

Half-Price Sale of Jardinieres

In order to make room for other lines of goods we are offering our whole stock of Jardinieres (for a short time only) at HALF PRICE. Come early and secure a bargain.

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WANTS

WANTED.

WANTED—TWO SMART BOYS, About 18 years of age. Apply at Knitting Mill.

WANTED—10,000 PAIRS OF BOOTS and shoes to repair. Nothing but first-class work. Try O'Sullivan's rubber heels. Wade's, Charles St. east.

WANTED—A GOOD COOK, (MALE) to cook for party of six engineers. Salary \$40 per month, and board and lodging. Only clean and obliging man wanted. Apply to person at the office of the C.P.R. Engineering Department, opposite the Atlantic House.

FOR SALE AND TO LET.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—SEVEN-roomed frame house, two lots, Thames street north. House in first class condition. Hard and soft water, gas for cooking and lighting. Possession immediately. Apply Geo. Sutherland.

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LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—FROM THE STAGE COACH between Ingersoll and the 1st Con. of Iverham on Saturday last, a child's straw hat. Finder please leave at Wood's Book Store.

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TO DAY**

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The Rangers Bride
—and—
The Little Old Man
of the Woods

SONG—I Love my steady
L. J. Barton, Soloist

RAILWAY TIME TABLE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

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Chicago Express 10.43 a.m.
Detroit & Chicago Express 11.02 a.m.
Accommodation 11.02 a.m.
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Chicago Express 5.51 p.m.
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Run daily, except Sunday.
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Going north 6.55 p.m.
Arriving from south 8.00 a.m.
Arriving from north 5.40 p.m.
All trains daily except Sunday.

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Going east 5.48 p.m.
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INGERSOLL POST OFFICE.

The following are the hours of departure of mails from Ingersoll post office:

G. T. R. Going East.

8.00 a.m. mail closes here at 7.30 a.m.
12.12 p.m. mail closes here at 12.12 p.m.
12.12 p.m. mail closes here at 12.12 p.m.

Going West.

10.14 a.m. mail closes here at 10.14 a.m.
9.24 p.m. mail closes here at 8.30 p.m.

Mail C. F. W.

Going West and South.
11.07 a.m. mail closes here at 10.40 a.m.
Going East.
5.45 p.m. mail closes here at 5.15 p.m.

Bayham—Arrives 9.15 a.m.; closes 11.45 a.m.

Registered mail matter closes 20 minutes earlier than ordinary matter.

English Mails.

First boat sails via New York on Wednesday. Mail closes here at 8.30 p.m., Monday.

Second boat sails via Canadian line Saturday. Mail closes here at 2.15 p.m., Thursday. Sails from Halifax, N.S.

Third boat sails via New York on Saturday. Mail closes here Thursday.

MISS ETHEL McCANN

Organist of St. Paul's Church, will prepare piano pupils for examinations and graduation. Organ pupils taken after Easter. Apply at Mrs. Wm. Agur's, Thames St. South.

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Organist and choirmaster St. James Anglican Church will accept pupils in Piano, Organ, Theory, and Voice work. Studio over Bowman & Co's store, Thames street. Terms on application.

HOMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS TO WESTERN CANADA.

Through the metropolis of Chicago, thence via Duluth and Port Francoeur or through Chicago and the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, July 12th and 26th. Via Sarala and Northern Navigation Company's steamers; leave Sarala 3.30 p.m., July 13th and 27th. Winnipeg and return \$32.00. Edmonton and return \$42.50. Tickets good for 60 days. Proportionate rates to certain other western points. Tickets and full information from Grand Trunk agents.

Horace E. Elmer of Hamilton, chief train despatcher of the T.H. & B. railway, died Saturday afternoon.

When the stomach fails to perform its functions, the bowels become deranged, the liver and the kidneys congested causing numerous diseases. The stomach and liver must be restored to a healthy condition and Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets can be depended upon to do it. Easy to take and most effective. Sold by all dealers.

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Thames St.

Rev. W. J. McCaughan Better.

Bellevue, July 28.—Rev. W. J. McCaughan, who was injured in escaping from the burning Kelvin Hotel Tuesday, is somewhat better today.

Mrs. McCaughan, whose life he saved, is doing well.

CITIZENS DISCOURAGED.

Campbellton, N.B., Is In Urgent Need of \$300,000.

