

"CANADIAN" RUBBERS



"The mark of quality" on "Canadian" Rubbers means the highest rubber excellence. "Canadian" Rubbers have the quality that alone stands the changeable Canadian climate.



THE MARK OF QUALITY.

An Irishman's Reason.
Sheridan Le Fanu once asked an Irishman what was the English of "Carrigtubh".
"I never heard any English or Irish name upon it, only 'Carrigtubh' alone," was the reply.
"I know," said Le Fanu, "it has no other name, but I want to know the meaning of the name."
"Well, now, your honor," he replied, "I never heard any meaning for it only 'Carrigtubh' alone."
"I know 'carrig' means a dock," persisted Le Fanu, "but what does 'tubh' mean?"
"Well, now, your honor, it's what I can't tell you why it's called 'Carrigtubh', unless it's because Mr. Coppinger lives below there in Barry's court."

Big Tailed Sheep.
A species of sheep in the east, common in Syria, is so incumbered by the weight of its tail that the shepherds fix a piece of thin board to the under part, where it is not covered with thick wool, to prevent it from being torn by the bushes, etc. Some have small wheels affixed to facilitate the draggings of these boards after them. The tail of a common sheep of this sort usually weighs fifteen pounds or upward, while that of a larger species, after being well fattened, will weigh fifty pounds.

The Heartiest Meal.
Let your heartiest meal be at night or whenever your work for the day is over. Fruits, toasts, soft boiled eggs and oatmeal make a good breakfast. When the intermission between hours of labor is short no heavy food should be taken into the stomach. Hundreds of people who eat heartily and return to work immediately afterward have dyspepsia.

Were Black on Thad Stevens.
It is related that Judge Jere Black once said of Thad Stevens that "he was one of the brightest men ever born and could say the smartest things, but that, as far as being under any sense of obligation to his Creator for superior mental endowments, his mind was a howling wilderness."

Every possessor of light is debtor to those who sit in the dark.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum For Coughs and Colds.

CLOTHES THAT TALK

The clothes on a man speak more eloquently than words, and the impression they give is sometimes more lasting. Do your clothes speak well of you? If they're from here, they surely do, as our clothes win their way upon their merits.

If you haven't yet tested the valuable character and service of our clothes, DO SO SOON.

Your appearance and your pocket-book will both profit by it. A full range of sizes in Ready-Made Pants, Cardigan Jackets and Underwear at

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO'Y

THE REALM OF UNREALITY

By HARRY PRESTON

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Allen strode across the grounds in the mellow warmth of that early summer afternoon and sought his favorite retreat—a rustic seat in the shadow of the beeches near the northern wall. He opened a magazine he had borrowed from the superintendent's office and strove to interest himself in the pages, but the articles seemed to be composed of meaningless jumbles of words, and the illustrations seemed distorted and unreal. He dropped the magazine with a sigh and closed his eyes. He was very, very tired.

He was afraid, too, that Thompson would come along and worry him about the codicils of that will. Thompson had been dead these five years, and, moreover, those codicils had been fixed to his satisfaction long before his demise, but Thompson seemed totally indifferent to the trouble he was causing. Instead of staying peacefully in his grave he came poking along at any old hour of the day or night asking most absurd questions and making all sorts of annoying suggestions.

Allen had spoken to the superintendent about Thompson that day if he were to stay here they must keep Thompson out. The superintendent had been very kind. He had assured Allen the matter would be attended to. He had been real since that day in the courthouse when he was conducting the state's case against the election repeaters—when the walls had caved in so suddenly and he had felt the strange, tingling sensations in his toes and finger tips and some one had put his arms about him just as the blackness had come on.

They told him—the doctors and the nurses—that this place, where he had awakened, was a private sanitarium; that he was overworked and must

rest. He strove vainly to grasp the meaning of it all. He wouldn't mind staying here if they only would contrive to keep Thompson decently in his grave. If they did—if they only did—How tired he was!

