The Planet

Daily and Weekly Chatham, Ontario.

The Planet is de ivered every lawful afternoon in hathem, Wallaceburg, Dresden, Bienheim, Thames-ille, Bothwell, Merlin, and other point along the ass of the G. T. Ry., C. P. Ry. and Eric & Huron.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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- Proprietor 5. Stephenson,

The Daily Planet CHATHAM. ONT.

IT LOOKS VERY UNJUST.

An Appeal Court Judgment Which Does Grevious Wrong.

The Canadian judiciary, as represented by the court of appeal, has once more distinguished itself by a judgment calculated to save a weak and struggling insurance concern from the grasping greed of a dead woman's heirs. The woman insured with the company. At the time she was suffering from a cancer, but did not know it. The company's physician, who examined her, did not discover the fact either. The company took her money until she died and then refused to pay the claim put in by her children.

It was clearly shown in court that the woman intentionally concealed nothing, but the judges of the high court of the province have decided the claim invalid because the woman had not informed the company of what she did not know, viz., that she was suffering from cancer.

The impression that juries are supposed to favor individuals as against corporations, has had the effect apparently, of influencing the judges the other way. Some of them allow this influence to affect them so far as to cause them to render decisions doing ment mentioned above that law cannot be too soon amended.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Ar. Laurier Giving the Former Official Recognition Seemingly.

The Vatican authorities have determined to send a papal delegate to Canafter life. Little irregularities and ada and have so notified the Dominion government. There can certainly be no harm in the church sending out a representative to its own people. But inine functions, makes strength and that representative has no right to any builds up a sturdy health with which that representative has no right to any official recognition by the Canadian government. There is supposed to be in this country no connection between in this country no connection between church and state. A man's creed is his own affair. The nation expects him to be a good citizen and obey the laws of the land first. After that he can profess and practice any religion he pleases consistent with our laws.

The fact that the government has been officially notified of the coming of this delegate would indicate that Mr. Laurier's negotiations with Rome are leading him into the mistake of receiving a church embassy. If this be the case and if the mistake is to be perpetuated as a right we will soon have the Church of England in Canada, the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists all asking for official representation of the national capital. The Liberals carried the last election in this province by accusing the Conservative party of pandering to the Roman Catholic church. But the Conservative party never so far forgot the policy of church and state separation as to recognize officially the re-Presentatives of any one denomination.

On account of the size of Chatham's debt the Banner proposes that \$300 or \$400 should be wasted in repairing worn out old walks that ought to be replaced with new. When the repairs wear out we will have neither sidewalks nor money to show for the out lay. It was just such absurd and wasteful expenditures in the past that

thousands at this season. Eat does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it

Sarsaparilla

NEW FAULTLESS SHIRTS

Spring newness coming in every day-Fashions for men that are absolutely correct



Fancy Percale Shirts with one pair lap link ouffs, retined designs, void of flashy vulgarity handsome colorin perfection of fis. sixteen distinct

New Madras Shirts enffa-\$1.00, \$1.50.

The Z | S Trudell & Tobey Cash Only The only Black and White Front in

When Hon. A. S. Hardy said his was femperance government he was slightly in error. What he really meant was that it was a temperance romise government.

What has become of the petitions concerning base fishing? In a few days now the nets will be depleting the spawning beds tens of thousands

Some years ago the Mowat-Hardy government undertook to construct i bridge at Musquash. They spent 892.93 in wages, and paid an overseer 8171.50 to supervise the outlay. No wonder Ontario's surplus has disappeared.

In J. P. Whitney the Conservative seem to have secured a leader in touch with the masses. He is able and vigro ous, is a good speaker, and conspicu-ous for his uprightness and integrity By contrast with the political juggler, whom the Liberals have made premier of Ontario, Mr. Whitney is a star.

In a private letter to the Planet Wallaceburg correspondent incidentgreat injustice. If there is any law ally remarks : "What about Hardy of the land that will justify the judg- and the temperance folk ! I was out in Chatham township to-day and I heard a good Grit say that he had always voted and worked Grit. Int That he would work barder to turn Hardy out than he had ever worked to keep Mowat in. I think there are breakers ahead for the Hardy-Ross govern-ment in their own camp."

