

## Seeing Vesuvius.

..... By JAMES LEWIS.

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Robert Gaston was a bachelor of thirty-eight and was known to be fairly wealthy. He was a clubman in a conservative way. He was also a patron of the theater, but not of actresses. Now and then he made a bet on a horse race or an election, but he did not ride to the hounds or participate in wild revelry. He was a bachelor of good character, and why he did not marry was something no fellow could find out.

Nothing is a mystery to one who knows. Mr. Gaston knew that he was simply waiting for the right woman to come along and arouse the romance in his nature. That he had romance he felt quite sure, but that the right woman would come he had begun to doubt. He had prevented a girl in financial distress from leaving into the river, but she was older than he and did not appeal to him. He had stopped a runaway cab horse and saved the woman inside the vehicle, but she turned out to be a bachelor girl, who coldly thanked him and said that she was about to vault on to the horse's back and stop him herself. At a theater panic one night he had seized a pretty girl in his arms and hustled her out, but she had told him that she was already engaged and had offered him a dollar in cash for his exertions.

Between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-eight Mr. Gaston had had at least fifteen narrow escapes from calling up that slumbering romance that would lead to admiration and love, and he had finally come to the conclusion that it would have to be something out of the beaten track and might never happen at all.

How little do we know what a day may bring forth! On a certain Sunday Mr. Gaston sat in the smoking room of his club and read the six volume Sunday papers and was satisfied and content. On Monday he decided to sail for Italy and see the volcano of Vesuvius in operation. No one had ever suspected him of a partiality for volcanoes. He had not rushed off to the Johnstown flood or the Galveston disaster or the Baltimore fire. He had never been known to attend a prize fight or pay a visit to the morgue, and he had once turned pale at sight of a bleeding finger on the hand of a club waiter, but now he wanted to sail far away and see a volcano belching destruction for twenty miles around. Such is man!

Five days from the date of making his decision Mr. Gaston sailed for Naples. His steamer was not overcrowded. He would find plenty of standing room at the deck rail when he reached port. This would be one of the occasions when the front seats were not reserved for ladies. It was two days before the old bachelor suddenly discovered that there was an extremely good looking young woman aboard in charge of the captain. His heart gave one jump, and then he turned away. He was off to see volcanoes and not to look after comely women. Besides, the captain whispered to him that Miss Davidson did not care to make acquaintances on the voyage. By way of revenge Mr. Gaston did not stare at her at the table, as did all the other passengers.

Four days had passed, and he had met Miss Davidson face to face a dozen times, and neither had seemed to see the other. Then he passed her vacant steamer chair and found her purse lying where she had carelessly left it. Finding a lady's purse, whether on land or sea, calls for immediate action. Mr. Gaston was in search of the captain to hand it over, with contents untouched, when he met the young lady face to face and had the hardihood to address her. She at once responded smilingly. Yes, it was her purse, and she was under a thousand obligations, and so they introduced themselves to each other and sat down for a chat.

She had told the captain that she didn't care for introductions, but she was willing to make an exception in Mr. Gaston's case. Mr. Gaston was on board for the express purpose of going to Naples to see a volcano humping itself and hadn't expected to speak to a woman en route, but he was also willing to make a solitary exception.

There were many other clats, but it was not until the last day out that Miss Davidson solved a problem that was puzzling the bachelor. She was going to Italy to claim a large estate left by her grandmother. She had the papers with her. She was an orphan and had no relative to come with her, and her New York lawyer and her maid had accidentally been left behind when the steamer sailed. She must go to a hotel in Naples and wait for them, though she would be in consultation with an Italian lawyer meanwhile, and some preliminary steps could be taken.

The romance that had been buried deep in the heart of the old bachelor began to thaw out. It thawed and bubbled and rose to the surface. It began, admiration. Mr. Gaston wouldn't have made a wager that it wouldn't end in beguelling love. The thing that was needed had come to him at last. On arrival at Naples the captain took Miss Davidson to a certain hotel, and Mr. Gaston went to another, but of course Mr. Gaston could call at any proper hour. He did call.

