

Job Printing

ARTISTIC WORK
THE LATEST DESIGNS

The Planet

The Daily Planet.

VOL. VII

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY JUNE 25, 1898.

NO. 164.

Satisfac-
tion....

Is Always to
Be Found
In the
Planet
Advertiser
Columns.

Worthy Linens.....

This is an unusual linen store, unusual in the respect that no unworthy linens of any kind are allowed to enter into the stock, although our prices are no more than those usually asked for unworthy grades and qualities, then again our stock possesses such a variety and completeness as to be the backbone of this business were linens. The way to satisfy yourself as to the excellent advantages offered here in linens is to come and examine the stock. Note the prices:-

60 inches fine half bleached Damask Table Linens, guaranteed all pure linen, Irish manufacture, fine satin finish, no other range of new designs, special.....50c
Fine half bleached Damask Table Linens, all pure linen, Irish manufacture in very choice designs at.....42c
72 inch fine bleached Damask Table Linens, all pure linen, Irish manufacture, green bleached, fine satin finish, 3x4 Napkins to match, special.....75c

Another Big Shipment

Of American printed Percales, Dimities, Organdies, Belmar Suitings, etc., extra quality, extra wide, extra cheap.
37 inch Federal Percales in all the newest patterns and colorings, special.....50c
36 inch sterling Percales, in block patterns, very fine quality the most stylish printed goods in the market, special.....15c
37 inch Belmar, Fancy Shirtings, sheer and dainty, pretty for shirt waists, special.....50c

Thomas Stone & Son

Plaids

Children's Plaid Top Shoes—Something New, Something Nice.
These run in size up to 10½.

LADIES CLOTH TOP TIES AT

\$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 or \$2.50

Turrill's

Repairing
Neatly
Done



Chatham's

Busiest

.....Store



It pays to trade at this store because you get the benefit of the lowest prices every time. We have already won a reputation for reasonable prices that we intend shall stay with us, and this principle is in operation in every department, and in every article in our store. It pays to trade here because there is a fixed, honest system of value. Large assortment and low prices are the foundation for the large trade we are building up. Before you buy investigate these prices—On sale to-night:

Double fold Outings, former price 15c, to-night.....50 yard
\$4.00 and \$5.00 Dress Patterns, to-night.....\$2.25 each
A fine range of 10c Prints, to-night.....60c yard
Men's Black Satin Shirts, regular price 50c, to-night.....40c
Men's Black Silk Shirts, very fine, regular price 25c, to-night.....15c pair
Men's White Shirts, laundered and unlaundried, regular price 50c, to-night.....25c each
Men's Night Shirts, white, nicely trimmed, special to-night.....25c each
Ladies' Shirt Waists, good patterns, regular price 45c, to-night.....35c each
Ladies' Fans, the kind that keep you cool, regular price 25c, to-night.....15c each
Ladies' Waist Suits to-night.....35c, 15c, 10c, 5c to 50c
Newest in Side Combs, special to-night.....4c and 5c
Children's Cotton Vests, to-night.....4c and 5c
Fancy Leather Belts, harness buckles, regular price 25c, to-night.....20c each

A full range of white wear, special for to-night. Bargains in Parasols and Umbrellas. Will you come a little early and avoid the rush.

JOHN NORTHWAY & CO.

DIRECT IMPORTERS, CHATHAM

THE FIGHTING IN CUBA IS NOW ALL ON LAND

WAS HARD TO LAND A DASH FOR SPAIN. SOME DOING WELL HAD A GOOD TIME

Men and Mules Drowned and Crushed at Baiquiri.

Cuban Troops Almost Naked and Mostly Barefoot—A Motley Army.

Baiquiri, June 25.—There were two casualties during the landing of the troops at Baiquiri, Corporal Cobb and Private English, of Troop D of the Tenth Cavalry (colored), fell between a lighter and the pier. Capt. O'Neill, of Wood's rough riders, plunged into the sea at the risk of his life, but the men were crushed before he could reach them. O'Neill is a former Mayor of Tucson, Arizona. Several horses and mules were drowned while swimming ashore through the surf. Gen. Garcia's army of four thousand men is to be conveyed by transport from Assoleros and landed at Baiquiri to join the 1,300 men under General Castillo, and co-operate with the American troops. The movement yesterday almost amounted to a change of base. The Cubans who entered Baiquiri after the Spaniards had deserted the town, were clothed in rags and many of them were two-third naked. Some had no trousers and only tattered shirts, while the majority of them were barefooted. They were mostly negroes, some being boys of only fifteen years of age. The guns they carried were of many models, ranging from flint locks to Mausers and Remingtons. All, however, were armed with machetes. The officers rode donkeys and scrub horses. The sun was blazing hot and a number of the soldiers were prostrated by the intense heat and were taken on board the hospital ship.

FINED FOR CRUELTY.

The Planet a few days ago, told told how Thomas Johnston, of Morpeth, got in a rage at his horses and beat one of them to death. Johnston appeared before P. M. McKinley at Ridgeway on Wednesday and was fined \$30 and costs.

A Great Event—Date, this evening, June 25th—Excitement—Stone the Hatter's 17th Annual Hat Sale—Fancies—Any Hat \$1.85. No reserve; all included.

It Will Probably Follow the Fall of Santiago.

That It Is Believed Will be the Only Way to Bring Spain to Its Senses.

