

LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge.
No. 46, A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., meets on the
first Monday of every
month, in the Masonic
Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30
p. m. Visiting brethren
heartily welcomed.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.
GEORGE MASSEY, W. M.

DENTAL.

DR. LUDLOW'S DENTAL ROOMS
are located at the head of the short
stairway, second door west of Bank
of Commerce, and opp. the Gar-
mer Hotel. All work neatly, cheap-
ly and satisfactorily performed.

LEGAL.

EDWIN BELL—Barrister, Solicitor,
etc. Office: Merchants' Bank Build-
ing.

THOMAS SCULLARD—Barrister and
Solicitor, Victoria Block, Chatham,
Ont.

MITH. HERBERT D.—County
Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor,
etc. Office: Harrison Hall, Chatham.

B. O'LYNN—Barrister, Solicitor,
etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public.
Office, King Street, opposite Mer-
chants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

WALKER & REEVE—Barristers,
Solicitors, etc., Chatham, Ont. Of-
fices over Chatham Loan & Sav-
ings Co. Money to lend on mort-
gages. John A. Walker, K. C.,
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HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE—Barris-
ters, Solicitors, Conveyancers, No-
taries Public, etc. Private funds to
loan at lowest current rates. Of-
fice, upstairs in Sheldrick Block,
opposite H. Macdonald's store, M.
Houston, Fred. Stone, W. W. Scane.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—Barris-
ters, Solicitors of the Supreme
Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money
to loan on mortgages, at lowest
rates. Offices, Fifth Street. Mat-
thew Wilson, K. C., W. E. Gundy,
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The Chatham Carpet Cleaning and Rug Mfg Works

is the only place where you can have your Car-
pets thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. We
can clean any kind of Carpet. Out of town
orders promptly attended to and returned the
same day. All work satisfactory or no charge.
Special rates given on over 100 yards.

The Chatham Carpet Cleaning and Rug Manufacturing Works

The PLANET Illustrated SOUVENIR EDITION.

Comprising 48 pages and
cover, will be sent to
any address upon re-
ceipt of

25 Cents

ADDRESS,
THE PLANET,
Chatham, Ont.

FOR SALE

Frame house, two stories, brick
foundation, seven rooms, \$900.
Frame house, two stories, brick
foundation, eight rooms, \$1,100.
100 acre farm in Raleigh, brick
house, large barn, stable and other
outbuildings. All cleared. About
four miles from Chatham, \$7,500.
100 acre farm in Harwich, good
frame house, barn, stable and other
outbuildings, \$8,500.
50 acre farm in Tilbury East, good
frame house and barn, \$2,500.
50 acre farm, River Road, Dover,
brick house, stable and granary,
\$3,200.
50 acre farm, River Road, Raleigh;
one of the best, good frame house,
large barn, stable and other out-
buildings; a large orchard of vari-
ous fruits; land all tile drained,
\$6,000.
Hotel premises in Chatham, \$7,500.
Six vacant lots, \$4,000.
Money to loan. Lowest rates.
Terms to suit the borrower.
W. F. SMITH,
Barrister and Solicitor.

--The-- Summer Cough

is the hardest to get rid of.

Radley's Pulmonary
Cough Syrup has been cur-
ing them for years. For sale at
25 Cents

**RADLEY'S
DRUG STORE**

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

SARAH'S STRATEGY

By C. B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis

Sarah Pendergast was not to blame
that she had lived to the age of thirty-
three without being married. When
she looked back over the long road
she couldn't see where it was her fault,
and as for other people they said:

"What? Sarah Pendergast, the old
maid? Why, she's been trying her
very best for the last fifteen years to
catch a man, and she'd give all her
old shoes even to say yes to a widower
eighty years old."

Indeed, it was no one's fault. It
was simply one of those things that
occur now and then in every commu-
nity. A girl gets left out for no par-
ticular reason, and the first thing she
knows she's being called aunt and
looked up to with respect due to old
age. Sarah had a brother William for
whom she kept house. William was
an old bachelor, and inclined to silence,
but now and then he had a way of
making the sister feel that her mission
had been left unaccomplished. On the
night of her thirty-third birthday the
spirit moved him to say:

"Sarah, I've lived a single life for
forty years, and I don't intend to
change it, but if I were you I'd get a
husband if I had to chase him from
here to Beebe's Corners."

