CANADIAN P WIFIC RAILWAY GOING WEST GOING EAST ‡ 7 a.m. daily. ex. Sunday 1.03 a.m.

THE WARASE HAILBOAD CO. EAST BOUND 6—1,32 a.m 8—2.49 p,m 5-9.30 p.m.... 9-1.13 a.m..

J. A. RICHARDSON,
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J. C. PRITCHARD,

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

GRAND TRUNK Takes effect Sunday, Oct. 1st, 1905. WEST.

1, 3, 30 a.m. for Windsor, Uetroit and in-er nediate stations except Sunday 12, 52 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit, 14, 18 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit. 9, 19 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and west International Limited daily +Mixed 2.30 p. m. EAST. 18.37 a.m. tor London, Hamilton, Toron-

1 Daily except Annday: "Ta'ly.

PERE MARQUETTE R.R. BUFFALO DIVISION

Arrive at Chatha.n from Bleaheim and Fest. INIS a.m. East 8.5, a.m. 8.55 a.m. Going North-Mixed

12 30 p.m.
Arrives from Sarnia 2 p.m.
Eastern Standard Time Effective Nov. 5, 1905.

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GO TO

CALIFORNIA, MEXICO, or FLORIDA

'The land of Summer's sunshine. TOUR OF ALL MEXICO. aving Toronto on Jan. 29th. Covering bints of interest. Special reduced rat

Mount Clemens Mineral Baths and St. Catharines Mineral Springs. Delightful resorts for those who need a rest. Best of hotel accommodation.

For tickets and fu'l information call on W. E. RISPIN, City Agent, 115 King Street J. C. PRITCHARD Depot Agent



EXCURSIONS

SINGLE FARE Going Dec. 30 and 31 and Jan. 1st, returning until Jan. 3rd, 1906.

FARE AND ONE-THIRD

Above rates apply between all stations i Canada, Port Arthur and east.

Call on Canadian Pacific Agent, W. H. Harper, Chatham, or write C. B. Foster, D. P. A., Toronto,

**************** NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Have you purchased your New Year's Presents? If not

A. A. JORDAN.

We have a 'arge stock of Gold Headed Silk Umbrellas and Parasols, also Gold Mounted Fountain Pens of the Newest Patterns, which we will sell at a discount What is a more useful or suitable present for a lady or gentleman. Come and see us

SIGN OF THE BIG CLOCK TELPHONE 469 ***************

EASY MONEY AT HOME

canaries. More profitable than chickens get \$2.50 to \$5.00 each for young singer-essary. To get you interested quic AM BIRD SOOK (thousands suit at 25c. BIRD BREAD 10 CENTS, contract with canaries, all for egc. stamps or coin. Address COTTAM BIRD SEED, [981., Loudes, Set.

****************** Their Belated Wedding

By RITA KELLEY Copyright, 1905, by E. C. Parcells

Samantha Sanders had always want-

ed a cuckoo clock. The sandwich man half a block ahead announced them for sale for

\$1.98-"fine cuckoo clocks, best made." She was racing after him as fast as her prim New England dignity would allow. She upset a child with an all day sucker in its mouth and left it screaming on the walk. It hurt her conscience terribly, but if for one moment she lost sight of the sign he might turn into a side street, and she wouldn't know where to get the clock. Samantha Sanders was the thrifty,

unromantic janitress of a bachelor apartment building. Her father and mother had died when she was fifteen and left her without a penny and with an overweening desire to possess clock with a little bird that popped out of a little door every hour, along with more domestic ambition.

Samantha Sanders never had cared for any one person so much as she had for making a home. Hiram Shell had asked her to marry him, but her thrifty soul told her she would be happier



"HIRAM!" SHE CRIED. "HIRAM SHELL!"

making a comfortable living for her self than eking out a bare existence with such a man. Hiram was all right, only he never stuck to any one thing long enough and his inventions never seemed to be the things people wanted. Now she was almost up to the big ed and white sign. Never before had she felt free to indulge her pet extravagance, but now with a steady, tidy in come and good clothes in plenty it did seem that Providence had put that sandwich man right there ahead of her. Breathless and excited, she rushed past the man to got a front view of the

clock. Oh, joy! There was the long hoped for little face and the cuckoo half emerging from his arch as though the clock had stopped just as he started to announce the hour. Samantha clapped her hands in an

ecstasy of rapture. "Oh!" she cried. "Can I down on Thirteenth street now" cried. "Can I get one For the first time she turned her eyes from the sign to the man whose way All the light of joy

faded from her face and left it ashen "Hiram!" she cried. "Hiram Shell!"
"Yes, Samanthy," he said, meek as ever, looking at the trim little woman

before him and pulling surreptitiously at his worn and soiled vest. The pallor of her face changed to a flush of anger and resentment as she looked at the disheveled old man.
"Hiram Shell," she said forcibly,

