

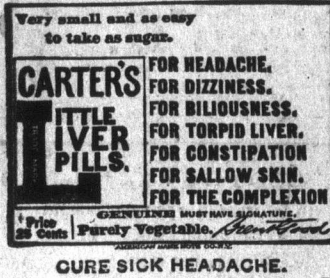
## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

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

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



**Cure Sick Headache.**

**Cook's Cotton Root Compound.**  
Is the only safe, reliable, regulator on which woman can depend. In the hour and time of need.  
Prepared in two degrees of strength. No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1—For ordinary cases. Is by far the best dollar medicine known.  
No. 2—For special cases—10 degrees stronger—three dollars per box.  
Ladies—ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other as all pills, mixtures and lotions are dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold and recommended by all druggists in the Dominion of Canada. Mailed to any address on receipt of price and four 2-cent postage stamps. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont.  
No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Chatham by all Druggists.

*The Best.*

Now is the best time to enter. The January exam is now over. The beginners are well started in their work and teachers can therefore give more time to new students.  
It is now current talk throughout the country that the student who intends to take a business or shorthand course, and wants to be placed in a paying position when graduated should attend CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE, CHATHAM, ONTARIO.  
Students of last year already earning over \$1,000 per annum. 346 placed in 11 months. Do you know of any other business school getting such results? We pay your railway fare. Have you ever seen our catalogue? If not write for it and enter now. Address:  
D. McLACHLAN & Co., Chatham, Ont.

**LOGGERS.**  
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.  
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.  
GEORGE MASSEY, W. M.

**DENTAL.**  
A. HICKS, D. D. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office, over Turner's drug store, 26 Rutherford Block.

**LEGAL.**  
SMITH, HERBERT D.—County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham.  
THOMAS SOULLARD—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block, Chatham, Ont. Thomas Soullard.

B. O'LYNN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King Street, opposite Merchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite H. Malcolmson's store, M. Houston, Fred Stone, W. W. Scane.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on Mortgages, at lowest rates. Offices, Fifth Street. Matthew Wilson, K. C. W. E. Gundy, J. M. Pike.

## BAKING

Give your wife a chance and she'll bake bread like that mother used to make.  
For rolls and biscuits—that require to be baked quickly there's nothing like Gas.

**THE CHATHAM GAS CO. Limited.**  
King St. Phone 81

## Little Sister

F. B. WRIGHT

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"Aren't you going to answer my question? Won't you take me with you?"

Clifford Vane turned with surprise as he heard the voice. A girl with deep brown eyes and hair in which there was a tint of gold was standing beside the boat, her skirts blown out against her slender figure. The fluttering sail had made so much noise that Vane had not heard the girl before. He frowned unconsciously, for he was in no humor for company.

"It's too rough today. There's a nasty sea running, and you'll get wet through," he answered.

"As if I cared for that! And if it's so rough why do you venture out?"

"Because I want to. Because it suits my mood."

The words sounded rude, but Marjorie Winthrop knew from the intent expression on Vane's face as he gazed out on the black clouds, the sullen green water of the bay and the wind-blown whitecaps that he was speaking more to himself than to her.

"And if it suits my mood?"

"You with moods, child?" Vane said wonderingly. "What can you know of thoughts black enough to suit with such a day. Go back to your dolls or read your pretty fairy love stories and believe in their truth as long as you can," he added bitterly.

"You think because I'm only seventeen I'm not to feel and think."

"Think only of pleasant things."

"But if the day suits me it is pleasant. Please take me."

"What will your mother say?"

"She won't care. She only thinks of Edith. If it was Edith, now, it would be different, but I'm not such a valuable cargo. No one will bother about me."

There was a quaver in the girl's voice that made Vane look at her. She was looking out over the yeasty water with misty eyes and set mouth.

"All right," said Vane after a moment's hesitation. "I'm in a reckless mood. Let fate take care of us. What will be will be. Jump in."

