

THE CHATHAM DAILY PLANET

6



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is as emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Fairly but exquisitely aromatic.

Beware of Imitations.

THE QUESTION

THE DAY

Is where can I get best value in Vinegars and Spices?

McConnell's, Park St.

Has a supply of A 1 Vinegar, just the kind to make good pickles, also our spices, whole and ground, are fresh and good.

Ginger Snaps, per lb. 5c
6 Bars S. Soap, 25c
Try our 25c Mixed Tea.
Coffee, per lb. 15c

Crockery at our usual low price.

John McConnell

Phone 190. Park St., East
Sign of the Star

In Using Baking Powder

Nothing but the purest should be used. It is a well known fact that this article of food has been grossly adulterated and to such an extent that "The Government" has now deemed it advisable to prosecute all vendors of

Baking Powder Containig Alum

We are pleased to say that we can supply you with a Pure, Wholesome Baking Powder, entirely free from Alum or any other adulteration, and at a price no higher than is asked for the worthless article. Price 25c per lb. Manufactured at

Central c. H. Gunn & Co.

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Cor. K. St. and 5th Streets

SEEDS

ALSIKE, RED CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED, SEED PEAR, CORN, BARLEY AND BEANS. All kinds of GARDEN SEEDS, guaranteed new and old stock.

FLOUR AND FEED

Baled Hay and Straw Wholesale and Retail.

Tennent & Burke

Phone 309, Ross Block.

Princess T... Are what you want for a... female troubles, an infallible... discovered by a renowned... specialist, guaranteed a... cure, will positively establish... normal functions, use... over 5000 ladies, for sale... gals, or sent on receipt of price \$1.00.
Acting Drug Co., Windsor, Ont., Can.

MARGARITAE SORORI.

A late lark twittered from the quiet skies, And from the west, Where the sun, day's work ended, Lingers as an enigma.

The smoke ascends In a ray and golden haze. The spires Shine and are changed. In the valley Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun, Closing his benediction, Sinks, and the darkening air Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night— Night, with her train of stars And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing! My task accomplished and the long day done, My wages taken, and in my heart Some late lark singing, Let me be gathered to the quiet west, The sundown splendour and serene, Death!

—Henley.

A HAUNTED HAMLET

The Extraordinary Experience of a Strolling Player.

I was the leading man. We had been "barnstorming" through the provinces for some months, and the season was drawing to a close. So, too, was the time for a certain noted had drawn when the season began. Not having money enough to purchase my stage dresses, I had borrowed from a London Shylock, telling him that as leading man my salary was princely. My bill was already overdue, when, by some unlucky chance, my sharp creditor heard of the smallness of my salary. He wrote fiercely to demand the amount of the bill I had given him or threatened immediate proceedings.

I put him off as well as I could, hoping for something to turn up that might enable me to satisfy his demands. Three nights before we closed my benefactor came off. I had put up "Hamlet" and "The Road to Ruin." My announcing the former of these much annoyed the manager, who had not sufficient confidence in my experience to trust me with the Danish prince, but he at last gave way. Perhaps his compliance was the more easily obtained through the influence of his daughter Amy, who was to play Ophelia. Well, every billboard bore the announcement in bills half a yard in length: "Hamlet, prince of Denmark, by Mr. Arthur Stanley, Ophelia, by Miss Amy St. John, for rest of characters see small show." Things went well. Every seat in the boxes was let, and the tickets for pit and gallery had gone off so well that less than the average amount taken at the doors would overflow the house.

The old church clock tolling the important hour of 6 warned me to hurry from my lodgings to that temple of fame in which I fondly hoped I had secured a niche for myself. As I walked along I began to taste the pleasure of celebrity, and I nudged each other as I passed. A couple of young ladies, whose profession appeared to be "millinery," looked at me from under their bonnets and then repeated my name in a whisper loud enough for me to hear half a dozen yards from them.

"This is indeed renown," I muttered. "What matters it that my salary is small when my fame is becoming so great?" As I said the words I felt a hand upon my shoulder and turned, with the glow of exultation still suffusing my cheek.