"what you doin' trampin' the streets like the? Shiftless and good for nothin', same as you always was!" "I don't know, Samanthy. I never did seem to 'mount to anything." The cuckoo clock swayed perilously near a barber pole, but Samantha did not notice. She was looking at the man's lantern jawed haggard visage and

thinking hard.
"Hiram Shell," she accused, "you haven't had enough to eat. You can't keep your knees stiff."

He smiled weakly. "Well, it do be

hard off an' on to get a pienty, 'spe-cially when it takes quite a bit for wire. My new patent clothes wringer,

Samanthy"—
"Hiram Shell, you go right straight down to Thirteenth street and tell those clock people you haven't got sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole." But even as she spoke her eyes were But even as she spoke her eyes were moist. "And, Hiram, you bring a clock up to my house. I'm going home now to get supper ready." She counted out \$2.03 (5 cents for car fare), gave him her address and told him vigorously to hurry up before he forgot what he was to do. She left him standing stupefied in the middle of the walk gazing

pefied in the middle of the walk gazing after her with meek if hungry eyes.

"She be just the same as ever," he whispered to himself. "She'd 'a' made me a good wife, Samanthy would."

Samantha Sanders was bustling feverishly about her rooms at the New Rochelle apartments. True to her provident New England instincts, she had a plentiful supply of cake, pie, apple butter and baked beans on hand. She

had ordered recklessly at the green-grocer's on her way home, and the ta-ble was beginning to look like a feast

of plenty.

Poor old Hiram! She could not get
the image of his pitable figure out of her mind. Even the prospect of the new clock could not dispel the feeling of utter heartsickness. Hiram Shell, whose father had been justice of the peace, tramping the streets as a sandwich man!

There was a dull aching at her heart that was incomprehensible to her until just as she shoved the brown bread into the oven to warm. She stiffened up with something like a groan and clapped her hands to her head.

"I'd ought to 'a' married Hiram

Shell," she cried, with the bitterness of delayed realization. "I'd ought to 'a' married him! No one ever believed in him. Just because he didn't get out and work like the others they said he was crazy! Geniuses ain't like any body else, and if anybody had ever en couraged him and helped him along he might have struck somethin' that people wanted. And here I've been com fortable and him trampin' the streets! Hiram was late in arriving. She wondered indulgently whether he had gone off to buy wire with that money instead of getting the clock. Strange ly enough, she did not care much. The thought was tormenting her that she after all failed in the greatest crisis of her life. Women were intended to make men stronger, to bring out the best in the men they loved, and she-He came, more haggard and all bu tottering, with two packages under his arm. She took them from him, tum

bled them helter skelter on the sofa and drew up an armchair for him close to the table laden with good things. "Now, Hiram," she said, "eat!" He looked at her wildly for a mo-ment, trying to get his breath. "The package," he said. "Is it all right?"

"The clock? Of course. Go on an' eat, now." She passed him the bowl of savory pork and beans. He pushed back from the table, peer

"Hiram Shell, if you don't stop actin' the fool and set to eatin' I'll throw out the cuckoo clock and be done with "No, Samanthy, 'tain't the clock; it's

that new patent clothes wringer I been making. Thought you might like it to wash your clothes " Samantha collapsed into a chair. "Hiram Shell, I haven't done my

wash for five years. It goes to the laundry." "Well, now, ain't that nice?" He pushed back the apple butter she hand ed him. He had not touched a bite, though his plate was piled high with good things. Samantha saw his face

ad gone white. "I guess I'd better be moving on.
The dector at the dispensary he said
I'm ailin' some." He clutched at his heart. "It's queer, right in here." Samantha pushed him back into the

chair and ran for the brandy. "Did-you call the ambulance?" he asked when he opened his eyes again. "No, I didn't, Hiram Shell. You don't need no ambulance. All you need is a good square meal and the parson. We're going to get married, Hiram.'

He looked at her, with tears stream ing down his cheeks. "Well, now," he said, "Samanthy, ain't that nice!"

Too Pointed.