It was a gusty day, and the Dot, too light for such weather, her lee rail almost under water, staggered under the daws, every now and then burying her nose into the rollers and sending a shower of spray into the boat. Vane had all he could do to manage her and for a time forgot his companion and almost his gloomy thoughts in the grim pleasure of his contest with wind and storm lashed sea. It was Edith Winthrop he was thinking of, the woman who had led him on to love her and then thrown him over for another man. Edith did not care. Every one must be sacrificed for her amusement—yes, even this child, her sister. At the thought he glanced at the girl where she sat poised out to windward, like some spirit of the sea, her hair blowing in the wind, her cheeks aglow with excitement, her eyes fixed with a far-away look on the horizon. Vane had never noticed how pretty she was before. He had always thought of her as a mere child, and, lo, she was a woman. What was she thinking of? he wondered.

As if in answer to the question, Marjorie turned and met his eyes for an instant and then looked away.

"You've heard of Edith's engagement?" she said.

"Yes," answered Vane, setting his teeth hard. "I only found it out today."

"I knew it weeks ago. You thought she cared for you?"

"Yes."

"You might have known she didn't."

**Six Doctors  
Failed to Cure  
Him.**

**ERYSIPELAS  
AND SALT RHEUM WAS  
THE TROUBLE.**

**Burdock  
Blood Bitters**

**DID MORE  
THAN SIX DOCTORS COULD DO.**

Mrs. Theo. Newell, Argyle Sound, N.S., expresses her opinion of this wonderful blood remedy in the following letter:

"It is with the greatest gratitude that I can testify to the wonderful curative powers of Burdock Blood Bitters. For years my husband suffered terribly with Erysipelas and Salt Rheum. He was so bad at times that he could not sleep on account of the itching and burning. He had been under the care of six different doctors, but they failed to do him any good. I had read different times of the wonderful cures being made by Burdock Blood Bitters, so advised him to give it a trial. He did so, and after taking five bottles was cured without a doubt. I would strongly advise any person troubled with blood disorders to give B.B.B. a fair trial for I am sure it will cure them."

**THE CHATHAM GAS CO. Limited.**  
King St. Phone 81

## A Kidney Sufferer FOR Fourteen Years.

TERRIBLE PAINS ACROSS  
THE BACK.  
Could not Sit or Stand with Ease.  
Consulted Five Different Doctors.

**Doan's  
Kidney Pills**  
FINALLY MADE A  
COMPLETE CURE.

Mr. Jacob Jamieson, Jamieson Bros., the well-known Contractors and Builders, Welland, Ont., tells of how he was cured. "For fourteen years I was afflicted with kidney trouble which increased in severity last five years. My most serious attack was four years ago, when I was completely incapacitated. I had terrible pains across my back, floating specks before my eyes and was in almost constant torment. I could not sit or stand with ease and was a wreck in health, having no appetite and lost greatly in flesh. I had taken medicine from five different doctors and also numerous other preparations to no purpose. I finally began to take Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had taken five boxes the trouble left me and I now feel better than I have for twenty years. Those who know me know how I was afflicted and say it is almost impossible to believe that I have been cured, yet they know it is so. I have passed the meridian of life but I feel that I have taken on the rosy hue of boyhood."

Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.35, all dealers or  
**THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO.,**  
TORONTO, ONT.

Van Alstyne is a richer man than you—in money. It's wealth and power she wants, and attention and admiration. Love! She doesn't know what it means. And you thought she had a heart!" cried the girl. "This sea has more."

"I know it now," said Vane, "when it's too late."

"And you—can you care for her still?" asked Marjorie after a silence.

"Yes—at least I care for the ideal I thought her."

"What did you think her?"

"Brave, courageous, noble hearted, with a soul as beautiful as her body, a comrade for a man, to face with him the storms of life, a woman tender and true, to fight for and dare for. I would have tried to give her everything she wanted. No man can love her as I do—and now—Vane laughed bitterly as an ending to his sentence.

"Why did you come out today in this gale?" said Marjorie. "Is your life so worthless to you that you would risk it because a thoughtless woman has wronged you?"

"My life! What does it matter? I don't care."

"I thought you didn't," returned the girl gravely. "I knew you didn't. That's why I came. I couldn't let you come alone."

"And you came because you thought—"

"You would be reckless? Yes."

"And you were not afraid?"

"No. Why should I be? I knew you would take care of me if not of yourself." The girl smiled at him confidently. "I am perfectly safe with you," she added.

So Marjorie had risked her life for him, so that in his desperate humor he should not go alone. But how came she, a mere child, to understand? She, at least, had a heart to make some man happy. And here he was putting her life at the mercy of the sea to gratify his selfish mood of bitterness. Well, he must get her home at once—then—Vane thought he did not much care what happened afterward.

It was blowing harder as Vane came about and slacked the sheet for the run to the far distant boathouse and the hotel on the hill. They were going before the wind now, the boat rolling dangerously in the clutch of the sea, the waves behind following with hungry jaws and threatening every moment to engulf them.

With braced body and strained muscles, every sense alert, Vane gripped the tiller, striving to hold the boat against the swirling buffets of the waves, his one thought to get her safe to land. Every moment the wind increased, every moment the bay became more tumultuous. Would they make it? he wondered.

They were nearly opposite the boathouse when there came a sudden whirl of wind from between the hills ahead. Vane had but time to cry a warning when the sail jibed, the boom came swinging over with an angry snarl, the boat was flung upon her beam ends, and the next moment he found himself entangled in cordage and battling for his life beneath the waves. With desperate fingers he cleared himself and came to the surface. And Marjorie—where was she? Good God! Had she been struck by the boom and made unconscious or killed, or had she, too, been carried down by the sinking boat?

For an agonized moment Vane could see no sign of her, and then he spied her just coming to the surface. She was going down again when he caught her and started for the shore. It was a long swim against a tide that seemed to drag him down as if with clutching hands, but Vane swore he would save this girl who had risked her life for him or lose her own. He could see people running to the boathouse now and getting out the boat. How slow they were! Would they never come? His muscles were giving out, his breath came heavily, his limbs felt like lead. Could he hold out? They were wearing fast now. He tried to revive his failing strength, to overmaster his weakness. The world grew black before him, and then a strong arm gripped his shoulder, and he and Marjorie were lifted into the boat and rowed toward shore.

In those days afterward, while Marjorie hovered between life and death, Clifford Vane learned how much he could do for this girl, this girl he thought was a child and now knew to be the woman in all the world for him. Gone was his love for Edith Winthrop. He knew now that he had in her sister all that Edith had seemed and more. And there came a day when he was permitted to see her.

He found her on an upper piazza of the hotel clad in a soft blue wrapper, her soft hair loose on her shoulders, and the smile her pale face held for him gave him hope that in saving her he had found happiness.

He Didn't Forget.

Many years ago, writes Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich in "Ponkapog Papers," a noted Boston publisher used to keep a large memorandum book on a table in his private office. The volume always lay open, being the receptacle of nothing more important than hastily scrawled reminders to attend to this thing or the other.

It chanced one day that a very young, undogged author, passing through the city, looked in upon the publisher, who was also the editor of a famous magazine. The unfledged had a copy of verses secreted about his person. The publisher was absent, and young Milton sat down and waited.

Presently his eye fell upon the memorandum book, lying there spread out like a morning newspaper, and almost in spite of himself he read: "Don't forget to see the binder." "Don't forget to mail E. his contract." "Don't forget H.'s proofs," and so forth.

An inspiration seized upon the youth. He took a pencil and at the tail of this long list of "don't forgets" he wrote, "Don't forget to accept A.'s poem."

He left his manuscript on the table and disappeared. That afternoon, when the publisher glanced over his memoranda, he was not a little astonished at the last item, but his sense of humor was so strong that he did accept the poem—it required a strong sense of humor to do that—and sent the lad a check for it, although the verses remain to this day unprinted.

Aman who looks out for no one but himself has ways that will bear looking into.

## BRIGHT'S DISEASE BEATEN AGAIN

Mary Malcolm's Life Was Measured by Days and Hours

Dodd's Kidney Pills Had Her Able To Be Out in a Week.

Another Remarkable Cure Brought Out By The Collingwood and Eglington Cases.

Toronto, April 28.—(Special).—The interest in medical circles here over the cures of Mrs. Adams, of Collingwood, and Mrs. Philip, of Eglington, of Bright's Disease, has been given fresh fuel by another and yet more startling cure of that same terrible ailment.

This latest case is that of a young girl, Mary Malcolm, who lives with her parents at 199 Marlborough avenue, this city.

DEATH SEEMED SURE.

This cure is little short of miraculous. Miss Malcolm was in the clutches of Bright's Disease from May until September, and had sunk so low that her life was measured by days if not by hours. Hope had given place to a certainty to death, and her friends had turned to the sad task of preparing her grave clothes. These last ghastly garments are now in the house, but Mary Malcolm is a strong hearty maiden who can look on them without even a shudder of fear. Dodd's Kidney Pills effected the change.

