

REASON NO 26 WHY YOU SHOULD USE Red Rose Tea

Because it is Reliable.

Some one has said: "A single fact is worth a ship-load of argument."

A few facts: I introduced this tea to the public about ten years ago. In that short time the business has grown to such proportions that we now occupy the largest Tea warehouse in Canada.

This enormous business has been built up without extensive advertising.

The merchants who commenced handling Red Rose Tea ten years ago are the most enthusiastic in its praises to-day.

The merchants who sell it, the people who drink it, have found that it could be relied on.

The brand, "Red Rose Tea," is accepted everywhere as a guarantee of the highest quality, and those who drink it are its best advertisers.

Ask some of your friends about it.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N. B.
BRANCHES: TORONTO, WINNIPEG.

MEDICAL.

Drs. AGAR & AGAR—Physicians and Surgeons, successors to Dr. Tye, King Street West, Chatham, Ont. Dr. J. S. Agar, Dr. Mary Agar.

LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 45, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the Monday of every month in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.
A. E. JEWETT, W. M.

LEGAL.

THOMAS SCULLARD—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block, Chatham, Ont.

SMITH, HERBERT D.—County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Harrison Hall, Chatham, Ont.

A. B. O'FLYNN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King Street, opposite Merchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on mortgages at lowest rates. Offices, Fifth Street, opposite Wilson, C. C. J. M. PIKE, W. B. GUNDY.

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SUIT S It is by making better clothing, not cheaper, that we are able to hold and increase our patronage. Why sink your personality in "ready-mades" when you can obtain clothes of character and individuality, made in good taste and style, at a slightly higher cost. Every garment we guarantee the best in material, pattern, cut, finish.

The T. H. TAYLOR CO

ADVERTISE IN THE PLANET

MADAM ZOUFFLE

By Hubert McBean Johnston

Copyright, 1904, by Hubert McBean Johnston

"Phyllis," I said reprovingly, "I don't like it."

"Don't like what?" she questioned in mock surprise.

But I was not foolish enough to go on and tell her what I didn't like. She would only have laughed at me if I had. I'll admit it's all very nice to see a girl help with the decorations, and, for my part, I like to see them do it. It's proper that a girl should take an interest in the cause of charity, but when it comes to every fellow about the place wading to hold the tacks in the dark corners it seems to me that it's time to call a halt.

"You don't think I'd even let one of them hold my hand, do you?" asked Phyllis icily.

"No—but," I stammered.

"Perhaps you mean to insinuate that I'd hold theirs, then?"

Phyllis was holding her nose very high indeed. There was only one thing I could do and retain my dignity. I must get very angry.

"I'm sure you may if you want to," I retorted, with affected indifference.

Phyllis laughed. I was quite sure I was going to get into some sort of trouble. I always do when Phyllis laughs just that way.

"Thank you, sir," she replied, with a deep courtesy. "I will avail myself of your kind permission this evening."

The place looked quite different at night with all the lights going. And really the booths were very pretty. I couldn't see Phyllis anywhere, though.

Then Grace Rawshaw came along and took me in tow.

"You haven't had your fortune told," she informed me, "and you really must. Besides, I'm curious to hear it."

"Who tells them?" I questioned.

Grace looked at me in an awfully funny way. It was stupid of me not to have found out what parts the girls were to take. I'm morally certain she expected me to know.

"Why, Madam Zouffle," she said; then she giggled all the way to the booth.

"You never saw such a jawn in all your life. I'm sure every fellow I knew was there."

"You'll have to wait your turn," Grace told me; then she went to look



"PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL ME IF I LOVE HER."

for more victims. I found out afterward that this was what she was supposed to do.

You couldn't catch a glimpse of Madam Zouffle. It was a long time to wait, too, until all that crowd got through, and I wandered away twice. Each time Grace Rawshaw came and took me back.

Finally I got inside. It was a little tent all hung with red, and there was just room for you to sit on a camp stool in front of the fortune teller. But even then you couldn't see Madam Zouffle. She was all wrapped up in one of those fluffy things like a Moorish woman, and when she spoke her voice was deep and masculine. I was sure that part was affected.

She reached out and took my hand.

"You have quarreled with your lady-love," she said.

"Yes," said I, vaguely wondering how she knew.

