

SEPTEMBER 18, 1903.

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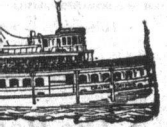
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Chatham time.

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day, and leaves
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DENTAL.
A. A. HICKS, D. V. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office over Turner's drug store, 26 Rutherford Block.

LODGES.
WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcome.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.
F. D. LAURIE, W. M.

MEDICAL.
L. E. CURL,
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
SPECIALIST IN CHRONIC DISEASES;
Examination Fee, Office, Sixth street opposite Fire Hall. Hours—8 to 10 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m.

DR. OVENS
OF LONDON
Surg. Gen. and Specialist Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Will be at Chatham on SATURDAY, Sept. 26, Oct. 24, Nov. 28, Dec. 26. Glasses properly fitted. Office at Keady's drug store.

MUSICAL.
Miss Flossie Bogart,
Organist of Christ Church, pupil of Mr. J. V. Seyler, Detroit, will resume her classes Monday, Sept. 21. Pupils will kindly call and arrange lesson hours at once. For terms, etc., apply at residence, 86 Cross Street.

Miss Ada F. Ross
Contralto Soloist, St. Andrew's Church
TEACHER OF SINGING.
Studio over O'Keefe & Drew's office. Concert engagements accepted.

MISS EDYTHE HILL,
Leader and Soloist of Park St. Methodist Church,
Gold Medalist, Ontario Ladies' College, Honor Graduate, Toronto Conservatory of Music, and who studied singing for a year and a half abroad, will begin her term Monday, Sept. 14, in her new studio over Sheddick's.

J. B. RANKIN, K. C.—Barrister, Notary Public, etc., Victoria Block, Chatham.

W. F. SMITH—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Office, King Street, west of the Market. Money to loan on Mortgages.

J. B. O'LYNN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King Street, opposite Macpherson's Bank, Chatham, Ont.

SMITH & GOSNELL—Barristers, Solicitors, etc., Harrison Hall, Chatham. Herbert D. Smith, County Crown Attorney; R. L. Gosnell.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on Mortgages, at lowest rates. Offices, Fifth Street. Matthew Wilson, K. C., W. E. Gandy, J. M. Pike.

HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, upstairs in Sheddick Block, opposite H. Macpherson's store. M. Houston, Fred. Stone, W. W. Scane.

BANK OF MONTREAL
ESTABLISHED 1817.
Capital (all paid up) \$18,379,240
Reserve funds 9,000,000
Drafts bought and sold. Collections made on favorable terms. Interest allowed on deposits at current rates in Savings Bank department, or on deposit receipts.

DOUGLASS GLASS,
Manager Chatham Branch.

STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
Branches and agents at all principal points in Canada, U. S. and Great Britain. Drafts issued and notes discounted. Savings Bank Department deposits (which) may be withdrawn without delay, received and interest allowed thereon at the highest current rates.

G. F. SCHOLFIELD,
Manager Chatham Branch. BARRISTER.

Jim Ketchum, Financier.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

THE gentlemen who had been investigating the possibilities of Ketchum's Point as a summer resort returned to the inn jubilant. In fancy, they already heard the braying of a band in nightly competition with the surging of the North Atlantic. They listened to a sibilant silken promenade through pillared corridors, they dreamed of candle-light at play upon table appointments of triple plate. They even foresaw Maine legislators supine, Maine prohibition repealed, and white damask flecked with lights of amber and ruby from slender glasses—the concealing cup banished forever from Maine's service of Bacchus.

The climate was superb, the sharpened speculative appetites produced; the scenery—those gray promontories of rock, those stretches of fir and furze toward the inland hills, that curved silvery beach, a very new moon for beauty—here was scenery to fire even the speculative mind to poetry. The prospectors sniffed the salt, sharp air; they looked across the deep bay beyond Ketchum's Point toward a wide, low, clear-burning sunset, and they slipped one another on the back out of pure delight.

They were in luck, they kept declaring. The place was accessible, yet untrodden. No summer cottages marred the stretches of sweet-fern and bay. Ketchum's sharp-jointed old inn was the nearest approach to a hotel within a radius of ten miles. Yet two navigable tide rivers, making their sluggish way in from the sea, almost converged here, offering gentle water sports to all who desired them; the deep incurring of the beach beyond the Point made a sheltered bay for sailing, and in front the Atlantic laid an unbroken path for the winds straight from the other side of the world.

