

# RED ROSE TEA

## The Name Guarantees the Quality

Do you want to be sure of getting the same quality of tea every time you buy? Not good one time and poor the next, but always good, always that rich pungent flavor which is so delightful. If you do, ask your grocer to send you a package the same as the one above. After you use Red Rose Tea once, you will buy again and you will always find the quality the same.

## OUR AD.

We call your attention to the prices below.

7 lb. Pails of Aylmer Jam...50c  
3 pounds Prunes...25c  
2 pounds Comp. Lard...25c  
3 cans Corn...25c  
Corn Starch, per package...7c  
Cucumber Pickles, per dozen 10c  
3 cans Blueberries...25c  
6 bars Comfort Soap...25c  
Soda Biscuits, per pound...7c  
Smoked Ham, Shoulders, Rolls and Bacon.

## GROCERY

We have a lot of Dishes still left, also Chinaware. The bargains are yours if you need them.

**John McConnell**

Park Street Phone 190

**S. F. GARDINER'S**  
FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE AGENCY  
\$100,000 to Lend on Mortgages of Farms and City Properties at Lowest Rates of Interest.

## FOR SALE

30,000 Debentures at a 5 per cent interest half yearly.  
20 Shares Reliance Loan and Savings Co. Stock.  
25 Desirable Houses and Lots.  
20 Choice City Lots.  
20 Good Farms.  
10 Houses to Rent.  
Fire Insurance Solicited for the Law Union and Crown Insurance Co., England. Assets ex. ced \$27,000,000.

Office: King Street, Opposite Reliance Loan Buildings

## CHATHAM CARPET CLEANING & UPHOLSTERING WORKS

Queen Street, Opposite St. Joseph's Church.

Have Your Carpets Thoroughly Cleaned Now.

Carpets Taken Up and Relaid

Call or drop Postal Card and we will send to your residence.

## FLEMING & HARPER, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS.

Office: 163 King St. West, P. O. Box 836; Telephone 58.

All kinds of Fire, Life, Accident, Marine and Plate Glass Insurance effected at Lowest Rates.

Call, Write or Telephone for Our Rates Before Insuring Elsewhere.

## AWNINGS!!

\$5,000,000 worth of goods are spoiled every year by the sun fading them. This can be avoided by having an awning.  
An awning will more than pay for itself in a month.  
Work first-class and promptly attended to.

**R. Riddell & Son**  
King Street, Chatham  
Phone 363

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

## A TURN OF THE WHEEL.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

Copyright, 1907, by Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

It was summer in Ballymoran—long days of blue and white and green, the blue of the sky, the white of drifting clouds and the bright green of the Irish turf. Gorse rose golden in the fields; wild roses bloomed by the hedges, fragile and exquisite, yet full of snares for the unwary. Many an eager child plucked at them only to withdraw a scratched finger.

Terry O'Rourke, looking up from his potato patch, philosophically observed that "thim flowers were as sharp as they were swate, ivy one o' thim," and then smiled to himself, thinking of Clodagh Mulvaney. Hazel eyed she was, with red brown hair, cheeks like a wild rose and temper as keen edged as the prickliest thorn.

"Yet, faith, what matter about the thorns," said Terry, "if the rose be worth the winning!"

He was as quiet and determined as Clodagh was hasty, and if, as his neighbors declared, he was a bit slow in his lovingmaking he was none the less sure. True, he had a dangerous rival in Jim Hagan, who had lately fallen heir to a legacy and who had spent the half of it on a brand new jaunting car fit for the mayor himself. It was in this that Jim had begged Clodagh to accompany him to the Gulmullet fair, some ten miles distant.

"Thank ye kindly, Jim," she answered, "but I've promised to go with Terence."

"Well, thim, it's myself that will have to ride alone," sighed Jim disconsolately, "for, sure, there's no one in Ballymoran who can take your place at all at all."

The night before the fair Clodagh and Terry sat before her door discussing the joys of the morrow.

"We'll start early," said he, "and be back by nightfall."

"And I'll wear my best dress, with the blue ribbons," said Clodagh, "and keep my coat in the back o' the cart."

