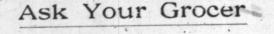
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'Eagle" Parlor Matches, 200;

"Eagle" Parlor Matches, 100

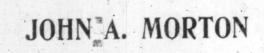
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Leather Belting, Lacing, and Harvest Mitts,

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THE CHATHAM DAILY PLANET

WHEN THE GIRLS WORE CALLO ON THE WATCH. There was a time, betwixt the days Of linsey, woolsey, straight and prim, And these when mode, with despet ways, Leads woman captive at its whim, Yet not a hundred years ago, When girls wore simple calico. Important Financial Concerns

Guard Against Theft.

The Bank of England Buys Tips From

Clever Crooks.

All sorts of odd incidents occur in England's banking circles, where strictest measures are taken to protect treasure from the robbers and burglars. Some

of the institutions pay cash for informa

tion of, and in some cases from, the crim-inals themselves. The Bank of England's

yearly budget always contains an ex-

pense item due to such outlays. The first experiment of the kind detes back to 1850, when the directors of the bank lis-

tened to a startling proposition made by a "ditch digger." The laborer told the directors that he

had discovered a new and unsuspected

method of getting into the cellar vaults.

where the gold and silver bars were kept,

and that he would sell his secret to them for money. The directors hesitated, be-

lieving that they had taken every precau-tion against loss from the vaults in put-

ting up heavy masonry, with plenty of iron bars, and by manning the building

with armed watchers, but finally they granted the man, who seemed to talk

fairly, a chance to try his plan, and a night was named for the undertaking.

At the appointed time a committee of the directors descended to the cellar and

heard a peculiar scratching sound under their feet. Two hours later the floor opened, and the ditch digger bobbed up

serenely, like the evil spirit in the spec-

tacular drama. All around them lay bars of precious metal; totaling in value £3,-

000,000. The man explained satisfactori-ly how it was done, and as a reward the

many that proved to be of value to them.

in the production of their currency. Despite the fact that these expendi-

Ancient Postage Stamp

able in the word.

In the year of 1851 a 19 penny black

Canadian postage stamp was printed by

the Government of Ottawa. The public did not regard this somber issue with

favor, so few were issued. One of these

stamps was sent to the Hamilton post-

mained honest ever afterward.

Within the barn by lantern light, Through many a reel, with flying feet, The boys and maidens danced at night To fiddled measures, shrilly sweet, And merry revels were they, though The girls were gowneu in calico.

Across the flooring rough and gray The gold of scattered chaff was spread, And long festoons of clover hay That straggled from the loft o'er head, Swung scented fringes to and fro O'er pretty girls in calico.

They used to go a Maying then The blossoms of the spring to seek In sunny glade and sheltered glen, Unweighed by fashion's latest freak, And Robin fell in love, I know, With Phyllis in her calico.

tuck, a frill, a bias fold, A hat curved over gypsy wise, And beads of coral and of gold, And rosy checks and merry eyes Made lassies in that long ago Look charming in their calico

The modern knight who loves a maid Ine modern angin under the state, of gracious air and gentle grace, And finds her oftentimes arrayed In shining silk and priceless lace . Would love her just as well, I know,

pink and lilae calico. -Hattie Whitney in Munsey's Magazine.



Especially In Love. in and a second an

directors assured him an income for life on an investment of \$10,000. The crook I have always had a remarkably large number of friends of my own was content, and it is believed that he resex. Lest this should lead people to But other cracksmen were tempted by his luck to try the same game, and the give me an undue amount of credit for amiability and sweetness of disposition directors were inundated with sugges-tions and tips on new methods of bur-I may as well state at once that I have glary and how to prevent them. The directors tested them all and paid for marriageable brother.

Being possessed also of a fair amount of brains, I was never for a Among other things they paid \$20,000 for moment deceived as to the nature of a process, invented by a young chemist, for copying the ink, paper, water marks the affection lavished upon me by and designs of the bank notes so perfectly as to defy detection. The directors found they could use his system more satisfac-torily and more profitably than their own most of my female friends. But when my dearest chum, the girl I really thought loved me for myself alone, told me she was engaged to be married to my brother Fred my grief and tures have run up into big figures in the last half century, the directors of today anger knew no bounds.

