

**Boils were so painful
could not sleep
at night.**

**APPEARED ON NECK, LEGS
AND ARMS.**

Burdock Blood Bitters CURED THEM.

It is well-known to all that bad blood is the direct cause of all skin diseases and it is necessary for the blood to be cleansed before the eruptions will disappear. For this purpose there is nothing to equal Burdock Blood Bitters as the thousands of testimonials we have on hand will testify.

Mr. Willard Thompson, McNeill's Mills, P.E.I., writes us as follows: "I wish to state to you what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. Some time ago my blood got out of order and many boils appeared on my neck, legs and arms. They were so painful that I could not sleep at night. After having tried many different remedies without any success, I finally decided, on the advice of a friend, to use Burdock Blood Bitters. Before I had quite used two bottles the boils had completely disappeared, and I wish to emphasize the fact that I think Burdock Blood Bitters the best blood purifier on the market to-day."

**Money to Loan on Mortgages
4% and 5 per Cent.**

**FOR SALE—FARM AND CITY PRO-
PERTY.**

Brick house, two stories, 7 rooms, lot 40 feet front by 208 feet deep, \$1100.00.

Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 ft., good stable, \$1100.00.

House and lot, 9 rooms, \$1050.00.

House and lot, 5 rooms, \$400.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 65 acres. All cleared. Good house and barn, \$3500.00.

Farm in Township of Harwich, 200 acres. Large house, barn and out-buildings, \$12,000.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 4 acres. Good house, new stable and granary, \$2250.00.

Ten acres in suburbs of Chatham, \$1500.00.

Valuable suburban residence, 11 rooms; with seven acres of land. Good stable, \$3000.00.

Apply to

W. F. SMITH,

Barrister.

The O'DELL COMPANY,
of Cincinnati, Ohio,

Stocks, bonds, grain, provisions, cotton. Place your orders direct. Put the money in your bank. References—any Bank or Commercial Agency.

SEE

F. B. PROCTOR,
BROKER,
14thwood Block, Phone 240.
CHATHAM, ONT.

DANGER!

There is danger of an early fall and you should be prepared by giving us your order for Storm Doors and Windows. It pays to grasp time by the forelock and have your work done before the rush.

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, &c always on hand. Builders' Hardware, Paints, Oils and Glass at close prices.

Our painters are busy now. They are always busy, but are never too busy to fill your orders.

**BLONDE Lumber and
Manufg. Co.**
Builders and Contractors,
Phone 52.

HIS

Young wife was almost distracted for he would not stay a night at home so she had his LAUNDRY done by us, and now he ceases any more to roam.

**Panisian Steam Laundry
Co.**
TELEPHONE 20.

PARROTT & ROTHWELL.

Are selling Real Estate right along. They mean business.

Owners of property who desire to sell are quick to make a note of this. They are agents for The Monarch Fire Insurance Company; and they have houses to rent.

A trial only required.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper,

CHANGING ONE'S NAME.

The Method Is a Rather Costly One in Great Britain.

Many people change their names without asking permission from any one or paying any fees whatever. This is certainly the simplest way of getting rid of a name you do not appreciate, but it is apt to prove expensive. For instance, such a course is strictly illegal, and the government could step in at any time and demand the payment of a heavy fine; and, furthermore, if the individual who changed his name without consulting anybody happened to come in for a large sum of money unexpectedly the authorities would decline to recognize his claim if he had failed to pay the fees due to the heralds' college for assuming a name not given in baptism.

There are two ways of changing your name, and they are both rather costly. One method is to have a private act of parliament passed for your benefit. This course is generally followed only by peers and people to whom money is no object, for it costs £750. This nearly all goes in fees to minor officials for bringing your case before the legislature, inasmuch as the actual passing of the bill costs practically nothing. And the only advantage you will gain from this expensive way of going to work is that inquiries will not be made into your past history, which by the other alternative are unavoidable.

The usual method adopted for legally changing the name is somewhat tedious, if less costly, and you must have very substantial reasons for so doing or your claim will not be allowed. If, for instance, you inherit property which makes it conditional that you change your name you can do so on payment of about £50 in fees.

In the first place you must communicate with the home secretary who, if he considers your claim valid, will refer you to the heralds' college and the king of arms. These officials will make full inquiries into your history and satisfy themselves beyond question that your reason for wishing to make the change is in every way legitimate. This done, they will again communicate with the home secretary, who will lay your claim before the king, for he alone has power to authorize the change being made. Eventually, after some months of waiting, you will be informed by the heralds' college that his majesty has approved of your claim and the change of name is published in a remote corner of the London Gazette.

