WESTERN EXCURSION !

On September 22, 23 and 24 the Wabash will sell

Round Trip Tickets at Single First-Class Fare,

good to rerurn any time before Oct. 10th, 1904, from all stations to Detroit, Chicago, Columbus, Cincinnati, Bay City, Saginaw, Grand Rapids, Dayton and Indianapolis.

All tickets to read via the Wabash, the short and true route to the above points.

For further particulars, address any Wabash Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, N. E. Cor ner King and Yonge Sts., Toronto.
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WESTERN FAIR, LONDON. \$1.95 good going daily until Sept. 16th.
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For tickets, illustrated literature and full information call at city of-fice, 115 King street, Chatham, or at depot ticket office

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ons.
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3.08 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and wess
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27 a.m. for London, Hamilton, Toren

j. p.m. for Glencoe and St. Thomas J. p.m. for London, Toronto, Mos Buffale and New York. 5.08 p.m. for London, Hamilton, tto, Montreal and East. 8.50 p.m. for London and intermedia.

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**************** Sequel to the Measles

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

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Kitty stood at Miss Tremont's door, smiling broadly. "Here's a note, ma'am," she said, holding out a piece of newspaper scribbled along the mar-gin. "The little feller on the second floor said I should give it to you. He's just gettin' over the measles an' awful lonesome. It's written on the bias like,

"Poor little man!" Miss Tremont aid sympathetically. "I don't seem said sympathetically. to remember him, Kitty."

"No'm; they just moved in this week, an' they've kept quiet like-there's no one but the little feller an' his uncle. He paints women's heads-mostly redheaded ones-in their back parlor, but he's out today, an' I'm getting paid for lookin' out for Jimmie-that's his name, ma'am."

Miss Tremont read the note and smiled. "Tell him I'll be there soon, Kitty," she said.

Jimmie's note was short and phonetically spelled. "Deer Miss Tree-mont," it said, "I wish you wood plees come down and see me. My eyes are week, and Kitty only noes 'bout Cinderella. So no more from your yung frend, Jimmie B."

When Miss Tremont knocked at her little neighbor's door an eager, boyish voice called out, "Come right in!" Jimmie was sitting up in bed, supported by many pillows. He was very thin and weak-"all eyes and beak, like a young robin," Kitty said.
"Shake!" he said, holding out a thin

little hand. "I can't give 'em to you now—the measles, I mean. It's first class of you to come. Kitty thought you would. Sit down, won't you? It's pretty dark in here-'count of my eyes -but I can see you're awful pretty."

Miss Tremont laughed and drew a hair close to the bed. "Thank you," chair close to the bed. she said brightly. "Did Kitty suggest that you send for me?"

"No. But it's too dark in here to fead, an' Kitty just knew one story, an' after I'd heard that three times



A TALL YOUNG MAN WAS STANDING IN

THE DOORWAY. she said maybe Miss Tremont could tell me some. An' I asked her would she go for you. You can tell me anything you want to. I'm specially int'rested bears an' Indians an' cannibals."

Miss Tremont laughed again and leaned back in the easy chair in pleasant anticipation. She had frequently an appreciative audience in her sister's nursery, when eager little faces sought hers in breathless ex-pectation and eager little voices pleaded for "just one more, please-'bout

It was a pleasure to bear this weary little soul away on the wings of her imagination-away from the second floor bedroom and the measles. Together they roamed the plains with the red men, climbed trees with the black bears and were cast away on cannibal islands, where only living skeletons were

Neither Miss Tremont nor her delighted little hearer was conscious of the passage of time. "And the little cub climbed a persimmon tree and escaped from the hunter," she was say-

ing when the clock struck.
"Was it 4 or 5?" she said. Jimmie sighed and came back to everyday life and the measles. "I don't know," he said. "You can look an' see, if you'd Miss Tremont went into the back

parlor, and presently Jimmie heard a startled exclamation. "Is it so late?" he called. She came back and stood by his bed. "I-I-didn't look at the clock," she stam-"There was a picture on the

easel—the paint was fresh—it was a picture of—who painted it, Jimmie?" "Uncle Hal, I suppose." he said languidly. Pictures were not as interesting as cannibals. But Miss Tremont seemed to think that they were. "It's a woman's picture, isn't it?" he said politely. "Uncle Hal said he was working on a stunner. He didn't just call it a stunner, but it meant the same—his

'masterpiece,' I believe he said. Has she got red hair? Not bright red, but a dark brownish kind, like yours? Most all Uncle Hal's pictures have red bair. Kitty says she guesses red paint comes heaper. Uncle Hal calls it 'auburn.'

white lids curtained her telltale eyes "'Uncle Hal,' did you say?" she asked softly. "Once upon a time," she continued, to the delight of Jimmie, who thought the words prefaced another story, "I had a friend—an artist—whose name was Hal."

"Haven't you got him yet?" Jimmie "No. I sent him away-I didn't know

how dear he was to me—I wouldn't do it now, Jimmie—and he was"— "Eaten by cannibals?" Jimmie interrupted in an awestruck voice. Miss Tremont smiled and looked up.

A tall young man, with fine eyes, was

standing in the doorway, looking at "Uncle Hal!" Jimmie cried. "Uncle Hal, here's Miss Tremont. She came in to"— But, to Jimmie's surprise, Uncle Hal had crossed the room and was holding Miss Tremont's hands in

"Kate," he said. "Kate, dear, will you forgive me for listening to what you said to Jimmie? Your words have made me very happy, dear."

