

April 26, 1901

THE CHATHAM DAILY PLANET

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No medical discovery for years has proved as successful as Dr. Goldberg's Latest Method Treatment. It is the outcome of years of experience; it vitalizes the system, equalizes circulation, removes all obstructions, consequently is the only method recognized as a speedy and permanent cure for Varicose veins and hemorrhoids, without use of knife or loss of time; it absorbs the worst condition, also the structure, stops the smarting sensation, unobstructed discharge, thereby strengthening the parts as well as the back, and restores lost powers.

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Write for one, it's free.

Trudell & Tobey—The 2 T's—Sole Local Agents



Sold only by D. Turrill and J. L. Campbell,

THE LITTLE WATCHER.

My watch—little watcher, good night!
You're as true as steel and as good as gold
and changeless alike in darkness or light.
So, wake, while the night grows gray and old.

My watch—little watcher, good morning!
You're the hands that never will shrink;
Three jewels there are your soul adorning.
I call them Constancy, Patience and Work.

My watch—little watcher, good night!
Tis a comfort to have you so very near.
For you seem to say: "All's right, all's right!"
As the best of your faithful heart I hear.

My watch—little watcher, good morning!
You're telling me now, 'Tis a precious day!
I spend it as I grow, give me warm
if ever, spend it as I grow, give me warm.

The hours are slipping too quickly away.
—South J. L.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

"Oh, hush, put! how can you?"
The old high balliff of Krohn pushed
on away the pretty little hand that his
eldest daughter sought to place over
his mouth.

"No," he said, "I will not keep quiet.
I repeat that the whole custom of sending
New Year's cards is a bad one,
and it is time to put an end to it. What
are the results of such nonsense?"

"First, I get my mail bag an hour
later than usual, and, secondly, it is
cramped so full of the stupid stuff
that I can hardly get it open!"

At length the old gentleman's efforts
were rewarded, the bag sprang open,
and he emptied its contents with im-
pudence on the breakfast table.

"Just look what a lot there are for
me," cried Katharine, filling the letters
upon the table in front of her and
her face lighting up with pleasure.

"Are they all for you?"

"Yes, all. Now you can see what it
is to be known as a beauty."

"And an heiress," added the father.
"Yes, and an heiress," she repeated,
thoughtfully.

"But is there nothing there for my
little Lili?" asked the father.

Katharine shrugged her shapely
shoulders impatiently.

"Why, of course not. If a girl expects
to be shown much attention she must
be a little more pushing and impor-
tant."

"And an heiress, too?" was the
father's laconic addition to the sen-
tence.

"I really should be very grateful,
father, if you would not allude so
much to my money," was the rather
curt protest.

"I can't help it, Katharine, when I
see my little Lili here, as beautiful as
the flower that gave her the name,
and—well, she is not an heiress, do
you understand. That's the whole
thing."

Katharine made no answer. She
was busy studying the handwriting on
the envelopes.

A young girl who had hitherto sat
opposite to her in silence left her seat,
went up to the high balliff, and, put-
ting her fair young arms around his
neck, gave him a kiss.

A world of love shone in his eyes
as he looked at her with pleasure and
stroked her soft cheeks.

"Never mind, Lili," he said, slowly.
"I am glad that you do not get such a
pile of letters. I'm grateful, too, that
you're not an heiress. Perhaps then
we will take you away from me."

The high balliff of Krohn, the father
of these two girls, had married twice.
His first wife, a lovely, proud,
vain woman, died soon after the birth
of a little daughter and left her the
whole of a large fortune. His second
wife, the daughter of a country clergy-
man, brought him no wealth, but
sweet and beautiful disposition. When
she, too, died after two years of mar-
ried life, he felt overwhelmed and had
never sleep wholly recovered from the
blow.

Katharine, the elder of the chil-
dren, had just finished her twentieth
year, and as she was as proud, pretty
and just as vain as her mother, had
already laughed at many proposals for
her hand and money. No one had
so far been able to take her fancy.

Lili was in almost every respect the
opposite of her sister. Small in figure,
quiet and retiring, it happened that
she was often entirely overlooked. It
was not right of a father to love one
daughter more than another.