"I mistrust ye'll have to hold it on your lap, ma'vornen," said Terry, "on account o' the pig."

"Pig!" cried Clodagh.

"I'm going to take the pig along in the back o' the cart. 'Tis a foin price I'm expecting to get for her, and—"

"Terry O'Rourke," shrieked Clodagh, "do ye think I'd ride in a cart with a pig?"

"You've done it before."

"Niver with my best dress on."

"Lave your best dress at home, thim," said Terry humorously.

Clodagh saw no humor in his remark.

"You can choose betwain us," she said haughtily. "Will ye take me or will ye take the pig?"

"But, Clodagh, girrl, be reasonable. The pig can do ye no harm. She's as clean as an angel and as well behaved, and 'tis my only chance o' selling her."

Clodagh stamped her foot.

"I've given ye your choice, Terry O'Rourke. Once and for all, which will ye take?"

Terry was usually slow to anger, but now a danger spark burned in his eyes.

"I'll take the pig," he said.

Clodagh flew inside and banged the door.

Next morning she passed Terry's cabin, riding with Jim Hagan in his jaunting car. Her muslin dress was as blue as the sky, and its many ribbons fluttered in the wind. Terry was out in his garden, and Clodagh feigned not to see him, though Jim glanced round with a look of triumph.

"How are ye, Terry?" he called out.

"'Tis a foin day for the fair."

And they rattled gayly down the road, the new yellow wheels of the jaunting car shining in the sun.

Terry gazed after them. All the brightness seemed gone from life. It was as if the candle of his happiness had been blown out, leaving him in utter darkness.

"'Twas a wise man," he muttered, "who said that fortune was a fickle jade. A turn of her wheel—and where are ye now, Terry O'Rourke?"

Then he harnessed up slowly, put the pig in the cart and took the road for Gulmullet.

There was no one to see Clodagh drive out of Ballymoran save a few old women and children. The rest of her neighbors had risen with the dawn and set out for their fair hours ago. Clodagh, being of two minds whether to go or not, had kept the ardent Jim waiting till she reached a conclusion. Now they rolled swiftly along in order to make up for lost time. The road was almost deserted save in the distance, where there were a few tardy wayfarers like themselves.

And these, too, having the start of them, soon vanished. She felt that she was looking her best, and if she had any doubts on that score Jim's fluent tongue would have reassured her. She answered his lovingmaking with laughing banter, and he was declaring for the twentieth time that he would make the kindest husband in the world when the jaunting car gave an abrupt lurch, and Clodagh found herself sitting on one side of the road, while Jim scrambled up from the other. He did not even pause to ask her if she was hurt.

"Oh, be the powers," he ejaculated, "look at my foin car! The wheel's off, ruined entirely."

"If it's the wheel that's troubling ye"—But Clodagh's sarcasm was lost on him.

"My foin car!" he cried over and over again. From where they stood it was five miles to Ballymoran and five to Gulmullet. The fields and bogs

stretched away unbrokenly to the sky line. There was not a cabin in sight.

"Well, can't ye do something?" said Clodagh. Her ankle was paining her, and the sun was very warm.

But Jim was better at repartee than at meeting emergencies, and with his head on one side he considered the situation.

"I'm thinking we'll have to foot it," he said gloomily.

There was a sob in Clodagh's voice.

"My ankle's wrenched, and 'tis not a step further I'll go," she avowed.

"You sit here thim and I'll go for help," said Jim, his face brightening.

"Yes, and it's fair time and the country full o' vagabonds! That's a grand idea, Mr. Jim Hagan, to leave me alone entirely by myself!"

Jim wilted.

"What'll we do, thim?" he demanded.

"We'll sit here till some one comes," said Clodagh.

So they sat. Birds sang in the long meadow grass. A hare flitted by like a shadow. Nothing else stirred. The road stretched away white and deserted. Tim moodily scanned the horizon, and Clodagh wondered if the sunlight would fade her ribbons. She wished devoutly that she had never come. Who could have supposed that her pleasure jaunt would end like this?