Carelessness in girlhood causes the veaknesses in girls should be looked after promptly and treatment given at once. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription promotes regularity of all fem

Adviser, a 1008 page medical work profusely illustrated, will be sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to cover postage only. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffa-

The Miracle Gun.

One of the most remarkable of war in ventions is attributed to the ingenuity of a Frenchman, Paul Giffard. His "miracle gun" appears to be aptly named, as it is a repeating rifle which employs no gunpow der. Liquefled air, obtained under pressurat a temperature hundreds of degrees be low zero, and thus representing an enor mous expansive power, is the projecting force. This rifle is described as being muc lighter in weight than an ordinary rifle The steel cartridge, nine inches long and as thick as one's thumb, contains 300 bullets, which may be discharged as quickly or as slowly as desired. There is no smoke and no flash, only a sharp and low report As soon as one cartridge is empty another can be screwed on instantly, 300 shots cost ing but 21/2 cents. Mentionemay be made here of a recent important modification of the present type of shell now being ex-perimented with by the United States ordnance department—viz, a hollow stee projectile, with thick walls. Heretofore is has been made purposely thick that it may not break in passing through the side of a ship, but this new shell is comparatively thin, with a large cavity to contain gur cotton, and kept from breaking up copper ring around the front end, the projectile being a foot in diameter and as tall as a man, with a smashing energy reckon-

handsome library or fireside seat is of oak, stained an olive green and ornament ed in a large conventional design on the high back with brass tacks with the heads cut in many facets. The popular ironing tables that can be transformed into a high backed seat would make an artistic bit of furniture if stained in the same color and ornamer, ted with brass. The cushions or covers laid on such seats should be of green, dark blue and yellow. These were the col ors noticed on the window seat of a hand-some library The window under which the seat was placed was of pale water green, with designs of old blue

"It must have been a very tender heart-ed butcher who killed this lamb," said the cheerful idiot, pausing in the sawing of

"Why?" kindly asked the shoe clerk years before striking the fatal blow.':-Indianapolis Journal.

John Elwes is the typical miser of Eng lish history. Although worth over \$2,000, 000, he denied himself the necessities o life for fear of spending too much money and finally died of want. He was probable

FOLLOWING SUIT

One springtime day a gentle maid A-down the garden pathway strayed That wound the shady orchard through, And, thinking of her eyes of blue And tender glances, sweet and true, I followed suit. Pray, wouldn't you?

A saucy breeze that chanced to stray Along that fragrant garden way Swept back her ways, golden hair, Surprised to see a maid so fair, And sighed for love such charms to view. I followed suit. Pray, wouldn't you?

A ray from out the sunlit sky
Espied the maid as she passed by
And rained his kisses, soft and warm,
On hair and neck and snowy arm
And cheek of apple blossoms hue. And check of apple blossoms hue. I followed suit. Pray, wouldn't you?

THE PINK SHEEP.

To judge from the laughter which came from that end of the luncheon table, the party sitting there were enjoying themselves. Some of the other people in the room wished they could have heard the mirth provoking remarks, and yet there was no great display of wit. Mr. and Mrs. Kibble White were in high spirits, for it was the second day of their holiday, and they were prepared to laugh a anything. Mrs. Yates, with madame, had arrived in Boulogne only on the previous day, but she had a knack of making personal remarks about the other visitors at the hotel that had quickly established a sort of intimacy between her and her neighbors at table.

They were discussing a man of five and thirty who sat rather near them. "I think he's English," said Mr. Kibble White.

"Impossible!" remarked madame. 'He is too stolid, too unintelligent to belong to your great nation. He is a German.

"No, he can't understand English," said Mrs. Yates, "for I am sure he must have heard our conversation, and his face has never changed." "I hope he doesn't understand it, for

on have been rather rough on him. Let us listen to his accent when he speaks to the waiter," suggested Mr. Kibble White. "No need," cried Mrs. Yates. "I am

sure he can only say 'Baa!' Don't you see he is not a man, but just a great pink sheep?" The party laughed, and the stranger was nicknamed the Pink Sheep from

that moment. At the table d'hote that evening the laughter was almost entirely subdued. Mrs. Yates and madame soon adjourned to the drawing room, whence they were followed by the Kibble Whites and by the Pink Sheep, who ensconced himself

behind a book. "You have no doubt noticed that Mrs. Yates is somewhat depressed," said madame, "and I am not surprised at that, for she had her pocket picked and lost more than £25."