When somebody asked Graham Saunders why he did not go to visit the squire's family any more he hesi-tated for a moment before he ventured to put his reason into words.

"I'm not one that's looking for slights," he drawled at last, "and I never paid much attention when they spoke about folks that generally came at mealtimes nor any of their remarks about large appetites. Nor I never ap-plied any o' their statements in regard not waiting for invitations or outstaying your welcome to myself. considered such talk wasn't worth no

"But when squire come out to me at about four thutty one afternoon when I could smell baked beans cooking as easy as I'm sitting here and said he'd count it a favor if I'd note down where the glass stood on our north porch at 6 o'clock that night and at 8 in the morning, twelve thutty at noon and 6 p. m. for the next three days and and 6 p, m. for the next three days and then let him know at the postoffice so's he could compare it with theirs, I called it pretty considerable like a hint for a man that claims to have good manners, given to one that's got a sensitive streak, same as I have, though I try to keep it out o' sight."—Youth's

Trapped Elephants.
In "Jungle Trails and Jungle Peo ple" Caspar Whitney tells of trapping a herd of elephants and driving them into the graal. Curiously enough, the animals are quite docile until they once discover they are confined, whereupon they throw off their good manners and become rampant. Mr. Whitney contin-

Some fight the posts, some fight one another, in groups they surge against the stout sides of the inclosure, grunt-ing prodigiously, and wherever a venturesome spectator shows a head be-tween the posts he is charged. Not all the herd are so violent. Some show the herd are so violent. Some show their perturbation by thrusting down into their stomach reservoir and drawing forth water which they squirt over their backs; others express contempt for things generally by making little dust piles, which they blow over everything in sight, including their own legs. Some utter, the mouthing low note; some rap the ground with their trunks, thus knocking out several peculiar rattling, crackling high notes. The calves squeak through their little The calves squeak through their little trunks shrilly and frequently.

Suffered for years with **Stomach Trouble**

Fruit-a-tives" promptly cured her.

Stomach Trouble is usually bowel trouble. The bowels become constipated. Poisonous matter, which should leave the bowels every day, stays in the howels, two and three days at a time. These poisons paralyze the stomach muscles, prevent the digestive juices from reaching the food, and stop the whole process of digestion.

MRS. F. H. WALLACE, St. Mary's, Ont.:

I have used most of one box of 'Fruita lives and found them all right I have
had a good chance to recommend them
as. I have been in bed for a week with a
bilious attack and am getting around fine
thanks to 'Fruit-a-lives'."

Doctors talk of dyspepsia and catarrh of the stomach when they should talk of Constipation.

cure Stomach Troubles because they tone, sweeten and stimulate the stomach and they cure the Constipation which is the chief cause of dyspepsia. These concentrated and specially combined fruit juice tablets act directly on the liver-increase the flow of bile-and make the bowels move regularly and naturally

More than that. "Fruit-atives' regulate the kidneysstrengthen them-make them excrete more urine-and rid the system of excessive urea and uric acid. They stimulate the glands of the skin to increased action—take away pimples and redness—and keep the skin clear, soft and lovely

A month's treatment with "Fruit-a-tives" will make you think you had a new stomach. 50c a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your druggist should not have them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.



BURIED LIVING PERSONS.

Prior to the year 646 A. D. the Japanese had one of the most horrible burial

customs that can be imagined—that of burying all the immediate friends and retainers of a prince or other person of note in a standing position around the notentate's grave and leaving them in the earth up to their necks to perish of thirst and hunger.

The custom cannot be said to have

been general as late as the date given, for the Japanese records prove that in the time of the Emperor Sulnin (97-30 B. C.) the burial rites of royal person ages were so modified as to partially abolish former cuelties. Speaking of a young brother of Suinin, who died and had his retinue buried standing around his grave, the old record says: "For many days they died not, but wept and cried aloud. At last they died. Dogs and crows assembled and ate off their heads. The emperor's compassion was aroused, and he desired to change the manner of burial. When the empress died, soon after, the mikado inquired of his officers if something in the way of a change could not be suggested, and one proposed to make clay figures of men and bury them as

That this did not entirely do away with the former custom is proved by an edict issued in the year 646 A. D. the date given first above, which forbid the burial of living persons and provid the awful rite.



"Brownie" Vest

As the above cut shows, they form a double cover for the infants' chest and abdomen, and are the most-cashly adjusted.

No pins required to fasten the back. To & from birth to a years.

