

VANITY'S VISIONS.

Frilled Muffs For Short Sleeves. Smart Lavender Hat.

Muffs are flatter and softer than ever and more voluminous. The three-quarter sleeve almost universal upon dressy fur coats necessitates some protection for the gloved arms, and deep frills and other devices for filling this need have been introduced in many muffs.

Never in the history of dress were cloth costumes more fashionable than today. Velvet may be smart for after-



FANCY APRON—5177, 5105.

noon, but even the most expensive velvet costume is not one bit handsomer than an elaborate cloth gown.

A hat in lavender felt has a round, rather wide brim of equal width all the way round the rim, rounding down the least bit. The crown is covered with folds of rich purplish velvet, the ends of which come out from the sides and are drawn in under the brim, pulling the latter in and down a trifle. A cachepeigne of purple tulle fills in the back. At the front of the hat, toward the left side, is a cockade of three lavender ostrich tips, one towering above the other and all falling over toward the front and center of the hat.

Lace evening toques are very attractive and useful, as they are suitable for wear with any costume. They are most charming when trimmed with gold floral wreaths and large roses, with fur, colored jeweled ornaments or ostrich feathers.

The chafing dish has become such an institution that pretty little aprons that can be slipped on to protect the toilet are recognized features of fashionable dress. The illustration shows an exceedingly attractive apron of dotted swiss trimmed with valenciennes lace. The fancy waist is of white taffeta adorned with German valenciennes lace. JUDIC CHOLLET.

FASHION WRINKLES.

Long Trains In Again—Pretty Things Made With Ribbons.

Once again long, graceful trains are to be seen, and, as they are becoming alike to short and tall, stout and slender, it is to be hoped that the fashion has come to stay for awhile. Natural-ly the comfort of a short dancing gown is great; but, then, the charming lines given to the figure by a long sweep of silk or satin should more than compensate for the slight inconvenience.

A plain white ornament is seldom effective in the hair; but in flowers or

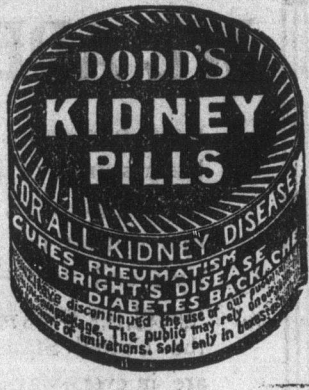


GIRL'S PARTY FROCK—5537.

ribbon some green can always be added, and paillettes or rhinestones give character to an all white ornament. Coronets formed of ribbon or leaves are seen among the newest hair adornments, and in most cases they are heavily spangled. For an all black gown a coronet of solid jet leaves is most effective worn with a jet dog collar.

Jumpers and girdles are not the only serviceable articles made from ribbons this season, for there are pretty kimonoes with lace insertions, detachable petticoat flounces that may be applied to any undershirt and little tea aprons that are decidedly attractive worn when presiding at afternoon tea at home. For a separate petticoat flounce seven and three-quarter yards of pompadour ribbon, five yards of insertion and five yards of lace edging are used. The flounce, any width desired, is made of alternate circular rows of silk and insertion, with a ruffle edged with lace at the bottom. This may be pinned or sewed to any undershirt so that detaching or changing the extra ruffle from one petticoat to another is but the work of a minute.

Party frocks are in demand at this time of the year, and the illustration shows a nice little dress for a girl of ten or twelve. JUDIC CHOLLET.



FUNERAL OF LADY GRENFELL.

Memorial Service Attended By Many Distinguished Persons.

London, Feb. 20.—(C. A. P.)—Simultaneous with the funeral of Lady Victoria Grenfell at Howick, a memorial service which was very impressive and largely attended, was held at St. George's, Hanover Square. Lord Strathcona represented the Dominion.

Canon Fleming conducted the service, which included Gounod's anthem, "All Ye Who Weep," beautifully sung by the choir and ended with Chopin's Funeral March. The deepest sympathy was manifested on all hands.

GREAT SPECIALISTS IN STOMACH CATARRH.