Campbellton, N.B., July 28.—Hon. Mr. Pugsley will arrive in Campbellton today and will be taken through the ruins in an automobile and given an opportunity of visiting every tent in which the unfortunate people are living. He will attend a joint meeting of the Town Council and relief committee, when plans for the future will be discussed. The prospect of Government aid and of further assistance from the public is the only ray of hope for the disheartened townspeople. As the excitement wears off the people are feeling more and more discouraged, as the people of Canada do not seem to be aware of the misery they are called upon to relieve.

The first session of the Campbellton Police Court since the fire was held Tuesday in a large tent, with Judge Mathewson sitting on a rough plank supported on a couple of four barrels.

No assignments among the ruined merchants of the town have yet been reported. This is perhaps owing to the general consideration shown by outside creditors, many of whom have sent in accounts marked "paid."

In the meantime the business men are evidently waiting for some definite assurance from the Government before preparing to start life over again on the site of the town. "It is a matter of life and death for the people, if \$300,000 at least is not raised quickly," says Chairman McKenzie of the relief committee.

Mayor Murray has replied to the enquiries of the Winnipeg City Council, stating that the ruined town needs in the way of money and goods.

No Federal Grant.

Ottawa, July 28.—Hon. William Pugsley left yesterday for Campbellton, N.B., where he will meet the relief committee. It is expected that arrangements will be made to reconstruct at once the Government building and wharf. No Federal grant for the sufferers will be made.

For Peace Celebration.

Toronto, July 28.—The Centenary of Peace Celebration Association (1910), of which Col. James Mason is chairman, and R. S. Neville, K.C., secretary, has decided on the following program:

(1) A national monument to commemorate the successful defence of the British Provinces and their preservation from the British crown.

(2) A great historical pageant to be held at Toronto illustrating the history and progress of the country from the earliest times to the present day, including the following:

(a) Early life in the wilderness.

(b) The French regime.

(c) The struggle between the French and the British.

(d) The Anglo-American schism (1776).

(e) The coming of the United Empire Loyalists.

(f) The first Upper Canada Parliament in 1792.

(g) The war of 1812-14.

(h) The union of the French and British provinces (1841).

(i) The federal conferences and the Confederation of Canada.

(j) The acquisition of the Northwest Territories and British Columbia with various views representing their history.

(k) The growth and development of the Empire.

(l) Tableaux of Empire.

A False Alarm.

Winnipeg, July 28.—Immigration officials here issue vigorous denials of reports that settlers are returning to the United States in large numbers.

Bruce Walker, commissioner, has official figures to show that in six months to July 1, only 261 farmers went back to the United States from Canada, and of these more than half went before May 1. Wm. J. White, superintendent, Ottawa, now here, says that offices in the United States have not been able to find traces of any movement back to the republic, as reported in certain papers there.

Barn Burned.

Pickering, July 28.—A very heavy electric storm passed over here yesterday afternoon, accompanied by heavy rain and considerable hail. Lightning struck one mile east of Cherrywood. The barn, stables, sheds, and this season's crop of hay and nine pigs were burned. The loss will probably reach \$3,000, insured in the Maple Leaf Insurance Co.

Two Men In Trouble.

Whitby, July 28.—Two Toronto young men have been committed for trial on a serious charge. The complainant in the case is a young Scotch woman, Lizzie Rae, who two months in Canada. The three young people went up the Rouge River for a row on Wednesday evening and Miss Rae charges that the men criminally assaulted her.

To Fortify Entrance to Gulf of Para.

London, July 28.—In view of the recent discovery of petroleum in Trinidad, which might be useful to the navy, and the importance which the island will acquire upon the completion of the Panama Canal, the British Government is considering the advisability of fortifying the entrance to the Gulf of Para.

His Excellency on Georgian Bay.

Ottawa, July 28.—Earl Grey left here last night by the Grand Trunk for Parry Sound, where he joins Mr. John C. Eaton on a short cruise on the Florence on Georgian Bay. His Excellency will return here and Mr. Eaton will sail to Lake Michigan.

Bail In Murder Case.

Moncton, N.B., July 28.—Thomas Power, charged with murder of a companion at a suburban town last month, yesterday was granted bail of \$30,000. The case was furnished and he was released pending his trial.

Rev. W. J. McCaughan Better.

