

THE QUESTION —OF— 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. 50
6 Bars S. Soap 25c
Try our 25c Mixed Tea 16c
Coffee, per lb. 16c

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 Containing 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
Drug Store & Co.
Phone 106
Cor. E. and 5th
Streets

SEEDS

ALSIKE, RED CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED
SEED PEAS, CORN, BARLEY AND BEANS.
All kinds of GARDEN SEEDS, guaranteed new no old stock.

FLOUR AND FEED

Baled Hay and Straw
Wholesale and Retail.

Tennent & Burke

Phone 500. Stone Block.

Important to Breeders and Horsemen



Eureka Veterinary Caustic Balm

A reliable and speedy remedy for Cuts, Sprains, Swellings, Sore throats, etc., in Horses, and LUMP JAW in Cattle. See pamphlet which accompanies every bottle giving full instructions in the various diseases. It can be successfully used in every case of veterinary practice where stimulating applications and blisters are prescribed. It has no superior. Every bottle sold is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Prepared by the Eureka Veterinary Medicine Co., London, Ont.

In the Surrogate Court of the County of Kent.

In the matter of the guardianship of Melvin Ray and Samuel Gordon Sloan, the infant sons of Samuel Sloan, late of the Township of Harwich, in the County of Kent, and Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased. Notice is hereby given that after the expiration of twenty days from the first publication of this notice, application will be made to the Surrogate Court of the County of Kent, for a grant of Letters of Guardianship of the person and estate of the above named infants to Mary J. Sloan, of the said Township of Harwich, widow of the said Samuel Sloan, deceased. Dated at Chatham this 25th day of September, A. D. 1900.
W. F. SMITH,
Solicitor for Applicant,
Chatham, Ont.

McConnell's Liniment cures Gout in

The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

Here Sir Norman, whose spine seemed to be in danger of becoming the shape of a rainbow, in excess of good breeding, made another genuflection before the queen, with his hand over the region of his heart. Miranda tried to look grave, and wear that expression of severe solemnity I am told queens and rich people always do; but in spite of herself, a little pleased smile rippled over her face, and noting it, and the bow and the speech, the prince suddenly and sharply set up another scream of laughter, as no steamboat or locomotive, in the present age of steam, could begin to equal in ghostliness.

"Will your highness have the goodness to hold your tongue?" inquired the queen, with a "mitch the air" and look of Mrs. Gaudie, "and allow me to ask this stranger a few questions uninterrupted?" Sir Norman Kingsley, how long have you been above there, listening and looking on?"

"Madame, I was not there five minutes when I suddenly, and to my great surprise, found myself here. 'A lie—a lie!' exclaimed the dwarf, furiously. 'It is over two hours since I met you at the bar of the Golden Crown.'"

"My dear little friend," said Sir Norman, drawing his sword, and flourishing it within an inch of the royal nose, "just make that remark again, and my sword will cleave your pretty head, as the cimeter of Saladin clove the cushion of down! I earnestly assure you, madame, that I had but just knelt down to look, when I discovered, to my dismay, that I was no longer there, but in your charming presence."

"In that case, my lords and gentlemen," said the queen, glancing blandly around the apartment, "he has witnessed nothing, and, therefore, merits but slight punishment."

"Permit me, your majesty," said the duke, who had been eying Sir Norman for some time, "permit me one moment! This is the very individual who slew the Earl of Ashley, while his companion was doing for my Lord Craven. Sir Norman Kingsley," said his grace, turning with a awful impressiveness to that young person, "do you know me?"

"Quite as well as I wish to," answered Sir Norman, with a contemptuous glance in his direction. "You look extremely like a certain highwayman, with a most villainous countenance, I encountered a few hours back, and whom I would have made mince-meat of if he had not been coward enough to fly. Probably he may be the same; you look fit for that or anything else."

"Cut him down!" "Dash his brains out!" "Run him through!" "Shoot him!" were a few of the mild and pleasant insinuations that went off on every side of him, like a fierce volley of pop-guns; and a score of bright blades flashed blue and threatening on every side; while the prince broke out into another shriek of laughter, that rang high over all.

Sir Norman drew his own sword, and stood on the defence, breathed one thought to Leoline, gave himself up for lost; but before doing so—to use a phrase not altogether as original as it might be—"determined to sell his life as dearly as possible." Angry eyes and fierce faces were on every hand, and his dreams of matrimony and Leoline seemed about to terminate then and there, when luck came to his aid in the shape of her most gracious majesty the queen. Springing to her feet she waved her scepter, while her black eyes flashed as fiercely as the best of them, and her voice rang out like a trumpet-tongue.

"Sheathe your swords, my lords, and back every man of you! Not one hair of his head shall fall without my permission; and the first who lays hands on him until that consent is given, shall die, if I have to shoot him myself!" Sir Norman Kingsley, stand near, and fear not. At his peril, let one of them touch you!"