The Kibble Whites expressed their deep sympathy, and after describing the manner in which the loss had occurred while she stood watching the arrival of the English boat Mrs. Yates grew communicative and told of her great disappointment. It was impossible to continue her journey. She was on her way to Brindisi to meet her husband, who was coming home from India se ill. Her anxiety to meet him was greater, for she had parted from him in anger, caused by jealousy. She had just learned her suspicion had been entirely unfounded.

And now she would go no farther. for, acting on madame's advice, she had taken a ticket only as far as Paris, and, being very badly off, she could not afford to borrow the necessary money, even had there been time to do so. 'Why didn't you let her take a

through ticket, madame?" asked Mrs. Kibble White.

"Indeed I wish I had, for now sh could have gone on, but I feared the people in London would cheat her, and, since I know the manager of a tourist agency in Paris, I felt she was sure to be properly treated if she took her tick ers from him."

"You are oversuspicious, madame, said Mrs. Yates. "Last night, when we went to the casino, you wanted me to give you my watch and jewelry to take care of, and yet, you see, no one at tempted to take thera.'

'And you are perhaps too confiding Mrs. Yates. You see, if you had given me your money to keep for you, you would not have lost it." "I am not so sure of that," said

Mrs. Kibbler White, looking hard at the last speaker. "What do you mean by that remark? asked madame indignantly. "I mean that I do not see why the

money should have been safer in your ceping than in Mrs. Yates !! There was an uncomfortable silence. Madame rose and went out. As soon as she had left the room Mrs. Kibble

White asked: "Do you know her very well? I don't like her eyes at all. I should not trust her. Who is she?"

'Oh, I think she is all right. She is

the Marquise de Montereau. "Then why has she put her name in the visitors' book as Mme. Camboux? 'She said she liked to travel incognita, because if people knew her they would charge her more than at hotels. "She does not look like an aristocrat, her dress is so untidy. And have you not noticed the high water mark on her

neck?" "Oh, these foreigners have such odd characters!" "I should say, by the look of her, she

had none," said Mrs. Kibble White. Then Mrs. Yates explained how she had answered an advertisement in The Morning Post, in which a foreign lady of rank asked another lady to join her in a journey to Naples. She told how madame had promised to give references to two or three well known members of the English aristocracy, but they were all out of town.

"I think you were lucky not to have given her your jewelry last night, or probably you would have lost that as

An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of Consumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil made as palatable as cream.

well as your money," remarked Mrs.

Kibble White. Then began a discussion as to what could be done to discover whether their suspicions were well and you will permit me to pass out." founded, but it seemed impossible to take any steps without something more definite to go upon. Meanwhile, the Pink Sheep, who had finished his chap-

was cutting off the end. "I believe that beastly German sheep is going to smoke in the drawing room! Tell him we won't stand it, dear,'

gried Mrs. Kibble White. "Defense de fumer," said her husband excitedly, pointing to a notice on

the wall. The Pink Sheep smiled, bowed and left the room. Crossing the passage, he walked up stairs. His footfall was silent upon the thick carpet, and on reaching the first landing he saw a female figure turn out the electric light. He paused a moment; then, walking cantiously, he went to his room. In the doorway he met a woman, and, seizing her by the wrist, forced her back, locking the door after him. When he had struck a light, he recognized madame.
"I beg your pardon," she said in
French. "It is so dark in the passage I

have mistaken my room. I must complain that they are so economical of the 'If you dislike the darkness, why did

you turn out the electric light?" "I turn it out! What an idea! You are dreaming!" "And yet my eyes are very wide open, but I am glad you have come. I want a

few moments' conversation with you." "With me! You evidently mistake. I am the Marquise de Montereau, and I do not know you." "That is possible, but I know you.

and what I want to tell you is that you must return to Mrs. Yates the £25. I suppose the purse is not now recover-"How dare you accuse me of such an

action! You must be a madman; for surely no sane man could be guilty of such insolence.' She rose to go, but, with a gesture, he stopped her.

"Call the hotel keeper," he said quietly, "and if you are aggrieved, make a formal complaint against me In the meantime, you may know that you will not leave this room until you have restored the money.'

She sat down scowling at him, and threatening condign punishment for this indignity.

