

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY  
Corrected July 2nd, 1905.

GOING EAST	GOING WEST
2:55 a.m. Express..... 1:03 a.m.	3:05 a.m. .... 1:11 a.m.
3:25 p.m. .... 11:42 p.m.	3:32 p.m. .... 11:42 p.m.
7 a.m. daily, except Sunday	

THE WABASH RAILROAD CO.

GOING WEST	EAST BOUND
No. 1 6:45 a.m. .... No. 2-12:23 p.m.	
3-1:07 p.m. .... 11-11:19 p.m.	
13-1:25 p.m. .... 116-2:25 a.m.	
15-7:03 p.m. .... 8-1:22 a.m.	
17-9:25 a.m. .... 10-2:49 p.m.	

J. A. RICHARDSON,  
Dist. Pass. Agt., Toronto and St. Thomas.  
J. C. PRITCHARD,  
Station Agent,  
W. P. A. 116 King St., Chatham.

GRAND TRUNK  
Takes effect Sunday, May 14, 1905.

WEST.  
1:30 a.m. for Windsor, Detroit and intermediate stations except Sunday.  
12:45 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.  
1:15 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and west.  
International Limited 8:08 p.m. daily.

EAST.  
2:37 a.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Buffalo.  
12:00 p.m. for London, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and New York.  
5:18 p.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and East.  
9:00 p.m. for London and intermediate stations.  
Daily except Sunday; Daily.

PERE MARQUETTE R.R.  
BUFFALO DIVISION  
EFFECTIVE MAY 1, 1905.

Leave Chatham  
(For Buffalo) Express 6:55 a.m. Express 6:55 p.m.  
(For Buffalo) West 7:55 a.m. East 4:55 p.m.  
Arrive at Chatham  
From Buffalo 9:55 a.m. 6:45 p.m.  
From Toronto 7:05 a.m. 6:25 p.m.  
From Detroit 7:55 a.m. 4:55 p.m.  
Central Standard Time—one hour slower than city time.

R. BRITTON, D.P.A., London.  
R. W. YOUNG, Agent, Chatham.  
H. F. MCLELLAN, D.P.A., Detroit.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY  
LEWIS & CLARK CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION,  
PORTLAND, ORE.

Good going Daily until September 30th.  
Valid returning within 90 days  
from date of issue.

\$65.25 from Chatham.  
SPECIAL SIDE TRIPS TO  
CALIFORNIA POINTS.

Home-seekers' Excursions  
To points in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Rates  
\$30.00 to \$39.50.

Good going June 13th, 27th and July 13th.  
Valid returning within 60 days.  
For tickets, and full information, call  
on W. E. RISPIN, C.T. Agt., 115 King St.  
J. C. PRITCHARD, Depot Ticket Agent.

Over the Wabash System  
To The Great Lewis & Clark Centennial Exposition Portland, Oregon,  
June 1st to Oct. 15th, '05.

Round trip tickets are now on sale  
until September 15th, good for ninety  
days from date of sale, with stop-  
over privileges going and returning,  
via all direct lines. Rates from Cham-  
ham \$65.25, going or returning  
through California \$76.25. This will  
be the greatest opportunity ever  
given the public to visit the Pacific  
Coast at a very low rate. The Great  
Wabash is acknowledged by travel-  
ers to be the shortest, best and  
quickest route to all Pacific Coast  
Points. Berths reserved and all other  
facilities.

Full particulars from any Wabash  
agent or J. A. Richardson, District  
Passenger Agent, northern corner  
King and Yonge Sts., Toronto, and  
St. Thomas, Ont.

W. E. RISPIN, C. P. A., Chatham  
J. C. PRITCHARD Depot Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC  
TO—  
VANCOUVER  
VICTORIA  
TACOMA  
SEATTLE  
PORTLAND  
and Return  
FROM CHATHAM  
Stopovers at various points.  
Optional routes.

Full particulars from Canadian Pacific  
Agent,  
W. H. HARPER,  
King St., Chatham,  
Or write to C. B. FOSTER, D.P.A. Toronto

To Look Clean  
Is gratifying  
To be Clean  
Is satisfying. You will enjoy both  
when you place your linen with us,  
for we do our work by the most  
modern methods known to our  
art.

The Parisian Steam  
Laundry Co. Phone 20

## A Beverage of Good Health

Grand Mogul is the  
nicest possible blend of  
the finest and ripest teas.  
Grown on the sun-  
kissed highlands, each  
package is a whole  
bouquet of delicious fla-  
vors.

