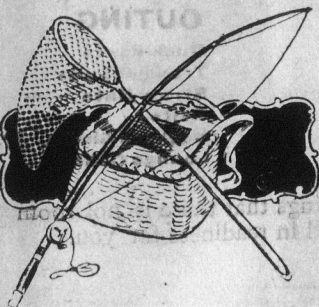


Morritt & Graham

Is the place to get your MEAT, Choice Beef, Veal, Pork, Mutton and Spring Lamb, Cooked Meats of all kinds. Orders called for and promptly delivered to all parts of the city. Give us a call.

West Market, Opp. Power House
Telephone 528



BRISCO'S—Everything in Fishing Tackle, Bait, etc., Boats, Launches and Canoes for Rent.

NOW IS THE TIME!**THE CANADIAN FEATHER AND MATTRESS CO.**

Is located on King St. West, next door to Geo. Stacey's Meat Market, and are prepared to Clean Feathers and Mattresses. HIGH GRADE FEATHER RENOVATING A SPECIALTY... ALL WORK GUARANTEED. We Buy New and Old Geese and Duck Feathers.

J. J. CLAYTON, Manager

Bungalow!

AT ERIEAU

OPEN FOR GUESTS.

4 TRAINS DAILY.

Last one leaves Chatham at 6.45 and returns at 9.30.

Lunches Served at the Pavilion at All Hours

BAND CONCERTS

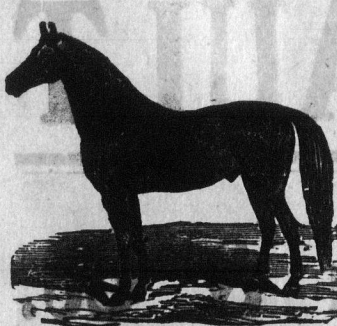
New Bowling Alley Has Been Erected.

Cottagers are Given Reduced Rates for Meal Tickets.

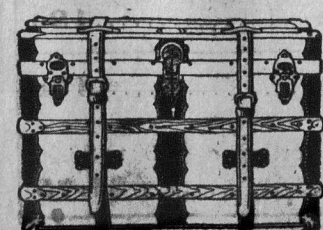
Comfortable Rooms and Meals

For particulars Address

E. J. BUZZARD, PROP.
Blenheim or Erieau Post Office.

**"Shadeland Nutamber"**

is a beautiful cherry bay standing 16 hands and weighs 1200 lbs. He was foaled in 1897, and has just been purchased by the undersigned, and is looked up as one of the handsomest stallions ever imported into Kent county. He is related to Carl Wilke's 2044; Manager 2064; Lady of the Moon 2044 and many of the fastest stock on the American turf. The pedigree of Shadeland will be mailed free to any person interested in breeding and an inspection of this stallion is cordially invited at his stables in the Rankin House Barns, Chatham, where he will stand for service during the season. Terms: \$15.00 to insure, Gilbert, Donovan & Leithbridge, proprietors.



BRISCO'S—Trunks, Grips, Valises all sizes, styles and prices, Bags, &c.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. D. Carter
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLON SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

If judgment is obtained against a man in one state and he moves into another before the judgment is satisfied the plaintiff proceeds against defendant at his new residence by what is known as "suing on a judgment." He has simply to bring into court a certified copy of the original judgment and execution is issued. This is in accordance with that provision of the constitution of the United States which says that "full faith and credit in each state shall be given to the acts, records and judicial proceedings of another state."

HOW TO CURE TOOTHACHE.

Any aching tooth can be relieved instantly with Nerviline. Fill the cavity with biting dipped in Nerviline and rub the gums with Nerviline also. If the face is swollen and sore both the painful parts with Nerviline and cover with a flannel. This can't fail because Nerviline kills the pain outright and prevents it from returning. Stronger, quicker, more satisfactory than any other treatment. Poisonous Nerviline has been the largest seller for nearly fifty years; try it yourself.

Brass Theft.

