

The Daily Planet

YOUR MONEY IN YOUR
POCKET, MR. PARDO.

Mr. Pardo should ponder over what reason of a sordid nature when no more juice can be extracted from it. He isn't the least chance of coming within hundreds of being elected, and no matter what his supporters may tell him they know that that is true. Of course, under those circumstances, if he is satisfied to be bled, the expenditure will be all for the good of trade. But liabilities, so we are informed, are being incurred, which later on he will be expected to liquidate. If he will hand over what he intends to donate to the party fund now and give his workers to understand that they will not keep within the limit, he will save himself a lot of money, worry and dunning after the election is over.

A METHODIST MINISTER'S STRONG WORDS.

Rev. Richard Hobbs told a large congregation in London on Sunday what he thought of the Ontario school system.

The rev. gentleman, in the course of his sermon, said he was going to speak of the educational question. Some would say, "Taking politics into the pulpit." Yes, yes. Why not? God never intended that politics and religion should be separate. Then he charged that in the Public school curriculum of this Province there was no provision for the teaching of morals to the boys and girls. They were taught the whole week through, yet not one subject in the week was devoted to the morals of the children. No. All this must be kept in the background. And meanwhile the boys and girls of our lands were in danger of damnation.

PLANETOLDS.

Register!

Pardo has the floor.

The young men are for Dr. Hall.

The Bungalows have 28 more days to bungle.

Bring Mr. Pardo along for a ratification meeting.

Mr. Pardo should come out like a man and give an account of his stewardship.

For a "Hardy" government they are politically a pretty sickly looking aggregation.

To read Hon. G. W. Ross' educational pamphlets, one would think this was a State of the Union.

Because Hon. A. S. Hardy says he has always "stood" for the people that is no reason why some papers we could make should always "lie" for Hon. A. S. Hardy.

Just as likely as not some fellow will be mean enough to insinuate that Mr. Pardo forced Hardy & Co. to bring on the elections in March, so he could escape meeting Dr. Hall in that plowing match.

Hon. Mr. Brownson is not running, while Ministers J. M. Gibson, Richard Harcourt, John Dryden and William Hardy, are as good as defeated. That leaves Premier Hardy and Hon. Elihu J. Davis with fighting chances.

The local Liberals can get the Grand Opera House almost any night in the week, to bring Mr. Pardo here to tell what he has done for West Kent during the four years he has represented the riding.

The pamphlet with Mr. Pardo's compliments takes mighty good care to ignore the Irish text books. They are better and cheaper than the American ones, and are what the business men of to-day learned out of when they were boys.

That educational pamphlet with Mr. Pardo's compliments is all right, but it would be much more interesting if it contained the speeches with which Mr. Pardo in the House has made the name of West Kent famous. But possibly the Banner will publish those later on.

Let us have a good natured campaign. People can fight politically, fight their best, fight squarely, and yet not say or do anything that will be sorry for thirty days hence. If a man puts his head up and gets a crack, he can hardly complain, but the crack even if it be a hard one, can be fairly given.

Our esteemed local column, the Evening Freak, refers in one of its apologetic outbursts to the patent medicine advertisements this great advertising medium inserts. The reference is highly amusing considering that most of that class of advertising the journal in question inserts is what The Planet rejects.

Barrister George G. Martin, who has always staunchly worked for the Liberal party, in a burst of confidence told The Planet that from the number of old-time Reformers he found supporting Dr. Hall he figured on his election by about 400 majority. This is 100 less than we expected, but still we'll take the 400 and hope for the rest. It is not at all a bad calculation seeing that it comes from a man

who is thoroughly acquainted in the county and who has more than once stumped it in the Liberal interest.

The report of no secret partisan commission will blot out the fact that the parents of Ontario are being robbed.

Mr. Pardo's pamphlet on American and Canadian schools, has no imprint on it. Wonder whether it was printed in Detroit or Buffalo?

When the new Whitney government has any buildings to erect, it will engage Canadian architects and not import them from Buffalo.

It is to be hoped the ice harvest will soon commence. There ought to be a good market for a large section of the crop around the fevered brow of the Banner's political writer.

This mela that the Conservatives should secure an undertaking establishment for their headquarters where-in to arrange for Mr. Pardo's political funeral.