Still, he did so, and it was plain to
everybody that it was the soft, sweet,
patient Lili who was his favorite.

It made Katharine feel annoyed to
see her father so gentle and affection-
ate toward her sister, for she said,
with a sharp look at them both:

"What! Kissing again? I cannot
understand how you find pleasure in
always lying round each other's
necks."

"You are out of sorts, Katharine,"
said her father. "One of the cards
you expected has not come, perhaps.
I would almost wager that among all
letters there is none from Baron Horn!
Eh?"

Katharine grew a shade paler at
these words.

"I certainly expected a card from
Baron Horn," she replied, trying to
conceal her annoyance. "He surely
has sent me one! Are you sure you
emptied the mail bag thoroughly?"

"Yes, I think so. But you had bet-
ter look for yourself; it would not be
the first time that a letter has remain-
ed stuck in one of the corners."

"Ah! I thought so," exclaimed Kath-
arine, pulling a crumpled letter out
of a deep corner of the bag.

She glanced quickly and sharply at
the address, and then with an excla-
mation of vexation left the letter hur-
riedly drop.

"Not from Baron Horn, after all!"
asked her father, picking it up, "and
yet that is his writing. Heavens! why
it's for you, Lili! It's addressed to
you!"

"Oh! impossible!" said Lili, quietly,
while a faint blush rose to her pretty
cheeks. "It must be a mistake."

"By no means," returned her father,
smiling. "Here, open it! Let us all
see it. Oh, what a lovely card! Why,
Katharine, where are you going?"

But the father received no answer.
Katharine hurriedly gathered up her
letters and left the room in a whirl-
wind.

The above mentioned Baron Horn
was a young nobleman who had just
returned from Africa. It was well
known that he took great pleasure in
visiting the Van Krohn family, and
under all manner of pretenses took
every opportunity to be with them.

Of course everyone thought that the
attraction was the rich and beautiful
Katharine, and she herself took par-
ticular pains to spread this view of
the matter.

Accustomed as she was to a large
number of enthusiastic admirers, she
had never for a moment imagined that
the Baron could interest himself in
her quiet little sister until she was
reminded to-day in a rather unpleas-
ant manner of the possibility of such
a thing.

She read her letters through and be-
came better humored.

"How stupid of me to get so cross,"
she said, as she smiled at her lovely
face in the glass. "It is not possible
that he favors Lili when he knows
me."

There came a gentle knock at the
door, and the servant girl came in and
announced that the carriage was at
the door.

Katharine at once remembered that
Baron Horn had promised to go for a
drive with her, and with the thought
her face grew bright once again.

A charitable bazaar was to be open-
ed in a neighboring town, and, as the
father was not able to go, Baron Horn
had offered his escort to the two young
ladies.

The Baron was as punctual as most
lovers—that is to say, he came half
an hour before the time and found
Katharine quite ready to his great as-
tonishment, for, as a rule, she kept
everybody waiting half an hour at
least.

Her purpose of frustrating a tete-
a-tete between Lili and the Baron was
completely successful, for she did not
move from his side until all three
were ready to get into the carriage.

The father stood with beaming face
on the doorstep and waved a fond
farewell after them.

"This Horn is a very sensible fel-
low," he thought to himself, "and I
admire his choice. It will be very
hard to lose Lili, but I would let him
have her rather than anyone else."

Although the bazaar was crowded
the arrival of Baron Horn and his two
lovely companions caused considerable
excitement, and they were speedily
surrounded by acquaintances.

Among these was a Capt. Linke, a
tall, blonde fellow, and one of Kath-
arine's most sincere and faithful ad-
mirers.

"How glad I am to see you here,"
he said.

"Really? Why?"

"May I show you why? Please come
with me. At the other end of the hall
there is a fortune teller, and I want
you to see what she will tell you."

"May we join you?" asked the Baron.

"Certainly. Come, we will go to-
gether."

The mysterious room that held the
fortune teller proved to be a little figure
in the middle of a disc.

Round the disc were figures and
numbers and slips of paper arranged.
Any one who wanted to see into the
future paid a mark, set the figure re-
volving, and took the slip of paper op-
posite which it stopped.

