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Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Dr. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

PREPARED BY J. C. CARTER, CHATHAM, ONT.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

DENTAL.

A. 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, 28 Rutherford Block.

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.

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

LEGAL.

SMITH, HERBERT D., County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham.

THOMAS, SCULLARD—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block, Chatham, Ont. Thomas Scullard.

J. B. O'LENN—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. Macdonald'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.

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ON LAND MORTGAGES at lowest rate of interest. I also have a few farms for sale. I also sell buggies and carriages. Call and see me and get my prices, and you will save money by doing so. Henry Dugan, Chatham.

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Company and Private Funds; Farm and City Property for Sale.

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ON LAND MORTGAGE ON CHATELAIN MORTGAGE OR ON NOTES.

To pay of mortgages. To buy property. Very low rates. Very low rates.

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Barrister,
Opp. Grand Opera House, Chatham.

WEDDING STATIONERY—The latest in Wedding Stationery and Cards. Boxes can be had at the PLANET Office.



HOW IT'S DONE.

It's from the stomach the blood is fed, and the nerves controlled.

Undigested food ferments for lack of gastric juice. The fermentation and putrefaction in the stomach and alimentary canal are the main causes of disease.

It upsets the nerves. It poisons the system.

Dr. Leonard's Anti-Pill increases the necessary supply of gastric juice to insure purity and quality to insure perfect stomach action. It has similar action on bile formation. Anyone can prove this for himself by addressing WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY, Co., Niagara Falls, Ont., for free sample.

A GRASSHOPPER RACE.

Mackay Won It Because the Professor Got the Wrong Bottle.

John W. Mackay was an early riser, a hard worker and, although exceedingly hospitable, was himself abstemious and could seldom be induced to play cards for money, and then for only nominal stakes. The only game that seemed to attract him was the "grasshopper races" with which the mining superintendents on the Comstock beguiled a portion of the noon hour while waiting for luncheon at the Savage company lodging house. Boys caught grasshoppers and sold them to the players at 25 to 50 cents each. Each player paid a fixed stake, ranging from \$1 to \$20, into the pool, and the man whose hopper made the longest jump captured the pool. On the day before Christmas it was agreed to celebrate that holiday with a pool the stakes in which were to be \$100 for each player. The terms were "play or pay," and at the instance of a German professor who was a superintendent of a leading mine each man was allowed to use any means that he might devise to stimulate his grasshopper. The professor was so full of his scheme to scientifically capture the \$1,000 pool—for there were ten entries—that he communicated it to a young assayer who was not a grasshopper plunger. The professor had experimented and ascertained that a grasshopper that was touched by a feather dipped in a weak solution of aqua ammonia would jump for his life. The young man also experimented, and as a result he filled a bottle of the same size and appearance with cyanide of potassium and managed to substitute it for the other in the professor's laboratory. The next day, when the professor after much boasting about his scientific attainments dipped a feather in the substituted bottle and touched his insect with it, the grasshopper rolled over as dead as a salt mackerel, amid the roars of the crowd. Mackay's hopper won the big pool, and two widows, whose husbands had been killed in the Yellow Jacket mine, received a gift of \$500 each from an unknown source.

APHORISMS.

A good intention clothes itself with power.—Emerson.

He that swells in prosperity will be sure to shrink in adversity.—Colton.

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.—J. G. Holland.

Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life.—Steele.

Stiffness of persons and steadiness of features are signal marks of good breeding.—O. W. Holmes.

The prudence of the best heads is often defeated by the tenderness of the best of hearts.—Fielding.

It is easier to enrich ourselves with a thousand virtues than to correct ourselves of a single fault.—Bryce.

The individual who is habitually tardy in keeping an appointment will never be respected or successful in life.—W. Fisk.

Eating Worms.
All nations save the worshippers of Buddha eat the flesh of animals. Even the lowest and most disgusting to eye and palate find a home where they are welcomed. Worms and insects must furnish food and grace the tables not only of the poor, but of the rich. Think of the gourmet who prides the luscious woodcock, and still more the black mass from the inside that he carefully places on his toast and eats with a feeling akin to veneration! He is eating the worms that live in the snipe's intestines. Of equal value is the famous palm worm of the West Indies, which forms one of the best dishes of luxurious dinners. Its near relation, the grugru worm of Java, is said to be richer still and more delicate. Nor do costly silkworms escape the fate of all that is eatable. Freed from their cocoons and daintily dressed they are highly prized and largely swallowed by the people of Madagascar.