Washington, June 25.—The war is to be carried into Africa, metaphorically speaking. If Spain is foolishly enough to send the Cadiz fleet through the Suez canal to attack Dewey in the Philippines. It is announced on good authority that before the last Spanish vessel has passed through the canal an American squadron will be steaming at full speed across the Atlantic, straight for the coast of Spain to bring the war home to the Spanish people. There is no doubt that Dewey can take care of himself against the Cadiz fleet, since his own squadron will be reinforced by ironclads long before Cervera's ships sight the bay of Manila, and he will have the shore batteries with him instead of against him in the struggle. But it has been concluded by the administration that nothing save the most severe measures will suffice to bring the Spanish people to a realizing sense of the hopelessness of the continuance of the present war, and even kindness, it is held, will not dictate such a blow as that it is proposed to administer if

While Others Have Not Done Quite So Well.

Result of the C. C. I. Bi-Monthly Examinations.

Form V.—E. H. Oliver 90, Jessie Houston 72, C. D. Farquharson 69, Edith Northwood 64, R. W. Rennie 60. Special—Mary Wilson 73, M. McGarvin (moderata) 65, A. W. Morris, ab. Neill Smith not ranked.
Form IV.—Maudie Shaw 85, Jessie Steel 81, H. McVean 77, H. Fleming 76, R. Asher and Jessie Kerrett 74, J. H. Broad and Tena Houston 69, R. Brackin 68, Bella Angus, Jessie Hall and Daisy Wilson, 67, Ada Leady and Corrie Munnery 65, Kate Campbell and Ethel Park 64, Hattie Broad, Mary Jane Kerr 57, F. Tobey 56, Jennie McKerrall 54, W. H. Hume, Lila Blackburn and Agnes Wainman 51, C. Goodall 49, May Abram 48, Fanny Barfoot and Maggie Walker 45, K. Holmes 45, Sara Robinson 42, A. Cameron 37.
Form III.—B. May Alger 78, Edna Dennis and W. H. Doherty 72, Winnie Francis 71, R. C. Offerton 68, Clara Hammond, Lydia Broadbent 67, Effie Denhardt 66, Flo. Nichol 64, C. McKenna 63, M. Dolin 63, E. Lane 61, H. Den- 61, L. Hester and Cora Doyle 60, F. Atkinson 60, M. Edmondson 58, C. Cameron 57.
Form II.—C. R. McColl 79, A. Kerr 74, S. Park, R. O'Neill and J. Hall 70, A. Jarvis and C. Heath 68, S. Rogers 65, R. Miller 64, P. Miller, M. Douglas and W. Chanter 63, E. Hunter 62, C. Briggs 61, P. White and G. Bell 60, G. O'Hara 59, M. Holmes, G. Mackay, W. McCornie, F. Side and O. Edmondson 58, G. Everett and M. Tighe 57, R. Harwood, M. G. Somerville 56, W. Walsh and M. Kerr 54, A. Foy 53, N. Richardson 52, M. Groves 51, W. Le-roy 50, M. Bell 46, A. Lee, F. Sheldrick, C. Cornet, M. Morrison and M. Turner, absent.
Form I.—Olivia Birch 70, R. Benson 61, Marion Marshall, 60, Evelyn Watson 60, W. Kins 58, Fred Robinson 58, Amy Boles 57, Herbert Baker 56, Minnie Shupe 55, Percy Wilson 54, Jennie Patterson 54, W. Ferguson 53, Ben Simpson 53, Flo. McGee 52, R. Ingalls 51, Susie McGarvin 50, M. McCormick 49, H. Pearson 48, Edith Holmes 48, A. McCormick 48, Sadie Dunlop 47, H. Rankin 47, Mabel Henry 46, P. Morrison 44, Mabel McCormick 44, G. McCosh 43, Flo. McLean 43, Gerrie Smart 43, Olive Sovan-

CARRIED BY CAVALRY.

Two Thousands Spaniards Defeated at the Gates of Santiago.

BUT THE AMERICANS SUFFERED HEAVILY IN THE FIGHT—SOME BLUE-BLOODED NEW YORKERS AMONG THE SLAIN.

Guantanamo Bay, June 25.—Yesterday morning (Friday) four troops of the first cavalry, four troops of the 10th cavalry, and eight troops of Roosevelt's rough riders—less than a thousand men in all—dismounted and attacked 2,000 Spanish soldiers in the thickets within five miles of Santiago de Cuba. The Americans beat the enemy back into the city, but they left the following dead in the field:—

Rough riders—Captains Allyn K. Capron, of Troop L; Sergeant Hamilton Fish, jr., son of the well-known New York banker; Private Tillman and Dawson, both of Troop L; Private Dougherty, of Troop A; Private W. T. Erwin, of Troop F.
First cavalry—Privates Dix, York, Bjork, Berlin, and Lenmark.
Tenth cavalry—Corporal White.

At least 50 Americans were wounded, including six officers. Several of the wounded will die. Twelve dead Spaniards were found in the bush after the fight, but their loss was doubtless far in excess of that.

Gen. Young commanded the expedition, and was with the regulars, while Col. Wood directed the operations of the rough riders several miles west. Both parties struck the Spaniards about the same time, and the fight lasted an hour. The Spaniards opened fire from the thick brush and had every advantage of numbers and position, but the troops drove them back from the start, stormed the blockhouse, around which they had made a final stand, and sent them scattering over the mountains. The cavalrymen were afterwards reinforced by the 7th, 12th and 17th infantry, part of the 9th cavalry, the 2nd Massachusetts, and the 71st New York. The Americans now hold the position, at the threshold of Santiago de Cuba, with more troops going forward constantly, and they are preparing for a final assault upon the city.

The Spanish persist in this last project.