"Mr. Arthur Stanley, I believe, sir," said the accoster.

"That is my name," I replied, trying to hurry on.

"Excuse me, sir, then," returned the man, "but you must come with me. At the suit of Moses Cohen for 25 p. 10 and costs."

He handed me a small slip of paper—I dare say you can guess its contents—and took me by the arm.

"This is most unfortunate," I said. "Had it been but one night later I should not have minded it."

"Case of 'hook it,' I suppose," said the man.

"On the contrary, I should have been able to have discharged the amount. I suppose you could not put off the arrest till after business this evening?"

"Not on any account," replied my captor, and I saw that he quite meant what he said.

This, then, was the end of my ambitious aspirations. Instead of the glare of the footlights and the plaudits of an audience I was to have the darkness and stillness of a jail. I folded my arms in despair and defied my fate.

"Denmark's a prison—a goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons," I said. "At I turned to accompany the bailiff's man, a messenger from the theater accosted me.

"Oh, Mr. Stanley," the man said, "I am sent to tell you that we've no ghost; Figgins has just come in a fearful drunk."

I was about to answer him, when my captor interrupted me, asking me if I had put up "Hamlet." Upon my replying in the affirmative, he said he thought he could help me. He had been a member of an amateur theatrical club and the ghost of Hamlet's father had been one of his most successful attempts. If I liked, he would sustain the part on this occasion, and thus keeping his eye upon me, would postpone my arrest until after the performance. I saw that vanity instigated the offer, but as drowning men clutch at straws I accepted the proposal and hurried off to the theater with all speed, accompanied by my obliging Nemesis. In the difficulty the manager consented to my supposed friend's offer, and a few hints sufficing to take the place of rehearsal, half an hour before the curtain was to rise saw the bailiff's man donning the armor of the incarcerated Figgins.

Up went the curtain to a house crowded to the ceiling. The tragedy commenced with every promise of success, my reception was most flattering and the applause which greeted my points almost made me forget the presence of my custodian, who watched me with ever vigilant eyes from the wing. I was naturally apprehensive of the manager in which the ghost would be rendered, but the interview with my father's shade was as satisfactory as it would have been had Figgins himself embodied the spirit, although it must be admitted that spirits were peculiarly in his line.

As the words "Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me," were uttered generous applause rewarded the exertions of the stagestruck bailiff. With a sigh of relief I was about to apostrophize heaven.

earth and the other place when, turning, I saw my father's spirit still upon the stage.

"Leave the stage," I whispered, supposing that my friend had forgotten his exit.

To my horror the ghost replied, with an oath, not loud, but deep and emphatic. It was in vain that I reiterated my directions. The ghost would not give up. And, when the situation was critical, I went on with my part and strove with extra vehemence to carry the audience with me, so that they might overlook the presence of the implacable shade.

Either the audience was not conscious with the text or looked upon the ghost's remaining as a new reading, for they gave no sign of disapproval. When the ratio and Marcellus came on, however, their wonder almost broke out on this catastrophe, but I urged them to go on, and the act drew to a conclusion, with the novelty of the ghost speaking his injunction over my left shoulder.

The drop down, I showered expostulations on my persecuting father's head, but he turned a deaf ear to them all.

"I'll tell you what it is, guv'nor," he said, "I ain't wishing to be at all annoying or ungentlemanly to you, but I had to arrest a gent in your procession, and the performance was over, when, b'owed, if he wasn't shabby enough to get taken down a trap at the end, and bolt. I thought of that while I was on the stage just now, and I ain't no more of a Frenchman."

Without going into the question of his parentage, I promised to surrender myself at the end of the evening, but it was to no purpose; he was obstinate. In the absence of the manager, who had been luckily called away, I confessed by dilemma to the prompter, and he, influenced by good feeling and the promise of a present on the morrow, consented to allow the performance to go on in spite of my being perpetually haunted.

