

# PERE MARQUETTE R.R.

RUFFALO DIVISION  
EFFECTIVE MAY 1, 1905

From	Express	Express
Chatham	7:35 a.m.	7:35 p.m.
Buffalo	7:55 a.m.	4:55 p.m.

Arrive at Chatham

From	Express	Express
Buffalo	9:25 a.m.	6:25 p.m.
Chatham	7:55 a.m.	6:25 p.m.

Leave Chatham

From	Express	Express
Chatham	7:55 a.m.	6:25 p.m.
Buffalo	9:25 a.m.	6:25 p.m.

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## Why Red Rose Tea is Economical

RED Rose Tea has all the good points of two good teas and none of the weaknesses of any. You never drank a cup of straight Ceylon or Indian tea that could compare in strength, richness, delicacy and fragrance with the "rich fruity flavor" of Red Rose Tea.

Yet Red Rose Tea goes further and costs no more than either Indian or Ceylon teas alone.

Red Rose Tea is better than either Indian or Ceylon tea and is more economical because it goes further.

## Red Rose Tea is good Tea

T. H. Estabrooks  
St. John, N.B., Toronto, Winnipeg

### LOTTERIES IN ENGLAND.

They Had Great Vogue There a Couple of Centuries Ago.

Drawing for the first lottery held in England commenced on January 11th, 1569, and continued at all hours of the day and night at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral for nearly four months. For the previous two years the scheme was well boomed, and the lottery consisted of 40,000 lots or shares, at ten shillings each. The profit was devoted to the repairing of harbors and other useful public works. The state lottery very quickly grew in popularity, and a keen and brisk business was carried on by the numerous lottery offices.

On one occasion circumstances excited the people to such an extent that extravagant biddings were made for the remaining shares in the lottery of that year, until as much £126 were given for a ticket on the day before the drawing. In 1787 a lady living in London had a lottery ticket presented to her by her husband, and on the Sunday preceding the drawing her success was prayed for in the parish church in this form: "The prayers of the congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking."

### Henry Ward Beecher Got Even.

Henry Ward Beecher was often spared much embarrassment by his quickness at repartee. One evening as he was in the midst of an impassioned speech, some one attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a rooster. It was done to perfection; a number of people laughed in spite of themselves, and the speaker's friends felt that in a moment the whole effect of the meeting, and of Mr. Beecher's thrilling appeals, might be lost. The orator, however, was equal to the occasion. He stopped, listened till the crowing ceased, and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch. "Morning already!" he said; "my watch is only at 10. But there can be no mistake about it; the instincts of the lower animals are infallible." There was a roar of laughter. The "lower animal" in the gallery collapsed, and Mr. Beecher was able to resume as if nothing had occurred.—Boston Herald.

When a woman flirts for effect her sorrow is deepest if it brings a smile.



## SUNLIGHT SOAP

With ordinary soap a woman has to work so hard and so long on wash day she has no time for preparing any of the family meals. Wash day is a trial, and the good wife faces each with a sigh of despair. Sunlight soap makes all the difference. No boiling—less than half the labor with much better results. Most women are all through their wash by twelve o'clock when they wash with Sunlight Soap the Sunlight way. It makes child's play of work.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR.

Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands. LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.

## VARICOCELE CURED

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. Confined to His Home for Weeks.

"Heavy work, severe straining and evil habits in youth brought on a double varicocele. When I worked hard the aching would become severe and I was often laid up for a week at a time. My family physician told me an operation was my only hope, but I dreaded it. I tried several specialists, but soon found out all they wanted was my money. I commenced to look upon all doctors as little better than rogues. One day my boss asked me why I was off work so much and I told him my condition. He advised me to consult Dr. Kennedy and Kergan, as he had taken treatment from them himself and knew they were square and skillful. He wrote them and got the New Method Treatment for me. My progress was somewhat slow and during the first month's treatment I was somewhat discouraged. However, continued treatment for three months longer and was rewarded with a complete cure. I could only earn \$1 a week in a machine shop before treatment, now I am earning \$11 and never lose a day. I wish all sufferers knew of your valuable treatment."

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED? BLOOD POISONS are the most prevalent and most serious diseases. They sap the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will cause serious complications. Beware of Mercury. It only suppresses the symptoms—our NEW METHOD positively cures all blood diseases forever. YOUNG OR MIDDLE AGED MEN—Impudent acts or later excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally, physically and vitally you are not the man you used to be or should be. Will you heed the danger signals? Are you a victim? Here you are: hope? Are you intending to read? Are you married? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you, what it has cured for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. Matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. BOOKS FREE.—The Golden Monitor. Illustrated. 100 Diseases of Men.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of treatment FREE for Home Treatment.