Bentley, the fire-proof paint millionaire, had fallen in love with the place. But Bentley had not yet been educated to the point of enjoying scenery out of which he could derive no profits. To syndicate nature in some way or another was with him to prove his appreciation of it. He would build a "cottage" which should set the pace in cottages. The hotel should stand on the hill between the converging creeks. Other cottages would follow Bentley's, but his company should hold all the adjoining land so that cheap hosteleries and boarding-houses should not come high. Ketchum's Point—of course as Ketchum suggested, they must revive an old Indian name for it—would soon "make Mount Desert look like thirty cents." The phrase was Fletcher's, who found the current or even the slightly outworn slang a great help to him in the expression of his ideas.

When they came back boisterously pleased with themselves and their plans, they found old Jim Ketchum sitting on the roofless piazza of his hotel, smoking. The salt seemed dried in his gray, uneven beard, in his sparse gray locks, in the weather-beaten furrows of his thin old face. He nodded indifferently to his guests as they, with a bluster intended to denote an agreeable, democratic cordiality, made their way across the patched floor.

"Guess you'll find supper about ready," he vouchsafed, and they with great enthusiasm told him that supper would find them about ready. "A wonderful climate, this of yours, for appetites, Mr. Ketchum," they assured him, and Jim allowed that "most folks generally found it hearty." Then he sat, watching the evening star thro' out at the edge of the paling sunset fire, and the blue night claim the sea. Afterwards he made his rheumatic way to the kitchen, where he solemnly blew out one of the two lamps by which the viands were being appropiated.

"You'd think the Old Trust was givin' kerosene away," he protested to the wasteful damsel of the commissariat. Meantime, in the long, bleak, white-washed dining-room, the prospective developers of Ketchum's Point sat at a long, bleak table thinly covered with coarse damask and ale salt-rats biscuit and oozy clam chowder with great gusto. "Things were better in Mrs. Ketchum's day," volunteered the Rev. Mr. Mather, who sat in a sort of sacerdotal loneliness on one side of the table, as Renwick, after a critical examination of the stewed apples, removed them with the monosyllable "dried."

"Oh, has the old fellow lost his wife?" asked Renwick.
"Lost is the word," replied the clergyman, smiling. "Aunt Lucy, as she was generally called, did not die, but after thirty-odd years of being a wageless cook she rebelled. Three summers ago she delivered her ultimatum. If Jim would not supply her with a cook—she had done the cooking for the summer boarders ever since they took in the first one, the summer after their marriage—she would leave. This house holds twenty, and cooking for twenty is no joke, I take it, to a woman of sixty. But Jim was horrified at the notion, and she was packed up and departed. She's been living with a married daughter in East Liverpool, across the bay."

"Near enough to keep an eye on the old man," grinned Fletcher.
"Seven miles of a sail," said the clergyman, "but they've never met, and it's doubtful if they ever will. It's a morbidly obstinate race they breed down here. And as for accidental meetings—Aunt Lucy can't be lured to set foot upon the sea, so she puts it, and it's a roundabout land trip of nearly thirty miles."

"So Ketchum's pretty close," mused Renwick. Mr. Mather laughed.
"The sharpest, meanest man in Maine," he said, sticking an identifying pin in his limp napkin as they all moved from the table.

On the side piazza the group of men who were planning the future of Ketchum's Point sat silent for a while. And gradually into their quiet their obtruded a disagreeable surmise.
"Do you suppose," suggested Fletcher, "that Old Man Ketchum will hold out for a big price on that strip of his across the middle of the hill?"

"We'll offer him something he can't afford to refuse," said Bentley. "There's no one easier to buy with a little ready money than you; miser who denies his wife a hired girl, or who's too mean to feed his live stock decently."

"That's so," the others agreed. "But it was a fool trick," grumbled Fletcher, remembering the commanding position of Jim's property. "For anyone to sell him a strip of land across a field that way, right across the middle of it."

"He'll come cheap enough, don't you worry," said Bentley. Then they yawned a while. And when they passed around to the front on their way to the square, whitewashed bedrooms, where the salt of the sea seemed forever struggling to release itself from the musty odor of damp matting, they found the old man staring into the night beyond the bay.

To Renwick, who was held to be something of a diplomat, was delegated the task of interviewing Jim the next morning. Renwick anticipated no real difficulty. The strip which the old man owned was as little arable as the rest of the hill. The cabin that had once stood upon it was roofless, and two sides were fallen in upon its rough foundations. Of course the meanest man in Maine would rejoice to part from so profitless a holding, however instant and experience in barter had taught him the fruitfulness of his demand.

