

The Daily Planet

S. STEPHENSON, PROPRIETOR.

TELEPHONES
Business Office 331 Editor's Room 102

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1907.

OTTAWA LAND DEALS.

Parliament has been startled, and the country may well be alarmed, at the latest revelations of land exploitation permitted, and, indeed, facilitated by the Government at Ottawa. The operations are on a large scale, and involve very considerable sums of money. One was effected through the alteration of the grazing land regulations. The other was carried on by way of an ignorant grant.

In 1905 the law regarding grazing land forced the rancher to make way for the settler on receiving two years' notice that his land, or a part of it, was needed for colonization. Towards the end of April in that year the regulations were quietly and suddenly changed, so that the lessee could get an irrevocable lease of a large area for 21 years, and could buy out right one-tenth of his entire holding at \$1 an acre.

Immediately that the alteration was made in the law half a dozen leases were granted. Two politicians secured 96,482 acres as leasehold property for 21 years, with the right to buy 9,648 acres, worth \$12 an acre, for \$1 an acre! Later on, the law was changed back to the position in which it formerly stood. The door was closed.

The fortunate lessees sold out to a London syndicate at a profit of \$350,000.

If a London syndicate was willing to pay \$350,000 for this splendid concession, why did not the Ottawa Government get that money for the Treasury?

The politicians who secured the grazing lease on special terms and turned it over at a profit of \$350,000, were also granted 380,000 acres of land at \$1 an acre, on condition that one-fourth of the grant should be irrigated. This concession was taken to London and was sold for \$500,000 to a company which undertakes to carry out the terms.

If the grant was worth \$500,000 to a London company why did not the Government sell it to the company direct and get the \$500,000 for the Treasury instead of passing it over to politicians who capture the half million of dollars for themselves?

The middleman in these cases has been placed between the settler and the Treasury. He has collected \$850,000 on two transactions, and the farmer, who buys the land, has to pay that amount to him.

Why has this system been introduced? Why are two or three politicians permitted to make enormous hauls out of deals in public lands?

That these operations, so profitable to favorites and so injurious to the public, are but sample cases there is reason to fear. They certainly render necessary a complete probing of the Department of the Interior that the business of the past ten years may be exposed, and that restitution may be demanded.

THAW WILL GO FREE.

The London Free Press, commenting on the famous New York murder trial, says:

"Harry K. Thaw will go free. The unwritten law will avail. District Attorney Jerome may well spare himself the effort to impress upon the jury that their duty is to decide the fate of the prisoner at the bar by the laws of the state of New York."

"Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, the young and beautiful wife of the man-slaver on trial, has told a story of wrong suffered at the hands of the victim of her husband's revolver. She has demanded of the jurymen a verdict they will not refuse."

"It is a story calculated to shock the civilized world. The rotteness of society in the metropolis is laid bare—a seething sore."

There is no doubt but that the sentiment contained in this is felt by everyone who has followed the incidents in connection with the trial. The Guelph Mercury, too, seems to speak with considerable understanding when it says: There has never been any public sympathy expressed for the dead man, nor is this surprising. Beyond his high professional standing there was nothing to commend Stanford White to the sympathy of the public. He was a rake, certainly, but he was an elderly rake and there is no romance in a fat elderly rake. The prisoner is young, and although he has been a reckless, self-indulgent brawler, still there is sympathy coming to him on account of his youth, and the temptations that beset a young fellow with boundless means.

This merely shows how weak human nature is in its sympathies and how often the wrong man is the recipient of such sympathies. Will he go to the chair? He will not.

AULD LANG SYNE

FROM PLANET FILES OF HALF A CENTURY AGO

Taken from The Planet files from Dec. 28, 1865, to Jan. 4, 1866.

Our townsman, Mr. Fenton, returned a few days ago from a brief sojourn to Philadelphia, where he had been pursuing his medical studies, and where he experienced that hospital "Brotherly Love." We understand that during his stay he delivered an extemporaneous address before the professors and students of the Electrical College, which we are informed will be noticed in the next medical paper, edited by one of the medical professors.

The oil boom in Bothwell was at its height. New strikes were being made every day and great excitement prevailed. The price paid for oil at that time was \$11 per barrel.

It was announced that Hon. George Brown was about to retire from the

the Cabinet, and that the Coalition, as far as he was concerned, was at an end.

A sensational story from Sacramento, Cal., was published. A woman procured the release of her husband from jail, and that night ran away with another man.

