

The Planet.

DAILY AND WEEKLY
Chatham, Ont.

THE BANNER PROMISES TO REFORM.

We wish to congratulate our esteemed local contemporary, the Banner, on its sixth daily anniversary, the event occurring on Saturday last. We are also pleased to see its announcement that it enters its seventh year "with greater determination than ever to give reliable news." This is certainly a reform the Banner should have inaugurated long ago. As this great family journal has often pointed out, our local coteries' unreliability was only second to its cowardice. Let us use the milder word tardiness in this congratulatory occasion—in alluding facts to support its own childlike reiterated assertions. However, it is never too late to mend, and the Banner's announcement of its determination to henceforth try and give "reliable news" will be cordially approved by all the subscribers it has left. We simply mention this matter so that the general public, which otherwise might not hear of the Banner's conversion, may join with us in rejoicing over the promised conversion of another journalistic sinner heretofore considered beyond redemption.

THE HEALS OF THE MACHINE.

According to the Toronto World, Premier Ross' efforts to shield the chiefs of the machine by limiting the powers of investigation of the fake commission he appointed for West Elgin will prove useless.

"When the facts are all out it will be found that the source of the corruption is the leaders of the Liberal party in Toronto and Ottawa. Step by step the evidence is leading in this direction. Let the Liberal party make no mistake. There is a crash coming that will shatter all Canada. The notorious machine is about to be exposed and in the exposure governments, legislators and ministers of the crown will come tumbling down, not to mention municipal politicians.

"The machine is one and the same in Ontario and in Dominion elections. It is owned, paid for and maintained and managed by two Ontario members of the Dominion cabinet; it has been turned into every election in Ontario since 1896, and it carried the provincial election for Mr. Hardy in 1898. Hon. James Sutherland and Hon. William Mulock are the directors of the machine; Alexander Smith and J. J. Threlkeld, the two organizers of the Liberal party, are its chief engineers, under the two directors, with R. A. Grant as one of its legal assistants. Under these come all the Boleys, the Cahills, the Lewises, the Sheriffs, the Browns, the Spire Hunts, the O'Gormans, the Stiles, the Reids, and scores of others of like kidney. But the landslide has begun. Nothing that Premier Ross may do or fail to do can prevent the inevitable crash."

WHY COAL OIL IS DOUBLE PRICE.

The Standard Oil Company has just paid a quarterly dividend of \$20,000,000, says the Mail.

It was to this company that Finance Minister Fielding gave the right to carry oil in tank steamers in Canada.

Mr. Fielding was told by Mr. Lister that if he conceded this right to the octopus that corporation would "hold up" the Canadian refineries, coerce the railways, and control the oil business in the Dominion.

He was further informed that as soon as the Standard Oil Company had acquired control in Canada it would raise the price to consumers.

Everything has happened exactly as foretold.

The refineries were mastered under the threat of destructive competition with the tank steamer; the railways were compelled to give discriminating rates, or to lose the oil business altogether.

Finally, the price to the consumer has been lifted.

Mr. N. C. Wallace in his tariff speech showed that the wholesale price of oil has been lifted three cents a gallon within a year; and that on our consumption of 20,000,000 gallons this means \$600,000, over and above other increases and profits taken out of the people.

Every oil consumer pays to the great monopoly, and he does it because Mr. Fielding arranged for it.

There is a suspicion that the Government campaign fund has been swollen through this transaction.

Detritus has started in on a big crusade for moral reform. It was about time.

We as firmly believe to-day as ever that a clean, live, new, up-to-date paper is needed and appreciated by the public.—The Banner.

Right you are. That is why The Planet leads by such a long distance in the local journalistic race. Brace up, old boy, and emulate this great and only local advertising medium in the respects you yet to come you may be able to consider yourself a good second in the race, or at least a close third to the Market Guide's second.

"Better the Feet Slip Than the Tongue."

Slips of any kind are to be deplored, but there is one slip Nature never forgives. It is the carelessness of ignoring the signal that the body is in danger of wreck. It may be that the kidneys or the stomach or the head gives the warning sign. But remember, the blood feeds every organ of the body.

