

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
Corrected July 3rd, 1904.
GOING EAST GOING WEST
2.55 a.m. Express..... 1.03 a.m.
9.55 a.m. 1.11 a.m.
3.32 p.m. 9.42 p.m.
A.m. daily, except Sunday.

GRAND TRUNK
W.E.B.L.
2.23 a.m. for Windsor, Detroit and in-
mediate stations except Sunday
12.42 a.m. for Windsor and Detroit.
2.30 p.m. for Windsor and intermediate
stations.
4.15 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.
9.08 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and west
International Limited 9.08 p.m. daily
EAST.
2.22 a.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto
Buffalo.
1.45 p.m. for Glenora and St. Thomas
12.17 p.m. for London, Toronto, Man-
itowish, Buffalo and New York.
5.0 p.m. for London, Hamilton, To-
ronto, Montreal and East.
5.50 p.m. for London and intermediate
stations.
Daily except Sunday: "Daily."

THE WABASH MAILBOX CO.
The California World's
Fair Route.
GOING WEST EAST BOUND
No. 1-645 a.m. No. 2-12.23 p.m.
3-1.07 p.m. 4-11.19 p.m.
12-1.25 p.m. 116-2.25 a.m.
15-7.03 p.m. 117-1.32 a.m.
18-9.38 p.m. 118-1.42 a.m.
9-1.18 a.m. 8-2.49 p.m.
J. A. RICHARDSON,
Dist. Pass. Agt., Toronto and St. Thomas
J. C. PRITCHARD,
Station Agent,
W. E. RISPIN,
W. P. A. 415 King St., Chatham.

PERE MARQUETTE R.
BUFFALO DIVISION
EFFECTIVE DEC. 5, 1904.
Leave Chatham Express Express
For Buffalo 6.45 a.m. 5 p.m.
St. Thomas 8.10 a.m. 5.55 p.m.
Buffalo 8.25 a.m. 6.30 p.m.
Arrive at Chatham
From
Buffalo 9.55 a.m. 7.55 p.m.
St. Thomas 8.25 a.m. 6.55 p.m.
Chatham 8.10 a.m. 6.30 p.m.
Central Standard Time—one hour slower
than city time.
R. BRITTON, D.P.A., London
G. E. TULLSON, H. F. MOELLER,
Agents Chatham G.P.A. Detroit

CANADIAN PACIFIC
SINGLE FARE

Between all points in Ontario;
good going

JANUARY 24th and 25th

Returning until Jan. 26th, for

PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS

Tickets and full particulars from W.
H. Harper, City Agt., or C. B. Foster,
District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
SYSTEM

Ontario Provincial Elections

January 25, 1905.

Single fare for round trip between
all stations in Ontario, good going
Tuesday, January 24th, and Wednes-
day, January 25th, valid returning
until January 26th.
For tickets and information call on
agents.

W. E. RISPIN,
City Ticket Agent,
115 King Street, Chatham,
or to
J. C. PRITCHARD,
Depot Ticket Agent.

WABASH

Is the great winter tourist route
to the south and west, including
Old Mexico, the most interesting
country in the face of the globe.
Texas and California, the lands of
sunshine and flowers. Round trip
tickets on sale daily at greatly re-
duced rates. The Wabash is the
great trunk line between the east
and the west, and runs the finest
equipped trains in America.
For time-tables and descriptive
folders and other printed matter, ad-
dress

J. A. RICHARDSON,
Dist. Pass. Agt., N.E. corner King
and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St.
Thomas.
W. E. RISPIN, C. P. A., Chatham
J. C. PRITCHARD, Depot Agent.

Y-Don't
you have a neat Photo
of yourself tak-
en at the
GIBSON STUDIO,
Cor. King and Fifth Sts

Mintner's Lintment Cures Gargol in
Cows

The Simple Life

By CHARLES WAGNER

Translated from the French by Mary
Louise Mendes

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One must have lived in schools, in
workshops, in the army, in government
offices, he must have closely followed
the relations between masters and
servants, have observed a little every-
where, where the supremacy of man
exercises itself over man, to form any
idea of the injury done by those who
use power arrogantly. Of every tree
soul they make a slave soul, which is
to say the soul of a rebel. And it ap-
pears that this result, with its social
disaster, is not certain when he who
commands is least removed from the
station of him who obeys. The most
implacable tyrant is the tyrant himself
under authority. Foremen and over-
seers put more violence into their deal-
ings than superintendents and employ-
ers. The corporal is generally harsher
than the colonel. In certain families
where madam has not much more edu-
cation than her maid, the relations be-
tween them are those of the convict
and his warder. And woe everywhere
to him who falls into the hands of a
subaltern drunk with his authority!