Cold, tepid or hot, it is  
always a family luxury.  
Pleasing to mothers, palat-  
able to children, it is Ceylon's  
best mountain gift to you.  
High in theine (tea-tone)  
and low in tannin (bitters),  
it is the beverage of hy-  
giene. 25c, 30c, 40c and  
50c per pound.

## Grand Mogul Tea

Sold only in packages lined with  
prepared paper, never in poisonous  
lead. Directions and premium cou-  
pons in each package.

## FIRST POINT TO OFFICIALS.

Pere Marquette Railway Men Get Writ  
of Habeas Corpus—French-Eng-  
lish Treaty of 1794.

Toronto, June 6.—An order for a  
writ of habeas corpus was yesterday  
granted to the Pere Marquette officials,  
and it is returnable at Osgoode Hall on  
Friday. On this date Chas. Percy Sher-  
wood, Commissioner of Dominion Po-  
lice, must produce his prisoners and  
show cause why they should be detain-  
ed in custody. Joseph H. O'Brien, high  
chief railway despatcher, makes affi-  
davit that he considers himself a British  
subject. He says he was born in  
Ontario, near Chatham, that his par-  
ents were both Canadians, and that his  
mother still resides with two of his  
sisters and two of his brothers there.  
He learned his profession on the Cana-  
dian Southern Railway in Canada, and  
worked on it for seven years.

Everett E. Cain, trainmaster on the  
Pere Marquette Railway, does not  
claim to be a British subject; but says  
he is not guilty under the act and its  
amendments relating to the importation  
and employment of aliens. He  
says he has not done any act of "al-  
ienage" for the Pere Marquette Railway Co.  
previous to coming to the country.  
He has had no hearing before the At-  
torney-General, and asked for this writ  
of habeas corpus because he feared that  
if not granted immediately would be  
taken out of the Province under war-  
rants.

J. B. McKenzie has discovered a new  
point. It is that the treaty of 1794 be-  
tween France and England prevents  
the United States from Canada from  
passing such laws as the alien labor  
laws. It is not, however, sure that  
this treaty is still in force. G. F. Shep-  
herd, K. C., appears for the Attorney-  
General, and will no doubt contend  
that the act is valid, and that under  
it the prisoners are liable to deportation.

The average man is quick enough  
to grasp an opportunity to make a  
fool of himself.

## TAKE MY CURE, WHEN CURED YOU PAY ME



The fear that you could not be cured may  
have deterred you from taking honest treatment,  
or you may have been one of the unfortunate  
who have been treated in vain by inexperienced  
physicians, free treatments, free trial samples,  
patent medicines, electric belts and other similar  
devices. Such treatments cannot and will never  
cure you, nor will these malades cure them-  
selves. When I offer you a cure, and am willing  
to make my professional reputation in curing you  
and have such faith and confidence in my con-  
tinued success in treating these diseases that no  
dollar can be paid until you are cured, a fair  
proportion cannot be offered to the sick and  
afflicted. This should convince the skeptical  
that I mean what I say, and do exactly as I ad-  
vertise, and I am positive of curing you in the  
shortest possible time, without injurious after-  
effects. My charges will be as low as possible,  
and my guarantee is simple and true. Not a  
dollar need be paid until cured. I have 14  
diplomas and certificates from the various col-  
leges and state boards of medical services, and  
which should be sufficient medical examiners,  
standing and abilities. It makes no difference  
what the disease is, or how long it has been  
present, I will write to me for my opinion of your  
case, and hear from patients who have been unable to  
get cured, as I guarantee a positive cure for all  
chronic nervous, blood and skin diseases. I  
accept for treatment. I not only cure the con-  
dition itself, but I also cure the complications,  
such as rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles,  
blood poison, physical and nervous debility, lack  
of vitality, stomach troubles, etc. All medicines  
for patients are prepared in my own laboratory.  
I named the requirements of each individual case.  
I will send a booklet on the subject with the  
train the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely  
free. Address simply,  
Dr. B. Goldberg, 26 Woodward Ave., Suite 311  
Detroit, Mich.

