

The Planet.

S. STEPHENSON—Proprietor.

Business Office 53
Editorial Room.....102

FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1964.

THE BOY.

Hon. A. G. Seyfert, U. S. Consul at Stratford, Ont., gave an address the other night on "The Boy." To judge by his remarks, he is a friend of boys. He says:

"We look after our girls and not too carefully, but we leave the boy to choose his own associates and environments. The result is that we are producing a higher type of womanhood than of manhood. There is really no being so neglected in this world as the boy. He gets the worst room in the house, the sharpest corner at the table, and the empty chair at the fireplace is often more desirable than the boy and his company. Now do you wonder that he is such a hard thing to get hold of? He is hungry for companionship and will have it, and hence you will find him at the street corners or in alleys, even in this kind of zero climate."

The boy has always been a common-drum. Some boys will respond to love and gentleness; some must be ruled with a heavy hand. Some boys will think of mother and try not to wound her; others will pursue a course of conduct which they know their parents will condemn, and persist in it, regardless of cautions or remonstrances or mother's feelings. In most homes, however, the boy has the best there is in the house, and the fullest freedom in "giving his companions to spend evenings with him, yet there are instances innumerable of boys going to the bad while their parents are among the most respected people in the community, and have done their utmost to train their sons in the right way. Human nature has always been, and probably always will be, a puzzle.

"BIBERY—PURE AND SIMPLE"

The Woodstock Express, Independent, says:—
It will probably keep the Ontario Government busy trying to explain away the exorbitant salaries paid to the high officials of the Clergue industries during the recent by-elections at the Soo. The Government seems to have been suspiciously solicitous about the welfare of the company's employees just about that time. It was the men in the high positions who had been drawing big salaries that the Government was looking after. This, of course, may have been a coincidence, but when taken in connection with the different circumstances then prevailing, it looks very much as if the Government hoped to reap some reward for their generous disbursements of salaries to these officials. One of the distressed employees who importuned the Government for back pay was Cornelius Shields. That gentleman had been getting \$30,000 a year. The Government exercises touching compassion in his case and paid him over \$6,693, his salary for August and September, and for twenty days of the month of October, which was just beginning. Pretty big money Mr. Shields was getting, and Mr. Shields must have thought a lot of the Government which would guarantee him against losing any piece of it. Then there were other disbursements to highly paid officials, ranging from \$300 up to \$3,000. Not only were these men paid for the period during which they worked, but for three weeks after their employment had ceased. Mr. Shields, drawing \$30,000 a year, was paid his salary on the strength of the sufferings of the workmen. Of course the Government plead in justification that the money will ultimately come out of the assets of the company, but even if this be so, it looks as if the credit of the province had been put to a wrong use at a very opportune time for the Government. No wonder some of the papers are describing it as bribery pure and simple.

ALL GOING COX'S WAY.

Montreal Gazette.
The excessive changes from the original contract made in the agreement between the Grand Trunk Pacific and the government are uniformly in favor of the company.

A DYING CLASS.

Petroleum.
The old class of ignorant, toiling, patient artisan is fast becoming as extinct as the huge moose bird which once frequented the Australian prairies, or the great mammoth which once wandered over Europe and Asia. In the place of these patient toilers we find a race of youths inspired with a spirit of energy unknown to their ancestors; a race that gains a thirst for knowledge and a desire for distinction from its school days.

For deep seated long standing
COUGHS
nothing equals
Allen's
Lung Balsam

HAVE BEEN RELEASED.

Montreal Herald.
Russian warships have captured British steamers with coal for Japan in the Indian ocean. As the Russians were making a neutral French port, their base, there are likely to be complications. Harboring a high-wayman is a dangerous business even for a nation.

PAINTING FOR CHARITY.

Court Journal.
The social charity program of the season shows that the bazaar is fast disappearing from the calculations of those who organize charity functions. An amateur Academy would surely prove a great attraction. If some hundreds of well known people were to promise to paint a picture in the cause of charity all London would rush to see the result.

NO NEED TO SHAVE.

The Hospital.
In Chicago a patient has sued his medical attendant for \$25,000 damages for burning his face with the Roentgen rays and preventing the growth of beard or moustache on one side of his face. Had the mishap occurred in connection with a member of the bar in England the doctor might have been regarded as a benefactor by a busy barrister relieved of the necessity to shave both sides of his face.

