

A CANADIAN WIZARD.

SOME TALES OF THE DEAD BISNETTE OF SICOOTE, QUEBEC.

An Escapade of His College Days Drove Him to the Backwoods—Credulity of Settlers Drove Him to Practice Witchcraft—A Rival Witch—What He Did With His Large Earnings.

Bisnette of Sicoote township is dead. As a professional wizard, he had a large and widespread clientele, composed chiefly of the unlearned and ignorant, but comprising also some of the higher social rank. In the days before the railway, to reach his little mica covered house in the woods, many people took the laborious drive of eighty-five miles from Ottawa. And the post-offices within a radius of thirty miles, delivered to Bisnette much mail matter, some dainty missives, and many a registered letter.

Many of the inquiries he received were concerned with matters of health. To such inquiries Bisnette was not an altogether bad adviser. He was a medical student in Montreal in his young days, but an escapade drove him from college to the backwoods. Some surprising cures of men and beast when out of pure kindness he helped his neighbors in the time before doctors settled in the locality, and the credulity of the settlers led him to practicing witchcraft, in which he finally came himself to believe.

Much of his correspondence and most of his local business had to do with charms. These in the shape of meaningless incantations, sprigs of herbs, dried insects, bits of dried skins, ambiguous words of Scripture, and sentences borrowed from books upon the Black Art, of which he had a curious collection, were sold to all who wanted them. His prices were always nicely graded to the customers.

Some forty miles lower down the river lived a rival of Bisnette's, a Mrs. Benham. This woman was popularly supposed to have more power on water than Bisnette, who excelled upon dry land. One day some log drivers came to her house and partook of such food as she had, but without paying without paying for it. Just as their boat pushed out into the swift current the sorcerer demanded her money, when the men jeered and flatly declined to pay. The next moment their boat stopped, and in spite of their rowing, remained stationary until they humbly besought the powerful lady to allow them to return to shore and settle their bill. At least so the story runs.

Mrs. Benham died of pneumonia one night twelve or fourteen years ago. That same night, Bisnette was in attendance upon a sick horse. He knocked his head against its forehead, and the advice he gave him was to leave the stable, as he felt he was about to have a bad struggle with a rival witch, who was at work upon the suffering brute.

As the men left they declare that they saw a black cat enter the stable, and the candle in the lantern was burning low and with a blue flame. They heard the sound of a conflict between a dog and a cat, from the house, where they remained until the witch came in, his face scratched and bleeding, and exclaiming that the horse was saved at last, but Mother Benham was so badly hurt that she could not live till morning.

The doctor explained that the woman had died quite naturally from lung trouble in his presence.

A man, driven to desperation by rheumatism, made a laborious visit to Bisnette. The advice showed the wizard's acquaintance with negro voodooism. The patient was to take a two-inch auger and a two-inch plug four inches long and go at midnight to a certain bush there by moonlight to hunt up the brown ash tree. He was to bore six inches deep into this and within the hole place a lock of his hair and then breathe hard into it thirteen times. The advice, as far as possible he was to drive in the plug and let no one know where the tree was situated. The visitor received no palpable benefit, but was assured that the disease would never reach his heart unless that plug was withdrawn.

Philtres are still used by the love-jorn in that region. Many a mother believes that her lad was inveigled into marriage by a love dose secretly administered, and many a young lover slyly slips the potent drops into the sought-after one's cup. One philtre which a maiden bewailing the death of her lover acknowledged having administered was rather surprising. A tree toad, a black smoke, a horned owl, a bat, thirteen hairs from a black cat's tail, and a lock of the damsel's hair were put into a covered oven, and baked to a black crisp in the ashes. The ashes were rubbed fine and divided into twelve parts, of which seven were left in a church, four were put in a bag and worn over the heart, and one was to be surreptitiously administered to the victim.

What became of all the money Bisnette made the local folk could not imagine. There are only three who know that all he could spare from a bare existence went by way of expiation for a crime committed against a too-confiding friend in the old days, when he was innocent of any coquetting with the black art.

The Insular English.

Two Frenchmen met one day, and one said to the other: "As I was coming down the street to-day a young man stopped and said to me: 'Have you got a match, please?' Well, I thanked him very much, and told him I had a boxful; and I also told him that it was very considerate of him asking me, as I might not have had any, then I would not be able to have a cigarette. But that man stood and looked at me until I turned a corner out of sight. I can't understand these English at all."

SUPERSTITION

Has been responsible for much of human mortality. Men and women die by thousands in an Indian famine, not because of lack of food but because caste superstition prevents them from accepting it. Even in America there are still to be found those who believe that healing herbs lack virtue unless gathered during certain phases of the moon.