There was old Vesuvius belching away and scattering ashes and fireworks all around, and hundreds feared that Naples must be destroyed, but he was not among them. He was falling in

love with Miss Davidson, and Naples must stand. Together the two saw the old hill doing her stunt, but their talk was mostly in regard to that grandmother's fortune. It amounted to millions of dollars, and Miss Davidson was the only heir. It would be a great responsibility for her, and she almost dreaded getting the money. Alone in the world and immensely wealthy, how could she tell whether a man sought her hand for love or the long green?

At this point Mr. Gaston reached out and took her hand and said something in reply, but as there happened to be an eruption just then—a sound like ten thousand mad bulls bellowing at once—the young lady never caught the words. She took them to mean something at least brotherly, however, and hung to his arm a little more tightly. Mr. Gaston was now in love. He was ready to bet a new hat on it. He was ready to propose marriage. He was willing to bet two hats on that. He must go a little slow, because he was no fortune hunter and wanted the girl to satisfy herself on that point.

A week passed, and then Miss Davidson received a cablegram from her lawyer stating that he would be delayed two weeks longer and that she should begin preliminary proceedings in the suit. Mr. Gaston did not see the cablegram, but he did see the lawyer who called on the helmsman. Miss Davidson insisted that he should be present at the interview as the only dear friend she had in all Italy. Vesuvius belched and roared and threw rocks over 200 feet high, but the interview took place just the same. The lawyer went over the case, which was a sure thing. It was as sure as that an American trust company could run the price of potatoes up a dollar a barrel and not go to jail for it.

Everything was ready to begin business, but there would be need of money—quite a bit of money. Being a foreigner, Miss Davidson must put up \$10,000 before filing the suit, and then there would be need of \$5,000 additional to bribe officials and get the papers started on the right road. The American lawyer would bring the money when he came, but that would mean more delay. When you are going to sue for millions left by your grandmother, you can't begin too quick. If you foot around too long, a hundred other heirs will rise from their graves to hold out their avaricious paws. When the lawyer had departed, Miss Davidson was almost in tears. She hadn't the cash to advance. Her lawyer was taking the case on a chance, and \$10,000 was all she could raise. She succeeded in chocking back a few sobe and then suddenly smiled and said it would make no great difference. If she had not the money, that must end it.

Right there was where Mr. Gaston spoke his little piece. He had loved her from the instant he found the purse in the steamer chair, and now that he could be of use to her his love welled up like a spring on the Catskill mountains. He would advance the money to the lawyer. She must not say him nay. He wanted her for his wife, but he would not make a formal proposal until she had had time to study him and make sure that he was tested, but instead, even while she protested he left her dear presence to fix things with the lawyer. You may be in Naples and your bank account in New York, but things can be fixed in a day to transfer any sum named.

The next day as Mr. Gaston came into the presence of the one loved she blushed and returned the pressure of his hand. Old Vesuvius still whanged away, but she was quiet compared with Gaston's heart. For one day only! On his next call he found the helmsman missing. After anxious inquiry he learned that she had taken the train for Genoa. He might have telegraphed and had her and the fake lawyer arrested, but he decided not to do so. He had loved and lost, and without another look at the famous volcano he took the steamer for New York. When his club friends asked him to describe what he had seen, he said there was nothing to describe. To one man only did he open his bleeding heart, and he was somewhat comforted to hear the other exclaim:

"The deuce you say! Why, the same girl got \$10,000 of my good money in the same way last summer! Glad I'm not the only easy mark in this old world!"

**Oldest Artificial Leg.**  
What is said by the British Medical Journal to be the oldest artificial leg in existence is in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. It was found in the tomb of Capua and is described in the catalogue as follows: "Roman artificial leg. The artificial limb accurately represents the form of the leg. It is made of pieces of thin bronze, fastened by bronze nails to a wooden core. Two iron bars, having holes at their free ends, are attached to the upper extremity of the bronze. A quadrilateral piece of iron, found near the position of the foot, is thought to have given strength to it. There is no trace of the foot, and the wooden core had nearly crumbled away. What skeleton had its waist surrounded by a belt of sheet bronze edged with small rivets, probably used to fasten a leather lining. Three painted vases (red figures on a black ground) lay at the feet of the skeleton. The vases belong to a rather advanced period in the decline of art (about 300 B. C.)."