All Up-to-date Dry Goods Stores Carry Full Ranges. ******************

WEDDINGSTATIONERY The latest in Wedding Stationery and Cake Boxes can be had at the PLANET Office,

A LINK WITH THE PAST

E OLDE POETS' CORNER, AT 34-6, LONG MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

One of the Finest Bits of Old Man chester That Has Not Fallen Victim to the Modern Builder-Favorite Corner of the Cotton City For Minor Poets and Writers With Occasional Greater Ones.

One of the finest pits of Old Manchester that has not vet fallen a victim to the buil-er is the house called Ye Olde Roets' Corner, at 34-6, Londilly and the Sun inn, a favorite house of call for minal poets and writers, and not infrequent by the tavern offered a hospitable root to literary people whose names ar still remembered. Early in the lassentury Long Millsate stood at the top century Long Millgate stood at the to; of the steep banks of the Irk, and con sisted chiefly of taverns and tanneries From Hunt's Bank bridge to Bed Bank —names then well known in the cot ton city—the line was continuous, be



YE OLDE POETS' CORNER, MANCHESTER ing pierced here and there by narrow courts and passages leading to the stream, one of which, by the Town mill, was called Mill-brow, and led to the wooden Mill bridge, This is now.

In the early forties William Earn in the early forties will am hair-shaw, the landlord of the Sun inn, out of compliment to his customers. changed the name of the hostelry to the Poets' Corner. On Jan. 7, 1842, a dinner was given to his guests, and the verses read on this occasion wer

the verses read on this occasion were afterwards published by the landlord na small volume called "The Festive Wreath." Bamford, Prince, Swain, Elijah Ridings, Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, then Miss Isabelia Varley, and some twenty other frequenters of the house contributed.

To Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, who holds a firm position in our literary annals, says Lloyds Weekly, must be credited "The Manchester Man," a book repiete with memories of the old city before the massacre of Peterloo in 1819, when armed troopers rode roughshod over peaceful citizens. This is the story of a foundling adopted by humsnod over peaceth challens. In its tast atory of a foundling adopted by hum-ble but kindly folk, and the authoress makes the following reference, "At the Brst sound of afte and drum, Bess snatched up Jalez, and leaving house and batting-frame to take care of clves, rushed slong the street to the Sum inn corner, where Long Millgate turns at a sharp angle, the old Gram-mar School and the Chetham College gate standing at the outer bend of the elbow. The better to see she me the steps of the house next to the Sur and strained her eyes as the gay pro-cession wound from the apple market, passed the handsome black and white frame house of the Grammar School's

frame house of the Grammar School's headmaster, and . . marched under the ancient arched gateway between a double row of Bluecoat Boya."

The college, with its arch, is still there, but the inn was converted six years ago—a part into a curiosity shop, and in the other portion refreshments are supplied.

Why Greater New York? What should be the purpose of liv-ing? Plainly to improve mental and moral conditions, to develop and elemoral conditions, to develop and elevate the mannood of the world. But
is there a civilization which makes
greater effort to do this than to accomplish desires much nearer the
brute? If we have raised ourselves or
have been raised above the animal and
the savage, are we sinking backward
or continuing to progress? New York
at the present rate of "growth" will
have 15,000,000 people long before the
end of the century. Might it not be
well to correct the tendencies that
would make such growth possible?
Giants are not the noblest of men.
London has but 6,000,000, and already
the wives of workingmen in a body London has but 6,000,000, and already the wives of workingmen in a body have told the British Premier that their families were hungry and waradd him that hungry people become desperate at last. Why should New York desire a population of 15,000,000 or even 5,000,000? Might it not be better for herself and for the country if she had a smaller population now than 4,000,000?—Florida Times-Union.

A Navaje Vice.

A Navaje Vice.

The Navaje is an inveterate gambler. Not only are there the professionels who live entirely by the practice, but even the small bers are gamesters and adapt the pictorial Sunday school cards to gaming purposes. Their blankets illustrate gambling, and even their account of the creation must have woven into it the story of a game. Thus a sorious and apparently native vice of formidable proportions at once confronts the teacher and the missionary. The question of the best way to overcome it is still an open one. The pre-hibition of its practice does not go to the root of the matter, and all our logic fails to convince the Indian that he has not as great a right to play for stakes as he has to breathe.—Southern Workman.

The Franco-Prussian Dead. The Franco-Prussian Dead.

