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You Pay Only if Cured

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both the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg's discovery, will send the method entirely free to all men who send him their name and address. He wants to hear from men who have striven that they have been unable to get cured, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, varicose, out manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, emaciation of parts, impotence, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but like-wise all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney trouble, heart disease, nervous debility, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up, so he has made it a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you, and when you are cured he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. It would seem, therefore, that it is to the best interests of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor confidentially and lay your case before him. He sends the method, as well as many booklets on the subject, including the one that contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him simply Dr. S. Goldberg, 200 Woodward Ave., Room 10, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free.

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TALES OF WINDSOR.

Blighted Napoleon Willow Tree—Windsor Castle—Fascinating the Work of Pressed Laborers—Its Oldest Part.

The workmen now engaged upon improvements at Windsor Castle need to tread warily, for the scene of their labors is replete with historic associations. Nor are these confined to the castle buildings. Of no place may it be truly said that while there are sermons in the stones there are legends in the trees to speak a chapter from history. In the garden adjoining St. George's Chapel is a tree with one of the strangest of stories. Blighted and stunted by lightning, it stands to recall one of the tragedies of history. It is a willow, and grew from a cutting taken from the parent tree which grew above the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. For long it flourished in its new position. But on the day of the battle of Sedan, in which the power of Napoleon III. was crushed, a flash of lightning carried away its chief branch. Still in its mutilated state it continued to grow lustily enough until, years later, it was smitten by another lightning stroke. Careful comparison showed that the second disaster synchronized exactly with the death of the Prince Imperial at the hands of the Zulus in Africa.

Windsor Castle, in some form or another, has existed as a royal domain from Norman times. Hardly a reign has passed without additions or alterations. Edward III. built the famous round tower or keep for a fraternity of knights who should meet and carry on the traditions of King Arthur's Round Table Knights. From the battlements of the keep twelve counties may be viewed, and even in these smoky days the King may see the dome and lantern of St. Paul's by taking his stand on the summit of the tower. Edward III. found the labor problem as acute in his day as do some less distinguished employers of modern time, and his works proceeded slowly. But the victor of Poitiers took a short cut to what he wanted. Wars were issued to the sheriffs, mayors and bailiffs of the counties, authorizing them to impress laborers for the work, with imprisonment as the alternative. William of Wykeham was the architect, and his duties could have been little else than a labor of love, for his wage was but a shilling a day. Plague carried off the bulk of the three hundred and sixty men engaged on the work in 1360, so more writs were issued. Edward did not live to see his undertaking completed, but Richard II. continued it, and Geoffrey Chaucer as his clerk of works, and a zealous master of the labor press gang the father of our national poetry appears to have made.

The ordinary visitor does not see the oldest part of Windsor, the remains of the fortress in which John reigned while the negotiations for Magna Charta were in progress. There is a small domain underground. In the older portions of the great walled arches passages thread their way below the basement, through the chalk, and penetrate far beneath the site of the castle. Their existence may have had something to do with the origin of the eerie stories which attach to the older part of the residence. For, of course, Windsor has its ghosts. Only a couple of years ago an officer seated in the library saw what is described as "the ghost of Queen Elizabeth." Shakespeare adopted his legend of Herne the Hunter from Windsor Forest, for his "Merry Wives of Windsor." The ancient ranger was supposed to promenade around an oak, wearing horns upon his head.

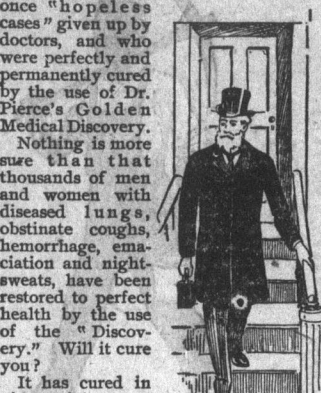
Many a page of history is written on the walls of Windsor. Those that lay captive within the boundaries of the castle left their woeful histories carved upon their prison. Their memories were thus better perpetuated than those of the more illustrious birth. It was only by chance, breaking up of the floor of the St. George's Chapel that the body of Edward IV. was found. In 1813 Sir Henry Hallford found, too, and opened, the coffin said to contain the body of Charles I. The remains, he said, were in precisely the condition described by a witness of his immurement. But so many are the stories concerning the remains of this unhappy monarch and of Cromwell that even now controversy has reached scarcely any more definite conclusion than had been arrived at a century ago.

