

**Reliance Loan & Savings Co**  
OF ONTARIO.  
CEASORS TO THE CHATHAM LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.  
**ASSETS OVER \$2,000,000**  
3-1-2 Per Cent. per annum interest allowed on deposits.  
4 Per Cent. interest per annum allowed on deposit receipts issued for twelve months or longer.  
4-1-2 Per Cent. paid on Debentures.  
S. F. GARDINER—Branch Manager.

**The Daily Planet**  
S. STEPHENSON, PROPRIETOR.  
Business Office 55. Editorial Room 104.  
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1906.

## MR. FIELDING'S MISTAKES.

Mr. Fielding's Budget speech of last Session proves to have been a good deal out of the way. It was nearly at the end of the fiscal year when he spoke, but his estimate of the expenditure for 1905-6 was \$1,159,360 too low. This is in current expenditure alone. The capital outlay, has been \$452,216 above Mr. Fielding's estimate, so that altogether he was a million and a half out in his reckoning. The Finance Minister expressed the hope that there would be no increase in the net national debt during the year. As a matter of fact there was last year an increase of over \$800,000 in the debt of the country in spite of the alleged surplus of \$13,000,000. It is a great thing for a government to have a surplus, but the kind which Mr. Fielding produces always go with an increase of debt.

## THE LONDON ELECTION SCANDAL.

The enquiry into the methods by which the seat for London was stolen for Hon. Mr. Hyman has gone on. About eighty persons have been sworn that they were paid for their votes on the scale explained by Deputy Returning Officer Jerry Collins. Many of them made the agreement with him personally to receive the money after he had noted that their ballots were properly marked. Some of them bargained with others. The confession of Collins stands substantially as he made it, all the efforts to break down his testimony proving vain, while scores of electors have gone on the stand to confirm it. In one day's sitting of the Court thirteen persons swore that they had made a corrupt agreement for the sale of their vote, most of them receiving the standard price of \$10, payable on delivery of their vote, as certified by the Deputy Returning Officer holding up his right hand. Two received only \$5.00 each, and in a few cases the paymasters deducted fifty cents commission, leaving \$9.50 for the vote.

Parliament will not meet early in November as proposed. The tariff on which ministers were supposed to be engaged during the last year and a half is not prepared. It may be recalled that the Minister of Finance met with an accident last winter and that was the reason given for the failure to revise the tariff in the late session. As the tariff commission has been busy over the matter since the House rose, and the measure is not yet in shape, we may now suppose that there were other reasons for the delay.

The closing of the accounts of the fiscal year makes it possible to see how the cost of governing the country has increased in ten years. The following table is for "ordinary" expenses alone:

1897.....	\$38,349,760
1898.....	38,832,526
1899.....	41,903,561
1900.....	42,975,379
1901.....	46,866,368
1902.....	50,759,392
1903.....	51,691,903
1904.....	55,612,833
1905.....	63,319,658
1906.....	67,659,360

The current expenditure in the last year of Conservative rule was \$36,949,142.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY, Take LAXATIVE BROMO-QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.  
B. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.

After crosses and losses men grow humbler and wiser.

There is always reason in a man for his good or bad fortune.

**WINDSOR TABLE SALT**  
is the salt of satisfaction for all table and household uses.  
Absolutely pure, never cakes.

He never errs who sacrifices himself.

A great man is only a little boy grown up.

## The Food That Builds

Maybe you think of Mooney's Sodas only as a toothsome tidbit. Don't overlook their food value.

## Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

are made of finest Canadian wheat flour, pure butter and rich cream. There's nothing else of equal size and cost that contains so much wholesome nourishment.

An ideal food.

All grocers have them—fresh and crisp in 1 & 3 lb. packages.



MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

MOONEY'S PERFECTION Cream Sodas

## LOVERS' LUCK

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Sutcliffe

On a bright May morning as Barry O'Gill was crossing the fields by a well worn footpath, balancing a bag of meal on his back, he caught sight of Moira Nolan washing linen in the little river that brawled its way through the village of Ballymore. The brook gushed and sang over its pebbles, and Moira's young voice sang with it as her white arms flashed in the clear water. She was on her knees, straight and supple as a willow, her bare feet tucked under her with only the rosy heels showing. The wind caught a strand of her hair and whipped it out till it shone like beaten gold in the sun. Barry paused, dazzled, and gazed at her, his mouth agape, his sack of meal forgotten on his back. Presently the girl was aware of his presence and that he was watching her.

"What are ye gaping at all?" she questioned.

"At the loveliest girl in all Ireland," said Barry, never taking his eyes from her.

"Sorrow be to ye if your mother knew it!" laughed Moira, bending to her work again. "And angry she'd be to find ye here. Ye'd best go back to her."

Barry flushed till his cheeks were redder than his hair. "It's here that I'll stop," he said decidedly, dumping down his sack and seating himself on the grass.

Moira's thrust had been a keen one, for all the village knew that he lived in fear of his mother's tongue. "Shure, it's the sting of a wasp she has on her," was the verdict of his neighbors, from whom the Widow O'Gill held somewhat aloof, though now and again she condescended to call on Mrs. Terhune for "a bit of gossip and a dish of tea."

Barry was Mrs. O'Gill's only child and the idol of her heart. Did he so much as look at a girl, Mrs. O'Gill was filled with alarm. So while the other lads lingered about the church steps after mass that they might see their sweethearts, Barry was hurried off home by his mother. Therefore it was with a sense of recklessness and novelty that he gave himself up to a talk with Moira. She bade him help her wring the clothes and then laughed at his awkwardness and splashed him with glittering drops.

The time went quickly. It was noon before they knew it, and Barry sped home to his dinner and a scolding.

Yet he hardly heard the words his mother heaped on him, so engrossed in the memory of Moira's gray eyes and the exquisite curve of her lips. Love comes swiftly when one is young in Ballymore.

He and Moira met often after that, sometimes at the edge of the little river and sometimes on the road by which the hawthorn hedges bloom a mass of pink and green. The more Barry thought of Moira the more he realized that his mother would never consent to his marriage. Moira's beauty was the only dowry the girl had. Of all the poor folk in Ballymore she was by far the poorest.

Nor was Barry much richer. It was his mother who held the purse strings. Once, in desperation, he thought of giving up Moira, and for three whole days he did not see her. Then quite by accident he met her coming across a field. She was about to pass him with averted face.

"Moira!" he cried brokenly.

At that she turned. She was pale and there were deep shadows under her eyes. All that Barry had kept pent in his heart rushed to his lips, and Moira listened, looking down and plucking at a bit of hawthorn she held in her hand. A lark rose from the long meadow grass near by, and soaring into the air poured out a song that seemed but an echo of the ecstasy that was in their hearts. It was Moira who made the first return to earth.

"Does your mother know of it?" she questioned.

"Divine a bit," said Barry cheerfully, "and where would be the good of telling her? She'd never consent to it in the wide world. 'Tis a runaway match we'll have to make, may I say."

"We'll be after taking a trip to the next parish and back some fine day."

"But where will we live at all, Barry, darlin'?" cried Moira, still troubled.

"Rest easy," said Barry. "I can make somewhat working in the bogs, and that will give us a bite and a sup. And there's old McShane's cabin that's been deserted ever since he went to America. Troth, it's a ramshackle place, and there's no denying it! The roof leaks, but I can mend it with fresh turf. And though the room is as small as a nut, what a fine view we'll have from the doorway. And if the chimney is owd and smokey, after all, 'twill be our own. Arrah, trust to luck, Moira, achree! And lovers' luck, shure, it's the best of all."

"True for ye, Barry," agreed Moira, and happy and improvident, they drifted back into their lovers' paradise, and one morning before the first birds were astray and Ballymore lay in the cool grayness of the dawn they slipped away to the next parish. By the middle of the afternoon they were back again, and all the village knew of their romance.

Mrs. Terhune hastened to bring the news to Mrs. O'Gill, but the latter, pushing forward a chair, did not wait for her to speak.