The Prench Government some time ago expressed a wish that the bones of French soldiers who died while prisoners in the Franco-Prussian war should be returned to Franco-Emperor William has now ordered that this be done and that military honors shall be rendered in every instance.

Gray's Syrup Red Spruce Gum

For Coughs and Colds.

DISTRICT DOINGS

Miss Mary Higgs, of Detroit, is nome to spend Christmas with her

Russell Ripley is all smiles. It is son this time. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morgan left on Wednesday, the 20th, for Penn-sylvania to visit friends. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel George Shadd left on Saturday to visit friends at

Harrow.

John Sailsbury, of Marine City, has returned home to spend Christmas.

About 50 from here went by train to Chatham on Saturday.

John Reek made his wife a present

of a new cutter.

It is our painful duty to record ness.

the death of Mr. Robert Campbell, who passed away on Monday, 18th, at the age of 86 years. The deceased had a host of friends and was universally respected. He had lived in the County of Kent for 75 years. The funeral took place on Wednesday, 20th, at 11 a. m., to the Lindsay Road church, where services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Dawn Mills, and thence to Dresden cometery.

Excelsior Paint will give you what you deside—a nice, glossy finish. Try, it. Drew & McCallum.

An unfulfilled promise is apt to ome back at a way not at ail pleas.

Uniform good temper sometimes means want of necessary aggressive-

To Hide

No Secrets We have nothing to conceal; no secrets to hide! We publish the formulas of all our medicines. You will find these in Ayer's Almanac for 1906; or write us and we will send them to you. Then show the formulas to your doctor, and ask him what he thinks of them. J.C. Ayer Co. Lowell Mass.



Geo. Stephens & Co. Chatham

OUTWITTED THE BOERS.

Rhodes' Clever Scheme to Avoid Giv-ing the Enemy Information.

Lord Harris tells an interesting story of how Colonel Frank Rhodes outwitted the Boers. It concerns the relief of Mafeking. As Colonel Mahon ap-proached Mafeking from the south Colonel Plumer was approaching it from the north, and Colonel Mahon received the following questions from Colonel Plumer by heliograph: First-What is your strength? Second-How many guns have you? Third-How are you off for stores and provisions?

Colonel Mahon would not allow any answer to be sent for fear of the Boers trapping it on the way, until Colone Frank Rhodes suggested the following replies, which were approved. The key is attached in brackets: Naval and military multiplied by ten. [The num ber of the Navy and Military club in Piccadilly is 94, multiplied by ten approximated their strength of 1,000.] As many as there are boys in the Ward family. [Lord Dudley and his broth

ers.]
Colonel Mahon protested as regards this that there would be no one who would know, but Colonel Rhodes assured him that Colonel Weston Jarvis, who was with Colonel Plumer, would be sure to. Officer commanding Ninth lancers. [Colonel Little, knewn as

"Small" Little.]
The answers were received and correctly decoded.

Where It Belonged.

An amateur authoress who had sub mitted a story to a magazine waited for several weeks without hearing from the editor concerning it. Finally she sent him a note requesting an early decision, because, as she said, she Shortly after came the editor's reply:

"Dear Madam—I have read your story, and I should advise you to put it with the other irons." th the other irons."

"I suppose your late uncle didn't fail to remember you in his will?" said the sympathetic friend.

"You could hardly call it a remembrance," replied the poor relation. "It was more like a faint recollection."

"All the world's a stage," quoted one "Yes," replied another, "and it's the same old story. A lot o' fellers that's cut out fer supers is tryin' ter star."

Dream Extravagance "Don't the Highflyers live beyond "Dear me, why, they live beyond the income they wish they had."

 Commercial

: Printing. When in need of anything in the Line of Commercial Stationary Visiting Cards, etc., leave your

Planet Job Department.

Carbon Platino

Gives the finest quality to be desired in a

GIBSON

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MAKES THEM. STUDIO Corner of King and Fifth St Entrance King St.



Order your COAL and WOOD trom J. GILBERT & CO. We have the best to be got and at low; est market price. Orders promptly delivered.

OFFICE and VARUS Queen St., nea. G.T. R. Crossing. PHONE 119 ***********

GERHARD HEINTZMAN

The only strictly high grade Piano made in Canada, reputed for its distinguished quality of tone and its beautiful up-to-date appearance. Insist on a Gerhard Heintzman they charm the most exacting. Studio in charge of Miss N. M. Richards, over Van Gunten's Jewely Store. Write to

F. M. BEDFORD ****************