

FEAR OUR BULLETS

SOUTHERNER DEPICTS US AS DEADLY SHOTS, PREPARING FOR WAR.

Every Man in Canada an Expert Shot—Half a Million Sharpshooters Who Could Lay Uncle Sam's Army in the Dust—One of the Results of the Boer War—A Direful Prospect for Our Neighbors.

The following extraordinary and to Canadians highly amusing, article was published in a newspaper in the Southern States the other day. Big scare headlines were placed on it, as follows: "Menace Uncle Sam—Canada Making Extraordinary Efforts to Create a Nation of Sharpshooters—Is She Preparing for War?—Rifle Practice a National Sport, Encouraged by the Government—500,000 Dead Shots Now." But alarming as were the headlines they are as nothing compared with the statements made in the body of the article.

Canada is rapidly becoming a nation of sharpshooters. This is one of the results of the Boer war. If the other colonies of Great Britain have learned this lesson, the next campaign in which England is engaged will be a bloody affair.

Canada sent several thousand young men to South Africa, and they have profited from their contact with the Boer sharpshooters. To-day enthusiasm prevails all over Canada on this subject.

The Government is encouraging the development of marksmanship to an extraordinary degree. The result is surprising. Every village in Canada sports a rifle range, and every Province is a school for sharpshooters. It is not a fact, but has seized upon the Canadians with a firmness that promises to leave an indelible stamp upon the people for a generation. Of Canada's 6,000,000 of people, there are more than 500,000 capable of bearing arms. This vast army is developing into a fighting machine of colossal proportions.

Here is an aspect of the case that may interest the people of America. If this art of hitting the bull's eye at from 1,000 to 2,000 yards continues with the singular unanimity that now prevails, a conflict in which the people of the States must reckon with Canada as a hostile force may mean a serious thing.

The lessons of the South African veldt indicated with frightful force just what a body of sharpshooters can do when opposed to armies trained in the old school of war. Imagine an army of 500,000 Canadians invading the States, every man of them capable of doing the execution that Cronje and the Boer warriors wrought along the Modder River, Colenso, and the other death traps of South Africa. That is what the Canadian rifleman will be capable of doing if this enthusiasm continues for another year.

If England should suddenly become involved with the United States these fast riders and sharpshooters would menace a given point in the States in less than a week, and they could form the nucleus for the other cavalry forces of Canada, no mean adversaries by any means.

With the 10,000 cavalry of sharpshooters, backed by several hundred thousand fine infantry sharpshooters, Canada could throw across the line into the States some keen fighting men. The writer has seen Uncle Sam's "Buffalo Soldiers," the splendid rough riders of Grigsby, Roosevelt, and Terry, and the "Long Knives" of the Western prairie, those fine cavalry soldiers whom the Indians gave that name because of the sabers they formerly carried, and the "Walk 'em fast," the foot soldiers of the prairie, also named because of their superior qualities as foot soldiers, and he knows the prowess of these brave and hardy fighters, but the Canadian forces, whom these fighters would have to meet, would produce such a sanguinary result as would make the bloody battlefields of South Africa a veritable playground.

At the annual contest of the Ontario Rifle Association, the last week of August, at the Long Branch range, there were some 800 men present from all over Canada. British Columbia sent a crack team, as did Halifax on the east. Over \$4,000 was distributed in cash prizes, and much in trophies. In the 1,200-yard target work, where a man was expected to fire six shots without using his magazine, in forty-five seconds, scores of 94 out of a possible 100 were the rule. The bull's eye of the target is about sixteen inches in diameter, and at 1,200 yards resembles more the bottom of a small oyster can.

Bull's eyes were frequently made by such men as Capt. Elliott, 12th Regiment; Sergt. Graham, 48th, Private McLaren, 48th; and Sergt.-Major Richardson, 5th Artillery. These men tied with a score of 96, and in the shoot-out two more ties of bull's eyes resulted. This work was done in a high wind, and a fierce sun. Quartermaster-Sergt. McVittie of the Highlanders and Capt. Buckley of the 32nd Regiment tied in the same shoot, with a score of 94. In this contest, in which there were seventy-six entries, there was not a shot fired that would not have struck a space as large as the trunk of a man.

