



PERE MARQUETTE R.R.

EFFECTIVE DEC. 1, 1904.

Leave Chatham	Express	Express
Blenheim and West	8:25 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
St. Thomas	8:35 a.m.	8:40 p.m.
St. Thomas	8:45 a.m.	8:50 p.m.
St. Thomas	8:55 a.m.	9:00 p.m.
St. Thomas	9:05 a.m.	9:10 p.m.
St. Thomas	9:15 a.m.	9:20 p.m.
St. Thomas	9:25 a.m.	9:30 p.m.
St. Thomas	9:35 a.m.	9:40 p.m.
St. Thomas	9:45 a.m.	9:50 p.m.
St. Thomas	9:55 a.m.	10:00 p.m.
St. Thomas	10:05 a.m.	10:10 p.m.
St. Thomas	10:15 a.m.	10:20 p.m.
St. Thomas	10:25 a.m.	10:30 p.m.
St. Thomas	10:35 a.m.	10:40 p.m.
St. Thomas	10:45 a.m.	10:50 p.m.
St. Thomas	10:55 a.m.	11:00 p.m.
St. Thomas	11:05 a.m.	11:10 p.m.
St. Thomas	11:15 a.m.	11:20 p.m.
St. Thomas	11:25 a.m.	11:30 p.m.
St. Thomas	11:35 a.m.	11:40 p.m.
St. Thomas	11:45 a.m.	11:50 p.m.
St. Thomas	11:55 a.m.	12:00 p.m.

Central Standard Time—one hour slower than city time.

E. BRITTON, D.P.A., London

L. E. TILSON, H. F. MORLEY, G.P.A.

Chatham

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

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

J. C. PRITCHARD, Station Agent

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Commenced July 2nd, 1904.

GOING WEST

No. 1-645 a.m. No. 2-12:23 p.m.

3-1:07 p.m. 4-1:19 p.m.

5-1:25 p.m. 6-1:37 p.m.

7-1:45 p.m. 8-1:57 p.m.

9-2:05 p.m. 10-2:17 p.m.

11-2:25 p.m. 12-2:37 p.m.

1-2:45 p.m. 2-2:57 p.m.

3-3:05 p.m. 4-3:17 p.m.

5-3:25 p.m. 6-3:37 p.m.

7-3:45 p.m. 8-3:57 p.m.

9-4:05 p.m. 10-4:17 p.m.

11-4:25 p.m. 12-4:37 p.m.

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3-5:05 p.m. 4-5:17 p.m.

5-5:25 p.m. 6-5:37 p.m.

7-5:45 p.m. 8-5:57 p.m.

9-6:05 p.m. 10-6:17 p.m.

11-6:25 p.m. 12-6:37 p.m.

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3-7:05 p.m. 4-7:17 p.m.

5-7:25 p.m. 6-7:37 p.m.

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COPHETUA TO DATE

By Kate M. Cleary

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Every one in town knew that Gordon Ellis had made a fortune in the Klondike and was coming back to his native town. And the general supposition existed that he was returning in quest of a wife. There were those who, recalling the boy and girl love affair between him and Lesda Revere, smiled significantly. But there were others who averred that both had been too young and inexperienced at the time of their parting to attach importance to the youthful romance.

Ferguson, the town banker, portly and prosperous, striding down the main street one delicious summer morning, met his niece on her way to give a music lesson at the school and to tease her a trifle over the situation.

"Lesda, Gordon Ellis is expected back next week."

"So I've heard, Uncle Bruce."

The tone was nonchalant, but she had colored rosy up to the crisp, reddish gold curls around her white forehead.

"It will be a great thing for Linden-ville if he decides to settle down here. I hope I will persuade him."

"You will try to persuade him?"

The flush faded, leaving her looking pale—and very proud.

"I shall have nothing to say in the matter," she answered coldly. "It is unlikely that I shall even meet him."

"Nonsense!" Ferguson cried, dropping his rallying air. "Of course you will. We'll all have a chance to renew our old acquaintances with as fine a fellow as ever struck out to make his fortune. Martin is to give a big welcome dance for him. Hortense is eager for pleasure, you know, he added icily, 'and we like to indulge her.'"