"I could have married ten times over
if I had wanted to leave you," she re-
plied.

"Well, don't let me stand in the way
any longer. I ain't blaming you alto-
gether, but folks are giggling and pok-
ing fun at you all over the county.
Why don't you get out and bustle like
other girls?"

Sarah defended her position with
spirit, but that night after she got to
bed she lay awake for two hours and
then came to a decision. For the first
time since she was old enough to mar-
ry she made up her mind to go on a
man hunt and show Brother William
and the rest of Temple county that she
could get married as well as other
folks. A thing that helped her to reach
this decision just at the time was the
fact that young Enos Johnson, son of
Farmer Johnson, had been paying her
attention. That is, he had called at



HE GRABBED A FENCE RAIL AND SHOVED
IT AT HER.

the house now and then of an evening
to eat apples and popcorn in her com-
pany and to talk weather and crops
with her farmer brother. Sarah had
aimed far higher than Enos, who was
a whole souled fellow, but knew more
about rutabagas than the spelling book.
But Enos would do at a pinch, and the
pinch seemed to have come. Thirty-
three years old she was by the record
in the family Bible, and even Brother
William had begun to be sarcastic and
impatient over it.

The innocent Enos didn't know what
was in store for him and therefore
came over the next evening to tell how
the old spotted cow had a sore back
and one of the hogs had a swelling on
its jaw. If he hadn't been so busy eat-
ing Spitzenburg apples and cracking
black walnuts he might have noticed
that Sarah was more affectionate than
usual and that Brother William went
off to bed half an hour ahead of his
usual time. But Enos had no guile and
didn't expect it in others.

Before he left for home he had
agreed to go sliding on the pond with
Sarah the next evening, and that night
she lay awake again to do a little more
planning. Next morning, as soon as
the bachelor brother had taken his de-
parture for the woods, she hunted up
an old ax and waded through the snow
to a pond in the old wheat field to cut a
good sized hole in the ice. Had the
pond been on a gentleman's farm it
would have been called a lake. Had it
been nearer the barnyard it would have
been referred to as a horse pond. It
was only about an acre in extent and
four feet deep, and at that season of the
year, being midwinter, the few bull-
heads who roamed its waters in sum-
mer had gone down into the mud to
hibernate until the frogs croaked again.

When evening came again behold
Brother William nursing a sore heel
before the kitchen fire, and Sarah and
Enos cantering about the pond like
two children given a holiday. The No.
10 boots worn by Enos soon made a
sliding place, and, of course, the cow
Sarah—Enos had never seen her so coy
before—managed to slip down at every
slide and be set on her feet again by
his strong arms. Gradually, as she
grew more coy and artless, and as

Enos galloped about with more vigor
and began to wonder if he wasn't a
good deal of a feller after all, she so
managed things as to approach nearer
and nearer the hole cut in the ice that
morning. By and by she got a warn-
ing, and later on another, but she
smiled and said she had a hero at hand
to save her. Then came the climax of
her planning.

There was a quick run downhill, a
long slide and a fall and a scream, and
into the hole she went. It was no
matter that her feet could touch the
cold mud and make the bullheads won-
der what was going on or that she
could have pulled herself out as fast
as she got in had she so minded. She
had a part to play, and she played it.
At her first scream Enos started for
the house, yelling "Police!" at the top
of his voice. At her second he turned
back and grabbed a fence rail and
shoved it at her so vigorously that he
came near breaking her ribs with the
end of it. It was not until scream
the fifth had risen on the night air to
make the stars turn pale and shudder
that Enos flung down his hat, yanked
off his overcoat and blue yarn mittens
and showed himself the hero that he
was.

After trying to push Sarah a foot
farther down into the mud and water he
suddenly realized that the right
way was to pull instead of push, and
with a heave and a grunt he dived
her out on the ice. He had heard
that half drowned people ought to be
rolled on a barrel. There was no barrel
handy, and so he rolled Sarah over
and over in the snow. When he be-
lieved that he had recalled the flame
of life he picked her up like a bag of
potatoes and flung her over his shoul-
der and started for the house, and there
was no mistaking his feelings when he
said:

"If Sarah dies of this I hope our
old muley cow will kick my head off!"