After the fall of Santiago and the capture of Cervera's fleet, the Spaniards will have an abundance of vessels to spare for the task set for them. Probably they will constitute the attacking fleet in two squadrons, the first a flying squadron to be composed of the swiftest vessels of the fleet. This will be followed under another command, either Sampson or Schley, by the battleships. The Spanish case would be speedily enveloped of all commerce, all Spanish shipping would be destroyed and some of the best ports blockaded or bombarded.

Outing shirts, belts and sweaters, cheap, at Ridley's.

Grand excursion to Detroit, Friday, July 1st, per Six. City of Chatham, Boat leaves Rankin dock 12.30 a. m., arriving in Detroit 12.30 p. m., leaves foot- board 1.30 p. m., Detroit time, or 4 o'clock Chatham time. Fare for round trip, 50c.

We have one class of customers only and treat all alike. In our great 17th Annual Hat Sale Saturday, June 25th, we offer any Hat—no reserve—for \$1.85. Stone the Hatter.

The ladies of St. Joseph's hospital wish to convey their thanks to the Misses Waddick for the social which they gave in aid of the hospital funds on Wednesday evening last, and also to the ladies and gentlemen who helped to make it such a success.

Cheating out a lot of fine two and three dollar suits at half price. —Ridley's.

Artistic summer designs made up on short notice at Victoria Avenue Greenhouse. Form 58.

Terry 58, J. Harper 57, M. Jackson 56, M. Drury 56, A. Ritchie 56, W. Stevens 52, J. Reid 51, E. Ross 46, W. H. Cooke 44.

Form III.—A. H. Pritchard 63, Ed. Fuce 62, A. Thibodeau and Maggie McGarvin 61, H. Baker 60, W. Angus 59, Nellie Adams 58, Ina Rankin 57, Fanny Atkinson and L. Parrott 56, Agnes Tilt 55, F. Bedford and J. Oliver 54, Nettie Leak 52, Olive McGarvin 50, J. Hythe and Helen McTaggart 49, Gerrie Brown and Ida Tobey 47, W. Jardine and F. Sowatry 46, H. Moore and Pearl Magge 45, Libbie Treadgold 42, Fanny Carry 37, Frank Robinson 36, Jennie Jordan and G. Smith 36.

Form II.—C. R. McColl 79, A. Kerr 74, S. Park, R. O'Neill and J. Hall 70, A. Jarvis and C. Heath 68, S. Rogers 65, R. Miller 64, P. Miller, M. Douglas and W. Chanter 63, E. Hunter 62, C. Briggs 61, P. White and G. Bell 60, G. O'Hara 59, M. Holmes, G. Mackay, W. McCornie, F. Side and O. Edmondson 58, G. Everett and M. Tighe 57, R. Harwood, M. G. Somerville 56, W. Walsh and M. Kerr 54, A. Foy 53, N. Richardson 52, M. Groves 51, W. Le-roy 50, M. Bell 46, A. Lee, F. Sheldrick, C. Cornet, M. Morrison and M. Turner, absent.

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Continued on 4th Page.

80

Per Cent.
Of The Profit
Is Yours

When you trade with us.
You'll find no
Fancy prices here.
Everything
We have is marked at a
Close living
Profit.
We give you dollars in
Merchandise
For dimes in cash.

Peace Your
Shoe Man
White Shoe Store

Repairing Done.

"The Ark"



Tea and Coffee Pots
for 35 Cents



Preserve Kettles with
Covers, 50 Cents

"Famous"
Steel
Enamelled
Ware is
Unequalled
For Purity

See
Samples
Of
The
Goods
In the
Ark
Window

89 King St.

WEAK HEART.
"For years I suffered from weak action of the heart, dizziness and a watery condition of the blood. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have made my heart strong and enriched my blood so that now I am free from the troubles that formerly distressed me." B. A. ROSS, Allan Craig, Ont.

WRIGHT,
KAY & CO.,

101 & 103 Woodward Ave.
Detroit.

Light

Weights



The Shoes we are selling now are the lighter weight—the kinds you will want to wear through the summer months—and we have provided them in black and in all the newest tan shades—sizes and widths to fit any foot normally and naturally—and prices to fit any purse.

Customers
Shoes
Shined
Free....

GEO. W. COWAN

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Only a woman! Yes, a woman, sad and solitary, and well-nigh despairing. The man of a London crowd is too intent on the pursuit of pleasure to trouble itself about the woes of a street flower-seller, forlorn and helpless though she be. Poverty and suffering are objectionable things at the best of times. Pleasure and pain may be skin, but they dislike being in company.

She stood near one of the theatres in the Strand, trying to sell her posies—early violets—sweet flowers of spring-time. But sentiment is dashed aside in the struggles to live; to the lonely woman on the curbstone may have come visions of the dimly-remembered past when, as a free and happy girl, she plucked such flowers from sheltered nooks near the river or amongst fairy dells in the Kentish copests.

Flowers in such a March seemed almost a mockery, for a driving sleet on a bitter east wind, had nearly killed them, and now strove to extinguish the last spark of vitality in the sinking flower-seller.

As the last of the long line of men and women passed into the warm theatre from the March night Jenny Hayes sank with a moan in the gutter. Illness, starvation and despair made a breach for the bitter wind at last. The woman in the faded gray shawl had fainted from exhaustion.

"Confound her!" exclaimed stalwart Number Forty-two. "Just my luck! Gets the crowd in, and then a bloomin' flower girl wants lookin' after. Come along," continued the officer, shaking the gray bundle; "none of your nonsense, now! I can't allow it!" But the bundle stirred not.

"O, don't hurt her," pleaded a young woman who was hurrying by. "Take her in there. I'll look after her, poor thing!" Maybe the glances of her bright eyes and the coldness of the night were the heart of the law's representative; anyhow, without further delay, he carried the insensible woman who was as light as a child, into the main saloon of a neighboring restaurant, ablaze with light and agog with visitors.