Then I happened to glance at her hand. There were no rings to identify it, but the third finger on her left was just a little red, as though there might have been one there not so long ago. And then—well, I may be a duffer, but I knew. There's only one girl in the world that has a hand just like that.

"Can you tell me her name?" I asked, slowly regaining my wits.

Madam Zouffle consulted the stars a bit and then the lines in my palm.

"It starts with a P," she said at length—"P—Ph—it looks like Phyllis."

"You're right," I told her. "Is it a very serious quarrel? I think a very great deal of her, you know. Can you tell if she's deeply offended?"

"I think she is," said Madam Zouffle. "At all events, she ought to be. You have treated her very badly."

"What have I done?"

Madam Zouffle studied the lines very carefully.

"You have practically given her to understand you don't care for her at all. You have told her you don't care if she holds the hand of as many men

as she wants to. That sounds as though you were giving her liberty to flirt with as many men as she pleased."

"Yes," I said with the rising infection. I didn't give assent to anything. "And is she doing it?"

"She has held the hands of a great many of the gentlemen present this evening."

There was a suspicious little quiver in Madam Zouffle's voice. It sounded almost like a suppressed laugh.

I assumed my most dignified air. "And the men—did they like it?" I queried.

Madam Zouffle could not tell. The lines were not sharply enough defined.

"They'd better," I said fiercely. "I'll jolly well punch their heads if they don't. Besides, it's the last chance they'll have."

Now, for a mere outsider and just a common fortune teller I must say that Madam Zouffle took quite a remarkable interest in my affairs.

"Why," she asked—"why is it their last chance?"

"Because I'm going to tell her tomorrow that she must stop," I replied grimly.

There was an odd glitter in Madam Zouffle's eyes.

"And will she do anything you say?" she asked. "She must be well trained to obey your 'Lie down, Carlo!' every time."

"She'll do it if she loves me," I said. "By the way, I haven't asked you. Does she love me?"

Either the light was very dim or there was something wrong with Madam Zouffle's eyes. The question necessitated her bending over and making a very close scrutiny of my palm before she was able to answer. The warm, soft folds of her hair were directly in front of me, and I kissed them ever so slightly. She didn't feel it.

"I don't know," confessed Phyllis—I mean Madam Zouffle—at last. "It looks partly as though she does and then again just the least little bit as though she doesn't. I—I think she does—sometimes."

Madam Zouffle was not looking at me. She was still examining my hand ever so carefully. So I ventured again.

"What is there about me," I asked, "that she does not like—sometimes?"

"You don't always treat her very well," said Madam Zouffle. "Your hand shows that you are very selfish."

"No; not that. But you always think of yourself and your own personal convenience first."

Now, you know just as well as I do that this was a libel. Ever since I have known Phyllis—But what's the good of arguing about it? Phyllis knew it too.

"If Phyllis were here," I remarked, "if she could only hear you say that, you would have an opportunity of knowing how utterly false it is. It's true," I went on magnanimously, "I may have my fanitis, but I'm quite convinced that the dear girl would not say that was one of them."

Mme. Zouffle did not reply. She seemed to have worse eyesight than ever.

"What else can you see?" I questioned. "Perhaps you can tell me if I love her."

"You think you do," answered Mme. Zouffle.

"When I really do not?"

"When you really do not?" The fortune teller was very positive in her tone.

"Wrong again," I replied. "You're a very poor hand at your business. If you've told the others here this evening no more truths than you've told me, I actually think you ought to be up for obtaining money under false pretenses."

"I can see several other girls here on your hand," argued the fortune teller. I laughed.

"Excuse me, please," I murmured, "but I do a bit at palmistry myself. Now, right here in your hand"—I turned her palm over—"I can see my number of heartless flirtations. There seems to be one in progress now, in fact."

The palmist looked up into my face and I guess she must have seen that I knew her. But she wasn't very certain. I never winked an eyelash.

"Now," I went on, "this dimple shows—why, how very odd that you should have a dimple just like that! But I think that clinches my argument, for I know a girl who has a dimple in her hand just like that, and she's—"

And then some one boxed my ear. I looked up and saw that Phyllis' eyes were twinkling.

"You're such an old stupid, Jack dear," she said.

Moscow's Famous Church.