Though often they fail to give even temporary relief, Mr. W. Seymour, Huntsville, Ont., cured himself with Ferrozone. "My trouble," he says, "was chronic catarrh of the stomach. There was constant bad taste in my mouth, I was constipated and usually nauseated before and after meals. I also had a gnawing sensation in the stomach. Ferrozone gave me great relief, and I also used Catarrhose, which is good for catarrh. Although it took a number of boxes of Ferrozone, I got back my health and to-day am quite well." For "stomach catarrh," indigestion and kindred disorders nothing excels Ferrozone. In a thousand cases it has proved a wonderful success. Try it yourself, 50c. per box at all dealers.

License Inspector Dies.

Mitchell, Feb. 20.—William White, license inspector for South Perth, died yesterday at his home in Hibbert Township, of pneumonia. He was secretary of the South Perth Farmers' Institute, past county master of Orange Order of Perth and a prominent member of the Oddfellows. Mr. White was 50 years of age.

Murdered By Persians.

Berlin, Feb. 20.—The Foreign Office here has been notified by the German legation at Teheran, Persia, of the murder there of a German subject named Damman, and the wounding of two other Germans by robbers.

Jail Breaker Caught.

Bellefonte, Feb. 20.—Fred Renfrew, who escaped from the county jail here last summer, while serving a six months' sentence, was yesterday recaptured by the police here. He had been away in the States.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for each case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Battle on Frontier.

Managua, Nicaragua, Feb. 20.—The troops of Gen. Bonilla, president of Honduras, at 3 o'clock Monday attacked the forces of Gen. Zelaya, president of Nicaragua, which were guarding the Nicaraguan frontier. After many hours' fighting the army of Honduras was defeated.

Smallpox At Sandwich.

Sandwich, Feb. 20.—A young man named Rochleu, is under quarantine, it having been found that he has smallpox. The town council has ordered compulsory vaccination to prevent the spread of the disease.

THEY GIVE WONDERFUL HEALTH.

None are so healthy, so buoyant and full of life as those who regulate with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Even in one night they worked wonders. Fur and coating they take from the tongue, headaches they relegate to the past, biliousness and stomach disorders they prevent and absolutely cure.

Think what it means to have the system cleansed and purified by Dr. Hamilton's Pills! A true laxative, a perfect tonic, harmless and wholly vegetable in composition, they will do you good. To feel and look your best use Dr. Hamilton's Pills; 35c.

The man who whispers can often be heard farther than the man who shouts.

Ask for Minard's and take no other

THE ROAD TO FAME

By ALBERT HUGGINS

Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

It was Grandma Foster who was to blame for it. She came on a visit to her daughter, Farmer Stebbins' wife, and found her niece Hattie teaching the district school and engaged to be married to a worthy young man named Hiram Ball. Miss Hattie was fairly educated, fairly good looking and very well contented with her life.

Grandma's coming, however, started the fires of ambition. Once during her long life the old lady had attended a theatrical performance. It was in the town hall of her native village. The play was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of course, and the company was made up of barnstormers, but it was a great play, and it made grandma, who was only a little girl then, thrill from top to toe.

Soon after her arrival at the Stebbins Hattie walked across the veranda in a way that made the old lady exclaim:

"Bless my soul if that don't remind me of Ophelia in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'! You've got her walk to perfection. Child, have you been practicing for the stage?"

"No, grandma."

"But the way you just turned around, your looking back at me with your head over your shoulder, your smile, the way you stick up your chin, all remind me of Ophelia. You could step right on the stage and play the character."

That was the beginning. Grandma announced her great discovery to her sister and brother-in-law and advised them to put Hattie on the stage at once; but, meeting with decided opposition, she said nothing further to them. Many were the counsels held between her and the niece, however. It had been forty-two years since grandma had seen the historic play and what she couldn't remember she imagined. Within a week she had decided that Hattie could not only play the part of Ophelia, but of little Eva,



"BLESS MY SOUL, IF THIS DON'T REMIND ME OF OPHELIA."

