

TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1906.

Hair-Food

Then feed them at once! Give them a regular hair-food—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, keeps the scalp healthy and free from dandruff. A little of it often does great things for the hair and scalp.

RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
GOING EAST
No. 1, daily, ex. Sunday, 7:30 a.m.
No. 2, daily, 11:30 a.m.
No. 3, daily, 3:30 p.m.
No. 4, daily, 7:30 p.m.
This train runs daily except Sunday. Starts from here and remains over night.

GOING WEST
No. 1, daily, 7:30 a.m.
No. 2, daily, 11:30 a.m.
No. 3, daily, 3:30 p.m.
No. 4, daily, 7:30 p.m.
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WABASH
GOING EAST
No. 1, daily, 7:30 a.m.
No. 2, daily, 11:30 a.m.
No. 3, daily, 3:30 p.m.
No. 4, daily, 7:30 p.m.
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CHATHAM, WALLACEBURG AND LAKE ERIE RAILWAY
ELECTRIC SERVICE
Time Table No. 5. In effect Wednesday, May 9th, 1906.

CHATHAM
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WALLACEBURG
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LAKE ERIE
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EXCURSIONS**PERE MARQUETTE****Dominion Day July 1st.**

Pere Marquette Railroad will sell Excursion Tickets at One-Fare for the round trip. Date of sale, June 29-30, July 1st and 2nd, limited for return on July 3rd.

H. F. MOELLER, G.P.A.

W. E. RISPIN, City Pass. Agent.

J. C. PRITCHARD, Depot Agent.

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Culver's Joke

By Suse Clements Willis

Copyright, 1906, by E. N. Parcells

"I don't know any girls; simple reason," laughed Blake Nabel. "You see, the pater grew to be a woman later after mother's death. We have retreated before civilization ever since."

"I'll give you a couple of mail introductions back east," laughed Culver. "I know a lot. You write a nice little letter, and I'll send it."

"I guess you'd have to write the letter, too," chuckled Nabel. "I never wrote to a woman in my life."

"You never can tell till you try," suggested Culver. "I wish you'd try now. It would keep you busy until I finish this letter."

He went on with his writing, and Nabel good humoredly picked up a pen. There was a pack train going down from the mines tomorrow, and he could understand why Culver wanted to finish off the letters he was writing back east. The train went down one week and back the next, affording them bimonthly communication with the outside world.

"When shall I address it to?" he demanded.

"Miss Lucy Mears," laughed Culver. "Then two pens scratched over the paper, Culver's with easy, rapid movement, Nabel's painstakingly. He was less accustomed to writing, and Culver had finished half a dozen letters before the other's pen was still."

Culver laughed over the effusion, in which the writer had pictured his dull life and had pleaded for permission to open a correspondence. He explained fully his relations with Culver as business partner and chum and hinted at possibilities of matrimony.

Had he been in earnest instead of merely seeking a means of killing time while Culver was occupied he could not have done better.

In the morning Culver came across the sheets and, with a wicked chuckle, slipped them into an envelope and addressed them to Lucy Mears, anticipating that she should open the envelope back in the New England town.

Nabel, clearing up the table that evening, noted the absence of the sheets, but concluded that Culver had torn them up along with his own old sheets and thought no more of the matter until a month later a letter came

don't want to marry a woman seven years older than yourself."

"I shan't have any woman saying that I broke faith," he said soberly. "The train from the mines is going down tomorrow. I shall go with it."

He was as good as his word. When the train tolled back across the sandy wastes the foreman declared that he had seen Nabel board the eastbound limited, and Culver gave up his time to fixing up the house.

There was little to do in the orchard. The plants would not bear before the following year, but while time there would be a spur of track to the mines, and they could ship the fruit. Meanwhile all he had to do was to see that the trees were irrigated and that no stray cattle got in. It was easy enough, with the help of the men, to set up a shack for himself and leave the old house for Nabel and his bride.

He even had time to ride over and tell the men at the mine of the joke, and when at last word came over the wire that the pair was coming over the ranch to welcome the new Mrs. Nabel.

They rode out to meet the dust cloud which marked the track of the long line of wagons across the alkali, and the figure in the buggy beside Nabel was so swathed in duster and veils that no hint of her appearance could be gained, and the men, with many a nudge and smile, fell in behind and rode along.

They all turned in at the ranch gate, but Nabel swung his wife out of the buggy and took her into the house. "Mrs. Nabel will be glad to meet you when she has had a chance to tidy up," he said with a grave face, "but she wants the dust off first."

Culver took the horse to the stables and then rejoined the waiting group on the grass plot in front of the house. (Culver knew now why Nabel had insisted upon a grass plot.) They had not long to wait, for presently a gasp from the crowd caused Culver to turn, and there on the step stood Nabel and the very girl of the picture. She was smiling now as she acknowledged the various introductions. Culver was the last to come up, for he had not recovered from his amazement until Nabel called to him.