The great foe of superstition is science. Every year science increases the territory of the natural at the expense of the supernatural.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery achieves its successful cures because it is a scientific preparation originated by a scientific man. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, purifies the blood and restores the body to sound health.

As the writer of the following letter says, "It is the best thing for nervousness and for a weak run-down condition that anybody would want. It gives a person new life and new blood."

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol and is free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics.

"I must again send a few lines to you to let you know how I am getting along since taking the wonderful medicine which cured me two years ago," writes Miss Bertha Schneider, 1405 Benton Street, St. Louis, Mo. "I still continue to feel like a new person and this is the best thing for nervousness and for a weak run-down condition that anybody would want. It gives a person new life and new blood."

I took five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it just made me feel like a new person. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets stimulate the liver.

DESERVED SUCCESS.

Webster Sheldon Tefft, an old Chatham boy, who has of late been employed by the Peterboro Examiner in the "job" department, of that paper, has returned to the city and accepted a position in the "ad" department of The Planet.

Mr. Tefft will remain in Chatham until the end of December, when he will go to Ottawa, where he has received a permanent position in the Government Printing Bureau. The position carries with it an enviable salary and Mr. Tefft is to be congratulated upon securing such a lucrative situation. He, however, is an experienced and up-to-date printer and is well deserving of the success he receives. He is a very valuable man in a newspaper office and is quite capable of handling any department of the work.

He came to Chatham some time before the Banner was taken over by the present proprietors and at once took over the management of the "ad" setting department and latterly the "make-up" department of this paper, giving complete satisfaction during the whole time he was employed. When he left for Peterboro his departure was deeply regretted by his fellow employees, with whom he was regarded as a general favorite.

His many friends in the city will be pleased to hear of his advancement and will join in wishing him unbounded success in his future life as a government printer.

ENFORCE THE RULES.

G. Blackskill, Deputy Surrogate Court Registrar, intends at the commencement of the new year to issue notices to all parties and solicitors in particular requesting that they bring in and pass the accounts in estates to which probate of the will or letters of administration have been granted.

"There has been a great deal of neglect and oversight in this matter," said Mr. Blackskill, "and steps are being taken to see if the oath taken by executors or administrators cannot be enforced."

OVERHEARD AT THE AMETHYST CLUB



He—I saw the Frenchman kissing you on the stair just now.
She—You did?
He—Why didn't you stop him?
She—How could I, I can't speak French.

Satchel of The Satellite

Little Items, Local and Foreign, Trite and Verbose, Wise and Otherwise.

Let us have another good Council. Chatham expects every voter to do his duty on January 8th.

WANTED.—At once, a few good men to offer themselves as aldermen. All applicants must have brains.

The candidates for school trustees have made themselves known and are working hard, even if the aspirants for aldermanic honors are not.

Hamilton has abolished vada and this year the aldermen will be elected for the first time by the city at large. Progressive Chatham adopted this two years ago.

Under the new system of electing aldermen from the whole city it doesn't make any difference where an aldermanic candidate lives. The aldermen now are just as much interested in the ratepayer a mile away as in the ratepayer next door.

The following appeal of the Hamilton Spectator to the ratepayers of that sleepy burg will apply equally to the progressive and bustling citizens of this live and busy city.—

"Come out, some of you big ratepayers, and help transact the business of this city."
Harrison Hall is one of the finest union county and city public buildings in Ontario. That is outside the large cities, and we can hold some of them down. There is a splendid tower on the building, just the place for a clock, but the clock is not there. The face is, however, and if somebody will only donate the works, he would confer a boon on this city.

"Paterfamilias" says that that story about the absent-minded beggar, who threw his three cents change into the letter box, in a vain effort to mail a letter, which he carried away with him, reminds him of a painful experience of his own. He was trying to nurse a baby and smoke a pipe at the same time. All went well until he had to relight his pipe. The baby then squaled, and "Paterfamilias" hastily throwing his pipe on the floor, put the lighted match in his mouth.

TRAGEDY AVERTED.
Principal Brackin said Saturday evening, "There were skaters on the rubber ice on the river to-day."

Sunday's rain prevented further particulars.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.
In 1890 the County Council purchased a new seal. In 1890 Warden VonGuntun was born in Kent county. In 1901 the seal was discarded. In 1901 Warden VonGuntun retired from office. All of which goes to show that Warden VonGuntun is 41 years old.

A GENEROUS VICTIM.
The following has been handed in at the office of this G. H. J.—

"If the thief who took a pair of gloves from an overcoat in the vestibule of the William St. Baptist church last evening will show up next Sunday the owner will be pleased to give him the overcoat."

TWO INVITATIONS, OR CHATHAM GIRLS AT HOME.
(Comedy.)