The gorgeous tomb which Wolsey built for himself was converted into money after his fall. The exquisite adornments with which artists had bedecked it were sold as defaced brass for £600. George IV. spent a million and a half restoring the castle. As a finishing touch to his work he had a huge bronze equestrian statue of his father erected as the end of the magnificent three-mile-long walk. In time a rather irrelevant name became applied to the statue, so that the monarch whose name it is to perpetuate became disassociated from it. This led to a funny little mishap at Queen Victoria's dinner table. A distinguished statesman was asked how he had got the castle. "Oh, I got a life as far as the copper horse, and walked the rest of the way, ma'am," he replied. "To the what?" cried Her Majesty, in amused amazement. The guest had never heard of the statue by any other name, and had to explain himself as best he could. Whereupon the Queen good-naturedly rebuked him for his irreverence, and gave him the history of the figure.—St. James' Gazette.

George Meredith's Wit.
Mr. George Meredith, the eminent novelist, is as alert and witty in his casual talk as he is in his fiction. Not long ago, in conversation with a friend, Mr. Meredith was asked his opinion of a certain obnoxious person who had lately settled in the neighborhood. "He seems to me," replied the author of Diana of the Crossways, "to be one of the least of God's mercies."

HOPELESS CASES.

When the doctor leaves and says the case is hopeless, what remains to be done? Nothing, if the doctor's word is final. Much, if you will listen to the statements of men and women who were once "hopeless cases" given up by doctors, and who were perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.



Nothing is more sure than that thousands of men and women with diseased lungs, obstinate coughs, hemorrhage, emaciation and night sweats, have been restored to perfect health by the use of the "Discovery." Will it cure you?

It has cured in ninety-eight cases out of every hundred where it was given a fair and faithful trial. By that record you have only two chances in a hundred of failure and ninety-eight chances of being restored to perfect health. It is worth trying.

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THE STAGE

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

At the Chatham Grand—
Real Widow Brown—Nov. 17.
Liquid Air and Wireless Telegraph, Lecture—Nov. 20.
"The Burglar"—Nov. 27.
Lyceum Course No. 2—Nov. 30.

(Supplied to The Planet by Press Agents.)

If you want to enjoy a long, hearty laugh of 180 minutes go to see "The Real Widow Brown," which comes to the Grand to-night, Nov. 17th. It possesses the essential qualities and virtues of a genuine farce-comedy—clean, pure, exhilarating, and with sufficient spice of captivating songs and clever dances to compose one of the best drawing attractions on the road. The author has constructed an ingenious plot on which the laughable incidents hinge, a seemingly strange anomaly, as the average farce-comedy is as barren as the Klondyke is of a dress suit case. Its cardinal object is to make you laugh and enjoy your life. You may have a thousand domestic troubles and business cares, but you'll forget them for the three hours you spend in the fascinating company of "The Real Widow Brown."

At the Grand to-morrow (Tuesday) night, Nov. 17.

A COLD WAVE IS COMING.

A temperature of 30 degrees below zero is pretty cold weather, but even colder is promised in this city soon. More than ten times 30 below zero will be the temperature at one place on the Opera House stage next Friday night, where the tank of Liquid Air is placed for the score of intensely interesting experiments that will be given by the three hours you spend in the fascinating company of "The Real Widow Brown."

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Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR COLIC, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

SALISBURY IN FRANCE.

Interference of the British Statesman With Dumas the Younger.

Much has been written about the late Lord Salisbury's sojourns at Puy, near Dieppe, where he was the neighbor of the younger Dumas and of Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, the famous vocalist, who was the wife of a former director of the Paris Opera Comique. To-day M. Felix Duquesnel, an old theatrical manager, who has turned journalist, relates in a very racy manner his meeting with Lord Salisbury at Puy one fine autumn twenty-eight years ago. Duquesnel was one day visiting Dumas and, as they were talking at the window there came near them a tall, slightly stooping man dressed in a free and easy seaside costume, and carrying a net for shrimp fishing. M. Duquesnel took the stranger to be an ordinary citizen at the seaside. The man stopped to talk to Dumas. "Good day, neighbor," he said, with a slight English accent, "how are you this morning?" "Quite well thanks, and your Excellency?" queried Dumas. His Excellency made a slight grimace, as if he did not like the title, and then replied: "I am as strong as the Pont Neuf; I believe that's the phrase. The air is splendid here, and I am off to catch shrimps." "Much luck," said Dumas, "hope you will catch some of the best." "Well, I am not ambitious about it; I only want to earn my luncheon! Au revoir!" and the stranger, saluting, went his way.

"What do you think of my neighbor?" queried Dumas of Duquesnel. "A curious looking person. He seems to be a type out of Gervasi, a genuine citizen at the seaside. But why, did you call him Excellency?" "I am about to tell you," said Dumas. "Your Gervasi type at the seaside is Robert Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, peer of England, and Minister of Her Majesty Queen Victoria." "Do you mean that seriously?" "As seriously as possible, my dear fellow." "He's a fine old man," observed Duquesnel. "That's not kind of you," remarked Dumas. "I am eight or nine years older than he is. But he stoops. That is the weight of the weight of England on his shoulders." "He is wrinkled and getting grey," put in Duquesnel. "That comes from the cares of the great Indies." "You look as if you might be his son."