Jimmie wondered what it was that had pleased Uncle Hal so much—the bears or the Indians or the cannibals. "I'll bet it was the cannibal story," he said to himself. "She's a Jim Dandy at 'em!"
"Will you forgive me for listening?"

Uncle Hal said again.
"Why not?" Miss Tremont asked softly—so softly that Jimmie barely heard her. "It was true, Hal."

Jimmie's eyes opened wide. "Can-nibals and all?" he said. But Miss Tremont didn't hear him. Uncle Hal was talking to her again. He coughed once or twice, but they didn't notice him. "You'll have to speak a little louder," he said at last, "if you want me to hear."

Miss Tremont's face grew very pink,

and Uncle Hal laughed aloud.
"Never mind, Jimmie boy," he said, T've been persuading Miss Tremont to adopt you-you'll like that, old fel-

"Like it?" Jimmie shouted for joy. Then a sudden doubt assailed him. "Would you mind taking Uncle Hal, too, Miss Tremont?" he said anxious-"We belong together."

Miss Tremont's laughing eyes met the artist's for a moment. "I understood," she said demurely, "that he was to be thrown in."

Two Lives Saved. "At a certain suburban station," said a railroad official, "a train was starting off one morning when an elderly man rushed across the platform and jumped on one of the slowly moving

"The rear end brakeman, who was standing by, reached up, grabbed the old man's coat tails and pulled him off the train.

"There,' he said sternly. 'I have saved your life. Don't ever try to jump on like that again.' 'Thank you,' said the old man

calmly. "Thank you for your thoughtful kindness. It is three hours till the next train, isn't it?' "'Three and a quarter,' said the

brakeman. "The long train, meanwhile, had been slowly gliding by, slowly gathering speed. Finally the last car appeared. This was the brakeman's car, the one for which he had been waiting, and with the easy grace that is born of long practice he sailed majestically on to it.

"But the old gentleman selzed him by the coat and with a strong jerk pulled him off, at the same time saying 'One good turn deserves another.

You saved my life; I have saved yours. Now we are quits." And Lobelia Went.

She-John, how often are you He-Four times a week on an aver-

"How long does it take?" "About half an hour." "Half an hour four times a week! one-third days in a year and nearly a month and a half in ten years. Think of it, Billiger. If you should let your beard grow you would save time enough in ten years"-

"Look here, how often do you dress

"Every day, of course. But that's different." "That's different, is it, eh? It takes you half an hour every blessed day of your life to look after your frizzes, if that's what you call them. Think of it. Half an hour a day, three hours and a half a week, nearly eight days in a year and an entire month in four years, a whole year in forty-eight years and over two years in a century! Lobelia, you'd better go and look after

The Profane English Language. At a suburban station there entered two men of the submerged tenth. I diagnosed one as being of the genus navvy and his compatriot as in some way connected with the building in-

dustry. One of my visitors was en-deavoring to explain to his fellow traveler that owing to misdirection on the part of a porter he had missed the previous quicker train. Would you believe it, that the poor fellow, to make this small incident clear to his companion, had to employ as auxiliaries: Seventeen adjectives of a lurid hue.

Five appeals to the Almighty. Two invocations that his own eyesight might be destroyed. Three invocations re the eyes of the efficial.

Seven iterations of the name of the infernal regions. One side issue, necessitating the name of the Messiah.

Seventeen adjectives of simple obscenity.

Four expletives of an unclassified Miss Tremont's face flushed and the acture, -Pall Mall Gazette

THE STAGE

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS. At Chatham Grand.

Allan Villair-Sept. 12-17. (Supplied to The Planet by Press Agents.)

The Allan Villair and Pearl Lewis Co. opened a week's engagement at the Grand last night. The theatre was well filled and, judging from the applause, the large audience more than enjoyed itself. Mr. Villair has surrounded himself with a cast of well-known theatrical people, and by giving performances such as last night's standard is bound to meet with success.

The play for to-night is "The Heart Mrs. J. Brown, of Wheatley, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. Vipond, this week.

A very enjoyable evening was spent by the members of Glenwood Council Royal Templars on Tuesday evening, when the brothers of the Council gave an "At Home" on Mr. George Hardie's lawn. The evening was spent in games, after which refreshments were served.

The play for to-night is "The Heart of Texas," one of the strongest plays in Mr. Villair's repertoire, Miss Pearl Lewis, Mr. Fred Tidmarch and Mr. Allan Vilkair taking the leading roles.

Refined and pelasing specialties will be given between acts by Miss Lewis, lare accepted as facts.

Miss Frances, Mr. Tedmarch and Mr.

GLENWOOD.

Miss Nettie Wigle, of Leamington, spent Sunday and Monday in the vil-lage, the guest of Miss Louise Palmer Rev. Mr. Uren, of Tilbury, occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church on Sunday morning.

the pulpit in the Methodist church on Sunday morning.
Miss Gertie and Harvey Imrie, of Salem, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. John Chester.
I. Jackson, of Ouvry, spent Sunday Sunday at the home of Mr. W. Innes.
Miss Maggie Adams, who has been the guest of her cousin, Miss Lizzie Innes, rreturned to her home in Hamilton.
W. C. Estabrook is on a business trip to Manitoulin Island.

trip to Manitoulin Island.
Mrs. J. Brown, of Wheatley, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. Vipond, this week.

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