During the South African war an immense stone monument was removed at Cape Town during the night, and no one knows to this day by whom or why it was taken. Some years ago, in broad daylight, a clever and bold gang of thieves carried off a valuable fountain fourteen feet high from Exbridge without exciting the suspicions of any one and quite recently an omnibus was calmly removed, horses and all, while standing unguarded outside a public house in London and has never been seen or heard of since. It would seem, indeed, that it is often far easier to steal a big thing than a little one—London Telegraph.

THOUSANDS DIE OF CONSTIPATION.

No condition causes so many incurable diseases as constipation. It not only prevents the kidneys from eliminating the poisonous wastes, but causes anaemia, stomach trouble and indigestion. Why won't you use Dr. Hamilton's Pills and get cured? This excellent medicine restores normal bowel action in one night. Thousands say so. Your system will be pure and clean, you'll be free from headaches, no more sour stomach— in short you'll have jovial spirits and perfect good health. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are sold everywhere, 25c. a box. Get the genuine.

Mr. Little Resigns His Seat.
Toronto, July 14.—E. A. Little, M.P. for Cardwell, has resigned his seat. "In all probability," said Premier Whitney yesterday afternoon, "he will be appointed to succeed the late Mr. McLean Stevenson, Clerk of the County, and deputy clerk of the Crown, and the offices in question. There was some thought of dividing them, but Mr. Little will combine the work. The bye-election will be announced in due course. The majority for Mr. Little was 700.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by **HALL'S CATARRH CURE.**

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnam & Martyn, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

As we treat the world, so will it treat us.

Another man's hobby always looks easy to ride.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

The Message From Bleaker's

By Alice Crittenden Derby

Copyright, 1906, by Robt Douglas

The night operator at Bleaker's Lift had been crying. Job Daly, the taciturn old track walker, saw that with half an eye—which was all he ever directed toward the sex—when he came in for the coal scuttle that evening. Taxing his imagination for a cause, Job surmised that Rhoda wept because her father was laid up again with his crippled back, a memento of the last landslide, which he had defied in order to tick off a warning to others. As a matter of fact the girl's tears were not all ones, but pertained to the discovery that the young engineer of No. 7 was no ordinary sweat-of-the-brow running man, but a chap of very different caliber—in short, a son of the first vice president, with a penchant for practical knowledge concerning his father's road.

True, Dave maintained that a man is not accountable for his father and had blustered reassuringly when Rhoda wormed out of him the admission that his sire—had shown a tendency to a hot box when told of their matrimonial plans.

"Dad needn't be so doggone critical," grumbled Dave, blissfully depositing a clinder smudge near Rhoda's pink mouth. "He's self made, every inch of him; began at rock bottom forty years ago. He isn't noblesse either in some ways. He's often told me that I'm named for an old 'buddy' of his; some one he thought the world of and would give a lot to find."

Notwithstanding the vice president's magnanimity toward the memory of a willow "buddy," Rhoda felt that her humble self as a daughter-in-law should not be wantonly thrust upon him, particularly since Dave confessed light heartedly that the act might blind him to an engineer's life in dead earnest. She was a girl with a conscience, and that unfeeling mentor represented that she ought not to wreck her lover's career. Therefore Rhoda was digging a little heart grave that night at Bleaker's Lift and trying to shove big Dave into it.

Old Job in his wordless sympathy had filled up her coal stove so solicitously at 10 o'clock and again at 1 that Rhoda was driven to the open door for a breath of the keen mountain air of late November. The black night showed only a few sickly stars above the tall pines and Job Daly's lantern swinging along the winding path toward his own shanty. Suddenly this one friendly twinkle amid the darkness lurched sideways and went out.

"Job," called Rhoda concernedly. "Job, did you fall?"

There was no answer, and the girl turned resolutely within the office. She had lighted another lantern and was reaching for a wrap when unusual sounds made her wheel quickly. Five burly, evil looking men blocked the doorway.

Rhoda stepped across to the table, her eyes seeking the old fashioned photograph hanging above it as one might expect to a crucifix. It was the likeness of her father, whom she idolized, and she was taking counsel of him now and also thanking God that it was she on duty that night instead of him. Then she coolly faced the intruders, her back to the table and one hand creeping out stealthily behind her.