So charmed was the policeman with his fair Samaritan that he laid his burden on a settee with a tenderness as welcome as it was unexpected. At the next table a lady and gentleman who were quietly discussing a most enjoyable repast looked with surprise at the unusual scene.

"Do you know who she is?" queried the young woman.

"Well, miss," replied the constable, "I have heard her called Jenny Hayes."

"What?" exclaimed the gentleman at the neighboring table. "Jenny Hayes? Surely a mistake!" He came over to the group and begged pardon for intruding. "Could he help? He had once known a lady of that name."

A stimulant was procured, and after awhile the woman regained consciousness, only to find, gazing at her, the kindly gray eyes of her old schoolmate and play-fellow, Philip Vane.

Yest without a doubt it was Jenny Hayes, a friend of his childhood; but oh, what a change. She knew him instantly.

"Phil! Mr. Vane! Thank God! I am so glad. I shall get better now, but I am so tired."

In moment he saw that her only fault was poverty. As he looked into those honest eyes he realized that through the mire of a London life she had passed unscathed.

Jenny was astonished to see so many friends around her. The lady with Philip Vane was his sister, who proved sympathetic in her attention. The world had changed, indeed. Even the burly policeman smiled. Why not? Policemen have hearts, sometimes, like other folk.

Anyhow, it was all pleasant for the tired woman, who, as she looked in the earnest face of Philip Vane and felt the clasp of his hand, knew that she had found a friend at last.

After long years, fate again was kind. Fifteen years ago, when little more than a girl, she was taking all London by storm with her wonderful dancing. At that time Philip Vane was on the high road to success as a mining engineer. Had she willed? he might have loved her, but she did not—they had loved best friends, nothing more.

Then he went to the Cape for a mining syndicate, where for years he had been prospecting in the interior, never doubting that his little sweetheart had married well and forgotten her youth and swim.

And while he was prospecting, she met with her great misfortune. She was doing an engagement at the Royal Music Hall the week it was burst down. At great risk to her own life she saved a child belonging to one of the waiting-women, but sustained such an injury to her right foot that from that moment her career as a dancer was ended.

The world made a subscription and then conveniently forgot her existence. Her star had set. Broken in health,

without friends, during those long and dreary years she had struggled for a bare subsistence.

Six weeks before Philip Vane had returned from Africa with a comfortable competence and was visiting his sister in London. With her Jenny found a refuge, and by kindly deeds and deep and earnest love they coaxed her back to life and health again.

With returning health some of the beauty of her early days came back, and, although she will have to bear the lameness that spoils her dancing and the bitter memories of privation through which she passed, yet as Mrs. Philip Vane she is keenly alive to the suffering in the world, for she ever remembers the joy that came in to her life at the eleventh hour.—The Princess.

THE DISTRICT.

What is Going on All Around Us.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE LEADING CENTRES OF KENT AND ESSEX.

OUVRY.

Rev. Mr. Curwen preached his farewell sermon in Grace church last Sunday. He will be located in the vicinity of St. Thomas during the ensuing year.

The Ladies' Aid held a strawberry social last week, which was a success financially.

Nearly all who are raising tobacco around here, are complaining of stiff backs and legs.

FLORENCE.

Mrs. Webster, sr., and Miss Nellie Unsworth are visiting relatives in St. Mary's.

Rev. J. J. Brown, Bothwell, visited in town Monday and Tuesday.

Miss F. Coates, Chatham, was the guest of her cousin, Miss I. Corbett, this week.

Miss Little, Wallaceburg, is the guest of the Misses Boldin, Camden.

Miss Nellie Sigdal is the guest of Mrs. Craig, Detroit.

Mrs. Clark has returned from England, where she has been for a year visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Drake and Miss Nelson, Toronto, are visiting Mrs. Ridley.

Mr. G. G. Corbille, B. A., preached his farewell sermon to a crowded house, Sunday. He leaves for a new field of labor early next week.

R. McLean, Newbury, visited friends in town this week.

O. P. Forshee, Dresden, spent Monday with his son, W. P. Forshee, drugist.

Mrs. Harry Webster, Chatham, spent the first part of the week with Mrs. J. B. Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. Doherty, Newbury, were the guests of their father, Thos. Doherty, this week.

Miss Bird Hall is visiting friends and relatives in Chatham.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Below will be found a list of new inventions recently patented by Canadian, United States and English governments, through the agency of M. M. Martin & Martin, New York Life Building, Montreal:

67,753—Oscar Legros, North Bay, Ont., fire box.

29,920—Marguerite Drolet, Montreal, pile fabric.

62,484—R. Pitzamoni, Wapella, Asea, non-refillable bottle.

62,484—R. Pitzamoni, Philadelphia, P. Q., clothes.

62,495—J. E. Kennedy, Montreal, improvements in shoes.

62,496—J. E. Kennedy, Three Rivers, P. Q., acetylene generator.

62,497—Thomas Benwick, Miami, Kan., game apparatus.

62,498—William Rouse, Boston, Oregon, fanning mill.

62,499—Wm. McKelvey, McLeod, Man., wheel scraper.

62,500—Nap. L. Gobeille, St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., drain ditching plow.

TUPPERVILLE.

Road work is now in order.

Thos. McKean, who has been ailing quite a long while, died Friday evening. About a year ago he had a cancerous growth removed from his face and for awhile he was quite well, but he was stricken down, and for the last time. Deceased was a native of Scotland, from which country he came here several years ago. He had passed life's allotted number of years and was quite strong and hearty up to the time he was taken ill last year. He leaves a wife and grown-up family and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss.