Legree, Marks and even of Uncle Tom himself. She couldn't fail to be the whole show, and in four weeks she would rise from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to Shakespearean plays. The old lady believed what she said, and the young lady believed with her. Hiram Ball tried his best to open his fiancée's eyes.

"Your grandmother is a fool!" was his blunt way of putting it. "Because you can smile and giggle is no sign that you would make a great actress. You just give up the idea and settle down and behave yourself."

"Mr. Ball, I permit no one to speak disrespectfully of my grandmother in my presence," replied the young lady, with freezing dignity, as she took three strides to the end and then turned about and took three strides to the west.

"Hattie Stebbins, don't make a jay of yourself. You'll never be an actress any more than I'll be Cicero. It isn't in us."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Ball. My resolution is taken, it is irrevocable. Nothing that you can say will shake me in the least. Destiny calls me."

"What, do you mean to tell me that you are going to be silly enough to go on the stage?" he shouted.

"Remember whom you are addressing, varlet!" she warned as she drew herself up.

"By gum, but you have gone crazy! That old grandmother of yours ought to be ducked in the goose pond. What does she know about acting?"

"Enough, sir! Here our paths diverge. From this hour we are strangers."

"Then go right along and make a fool of yourself!" called Hiram as she turned away.

When the grandmother was informed of the insidious remarks of Mr. Ball she held out new encouragement. She discovered new things to found new predictions on. The very way that Miss Hattie climbed a fence, fell down on the lawn or ran into a clothes-line proved to her that the girl was ex-orn for the stage and had been moldering in obscurity.

The district school was continued, and nothing might have come of the talk but for the week's holiday in Sep-

tember to give the carpenters time to make some repairs. Grandma had gone home, and now Miss Hattie went over to the county seat to visit a girl friend. She and Hiram had been "out" for the last three months. Instead of moping and sorrowing and breaking his heart he had again called her a jay and continued his business of buying butter and eggs for the market.

A theatrical company playing "Did She Love Him?" had struck the town and excited the people. The actors and actresses had sauntered about the street and been the observed of all observers. There was talk of a "tremendous cast" and a "carload of scenery." There was talk of a "farewell tour" and "tremendous applause." The play had run several hundred nights in New York and the same in London, and its author had received over a million dollars in royalties.

Miss Hattie Stebbins had determined from the first to join the company. She met the manager in a grocery where he had called for crackers, cheese and herring, and, to her intense joy, he was looking for a young lady to play second lead. Her salary would be \$25 per week. Her part would be to hold up the train of the leading lady's dress as she entered the parlor, trim two lamps and ask the leading lady if she should turn the cat outdoors. The manager could promise her no more just at present, as the leading lady was insanely jealous of her part, but later on there would be a change.

It was agreed that Hattie should leave when the company did and make her first appearance at the next town. She dodged her friends and was at the depot as the company made ready to depart at midnight. It departed in the caboose of a freight train. The manager explained that they preferred to travel that way in order to view the scenery.

There were five actors and three actresses. The actors were gallant enough, but the actresses held aloof and threw out insinuations and made Hattie feel as badly as they could. There was sleep that night for all who sat on the floor. In the early morning the company rolled into its next stopping place, and the manager took the upper rooms at the village inn. These included the garret. He did this, he explained, on the ground of health. He borrowed Hattie's watch that day and forgot to return it in her part that night.

She went on in her part that night. She had studied it for hours and was letter perfect. She fell over on her letter perfect, and she fell over another on her entrance, and though the actresses sneered and wanted to know if she thought she was in a cabbage patch, the manager took her aside and said he never saw such acting by an amateur. She had only to keep on and fall over four chairs to bring four rounds of applause from the audience. He wound up by borrowing her breast-pin.

For a whole week Miss Hattie Stebbins played second lead and rode from town to town in caboose. For a whole week the actresses showed their jealousy of her. Sometimes enough money was taken in to pay the bills and get to the next town. Sometimes the printer and the landlord were held up by promises. Sometimes the audience numbered fifty people, and the applause that went up the manager called "positively tremendous." Sometimes only half a dozen people sat around and wondered what it was all about.

