

The Planet.

S. STEPHENSON - Proprietor.

Business Office 53A
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 29.

A CITY'S GOOD NAME.

The letter of Civitas, relative to the action of the City Council in repudiating the responsibility of their recorded promise to some two hundred young citizens who attached themselves to our Regiment,—which appeared in the local press on Wednesday,—has the right ring to it. Councils and corporations would lose much of the contemptible stigma which appears to attach to so many of their manoeuvres and methods by adopting such a policy of out-and-out straight-out honesty and integrity as Civitas looks for—not only about this matter, but about all others.

This is an important matter in itself—important to the prestige and good name of our city; important to the character and standards of our civic representatives.

The City Council to-day owes each of nearly 200 of our young men—all citizens of the town—a certain sum of money. This amount was definitely promised them and the promise recorded in the minutes of the Council. The conditions governing the promise have been fulfilled and the money is due. The young citizens, through their representative, have submitted their claim—and the city's representatives, relying upon the technicality that the promise was said to be not legally binding, have ignored the obligation. Not even an explanation is tendered.

To the ordinary layman the whole situation appeals unpleasantly; to those who possess a fine sense of honor and reverence the sanctity of a promise is offensive; to all it is a transaction bearing vital import.

And it is not only important in itself—it is infinitely more important in making manifest the disposition which is permeating so much of our public life. Men, who in private life and in their own business relations, establish a standard of uprightness and integrity, pay their debts, reverse their promise and guard their good name, apparently cast all these considerations to the winds when they mingle in the intrigues, wire-pulling and political technicalities of the public arena.

Chatham must guard itself against any toleration of, or "winking at," these methods. It must nip every tendency to moral looseness in the bud; it must maintain, at all cost, civic honor and unswerving integrity.

For "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Meanwhile, two hundred young citizens, with their parents and friends—and all other ratepayers loyal to civic uprightness and strict integrity—are entitled to a full and adequate explanation of this episode by the whole Council, from Mayor McKeough to the last alderman, ere these gentlemen again seek their suffrages as candidates to represent Chatham and its good name.

THE CITY GRAND

Maple City theatre-goers will experience considerable satisfaction in noting the extensive improvements being made by the enterprising young manager on the Grand Opera and its equipment. Mr. Brisco's efforts in this matter will be appreciated by the public to whom he caters.

But, more important to the theatre-goer, is the announcement, made authoritatively, that Chatham is to be favored during the ensuing season with a very superior class of productions.

Last year there was much criticism on the general style of show presented here—and considerable of it was deserved.

This has evidently been recognized by Manager Brisco, and he has set out this season to secure the best obtainable. Several genuinely first-class productions have been already signed and others will be sought after.

It is up to Chathamites to demonstrate to the young manager that they appreciate his efforts—that good shows are the ones that pay here.

In this way we may, once and for all, get rid of the dog days of the farce-fizzle, the blood and thunder finery and the dreary imitations of so-called standards.

THE HOPELESS QUEST

It seems to be practically impossible for a boat built on the other side of the Atlantic to win in the America's Cup under the present conditions. While everyone must admire the Homeric struggle Sir Thomas Lipton has made to lift the trophy, further persistence could scarcely add to his reputation as a sportsman. All that English skill and money can do has been done, and, broadly speaking, at no time in fifty years has the cup

been in danger. Only once, as has been previously noted, has a challenger won a single race, let alone a series. Surely only the most ignorant of patriotic Americans believes that the relative positions of challenger and defender in the history of cup races represents the relative skill of English and American designers. Yet, just such an erroneous belief is encouraged by these contests. The great handicap which every British yacht must assume before starting in a race on this side of the Atlantic should not be lost sight of. The challenger, according to the deed of gift, must cross the ocean on her own bottom. She must travel three thousand miles, after having been keyed to racing pitch, and sustain a thousand jerks and strains every mile. Only those who understand what a dainty and delicate piece of mechanism a racing craft is can appreciate what this means. Under ordinary conditions it means defeat, inevitable and sure. For this reason America's Cup races are no criterion of the relative skill of English and American yacht-builders. If they prove anything, that thing might be represented by saying that no British boat can give the best American boat ten miles start over a 30-mile course. The Englishmen are simply unable to pick up their handicap and win. Nor do these contests, which have come to be regarded as the greatest sporting event of the year, serve the original purpose of yacht races. They do nothing to suggest improvements for the Merchant Marine. Not the slightest practical good comes from them. A modern racing machine is useless for all purposes but one—racing, and in racing is supreme in only one branch—sailing into the wind.