Allen nodded solemnly. His chin sank to his chest and he slept.

When he opened his eyes he was aware some one was standing near him. He half suspected it was Thompson on another of his obnoxious visits, but a second glance assured him it was not. It was a woman—a young and pretty woman—and she was smiling pleasantly. Allen jumped to his feet and lifted his hat.

"Good afternoon," he said gravely. "Good afternoon," she returned. "You've been enjoying a nap, haven't you?"

"I may have been dozing," he admitted. He looked at her for a moment in troubled abstraction. "You haven't any codicils you want put in your will?" he asked anxiously.

"Dear, no," she laughed. Allen looked relieved.

"You see," he explained, "everything of late is very unreal. I presume you, too, are unreal, but if you haven't any will to be fixed I shall be very glad of your company."

She laughed again, and her laugh was good to hear. Its infection set Allen smiling.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked, motioning her to the seat.

She caught up the magazine from the ground. "Can't I read to you?" she asked.

"If you would be so good," said he. "I tried to read myself, but somehow I couldn't seem to grasp the thread of things. I hope Thompson won't come poking around," he added.

"Thompson has been forbidden the grounds," she said reassuringly, and, opening the magazine, she began to read in a sweet, low voice that soothed Allen wonderfully. She read until sunset, and Allen, to his infinite joy, found he could grasp the meaning of all she read.

After that they met at the beeches every pleasant afternoon. She always brought a book or a magazine, and

Allen, seated on the ground before her, found his interest in life returning. Moreover, Thompson had ceased to trouble him. He began to feel that some time in the future matters would adjust themselves properly. As to the present, he was content to sit at her feet and listen to her full, rich voice.

One afternoon when the reading was ended for the day and the sun made long shadows of the trees Allen rose and stood looking at her thoughtfully.

"You see," he said, "I don't know whether you are real or only a phantom like Thompson, and so I may speak freely. If you are real, I love you. If you are unreal—well, then I want to stay here like this for the rest of my days."

The girl flushed scarlet. She dropped the book and fled across the grounds. Allen stood watching her flight with a puzzled frown.

"Suppose she is just another phantom like Thompson—suppose she is!" he muttered, and the bare thought of such a possibility made him sick at heart.

It came like a flash. Allen was walking toward the beeches one sunny afternoon when something seemed to snap inside his skull. He stopped in his tracks and stood for a moment dazed and trembling. Then a great joy welling up in him. The numbing fog had fallen from his mind. Everything was perfectly clear now. It was all over; he was a well man again. He could take up his life where he had dropped it.

He made his way to the beeches and sat down, but as he did so a sudden fear tightened his throat. How about this girl, who had come to mean so much to him? Was she a reality, or had she been only an image of his food brain? Suppose the latter were the case!

He heard voices and lifted his eyes. Across the lawn the superintendent was approaching, and with him was the girl. Allen leaped to his feet and ran forward.

"Thank God," he cried beside himself with joy.

The superintendent looked at him narrowly for a moment and then seized his hand.

"Ah," he said, "I thought it would come. You may well thank God, Mr. Allen. It was a narrow escape from permanent trouble."

He turned to the girl beside him. "Oh, by the way, Mr. Allen, this is my daughter."

Allen laughed happily as he saw the girl's face crimson.

"It was because of her I thanked God," said he quietly.

A Poetic Family.
One day Mr. Tait's premises were invaded by a family consisting of father, mother, son and two daughters, bearing a ponderous manuscript volume of poems, "all written by ourselves," as the mother said in a joyous key. The title was "A Poem For Every Day in the Year and Two For Sundays," by Mr. and Mrs. Mullingar and their son and daughters. Mr. Tait was non-plussed, and the mother seemed inclined to sit down and await his decision.

However, a visitor opportunely arriving, they said they would call again. They did so, but the publisher was "not at home," and they were turned over to Mr. Bertram, who assured Mrs. Mullingar, with his best air of wisdom, that poetry never paid.

