

The Planet

Daily and Weekly

Chatham, Ontario.

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S. Stephenson, Proprietor.

The Daily Planet
CHATHAM, ONT.

PROHIBS. DUMPED.

Ontario Liberals will Depend on the Liquor Interest

For Their Future Success—Even the Local Sheet Takes a Fling at the Temperance People.

The edict has gone forth. The roads have parted. The duped prohibitionists have been insulted and cast aside by their Liberal friends. Cheap Whiskey, Open Saloons and We Don't Care Who Knows It, is now the motto of the Liberal party of this province. When a deputation of prominent temperance people waited on Premier Hardy the other day they were driven from his presence with revilements. Perhaps that is incorrect. Rather he reviled them to his heart's content, told them he had no intention of keeping the promises made them, and then strutted and left them chagrined and disgusted.

Next the Globe announced that the government's license legislation was all right, and slowly the minor organs of the party have taken up the same cry. Even the local sheet in this city has swallowed it professions of years. As the temperance people can no longer be deluded with false promises it wants them either whipped into line or driven out. It declares that "the intemperate conduct of the men and women who insulted the Premier at Thursday's interview, the dogged efforts made to fasten a promise upon the government that was never given, and the studied misrepresentation of the amendments proposed in the license bill now before the House as retrograde, is not calculated to inspire confidence either in the motives or good judgment of the people who assume to speak for the temperance workers of Ontario." Here is a direct accusation of being liars, paralytic and bulldozers against the leaders of the temperance organizations of the province.

Among these leaders are many eminent divines, ladies of the highest reputation for benevolence and all charitable works; all these were among those who waited on the Ontario government. Now because they have dared to kick over the party traces they are all that is bad, dishonest and insincere. They are told by the Banner they can't "coerce" Premier Hardy into taking a position that would put the reins of power into the hands of the Conservative party. Here we have a direct admission that the government relies on the support of the license machine for its success. In the past it has had the temperance support also. Now, it is being forced to drop one and it prefers to stick to whiskey.

The Hamilton Times the other day told the temperance people if they didn't like what the Liberals were doing to go to the Conservatives and see what would be the result. One result, we can tell the Times, would be that the temperance people would get no hypocritical promises. By being honest with the prohibitionists in the past the Conservative party lost many votes. It said distinctly it did not profess to be the pioneer of the movement. As a result many in its ranks relied on the false promises of the Mowat-Hardy aggregation, and left it. For years since-tempted of the temper-

Strong Nerves

Nerves just as surely come from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla as does the cure of scrofula, salt rheum, or other so-called blood diseases. This is simply because the blood affects the condition of all the

bones, muscles and tissues. If it is impure it cannot properly sustain these parts. It is made pure, rich, and vitalized by Hood's Sarsaparilla, it carries health instead of disease, and repairs the worn, nervous system as nothing else can do. Thus nervous prostration, hysteria, neuritis, heart palpitation, are cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Because it is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills Purify the Blood.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

Mothers-Boys' Clothing

Department

Opened To-day...

Have Your

Boys Wear

The Viking Brand

Of Boys' Suits, at

The 2 T's Trudell

The only Black and White Front in the world.

and Tobey Cash Only

ance people of the province have supported the present Ontario government. And what has been the result? What have those who left the Conservative ranks got? Promises; not promises. When the time for action has arrived, when the prohibitionists can no longer be deluded by promises, they are told by Hardy, The Globe, Hamilton Times, Banner, and other Liberal sheets to get out and that it would ruin the party to fulfill the pledges made. This being a family quarrel among the Liberals the main satisfaction Conservatives will feel is that hereafter these hypocritical Reform leaders and journals will have to pose in their true colors.

THE BEAUTY OF LAW.

A case was tried at Osgoode Hall the other day which shows the foolishness of people going to law. It was entitled *Lea vs. Lang*, and arose out of a land deal. His solicitor, without the plaintiff's consent, began an action to recover the balance of the purchase money. The plaintiff, however, stopped the suit when he heard of it. In the meantime \$11.21 in costs had been incurred. The parties fell out as to which should pay the \$11.21 and have been "lawing it" ever since. Now they would both gladly pay the original amount and settle it, but the costs have reached nearly \$11.21 and the case isn't half over.

When the Ontario Government gives away for practically nothing 64,000 acres of valuable mining lands to a foreign syndicate what does it mean? Is the foreign syndicate going to furnish the Liberals with the sinews of war for the coming election?

On the assessment roll now being prepared the next election will be fought out. Get on the list. The only qualifications necessary are that the applicant is a British subject, 21 years of age, and a resident of the province for nine months. For the legislative franchise no property qualification is necessary.

Another piece of Hardy's political jugglery has come to light. When James Connors ran for the Dominion Parliament he resigned from the local house. The Ontario Government did not accept the resignation but kept that fact quiet until after the election. Had Connors been successful for the Dominion no doubt his resignation would have been accepted and ante-dated. As it was he failed, and then it was announced that his resignation had never gone through. The honest and conscientious members of the Liberal rank and file must feel proud of their provincial leader.

MAPLE SAP.

