

## Anecdotal.

The "Pilgrim" tells the story of a woman property-holder in New York whose agent brought her an insurance policy on her house. "You'd better give me a cheque for the premium now," he said. "How much is it?" she asked. "A little more than one hundred dollars. Wait a minute and I will get the exact amount." "Oh, how tiresome!" said the lady. "And I am in such a hurry! Tell the company to let it stand, and deduct it from what they will owe me when the house burns down."

When Bernard Shaw's play, "Arms and the Man," was produced in London for the first time, it was well received, and at the fall of the curtain there were clamorous calls for the author, to which Mr. Shaw was at length induced to respond. The audience were still cheering; but there was one dissident in the gallery, who was "booming" with the full power of a pair of very strong lungs. Mr. Shaw looked up at the disturber and said, very seriously: "Yes, sir, I quite agree with you; but what can we two do against a whole houseful?"

Appropos of mottoes on houses, a correspondent of the Westminster "Gazette" relates that a man in Scotland wished to have cut over the door of a new house the text: "My house shall be called a house of prayer." He left the workmen to carry out his wishes during his absence, and on his return his horror was great to find the quotation completed. "But ye have made it a den of thieves." "We had a wee thing mair room, ye see, so we just put in the end o' the verse," was the explanation given by the Bible-loving Scot.

The recent St. Andrew's dinners, according to the Westminster "Gazette," have been noteworthy for the profusion of Scotch stories, which in several cases fairly set the tables in a roar. Some of them have an ancient ring, but there is one that is perhaps not generally known. A doctor was attending a dangerous case, where a Scotch butler was engaged. On calling in the forenoon he said to Donald: "I hope your master's temperature is much lower to-day than it was last night." "I'm no' sae very sure about that," replied the butler, "for he dees't this morning."

The traveler in Ireland will do well, when he engages a jaunting car, to make sure of the step to which, in mounting, he must trust his weight. The carman does not help him to mount. A gentleman once said to the driver he had engaged: "I am afraid that step is loose." "Ah, sure," said he, "it's too strong, is it? What are ye afraid of?" At that instant it came off in his hand. But he turned to his fare with the sunniest of smiles. "Well, sure," said he, "didn't I save yer honor from a broken leg?"

A lady who had a servant somewhat given to curiosity, enquired, on returning from a visit one afternoon: "Did the postman leave any letters, Mary?" "Nothing but a postcard, ma'am," said the girl. "What is it from, Mary?" "It's from the man who's in the hospital," said the girl, with an injured air. "Perhaps not," remarked the mistress, "but anyone who sends me messages on postcards is stupid or impertinent." "You'll excuse me, ma'am," returned the girl, loftily. "But I must say that's a nice way to be talking about your own mother."

It is related that Sir Hiram Maxim and his wife were recently staying at a watering-place on the Continent, and when the time came to pay the bill on leaving, the landlord of the hotel looked askance at the proffered check. "I knew the name, but had no evidence that the signer was the owner of it. And Sir Hiram had not enough cash in his pocket to meet the case. Then Lady Maxim invited the proprietor to go down to the pier, put a penny in a certain slot and look. And he saw a 'living picture' of Sir Hiram firing a Maxim gun in the presence of the Shah of Persia. That was conclusive."

Miss Weld, in writing of the visit of Tennyson to her father's house in London, says: "My uncle disliked an overdisplay of demonstration in public, and said that in his experience, 'When young married people keep on publicly raising 'my dears' thick upon each other, it is a sure sign that the quarrel is at hand.' Akin to this hatred of unreal affection was my uncle's dislike to the fulsome flattery and general vapidity of many after-dinner speeches, and he declared to me that, if called on to make a speech when he felt he had really nothing to say, he should just rise and exclaim: 'Out of my latitude, as I live, therefore no platitudes—pry forgive,' and promptly resume his seat."

A story told of Lord Holt, who was Lord Chief Justice of England in the eighteenth century, shows what a deadly enemy to wild superstition a sense of fact may be. A man presented himself to Lord Holt, and said: "A spirit came to me from the other world, and told me that in your next case you must enter a plea of not guilty, that is, a plea of not guilty. Lord Holt looked at the man a moment and then smiled. "Do you believe that such a message is wise for a human being to obey?" "It is absolute," said the man. "And do you believe that the messenger had a full knowledge of the law of England?" "Yes, and of all laws. By following this heavenly advice you will be doing justice." "Well, you tell your messenger if he comes again that he should have sent his message to the attorney-general. The Lord Chief Justice of England never prosecutes, and if the spirit knew anything about the English law he would know a simple thing like that."