Dr. Kennedy & Kergan  
Cor. Mich. Ave. and Shelby St., Detroit, Mich.

## The Crust

By LEONARD FRANK ADAMS

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Danforth strolled down the beach looking for a certain white umbrella, which he felt sure he would recognize among a thousand similar ones. Far down on the sand dunes, well away from the crowd which thronged the sand, he espied it. He could tell it by the certain rakish angle with which it was always stuck in the sand as well as by the distinctive downward droop of its time worn ribs. Beneath the umbrella he would find her. Danforth quickened his steps and made for the sand dunes.

As he came nearer he saw the girl in a steamer chair beneath the shelter of the umbrella. She was reclining motionless, her eyes closed. He stole cautiously up and seated himself beside the chair. Still the girl did not move, and from her regular breathing it was apparent she had fallen asleep.

Danforth fished in his pockets and found some cigars and a little volume of Keats. He touched a match to one of the former and opened the latter. For a time he read and smoked contentedly while the girl in the chair slept on.

At length he lay the book face down on the sand and looked at the girl with a whimsical smile curving his lips. He blew several puffs of white smoke and watched them drift lazily away.

"It is a great chance," he mused softly, "a great chance. Lord knows I'd never have the courage to talk to you as frankly as I intend to do if you were awake, but now I'm going to have a nice long talk with you. Indeed, I shall tell you many things that have been on my mind for some time."

He listened intently to assure himself that the girl's regular breathing was unchanged before he went on:

"We've been the best of friends for the past few years, haven't we? It has been a jolly, confidential friendship, never marred by any 'foolishness,' as you choose to call it. Well, that's one side of it—your side. It hasn't been marred by any spoken 'foolishness' on my part, but there's been an awful

ward the west. A breeze sprang up from the water and set the white umbrella swaying.

Presently the girl stirred uneasily and sat up. She blinked sleepily, and her eyes fell on the man.

"Hello, Tom!" she said. "How long have you been here?"

"Just came," he lied regally. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

"You looked too comfortable," said he. "I hadn't the heart."

She caught sight of the volume. "Keats!" she exclaimed. "Won't you read to me? 'Endymion,' part two, if you please."

He eyed her sharply. Her face was very grave.

"Love in a cottage, love upon a crust (Love, forgive us!) cinders, ashes, dust," he read.

There was something suspiciously like a chuckle from the depth of the steamer chair. He closed the book and turned to her quickly.

"Blast poverty!" she said, imitating his tones.

He sprang up and regarded her narrowly.

"You weren't asleep?" he asked incredulously.

"If I was I heard much in a dream," she said.

"Lord!" he groaned. Then he smiled. "Anyway I'm glad you heard," he said defiantly.

"So am I," she declared very seriously.

"Do you mean it?" he cried.

She turned her eyes to the sea. "I am going to risk the crust," she said.

His Client Went Free.

When a young man General Butler was debarred from practice for two years. His first case after that was to be tried before the superior court at Salem. The case was one of theft, and his client was held a prisoner, appearing in the courtroom under guard. Butler knew the man to be guilty and made a request that he have a few moments' private conversation with his client. The court extended the court, and both retired to a private room downstairs. When the door was carefully closed Butler said, "See here, Mr. A., how much money have you with you?" Upon being told he said, "Well, you give me one-half of that now."

The man counted out and handed him the money. Then Butler went to a window, opened it wide, turned his back to his client and walked leisurely out of the room, going back to the court room. The court asked Butler where his client was. He looked about the room as if expecting him to be in his place and replied: "Your honor, I do not know where my client is. It is the custom for the guard to follow his prisoner."

Using Endearing Terms.

Did you ever notice—but of course you did—what a difference there is in the matter of using endearing terms? It is just as natural for some men to say "Yes, dear," or "No, sweet-heart," as it is for somebody's pet terrier to chase the family cat up a tree. Of course, it doesn't always mean anything in particular. That is to say, if a man calls a girl "dear" or "little one" after he has been "paying her distinct attention" for awhile, it doesn't necessarily mean that he's going to propose. If certain women would get that through their head there would be fewer broken hearts. Actions, not words, gauge sincerity, and a man may string the conversation