They're burnin' pine an' hickory bark.

An' rotten beech, fer I kin tell it.

They're burnin' fence rails in the dark;

They're usin' pitch, fer I kin smell it.

By day a smoky pillar high

Ascends above the woods afar;

By night I see a fiery eye

Shine thro' the maples like a star;

And all day long a tinkling sound

Subdues the downy creepers tap.

Two hundred buckets, big and round,

Are full. Are full of what I—uv sap.

The sap is runnin'—take a drink!

'Twill clear your skin and wash yer liver;

'Tis nature's cure—the best. I think—

An' nature is a cheerful giver.

'Twill shine yer eye and red yer lip.

'Twill stuff the ladies' cheeks with roses;

But do not at the nectar sip

Too long or much, or—Holy Moses!

If you would live like any dook.

An' make the female buddies chirrup.

The buckwheat pancakes—tell the cook

To soak them well in maple syrup.

Ah! sap's the stuff to give the baby;

'Twill kill dyspepsia—cure a cough—

If you're in love 'twill help it, may be.

To join the girls at sugar'op.

Some good old eyes will read these lines—

Some good old face will smile; mayhap

He won't be love in what was then

Some buckwheat phony—blin' sap!

—The Khan.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

RANDOM READING.

To find green places by the dusty way.

To catch a glimpse of hay, boundless blue

Inland with glittering streaks of starry hue,

Where, on the far-off hillside, sunbeams play

In summer shade through woodland walks to stray.

Close woven foliage vetting all the view,

And spy a dappled brook the branches through—

These are the joys of summer day.

But for the obscurest when nature grieves

And earth is dead, where shall such joy be sought?

Though winds be wailing round the wintry eaves?

This, to the poet, with like bliss is fraught—

As an untrodden brook to part the leaves.

And, roaming through, seize many a shining thought.

—Dora Cave in New York Tribune.

A TRAVELER IN FRANCE.

What He Saw, Did and Heard in a Railway Carriage.

He was traveling in France, and he had

conferred himself down in the corner of

a first class railway compartment. He was

alone in the carriage. The train, which

was just on the point of starting, would

run four hours without stopping.

"Four hours' quiet, uninterrupted reading," he told himself, "accompanied by a

fat cigar."

And he began at the prospect of reading

and smoking—and smoking undisturbed

by the quibbles of chance acquaintances.

And he did everything so easily, so

elegantly. He was a gentleman—an American

gentleman.

He placed a handful of papers by his

side. He produced a jeweled cigar case

from his breast pocket. He put a cigar be-

tween his lips. He closed the case with a

snap and returned it to its resting place—

slowly, calmly. From his trousers pocket

he produced a pearl penknife, with which

he clipped the cigar and then returned the

knife to its resting place—calmly, slowly,

calmly. From his trousers pocket he

produced a silver matchbox and struck a

light.

He dashed a young lady all breathless.

She scrambled into the seat opposite the

gentleman.

The gentleman paused. The gentleman

swore, but the young lady did not hear him.

The train glided out of the station.

The young lady arranged her skirt, and

she did so with the match burn to the

end. She saw the match fall from the

gentleman's hand. She saw the cigar case

produced, the cigar replaced among its fragrant

companions and the case returned to the

gentleman's pocket.

She chuckled—almost aloud.

He swore—almost aloud.

He buried himself in his paper.

She laughed out loud.

He looked up. And what did he see?

He saw a little, neatly gloved hand find

its way into a tailor made skirt pocket. He

saw the hand produce the matchbox, and

the matchbox produce a match. He saw the

match light, and he saw the match burn to

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REMARKABLE CASES

Chronic Invalids Rescued from Their Sick Beds After Giving Up Hope.

London, Ont.—Henry R. Nicholls, 176

Rectory street, catarrh; recovered. Dr.

Chase's catarrh cure, 25c.

Maridale—Geo. Crowe's child, itching

eczema; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Truro, N.S.—H. H. Sutherland, traveler,

prince—very bad case; cured; Chase's

Ointment, 60c.

Lucas—Wm. Branton, gardener, pin

worms; all gone. Chase's Pills.

L'Amable—Peter Van Allan, eczema for

three years. Cured. Chase's Ointment.

Gower Point—Robano Bartard, dread-

ful itching piles, 30 years. Well again;

Chase's Ointment, 60c.

Meyersburg—Nelson Simmons, itching

piles; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Malone—Geo. Richardson, kidney and

liver sufferer; better. One box Chase's

Pills, 25c.

Chesley—H. Will's son, crippled with

neuritis, suffering from diabetes,

completely recovered. Chase's Pills.

Matchard Township—Peter Taylor, kid-

ney trouble, 30 years; cured. Chase's

Pills, 25c.

Toronto—Miss Hattie Delaney, 174

Crawford street, subject of perpetual

colds. Cured by Chase's Syrup of Lin-

seed and Turpentine, 25 cents.

Dr. Chase's remedies are sold by all

dealers. Edmondson, Bates & Co., man-

ufacturers, Toronto.

GRANOLITHIC SIDE WALKS

Notice is hereby given that the

Municipal Council of the City of Chatham