"Sir Norman bent on one knee, and raised the gracious hand to his lips. At the fierce, ringing, imperious tone, as he involuntarily fell back, as if they were accustomed to obey it; and the prince, who seemed to-night to be in an uncommonly facetious mood, laughed again, long and shrill.

"What are your majesty's commands?" asked the discomfited duke, rather sulkily. "Is this insulting interloper to go free?"

"That is no affair of yours, my lord duke!" answered the spirited voice of the queen. "Be good enough to finish Lord Gloucester's trial; and until then I will be responsible for the safekeeping of Sir Norman Kingsley."

"And after that he is to go free—eh, your majesty?" said the dwarf, laughing to the extent that he ran the risk of rupturing an artery.

"After that, it shall be precisely as I please!" replied the ringing voice; while the black eyes flashed anything but loving glances upon him.

"What a queen here! I shall be obeyed; when I am queen no longer you may do as you please! My lords," (turning her passionate, beautiful face to the hushed audience), "am I or am I not sovereign here?"

"Madame, you alone are sovereign lady and queen."

There another, and after we have scolded Gloucester here, we will attend to this man's case. Guards, keep a sharp eye on your new prisoner. Ladies and gentlemen, be good enough to resume your seats. Now, your grace, continue the trial.

"Where did we leave off?" inquired the queen, looking rather at a loss, and scowling vengeance dire at the handsome queen and her handsome protegee, as he sank back in his chair of state.

"The earl was confessing his guilt, or about to do so. Pray, my lord," said the dwarf, glancing upon the pallid prisoner, "were you not saying you had betrayed us to the king?"

A breathless silence followed the question—everybody seemed to hold his very breath to listen. Even the queen leaned forward and awaited the answer eagerly, and the many eyes that had been riveted on Sir Norman since his entrance, left him now for the first time and settled on the prisoner. A pitiless spectacle that prisoner was—his face whiter than the snowy nymphs behind the throne, and so distorted with fear, fury, guilt, that it looked scarcely human. Twice he opened his lips to reply, and twice all sounds died away to a choking rasp.

"Do you hear his highness?" sharply inquired the lord high chancellor, reaching over the great seal and giving the unhappy Earl of Gloucester a rap on the head with it. Why do you not answer?"

"Pardon! Pardon!" exclaimed the earl, in a husky whisper. "Do not believe the tales they tell you of me. For heaven's sake, spare my life!"

"Confess!" thundered the dwarf, striking the table with his clenched fist, until all the papers thereon jumped spasmodically into the air—"confess at once, or I shall run you through where you stand."

The earl, with a perfect scream of terror, flung himself flat upon his face and hands before the queen, with such force that Sir Norman expected to see his countenance make a hole in the floor.

"Oh, madame, spare me! spare me! spare me! Have mercy on me as you hope for mercy yourself!"

She recoiled and drew back her very garments from his touch, as if that touch were pollution, giving him the while with a glance as frigid and pitiless as death.

"There is no mercy for traitors," she coldly said. "Confess your guilt and expect no pardon from me."

"I confess," he cried, "I confess, claving the air with his hands, as if he could have clawed the heart out of his victim's body; 'back with him to his place, guards, and see that he does not leave it again!'"

"Squirring and writhing, and twisting himself in their grasp, in very uncomfortable and eel-like fashion, the earl was dragged back to his place, and forcibly held there by two of the guards, while his face grew so ghastly and convulsed that Sir Norman turned away his head, and could not bear to look at it.

"Confess!" once more yelled the dwarf in a terrible voice, while his still more terrible eyes flashed sparks of fire—"confess, or by all that's sacred, it shall be tortured out of you. Guards, bring me the thumb-screws, and let us see if they will not exorcise the dumb devil by which our ghastly friend is possessed!"

"No, no, no!" shrieked the earl, while the foam flew from his lips. "I confess! I confess! I confess!"

"Good! And what do you confess?" said the duke, blandly leaning forward, while the dwarf fell back with a yell of laughter at the success of his ruse.

"I confess all—everything—anything! only spare my life!"

"Do you confess, having told Charles, King of England, the secrets of our kingdom and this place?" said the duke, sternly rapping down the petition with a roll of parchment.

"The earl grew, if possible, a more ghastly white. 'I do—I must! but oh! for the love of—'"

"Never mind love," cut in the inexorable duke, "it is a subject that has nothing whatever to do with the present case. Did you or did you not receive for the aforesaid information a large sum of money?"

"I did, but my lord, my lord, spare—"

"Which sum of money you have concealed," continued the duke, with another frown and a sharp rap.

"Now, the question is, where have you concealed it?"

"I will tell you with all my heart, only spare my life!"