Lesda nodded, evincing polite interest. Until the mother of Hortense had married her uncle twelve months previous she and her aunt had lived with Bruce Ferguson, directing his household. But with the coming of a bride possessed of a grown daughter all this was changed. So Lucinda Ferguson, having got together her few belongings and some furniture, had moved into a little house she owned on the outskirts of the rich, bustling manufacturing town.

The new mistress and her daughter were left in victorious possession, and Bruce Ferguson, with a man's obtuseness, did not realize what the inevitable change in their manner of living must mean to such fastidious women as his sister and niece. He had settled as an income on Lucinda, but Lesda declared that her music teaching would bring her in all the money she would require. Of the deprivations and makeshifts necessary to present a serene front to a critical world neither spoke.

"So you'll surely come," Ferguson went on breezily. "I'm going to do a thing in fine style—have music and caterers down from Chicago and all that sort of thing."

The expression of proud reserve deepened on the countenance of Lesda Revere. She had an odd, exquisite style of beauty, foreign to her class and nationality. While her features were not classically perfect, there was about her face a look of spirituality, of distinction, that attracted and held attention.

"I hope you'll have a beautiful time," she said courteously. "But I shan't go, Uncle Bruce."

He stared at her a moment in puzzled surprise. Then he laughed heartily and brought his clenched fist down in the palm of the other hand.

"Not going to wear, I'll bet a nickel! Poor Miss Flora McIlmurray!" For he saw by her quick, irrepressible smile that he had guessed right. "Well, you will have a dress, and one sent to you ready made from the city at that! Why, Hortense won't wear a thing that's made in Linden-ville! Now, you'll promise to come? Well, what is it?"

She had been about to speak—to ask him to permit her to choose the gown herself. But, after all, what right had she to make suggestions to him? Was he not exceedingly generous to promise her a costume at all?

"Nothing, except that you are mighty good to think of such a thing! Yes—I'll come!"

"That's right!" he commented cordially and passed on.

Not until the very morning of the day set for the important function did the expected box arrive. Hortense and her mother had been up in the metropolis ordering their own attire. They had doubtless bought this at the same time. But, although she had read in grateful amazement the sum mentioned on the receipted bill that had been forwarded to her by mail, it was with a heart prophetically filled with doubt that Lesda opened the box, while her aunt looked over her shoulder. Layer after layer of tissue paper was laid aside. Lesda shrank back with a little cry of dismay as the gleaming, lustrous, costly fabric was revealed.

"What have I done to make Uncle Bruce's wife and daughter dislike me so?" she whispered. "They know—you know, Aunt Lucinda—that I can never wear such a shade!"

Lucinda Ferguson shook her head. Tears of disappointment came into her gentle old eyes as she gazed down at the expensive robe. It was of raw, crude, blackish pink—the very last shade that a girl with hair the copper color of Lesda's dare wear.

The girl laid back the layers of tissue paper with fingers that trembled.

"I'm sorry, because Uncle Bruce

meant so well. And then," with lips that would quiver, "I got a chance to go to a dance so seldom!"

The long, hot, golden day lagged by. Never had the giving of music lessons seemed so tedious nor had the pupils ever appeared so tiresome. Coming home just as the relentless sun was dropping down the west, the girl brightened with what pleasure she called the little old gray cottage she called home. In the house she knew would be balm—the balm of sympathy, of rest, of love.

"I'll have a bath and a fresh gown," she told herself, "and get out here in the silence and the sweetness and read until I forget there are gay people dancing the night away—and I not one of them!"

Not for worlds would she have admitted even to her own heart that it was less the social exhilaration she missed than the wee, hidden hope she had harbored of seeing once more a well remembered dark head, of feeling the warm clasp of a strong, true hand and of meeting the half tender, half quizzical glance of expressive blue eyes.

She was very resolute in reading the tiny volume of Tennyson she had brought when after supper she came out into the fragrant solitude. Her gown was of simple lawn that trailed about her feet in a sweep as of broken waves. Her arms shone pearl fair through its transparency.

The afterglow faded. Shadows crept stealthily up the garden ways. It was not possible to read longer. Anyhow she had hardly been aware of that which she was reading. Now the guests were gathering at her uncle's imposing home. Lights were blazing and the gay music from the city resounding. And now she closed her eyes, drifting away into a reverie, variegated, melodious, kaleidoscopic, so absorbing that she did not notice the stopping of a carriage at the gate nor the heavy footstep muffled by the thick grass.

