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**Aunt Mary's**  
**Home Made Bread**  
Aunt Mary extends to you her thanks for responding to the call. In using of Aunt Mary's Bread—Again, I thank you, one and all.  
Aunt Mary has met with great success. Even better than she expected. The quality will be maintained. And nothing will be neglected.  
On each loaf of Aunt Mary's Bread there is a label on which is written, "Aunt Mary's Bread." A loaf from Aunt Mary's shop.  
To those who wish a daily supply. Please have our wagons call. The demand Aunt Mary will meet—She can make enough for all.  
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Places before the public moderate prices in  
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We have the stock. We are prepared for Christmas.  
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From \$5 up. Shipped safely to any point by express. Write for price list. We make specially low prices to get these birds in all parts of Canada to advertise  
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19 Bathurst St. London, Ont.

**FOR SALE OR TO LET**  
To let, the premises occupied for years as a photograph gallery by Mr. Westlake, on Fifth St., east of McCall's Drug Store.  
To let, a brick house on Head St., opposite the Wagon Works.  
For Sale, a very superior farm of about one hundred acres in Warwick, about two miles from the city—that very desirable farm, part of W. Reed's farm.  
A new frame house with brick foundation, just finished with quarter oak and all modern improvements for sale on Dege St. Easy terms.  
Also two new houses, joining the above on Dege St., and the Wiggles house on Wellington St. Apply to  
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## STEAMERS IN COLLISION.

British Steamer Hillbrook Sinks British Steamer Swainby Off Wales—No Lives Lost.

Chifu, Nov. 24.—The Chinese in Manchuria are preparing to make an attempt to boycott Japanese goods.  
Stratford, Nov. 24.—Mrs. Sarah Elsie Mitchell, aged 97 is dead. She was mother of 13 children, three of whom survive.

Denver, Col., Nov. 24.—The national grange decided to establish a weekly paper, to be devoted entirely to the interests of the grange.

Belleville, Nov. 24.—Charles Vermilyea, a well-known resident of Thurlow, was arrested here yesterday afternoon charged with forgery.

Aberdeen, S.D., Nov. 24.—Fire last night wiped out an entire block of buildings on Main street, between Second and Third avenues, causing a loss of \$200,000.

Chicago, Nov. 24.—James F. Delaney, vice-president of the American Shipping Co., was yesterday shot and killed by his wife, who immediately afterward committed suicide.

Quebec, Nov. 24.—Hon. Premier Gouin received message yesterday morning from the Magdalen Islands announcing that the majority of L. A. Theriault in the recent election was 93 votes.

London, Nov. 24.—William Perkins, charged with abusing his wife, was sent up for trial before Judge Barron. The woman shows burns on the neck, where she claims Perkins struck her with a red hot poker.

Toronto, Nov. 24.—A subscription of \$250,000 to the T. & N. O. Loan reduces the amount of bonds remaining to \$171,000. Hon. Mr. Matheson expects these to be taken up very shortly, completing the \$3,000,000.

London, Nov. 24.—The Glasgow Herald says one Italian company is so convinced of the development of trade and of emigration traffic with Canada that it already has three steamers building in this country for Canadian trade.

Strathroy, Nov. 24.—The death occurred yesterday morning of Francis J. Craig, town clerk. Deceased was born in Pickering Township, Ontario County, in 1837, and came to Strathroy in 1869, and was appointed in 1892. He was mayor in 1892.

New York, Nov. 24.—Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco, who arrived here yesterday on the steamship Patricia, said there was absolutely no truth in the charges made against him and that he would go to San Francisco and court the fullest inquiry.

Quebec, Nov. 24.—Judgment in the case of the Kensington will be rendered next week by Capt. Spain. All the witnesses in the inquiry were of the opinion that the accident was caused by evident defectiveness on the steam-stering gear of the steamer.

Barry, Wales, Nov. 24.—The British steamer Hillbrook, from Hamburg for New York, arrived in the Roads yesterday with bows extensively damaged, having been in collision with the British steamer Swainby. The Swainby sank, but no lives were lost.