I had gone over to stay all night with Maud and had laid awake till 3 a. m. exchanging confidences, and all

the time the sneak never said a word about Fred. At last I dropped off to sleep and was just in the midst of a glorious dream, in which I was leading the cotillon with a magnificent man with soulful eyes and a bank account in seven figures, when Maud suddenly threw her arms about my t Might Have Become the Most Valuneck, entirely shutting off my wind

and scaring me almost into nervous prostration, and with a burst of tears confessed that she had been keeping a secret from me for two whole days and that we were to be really, truly sisters, not just sisters in affection, as heretofore, etc. I managed to wriggle out from under

Maud's arm, and then I sat up in bed and said things. I don't remember

pampered youth. The second time he appeared distinctly grateful. On the third he asked permission to call, and I went home at peace with all the world, even Fred.

For five consecutive afternoons after that I sat by the tea table in the back. drawing room, * attired in my best gown, expecting Perceval-in vain. On the sixth he came.

"What a delightful surprise," I said gushingly. I was a triffe nervous from waiting so long.

"Ah, thanks."' he remarked, looking disappointed.

And then mamma came in and in spite of my previous warnings finished things by treating Mr. Jones as if he were Albert Edward or Mark Hanna or at least a royal duke. Mamma never could resist a millionaire. Our visitor took his leave in less

than half an hour, and I knew that unless I adopted desperate measures Perceval Jones was lost to me forever. But I'm not one to give up easily, and after thinking hard thinks all night I finally hit on a plan and went to sleep at daybreak and slept till noon as sweetly and as innocently as a child.

Early in the afternoon I telephoned to Maud and asked heretc go with me out to the golf links at 4 o'clock. Then I telephoned to Fred to meet us there and proceeded to make a fetching oilet with a light heart. When we eached the links, there was Mr. Jones hé had mentioned that he was going the day before).

He was looking bored, as usual, but cheered up when I treated him with haughty coldness.

I eluded bis attempts at conversa tion, however, and threw Maud in his way whenever I could.

I was rewarded by seeing him seat himself by Maud's side and commence

a disquisition on Ibsen as Fred came around the hill on his bievele. No sooner did Fred's eye light on the couple than he commenced to glare like a madman, and in spite of my in nocent efforts to keep him away he wound up by being so outrageously rude to Mr. Jones that that gentleman

was confounded, and Maud went home in tears.

As for me, I went to bed happy. My plan was working to a charm.

A day or two later I got mamma to ask Mr. Jones to dinner and managed to have him take Maud out. That settled it. Fred treated Perceval in such an insulting manner that even he could hardly overlook it, and he left early, to mamma's distress and my secret joy. After that I began to meet Perceval every time I went out of the house. No matter whether I walked or drove or rode a wheel I was sure to encounter him before long, and he would escort me on my way, leaving me always on our return at the end of the street leading to our house.

"Since your brother, who is your guardian, dislikes me so, I cannot go to your home," he would say regretfully, and I would blush and stammer an apology. "But I must see you in spite of him," Perceval would add with a melting glance, and I would go home in the seventh heaven.

At last after three weeks of this surreptitious courtship Perceval could



you in the even score weigh-ed down with sick-ness weak-ness and wee that proceed from "female troubles." And yet there ought to be and can be a score of happy women to one who is unhappy. Those women whose lives are saddened by the drains upon the system, by prolapeus, by irregularities, by headache, aervousness and bearing-down pains, can be restored to happiness and health by Dr. Pierce's Fa-vorite Prescription, a medicine that is be-pond question the best in the world for disorders of the womanly organs. Every allment that besets the girl, the bride and the mother, between puberty and the "turn of life," is dured by it. It keeps the pros-pective mother in a happy frame of mind, and her good spirits are arre-to be inher-ited by the kille one when it comes. The medicine dealer who urges some substitute for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-

The medicine dealer who urges some ubstitute for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-cription is thaking of the larger profit e'll make and not of your best good.





THE DYING MAN SUDD NLY RE ON ERED B S BEALTH AND SPERI

te was to have been Used as a False

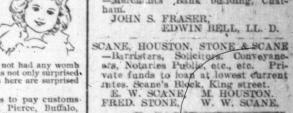
Witness in Court In "Lumsden of the Guides" there is

an interesting story, says the London Chronicle, of the rescue by Lieutenant Peyton of her majesty's Eighty-seventh of a young Pathan who had fallen nto the Kabul river. The lad's father, in his gratitude, came down from his home in Independent Territory, and as a thank offering presented Peyton with two young leopard cubs.' Peyton, being an executive engineer and constantly on the moye, could make no home for them and gave them to Lumsden, who himself told me what follows, and it seems to me worth preserving, as leopards seldom have an opportunity of assisting in a criminal

investigation. The animals were too young to be dangerous and were allowed their liberty. One day Lumsden was holding his court in Yusufzal, when in the middle of a case there was an uproar, and the

DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager, Chatham Branch. two sides in an affray case poured into the court, and, as always happens, each

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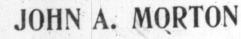
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FLOUR AND WOOLEN MILLS

The T. H. Taylor Co., Ltd.

office, where it was sold to an old gentle-man, who said it was a shame to print nicture on a stam that might be handled by profane hands. Tenderly the gentleman put it on a par-cel, sending it to a friend in the United States. Here, in the waste basket, it lay for many a day, till an errand boy found it, and quickly transferred it to his album. Despairing of getting a good collection, and his fever somewhat abating, he sold them to a dealer. The new owner on looking at the catalogue, found that what he had paid \$5 for was worth \$25. Accidentally this stamp was slipped into a 25 cent packet, and sent to a dealer residing in Hamilton. When the latter opened the packet he was astonished to find such a valuable stamp, and, being ind such a valuable stamp, and, being honest, wrote his friend to inform him of what had happened, offering him \$1.200 for it. The offer was accepted and the stamp had increased in value and not a few came from a distance to look at the treasure. One day an English nobleman, treasure. One day an English holicital, who, through a Canadian friend, had heard of the stamp, offered \$1,500, which offer was accepted. The English lord, falling in love with an American herees, and wishing to gain the favor of her brother, presented him with the stamp as a token of his esteem. Here, in its new and luxurious American home, it came laureate the way she acted. and luxurious American home, it came to a sad end, for one day the maid, by mistake, swept the stamp, which had accidentally fallen out of the album. into the fire. In an instant the stamp, which thousands had heard of and longed for, went up in smoke to the broad blue sky, leaving not a trace behind.

An Athent Chief Justice. An Atheast Chief Justice. Sir Robert Stout, the new Chief Jus-tice of New Zealand, is singular among the occupants of high judicial office in being an avowed atheist. He was former-ly known as the "Bradlaugh of the Anti-podes," and he once presided over # secu-larist congress in Melbourne. He was born in the Shetland Islands 55 years ago, emigrated to New Zealand in hig 19th year, became a schoolmaster, studied law after school hours, and secured the law after school hours, and secured the law after school hours, and sectred the right to wear a wig and gown at 97. At 81 he was an M.P., and at 84 Attorney-General in the Governmont of Sir George Grey. In 1894 he became Premier of a coalition Gevernment in association with Sir Julius Vegel.

stand it mo longer exactly what they were, but they must have been pretty bad, for Fred didn't speak to me for a week (of course Maud had to tell him), and Maud herknew what love was before.' self went around looking like a suffer-

Providence again.

deadly fear of losing him herself.

dog laugh just to see him.

from abroad.

Phone I

and a taste for Ibsen.

ing martyr whenever we chanced to be bliss of trying for what he wanted. under the same roof. Before this it had always dropped into I was convinced that I was the most his lap. miserable girl in the world after that, and the worst of it was that every-

But I couldn't trust him even then. "Oh, no!" I said timidly. "I dare not. Fred would kill you if he thought of body, including Maud herself, thought that I was only mad because she was such a thing.' engaged first, an imputation which I "Let him try," said Perceval valiantneed not say was entirely unjust.

ly. "I'll have you in spite of him. See, I'm sure I could not see what Maud here is the minister on his porch, Rosahad done that was so wonderful anymond. Come, darling, he will give me way. Fred is anything but brilliant, the right to claim you from your and I never considered him even good brother." looking, while as long as mamma lives

And before I knew what I was about he hasn't a penny to his name except I found myself in the minister's parhis salary, which is by no means lor being married in a bicycle skirt princely. But Maud! You'd have thought and pink cotton shirt waist.

Ten minutes later I walked into she'd landed a Vanderbilt or a poet Fred's office, leaving Perceval wait-I pretended not to notice her airs ing outside, looking a little pale about the gills, but with a combative gleam and nursed my grief in proud silence, bift I had no doubt that I was the in his eye.

