

PERE MARQUETTE R.R.

BUFFALO DIVISION
EFFECTIVE DEC. 5, 1904.

| Leave Chatham | Express | Express |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------|
| For | 6:45 a.m. | 5:30 p.m. |
| Blanchet and West | 6:45 a.m. | 5:30 p.m. |
| St. Thomas | 6:45 a.m. | 5:30 p.m. |
| St. Thomas | 6:45 a.m. | 5:30 p.m. |
| St. Thomas | 6:45 a.m. | 5:30 p.m. |

Arrive at Chatham
6:45 a.m.
5:30 p.m.

Central Standard Time—One hour slower than city time.

R. BRITTON, D.P.A., London.

H. F. MOSELEY, G.P.A., Chatham.

THE WABASH RAILROAD CO.

GOING WEST EAST BOUND

| No. | 1-4:45 a.m. | No. | 2-12:23 p.m. |
|---------------|---------------|-----|--------------|
| 3-1:07 p.m. | 4-11:19 p.m. | | |
| 13-1:25 p.m. | 116-2:25 a.m. | | |
| 116-7:05 p.m. | 8-1:22 a.m. | | |
| 8-1:22 a.m. | 8-1:22 a.m. | | |
| 9-1:18 a.m. | 8-2:49 p.m. | | |

J. A. RICHARDSON, Dist. Pass. Agt., Toronto and St. Thomas.

J. C. PRITCHARD, Station Agent, Chatham.

W. E. RISPIN, W. P. A. 115 King St., Chatham.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Commenced July 2nd, 1904.

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FROM NO MAN'S LAND

By... Isola Forrester
Copyright, 1904, by Isola Forrester

Alta Vista Villa, No Man's Land, Moon of Popples.

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—and 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 bath-house, tinsy type, 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 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 here 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 particular eyrie 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 furthest throat and you didn't give a rap because you were thinking of your white waists and your flimsy and organdy 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 silvery starlight?

Nance 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 him.

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. Be strong, Nance. Don't look even at an excursion steamer. If sinners entice thee, dress up in your organdy 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. Happily yours,

PERDITA.

Day After Yesterday.
Hello, central! All hail the man! He came, he saw, and Caesar isn't a circumstance. He has taken the large 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 interesting. I don't think he is exactly handsome, but you know what a properly trimmed randyke 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 fernest the villa. It's a break in the sand bluff, and it's damp and piny and darksome at midday. Heretofore the organdy flock had religiously eschewed its ferny swampiness, but you should have seen us trail after him over fern and stump and hidden vine the while he bled out dinky little weeds and discoloured them.

I opine he is a botanist. Well, it's better than a barber. A letter came for him today addressed to Professor Adrián 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, but he does not do any of the orthodox summer "manisms," but he has 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 autolog 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 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-eight muses. Botanically yours,

PERDITA.

Saturday.
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 lunchtime, and he never misses lunchtime. He can put away more fried bluish and blackberry poppie 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? I think she stands second best. He likes fried bluish, 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 rolls 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 mads barking after him.

We didn't believe MacGregor. He looks like a pale, new sand fly, and the professor had said he hoped he could have one morning in peace to study without that thundering crowd of old mads pitched in and lambasted MacGregor until his pretty white linen suit was not far 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 professor.

The glen deepens and darkens as you go in, and the sides are rocky and precipitous, with much shrubbery and undergrowth and scraggly pine trees leading to windward. And just as the first streak of lightning quivered in the sky we heard a faint shout for help.

It was the professor. He hung suspended in air on the bare limb of a dead pine that jutted out from the rock halfway up the bluff, like Genius on Pegasus, the widow said on a petrified Pegasus.

Then Genevieve Perley, our college product, said Pegasus couldn't be petrified. 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 lightning up there, and while it was none of her 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 enraptured, "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," pursued 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 feeling meters and found some clotheslines and a couple of husky lads in sweaters from the peanut stand and the bathhouse, and we sped back to the glen.

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 bathhouse, 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 hope or mandolin 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 to meet the 6:08 train, and when he came back he had a new and better idea of the professor's juniors tagging merrily along after him.

No, I don't think men are deceivers ever. I think it was abominable. Only Mrs. Professor gave the muses their crushing blow when she said she was so glad we had all joined the professor's summer boat class, as he had reduced the course rate to \$10, and she thought it was the sweetest, most elevating thing 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 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 overcoat and stood ready with hat and umbrella 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 afraid. 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 giving 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.

Use Only 1/4 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.

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