

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

## Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



See Pac-Stable Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as a child.

**CARTER'S LIVER PILLS**

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

## CHOICE

OUR STOCK FOR THE

## CHRISTMAS TRADE

WELL NAMED.

Our Ebony and Leather Dressing Cases, Cut Glass, Fancy Stationery, Chocolates, and Assorted Fancy Goods ARE OF THE CHOICEST

Central Drug Store  
C. H. GUNN & CO.,  
Manufacturing Druggists

## LIQOZONE FREE

Any sick person who has never used Liqozone should write the Liquid Ozon Co., 434 Wabash Ave., Chicago. They will send you an order on your druggist for a bottle of Liqozone free, if you will state the disease to be treated.

## FOR SALE

Frame house, two stories, brick foundation, seven rooms, \$950.  
Frame house, two stories, brick foundation, eight rooms, \$1,100.  
100 acre farm in Raleigh, brick house, large barn, stable and other outbuildings. All cleared. About 400 miles from Chatham, \$7,000.  
100 acre farm in Harwick, good frame house, barn, stable and other outbuildings, \$6,500.  
50 acre farm in Tilbury East, good frame house and barn, \$2,500.  
50 acre farm, River Road, Dover, brick house, stable and granary, \$2,200.  
50 acre farm, River Road, Raleigh, one of the best, good frame house, large barn, stable and other outbuildings. A large orchard of various fruits, land all tillable, \$6,000.  
Hotel premises in Chatham, \$7,500. See recent lot, \$4,000.  
Money to loan, lowest rates. Come to suit the borrower.  
W. F. SMITH,  
Barrister and Solicitor.

## Y-Don't

you have a neat Photo of yourself taken at the

## GIBSON STUDIO.

Cor. King and Fifth Sts.

## RUBBER STAMPS

ARE PROMPTLY FURNISHED AT

THE PLANET OFFICE

## THE STAGE

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

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

At the Grand—Monday, Jan. 9—Othello. Tuesday, Jan. 10—Richard III.

Selman, Paige and Foley present Othello on Monday and Richard III. on Tuesday next, at the Grand.

The Berlin News-Record, date of Nov. 22nd, has the following to say of Selman, Paige & Foley's production of Othello in that city:

"A large audience witnessed the Selman, Paige and Foley company last evening in Othello. The company delighted their hearers and were accorded ten curtain calls five at the end of the third act. Mr. Clifford gave a magnificent performance of Othello, and has the distinction of being not only one of the most brilliant but probably the youngest actor on the stage to-day who has ever essayed this great part with success. William Lloyd, who played Richard III. so ably on Friday night appeared as Iago. He played this part many years with the late Thomas W. Keene, and a most scholarly and characteristic performance was given. The supporting company was excellent."

Selman, Paige and Foley will present Othello at the Grand here on Monday, and Richard III. on Tuesday next. The prices have been reduced to 25c, 35c and 50c, on account of playing two engagements here.

### REGISTER! REGISTER!

It is necessary for every one to register who wishes to vote at the coming Provincial election unless his name is on Part 1 of the 1904 city list.

Registration at the recent Dominion election is no good for the Provincial election. The Provincial law makes re-registration necessary.

The days fixed for registration in Chatham are next Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th days of January. The hours are from 10 to 1, 2 to 6, and 7:30 to 9 each day.

Persons residing over the river, which is No. 5 Ward, will register at the police station and persons residing in any other part of the city will register at Harrison Hall before either Judge Bell in his chambers, James Holmes in Major Coogan's office, or Judge Dowlin in the Council Chamber. These are the same places that were used at the last registration.

It is well to register the first day or at the earliest time possible, for if a person who has had a chance to register is afterwards called away from the city and does not get back before 9 p.m. of the 11th, he will lose his right to register.

The qualifications are simple: reside in the Province for a year and in the city for three months next preceding the 11th of January, 1905, being a British subject at least 21 years of age. No property qualification is required. The only difference property makes is that tenants and owners, if assessed and living in the city at the time of assessment, are supposed to be put on the list without registration.