"Now, my genediges fraulein," said
the captain, taking out his purse,
"won't you try your luck?"

But Katharine refused positively to
be a party to such nonsense, and, in-
stead, she asked permission to
inspect either the Baron asked permission
to inspect the oracle himself.

He set the figure in motion and took
the slip of paper opposite which it
stopped.

"Seek her hand and buy the ring,"
the figure would then be full of joy," read
the words.

"Fotz Blitz!" cried the captain turn-
ing to Katharine, "that is famous;
you really must be persuaded to try it
now. Or shall I do it for you?"

"You may do it for me," she replied,
in such sharp tones that every one
looked at her.

The captain turned to the figure and
read the words: "Hast thou not often
heard it said?" He hesitated; then
he took the paper up and threw it on the
floor. The conclusion of the sentence
seemed to suit the many purposes
that Katharine had received too well
for him to read it.

"What was the rest, captain?" asked
the Baron in all innocence. But
the captain looked so displeased that
the question was not pressed.

"I wonder what it was?" Lili whis-
pered to the Baron.

"We shall learn later, perhaps," he
replied. "But did you get my New
Year's card this morning?"

"Yes," she answered, softly, with a
blush.

"And you remember what the
fortune-teller told me just now? If I
buy a ring will you wear it?"

She lowered her eyes and said: "I
don't know. You must first speak to
papa."—From the German in Chicago
Times.

Late Supper.

The old tradition that to eat any-
thing just before going to bed was
sure to produce indigestion and render
sleep impossible is now happily
exploded. It is not good, as a matter
of fact, to go to bed with the stomach
so loaded that the undigested food
should render one restless, but some-
thing of a light, palatable nature is
the stomach is one of the best aids to
quietude and rest in bed. The pro-
cess of digestion goes on in sleep with
as much regularity as when one is
taking violent exercise to aid it, and
so something in the stomach is a very
desirable condition for the night's
rest. Some physicians have declared,
indeed, that a good deal of the preva-
lent insomnia is the result of an un-
conscious craving of the stomach for
food in persons who have been unduly
frightened by the opinion that they
must not eat before going to bed, or
have, like many nervous women,
been keeping themselves in a state of
semi-starvation.

Nothing is more agreeable on retu-
ring for the night than to take a bowl
of hot broth, like oatmeal gruel or
clam soup. It is positive aid to nervous
people, and induces peaceful slumbers.
This is especially the case on cold
winter nights, when the stomach
craves warmth as much as any other
part of the body. Even a glass of hot
milk is grateful to the palate on such
occasions, but a light, well-cooked
gruel is better, and in our climate dur-
ing the cold months of winter should
be the retiring food of every woman
who feels, as many do, the need of
food at night.—New York Tribune.



Children

Have "eyes bigger than their stomachs,"
according to an old saying. They over-
eat themselves, and are tempted by all
sorts of injurious and indigestible edi-
bles. As a consequence the foundation
of serious stomach trouble is often laid
in childhood.

For children with "weak" digestion or
whose stomachs are diseased, Doctor
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery may
be confidently recommended. It cures
diseases of the stomach and other organs
of digestion and nutrition, so that the
nourishment contained in food is per-
fectly assimilated and the puny child is
built up by food into a condition of
robust health.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery
contains neither alcohol nor narcotics.
Accept no substitute for "Golden Med-
ical Discovery." There is nothing "just
as good" for diseases of the stomach and
other organs of digestion and nutrition.
Mrs. Ella Gardner, of Waterville, Middlesex
Co., Va., writes: "My little daughter is enjoying
splendid health. I am glad I found a doctor
who could cure my child. Wherever she feels
badly I give her Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical
Discovery and she is soon all right. She took
twelve bottles of the 'Golden Medical Dis-
covery,' eight bottles of 'Pellies,' and one bottle
of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and she is well.
We thank God for your medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical
Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on
receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay
expense of custom and mailing only.
Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

All on Account of the Boots.

As a sergeant was bawling out his
orders in a barracks in Dublin and
watching the line of feet as the raw re-
cruits endeavored to obey the word of
command he found, to his astonish-
ment, that one pair of feet, more no-
ticeable on account of their extra large
size, never turned.

