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Mooney's Sodas are crisp, inviting, toothsome.

Mooney's Sodas are always the same in their dust-tight, moisture-proof packages.

Don't take chances. Get the biscuits that you KNOW are all right—

**Mooney's**

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

## DISTRICT

## EAST BRANCH.

Apple picking seems to be the order of the day around here.

Mrs. F. Falstead left last week to join her husband in the West, Saskatchewan District.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Innis and family spent a few days in Detroit last week.

D. Shaw returned on Saturday after spending the spring and summer months in the West. He is looking

well and we are glad to have him with us again.

Apples are being hauled to the Wallaceburg evaporating factory.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell McKie buried their infant daughter on Wednesday of last week.

F. Burke and son Charles left last week for Belleville.

Charles McKie is completing his new drive shed.

Thomas Richardson and daughter are spending a couple of weeks at Dauphin, Man., the guests of his brother.

Rev. A. Barker and wife, of the Camanche circuit, are visiting at her mother's, Mrs. S. Howe.

## Pure London Gins

W. &amp; A. GILBEY'S

Celebrated Specialties—the Finest and Most Wholesome Obtainable

Gilbey's "London Dry"  
Gilbey's "Plymouth"  
Gilbey's "Old Tom"

Distilled, Bottled and Guaranteed by

**W. & A. Gilbey**

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

## FLETCHER.

Philip Murphy, of Windsor, is visiting friends at Fletcher.

W. Kearns spent Sunday the guest of Mr. Kelly.

Mr. Alex. Longmore caught his hand in the corn binder and had it badly bruised.

Frank Finn spent Saturday in town.

W. J. Kelly and T. Kearns spent Sunday on the Drake road.

P. Murphy is remodeling his residence.

## DOYLES.

Mr. Ed. Dillon and sister Mabel,

of Merlin, visited the Misses Doyle last Sunday.

Miss Alice Ritchie has left for Detroit on an extended visit.

Mr. Jas. Dillon paid his 9th Con. friends a visit recently.

Messrs. Frank Doyle and James Howard, city, paid a flying visit to friends on the 10th Con. last week.

Several persons from here attended Detroit State Fair.

Mrs. Richard Asher visited her parents here last week.

Born, on Sunday, Sept. 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Powl, a son.

Thrashing is about over in our neighborhood.

Miss Scheers, Detroit, is visiting in this vicinity.

Mr. Samuel Orr pressed 90 tons of hay for Jas. Doyle last week.

## Is Bottled at the Springs

Mineral water shipped in carboys and barrels and bottled at distant points—is like champagne kept over night uncorked. It's dull and flat.

"SANITARIS" is bottled at the springs at Arnprior, Ontario—just as it comes from virgin rock—with all its natural snap and sparkle retained.

When you drink "SANITARIS" you know you are getting water that is just as pure—just as delightful to eye and palate—as though you drank it at the springs at Arnprior.

Ideal table water. Blends perfectly with wines and liquors.

AT DEALERS THROUGHOUT CANADA

F. A. Robert, Agent, Chatham

## AN EPIDEMIC

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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"I have my opinion," Mrs. March said impressively, "of folks that don't know no more'n to give a candy pull. You don't go to it, Louisa; not one step. I've brought you up genteel and genteel you're got to stay while you stay with me and your pa."

"Hm! That's likely to be always, the ddoes you cut up," her spinster sister-in-law, Miss Mary-Bet, sniffed. "Patience knows, if I had a girl like Louisa, comin' on twenty-one, and four more a-crowdin' her, I'd be glad and thankful of any chance to show her off. And I'd like to have you tell me what there is against a candy pull? Dear knows, I've seen better'n you at 'em and havin' a mighty good time."

Miss Mary-Bet had "means," hence her outspoken. Squire March had charged his wife never to argue with her. Therefore that lady contented herself with a mild retort.

"I can't say as it's real sinful, unless they mean to have playin' afterward. And I hope you don't think I hold with them kissin' games."