We forget that the first duty of him
who exercises power is humility. Hu-
manity is not authority. It is not we
who are the law; the law is over
our heads. We only interpret it, but to
make it valid in the eyes of others we
must first be subject to it ourselves.
To command and to obey in the society
of men are, after all, but two forms of
the same virtue—voluntary servitude.
If you are not obeyed, it is generally
because you have lost yourself obeyed first.

The secret of moral ascendancy rests
with those who rule with simplicity.
They soften by the spirit of the harshness
of the fact. Their authority is not in
shoulder straps, titles or disciplinary
measures. They make use of neither
ferule nor threats, yet they achieve ev-
erything. Why? Because we feel that
they are themselves ready for every-
thing. That which confers upon a man
the right to demand of another the sac-
rifice of his time, his money, his pas-
sions, even his life, is not only that he
is resolved upon all these sacrifices
himself, but that he has made them in
advance. In the command of a man
animated by this spirit of renunciation
there is a mysterious force which com-
municates itself to him who is to obey
and helps him do his duty.

In all the provinces of human activ-
ity there are chiefs who inspire, strength-
en, magnetize their soldiers; under
their direction the troops do prodigies.
With them one feels himself capable
of any effort, ready to go through fire,
as the saying has it, and if he goes it
is with enthusiasm.

But the pride of the exalted is not the
only pride; there is also the pride of
the humble—the arrogance of under-
lings, attendant to that of the great.
The root of these two prides is the same.
It is not alone that lofty and im-
pulsive being, the man who says, "I am
the law," that provokes the reaction by
his very attitude; it is also that pig-
headed subaltern who will not admit
that there is anything beyond his knowledge.

There are really many people who
find all superiority irritating. For them
every place of advice is an offense, ev-
ery criticism an imposition, every order
an outrage on their liberty. They would
not know how to submit to rule. To re-
spect anything or anybody would seem
to them a mental aberration. They say
to people after their fashion, "Beyond us
there is nothing."

To the family of the proud belong also
those difficult and supersensitive peo-
ple who in humble life find that their
superiors never do them fitting honor,
whom the best and most kindly do not
succeed in satisfying and who go about
their duties with the air of a martyr.
At bottom these disaffected minds have
too much misplaced self respect. They do
not know how to fill their place simply,
but complicate their life and that of
others by unreasonable demands and
morbid suspicions.

When one takes the trouble to study
man at short range, he is surprised to
find that pride has so many lurking
places among those who are by com-
mon consent called the humble. So
powerful is this vice that it arrives at
forming round those who live in the
most modest circumstances a wall
which isolates them from their neighbors.
There they are, entrenched, bar-
ricaded with their ambitions and their
contempt, as inaccessible as the pow-
erful of earth behind their aristocratic
pretences. Obscure or illustrious, pride
wraps itself in its dark royalty of
enmity to the human race. It is the
same in misery and in high places—
solitary and impotent, on guard against
everybody, embroiling everything. And
the last word about it is always this:
If there is so much hostility and in-
tended between different classes of men
it is due less to external conditions than
to an interior fatality. Conflicting in-
terests and differences of situation dig
ditches between us, it is true, but pride
transforms the ditches into gulfs, and
in reality it is pride alone which cries
from brink to brink, "There is nothing
in common between you and us!"

We have not finished with pride, but
it is impossible to picture it under all
its forms. I feel most resentful against
it when it meddles with knowledge and
appropriates that. We owe our riches
to our fellows, as we do our riches

Frightful Dreams.

Dull Headaches.