Rome, Nov. 24.—King George of Greece arrived here yesterday afternoon. He was received at the railroad station by King Victor Emmanuel. Foreign Minister Tittoni and all the other dignitaries of state. The police arrested a number of suspected anarchists.

Lucan, Nov. 24.—George Carter, known as Little George, a well-to-do farmer, living near Clondeboyne, in McGillivray Township, four miles from here, was choked to death yesterday afternoon by a piece of meat while at dinner at Pitman's Hotel, Clondeboyne.

Fall River, Mass., Nov. 24.—Fall River's cotton mill employees won a battle for an increase of wages yesterday and on Monday next 30,000 operatives will come under a scale giving them 10 per cent. more than the present rate. The new scale affects seventy corporations operating 92 mills, besides the iron works plant.

## MIKE EVINO TO HANG.

Found Guilty of Killing Countryman At Port Arthur.

Port Arthur, Nov. 24.—Mike Evino was sentenced to be hanged here on Friday morning, January 18, by Justice Macbe. Evino shot Samuel Franchella on Good Friday. He escaped to Portage la Prairie, where he was arrested, and brought back to this place.

A few weeks ago he attempted to escape and nearly killed Turnkey Jones. Thursday the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder, and he was sentenced yesterday morning.

The Italians intend to endeavor to get the Italian consul to intervene. Evino, with deceased and others, was playing cards in Debenardi's shop, when the prisoner shot Samuel while he was endeavoring to get him to go home. The prisoner stated that he had shot the man because he had teased him.

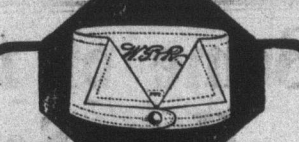
In the case of Gillott v. C. P. R., for damages for loss of property with the company on the coal dock the jury brought in a verdict of \$1,500.

## Two Children Burn to Death.

Montreal, Nov. 24.—Burned to death because their mother locked them in a room was the fate of two little children yesterday morning. Mrs. Philippe Dupress of 101 Champlain street went out to buy groceries and locked her baby girl, four years, and boy, two years, in a room. A few minutes after a neighbor heard frantic screams and rushed in, to find smoke pouring out of the room where the children were. She broke open the door and got the two children out, badly burned, and extinguished the flames after calling an ambulance. The boy died on the way to the hospital, and the girl lived for some hours.

## Elevators in a Combine.

Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 24.—The sensation of the grand commission yesterday was the statement of John Riddell of Rosebank to the effect that the line elevators were trying to put the farmers' companies out of business. W. M. MacMillan of the Dominion Elevator Co. emphatically denied this, but Riddell was recalled, and swore that, in Rosebank, the three line elevators worked together with the intention of driving the farmers' elevator, of which he was manager, out of commission.



**TUXEDO**—A "dressy" but comfortable collar for day wear anywhere. Looks smart in close-fitted puff scarf. 2 1/2 in. at back. Made in

**Quarter Sizes**

Four sizes to the inch, instead of two, assures you a snug, perfect neck-fit. Made of lustre linen, our new tuxedo is a sate—and your pocket's.

20c. Demand the brand 3 for 50c.

## BARN FLOOR COLLAPSES.

Remarkable Accident During Progress of a Sale—Five Men Sustain Severe Injuries.

Tillsonburg, Nov. 23.—Without warning the floor of Eli Barnum's barn collapsed yesterday during the progress of a sale, and from 25 to 50 men, together with a number of horses, were "pocketed" in a heap in the basement. Fully a score were painfully injured, at least five of them seriously; while one horse had to be killed.

There was a fall of fully 12 feet, and men and horses and farm equipment that happened to be on the floor, were flung together. It was the kicking of the horses that caused injuries to several of the men. The worst injured are:

James Gillies, leg broken. D. Hicks, three ribs broken and internal injuries. Henry Finn, ribs broken. Joseph Grandyen, ribs broken. Henry Barham, injured about the body, face and arms.