Finally it is worthy of mention that no one can hold a public appointment under government who has changed his name without the consent of the king, however brilliant may have been his services to the country. The reason for this is rather curious. The name given you at your baptism is in theory ratified by the sovereign as head of the church, and by assuming another on your own responsibility you are deliberately breaking a law of the land—London Tit-Bits.

The Power of the Thunderer.

A great change had followed the reform bill, and the newspaper had improved as it became the organ of the middle class, which then rose to power. Delane of the Times had to be courted by the statesmen who had professed simple contempt for his predecessor, and in the fifties the influence of the paper had culminated till it was taken to be the authentic incarnation of public opinion. Kinglake gives a graphic (I do not say an authentic) account of the secret of the authority which enabled it to order the siege of Sevastopol. It employed, he declares, a shrewd, idle clergyman to frequent places of common resort and discover what was the obvious thought that was finding acceptance with the average man. The thought was then put as though it were the suggestion of ripe political philosophy, while the public so delicately flattered, wore it as its own wisdom.—Sir Leslie Stephen in Atlantic.

Startled the Chaplain.

An English clergyman tells many quaint stories of his experiences as a prison chaplain. One of these relates how he took a reformed burglar out for a drive in the country after an enforced seclusion in one of his majesty's prisons. The burglar appeared to enjoy himself immensely, but when they passed a pretty house standing back from the road and bearing evidence of the taste and wealth of the owner the burglar fairly gloated over it, and, turning to the canon, exclaimed, "What a lovely little crib that would be to crack, sir, wouldn't it?"

The Dominant Janitor.

Mrs. McCall—And what did you say your eldest boy's full name was?
Mrs. De Coursey—Michael Brannigan De Coursey.
Mrs. McCall—Well, er—that's rather odd.
Mrs. De Coursey—Yes; but, you see, when he was born we were living in a flat and we didn't want to move out. Mr. Michael Brannigan was the janitor.

The Same Brand.

"I really must send the cook away, George; she takes such dreadful language sometimes."
"What kind of language, dear?"
"Well—oh, the same as you use, you know!"—Brooklyn Life.

The Post's Meal.

"I'm nearly famished," sighed the parrot poet.
"But you told me you had two meals a day," said the friend.
"Yes; oatmeal and corn meal."

Sir Boyle Roche said.

"Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

"I wrote to Dr. Pierce for advice though I thought surely I would die."

"After my baby came in January, 1900," writes Mrs. Nancy Abner, of St. Paul, Ark., "I suffered severely from all sorts of aches and pains, until the following May, when I read one of your pamphlets, treating on female diseases. I wrote to Dr. Pierce for advice, although I thought surely I would die, as our physician told me I was more liable to die than to get well; your fatherly advice caused my health to be restored. I took five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, three of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and three vials of 'Pellets,' together with your other remedies, and I am now able to do all my work."

Weak and sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free, and so obtain without charge or fee the advice of a specialist upon diseases peculiar to women. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The invitation to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free, is not to be confused with offers of "free medical advice" made by irresponsible persons who are not physicians and are professionally and legally disqualified for the practice of medicine.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a safe and reliable remedy for the cure of womanly ills. It establishes regularity, dries weakened drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

He Was the Right Man.

A new postoffice had just been opened in a small country town in Canada. For want of a more likely applicant, a farmer's son, ignorant, yet ambitious, was appointed postmaster.

Shortly after the countryman's installation a commercial traveler appeared at the ticket, received a letter, opened it, and produced therefrom a money order, which he immediately presented for payment. The postmaster took the order, read it and re-read it, suspiciously scrutinizing the traveler from time to time over the sheet.

At length he ventured: "Are you the fellow this thing talks about?"
"I am," replied the traveler.

"Well, have ye got anybody to identify ye?"

"No; but I don't see that it is necessary," replied the knight of the road. "You saw me take the order from the letter. It would hardly be for anybody else."

"I don't just know about that, boss. I want somebody to identify you. Don't take me for no jay. You give me a photo."

The commercial traveler argued the point for a while, but to no purpose. He must be identified. But how?

He had never been within thirty miles of the place before. He was about retreating in disgust, and had already reached the door, when a brilliant idea flashed through his brain.

Quick as thought he was back at the ticket, where the rustic stood eying him suspiciously.