## Enter: A Wine Colored Gown

By RITA KELLEY

Copyright, 1905, by Rita Kelley

The train was thirty minutes from  
Padmore when Miss Rand sat up  
straight and began pulling the pins  
out of her hat, a pretty wine colored  
affair that exactly matched her trav-  
eling gown. Five minutes later in a  
tan rain coat and cap she splashed  
down into the pools of water on the  
open platform of the railway station  
and faced the glaring eyes of the han-  
som cabs, transfer wagons and a pri-  
vate brougham or two lined up oppo-  
site. She paused under a lamp mid-  
way of the line and looked expectant.  
Only a brougham and a cab remained  
when Miss Rand gathered up her skirts  
and started down the platform. A  
coachman in green livery was guiding  
a young woman in a wine colored  
gown to the brougham. Miss Rand  
was hurrying toward the coachman  
when a voice drawing from the cab  
at her right made her stop short.

"Hello, Kate!" it said. "What in  
time are you doing here?"  
"Well, Tommy Yates," she laughed,  
"offering her hand, 'ban't this funny?"  
"Yes, isn't it?" he said, holding fast  
to the hand. "Don't you know enough  
to come in out of the rain?"  
The next moment she was settling  
herself on the dry cushions.

"I've been standing out there hours  
waiting for some one to claim me,"  
she said as the door banged shut and  
the cab started off. "And you sitting  
here all the time! Cruel! What were  
you doing anyway?"

"Looking for a girl very much like  
you," Tommy turned and gazed at  
her. The damp air had made little  
blond ringlets about her face. "You  
are just as pretty as ever, Kate."

He leaned over and looked closer. "Yes,  
even prettier," she said, blushing as  
he turned to Brettons."

"Nonsense!" she said, blushing as  
he turned to Brettons."

"You are just as silly as ever, Tom-  
my. You'll never get over that."

"What?" asked Tommy shortly,  
"Stillness."

"I thought I had," said Tommy short-  
ly. "But somehow I think I never will  
either." Something in his voice made  
her turn and look at him.

"I am going to Brettons," she said  
after a silence. "I think it is 638 Grand  
if the coachman did get the wrong girl  
I couldn't stand out in the rain another  
minute. You see, I was to be identified  
by my wine colored dress, but it rained  
so hard I put on this coat. I wasn't  
going to have the gown spoiled."

"Ah-h!" Tommy actually hugged  
himself. He bade the cabby stop at  
Martin's. "How long has it been since  
I saw you, Kate?"

"You have forgotten?"  
"No. I just wanted to see if you re-  
membered. Four years since you fitted  
me."

The cab had stopped, and Tommy  
was out in the streaming light of the  
caf , ready to assist her. She sank  
back on the seat.

"Oh, oh!" she protested. "I forgot.  
I was to be at the Brettons' for dinner.  
They'll be expecting me."

"Oh, pshaw! Here I was delegated  
to look after a girl in a wine colored  
dress, and now she disapproves of my  
scheme of entertainment!"

"Oh," said Kate, climbing out, "is  
that it? I thought you were simply a  
convenience."

"Now, see here—Tommy tucked her  
under the umbrella—"I'm not a kid any  
more. I'm assistant cashier of the bank."

They were eating their soup, when  
Kate straightened back in her chair.  
"Tommy Yates," she exclaimed, "it  
was the other girl you were looking  
for."

"What other girl?"  
"Why, the other girl in the wine col-  
ored dress! The coachman was taking  
her to the carriage when you stopped  
me."

"Well, let him take her. You didn't  
see me looking for her very hard, did  
you?"

"Tommy Yates!" Kate leaned over  
to say this in one of your little games?"  
"Game?" Tommy was leaning over  
the table too. "I never was so serious  
in my life."

"I'm going."  
"Going? What do you mean? Please  
don't!"

"But, you see, it is this way," she ex-  
plained. "I don't know the Bret-  
tons. I never saw them. They're  
friends of my mother's just moved  
here, and it was arranged by the two  
families that I was to visit them. It  
seems there is a young man in whom  
I'm expected to find a congenial life  
partner."

"He's a nice sort," commented Tom-  
my. "You know him, then? Why, Tom-  
my, it isn't he, is it?"

cried. "Do you think for a minute,  
Tommy Yates, that I'm going to let an-  
other girl do me out? No, sir. He's  
mine."

"Do you really think that much of a  
fellow you never have seen?" asked  
Tommy anxiously.

"Want him? Who said I wanted  
him? I wouldn't take him as a gift!  
But if you think I am going to let an-  
other girl take him before he's even  
seen me, you're mistaken. She's up  
there now, and they think she's me—  
I am she."

"You are right. She's having the time  
of her life."

"See here, Tommy Yates, you explain  
this mystery. Why did you let me  
stand out there soaking up the rain?"  
Tommy's eyes blinked.

"I couldn't really believe my eyes  
that you were you."

