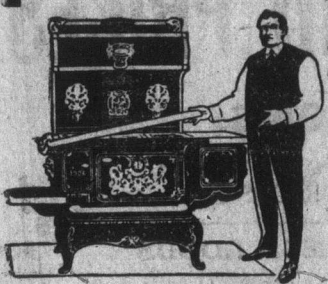


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CLARE BROS. & CO., Limited, - - PRESTON, Ont.

ON WILLIE'S ACCOUNT

By BEATRICE STURGES

Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Sutcliffe

Willie sat on the steps in a distinctly unhappy mood. It was the first of July, bright and beautiful. The garden was ablaze with flowers and he could pick as many as he wanted. His ball and books and little fire engine lay on the porch beside him, and his collie pup was begging him to come and play, but Willie had no heart for any of these attractions.

He was grieved. What was the use, he reflected, of being the only child if your father and mother go away for two weeks and leave you at home? What was the use of having a young aunt stay at your house if she shut herself up in her room and wouldn't come



WILLIE LOOKED ANXIOUSLY FROM ONE TO THE OTHER.

downstairs? And what was the use of being alive at all when the circus was coming to town in three days and nobody had invited you to go? Life was full of terrible problems. He was just wondering if he hadn't better cry about it when he saw a friend coming down the street and hastily changed his mind.

This friend was no less a person than Max Harwood, chief of the volunteer fire department of Norwood, commodore of the local yachting club and a hero in Willie's eyes. By some mysterious coincidence Commodore Max appeared on the scene with great promptness and frequency whenever Willie's aunt, Miss Marjorie Dean, came for a visit, and as these visits had been rather numerous during the year just passed Willie knew him well enough to rummage through his pockets and to boast about their intimacy whenever any of the other boys needed a little wind taken out of their sails.

To Willie's surprise Max was passing with merely a wave of the hand, so the little boy jumped up and ran after him.

"Hello, Napoleon!" cheerily called his hero. It was his fancy to call Willie by the names of the world's great generals, one after another.

"Good morning, commodore; aren't you coming in to see us?"

"Guess not, Hannibal; it's pretty early for company."

"You have been earlier than this," said the child reproachfully.

"Well—I'm kind of busy this morning."

Willie was turning away to hide the hurt look in his eyes. Nobody wanted to bother him. Max saw this and hastily added:

"But get your cap and come along. I'm going down to fix up the boat. You can help me."

The delighted child raced back to the house for his cap and then was off hand in hand with the commodore, happy as a lark.

They worked all the morning on the boat and then the commodore took Willie up the river for a sail.

"Are you going to the circus, Agamemnon?" inquired Max, by way of conversation.

With a recurrent touch of gloom Willie was forced to admit that he didn't think he was.

"Well, I'd like to take somebody of just about your size," went on his host, "and I think that somebody is you. What do you say, my hearty?"

"Fine! Fine!" shouted Willie.

"Well, heave ho, there, and we'll splice the main brace. Keep out of the lee scuppers while I hoist the mainsail. Ha! Ulysses, what do you think of that?" And Max, who loved to mix up nautical terms with Willie's excitement, made the cleanest kind of a landing at his own pier.

"Did you ever shiver your timbers, commodore?" asked Willie.

"Lots of times, Wellington, and still live to tell the tale. Don't forget about the Fourth-side show, fat lady, pea-nuts, elephants, pink lemonade—we'll see it all."

"Indeed I won't!" cried the child, wild with delight as he raced into the house to tell his aunt.

She was watching for him anxiously.

"Oh, Willie boy, where have you

been all the morning?" she exclaimed, kissing him.

He told her breathlessly, and she listened to his admiration of the commodore with rising color.

"Isn't he perfectly splendid, Aunt Marjorie? They say there are ten elephants and the lions growl something awful! But I won't be afraid with the commodore. Only I wish you were coming too. Wouldn't you like it? I'm sure he'd take you, too, if you asked him."

"No, honey, I—I don't think so. I don't expect to see the commodore again; we—we aren't friends any more."