ANGLING AND CHARACTER.

Country Gentleman.
To be honestly dubbed "a good salmon fisher," speaks volumes of a man. Years of his life must have been passed amidst Nature's grandest forms, and that alone is magnificent training for him. He who can calmly control the wild plunges of a freshly run fish, just hooked in a strong volume of water, would succeed in anything for such calmness begets success. There is no more pleasant companion on a sporting trip, nor more genial clubman.

AN AGE OF GIANTESSES.

Lady's Pictorial.
Whereas a decade since the average size in women's shoes was three, five being accounted specially large, seven and eight are now commonly asked for, while the average size has become five. The little glove has likewise grown into a good sized hand-shoe, my ladies' hosiery has become bigger at the same time—in short, the average girl of 1904 could not wear any article of apparel that fitted the girl of 1874. And where, one now tremblingly asks, is this to end?

THE OLD STYLE.

Alexandra Glengarn.
For a good honest Grit paper of the old hypocritical canting style commend us to the Montreal Witness. There were several Dominion bye-elections to take place in the vicinity of Montreal recently, and the Witness came out with an editorial declaring that on the merits of the case the Liberals have had every sort of right to every vote put in the ballot box.
The elections came off with the result that the Liberal vote suffered a slump in seven out of eight ridings, one being redeemed by the Conservatives. The Witness then comes out red hot against the Liberals declaring that the falling off in the vote was due to the "withering of Liberal ideas." It is believed there is a general decrease of sentiment in favor of the Liberals throughout the country and feels bound to say that there must be important "general causes" for it all, "a gradual fading of the enthusiasm of the oldtime Liberals towards the Liberal party."

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. CHENEY & CO.

Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
Walding, Kiffin & Marvin,
Wholesale Druggists,
Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A coastwise steamer is one that knows how to keep off the rocks.

No others in Canada so well known and appreciated as

The Magi Waters
of Caledonia Springs.
Pure merit did it.

J. J. McLAUGHLIN, Toronto
Agent.

DRUSILLA'S
GARDEN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

The garden was really only a box on the fire escape, but there were panes in it in the spring, and later a tiny rosebush bloomed. Then geraniums held full away until winter, when Drusilla took the box into the house and raised a few pale violets.

Every morning Drusilla picked off the withered blossoms, and in the evening she watered her plants, for Drusilla was busy all day, polishing and fling the nails of the patrons of the manicure establishment in which she worked.

When a typewriter was first placed at the window of the big office opposite the fifth floor of the tenement in which Drusilla lived and a dark young man seated himself in front of it the young girl watched the installation over the heads of her purple panes.

But when the young man looked across and smiled Drusilla stepped over her threshold and shut the door with a slam.

"Impertinence," she ejaculated in the dimness of her room, but her lips smiled in answer to the look that the young man had given her.

But the blossoms cried out for water, and presently Drusilla's fair head, adorned with a perky black velvet bow, bent over the panes. The hands of the young man remained suspended over the keys. Then he rose and walked to the window, but Drusilla picked off some dried leaves and brought out an infinitesimal watering pot. She made a cool picture in her white shirt waist. A little whiff of damp earth blew across, cooling the heated atmosphere.

The evening hour grew to be an important one to Drusilla, for she arrived home at 6, and the dark young man did not leave until 7. She sat up late nights to finish a certain blue lawn that had a trail that trailed over the iron steps of the fire escape, to the further undoing of the infatuated young man over the way. She hummed little tunes that caused the complete cessation of the "clinkety-click-clink" of the machine opposite.

But still she kept her eyes to herself, for Drusilla had a full sense of her dignity as a workingwoman. There were certain conventions that could not be dispensed with in her circle, and one of these was the formal introduction.

"He's a dear," she confided to Marie Dunn as the two girls arranged their little trays and got out their shining instruments and the pink powder and creams. "But I'm not going to let him think I'm easy."

With which rather elegant summing up of the case Drusilla showed that she was a true conqueror of men. So for many weeks Juliet on her balcony remained cold, while Romeo at the typewriter sighed in vain. He threw small balls of paper in among the panes, and Drusilla brushed them calmly into a neat little dustpan, but when the dark young man had gone she picked them out carefully and read the fervid messages:

"You are my pearly blossom."
"There's only one girl in the world for me."

