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Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

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Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR WEARINESS.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

Ladies' Favorite.
Is the only safe, reliable
regulator on which women
can depend "in the hour
and time of need."
Prepared in two degrees of
strength. No. 1 and No. 2.
No. 1.—For ordinary cases
in which the best dollar
medicine known.
No. 2.—For special cases—10 degrees
stronger—three dollars a box.
Ladies—ask your druggist for Cook's
Cotton Root Compound. Take no other
as all pills, mixtures and imitations are
dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold and
recommended by all druggists in the
Dominion of Canada. Mailed to any address
receipt of price and four-cent postage.
The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont.

Is sold in Chatham by
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It makes a coal or wood stove
look like 30 cents.

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THE STAGE

"All the world's a stage
and all the men and
women merely players."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Bugle Band Minstrels—Nov. 9-10.
Guy Bros' Minstrels—Nov. 12.
On the Bridge at Midnight—Nov. 14.
The Mummy and Humming Bird—Nov. 17.
Lyceum Course—Nov. 21.
Local "Pinafore"—24-25.
Sons of Scotland Benefit—Nov. 30.

(Supplied to The Planet by Press Agents.)

AN UP-TO-DATE SHOW.

Guy Brothers make no empty boast in advertising themselves as the supreme leaders of up-to-date minstrelsy. An experience of 33 years has enabled them to cater to the amusement-loving public in a manner that merits and secures its fullest support. Their company this year numbers among others such entertainers as "The Panamas," the three wonderful acrobats, daring yet imitatively funny, Montambo with his sensational back somersault from a lofty pedestal—a feat performed only by this artist—Nichols and Mutt, screamingly funny comedians, Ivers and Brown, unique knockabout team, Schaeffer and Guy with their entrancing pictured melodies, and Carmen, the man with many noops, well described as the marvel of the century—these and other attractions on the program make up an evening rich in fun, frolic and melody, refined and diverting at every moment. At the Grand Opera House, Saturday night, Nov. 12.

AT THE GRAND MONDAY NEXT.

Every act of "On the Bridge at Midnight" represents a stage picture of surpassing beauty and wonderful effect, these magnificent settings furnishing the scenes for a comedy-drama of unusual interest, which commands the instant sympathy of the audience, which is kept vibrating 'twixt laughter and tears, as George Klimt and Alma Hearn, with their exceptionally large and thoroughly competent company, tell the story of the play which deals with the long-guished search of a blind mother for her kidnapped daughter, Miss Hearn and Mr. Klimt do a versatile bit of acting that is delightful. The chief d'oeuvre of the stage setter's art is seen in one act where an enormous lift bridge of the jack-knife type is shown in practical operation, a steamship passing the draw. For the powerfully dramatic incidents and hilariously funny bits of comedy this production is unique.

THE OLDEST DOLL IN THE UNITED STATES.

Long, long ago, when William Penn sailed from England on his second visit to America, what do you think he brought with him on the good ship Canterbury? An English doll. This passenger is the sole survivor of that voyage across the Atlantic, which was made over 200 years ago. William Penn had a little daughter named Letitia. Letitia heard her father tell wonderful tales of what he saw and heard in Pennsylvania on his first visit to this country, thousands of miles distant from Letitia's home. He often told her about little Miss Rankin, who, living as she did in the wilderness of Pennsylvania, had no toys at all, not even one rag doll. When Letitia's father was getting ready to again cross the ocean to America, his little girl insisted upon sending a doll to that lonesome little girl.

So a doll was dressed in a court costume of striped and delicately tinted brocade and velvet. The skirt was held out by enormous hoops, for such was the fashion of the well-dressed ladies of that period. The doll itself is 20 inches high and has the long waist and slender form of the court beauties she left in her native land. Her hair is rolled back from her face, much in the style of today.

This doll now lives in Montgomery county, Md., in the strictest seclusion. She is only removed from her careful wrappings when little girls desire the honor of making the acquaintance of the oldest doll in America—Holiday Magazine.

HOW INDIANS TELEGRAPHED.

With their body robes of finely tanned buffalo hide, held, raised, lowered, dropped and swung in certain well-known peculiar ways, the Indian scouts and watchers used to telegraph thence to the distant village of the presence of strangers or enemies in the country, of the approach of the buffalo bands, and of the return of war and hunting parties.

If the camp was too distant for the blanket signal to be made out, the information was communicated by fires at night and by pillars and balloon shaped puffs of smoke by day, discernible to the distance of at least fifty miles. When the traders came up the Missouri river, the Indian scout added the small, circular hand mirror to his message but all sufficient outfit, and in time learned to communicate with his distant friends by flashes of sunlight. The first Indian hunter or horse herder who caught the danger signal from the lookout station repeated it to the village by riding his horse furiously in a circle or by some similar sign. Field and Stream.