It is probable that there will be contests for the America's Cup as long as yachting is a sport. England will continue to challenge, and one day will win. But why should not an English yacht club offer another valuable trophy, which might tempt United States sailors across with boats like Reliance, Columbi and Constitution? Then it would be seen if our neighbors to the South do "beat creation" at this game. If they should win this second cup let us take off our hats to them and quit the seas. Until they are able to demonstrate that they can struggle under disadvantages to which English yachtsmen have been condemned, and win, we must respectfully decline to admit that they are supreme in the sea's great sport—Mail and Empire.

A GOOD NAME.

Ridgeway Dominion.

The Empire may now be considered safe from all attacks. A new battle-ship named the Dominion was safely launched on Monday. The name is quite a compliment to this favorite family journal, and also this Canada of ours. Long may the Dominion float on the seas, flying the flag that for a thousand years, etc.

THE POSTMASTER SAYS

That Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Bring Sure Relief — Everybody Speaks Highly of Them.

Mr. R. Jancowski, the postmaster at Fesserton, Ont., is a man who enjoys the esteem of the community in which he resides. Consequently the following statement from him is worthy of the careful consideration of everyone.

"I have given Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets a fair trial and can with every confidence recommend them. I generally use only half a Tablet after eating and it has always given me relief."

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W. A. Macdonald, of the Kent Canning Co. of Sandwich and Chatham, says that there will be plenty of tomatoes this year and that the crop would be late, but of a better quality than in years past.—Amherstburg Echo.

Wood's Phospholine,

The Great English Remedy, is an old, well established and reliable preparation. Has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend it as being the only medicine of its kind that cures and gives universal satisfaction. It promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Exhaustion, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, and all effects of abuse or excess; the excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, Mental and Brain Work, all of which lead to Insanity, Consumption and an Early Grave.

Price \$1 per package or six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send for free pamphlet. Address The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phospholine is sold in Chatham by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store.

Kent Bridge

A Short History of this Thriving Village Founded on the Thames River in Chatham Township—Historic Associations Recalled.

(Ridgeway Dominion).

This quaint little town is built on the junction of four townships, the Thames river, running east and west, forming a natural division between the northern and southern sections, while a road running north and south divides the eastern and western townships. On the southern side of the river are the townships of Howard and Harwich, and on the northern Chatham and Camden. It is a very old settlement, having been known for many years as Gee's corner. It took its present name of Kent Bridge about 25 or 30 years ago, when the fine suspension bridge bearing that name was constructed. This is, perhaps, one of the finest bridges in the rural districts in Western Ontario, outside of railway bridges, and is the principal crossing of the Thames for many miles. The bridge was constructed by Clarke Reeves & Co., of Phoenixville, Pa.

The countryside in this section is one of the most productive in the province, the soil being naturally first class. The farmers are prosperous and possess some of the finest two-story brick residences to be seen. This section is somewhat historical, a number of battles having been fought in the neighborhood in 1812. After a flood which took place a few years ago, a great many bulle-

ts, and implements of war were discovered, the surface of the earth having been washed away, exposing many old relics of the war. About a mile or so below the town an American gun boat was sunk to avoid capture. The boat was heavily laden with ammunition and supplies. It is supposed to be still at the bottom of the river, a number of Americans having at different times endeavored to locate it, but without success.

The religious interests of the village are well looked after by two denominations—the Methodist and Presbyterian—each possessing handsome new edifices. The pastor of the former is Rev. Mr. Noble and of the latter Rev. Mr. Robinson.

About a mile or so down the river is a little red brick church, known as Bethel church, and it was here that J. E. Hunt, the evangelist, began his ministerial labors. The mercantile interests of Kent Bridge are well represented, and include the following:—A. S. Pesha, general store and post office; G. R. Langford, general store; Dr. E. P. Burke, physician; E. C. Shaw, blacksmith; C. P. B. hotel, A. Wessott, proprietor; A. Hubbell, hardware; Mr. French's harness shop; Babier's bakery, with a capacity of 900 loaves per week; British American Assurance Co., Fred. Arnold, agent; B. Gregory, blacksmith and carriage shop.