The farm is four miles from here. Hamilton, Nov. 23.—Tomasso Vendetta, 167 North Macnab street, an Italian teamster, employed at the steel plant, was electrocuted yesterday morning. He went into the boiler house and came in contact with a live wire. An inquest will be held.

## A LIVING GHOST!

That is What Her Friends Said About Her

Read how Mrs. James Steele, Waterville, Que., was cured by the use of

**MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS**

she writes: "For the past fourteen months I was nervous all the time, and became so run down I was unable to walk across the house without getting dizzy. My friends told me I looked like a living ghost and advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I got two boxes and within two weeks I had improved wonderfully and after finishing the fourth box I was completely cured. They are the greatest pills I ever used and I can recommend them to all sufferers."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills act directly on the disordered heart and nerves, and restore them to healthy action. They have no equal for reviving and strengthening the heart beat, invigorating the nervous system, and acting as a food for the blood, improving its quality, making it rich and red.

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## Seven Men Perish.

Sandusky, Ohio, Nov. 23.—The barge Athens, in tow of the steamer Pratt, went down in Lake Erie in the storm Wednesday night. The captain and six men of the crew were probably drowned.

Panama Wrecked; Crew Saved.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 23.—A Detroit News special from Marquette says the steamer Panama has been found wrecked on Mineral Reef Point, Lake Superior. The crew were rescued.

Four Drowned.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 23.—Four men, who were caught by Wednesday night's storm on the cribwork of the new breakwater to Holland Harbor, on Lake Michigan, were drowned. They could not gain the shore because of the immense sea.

Three Ashore.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 23.—The steel steamer Chauncey Hurlbut is aground off Leamington.

The Anchor Line package freight steamer Conemaugh went ashore on Point Pelee. The crew of 22 was rescued by the life-savers.

There now seems to be some doubt as to the safety of the barge D. K. Clint, which was in tow of the Hurlbut. The barge carries a crew of seven men and a woman cook.

## On the Rocks.

Kingston, Nov. 23.—The tug Emerson, with four grain barges, towed by the Montreal Transportation Co., for Montreal, got among the islands and the tug hit the rocks, and her barges anchored.

## Steamer Sinks.

Portland, Ore., Nov. 23.—The river steamer Lurline was sunk in a collision with the towboat Cascade in the river off Ranier early yesterday. All aboard escaped in their night clothes.

## HE DIDN'T.

How, asked Lady Blislington, did your son ever come to marry that American girl?  
He didn't, replied the dowager duchess, she came to marry him.

## Just Miss June

By Virginia Leila Wentz

Summer after summer the same elderly quiet people had come to Mrs. Austin's pretty country boarding house, and the same noisy, vehement children. Of course there had been some additions to the latter class, some defections from the former, but the character of the company had remained much the same. This year, however, came a new boarder of a distinctly different element. He was Paul Campbell, a playwright of some reputation.

Being the only eligible man on the place, Miss Austin had managed to lay hold of Mr. Campbell as her special property. At first he did not mind. Were not her eyes sufficiently blue? Was there not always about her the odor of orris and heliotrope? But when he discovered that both mother and daughter were trying to work the matrimonial game upon him he balked.

One warm day they had been down to the lake boating, and now they had turned their faces homeward.

"If you find the path rough for fashionable heels or tear your gown with the brambles or scratch your face with the wild roses, on your head be the consequence." Paul Campbell was warning Miss Austin, who had capriciously chosen a path through the woods, while he had wisely indicated another.

"I don't care. It's too hot to breathe today, and I know this is the shorter way. It'll get us home more quickly than the other."

"Well, it must be single file," observed Campbell, with something like positive relief, remembering that the arrangement would do something to add to the difficulty of conversation.

"You'll have a good opportunity," threw back Miss Austin over her shoulder, "of determining whether my hair is all my own."

"Its glory," answered Campbell, quick always in saying the required thing, "must blind me to its defects, if there be any."

"So good of you to make the qualification!" retorted Miss Austin.

Here and there the briar roses bloomed in all their exquisite pinkness. Campbell, absent-mindedly, pulled the leaves from the stalk. Then he chanced to look upon the pink bud.