A war of races was being waged in New Orleans. The trouble was between the Creole and American citizens, and arose over the teaching of French in the schools.

Mr. Bell, who had resigned his position as teacher in the Public school down the river in Raleigh, was presented with an address and a moment by his pupils. The presentation was made by Miss Isabella K. Johnson and Miss Mary M. McLean.

Rev. Mr. Goodson was presented with a purse of \$50 by the members of his congregation.

FOUND IN LIBRARY BOOKS.

Absent-Minded Readers Leave All Kinds of Queer Things.

That strange things are sometimes found in library books is well known, though, as a rule, librarians are not very willing to disclose information on the matter. The writer, however, recently interviewed a gentleman who has charge of one of the biggest of our public libraries, and from him were gleaned some facts which are well worthy of record. It may not be generally known, perhaps, that in most libraries all returned books are thoroughly examined, dusted with the "disinfectant" (as it is termed in library parlance), and, if necessary, repaired before being replaced on the shelves. As a rule, books are treated fairly well by their borrowers, but at times one comes back in so dilapidated and soiled a condition that it has to be destroyed. In such instances, if the delinquent is known, or she is made to pay for a new copy and membership is suspended for a time. These instances, however, are very rare, says a writer in Tit Bits.

Eternal Hairpin.
In every big library, said my informant, after cogitating deeply as to whether he should give the information requested or not, there is one man whose sole work consists in examining books that have been returned, and that he occasionally finds queer things between the leaves perfectly correct. Whatever he finds he brings to me, and I am sometimes amused at the kind of articles which find a hiding-place within the covers of our books. Few volumes, for instance, borrowed by lady readers come back without at least one hairpin which has been used as a book-marker, but I would rather they used that implement of feminine usefulness than turn down the pages, which is unpardonable.

Kitty's Secret.
Many letters fall out of volumes which have been returned to the library, and in one case I remember the missive, which was very unkind enough to read, contained a proposal of marriage addressed to "My Own Dear Kitty." The letter was not in an envelope, and, though we might have found the name and address of the owner, we are far too busy to return such unimportant things as love letters. But the next day a pretty young girl appeared, asked to see me, and then, with many blushes, explained that she had left a letter in "The Heart of Midlothian" and would be glad to have it back. I had the missive in my desk, and when I drew it out and handed it to her so rapid a look of pleasure came into her face that I felt sure as to the nature of her answer, and rather envied the happy man who had won her.

Best Kind of "Lover."
Paper money and cheques are sometimes found between the leaves of books returned to a library, and occasionally the sums involved amount to quite a high figure. I read recently that in a certain well-known library a copy of "Much Ado About Nothing" was returned with a ten-pound note pinned between the leaves, together with a letter written in a lady's hand, which read as follows: "As nearly every person is always more or less in need of this wretched thing we call 'money,' I feel sure that this ten pounds will fall into the hands of one who needs it. With it goes my best wishes. From one who has money to spare and is a lover of Shakespeare."

Foreign British Peers.
There are three peers, if not more, who belong to families that have for generations been settled in distant countries, and which have practically had nothing to do with our own land for very many years. Indeed, some of these peers have never even set foot in England at all.

There is, for instance, the Earl of Seaford. Early in the last century the then earl emigrated to New Zealand, and married there. His sons have never seen their father's native land. The family has remained, and to-day James Grant-Ogilvie, of New Zealand, thirty years of age, and also married, is the undoubted Earl of Seaford, though he never uses the title, but works hard with his hands to earn his living, just like any new-comer into the colony.

Then there is Baron Fairfax of Cameron, whose forefathers went out to Virginia long ago. The present lord was born in America in 1870, and certainly never used his rightful title, nor even came to England until he was well past thirty.

Even more striking is the case of Baron Aylmer, who is a Canadian in every way, for both he and his father were born in Canada. Lord Aylmer is practically unknown in this country, says the London Express.

It doesn't require much practice to acquire the art of being lazy.



Coat Shirt

Just slip it on like a coat—not a rumple to the bosom.

Fits snugly over the shoulders. Comfortably roomy under the arms. Correctly proportioned sleeves—generous length.

Made to look well, wear well, fit well. Dress and business styles, white and colored.

Makers, Berlin, Canada

Bad Winners and Quick Wit.
The little viscount is receiving a few friends in his bachelor quarters. Among them is Boireau. The latter, having allowed his cigar to go out, throws it without ceremony on the carpet. In order to give him a lesson, the good manners the little viscount stoops to pick it up, but Boireau, feigning to misunderstand his intention, interposes:
"Oh, leave the butt, my dear fellow. Take a fresh cigar."
And he hands him the box.

