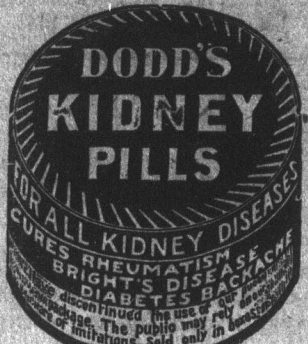




PERE MARQUETTE R.R.

SUPPLIES DIVISION
EFFECTIVE DEC. 5, 1904

Leave Chatham Express Express
Blenheim and West 6:45 a.m. 5:30 p.m.
St. Thomas 8:45 a.m. 6:30 p.m.
Sarnia 8:45 a.m. 6:30 p.m.
Arrive at Chatham
From
Walkerville 8:55 a.m. 7:50 p.m.
St. Thomas 8:55 a.m. 6:30 p.m.
Sarnia 8:55 a.m. 6:30 p.m.
Central Standard Time—one hour slower than city time.
E. BRITTON, D.P.A., London
L. E. TILSON, E. F. MOELLER, G.A.
Agent, Chatham Station Agent

THE WABASH RAILROAD CO.

GOING WEST EAST BOUND

No. 1-645 a.m. 2-12:25 p.m.
3-1:07 p.m. 4-1:10 p.m.
12-1:25 a.m. 118-2:25 a.m.
115-7:03 a.m. 6-1:32 a.m.
9-1:18 a.m. 8-2:49 p.m.

J. A. RICHARDSON,
Diat. Pass. Agt., Toronto and St. Thomas.
J. C. FRITCHARD,
Station Agent

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Corrected July 30, 1904.

GOING EAST GOING WEST

2:55 a.m. Express 1:03 a.m.
8:55 a.m. 4-1:11 a.m.
3:52 p.m. 8-2:49 p.m.
7 a.m. daily, except Sunday

GRAND TRUNK WEST.

1:32 a.m. for Windsor, Detroit and intermediate stations except Sunday

12:42 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.

2:30 p.m. for Windsor and intermediate stations.

4:13 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.

8:46 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and west

International Limited 9:08 p.m. daily

EAST.

8:27 a.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Buffalo.

1:45 p.m. for Glenora and St. Thomas

2:17 p.m. for London, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and New York.

5:08 p.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and New York.

8:50 p.m. for London and intermediate stations

1:50 p.m. for London and intermediate stations

Daily except Sunday: *Daily.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

EASTER SINGLE FARE!

Going April 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, Returning Until April 25th.

Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Detroit, Mich., and East, and to Buffalo, N.Y.

Full particulars from Canadian Pacific Agent, W. H. Harper, Chatham, or write C. B. Foster, D.P.A., Toronto.

WABASH

Easter Holiday Rates, 1906

The Wabash will sell round trip tickets at single first class fare between all stations in Canada on the Buffalo Division, good going April 20th to 24th inclusive, good to return April 25th, 1906.

Low rate one way tickets on sale daily until May 15th to the South and West. Special low rates for excursions to the Pacific Coast, good for ninety days with stop over privileges, on sale April 9th to 14th inclusive. The Wabash is the shortest, best and most direct line to all Pacific Coast points.

Full particulars from any Rail Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, North-east Corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

W. E. RISPIN, C. P. A., Chatham

J. C. FRITCHARD, Depot Agent

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

74.90

Los Angeles and San Francisco, Cal.

Going April 9th to 14th, returning within 90 Days.

SINGLE FARE FOR EASTER HOLIDAYS

Good going April 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, returning until April 25th, 1906. Between all stations in Canada, also Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Niagara Falls, Sault Ste. Marie, Buffalo, N.Y.

W. E. RISPIN, Town Agent, 115 King St., Chatham, Ont.

BREAD ON THE WATERS

By A. M. Davies Osden

Copyright, 1906, by A. M. Davies Osden

As the footman turned to come down the steps after leaving the cards he had held Miss Mallory leaned back in the victoria with a sigh of relief. It had been a long, tiresome afternoon, but she had used her last card now, and, these people being fortunately "out," she would go home and forget her thoughts, for somehow Roland Humason had been much in her mind lately. Strange that after three years of absence the recollection of his clear dark eyes and clean cut features should linger thus vividly. And again Miss Mallory sighed.

Why had he gone so suddenly and sent no word? Looking up to give the order for home, the girl suddenly became aware of a woman standing but a few feet away with gaze hungrily fixed upon herself. As their eyes met the woman came slowly forward.

"Will you lend me \$5?" she asked abruptly. The voice was sweet and well modulated, as Miss Mallory noted through her surprise. Nor did the woman's appearance suggest that of a beggar. The girl hesitated. She had always been cautioned not to give in the street.

"Indiscriminate giving is the ruin of many," was her father's dictum. Yet in this case there was a curious, half wild look in the woman's eyes, as though she were enduring some strain almost beyond her strength, and Miss Mallory felt her sympathies quicken. Roland Humason would give his money. He never refused to help a woman even while he laughed at himself for a credulous simpleton.

