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Leave Chatha	m	Express	Express
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THE WASSE MAILROAD CO EAST BOUND

J. A. RICHARDSON,
Dist. Pass. Agt., Toronto and St. Thomas
J. C. PRITCHARD, W. E. RISPIN, W. P. A. 115 King St., Chatham, CANADIA PACIFIC FAILWAY

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7 a.m. daily, except Sunday GOING WEST GRAND TRUNK

WEST.

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Manitoba and the North - West

and run via Grand Trunk, North Bay and Canadian Pacific. A Colonist Sleeper will be attached to each train. Passengers traveling without live stock should take the train leaving Toronto at 9.00 p.m. is for passengers travelling with stock.

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Also round trip tickets on sale daily at greatly reduced rates to the south and west. There is nothing more assuring to the traveller than his knowledge of the fact that he is travelling over the Wabash System, the great winter tourist route to the south and west.

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Alta Vista Villa, No Man's Land,

Dear-Look at above heading and dream a dream of joy. I'm here, and when I saw that name tacked up over the portals of our hotel I said, "Here's where I rusticate just on the strength of the name."

We are up on a bluff—sand bluff. I've been here three blessed, broiling days and haven't found anything in the place yet but sand and bluff. And sea, lots of sea, so much sea that you hope you'll never have to see so much sea again in all your life. Also a bathhouse, tintype tent, peanut pavilion and bathing houses—little, hot, new pine coffins stood up on end. Also girls and girls and girls, from sixteen to sixty, assorted sizes, and all looking for the part There are lets of his for the man. There are lots of him running around in the days of his youth, but for a real man such as we are led to expect, by all the summer lore ever written, hangs his delightful self around summer resorts and wears white duck and brings you water lilies and sighs over a mandolin at you neath the pale moonlight—there isn't a single specimen wandering for miles around our villa.

Do you know what they call this par-ticular eyric I have alighted on? No Man's Land. Pleasant, isn't it, after you've toiled over a typewriter while the wintry wind did a ragtime dance around your furless throat and you didn't give a rap because you were thinking of your white waists and your linens and organdies and your heavenly, floppy Trianon hat with its lace veranda, all of which should storm the heart of the summer man and make him fall down and worship by the sil-Very starlight?

Nancie Bell, it isn't any such stuff. There isn't any summer man, and even if there were and he didn't have sense enough to run away the minute he grasped the situation I wouldn't have a bit of respect for

That's all. I shall be home in a few days, just as soon as I have tan enough to bluff the stay-at-homes into the idea that I've had a glorious time and been belle of the beach strong, Nancie. Don't look even at an excursion steamer. If sinners entice thee, dress up in your organdles and walk down Fifth avenue and you'll see more admiring sons of Adam in an hour than you will out here in a week. Haplessly yours,

Day After Yesterday, Hello, central! All hall the mau! He came, he saw, and Caesar isn't a corner room. Mrs. Banks, our general overseer, says, he is an exceptional young man. Wonder how much board he paid in advance!

He isn't real young nor real old; just that intermediate age that is so inter-esting. I don't think he is exactly landsome, but you know what a prop-erly trimmed vandyke and a pair of rimless eyeglasses will do for any man. He's that kind.

This morning he escorted all of us through the glen. Did I tell you that we had a glen? Oh, yes; Glen Ellyn. Just ferninst the villa. It's a break in the sand bluff, and it's damp and piny and darksome at midday. Heretofore the organdie flock had religiously es-J. A. RICHARDSON.

Diat. Pass. Agent, N.-E. corner King and Yonge atreets, Toronto, and St. Thomas,

W. E. RISPIN, C. P. A., Chatham | weeds and discoursed on them. I opine he is a botanist. Well, it's better than a barber. A letter came for him today addressed to Professor Adrihim today addressed to Professor Adrian Vogel. How's that for individuality? He looks it too. He does not dance, and he does not play the mandolin. He goes for his morning dip at some unearthly hour before we are up. In fact, he does not do any of the orthodox summer "manisms," but he has manners and customs of his own.

manners and customs of his own.

For instance, he sings, and sings well. There are about ninety and nine muses who group themselves in the parlors after dinner to listen to their 'Apollo. When he sings "All Aboard For Dreamland" he looks at you as much as to say he has only two passes for the boat, but the other one is for you.

Yachting and autoing he classes as nerve racking, but nature and close to nature's heart and all the rest of it is what the professor's joy is. I think privately we would get closer to nature's heart and the professor's heart, too, if he could be made to understand the expediency of individual lessons for too. If he could be made to understand the expediency of individual lessons for his botany pupils. But he cannot. He calls for a class, and we are all classed. I hope for the best. So do the other ninety and eight muses. Botanically yours,

Saturday.