Make no slip, but first tune up the system through the blood, and health will surely follow. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best preparation man has devised to make pure, life-giving blood. It never disappoints.

Swellings—I had a swelling on my chest. It caused me great pain and many sleepless nights. Physicians urged that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla instead. I did so and after using six bottles, the swelling went away and I have not had any more pains. Mrs. J. W. CROOKSHANK, 432 Front St., Belleville, Ont.

Erysipelas—I would strongly urge the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla for erysipelas or any scrofulous disease. I have received great benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla for the former complaint. It is an excellent blood purifier. Mrs. H. D. WEST, Church Street, Cornwall, Nova Scotia.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

As Mrs. Langtry's show was too vile for Detroit's morals it was presented in Windsor.

With numerous youngsters of the blood royal being christened after Ireland's Patron Saint it is quite possible that some day we will have as our reigning sovereign Patrick I. King of Great Britain and Ireland, Emperor of India, etc.

In a speech in Toronto before the British Empire League in Canada, William Robins, of Walkerville, stated that 90 per cent of the people of the United States are anti-British, and that the sooner the scales are pulled off the eyes of the British statesmen the better it will be for the safety of the empire. It would not take much, he declared, to provoke war between Britain and the United States.

Isn't there just a trifle too much scoring for points on both sides at Ottawa and Toronto. If the respective parties would outline their views in their election addresses it would save a vast amount of parliamentary time which could much more profitably be devoted to needed legislation of a non-partisan character.

We are indebted to the Stratford Beacon for the remarkable information that with one exception the men who are to be prosecuted there for resorting to corrupt practices to elect Mr. Moscrop, Liberal, in South Perth, are all Tories. We can't see why Tories should resort to crooked means to help a Liberal candidate; but let that go. If they are guilty, punish them, Grit or Tory.

It is really funny when you come to think of John Dryden's plan of exterminating the Sin Jose Scale by destroying the orchards. According to John's statement, if he left the scale alone it would accomplish the same result without costing the province a cent. If the orchards had to be destroyed the scale might as well do as the minister of agriculture. What the fruit growers required was something that would save their orchards.

GIVING THE PROVINCE A BAD NAME.

Montreal Gazette.

The St. Thomas Journal, a Liberal paper, of the county, says, in connection with the West Elgin frauds discussion, that the constituency is no worse than the average. The declaration of the late Liberal candidate shows that in the election over which the trouble arose, personators, perjurers, bribers, ballot-box stuffers and

Thin Babies

often develop into weak, delicate, backward children; undersized, nervous, feeble, adults. Lack of nourishment is the cause.

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is the remedy. A little of it three or four times a day will do wonders. The pinched, sad faces become round and rosy; the wasted limbs plump and firm. If your baby is not doing well, try this great food-medicine.

50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

THE MEN OF THE NORTHERN ZONE

The Khan.
Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone,
Shall a bit be placed in our mouth?
If ever a Northernman lost his throu,
Did the conqueror come from the South?
Nay, nay—and the answer blent
In chorus is southward sent:
"Since when has a Southerner's conquering steel
Hewed out in the North a throne?
Since when has a Southerner placed his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone?"

Our hearts are free as the rivers that flow
To the seas where the north star shines;
Our lives are as free as the breezes that blow
Thro' the crests of our native pine.
We never will bend the knee,
We'll always and aye be free,
For liberty reigns in the land of the real,
Our brothers are round her throne;
A Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

Oh, shall we shatter our ancient name,
And lower our patriot crest;
And leave a heritage dark with shame,
To the infant upon the breast?
Nay, nay—and the answer blent
With a chorus is southward sent:
"Ye claim to be free—and so are we;
Let your fellow freemen alone:
For a Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone."