Renwick, who was constantly deriving satisfaction from his perception of other people's hidden motives, was secretly amused at the old man's attitude. It was so perfect an example, it seemed to him, of the delay meant to stimulate and pique. Jim put off the interview until he had come in from a visit to his lobster-pots. The late tides made the delay a long one. Renwick occupied himself in walking up and down the rude piazza and smiling with gentle cynicism.

"Well, Mr. Ketchum," he remarked, when Jim, slouch-shouldered, dim-eyed and shabby, had reappeared. "I suppose you know that Mr. Bentley, Mr. Fletcher and I are interested in a little land venture down here."

Jim was unmoved and unsurprised. He looked patiently upon his guest and admitted that he had heard as much. Then Renwick, with an air of much candor, declared that the stretch of hillside to which Jim held the title was necessary to the success of the project.

"I'm not calculating to sell," said Jim, slowly. Renwick could with difficulty repress a smile. It was exactly what he had expected. The old skinflint meant to enhance the value of his stony holdings by his shyness! But Renwick was tactful. Of course, Mr. Ketchum had not calculated to sell; it would naturally have been impossible for him to hope for a buyer for a property which was given value only by such an exigency as the present.

At this juncture, Mr. Ketchum, without apology, arose to enquire of a maid, scuttling along by the side of the house, why she was not at her labors. He explained to Renwick that summer "help" was a very uncertain quantity, and that a prudent employer "had his work cut out for him" in guarding against its wasteful vagaries. Mr. Renwick began to look a little bored, but after the acquiescent interest demanded by diplomacy, went on to explain blandly how the project of himself and his companions—the hillside, in fact, a purchase of some value, and how they would like to "now at what figure Mr. Ketchum would sell."

Mr. Ketchum gazed seaward a while. To change flitted over his patient face. Finally he turned toward his interlocutor.

"I ain't calculating to sell," he said, smiling, and he held out his hand at once to attend to the getting of dinner. "My wife," he said, halting, "is—in a visitin' our married daughter. An' most likely you don't know, Mr. Renwick, the waste there is in a kitchen—the thick parin's and all that."

Renwick, the bland, having failed, Fletcher, the bluff, undertook to browbeat the old man.

"See here," he began, inserting a cigar between his teeth in a very ferocious manner, "what's your idea, Ketchum? We'll give you five hundred dollars for that strip of land there—which is more than the whole blamed hillside is worth, but we want it. We're not going to raise the bid, so don't hold out for any more. You're a sensible man and a business man. You know it's gold mine for you. Come now, will you take it?"

Jim looked patient. There was even a slight wistfulness in his glance. But he shook his head.

"You gentlemen don't understand," he said, stumbling a little in his speech, not from infirm purpose, but from unaccustomed need of words. He struggled for an explanation, but none came, and he finished with the old formula, "I don't calculate to sell that land."

His eyes traveled toward it—the big, bare, New England hill, littered with liehened, purplish boulders, and guarded at its crest by a dark army of firs. The dusty green of bay powdered it, and unkempt stalks of early goldenrod bloomed upon it. The ruin of the little cottage lay pitifully poor and ragged in the pellucid summer light. Fletcher's glance paralleled Jim's, anger deepening the ruddy tone of his skin.

"What are you holding out for?" he demanded, brutally. But Jim, apparently deaf, had moved off toward the barn. Bentley, the magnate, at last undertook to bring Jim to reason. Bentley himself was finely unreasonable. The fact that he did not need to embark upon a summer colony enterprise was evident; the fact that, if Jim Ketchum did not wish to sell, there was land to be purchased at other points along the coast was argued at great length by his colleagues. But Bentley had approved of Ketchum's Point. Bentley had decided upon exploiting it. Bentley's boundless energy made the building of a hotel seem a desirable recreation, and what Bentley wanted he was accustomed to get.

He probably thinks we'll spoil his custom for him," said Bentley, when the tale of Fletcher's failure had been told. "He's a shrewd old fellow. He realizes that five hundred dollars in hand won't bring in a thousand a year, and I suppose his summer business yields that. But I'll talk to him."

So Bentley, with a long line of successes to his record, sought Jim Ketchum in the office after supper. The office was a barren room furnished with a desk, two chairs, a map, and a highly glazed view of the annual county fair. Jim was balancing an ancient ledger by the unshaded glare of a single kerosene-burner. After the briefest preliminaries Bentley offered him a thousand dollars for his land.

With lack-lustre eyes the old man blinked at the offer.