He—You look sweet enough to kiss.
Maple City Maiden—Actions speak louder than words.

I was walking down street the other day with another Maple City maiden when we chanced to both notice a poster of the Brace of Partridges. It showed an innocent damsel and a man hiding their faces beneath a sunbonnet. You have all seen the picture and surmised what the two were doing. I was surmising also, and remarked to the young lady that I wished the maids of Chatham wore sunbonnets.

"We have sunbonnets down at our place," was the naive response.

No, there's no more of that incident to tell.

JIM'S BARGAIN.

How He Made One With the Almighty and Kept It for Flo's Sake—A Tale for Drinkers.

It was years ago when I saw him first. His home was pretty well wrecked—got down to the stage when there was no latch key to jab with, to stab with, to miss with. It was only a catch with a bit of wood stuck on the inside to fasten. There was nothing to steal; what was the use of a latch key? Well—yes, there was something in this ramshackle home, one little girl, and Jim thought much of his Flo. She often ran out at night and reached up to his hand, and he always took the cold out of his mouth before he bent down and kissed her.

Jim tried to work the barkeep to death, and wore big scratched patches with his heels on the floor, but the porter came in every morning and put fresh sawdust over it, and the bartender got fatter and his diamond bigger.

Then the bailiff took a look in and Jim saw his furniture on the sidewalk and the red flag at the door. Powerful things these landlord's warrants, but the landlord must be protected.

The only thing Jim cared for was Flo—Flo and whiskey, and shining his elbows on the bar.

He soon got ramshackle home No. 2.

Diphtheria got on a rampage, and while it was keeping the grave-digger busy Jim kept the syphon in the saloon from getting clogged with stale early morning ale.

One night a woman's face peered around the screen which hides the devotees of Bacchus in their insane worship. The lips moved and a voice said "Flo's sick."

Jim went home on the double. She was just getting ready for the order for a coffin from the city.

He hadn't prayed for many moons, but he got it out in a lump:

"God give me my girl, and I'll never drink again."

God gave him his girl, and Jim made good with God.

He moved away from the old town, from the old associates, and the sawdust, and the diamonds scintillating from over the bottles.

He's not a preacher, nor rantier, just a common-sense chap. I saw him the other day, and he stuck out his paw, and it was steady as his eye was clear.

"Hello, old man," he said; "come up and see us, Flo's going to be married next month."—Charlie Churner, in Toronto Star.

Some Problems of the Press.

Rev. J. A. Macdonald, editor of The Westminster, recently addressed the Canadian Club on some problems of the press, and as to whether the press was fulfilling its proper functions in a democracy like Canada, where the people rule—or think they rule. Two dangers, in the speaker's opinion, surrounded the press—the first, its tendency to be influenced by the counting-room. If the press is to be made a safe educator, it should be independent; if its dependence upon any trust, clique or outside influence, it is to that extent unsafe as an educator.

The second element of danger was from the crowd—the danger of the crowd stampeding the newspapers as the newspapers sometimes stampede the crowd. How can we improve the Canadian press? was asked. It is samer, better and better written than that of the United States, though not as sane and as high class as the old country press. A greater responsibility, the speaker concluded, rests in this matter upon every thoughtful educated man to do what he can for the tone and temper of the press and to assist it in reflecting the moral and intellectual standard of the people.

Mr. J. A. Tucker of Saturday Night held that the people have as good papers—as they deserve, and that the ideal daily paper of the future will record facts only, leaving the expression of opinions to the weekly journals and reviews.

The Hamper From Home.

A student in Toronto got a hamper from home last night, and his fellows came into his room and joined in the celebration.

There was a chicken, and he knew the very henhouse where the chicken had roosted, and knew the very yard where it had run about. There was a jar of raspberries, and he knew the bushes where they had grown, the bushes down by the fence next the swamp, up near where the wasps had built. There were many cakes—and he knew the kitchen that they were baked in, saw the oven, saw the hands and the kind face that slipped them in the oven, opened the door carefully, and peeked in to see if they were done.

And because he knew all this he was happy.

"Boys, ain't this great?" he said.

"They certainly are," replied the lads.

"They all had mothers living too—"

Charlie Churner in Toronto Star.

Pioneer's Visit to the City.

Montreal has had a visit from Mr. James Spencer, an agent for the Hudson Bay Company, who has spent 56 years in the district east of James Bay, and who is now getting his first glimpse of modern civilization. Primitive conditions still exist in the northern country. Counters are used instead of money, there are no schools and most of the white men marry squaws. It is a form of life which must soon pass away, for railroads are being pushed up to the Bay from Quebec, from North Bay and from Algoma, and in a few years the fish and furs of the great inland sea will be brought into older Canada by rail, while the inhabitants will be getting their newspapers with modern promptness.

she Wanted to Know.