A SMALL CRUISE ON A SMALL YACHT.

Continued From Page Nine.

leafy arms hang down and dabble in the sand, while the whispering shimmer of the leaves seem to woo softly the dusky water at their feet. How cool and tempting it looks after the heat of the day, and what a charming spot to camp in. But there is absolutely no safety for the boat if it should come on to blow, so it cannot be thought of.

While we are carelessly engaged eating our suppers, in the twilight, our good luck comes back to us again. We see the dark line fretting the water out upon the lake. Near and nearer it comes, filling our sight with a first faint puff, then stronger and stronger, and in a little while we are racing along the shore again in the dying light, the wind steady in the south once more. And night settles down upon us, and as there is no moon, darkness.

There is an indescribable charm in this evening sailing—in the uncertain light, in the far off sound of the surf rolling upon the sandy beach, in the sighing of the wind as it comes from far away over the dark waters, in the silvery star-light that gleams up and down between the ragged edges of the clouds, in the voices of the waves—what are they saying?—in the cool, fresh beauty of the early morn, in the noon-day heat, at gentle evening, in the soft summer breeze, in the fierce fall gale, to-night in the gloaming; always, always, the same song, what are they saying; the sad voiced waves?

One amongst us has been here before, and as he is very keen of sight withal, he steers, keeping along the dim shore, which we do not wish to lose sight of, as the boat comes to a halt a half passes and we are anxiously looking for Kingsville light. By-and-by we make out its feeble twinkling, which grows brighter and bigger every moment; then the little red range light on the pier head looms up, and the many lights in great folly, the Mettawas Hotel. In a short time we find our way into the middle of the little harbor, where we let go our anchor and turn in for the night. In spite of the rolling and pitching of the boat we sleep long and well, the sun being high in the heavens when we awake. After pulling ourselves together we pull one another up onto the high dock and sally forth in search of breakfast. One individual cynically suggests the Mettawas, but we feel that our general getting up would put the guests already there at a disadvantage, so, considerably, we go further afield. Having found breakfast and gotten outside of it, we hunt up the telegraph office, wishing to wire friends and obtain the weather probabilities. At length we find the little office, but it is not yet open, and we wait, the heat being outside somewhat impatiently. I am afraid, until it is opened by a kindly, courteous old gentleman, who informs us that he often did not get the probs. until late in the morning, but that he would do what he could for us, so he called Amherstburg. After waiting patiently while Amherstburg— from whence the probs. come—sends at least three or four miles (for it came on a tape) of message stuff through we get them.—"Fresh south winds veering to westward, hot and fine."

The hot and fine are beyond probability; we have them in very fact, and upon arriving at the harbor we find that the veering business had been already gone through, for the wind was blowing fresh and strong from due west. Everything is quickly packed away, the craft made snug, and in ten minutes we are clawing out of the little harbor under our mainail and jib. By the time we reach the pier head the foresail is set, and we dart out swiftly upon the broad lake, heading south-east for Point Pelee, sixteen miles away. The shore on our left, rounding away to the eastward, is soon only a dim haze under our lee. How can I describe the delight of this morning sail! The bright sky flecked with woolly summer clouds, the cool, fresh breeze driving the waters of the lake in long, sweeping seas, their blue, swelling sides, patterned with the changing shadows of the clouds that float high above, and crowned with their glistening white

crests, the life-like spring of the good boat as she cuts through the clear water and rises and falls in graceful motion obedient to the waves, the sense of freedom, the healthful excitement to a lot of the water and sailing—it was an ecstasy.

Se we speed along until we see, indistinctly at first, the long, low line of the Point running far out into the lake. The keen-eyed man who is steering sees, away to windward, so he says, the light-house on the extreme end of the Point. The others stare out in that direction and think they can. There is no doubt about it now; there it stands like a little white pillar, far away on the weather-bow. Going as we are it does not take long to come to the quarters with the Point, and as none of us have been round it before there is some uncertainty as to how far out we must keep. The broken water running upon the sand-bars, however, warns us to keep off, and as we have no dice to leave the bones of our good boat on one of them, we haul her up close to the wind, and stand along parallel to the Point, until certain of a passage. Presently a smooth spot among the rollers proclaims deep water. Then, helm-a-weather, sheets slack off, center-board up, at it we go, and, in less time than it takes to tell, have gently jibed her over on the other tack, round into the smooth water on the lee side of Point Pelee, two hours from Kingsville.