Only once, however, did she condescend to an exchange of civilities. On a certain damp morning the young man coughed. That night he coughed again. Drusilla was worried. Finally she retired into the obscure recesses of her room. When she reappeared she had a bottle in her hand. She set it on the fire escape shelf. In huge letters on the label was the admonition:

"For Coughs Take Spear's Specific."
Then before the young man could not enthusiastically response she whisked back into her room, leaving him alone with her suggested remedy.

The next morning a similar bottle adorned the young man's desk, and he took a dose complacently, standing close to the window while he measured it into a spoon.

But the cough continued, and the next day Drusilla wrote on a slip of paper: "Shut your window."
The young man clicked off something rapidly on his machine and planted his reply carefully on the ledge:

"I would rather die."
"Well, he is devoted," said Marie Dunn, "if he won't shut a window between you. But maybe if you talked to him you might get him to be careful of himself."

"I guess I am not responsible if he is a fool," was Drusilla's sharp comment as she soaked her finger tips in warm water preparatory to giving them a treatment.

But that day the sun came out, the dry, soft air of the spring was like balsam, and the cough stopped. So stopped also the exchange of courtesies, and the young man sighed for illness or worse if it would only bring a look of warmth to his lady's eyes.

And worse came.
It happened one day at half past 8, Drusilla's shade was down, but the dark young man knew that she was in her room, for once her pink tipped fingers had adjusted the curtain and a savory odor told of her supper cooking.

"Clinkety-click-clink," went the typewriter, and then suddenly "Clang-cling," deadened by its distance to the fifth floor, came the ring of the fire engine bells.

The dark young man leaned out. Far below him he saw great crowds gathering. The smoke floated up from the puffing engines. Then all at once he caught his breath sharply. The windows of the third floor of the tenement were lighted with a golden glow, growing redder as he looked.

The smoke poured out and joined the

smoke of the engine, while the black masses drifted up the fire escape and over the blooming little garden.

The young man shouted hoarsely. "You," he began. What should he call her? He had never heard her name. "Young lady, little girl!" he shrieked. But there was utter silence across the way.

Then he began to cough. "Help!" he gurgled. "Help!" This brought Drusilla, in a pink wrapper, with a little frying pan in her hand. She opened the door and looked out anxiously.

"What is it?" she demanded, coming to the railing.

"Look!" shouted the young man.

Already the flames were working up. Firemen were crawling up ladders like flies, and shrieks came from the people within.

"Run down! run down," ordered the young man. "It's the only way to save your life. Down the fire escape. Go at once," he continued peremptorily as Drusilla wavered.

So down she fluttered, frying pan and all, looking like a pink blossom as she grew smaller in the distance.

Then the young man, watching her, saw her turn and come back. As she reached the floor where the flames were raging she swerved aside and ran desperately up the steps.

"My garden, my garden!" she gasped as she saw the terror in his face. "I couldn't leave it to burn."

But the young man did not stop to hear the end. Like a madman he ran to the elevator. Then he sped to the street and began the climb toward Drusilla. Far above him she was staggering with her heavy burden, half blinded by the smoke.

At the fatal third floor she stopped. Across the iron fire escape swept waves of flame. Two firemen just below, unconscious of the girl above them, were trying to turn a stream of water on a window. The noise was deafening. The dark young man shouted frantically, and at last his voice reached them.

"Turn it this way; turn it this way!" But they saw the motion of his hand and comprehended. As the water played for a moment over the blistering from the dark young man's plumes, through and dragged Drusilla to safety.

They were all drenched—Drusilla and her rescuer and the little garden. When they reached the street the dark young man led Drusilla to a secluded niche in the doorway of the big office building. All about them raged the excitement of a terrible catastrophe, and Drusilla, safe in the little haven, quietly proceeded to faint away. The dark young man caught her in his arms and mopped her face with his wet handkerchief. Then she opened her eyes and saw the informality of his attitude and blushed.

"We haven't been introduced," she reproached faintly, but she did not draw away from him.

"As if that mattered," said the bluish dark young man.