Mistress (to servant)—Be careful not to spill any soup on the ladies' laps.

Biddy (new in service)—Yes miz; where shall I spill it?

IN FASHIONABLE TAILORING

We have made a hit this season. We have an exceptionally large display of the new and Fashionable Patterns for Fall Suits and Overcoats

Great care has been taken in the selection of these goods, and by careful buying we have been able to secure them at a figure that permits us to give you better value for the money than ever before.

ALBERT SHELDRICK, OPPOSITE OPERA HOUSE
Merchant Tailor and Direct Importer

G. Stephens, Quinn & Douglas

Have just received direct from the manufacturers, a very fine assortment of . . .

Razors,

Razor Strops,

and Brushes

This is by a long ways the largest and best assortment ever brought to Chatham. The goods are unequalled for quality and the prices are very low.

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Chatham's Millinery Store

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SALE OF MILLINERY

We have been lucky in having a good season and are beginning our Winter Sale.

READY-TO-WEAR HATS and SAILORS, at all prices from 49c, 65c, 75c, 90c to \$1.50, worth from \$1 to \$3. We will show you a great variety.

See our DRESS HATS at \$1.98 and \$2.98.

C. A. Cooksley, Opposite the Market

Gift Things

From Our

Furniture Floor

We have many pieces of handsome Furniture that will cause you to say, "Just what I am looking for."

Furniture of the class we carry is not to be picked up here, there and everywhere.

MUSIC CABINETS in all styles, DRESSING TABLES, BOOK CASES, ROCKERS, PARLOR TABLES and WICKER PIECES in all shapes and sizes.

Christmas Orders Booked Now For Holiday Delivery. . . .

Hugh McDonald

Furniture and Upholstery.

Subscribe Now

W. F. SMITH, Barrister.

Minard's Liniment for Sale Everywhere.

LEGAL.

J. B. RANKIN, K. C.—Barrister, Notary Public, etc., Victoria Block, Chatham.

J. B. O'LYNN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King street, opposite Merchant's Bank, Chatham, Ont.

W. F. SMITH—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Office, King street, west of the Market. Money to loan on Mortgages.

SCANE, HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Scane's Block, King street.

F. W. SCANE, M. HOUSTON, FRED. STONE, W. W. SCANE.

WILSON, KERR & PIKE—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Proctors in the Maritime Court, Notaries Public, etc. Office, Fifth street, Chatham, Ont.

Money to loan on mortgages at lowest rates.

THOMAS SOULLARD Barrister

25 Victoria Block, Chatham, Ont.

Money to Loan on Land Security

LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C. meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

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

ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN.

Invitation received from Valetta Lodge to return their visit on Monday December 16th, and we appointed a committee to arrange; full particulars later. The value of ready money is never more appreciated than when a widow and children are left alone.

Father—Brother—Son, can you neglect such a wise provision as the A. O. U. W. offers your family, and which a self-denial secures?

CHAS. KELLY, J. R. SNELL, Master Workman. Recorder.

Don't Miss It!

If you are looking for Christmas presents, why don't you have a large selection to choose from. All kinds of goods in this were for children, young or old people. We can satisfy and please you all.

Just in. A lot of pretty glass water sets at cut prices, also opal goods. These goods are selling fast. We have also Dinner, Tea and Chamber sets at prices that make them trade winners. Don't purchase till you have seen them.

GROCERIES! SATURDAY SPECIALS

We have some raisins just in to sell at 5c. per lb.

Cooking figs, 5c. per lb.

Salmon, 10c. per can.

Clothes pins, 1c. per dozen.

Daisy Baking Powder, 10c. per lb.

Pickles, 9c. per bottle.

Lemon Peel, 15c. per lb.

3 lbs. new select Raisins, 25c.

3 lbs. new Currants, 25c.

Mixed candy, 7c. per lb.

A trial order will convince you that our goods are good—our prices right.

J. McConnell

Phone 190. PARK ST. East

Money to Loan on Mortgages at 4% and 5 per Cent.

FOR SALE—FARM and CITY PROPERTY.

Frame house, two storeys, 12 rooms, Lot 50 ft. front by 115 feet, \$1,000.00.

Brick house, two storeys, 7 rooms, Lot 40 ft. front, by 208 feet deep, \$1,100.00.

Frame house, 10 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 104 ft., \$800.00.

Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft. by 208 feet, good stable, \$1,100.

Two vacant lots, each 60 feet front, by 104 feet.

House, 8 rooms, lot 60 feet by 208 feet, \$1,500.

Farm in Howard, 32 1-2 acres, house, stable and orch