Bellevue, July 28.—Rev. W. J. McCaughan, who was injured in escaping from the burning Kelvin Hotel Tuesday, is somewhat better today.

Mrs. McCaughan, whose life he saved, is doing well.

FOUGHT OFF DEATH.

The Respite Dr. Shady Bravely Won For General Grant.

"You can see the conditions—General Grant is dying now," came Dr. Douglas' voice in broken tones. The Rev. Dr. Newman had knelt by the bedside and, holding one of the man's nerveless hands, began to pray.

"You see the preacher is busy, and the doctors ought to be busy, too," Dr. Shady whispered grimly to his senior colleague.

"It would be a torment without avail," sighed the senior.

So there stood the medical code warding off success from the dying man. The general must expire, perchance, because the initiative belonged to a man without any at the moment. Douglas must consent. Shady must not be shackled. He turned again to the patient, leaned above him and touched his pulse. He twisted the gray goatee in nervous twitches. Suddenly he turned again, ultimate resolve in his face, and tipped again to where his colleague was.

"I say, Douglas, something must be done. If this man dies here now, what a physician and a human being. Every doctor on earth will want to know what and when were the last shots we fired. Shall we tell them that for ten minutes at the last, half an hour so far as I know, we stood idly and stared at a dying man?"

The old doctor stirred wearily and turned a hopeless and therefore helpless face to the younger one also; there was in his lines a touch of wonder.

"Douglas, it would damn us both eternally, and it ought to. Perhaps you can afford it, but I cannot."

"You can afford it, but I cannot. Something's got to be done, Douglas. It won't do, I tell you."

"Do! But what would you do now?" glancing pityingly at the family group and the slowly gasping man on the bed.

"Something, anything—a hypodermic of brandy first!"

"Oh, if you wish to try it—yes."

It had been enough. The code was satisfied. Shady was filling the little silver syringe with the ardent liquor from French hillside. Something was being done. Members of the family turned to watch. The manner of its doing somehow inspired them, and the older doctor, looking on, drew near. The left arm of the dying man was bared, the slender hollow needle found its way, and the potent brandy mingled with the blood.

The Rev. Dr. Newman had risen from his praying. Shady was half kneeling in his place. Both by different means sought the same end. Keenly the younger doctor leaned to the patient. All his other senses had lent their powers to those of sight and hearing. The tiny instrument gleamed between thumb and finger of his still extended hand.

There was a slight catch in the general's throat, followed by a half sigh. Swiftly a new look came into the face of each physician; swiftly the younger refilled the little syringe and hurried to the other side of the couch.

Then through the right arm sprang the potent fluid, and again they waited the result—very soon a long, gutturing sigh; then a longer, stronger inspiration; then measured breathing and finally consciousness.

When General Grant lay dying that April morning the work of his memory, which he had done in his memory, was little more than half finished. He lived seventeen weeks afterward, finished his task and was ready to go—Frank W. Mack in Saturday Evening Post.

Look the Hint.

A story is told of a certain English bishop well known for his verbosity who rose to address the house of lords on a very important occasion. "I will divide my speech under twelve heads," he said, to the discomfort of his audience.

The Marquis of Salisbury begged to be allowed to interpose with a little anecdote. "A friend of mine was returning home late one night," he said, "when opposite St. Paul's he saw an intoxicated man trying to ascertain the time on the big clock there. Just then he began to strike and slowly told out 12. The man listened, looked hard at the clock and said: 'Confound you! Why couldn't you have said that all at once?'"

The bishop heartily joined in the laughter which followed and took the hint contained in the story.

Not the Sealskin.

A speaker apropos of wifely sympathy said at a recent dinner in New York: "How hard it is when the wife is unsympathetic! Poor Jones trudged home through zero weather one winter night and, blowing on his frozen hands, said solemnly: 'Well, I've got the sack.'"

"Oh, you dear!" his wife cried. "The sealskin or the other one?"

"The other one," said Jones, laughing bitterly.—Washington Star.

He Liked It All.

Johnnie, aged five, liked to go to his grandmother's to dinner. One day one of his aunts said to him: "Johnnie, I think the only reason why you like to eat here is because of the dessert you are sure to get."

"Oh, no," said Johnnie, "I like the dinner too."—Delineator.

Hooked.

Mrs. Newbywed—The night you proposed you acted like a fish out of water.

Mrs. Newbywed—I was, and very cleverly landed too.—Puck.