In wading through the snowdrifts
and climbing rail fences Sarah was
dropped three or four times, and each
time she faintly protested that she was
able to walk, but the hero had been
roused to action and nothing could
stop him. Up went Sarah again, her
shoes leaking mud and water and her
wet arms clinging around Enos' neck
and shoulders, and at last he arrived
at the kitchen door and kicked it open
and laid his burden on the floor.

"Gee whis, but what is it?" gasped
Brother William as he got his sore heel
under his chair and faced about.

"Sarah's fell in the pond!"

"And I've fell in love with Sarah!"

"It can't be!"

"Enos, darling, kiss me!" came from
the sopping bundle on the floor.

"Durned if I don't, and right off now,
with Bill lookin' on!"

Next morning at breakfast, after a
long period of silence, Brother Wil-
liam queried:

"Sarah, who cut that hole in the
ice?"

"I did," she promptly answered.

"When are you and Enos to be mar-
ried?"

"The first of May."

"Um! I see. Sarah, you are no old
maid!"

The Guidance of Reason.

The villagers were all gathered round
the little store talking about Sam
Jones' lost calf. It was a two-year-old
and had strayed out of the pasture lot
the day before. Sam was worried
about it, the neighbors had all been
out looking for it without success, and
no one seemed to know where to look
for it.

Jim stood there looking on and lis-
tening. Jim was a tall, lank young
fellow, regarded as half witted by
some persons and as foolish by others.

"I think I could find your horse,"
he said to Sam Jones.

"You? Why, Jim, how do you think
you could find him when we have had
the best men in town out looking for
him?"

"Waal," said Jim, "I could try,
couldn't I?"

"Yes," answered the owner, "you
can try, and if you find him I'll give
you a dollar."

"All right," said Jim and walked
away on his search. To the surprise of
all he returned in less than half an
hour leading the missing horse by a
rope tied round his neck.

"Well, well!" said Jones as he took
the horse and paid Jim the dollar.
"How in the world did you find him so
quick?"

Jim answered in his long drawn out
words: "Why, I thought, 'Now, if I
was a horse, where would I go?' And
so I went there, and he had."

Gaming Paraphernalia.

"I am interested in a mail order busi-
ness in expert dice and card work,"
said a Chicago man. "We sell furni-
ture and furnishings of all kinds for
club houses and other places all over
the country. There is a big business
in loaded dice and marked cards and
other trick devices to gather in the
coin, but I have yet to see a roulette
wheel which is not operated on the
square. It is impossible to make a
roulette wheel which is crooked and
which will bear inspection. One hears
stories occasionally of wheels that are
arranged with electric wires or with
little pins to keep the ball from drop-
ping into certain slots on the wheel,
but you can put them all down as
false. If a man could invent a ma-
chine which would assure him that the
ball will fall on a certain number or
even on a certain color or on odd or
even numbers, he would never have to
work again. But it cannot be done.
In large cities gambling is protected by
the police and nothing of that sort
would be allowed. Where skin games
are in operation the favorite trick is to
sell short stacks, nineteen instead of
twenty, but no live man can be fooled
on that nowadays."—Milwaukee Wis-
consin.

HIS GRAVEL WAS SURELY CURED

Dodd's Kidney Pills Removed
The Stones

And Now Reuben Draper is Well and
Strong after his long Suffering.

Bristol, Quebec, Sept. 5. (Special).
Reuben Draper, a well-known resi-
dent here, keeps the proof right with
him that Dodd's Kidney Pills will
surely cure the much dreaded gravel.
The proof consists of two stones, one
the size of a small bean and the
other as big as a grain of barley. He
passed these stones and was relieved
of all the terrible pains they caused
after using Dodd's Kidney Pills for
a short time.

Mr. Draper is confident that Dodd's
Kidney Pills and nothing else caused
his cure, as he tried two doctors
without getting help, and was fast
getting weak and despondent when
he started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills.
In a week he passed the large stone
and four days later the smaller one.

This cure causes a feeling of re-
lief over people in these parts as it
shows those terrible operations, long
thought to be unavoidable in case of
gravel, are no longer necessary.

HIS MEAN TRICK.

Behemo His Lawyer Proposed to Beat a
Fair Plaintiff.

"To-morrow," said the lawyer, "I
will have to begin the cross-exami-
nation of the fair plaintiff."