"I don't know but you'd better," Miss Mary-Bet said ruminatively. "I say let Louisa go, and Mary-Bet and Sally too."

"My! That would be a team of Marches," Mrs. March said, drawing down the corners of her mouth.

Miss Mary-Bet got up decisively. "There's my goin' to be four Marches," she announced. "I'm goin' myself. I know the Peterses would 't asked me if they hadn't thought it wasn't worth while. And I'm goin' to take my niece and buy 'em a new frock and ribbons and shoes. Don't you say a word, Hannah! One old maid in the family is more'n enough."

Mrs. March gasped; she was past speech. Miss Mary-Bet was commonly so close with her money her present liberal mind was in the nature of a miracle. But if she repented it she held fast to her word and trotted off a week later to the Peterses in the highest possible feather.

Louisa was gorgeous in a plaid frock—green, blue and purple; Mary-Bet junior sported a scarlet delaine, and little Sally, a yellow haired fairy who

looked like a changeling among her high colored brunette sisters, was in robin egg with little ribbons of white.

Miss Mary-Bet herself was a picture of elegance in a span new black silk. Mrs. March declared it was tempting providence to wear such a thing where molasses candy was so to abound, but Miss Mary-Bet had only tossed her head and marched off with it something higher than usual.

She was rising forty, also fat and fair. Her sharp tongue and masterful ways had kept her rather in awe of her. Now that youth was past she began to see that the world wagged mainly for married folk, so she had made up her mind to marry off her nieces out of hand in spite of their mother.

Louisa was not much of a problem. She was so kindly and sweet spirited, withal so much a born economist, at least three personable widowers were thought to be on tenterhooks about her, each waiting the lucky chance that would let him speak his wish. All of them would be at the candy pull, and each should have his chance.

"Miss Mary-Bet had cautioned Louisa not to be precipitate. 'Don't let any man have it to throw up to you that you couldn't get anybody else,' she had said. 'You jest listen to all of 'em and say you gotter have time to make up your mind. Then you can take your pick. Shucks, don't tell me you won't get it. You'd 'a' been married long ago if your ma'd had the sense of a goose. She's kept you tied right to her apron string and never let anybody name courtin' that she wasn't right there to stop the whole thing.'"

Mary-Bet junior was a handful even without the red frock. Her godmother was none too fond of her—they were too nearly off the same piece. The most eligible of the widowers had shown symptoms of wavering whenever he found himself in Mary-Bet junior's vicinage—he was under thirty.

If Louisa had the bad taste to prefer one of the others, Miss Mary-Bet reflected, the wandering and wavering might be turned to account. Henry May could hardly be called a real widower—he had but married his sweetheart on her deathbed for the privilege of soothing her last fevered hours. That was five years back, so he had been wonderfully constant. It was only this last year that he had been seen anywhere but at church.

Sally's blue eyes were still those of a child—at least to the casual glance. Looking to their depths, there was something more. Sally had light, small feet and moved like thistledown in summer airs. When the playing began she was the star. She had not shone in the candy pulling; it was hard work, and, besides, she hated her pulling partner, Sandy Roberts. It made her almost sick to touch hands with him in the folding of their candy skein. After the first time she had let go the candy, thereby giving Sandy a fall or so. He meant to get even with her in the playing by choosing her out of the very first ring and kissing her not once, but many times.

Possibly Sally suspected as much. Certainly she fought shy of any ring where he stood up. Since he was a fine singer and a ready leader, that cut her out of many things, but she did not very much mind. Silas Venn, the oldest and staidest of the widowers, somehow took her under his protection and saw to it that she was not lonesome. Miss Mary-Bet chuckled to see it.

"Thinks he's same as in the family and bein' good to little Sis," she said to herself, adding after a breath, "but, unless I miss my guess, he's goin' to get the sack. Louisa looks like she plum' wropped up in John Trotter; he's been tellin' her all about the circus he's went to ever since the calf come to pull candy."