Make sure that your name is on. Get the names of your friends on. If you know of any person entitled to register whom you can not see personally, telephone the name to S. B. Arnold or ring up the people's committee room, telephone No. 3.

Remember the People's party can be aided greatly by the registration of every voter who is in favor of clean and honest Government.

If you are registered for the Dominion election in November last, you will have to register again. Don't forget that.

The names of those who are not on No. 1 on the city voters' list go and register. The names of many owners do not appear on the lists and they must register.

The success of Mr. James Clancy depends upon a full registration of the voters of Chatham.

### Emerson on the Sea.

On the seashore the play of the Atlantic with the coast! What wealth is here! Every wave is a fortune. One thinks of Etchers and great projectors who will yet turn all this waste strength to account. What strength and fecundity, from the sea monsters, hugest of animals, to the primary forms of which it is the immense cradle, and the phosphorescent infusorials; it is one vast rolling bed of life, and every sparkle is a fish. What freedom and grace with all this might! The seeing so excellent a spectacle is a certificate to the mind that all imaginable good shall yet be realized. The sea is the chemist that dissolves the mountain and the rock, pulverizes old continents and builds new, forever redistributing the solid matter of the globe, and performs an analogous office in perpetuating new transplants of the races of men over the surface, the exodus of nations. We may well yield up for a time to his lessons. But the nomad instinct, as I said, persists to drive us to fresh fields and pastures new. Indeed the variety of our moods has an answering variety in the face of the world, and the sea drives us back to the hills. —Ralph Waldo Emerson in Atlantic.

Tots of people are rolling in wealth and yet we are told that a rolling stone gathers no moss.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

### TEACHING THE HORSE.

Will Learn Anything His Master Can Perform.

Expert horsemen believe that a horse can be taught to do anything that it is possible for an animal so formed and to be utterly fearless. Thus we know of horses rushing into battle with a fearlessness that is magnificent, although in the beginning of their lives they may have been foolishly timid, shying at everything unusual that happened to be seen in their travels.

In order to teach a horse fearlessness he must be accustomed to all sorts of sights and sounds. He must come to know that because something that he sees or hears is unusual it does not follow that it is harmful, for it is the unusual things that frighten him. The horse is an animal of one idea at a time and is not able to discriminate, so say the men who have made a study of the horse. While he will travel along quietly close by the rear of a train, he may tremble at the flutter of a piece of loose paper flying in the wind. It is not the frightfulness of the object that seems to alarm him, but the unfamiliarity of it. Horse trainers say that the mistakes made in "breaking" and training a colt is that it is too often done in the seclusion of some country road instead of amid the sights and sounds that the animal must necessarily become familiar with later.

As soon as the horse becomes familiar with anything and has learned to believe that it will not hurt him he will stand quietly or trot along peacefully, even though all sorts of noises and queer sights go about him. Thus the artillery horse will stand amid the roar of cannon, being used to the noise and not knowing that the sound predicts anguish and death. It is well to accustom a horse to unusual sounds as soon as possible after he is trained for riding or driving. It renders him safe and docile, even though he be a spirited animal. A certain trainer of horses said that an ideal school for horses would contain thrashing machines, pile drivers, steam drills, electric, steam and elevated cars, a band of martial music and a gang of quarrymen blasting rock. A horse that was drilled among such a bedlam as this would indeed prove immune to strange noises. The gentle family horse, petted by man and child, is not always trained to all this, yet he often makes a useful and faithful animal, loved by his owner and evidently making some return of affection.

**A Poor Recipe.**

"Don't talk to me about the recipes in that magazine," said Mrs. Lane, with great energy. "Wasn't that the very magazine that advised me to put on that body solution and leave the tablecloth out overnight to take off those yellow stains?"

"I'm inclined to think it may have been," said Mrs. Lane's sister, with due meekness. "I sent you a number of them in the spring, I remember."