Miss Hattie had two gold rings, and the manager borrowed both of them. She loaned two or three of her dresses and a hat to the actresses in the hope of getting into their golden opinions. She learned to enter and to exit, and if she fell down she learned to fall gracefully on her shoulder. The manager assured her that the pinnacle of fame was not far away, and everything looked rosy, when she awoke one morning to find the company gone and to learn that the landlord was holding her for the bill.

Luckily her father arrived at that juncture. There was no scene. She did not fall into his arms. She had had acting enough. He simply took her home, where she found Hiram waiting for her. He had been biding his time, and there was no scene with him either. He simply remarked that if she had got over being a jay he would like to revive the marriage question, and an hour later a female head was resting on a manly shoulder and gazing up at the new moon with dewy eyes. After a long while Hiram gently asked: "Dearest, what does varlet mean? You know you called me one."

"It's—it's some kind of an animal, I guess, and I'm sorry," she replied as she snuggled closer.

Adam Knew the Flood Was Coming. An apocryphal book called the "Lesser Genesis" and well known to the early Christian fathers tells a wonderful incident in the life of Seth, the third son of Adam and Eve. When the goodly Seth was about forty years of age, he was "rapt" up into heaven by a trio of angels and there told and shown what was in store for mankind. Among other things, the coming of the great deluge was made known to him, as was also the coming of the Saviour. When he returned to earth, Seth told his parents what had happened and of what he had seen and heard concerning the future of the human race. "And Adam was much grieved when it was made known to him that the world would be destroyed by water on account of the wickedness of his own children, but a great peace and calmness came over him when Seth told how the face of the earth would again be re-peopled. * * * His joy was exceedingly great when Seth related what was in store in the coming ages, and he was particularly glad to know that redemption should finally come through Jesus, the Christ."

Chafing Dish Dainties

are all improved by the addition of a small quantity of

Armour's Solid Extract of Beef

(NOTED IN CANADA)

Armour's Extract of Beef is concentrated soup stock. It goes four times as far as other extracts and fluid beefs.

"Culinary Wrinkles" tells how to create 20 triumphs of the Chafing Dish. Send for it. It's free.

ARMOUR LIMITED - Toronto

CANADIAN FACTORY—77 FRONT STREET EAST

BRITAIN HAS A POLICY.

Winston Churchill Declares That Government Has No Open Mind.

London, Feb. 20.—In the House of Commons Mr. Churchill moved an amendment to the address expressing regret that there was no reference in the King's speech to the colonial conference and to the opportunity thereby offered for promoting freer trade within the Empire and closer commercial relations on the preferential basis. Evelyn Cecil seconded it.

Winston Churchill, responding for the Government, said the amendment meant a tariff wall round this country. On behalf of the Government he made a clear declaration. They did not enter the conference with an open mind on this subject—(Ministerial cheers)—nor did the colonial premiers, who had their functions defined. The Government also had their instructions and would not fail to carry them out.

Mr. Balfour moved the adjournment of the debate.

WHERE DOES CONSUMPTION BEGIN?

That first little tickle becomes a cough, the cough grows severe, is neglected and travels down to the lungs. Treat throat trouble before it gets severe. Catarrhose heals, always inflammation, cures throat trouble and bronchitis quickly. A marvel worker is Catarrhose, which prevents thousands of Catarrh victims from contracting consumption. Recommended by doctors, proved by time to be unfailing. Catarrhose is just what you need. 25c. and \$1.00; sold everywhere.

Ex-Premier Greenway Chairman.

Ottawa, Feb. 20.—Ex-Premier Greenway was elected chairman of the special committee to investigate an alleged lumber combine in the west. Witnesses will be called.

General Stores Burned.

Winnipeg, Feb. 20.—At Eden, Man., ten miles north of Neepawa, a number of general stores were destroyed by fire yesterday. Erskineberry and Manscott were the heaviest losers.

JUMPING WITH NERVE PAIN.