Evidently John was much flattered. He talked on and on through "Swing Old Lizzy" through "Mister Bluster," through "Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley" and to the beginnings of "Snap."

"Snap" forbids conversation, albeit it is destitute of singing. Louisa was a beautiful runner, a swift and sure catcher. What need to add that she was ruthlessly snapped on to the floor almost as soon as ever she sat down?

Sandy Roberts, in especial, got her out whenever he could, and since he was the life of the game that was very often. But when, in the course of play, she became part of the stump, he thought it would be great sport to get himself irregularly the pursuer of Sally.

He caught her, of course, although she made him pant for it, and would not let her go until he had given her a resounding smack. The next minute he measured his length on the rag carpet.

Silas Venn's fist had sent him there, and Silas himself stood over him with eyes that said plainly, "Come out side and settle it."

Then something happened; something to talk about for at least a generation. Louisa, the meek and mild, the gentlest creature living, flew at Silas in a rage, shook him hard and whirled him aside, then stooped over the prostrate Sandy, half sobbing: "If—if he hurt you, I'll kill him! Get up, Sandy, darlin'. I don't care who knows now."

Sandy rose to his feet, to the occasion. "There's a mix got to be straightened up, folks," he said, catching tight hold of Louisa's hand. "We're goin' to marry next week, if we have to run away. I've been waitin' and waitin' till she said I might tell the old folks. They don't like me, but they'll have to lump me."

"Sandy, I beg your pardon! Shake! I thought you were after somebody else," Silas Venn said joyously, edging to Sally's side. "I'm goin' to speak out, too," she said. "If Sally won't have me I'll stay a lone widower till the end o' my days. How is it, little gal?"

"Humph! Look at her face. She's been lovin' you since she saw you cry so at your wife's buryin'." Mary-Bet junior, the irrepressible, broke in. "And I ain't ashamed to say I've loved Henry just as long. He—he's just now found it out. But it's all comin' right!"

"Except for me," John Trotter interrupted, crestfallen.

John was thirty-seven, if he did admit to only thirty-three. He had, moreover, a flock of girl children. That was why Louisa had been set down so much his special benefaction. He looked speculatively at Miss Mary-Bet. After all, she didn't show the five years between them.

"I wonder if you'd look at a fellow my size and shape," he murmured under breath.

Miss Mary-Bet shook her head at him, but said in his own key: "It must be marryin' is catchin', same as measles. Come, and let's talk it over some other time."

## What is an Abrash?

This question is answered in a most interesting manner by George Leland Hunter in an article entitled "The Truth About 'Doctored' Rugs" in Country Life in America. He writes:

"Abrash is a most interesting word. In Persia if father, son and grand-son have Roman noses, then a Roman nose is the abrash of that family. If gluttony is characteristic of generation after generation, then is gluttony the hereditary abrash. If it is a strawberry mark on the left shoulder, then the strawberry mark is an abrash. The abrases of a rug are the stripes or bands that run parallel or entirely across the pile. When seen for the first time by Americans accustomed to admire and insist on the deathlike uniformity that characterizes machine products abrases are apt to impress them as defects, particularly if wide. It takes experience and acquaintance with the art industries to grasp completely the significance and artistic value of individuality."

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## VOLUNTEER CYCLISTS.

Cycle Proves of Remarkable Value in Military Manoeuvres—Cyclist Soldiers Unchanceable and Destructive.

Of late years we have become quite accustomed to see great gatherings of troops, on and around Salisbury Plain, more especially during the early days of August, when the authorities had arranged a novelty. For three days great bodies of cyclist soldiers scoured and fought over the downland and pedalled silently through the tiny townlets that lie slumbering under the hills of the south country.

They are fine fellows, these cyclist volunteers; longer of limb and broader in the chest for the most part than their brethren of the infantry battalions. They are also, to judge by their faces, younger, and look full of energy of the wiry description.

In their eyes is the sparkle that reminds one of the colonial troopers who fought with us in South Africa. This is perhaps due to their military training as scouts, or perhaps to the intelligence of the class from which they are recruited.