"It's a big price, Mr. Bentley," he said, simply. "It's more than the land is worth. You can get the rest of the hill—three times as big a parcel as I own—for half that. Of course, I know you count on improv'ing and buyin' up considerable all around here, an' some day it'll be worth more than that. But it ain't now. An' I can't sell."

"I suppose," said Bentley, moved by a vague kindness toward the rusty, bent, old farmer, "that you ain't had much luck out of business by the hotel we're going to put up. But you're mistaken in that. It will be the making of you. You'll have more custom than you ever have had. You'll have all your old trade—your school teachers and your clergymen and your professors with big families and small salaries—all the good people that we'll be a trifle too expensive for. You can run a whole fleet of sail and fishing boats. You can extend your fisheries, and make a fortune supplying our table. Come, come, Mr. Ketchum, be reasonable."

"What you say is likely enough so," said Jim, closing his ledger over a limp and blackened piece of blotting-paper, but the truth is I don't calculate to sell that land."

Bentley looked murderous for a minute. Then his brow slowly cleared. There was no longer any kindness in his heart but there was a more potent thing—respect.

"I see what you want," he said, slowly. Then he lapsed into the florid style of address native to him. "I take off my hat to you, Mr. Ketchum. You're a great financier lost down here—thrown away. The thing you're holding out for, the thing you insist upon, you never even mention. You make the other side beg you to accept it! Well, sir, you deserve it. Here it is. You want stock in the new company. By gad! sir, you shall have it."

Jim had gazed steadily at the great fire-proof paint man during this speech. At its close a faint smile sparkled in the depths of his dim eyes.

"I don't mind sayin'," he admitted, "that if I had been calculating to sell, I should have held out for somethin' of this sort. But—"

The cords on Jim's leathery throat above the gray flannel shirt moved curiously as he swallowed hard. A dark red combated the tan of weather and the pallor of age in his face.

"You've been pretty square by me," he said finally. "Maybe you've a right to know the truth. The truth is—the truth is—thirty-seven years ago this summer—thirty-seven years ago my wife went housekeepin' in that cottage up there, an'—"

Confessions trembled in the air. His stories hung balanced. There were tales to be told, of wisely eyes watching across the sea for Jim's fishing-smack, of children learning to play in the flat-bottomed boats whose short sides hid them of neighborly feet padding a way up the hill on neighborly errands of atoms that crashed along the coast, and bells that tolled in the village at their close. But Bentley did not know that these were the words for which he waited, bewildered. He thought that he was waiting for a rational explanation of Jim's outbreak. But the old man took up the lamp.

"I don't calculate to sell it," he said, stubbornly, and left the room.

The hill loomed massive against the night sky as he made his final rounds with his rusty lantern. A sharp wind whipped the swelling waves with ghostly foam. Across the bay the East Mill lighted, pined from gold to red and then to gold again. The old man vouchsafed no glance in that direction. He shambled about the place, testing locks and shutters. But he shook his head as he went into the dark hall for the night. "Not that land," he said—From the "Bazar."

Ghosts would frighten many people who are not afraid of germs. Yet the germ is a real danger. If this microscopic animal could be magnified to a size in proportion to its deadliness it would show like a giant python, or fire breathing dragon. The one fact to remember is that the germ is powerless to harm the body while the blood is pure. It is far easier to keep the germ out than to drive it out after it obtains a hold in the system. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the most powerful and perfect of blood purifying medicines. It increases the quantity as well as the quality of the blood, and enables the body to resist disease, or to throw it off if disease has obtained a footing in some weak organ. Wherever the digestion is impaired, the nutrition of the body is diminished, for the blood is made from the food which is eaten, and half digested food cannot supply the body with blood in quantity and quality adequate to its needs. For this condition there is no remedy equal to "Golden Medical Discovery." It cures ninety-eight out of every hundred persons who give it a fair trial. When there is constipation Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will promptly relieve and permanently cure.

To Tighten Cane Seat Chairs.
Turn up the chair bottoms and wash the cane work thoroughly with soapy water and a soft cloth. Let it dry in the air, and it will be firm as when new provided the cane has not been broken.

FALL FAIRS.