"Drop that, curse you!" snarled one of the men. "You'll finger that tinker when I tell you to and not before. See?"

It was the ugliest villain of them all who spoke, and Rhoda's arm fell at her side.

"Now you'll wire the old man at Rutherford," the fellow commanded, leveling a shining barrel at her head, "that there's a rock or a tree—make it a tree on the track, and the express'll have to take the siding. Tell 'em the old girl is hurt and they'll have to throw her switch themselves." He lowered his voice, speaking to the others, "That'll give us time to fix the engineer and get aboard!"

His accomplices nodded.

"Now hump yourself, girl. This man, Telegraph Bill, is next to the dot and dash line, so you can't fool us, and you'll do the job up proper or it'll be all day with you." A metallic click emphasized the threat.

Rhoda glanced slowly about the circle of dark, sinister faces. Coming last to Telegraph Bill, she saw that the man was listening intently to a message passing over the wire, and she knew the leader had spoken truly. They were not to be fooled.

An athen pallor overspread her face. She reached hesitatingly for the key, her fingers stiffened on it unwillingly, and jerkily the instrument began to tick. At the first sound Telegraph Bill looked up, and their eyes held each other for an instant, then the man's brow contracted doggedly, and he looked down. Even a train robber may not relish seeing a loyal-hearted woman compelled to betray her post.

Tick, tick, tick, sped the message, while Rhoda gazed fascinatedly at the one man who understood it. When she had finished her eyes met again, but his spoke only a bold admiration for which Rhoda's lashes sank.

After cutting the wires the men fled out, engaged in muttered colloquy. Rhoda flung herself down, her head upon her arms. Then, at the thought of all that might yet be, she drew a bright little revolver from the drawer and held it tremblingly. A muffled step and Telegraph Bill stood before her, glancing back apprehensively, as if to see if he were watched.

The girl's weapon flashed aimlessly.

With a brown impression the man lunged to the floor, his temple striking a broken drawhead, which fate, in the person of Job Daly, had cast into a corner that afternoon. Blood gushed from two wounds and he lay white and motionless where he had fallen.

In Rhoda's ears was a running reverberation. She thought it was her own heart till the deck lights of a freight whizzed past and then she knew why the report of her shot had not brought the other men back. She crouched in her chair, hiding her eyes from that rigid, white faced object with its cooling blood. The wanted companionship of the sounder was gone and the mournful sighing of the pine trees without seemed a ghostly requiem for slain hope.

After many hours, she thought, there came a locomotive's sharp cry, waking the mountain echoes; then the nearer rolling thunder of a train. She heard the brake shoes grind upon the wheels and then oblivion unfolded her, unperturbed by the hubbub of shouts and firing which followed.

What she knew next was that Dave bent over her, pressing her drooping head against the breast of his sooty coat. The room was full of men, some of them bound and gagged. Among these latter was Job, for once more silent than even he enjoyed, though he spoke no word when some one loosed him.

A stately old gentleman emerged from the background and, crossing over, twitched the engineer's sleeve. The young man lifted his eyes, a tender, adoring light still filling them.

"Father!" he exclaimed. "What in the name of all?"

The old gentleman smiled quizzically. "I had a railway to see how you ran an engine, Dave, and I got right into it. Hey, boy?"

At that moment a commotion arose from the rufian in the corner. Raising himself on one elbow he stared stupidly about, then lifted a vindictive fist and shook it at Rhoda.

"You young Jeebel, you," he roared painfully, "to serve me like this after I'd saved you from the gang. They'd have swung you a through ticket if I'd blown your message, and you know it, too, you—bully little devil!"

I was going to help you make a sneak if you hadn't plugged me, but!"

Rhoda sprang forward, remorsefully wringing her hands. Dave's gaze went with her devouringly.

The vice president looked from one to the other. Then he adjusted his eyeglasses and picked up the yellow telegram slip which the division superintendent had just laid down. He read: "Danger at H. Robbers waiting for train No. 7. Don't stop, for God's sake."

The official smiled again, this time a little uncertainly. Edging closer to the son he laid a gentle hand upon his shoulder.

