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A BELOVED MASTER.

A Joke of Which the Small Boy Was Thoroughly Ashamed.

Dean Farrar, who was at one time head master of Marlborough College, had what one of his boys, who writes of him in Cornhill, calls "the great manner." Therefore, he was admired and revered, and sometimes gently smiled at. Often, in his teaching, his mind wandered to other things while he mechanically repeated the statement which the lesson demanded. It happened, too, that he sometimes forgot how often he had said a thing important enough to be uttered more than once. The boys noticed this, and were sometimes tempted to play upon his unsuspecting nature; but whenever any of them led him into the trap, they were always speedily sorry for it.

During one term there were weekly lessons in the Septuagint, where the Greek words for "word" and "work" are interchanged. Regularly every Monday morning the dean would explain this confusion in the words: "The reason why ergon is used here instead of logos is that it is a translation of the Hebrew word dabar, which means both 'word' and 'thing.'"

The last monosyllables would come rolling out, in the grand manner, like the boom of a great bell.

One morning a light-hearted boy whispered to another, "We have not had dabar yet. Shall I get it?"

"Do, if you dare."

"If you please, sir," said the mischievous one, "why is ergon used instead of logos, in the passage just translated?"

"Ah," replied the master, "you could not be expected to know that. The reason is—"

To see the dean walk with stately tread into the open trap was not so small a joke to please a schoolboy. There was a moment of suppressed delight, but succeeding that a remorseful silence, and after the session the boy-joker was begged by his fellows never to repeat the jest.

No schoolmaster was ever more sensitive to poor results than was this one. At a certain history lesson, when a boy had failed to answer some trifling question, the master flung down his book and exclaimed, "My dear boy! I am profoundly discouraged. For fifteen years of my life I have been letting down a bucket into an empty well, and drawing it up again. For fifteen years of my life I have been pouring out water upon the arid sand." Then he gathered up his books and fled.

A few boys laughed. The others cried, "Shame! shame!" on those who did it. And the next lesson was splendidly prepared.

Henley's Library to be sold.

The library of the late W. E. Henley will soon be sold. Many of its volumes have interesting autograph inscriptions. Apropos of Henley's books The London Morning Post tells this story: "Mr. Henley once unconsciously illustrated one of his own arguments rather well. He had been talking of versions of poems by Burns, which were said to be final because they had been written by the poet and given to his friends long after they had been published in his books. 'You know,' he said to one of the company who sometimes wrote verses, 'that if you are suddenly asked to make a copy of a poem you did and finished with years ago you are quite likely to include one or two things that were in the original version, but were afterward altered. You never can remember exactly.' Later in the afternoon—it was at Muswell Hill, in the house that faced the scene of the famous murder—a man produced a first edition of the 'Book of Verses,' published by Mr. David Nutt in 1888, and asked 'Mr. Henley to copy on the fly leaf the poem, 'Bring her again, O western wind,' which has so often been set to music. He consented, broke down in the first verse, and had to consult the text. When he had finished the task his friend complained that the sixth line of the eighth which made the poem was altogether spoiled by the changing of a single word. Somebody was there who had seen the poem before anybody save its author, and was able to explain, 'That was how it was in the first version.' Mr. Henley had made exactly the slip which he had suggested Burns might have made sometimes in similar circumstances."

London's Street Vehicles.

It is an odd reflection on the sixty years' development of the railway system that the road beats the railway easily in London. The street vehicles travel twenty times as far as the train every day, and carry more passengers. It may seem incredible, but it is perfectly true, that the street vehicles of London accomplish a journey every day equal to twenty times around the earth. It is startling, in contrast with this, that the trains cover only 25,000 miles, but the explanation is, of course, the simple fact that for every train there are about fifty other vehicles.

There are always running in London between 4,000 and 5,000 buses and trams, carrying 1,600,000 passengers every day, and when all these are full there is room left for nearly 12,000 cabs, for which 700 stands are provided. "Cabby," one of the best abused men in the great metropolis—often enough deserving it—drives 120,000 people about London every day.

Strange Postal Facts.

