

Sudden Chills Cause

Sudden Ills....

The frequent changes of temperature are responsible for fully 90 per cent of all Chest and Lung Troubles.

Chamois Vests

will protect you against sudden changes—Keep out the cold and retain the normal heat of the body, the surest safeguard against Colds, Coughs, Pneumonia, etc. Our

"Frost King" and "Frost Queen"

Chamois Vests are handsomely finished and made of the finest material. The knitted sides makes them close fitting and comfortable.

Central Drug Store
C. H. Gunn & Co.

You know

The holiday presents have to be bought—you will find a good assortment of Fancy Lamps and China. Also a full line of Dinner Sets, \$5.50 and upwards, Tea Sets \$2.50, Chamber Sets \$1.80. They are low in price. Call and see them.

Our New Fruits are in:

3 lb. Selected Raisins.....	25c
3 lb. New Currants.....	25c
1 lb. Mixed Peel.....	20c
Pure Lard, per lb.....	9c
Mixed Candy 7c lb., 4 lbs. for.....	25c

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NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE BOUGHT
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Ready-Made Clothing

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps

AT THE BANKRUPT STORE
JENKINS'
MARKET SQUARE

THE MAKING OF PORTER

Porter—otherwise Stout—is a malt liquor of Irish origin. The malt of which it is made is roasted brown by a secret process, which the Irish malsters have carefully guarded. The best Irish malt, imported from Dublin direct, is used in the manufacture of Carling's Porter. This porter is one of the purest malt liquors manufactured, and is recommended by physicians in cases where a malt tonic is needed. For the use of invalids Carling's Porter is invaluable.

CARLING
LONDON

A DANGEROUS TRADE.

PERILS THAT BESET THE MAKING OF NITROGLYCERIN.

Methods Used in the Manufacture of This Dangerous Explosive—The Care That Has to Be Exercised in the Factories.

Nitroglycerin and its peculiarities are little known, even in localities where it is made. People generally give it a wide berth, and even a less number know how it is manufactured. Probably in no place in the United States is there such a great amount of the explosive used as in the Indiana oilfields. Indiana has four nitroglycerin factories, and they are seldom visited by curious people.

The explosive is made from a composition of acids and glycerin. It is generally pale yellow in color, and quite colorless when pure. It is odorless, and has a sweet, pungent, aromatic flavor. If touched by one's tongue, or even brought into contact with the skin, it will produce a severe headache. A large tank, called an agitator, is where the fluid is mixed, and the mixture is composed of equal parts of nitric and sulphuric acids. Inside the tank are several paddles, like those of a churn, and it is here that the real danger in the manufacture exists. The paddles are put in operation and a steady stream of sweet glycerin is turned into a vat until 250 pounds are thoroughly mixed with the 1,500 pounds of acid. The chemicals coming in contact produce an intense heat, and in order to obviate the danger cold water is run through pipes encircling and running through the vat. At 85 degrees F. a red vapor, almost like fire, arises. If cutting off the supply of glycerin in the agitator it is time to say farewell. Before 90 degrees are reached nothing but atoms of the structure and its contents are left.

In its manufacture water is used to flood the workroom, since a drop falling on the floor might lead to an explosion. Not a nail is to be found in the floor of the factory, and the visitor is cautioned not to drag his feet. Those who make the dangerous fluid say that a jar will not cause an explosion; that friction and fire are the only agencies by which it can be discharged. One may pour a barrel of nitroglycerin from a high building to a cement walk below and it will not explode, but a small quantity of it dropped from the same height in a can will blow the building down. A sharp concussion instantly touches it off. Factories become useless after a few years' operation and have to be destroyed. The timber becomes saturated with nitroglycerin and an explosion is imminent at any time.

The average production of nitroglycerin from 1,500 pounds of acid and 250 pounds of glycerin is about 150 quarts. About 100 quarts constitute an average shot for an Indiana oil well. While magazine explosions are not rare, the real cause of the blowing up never becomes known. Those who are close enough to see the cause always go up with the building. The average time for a shooter or nitroglycerin maker to remain in the business does not exceed five years. Death is instant, and no one has ever recovered from a nitroglycerin accident. Bodies are torn to atoms no larger than bits of sausage. The wages of employees of the factories range from \$125 to \$150 a month.

Colonel William A. Myers of Bolivar, N. Y., was the man who made and exploded the first pound of nitroglycerin in an oil well. He built the first factory in the United States near Titusville, Pa., in 1868. Up to that time powder had been used to torpedo oil wells. It was then that an explosive that could be discharged under water was found in nitroglycerin.