"Well, and what happened?" asked Mrs. Lane, with sisterly wrath.

"Didn't the stains disappear?" asked her sister.

"Disappeared?" said Mrs. Lane in a withering tone. "It was the tablecloth that disappeared. I don't know anything about the stains."

**Late Beginning.**

Sir Walter Scott began to write his celebrated novels at forty. Mohammed began to prophesy at fifty. When "East Lynne" appeared its author, Mrs. Henry Wood, was forty-five. Cromwell was forty-one when he began his public career. The year of the hebra was the fifty-third of Mohammed, and Marlborough reached his independent command at the same age. In spiritual examples Abraham was seventy-five when called out of Chanaan, and Moses was eighty when he stood before Pharaoh as the champion of Israel.

**They Were All Right.**

He was a typical backwoods farmer. His first visit to a city restaurant, however, had taken away none of the appetite he had at home, where everything was placed in large dishes on the center of the table and each one helped himself. The waiter had piled the food around the plate in the customary little dishes, which the farmer cleaned up in turn. Settling back in his chair, he hailed the passing waiter:

"Hey, there, young man! Your samples are all right. Bring on the rest of the stuff."

**John Bright's Reply.**

On one occasion John Bright received a letter from a very bad writer, to which he replied:

Dear Sir—Many thanks for your letter of the 12th inst. I have no doubt but that it is a very good letter and that it contains matter as interesting as it is important; but, by the bye, if you should be in town in the course of a few days, would you mind just stepping in and reading it to me? Yours faithfully,

JOHN BRIGHT.

**A Water's Variation.**

As to the sympathetic vagaries of watches a correspondent writes: "I discovered some years ago that it was the metal buckle of my watch that caused the irregularities of my own particular watch. I therefore now make a rule of putting my spectacle case on the inside of my watch pocket, thus cutting off the connection." —London Chronicle.

**Mutual Signs.**

Tom—What made you give me away so when I was telling that yarn at the dinner table? Dick—I didn't mean to; it was only a slip of the tongue. But that's no reason why you should have kicked me so hard! Tom—Oh, I didn't mean to—it was only a slip of the foot.

Ingratitude is a form of weakness. I have never known a man of real ability to be ingrateful.

## Life at Stake



Somewhere in the world life is at stake every minute of the day. Right at our own doors, perhaps, is going on a struggle as grim and fierce as any fight or flight on record. You hear the hollow tearing cough; see the ooze of blood which tells of the wounded lungs; mark the emaciated body and hectic cheeks, and know a life is at stake.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has saved many a life in just such a crisis. It cures obstinate, deep-seated coughs, stops the hemorrhages, strengthens "weak" lungs, and restores the emaciated body to its normal weight and strength.

There is no alcohol in the "Discovery," and it is absolutely free from all the symptoms of disease. It is a "cure" and a "strengthener," and it is a "cure" and a "strengthener," and it is a "cure" and a "strengthener."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay customs and mailing only, or if cloth-bound volume is desired send 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

### A Worm's Skin.

The Annelid-Polydora cincta is a mean looking worm about an inch and a half in length, of flattened shape, blunt at both ends, apparently covered by a smooth skin of a dull brown color. On being touched it throws itself into elegant serpentine curves, and then what appears to be the upper skin is seen to be composed of a great number of small, flat, membranous plates or shields arranged in two rows, overlapping each other. These, though of larger size, are attached to the body only by a small point in the center of their sides, so that when the animal moves the edges of these shields are lifted and reveal their live structure, sliding upon each other in a singular manner.

### During Races in the Air.

No other pet or form of sport can compare with racing pigeons, says Country Life in America. The very name seems to cut the air. A bird that can maintain a speed of a mile and a half an minute for 100 miles and that can cover 700 miles between the rising and setting of one sun is a creature to stir the blood and lift the heart. It is gentle, but it endures to the end, and I have seen it come to the home loft ripped across its back by the talons of a hawk.

The homers enjoy the racing. They are as keen to be out and at it as fabled hounds.