In other words, in 45 seconds, all fired in a space of 45 seconds, each would have either killed a soldier or placed him out of the firing line. Again, in a match at 500 yards, of five shots each, with ninety-six entries, the following made five straight bull's eyes: Capt. Tom Mitchell, Lieut. W. L. Ross, and Sergt. Boyles. Capt. Mitchell is the most famous shot in Canada. He makes bull's eyes as far as he can see his target.

These men from all over Canada are being taught daily, not only to shoot, but what is still more important, as proved by the deadly work of the Boers; to estimate distances and the wind. In this is nine-tenths of the work of the marksman.



Love is unequally yoked with sickness. Labor is lightened by love, but love cannot lighten pain or relieve it. Many a man looks on at his wife's suffering willing to do anything to aid her and able to do nothing.

Sometimes, however, the husband's attention is directed to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and its remarkable cures of womanly diseases. He may not have much hope of a cure, but he is led to try the medicine, with the result that in almost every case there is a perfect and permanent cure.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures irregularity. It drives the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. As a tonic for women who are nervous, sleepless, worn-out and run-down "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled.

"In answer to your letter I will say, my wife commenced to complain twenty years ago writes Lewis A. Miller, ex-Chief of Police, of 13 Prospect St., Westport, Pa. We have tried the skill of twelve different doctors. She took pills of medicine during the time she was ill, until I wrote to you and you told us what to do. She has taken eight bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and six of the Golden Medical Discovery. She can do her own work now and can walk around again and is quite smart."

"Favorite Prescription" has the testimony of thousands of women to its complete cure of womanly diseases. Do not accept an unknown and unproved substitute in its place.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

THE STAGE

"All the world's a stage" and all the men and women merely players."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

At the Chatham Grand:—

Monday, March 9 and all week — Tom Marks' Company. Reported good for the prices.

(Supplied to The Planet by Press Agents.)

THE MARKS COMPANY.

Tom Marks, with his ever popular company, will open a whole week's engagement at the Grand on Monday night. The play is entitled "The Night Before New Year's." Two high class specialties will be put on between each act.

Monday night is ladies' night; every person buying a reserve seat ticket is entitled to one ticket free.

It will be advisable for all who want to witness Mr. Marks' opening performance to secure their seats at the advance sale, as it is anticipated that very few seats will be left on the plan by Monday evening.

Why Men Marry.

Journalism in Evansville, Indiana, is nothing if not domestic. Through the agency of the "Courier-Journal" it has been trying to find out why men marry. The editor sent a circular letter to his masculine subscribers, asking them for a personal explanation. He publishes the replies, but mercifully suppresses the names. "I didn't intend to do it," says one man. "Because I hadn't the experience I have now," writes another. There is the consensus of an attic tragedy in a third excuse—"I yearned for company. Now we have it all the time." This, too, has its sublimity point—"I was lonely and melancholy, and wanted someone to make me lively. She makes me very lively." The note of contentment, let alone exaltation, is strongly absent. An inexplicable sort of bewailing resignation seems to be Evansville's nearest approach to happiness.

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THE GREATEST BALL

NATURE'S ANNUAL DANCE NOW IN FULL AND RUSTLING SWING.

Never So Many Guests at Any Ball Before—Gay Costumes Everywhere—The Hurry to Be There—On With the Dance—Nature's Great Ball-Room—What Is It All About?

Nature is holding her grand annual dance. Never were there so many guests at any other ball. Every gust of wind is an invitation to thousands and thousands of little folks to break away from the parent hand that has held them captive from the moment they were born. From state-locks, from spreading maples, from lofty elms, from towering poplars, and even from weeping willows, the guests are hurrying to the great festivity.

All through the summer they have been learning to dance in the warm sunlight. Sweet sap has fed them. Cool dew has bathed them. They have seen the buds burst into bloom, and the blossoms swell into fruit. They have watched the birds come from the South to build nests in secret places that only the leaves knew, and they have kept the secret well. They have learned the offices of the myriads of fluttering insects which passed away in almost the same hour that they were breathed into being. They know the whole story of Nature's unfolding, but they tell it not. They are sworn to secrecy.

In anticipation of the great ball the little folks have dressed themselves in the gayest attire. Such colors! So brilliant and yet so delicate. So gorgeous and yet so soft. Only a divine painter could successfully blend such contradictory tints. No human canvas could hold them. And the variety! It is simply endless.