"And yet," said the lady in a reproachful tone, "Sir Walter Scott made thousands of pounds by his poems."

"Yes, and so did Byron and Moore," chimed in one of the daughters, with a severe look, "and other poets too. Look at Rogers!"

In vain was Mrs. Mullingar assured that these were exceptional circumstances. She was confident their book would sell. Mr. Bertram at last got out of the scrape by suggesting that, as Mr. Tait was unwilling to publish books of poetry, they should try Blackwood. He does not say whether Blackwood did or not, but whether he published the book, but as it has never been heard of it is very probable he did not.—Chambers' Journal.

In and Out.
Although Foote undoubtedly enjoyed his reputation as the greatest wit of his day, he was quick to recognize and appreciate wit in others.

On one occasion when passing by the king's bench his attention was attracted by a barber's shop, the owner of which, not being able to pay for new glass in several panes which had been broken before his occupancy, had substituted paper ones for them. Over the shop door was written this inscription:

Here lives Jeremy Wright. Shaves as well as any man in England, and

Not quite.

Foote, after laughing well over the sign, became convinced that the owner must be an eccentric but not a stupid person. He determined to satisfy his curiosity immediately, so, putting his head through one of the paper panes, he inquired:

"Is Jeremy Wright at home, pray?"

"No, sir," came the reply, as the barber instantly thrust his head out through another of the paper panes; "no, sir. He has just popped out."

"Good!" exclaimed the delighted Foote, and he left the barber richer by a guinea without his having exercised his vocation of shaving upon the noted wit, who hurried off, laughing, to tell the story.

Slight Misunderstanding.
"Let me see," said the minister who was filling out the marriage certificate and had forgotten the date, "this is the seventh, is it not?"

"No, sir," snapped the bride, with some show of indignation. "This is only my third, if any one should ask you!"—Detroit Tribune.

Nervous Women

Their Sufferings Are Usually Due to Uterine Disorders Perhaps Unsuspected

A MEDICINE THAT CURES



Can we dispute the well-known fact that Canadian women are nervous?

How often do we hear the expression, "I am so nervous, it seems as if I should fly; or, 'Don't speak to me.' Little things annoy you and make you irritable; you can't sleep. You are unable to quietly and calmly perform your daily tasks or care for your children."

The relation of the nerves and generative organs in women is so close that nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous debility, the blues, sleeplessness and nervous irritability arise from some derangement of the organism which makes her a woman.

Fits of depression or restlessness and irritability. Spirits easily affected, so that one minute she laughs, the next minute weeps. Pain in the ovaries and between the shoulders. Loss of voice; nervous dyspepsia. A tendency to cry at the least provocation. All this points to nervous prostration.

Nothing will relieve this distressing condition and prevent months of prostration and suffering so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Leah Stowell, of 177 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"My medicine is indeed a Godsend to suffering women, and I only wish that they all knew what it can do for them and there would be no need of their dragging out miserable lives in agony. I suffered for years with bearing-down pains, extreme nervousness and excruciating headaches, but a few bottles of your Vegetable Compound made life look new and promising to me. I am light and happy and I do not know what sickness is, and I have enjoyed the best of health now for over four years. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has sent sunshine into thousands of homes and hearts."

Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound convince all women of its virtues? Surely you cannot wish to remain sick and weak and discouraged, exhausted each day, when you can be as easily cured as other women.

Superstition of Devonshire.
Devonshire is known to the world for its superstitious usages, which defy all efforts to uproot them. To name only one example, when a person dies all the relatives must touch the body or they will be haunted by the ghost of the dead forever after. A superstition not so local in its observance is that of beginning no task on a Friday.

The writer recently encountered a girl who, receiving notice to change from one room to another on Friday, insisted upon doing it on Thursday instead.