Came to No Man's Lond every time.

Come to No Man's Land every time for something doing. We have saved the professor's life. If it had only been one of us it wouldn't have been so complicated. A composite gratitude doesn't go far when it has to be passed around. It was long after kunchtime, and he never misses lunchtime. He can put away more fried bluefish and blackberry potpie than five of the muses, but it is only proof of his exceptional excellence, and the overseer never rebukes him.

Did I tell you she was a widow, also interested in botany? Lthink she stands

nterested in botany? Lthink she stands lecond best. He likes fried bluefish, etc.
Anyway, we missed him, and there

was a swift summer storm stealing blackly up from the horizon, and the sea moaned as it broke in sobs along the shore. They do that kind of thing all right I used to think that went with the summer man, but it doesn't. MacGregor Clarence Blair said he hadn't showed up since breakfast, and he'd seen him making a bee line for the glen, and he'd said, "What's yer hurry?" and the professor had said he hoped he could have one morning in peace to study without that thundering crowd of old maids hiking after him.

We didn't believe MacGregor. He looks like a pale, new sand fly, and his father and mother own all of No Man's Land. The professor never in all this world used such words as hiking and thundering, but MacGregor did. Therefore, I may say, in the same common parlance, that the whole thundering crowd of old maids pitched in and lambasted MacGregor until his pretty whits linen suit was not fair to see and basted MacGregor until his pretty white linen suit was not fair to see and his twining curls were full of sand burs. Then he howled and retracted, and we all went up the glen after the

The glen deepens and darkens as you go in, and the sides are rocky and precipitous, with much shrubbery and unergrowth and scraggly pine trees list

dergrowth and scraggly pine trees list-ed to windward. And just as the first streak of lighthing quivered in the sky we heard a faint shout for help. It was the professor. He hung sus-pended in air on the bare limb of a dead pine that jutted out from the rock halfway up the bluff, like Genius on Pegsans the wider soils on a prefiled Pegasus, the widew said—on a petrified

Then Genevieve Perley, our college product, said Pegasus couldn't be pet-rified. He would have to be ossified. And the widow began to cry and sat down on a log and said she didn't care a bit either way, ossified or petrified. and Professor Vogel was such a lovely man and always paid his board like a gentleman, and she hated to see him killed before her eyes, and she never felt so much like fainting before in all her life.

Genevieve said fainting was counted

out. He was a fine target for light-ning up there, and, while it was none of ner business and she had no interest in the professor as a lovely man or in the continuance of his regular board paying, still she thought a rope might be a good thing.
"In mountainous countries," began

Agatha, the artist, who has been Europized, "I believe they tie a rope around the waist of one person"—
"It's the shoulders," said Genevieve;
"kind of a slipknot."

The professor shouted for help again, this time fainter still. "No; the waist," said Agatha firmly "And lower that person over the mountain side until he rescues the other

party.' "Let's lower MacGregor," murmured Genevieve, but the widow cried and said her feet were getting wet and she didn't think it was right to joke in the face of death. That braced us up, because the professor did look like it, so while the fleeting moments sped Genevieve and I sped fleeter and found some clotheslines and a couple of husky lads in sweaters from the peanut stand and the boathouse, and we sped back to

Then the husky lads climbed the bluff on the sandy side and did the Alpine act with the clotheslines, assisted by several ropes from the boathouse, and before our eyes the professor was pulled back to life and liberty.

He is resting now. It is dark and still at the villa. No hops or mandolins tonight. The shock will bring him to, I think, from the botanical dream and cause him to concentrate his joy on some loving, sympathetic heart, and it may be your PERDITA.

Monday I shall be home on the Tuesday boat. The other girls are packing too. The overseer has fainted. Only the professor is serene. He was up bright and early this morning fo meet the 6:08 train, and when he came back he had a Mrs. Professor and three little Professor. or juniors tagging merrily along after him.

No, I don't think men were deceivers ever. I think it was absentmindedness. Only Mrs. Professor gave the muses their crushing blow when she said she was so glad we had all joined the professor's summer botany class, as he had reduced the course rate to \$10, and she thought it was the sweetest, most elevating study one could take up. We all assured her it was elevating. It was—for the professor.

And we're all going home tomorrow.

Yours for single blessedness.

PERDITA.