Nearly everybody is cultivating corn. The recent rains were very beneficial to the crops, wheat, etc., although they spoiled our corn for a while.

Miss Minnie Dunlop, of Wallaceburg, who has been visiting Miss L. Bolton, has returned home.

A large number from here, including the Tupperville Corn Band, attended the picnic held in James Langstaff's grove on Wednesday, the 15th inst., under the auspices of Calvin church. All enjoyed themselves immensely. A concert was held in the church in the evening and was very interesting indeed.

Geo. Wickham had several sheep worried by dogs one night recently. A number were killed and others fatally injured. This makes about eight cases of dogs worrying sheep, and it seems strange that something should not be done to prevent this terrible havoc. To be sure the owners of the sheep get two-thirds of their value, but nothing is said about the lambs that are left to pine away and become stunted. We think it would be advisable to raise the dog tax, and this perhaps would tend to lessen the number of useless dogs that are constantly kept.

A new sidewalk—being laid down on Main street. Why not use granite? Anything to boom the town.

Walter Boyington is doing a rushing business putting up his famous Excelsior wire fence.

Warden Deshardt has gone to London.

F. C. Dulant, our popular tailor, is the possessor of a new wheel.

The Whole Civilized World

Is Speaking of
Paine's Celery Compound
and Its
Wonderful Cures.

It Saves Men and Women
When All Other Medicines Fail.



Ask for "PAIN'S" With Trade Mark As Above.

LOST OPPORTUNITY.

"There is a nest of thrushes in the glen. When we come back, we'll see the glad young things."

He said, "We came not by that way again; And time and thrushes fare an eager wings!"

"You rose,"—she smiled—"but no; when we return, I'll pluck it then." 'Twas on a summer day.

The ashes of the rose in autumn's urn Lie hidden well. We came not back that way.

We do not pass the self-same way again, Or, passing by that way, no thing we find.

As it before had been; but death or stain Hath come upon it, or the wasteful wind.

The very earth is envious, and her arm Reach for the beauty that detained our eyes; Yes, it is lost beyond the aid of charms.

As it, once within our grasp, we leave the prize!

Thou traveler to the unknown ocean's brink, Through life's fair fields, say not "Another day."

This joy I'll prove, for never, as I think, Never shall we come back this self-same way!

—Edith M. Thomas.]

Curfew for Married Men.

The women of Waycross, Ga., are agitating for a curfew law which will send all married men home before an appointed hour. Ten o'clock is thought to be late enough for married men to be out.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

FLORIDA WATER

THE SWEETEST MOST REFRESHING AND PURIFYING OF ALL PERFUMES FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TIE, OR BATH.

ALL DRUGGISTS, PERFUMERS AND GENERAL DEALERS.

WATER.

WATER.

WATER.

WATER.

WATER.

WATER.

A Jesse James Held Up.

A. M. McCoy of Horse Cave, Ky., is famous throughout the Blue Grass State. For about two years he has owned the stagecoach lines between Horse Cave and Mammoth cave and Glasgow and Mammoth cave. He operated these lines all through the troublous times of the civil war. Of course he met with many harrowing experiences during the time, and which he likes to tell.

Probably no incident connected with his career is more thrilling than the hold up of one of his stages by Jesse James and three of his "pals" some time back in the seventies. This incident is described in one of the stories of that notorious highwayman. It occurred early one morning. When the stage was about half way between Horse Cave and Mammoth cave, four men sprang out from the side of the road and ordered the driver to halt. One of the men caught the horses and the other three drove the driver and passengers. The driver of course did as ordered, and the men proceeded to search the passengers. Everything of value was taken.

One of the men robbed was a man named Roundtree, who was known at that time. He had a valuable gold watch, which James confiscated for his own use. The timepiece was held very dear by Roundtree, as it had been presented him by ex-Governor Knott, who was at that time a young man. The notorious Jesse carried this watch during the rest of his life.

She Was Well Fed.

In the Sunday school room of an Episcopal church in Brooklyn the other day a lecture was given for the benefit of some worthy object. It was on a weekday, but on the hymn board in the front of the room were what the regular members of the congregation said were the numbers of the hymns that had been sung on the Sunday before. But an outsider was struck with something peculiar about them. There were four numbers arranged in line one under the other, as is customary on the hymn boards, and they were, as they appeared to the audience gathered for a lecture, "4, 11, 44," and "7-11."

"Why, it was the funniest thing," said a woman who was present. "I noticed it the minute I went in, and it must have been done on purpose, for there is no seven hundred and eleventh hymn in the hymnal; six hundred and something is the last. The first three were police numbers and the last craps. What's it funny?"

"Funny?" said the friend, who was listening to the joke. "I should say so. But not so much the numbers being there as that you should know what they meant. Now, confess how in error you did?"

When You Meet In Japan.

Nothing is more amusing than to watch two acquaintances saluting in the streets of a Japanese town. As they come in sight of each other they slacken on their pace and approach with down-cast eyes and averted faces, as if neither was worthy of beholding the other. Then they bow low, as to bring the face on a level with the knees, on which the palms of the hands are pressed.

A succession of blissing sounds is next made by drawing in the breath between the closed teeth, interspersed with a series of complimentary phrases uttered with great volubility in a sort of undertone falsetto, each trying to outdo his friend in rapidity and extravagance of language, while the palms are diligently rubbed against each other.

At last the climax is reached, and each endeavors to give the precedence to the other. For some moments, perhaps for a full minute, the polite contest continues. Then the ceremony abruptly ends, as if the difficulty were capable of none but a brusque solution, and the two pass on hurriedly, with a look of extreme relief.