Property has ruined many a man, but if a fellow is going to be ruined at all, that is the pleasant way.

## MAKES MEN SOUND AND STRONG

**Detroit Specialist Making Men's Diseases a Specialty for Cures.**

Individual Treatment. You may Use It in the Privacy of Your Own Home.

**You May Pay When You are Cured.**

A Detroit Specialist who has 14 diplomas and certificates from medical colleges and state boards of medical examiners, and who has vast experience in treating diseases of men, is positive he can cure a great many so-called incurable cases.

There's that Seymour girl, just as ordinary as she can be. But nobody cares how "ordinary" the money is, so long as it is there. I wouldn't have thought, though, that Jack—

Her nostrils quivered and she dabbed away at the waist in her hands rather blindly. During the period of silence that followed, the collar of a light silk waist was subjected to a long and exhaustive friction. One would almost have thought that she had forgotten where she was and what she was doing from the automatic way in which she worked and the unseeing expression of her eyes.

### DR. S. GOLDBERG.

The possessor of 14 diplomas and certificates, who wants no money that he does not earn. In order to convince patients that he has the ability to do as he says, Dr. Goldberg will accept your case for treatment, and you need not pay one penny until a complete cure has been made; he wants to hear from patients who have been cured. He treats all diseases of men, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney troubles, blood poison, physical and nervous debility, lack of vitality, stomach troubles, etc. The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make a claim and another thing to back them up; so he has made it a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you, and when you are cured, he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. It seems, therefore, that he is not a doctor, but a man who suffers to write the doctor, and he will lay your case before him, which will be made free of charge; if you have lost faith in him, as you have every right to do, you may write him, and he will send you a booklet on the subject, which contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him simply Dr. S. Goldberg, 222 Woodville, Detroit, Mich. Medicines for Canadian patients sent from Windsor, Ont., consequently there is no duty to be paid.

## An Interrupted Soliloquy

By KEITH GORDON

Copyright, 1904, by Frances Wilson

"Ugh!" breathed Louise Rainer in disgust as she rubbed away viciously at the glove on her shapely hand. "How I loathe and despise poverty! I actually believe I shed the odor of gasoline just as Madge Carr does the odor of violets!"

"Economy! Economy! Economy!" she continued, punctuating her words with a pull at the fingers of the glove which she was now fastening upon a line where several others dangled in pathetic helplessness. "How I hate the word!"

Talking to oneself has always the advantage of affording a brief to point out feelings without encountering opposition. So, it may have been as much on account of the explosive quality of her thoughts as of the taut skin she was using that Louise had selected the far end of the back lawn for her operations that morning.

The fence was high and almost concealed by a network of spring greenery. For a moment the girl forgot herself, lost in admiration of the scene about her—the great old trees under which three generations of Rainers had played and the velvet sward upon which a robin was hopping about in a businesslike search for food.

Then she sighed again, two ominous lines appearing on her smooth forehead.

A silk waist was plunged into its gasoline bath with an energy born of rebellion at things as they were.

"If I had a son," she burst out, carried far beyond the proper scope of maidenly meditations by the strength of her feelings, "I'd teach him from his youth up that money was the greatest thing in the world."

She paused in her work and glanced defiantly about. She asked to have somebody hear the shocking sentiment she was voicing, but the only living thing in sight was the robin, and he was intent upon his own affairs.

"I would," she affirmed, as if her remark had met with protest. "It's all very well for you to say that, but you've never had to work for it."



### SHE CALLED SOFTLY, "JACK."

very well to talk about honor and nobility and all that, but the only thing that the world pays any attention to is money.

"Look at the Rainers! They've been honorable men and true for generations, and the result is that mamma and I haven't money enough to get the roof mended and that the last of the name has to clean her gloves and gowns herself or wear them soiled."