**Hard Work.**  
"Your enormous fortune has resulted in comfort and ease for yourself and your family."

"Well, I know that it has," answered Mr. Camox. "It has compelled mother and the girls to put in a terrible amount of hard work giving me lessons in etiquette."—Washington Star.

## The Mooney Way

There's nothing too good to go into MOONEY'S CRACKERS. The best flour that Canada mills, the best butter and cream that Canada's famous dairies can produce, and the best equipped bakery in Canada, to convert them into the best crackers you ever ate—

**Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas**

They are good eating any time and all the time.

Crisp, inviting, toothsome.



At all Grocers

SENTENCED TO THE LASH.

Four-Year Term Also Imposed on Man at London.

London, Ont., Sept. 3.—Thomas Tavender was on Saturday sentenced to four years in Kingston Penitentiary and twenty lashes for an assault on Emma Matthews, an eight-year-old girl. The offence on which Tavender was convicted was committed on June 30 last, at the Mount Elgin Institute near Munster, during the absence of the child's parents. Tavender was arrested on July 12, and acknowledged his guilt.

**Belt Hits Church.**  
Lombard, West Prussia, Sept. 3.—A Catholic church here was struck by lightning on Sunday. Four persons were killed and sixteen men and children were seriously injured in the panic which followed by being trodden under foot.

**YOU PREVENT HAY FEVER, OR CURE IT**

In a prompt, pleasant and effective way, by inhaling the germ-killing, throat and lung healing Catarrhoxone. "Delightful to use, simple in its operation, free from stomach nauseating and destroying substances. It is a marvel of scientific efficacy. Catarrhoxone kills the germs that excite the disease, heals the inflamed surfaces and prevents absolutely a recurrence of the malady. Catarrhoxone cannot fail to cure Hay Fever, because it destroys its cause. Druggists, 25c., \$1.00, or mailed to your address. It is price is forwarded to Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

**Detectives Foil Black Hand.**  
New York, Sept. 4.—Caught in the act of taking money from a victim whom they had threatened with death, three Italians, who the police believe are leaders of the Black Hand Society, were captured yesterday by detectives after a wild flight on a trolley car on Second avenue, in which one of the Italians was shot while diving through the car window in a final effort to escape.

**THE CAUSE OF HAY FEVER.**  
It's a microbe that floats in the air, gets into the throat and lungs, develops rapidly, excites inflammation, etc. The cause is as simple as a thistle in the finger. Extract the thistle, away goes the pain. Destroy the Hay Fever germ—you get well. That's why Catarrhoxone acts so marvelously in Hay Fever. Its fragrant vapor to you brings cure, but to the microbe death. Catarrhoxone is as quick to act on these microscopic organisms as lightning. Prevents as well as cures, and is always successful. Druggists, 25c., and \$1.00, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

**Harvest About In.**  
Winnipeg, Sept. 4.—The weather is fine throughout the whole of the west and the crop outlook is vastly improved.

**Outing in Southern Manitoba** is progressing rapidly and the harvest will be over by the end of the week. In Northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan outing will be started about the end of the week or the first of next week.

A man may have enough of the world to sink him, but he can never have enough to satisfy him.

St. Isidore, P. Q., Aug. 18, '04. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—I have frequently used MINARD'S LINIMENT and also prescribe it for my patients always with the most gratifying results, and I consider it the best all-round Liniment extant.

Yours truly,

DR. JOS. AUG. SIROIS.

Lord Lake is the best 10c. Cigar in the market—made by O'Brien Bros.

Hero worship never extends to our intimate friends.

Quail on Toast is the best 5 cent Cigar in the market—made by O'Brien Bros.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

## SPORT ON LABRADOR COAST.

Fishing and Exploring on the Lonely Northern Shores.