Yes, it looks very quiet and pretty under this summer day, under the warm sun, in the fresh breeze, and harmless withal, but in the cold November days, under the leaden skies of winter, when the south-east gale is driving the blinding rollers of surf upon the desolate sand-bars they point up wears another face. Oh, Point Pelee, when none of us were young, stout schooner and boat have left their timbers to rot upon thee, and many a brave life, too, has closed in the icy waters around thee!

We race away up the shore in the smooth water, heading direct for the farthest point we can see. In the meantime we are hungry, and out comes the ham bone, etc., and there is silence for a space. We drink adieu to Point Pelee in glasses of its native water, slightly diluted with a dash of microbe poison, light our pipes, then lie about and chat or read all but the helmsman. There is a queer looking yellow patch far up the shore, miles away in the dim future, that puzzles us, but it is a good mark so we steer for it. As the afternoon advances the wind increases and ominous looking clouds are slowly rising from behind the waters to the westward, and now that we are far away from the shelter of the Point the sea runs pretty high. A strong puff forces the little ship along at a furious rate, making her steer rather wild, and as she yaws up into the wind somewhat of a current threatens for an instant to come aboard, but the old craft is too nimble, and further, she is not in the habit of allowing such liberties. She pays off again in an instant and the sea, in a last dash to catch her, is cut by her sharp stern, and passes harmlessly along the sides, hissing and foaming in disappointment. This wakes us all up and puts us on the "qui vive." Another squall, harder than before, is tearing along, blackening the water astern. We are ready; down quickly comes the mainail, and, relieved from the after canvas, away she shoots before it straight as an arrow. She goes along more quickly under shortened sail and, as the wind is right aft, quite as quickly and withal more comfortably. At last we are up with the far seen yellow spot, which turns out to be a high bank of sandbars, thrown over the cliff from a mill near by. It seems to possess the peculiarity of the eyes in a portrait; it has been staring at us for miles, and now appears to turn round and will stare at us until we are out of sight. And so we roll along. As we pass the high bluff cliffs with their line of rough beach without harbor of any kind for many miles, we cannot help thinking that it would be most undesirable to have this coast for a lee shore in a gale of wind. We are beginning now to look out for familiar landmarks, but as the whole coast looks so very different viewed from

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this distance on the water, to what it does on the land, it is some time before we are certain as to where we are. Presently we get sight of a saw-mill, which one who knows it well pronounces to be Pardo's mill; then, says another, we ought to be able to see the cottages at Buckhorn; and so we can, says he of the keen eye. Yes, there they are, sure enough, right ahead.

As we pass the cottages we see the cottagers lounging in hammocks or under their verandahs enjoying the breeze. Only six miles from the Eau and yet we cannot see the light-house or Point aux Pins, the soft summer haze covering all as with a veil. Then as we cut along it all looms up at once. The Point, the Light-house, Canvas Village, Cottages, the Eau itself, dotted over with the white sails of many boats. We are seen by our friends from one of the cottages, who wave their handkerchiefs to us, which salute we return. Speeding along we quickly open the "fair broad channel" between the piers, the boat is hauled sharp up to the wind and we glide swiftly through the smooth channel into the quiet, safe waters of the Eau. A couple of short tacks and we are at our moorings, and within half an hour are enjoying the hospitality of our friends, and, around a plentiful tea-table, sail over again our pleasant voyage.

THE SKIPPER.

'Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal.'

A HARD BLOW.

To the Editor of the Dresden Times: Sir,—I wish through your paper to let the public know what McNabb and Kitchen are (I mean the ones who laid the granite walks here). They told me a deliberate and malicious lie and the truth is not in them. James Houston.

Dresden, Aug. 22, 1908.

THIS SERVICE IS UNEXCELLED.

If you desire a pleasant, comfortable and fast trip between Chatham and New York, use the Wabash-West Shore line. Mr. Rispin, of King St., will give you full particulars.

Alex. Duncan, aged 80 years, and for over fifty years a resident of Bothwell, died on Aug. 17th. He was at one time township clerk of Zone before Bothwell was incorporated, and was secretary of the old Zone and Bothwell Agricultural Society, and had held the position of Division Court Bailiff.—Ridgeway Dominion.



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