His face showed that he was
troubled.

"It will have to be carefully plan-
ned and executed," he added after a
pause.

"What will?" inquired the unso-
phisticated youth.

"Why, I have arranged to have a
clever party sit beside her and ab-
stract her handkerchief just before
she takes the stand for cross-exami-
nation," explained the lawyer.

"To what purpose?"

"Evidently," said the lawyer,
"you are even more inexperienced
than I supposed. I can see that she
is one of the kind that has no diffi-
culty in crying when she wants to."

"Well, do you not know that all
the astuteness of the legal profes-
sion is not worth one tear in the
eye of a pretty woman in a jury
trial?"

"But the handkerchief?"

"No woman can cry effectively on
the witness stand without an em-
broided handkerchief. Lacking that,
it is no more than sniveling, and the
woman who snivels is lost. With the
handkerchief she can beat me. With-
out it she is at my mercy. As the
poet truly says, 'In hoc handkerchief
vincies!' The verdict in this case is
likely to rest on the temporary pos-
session of a bit of linen and lace."

When she finds it gone, she will be
too rattled to even think clearly."

"I begin to see," remarked the un-
sophisticated one, "that there is
more than law to law."

"In such a case," was the reply,
"the law is the least part of it."

HOW TO CURE THE DIVORCE EVIL.

President of National Congress of Mothers
Tells How to Cure.

Begin at the beginning by teaching
children, both boys and girls, the
real meaning and sacredness of mar-
riage.

Teach them that it is a permanent
relation—for life or nothing.

Enlighten parents to their duty as
future wives and mothers.

Impress upon boys the fact that
marriage is the holiest bond in life.

Never advise girls to marry for any
other motive than love.

Money should be strictly ruled out
of the marriage consideration.

Character is the chief requisite.

Make remarriage for divorced peo-
ple impossible.

Ostracize absolutely divorced per-
sons who remarry.

Let ministers all over the country
unite to refuse sanction to such mar-
riages.

Let unhappily mated pairs focus
every effort to making the best of the
situation.

Let impossibly mated couples sepa-
rate, but not remarry.

Let parents, teachers, clergymen,
legislators, all reformers, unite to
utterly discourage the evil and stamp
it out of the country.—Mrs. Fred-
erick Schoff, President of the Na-
tional Congress of Mothers.

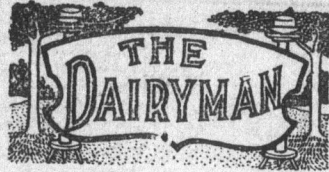
Fly from pleasure that bites to-
morrow.

**D'FOWLER'S
EXT-OF
WILD
STRAWBERRY**

CURES

Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic,
Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera
Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sick-
ness, Summer Complaint, and all
Fluxes of the Bowels.

Has been in use for nearly 60 years
and has never failed to give relief.



To determine definitely the amount
of filth that gets into milk during the
process of milking and how much this
can be lessened by washing the udders
the following was done:

It was determined after several
trials with three different milkers on
thirty cows that it requires an average
of four and one-half minutes to milk a
cow. A glazed dish eleven inches in
diameter, the size of an ordinary milk
pail, was placed in the top of a pail
and held under the cow's udder in the
same position as when milking. For
four and one-half minutes the milker
then went through motions similar to
those made in milking, but without
drawing any milk. The amount of
dirt which fell into the dish during the
operation was of course approximately
the same as would have gone into the
milk during the milking process. The
dirt caught in the dish was then brush-
ed into a small glass weighing tube,
the udder washed and the process re-
peated. The dirt which fell from the
washed udder was also carefully
brushed into a weighing tube. Both
tubes were then placed in a desiccator
and after drying twenty-four hours
were accurately weighed on a chem-
ical balance.

Sixty trials were made at different
seasons of the year. With udders that
were apparently clean it was found
that an average of three and one-half
times as much dirt fell from the un-
washed udders as from the same udd-
ers after they were washed. With
soiled udders the average was twenty-
two and with muddy udders the aver-
age was ninety-four times as much
dirt from the unwashed as from the
same udders after washing.—Illinois
Bulletin.

The Reading Dairyman Wins.