Mr. Lawrence Mott, writing to The New York Herald of a sporting and exploring trip on the Labrador coast, gives a list of streams and bays in which great quantities of salmon and sea and brook trout are to be found. At various points on the coast caribou are plentiful, and at others there is good bear shooting, an abundance of wild fowl, etc.

In the course of his interesting article Mr. Mott accuses the Newfoundland Government of laxity in the matter of enforcing the game laws. He says:

It seems a pity that His Majesty's rivers should be despoiled of their yield of salmon simply because of negligence on the part of the Newfoundland Government and a glaring insufficiency of proper wardens. Archibald Douglas, now stationed at Portmouth, England, did all he could to prevent this evil. His officers likewise; but there remains a stupid "non-chalance" on the part of the Newfoundland Government itself. In their own island they do everything right, but neither salmon are netted illegally in their rivers or not, and the same holds true of the caribou.

A great many of the Newfoundland skippers take their wives on the Labrador; poor, thin women, that come for some twelve months, and at night, by the flare of a kerosene torch, help to clean and salt the day's take of cod. The quarters on the average schooner are dirty and small; four men, including the skipper and mate, sleeping at, two men to a narrow bunk. For food, which is usually boardered, partition (rarely a solid bulkhead) between, is the after or main fish hold. The stench is therefore overpowering to one not used to it; and when on rainy, cold nights, the little, but always most efficient stove is set going over the fish, the stench is even more in their wet, slime soaked clothes the reek is nauseating—but healthful.

The struggle for a bare existence, the continual slavery of the sea, creates a callousness in these characters—usually seen in their utter carelessness as to their own lives. It is known that "d'fish" are in a certain bay, or on a certain stretch of shore, and they will up all night, or day, fog or storm, and away. Ice is thick on the coast all through the fishing months, and fogs hover on the mountains, and the sea is so treacherous that a vessel is apt to be wrecked. The sort of warden that is appointed for a certain river is somewhat as follows—I describe John Smith, at the River of Ponds: A long, lank individual, with no common sense—else he would not have taken the job of four months' work at \$40 for the whole year. He is a man who will use his own teeth under cover of darkness on the plea that he has to be on the river to do duty, meanwhile shoving in groundless complaints against those who try to thwart him.

Take it all-in-all, to "do" the Labrador fishery is one of one's own (chartered, if you prefer), in quest of sport, curious and interesting people, glorious scenery, most healthful climate and in comparative safety, is a delightful way of spending three months. Take a man who says: "I am willing to take the many discomforts in the way of bad weather and high winds, charter a schooner such as I had; let him engage a crew that work well together, and, most important of all, a 'clever' skipper, and I can assure him of royal days with his fish."

To add briefly, I would suggest that a sportsman might begin his cruises northward from Port-aux-Basques, Nfld., and fish the west coast rivers upward rapidly. We did this and found some fine streams, where the fish are plentiful, and the flock commonly called "sports" from the States and England.

On a trip of this kind one gets an insight of the cheerless lives of the fisher folk up in the barren North. Nearly all work and no play. Yet they live hard and the rough heathen natives have much that is generous and kind. For example, when we arrived at Tub Harbor a group of fishermen came aboard. They had seen our American ensign and thought that we were a trader and that it was our business to work at \$40 for the whole year. We had no chart of Gros Water Bay, and one of them at once offered the worn, tattered sheet that he used on his own vessel. The chance that he might not see it again never entered his mind. He would not steal from us; why should we carry off what he had? That is the way those people argue.

**Vancouver's Chinatown.**

Vancouver has a gigantic Chinatown—a Chinese theatre, and a large amount of real estate in the city owned by the Celestials—in fact, one of the wealthiest Chinamen in America resides in Vancouver. A \$500 poll tax is assessed against the Chinese who desire to vote. The shortage of labor has even brought up a suggestion that the tax be repealed for a year or so, until the market is supplied. The scarcity of labor is an acute problem, but the Socialist and Labor vote has to be considered. This silenced those who would otherwise declare openly what they secretly desire in the way of labor legislation. Some radical citizens of Vancouver, it is said, are willing to go through an earthquake to eradicate the Celestials.