"I wonder if a kiss would waken her?" meditated a quizzical voice.

"I'm not!" She started to her feet, the flooding light of the warm, young midsummer moon full on her face.

"Gordon!" she murmured.

Older, heavier, manlier than the young fellow who had gone away, there was still the admiration in his eager eyes, the smile of tenderness about the square cut lips.

"You're a nice girl," he cried, holding her cold, slight hands in his warm, heavy pressure, "never to come to a party given in the honor of your old friend! I looked for you everywhere. Your uncle said you had promised him you would come. So he sent me to bring you, or, rather," he laughed, "I asked him if I might not come for you. Come—Lesda!"

It was the old childish name that no one else had called her.

"But I can't, Gordon!" She was blushing like a rose. "Not in this gown!"

He glanced over her critically in bewilderment.

"Isn't that the right thing? It's just—stunning. You look like an Undine—a silver birch incarnated! All pale green and white—except for a crown of gold!" And this audacious young man stooped to touch the shining coronet with reverent lips.

"Lesda, you must know, why I've come back!" His voice dropped to a coaxing cadence. "I've come for you! Dear, have I started you? Well, come up to the dance, and I'll promise to be dumb until the last waltz."

"A dress that cost a quarter a yard—and that I made myself?" she queried, her voice tremulous with excitement.

"Come for your uncle's sake!" he begged. "Every one here in Linden-ville knows you. It will be great fun! And then, Lesda, come for my sake!"

It was great fun. The verdict that the girl in the sea green gown, with cheeks like wild roses, was the belle of the ball was practically unanimous. Only Hortense and her mother exchanged a glance of dark and significant disappointment when Bruce Ferguson, smiling indulgently if obsequiously, whispered: "Cophetua up to date! Not such a bad match for a little music teacher!"

An Unpromising Field.

Mr. Yipsley was just on the point of leaving his house for his place of business downtown when there came a ring at the front door bell. He opened the door. A canvasser stood outside.

"I beg your pardon," said the canvasser, "but I'd like to show you a sample of our improved talking machine."

"I think I don't care to see it," replied Mr. Yipsley.

"You are not interested in talking machines perhaps?" ventured the other.

"I can't say that, either, but I have one already. Talks all day long. Never needs winding up. Never runs down."

At this moment a high pitched voice from somebody at the top of the stairs broke into the conversation.

"It isn't so!" exclaimed the person with the high pitched voice. "It isn't so! But I've got a growing machine that runs whenever it's in the house!"

Willing to Compromise.

First Farmer—Will you take £10 for that cow?

Second Farmer—Can't do it.

"But yesterday you told me you'd sell her for £10."

"I know I did, but I'll have to back out."

"What's the matter?"

"You see, the cow belongs to my eldest daughter, and she says she will sell herself into hysteria if I sell her. It would break her heart."

"All right. It's no sale, then."

"I say."

"Well, what is it?"

"Make it £12 and we'll let her sob."

Liverpool Mercury.



"It has always been considered woman's privilege as well as duty to consider her looks, her gown, and to study what best becomes her."

"We should, therefore, as a matter of duty, avail ourselves of all natural means of enhancing our looks, benefiting our face or figure, whenever we can do so, without resorting to paint or other unnatural means."

Wrinkles are caused by shrinking of the tissues just under the skin.

American women are kept too hot—the skin is dried by the hot air. If our women went out doors more, acclimating themselves to the cold air of winter, their blood would react quicker and their skin keep fresher.

\$500 reward for women who cannot be cured by the use of a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained. The proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Protrusion, or Falling of the Uterus, that they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"About two years ago I was troubled with a severe case of Leucorrhoea, and was unable to do anything but sit at home. I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and can say that these medicines have done me more good than any home physician was able to do. My weight has increased, my medicine was about one hundred and fifteen, now it is one hundred and twenty-four. I pray that God may bless you in all your undertakings."

If women want to know how to take care of their health they should always have in the household "Dr. Pierce's Compound," Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, biliousness and headache.

DEVIL TREES.

Deadly Plants Discovered in Nicaragua, Portugal and Korea.