He tore open his coat and produced his pocketbook. From this he took a photo.

"There," he said, shoving it over to the postmaster, "there is my photograph."

The rustic took the card and carefully compared the features. A beaten look came into his face. At length he vouchsafed:

"Hanged if ye ain't the right man, after all, mister." And the order was cashed.—London Telegraph.

GREAT WORK IN NEW BRUNSWICK

Dodd's Kidney Pills Made F.W. Harris a well Man.

He Suffered from Kidney Disease for two and a half years—Only one of the many Cured by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

"I suffered for two years and a half from Kidney Troubles, being unable to attend to my work the greater part of the time. I tried many medicines without getting any benefit, but actually grew worse."

"I took three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me. I think Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful remedy for Kidney trouble."

Bright's Disease is the most advanced stage of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only remedy that will cure it, and it is wiser and safer to guard against Bright's Disease by using Dodd's Kidney Pills when your kidneys give the first symptoms of distress—pain in the back or slight urinary disorder.

A little charity to the living is worth a wagonload of flowers to the dead.

All reading notices of local announcements must be received at this office not later than noon of the day on which it is desired that they appear in The Planet.

CHAT ON EDUCATION

PRINCIPAL OF UPPER CANADA COLLEGE ON SCHOOL TRAINING.

English and Canadian—The Principal's Impressions After a Year's Teaching the Canadian "Tom Brown"—Utility and Culture—The Classics—Religious Side of School Life—Where Canada Is Superior.

Principal Auden's outlook upon education in Canada combines the fresh viewpoint of the traveler with that of the actual citizen. He came here a stranger, has, however, gone from coast to coast, has assumed the leadership of Canada's chief Public School, and spent the best part of one year in practical experience with Canadian youth, says The Toronto News.

A pedagogue is commonly said to be recognized at sight. Principal Auden would pass quite as readily for an Anglican Canon or a man of letters. His habitual cast is gravity—not of the scowling, trudge sort that inspired the portrayal of Goldsmith's schoolmaster, but the sedate poise that marks a man conscious of a great life-work. Naturally, he is chief in this country of a class becoming all too rare in these days of feminine pedagogy in Public Schools.

His Point of View.
He is not an orator. Neither is he an experimental laddist. He stands for an academic descendant of Arnold of Rugby. His point of view is that of the cultured Englishman; his atmosphere that of the English Public School after the manner of Eton, Winchester and Rugby. Such schools existed in England when Upper Canada College was the site of an Indian camp. Less than a century has seen the development of an educational system in this country embodying many of the best traditions of England. "Tom Brown" is also a Canadian. And to the man whose life-work is to educate the Canadian youth, educational problems in this young land are replete with original interest.

Residential vs. Day Schools.

Principal Auden believes that Canada needs more residential schools. The absorption of parents in commercial pursuits naturally minimizes culture in the home. Boys are left largely to their own devices, do not come in contact with leaders of their own age, and to the perilous influences of the street. This begets mannishness and loud manners. Canadian parents are often absent from their families on business matters and home-building in the West. The day school contact with leaders, not after such boys. Moreover, the day school tends to machine methods and the obliteration of a teacher's personality, whereas the boarding school substitutes the constant personal influence of a house-master who devotes his whole time to his pupils.

Utility and Culture.

As to utilitarian vs. culture studies, the Principal observes a tendency among us to exalt the former. This is natural in a new country where commerce takes precedence of culture. Boys are imbued with the instinct of vocation-hunting before they are able to spell the words of a common noun. This leads to a desire for specialization at an early age, and tends to sacrifice the all-round development necessary for safe citizenship. Culture, however, is on the increase. Parents are finding more time to tutor their own children. Canada is fast becoming a more homogeneous in which good literature, art and manners are becoming characteristic.

A knowledge of practical science, the Principal considers, is necessary for every boy. Science has recently become a main factor in civilization. A man can scarcely be called a modern citizen who does not know the rudiments of physics, chemistry and electricity. This is a new development. Manual training he regards as a good thing to engage a boy's surplus activities, but believes it far less necessary here than in England, where boys have not the natural handiness that distinguishes Canadian youth. He also observes that Canadian boys are more imbued with the spirit of practical progress, a useful stimulus in the classroom. The inherent danger of this, however, consists in the tendency to crowd curriculums with courses of study, to rush pupils through schools too rapidly, and to make examinations the end rather than the means of a sound education—which the Principal considers has nothing to do with either typewriting or stenography.