That's how you feel with neuralgia. But why lie awake at night, grumble or complain—get busy with a bottle of Nerviline. It does not like magic, seeks out the pain and destroys it. Harmless and certain; instant in effect, nothing is so popular as Nerviline for aches and pains of all kinds. Try it for lumbago test it in rheumatism, prove it in neuritis, pleurisy or colds. You'll soon acknowledge that Poison's Nerviline beats them all. Sold everywhere in large 25c. bottles.

Ins And Outs.

Bronzed by foreign suns, he entered the office of his colleague, but the cashier's chair was vacant.

"Is Mr. Smith out?" he asked anxiously. "I am an old friend of his."

"No, sir," returned the clerk. "Mr. Smith is not out. He won't be out for sixteen years."

Here the clerk smiled grimly.

"The firm is out, though," he went on, "one hundred thousand, just."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Some time ago I had a bad attack of Quinzy, which laid me up for two weeks and cost a lot of money.

Finding the lump again forming in my throat, I bathed freely with MINARD'S LINIMENT, and saturating a cloth with the liniment left it on all night.

Next morning the swelling was gone and I attributed the warding off of an attack of Quinzy to the free use of MINARD'S LINIMENT. G. F. WORDEN.

St. John.

Had Her Doubts.

Mamma—You should be polite, dear, and offer to share your candy with papa. Little Margie—I would, mamma, if I was sure he'd be polite and refuse it.

Factious.

Customer—Have you anything that is good for falling hair? Factious Clerk—How would a wastebasket do?

Be sure you can obey good laws before you alter bad ones.—Buskin.

How much of your life is spent trying to get well. It requires but a month or less to put the average man or woman on their feet with Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

BEWICK THE ENGRAVER.

A Charlotte Bronte Poem That Has Just Seen Light.

The London Times publishes a Bronte poem in its issue of Jan. 4, and says it was received from a correspondent at Haworth, to whose mother it was given by Charlotte Bronte. "On the poem," says The Times, "thinks the poem has never been printed, and as far as we have been able to ascertain, it doesn't appear in any of the collected editions of poems by the Brontes."

*Lines on the Celebrated Bewick.

The cloud of recent death is past away,
But yet a shadow lingers o'er his tomb

To tell that the pale standard of decay
Is reared triumphant o'er life's sullied bloom.

But now the eye bedimmed by tears may gaze
On the fair lines his gifted pencil drew;

The tongue unfaltering speak its need of praise,
When we behold those scenes to nature true—

True to the common nature that we see
In England's sunny fields, her hills and dales;

On the wild bosom of her storm-lark
Still heaving to the wind that c'er it waile.

How many winged inhabitants of air,
How many plume-clad floaters (?) of the deep,

The mighty artist drew in forms as fair
As those that now the skies and waters sweep.

From the great eagle with his lightning eye,
His tyrant glance, his talons dyed in blood,

To the sweet breather-forth of melody,
The gentle merry minstrel of the wood.

Each in his attitude of native grace
Looks on the gazer life-like, free and bold;

And if the rocks be his abiding place,
Far off appears the winged wanderer's herd.

But if the little builder rears his nest
In the still shadow of green, tranquil trees,
And singing sweetly 'mid the silence blest,
Sits a meet emblem of untroubled peace.

"A change comes o'er the spirit of our dream,"
Woods wave around in crested majesty;

We almost feel the joyous sunshine's beam
And hear the breath of the sweet south go by.

Our childhood's days return again in thought,
We wander in a land of love and light,

And mingled memories, joy—and sorrow—fraught,
Gush on our hearts with overwhelming might.

Sweet flowers seem gleaming 'mid the tangled grass,
Sparkling with spring drops from the rushing rill.

And as these fleeting visions fade and pass
Perchance some furtive tears our eyes may fall.

There rises some lone rock, all wet with surge
And dashing billows glimmering in the light

Of a wan moon whose silent rays emerge
From clouds that veil their lustre cold and bright.