"Oh, auntie!" exclaimed Willie, in genuine dismay. "And he's so good too!"

Willie thought for a minute that his Aunt Marjorie was going to cry, and then he was surprised to hear her say in a manner singularly unlike her usual gentleness. "Maybe some people think he is good, but I know his true character, and I do not think you ought to go around alone with him." This speech was rendered with all the dignity that a woman of the world, aged nineteen, could muster.

"You went with him alone to lots of places," complained Willie. "You went last night."

"Yes, and that's just the reason I'm not going again. If a man takes a girl to a dance and forgets her he will certainly forget her when he takes her to the circus, and then what would happen to you?"

Really this was awful. Willie had never seen his dear little aunt in such a state, but she was very sweet to him and took him out driving that afternoon, stopping in the village to buy him candy and lots of fireworks for the Fourth. He didn't know what to think about his beloved commodore, but saw him the next day and promptly repeated the whole conversation. It seemed to him the simplest way out of the difficulty.

"Did you forget, commodore?" he inquired.

"Great Scott, Willie, wasn't I did: she says so; but she may be lonesome," he said grimly. "Girls are queer creatures, Wellington; you'll find that out some day. But don't say another word about the circus. I'll fix it some way. You're going to see it as sure as your name is Vinegarbottom."

So Willie kept his counsel and was petted much by his auntie for the next two days. On the morning of the Fourth he was firing off his crackers from the open window in his little nightclothes at 4 o'clock, and Marjorie said never a word of complaint. She had made up her mind to take him to the circus herself and to get away early to avoid any possible conflict with her former great friend, the commodore—now a stranger forever.

Before lunch was over, however, the commodore's touring car stopped at the door and the commodore was standing on the porch, cap in hand, announcing that he had come.

"Yes, I see," returned Marjorie coolly, but deliberately avoiding his gaze. Max had such a way of looking at one. "But what for?"

"Why, to take my friend Julius Caesar to the circus."

Willie looked anxiously from one to the other in an ecstasy of hope and suspense.

"I told Willie"—

"Yes, I know," he interrupted, "but if you come, too, it will be all right."

"Oh, yes, auntie!" cried Willie, jumping with joyful anticipation.

Marjorie tried hard to look cool and dignified.

"Would you spoil that child's day?" asked the commodore, coming closer. "Marjorie, please!" His eyes urged her as well as his voice.

She looked at him. "All right, I'll go. But it's just on Willie's account."

"Any reason will do," responded Max as he helped her into the car. "But maybe you can find a better one before we get home. I'm going to ride back here with you and William!" He lifted the delighted child, gave him a hug, and put him in the front seat with the chauffeur. "William the Conqueror is going to have the time of his life."

The Turquoise Land.

Sinal was known as the "turquoise land" in very ancient times, and Dr. Flinders Petrie believes that it was the first mining center in the world. In his book on the subject Dr. Petrie tells of the various expeditions sent to the head of the party was the "com-mander," or "bearer of the seal of the god," the pharaoh. The official staff consisted of "masters of the house of metals," or assayers, scribes and secretaries, to make inventories of the output of the mines. Even more modern were the "divers of metals," or prospectors.

The working staff consisted of miners and their assistants. The commissariat had cooks, bread bakers, water carriers and even a doctor attached. The mines could only be worked for a certain period, from January to May, which is exactly the best period for archaeological work in Sinal today. The miners lived in camps, and the so-called forts and camps were really miners' villages.

England and the Sea.

Yorkshire alone has a record of no fewer than twelve drowned towns and villages. There was Ravenspur, for instance, which was constituted a free borough by Edward I. at a cost of £300 and became a seaport of almost national importance. There it was that Edward Balliol embarked with a force of 2,500 strong in order to win the crown of Scotland. The town, bigger and more important than Hull, had five churches, a capacious harbor and a number of buildings befitting its rank and importance. Where are they now?—London Pall Mall Gazette.

CHAIN OF COLD STORAGE

WOULD PUT ONTARIO'S FRUIT BUSINESS ON SCIENTIFIC BASIS.