Articles Made of Eelskin.

An eelskin leather factory is situated in a quiet street in the neighborhood of London bridge. Here are prepared and manufactured various articles from the skin of the common eel. The skins are manipulated by numerous complicated processes until they resemble and would easily be taken for leather, although of a more glutinous and pliable nature. This strange commodity is cut into long, thin strips and plaited very closely together for whipslashes and to cover portions of the handles of more expensive whips. Certain kinds of lashes and harness leaces are also made of eelskin. This leather is almost indispensable in articles of this description, where flexibility allied with an uncommon toughness is desired.—Invention.

Duffy and His Poems.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy relates that he once had put into his hands by a hostess a volume containing some of his own poems and was asked for his opinion of them.

"Dreadful drivel," replied the modest Sir Charles.

His hostess flushed. "I don't mind your laughing at me," she said, "but pray don't laugh at verses which came to me from the very heart of my husband when we first knew each other and which I will treasure to my dying day."

Rejected With Thanks.

Strong Minded Woman (pointing to article in paper):—Sir, did you write that?

Terror Stricken Editor—Y-y-yes, madam. I—I wrote it.

Strong Minded Woman—It meets my approval exactly. It is seldom one needs a person of your sex capable of such just discrimination. Will you marry me, sir?

A Difference.

Elfric—Uncle John, are you an author? By upon the language of flowers!

Uncle John—What do you mean—the language employed by the woman who receives them or by the poor devil who has to pay the bill?—Boston Transcript.

Ask your grocer for

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CURIOUS MAINE NAMES.

The Postoffice List Shows Many Traces of Early Indian Influence.

There are 1,198 postoffices in the state of Maine, and although many of them, especially in the southern and more thickly populated portions of the state, bear plain, simple, short and easily pronounced American names, there are a considerable number in what may be called "the backwoods" or the interior which bear names of Indian origin. In Aroostook county there are Wytopituck, Mattawabscog, Oxbow, Moosehock, Medoushock, and Manaboscog. In Piscataquis county there are Mattagomond, Spurdabunk, Unumtakup, Nahmakania, Allagash and Pansadock. In Somerset county, Chamaheamcook, Cauquogomog, Mahamhunk and Sebomook. In Franklin county, Moosookmaguntic; in Oxford, Chamaheamcook, Farnesehock and Unabog.

There are very few French or French-Canadian names in the whole state. By the last state census of the Pine Tree State there were 78,000 foreign born inhabitants within its borders and of this number about two-thirds, or 52,000, were Canadian, chiefly French Canadian. There were by last census only 1,100 German, 2,500 Scandinavian and 11,000 Irish inhabitants in the state out of a total population of 660,000, but notwithstanding this circumstance and the fact that the upper portions of Maine were for a time under French rule there is practically no trace of French names in these counties or in the towns comprising them, although in neighboring Vermont, and many of the townships have French names, which are much easier of comprehension and much less open to the charge of mistake than are those of the peculiar and confusing style which is so general in Maine. To the business of the dead letter office Maine makes a considerable contribution each year.—New York Sun.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

Serving His Queen, in Various Countries, He Fell a Victim to Rheumatism.

Suffered Unbearable Torture for Many Years—Fervent Remedies Failed to Help Him. Till He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills—Then He Cured Him.

Windsor, June 24.—"I have suffered for many years from chronic Rheumatism," writes Mr. F. G. Fenton, of this city. "I have seen active military service on different occasions, in different climates, and the hardships I have borne, saved the seeds of the disease in my system and nourished it, till it had me completely in its toils. I went through the Northwest campaign, in 1855, and after my return home, I thought I would never be of use again."

"My sufferings were past the power of words to describe. Every joint was furnace of fiery burning pain. Every movement seemed to tear my flesh asunder. I used remedy after remedy, but with always the same result—Failure."

"Finally, thank God, I was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I did so, and the result is told in three words—They Cured Me."

"I have served in the 33rd (British) Regiment, through an Indian campaign, and in No. 2 Co. R. I. and my comrades in the latter corps can vouch for the truth of these statements."

Mr. Fenton is a man who has earned an honorable record in the service of his Queen and country. He knows whereof he speaks, and his word cannot be doubted. In his experience with Dodd's Kidney Pills enough to prove beyond dispute that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one, the only cure on earth for Rheumatism!

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, or will be sent on receipt of price by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

THE FAMILY IN JAPAN.

Filial Piety and the Longing for Immortality Its Guiding Stars.

In a recent lecture Professor Kakichi Mitakur of the University of Tokyo gave a description of the social life in his native country, which differs materially from many other accounts. "The social unit in Japan," he said, "is the family, each family having its officially registered head, frequently the wife. Occupations in all classes as a rule are handed down from generation to generation, and it is a matter of family pride that that occupation does not deteriorate. The works of ancestors are kept constantly before the family as sacred models, and the result is the inimitable beauty of Japanese productions."

Another interesting custom arising out of the treatment of the family as the social unit is seen in the fact that the head of the family always has the same name and that as each person succeeds to the dignity he changes his youthful name to the family name.

Though this custom still survives in the country districts, there is no stagnation of social and industrial types, it being now within the power of the humblest to rise to the highest office in his state by merit alone. The first known ancestor is regarded as the founder of the family; the names of ancestors are kept on tablets in the most sacred place of the house, while the anniversary of the deaths of ancestors are observed with more or less of religious ceremony. Women are held in commendable respect, while children are treated with deference; they represent the future generations. There is a strong desire in the mind of the father that the memory of those who have gone before should be kept green; hence the idea of the family as the social unit is kept up by two factors—filial piety and the longing for immortality."