The Postmaster-General of Great Britain, speaking at the dinner of the Newspaper Society, said on an average ten letters daily went to the Dead Letter Office having no address, and 1,000 registered letters were returned daily through being insufficiently addressed. These letters contained £600,000 or £700,000 in money in the course of a year. Millions of postal packets could not be delivered because of the incorrectness of the addresses.



It is a great affliction for a woman to have her face disfigured by pimples or any form of eruptive disease. It makes her morbid and sensitive, and robs her of social enjoyment. Disfiguring eruptions are caused by impure blood, and are entirely cured by the great blood-purifying medicine—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It removes from the blood the poisonous impurities which cause disease. It perfectly and permanently cures scrofulous sores, eczema, tetter, boils, pimples and other eruptive diseases which are caused by the blood's impurity. It increases the action of the blood-making glands and thus increases the supply of pure rich blood.

"For about one year and a half my face was very badly broken out," writes Miss Carrie Adams, of 18 West Main Street, Battle Creek, Mich. "I spent a great deal of money with doctors for different kinds of medicine, but received no benefit. I read one of your advertisements in a paper, and obtained a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Before I had taken one bottle of this medicine I noticed a change and after taking three bottles I was entirely cured. I can well recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to any one similarly afflicted."

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less costly inferior medicines. He gains; you lose. Therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book containing 1008 pages, given away. Send 31 one-cent stamps for expense of postage and mailing only, for the book in paper covers, or 50 stamps for the volume bound in cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Sex and the World's Work.

In the last census, 1891 of which the figures can be obtained, there were in England and Wales 1,064 females to every 1,000 males. The fact shows upon which sex falls the greater labor, danger, disease and death. The work England is doing in other countries ("How England scatters her seed all over the world"), the life cost of war, administration, immigration, discovery, etc., is clearly set before us in these figures. In London alone there was a large city of women in excess of men, if all had been thus gathered and separated. In 1891 the figures were 252,371, and with her 5,000,000 population at present the number is, of course, still greater. Deducting the 234,000 female and 15,400 male servants, the soldiers in barracks, the total 79,000 male and 55,500 female foreigners, the proportion of females to males in London was still (1891) 1,033 to 1,000. In one borough, Hampstead, at the age between 19 and 30, there were twice as many women as men. If one may conclude from the equal number of males and females born that monogamy is the order and ideal of the evolution process, the fact of the actually greater number of females demonstrates the present failure to attain it, and the result a morbid condition of a rich and energetic country like England. It is also noteworthy that there has not been a proportional fall in the death rate of infants as compared with the general death rate. In thirty years the latter fell from 24.4 to 17.6, whereas that of the infants under 1 fell from 162 to 149 per 1,000 births.

Irish Royal Castle.

There is some talk that Kilmore Castle, in Galway, will be selected as the royal residence in Ireland. The King drove through a portion of the grounds during his recent visit to the Emerald Isle and expressed admiration for the beauty of the place and its surroundings.

Kilmore Castle is the biggest of all the great Irish homes, having been built about twenty years ago by Mitchell Henry, a wealthy Yorkshire manufacturer, who sat for an Irish constituency as a Liberal.

A vast fortune was sunk in the building of Kilmore. Some idea of its extent may be gathered from the fact that there are 200 bedrooms in the house.

The grounds cover thousands of acres and are within a mile or two of the coast. The Castle has remained untenanted and neglected for many years, and the man who built it hardly enjoyed it. He had made in the grounds two large lakes, and in one of these the only daughter of the house was accidentally drowned while gathering water lilies.

From that day Mr. Henry refused to occupy it. No suitable tenant was found for the property, although it has been let for the last decade. About six months ago the trustees put the estate up for sale, but the property was withdrawn, as the highest bid was only \$150,000.

Who Are "They?"

"They say: what say they? Let them say," said Bishop Berkeley. Who are the "they" thus so boldly apostrophized? We may say with one of the fathers: "I know when you do not ask me," but how difficult it is to get nearer. We all have these mysterious "they" on our lips, and yet we cannot define them. Yet though we cannot define "they," partly because there are so many of them and partly because none of the great elemental things like time, love, death and sleep are capable of definition, we can still know and say a great deal about "they." "They" Providence. "I wouldn't speak ill of this world," she was accustomed to say, "seeing them as put us in it knows best." In her sense it is, of course, rarely used, though the slang expression "as good as they make 'em'" recalls it. Still "they" has generally a slightly mysterious significance. When we say it we allude to some power we cannot define or to the incomprehensible element in some set of people.—London Spectator.