In some of the Chinamen's establishments an effort has been made to employ the lanky, turbaned Sikhs. Many of these will eat no meat and have a half-starved appearance, which is no endorsement of a vegetable diet. Labor unions are against Hindus to the last end, and while they employ them, they refuse to work with them. These dark-skinned strangers have little desire to speak the English tongue, and their utter ignorance of the prevailing language makes it very difficult to employ them.

**Laughter.**

Laughter is a most healthful exertion. It is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted, and the custom prevalent among our forefathers of exciting it at table by jesters and buffoons was founded on true medical principles.

## ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

(Trifoliate) Being in Whistler on the shores of Lake Ontario, under beautiful grounds, furnishes an ideal, healthful home in which to obtain an education. Palatial buildings of modern type, an equipped staff of teachers and unexcelled equipment. Musical Department in affiliation with Toronto Conservatory of Music and under direction of well-known teachers. Large price course in College Concert Hall. Its close proximity to Toronto enables students to take advantage of the important concerts, etc., held there, while at the same time they are removed from Toronto's many temptations and distractions. The physical, mental, moral, social and religious growth, placed under influences that develop the highest type of refined Christian womanhood.

Will Re-open September 9th. Write for calendar to REV. DR. J. J. HARE, Principal.

**Flying Kites For Luck.**  
On the ninth day of the ninth month, according to the Chinese calendar, all the Celestials, old and young alike, betake themselves to the hills behind their towns and amuse themselves by flying kites. But amusement is not the sole reason for this ceremony. It comes from an old Chinese legend, and if a Chinaman did not fly his kite on the given day he would rest uneasily for the remainder of his life in fear that misfortune would overtake his family. The legend runs that many years ago a certain Chinaman was warned in a dream that a misfortune would come to his home on a certain day. Accordingly on that day he repaired to an adjacent hill and amused himself and his family by flying a kite while he was waiting for the disaster. In the evening, upon returning to the valley in which his house was situated, he found that it had fallen in and buried his pigs beneath it. He and his neighbors joined in thanksgiving for his narrow escape, and in memory of the event every year sees the flight of millions of kites in China.

**The Unsocial Young Napoleon.**  
At dinner during the voyage to Corsica, to which my father invited the passengers who included some officers of his regiment and the two Corsicans, he requested an officer, M. de Belloc, to call a young man who was wearing the uniform of the military school and reading at the end of the boat. The younger man refused. M. de Belloc came back irritated and said to my father: "I should like to throw the unsocial little fellow into the sea. He has an unpleasant face. Will you grant me permission, colonel?"

"No," said my father, laughing, "and I am not of your opinion. His face shows character, and I am sure that he will be heard of some day." The unsocial fellow was the future Emperor Napoleon. Belloc has related this scene to me at least ten times, adding, with a sigh, "Ah, if the colonel had only allowed me to throw him into the sea he would not be turning the world upside down today."—From Memoirs of Comtesse de Boigne.

Take care of the stomach and the health will take care of itself. If people only realized the soundness of that statement the majority might live to a good old age like Moses. "The eye undimmed, the natural force unimpaired." It is in the stomach that the blood is made. It is from the stomach that nourishment is dispensed to nerve and muscle. If the stomach is "weak" it can't do its whole work for each part of the body. If it is diseased the disease will taint the nourishment which is distributed, and spread disease throughout the body. It was the realization of the importance of the stomach as the very centre of health and the common source of disease, which led Dr. Pieros to prepare his "Golden Medical Discovery." Diseases which originate in the stomach must be cured through the stomach. The soundness of this theory is proved every day by cures of diseased organs, heart, liver, lungs, blood,—by the use of the "Discovery" which is solely and singly a medicine for the blood and organs of digestion and nutrition.

Not a secret or "patent medicine" because ingredients are printed on label; contains no alcohol, is purely vegetable.