A Philadelphia Gallant. There is nothing that astonishes a woman so much as meeting a man who takes her at her word. A certain very impetuous young woman living in the suburbs of this city experienced in the suburbs of this city experienced this unique sensation when she attended a musicale given by a friend and met a specimen of the too literal male. She was about to leave the house when her hostess called after her: "Oh, don't think of going out on such a stormy night alone. Mr. G. will be glad to go with you. Won't you, Mr. G.?" turning to a gentleman at her right. "Delighted," said the would be escort, beaming on the young woman, and he slipped on his over coat and stood ready with hat and unbrella in hand. "Oh, please don't bother," said the protesting girl. "You know I am quite accustomed to going out alone. I am not the least bit know I am quite accustomed to going out alone. I am not the least bit nfraid. I nearly always leave here unescorted." "Oh, well, if that is the case," said the stupid man, "I don't need to go then. I would not think of interfering with your lifelong habits." And without glying the independent young woman a chance to avail herself of his escort he threw off his overcoat and joined a pretty blond at the end of the hallway.—Philadelphia Record.

FOLKS FOLKS Use Only 14 Teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef for a cup of Beef Tea. Yes, some require a whole teaspoonful— but they are not Armour's.

Down, as You Please. Make a little hole at each end of : egg, blow into one end, and the contents will come out through the oth



DRESSING FOR THE BACK.

Lesson From the Dainty and Artis-tic Frenchwoman's Book.

The Frenchwoman-for she must be sidered as a class—dress peculiarly and different from any woman in the world. She dresses for the back. She takes care to dress well, considered from a front point of view. But she dresses with a special regard for those who shall see her from the rear.

She takes great pride in her shoulder blades. "Let them get fat, and you are lost," she says. And so it is. "Let your shoulder blades become stooping, and you are ruined," she declares. "Let your shoulder blades get sharp, and none of your gowns will fit you. Let your shoulder blades grow ungraceful, and you might as well give up the beauty quest."

When it comes to the display of her pack and neck and arms the Frenchwoman excels. She shrugs with them. She says yes and no. She expresses sur-prise, joy, disdain and sorrow, all by the gestures of her back and arms. She laces her waist so tight that it seems as though she would break in two. But her bust is free and her breathing space is full. She would not think of cramping her lungs.

"Merci!" exclaimed a Frenchwoman putting on an American bodice. "I can-not breathe. The belt is like a bag. It is so lose that I am uncomfortable, while it is tight around the bust and

around the throat."

And that is one of the Frenchwoman's secrets. She gives her throat plenty of room, and she gives her bust a chance to expand. But her waist, on the other hand, is tightly laced. She takes care, however, to pull the laces tight below the ribs and below the lung space and below the bust line in order that the beautiful upper figure may have plenty of room in which to breathe and expand and be graceful,

ACROSS COUNTRY.



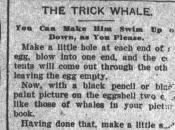
poisons which turnishes a weak spot for bacteria to enter.

To enrich the blood and increase the red blood corpuscles, Dr. Pierce years ago found a vegetable compaund, which he called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, that would quickly cure the bad symptoms by increasing the red blood corpuscles and thereby feeding the nerves on rich blood. This "Medical Discovery" also acts upon the digestion and assimilation of food, so that the blood yets its proper elements from the products of digestion. Feed the lungs, stomach and heart on rich red blood and you have surely a healthy hody which will throw off the germs of disease which lurk everywhere. Set as near nature's way as you can. A medicine made entirely from botanical extracts and which does not contain alcohol is the safest. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery contains neither alcohol nor narcotics.

ARE PROMPTLY FURNISHED AT

THE PLANET OFFICE

The crudest truth is better than the most cultured lie. When a man has fame he really does not know it.





THE TRICK WHALE.

other weight in it to keep it right side up, then in its mouth place the cgg, with the outside hole plugged up with gum, putty or wax.

egg by means of sealing way. Pink the edges of the seams in the bag to repre-Now you are ready to set your

"whale" free in the swimming pool.

This pool is a glass jar full of water and closely covered with anything in the rubber line.

By merely pressing your hand on the

rubber top you can cause the whale to rise or dive as you please.

WALTZING MICE

Ways of These Curious and Interesting Little Animals.

Waltzing mice are curious and inter-sting little animals. They are not quite so long as the common gray mouse and much more slender. They are spotted black and white at each end of their bodies and are clear white in the mid-dle. They whirl around on their four feet as if on a pivot, sometimes stopping and reversing the direction. Frequently I have seen two or three of them going around together in a large circle. Although they waltz sometimes as long as five minutes without rest,

they appear never to get dizzy.

They can, if they choose, run in a straight line, but they seldom do. Instead of running away when disturbed or frightened they begin to waltz. They come out of their nests about sundown and waltz until nearly midnight. Then they go back to their nests to sleep. One of the curious things about them is their fighting. They waltz until they run into each other, when they bite, squeal, jump into the air—and then start waltzing again. They keep this up until they are seriously injured, sometimes having their tails and legs

bitten off and their skins torn. There are several theories as to the reason they can whirl around in this way and yet do not get dizzy. One is it is because of a disease of the brain that they inherit.