It's all well enough to look ahead, but the bride is more interested in the present.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Felt Weak and Nervous.

Had Faint and Dizzy Spells.

These symptoms arise from a weak condition of the heart and nerves. Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts and deranged nerves,

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

will be found an effectual remedy. Through the medium of the nervous system, they impart a strengthening and restorative influence to every organ and tissue of the body.

They restore enfeebled, enervated, exhausted, debilitated, or overworked men and women to perfect constitutional power.

Miss Maggie L. Cleveland, Baywater, N.S., tells how she was cured in the following words:—

"I was sick for the past year, and became thoroughly run down. I had faint and dizzy spells, and felt weak and nervous all the time. I tried numerous remedies, but could get no help. I then read in the paper about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and got a box of them. Before I had used one-half the box I began to get better, so got another one, and by the time the two were finished I was as well as ever."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50 cents per box, or 8 for \$1.25. All dealers, or THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

JAPAN'S GREAT FIGHTING FORCE

Outsiders are not able to form an accurate opinion of the real condition of the military resources of Japan. Even the sympathetic people of Europe and America are in the dark on the subject. I have been informed by an intimate friend, who has been in the service of the Japanese army for three years, that Japan can call into service at short notice, 1,500,000 of strong physical, besides the large national guard, for according to his information, 539,282 men which was the number eligible for conscription in 1901—had no objection physical defect, and belonged to the first class, as shown by physical examination. The men who belonged to the second class had merely slight defects in the eyes or in some other bodily function. As for the naval force, 27,865 men—the total number of seamen in the active, and the first and second reserve, services—are of the best physique. In case of necessity, more than double this number can be recruited from the merchant marine, as well as from eager applicants for admission to the service. One million five hundred thousand is a large number, but it is a small portion of 8,034,088, which is the number of males from 17 to 40, who were available for conscription service in 1898.

Foreigners are apt to suppose that the flower of the Japanese soldiers and sailors are necessarily the young men of the Samurai class on whom too much eulogy has been already lavished. True, the Samurai class have long been the flower of the Japanese fighters; and, indeed, most of the generals and admirals, and other high officers are still of the Samurai class; but the rank and file of the army and of the navy today are composed more of the plebeians, than of the patrician Samurai class. It is undeniable that the flower of the Japanese fighters are now at the front. Among the dead in the battles of Yalu, Nanshan, Telisau, Port Arthur, and Liao Yang are included some of the best men in the service. Japan can ill afford to lose these men at the front. If the slaughter at Liao Yang be repeated in many other battles, the effective strength of the Japanese army will be greatly lessened. But, in the opinion of many eminent authorities, assuming Japan's continued success, the active warfare will not last much longer after Harbin falls into the hands of the Japanese, although minor details of the war may continue to make slight troubles. Then Japan will not need to maintain such an enormous force to the front. A greater part of the army will be withdrawn, leaving a sufficient force, to guard the frontiers of Manchuria, while China, to which Manchuria will be returned, will send her own troops to supersede the Japanese soldiers. —Jihai Haseguchi in World's Work.

NOW HE CAN EAT WHAT HE LIKES

Mr. R. A. Barton Lost His Indigestion When He Found Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"Now I can eat whatever is set before me asking no questions. These are the words of Mr. R. A. Barton, well known in Toronto business circles, and living at 23 Tyndall avenue, Toronto. But Mr. Barton was not always in this happy state. He says:

"I had indigestion in its worst form. I consulted several doctors. Their treatment did me no good. As a last resort I tried Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. I took several boxes before they did me much good, but finally they had the desired effect. I heartily recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to anyone troubled with indigestion. If you would eat what you like when you like use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

A FIRE-FIGHTING JOB COSTING 1,000,000.

One million dollars is being spent fighting the greatest subterranean fire that has ever broken out in the Pennsylvania anthracite coal regions. The fire, which started fifty years ago, has gained such enormous headway that at least two years must elapse before it can be fully extinguished.

Millions of tons of coal have been consumed by the flames since the fire first started. Millions of gallons of water have been poured into the mine from time to time in vain efforts to extinguish the blaze. There are still many millions of tons of coal which the flames have not yet reached, and it is with the determination of saving them that the latest fight against the flames has been begun.

No undertaking like this has ever been attempted before, and as improved methods of mining do not now permit such fires it will probably be the last great fight of the coal diggers against the most destructive element they know.