But the most curious instance of superstition—and this, too, is met with much nearer home than Devon—is surely that which prescribes that when, say, a domestic servant has broken a piece of crockery she is bound by fate to break two other pieces. So far is this idea carried that the writer knows a case where flowerpots are kept for the special purpose of being broken to appease the fates.—London Chronicle.

It doesn't take a man long to find out that he is short.

More Terrible Than War!

More terrible than war, famine or pestilence is that awful destroyer, that hydra-headed monster, Consumption, that annually sweeps away more of earth's inhabitants than any other single disease known to the human race.

"It is only a cold, a trifling cough," say the careless, as the irritation upon the delicate mucous membrane causes them to hack away with an irritating tickling of the throat. When the irritation settles on the sensitive air passages soon leads to fatal results. If on the first appearance of a cough or cold you would take a few doses of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

you would save yourself a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the life-giving properties of the pine trees of Norway, and for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough and all Throat and Lung affections it is a specific. Be sure when you ask for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to get it. Don't be humbugged into taking something else. Price 25 cts.

Miss Lena Johnston, Toledo, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for throat troubles after taking numerous other remedies, and I must say that nothing can take the place of it. I would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

There is a way of giving a confidence which creates a feeling of repulsion.

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Creasote tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.

The chances of success are enhanced by a smooth tongue.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Every man considers himself the author of his prosperity, but had luck has to stand for his mistakes.

A man usually thinks that there is nothing like his first baby, and it is the opinion of his suffering friends that there oughtn't to be.

To many a man matrimony brings a nice sense of discrimination in selecting beefsteaks and excuses.

A really soothing and comfortable kind of person to have about you is one who can think what he is told to.

It takes great good judgment to determine when you will be called a meddler and when glorified as a savior when you are concerned with other people's affairs.

The man with money to burn gets cured of the habit by meeting up with the coal dealer.

When a man signs a note under the impression that it is a patent medicine testimonial, it is one of the signs that do not fail.

Overburdened.
It seems to me I really ought to get more time to sleep. Indeed, this oft recurring thought has given me trouble deep. I get to bed at three o'clock. What more could any man want? My own game I don't want to block; I do the best I can.

I'm bothered, too, by low finance; I do not have enough of coin to let me take a chance; I have to run a bluff. A hundred every day or so. Can't carry out my plan. I'd really like to have a show; I do the best I can.

If I had time I'm sure I could get more time to sleep. But, dash it, if I worked I would then get no time to sleep! With going, racing, yachting, too, I keep well in the van. What more can any fellow do? I do the best I can.

It doesn't take a man with brains to spoil his chance in life. A wise man doesn't take the pains. He leaves it to his wife. So I endeavor to keep loose. Such is my subtle plan. To circumvent the marriage noose I do the best I can.

Quite a Wonder.
The lady doctor must be quite an adept in bloodless surgery. "Why so?" "I hear that she turns men's heads."

Don't Bother Some of Them.
He thinks he would make a great writer except for one thing. "What is that?" "He can't think of anything to say."

Reason Enough.
"Everybody says that he looks like his grandfather on his mother's side." "I didn't know the old gentleman had that much money."

Just Natural.
"Are the burglars bad in your town?" "I didn't know that burglars were good anywhere."

To Reform Him.
"What is her idea of marrying a rounder like that?" "She thinks she can make a straighter of him."

No Chances.
"Hold!" said the busy burglar unto his noble mate. When they had found a treasure That promised to be great.

Chips.
"He cannot understand where his children got their meanness." "Does he ever look in the looking glass?"

Change of Location.
"That horse was bred in Kentucky." "Well, he was a pudding in Illinois."

Proof to Them.
Some stupid people may be found Who still deny the earth is round. For, though they climb the tallest tree, It's flat as far as they can see.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY		
Corrected Oct. 1st, 1905.		
GOING EAST	GOING WEST	
7 a.m. daily, ex. Sunday	1:03 a.m.	
2:18 a.m. Express	1:13 a.m.	
3:32 p.m. " "	8:50 p.m.	
* This train runs daily except Sunday. Starts from here and remains over night.		