In a few minutes the tale was in every dressing room, and the company chucked with laughter, but as it was not an affair of theirs they did not offer any aid to the constant interruption of my father's accursed spirit. Figgins' interview was shadowed by his presence, and although the ancient chamberlain took his leave the substitute of Figgins remained a fixture. Placed by Rosenkranz and Guildenstern, I was still more bored by the abominable shade, who intruded upon my interview with Ophelia, listened to the scolding I gave the queen and looked on while I scolded Polonius.

I felt like a man who on the steps of the gallows receives a reprieve. Alas, my head was not out of the noose yet. As I was standing at the wing, in readiness for my entrance for the last time, I noticed the manager looking on from the other side. I shuddered. I knew his violence and tyranny, and I trembled at his rage should he stay there to witness the ghost's unusual presence. I spoke to the lady's maid, who was standing near me for the rest of the tragedy; I promised him money, anything he should demand, but it was in vain. My anxiety to be away from him only confirmed him in his suspicions that I wanted to use the opportunity to escape.

Despair made me desperate. I called a scene shifter, and while I pointed to one of the fly pieces, as if it was of that I was speaking, I whispered words of very different import to the man who nodded and hurried away, while I, to keep up appearances, again begged the ghost to remain invisible, of course without making any impression upon his innate nature. At the minute the scene shifter returned. "It's all right, sir," he said. "It will be arranged directly." A glance thanked him.

"If you still persist in being at my elbow," I said to my ghost, "I must trouble you to shift your quarters, as I enter at the back of the scene."

He accompanied me as requested, followed by the scene shifter, and as we stopped I heard the cue given for my entrance. I turned to my ally, who stamped sharply on the stage, and a knock underneath replying to his signal, he seized the ghost as the trap upon which they stood opened, and in a minute the scene shifter returned. "It's all right, sir," he said. "It will be arranged directly." A glance thanked him.

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It's Your Nerves.

It's the Condition of Your Nerves That Either Makes Your Life a Round of Pleasure or a Useless Burden

To many women life is one round of sickness, weakness and ill health. To attempt even the lightest household duties fatigues them. Many of the symptoms accompanying this state of decline are: a feeling of tiredness, waking, faintness, dizziness, sinking feeling, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, cold hands and feet, headache, dark circles under the eyes, pain in the back and side and all other accompaniments of a run down and weakened constitution.

All these symptoms and conditions are simply the result of a poor quality and defective circulation of the blood, with a wasting away of the nerve forces.

By feeding the system with

Dr. Ward's BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS

You strike at the root of the disease and lay a solid foundation on which to build. Soon the weight increases, the sunken cheeks and flattened busts fill out, the eyes get bright and the thrill of renewed health and strength vibrates through the system.

50 cts. per box; five boxes for \$2.00, all druggists.

DOCTOR WARD CO., Toronto, Ont.

mwt & wly

DRAGON'S TEETH.

British may Find that Guns have Been Sown Among Transvaal Koppies.

Real War, How, war, Has Ended, and Police work Has Begun in Costly Conquered Territory.

London, Sept. 26.—Balfour and Chamberlain, the Earl of Kimberley and scores of canvassers have been speaking within 24 hours. But Roberts has done the most effective work for the unionists. The South African war has ended with the destruction of guns and ammunition on the edge of the frontier, and with the disarming of the refugees by the Portuguese officials. Every mile of railway in the control and every important town is garrisoned. Roberts has finished his work, and can return to England, after proclaiming a state of peace, in which beligerent states of would-be summary punishment as outlaws and murderers.

The Delagoa Bay railway, which has played an important part in the Boer plan of campaign, will now become an instrument of peace. The neutral base, without which the Boers could not have armed themselves and kept up a year's campaign, is converted by the completion of Roberts' campaign into a centre of commerce, with the victorious army and the mining camps behind it, and the merchants of Delagoa Bay are settling down for a peaceful trade with Pretoria and Johannesburg. The entire influence of the neutral base will now be thrown on the British side against a proclamation of a hopeless struggle by train wreckers.