Because some of the States in the Union allow parents to be defrauded in school books, we have a pamphlet with Mr. Pardo's compliments, arguing that Ontario should tolerate the same thing. No thanks!

Mr. Pardo, is distributing Hon. George Washington Ross' speeches in pamphlet form. There is nothing peculiar in this except that the speeches don't contain any stolen poetry.

Hon. John Dryden is said only to have six relatives at the Provincial trough against J. M. Gibson's 27. This is hardly fair. Why not give the bungalows another term so that Dryden can even things up?

It is found that the cost of text books to the pupils attending the public schools of Ontario averaged 19-5 cents per pupil per year. Educational pamphlet with Mr. Pardo's compliments.

Mr. Pardo cannot get one parent in the county of Kent to affix a date that he knows from experience those figures are correct.

The Toronto News, independent, concedes Mr. Whitney a clear majority of 16 over Liberals and patrons. This is a moderate estimate. As things stand, though, he will likely carry 63 seats out of the 94. Are East and West Kent going to be buried with the minority?

Dear Mr. Pardo, your pamphlet on the "History of Education in the Province," is very interesting, but why should it be filled with Yankee statistics? Can't this great Province even teach its A B C's without rushing to Maine or Michigan to ask them if we are doing so properly?

Our esteemed local column, which threw enough mud last Dominion election, to block the mouth of a navigable river, works itself into a frenzy over this paper's puny reference to Mr. Pardo's financial committee room. Still it's pleasant to know that if its expenditure does not improve both parties favor a policy of increased asylum accommodation. In the meantime the local Liberal managers should look after it.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Montreal Gazette.
Sandfield Macdonald's policy of boarding was not continued. The Mowat-Hardy policy of mere spending was adopted. Instead of a surplus there is a debt liability of over five million dollars. The treasurer's statements contain the evidence.

SAME IN BOTH KENTS.

Windsor Free Lance.
Let us have a representative who is something more than a voting machine. A rubber stamp labelled "North Essex" and placed in the hands of Premier Hardy would do as well as Billy McKee, for all he did during the four years was to record his vote with the Government.

GRITS KNOCKING OUT THE PATRONS.

Peterborough Times.
The ungrateful Grits are nominating candidates in many ridings to oppose the Patrons. The Patrons richly deserve this treatment, for though they were elected as Independents and not Reformers, yet Hardy had no better followers in the House. Any of them that survive will value their independence a little higher.

YET THE RANK AND FILE GET NOTHING.

Montreal Gazette.
Mr. Dryden is one of the Ontario ministers who are appealing for endorsement by the Province. His great achievement appears to have been the placing on the pay lists of the Government of two uncles, one cousin, one brother and one brother-in-law. He has been a good imitator of Sir Oliver Mowat. In Ontario under a Liberal administration public office is regarded as a private snap.

HOPES FULFILLED.

The following letter tells what people think about Laxa-Liver Pills:
Dear Sirs,—I gladly testify to the virtues of Laxa-Liver Pills. I used to be troubled with severe headaches and constipation for a long time and took those pills hoping for a cure, and my hopes were rapidly fulfilled. I have found them a never-failing remedy, and heartily recommend them.
Signed, MISS S. LAWSON,
Moncton, N. B.

Who's Who?

BY HUGO ST. FINISTERRE, M. D.

Therein I condemned him, as I had the right to do, for had he made it clear I would have been prepared at every point but he was ashamed to do so, and now the all important knowledge was mine.

And with it came a feeling of gratitude beyond the power of language to express. I would find out the address of Harold and tell him everything, adding that there was not the slightest cause to fear those two miscreants. Before he returned to meet them I would have a settlement with Messrs. Discoe and Huke, which, to say the least, would leave them in a demoralized condition.

As if fortune was playing into our hands, this same Discoe had written me a letter in which the whole truth was told, and this letter was now in the hands of Detective-Cone. True, he was amenable to the law for pilfering the misive, but he would not be made to suffer, since it had turned out so well.

I presume you came to New York to get the \$10,000.
"You guessed it the first time, and what's more, I'm going to have it. Keep that simple, and don't pipe. Why didn't you tell it before?"