TERRIBLE PAINS AND A FREQUENT
DESIRE TO URINATE. Such were the
troubles of Mr. Joseph Leland, alias
N.W.T. He happily found relief in

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Here is what he says:—"I was troubled
with dull headaches, had frightful dreams,
terrible pains in my legs, and a frequent
desire to urinate. Noticing Doan's
Kidney Pills recommended for kidney
trouble, I decided to give them a trial.
I procured a box, and was very much
surprised at the effectual cure they made.
I take a great deal of pleasure in recom-
mending them to all kidney trouble
sufferers."

Doan's Kidney Pills help the kidneys
to drain off the poisonous impurities
which have collected, thus cleansing out
the kidneys, bladder, and all the urinary
passages. They correct inability to hold
the urine, and thus obviate the necessity
of getting up many times at night to
urinate. Their good results will be im-
mediately felt in all cases of kidney
trouble.

Price 50 cents per box, or \$1.25.
At all dealers, or will be mailed direct,
on receipt of price, by THE DOAN
KIDNEY PILLS CO., TORONTO, ONT.

and power. It is a social force which
ought to be of service to everybody.
And it can only be so when those who
know remain sympathetically near to
those who know not. When knowl-
edge is turned into a tool for ambition
it destroys itself.

And what shall we say of the pride
of good men? For it exists and makes
even virtue hateful. The just who re-
pent of the evil others do remain in
brotherhood and social rectitude.
But the just who despise others for
their faults and misdeeds cut them-
selves off from humanity, and their
goodness, descended to the rank of an
ornament for their vanity, becomes
like those riches which kindness does
not inform, like authority untempered
by the spirit of obedience. Like proud
wealth and arrogant power, superci-
lous virtue also is detestable. It
fosters in man traits and an attitude
provocative of I know not what. The
sight of it repels instead of attracting,
and those whom it deigns to distin-
guish with its benefits feel as though
they had been slapped in the face.

To resume and conclude, it is an error
to think that our advantages, what-
ever they are, should be put to the
service of our vanity. Each of them
constitutes for him who enjoys it an
obligation and not a reason for vain-
glory. Material wealth, power, knowl-
edge, gifts of the heart and mind, be-
come so much causes for discord when
they serve to nourish pride. They re-
main beneficent only so long as they
are the source of modesty in those who
possess them.

Let us be humble if we have great
possessions, for that proves that we
are great debtors. All that a man has
he owes to some one, and we are sure
of being able to pay our debts?

Let us be humble if we sit in high
places and hold the fate of others in
our hands, for no clear sighted man

Severe Chest Colds And Painful Coughs

Demand Prompt and Active
Treatment.

The great danger in troubles of
this class is "delay." Don't neg-
lect a Cough or Cold, it can have
but one result. It leaves the
throat or lungs, or both, affected—
Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Asthma,
Catarrh and Consumption will
surely follow the neglect to cure.

The first dose of

DR. WOOD'S
NORWAY PINE SYRUP
will ease the cough, soothe the
inflamed throat and loosen the
phlegm.

Mrs. Joseph Paradis, Blackwell,
Ont., writes:—"I had such a bad
cold I could hardly breathe. I
noticed Dr. Wood's Norway Pine
Syrup advertised, so had my
husband get me two bottles—I
had only used one before I was
cured. I recommended it to a
friend, and two bottles cured her
after other remedies had failed—we
both keep it in the house now and
would not be without it. It is the
best cough medicine I have ever
taken."

Price 25 cents per bottle.

Mrs. Aseum—Have you still got
that servant girl you had last week?
Mrs. Hiram Offen—Well, which day
last week?

an fall to be sensible of unfitness for
so grave a role.

Let us be humble if we have much
knowledge, for it only serves to better
show the vastness of the unknown, and
to compare the little we have dis-
covered for ourselves with the ampli-
tude of that which we owe to the pulse
of others.

And, above all, let us be humble if we
are virtuous, since no one should be
more sensible of his defects than he
whose conscience is illumined, and
since he, more than any one else, should
feel the need of charity toward evil
doers, even of suffering in their stead.

"And what about the necessary dis-
tinctions in life?" some one may ask.
"As a result of your simplifications
are you not going to destroy that sense
of the difference between men which
must be maintained if society exists
at all?"