Colonel Myers' father was a Philadelphia chemist and taught his son how to make it.

The first well torpedoed was on Colonel Mills' lease, near Titusville, and the charge consisted of only two pounds. Oil was worth \$9 a barrel then, and a torpedo that would double the production of a well was worth almost what the maker chose to ask for it. Colonel Myers built 12 different factories in different parts of the oil regions from 1868 to 1885, when he retired from the business. Only one of the original factories stands intact today. Myers made several fortunes and spent his money like a prince, but, fortunately for him, he still has a snug sum laid by.

Well shooters spin great yarns of their experiences, and the stories are of the hair-raising order. Well shooters generally are fatalists to a considerable degree in their belief, and it is probably one reason why they do not fear the fluid. They state that when one would think it was the most dangerous the explosive is the safest. The smallest drop can be placed on an anvil and struck by the heaviest sledge hammer, and the hammer will bound back over the shoulder of the striker, no matter how much he may try to hold it. Some claim that it will tear the arm off, but this is exaggeration. Transporting the explosive from a magazine to a well is not as dangerous as timid people think, according to the shooters. It is transported in the square cans such as are used for varnish. In preparing for shooting a well, a long tin shell is suspended in the tubing, and the shooter pours the fluid in as if it was water. It is not unusual for 200 quarts to be in a well shooter's wagon on one trip. A slight leak in a can may be touched off by friction and explode the entire load. If it should explode in the center of a town, every building would be reduced instantly to debris.—Indianapolis Journal.

Cheese

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THE INGENIOUS JAPS

Can Usually get Themselves out of a Tight Place

How One Recovered his Baggage After the Train had Left Him.

Japanese are noted for their ingenuity, presence of mind and adaptability. But when in a tight place, where most other men would be stuck, and he will readily find means to get out.

One of them recently came to America to visit his friends. He could not speak a word of English. Trailing over the Lehigh Valley road he went in for lunch at one of the stations where the train had to wait a few minutes. He left a valise, in which he carried all the money he had, and some valuable papers, his umbrella, and coat on the seat. He and occupied in the carriage. He was a little nervous while eating his lunch, and rose once to see if the train was not moving out, but being reassured, from seeing it still there, he continued his meal. The next time he looked it was gone. What was the poor fellow to do? He could not speak English, and therefore could not make anyone understand that he wanted a telegram sent to the next station to secure his baggage there. He therefore tried a novel means. He was an artist. Securing a piece of paper he drew the picture of a man standing at a station, with a train standing outside. The next picture was one showing the great consternation that ensued on the man's coming to the door and seeing his train in the distance. Next came a drawing of his seat in the carriage, with his valise, umbrella and luggage. Then he completed his picture story; he drew telegraph post with an operator at the next station.

This was clear enough for all, and when he arrived at the next station he received his goods.

A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like study, "it weakens his eyes." Bodies are torn to atoms no larger than bits of sausage. Let it be about Indians, pirates or bears.

And he's lost for all the day to all mundane affairs. By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear.

Now, isn't that queer? At thought of an errand he's "tired very weary of life, and of 'tramping around.' But if there's a band or a circus in sight, he will follow it gladly from morning till night. The showman will capture him some day, I fear.

For he is so queer. If there's work in the garden his head "aches to split." And his face is so lame that he "can't dig a bit." But mention baseball and he's cured very soon.

And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon. Do you think he "plays possum?" He seems quite sincere.

But—ain't he queer? —St. Nicholas.

Do we want to be strong? We must work. To be hungry? We must starve. To be happy? We must be kind. To be wise? We must look and think.

Though we cannot, while we feel deeply, reason shrewdly, yet I doubt if, except when we feel deeply, we can ever comprehend fully.

TINY TIM.

How many of us have spent a delicious hour with Dickens' little "Tiny Tim." He pleased us because he was so ever helping, or ready to help some unfortunate.

Dr. Hope's TINY TABLETS are doing exactly the same thing. They are helping thousands of unfortunate, nervous, broken-down people to get strong.

One little TINY TABLET after each meal and before retiring will give you new life, if you feel tired —IT'S NERVES.

TAKE DR. HOPE'S TINY TABLETS FOR TIED NERVES

All Druggists. By Mail from Dr. Hope Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

FATE OF A PAINT.

He Turned Out Four Hundred Dewey Portraits With Near Consequence.