"Lad," he said reproachfully, pointing to the little old photograph above the table, "why didn't you tell me long ago that she was Dave Brody's girl? Surely you knew that he was my old buddy?"

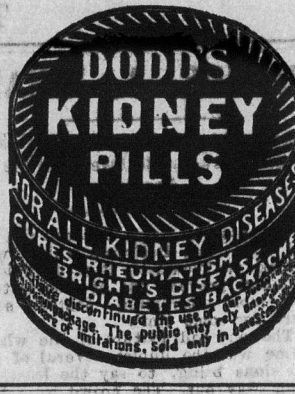
The Color of Water.
After long hesitation scientific men agree in admitting that water physically pure seen in nature is sky blue. This color is that taken by the white light of the sun when absorbed by the water in consequence of a phenomenon the explanation of which would be a little long. It is not due to the chemical purity of the water, since the sea, which is the bluest water, is also that which contains the most salt. Nevertheless, according to Forel's experiments, the matter in solution should be the predominant cause of the modification of color, upon which act besides the matter in suspension of the color of the bottom and the reflection of the sky and of the banks. Consequently blue water is pretty rare in nature. A good many seas and lakes that give us the impression of this tint are green. The water at present acknowledged to be the bluest is that of the Sargasso sea, between the Cape Verde Islands and the Antilles. The water of the Mediterranean off the French coast and around Capri is bluer than that of Lake Lemano, much less blue itself than that of the lakes of Kandersteg and Arolla, in Switzerland.—Paris L'Illustration.

Calling the Landlady.

A man's curiosity got the better of him in a Back Bay lodging house one day, and he paid for it, as is usually the case. He said he hadn't seen the landlady during his stay of three months, the rents being paid to the housekeeper, and a friend to whom he made this remark said that she was around about every day—in fact, he wouldn't be surprised if she was in the house then. To test his confidence he was willing to wager the cigars that she was there, and his doubting friend was he said, "Agreed." Then the man who was certain proceeded to win easily. Seizing a plate from the table, he dropped it upon the floor, and in less than a minute the woman of the house was on the scene inquiring about the cause of the noise. The doubter was satisfied.—Boston Globe.

Men Need Big Mirrors.

A man's dressing room needs a full length mirror as much as a woman's boudoir. This declaration was made by a speaker at a convention of men with no contradiction—in fact, after the convention had adjourned it was found that every maker of garments in the hall believed that it would make the American citizen a better dressed person if he would make arrangements to "see himself as others see him." This is not "foppish," it was declared, even though it can be done only through the use of the long mirror, heretofore held sacred to my lady's use.

**Find Infant's Body Dead.**

Chester, July 14.—The body of a dead female child was found on the railway track Sunday. An inquest is being held. Everything points to some person going north on the train Saturday night having put carbolic acid in the infant's mouth and throwing it off the train. The infant was about four weeks old, and was neatly dressed in factory linen clothes, and was apparently well nourished.

WHAT CAUSES SNORING.

When asleep, people that snore breathe through the mouth instead of the nostrils, which are choked with catarrh. Just use Catarrh-zone before retiring and you'll quickly cure the snoring habit. By destroying the cause of catarrh and healing the membranes, Catarrh-zone makes a complete cure in every case; it cleans the nostrils, stops the discharge and prevents dripping in the throat in a few minutes. Nothing so pleasant or certain to cure snoring, catarrh or colds as Catarrh-zone—that's worth remembering.

Suspicious.

Mr. Bilkins (looking up from the paper)—The eminent physician, Dr. Greathhead, says there is no exercise so conducive to health in woman as ordinary housework. Mrs. Bilkins—Huh! I'll bet he's married.

Apples Improve Cigars.

Possibly the best way to improve cigars is to place very thin slices of apple between them. This is a familiar practice among connoisseurs. Any old apple will do.

THOSE ANNOYING BLACKHEADS.

External applications will never remove pimples or blackheads. Only by stimulating circulation and purifying the blood can it be done. For quick, sure release from these pests use Ferrazone; it drives all humors from the blood, makes the skin healthy, tones up the system. With the pure nutritious blood made by Ferrazone it's impossible to suffer from any skin disease. You'll have a smooth, delightful skin, healthy color and beautiful complexion by using Ferrazone—and you'll feel immensely better. Well, fifty cents buys a box containing fifty chocolate coated tablets at any drug store.