"That I twice offered it to you ought to be proof enough that I meant to keep my pledge, but three weeks ago matters were so bad with me that I couldn't have raised \$10,000 if my life had been at stake."

"I don't believe a word of it." "Nevertheless, it's true."
"How are you getting on?"
"I've got money to burn."

"Are you ready to hand it over?"
"Will you take my cheque?"

"Not by a large majority. Then bits of paper sometimes turn up good for nothing, but coin or green paper this it needs."

"Do you suppose I carry that amount of money round with me? I have sufficient to pay my expenses for a few weeks."

"Then you must draw the money and turn it over to us."

"I will go into town to-morrow and take it out of the bank. I will come back to Englewood on the afternoon train and will meet you—where?"

He thought for a moment. Then his eyes gleamed. "I'm thinking of the old stone house on the right of the road a half-mile this side of the Palisades. You remember it, for it is in plain sight from the river."

"Yes, and a path leads to it where there is an occasional copperhead. But tell me how you knew I had come to Englewood?"

"I didn't know it. You used to talk of the place as being very pretty, and said you had a notion of making your home there. It was all guesswork on my part."

His face hardened again.
"It was clear to me why he had selected the place. He was a man of means. There were hundreds of places in New York where we could have had the money, but he exchanged without the slightest personal risk. But my previous hesitancy convinced him I was unwilling to pay over so large a sum. He suspected that I would set some trap by which the money would be saved and he and his pal punished."

"But if I were to meet him in the out-of-the-way place, where no human being could see him, he might be prevented from working their sweet will with me."

Nothing but—of that, however, later. "Will you meet us at that place to-morrow night, say at 9 o'clock?"

"Only Providence shall prevent me," was his reply. "I'm in the thick of this business, and want it settled."

So do we, and what's more, we're going to have a settled. You needn't think there's any trick by which you can catch us. Of course you can go back to the city to-morrow and stay there. You'll keep us in the money, but your life will pay the forfeit."

How he longed to take me by the throat, but not half as much as I longed to take him by the throat. I observed that he was wearing a watch, and if he were a pigeon! How I would love to crush him to the floor and make him believe for mercy!

"Don't mind if I am a few minutes late, but if alive I will be at the stone house to-morrow night at 9 o'clock, and I shall have \$10,000 in bank bills with me."

CHAPTER XII.

PALISADE AVENUE.

"Good morning, Mr. Westcott. How will you have this?"
"In large bills, if you please."

"Hundreds, if convenient."
The cashier passed out ten crisp bills of the denomination named. I thanked him, and walking to the row of desks outside, carefully placed them, without crumple or wrinkle, in the folds of my large necktie, which was shoved into my inner coat pocket and the three buttons fastened over my chest.

"That case in hand," I stepped out into the street and once more walked toward Broadway.

But I changed my mind, wheeled and came back.

At the moment of turning someone dodged into a saloon on the street, as if seized with a sudden thirst. I caught only a glimpse of the small, well-shaped leg, clothed in business gaiters, as it whisked through the door.

"I gave Covey Cone the slip once, and he doesn't mean I shall do it again."

Not wishing him to think I suspected anything, I passed up the street, turned at the next block, and continued my walk in the direction of Broadway.

If I intended to elude him, the job would be difficult, for I felt certain that he could be trusted. I would have taken him partly into my confidence—that is, so far as telling him know of the little game on hand, and without any attempt to reveal my real identity. But I had no hope in him.

He believed, with good reason, that I was "in" with the counterfeiters, and any confidence on my part would be taken as an effort to mislead him. If he should shadow me, there was no saying what constabulary would follow. It might upset all my plans, so I determined to elude him, if it could be done, and it seemed an easy task.

This time when the cable car halted I had a sudden vision. I entered the door ahead of me, but it was a lady whom I had never seen before. Covey Cone was not in sight.

But a second car came whirling round the curve and halted before us. Had passed a block. Looking back, I observed a lady descending the car, climbing into it, and one of the four was a small man, attired in a gray business suit.

"This is getting interesting, but the hand isn't played out yet."

My car halted at Chambers street, where I left it. Instead of turning down toward the river, I went to the left, in the direction of Third avenue. I did not look around, for I knew he was not far off. A brief walk took

me to the American News Company's building, into which I passed, as if in search of a book.