London.....	Sept. 11-19
Guelph.....	Sept. 15-17
Hamilton.....	Sept. 15-17
Petrolia.....	Sept. 23
Wyoming.....	Sept. 25
Essex.....	Sept. 30-Oct. 7
Wallacetown.....	Oct. 2
Florence.....	Oct. 3
Harrow.....	Oct. 6 or 10
Rodney.....	Oct. 8 or 10
Wallaceburg.....	Oct. 9
Blenheim.....	Oct. 9
Highgate.....	Oct. 13
Chatham.....	Sept. 22-23-24
Brigden.....	Oct. 6
Alvinston.....	Oct. 8
Aylmer.....	Sept. 10-11
Thamesville.....	Oct. 2
Ridgetown.....	Oct. 20, 21, 22
Merlin.....	Oct. 1-2

Gentlemen. — While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse stumbled and fell, cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him and in a few days he was as well as ever.
J. B. A. BEAUCHEMIN.
Sherbrooke.

To Relieve Quinsy.
Bake a large potato, cut it in two and apply to the bare neck as hot as it can possibly be borne. Tie it over with a band of doubled flannel, and keep it on till nearly cold. Repeat the application, and leave the flannel bandage off gradually.

A Great Opportunity.
\$5.50 per month pays for a \$1,000 Home in the Canadian Co-operation Alliance. Call or drop a postal for full information to R. A. Murphy, Murray Block, Chatham.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

WANTED—Nurse Girl. Apply to Mrs. F. Trudell, Park St. 10

OFFICE BOY WANTED. Apply to Wilson, Pike & Gundy, Barristers.

WANTED—A good girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. John Waddell, Water St. 10

ROOMS WANTED—Three or four, heated and centrally located. Address P. O. Box 187, Chatham.

WANTED—At the King St. School Building, 100 hands to work in canning factory. Apply on premises. H. McCaskie.

WANTED—Experienced farm hand to hire by the month. Highest wages paid. Apply to Geo. Davidson, lot 19, concession 7, Raleigh, four miles from Chatham.

TEACHER WANTED—Male or female, holding second or third class certificate, for S. S. No. 3, Raleigh and Harwich. Duties to commence 1st October. Apply to or address Henry Lindley, Cedar Springs.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. five in family, adults. Good plain cooking; washing and ironing. Wages \$3 per week. Write to Mrs. F. S. North, 100 Elm street, Detroit, Mich.

TEACHER WANTED—For S. S. No. 16, Harwich, holding first or second class certificate, duties to commence at once. Applications to be addressed to L. W. Arnold, Chatham.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED—An elderly person of fifty or sixty, to take charge of a home. Must be well known. Address William Parrott, Chatham, P. O. 10

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

FOR SALE—Gas Engines—two seven horse power. Apply at The Planet Office.

HOUSE FOR SALE—On Grant street. For particulars, apply to Thomas Scullard, or at this office.

LOTS FOR SALE—One and one-half acres at the head of Victoria avenue. Apply to Mrs. Tassman, room 5, Victoria Block.

HOUSES FOR SALE—A house or Grant St., and house and lot on Victoria Ave. For particulars, apply to Thos. Scullard, Victoria Block, or at this office.

FARM TO RENT—100 acres, Lot 15, Con. 9, Raleigh, 7 miles from Chatham; good clay, plenty of water, new frame house and good outbuildings, good orchard; 90 acres cleared, balance pasture. Address Michael Doyle, Doyle P. O.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the Canada Southern Railway Company and the Michigan Central Railroad Company will make an application for the sanction by the Governor-in-Council of an agreement between the said two companies by which the Canada Southern Railway Company leases to the Michigan Central Railroad Company its railway, property, etc., for a period of 999 years, such agreement having been sanctioned by the shareholders of the said respective companies as required by law.

Such application will be made to the Minister of Railways and Canals at the Department of Railways and Canals at Ottawa, on Monday, the 5th day of October, 1903, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and all persons interested may then and there appear and be heard on such application.

KINGSMILL, HELLMUTH, SAUNDERS & TORRANCE,
Solicitors for Applicants.
Dated at Toronto this 28th day of July, 1903.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
Corrected June 3rd, 1902.

GOING EAST	GOING WEST
* 2:36 a. m. L. Express.....	* 1:11 a. m. E. Express.....
* 3:32 p. m. L. Express.....	* 1:05 p. m. E. Express.....
* Daily.	
7:00 a. m. arrives in Chatham from Toronto, 9:35 p. m.	

THE WABASH RAILROAD CO.

GOING WEST	EAST BOUND
No. 1—6:45 a. m.	No. 2—12:23 p. m.
3—1:07 p. m.	4—11:06 p. m.
12—1:25 p. m.	
5—9:32 p. m.	6—1:32 a. m.
9—1:18 a. m.	8—2:49 p. m.

The Wabash is the short and true route
J. A. RICHARDSON,
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