A wife further says that if you say 'No' you should mean 'No.' Unless you have a good reason for changing a command, hold to it.

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MANHOOD



To you, my friend, young or old, if suffering the results of youthful folly, such as DRAINS, NIGHT LOSSES, IMPOTENCY, LAME BACK, VARICOCELE, etc., take the advice of my 30 years' experience.

DON'T USE DRUGS

when you can get nature's own simple remedy, the very essence of life itself—ELECTRICITY. The DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT for weak men is known the world over. I am the inventor. With it last year I restored manly vigor to 5,000 sufferers. Little book explaining all, sent sealed free upon request, or drop in and consult me free of charge.

Dr. A. S. SANDEN, 132 St. James St., Montreal, Que.



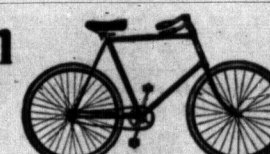
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A Sermon in Which the Various Aspects of Amusements Are Considered.

tered according to fact of the Parliament eight hundred and ninety-eight, by (Limited), at the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., in a sensational sensational Dr. Talmage in this discourse discusses amusements and applies some by which they may be avoided. "And it came to pass when their hearts were merry that they said, Call for Samson, that has many a wife and a child, and for Samson out of the prison house, and he made them sport."

There were 3,000 people assembled at the Temple Mount for the funeral procession of the slain hero of Yom Kippur War, the son of a man of no less than of yes-man Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin.

"Fetch him! Fetch him out!" Yonder he saw the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. As his eyes met those of the crowd, he burst out laughing and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house of God. "Bring my staff," he said, "and I will lean upon where the main pillars are." The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his hands on one of the pillars, and with a mighty push thrust the pillar aside, made it roll over itself forward until the whole house came down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a wine press. "Aha," he cried, "now your hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house, saying, There are amusements that are destructive and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practice them. Behold now what has happened to thee. The 3,000 who perished that day in Gaza are nothing compared with the tens of thousands who have been destroyed, body, mind and soul had been crushed and by good sentiments carried to exiles."

In my sermons on must have noticed that I have no sympathy with the attitude of those who condemn the whole denunciation of amusements to which many are pledged. I believe the church of God has made a tremendous mistake in trying to suppress the pleasures of life. It has dried out from men their love of amusement. If God ever implanted anything in us, he implanted this desire. But instead of going to the fountain of pleasure the church of God has for the main part ignored it. As in a riot the mayor plants a battery at the end of the street and the rioters are driven away, so the church has driven the love of amusement out down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the church who plant their batteries in the way of the good as well as of the bad indiscriminately. Every thing is condemned. They talk as if they would like to have our youth dress in blue uniform, like the soldiers of the olden time, and march down the path of life to the tune of the dead march in "Sail." They hate a blue suit, or a rowdied in the hall, or a sailor's cap, or a sailor's uniform, and they are for the lunatic asylum who utters a conundrum.

A Glorious Work.
Young Men's Christian associations of the country are doing a glorious work. They are the best of the best, and all the influence are of the best kind, and are now adding gymnastics and bowling alleys, where without any cost to the young men they can get physical as well as spiritual improvement. We are dwindling away to a narrow chested, weak armed, feeble minded race, and we need us to work which we want physical as well as spiritual athletes. I would to God that the time might soon come when in all our colleges and universities, as Princeton, a gymnasium shall be established. We spend seven years of hard study in preparation for the ministry, and then we are given a "pennypenny and a liver complaint, and then crawl up into the pulpit and the people say, "Don't be like that! haven't he been here for years?" and the church of God did rather than attempt to suppress the desire for amusement. The best men that the world ever produced were those who had their children; Martin Luther spent his last Christmas too; ministers have pitched quills; philanthropists have played ball.

Our communities are filled with men and women who have in their souls unmeasured resources for sportsiveness and frolic. Show me a man who has lights up with sportsiveness and he has sympathy with the recreations of others, and I will show you a man who is a stumbling block to the kingdom of God. Each one esteems recreation as a religion. They lead you people to think that a man is good in proportion as he groans and frowns and looks sallow, and that the height of a man's Christian character is proportionate to the gloom of his face. I would trade off 500 such men for one bright-faced, radiant Christian on whom your eyes are fixed. "Rejoice evermore!" Every morning by his cheerful countenance he seeks to convert you. I will go further and say that I have no confidence in a man who makes a religion of his gloomy looks. That kind of a man always turns out badly. I would trade him in for the appearance of an orphan asylum. The orphans would suffer.

Among all people when I received into the church as an communicant, there was only one applicant of whom I was suspicious. He had the longest story to tell, had seen the most violence and gave an experience so wonderful that all the other applicants were discouraged. I was not so surprised that I was not. He had had run off with the funds of the bank with which he was connected. Who is this blackguard that you call religion?—wings black, his ideas black. One religion—bright, eyes bright, wings bright, eyes bright, wings bright, taking her place in the soul. He pulls a rope that reaches to the skies and sets all the bells of heaven ringing. He is the chosen people, you, when talking to a minister, always, and a politician to boot. Ingratious. Go forth, O people, to your lawful employment. God bless your work. Beware. Beware of those many of inward pleasure who because



show man the way to a
life.

[illegible]

house. Parents will come down and wash his wounds and close his eyes in death. And when his kin all be over did, though he cannot in his silence ask it. The prodigal he got home at last. Mother will go to her lonely chamber and pray for him and twist them into a chapel for the silent heart of the wayward boy and push back from the blasted brow the hair that has grown so long and black. And the air will be rent with the father's cry: "Oh, my son, my son, my poor son! Would God I had died for thee, oh, my son."