I have seen one dairyman with a
beautiful home, large and well ven-
tilated stables, all the product of a herd
of milk cows, and another farmer
with the same old house he built ten
years before, dilapidated stables, gates
broken, fences down, all the product
of another herd of cows, equal in num-
ber to the first. Why this difference
with the same conditions?

If you go into the home of the first
class of men you will find agricultural
papers; you will find a reader, a man
who has a thinker and is using it. He
may not be a graduate of any agricul-
tural college, but he is a self educated
man, who received a large part of his
education from the agricultural papers.

How much more advanced he would
have been if he had learned the rudiments
at the agricultural college! But
greater honor is due to self education
than to a college educated man. Still,
if progress was to depend on self edu-
cation we would resemble the snail in-
stead of the ant.

I am a firm believer that the duty of
every state is to place a premium on
agricultural pursuits. The most im-
portant branch of agriculture is dairy-
ing. The growth of cereals depends
on dairying to return its elements to
the soil of which the soil has been
robbed by their growth. Dairying en-
riches the soil, while the growth of
cereals impoverishes it. Therefore no
branch of agriculture should be fos-
tered and encouraged as much as the
dairying industry.—E. A. McDonald,
Washington State Dairy and Food
Commissioner.

Good and Timely Literature.

The dairy and food department of
Minnesota has recently issued several
important circulars. One is entitled
"Butter Is King," and is being placed
in the hands of the farmers of that
state. It treats the subject of dairying
briefly, simply and thoroughly. It
shows that it is not necessary for one
to buy a lot of thoroughbred stock to
start in the business, but that the
proper way is to gradually grade up
one's herd. The matter of feeds is
taken up and instructions given for
the planting of soiling crops and the
building of silos. There are ample di-
rections for the care and handling of
milk, and the circular concludes with
the dairy laws of the state. A second
circular on "Preparation and Propaga-
tion of Pure Commercial Cultures" has
been sent out to the butter makers in
the state. It treats the subject clearly
and fully.

The "Dairy Shark."

J. A. Crockett, dairyman, Utah Agri-
cultural college, has recently sent out
warning to the butter makers of his
state against a "dairy shark" who is
disposing of a process whereby he
claims the yield of butter is increased
from 50 to 100 per cent in excess of
that made in the ordinary manner.

Same old fraud that bobs up now and
again. All farmers and dairymen
should leave all such fellows and their
"process" alone.—Dairy and Creamery.

A Cash Illustration.

The Arizona experiment station has
recorded the results of a cold rain on
the milk flow of the station herd. The
cows were exposed three days to a cold
rain. During this time they decreased
37 per cent in milk yield and continued
until it reached 50 per cent, and it was
a month until they gave as much milk
as before the storm. Board's Dairy-
man says this is what might be called
a cash illustration of the value of shel-
tering cows from cold rains.

Neglected Subjects.

Professor Haacker, the dairy expert
of the Minnesota station, says that
"too much has been said about bal-
anced rations and too little about kind-
ness and regularity, too much about
dry bred cows and too little about
fairy bred men."



What *Fruit-a-tives* are

"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in tablet form. They
are the laxative, tonic and curative principles of fruit—com-
bined into pleasant tasting pellets. They contain all the
virtues of fruit—but by the secret process of making them,
their action on the human system is many times intensified.

What "Fruit-a-tives" are for

"Fruit-a-tives" are the na-
tural and logical cure for all
Stomach, Liver and Kidney
troubles. Their action is that
of fresh fruit, only very much
surer and more effective. Then
too, they are free of fruit acids,
sugar and woody fibre which
often prevent fresh fruit being
beneficial.

Try "Fruit-a-tives" and see
how quickly they cure you of
Constipation, Biliousness, Sour
Stomach, Bilious Headache,
Loss of Appetite and Kidney
troubles.

At all Druggists.
In 50c. boxes.

**Nothing Succeeds
Like Success**

KENT MILLS

**HAS A RECORD
FOR SUCCESS**

**The Canada Flour Mills Co.,
Limited.**

PHONES 18 or 19.

**BEAVER
Brings
Business**

The merit of flour is a matter of comparison. Beaver
is naturally better than the ordinary run, be-
cause it is made in an absolutely Ideal Mill
under the most favorable conditions.

**PEOPLE
PREFER IT**

T. H. Taylor & Co., Ltd.

PHONE 1.