With a whimsical, half tender gesture he thrust it into his buttonhole. Oh, he was a fool, beyond doubt, to fancy such a connection. But those unostentatious little petals, showing their delicate veins as they tapered upward and unfolding so much wild sweetness, reminded him of Miss June.

June was Mrs. Austin's younger daughter. She had wide, dark eyes and teeth of pearl, but she was not beautiful like her sister Jane. Their names, in fact, many of the boarders thought, ought to have been turned about, for June was just like her sister's name, while Jane was as flushed and jubilant as summer's first month.

"There's a pleasure as well as a credit in dressing her," June had once overheard her mother say when she'd slipped Jane into a thin white frock and brushed her glossy curls. That was twelve years ago. June was only six, but her fragile little hands had gone together in mute protest, and her eyes had grown larger with half understood pain.

June, whom her household and the summer boarders saw; June of the infrequent speech, the shy, fugitive smiles and proud, reticent air—that was not June of the woods whom Paul Campbell had grown to know. June of the woods had an elusive grace, shining eyes, laughter as silvery as the rippling streams, exquisite fancies, quick, dramatic gestures and withal a delicate, childish abandon of spirit.

"Well," asked Miss Austin as they came out from the woodland path on to the sunny road, "have you settled the affairs of the nation? I looked back at you once or twice, but you were in such a brown study you didn't notice me," she pouted.

"Miss Jane, how could that be possible?" mocked her courteously.

"Pshaw!" she said, twirling her sunshade indignantly. "I believe I'm nothing but a peg for you to hang compliments on!"

"You are the magnet which attracts them," he corrected. Suddenly Miss Austin lifted her eyes.

"That wild rose bud in your coat is very pretty. Will you give it to me for a remembrance of the day?"

Campbell's fingers closed upon the bud to detach it; then he remembered.

"No, Miss Austin," he laughed, thrusting his hands into his pockets; "it would be inappropriate. When I go to the village tomorrow I'll get you some roses from the florist's."

One morning several days later they were in the woods together, June and he, under the silver column of a beech tree. She sat beside him, with her slim, brown hands folded in her lap and the wild rose buds withering in her dark hair. The pink of them had somehow stolen to her cheeks. She was happy today in spite of the fact that Campbell was chiding her.

"See here, young lady," he was saying half seriously, half playfully, "if you continue to evade me as you've been doing for the past few days I'm going to pack up my trunk and leave next week. What possible pleasure do you think I find in a lot of staid ladies who knit on the porches and children who squabble?"

"There's Jane," suggested the girl demurely, watching the flash of a bird through a rift in the foliage. "She likes to be with you, Mr. Campbell. I'm sure. And I'm sure"—here the pearly teeth caught the scarlet underlip—"Jane's neither a staid knitting lady nor a squabbling child. And why should you miss me? I'm not beautiful like Jane. I'm just"—

"Just Miss June," finished Campbell simply. But there was a world of quiet pride in his voice.

June trembled beneath his words and knew not why she trembled. But there was sufficient dramatic force in her to go toward the making of a great actress. She spied a spray of scarlet columbine on a gray rock overhanging a dark pool. Unconsciously the contrast of colors struck her artistic eye, and she made use of it all to hide her sudden emotion.

"Will you fetch me those columbines that wave from the rock and throw colored patches on the pool, Mr. Campbell?" said she quietly.

But when he had gone her hand went for support to the column of the beech, her bosom rose and fell and her wide eyes dilated, then half closed.

"Oh, dear God," she prayed inwardly, "I've never had any one in my whole life really to love me. And he is so big and so knightly. Don't let me imagine a vain thing that would break my heart. Let me remember that I am plain—and that he is just kind."

"Here," cried Campbell cheerfully, coming back with a bunch of the columbine and handing it to her. "The scarlet just matches your lips, little maid." It was not alone her lips that were scarlet now; a flame spread hotly over her cheeks.

In a few moments she jumped up, laughing, smoothing out her blueingham frock. "If ever I come to regard myself as a bewitching fairy princess I'll hold you responsible, sir. But I must be going now. I'm still Cinderella," she added. "I promised mother to make the salad dressing for luncheon."