Putting food into a diseased stomach is like putting money into a pocket with holes. The money is lost. All its value goes for nothing. When the stomach is diseased, with the allied organs of digestion and nutrition, the food which is put into it is largely lost. The nutriment is not extracted from it. The body is weak and the blood impoverished.

The pocket can be mended. The stomach can be cured. That sterling medicine for the stomach and blood, Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, acts with peculiar promptness and power on the organs of digestion and nutrition. It is a positive cure for almost all disorders of those organs, and cures also such diseases of the heart, blood, liver and other organs as have their cause in a weak or diseased condition of the stomach.

Only a small man will blame his circumstances for his size.

Life outweighs all things if love lies within it.

Coughs, colds, hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Creosol, tablets, ten cents, or box, \$1.00 druggists.

A man begins to go down the moment he ceases to look up.

Messrs. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,
Yarmouth, N. S.

Gentlemen.—In January last Francis Leclair, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully. He was, when found, placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery, his hips being badly bruised and his body turned black from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to deaden the pain, and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work.

SAUVEUR DUVAIL,
Elgin Road, Lislet Co., Que.,
May 26th, 1893.

Straight character cannot come out of crooked living.

The present is a good time for borrowers who wish to change their loans, or make new ones, either on farms or city property and we would recommend persons requiring anything of this nature to call on W. E. RAYNE, 115 King Street, who has made arrangements with three different loan companies and can grant most favorable conditions and terms to borrowers.

When passion is on the throne reason is out of doors.

Glenn & Co.,
WILLIAM ST.,
import direct the finest Ceylon, Assam and China Tea, Black Gunpowder and Young Hyson, Best English Breakfast Tea, 35c 40c and

ALWAYS BUSY

No dull times at this Busy Store. Last month we did more business than in any February in our history. We are determined to make March a record month also. We start off the first Saturday of the month with such an array of special values as will give us all the business we can attend to. Thousands of dollars worth of New Goods on sale at prices that mean a big saving to cash buyers.

Come Saturday.

10 only ladies' coats, regular up to \$15.00 each, clearing Saturday at \$4.90.

7 only ladies' coats, regular up to \$10.00, clearing Saturday at \$3.90.

Ladies' fur coats, a few choice coats, clearing Saturday at less than manufacturer's prices.

New dress goods—Beautiful mixed and flaked hatings, latest styles, in Scotch and Irish tweed effects, 44 to 56 inches wide, special at per yard 75c, 90c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Black crepe de chene special—Fine pure French wool crepe de chene, 44 inches wide, best dye and finish, worth 75c yard, special at 60c.

Black Lustre Special—Good quality Black Lustre, best dye, bright finish, 42 inch, special per yard 25c.

44-inch Black Lustre, excellent quality and finish, special a yard 35c.

Rich, Black Mohair Lustre, 45-inch wide, bright, silky finish, special a yard 50c.

46-inch Black Mohair Lustre, superior quality, brilliant finish, best dye, special per yard 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Black Etamines and Voiles—Fresh from the best French looms, superior qualities, firm finish, best dye, 44 to 46 in. wide, fine or coarse mesh, special at per yard 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.40.

Millinery Specials—Outing Hats, in pretty styles and trims, worth up to \$2.00 each, clearing Saturday, each, 38c.

5 only, Trimmed Hats, pretty styles, prettily trimmed, worth up to \$5.00 each, clearing Saturday at \$1.33.

Children's Hats and Bonnets, about a dozen in the lot, pretty styles, sold regular at up to \$1.00 each, clearing Saturday at 19c.

New Gingham—20 pieces fine imported Gingham, in pretty checks, stripes, plaids and plain, fast colors, special per yard 12c-20c.

25 pieces Pretty Gingham, fast colors, special per yard 12c-20c.

Fine Imported Gingham, in checks, stripes, plaids and new Knop and flaked effects, special per yard, 15c, 20c and 25c.

New prints, in good range of fast color patterns, at per yard 5c.

80 pieces heavy prints, 32 inches wide, in splendid range of patterns, fast colors, worth 12 1-2c yard, special at 10c.

3,000 yards Crum's prints, the best made, wear and color guaranteed, in choice new patterns, light and dark, special per yard 12 1-2c.

Table Linens—Four pieces superior quality pure linen bleached damask, full two yards wide, choice designs, regular 90c to \$1.10 a yard, slightly soiled, clearing Saturday, a yard 75c.