The government of the republic of Nicaragua has sent experts from the capital to examine a remarkable and deadly tree which was recently discovered on the hacienda of Senora Maria Gastezoro, near the town of Petatepeque, department of Chinandega. To the tree has been given the name of arbol del diablo, or tree of the devil. Its discovery was made through the disappearance of a son of Senora Gastezoro. Several days later the body of the boy and the carcass of the pony he was riding were found under the tree in a remote part of the hacienda. It was noticed that a sickly sweet odor emanated from the tree and those who moved the body of the boy became suddenly dizzy while under its branches. Closer examination of the boy's body disclosed the fact that several blood vessels had burst, and later the same condition was disclosed by an examination of the remains of the pony. Under the tree were the bones of goats, sheep and hundreds of birds. It is supposed that the tree, coming upon the heap of bones, stopped to investigate and that both boy and pony were overpowered by the deadly fumes from the tree.

Since that time the tree has been examined to a limited extent by persons on the hacienda, and its deadly operation has been noted. Along the branches of the tree are small valve-like projections, open at the ends. It is believed that the poisonous fumes issue from these valves. A bird lighting on a branch of the tree is caught and held fast, and within a few minutes the blood vessels of its body burst. News of the discovery of the tree has spread throughout Nicaragua and has caused consternation among the Indians. It is said that similar trees have been discovered in Portugal and Korea.

A Chinese Trick.

An English gentleman who resided in China for many years tells the following story in illustration of the peculiar knavery of the Chinese character: A stout gentleman well known in China was some years ago fated at Taiwan for two or three days, "the observed of all observers," he being an immense man and a good specimen of a transatlantic Anglo-Saxon, but the series of crowded visits he received at length became troublesome, and he found he was being made too much of. The fact was he was being exhibited, a charge being made for the exhibition.

The First Shave.

Which of us does not recall with a gentle flutter of emotion the unforgettable delight we experienced when we were first shaved? It is a pleasant memory, the first shave, an innocent subterfuge to which a youth resorts by way of proving to his own satisfaction that he has reached the stage of full manhood? He has a beard!

Her Mental Exercise.

"Why does your wife belong to so many clubs and debating societies?"

"Well," answered Mr. Moskaton, "I think Henrietta feels the need of mental exercise. She likes to get away from home and be among people where she can't have her own way without an argument."

No Further Necessity.

Maudie Wall, I see Mabel Garlinghorn after all these years has given up trying to get Philip Sikes' tongue. What's the reason? Maudie—haven't you heard? She's got him.

Two Blessed Factors.

Beautiful is the activity which works for good, and beautiful the stillness which waits for good, blessed the self sacrifice of the one, blessed the self forgetfulness of the other.—Robert Collyer.

BUYING A WATCH.

Willed Cases, Plated Cases and Good and Bad Movements.

"Not many men know how to buy a watch," said a jeweler, "and to a large extent they have to rely on the honesty of the dealer. So complicated is the business that even we go to the factories ourselves and arrange for special work in order to get the proper article, for, of course, we could not assay every case we receive."

"Now, how many people know the difference between a filled case and one that is plated? A filled case, you see, is a composition that resembles steel, with a plate of gold on each side, that on the outer being thicker than the inside. Such cases are guaranteed not to wear through within five, ten, fifteen or up to twenty-five years, the limit of the guarantee made by the reputable houses. If a man offers you a case warranted for thirty or forty years you are going to be bunked if you buy it. When you see watches offered for sale as gold filled for \$2 or \$4 depend upon it they are plated, and mighty thin they too."

"In the matter of watch movements," he continued, "the buyer is really at the mercy of the dealer. In one big factory about 3,000 movements are made every day. There is certain to be haste in that sort of output, and the name on the dial does not make up for imperfections. To avoid these a first class jeweler arranges for several hundred movements to be delivered a year hence."

"A strictly first class movement requires six months exactly in its passage through the factory from the beginning to the finished product ready to offer for sale. Such goods are they which they are made and that firm has to stand sponsor for them. The Swiss watch, in its higher class, is the best movement in the world today. Of course there are cheap Swiss movements that you can buy for \$3 or \$4, but they keep good time."

BOOKS.

What a sense of security in an old book which time has criticised for us—Lowell.

Books are men of higher stature and the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear.—E. B. Browning.

We should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower. She steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—Colten.

Books are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without harsh words and anger