"Fred," I remarked coolly as I lookmost wronged and unhappy creature that ever lived until subsequent events ed my brother square in the face, "I want to thank you for what you've taught me that our affairs are arrangdone for me. I'm Mrs. Perceval Jones, ed by an all wise Providence in whom by your leave. we may safely trust, no matter how

Then a smile of incredulous relief dark our way may seem at the time. spread over his face. I shall never doubt the wisdom of

that the fellow actually wanted you!" To begin with, I found I was likely -Chicago Times-Herald. to get a lot of amusement out of this

A Fowl That Won a Battle.

engagement. Fred was madly jealous of Maud all the time, though any one could see with half an eye that she A singular story is told of a gallant cock whose moral influence at a critiwas simply mad about him and in cal moment during the battle of St. Vincent helped to save a British man-He would come home at least three of-war from the hands of the enemy, times a week, pale, haggard and wild The fowl in question formed part of eyed, a man bereft of hope. The rest the live stock of the Marlborough, a of the time he was madly joyful and vessel which had suffered so severely talked about Maud as if she was sevthat her captain was considering the eral degrees higher than the seraphim. advisability of striking his flag. The It was enough to make a St. Bernard ship was entirely dismasted, while the chief officers had been carried below I also found further consolation in severely wounded, and the crew, withthe fact that his state of mind interout anybody to cheer them up, were fered seriously with Fred's appetite, that I got all the extra pudding and things that had always fallen to his beginning to grow sullen under the heavy fire of the enemy, to which they were hardly able to respond. share (Fred was always a greedy

At this emergency a shot struck the thing), and then Perceval Jones came coop in which the fowls were confined. Perceval was a millionaire's son, The only surviving occupant, a cock, finding himself at liberty, fluttered up with a face too beautiful for words and perched himself on the stump of Of course all this made him desirathe mainmast and surveyed the scene of carnage around him. Then, flapping ble beyond most other men, but I must his wings in defiance, he began to crow say the way the girls of Archerville vociferously. He was answered by three hearty and exhilarating cheers made different kinds of fools of themselves about him was enough to disfrom the crew, who all had a good gust even a woman's rights advocate with her sex. I need hardly say that I was smart enough to treat Mr. Jones with mark-ed coolness. The first time I met him my behavior seemed to puzzle the laugh, and, with spirits thus renewed. continued the action with a vigor that lasted until a turn in the battle rescued them from their tight position .-- Wash ington Star.

side accused the other of being entire ly in fault. One party, to improve its "Be my wife, Rosamond" he cried case, brought a dying man on a native one day. "Never mind what they say bed. A blood stained sheet was removat home. I must have you. I never ed, showing a much belabored man, who appeared to be at the last gasp. Poor boy, he had never known the Lumsden had the bed put down in court and went on with the interrupted case. Just then the young leopards sauntered in, probably attracted by the scent of blood, and, moving gently

around the court, approached the bed and began sniffing at the wounded man, who, miraculously recovered, jumped from the bed and fled rapidly.

Made For the Place.

While traveling in a coal mine dis-trict, says Dr. Cuyler, I noticed how very dingy the town appeared. The coal dust seemed to blacken buildings, trees, shrubs, everything, but as a foreman and I were walking near the mines I noticed a beautiful white flower. Its petals were as pure as if it were blooming in a daisy field.

"What care the owner of this plant must take of it," said I, "to keep it so free from dust and dirt!" & "See here," said the foreman, and

taking up a handful of coal dust threw it over the flower. It immediately fell off and left the flower as stainless as before.

"It has an enamel," the foreman explained, "which prevents any dust "Gosh!" he ejaculated. "To think from clinging to it. I think it must

have been created for just such a place.

> Legends of the Apple. The apple enters more largely into

folklore and legend than almost any other fruit. In England there was of old a peculiar dance in honor of the apple tree, and various songs were sung and bowls of cider emptied to secure a good apple harvest from the fates. In Germany the girls "snap apple seeds" on New Year's eve to see from which direction a lover is coming. In Austria a girl cuts an apple in two at one blow and counts the seeds. If there are as many in one half as in the other, she will marry. If they are odd, she will be an old maid. If a seed is cut in two, she will quarrel with her husband and be separated from him.

> Not a Real Count. Myrtle-Why do you think the count is a fraud?

Alice-Because of the way he acted when I showed him the paper containing an account of papa's failure. Myrtle-What did he do? Break the engagement? Alice-No. He threw his arms

around me and said, "Never mind, darling; you and I can be happy as long as we are left to each other, no matter whether we have money of F. A. Bot"-Chicago Times-Herald.

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