## Edison's Deafness.

That Thomas A. Edison is deaf is a fact well known to the public. Only his intimate friends, however, are aware that in his case deafness is more a psychical phenomenon than a physical condition. That which interested him he can usually hear very well, but to that which does not interest him he can be as deaf as the proverbial adder.

Not long ago a specialist in diseases of the ear called upon Mr. Edison, and unfolded a plan of treatment which he was sure would restore his hearing. The inventor listened to his story with patience, as it was informative on several points. To the proposition that he submit to treatment, however, Mr. Edison opposed an emphatic negative.

"What I'm afraid of," said he, "is that you would be successful. Just think what a lot of stuff I'd have to listen to that I don't want to hear! To be a little deaf and be the only one who knows just how deaf you are has its advantages, and, on the whole, I think I prefer to let well enough alone."

## THE MAN IN ARMOR

Was no match for the microbe. Giants he might slay but this microscopic organism defied him, and in many a campaign more men were destroyed by camp diseases than by the enemy's sword.

The one way to arm against microbes is to keep the blood pure. Impure blood both breeds and feeds disease.

The signs of impure blood are easy to read. Pimples, boils and eruptions generally proclaim the blood to be impure. Scrofulous sores and swellings, salt-rheum, eczema, etc., are other signs of a corrupt condition of the blood.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood and cures diseases caused by the blood's impurity. It cures scrofulous sores, boils, pimples, eczema and other defiling and disfiguring diseases.

"It gives me great pleasure to express my faith in the virtue of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Mr. R. H. Clark, of Graytown, Ottawa Co., Ont. "I suffered everything for two years with humor on my face which baffled the skill of some of the most noted physicians. Was at once advised to go to the hospital, was doctored there for three months without success. Came home discouraged. Then began to doctor with a chemist. He also failed to help me. Then I began Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with no faith whatever in it. Did it only to please my wife. I am happy to tell you that after taking five bottles I am entirely cured."

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## THE STAGE

"All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players."

The George H. Tott Company at the Grand on Friday night.

Without fear of contradiction, the George H. Tott Company appears before the theatre-goers of Chatham as the most popular high class musical organization ever presented to the music-loving people of this city. Its strength lies not alone in the name of its star, widely and well known as he is, not entirely in the merit of his supporting artists, but more especially with a program arranged with something good that is not purely classical, which will please the average audience.

Seats on sale Thursday.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

At the Chatham Grand:—

Friday, Feb. 6th—The Geo. H. Tott Concert Company.

Not a Ladylike Reply.

Once when Queen Alexandra was returning from a seal with her daughters, who were then little children, an old sailor instinctively said to one of them, who was walking up the plank, "Take care, little lady." "I'm not a lady," haughtily retorted the child. "I'm a Princess!" The Queen, who overheard the kindly injunction and the rather ill bred reply, said quickly, "Tell the good sailor you are not a little lady yet, but you hope to be some day."

## WHAT THE KIDNEYS DO.

They Are the Filters of the Body—Danger Signals.

Into everything we eat and drink, no matter how "pure" the food is labeled nor how careful we are, poisons enter. Were we not provided with organs especially designed to look after these poisons, human life would soon perish. The kidneys are the filters of the blood. They catch the poison in the food and expel it from the system. That is, they do these things when they are in healthy and vigorous condition. When they are weak, or overworked, or clogged, or handicapped by the ravages of disease in even a slight degree, they do their assigned work more or less imperfectly, or not at all. When the kidneys are not working well, the poison which should pass from the system is returned to the blood. Excess of uric acid in the blood causes inflammatory, muscular or articular rheumatism, for one thing, and those who have suffered from any of these forms of this distressing and dangerous malady will say that this is enough. The best authorities on the subject, however, believe that this is only a small part, and that kidney irregularities are due a long train of bodily ailments. The kidneys often give warning, though not always and not always in time, of the dangers which menace the body from their abnormal condition. Among these danger signals are weakness of the back, pains or aches in the region of the kidneys, irregularity of the bowels and kidney action, chills, feverishness, puffy eyes, brick dust deposit or cloudiness, and a dropsical appearance of the ankles or wrists. When any of these symptoms appear blood poisoning to a certain extent is undermining the fabric of life. The result of the latest research into kidney troubles and their cure is the vegetable preparation known as Bu-Ju, which is put forth by the Claffin Chemical Co., Ltd. of New York, N. Y., and Windsor, Ont. It may be purchased at any drug store in boxes of 50 pills at 50 cents. It has been published until after my death. "Hurrah!" shouted a chorus of friends, raising their glasses, "here's long life to you, old man!"