City Teacher 'Drowned.'

Toronto, July 14.—Word was received in the city last evening that William P. Dandy, B. A., one of the instructors in commerce and finance at the Technical High School, had been drowned during the afternoon in Stony Lake. He was bathing, and it is supposed, took a cramp.

WOMEN WHO WEAR WELL.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life will make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant drains which are often consequent on marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness. As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in renewed comeliness. Half a million women and more have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

A lawyer may be color blind, but he knows red tape.

Digby, N. S.
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—Last August my horse was badly cut in eleven places by a barbed wire fence. Three of the cuts—small ones—healed soon, but the others became foul and rotten, and though I tried many kinds of medicine they had no beneficial result. At last a doctor advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT and in four weeks' time every sore was healed and the hair has grown over each one in fine condition. The Liniment is certainly wonderful in its workings.

JOHN R. HOLDEN.
Witness, Perry Baker.

Even a bachelor would rather be a widow's second husband than her first.

You will not find beauty in rouge pot or complexion whitewash. True beauty comes to them only that take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It's a wonderful tonic and beautifier. 35 cents. Box or Tubs.

A. I. McCall & Co.

HOW BEAST MEN ARE MADE.

The hideous and cruel practice of flesh sculpture in China.

"Victor Hugo in 'The Man Who Laughs,' said an ethnologist, 'tells of the sculptors of living flesh—those horrible people of the middle ages who kidnapped tender little children and turned them into all sorts of monsters, dwarfs, hunchbacks and the like, selling them afterward for jesters or for showmen's freaks.'

"The hideous and cruel practice of flesh sculpture still continues. There is a tribe of Chinese gypsies who steal children and turn them into so called wild men. The practice is, of course, illegal.

"A kidnapped child is flayed alive, bit by bit, and the shaggy skin of a dog is grafted on him. This takes a year. At the year's end the poor creature is shaggy, like a bear, from head to foot. The child's vocal chords are destroyed with charcoal in an unpeppering cruel way. He can never speak thereafter. He can only growl and moan like a beast.

"He is imprisoned in a perfectly black hole until every vestige of reason leaves him. Nine months is usually a sufficient confinement to accomplish this. 'Finally, speechless, shaggy, lunatic, the victim is sold to a traveling showman and is exhibited throughout China as a genuine wild man or beast man. I am bound to say he looks the part.'

HOG MONEY.

Origin of the Curious Old Brass Coins of Bermuda.

"Hog money" is the name by which the brass money which began to be struck in Bermuda in 1650 came to be known. On one face of it was a hog, on the other a ship of that period. These old coins are very rare and highly prized by collectors.

The history of this device is curious and interesting. A Spanish vessel, commanded by Juan Bermudez, on its way to Cuba with a cargo of hogs, was wrecked there. This was in 1515. Later in the same century, when the English discovered this land they found a country inhabited by hogs.

It is also interesting to note that the English discovered it in the same way as the Spaniards. An English ship was wrecked there. Is it any wonder that the treacherous coast got from Spanish and English alike the name of Devil's Land? Yet it is one of the most beautiful coasts in the world, and it has been claimed that in brilliancy Mediterranean effects are not at all equal to those of Bermuda.

Bermuda is said to be the island of Shakespeare's "Tempest." The strange noises which mariners heard coming from this island, and which they did not then know were produced by hogs, caused them to say that it was haunted and to report weird things of it—Pearson's.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

Money Wisely Expended Is Safely and Profitably Expended.

Beautiful utility is never too costly. Over and over again the cost benefits of public improvements have been proved, defined, established. It is true of public betterments of a sanitary character; it is true of public betterments that look to commercial advancement; it is true of public betterments that have primarily an art value. The practical and the ornamental betterment are alike in this—that money wisely expended for good purposes is safely and profitably invested.