I have no mind to suppress distinc-
tions and differences, but I think that
what distinguishes a man is not found
in his social rank, his occupation, his
dress or his fortune, but solely in him-
self. More than any other, our own age
has pricked the vain bubble of purely
outward greatness. To be somebody
at present it does not suffice to wear
the mantle of an emperor or a royal
crown. What honor is there in wield-
ing power through gold lace, a coat of
arms, a ribbon? Not that visible
signs are to be despised—they have
their meaning and use—but on condi-
tion that they cover something and not
a vacuum. The moment they cease to
stand for realities they become useless
and dangerous. The only true distinc-
tion is superior worth. If you would
have social rank duly respected you
must begin by being worthy of the
rank that is your own; otherwise you
help to bring it into hatred and con-
tempt. It is, unhappily, too true that
respect is diminishing among us, and
it certainly is not from a lack of lines
drawn round those who wish to be re-
spected. The root of the evil is in the
mistaken idea that high station ex-
empts him who holds it from observing
the common obligations of life. As we
rise we believe that we free ourselves
from the law, forgetting that the spirit
of obedience and humility should grow
with our possessions and power. So it
comes about that those who demand
the most homage make the least effort
to merit the homage they demand.
This is why respect is diminishing.

The sole distinction necessary is the
wish to become better. The man who
strives to be better becomes more
humble, more approachable, more
friendly even with those who owe him
allegiance, but as he gains by being
better known he loses nothing in dis-
tinction, and he repays the more respect
in that he has sown the less pride.

(To Be Continued.)

SAKHALIN'S SABLE HOLIDAY.

The sable and sables hunt each be-
gin a new year in the calendar of the
Gilyaks, who live on Sakhalin
Island, on the Straits of Tartary.
These two years which begin in
October and end in May, are the winter
year and the summer year, and are
opened by holiday festivals.

The sable holiday goes by the name
of "the prayer of the lord of the
forest." Mr. Hallow in his book en-
titled, "In the Uttermost East," de-
scribes it:

It is a wintry scene. The snares
are set on logs and branches which
span the narrow stream and creeks.
The first snows have fallen. The
trees stand silent in the sombre
depths, hanging their hoary, liehen-
covered branches.

And the hush a shadow steal
quietly across the scene. It is a
sable. He goes by accustomed paths.
He does not care to swim the cold
water, but seeks a fallen tree or log
whereon to pass. All unsuspectingly
he creeps along, bent back, only to find
his way blocked by a tiny barrier of
sticks, arranged in the shape of a
fan; nevertheless, a way, one way,
is left, and that through a hole in
the ice. Rising on his hind legs
and pushing through, he struggles,
and so doing releases a peg hitched
with a ratchet, and a bent twig at
one of the cords flies back and
tiggers the noose.

Many trackers are out, but each
brings his first catch to one place,
where due honor is then paid to the
great giver of them, the lord of the
forest.

It would savor of greediness, of
meat without grace, to start on the
important hunt of the sables, crea-
tures whose skins are so valuable
that anything may be said to be
them, without due acknowledgment
to the giver. A feast is made, and
pieces of roasted flesh, tobacco and
other things are buried in the ground
as an offering to the god.

It is necessary, lest he be not ob-
serving or be engaged elsewhere, to
call the attention of Pai ni rookh to
their offering, so they whisper,
"Chookhi Chookhi" that is, God, Thou
God! They do this in an undertone,
lest the evil spirits should hear; for
these evil spirits dwell in the swamps
and the depths of the forest, and
might make off with them. For this
reason, and because Pai ni rookh gen-
erally walks among the mountains,
the Gilyaks take the precaution of
making their offering on high ground.

When the hunting season is ad-
vanced, the snare is abandoned and
another method for the capture of
the sable is adopted. The native sets
out with his dogs, who quickly find
the tracks of the little animal, and
drive it up a tree. The hunter then
lets fly a blunt arrow, and, if skill-
ful, stuns his prey. With fair suc-
cess he may thus take seven or eight
sables in a day.

HE CAN SOMETIMES.

Surely you are not really jealous of
your husband?
Yes, I am. He simply can't keep
his eyes off the women.

Oh, yes, he can. You should see
him sometime when he has a seat in
a crowded street car.