English and the Classics.

The vexed question of Classics vs. English as a means of culture has much engaged the attention of Principal Auden. As an Englishman, he naturally cleaves to the classics. He regards Latin and Greek as essential parts of a true education. Latin he commends no less for its disciplinary value than as a means of comprehending the practical progress of English. Latin makes a boy think no less than mathematics. It is the world's model of concise structure, consistent grammar and logical syntax. A boy should learn his grammar in the Latin, which is the mother of English grammar. The understood necessity of this explains why Latin figures as a daily item in the U.C.C. timetable in all but one form.

Greek is considered as an indispensable model for style, and the recognized great source of literary inspiration. It should be taught with a minimum of grammar, as freely as possible, not at all as a means of mental discipline. The Principal regards Homer as more necessary to a school boy than Milton, if studied in tendency here. He observes that the more than classical. This he explains as due to the lack of English literature in the home. The school is called upon to supply the lack. This defect he expects to disappear with the growth of culture and a consequent probable return to classics, as has recently been the case in Germany, Russia and the United States.

A Seeming Paradox.
At first blush it seems a paradox that an English master should give two dead languages precedence over the language of Chaucer, Shakespeare and Tennyson, as a source of English culture. But it must be remembered that decent English is second nature to an English boy. He knows his Shakespeare independent of the school master, reads better digested newspapers and listens to more standard English speech. In this country we are yet subject to rustic dialect, bad patois, Americanisms and foreign languages. Therefore, English as a definite object of study is tenfold more necessary here than in England.

Principal Auden wisely believes that great models of poetry and prose should not be subjected to the indignity of grammatical analysis; neither should English words be laboriously parsed.

As to religious instruction, the Principal believes that the Bible should be taught in the schools. It also contends that the best gospel of all is the personal, every-day religion of a teacher's life and character. Regarding women as teachers, he believes that they are a shining success with young pupils, but fundamentally lacking the gift necessary to enforce discipline among boys above the elementary forms.

As students of French and German they excel, but as teachers of those languages, are rather prone to miss the deeper meaning of a translation. Their appointment here to the very best posts in the modern language courses of collegiate institute stands as an agreeable contrast to the English practice of paying a man three or four times as much as a woman for doing the same work.

AN HOUR IN THE WOODS.

A City Father's Outing With His Boy on a Sunday Afternoon.

The boy didn't know what to do with himself. I didn't know what to do with myself. It was a lovely afternoon. I decided that a lesson in nature study wouldn't do either of us any harm, so off to the woods we went.

I had been there before in spring and summer, but not in late autumn. The trees were there with some touches of autumn glory lingering in the faded leaves, but the air was still, and there seemed few birds about. But only for a little, for after climbing the slippery hillside we dropped in on a sociable party of song sparrows who had not yet gone south. But they were shy and wary, and the boy and I did not get much more than a glimpse of them. Not so with the white-breasted nuthatch, however, and the boy watched intently as I showed him the bird traveling gravely head downward on the tree trunks looking for insects.

Further on we caught a flash of blue as a shy bluejay dashed squalling into a thicket. We walked a little further to where the ever-greens had been favorite haunts of the redstarts in summer time grew in verdure untarnished by Artist Autumn's brown paint pot and busy brush, and slid down through the dead leaves to the foot of the ravine, where a downy woodpecker beat his feeble tattoo on a dead tree, and here I showed the boy how the little woodpecker held his tail feathers against the bark to give his busy bill the better leverage. Now we were homeward bound, and after a space the familiar "chick-dee-dee" saluted us and we got into a whole family of the busy little blackcaps feeding industriously and calling cheerily to each other right under our very noses. The boy was delighted, for the birds came within three feet of us as we stood breathlessly silent beneath the cedars watching their restless flitting. I showed him one bird diving into the curled-up leaf that some grub had selected for his winter quarters, little dreaming when he did it that a little black-capped chickadee would some day find him out, pull him from his lair, eat him, and then wipe his bill on a twig while two admiring mortals looked on. Among the chickadees we saw one kinglet—they often travel together in the fall and winter—and then we left them to finish their supper unobserved. There were only one or two things yet to show the boy before the city claimed us. One was the bank of sand which the bank swallows had pierced in a hundred places during the summer and had reared their families therein, and it was not surprising to find that what the summer-loving swallows had left had been appropriated by that extremely adjustable individual, the English sparrow. Along the lake shore a great gull brooded, and a little further along a grebe swam, diving for an unreasonable length of time when a noisy locomotive snorted by. Then the street cars and home, the lesson in natural history was ended.—H. D. C. in Toronto Star.