Cheap rates to western points will be made by the C. P. R. from Sept. 1st to Oct. 31st. For rates and further information call at the C. P. R. ticket office, corner of King and Fifth streets.

**Fatalities at Hull.**

Ottawa, Sept. 4.—At Hull, Lab., Mathias Farrier, 18 years of age, while fishing from the rocks above the Big Kettle at the Chaudiere, slipped and was carried by the current over the falls.

Peter Cole, aged 50 years, an employee of the E. B. Eddy Co., climbed a tree to pick buttermilk. He lost his hold and in falling his head came in contact with the tree trunk and he was killed instantly.

A gentleman buying a bottle of Veterans' Sure Cure, said: "This is a small bottle for 50c." I replied, make a calculation. A 12 oz. bottle of other medicine costs \$1; the dose is 1 tablespoonful 3 times a day, equal to 1-1/2 oz.; the 12 oz. lasts 8 days. That 50c. V. S. C. bottle contains about 150 days' medicine; 18 3/4 times as much as the large bottle—a saving of \$18.00. In the one you pay for water and glass. V. S. C. is concentrated medicine without water. It is the medicine for all diseases; 50c. and \$1 bottles. At druggists. Mailed anywhere by The V. S. C. Med. Co., Chatham, Ont.

Strong friendships are not always the most lasting.

Reduced rates to western points, commencing Sept. 1st. Enquire at the reliable, 115 King street, W. E. Ripin, agent G. T. R. and Wabash Railway.

Money goes like a racehorse and comes like a spill.

## BLOW TO THE RANCHES.

Severe Winter Has Meant Heavy Loss In the West.

The winter has been an exceptionally hard one on the ranches of Western Canada, and of the Northwestern States. The many reports of losses on the range from storms have not been exaggerated. Almost whole herds and flocks have been decimated. One rancher says that the loss will be about 75 per cent. Out of 3,600 cattle rounded up last fall by a prominent Alberta man, only 400 can be counted this spring. Others are hit even worse.

Where the ranchers had made better provision than the others, by a good supply of hay, and some sheltering sheds, the losses are big enough with all their care. Now is the time that the destructive work of the past winter is getting in its fullest and fiercest type. The weakened animals are dying now in large numbers. Ranchers are seeing their herds slowly dwindling from them, and the vision of wealth are fading away as rapidly as they come. The whole Canadian ranch country is suffering a depression almost equal to the celebrated year of 1902 among the New Mexican ranchers.

**Effect on Trade.**  
What effect will this have upon the West, and upon the cattle trade of Canada? This is a question not easily answered because of the very subsidiary situation. Kansas cattle never came through in better shape; the sugar-beet factories are successfully feeding their thousands. There is a big supply in Ontario of feeders. Against this we have the dearth of good butchered stuff in Ontario, the prevailing disposition to go into dairying in many sections, owing to the good outlook for cheese, has had its effect in the supplies of good cattle. Sheep are more plentiful throughout the country, and hogs are increasing in numbers also, although the latter have not made the ratio of gain that the recent good prices would warrant.

**Demand For Cattle.**  
Many people say that the demand for shorthorn breeding stock in a few months will take a joyous turn, and those who have laid in the best breeding stock will have their innings. It is true that the Angus and Herefords have obtained quite a hold on the West, but there will be a tendency in the future, in all probability, to go in for smaller herds with better care. These smaller holdings will demand more shorthorns than before, and it is because of this prospect that many base their predictions. Beef cattle ought to rise in value as the season advances, but this is an uncertain question. Butcher's cattle will command the fairly good sale for some time, and, taking all things into account, the outlook is not at all pessimistic for the cattle breeder.

**State Care of Insane.**  
Ontario has done nobly in the care of its sick and defective classes, but too often the cry of economy has prevented the best results being attained. In no department has this criticism had greater application than in the State management of the insane. Too much attention has been paid to the care rather than the cure of this class.

It is a matter of comment that all modern authors on insanity insist that recent and acute cases should be treated in small hospitals perfectly isolated from the large establishments for chronic.