Black mercerized sateen at 15c yard—Eight pieces rich heavy quality black mercerized sateen, superior dye and finish, clearing Saturday, a yard 15c.

25c tickings at 19c yard—Two pieces extra heavy leather tickings, in fancy stripes, worth 25c yard, Saturday price 19c.

Men's colored cambric shirts at 49c—Five dozen men's fine cambric shirts, soft bosoms, neat stripe designs, fast colors, sizes 15, 15 1-2, 16, 16 1-2, regular value 75c each, clearing Saturday at 49c.

Men's 75c working shirts at 49c—Four dozen men's heavy stripes and galates shirts, strong, wearing quality, fast colors, in assorted sizes, dark colors, regular each, clearing Saturday at 49c.

Men's Underwear—All our 50c 60c fleeced and pure wool shirts drawers, clearing Saturday, at 10c.

Linen Spools at 5c each—10 dozen spools, pure linen thread, good quality, colors black cream and d special a spool.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs at 2 for 10c—10 dozen ladies' fine cambric handkerchiefs, with colored hemstitch borders, regular 5c to 8c each, clearing Saturday at 2 for 10c.

Ladies and Misses Cloth Skirts \$1.69 each—15 only Ladies and Misses cloth skirts only, well tailored, of sorted lengths, colors black, regular value, \$2.50, clearing Saturday, each \$1.69.

\$1.50 Flannellette Gowns at 95c—14 only ladies' fine quality flannellette gowns, colors plain pink, sky white, prettily trimmed with embroidery, regular \$1.25 each, clearing Saturday at 95c.

Knitted Shaws at 44c worth 75c—3 dozen fancy knitted shaws, color white, grey, red and black, regular 65c to 75c each, clearing Saturday at 44c.

\$4.50 Grey Lamb Gauntlets at 95c—A pair—4 pair only real grey gauntlets, kid facing, fur lined, regular \$4.50 a pair, clearing Saturday at 95c.

3 dozen Ladies' Fine Lamb's Vests—Natural color, drawers match, our special 75c line, clearing at 30c.

4 dozen Ladies' Fleeced Vests—Extra quality, fine fleeced colors cream and white, regular \$2.50 each, clearing Saturday at 49c.

THE NORTHWAY CO. Limited.

WHAT IS WORN.

Gray Cloth Combined With Chinchilla—In Blue Dinner Frocks.
The breath of small flowers has long been a favorite evening headress, but it is now a trifle out of style. At any rate it is only becoming to a well shaped head and hair dressed low.

Gray ball gowns are a novelty of the season, but this demands bright hair and a brilliant complexion. An evening gown of pale gray oriental satin seen recently had a wide girde of silver ribbon and a white bertha of creamy duchess lace. The skirt was laid in flat plaits at the waist and flared out into a pretty fullness.

Chinchilla is the fur to go with gray materials, and when this is combined with silver embroidery and cream lace the effect is very rich.

Fale coffee shades growing into cream are very smart trimmed with narrow

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Commercial

Printing.

When in need of anything in the Fine of Commercial Stationery, Visiting Cards, etc., leave your order at the

Planet Job

Department.

TILT'S ART STORE.

Sure Sign of Spring.

People are beginning to leave their orders for papering and painting now. So be wise and don't wait until the rush is on.

Come now and pick your papers and set the date for your work, and we will do the rest.

TILT'S ART STORE.

The Chatham Loan and Savings Co.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.
INCORPORATED A. D. 1891.

Money to Lend on Mortgages.

Apply personally and secure best rates and low expenses. Deposits of \$1 and up wards received and interest allowed.

Debentures issued for three, four or five years with interest. Coupons payable half yearly. Executors and Trustees authorized by Act of Parliament to Invest Trust Funds in the Debentures of this Company.

S. F. GARDINER,
Manager.
Chatham, November 30, 1903.

60 ACRES choice river

land, all tile drained, 10 acres young fruit trees, good buildings, 4 miles from Chatham, Township of Raleigh.

Smith & Smith

Invitation Cards, Programmes, Pencils, etc., can always be obtained at THE PLANET Office.

Ten Cents worth will be

enough for an ordinary family for weeks.

A BARGAIN.