"Tell us first, and we will think about your life afterwards! Let me advise you as a friend, my lord, to tell at once, and truthfully," said the duke, toying negligently with his thumbs.

To be continued.

THE DRESS MODEL.

The white cloth and light dandel waist with a colored dot or stripe will be in marked favor during the entire fall season.

Some of the skirts of new tailor gowns, although circular in shape, are trimmed down the front and sides with bands of cloth put on exactly like the strapped seams of gored skirts.

Tentative efforts are again being made both here and abroad in the direction of shorter skirts, but no one can yet make absolute affirmation concerning them, as the matter stands at present in the hands of American designers and specialists.

There are new graceful autumn models in both five and seven gored skirts, the backs cut to conform to the latest style, of a certain amount of fullness at the back, in slight draperies, in box plaits, a number of partly stitched plaits, or French shirrings, very closely massed.

Chartreuse, green, a rich beautiful shade of dandel, deep rose colored and jet black velvets are often seen on evening toilets of cream and ivory white satin, crepe de chine and net over taffeta silk. The velvet decorations are almost covered with a lattice network of jet or lace designs on applique.

After a season of universal favor, it would be supposed that the demand would cease in at least the strictly fashionable world, but the scarcity of the fabric, and the difficulty of the fabric, particularly, are made with some form or other of open front coat or jacket for either street or house use, and this calls again for some description of waist to wear beneath, and the shirt waist is still found, as it has been for seasons past, to be the prettiest, smartest and most comfortable and becoming finish.

PEN, CHISEL AND BRUSH.

The late Professor Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche left 51 unpublished manuscripts. Arrangements are now being made to put them in print.

Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, is hard at work in Paris finishing the medallion of his friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, to be cast in bronze for the cathedral at St. Giles, in Edinburgh.

Domenico Morelli, the greatest of living Italian artists, is illuminating on parchment the prayer of Queen Margherita. His work will be reproduced in majolica, and the tablet will be set up in the Church of San Francesco di Paola in Naples.

"Deus as a poet" is an actuality as regards Mr. Swinburne. Conversation with him is almost impossible, and he lives in a world of his own. He owns something like a gold mine in the shape of a large collection of pictures by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Rider Haggard, the author, in a recent public address in London, said that athletic training was a most desirable preparation for the life of a missionary. He said nothing in a missionary impresses the savage so much as to find himself equalled or surpassed in strength and agility by the stranger.

Frederick MacMonnies, the Brooklyn sculptor, has been awarded the gold medal of honor for his exhibit at the Paris exhibition, which consists of seven pieces—the historic "Bacchante," "Sir Henry Vane," "Shakespeare," "Venus and Adonis," two groups of horses and a marine and an army group.

LITERARY PRESCRIPTIONS.

For clearness read Macaulay.

For logic read Burke and Bacon.

For action read Homer and Scott.

For consciousness read Bacon and Pope.

For sublimity of conception read Milton.

For vivacity read Stevenson and Kipling.

For imagination read Shakespeare and Job.

For elegance read Virgil, Milton and Arnold.

For common sense read Benjamin Franklin.

For smoothness read Addison and Hawthorne.

For simplicity read Burns, Whittier and Bunyan.

For interest in common things read Jane Austen.

For humor read Chaucer, Cervantes and Mark Twain.

For the study of human nature read Shakespeare and George Eliot.

For a concise and individual words read Keats, Tennyson and Emerson.

For loving and patient observation of nature read Thoreau and Walton.

BEE BUZZES.

"In extracting it is immaterial whether the queen has produced brood. Properly made honey bees will admit the queen to exclude the queen."

Natural queens are those produced by the swarming fever or by an overproduction of prosperity.

Frames of honey that are intended for use in wintering the bees must be left in the upper stories and will usually keep better there than elsewhere.

Extracted honey unless sealed should always be kept in dry apartments. If thus when extracted, it should be kept in open barrels or cans in a warm, dry place until it has thoroughly ripened.

Propolis, or bee glue, is a substance that the bees gather the same as pollen. The bees use propolis to cement the combs to their supports, to fill up all rough places inside the hive, to seal up all crevices except the place of exit.

Young bees build the comb, ventilate the hive, feed the larvae queen and drones and cap the cells. The older bees gather the honey, collect the pollen, bring in the propolis, supply the hive with water, defend the hive from improper intrusion and destroy worthless drones.

THE COURT CRIER.

A Syracuse woman brought suit against her sister because she would not go home after her six weeks' visit was up.

A Cleveland judge has decided that "any woman is justified in scolding her husband if he comes home drunk and ill treats her and the children."

In a recent case which is fully reported in the law journals the supreme court of Iowa held that it was no defense to an action under a statute making the owner of a dog liable for personal injuries inflicted by it to show that several months before the injury the plaintiff had allowed that it was no defense to a dog has no right to brood over its wrongs and remember in malice."