STRANGE STORY OF ACCIDENTS

In a corner of the First Egyptian
Room at the British Museum, behind
the crumpled robes of a pharaohic
chief who lived before there were
pyramids in Egypt or pyramids on the
Nile, stands a woman moulded from
some ancient form of cardboard. She
is merely a shell, the cover of a
mummy case. Her hands are crossed
upon her breast, and her dark eyes
stare forward into vacancy.

According to the catalogue, she is
No. 23,545, a problematical royal por-
trait and a princess of the Col-
lege of Amen-Ra. She lived in the
mighty city of Thebes some 1,600
years before Christ.

And about this coffin cover
there hangs as terrible a story as
ever an Edgar Allan Poe or a Balzac
or Kipling produced from a gloomy
imagination.

In question the attendants in
the First Egyptian Room they will
shake their heads and say nothing.
But there is a famous professor in
the Museum who knows that the
story is true, though whether there
be a coincidence or a manifestation of
supernatural power, who can say?
There is a second professor of the
more exact sciences and a traveller
of distinction who are equally well
informed.

IN ANCIENT THEBES.
About the middle of the 'sixties a
party of five friends took ship in a
dababa for a trip up the Nile. They
travelled to Luxor, on their way to
Second Cataract, and stayed there
to explore the ruins of the great and
wonderful city of Thebes, with its
avenues of sphinxes and rams, its
vast hall of columns, and its temple
of Amen-Ra, which is unequalled on
earth in the sublimity of its ruined
magnificence.

Lady Duff Gordon entertained the
party at a dinner, while the Consul,
Mustapha Aga, held a strange dance
of the "Giray" ladies of Luxor. There
were salutes and illuminations to
mark the arrival of the guests.
One night an Arab servant of Mustapha
Aga came to one of his number, Mr.
D., and said, "My master says that
he had just found a mummy case of
unusual beauty. What became of the
mummy the man did not explain. The
next morning Mr. D. bought the case.
Both he and his companion were im-
pressed by its remarkable beauty and
by the curious face of the woman por-
trayed, a face that was filled with a
cold malignancy of expression, un-
pleasant to witness.

They had agreed that being all in-
terested in Egyptology, they should
apportion their finds by lot, and so,
though Mr. D. had been the one to
discover it, he lost the mummy
case, which passed to a friend, whom
he would call Mr. W.

It was on their return journey that
the series of misfortunes commenced.
Mr. D.'s servant, having him a gun,
when without visible cause it
exploded, the charge lodging in his
arm, which had to be amputated; a
second, fired in poverty within the
city, a third was shot while Mr. W.,
the owner of the mummy case, dis-
covered on his arrival in Cairo that
he had lost a large part of his for-
tune. He died soon afterwards. The
princess of Amen-Ra had signified
her displeasure in a very convincing
manner.

From the date it was shipped on
board the steamer Mr. D. lost sight
of the mummy case for several years.
He did not at the time in any way as-
sociate the misfortunes that had oc-
curred to the party with its discovery,
but when he next heard of it, and
in full information of the facts, and
astors which had been subsequently
associated with its possession, he be-
gan to suspect that it was not mere-
ly chance, not merely a coincidence,
but that had brought so sinister a fate
on all who had dealings with the
princess of Amen-Ra.

OBJECT OF DANGER.
On the arrival of the case in Eng-
land, it was given by its owner, Mr.
W., to a married sister living near
London. From the day the case en-
tered the house misfortune followed
misfortune. The family suffered
large losses, and the end came with
painful troubles which need not be
specified.

The lady, while in possession of the
case, received one day a visit from
Mrs. Blavatsky. The great Theoso-
phist became very disturbed on en-
tering the room, and after a few
minutes conversation told her hostess
that there was something in her house
possessed of a most malignant influ-
ence. She asked to be allowed to
search the house, and on discovering
the coffin-lid, appealed to her hostess
to send away an object which she
described as of the utmost danger.
Her hostess, however, refused, laugh-
ing at what she imagined to be an
example of foolish superstition.