Bad men excuse their faults; good men leave them.—Johnson.

The Plain Girl and The Marquis

"Ours!" says Jeanne. "Look, Vernon! Isn't that a magnificent carriage! I wonder—"

Before she can finish, two footmen, in handsome liveries of almost a royal kind, come forward to the railway carriage, and, opening the door, stand for a moment with their hands to their hats, then lead the way to the grand travelling carriage outside.

Jeanne starts and pulls down her veil to hide the sudden blush. The carriage is hers!

"All well, James?" enquires Vane.

"Yes, my lord," is the respectful reply, as the man closes the carriage door.

"Home quickly," says Vane; and in another minute, as a wagon, with more handsome liveries, drives up for the luggage, the magnificent bays dash along the road.

"Now, my Jeanne!" says Vane, "look out to the left. See, there's the village. I wonder how long it is since they've had these bays out? We are going pretty quickly. There's the village; pretty, isn't it? That's the river running under that hedge, and there's—"

Jeanne breaks in with a sudden exclamation, wrung from her by the sudden vision of a palatial castle, its Gothic towers and battlemented walls gleaming brightly in the setting sun, and looking down from a greenly clothed hill. It is a sight that many an artist has exclaimed at, and yet it is only one of the many nobleman's seats with which the little island is studded. What was it the shah said to the prince when he was being shown over a certain nobleman's vast estate?

"Your highness should behold this place, he's too powerful!"

And what was the prince's laughing reply?

"Your majesty, there are too many as powerful as he to make it worth while to behold one!"

A faint smile of satisfaction sets upon Vane's face as he looks at the rapturous admiration on Jeanne's face.

"Oh, Vernon!" she says. "What a vision! Is it Windsor Castle?"

"No," he says, "it is the palace of another queen, however."

"Another queen?" says Jeanne, musingly, her eyes fixed on the fairy-like towers. "I did not know there was more than one queen in England."

"Queen Jeanne!" he says, tenderly. "Queen Jeanne!"

"Queen Jeanne!" Then she sinks back and turns pale. "Is—that—?" she is too overpowered, too bewildered and amazed to conclude the question.

"That is Windsor Castle," he says, lightly, and adds more tenderly, "your future home, if you should take to it, Jeanne. If not—well, we will try some other."

"Oh, Vernon, home—yes!" says Jeanne. "But it all seems so unreal."

"It has stood for a good many centuries, too," says Vane, trying to laugh her awe away.

The next morning Jeanne sees a huge pair of gates (as open, the mellow notes of a horn arise upon the summer evening, and Vane says, cheerily,

"We have just passed the lodge gates."

Then, in a brilliant panorama, passes velvet lawns, with glittering beds of flowers, jewel-like in their midst; the ground rises, with terraces of white marble and statuary, tier on tier; then, with a sweep, the road winds around to the front of Ferndale Castle itself.

Instantly, as if their approach had been anxiously watched and awaited, handsome liveries appear at the doors; the carriage is surrounded by attentive and eager, yet not bustling, servants; the great hall doors clang open, and Vane, drawing Jeanne's hand within his arm, walks up a long double line of servants into what looks to Jeanne like a church, by reason of its vastness—its old, glistening oak, battle-flags, and stained windows—but it is only the hall. Here and there are more servants, in full and most elaborate liveries, looking particularly splendid in the light which passes, many-colored, through the painted windows. It is a scene so grand, so rich, and withal, so noble that Jeanne would think it nothing but the unsubstantial fabric of a dream, but for the pressure of the strong arm that holds her, and Vane's deep voice as he says:

"Welcome home, darling!"

Suddenly, noiselessly, the glittering crowd of liveries seems to melt. Jeanne finds herself, still leaning on the arm of her husband, ascending the great staircase, up which, as far as width is concerned, they might very well have been conveyed by the travelling carriage.

"Look over, Jeanne," he says, when they reach a wide, sheltering gallery. "See, down there on that marble floor many a struggle has been fought out. Once the Roundheads laid siege to the place, and—confound them—took it! The men fought to the last, even to the very last, and it lay strewn with dead. But never mind. We'll put these cheerful stories off until your dinner, which, by the way, when will you have?"

Jeanne stares and blushes, but says, with a pretty little air of indecision: "Oh, very soon, please. I am so late."

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The Chronicle

45 BOTH PHONES 45



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