There can be little doubt that the Church of Our Saviour in Moscow is supreme in its magnificence. It was erected to commemorate the deliverance of Moscow from the French and cost about \$5,000,000 by the time it was finished. The building is of white stone, crowned by a gilded dome and cupolas, on which there is nearly a thousand pounds weight of gold. The interior decorations, which are a wonderful combination of precious stones, marbles, gold and silver, are of unparalleled splendor. On the walls different colored and rare marbles rise from a dado of jasper tier on tier, the whole surmounted by a magnificent frieze of frescoes and carvings. The building will hold 10,000 worshippers and covers two acres of land.

Fear of Favor.

"When you do some men a favor," said Uncle Eben, "they get scared and suspicious right away for fear you're going to overtax their gratitude."

An Infallible Sign.

Mrs. Bickers—Do you think spilling salt is an infallible sign that there's going to be a quarrel? Bickers—No, but getting married is.—New York Press.

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Understood His Business.

Fashionable Tailor—Go front at once. Two young clerks there after suits. New Man (whispering)—I'm waiting on a millionaire. "Leave him and attend to the clerks. These millionaires don't buy new clothes once in five years. A clerk is good for a fresh suit every three months."

The Difficulty.

Mr. Rooke—I hope you didn't believe what they said about me. Miss Budd—I make it a point never to believe more than half I hear. Mr. Rooke—But the trouble is you women generally believe the wrong half.

Playmates.

Mother—Tommy, I don't like to have you play with boys who are bad. Tommy—But the good boys are no good, mamma.

Chronicle Case.

"Has your wife complained very long?" asked the doctor.
"Ever since we were married," replied Meekly sadly.

The World of Trade.

"Yesterday I bought," writes a correspondent, "some black jet buttons, and when I got home I found on the card, 'Best Australian Make.' I took a pencil to write in my account book. I found it had 'U. S. A.' upon it. I sharpened the point, and on the sharper was 'New York.' I got out a match to light the lamp, and on the box was 'Made in Sweden.' I lit the lamp and found on it, 'Made in Bavaria,' and so on and so on."—London Telegraph.

The Ideal Saddle Horse.

The ideal saddle horse is from fifteen to sixteen hands high, short backed and well coupled. It has thin, high withers, a long, well arched neck and a long, keen ear, well set on the head. The tail should be set high on the rump, and the rump itself should be somewhat sloping. The horse should have besides flat, sinewy bones in its legs and a medium sized foot.—Country Life In America.

A man seldom loses his confidence until he loses his money.



Sunlight Soap freshens and preserves linoleums and Oilcloths.

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If you wash linoleums and oilcloths with ordinary soap you will find the colors will fade. You can preserve their colors and make them last a long time if you wash them with Sunlight Soap. When dirty, wash with warm water and Sunlight Soap, rinse with clean water and wipe completely dry with a soft cloth. Use Sunlight Soap throughout the house. It makes homes bright and hearty light. It contains no impurities or free alkalis to injure the most delicate fabric.

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Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands.
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No other disease is so prevalent among men as Varicocele. As it interferes with the nutrition of the sexual organs it produces weakness, loss of semen through dependency, backaches, pains in the joints, aching in the back, nervousness, debility, loss of vitality, pallor of the face, constipation, and a combination of these results in complete LOSS OF MANHOOD. Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with STRICTURE. If you have reason to believe you are afflicted with it, don't neglect it. It will ruin you. Don't let doctors experiment on you by cutting, stretching or tearing. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT dissolves the stricture (tissue), hence it disappears and can never return. We cure Varicocele and Stricture without operation or loss of time. This treatment may be taken at home privately. Send for our Free Illustrated Book on VARICOCELE and STRICTURE. WE GUARANTEE TO CURE OR NO PAY.

Kidneys & Bladder

All sexual complaints affect these organs. Hence the kidneys are a great source of disease. Have you aching or weakness over the small of the back, tendency to urinate frequently, deposit in urine, chills of the body or feet, a drowsy feeling in the morning. Don't neglect your kidneys. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure any disease of these organs or no pay.

No Names Used Without Written Consent.

O. W. Howe, of Jackson, Mich., says: I had varicocele in the secondary stage, and two strictures of 3 years' standing. I was operated on twice, undergoing great suffering, but only temporary relief. I was finally advised to try the NEW METHOD TREATMENT of Dr. Kennedy & Kergan. The enlarged veins disappeared in eight weeks and my sexual energy and vitality returned so I was a man to every respect. I recommend your doctors with my whole heart."

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