She cast a quick glance at Jim. The great, unfeeling, unamiable! Never once had he asked her how she felt or if her fall had shaken her! Ah, Terry was the lad! Terry always knew what to do! And she had lost him—lost him through her own folly! Well, there was no good in thinking of that now, and she blinked hard to keep back the tears. It was near noon. Her throat was parched, and the pangs of hunger were astringent. The sullen silence of 'im wore on her.

"Why can't ye say something," she burst out, "instead o' sitting there staring like a bump on a log?"

"Whist, Clodagh, here's some one coming at last!"

Through a cloud of dust appeared a rickety little cart drawn by a gray donkey. Terry was on the front seat. The pig rode stolidly behind. At sight of their plight Terry halted. Clodagh hung her head and could not raise her eyes. It was Jim who spoke first.

"We're in a fine mess," said he. "The wheel's broke, and Clodagh's hurt her ankle."

"Has she now?" cried Terry, a note of anxiety in his voice.

"'Tis not so painful when I sit still," said Clodagh, "but 'tis like the curse of all the crows when I try to walk."

"I'll tell ye the best way out," said Terry. "I'll take Clodagh with me to the fair, and thim I'll send some one to help ye with your jaunting car. How will that be suiting ye?"

There seemed no other way, and Jim muttered that it would suit him very well.

"And you, Clodagh?"

"If—if ye will take me," she said humbly.

"Here's a place o' bread for ye, Jim," said Terry, "and a bit o' goat's cheese. Belike it will shay your hunger till help arrives. Don't ate it too fast," he called back after he had helped Clodagh up on to the seat beside him—"don't ate it too fast, for 'tis rich and likely to give ye the dyspepsia."

For awhile Clodagh and Terry rode in silence. Then, "Clodagh, girrl," said Terry tenderly, "'tis a churl I am at times, but I meant nothing by it. Will ye forgive me for what I said last night?"

"Forgive ye," cried Clodagh—"forgive ye! Oh, Terry, I'd rather ride with you and fifty pigs than with Jim Hagan and a coach and four!"

Russia's Great Library.

One of the proudest monuments to the memory of that benevolent despot, Peter the Great, is the imperial library of Russia, established by him in 1714. Present ranking places it third among the world's great libraries, preceded only by the National library at Paris and that of the British museum at London. It contains a million and a half volumes and 26,000 manuscripts. The most important accession it ever received was probably at the time of the suppression of the Society of Jesus in Russia, when most of the Jesuit collections were transferred to the imperial library. Among them was the famous collection of Count Zaluski, consisting of 260,000 volumes and 10,000 manuscripts, which had been installed at the Jesuit college in Warsaw. The most important manuscript in the library is the "Codex Sinaiticus" of the Greek Bible, brought to Russia by Professor Tischendorf in 1859 from the Convent of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai.—New York Tribune.

Comparative Color Blindness.

If a thousand men gaze at a garden of flowers, fifty of them will see the colors falsely. If a thousand women view them, nine hundred and ninety-six or seven will perceive the hues correctly. Of the six colors of the rainbow, which, mingled in thousands of combinations, give all the varying hues of sky and sea, of mountain and valley, some are never seen by the color blind or are felt only as light and shade of black and white. Very few persons are totally color blind, yellow, blue and violet being rarely lost. To the totally color blind all landscapes and objects are like an engraving in black and white.—Edward A. Ayers in Century.

Rattlesnakes.

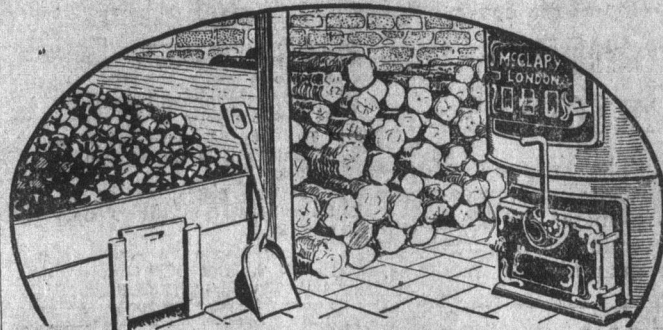
Some persons believe that, in addition to ejecting venom through their fangs, rattlesnakes have the power to throw off poisonous dust. Some persons, it is claimed, are able even to smell a snake some distance away.