Some time afterwards the lady sent
the case to a well-known photographer
in Baker street. Within a week
the chief of the firm came down to
this lady's house in a state of great
excitement. He had, he said, photo-
graphed the face with the greatest
care, and he could guarantee that no
one had touched either the negative
of the photograph in any way. Yet
it was not the cardboard features
that looked out of the photograph,
but a living Egyptian woman staring
straight before her with an ex-
pression of singular malevolence.

Shortly afterwards the photographer
died suddenly and mysteriously.
It was about this time that Mr. D.
happened to meet the owner of the
coffin-lid, and begged her, upon hear-
ing her story, to get rid of it at once.
She agreed, and a carrier was found
to convey it to the British Museum.
This carrier died within a week.

ANOTHER "ACCIDENT."

The man who asserted in removing
it into the Museum building met
with a serious accident.
Every one of these facts is absolute-
ly authentic.

Mr. D. has since visited the photo-
grapher, and at his request the son
who carried on the business after the
death of his father produced the ne-



gatives of the photograph. He knew
nothing of the mystery nor that it
might possibly be connected with his
father's tragic end. After examining
the negatives, he assured Mr. D. that
they had not been in any way
"faked."

It is certain that the Egyptians had
powers which we in the twentieth
century may laugh at, yet can never
understand. There is, for instance, a
recorded case of an explorer who ear-
ried off a coffin on which was engrav-
ed the threat that if the man therein
buried was disturbed by any thief of
the graves, the body of that thief
would be scattered at his death. The
explorer laughed, for he was not, he
was pleased to say, of a superstitious
nature; yet soon afterwards he was
torn to pieces by an elephant when
shooting.

Since the arrival of the mummy case
in the Museum, the priestess of Amen-
Ra has not troubled the learned gen-
tlemen who preside over the room in
which she stands. Perhaps it is that
the priestess only used her powers
against those who brought her into
the light of day, and who kept her as
an ornament in a private room; but
that now standing among Queens and
Princesses of equal rank, with a beard
setting forth her titles and her
dignity before her, she no longer
makes use of the malign powers
which she possesses.

WESTWARD.

Beyond the murky rim of hills,
Where fading city sunsets glow
To-night a robin swings and sings
In one tall cottonwood I know.
The shadows flung from branch and
stem

Along a yellow sand-bar rest—
I shut my eyes to dream of them,
Here in my window looking west.

The shadows lengthened on the sand:
The log-built barn across the way
Throws wide its doors on either hand
Beneath the rafters piled with hay.
The palings of the gray corral,
Glimmer and waver in that light
Above the sleepy, brown canal
Out yonder on the ranch to-night.
Far off, that sunset glory sleeps

On level bench-lands golden brown,
Where, browsing slow along the
steeps,

One after one the cows come down,
And on their homeward pilgrimage
Each trampling hoof and horny
crest.

Shakes perfume from the tufted
sage—

Oh, faint far incense of the west:

To-night, I know, beyond the rim
Where all my prairie sunsets fade,
God's far white mountain looks to
him.

Clad in His glory; unafraid,
The solemn light on peak and scour,
The clear, still depth of cloudless
air.

The trembling stillness of a star—
What would I give to see them
there!

The mountains call me back to
night
My weakness on their boundless
might

The canon call me home to pray
In silent, stainless shrines to-night,
Yet here, in dusty mart and street,
I shut mine ears against their
call.

Content, I find my exile sweet,
With love that recompenses all.
—Youth's Companion.

GOD'S GIFT.

There is no doubt that whatever
trouble comes to us, comes from God
on an errand of love. It is some
chance, thing breaking into our life,
without purpose, without intention.
It is a messenger from God, and
brings blessings to us. Our trouble
is God's gift to us. No matter what
it may be—duty, responsibility, strug-
gle, pain, unrequited service, unjust
treatment, hard conditions—it is that
which God has given to us. No mat-
ter through whose fault or sin it
may have come to us, when the trou-
ble is ours, we may say it is a gift
of God to us. Then, being a gift
from God, we may be sure that it
has in it for us a divine blessing.
As it comes to us it may have a
stern aspect, may seem unkindly
even cruel, but, folded up in its hid-
den form, it carries some treasure of
mercy.—J. R. Miller.

Discriminate

"Clothes don't make the man; but they make all of him
but his hands and face, and that's a pretty considerable area of
the human animal."

Letters