## Splendid Qualities.

Their bodies and their minds harmonize wonderfully well together. During the three days' campaigning, when they constantly underwent much privation and endured real hardship and discomfort. I never heard a man grumble at his lot, nor saw one try to shirk his task.

Dog-tired, hungry, with eyes red from want of sleep, these young citizen soldiers were always ready to "jump" at the word of command, or to mount sentry in the night without a word of complaint. Such is the material to our hands. Do we know how to make the most of it?

Unhappily, neither their present organization nor their training is calculated to get the best value out of their splendid qualities. The cyclist company is a farce—a farce invented to flatter the pride of the colonel who commands the infantry battalion of which it is a part.

The colonel's only desire is to have as many men as possible with cycles to march on parade in front of the band while the battalion goes through evolutions to the admiration of the on-lookers. He cannot drill them on his parade ground, because their movements would upset those of the infantry—nor would it do the cyclists much good if he could.

## Casual Methods.

To tell the truth, he does not really know what to do with them except at inspection, so he hands them over to the care of some more or less competent infantry subaltern, and tells him to take them away and do what he likes with them.

Some cyclist companies have been lucky in the choice of the officer thus detached, and then all goes smoothly and the best results are obtained. But in most cases the officer chosen has no particular qualifications for the post. An infantryman himself, he knows little of cyclist tactics, and as he does not propose to remain in the cyclist company for the remainder of his service, he does not think it worth his while to acquire the knowledge which he does not possess.

There is but one way to overcome this state of affairs, and that way is sufficiently obvious. It is the way which has for years past been advised by all cyclist officers who are interested in the future of military cycling—to abolish cyclist companies, as such, and to replace them by cyclist battalions commanded and officered throughout by men prepared to specialize in the subject.

## Superior to Horse.

Then and only then, shall we be able to reap the full benefit of the magnificent material that lies ready to our hand. Nor would such a scheme of reorganization cost the country a penny. The whole evolution can be brought about by a scratch of the pen in Pall Mall, and by a few months' assiduous labor on the part of a few enthusiastic officers.

So much for the men, their officers and their organization. I would turn for a moment to consider what these cyclist manoeuvres have taught us as to the tactical value of the cycle as a means of locomotion.

The cycle has proved itself infinitely "superior" to the horse. It requires no rest, no vast supplies of forage, no sentries in the horse-lines. When the cyclist's day is completed he throws his machine under a hedge and gives it not another moment's thought until it is time to be off again.

True, at times he has to dismount

and mend a puncture, but critics are prone vastly to over-estimate this disadvantage. It should be remembered that no puncture takes more than fifteen minutes to mend, and it is a model horse that never casts a shoe or suffers from saddle galls.

The cyclist can cover comfortably, day in and day out, 50 miles, and still be game to put up a very pretty fight at the other end.

At present the English army can only boast of some 5,000 cyclists—all volunteers. It should make a general shudder to think what havoc such a body of men might work against him—operating now on one flank, now on the other, cutting up his communications; ten times as elusive as any DeWet, intangible, unchanceable and destructive.

France has realized their value and is raising 18 battalions. Germany is doing the same, undecided, upon the fence. Here in England we have the men, but, alas, we must wait as usual, for the organization.

My friend, don't talk too high; there is no diet so remorseless as to have to eat your own words.

## Was Benefit to England.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador, delivered the inaugural address at the summer meeting of extension students in the Senate House at Cambridge, his subject being the rise of the United States and tendencies of its development.

He suggested that by the separation from England both the British people and their colonizing sons had profited. The triumph of America checked a reaction in England, and the British Government of the nineteenth century was distinctly more advantageous to the people, more glorious for the nation, and a greater benefactor to Europe and the world, because of this struggle with the colonists in the last quarter of the eighteenth.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The best way to please a woman is to allow her to have the whip-handle in the conversation.

To deny freedom of the will is to make morality impossible.

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