This is a story told in an uptown studio, by a young man at a canvas: "I suppose you believe that story about Pegasus falling in love with a statue he had made, and how he requested to Aphrodite that it might breathe was granted?"

"As much as I believe some other stories," replied the brother at another canvas.

"I've got one that beats it, and mine is true. I can show you the man. Just after Dewey turned his ship this way from Gibraltar, a signwriter downtown made me a proposition. He wanted me to paint 200, 300, or as many portraits of Dewey as I could. Offered to pay me extra for overtime. He wanted Dewey to sell by the hundred. Although it was a complimentary offer for helping genius, I declined. I sent him a young fellow, poor boy, who thinks he has inspiration. He can't paint a lamp-post, but I vouched for his work. I knew he would stick to it. He began painting Deweys, and after he had turned out about a gross the celestial hammer came to his rescue, and he got so that he could put a face on a canvas without writing the name under it. Well, he painted on and on until he had turned out 400, life size, bust portraits of Dewey. Then the rush was over, and he was out of a job for two days. He accepted an offer to do some portraits in the family of a high roller in the upper end of town. The boss sat first, and the second day his face was finished. It's a fact. The boss looked at it and complimented it. Said it was the best Dewey he had seen, and asked the artist when he was going to begin work on his (the boss's). The next day the mistress sat for my genius, and he finished her portrait in six hours, life size. And when she looked at it she said the hands, arms, dress and jewels were hers, but the face was that of Dewey.

"The man and his wife had a consultation, the result of which was that my inspired genius was asked to get out a canvas of the family horse, and he made a beautiful four-legged Dewey. Then he quit the place, and I heard he was in a sanitarium. Of course I went to see him. I didn't know him. He had changed completely. Looked just like Dewey."

The work in the studio went on the remainder of the day in silence.

A German Game.



Wen is a Walk.

I confess that, sometimes, generally as I looked across the breakfast table, I had wondered how I ever had come to marry her, but I was ashamed of such disloyalty, and it therefore came as a sudden shock when she said calmly one morning:

"John, we must separate."

"Why, my dear?" I gasped.

"Yes," she said, nodding her head sagely, "we must separate. This is not a sudden whim, but a conclusion I have gravely matured during the past year. There is no good reason why we should not; there are no children to bind us, and I have my separate income. On the other hand, there are a number of reasons why we should: we are both a little weary of each other, you prefer cycling while I am devoted to golf, I like to read poetry and you can't see anyone in it, and—and—well we are antagonistic in almost all of our opinions and habits and everything. But the great point is that I feel that I must have freedom to expand, to live my life unhampered by the petty cares of housekeeping. I am tired, unutterably tired, of being fettered in mind and body by the daily duty of providing meals and overseeing servants, and all the sordid details of mere living. My soul cries out for release, I must and will be free!"

I listened in a sort of stupor. I dreamily saw my life without her stretching out in blank loneliness. Now that it seemed inevitable that I must lose her I realized all she indeed was to me: the pallid gray future appalled me. As she ceased speaking I roused myself, determined in deadly earnest that it should not be.

"Very well, my dear, since your mind is made up irrevocably I shall not oppose your wishes. Besides, it leaves me free to make certain reforms which I have long thought of in this house." This I said in an ordinary conversational tone. Then I added, with slow, emphatic vehemence, "And I swear that never more shall a bed be cumbered with useless and always-in-the-way pillow shams."

I saw my wife shudder as she pictured to herself my style of housekeeping, of which my declaration gave her the inkling I desired.

"John," she faltered, "I—I was wild and foolish to talk like that. Forgive me, dear, and forget that I ever was such a goose, won't you?"

From Boston, of Course.

"You have a heart of stone!" he exclaimed bitterly.

"Your intentions may be kind," she answered icily, "but the language is in which you wish to be expressed is ill chosen. You mean, I take it, that your diagnosis detects symptoms of cardiac petrification." —Washington Star.

Dangerous Work. Spacer—Good bye, old man. You may never see me again. Scribbler—What's the matter? Spacer—I've got to interview a man who has discovered a new explosive.

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Quality all over. It's
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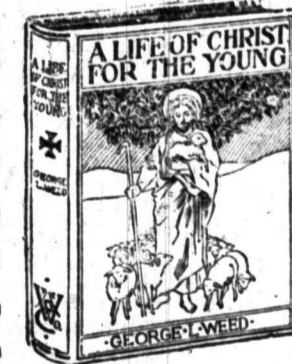
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