I moved about on the lower floor for a few minutes, picking up one volume after another, and finally paying for a 50 cent novel.

As I did so one of the clerks came forward and smilingly extended his hand.

"It's a good while since we have seen you here, Mr. Westcott. Yes, I don't get down as often as I used to. By the way, I want you to do me a favour that won't cost anything."

"What is it?"
"I have reason to believe that a man is forging me. He's somewhere out front, hanging around and waiting for me. I want you to let me out the back way so as to give him the slip."

"It's against the rules, but I guess we can manage it; follow me."

He kindly conducted me through the rear of the store, opened the huge door, which is always under close surveillance, and made me good day.

Chortling to myself, I walked rapidly to the right and down Reade street to Duane street. Up that I passed to Broadway, and then down on the other side to West street, on the river front. A few blocks along that to the left took me to the foot of Chambers street, where are the offices of the Erie road.

I was just in time to catch the last boat for the 11:30 train, the whistle sounding and the men taking in the plank as I stepped aboard and faced about to see whether I was the last passenger.

I was. A couple of young men made a bid to follow me, but they were waved back as the gates were closed and the wheels began churning the water.

These detectives think they're mighty smart fellows, but it was as easy as rolling off a log to give Covey Cone the slip. One of these days, when this confounded business is straightened out, I'll tell him how I did it."

As passengers over the Northern road of New Jersey know, they have no minutes to loiter away after reaching Jersey City. I hurried up the platform, dived into the smoker, and had hardly time to light a cigar when per began moving.

A lingering suspicion that possibly, after all, I had been outwitted caused me to follow my fellow-passengers with close scrutiny. But if one thing was certain it was that Detective Cone was not among them.

It was to be presumed that while he retained his grey clothing he had made some changes in his personal appearance. They are circumstances, such as at night, when the light is

Smilingly extended his hand.

recant, where disguises of that nature are effective. But the hints of officers that they can so change their looks as to deceive in the glare of sunlight is humbug. The thing is impossible.

Covey Cone might have called into play the utmost resources of his art; but having set face to face with him and looked into his bright eyes, it would have been impossible for him to hoodwink me. If he were on the row, he was not in the smoker, and I was so sure that he was not the fellow-traveller that I did not take the trouble to look into other cars.

The run on the Northern road, with one or two exceptions, is less than 30 miles, and since there are no western connections, the trains almost invariably make exact time. As a consequence our local line drew up at Englewood at 12:15, which was one minute in advance of schedule time.

Failing my place on the platform, I scrutinized every man and woman who stepped off and went either to the waiting cars, which whirled them away to their homes, or who made their way thither on foot. Covey Cone was not among them.

And yet had I glanced at the other side of the train I could not have failed to see that gentleman, who, observing me on the watch, had plenty of time in which to disappear behind the buildings to the left, so that when the cars moved off it was invisible to me.

Convinced that I had given the detective the slip and that he was to bear no hand in the momentous events of the evening, I sauntered to the hotel, there to await the time for my first move in the business.

Meanwhile the officers, lingering until I was out of the way, passed by a roundabout course to Palisade avenue, the main street of Englewood, and entered the telegraph office, from which he sent a message in cipher to New York. Then, without waiting for a reply, he went to the hotel across the street, where he too, awaited the events of the evening.

Two letters had come during my absence. One was a begging misive, from a young man in the West, which I tore up and fung aside. The other was from Jeanette Lawrence. With strange feelings tremblingly opened it and read:

Dearest Harold,—It was sensible and good of you to follow the advice of Dr. Shippen. I address this to your city home, not knowing whether you have gone, and I suppose it will be forwarded. I pray that you may soon be fully yourself and will drive all the queer fancies from your head. I am sure that such will be the case. Mother and I are well, and she sends her love and best wishes, but we are taking no more rest. If you feel like writing a few lines to me, I send not tell you how gratefully I will be received. But follow the counsel of the doctor, and believe me, as ever, yours, JEANETTE.

After holding this in my hand for some minutes, studying the beautifully-formed characters and tracing the sweet sentiments, I took up my pen to answer.