"I feel that I ought to be very grateful to you," she said in a low voice, "even though you were trying to play a joke."

"The joke seems to be on me," he said lamely.

"I don't think there is any joke," she said decidedly. "It was just the work of fate."

He turned to receive the farewells of the men from the mine, and more than one joked him on his vivid imagination. It was clear that they thought he had been seeing them, and he was glad that he was at least saved their fears, but it was with no pleasant anticipation that he followed Nabel and his wife into the house.

"You builded better than you knew, Jack, when you sent that letter I wrote in jest."

"But this is not Lucy Mears," he stammered. "I thought you were going to keep faith at any cost."

"Aunt Lucy died a year ago," smiled Mrs. Nabel. "I suppose no one wrote you. As I was the only Lucy Mears I got the letter."

"And I got the sweetest little woman on earth," supplemented Nabel.

"And I," wound up Culver, "I don't know whether I should be praised or kicked. I think I'd prefer the latter."

But instead he received the praise.

A Heavy Load to Carry.
Along with dyspepsia comes nervousness and general ill-health. Why? Because a disordered stomach does not permit the food to be properly digested, and its products assimilated by the system. The blood is clogged with poisons which come from a disordered digestion, and in turn the nerves are not fed on good, red blood, and we see symptoms of nervousness, general weakness and general breakdown. It is not head work, nor over physical exertion that does it, but poor stomach work. With poor, thin blood the body is not protected against the attack of germs of grip, bronchitis and consumption. Fortify the body at once with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This enormous popularity of "Golden Medical Discovery" is due both to its scientific compounding and to the actual medicinal value of its ingredients. The publication of the names of the ingredients on the wrapper of every bottle sold, gives full assurance of its non-alcoholic character and removes all objection to the use of an unknown or secret remedy. It is not a patent medicine nor a secret one either. This fact puts it in a class all by itself, bearing as it does upon every bottle wrapper The Badge of Honesty, in the full list of its ingredients.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures, weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver and biliousness, ulceration of stomach and bowels and all catarrhal affections no matter what parts or organs may be affected with it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills, first put out 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Much imitated but never equalled. Sugar-coated and easy to take as candy. One to three a dose.

Cleanliness is the first law of beauty; also the second and third. No matter what your complexion may be, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will cure them. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

Man wants a bit little here below, but a bit little there below.

In scraping acquaintance don't rub him the wrong way.

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Suicide May Be Horace Bell.

Niagara Falls, N.Y., June 25.—There is a possibility that the aged man, who committed suicide by shooting himself at the brink of the Horseshoe Falls on the Canadian side late Friday night, was Horace Bell of Memphis, Tenn. It has been learned that the man arrived in this city Thursday night and registered at R. C. Owen's Clifton Hotel. He was much taken up with the little twins of Mr. and Mrs. Owen, and in a farewell letter found in his grip he refers to them. In view of the fact that the man took great pains to eliminate all marks of identification from his articles in the valise, it is thought that the name "Horace Bell" on the register may be fictitious.

Value of a Uniform.

Niagara Camp, June 25.—Here is an idea of what one of the volunteer militia uniforms cost. Pte. A. Mackenzie, the deserter, who came back to camp in an American uniform and was sentenced to 25 days in jail by district court-martial, has been put under stoppages of pay until he makes good the value of the following articles: one serge frock, \$2.50; pair of serge trousers, \$2.50; forage cap, \$5.00; waist belt, \$1. Total \$7.50. Saturday was get-away day in the camp and the tented field is now deserted.

Bishop McDonnell Consecrated.

Cornwall, June 25.—Rev. W. A. McDonnell, late parish priest of St. Andrew's, was yesterday consecrated Lord Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Alexandria at Alexandria. His Grace Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston, the consecrator, was assisted by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, Bishops McEvoy and Scholard, the last named two supporting the archbishop. Nearly 60 priests were also present.

New Battleship Launched.

Glasgow, Scotland, June 25.—The British battleship Agamemnon of 16,500 tons, was successfully launched here Saturday and was christened by the Countess of Aberdeen. The Agamemnon will have a speed of 18 knots and will carry four 12-inch and ten 9.2-inch guns in her main battery.

Off to Greenland.

Copenhagen, June 25.—The expedition of Mylius Eriksen, which will attempt to explore the northeastern coast of Greenland, sailed yesterday. The expedition expects to return in the autumn of 1908. King Frederick sent a telegram to M. Eriksen, wishing him good speed.

Fifty Houses Wrecked.

Lawton, Oklahoma, June 25.—Fifty houses were wrecked between Lawton and Quanah, Texas, Friday by a heavy wind storm. A passenger train near Lawton was nearly blown from the track. The storm covered a large area in the southwest. No one was killed.

Jack Frost is fond of taking just a wee nip.

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Colonial**London Dry Gin**

A Strictly Pure and Wholesome Spirit.