Told on Herself.

"Mr. Taffeligh is a smooth faced young man, isn't he, Matilda?"

"Why, I thought it felt—I mean—"

"Matilda!"—Judge.



## SUNSHINE FURNACE

BURNS COAL OR WOOD

The Sunshine is a good, "all round" furnace. Burns, with equal facility, either coal or wood. Coke, too, if you prefer it.

And so perfect is the combustion of the Sunshine that it extracts every unit of heat from the fuel.

What's left in the ash-pan is not worth sifting.

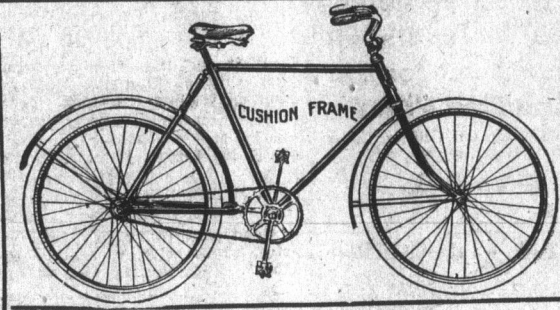
Sunshine consumes less fuel, too. Because its perfect system of dampers prevent the escape of the hot air up the chimney—compels it to come out through the registers.

You pay for heating the inside—not the outside—of your house when you buy the Sunshine.

If your local dealer does not handle this most economical furnace write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET.

**McClary's**

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B.



## BRANTFORD

## BICYCLES

Stand at the top of the ladder, selling in competition with the best products of the world.

Because they are built on honor—on Canadian honor.

Of honest material by skilled mechanics,

Who have spent the best years of their lives

In bringing this bicycle to the proud position

It now occupies as a leader in many countries.

It places you under no obligation to buy—to respect the new models at—

## CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LIMITED

Toronto Junction, Canada.

"Makers of the World's Best Bicycles"

Branches—Winnipeg, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE:

## BRISCO

## TOMLINSON & TUMMON

Slate and Gravel Roofs

Slate Blackboards

REPAIRING SPECIALLY

ATTENDED TO.

Estimates Promptly Furnished

OLD ROOFS RELAID.

Office: Inches Ave., Chatham Ont. Phone 285.

Tomlinson & Tummon

## BOOKBINDING

Orders for Bookbinding should be left at this office. It is surprising how nice a volume can be made of those magazines, even though they are somewhat soiled from much handling. Books, Magazines or Periodicals bound or rebound in any style at very reasonable prices. Blank books, such as journals, ledgers, day books, with any kind of ruling, made to order. PLANET OFFICE CHATHAM

WE HANDLE THE

## National Portland Cement

THE CEMENT OF QUALITY, ONE GRADE—THE HIGHEST, ALSO

Lime, Plaster, Sewer Pipe, Fire Brick, Etc., at Lowest Possible Prices.

**J. & A. OLDERSHAW**

King St. West Telephone 85

## STYLISH SPRING SUITINGS FOR MEN AND BOYS

Made to Order and a Perfect Fit Guaranteed

We are large importers of the best clothes and can show you a range of patterns that will please you.

Our workmen are skilled and our prices will be found to be the lowest.

Before you purchase your Spring Suit or Overcoat call at the factory office and find out what we have to offer you.

## THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., LTD.

Merchant Tailors, Manufacturers and Importers.



(Made by ye olde firme of Heintzman & Co.)

An instrument that is the exclusive choice of the great masters of the past fifty years—a piano that stands the test of time and satisfies discriminating tastes.

Dollar for dollar the best value in Canada to-day, for there is no uncertainty or doubt as to high quality.

**JOHN GLASSFORD,**  
Agent Chatham

## WIPING RAGS FOR SALE.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR IRON, RAGS, COPPER, BRASS, &c.

MACHINERY PARTS.—We carry a large number of Second-hand Machinery Parts, and may have just what you want.

## SAM. KOVINSKY.

Near G. T. y Station.

Phone 255.

Read The Chatham Planet For All The News