The limitations of expenditures for civic betterment are of course very obvious. The work undertaken must be good in itself and serve some good purpose. Money expended for a worthless filtration plant, for example, is money worse than wasted. Money spent for bad art is not always considered as so completely lost as money that might be wasted for worthless sanitary apparatus. The statue causes no ill health and may be avoided by passing down the next street, while an impure water supply brings death and destruction to many helpless persons—Homes and Garden.

English and Scotch Precedence.

At the coronation of Charles I. the kingdoms of England and Scotland having been united during the reign of his father, considerable friction took place with regard to the order of precedence of the English and Scottish noblemen. An arrangement satisfactory to all parties was finally concluded, in virtue of which English peers while in England took precedence of Scottish peers of the same rank, while in Scotland this order was reversed, and the Scottish peers went first.

The Shepherd's Crook.

Although most people have seen a shepherd's crook, many do not know the use of it. Some people think that all the shepherd carries it for is to use it as a walking stick when he tramps to and from the fold. But the crooked end itself serves a purpose. It enables a shepherd to catch refractory sheep. If a sheep shows signs of running away the crooked end has only to be placed round his leg, and he is a captive.—London Standard.

A Long Way Off.

Creditor (determinedly)—I shall call at your house every week until you pay this account, sir. Debtor (in the blandest of tones)—Then, sir, there seems every probability of our acquaintance ripening into friendship.

Lots of Chatter.

"What is he saying?"
"Oh, Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words,' you know."

"Well, the audience seems to be doing their best to supply the deficiency."—London Bystander.

The words of the good are like a staff in a slippery place.—Hindoo Maxim.

WANTED

WANTED—Two dining room girls. Apply Grand Central Hotel.

CANVASSERS WANTED—It takes a smart man to sell goods for twice what they are worth and hold the trade. Our motto is goods at a fair price. Alfred Tyler, 355-7 Clarence St., London, Ont.

WANTED—General Agent, by an old established Life Company, for Chatham and district. Liberal salary contract will be given to one who can prove himself a business-getter. Apply to Heath & Glass, District Managers Confederation Life Association, 106 Masonic Temple, London.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED—For S. S. No. 10, Chatham Tp.; duties to commence at end of holidays. Apply, stating salary and qualifications, to David Thorn, Oungah, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED—For S. S. No. 4, Raleigh, male or female. Duties to commence after vacation. Apply, stating salary, to A. S. Shrover, Chatham, Ont.

WANTED—Teacher for S. S. No. 1, Dover. West duties to commence after summer holidays. Apply to John Bagnell, Secretary, Chatham, P. O.

WANTED—Assistant teacher for S. S. No. 9, Chatham Township, duties to commence after summer holidays; state salary and qualifications. Applications received until July 25th. John T. Holmes, Secretary, Box 62, Tupperville, Ont.

WANTED—Teacher with first or second class certificate, lady preferred, for S. S. No. 8, Chatham; duties to commence after midsummer holidays. Apply, stating salary and qualifications, to S. J. Shaw, or Wm. H. Shaw, Appleton, Ont.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT

FOR RENT—New 8-room house, modern improvements, Isaac Smith, Prince St.

FOR SALE—Window frames with glass, for sale cheap at The Planet Office.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE—On Wilson avenue. Apply to F. Cartier.

HOUSE TO RENT—Eight rooms, Hilliard street, North Chatham, all modern conveniences. Apply to G. W. Rayner, Joseph street.

FARM FOR SALE—At a bargain, 160 acres on Lot No. 3, Con. 1, Camden. Apply to Robert Cucksey, Chatham.

FOR SALE—6-12 acres near the city, dwelling house and outbuildings complete; possession can be given at once. For further particulars address Box 22, Planet.

FOR SALE—Moderate sized house with modern improvements, for sale, on Victoria Ave., at a bargain. Apply to Thos. Scullard or The Planet Office.

FOR SALE—Desirable lot on Victoria Ave., for sale, next to the residence of W. R. Landon. Apply to Thos. Scullard or The Planet Office.

FOR SALE—Summer Home and Shooting Lodge at the Mouth of the Thames for sale. A rare chance to get a valuable property. Apply to James B. McKay, Detroit, Mich.