Happy-Go-Lucky Condition and Tremendous Waste Would Be Ended Thereby—Plan That Would Benefit Growers and Consumers as Well—Fruit Side-Line Would Then Take on Added Dignity and Profit.

Slowly but surely the idea of cold storage has been gaining ground among the farmers of Ontario for some years past, and signs are not wanting that in the future it is to advance much more rapidly but none the less surely. The time seems almost ripe for the adoption of some comprehensive scheme of cold storage that shall be available to the farmers and fruit-growers of the country, and not confined to the middlemen, whose present profits are out of all proportion to the services they render. By a chain of cold storage warehouses throughout the province the fruit trade of Ontario could be put on the same scientific, business-like basis as the cheese industry, says The Mail and Empire. At present it is wallowing in the happy-go-lucky condition that dairying was in before the advent of the creamery.

Our Apple Production.

Roughly speaking, the Dominion of Canada produces about 17,000,000 barrels of apples a year, Ontario furnishing more than 15,000,000 barrels. Of the 17,000,000 barrels, 1,500,000 barrels are exported, and that 750,000 barrels of these exported reach the British market in a loose or sloppy condition is a matter of official record. That is to say, of 17,000,000 barrels produced, only 150,000 barrels are placed on the British market in good condition, a profit to the exporters and a credit to the country. What, then, becomes of the 15,000,000 or 16,000,000 barrels that are not exported? Suppose every man, woman and child in Canada eats a barrel of them, nearly 10,000,000 barrels are left to be accounted for.

Tremendous Waste.

The answer is simple, the great bulk of the apples produced in Ontario either rot on the trees, fall to the ground and are fed to the hogs, or rot before they can be placed on the market. In any event they are no profit to the growers. They are wasted. It hardly needs to be said that any plan devised to eliminate this enormous and ruinous waste is worthy of a Government's consideration. That cold storage warehouses erected all over the country like creameries, will save these 10,000,000 barrels of apples to the fruit-growers of the country is asserted. It is claimed, moreover, that the adoption of this plan will give the farmer far better prices for his apples and practically eliminate the middleman, who alone makes any money out of the existing conditions.

Middleman's Big Profits.

It is not uncommon to hear apple-buyers boast of having bought apples for 25c a barrel on the trees. The same apples are sold for from ten to twenty times the price, thus allowing the middleman a tremendous margin for profit that spoils on him, and the occasional fines for violating the Fruit Marks' Act, and leaving a great, big profit besides. With a well-organized cold storage plant in the neighborhood, the farmer would be obliged to sell his crop for whatever the buyer would give him. For 25c a barrel he could store his apples until the market was ready to receive them. Then he could produce his fruit, and sell it for half the price charged by the middleman at present and yet make twice the profit.

The Farmer's Predicament.

General cold storage would necessarily reduce the price of apples to the consumer in the home market, for the great bulk of the crop would be marketed instead of going to waste. At present the middleman has to make allowance for a big percentage of waste, and that is one of the reasons why the price of apples is high. In the summer the farmer can hardly give away his early apples, and in the winter he has to sell them at a loss. Our winter apples sell on the English market for from 17s. to 27s. a barrel, and of this price the farmer does not get, on an average, 20 per cent.

Fruit is a Side Line.

Speaking of farmers generally, and excepting those whose fathers had the patience and courage to plant North-Spice, Baldwins, and other hardy winter apples, their fruit crop is an incident, and is to be reckoned with the few odd dollars the mother of the family makes out of her chickens. Now, with the strong western competition in wheat and rough cattle, the Ontario farmer must fall back upon the side line of farming if he is to hold his own. There is more money in them after all, and this important lesson is being slowly learned.

The Profitable Farm.

The Ontario farmer who has a good orchard, a few acres of grain, roots and garden truck, a good herd of dairy cattle, a score or so of hogs, and some good poultry and a few well-bred horses to sell every year need not envy the westerner with a quarter section in wheat. The creameries were necessary to make the cows pay, and with cold storage the apple trees of Ontario will lift a mortgage.