THE STAGE

"All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

At the Chatham Grand:—

Lycium Course—Oct. 29,
Sadie Martinot—Oct. 27,
Firemen's Benefit—Oct. 29,
Over Niagara Falls—Oct. 30.

(Supplied to The Planet by Press Agents.)

AT LONDON SATURDAY.

The art and genius of a Pinero is strikingly apparent in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." London playgoers had a double opportunity on Saturday of witnessing the production of the play, made famous by some of the brightest women of the English and American stage, and their verdict was one of approval. Miss Sadie Martinot had the stellar part, and was tolerably well supported.

A problem play, there is developed a vivid exposition of the deepest emotions of the human heart. The student of the playhouse may question the utility of it all, but the success of this class of production will doubtless continue to be measured by the box office receipts.

There is scarce need to review the story of the play, so familiar are the general lines followed. A woman, possessed of a natural nobility of character, has sinned. It is a thing of the past. Her better nature asserts itself. She struggles to rise to an atmosphere of purity. Marriage with an aristocratic widower offers itself as a means to higher and better things. But the chastening pang of conscience are relentless. The pure soul of a step-daughter is revolted. Acquaintances of the other days obtrude themselves. All things seem to conspire to bear her down. In an agony of remorse and hopelessness, the hapless victim gives up the struggle—is found dead. The bitter regret of the step-daughter that she had not been more merciful finds expression, and is caught up and echoed by Cayley Drumme, a staunch old friend of the family. His words, as the curtain falls, are twined across the footlights a reproach to the world—"we men are too hard on women."

Miss Martinot's personality is adapted to the part. Her nature is not antagonistic to the role. She is a woman of vigorous impulses and strong emotions, yet able to give them a suppression that is real and not less remarkable. Paula Tanqueray, as Pinero conceived her, was a woman through whose beautiful eyes tears would not flow though her heart break; through whose lips no cry would force itself though her soul burst with envy, jealousy, passionate hate or passionate love.

In the earlier passages in the first act Miss Martinot was not so effective. The play even seemed to drag. In the final act, in the great heart-moving scene in which the awful fate of a woman with soul seared, life a hopeless wreck, is portrayed with wonderful power, Miss Martinot was at her best, and was most impressive.

W. A. Whiticar, as Aubrey Tanqueray, gave to the heavy part a finesse touch. Wm. Webb, as Sir George Orreyed, a votary of Bacchus, was acceptable, though 'tis a role a little of which goes a long way. Jane Wheatley (Lady Orreyed), displays a perfect self-confidence and a pleasing articulation. Miss Martinot's costumes were very becoming and rich.—London Free Press.

DRINK AND LUNACY.

Much of Lunacy Caused by Adulteration of the Food.

In 1859 there was one insane person to every 535 sane individuals. The average has since risen until now one person in every 299 is mentally afflicted.

"What is the reason of this?" asked Professor H. W. White, in delivering his presidential address to the members of the Medico-Psychological Association, at London, England.

One cause was the fact that fewer eligible aliens settled in the country and intermarried with our people. There was therefore less infusion of fresh blood into the race than was formerly the case. The foreigners who did land on our shores tended to weaken the stock, for they were mostly town dwellers of poor physique, with constitutions undermined by disease.

The frequent marriages of neurotics with those inheriting the taint of insanity was another cause, and the increased tendency to marry late in life was anything but desirable. The abuse of alcohol was another great cause of lunacy. We were now a spirit-drinking race, which we were not half a century back.

"There is no standard of purity for these spirits," said the speaker. "If it is to get nearer, the constitution is important factors in the causation of insanity, should not the Legislature enforce both the maturity and the purity of all alcoholic drinks?"

The survival of the weaklings who would formerly have died in infancy, the fact that we are rapidly becoming a nation of town dwellers, unnatural excitement, over-education, late hours, badly selected and badly cooked food, and overcrowding were all responsible causes for the terrible increase in the lunacy returns.

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600 feet pure Manila at 11c. per lb.

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