"Don't be impatient and I will tell you shortly an experience which happened to me," he said, establishing himself comfortably in an armchair. "You don't object to smoke, I think? Very well. Two years ago (lighting his cigar) I was in a small hotel in Lucerne." He looked up suddenly at her, and the corners of her mouth twitched involuntarily.

"There were two maiden ladies there," he continued, "named Jackson or Johnson, traveling with a companion, a Mme. Cambrat, who had answered an advertisement and accompanied them in the capacity of a sort of female courier. She hired the rooms, looked after the luggage, planned their route, and, in short, was very useful to them. Unfortunately, on one occasion when she was carrying a small bag containing about £40 in gold on a crowded steamer upon the Lake of Lucerne, some villain contrived, with a sharp knife, to cut a hole in the bag, through which the money was abstracted. She was very unfortunate, this poor Mme. Cambrat. Her despair was pitiable; she spoke of her carelessness, and promised to work her fingers to the bone to repay the money to these kind Jacksons—or was

it not Johnson? "They, however, did their best to console her, and, being unable or unwilling to spend any more money on that tour, they paid for her ticket back to Paris and returned home some weeks earlier than they had intended. I did not know all this at the time. I only learned it from them about two days later, when I happened to make their acquaintance in a railway carriage. Their narrative interested me much, for it enabled me to explain the circumstances, which had seemed strange.

"Now, I am going to make a confes sion. I did a mean thing in that Lucerne hotel. I happened to wake in the night. Noticing an odd sound and seeing the keyhole of the adjoining room shining like a bright spot in the darkness. crept softly out of bed and looked through. There I saw a woman in rather scanty clothing. Did I turn away? On the contrary, I kept my eye at the key-hole. It was indefensible, I admit, but curiosity got the better of me, and I aw a very strange thing. On the table lay an open case of surgical instruments, and this woman was cutting burning them one by one in the flame of the candle. It was a tedious process, and I now got tired of it and crept back

"All that this story proves is that you are a mean spirited, shameless fellow, and I know not why you weary me with it," said madame, trying to look dignified.

"But now comes the entertaining part," resumed the Pink Sheep, "for recognized this woman as Mme. Cambrai, the companion of the Misses Johnson-I think it was Johnson-and you can fancy that I am, if not actually pleased, still much interested to find her at Boulogne, passing under the somewhat similar name of Camboux, in the company of Mrs. Yates, a lady who has mysteriously lost a purse con-taining a considerable sum. Nor is my interest lessened when I see her turning out the electric light and paying a visit

to my private room.' "You have told your story, and I now understand how through being deceived by some fancied resemblance to a womm you have once seen through a keyhole, and meeting me just as I have made a mistake in my room your suspicions have been, not unnaturally, aroused. Still, if you are the chivalrous gentleman your appearance proclaims you to be, you will accept the word of

CASTORYA

When health is far gone in Const

and you will permit me to pass out." "That is not my intention. You are in error when you say I saw the woman only once through a keyhole, for the lady with the surgical scissors sat opter, took a cigar from his pocket and posite to me both the day before and the morning after passing her night in the unusual operation I have described. Nor have I the least intention of letting you leave this room until you restore to Mrs. Yates the money you have stolen from her."

At these words madame completely changed her tone, and replied, in a low

'Certainly the name of sheep, which your protege, Mrs. Yates, so aptly bestowed upon you-for you must have heard her if you understand English— is most applicable. You must be a silly sheep indeed if you think that, granting I had stolen the purse, I should be afraid of risking my liberty-to say nothing of the money-when you have no evidence whatever to connect me with the theft,"

"As to your risking your liberty, you can be easy upon that score. I am not your judge, nor do I take upon myself the task of bringing the dishonest to punishment, but there is a countrywoman of my own in great distress through your act. She is a foolish woman no doubt, and her remarks about me were not complimentary, but that is no reason why I should not help her out of the difficulty into which you have

brought her. "Ah," said madame, raising her eyebrows, "how stupid I am not to see your hope to get your share of the money; but then with that face how could I ever read your true character? Let me tell you, however, you, too, are a poor physiognomist if you think I will give you anything."