The Cob Pipe.

Cornob pipes are as old as the settlement of this country, and the probabilities are that the pilgrim fathers found the Indians sucking hollowed out cobs through reed root stems. There is a historical warrant for saying that Andrew Jackson smoked cob pipes and was fond of them. Tradition has it that after that famous dinner of sweet potatoes General Francis Marion proffered the British officer who was his guest a cornob pipe and a mole-skin pouch of sur, cured leaf tobacco.

There is no such thing as a free lunch.

Wags—Well, B Jones always has an axe to grind.

Wags—Oh, yes; but then he does not cut much ice.



The above cut shows Alexieff, the man whom Russia has put at the head of her Far Eastern affairs, and Japan's grand old man, Ito, together with one of the new warships of the Japanese navy.

INSPIRED BY THE SNOW.

The Boy of the Canadian Woods, the Black Squirrel.

The black squirrel delights in the new-fallen snow like a boy—a real boy, with red hands as well as red cheeks, and an automatic mechanism of bones and muscles capable of all things except rest. The first snow sends a thrill of joy through every fibre of such a boy, and a thousand delight crowd into his mind. The gliding, falling, coasters on the hills, the passing sleighs with nitches on the runners for his feet, the flying snowballs, the sliding places, the broad, tempting ice, all whirl through his mind in a delightful panorama, and he hurries out to catch the elusive flakes in his outstretched hands and shout aloud in the gladness of his heart. And the black squirrel becomes a boy with the first snow. What a pity he cannot shout! There is a superabundance of joy and life in his long, graceful bounds, when his beautiful form, in its striking contrast with the white snow, seems magnified to twice its real size. Perhaps there is vanity as well as joy in his little, bounding motions among the naked trees, for nature seems to have done her utmost to provide a setting that would best display his graces of form and motion.

When the falling snow clings in light, airy masses on the spruces and pines, and festoons the naked tracery and clustering winter buds of the maples—when the still air seems to flax every twig and branch and clinging mass of snow in a solid medium of crystal, the spell of stillness is broken by the silent but joyful leaps of the hurrying squirrel. How much alive he seems, in contrast with the silence of the snow, as his outline contrasts with its perfect whiteness! His body curves and elongates, with regular undulations as he measures off the snow with twin footprints. Away in the distance he is still visible among the naked trunks, a moving patch of animated blackness. His feet, regular footprints are all about, showing where he has run hither and thither, with no apparent purpose except to manifest his joy in life.

His red-haired cousin comes to a lofty opening in a hollow tree and looks out with an expression of disgust and disappointment on his face. He does not like the snow-covered landscape spread out so artistically before him. Another cousin, the chipmunk, no longer displays his daintily-striped coat. Oblivious in his burrow, he is sleeping away the days and waiting for a more congenial season.

But the black squirrel, now among the branches of an elm, is twitching from one rigid attitude to another, electrified by the crisp atmosphere and the inspiration of the snow. Again he is leaping over the white surface to clamber up the repellent bark of a tall birch. Among the larger limbs he disappears. As he never attempts to hide he must have retired into his own dwelling to partake of the store laid by in the season of plenty. Hickory nuts are his favorite food, and the hard shells seem but an appetizing relish. He knows the value of frugality, and gathers them before they are ripe, throwing down the shrivelled and unfilled, that the boys may not annoy him with stones and sticks. In winter he is the happiest of all the woodland family. He does not yield to the drowsy, numbing influence of the cold, nor to the depression of a season of scanty fare, but bounds along from tree to tree, inspired by the subtle spirit of winter and reveling in the joy of being alive.

Many friends may reveal your kindness, but numerous enemies will prove your own courage.

Asking a Great Deal.

"Yes, sir," said the lady principal of the college for girls, "we are proud of the thorough athletic training we give our students. We see that they have every attention from competent instructors and develop their physique along with their intellect."

"Um—yes!" observed the father. "You make them strong and lively, do you?"