And there, 'mongst reeds upon a river's side,
A wild bird sits, and, brooding o'er her nest,

Still guards the priceless gems, her joy and pride,
Now ripening 'neath her hope-enlivened breast.

We turn the page before the expectant eye,
A traveler stands lone on some desert heath;

The glorious sun is passing from the sky,
While fall his farewell rays on all beneath.

O'er the far hills a purple veil seems flung,
Dim herald of the coming shades of night;

E'en now Diana's lamp aloft is hung,
Drinking full radiance from the fount of light.

Now we behold a marble Naiad placed
Beside a fountain on her sculptured throne,

Her bending form with simplest beauty graced,
Her white robes gathered in a snowy zone.

She from a polished vase pours forth a stream
Of sparkling water to the waves below,

Which roll in light and music, while the gleam
Of sunshine flings through shade a golden glow.

A hundred fairer scenes these leaves reveal,
But there are tongues that injure while they praise;

I cannot speak the rapture that I feel
When on the work of such a mind I gaze.

Then farewell, Bewick, genius' favored son;
Death's sleep is on thee; all thy woes are past;

From earth departed, life and labor done,
Eternal peace and rest are thine at last.

Nov. 27, 1832. C. Bronte.
*Thomas Bewick was one of the greatest of British wood engravers, born near Newcastle in 1733. He died in 1823. The most notable of his engravings include the illustrations of Aesop's Fables and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

WANTED

WANTED—Two dining room girls. Apply at Hotel Merrill.

WANTED—A good girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. W. J. Taylor, at Mrs. Scane's, Queen St.

WANTED—A man and wife to work on farm, or a housekeeper for Hiram Hurst. Apply Box 296, Blenheim.

LOCAL ORGANIZERS—And route men wanted. Apply Alfred Tyler, Wholesale Tea Importer and Spice Grinder, London, Ont.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT

FOR SALE—Licensed Hotel, situated at Charing Cross. For information call on premises.

TO RENT—Three furnished rooms suitable for light housekeeping. Apply Box 25, Planet.

FOR SALE—Desirable lot on Victoria avenue, for sale, next to the residence of W. R. Landon. Apply to Thos. Scullard or The Planet Office.

FOR SALE—Moderate sized house with modern improvements, for sale, on Victoria Ave., at a bargain. Apply to Thos. Scullard or Planet Office.

FARM FOR SALE—Good 115 acre farm, Chatham Township, two and one-half miles from Chatham; orchard, dwelling, barn and stable, granary and outbuildings, in good condition. Fleming & Harper.

RESIDENCE AND LOTS FOR SALE—Will sell my house and lots on the corner of Lacroix and Harvey streets, either separately or en bloc. Terms, \$1,000 cash, balance to suit purchaser. W. S. Marshall.

FOR SALE—On Taylor avenue, one store with fixtures and three dwelling houses, now occupied, all in good repair, good well water. For terms apply H. G. Kogelschatz, Taylor avenue.

FARMS FOR SALE—I have for sale 200 acres, lot 166, Tilbury East, Talbot Road West, owned by N. H. Shepley; also 150 acres, part lot 3, concession 1, Township of Camden, one mile from Kent Bridge, owned by Robert Cockney. Money to loan at very low rate of interest. Henry Digneau.

FARM FOR SALE—North-west half Lot 1, fourth concession, Township of Harwich, R. S., one hundred acres, or less, in a good state of cultivation; barn 80x40; good drive barn and granary; good frame dwelling house; three good wells of water; one aresian well; fruit of all kinds; well located for dairy, one mile outside city limits, on townline between Harwich and Raleigh. For particulars, apply to G. W. Kelly, Queen St., south of Fair Grounds, or address G. W. Kelly, Box 615, Chatham, Ont.

FOR SALE.

Big Bargains in Real Estate:

3 New Houses, modern improvements, also large Modern Cottage, all on desirable avenue, one block from paved street and Street Railway, St. Clair street.

ALSO
7 Lots on Lowe street, N. side, 56 by 130—\$150 for the first 4 lots, \$125 for the other 3 lots.<