Of this fire no flames are to be seen. No smoke escapes, and only the presence of very heavy sulphurous vapor above the many cave holes it has caused gives indication that hundreds of feet below the surface is raging a fire as great as that which has filled the heart of many a volcano.

The fire is in the Greenwood colliery of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, lying in the Panther Creek Valley of the lower region near Wilkesbarre, Pa. There the summits of vein rise in places to a solid sixty feet of the purest anthracite coal, and there too, are numerous other veins, less thick, but vastly valuable. It is these veins that the fire has been eating for the past fifty years, finding fuel incalculable, gorging itself like a great fiery dragon and leaving in its wake desolation and ruin.

Where the fire had already raged the immense pillars of coal which supported the surface have been consumed and the surface has fallen in, great holes marking the flames' progress. Some of these are near houses of the miners, and some are so near that any day or night the earth may suddenly open and their property and their families be engulfed.

It is not to protect these that the operators are to spend a million dollars but to save from the fiery monster the millions of tons of good coal which still lie untouched in the path of the fire.

A conflict, steady, stubborn, and painstaking, will be waged; a conflict scientifically conducted, a conflict in which water alone would be valueless, but which, mixed with the refuse of coal itself is a deadly and effective agent in overcoming fire.

HOW THE FIRE STARTED.

One day, before the Civil War started, when men who are now old, were young, a miner passing through the workings of the then famous Greenwood Colliery, chanced to touch with his naked lamp, one of the oil-soaked timbers supporting the roof of the main gangway. All unconscious of the little work, he hurried on and went home. He was the last to leave that portion of the mine. The next morning the fire boss, going his rounds, found dense bodies of smoke and gas in the mine. He could not go far, but he soon learned that a great fire was raging. Occasional explosions told of bodies of gas which were ignited and which added to the ruin being wrought. From that day to this the mine has been in the grasp of the fire fiend.

Hardy fire fighters then strove with all their skill and bravery to win back the mine. Some lost their lives. The struggle continued. For years it was fought, but greater and greater grew the fire, until every plan to cope with it being exhausted, the fire fighters retired baffled.

Since then other attempts have been made and failed, and for years the fire has had undisputed sway. There seemed no effective means of coping with it.

During recent years, however, new methods of fire fighting in mines have been discovered, and one was peculiarly effective. It was to pour on the fire a mixture of culm and water, which fills the fire-eating spaces, and forces back before a steadily growing wall the angry flames until they are hemmed in a corner and crushed before they can gain force to exist.

It was this plan which gave the owners of the Greenwood the opportunity to save the million of dollars' worth of valuable coal which still lies in the mine awaiting the fire, unless the hand of man can quench it.

In the buffeting that the vessel received she sprang a leak and began to take in water at the rate of six inches an hour. All hands were kept at the pumps day and night without intermission. As the gale abated the bark drove before it into calmer seas.

Captain Mattson found the leak was getting worse and set his brains to work. He constructed a great water proof canvas bag, sixteen feet long, six feet in circumference and two feet in diameter. This he kept distended by means of hoops. A window of glass was let into the side, five feet from the bottom. The captain stepped into the bag, and by means of a tackle was drawn under water, so that he could see the leak. The other end of the bag being open and above water, he had plenty of air

THE HIGHEST AWARD

COLD MEDAL At THE WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, HAS BEEN GIVEN TO—

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA. This is proof of the fact which we have always asserted, viz: that in no other tea can you get the same quality or flavor. Black, Mixed or Green. By all Grocers. Japan Tea Drinkers, try "SALADA" Green Tea.

and could communicate with his men. Two sleeves had been made in this bag and were tied tightly about his wrists, so that he could work freely.

In this way, looking at the leak through the inserted window, the captain worked steadily while the ship was hove to. The vessel rolled in a heavy swell, and sometimes Captain Mattson found himself below the surface. At one time the chafing of his feet against the vessel's side wore a hole in the bag, and the water entered and covered him.

But he was drawn up in good time, the bag was repaired, the work continued and the leak stopped.

CLEARLY UNSCRIPTURAL.

In accordance with his invariable custom at his Sunday evening lectures, the Rev. Dr. Snow had asked the women to remove their hats and bonnets in order that those who happened to be sitting behind them might have an unobstructed view.

Aunt Ann Peebles, who was on her first visit to relatives in the city was in the audience. It was the first time she had ever heard such a request and she set her jaw firmly, leaned over, and whispered to her niece—

"I just won't do it, Mandy!" It'd be disobeyin' St. Paul."

She didn't do it, either.—Chicago Tribune.

WINDSOR SALT is the best Salt for Table and Dairy—No adulteration—Never cakes.

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