"That is one of our chief aims." "Well, do you think you could educate Lizzie here—so that in time she will be strong enough to help her mother do the dishwashing when the cook is on strike?"

Spared the History.

On one occasion during Mommsen's residence in Italy, when making an excursion in the neighborhood of Rome with some tourists, the party was stopped by brigands. The latter, while busy rifling the company's pockets, inquired their names. "Some Theodor Mommsen," was the choleric professor's indignant reply, whereupon the chief of the band stayed his hand. He said he would scorn to rob one who had done so much for Italy's renown.

A Kicking Deferred.

Aunt Clara (to her young nephew, who has just brought a bucket into the parlor where she is sitting)—Good gracious, Tommy, what are you doing with that bucket? Take it down to the kitchen at once. Tommy—I want you to kick it, Aunt Clara. "Cause I heard papa saying when you kick the bucket we'd get at the very least \$25,000.

He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.

DANGER SIGNALS.

No engineer would be mad enough to run by the flag which signaled danger. What the danger was he might not understand, but he would take no chances. It is different with the average man or woman. They attempt constantly to run by the danger signals.

They attempt constantly to run by the danger signals of the body. They attempt to keep on eating and drinking when sleep is troubled and broken, when there is a loss of flesh, when there is a constant feeling of dullness and languor. Nature is hoisting the danger signal. The stomach and its allied organs are failing in their work and the body is losing the nutrition on which its strength depends.

Such a condition calls for the prompt use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the body with sound, solid flesh.

"Your kindness to me I can never forget," writes Mrs. Josie B. Clark, of Enterprise, Shelby Co., Mo. "I cannot express half my feelings of gratefulness to you. I had despaired of ever getting well. I had been in bed for twelve years. Headaches all through me, numb hands, cold feet, and everything I ate distressed me; bowels constipated, was very nervous, depressed and despondent. In fact, I can't express my feelings to you. When I first wrote to you I thought I could never be cured. I have been bolded by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and my health is now good. You have my honest recommendation to all suffering from any kind of blood and nerve disease as good as Dr. Pierce's."

If constipated use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They cure constipation, biliousness and sick headache. They do not produce the "pill habit."

Minard's Liment Cures Colds, etc.

The Poison in Mackerel.

There is no more wholesome food among fish than a mackerel, yet close along the backbone of that same edible there lies a strip of flesh which may bring you to death's door even if it falls to kill you. You may eat it a hundred times and it will be as wholesome as the rest of the fish, but the hundred and first time or earlier it may cause terrible trouble. This is because it occasionally, without any sign or any known reason, distills a powerful irritant poison. There is no difference in the appearance of the fish or in its flavor; nothing to warn you of the danger. The only remedy is to leave the spine of the fish alone and not take the flesh that lies in the angle of the backbone's edges. There is never a year without a few deaths from this cause, though you might eat mackerel scores of times without taking harm. Yet animals have some way of detecting the poison, and a cat will not eat the flesh from the mackerel's spine if it is dangerous. It is not a question of staleness—a perfectly fresh fish may be deadly and a stale one harmless.—London Standard.

Lady Grey's Dull Evening.

Thomas Creevey, who lived in the early part of the nineteenth century, has presented some queer pictures of English court life. During the reign of King William IV, Creevey wrote: "The Greys had just come from Windsor castle. Lady Grey, in her own distressing manner, said she was really more dead than alive. She said all the boring she had ever endured before was literally nothing compared with her misery of the two preceding nights. She hoped she never should see a mackerel table again, she was so tired with the one that the queen and the king, the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Augusta, Mue. Eleven and herself had sat around for hours, the queen knitting or netting a purse, the king sleeping and occasionally waking for the purpose of saying, 'Exactly so, ma'am,' and then sleeping again. The queen was cold as ice to Lady Grey till the moment she came away, when she could afford to be a little civil at getting quit of her."

Curious Hunting Custom.

The Labrador Indians when on a hunt stalk on in advance of the train with their arms, while the women, heavily laden with provisions and means of shelter, drag along slowly after. When the lords and masters begin to think of food time or wish in any way to leave some guide as to their progress for the squaws they thrust an upright spear or stick in the snow and draw in the snow the exact line of the shadow then cast. The women, toiling painfully along, note the spear and the progress of the shadow and know closely the difference of time. They know, too, whether they dare to linger for a few minutes' rest or if they must hastily catch the stick or spear and hurry on.