## They Toasted Him.

A would-be poet recently remarked at his club: "I have written a great number of poems, but I do not propose to have them published until after my death." "Hurrah!" shouted a chorus of friends, raising their glasses, "here's long life to you, old man!"

When you are lonesome you realize what poor company you are.

## Snails as a Table Delicacy.

It is only within the last thirty years or so that frogs were considered a delicacy, and until recently folks who relished snails were looked upon as little short of barbarians. That notion has changed, however, says "Leslie's Weekly," and at the present time not only are snails served commonly at all the cafes and hotels, but they are also frequently seen upon the table of the ordinary laborer. So great has been the demand for this nutritious shelled delicacy that during the past few years snail ranches have come into existence, and are flourishing in various portions of the Western slope and the tariff snail raisers are realizing fair incomes with little or no labor. It is almost ridiculously easy to maintain one of these industries; one can take the rest cure while in full charge of a million or so of the well-behaved little creatures. All that is necessary is to visit France and to import from France or Italy a few hundred snails, put them in a box turned on one side, or even under a board or piece of shingle. If there are a few shrubs or green vegetables growing in the immediate vicinity, it will not be necessary to furnish food at all. The accommodating creatures will take care of themselves and will grow large and plump in no time. In fact, one could almost conduct a farm in an ordinary window-garden, so small a space is required. Within a radius of ten feet, ten thousand or more snails can visit their neighborly duties. Snails thrive best in mellow climates with plenty of fog or dew. The market price of the imported snails ranges all the way from one dollar to two dollars and sixty cents, according to size. The native American snail, that is, the wild variety, is not cultivated by the farmer, but it is in spite of protracted boiling, it still remains tough and leathery, while on the other hand the foreign article will, with very slight cooking, become tender and ready to serve. Frogs and terrapin require larger space and plenty of fresh water. To furnish a pond of water, a cement pond about twenty feet in width and thirty in length and perhaps three in depth. This must be covered by a stout wire screen to prevent the intrusion of the various birds and snakes with fastidious tastes. Watercress and a weekly allowance of chopped raw liver and bread crumbs suffice as food.

At a Concert.

"Why, Maudie, is it you?"

"Why, Nellie—is it possible?"

"How did you happen to get the seat next to mine?"

"I don't know, really. Jack got the seat for me."

"Oh, perfectly lovely!"

"Oh, excitingly so!"

"I've just been wondering who would sit next to me; and to think it's you."

"I'm ever so glad!"

"I'm more than glad. And I've a whole pound of caramels."

"And I've chocolate creams in this box."

"How lovely!"

"It's too lovely to think of our having seats together."

"I've dozens of things to tell you."

"And I you. And I don't care a bit for this stupid concert."

"Nor I. I only came because everybody else did, and because Madame Screamer is to wear two new costumes."

"Is she? How lovely! I'm so glad I came."

"So am I—particularly since you're here."

"How good of you to say so."

"I've been counting the new winter bonnets."

"Have you? I counted a hundred at our church yesterday."

"There are more than that here today. And some of them are just lovely. I'll show you where they are. There's one at the end of the first row, on the left side in the dress circle."

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Perfectly so."

"Yes; and here comes Madame Screamer. How do you like her costume?"

"Do you like it?"

"No, not much."

"I think it's horrid."

"So do I. Do take some more caramels."

"I will if you'll take some more of my chocolate creams."

"Don't let us say any longer."

"Very well. We'll go out and look at the new bonnets in Regent street."

"That'll be lovely."

"So it will."

"And they go."

Which is "too lovely" for all who sat within fifteen feet of them.—Pick-Me-Up.

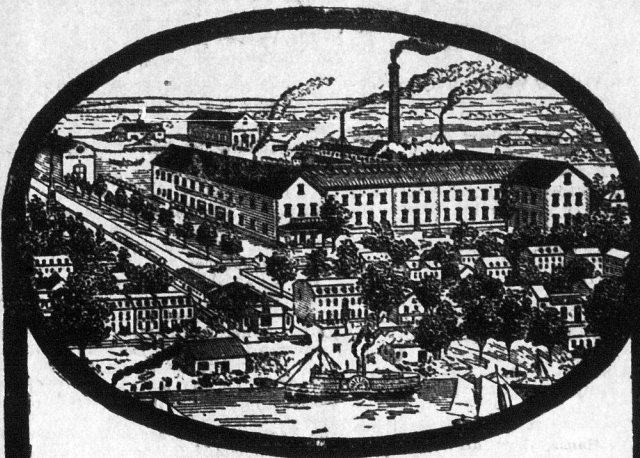
## Dog Wisdom.