In all the gay dresses that have been turned out, in such numbers that life is too short to begin to count them, no two are alike. Nature repeats herself, but never exactly in the same way. Yet still more marvelous is the harmony of it all. There are no discords. It is all combined into one sublime note, like the Lost Chord that thrilled a human ear never to sound again, but unlike it because the work is repeated every autumn with the same approach to perfection.

Such a scramble to be there. It is positively unbecoming. At the welcome invitation the giddy young things break away from their parents with scarcely a word of farewell. They are off, they know not where. All they know, and care to know, is that there is a great throng greater than they had ever supposed the world could contain, hurrying helter skelter to the grand dance Nature is giving. How the impatient wind chases them along. It lifts them off the earth and carries them flying through the air.

In every tree there is an orchestra. Bare limbs beat time while the wind whistles a lively tune. The same air serves for any dance. Some of the guests wait to it, making graceful circles in mid-air, and descend to the floor of the great ballroom unharmed. Others who prefer to gallop pass with rapid glides clear out of sight in the ecstasy of the dance. Here and there groups of heavyweights indulge in a set dance that taxes their energies to a less extent. They dance alone, by couples, by threes, and by fours, and by fifties, just as the fancy strikes them. There are wall flowers, too. Some stupid guests get caught in the most absurd places, and are positively unable to move one way or another until a sudden gust of wind lifts them out of their predicament.

And so the great ball goes on all through the night and all through the day. There are extras without limit. The chaperons have long since gone home, tired and out of patience. Often the lancers fall down quite exhausted, but they soon rise again and join the general jubilation with undiminished enthusiasm.

In the narrow city streets there is no room for these festivities. Stern policemen tell the dancers to move on, and careless people tread them under foot.

How the great oaks in the Queen's Park shake with merriment as the thousands of gay dancers crowd around their gnarled trunks. They have seen the ball many a time before, and hope to see it many a time again.

But this is only the antechamber of Nature's ball-room. Toronto is hemmed in by it on all sides, says The Mail and Empire. To the south the gaiety on the island is almost delirious. Eastward at Munro Park and Scarborough Heights, dotted by minarets and by swains, Nature holds high carnival in more stately but not less contagious joy. Up the valley of the Don, around Castle Frank, and the Rosedale ravines, the fun is at its height. In High Park, the beautiful, with its broad, grassy spaces, its shapely trees, its picturesque hills, the dance is unrestrained. Further west in the valley of the Humber, stretching and out of the sounding like far back into the shadows of mysterious forests, the echoes of sweet music, and the quick tread of countless little feet tell that Nature's dance is at its height, that the world is full of pleasure, feasting, and love.

It would be a wise head, indeed, that could tell what it is all about. The invitations make no mention of it. They are not printed, but are simply passed along by word of mouth. Possibly it is the joy of Nature over another year well spent. As the prelude to a time of rest and seeming death, it is perhaps, her way of telling us that all is not lost when the leaves drop and decay. Whatever is the meaning of it all the guests will not tell. They are profoundly secret, so that the interpretation of it is open to all. Yet everyone may see Nature's annual dance and take from it whatever inspiration is sought for and desired.

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BLOOD POISON

On account of its terrible effects, blood disease is called the king of all diseases. It may be either hereditary or contracted; so while it may not be a crime to have the disease, it is a crime to permit it to remain in the system. It may manifest itself in the form of Scrofula, Eczema, rheumatic pains, stiff or swollen joints, thickening of the skin, eruptions or blotches, ulcers in the mouth or on the tongue, sore throat, falling out of hair, disordered stomach, and a general depression of the system. If you have any of these symptoms don't neglect yourself. You have no time to lose. Beware of "old fogey" treatment—beware of mineral poisons—beware of Quacks and Fakers. OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure this disease, never to return. Bank Bonds will protect you. Our treatment is not injurious in any way, but reaches the very root of the disease and eliminates all poison from the system. The symptoms of disease gradually disappear. The blood becomes pure and enriched, the whole system is cleansed and purified, and the patient feels prepared for the duties and the pleasures of life. CURE GUARANTEED OR NO PAY. 25 Years in Detroit. 250,000 Cured.

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