Swayed by an uncomprehended impulse, the girl pulled out a crisp five dollar bill.

"Take it," she said gently. Into the bread face opposite leaped a light of wonder, almost fear; then the tense lines relaxed.

"Thank you," was the simple response, but Miss Mallory could feel all that was compressed into the words. "I will send it back. You shall see. But you must give me your name."

More to humor her than from any expectation of receiving the money, Miss Mallory glanced into her cardcase. It was as she thought. Her own cards were all gone. Hastily pulling out one of her father's cards, she scribbled her name and address on the back and held it toward the woman.

"Here," she said kindly. Then, with a nod to the expectant footman, who

meeting the surprised question in her eyes. "It changed all my life. I found myself with my mother and a widowed sister to care for, left with barely a pittance. It was necessary I should try at least to carry on the old business at home. I came to bid you good-by, and you were out. And what could I have said? You, beautiful, courted, the only child of an indigent father; I merely one of the many who surrounded you. How could I dream that you would ever spare me even a thought? So I went away, resolved to forget. And then—"

"Yes," queried the girl as he paused, "and then?" Her eyes were hidden, but there was a note in the soft voice that aroused his courage.

"I found out that I could not forget," said the man. "Yet what claim had I? And then, yesterday—oh, how can I thank you properly?" he broke off earnestly. "Yesterday—the woman you helped—she was my sister"—speaking with steady tone. "Not long ago her child died, and half mad from the loss, she came to the city, resolved to destroy herself here, where we would not know of it. But when she reached New York the commonplace, everyday aspect of things seemed to calm her mood, and her resolution faltered. Yet she had expended what money she had, not even the price of a ticket home being left. Determining to put fate to the test, she wandered about, seeking a familiar face—my sister alone in this great city, where she knew no one—resolved, should her plea for help be refused, to put an end to her life. And then she saw you."

For a moment the man was silent as a shudder seized him at the thought of what might have happened.

"Oh, if she had not met you—if! But I dare not think of it! I have a photograph of you. I bribed your maid for it," he confessed shamefacedly. "From having seen it so often my sister felt vaguely that here at last was a friend, although, of course, unwittingly. And so she dared to ask." Miss Mallory, who was sobbing unrestrainedly, lifted her face.

"Oh, the dear woman!" she exclaimed brokenly. "How glad I am! How glad I am! And is she safe?"

"Quite safe," was the thankful answer. "The shock, your kindness, something, must have strengthened and braced her. She returned last night. And you can fancy what it meant to us. But when she showed us the blessed card which told me who it was that had saved her it seemed to me as if I also had been sent a message. Was I wrong, dear?" and the man's voice was wonderfully tender. The girl, puzzled, shook her head.

"I don't understand," she said faintly. Humason laid a visiting card in her hand.

"Look!" he said. It was the card upon which she had scribbled her address. "Turn it over," as the girl seemed bewildered. A low cry broke from the red lips.

"Oh," she stammered, while the color flooded up to her pretty curly hair. "I—I was in a hurry. I thought that it was one of father's." Her confusion increased pitifully. But the man's strong clasp had again caught the fluttering little hands.

"I thought that if you had cared enough to carry a man's card in your cardcase for three years that you must have cared a little for the man himself," he said eagerly. "Was I wrong, sweetheart? Are you going to send me away again?"

The girl, her eyes fixed on the betraying bit of pasteboard whereon in fine script ran the words, "Mr. Roland Humason," dropped her head.

"No," she answered shyly. "Please—please stay."

It is easier to dodge a taxidermist than a tax assessor.

Everything that is most beautiful in life and art owes its existence to impulse—not to intention.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S PROBLEM.

THE FACTS OF THE CASE.

The tendency of the times is for young women to prefer work in office or factory rather than doing housework. Yet the work in the office or factory is usually more nerve-racking because it is a constant repetition of work at high speed—a tension which racks brain and body and from which there is no relaxation. On the other hand the housekeeper, if she be a mother of a large family, is weighted down with worries and cares—her housework is beyond her strength perhaps, yet it studies her work, puts her housework on a business basis and manages well, she can easily take twenty minutes or half an hour in the middle of the day to relax.

Many women are confined to a continual in-door life because of disease of the woman's organs. To these is offered \$500 reward if they cannot be cured of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb. All Dr. Pierce's pills are a fair and reasonable trial of his means of cure.

No other medicine for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments is backed by such a remarkable guarantee as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. No other medicine for woman's ills is possessed of the unparalleled curative properties that would warrant its makers in publishing such an offer; no other remedy has such a record of a third of a century of cures on which to base such a remarkable offer.

It is a good thing to keep Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets in the house. One "Pellet" is a laxative, two a mild cathartic.

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IN MASCULINE ATTIRE

MADAME DIEULAFOY, THE FRENCH WOMAN SCIENTIST.