"There's that Seymour girl, just as ordinary as she can be. But nobody cares how 'ordinary' the money is, so long as it is there. I wouldn't have thought, though, that Jack—"

Her nostrils quivered and she dabbed away at the waist in her hands rather blindly. During the period of silence that followed, the collar of a light silk waist was subjected to a long and exhaustive friction. One would almost have thought that she had forgotten where she was and what she was doing from the automatic way in which she worked and the unseeing expression of her eyes.

"I don't care in the least!" her voice was really beautifully cool and indifferent—"but it's painful to see people toady so to money—people at least that you care—that is, that you've known a long time."

"She's the very type of a girl that I've heard him laugh at a hundred times, but just the same he danced with her three times at the Willoughby's, was out riding with her yesterday and is probably decorating that gaudy veranda of theirs at this moment."

A careful examination of the waist as she pinned it on the line beside the gloves absorbed her for the next few minutes. Whatever a Rainer did had of necessity to be well done, and no professional cleaner could have eyed his work more critically and minutely than she did hers.

"I suppose the glitter of the millions she will have dazzles him!" she observed scornfully. "Money makes any one fascinating. Too much nonsense has been written about love. Somebody ought to write a great big, stirring epic about money. Frankly done, it would make the 'Nebenbengel' Ring read like a nursery tale. Don't men and women sell their souls for it?"

Her head went up, and she waited, with a waist suspended dramatically above the gasoline, as if challenging

some unseen auditor to contradict her statement.

"I don't blame him a bit!" were her next words, by which the reader will glean that she had made a long stride in tolerance. "I'd do the same thing myself. I'm going to, in fact. Old Mr. Masham's heart and money are mine for the taking, and I'll write him this very morning. What glorious times mamma and I will have when I'm mistress of that fortune—only I wish the poor old man would—"

"It doesn't make any difference. I hate poverty, and I'll never marry a poor man. Never!"

Such was her absorption that she failed to notice a tall youth who was coming across the lawn toward her. Seeing that he was unobserved, he came up behind her softly, just in time to catch her vehement declaration. His face reddened, and the surprise that he planned seemed suddenly unfeasible. "Nobody asked you to miss, he said," was his mocking retort. And Louise turned toward him with a start. "Odd habit of yours—talking to yourself," he added, somewhat sourly.

"It lightens one's domestic duties," was the lofty rejoinder. "Why didn't Miss Seymour run over with you?" she continued sweetly. "It would have given her a chance to see how 'the other half lives,' yes, know?"

"Hang Miss Seymour!" crossly.

"From the way you've been dancing attendance upon her!"

Lifted brows and a shrug completed the sentence, but it was apparent that Miss Rainer was highly scandalized. Then she became serious and sisterly.

"Really, Jack, you ought to think about the future—about posterity, you know. Think how important money is and what a golden opportunity you have!"

As she spoke his face became more and more gloomy. Strangely enough, her spirit seemed to rise as his sank.

"Hang posterity!" he growled.

"Mercy, what a vision you can paint! Nothing but gibbets and dangling figures as far as the eye can see!" she laughed merrily. "But, seriously, you ought to think of my advice. Money is a very important thing."

There was a brief silence, during which he glared at her in moody indignation.

"Has old Masham spoken?" he asked at last with biting sarcasm. "Oh, I have sense enough to see that I'm not wanted here," he continued without waiting for a reply. "I came to tell you something, but it scarcely seems worth while. I was answered before I had a chance to ask."

He jumped up and started off across the lawn with great strides. The girl watched him with wicked, exultant delight. Suddenly a swift change came over her face, and she called softly, "Jack!"

He turned and regarded her uncertainly, while she looked hurt and amazed. Then he slowly retraced his steps.

"I fancied you had something to tell me," she observed innocently.

"It wouldn't be worth while. You see, I am a poor man."

She clasped her hands behind her and looked him over speculatively, then she shook her head.

"No, I don't call you a poor man. You're big and strong and rather nice. Besides, you have the kind of blue eyes that I like."

She stopped for a moment, and then she finished softly:

"Old Mr. Masham is my idea of a poor man."