W. H. W. of the Ready on the Seal.

You may judge of amusements by their effect upon physical health. The need of many good people is physical recreation. There are Christian men who write bad things against amusements, and yet do nothing the matter with them but an incompetent liver. There are Christian people who seem to think that it is a good sign to be poorly, and that the Bible teaches that the weak and invalids they think that by the same sickness they may come to the same grandeur of character. I want to tell Christian people that their physical weakness is their invalidism if it is your own fault and when through right exercise and prudence you might be athletic and well. The effect of lack of knowledge. Put a rule of mild disposition upon the animal diet of which the Indian partakes, and in a little while his blood will change its chemical proportions. The lion or the tiger or the bear, while his disposition

will change and come fierce, cruel and unrelenting. The body has a powerful effect upon the soul. There are people whose ideas of heaven are all shut out with clouds of tobacco smoke. There are people who dare to shatter the physical vase in which God put the jewel of eternity. There are men with great hearts and intellects in bodies worn out by their own negligence. Magnificent machines capable of propelling a great Kloran across the Atlantic, yet fastened in a rickety North river propeller. Physical development which merely wastes energy in a futile lifting or in perilsous rope walking or in pugilistic encounter excites only our contempt, but we confess to great admiration for the man who has a great and healthy athletic body, every nerve, muscle and bone of which is consecrated to right uses. Oh, it seems to me outrageous that men through laziness and neglect of their physical health to go down beyond repair, spending the rest of their life not in some great enterprise for God and the world, but in studying ways in the best thing to take for dyspepsia. A ship which is clogged with all sails set and every man at his post to be carrying a great cargo for eternity, cannot afford any leakage of power, but it is a waste of all the power to take for leakage! When you may through some of the popular ad health-

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Positively cured by these
Little Pills.

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angel, "What is that lion?" And the answer was, "That is the lion of all devouring despairs." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" And the answer

ven. "That is the vulture waiting for the
 carcasses of the slain. And to the
 fold of something that had wound him
 round and round, and he said to the bad
 angel, "What is it that twists me in this
 awful convulsion?" And the answer
 was, "That is the worm that never dies!"
 And then the man said to the bad angel:
 "What does all this mean?" Then the
 bad angel said, "You are standing in a
 place where you stand at the corner of the street
 that night. I trusted it all, and why
 have you thus deceived me?" Then the
 bad angel said, "I told you that I said:
 said: "I was sent forth from the pit to
 destroy your soul. I watched my chance
 for many a long year. When you hesitated
 to follow me, I waited for my opportunity
 triumph. Now you are here. Ha, ha! You
 are here! Come, now, let us fill those
 two chalices of fire and drink together to
 the death and we shall die. Ha, ha! Ha!"
 O young man, will the good angel sent
 forth by Christ or the bad angel sent
 forth by sin give the victory over you?
 O God, will you give the victory to this
 moment above you, contending for your
 destiny, as above the Apennine eagle
 and condor fight midway. This is the
 day of your destiny. Will you let
 the devil win? Will you let him? To
 hesitate is to die!

Scotch Humor.

An old gentleman is recorded to have emerged glaucous from the difficulty produced by a canny little urchin in the Sunday school, who, when "Jacob's Ladder" was under consideration, wanted to know if "all angels had wings;" and when he answered "Yes," he proceeded: "Weel, wad I der they want tae be climbin' up an' 'zoen a ladder for?" A gleam came into the old Scotchman's eye, and he responded: "Weel, ye see, my laddie, it's gey like the angels were on the pouk" (moultin).

Having missed one of his students for several Sundays, he said to one of his favorites: "I haena seen your cousin Bell at the class for a long while. Ye ken it's her duty tae attend the schule. Whaur has she gone?" "Oh, she's married," was the pautious re-

ply," but she's dead."

Scotchmen are sometimes very funny when they joke, and some of them who are members of the Covenant are even more humorous when they pray. In an old volume, published in Edinburgh in 1698, entitled, "I have been a Scotchman," it is found the following notice: "Mr. Areakin prayed in the Iron Kirk last year: 'Lord, have mercy on all fools an' idiots' in the following manner: 'Magnificence of Edinburgh.'"—The Arena.

The Right Time for Work.

This story is told of an eccentric preacher. One day, on visiting the church, he found a white-washer work in the belfry, and, to his horror, the man was whistling a very lively air as he worked. The preacher reproved him sharply, reminding him that he was in a place of peace in such an edifice, even if it was in the cellar. "Beg your pardon," said the white-washer. "I forgot when we were in the cellar, to show you how I started." He started to whistling "Old Hundred." His hand, of course, kept time to the music, and "Old Hundred" made the white-washer break out wonderfully slow. The preacher watched him for a few minutes; then he cried: "Oh, go back to your dance tune, or the job will never be done!"

Cost of American Wars.
The estimated cost of American wars is as follows: Revolutionary war, 1775-82, \$135,193,000; war with Great Britain,

1819-19, \$107,159,000; Mexican war, 1846-48, \$66,000,000; civil war, 1861-65, \$3,025,000,000.

Catskins in Fur Trade.

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Back, Loss of Blood, Tired Feeling in the Morning,
Nervous Prostration, Nigh, Sleep, Aversion to
the world, Nervous Depression, Nervous
or Ambition, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Dreams and
Night Lapses, Depressive in the Evening, Frequent
Urgent Calls, Nervousness accompanied with cursing, Kidney
trouble, or any disease of the Genito-urinary
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