A Goldwin Smith Anecdote.
Dean Goldwin in his new book, "Odds and Ends," gives a sketch of a boy that is rather difficult to recognize as the audacious Dr. Goldwin Smith. D.D. "Goldwin" was apparently wrapped in thought one morning at breakfast, and one would suppose he was contemplating writing a brilliant essay. His father, somewhat impatient of his silence, said, "A penny for your thoughts, Goldwin."

To this challenge I heard Goldwin reply, "I was just thinking what an awful thing it must be for a giraffe to have a sore throat; what an amount of gurgling it would have to swallow, and what length of bandage it would require."

The Mainstay of Age

The digestion of age is weakened. Nourishing, easily-digested foods are required. That is why Tillson's pan-dried Oats is the best breakfast dish for age. The cooking turns the starch into easily-digested dextrin. It is rich in proteins, carbohydrates and fat. Tillson's Oats is a food, not a fad.



**Tillson's
Pan-dried Oats**

India's Sacred Cattle.

Few people traveling in India can fail to notice the part played, whether in the flesh or its representation, by the cow and the ox. Sacred cattle wander unmolested and unmolested through the streets of the cities, more especially in the south, generally decorated with garlands of flowers, stone "naadis," the bulls of Siva, keep guard before his temples and round his tanks; they are portrayed in fresco or in carving on the walls of many a rock carved. Oxen turn mills, plough the land, are the drawers and carriers of water, and, above all, are invaluable for drawing loads. Cattle, as is well known, are by Hindus held in great and superstitious reverence. Ganges water poured over a cow's tail being equivalent to the kissing of the sacred book or taking an oath. Yet, unfortunately, the draft bull often receives very rough treatment at his driver's hands. So long as the animal's life is not taken ill-treatment counts as nothing among these people, who regard the brutes as sacred.

Jewels on an Idol.

The jewels of an Indian idol must be worth stealing if many of those remarkably hideous images possess such valuable head ornaments as one made for the idol Parthasathy, in the Triplicane temple at Madras. The ornament is worth some 50,000 rupees and is made of sovereign gold studded with diamonds, emeralds and rubies, the largest emerald being valued at 1,000 rupees and the biggest ruby and diamond at 800 rupees apiece.

Didn't Think the Queen Would Like It.
An English paper tells a funny story of Prince Edward of Wales when he had only a few years to his credit. His teacher was trying to give him some idea of heaven. "Everybody will be happy there," she said. "Every one will share happiness equally."

"Really, truly equal?" asked the little boy.
"Yes, my dear."
"Every single one of us?" insisted the keenly interested listener.
"Yes, no matter what or who we are in this world," was the innocent reply.

After some seconds came the question, "Will great-grandma (the Queen) go to heaven?"
Shocked, the teacher assured him that it would be impossible to doubt it even for a moment.
"Well," after an instant's reflection, "I'm very sure she won't like that. I'm sure she would rather stay here, for she won't have any sort of a time there."

The doctor was sanguine. "We're going to pull you through!" quoth he.

"By the leg?" querulously demanded the patient, a sordid man, whose soul, even in that extreme moment, brooded on the matter of expense.

Professional.

"Are you blind by nature?" asked the charitably inclined citizen.

"No, sir," candidly replied the beggar. "I'm blind by profession."

The famous Maelstrom whirlpool is four geographical miles in diameter.

He who commits injustice is ever more wretched than he who suffers it.

The man who works his brain should never drink cheap tea. The tannin it contains would very soon give him indigestion—and constipation—a bad thing for the brainy man who usually does not exercise his body.

Blue Ribbon Tea is pure tea! Made of the crispy tender top leaves and flow'ry shoots of the best "hill grown" Ceylon tea plant.

No woody fibres of the coarser, lower leaves to contain tannin. Rich in albumen it nourishes brain, nerve and blood. A palate-tickling delicacy—sense-pleasing in every way.

**Blue Ribbon
Ceylon Tea**

Black, Mixed Ceylon Green "Just Pure Tea" 40c. the pound and worth 40

Ask for the Red Label

20 BEAN PICKERS WANTED.

Highest wages paid. Steady work. Apply to

MR. THOS. BROWN, OF OUR NO. 5 WAREHOUSE.

The Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited.