

## Have you seen the Red Cross

Noisless Shoes?



THE STANDARD SHOE FOR TEN  
DER FEET, HOTEL, HOSPITAL,  
HOUSE OR CONVENT WEAR, AT

## Turrill's

Shoe Store

WE DEAL IN RUBBER HEELS.

### TILBURY.

March 27.—Miss Bogart, of Chatham, is the guest of Mrs. McEwen.

Mr. Holland, of Sudbury, visited friends here last week.

W. A. Hyatt and A. A. Wilson were in Detroit Sunday.

Miss Daney, trained nurse, who has been in attendance on the infant child of Dr. Sharpe here, was summoned to her home in Windfall on Saturday, owing to her brother having met with an accident.

Mrs. Laird, of Chatham, is the guest of Mrs. Joe, Therman.

Gordon Richardson, of Essex High school, spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents here.

The Daily Planet is on sale at Johnson's Drug Store.

Miss Brackbill, missionary from China, gave an interesting lecture on mission work in China, in the Methodist parsonage last evening.

Yesterday morning about 2 o'clock fire was discovered in the remains of the post office block. From appearances the work of an incendiary, as the work was all saturated with coal oil, but what could have been the object no one knows. The flames were extinguished without the aid of the fire brigade.

James Struthers, a resident of this village, has sold his farm in Tilbury East for \$3,500, to Robt. Henderson, a native of this township, who has resided in Nebraska for the last twenty-one years, but who has come to the conclusion that Canada is good enough for him.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take Laxative Balm Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See E. W. Grove's signature in each box.

**WANTED**—Wanted a woman for farm work, willing to milk, good wages to competent person. Apply at once to Mrs. C. W. Richardson, Morpeth, Ontario.

**WANTED**—Farm on shares, with implements. Address, care of Plant Office, 107-11.

**MAN WANTED**—Married man with small family to work on a farm. Must understand farm work and milk cows, that is handling cows, also a single man. Address, F. Rankin, Dover Centre.

**FOR SALE OR TO RENT**  
**HOUSE**—Large cottage on Adelaide Street, first house from Colborne, 6 rooms, full particulars apply on the premises, 107-11.

**COWS FOR SALE**—One gives 60 pounds of milk each day when on grass and others good milkers. Address, PHILIP BOURASSA, 50m., Lot 14, Dover South.

**SEVEN LOTS FOR SALE**—One on Victoria Avenue, 5 on and 50 on Maple Street. For full particulars apply to S. STEPHENSON, Planet Office.

**TWO HOUSES FOR SALE**—Corner Harvey and Levee Sts. One garden attached to each, city water. About eight minutes walk from Post Office. Apply to LOUIS STANIEWICZ, Planet Office.

**LOTS FOR SALE**—One and one-half acres at the head of Victoria Avenue, and six lots on Maple Street. Apply to, MRS. TISHMAN, 107-11.

**SQUARE PIANO FOR SALE**—American make, in good repair, very little used. Address, G. J. 907-11.

**FOR SALE**—Two very desirable building lots, on easy terms, no cash payment required. Purchase money may be paid on mortgage at five per cent for five or ten years. Apply to P. D. McKELLAR, 76 1/2-7-11.

**FOR SALE**—Commodious city residence, ten rooms, one and one-half blocks from the market square, for cash, or part cash and easy terms for balance. For further particulars and information apply to J. W. WHITE, Barrister, King Street, W.

**FARM FOR SALE**—That desirable property, Lot 10, 2nd Con., Chatham Tn., known as the old McEwen farm. The property is situated, good house and out buildings, in first-class repair. The owner is about to leave the area, this is a rare opportunity to purchase one of the finest farms in the County of Kent. For further particulars apply to address, MRS. A. D. CLEMENTS, on premises, Chatham P.O.

**FOR SALE**—Chance to my premises, Lot 18, 2nd Con., about 1/2 mile from Chatham, two handsome either brick or white and yellow and the other white and red. The owner is requested to call, pay cash and take them away, or they will be sold to pay taxes.

**WESLEY ROSEBURY**, 64-10.

**Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.**

## PAARDEBERG BATTLE.

### The Canadians Write Home

#### ABOUT THAT BLOODY SUNDAY EN- GAGEMENT ON THE MODDER— HOW THEY CHARGED AND WERE SHOT DOWN.

The London Free Press has a couple of excellent letters from members of B Company, descriptive of the events preceding the Battle of Paardeberg, as well as of the engagement itself. Private McLaren writes:

Monday night, 15th inst., we entrained at Belmont at sundown and proceeded to Graspan and bivouacked there, getting settled about 1 o'clock. As we left our tents at Belmont we had to sleep in our great coats. We only got nicely asleep when the bugle sounded to arise. We found it was 3 o'clock, and we only had two hours' sleep; we packed the wagons, and were marching before sunrise. We did twelve miles that morning under a terrific sun with not a breath of wind to help us, and before we got six miles we drank all our water, and had to march the other six without anything. When about a mile from Ramden, the name of the drift we were making for, over two hundred of our men

**HAD TO DROP OUT.**  
owing to the intense heat. Ignorant of the fact, although I hardly know how I did it, as I was almost raving for a drink of water. When we reached the drift we found a large pond, about the size of Spring Lake, but only 30 inches deep. This drift had been occupied by the Boers, who were driven out by the brigade who preceded us, and about 1,000 mules and oxen were watered and allowed to graze in this pond. We drank the water, and lots of it, too, although it was muddy, and no bad results seemed to follow. After filling our canteens, and getting enough water for our tea, we jumped into the pond and had a "bath." When we looked into our canteens in the morning there was a fine scum all over the water—just like you can see over Lake Erie in South London—but everything goes here.

Wednesday, 14th.—We had to drop about a dozen of our men here, who were unfit to proceed further. At Ramden at 5 a. m. and marched a good five miles before sunrise, then made the rest of the distance to Waterpoort. Very few of our men dropped out on this march. Waterpoort is on the Riet River, where is abundance of good water. We were fatigued from our march to-day, and had to let all the transport wagons down the steep bank of the river, and haul them up the opposite bank, so that the oxen and mules could be hitched to them. We also had to take across the two mules we had with us. They weighed from 8,000 lbs. to 10,000 lbs. We reached here at noon, and we did all this heavy work till 6 o'clock.

**ONLY A HARD-TACK BISCUIT**  
but at 6 o'clock we had a good dinner served to us of fresh beef and soup, and we didn't do a thing to it. Oh, no! I was mess orderly for the day, and in addition to my share of the hard work had to get water from the river, to quarter a mile distant, and get all pots and kettles ready for breakfast, and by eight o'clock I was rolled up in my great coat and sound asleep. Shortly after the order was issued to march, and we started on our march. We had to go from wagon to wagon before finding them, and before we had them distributed it was twelve o'clock. We only touched the ground before we were sound asleep. We were again called at 3 o'clock and started at 5. Marched to Weddell, a distance of nine miles, but this was a pleasant march, as the sky was hazy, and a nice breeze blowing, which made it more like an early morning constitutional than a forced march. We camped here all day, and our company was on picket, which was not at all unpleasant, as we could see the

**STORMING OF JACOBDAL.**  
where the Boers were so suddenly surprised and driven out. Next day we marched to Jacobdal, and camped there all day. Having commandeered a good deal of cattle, and I was lucky enough to get my hands on a pair of ancient hens, which, when boiled down, had a chicken flavor, but it was impossible to get our teeth through them, so we drank the broth and ate the calf, and were full and contented for once. We took off our boots and puttees, and lay down for the first time for five days, and lay down for a few hours' sleep, but we only had an hour or so, as we were called and marched to Klip Drift, a distance of 13 miles, and bivouacked till Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, when we started again, our regiment acting as rear guard of the convoy. We marched till 8 o'clock, then rested two hours, and then started on our

**FOR PAARDEBERG DRIFT.**  
where we arrived at five o'clock Sunday morning, doing 19 miles that night with only a little soup, coffee and biscuit since our Jacobdal feast. We piled arms and laid down, but in less than half an hour we were started by the booming of cannon very close to us. We soon learned that our artillery were exchanging shots with Cronje's forces. At 5:30 we were ordered to put on our anconterments. Had a half-pint of coffee and a will of rum, and then marched up to the high ground and supported a section of artillery. We laid there for a few minutes to accustom us to the pressure, to the sound of the guns. We were then ordered to cross the Modder River. As there was no bridge, we had to wade through the water, which was up to our shoulders, and as the current was very swift it took us all our time to keep our feet. Some of the boys got washed off their feet, but none hurt or drowned. "A" and "D" companies were first across. They were sent to support the Gordons, who were in the

firing line. "B" company came next to support "A" and "D," who had gone into the firing line. We were ordered to "fall in." By this time the bullets were falling thick and fast all around us, wounding more, in fact, of us than of those on the firing line. At 8:30 we advanced on the firing line, and a perfect shower of bullets—laid there and fired till 4:30 p. m., and the order to fix bayonets was given, and Bagley Williams blew the charge, standing boldly on an ant hill. The Cornwallis had in the meantime reinforced the line, and we all went down together, but never reached the trenches. We stopped. Had no food, no water, and all had been cut out, as we would have been in a trap. Only one of our boys reached the trenches, and he was shot through the head with an explosive bullet and instantly killed. It certainly was a warm day's work, and we only had a bottle of water and a biscuit. We

**WERE FIGHTING ALL DAY.**  
and just as the sun was setting a companion and myself, who thought we got a little further up we would have a better chance at them, made a break from our ant hill to another. We got over safely and just started firing, when I felt a sharp pain in my thigh. I put my hand down.

**AND FOUND BLOOD.**  
and knew I had been struck, but the ball, which was from a Mauser, only went in about an inch, and then downward about four inches and came out the other side without anything. My companion took me by the hand, and we ran for 300 yards, the bullets falling all around us. Then we dropped on our stomachs and crawled. By this time it was 3:00 yards more. By this time it was too dark to shoot so we got up and walked about a mile to the third hospital, where I had my wound dressed, was put to bed and slept soundly for eight hours. Barring my stiff leg, next day we were sent to Naauwpoort Hospital, where I am at present. I hope to be all right again before the sergeant (Davies) got a bad wound in his arm with a dum-dum, the bone was badly shattered. Will West was not in this affair, but he is O. K. again, and I feel honored that I got wounded fighting for my country. Many, many poor fellows got badly crippled, I trust, but we did not do our duty, we did not think we did not do our duty.

**ANOTHER WOUNDED MAN.**  
Sergeant George Sippi, son of Dr. Sippi, burser of the London asylum, writes from the hospital at De Aar: "No doubt you have heard of me being wounded at Paardeberg Drift. At present I am lying in De Aar hospital. My wound is very slight; the bullet entered the sole of my foot and came out just under the ankle bone. It took a Mauser bullet, the best one I ever saw. They used nearly every bullet made; the explosive is the worst. I saw some poor chaps with a hole torn in their flesh the size of your fist. Mine was so slight that after I got it I was fifteen minutes for the bayonet charge, and tried hard to keep up with the boys, for I wanted to get there with the bayonet. I only advanced a few paces, when I was refused to let me up, and down I went in a heap. As I fell an explosive bullet tore a hole in my hauser, which, after such a long march, went to the right spot and put a little cheer among our boys. We first marched along the south side of the river, and covered a few guns which were playing on the Boers' front. We were not there long, when our brigade, consisting of Gordons, Cornwallis, Shropshires and Canadians, were ordered to

**CROSS THE RIVER**  
and advance on the rear, also cutting off any retreat. When we completed this movement we had the Boers completely surrounded. Crossing the river was a very hard task; it was fast and came up to my chin. If they had not made use of a rope, we would never have got across. Soaked to the skin, in the hot sun we marched on to the field. "A" company leading, we advanced with just one company front, with a ten foot interval between men. The remaining companies followed at about one hundred yards distance, covering a great deal of front. When we were in range of fire a great many of our lads got struck with stray bullets. "B" Company was exposed to the hot sun and a heavy shower of bullets for over eight hours before firing a shot. We lost most of the killed in the bayonet charge. About three-fourths of the lot were also wounded in that charge. After the charge was over we retired. They were on the field all night, stretcher-bearers could not go near the wounded; it meant death, or a wound to every one that tried. Some poor chaps blew up; no one could get near them. It was early morning when I got to the hospital. The scenes there were to be cruel to mention. After considerable trouble I got into a tent and got a little rest, but no food. I can safely say that I had no more than one square meal in three days; but the excitement kept me going in good shape.

**A GOOD DESCRIPTION.**  
Private Ernest Dolman, of Windsor, writes home a brief but vivid descrip-

tion of the battle which is published in the Windsor Record: "Feb. 27.—Kroonville at 3 a. m. moved to Jacobdal at 7 a. m., quite a nice place, but badly wrecked with shells, quite a few English people; not a man in the town. We were forbidden to touch anything; first man caught pilfering was to be hanged. Turned in for the night; were aroused at 10 and marched all night long. Country rather fertile. Struck camp about 7 a. m. and prepared for breakfast. At a sudden we heard firing and were ordered to 'fall in.' We left our breakfast and went up in rear of artillery. Then the general ordered us into the firing line. The Modder river was between us and the enemy, so we plunged in and swam across, and advanced in skirmishing or extended order at five paces interval. I did not feel nervous until a poor fellow on my right got hit. This was just at 8 o'clock. Then the fighting became desultory. We kept on advancing until we were face to face with the enemy. The roar of artillery was awful, especially of the big naval guns. Just at 4 p. m. we were ordered to fix bayonets and charge. I never forgot the sight; poor Walter White was killed instantly and many another poor fellow met a like fate. One had his head and shoulders blown off. We made another charge and again laid to retire. We fought until 10 p. m. The Canadians retired for the night. Then the search for the dead began. I put my coat over a poor fellow who was shivering and worked on the field until midnight.

You can't imagine what a weird sight the field of death presented. The place was covered with blood. The bugler of the Cornwallis, who sounded the charge, was blown to pieces. I threw my bugle away in the morning and took a rifle. I am unharmed so far.

In the morning we went out and buried the dead, which numbered 20 Canadians. It was sad work. One wounded Canadian—quite a baptism of fire. I forgot to tell you that while we were looking for the dead and wounded, the Boer sharpshooters sniped at us.

Yesterday, 20th, we were under fire all day, but to-day, 21st, we are resting. It is the first rest we have had for a week. I could keep writing all day, but I haven't time.

This is the message that went to the general from the staff: "Canadians fighting like devils; advancing well, but rashly. I fear they are losing heavily." Gen. Smith Dorrien says our great praise for our work. We lost the heaviest in the whole division.

## FOR A MONUMENT.

The Mayor Inaugurates a Movement and Subscribes \$10.

It is to be Located on Tecumseh Park in Honor of Our South African Dead.

To The Editor.—Patriotism is in the air, and Chatham has so far covered herself with glory by contributing with a lavish hand brave young men and spontaneous generous gift of financial aid in order to maintain the integrity of the Empire, and stamp out tyranny in far away Africa. Canada is already reaping a rich harvest by having proclaimed on the battle field by the British general that the Canadian soldiers are a veritable race of Spartan heroes, whom Napoleon and Wellington would follow to command. In the death of the gallant young Donegan, Chatham has already contributed one brave, noble martyr to the cause of liberty and freedom. We can well say with the great poet in King Henry's chorus, substituting Canada for England,

"Now all the youth of Canada are on fire,  
And sullen dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
Now thrive the armourers, and honor's  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man;

They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;  
Following the mirror of all Christian Kings;  
With winged heels as Canadian mercenaries.

All Europe and Asia have suddenly discovered that the Lion's whelps in Canada are to be dreaded more than their sire. When the Canadian mothers presented swords to their departing sons they exclaimed with the Spartan mothers, "Come back with this or on this." In other words, return with victory or die. The Canadian soldier is the legitimate product of thirty generations of fighting heroes. In his veins flows the blood of the British and the French, and he is a crown or else a glorious tomb.

And Canada can say with the Duke of York,  
"But this I know, they have de-  
meaned themselves like men born to  
renown by life or death."

**A MONUMENT.**  
Chatham is not through with honoring her dead and living heroes, and it would be well that she should lead in so glorious a cause. Now, I propose that a splendid monument be erected in Tecumseh Park to commemorate the death of our young and brave citizen-soldier, Donegan, and also that of any other soldier from this district who may fall in defence of the Empire.

Tecumseh Park is already classic, if not holy, ground. At its inception by the Government it was dedicated to the war god Mars, and has been the home of several British regiments in days gone by. And greater than all, it is hallowed by having been the scene of the noble, cautious, tiger-footed that peerless Indian warrior, the great Shawnee Chief, Tecumseh, in whose honor our beautiful park is named, and who, with his seven hundred dusky braves, stood his ground against mighty odds, and lost his life at the battle of Moravian town in 1813, while his superior officer, Proctor, in the morning fled. Then, we have on the park the towering Pharo's flag-pole of liberty, the gift of Mr. Pardo, M. P. F.

## The Victoria Block

The Victoria Block is to stand out in a new light.

For weeks new men with ideas have been creating out of four walls a store beyond all question the model in Western Ontario. Nothing has been left undone and all that has been done bespeaks our unbounded faith in those ideas and in Chatham.

In modern fitness and fittings, in arrangement, shelving, cases, counters, there is nothing wanting, nothing lacking.

In the stock of clothing for men and boys, in furnishings and haberdashery there will be that same completeness.

If we merely had an ordinary store we would say less about it, but you can see for yourself on Thursday and we think you will say the same.

In any event, you will find us out in time and we want to be known for what we are.

In the meantime if you are that way take a look at the Victoria Block—the corner store.

## Thornton & Douglas

Victoria Block.

Miss Cathcart's

## Millinery Opening

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, 29th, 30th, 31st of March

And invites an inspection of her stock of the latest New York and Parisian Millinery at her Millinery Parlor.

Opp. THE NEW I. O. O. F. TEMPLE

King Street.

DENTIST.

DR. A. McKENNEY, Dentist, Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, also of Royal College of Dental Surgeons Ontario. Teeth extracted absolutely without pain. Stairway next to King, Cunningham & Drew's hardware store, King street east.

guarded by that Mons Meg cannon, wrenched out of the huge paw of the Russian bear. With a fine monument added to these, Tecumseh Park would draw crowds of admiring visitors from a distance, not speaking of its being an object lesson in patriotism to our noble Canadian youth.

I am satisfied The Planet—and the Banner, too—will advocate the proposition that I humbly suggest, and in order to testify as to my faith by good works, I enclose \$10 to start the subscription.

T. A. SMITH, Mayor.

Chatham, 27th March, 1900.

**DRESDEN.**

March 27.—Miss Daisy McDonald, of Chatham, spent Sunday with Miss Eliza Rudd.

Mrs. John H. McVean and Mrs. Wm. McVean were in Chatham on Saturday. Mrs. Morley Caracallean pleasantly entertained a number of friends last evening.

Miss Alice Eglin is seriously ill as the result of a fall on the slippery sidewalk.

Mrs. J. C. Tassie, Miss Edith Hughes and Mrs. (Rev.) A. K. Griffin are delegates to the convention of the W. A. M. A. being held in London.

Special services were held in Christ Church this afternoon.

Mrs. Ed. Eglin is visiting friends in Sarnia.

**WALL CEBURG.**

March 26.—A patriotic social will be held in the Methodist Church this evening under the auspices of the Epworth League.

John Currie, of Chatham, was home over Sunday.

Miss Ethel McClintock spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. A. G. Laird, of Detroit, is spending a few days in town.

H. W. Golden, of Kentucky testified in the Goebel murder trial that John Powers, a brother of State Secretary Powers, told him they had two men gross hired to kill Governor Goebel.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

### CHICAGO MARKETS.

	Opn.	Hgh.	Low.	Close.
Wheat—Dec.	65 1/2	66	65 1/2	65 1/2
May	65 1/2	66	65 1/2	65 1/2
July	65 1/2	66	65 1/2	65 1/2
Corn—Sept.	38 1/2	38 3/4	37 3/4	38 1/4
July	38 1/2	38 3/4	37 3/4	38 1/4
Oats—Sept.	24 1/2	24 3/4	24	24 1/4
May	24 1/2	24 3/4	24	24 1/4
July	24 1/2	24 3/4	24	24 1/4
Port—Dec.	11 97	12 07	11 87	11 92
May	11 97	12 07	11 87	11 92
July	11 97	12 07	11 87	11 92
Lard—Dec.	6 27	6 32	6 27	6 27
May	6 27	6 32	6 27	6 27
July	6 27	6 32	6 27	6 27
Ribs—Oct.	6 45	6 7	6 45	6 45
May	6 45	6 7	6 45	6 45
July	6 45	6 7	6 45	6 45

SOLICITOR WANTED.

A Leading Life Assurance Company wants a capable Solicitor to act in Counties of Kent and Essex. Liberal contract to right party. Address "Life Inspector," Planet Office. eod

**SQUANDERED A FORTUNE.**

How often we hear the expression, notwithstanding the fact that those who use it are perhaps spending their money foolishly in medicines which only give relief without removing the cause. Merrill's System Tonic cures heart, stomach, kidney, nerve and liver troubles—because by purifying the blood, regulating the bowels and toning each of these organs the cause of disease is removed. Price 50c. per bottle, at the Central Drug Store. Descriptive pamphlet free.

**\$500 REWARD**  
Will be paid by Merrill, the Drug-  
gist, Brantford, to any firm who can  
produce more testimonials for a  
cough and cold cure than he has  
for his celebrated Fox Tonic, which cures  
coughs and colds in 24 hours. One  
quarter million bottles sold in five  
years proves it the best lung remedy  
made. Sold in 2c. bottles at the Central  
Drug Store.

**A GREAT MISTAKE.**

The old idea of taking blood-  
thinning compounds in order to purify the  
blood is an error, as the system is thus  
left in a weakened condition. Merrill's Sys-  
tem Tonic not only purifies the blood  
in a thorough manner but the iron  
contained in it again enriches the  
blood. 50c. per bottle. Take doses 50c.  
at the Central Drug Store.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper,  
Cows.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper,  
Cows.

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