

## Joe Dabbles in Politics

Thinks He Will Become a Grit and "Get in" With the Powers that Be—Has a Rather Poor Opinion of Gamey—Was up Against the Game.

"Any guy's a duffer what ain't a Grit these days."

Joe gave vent to this heterodox utterance in The Planet sanctum the other day, as he smoked one of the sporting editor's imported Spanish gold-tipped cigarettes and perused the colored supplement of a Yankee Sunday journal.

"Didn't know politics were one of your specialties, Joe," quoth the somewhat startled listener.

"No more they was," the shiner replied, "but lately I've been interested in hearin' a lot of guys talk foolishness 'bout this Gamey business. Now I've been lookin' inter their matter fer myself and I've totalled up er few conclusions which is fyled away fer future reference, as the lawyers say."

"Say, I guess youse has been around er bit. Ever see those fellers what follows up the circus and big shows? Youse know what guys I mean, the sharpers what works the shell game and de loaded dice. And youse watch the suckers er comin', all spruced up with er heavenly smile er confidence—all of 'em goin' ter skin der sharp guys at their own game. Its funny ter watch their difference in 'em afore and after takin'."

"One time I sees er bright young feller come erlong with er look er joy and keenness. He looked er bit spruced up and ter-date and he were er bit smooth himself. I says ter myself, 'That guy's on. He don't buck up 'gainst no man's own game or de loaded dice.' And I was surprised when I seed he'd bit. 'Bout half an hour after I sees that feller lookin' as though he's just come through ther threshin' machine. Say, every time they talks erbout Gamey I thinks er that guy."

"Gamey musta kinder thought he could play that there Ross-Sullivan and Stratton conbarnation at their own game—and that's where he fooled himself. It's no good me tryin' ter skin Bill Boyd outer his pile on er card shuffle. Others fellers er tried that and been sorry fer it. And that's where Gamey missed his grip. He thought he'd turn a trick on that gang er guys what is past masters at their skin game. They stacked the cards and give Gamey the Boyd shuffle and he were all in 'parently. That Sullivan, Ross and Stratton gang are the goods on a crooked deal. They's been at it too long fer a greenhorn like Gamey. They's been at the business fer a long time and any game what can put all over the people and get away with it like 'em ain't no meat fer greenhorns at the game. That's why I tells youse that any guy's a duffer what ain't a Grit these days."

"Then a feller gets in on ther graft, does er little forgettin' once in er while or swearin' er few things he ain't quire sure of—and the old guys what calls 'emselves judges and is tipped off with er few thousand dollar erpointments fer their kids what would otherwise be shinin' shoes at 10 cents per, rolls ther eyes to the heavens and says as solemn and beautiful as yer please, 'I can find no fault in him.'"

"Now I calls that er genuine graft and I wants ter ring in." "Then you are going to become a Grit, Joe?" the shiner was asked. "Why shouldn't I? I've got ther qualifications—a keen forgettery and a keen appetite fer er fat soft snape and get in on ther grafts with the judges and the rest er the gang. It's er better spec. selling timber limits than shinin' shoes."

## "Getting Together"

Heart to Heart Talks with Chathamites—Some Plain Talk About Choir Giggling—Some of the Shams One Runs Up Against.

### CHOIR GIGGLING.

This city is very highly favored along musical lines. Perhaps there is no other city in Ontario where there are so many finished musicians, where the church-goers pay as much in dollars and cents for their music, as in the Maple City. Many of the musicians and singers engaged are not by any means amateurs, but professionals with more than a local reputation. So it is no wonder that the music furnished by our choirs is very much above the average; and yet, competent as the choir leaders and organists are, and talented as many of the vocalists are, the service of song in the churches is often marred by those in the seats and thoughtless members of the choirs through conspicuous giggling and talking. This is not probably confined to any one choir, but is to a certain extent true of all. The choir giggler is, as a rule, usually found among the class who seek to attract attention through loud talking and the wearing of cheap jewelry and tawdry finery. Less of this should be found, especially in our church choirs.

### SHAMS.

According to Webster, there are many other kinds of shams besides pillow shams. In one of his definitions he says that a sham is 'an imposture, or something that deceives or pretends to be what it really is not.'

As an example of a sham we might cite the case of the "professor," who visits our city periodically to read heads, cure corns, treat scapls, cure all manner of diseases by prayer and the laying on of hands, selling cheap jewelry, etc. These men are always self-styled professors.

While thoughtful people give them a wide berth, it is marvellous how

many supporters they have among people who are supposed to have ordinary common sense, who will part with their good money for whatever the so-called professor may say he has for sale.

An example of this was given some years ago by one of our selling professors, who, after selling a number of tin watches to a number of people on the market square, threw out a line, telling each man who had purchased a watch to catch it, and, after asking if they had all caught on, said that it was the biggest string of "suckers" he had ever caught. He then whipped up his horse and left his customers sadder but much wiser.