But what should I say? What was there for me to say? I could not attempt to undo her, for she would accept the effort as another proof of my distressing delusion and probably insist that I should see the physician without delay.

If I should write as Harold would have written, breathing love, adoration, devotion, it would be still more cruel deception on my part and pile up sin against the day of reckoning which I felt was close at hand.

Not to reply to the tender communication would be cold and neglectful.

(To be continued.)

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Night Losses, Drains, Varicocele
Youthful Errors . . .

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properly applied. Why not be up with the times? In ten years electricity will be the treatment supreme. With my world-famed Electric Belt and Supporting Suspensory I cured last year 5,000 weak men, young and old. Book, "THREE CLASSES OF MEN," explaining all, sent sealed free upon request, or drop in and consult me free of charge. Address,

DR. A. S. SANDEN, 156 St. James St., Montreal, Que.

Does Your Food Do You Good?

If you have dyspepsia your food cannot do all the good it should. R. B. B. cures dyspepsia and regulates the stomach, so that every grain of nutriment is extracted from the food. Solid facts count. Miss Mary Row, Bell-Point, N. S., says: "Burdock Blood Bitters made a complete cure in my case after I had suffered for two years from dyspepsia. I believe it cannot fail to cure."

SOCIAL JOYS.

"What is a spread, Uncle Aleck?"
"Well, a spread is so called because the man who gives it has to spread himself all over town to raise the money to pay for it."

A THROBBING HEART

Is caused by wrong action of the heart, and can only be cured by correcting and regulating its working. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills do this. Here is the proof. Mr. John Griffin, St. Lawrence Hotel, Montreal, says: "They cured me of nervousness, throbbing heart beat, dizziness and constant headache. My heart beats as steady as a clock now."

If you tell your troubles to God, you put them into the grave; they will never rise again when you have committed them to Him. If you roll your burden anywhere else it will roll back again, like the stone of Sisyphus.—Spurgeon.

WILL YOU TRY?

Will you try to get rid of constipation if we tell you how? The remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters. It purges the stomach, liver and bowels, in perfect order. We prove what we print: "I think there is no equal to R. B. B. for constipation," says Mrs. Thomas C. Delaney, Ontario. "It cured both my husband and myself after using only five bottles in all."

God communicates to us truth which we can comprehend, commands which we can obey, promises which we can put to the test, help by which we are constantly strengthened, love to which we owe of our hearts.—Dr. Conder.

UNDOUBTED EVIDENCE.

Gentlemen,—I am pleased to recommend your Laxa-Liver Pills for constipation, dyspepsia and sick headache. I have used them for those troubles, and find them a pleasant, sure and quick cure, free from the annoying griping of other pills I have heretofore used.

Signed, H. JAMES,
St. Nicholas Hotel,
Hamilton, Ont.

What can be done to-day may or may not be done to-morrow. But, what ought to be done to-day, is the plain duty of the present. There are things that can be safely postponed; but the duty is not one of these. Never be in doubt on this point.—S. S. Times.

18 YEARS TOWN CONSTABLE.

Mr. R. Knisley, Hagersville, Ont., holds the record of having been town constable for 18 years. Mr. Knisley says: "I suffer from kidney and bladder weakness by three boxes of Don's Kidney Pills. I often had to away to their house, or who made account of bladder weakness. The pills entirely did away with this annoying symptom. I highly recommend them for all kidney or bladder troubles."

A DEFENSIVE MEASURE.

Of Wagner music, always say: You adore it—this you'll find. Protects you from the Wagnerite Who would argue till you're blind.

NO MATTER.

No matter how obstinate the cough, how severe the cold, Norway Pine Syrup will cure and cure quickly. No other remedy equals it in curative power over throat and lung troubles.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT

is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments. It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTEN,
Port Mulgrave.

WANT TO KEEP YOUR NEURALGIA?

Of course you don't; so you should take Scott's Emulsion. It is a fact this remedy cures it; and it cures nervousness, nerve debility and insomnia also.

WORRIES OF WEALTH.

"Do you expect to be able to manage that betwixt when you marry her?"
"Yes, I can manage her all right; what troubles me is how to manage her relatives."

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Also a large assortment of lumber suitable for general house furnishings at very low prices.

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