BACTERIA IN FOODS.

THEY PRODUCE CHEMICAL CHANGES AND ASSIST DIGESTION.

A Single One of These Inconceivably Minute Organisms May Produce Ten to Twenty Millions of Offspring in Twenty-four Hours.

The time has passed when bacteria are looked upon as unmitigated evils. These little plants owe their somewhat unsavory reputation in large degree to the fact that they first attracted general interest because of their power of producing disease. That they are the cause of many human diseases has been demonstrated beyond peradventure, and this subject has proved so fascinating that it was for a long time the only side of bacteriology that received any considerable attention. As a result, bacteria have acquired the popular reputation of being producers of evil to mankind and have consequently been regarded as wholly undesirable organisms. The studies of recent years, however, have been giving more attention to phases of bacteriology which are not connected with disease. These studies have disclosed to us a large series of phenomena where these little plants are, in various ways, of direct advantage to mankind. Among other facts, we have been slowly learning that in the preparation of our food, which comes upon our tables and in its digestion the bacilli play no inconsiderable part.

Since they are almost inconceivably minute, bacteria owe their great influence in nature to their wonderful powers of reproduction. A single individual may, in the course of 24 hours, produce from 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 offspring. This extraordinary power of reproduction in bacteria is the cause of a vast amount of food material, and profound alterations are produced in this food as the bacteria feed upon it. The bacteria are so small that they probably do not take the food inside of their bodies, but they cause the consumption of their food and digest it outside of themselves. This results in certain chemical changes in the nature of the food.

These changes are mostly of that character which the chemist calls destructive. Under the action of bacteria, chemical molecules which are of a high complexity are constantly being pulled to pieces and reduced to simpler compounds. As a result of this chemical action there appears in the food mass, upon which the bacteria are feeding, a variety of new chemical compounds. These new compounds are in part simply by-products of the chemical destruction of the molecules which they have pulled to pieces, but they are also in part to be regarded as excretions from the bacteria. The use of bacteria in the food is a very old thing, and it is upon their power of destruction and partly upon the nature of these new compounds which they produce.

In considering the use of bacteria in food we may notice first a possible value they may possess in assisting the process of digestion. The digestion that takes place in our stomach and intestines consists in a chemical change in the food. Now, the stomach and intestines are crowded with bacteria in inconceivable numbers. As bacteriologists have studied the action of these intestinal bacteria upon such food as we take into our stomachs they find that the bacteria produce chemical changes in the food in many respects similar to those of ordinary digestion. As these bacteria certainly grow rapidly in the intestines, the question has naturally arisen, why do the bacteria produce chemical changes in the food in many respects similar to those of ordinary digestion?

It is not easy to answer this question, since it is impossible to deprive the human intestine of its bacteria and thus determine whether the digestive processes could go on readily without them. Such an experiment has been tried, however, with certain animals. For example, a lot of chicks have been hatched from eggs by artificial means, under conditions which have absolutely excluded bacteria from their food and from their alimentary canal. These chicks have been compared with similar chicks that have been incubated under similar conditions, except that the bacteria have not been excluded from their system. Upon comparing the two lots of chicks after a few weeks of life it has been found that those with the bacteria in the alimentary canal have flourished better, made better use of their food and grown more rapidly than the lot of chicks from which the bacteria had been excluded. Now, while all experiments in this line have not been absolutely in accord, they have resulted in a strong suspicion that the bacteria which are present in our food and on the stomach with it are not only of no injury to us, but are probably of direct advantage in aiding our digestive organs properly to handle and make use of their nutriment.

These do not by any means comprise all the uses of bacteria in food products, but they may serve to show that bacteria have a decided usefulness in connection with our food. Their use in our food is in two directions—they assist digestion by the chemical changes they produce in our food, but their chief and most important usefulness is in connection with the flavoring material which they produce. They furnish us with our vinegar and several other acid condiments; they probably develop the flavor of vanilla and chocolate; they furnish the "gamy" flavor of meats; they give us all the delicious flavors of our butters, and they contribute in large measure to the supplying of our cheeses with those flavors which have made them the world over such popular and useful articles of diet.

A Moody Joke.

Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist, loved a harmless joke. Once in the early days at Mount Hermon, while he was acting as "anchor" for one side in a tug of war, he planted himself in front of a large oak tree, round the trunk of which, without being observed, he slily got a turn or two of the rope. Then he sat there and shook with laughter while the other side, headed by one of the teachers, tugged away in vain.

Couldn't Stick Pop. Tommy—Pop, what's a bachelor?

Tommy—Pop, a bachelor, my son, is a man who isn't obliged to answer the silly questions of his offspring.

A Cherokee Indian, after having been in the penitentiary five years, returned to his tribe, but he had forgotten their language.

A man who holds his head up high may stumble, but he never crawls.—Saturday Evening Post.

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