Long Journeys Made by Whales.

The whales that swim about the islands which lie off the coast of Norway and Finland in March and April travel immense distances. In May they turn up at the Azores or even at the Bermudas, and sometimes pay a visit to the Antilles. They swim fast, for in June they are back again off Norway. Some of these whales have been known to bring back evidences of the peculiar kind used off the coast of South America have been found stuck in them.—St. James Gazette.

Old Japanese Customs.

The Japanese houses have no chimneys, and you are never warm enough until the house catches fire. The Japanese have beef and no mutton; the Chinese have mutton and no beef. Japanese bells, like Japanese belles, have no tongues; Japanese snakes have no poison; Japanese music has no harmony; the Japanese alphabet is not an alphabet, but a selection of seventy useful ideograms to dispense with the 30,000 in ordinary use by the Chinese.—"Queer Things About Japan."

A Story of Brahms.

A rather celebrated composer asked to be allowed to play his very latest composition to Brahms, and did so with tremendous vigor, the perspiration streaming down his face as he pounded the piano. Brahms at the end of the performance picked up a sheet of the manuscript and, feeling it between his finger and thumb, enthusiastically exclaimed: "I say, where do you get your music paper? It's first rate."

Plants Without Roots.

The "flower of the air" is a curious plant found in China and Japan. It is so called because it appears to have no root and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three flowers like a lily—white, transparent and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported 600 or 700 miles, and it grows as it travels, suspended on a twig.

Thorns.

"Do all roses have thorns, pop?" "Yes, my son."

"I can't feel any on those roses on ma's hat."

"You would if you had to pay for the hat, my son."

Bobbie's Metaphor.

"What do you think now, Bobbie?" remarked the mother as she boxed his ears.

"I don't think," replied the boy. "My train of thought has been delayed by a hot box."

Booth.

Little Willie—Pa, Pa—Well, what is it, Willie? Little Willie—is writing a profession or a disease?—Illustrated Bits.



Cut glass and bric-a-brac should always be washed with Sunlight Soap. Shave enough Sunlight Soap into a pan, one-quarter full of lukewarm water and whisk into a lather. Wash the articles thoroughly and dry with a soft cloth. This insures that brilliancy and sparkle so much admired in cut glass articles. Sunlight Soap can be used to clean and brighten all through the household. It is the purest and best soap made.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR.

Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white without injuring the hands. LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.

Fountain Pens.

We keep a full assortment of the celebrated PARKER PEN With all the Up-to-Date Improvements.

Give the lucky curve a trial. CENTRAL DRUG STORE, C. H. GUNN & CO., Chatham, Ont.

BARGAINS.

For one week, commencing FEBRUARY 20th, we will sell the following at cost:

Horse Blankets, Fur Robes and Lamb Coats

If you are in need of any of the above, it will pay you to buy, as you can get them for nearly one-half what you would pay for them next fall. We have also a large assortment of axes, worth \$1.25 and \$1.00, for 59c.

A. H. PATTERSON

Phone 61. 3 Doors East of Market.

CLEARING SALE OF WOOD.

Hard Wood \$3.00 per cord. Soft Wood \$2.00 per cord. APPLY TO JAS. JOHNSON, McGavin's Old Stand, King Street Phone 119.

DON'T WAIT

until spring to let your contract for your new residence, if you intend erecting one, or repairs to your old one if you propose remodeling same. Remember if we receive the contract now we will be able to do it much cheaper than if you wait until our spring rush. Every part of the work done under our personal supervision. Leave particulars of work at office or phone 35 and we will be pleased to call on you and give you our estimate. Grilles, mantles and all interior fixtures supplied on shortest notice.

BLONDE Lumber and Manufg. Co. Lumber Dealers and Builders and Contractors.

Minard's Liment Cures Distemper Bits.

HAVE YOU A BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE?

It is the best entertainer now upon the market. Almost any selection desired can be purchased for them, as we have the largest assortment in the city, and have received a large shipment of the latest pieces. We also exchange new records for old Berliner records whether worn out, damaged or cracked, and allow you a good percentage on them.

Come and hear the most up-to-date talking machine of the age.

A. A. JORDAN