No building in America meet the modern requirements, and it is here that the Ontario Government will score a triumph with its Psychiatric Hospital.

The stigma which always, rightly and wrongly, attaches to confinement in an asylum will disappear, and psychiatry will be put on a footing that will keep it in touch with other departments in medicine. The important moments in the treatment of mental cases are in the incipient stages, and people will not send their friends to such times to the asylums. They would be willing, though, to accept treatment in a small hospital, where a legal commitment would be unnecessary, and where the methods of treatment adopted were on purely hospital lines.

Of course a Psychiatric Hospital will be an expensive institution to build and equip, but the investment will be a good one, as every patient saved from chronicity means a saving of \$2,000 to the province. Its cost would soon be saved by the cases referred to sound mental health, for after all, insanity is a purely physical disease, just as amenable to early treatment as many other diseases.

Save your dollars by calling at W. E. Ripin's ticket office, 115 King street, if contemplating a trip; if not thinking of going away come and see us anyway, perhaps you will.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC.**

No. 3—Daily 12:35 a. m. for Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and all points West and South.

No. 5—Daily 1:15 p. m. for Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and all points West and South.

No. 4—Daily 2:52 a. m. for London, Woodstock, Galt, Toronto, Montreal and all points North East and West.

No. 6—Daily 3:32 p. m. for London, Woodstock, Galt, Toronto, Montreal and all points North East and West.

No. 10—(Daily Except Sunday) 6:45 a. m. for London, Woodstock, Galt, Toronto and all points North and East.

**PERE MARQUETTE**  
Leaves Chatham for—

Blenheim and Rond Eau, 6:45 a. m. South and P. M. West, 8:20 a. m. M. C. R. West 9:05 a. m., P. M. East Blenheim and Rond Eau, 10:30 a. m. M. C. R. West, Blenheim and Rond Eau, 4:40 p. m.

South and P. M. West, 5:15 p. m. South and P. M. East, 6:15.

Arrive at Chatham from—  
Rond Eau and Blenheim, 8:45 a. m. East, 9:35 a. m.  
West, 10:25 a. m.  
Rond Eau, etc., 4:00 p. m.  
East, 6:35 p. m.  
Rond Eau, 7:50 p. m.  
Walkerville, 7:35 p. m.  
From the North—  
Arrive from Sarnia 9:05 a. m.; 6:15 p. m.  
For Sarnia 9:35 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.

## GRAND TRUNK

**EAST BOUND—**  
Mail train, 8:37 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Mixed, 12:40 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Express, 2 p. m., daily.  
International Limited, 5:18 p. m., daily.

Express, 9 p. m., daily except Sunday.

**WEST BOUND—**  
Acad., 8:30 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Express, 12:52 p. m., daily.  
Mail, 4:18 p. m., daily except Sunday.

International Limited, 9:24 p. m., daily.

Mixed, 2:30 p. m.

**WABASH**

**SPECIAL LOW, ONE WAY COLONIST TICKETS**

On Sale Daily from SEPTEMBER 1st to OCTOBER 31st, 1907.

From all Wabash stations to California, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Washington, Utah, Mexico, British Columbia, and other Pacific Coast points.

Tickets good going on all direct routes, and should read over the Wabash, the short and true routes to Western points.

For information and tickets apply to Wabash Agents, W. E. Ripin, C.P.A., 115 King Street; J. E. Pritchard, Depot Agent, Chatham; or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, Northeast corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto and St. Thomas.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC NORTHWEST**

**ROUND-TRIP EXCURSIONS FOR HOMESEEKERS LEAVE SEPTEMBER 10 AND 24 OCTOBER 2 AND 22**

30-DAY RETURN RATES FROM NEAREST P. R. STATION.

Winnipeg ..... \$32.00  
Souris ..... 33.50  
Brandon ..... 35.00  
Woomera ..... 34.50  
Arcola ..... 34.50  
Estevan ..... 35.00  
Yorkton ..... 35.00  
Regina ..... 35.75  
Moosejaw ..... 36.00