A gentleman was staying this autumn in Wales. Smoking and chatting one evening with a local farmer the talk fell upon dogs. The farmer's sheep dog lay before the fire, and the farmer instanced in Welsh. At once the dog rose and went to the door. "You might let him out," said the farmer. "The sheep are in the corn" is what I said to him." The dog passed eagerly out. In a few minutes there was a scratching at the door. The dog entered panting and lay down at the fire again. Shortly afterwards the farmer repeated his Welsh remark. Again the dog ran to the door and my friend let him out. Again in a few minutes there was a scratching at the fire and again he lay down before the fire panting. After an interval the farmer remarked in Welsh, quite in the way of conversation, "I am not easy about those sheep, I do believe they're in the corn." The dog without rising looked up at the farmer, gave two sharp yelps, and turned round to the fire again. He said as if to himself, "I have been in words, I'm a fool; I've been twice and they're not in the corn."

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Mr. R. A. C. writes: "Your remedies have done me more good than Hot Springs and all the doctors and medicines I had previously tried. I have not felt any of those pains or seen any ulcers or blotches for over seven years and the outward symptoms of the loathsome disease have entirely disappeared. My hair has grown in fully again and I am married and happy."

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Corrected June 3rd, 1902.  
GOING EAST GOING WEST  
\*2.36 a. m. L. Express... \*1.11 p. m.  
\*3.32 p. m. Express... \*1.06 a. m.  
Daily.

## Lake Erie &amp; Detroit River R.R.

Effective June 15, 1902.  
Leave Chatham For Exp. Exp. Mix. Exp. Exp.  
Ridgeway... 10.30 a. 7.05 p. m.  
Ridgeway... 10.30 a. 7.05 p. m.  
West Lorne... 10.30 a. 7.05 p. m.  
Dutton... 10.30 a. 7.05 p. m.  
St. Thomas... 10.30 a. 7.05 p. m.  
London... 10.30 a. 7.05 p. m.  
Leamington... 10.30 a. 7.05 p. m.  
Kingsville... 10.30 a. 7.05 p. m.  
Windsor... 10.30 a. 7.05 p. m.  
Dresden... 10.30 a. 7.05 p. m.  
Wallaceburg... 10.30 a. 7.05 p. m.  
Sarnia... 10.30 a. 7.05 p. m.  
Arrive at Chatham—From Blenheim, Ridgeway, West Lorne, Dutton, St. Thomas, London, 9 a. m.; From Leamington, Kingsville, Wallaceburg, 11 a. m.; 8.30 p. m. From Dresden, Wallaceburg, Sarnia 9 a. m. 7.05 p. m.  
L. E. TILSON, Gen. Agent, Chatham. H. F. MOELLER, G.P.A., Walkerville.

## GRAND TRUNK.

WEST.

\* 8.15 a. m. for Windsor, Detroit and intermediate stations.

\* 12.42 p. m. for Windsor and Detroit.

\* 2.30 p. m. for Windsor and intermediate stations.

\* 4.23 p. m. for Windsor and Detroit.

\* 9.07 p. m. for Detroit, Chicago and west EAST.

\* 8.32 a. m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Buffalo.

\* 1.45 p. m. for Glenora and St. Thomas.

\* 2.23 p. m. for London, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and New York.

\* 5.08 p. m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and East.

\* 8.50 p. m. for London and intermediate stations.

\* Daily except Sunday; \* Daily.

## THE WABASH RAILROAD CO.

GOING WEST EAST BOUND

No. 1—6.45 a. m. No. 2—12.23 p. m.

3—1.07 p. m. 4—11.06 p. m.

13—1.26 p. m. 14—1.32 a. m.

5—9.52 p. m. 6—1.32 a. m.

9—1.18 a. m. 8—2.49 p. m.

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To Manitoba and Canadian North-west will leave Toronto every Tuesday during March and April, 1903, if sufficient business offers.

Passengers travelling without Live Stock should take the train leaving Toronto at 1.45 p. m.

Passengers travelling with Live Stock should take the train leaving Toronto at 9.00 p. m.

Colonist Sleepers will be attached to each train.

For full particulars and copy of "Settlers' Guide," "Western Canada" or "British Columbia," apply to your nearest Canadian Pacific Agent, or to A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, King St. East, Toronto.

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