"We shall see. I do not care to waste further time in explanation, and I give you two minutes to hand over the mon-So saying, he pulled out his watch. "And I tell you at once you can call up the hotel keeper and do your worst, and you will then learn that it may be a dangerous business to make a charge

without a tittle of evidence to support The Pink Sheep looked at her steadily for a moment. "I think you are not French in spite of your good accent. I may be wrong, but I should take you for an Italian. Still, I assume you know something of the French law. In another minute I shall ring the bell and tell the servant to ask a gentleman from the bureau of police—who must be here by this time, for I sent for him immediately after dinner-to come up stairs. I will say to him: 'Here is a lady whom I have found in my room. All I know of her is that in Switzerland she passed under the name of Cambrat: in London she calls herself the Marquise de Monterean and at this hotel she inscribes herself as Mme. Cambroux.' You probably know that you will be arrested and detained until inquiries can be made. Your luggage will be searched, and no doubt your interesting case of instru-

ments will be found. Madame had turned very pale. She lifted the skirt of her dress, and, finding a concealed pocket, she drew forth a adful of gold, which her antagonist.

He took the money and counted slowly. "There are only 13 sovereigns here.

he said, "and I want 12 more." "But how do I know that you will not denounce me when you have them?" "For that I give you the word of a pink sheep—an animal that is not given to lying. Nay, more, I promise that I will not return the money to Mrs. Yates before 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, so that you may be miles away from Boulogne before she knows that the suspicions she already entertains are well founded. In case she should be vindio tive and anxious to have you punished.

there is time for a woman of your resources to disappear. Reluctantly madame produced the remaining sovereigns. As she passed to the door, which was now opened for her, she said, "I don't suppose you are going to be fool enough to give the money to that empty headed Mrs. Yates; but, in my case, I rely on your promise not to do so before 9 o'clock to

The Pink Sheep made no answer. That night made quarrel with Mrs. Yates. She left the hotel, saying that she would not pass another hour under the same roof with her, and declaring that she would take

the night boat to London. The next morning, when Mrs. Yates was at breakfast with the Kibble Whites smail, heavy packet was brought to opened it and found a rouleau of 25 sov-

sreigns, with the following note:

MADAME—You were right. Your traveling tempanion is a swindler. Before she left I forced her to return your money, which I now inclose. If it is any consolation to you, you may rest assured that she will perpetrate fresh thefts, and so inevitably fall into the hands of the police. It sending you your money I take the liberty of offering you a little advice, which you will accept or not, as you think \$\frac{\psi}{2}\$.

First.—Below you will find particulars as to your route to Brindisi, with times of trains, information where to get your meals, etc. I advise you to start this day. If you follow these directions, you will not need to rely upon chance companions.

Second.—Never believe an advertisement without corroborative evidence.

These Index with the property of the p ereigns, with the following note:

without corroborative evidence.
Third.—Judge less hastily. Had you do:
so, you and your husband might have be
saved many an unhappy hour.
Fourth.—Take for granted when traveling Fourth.—Take for grands all modern activate every one understands all modern guages, and if you wish to make personal remarks do so in a lower tone. Some people with resent such things more than your The Pink Shenr. althfully.
—St. Phul's.

He Takes the Prize. "You're mistaken in saying that Tightly is the meanest man in the

year as a conductor on that electric railroad of his at starvation wages and then made me pay full fare every trip."— Detroit Free Press.

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"I have brought you a bag of pe nts, thinking you would appreciate tange," said young Mr. Pompon nickers, the humorist. change," Snickers, Snickers, the humorist.

"A change?" replied the humorist, thoughtfully.

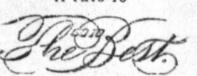
"Yes, a change from chestnuts, you know."







IT PAYS TO



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NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Ontario, at the next Session thereof by "The Chatham City and Suburthereof by "The Chatham City and Suburban Railway Company," for an Act to amend its charter 59 Vict. Chapter 101 and entitled "An Act to incorporate The Chatham City and Suburban Railway Company", empowering it to extend its line of Railway to Rondeau and thence to the Town of Blenheim and to the incorporated Village of Charing Cross and also to extend said Railway to the Town of Wallaceburg, and thence to the Town of Petrolia, in the County of Lambton; and also for the confirmation of any by-law affecting the same.

DATED at Chatham, this 29th day of January, A. D., 1897.

January, A. D., 1897. WILSON, RANKIN, McKEOUGH & KERR, WHERE TO BUY SWITCHES

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