How She Came to Wear Male Garb Is an Interesting Story—Recalled to Outside Things in Intense Moments by Her Feminine Shirts, She Discarded Them in Persia and Got License to Do So at Rome.

In France, behind some other nations in the emancipation of woman, the Government by special license permits a member of the feminine sex to wear male attire. If a petition is presented to it setting forth sufficient reason, industrial or otherwise, why the wearing of trousers will be of advantage to a woman, she generally gets the privilege and thereafter may untroubled walk abroad dressed as a man.

Oddly enough, too, it has often been the brainiest women of France who have asked and obtained such

leave. One of the most eminent of living women of science, Mme. Jane Paule Mayre Dieulafoy, dresses habitually as a man.

How Mme. Dieulafoy came to wear trousers is an interesting story. She and her equally distinguished husband, M. Marcel Auguste Dieulafoy, are both archaeologists. When she was thirty years old, in 1881, her husband received from the French Government a commission to go to Persia to explore the ancient ruins there. His wife, already drawn to the study of archaeology, accompanied him. Eagerly she climbed down into holes and over crumbling walls, spending her days watching the progress of the excavations. She found that in moments of interest the most intense she would suddenly be recalled to outside things by her feminine skirts. At the same time she saw her husband constantly skipping about unimpeded and walking quite away from her when they went among the ruins. Again, as a woman it was dangerous for her to go unattended into many places which she needed to explore. Her husband could not possibly be with her every moment. At length she said:

"Here among dust and ruins thousands of years old, what matter whether I dress as man or woman? I will put off these hampering feminine clothes."

Accordingly she cut her long hair short and put on trousers and coat and for five years wore this masculine garb in Persia. She was free of foot and limb and found she could leap about, walk and climb up and down quite as readily as M. Dieulafoy. At the end of the five years the pair returned to Paris laden with their treasure, which included nobly the French archaeological museum. And when, strangely enough, or perhaps it was not strange, Mme. Dieulafoy found she had been free so long that she could not abide the thought of going back into the slavery of petticoats.

Mme. Dieulafoy petitioned the Government to allow her to continue to wear men's clothes in France, and the authorities gave her a special license to do so.

One of the most important of M. and Mme. Dieulafoy's discoveries was the ancient palace and necropolis at Susa, in Persia, of Artaxerxes II, the Great, the follower of Zoroaster, who died 358 B. C. Mme. Dieulafoy wrote a book describing the researches at Susa, and it brought her fame. Then she was made a member of the Legion of Honor.

Jane Dieulafoy has made also on her own account a series of investigations quite as important as discovering the palace of Artaxerxes. The common belief was for many years that oriental art took its rise in Arabia. That did not seem possible, considering the tribes of bloody barbarians whom Mohammed fought and conquered, yet it was believed. Mme. Dieulafoy doubted this.

She began a patient tracing of oriental art. With the enthusiasm and persistence of a lover of art she traveled and studied. She spent fifteen years in this work. She began with the remains of Moorish and old time art in Spain. Through Algiers, Morocco and eastward to Egypt she traveled, then farther and farther east till at last, upon the site of ancient Babylon, she discovered the cradle of oriental art and arts. The fair, slender woman in coat and trousers is an eloquent and accomplished lecturer.

Among the best of illacs are Mark Twain, Charles N. Lemoire and Alva grandiflora.

THE BELLES OF JAPAN.

Traces of the Island Empire Are Noted for Grace and Beauty—Charming to Behold.

The women of Japan, considered to be the most beautiful of the Asiatics, are small and graceful, not exceeding four feet four inches in height, and have beautifully formed hands and feet. The complexion of the young women and girls are clear and healthy, often of a childlike rosy hue, and vary from copper color to almost white. The latter color is considered an evidence of aristocratic descent. Their color is never yellow like that of the Chinese.

The distinguishing feature of the native costume of a Japanese lady is the obi, or girdle. This is several yards in length and is wrapped around the waist and tied in a bow at the back. The holiday obi is very showy and ornate, and is made of beautifully colored silk and adorned

with rich embroidery. It is almost the only part of the costume which gives scope for display, with the exception, perhaps, of the head-dress.

This is a most elaborate affair and is built on a foundation of cardboard. The hair, well oiled, is drawn smoothly over the foundation, and into it are put flowers, combs, fancy pins and other small ornaments. The result is frequently an artistic triumph.

When the Japanese belle goes abroad her little feet are protected by wooden sandals two inches high. They are fastened with a white cord which passes between the great toe and its neighbor and then crosses the foot. All who have visited the Mikado's dominions agree that the Japanese belle is most charming to behold.

Orders for bookbinding should be left at this office. It is surprising how nice a volume can be made of these magazines, even though they are somewhat soiled and much handling. Books, magazines or periodicals bound or rebound in any style at very reasonable prices. Blank books, such as journals, ledgers, day books with any kind of ruling, made to order. All work warranted first class.

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