"You came down to get that girl in  
the wine colored dress," said Kate ac-  
cusingly.

"So I did." Tommy was staring  
hard at her wine colored blouse. "I  
got her."

Kate pushed back her plate, clasped  
her hands on the table and looked at  
him.

"Explain yourself," she said.  
"Happy."

"Well, why don't you begin?"  
"Are you going to stay until I am  
through?"

"Till the crack of doom."  
"Very well, then. I was going to  
marry that girl."

"Tommy Yates?"  
"Isn't it permissible to marry?"

"And you sat there, high and dry,  
without ever offering to get out and  
find her! Tommy Yates, you're a  
beast!"

Tommy pulled out a box of cigarettes  
and flourished it. "With your permis-  
sion," he said. She did not deign to  
answer him. He lighted one regardless.

"I decided one minute after the train  
pulled in that I wasn't going to marry  
her after all."

"And you ran back and hid your  
head in the cab to prevent her seeing  
you, I suppose?"

"I didn't get out."  
"Baby! You were afraid you would  
get your feet wet?"

Tommy blew a wreath of smoke over  
the carafe.

"I was trying to figure how I was to  
get you into the cab and keep her out."

"Did you love that girl?"  
Tommy shook his head.

"Then why did you ever think of  
marrying her?"

Tommy made an inventory of the pretty  
girl before him—pink and white,  
blue, gold—cheeks, eyes, hair.

She looked like you," he said short-  
ly.

"Tommy, you don't care yet?"  
"Yes, I do."

"But you were so mean to the other  
girl."

"She wasn't care. She likes money. I  
haven't got nearly so much as that  
friend of the Brettons."

"I never thought, Tommy, that you'd  
amount to much."

"I'm assistant cashier. I guess that's  
something."

"And father said I'd get to be the  
whole works if I settled down and mar-  
ried. Will you?"

"What?"  
"Marry me?"  
"Or the money?"  
"Either."

"Well, I guess I'll take you."

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The Coupons are the same as cash because they can be exchanged for Toilet  
Soaps for which you have to pay out money every week.

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OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you, and make a man  
of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that  
pimples, blotches and ulcers heal up; the nerves become strong as steel, so  
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the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and  
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system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man  
and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us  
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hard-earned dollars. WE WILL CURE YOU OR NO PAY.

THREATENED WITH PARALYSIS.

Peter B. Summers, of Kalamazoo, Mich., relates his experience:  
"I was troubled with Nervous De-  
bility for many years. I say it to in-  
discretion and excess. I became very  
depressed and didn't care whether I worked or not. I  
imagined everybody who looked at me,  
guessed my secret. In the morning, poor appetite, nerves  
were shaky, eyes blurred, hair loose,  
memory poor, etc. Numbness in the  
fingers set in and the doctor told me  
he feared paralysis. I took all kinds of  
medicines and tried many first-class  
physicians, wore an electric belt for  
three months, went to St. Clements for  
treatment, but received little benefit. While AFTER TREATMENT  
at St. Clements I was induced to consult Dr. Kennedy & Kergan though I had  
lost all faith in doctors. Like a drowning man I commenced the New Method  
treatment and it saved my life. The improvement was like magic—I could feel  
the vigor going through my nerves. I was cured mentally, physically and sexually.  
I have sent them many patients and will continue to do so."

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Few people commence wear-  
ing them soon enough. Not  
enough attention is paid to  
the earlier symptoms of eye  
trouble.

People put off getting  
glasses as long as they pos-  
sibly can. It isn't the pro-  
per way to do.

Glasses will CURE in the  
milder cases. Wear them  
for a time and they may be  
laid off.

More advanced cases may  
need the constant wearing  
of glasses.  
We are always ready to  
examine your eyes. We  
will give your case our  
closest attention. This ser-  
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That you promised yourself you would  
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Dr. J. S. Agar. Dr. Mary Agar.

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path. All diseases treated without  
drugs. Chronic diseases and de-  
formities a specialty. Office—over  
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Consultation and examination free.

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C. R. C., meets on the  
first Monday of every  
month in the Masonic  
Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30  
p.m. Visiting brethren  
teastly welcomed.

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SMITH, HERBERT D.—County  
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tor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham.

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etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public,  
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chant's Bank, Chatham, Ont.

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ters, Solicitors of the Supreme  
Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money  
to loan on Mortgages at lowest  
rates. Offices, Fifth street. Mat-  
thew Wilson, K. C., J. M. Pike, W.  
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The stage ride from Mo-  
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Coaches