PERE MARQUETTE R.R.

BUFFALO DIVISION

Leave Chatham	Express	Express
For Richfield	6:35 a.m.	4:40 p.m.
and West	East	West
Richfield	7:55 a.m.	6:45 "

Arrive at Chatham from Richfield and West: East 7:55 a.m. 6:45 p.m. 8:25 a.m. 6:45 p.m. 7:55 a.m. 6:45 p.m. 8:25 a.m. 6:45 p.m.

* Central Standard Time—one hour slower than city time.
EFFECTIVE MAY 1, 1905.
E. BRITTON, D.P.A., London.
WM. HOOD, Chatham.
H. F. MOHLER, G.P.A., Detroit.

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.	4-11:19 p.m.		
12-1:25 p.m.	4-11:19 p.m.		
6-9:30 p.m.	6-1:32 a.m.		
9-1:13 a.m.	8-2:49 p.m.		

J. A. RICHARDSON, Dist. Pass. Agt., Toronto and St. Thomas.
J. C. PRITCHARD, Station Agent.

GRAND TRUNK

Takes effect Sunday, Oct. 1st, 1905.

WEST.
3:39 a.m. for Windsor, Detroit and intermediate stations except Sunday.
12:52 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.
4:18 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.
8:19 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and west.
International Limited daily.
Fixed 2:30 p.m.

EAST.
3:37 a.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Buffalo.
12:00 p.m. for London, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and New York.
4:18 p.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and East.
9:00 p.m. for London and intermediate stations.
Daily except Sunday: "Daily."

For tickets and full information call on W. E. RISPIN, City Agent, 115 King Street; J. C. PRITCHARD, Depot Agent.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

SINGLE FARE

THANKSGIVING DAY

Good going October 25th and 26th, returning until Oct. 30th, between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Suspension Bridge and Buffalo, N.Y.

For Hunters! Single Fare!
Good going daily until Nov. 7th, to points in Tennessee on T. & N. O. Ry.; to points in Ontario on Port Arthur inclusive; to Port Arthur via N. N. O. Co. good going October 25th to Nov. 7th, to Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Magnetawan River, all Stations Argyle to Coburn, Severn to North Bay, points on Northern Nav. Co. (Georgian Bay and Mackinac Division), Midland, Penetang and Lakefield. All tickets valid returning until December 31st.

For tickets and full information call on W. E. RISPIN, City Agent, 115 King Street; J. C. PRITCHARD, Depot Agent.

THE WABASH SYSTEM

Is the great Winter Tourist Route to the South and West, including Old Mexico, the most interesting country on the face of the globe; Texas and California, the lands of sunshine and flowers. The new and elegant trains on the Wabash are the admiration of travellers; every comfort is provided, there is nothing wanting to complete one's happiness; the days and nights pass only too quickly while travelling on the Great Wabash line.

Full particulars from any Wabash Agent, or J. A. RICHARDSON, District Passenger Agent, North East Corner King and Yonge Streets, and St. Thomas; W. E. RISPIN, C.P.A., Chatham; J. C. PRITCHARD, Depot Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

FOUR

TOURIST SLEEPERS

Each week for North West and Pacific Coast points leaving Toronto

* 1:45 p. m. Tuesdays
11:30 p. m. Wednesdays
11:30 p. m. Fridays
* 1:45 p. m. Saturdays

Cars are fully equipped with bedding, cooking range, etc. Moderate berth rates. For first or second class passengers.

* Cars leaving Tuesdays and Saturdays stop at Winnipeg twelve hours, thus affording through passengers opportunity of seeing city.

For descriptive booklet, rates, etc. call on nearest Canadian Pacific Agent, W. H. HARRIS, Chatham, or write C. B. FOSTER, D. P. A., Toronto.

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