STEEL KNIFE IN THE FLESH.
That's the sensation experienced by Robert Erice, of Heston, Ont. He knew it was of scintilla and of coarse used "Nerviline." As usual, he was not to be deceived. "No liniment can excel Poison's Nerviline. Severe pains made my side lame. It was like a steel knife running through the flesh. I rubbed in lots of Nerviline and was completely cured." A regular snap for Nerviline to ease Sciatica and rheumatism. It sinks into the core of the pain, cures it in short order. Large 25c. bottles at all dealers.

Equalized.
The larynx of man is twice the size on an average of the same organ in woman, although this disproportion is equalized by the fact that woman uses her larynx a little more than twice as much as man.

Not Needed.
"I have here a neat and pretty little letter opener," began the agent.
"So have I at home," said the business man sadly. "I'm married."

If you are constipated, dull, or bilious, or have a sallow, lifeless complexion, try Lax-ets just once to see what they will do for you. Lax-ets are little toothsome candy tablets—nice to eat, nice in effect. No gripping, no pain. Just a gentle laxative effect that is pleasantly desirable. Handy for the vest pocket, or purse. Lax-ets meet every demand. Lax-ets come to you in beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents.

Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

When Dogs Were Cooks.
"There was a time," said the antiquarian, "when dogs did our roasting for us—at least they kept the meat turning so it would not burn. 'Spit dogs' they were called, and we call their descendants 'spits' to this day. Spit dogs were trained to turn the spits on which roasted chickens, beef, ducks and turkeys. The little fellows did their work well. They were never known to let a fowl burn or to snatch a mouthful or two from it. As late as 1816 spit dogs were employed in the old Philadelphia inns on Second and Third streets."

To stop a Cold with "Preventions" is safer than to let it run and cure it afterwards. Taken at the "onset," "Preventions" will head off all colds and Grippe, and perhaps save you from Pneumonia or Bronchitis. "Preventions" are little toothsome candy cold cure tablets selling in 5 cent and 25 cent boxes. If you are chilly, if you begin to sneeze, try "Preventions." They will surely check the cold and please you.

Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

The Servant Question.
The proud millionaire entered his garage haughtily. "Francis," he said, "you took out the new sixty horsepower, again last night without permission. I'm afraid I'll have to get another chauffeur."
"I wish you would, sir," Francis answered. "With those four big cars there's quite enough work for two of us."

Group can positively be stopped in 20 minutes. No vomiting—nothing to sicken or distress your child. A sweet, pleasant, and safe Syrup, called Dr. Shoop's Group Cure, does the work and does it quickly. Dr. Shoop's Group Cure is for Group alone, remember. It does not claim to cure a dozen ailments. It's for Group—that's all.

Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

Many a good deed goes unperformed for lack of a little appreciation.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

ABLE CONVERSATIONIST.

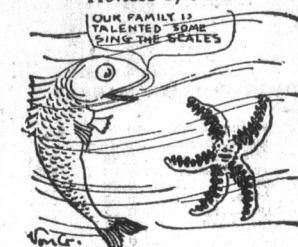
The holder of a dollar
Is so loud when it says "Come!"
That any one may hear it.
Though his ears are on the bum.
When money does the talking
It's certain to be heard.
We sit up and listen
To catch its lightest word.

No eloquent debater.
No matter who he is,
Can match the coin for eloquence
When it is talking "bis."
His speech may be of silver,
The purest, finest grade.
But, oh, the silver dollar
Can lay him in the shade!

And really more productive
Is just a hoot from it
Than many able volumes
By learned authors writ.
For men will leave off loafing
And follow it around.
Although it only beckons
And doesn't make a sound.

The holder of a dollar,
Has been truly said,
Will wake the soundest sleeper
And almost rouse the dead.
The fellow who is stubborn
And very often balks
Will easily forget it
And go when money talks.

Provided by Nature.



"As fish have their own scales, it shouldn't be necessary to weigh them." "It isn't. Besides, we always get a line on the net weight as we pull them in."

Peace or War.

Next time Norway should give the Nobel prize to the man who invents a way to stop the slaughter in the northern woods during the open season for deer.

There should be some way devised to stop the killing if we are to show good results when the next census is taken. Perhaps if the hunters would wear a badge that said in big red letters, "This is a man!" the impatient deer slayers might hesitate before filling the sensitive systems of their brother hunters with expensive lead, and then stopping to investigate afterward.