And so the fragrant summer month drifted irresponsibly on.

One warm evening when the air was filled with the gold of fireflies, a mass of oranges, now darkening, now brightening, Mrs. Austin came out on her side porch, which, for a wonder, was vacant, and swung her portly weight none too gently into the hammock. The silver of the moon was beginning to tremble through the leaves of the trees and to show patches of the garden path that wound toward the front gate.

"Those locusts sound awfully shrill," thought Mrs. Austin, trying ineffectually to put the hammock in motion. Then she lay there inert, yielding to the drowsiness of the air.

She must have dozed off a bit, for suddenly she started as the way of one who tries to capture one's waking wits.

"And you know, dear, that I love you. I guess I've been loving you right from the first, but I didn't realize it till"—

Two figures had just passed the moonlit patch in the path and were emerging into the shadows that stretched toward the gate, so Mrs. Austin couldn't exactly see who they were, but she recognized Campbell's rich, deep voice.

"At last!" she cried, smiling broadly. "Well, Jane deserved it—and she'll have a good husband." She raised herself up in the hammock. Sleep had fled.

Now, just at that moment Sarah, the cook, who had been buying some ribbon and roching in one of the village shops, happened to enter the front gate. As she came abreast of the wide porch Mrs. Austin leaned over the railing.

"Sarah," she whispered, with maternal pride in her voice, "was that Miss Jane who went out of the gate then with Mr. Campbell?" It was a statement rather than a question.

"No'm," said Sarah, looking up quickly. "That wasn't Miss Jane, ma'am; it was just Miss June."

**Catalogue of Misnomers.**  
"A silver shoehorn is a misnomer," said a philologist. "So is a wooden milestone. So is a steel pen, according to its name. How can it be made of silver, then? In like manner a milestone can't be made of wood—though they have them, the same as nutmegs in Connecticut—nor can a pen, which strictly means a feather, be made of steel."

"Irish stew is a dish unknown in Ireland. Jerusalem artichokes were never heard of in Jerusalem. Prussian blue does not come from Prussia, but from the red prussiate of potash."

"Galvanized iron is not galvanized. It is zinc coated. Catgut is not the gut of cats, but of sheep. Kid gloves do not come from kid skins, but from lamb skins."

"Sealing wax has no wax in it, nor is it a byproduct of the seal. Wormwood bears no relation either to wood or worms. Rice paper is never made from rice. Salt is not a salt."

"Copper coins are bronze, not copper. India ink is unknown in India. Turkeys come from our own country, from Turkey never."

**A Lazy Feet.**  
Laziness does not always confer the long life claimed for it by Dr. Herbert Snow. Of proverbial laziness was Thomson, the poet, drowsing away the greater part of his life in his garden at Richmond, listening to nightingales, writing the interminable poems that everybody now admires and nobody reads. There he could often be seen standing eating the peaches off the trees, "with his hands in his pockets." Such an instance of indolence would be hard to beat and should, one would think, have added at least ten years to his life. But Thomson died at forty-eight.—London Chronicle.

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James A. King, Agent for Chatham.

**DISTRICT**  
THORNOLIFFE.  
Peter Smith was taken very suddenly ill at Walter Hazlett's. A doctor was quickly summoned and he was removed to his home. By last account he is much better.  
Misses Maggie and Mary Shaw and Mr. Willie Waters visited Mrs. Houston on Sunday.  
An exceedingly large crowd attended services on Sunday evening. Among those who visited at Thorncliffe on Sunday were Mr. Robert Webster and the Messrs. Waterworth from Newbury at Mrs. Smith's; Mr. Geo. Blackburn and wife and Miss May Rumfey.  
Mrs. Early and Mrs. Rogers visited Mrs. Smith last week.  
Mrs. Early's new house is almost completed. Her sister, Mrs. Rogers, will return home after spending a long vacation with Mrs. Early.  
If young fellows only knew what girls say about them there would be fewer flirtations.

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To have become first, proves merit."  
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