Incidents which now fill Roberts' bulletins are details of police work, the closing episodes of a campaign which has cost more in blood and treasure than any war in the Queen's reign, and the unionists press find it convenient to display them with large headlines for political effect as proof that hostilities have really ended and that the electors are called on to decide whether the "soldiers of the Queen" have fought their battles and won the complete peace.

There are crones who forecast a long period of brigandage in the conquered territory, and assert that the British will find the last stage of Dutch resistance more difficult than guerrilla warfare. They assume that thorough disarming of the Boers will require years of systematic surveillance, since guns have been sown like dragon's teeth among the kopjes.



The Dainty White Things

that are washed with SURPRISE Soap—a little Surprise Soap and still less labor—are not only clean but uninjured.

You want the maximum wear out of your clothes. Don't have them ruined by poor soap—use pure soap.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

beautiful rooms in the south wing, one furnished in crimson and gold, for Rob and Joe, and the other in blue and white, for Bell and her little sister.

The sunless bedroom below and closet adjoining were converted into a pleasant back parlor. Bright camp chairs were interspersed to counteract the sombre effect of the old-fashioned black haircloth furniture, the walls, formerly bare, were ornamented with choice engravings.

On Christmas morning more surprises were in store, for a heavily loaded dray appeared early in the day. Soon a fine upright piano was placed in the parlor.

A long, mysterious box contained Joe's longed-for violin. An express package held a fine black silk dress for Sister Hannah, and Brother Elias was almost lost in the luxurious easy chair where rheumatic pains might be mitigated. The family were soon highly entertained by the music of violin and piano. Father's "blue spells" actually vanished at the sound of the lively music.

One morning when reading the following letter from her niece, Aunt Belinda felt paid a rate of interest wholly satisfactory:

My Dear Aunt Belinda:

"I can scarcely realize that two years have passed since you came to us, came to do us so much good. How much we can never know! Oh, Aunt Belinda, when I look back and see whether we were drifting I fairly shudder! Bob has often avowed that you saved him and Joe a drunkard's fate. Sam Long and Ed Green, their former boon companions, are now confirmed sons. And, oh, auntie, Mollie Green drowned herself last month and there is reason to believe that Lou Scott, who the real cause of her desperate deed. Never, no never, could we repay you for your generosity.

"Father seems to enjoy the new order of things. Indeed, he made many improvements last year, so now we have the finest residence and lawn in the suburbs. Now that he spares himself week and considers health, as well as money, an object for which to live, he has nearly recovered from the rheumatism. And mother seems almost as girlish, that sad, weary-of-life expression having wholly vanished. We enjoyed this summer a delightful visit from two school friends, and just have, auntie dear, I'll whisper a secret—I expect to become a sister to sweet Helen Holmes some time in the near future, and to welcome the other of our guests, merry Josie Dean, as John's bride, after his admittance to the bar. I shall give you ample time to come to my wedding. On my day of joy would not be full if you, to whom, under God, I owe my happiness, are not present. With much love from the whole family, I remain, your loving niece," "Bell Brewster."

Aunt Belinda did not long survive the marriage of her niece. It was found after her death that but \$20,000 was the sum of her bequest to Bob and Bell, and a few thousands to charities which had her approval and to which she had bequeathed the Master had she not wisely preferred to do good with her means during her life. The beneficiaries of would-be philanthropic benefactors of result in dire failure because their originators fail to execute the design while still upon the earth.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

No Buddhists in India.

Marion Crawford is a true cosmopolite, equally at home in Benares or on Broadway, and yet her imagination seems mostly dominated by the things of the Orient. In the Century he has an interesting article on "Gods of India," treating the subject in his own graceful, attractive style. India has served many gods, he says, and the monuments raised in their honor are countless. It appears to be generally believed at the present day that the religion of India is Buddhism. How this common impression gained ground it is hard to say. When Sir Edwin Arnold published "The Light of Asia," he did not think it necessary to state that Gautama the Master had lived long ago, and longer ago