We do not want to keep on making the Russian war look like a game of tag, and if no other way can be suggested we may be obliged to capture the deer alive and lead them to the slaughter house, where they can be turned into unbleached beef and other articles of commerce. As it is, they make pretty expensive eating.

Next Week.

There's a time when heavy feasting seems a very foolish thing; when to ways of simple living we would very closely cling. Then we feel a simple diet is a thing to be desired. And for us a heavy menu will no longer be required.

But, alas, these frugal feelings never come except when they have a lot of rank excesses to help boost them on their way. When we begin with indulgence, when we begin with dyspepsia, when we wonder how the blues, any fool could want to dine.

Explained.

"What is philosophy, anyway?" "What a well fed man, passed out to distract attention from his pocket book."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

The distressed look that the man of the house wears is probably caused by the fact that his wife had an eye for a study in colors when she selected his Christmas cigars.

The doctors run Christmas bills cheerfully, for they know that their season of harvest draws nearer with every holiday bill of fare.

Don't be on too good terms with your neighbors about Christmas time.

Other people have feelings too. Consider them awhile and give your own a chance to become self respecting.

Probably there are more people accustomed to highballs than to either football or baseball.



Bank officials seem to show great acrobatic ability, judging from the facility with which so many of them slide the slide.

Of course any drinking man can quit. It is the man who doesn't who can't.

This thing of giving away what you want yourself is the dark shadow over the season's festivities.

It never did seem that St. Nicholas had a good head for general averages.

What Flour Makes The Best Bread?

SOME claim that all Manitoba Flour makes the best bread, but those who have tried "Kent Mills" Gold Medal Flour know better. It's the perfect flour—makes the best bread.

Don't confuse this blend with ordinary blends. It's different—as a trial will prove to your entire satisfaction.

It took us years of patient study and experimenting to discover the exact proportions of best Red Winter Wheat to blend with the finest Manitoba Wheat to assure the most triumphant results on baking day.

In "Kent Mills" Gold Medal Flour we've retained the phosphates, gluten and other food elements which make Manitoba

Wheat flour so valuable as a tissue and muscle-builder, and secured from the Red Winter Wheat the delicious, delicate flavor which is entirely lacking in Manitoba wheat flour.

By our method of blending we produce a flour so perfectly balanced that "good luck" is certain on baking day.

It's entirely free from the uncertain tendencies common to Manitoba flours.

It's the flour that makes the best bread—the most nutritious, delicious bread.

Order from your grocer today.

Every bag or barrel "Kent Mills" Flour guaranteed by both the manufacturer and dealer.

"Kent Mills" Flour

Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited, Chatham, Ont.

ARE YOU THINKING OF EXCHANGING YOUR OLD PIANO OR BUYING A NEW ONE

Taking it for granted you will answer "Yes" to the above question we will respectfully ask that you visit our Showrooms before you decide finally on the new piano.

We believe, if we are allowed the privilege of showing you the magnificent instruments assembled here and explaining the various points wherein "Nordheimer" pianos excel all others, that you will ultimately have a "Nordheimer" placed in your home.

And when you buy a piano at "Nordheimer's" you are sure of a fair and square deal. No special favors to "Friends of the family" or "Squeezing strangers" for the highest possible price. The One Price System is strictly enforced at Nordheimer's, and everybody is treated exactly alike.

Every piano bears a ticket which shows the lowest price for which that particular piano will be sold.

The "Nordheimer" reputation for square-dealing assures you a fair price for the piano you wish to exchange.

Call in and see us at your earliest convenience. Don't let the question of terms stand in your way. We can arrange terms easy enough to satisfy most anybody.

Our Mr. R.V. Carter will visit Chatham frequently in our interests and will be pleased to furnish you with any information you may desire. Correspondence addressed to him in care of the Garner House will receive careful attention.

Nordheimer's Limited, London.

If you call a man ungrateful you say everything against him.

The way of the world is to make laws but follow customs.

The publisher of the best Farmers' paper in the Maritime Provinces is writing to us states:

"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators."

Sadness is the mother of disgust, variety the cure.

No life is so empty as that of a worthless man.

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THE CEMENT OF QUALITY, ONE GRADE—THE HIGHEST, ALSO Lime, Plaster, Sewer Pipe, Fire Brick, Etc., at Lowest Possible Prices.

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