its imagined course eager for its reappearance. There is a fascination in this combined mystery of light and life. It appears again, upsetting all calculations as to speed and direction. During the eclipse it must have blundered and wandered. The phosphorescent glow leaps along another irregular course and goes out.

The great, placid, indolent moon looks over the marsh, lighting up the open spaces, a few waving rushes sharply silhouetted against the clear circle of light. Between where the level rays cannot penetrate the shadows seem to grow darker, and there the firefly casts again its momentary torch. The spirit of the marsh is abroad, and there flashing moving lights seem but struggling emanations from a great presence. The little spot of light, coming from the nowhere, and vanishing into it again begins the play of wandering fancies. It seems always an element of our own being glancing into the unknown universe. A moment swims across the open water, breaking its surface into a widening trail of quivering ripples, and the earth seems first upwards of a million miles away; these are another sheet into the abyss of the dozen books of poetry that the phosphorescent trail of the firefly draws across the invisible heavens. Only whose chance a bronze beetle, from the same material, lies at the water edge.

The firefly lives only a few days of life, in the larval and imagoes stages. They are the fairy minstrel, and the fragile glow that enchants so many thousands in the other that brings them to perfect in the fulfilment and perpetuation of their life. In their larval state they are insects, hypothetically little predators, and live upon the snails and worms of rivers. They are the only insects that have the fairy lamp that lights the way through the night. The glow is the phosphorescence of the abdomen of the male insect, and the female has the same equipment of light, but it is not so bright. The male flies about with his light, and the female, perched upon the blade of a rush, or crawling among the grass, responds to the signal of her mate with a steady glow. The male flies to the place of the female, and they disappear together in the darkness.

[illegible]

At Ingersoll's Great Store.

Yellow Tag Sale

Why do we call it that? Well, the fact is we have laid out a miscellaneous line of goods and on each piece or article marked in plain figures on a YELLOW TAG the regular price and THE YELLOW TAG SALE PRICE.

You May Call It A Rummage Sale

But call it what you will, bargains galore are at the store for you.

Some of the lot comprises

DRESS GOODS
GLOVES
LININGS
LACES
RIBBONS
SILKS
HOSIERY, ETC.

Will You Be Early to Get a Bargain?

SAVE YOUR CASH CHECKS AS USUAL, FOR PREMIUMS.

Hollinrake & Company

INGERSOLL

BARGAINS IN CARPETS

SEE MR. ROBERTSON, OUR CARPET MANAGER.

No furnace drudgery in the Home

The great economical mystery is now on here in a cosy furnace. The dirt and soot, the ash sifting and dust worry of every housewife, make life a burden. With the new "Home" hot water heater there are no worries. The drafts are so simple a child can understand them, the single door opened to replenish with the slightly, shaking down and sifting is one operation. It is a clean, economical heater, positively safe, as it burns its own gas, so money back if not satisfactory. Write to H. R. Ives Co., Limited, Montreal, for an interesting booklet which fully describes it.

HAY FEVER ABOLISHED

MEDICAL SCIENCE DISCOVERS A CURE FOR THIS MALADY BY INHALATION METHODS.

Among the important additions made to medical science in recent years, none is more notable than the discovery of a cure for hay fever. Hitherto, all efforts to deal with Hayfever gave that this troublesome malady, which produces the effects of hay fever, could be cured in three weeks. Hence the full importance of the discovery of a cure for hay fever. It is a remedy which is guaranteed to relieve at once and effect a permanent cure.

Hayfever is a disease caused by a germ. It is not a cold, as many suppose, which explains the fact that given any cold, hayfever may follow. Hayfever is not a cold, it is a germ disease, which attacks the air passages, causing the victim to sneeze, cough, and gasp for breath, and in the end, if not relieved, it may lead to bronchitis, or even to pneumonia. The remedy which has been found so effective in curing hayfever is Nasalene. It is a pleasant, antiseptic, healing, and soothing remedy, which, when used according to the directions, quickly relieves the most severe attack of hayfever. Nasalene is not a snuff, nor a powder, nor a douche, but a medicated vapor, which, when inhaled, reaches the seat of the disease, and cures the most severe case of hayfever. Nasalene is sold by druggists everywhere, and is guaranteed to cure