Tragic Sequel of Dream.

A curious coincidence in connection with the death of young Gould, the English lad who was accidentally shot by A. E. Wilde on Labor Day at Strattona, and who was a nephew of Lord Kinnaird of Scotland, has come to light. On the morning of the accident Gould told at the breakfast table how he had dreamed during the night that a man was chasing him with a gun. The members of the family joked him about the dream and after supper while Wilde was cleaning his guns he picked up one and pointing it at the boy, said, "I suppose this is the way the man was chasing you in your dream."

To his horror the gun exploded while in his hands, the bullet striking the boy's heart, causing instant death.

MIDDLE LIFE

A Time When Women Are Susceptible to Many Dread Diseases—Intelligent Women Prepare for It. Two Relate Their Experiences.

The "change of life" is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and the anxiety felt by women as it draws near is not without reason.

Every woman who neglects the care of her health at this time invites disease and pain.

When her system is in a deranged condition, or she is predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of any organ, the tendency is at this period likely to become active—and with a host of nervous irritations, make life a burden. At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to form and begin their destructive work.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, back-aches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness, inquietude, and dizziness are promptly aided by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. It invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system.

For special advice regarding this important period women are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and it will be furnished absolutely free of charge.

The present Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, her assistant before her decease, and for twenty-five years since her advice has been freely given to sick women.

Read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound did for Mrs. Powless and Mrs. Mann:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"In my opinion there is no medicine made for women which can compare with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and you have no firmer friend in the Dominion than I am. At the time of change of life I suffered until I was nearly crazy, and was not fit to live with. I was so irritable, nervous, and restless that I was a torment to myself and others. I surely thought that I would lose my reason before I got through, when fortunately an old friend recommended your Vegetable Compound. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

The Bird of Death.

In New Guinea there is said to be a venomous bird called the bird of death. It is about the size of a pigeon, with a tail of extraordinary length ending in a tip of brilliant scarlet. It has a sharp, hooked beak and frequents marshes and stagnant pools. The venom with which it inoculates is distilled in a set of organs which lie in the upper mandible, just below the openings of the nostrils. Under them, in the roof of the mouth, is a small fleshy knob. When the bird sets its beak in the flesh of a victim this knob receives a pressure which liberates the venom and inoculates the wound.

The East and the West.

The numerous kinds of west of which the effete east solemnly discourses are enough to bewilder a Philadelphia lawyer. It will assure you that besides "the middle west," a phrase that it employs continually and with evident pleasure, there are an eastern west, a western west, a northern west and a southern west! Yet there is only one east, and hardly enough of that to swear by—Californian.

The Social Round.

"I suppose," said the old time friend, "that your folks no longer feel the anxiety about social matters that they once experienced."

"Yes, they do," answered Mr. C. C. C. "mother and the girls are now as busy keeping other women out of society as they once were getting in themselves."

A Man Who Shaves

himself, needs no talcum—no witchazel-uo "cream"—if he uses

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Witch-Hazel

Toilet Soap

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3 cakes for 25c.

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ALL THE NEWS



Mrs. E. Powless

I took it for five months and then off and on until the critical period had passed and it restored me to perfect health. My nerves to suffering women is to try your Vegetable Compound, and they will not be disappointed."—Mrs. E. Powless, Deseronto, Ont.

Another Woman's Case.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"As I owe my splendid health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I am very pleased to write and tell you my experience with it. I am the mother of three children grown to womanhood, and have safely passed the change of life, and feel as young and as strong as I did twenty years ago, and I know that this is all due to your woman's friend, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I used it before my children were born, and it greatly assisted nature and saved me much pain during the change of life. I took it off and on, for four years, and had but little trouble and sickness that most women have to endure."

—Mrs. James K. Mann, 805 Bathurst St., Toronto, Canada.

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Powless and Mrs. Mann, it will do for other women at this time of life.

It has conquered pain, restored health, and prolonged life in cases that utterly baffled physicians.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.



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