Dumas went on to speak of his impression of Lord Salisbury. Their relations, he said, were excellent, those of good neighbors without any other intimacy, marked by occasional visits of politeness and charming cordiality. There was, however, just a little touch of hauteur always on the side of the English peer. Lord Salisbury had his house built at Puy after the Villa Dumas has been constructed. He went to see the dramatist first, and said: "In England we do not know one another until we have been introduced. I could not expect Alexandre Dumas to be introduced to me, and he will be so good as to allow me to introduce myself to him. Besides, I am much obliged to you."

"How is that?" asked Dumas. "Because," said Lord Salisbury, "I am passionately fond of reading your plays, and I am very fond of your pastime, and gives my mind repose. I accordingly want to testify to the son my gratitude for the pleasant hours which I owe to the father."

"He had you on your weak side," interposed Duquesnel.

"He is a perfect gentleman," said Dumas, "of admirable courtesy, but always Grand Seigneur, even in apparently negligent moments. Here he lives as a simple citizen; sees nobody, and cares nothing about what passes around him. His home is a comfortable but not a luxurious one, despite his immense fortune. He loves to talk on literary subjects, never drops a word about politics, read 'Monte Cristo,' and smokes his pipe."—London Daily Telegraph.

From Poorhouse to Parliament.

From the poorhouse to a seat in Parliament is the notable advance of William Crooks, a working cooper in the Woolwich district of London, England. Heretofore, the district has polled over ten thousand votes, always giving the Government a large majority; but at the last election the cooper was elected as a Liberal by a majority of 3,229, in a total vote of fourteen thousand. When Crooks' father died, the mother and children were ordered to the poorhouse, at Poplar, England, and, in 1878, young Crooks was a tramp on the road from London to Liverpool, looking for work. He is now chairman of the board of guardians, the chief body which ordered him, as a boy, to the poorhouse. He is also presiding officer of several other public boards and organizations. Among his personal friends is Lord Rosebery. The man defeated by this working cooper in the election is Geoffrey Drage, one of Great Britain's most prominent statesmen, and author of many works on social economy. He was a Derby Conservative member of Parliament from 1895 to 1900. He takes the seat vacated by Lord Charles Beresford.

Kipling's Little Joke.

Some years ago Rudyard Kipling went to stay with Cecil Rhodes, at one of his farms at Ficksburg, South Africa. One morning Mr. Rhodes went round his farm before breakfast, leaving his guest, who was not so energetic, behind. Time went on, and Mr. Rhodes did not appear. Hunger soon roused Mr. Kipling, and in a short while he was very busy on his own account. As Mr. Rhodes returned he found his trees laden with placards, inscribed in huge black letters with "Famine!" "We are starving!" "Feed us," etc. On reaching the front door he read, "For the Hungry, Breakfast to the mind invigorates the body. It has sustained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." "Why die when a little breakfast prolongs life?" In the little breakfast room Kipling was found reading his paper, but the expression of innocence on his face was rather overdone.



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A Lost Island

Of the various buildings which adorned the island of Philae there remain to-day above water only a portion of the colonnade, the top of the kiosk and a part of the temple of Isis. The traveler approaches the ruins in a small boat, in which he may pass down the colonnade and row about in the once sacred chambers. It is a novel and interesting experience, but to those who were familiar with the island in all its beauty it is full of sadness. Of the columns which formed the colonnade only the capitals remain above water. Upon these one sees, beautifully chiseled and ornamented with delicate coloring, Tiberius offering gifts to the gods or Nero presenting two eyes to Isis. A short distance to the right the roof of the kiosk is visible resting upon its exquisite columns, which are partly submerged. By it two unusually large palm trees rear their heads above the colonnade.—Century.

A Wasp's Wisdom.

Naturalists have decided that many insects have senses which human beings lack. That of location, shown by the wasp, for instance, is remarkable. One species builds its nest in a sand bank that is only a part of several acres of such soil, and when it leaves in search of food it covers the nest so carefully that no ordinary eye could discover its location—that is to say, it is just like all the surrounding location, and yet the wasp flies back to it without hesitation and finds it without making a mistake. There is another wasp that unerringly locates the eggs of the mason bee under a thick layer of sun baked clay and deposits her own eggs in the same cells that her progeny may have food when they are hatched.

Dr. Wood's



Norway Pine Syrup

Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, Etc.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes:— "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold. Price 25 Cents."

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