But shams are not always confined to strangers. Every town and city has its list. There are shams among the medical practitioners, who pretend to greater skill than their fellows, and who possess many of the essentials of quacks; whose cures are always heralded by their admiring friends—nature, of course, does nothing in the restoration to health, and the physician does it all. The quiet, thoughtful, professional man is left in his office to read his books and furnish his mind while the braggart, the quack, the sham, is sought by the gullible public, who are willing to pour their hard-earned money into the hands of a man who gives nothing in return, furnishing many illustrations of the truth spoken by P. T. Barnum when he said, "The people like to be humbugged."

Then there is the religious sham—to go to church, to pray long and loud, to be able to argue learnedly on the different creeds and dogmas of the various churches, to be ready at all times to admonish a brother, to find fault with all other professing Christians. This is the standard of excellence usually attained to by the religious sham. To be kindly disposed, to be easy to get along with, to be charitably inclined, to be generous to a fault—this is not part of the life of a religious sham. To put their money in a bank and have the preacher live on a starvation salary, to carp and criticize at the good deeds worn by the minister or his wife—these are the excuses generally given by the pious sham for not contributing largely to the running expenses of the church. Evidently, to the mind of the religious sham, "the wine and the milk and the gospel grace," are without money and without price, and he also expects that the vessels in which these are carried should be furnished for nothing.

Away with such frauds. According to the real teaching of the church, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: to visit the fatherless and the widow in their afflictions and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Measured by this standard, what perfect shams some outwardly religious people seem to be.

## GRAVEL ON STREETS

Thos. Martin, of the firm of Thos. Martin & Son, remarked this morning as follows:—

"A great mistake is being made in the way the gravel is being put on the streets. A little gravel here and a little gravel there will do no good. One street should be selected and, as far as it can be done, this street should be covered with gravel. If only one block can be done a year, let that block be done. Look at Colborne St. where the Lake Erie put that gravel. It is one of the best streets in the city."

"There is another defect in the judgment of the Board of Works. They are putting the gravel on Emma St. instead of putting it on one of the leading streets, where traffic is heavier and the traffic from the country would be benefited."

## .. SATCHEL OF THE SATELLITE..

I guess June is trying to play a freeze out.

I think the ham in that Sandwich was Chat-ham.

I have decided not to go to another circus till next Thursday.

One would expect hotel keepers to be sort of booze(m) friends.

Blame is something that nobody is willing to take for nothing.

The Sandwich was too much for the Chatham footballers to chew.

As usual, safe breakers and burglars visited Hamilton with the circus.

In connection with the circus, you generally find the best things all in the ring.

It couldn't possibly have been the same judges who kalsomined the Grit sign just a year ago.

I don't know anything about bitulitic pavement, but it can't be any worse than cobble stone.

Between Anarchists and revolutionists, I don't think that this King job is conducive to longevity.

They have a more effective way of getting rid of bad rulers in Serbia than they have in Ontario.

The lazy man got the bounce and his employer remarked that the laborer was worthy of his fire.

Judging by some city lots, the owners are raising burdock for the Mayor's flower garden prize.

While you are away seeing the circus parade, you may have a little worse than cobble stone.

That William street pavement should not be rushed. The shock might be too much for the residents.

When Sheridan wrote the "School for Scandal" he must have had a premonition as to what Ross in power would be.

I don't blame people with such names as Karagorevitch, Ghenshies, Ljubowmir, Kalvies, etc., for starting a revolution.

The circus is coming and I would like to warn my enemies that there is no use going up against a stacked deck. You can't beat the fakers at their own game.

There is a man in a Baltimore

## OPEN SECRETS

The truth lies round about us, all too closely to be sought, So open to our vision that 'Tis hidden to our thought.

We know not what the glories Of the grass, the flower, may be; We needs must struggle for the sight Of what we always see.

Waiting for storms and whirlwinds, And to have a sign appear, We deem not God is speaking in The still, small voice we hear.

In reasoning proud, blind leaders of The blind, through life we go, And do not know the things we see, Nor see the things we know.

Single and indivisible, We pass from change to change, Familiar with the strangest things, And with familiar, strange.

We make the light through which we see The light, and make the dark; To hear the lark sing, we must be At heaven's gate with the lark.

—Alice Carey.

## Feet Swollen, Could Not Walk.

"I have had Rheumatism for two years, principally in the legs, and the disease was aggravated by my work, which necessitated standing up all day. About six weeks ago I was particularly badly affected; my legs and feet were swollen up so that I could hardly put my shoes on. I secured a vial of Munyon's Rheumatism Cure, and it was wonderful the relief I obtained. The swelling is all gone, and I have not suffered a bit since. I am cured."—J. B. Robinson, 55 Clarence street, Ottawa.