Here is the story as told by the girl's mother, Mrs. W. Malcolm:

"My daughter, Mary, who is now fourteen years old, was taken suddenly ill with Bright's Disease in May, 1902. We had the doctor and continued with him till September, 1902, when he said he could do nothing more for her. She was so swollen with Dropsy as to be almost unrecognizable."

CURE WAS QUICK.

"From a book dropped in at the door, we learned of Dodd's Kidney Pills and as a last resort, determined to try them. They gave her relief from the very beginning, so much so that in one week we were able to take her out to Munro Park for an afternoon."

"After taking four boxes, she was entirely cured and she has never had the slightest relapse. We can never say too much for Dodd's Kidney Pills as they certainly saved my daughter's life."

And Mary, the daughter on whom Bright's Disease had pronounced the sentence of death, now a picture of healthy girlhood, smiled a cheerful assent to her mother's statement and chimed in, "If I am ever sick again I will take nothing but Dodd's Kidney Pills."

It is hardly necessary to add that proof piled on proof has convinced the public that Bright's Disease is curable and that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the cure; that if the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys the one unfailing remedy is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

**Proper Clothes for Real Boys.**

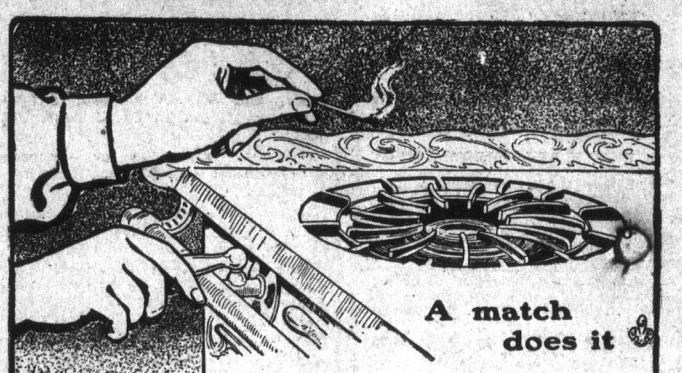
"Progress" Clothes are strong clothes. They won't rip—won't show white in the seams—won't fade—won't shrink. They are clothes to resist the "wear and tear" that sturdy, active boys give their garments.

**"PROGRESS" Brand Clothing**

is manly clothing—with a "snap" and style that "tickle" the youngsters—and make them proud of their "new suits." It is this recognized quality which makes "Progress" Brand the favorite with mothers.

Sold by Leading Clothiers Throughout Canada.

Progress Brand Clothing made by C. Austin & Co., Market Square, Cor. King St.



Why should you burn fuel a long time before you start your cooking and keep a hot fire going a long time after you're through? That is what you have to do with a coal range. With the

## Oxford Gas Range

a match and a turn of the valve gives you immediate fire for boiling or frying. The same with the oven and broiler—they very quickly gain the proper heat.

The Oxford Gas Range is ready for your cooking when you're ready and the fire is out the instant you're through.

Write for our leaflet or call at one of our agencies.

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**Beaver FLOUR**

Made from the world's best wheat. by the world's best milling methods—the best family flour in the world. Makes the best bread—the best biscuits—the best pastry. Never spoils a baking.

Get it from your Grocer.

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ahead of anything yet discovered.

Elephant Pure Linseed Ready Mixed Paints, the purest and best in the world. Rodger's Stain Floor Finish, a combination transparent stain and finish for floors. Church's Lightning drying Alabaster, the quickest drying Alabaster sold. Pratt & Lambert's Crystal Liquid Wood Filler, the finest Liquid Filler on the Market, dries in eight hours. Rodgers Abluent, a preparation guaranteed to remove Paints and Varnishes.

Church's Jellstone, an extra hard finish for walls. Canada Paint Co. Kalsomine, the best hard finish in the world for walls. Canada Paints Co's Wagon and Implement Paints, ready mixed drier, guaranteed to stay on the wagon. Buggy Top Dressing, guaranteed to keep out water and protect Rubber. Pure Linseed Oil for mixing with Paints. These goods are superior to anything sold, guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money back. Call and see them at

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