Conundrums. farmer and a dressmaker?. One sews what she gathers and the other gathers what he sows.

If a man bumped his head against

the top of a room what article of sta-tionery would he be supplied with? Ceiling whacks (sealing wax).

What is the difference between a cat

What is the difference between a cat and a comma? A cat has its claws at the end of its paws; a comma has a pause at the end of a clause.

Why is an author the queerest animal in the world? Because his talk comes out of his head.

Wax Flewers.
Allow some drops from a lighted candle turned upside down to fall into a basin of cold water. The grease will form flowers. String these on the end of a wire and green leaves made from paper, and a very interesting plant will be the result.

In Dolldem.

My dolls are all great marie folks. They live in Wonderland And they can turn to Envithing When I just wave my band. Most all the time I live there, too, And sometimes I'm a queen, Sometimes a fairy godmother. A which, but never mean. Though I do have to turn some dolls. To bad men, for in plays. They have to have one truly bad. So good can get more praiss. My dolls all have matinees. And lovely concerts too. The prima donna always is. My singing dolly, Lou. I junch her, and ehe sings so sweet. The others all admire, And often when we're playing church. We two make up the choir. Doll Vernors always making love. To little Florahel; She laughs and turns away her head, Just like my Auntie Neil. And all that I see grown folks do I let my doils do, too; It seems so real in Wonderland I quite believe it's true. I'm always mother just at dusk. And rock my dolls to rest. For they all turn to bables then, And then I love them best.

FOR THE



S In order that these may be distinguished from perfect goods they are PUNCHED as Indicated in illustra-

Purchasers of Rubber Footwear should see that goods represented to them as perfect, and up-to-date, are Not Punched.

tion shown herewith.

PUNCHED RUBBERS

THE VALUE OF OPALS.

Rubber indicates

that it is a

Factory Imperfect

Out of Style

or in some way inferior

and liable to prove

unsatisfactory.

Mainly Depends on the Colors Shown in the Stones.

Veins of opals are usually met with soft formations where nothing above ground indicates their presence. The earch for them, therefore, often requires considerable time. But it is not extremely difficult, for opals are generilly found near the surface. Indeed, it was thought for a long time that they vere not to be found as deep as twelve are dead nature collected by dead men, feet below the surface. This opinion I know not whether I muse most at the has, however, given way in the light of evidence, because opals of great value have been discovered at a depth of fifty

The value of opals depends upon several considerations, of which the principal one is the color. It is important that they should be bright and not pre sent streaks or spots alternating with uncolored substance. The most valuable are those which have red fires or mixtures of red and yellow, blue and green. Onals of a single tint are of little value unless the tint is particularly striking and the figure beautiful. Indeed one of the essential qualities of the opal is the arrangement of the fig-ure, which sets off strikingly the hue of

the stone.

When the figure is quite regular and distinct it is the more valuable, much less so when the grain is quite small and frregular. Sometimes the color appears as a single blaze or with figures regularly spaced. It may then be of a green or reddish and has but little bril-

The cutting is very important for the opal. Thus a thick stone will be much less beautiful than a thin stone, which, on losing part of its volume, loses also the figure. The foundation tint contrib-utes much to the beauty. It ought to be transparent, slightly milky and har-monize fully with the different reflections of the opal, which, when it is really beautiful, presents a variety of hues infinitely pleasing to the eye.

HE HATED MUSEUMS.

Thoreau Catalogued Them as the Catacombs of Nature I hate museums. There is nothing so weighs upon my spirits. They are the spring, one willow catkin, one faint thrill from a migrating sparrow, would set the world on its legs again. The life that is in a single green weed is of more worth than all this death. They,

odies stuffed with cotton and sawdust or those stuffed with bowels and flashy Where is the proper berbartum, the true cabinet of shells and museum of skeletons, but in the meadow where the flower bloomed, by the seaside where the tide cast up the fish, and on the hills and in the valleys where the beast laid down its life and the skeleton of the traveler reposes on the grass? What right have mortals to parade these things on their legs again, with their wires, and, when heaven has decreed that they shall return to dust again to return them to sawdust? Would you have a dried specimen of a world or a

pickled one? and earth—against heaven, who has recalled the soul and set free the servile lements, and against the earth, which is thus robbed of her dust. I have had my right perceiving senses so disturbed in these haunts as to mistake a verita-What is the sun's trade? A tanner.

What is the difference between a but oftenest the uniform tint is only but oftenest the uniform tint is only and surveyed him with dumb wonder as the strangest of the whole collection, for the strangest is that which, being in many particulars most like, is in some ess ntial particular m Thoreau's Journal in Atlantic.

It takes less sense to find fault with all than to be fair with all,

Appearances often indicate a pros-perity which goes no further than the surface.



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