Without taking his eyes off those feet
the sergeant bawled out a second or-
der:

"About face!"

He could see that all the feet except
those he watched turned in obedience.

Rushing up to the owner, a little fel-
low, he seized him by the shoulder,
shouting:

"Why don't you turn with the rest?"

"I did," replied the trembling recruit.

"You did, eh? Well, I watched your
feet, and they never moved."

"It's the boots they gave me, sir,"
said the poor fellow. "They're so large
that when I turn my feet turns inside
of them."—London Answers.

The Disadvantage of Delicacy.

The editor sent her little story back,
with a polite note praising its delicacy,
but saying it was unsuitable to his
magazine. Again she sent it forth.
Once more it was returned with kind
words for its delicate touches and re-
grets that it was unavailable. When a
third time the little story had been
praised for its delicacy, but rejected,
the authoress was in despair.

"It looks to me," she said, "as if my
story was so delicate that it had gone
into a decline."—New York Mail and
Express.

They Raised Pears.

While Bishop Potter of the Episcopal
church was travelling through Louisi-
ana some years ago he addressed in-
quire to his fellow passengers with a
view of obtaining knowledge regarding
the orchards and fruit interests of the
state.

"Do you raise pears in Louisiana?"
inquired the bishop.

"We do," responded the Louisianian,
"if we have three or better."

COMPULSORY.

First Boarder—Do you believe in the
salt cure?

Second Boarder—No, but since our
landlady gives us mackerel every
morning what's the use to object.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
**Carter's
Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy
to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
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FOR SALLOW SKIN.
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geons of Ontario. Teeth extracted
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W. Rutherford, M. B. Specialty,
midwifery, diseases of women and
children.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M. G. R. C. #24
A. M. in the first Monday of every
month, in the Masonic Hall,
Fifth St., at 7:30 p. m. Visiting broth-
ers heartily welcomed.

WM. E. CAMPBELL, W. M.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

At our last meeting eight members
were added, and Grand Organizer
Graham remains for another week.
The present low entrance fees, the
graduated assessments and other ex-
cellent features are inducements and
security. The average age of mem-
bers is now below 30. Any brother
who has a friend he desires to insure
should at once see Bro. Graham on
the Officers of our Lodge, and act
promptly.

Important meeting Friday next. All
brothers attend!

CHARLES KELLY, M. W.
JOHN R. SNELL, Recorder.

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EDWIN BELL—Barrister, Chatham.

J. B. RANKIN, K. C.—Barrister, No-
tary, Public, etc., Victoria Block,
Chatham.

J. B. O'FLYNN—Barrister, Solicitor,
etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public,
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chant's Bank, Chatham, Ont.

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Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyanc-
ers, Notaries Public, etc. Private
funds to loan at lowest current
rates. Seane's Block, King St.
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Money to loan on mortgages at low-
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cipal points in Canada, U. S. and Great
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Wood's Phosphorine.

The finest English Remedy.
Sold and recommended by all
druggists in Canada. Only reli-
able medicine discovered. Six
forms of Wood's Phosphorine cure all
or excesses. Mental Worry. Excessive use of To-
bacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt
of price, one package \$1.00. One half price,
two packages \$2.00. Free to any address.
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Wood's Phosphorine is sold in Chat-
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TOO LATE

Saturday, 20th inst., we shall sell a
large quantity of opal goods just in;
too late for the Easter trade. You
can profit by this error.

On Saturday we shall sell for 20c
articles that sold for 30 and 35c. each.
Opal pin trays.

Many other kinds, all to be cleared
out at cut prices.

Also dinner sets, tea sets, chamber
sets, at prices that will sell the goods.
A quantity of new goods just in;
come in and see them.

China goods at prices that will sur-
prise you.

GROCERIES.

Dry peaches, 12c. per lb.
Ginger snaps, 6c. per lb.
15c. jars of Baking Powder for 10c.
Dried apples, 1c. per lb.
Clothes pins, 1c. per dozen.
1,000 good matches for 5c.
New pickles, 10c. per bottle.

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