Shall the mothers that bore us bow the head
And blush for degenerate sons?
Are the patriot fires gone out and dead?
Ho! brothers stand to the guns!
Let the flag be nailed to the mast,
Defying the coming blast!
For Canada's sons are as true as steel,
Their metal is muscle and bone,
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone,
Where the maples their branches toss,
And Great Bear rides in his state above,
And from the Southern Cross,
Our people shall aye be free,
They never shall bend the knee,
For this is the land of the true and real,
Where freedom is bred in the bone—
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

ballot thieves were all at work in the interest of the Liberal party. If this is, as the Journal says, no worse than the average, Ontario may well be called the rotten province.

JOKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

London Spectator.

An admirable instance of "cheery stoicism" is found in the letter of a private in the Coldstreams (now lying wounded at Winburg), describing his experience in the battle of Modder river: "I happened to find a bit of look-glass. It made a rare bit of fun. As it passed from comrade to comrade, they said, 'Have a last look at yourself, my boy, and bid yourself good-bye.' The laugh went round. Then 'Advance!' and we were at it again!"

THE BALLAD OF A BACHELOR.

Listen, ladies, while I sing
The ballad of John Henry King.

John Henry was a bachelor,
His age was thirty-three or four.

Two maids for his affections vied,
And much desired to be his bride.

And bravely did they strive to bring
Unto their feet John Henry King.

John Henry liked them both so well
To save his life he could not tell.

Which he most wished to be his bride,
Nor was he able to decide.

Fair Kate was jolly, bright and gay,
And sunny as a summer day;

Marie was kind, sedate and sweet,
With gentle ways and manners neat.

Each was so dear that John confessed
He could not tell which he liked best.

He studied them for quite a year,
And still found no solution near.

And might have studied two years more
Had he not, walking on the shore,

Conceived a very simple way
Of ending his prolonged delay—

A way in which he might decide
Which of the maids should be his bride.

He said: "I'll toss into the air
A dollar, and I'll toss it fair;

If heads come up, I'll wed Marie;
If tails, fair Kate my bride shall be."

Then from his leather pocket book
A dollar bright and new he took;

He tossed the coin in the air,
The other side for Kate he kissed her.

Then in a manner free and fair
He tossed the dollar in the air.

"Ye fates," he cried, "pray let this be
A lucky throw indeed for me!"

The dollar rose, the dollar fell;
He watched its whirling transit well.

And off some twenty yards or more
The dollar fell upon the shore.

John Henry ran to where it struck
To see which maiden was in luck.

But, oh, the irony of fate!
Upon its edge the coin stood straight!

And there, embedded in the sand,
John Henry let the dollar stand!

And he will tempt his fate no more,
But live and die a bachelor.

Thus, ladies, you have heard me sing
The ballad of John Henry King.

—Ellis Parker Butler.

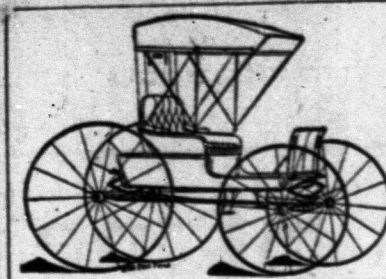
Many a chap who looks like a Greek
god has been refused by some snub-

bed girl who preferred cold cash to
classic illustration for domestic use.

Be a pattern to others, and then all
will go well; for as a whole city is in-

fectured by the licentious passions and
vices of great men, so it is likewise

reformed by their moderation.



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Nursery Rhymes.

A silly little fish
Once made a foolish wish:
That he might dress like little girls
and boys;
And then his wish came true—
He got a hat bran new—
And a little dress filled his heart
with joys.



Not having any legs
He used his fins for pegs,
Which made him move so slowly,
you may guess.
That when he heard a shout:
"Here's a fish that walks about!"
It scared him so he tore his fine
new dress.

Making the Best of It.
"Will you have this here woman to be yer lawful wedded wife?"
"That's what I 'lowed I would!"
"Will you love, honor, 'n' obey her?"
"Ain't you not that switched 'round' parson?" said the groom.
"John!" said the bride-elect, "don't you reckon the parson knows his business? Answer the question!"
"Yes," said the groom, "reckon I'll have 'n'!"

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