Your druggist will recommend Munyon's Rheumatism Cure; ask him about it. Only 50c a vial.

Think of all the ills from which you are exempt, and it will aid you to bear patiently those which you may now suffer.

## INTERESTED

"I saw in last Saturday's Planet, in the supplement," remarked Warren Lambert to a Planet reporter the other day, "an account of the great fire of '54. I remember the fire quite distinctly. It was a terrific one. Fires were quite frequent in those days."

"That fire was bad for me," continued the genial "pop" man, "as I had engaged, the night of the fire (which occurred at twelve o'clock) to go to work next morning at the 'Advertiser' printing office, but never got the job, as the place was burned down that night."

"Thos. Ireland, who ran it, never started the paper again, but Mr. Vosburg continued it under the name of the Advertiser. Mr. Ireland went to Wallaceburg."

## The Days of Auld Lang Syne

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered from The Planet's Issues of Half a Century Ago.

From The Planet files of 50 years ago, from Aug. 29th to Oct. 11th, 1854.

K. Urquhart advertises a grocery business.

On Tuesday the 29, John McKeough was married to Miss Jane Dolson.

There seems to have been plenty of breweries in Chatham at this time.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Dolson to Frederick Serens, is recorded.

The marriage, also, of Henry Richards to Miss Mary Angeline Sherwood is recorded also as taking place on August 29.

The death is recorded of Mrs. Van Allen, aged 86 years and 11 months. She was the relict of the late Captain Henry Van Allen.

The Kent Agricultural Society gave Wm. Cosgrave a complimentary dinner for his faithful service of sixteen years as treasurer of the association.

James Lambert, formerly of the firm of Smith & Lambert, of this town, was united in marriage to Miss Rhoda Jane Wright, on Oct. 1th.

On Oct. 11, at 7.30 a. m., Rufus Stephenson, foreman of The Western Planet, was married to Miss Georgina, eldest daughter of Thos. Andrew, of this town. Rev. Mr. McColl performed the ceremony.

Peninsular Fair was held September 13, in 1854. The prize list, published in The Planet, the following Wednesday, Abbott Wilcox, who is to-day on the McGregor farm, up the creek, took first prize for the best pair of ducks.

At a meeting of several of the influential inhabitants of this town,

## Maple City Garden Competition

Citizens will Compete for Mayor McKeough's Garden and Boulevard Prizes—The Three Judges.

Much interest is being taken in the McKeough competition for the best kept lawns in the city, and as a result Chatham has to-day some of the neatest and best appearing lawns to be found in any city.

This interest is being felt quite generally, by rich and poor alike, and Messrs. Thomas, Harris and Ross, the judges of the competition, will be very busy men when the time comes for them to act. It is understood that the entries will be very numerous and it will no doubt be a very difficult matter to decide upon the winners. Some of the lawns are a credit to the owners. In many cases flower beds have been put in since the competition first came up and the effect is quite marked beautiful.

In selecting the winners the judges will take everything into consideration, the surroundings and the opportunities, etc., of the competitors, and the prizes will, as close as possible, be awarded to those who have won the most earnestly and faithfully for them.

Mr. Thomas, who is the senior

judge, reports that as yet no entries have been made, but he expects to have plenty of them when the time comes to award the prizes, which will probably not be until September. Mayor McKeough deserves great credit for starting this creditable scheme, and he is succeeding towards the end he had in view—pretty, well-kept lawns for the Maple City.

## WEED 'EM OUT

It is disgraceful to the city to have so many weeds growing up on the streets, said a ratepayer this morning. "These weeds should certainly be cut, and that immediately. It would be a good plan to have the city cut the weeds and charge the expense to the ratepayers who have the work done. In that way all of the weeds in the city would be cut and the streets would present a uniform appearance."

"There is also a very bad plank sidewalk on McKeough promenade that ought to be repaired. The attention of the Board of Works should be called to this."

Do not fret or worry.



The professional cook would not be without the improvements and conveniences of the

## Imperial Oxford Range

His skill would only be wasted in a poor stove. The amateur cook cannot expect anything like satisfactory results without these improvements.

No matter what skill is employed in your kitchen you cannot do good cooking without the conveniences of the Imperial Oxford Range. The diffusive flue construction means an evenly heated oven; the thermometer tells you the exact heat of your oven; the draw-out oven rack makes baking simple; the draw-out grate makes repairs easy. The Imperial Oxford Range does perfect cooking with the least labor.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited

Toronto, Canada

Montreal

Winnipeg

Vancouver

E. E. Parrott. Benj. Rothwell.

PARROTT & ROTHWELL.

If you want to buy or sell real estate, or to get a loan, or to insure your life or your property, or to have your accounts written up, or to have collections made, just interview

PARROTT & ROTHWELL.

Office King Street, Opp. Market.

Chatham.