### The "Born Fixer" at Work.

"Our clock stopped the other day," said a woman. "When I wound it the pendulum refused to swing. William told me to let it alone until he had time to fix it."

"One evening after dinner William took down the clock. He told the servant to bring him the kerosene oil can. He poured half the contents of the can down the back of the clock. Incidentally he ruined the tablecloth and his trousers. But I didn't mind that. It never pays to interfere with a born fixer when he's fixing something."

"After William had tinkered with the timepiece for an hour he decided to wait until the next night. When he had gone downtown next morning I took it to a clockmaker."

"Gladly," he exclaimed, "who's been monkeying with this? To remedy the original trouble would have cost you 40 cents. Now you'll want a new face, since this one is soaked with oil. You're in for \$4.50 all right."

"I had the clock in its usual place when William came home to dinner. But he never seemed to notice it. Said he was going to a neighbor's that evening to help him fix his automobile." —New York Press.

### Benny on the Kangaroo.

The kangaroo is an animal with four legs, but it only uses half of them at one time. This is because its front legs ain't of much account. What it does not have in front legs it makes up in hind legs. The reason why the kangaroo stands up straight like a man is that its tail is too heavy for it and kind of pulls its head up in the air. I have heard it said that if you cut off a kangaroo's tail the tail will grow another kangaroo, but the kangaroo can't grow another tail. Once there was a man who drew a kangaroo in a lottery. When he found he could not ride the animal he traded it for a bicycle, which is far more useful, and you do not have to feed it. Let us learn from this not to be cast down when obstacles rise before us on our pathway through life, and if we are good and obedient to our teachers we will succeed. The kangaroo does not walk like a bird or a human being, but jumps. I would rather be a grizzly bear, which is content with peanuts and raw meat and sleeps through the long, dreary hours. —Chicago Tribune.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Corrected July 2nd, 1904.

GOING EAST GOING WEST

2:55 a.m. Express ..... 1:05 a.m.  
3:05 a.m. .... 1:15 a.m.  
3:30 p.m. .... 3:45 p.m.  
7 a.m. daily, except Sunday

### GRAND TRUNK

WEST.

2:25 a.m. for Windsor, Detroit and intermediate stations except Sunday  
12:42 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit  
2:30 p.m. for Windsor and intermediate stations

4:15 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit  
5:05 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and west  
International Limited 6:05 p.m. daily EAST.

3:45 a.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Buffalo.

1:45 p.m. for Glenora and St. Thomas  
2:17 p.m. for London, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and New York  
5:05 p.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and East.

2:50 p.m. for London and intermediate stations.

Daily except Sunday; 1 Daily.

### THE WABASH RAILROAD CO.

The California Route.

Fair Route.

GOING WEST GOING EAST

No. 1—9:45 a.m. No. 2—12:30 p.m.  
3—1:07 p.m. 4—1:19 p.m.  
10—7:25 a.m. 11—2:25 a.m.  
115—7:03 p.m. 116—2:25 a.m.  
5—9:38 p.m. 6—1:32 a.m.  
9—1:18 a.m. 10—2:40 p.m.

J. A. RICHARDSON,

Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto and St. Thomas.

J. C. PRITCHARD,

Station Agent.

W. E. RISPIN,

W. P. A. 115 King St., Chatham.

### PERE MARQUETTE R.R.

BUFFALO DIVISION

EFFECTIVE DEC. 5, 1904

Leave Chatham Express Express  
To Chatham and West 6:45 a.m. 3:30 p.m.  
To Chatham and West 8:55 a.m. 6:30 p.m.  
To Chatham 8:55 a.m. 6:30 p.m.

Arrive at Chatham  
From  
Walkerville 9:55 a.m. 7:35 p.m.  
St. Thomas 4:25 a.m. 6:50 p.m.  
St. Catharines 4:25 a.m. 6:50 p.m.

Stop. Central Standard Time—one hour slower than city time.

R. HARTTON, D. P. A., London.

L. E. TILSON, Agent, Chatham.

H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A., Detroit.