"Have ye seen aught of my boy Barry?" she demanded. "The lazy scound! Gone since morning, and not a word to me!"

The answer came promptly. "No, I don't think I should have any objections, if the undertaker is willing."

bit of work has he done the day, had cess to him!"

It was a fine opening for Mrs. Terhune, and, sitting on the opposite side of the hearth, she told her story. Mrs. O'Gill interrupting from time to time with passionate ejaculations. "The curse of all the crows upon him! And sorrow to me for having a boid, decaful son murdering my heart with his cruel actions! May he never cross my threshold again! 'Tis a serpent's tooth he is, a serpent's tooth!"

Mrs. Terhune wagged her head wisely.

"He is so," she agreed, with relish, "he is so! The most good for nothing lad in the parish, and he marrying the poorest girl of it! There's not a boy for miles around but what would have more sense! My children, now, they're foin, clever lads, and, och, woman, dear, it's often I've said to myself I pitted ye having such a great, awkward, stupid lad for a son!"

But Mrs. Terhune had ventured too far. While she was speaking, Mrs. O'Gill's face had flushed and then paled again. After all, Barry was her own son, blood of her blood and flesh of her flesh, and the mother in her rose, armed. Eyes and voice ablaze, she turned on Mrs. Terhune.

"Spare your pity," she cried breathlessly, "spare your pity! My boy has married where his heart led him, and if the girl is poor, so much the better. He is not like some I know, who spend their days hanging after the rich. Ay, ye may wince, Bridget Terhune, for ye know what I mean. Clever children, indeed! 'Tis myself that's thankful to heaven that my Barry is not like your jabbering, knock-kneed omamons! 'Twas like ye to be here with your spiteful words, and now, if ye've had your say, ye may take yours off!"

But Mrs. Terhune had already summoned herself together and was stumbling down the road, muttering as she went. On the way she passed Barry and his bride, walking hand in hand toward the forlorn, tumble-down cabin they meant to make their home. She went by them flapping like a wet hen, and they failed to recognize in her their saving angel. Instead, they looked fearfully ahead to where Barry saw a familiar figure approaching over the crest of the hill, a spare, keen-eyed woman with a red shawl about her shoulders.

Mrs. O'Gill faced the culprits grimly. "Tis a foin hour for ye to be coming home," she cried sharply. "The supper's been set for the both of ye this long time, and 'twill be ruined entirely."

She gave Moira a piercing glance. The last light of the afterglow touched the girl's face with a pale glory. "Tis a slim creature ye are," said Mrs. O'Gill, her voice softening. "When I was a girl I had bright eyes, too, and a same color o' hair. Ah, heaven be with them owd times! 'Tis long since I was young!" She turned from them abruptly and went on ahead, leading the way home.

The lovers followed in a happy daze, too overwheeled to question how such fortune came about. "Did I not tell ye," said the rapturous Barry, "that lovers' luck is the greatest in the world?"

This Hat Always in Style.

Fashions in women's headgear come and go in regular cycles, but there is one class of women in this country who stick to one kind of hat through the summer season year after year, with never a thought to the prevailing fashions in other circles of society.

These are the "canalers," who invariably are seen in the sunbonnets, no matter what part of the country their homes are in. Considering that most of the time they live under the awnings suspended over their cabin homes, one would scarcely think all this shade was necessary. But they stick to their favorite hats, nevertheless. It is a curiosity of the taste in headgear of the women who spend their lives working as cooks on the vessels of the great lakes that one rarely sees a sunbunnet among them, and yet awnings on these craft are seldom used. But that is only another evidence of the fact of what variety there is among the eternal feminine.—New York Press.

A Legend of Agincourt.

For many centuries we English have plumed ourselves upon the victory of Agincourt. Indeed it is from King Henry V.'s address to his soldiers on that occasion, as given by Shakespeare, that the motto of this journal is taken, "Familiars in their mouths as household words." But the French have an account of the affair not so much to our credit. It was arranged, according to this fable, by the two leaders that only the nobles on each side were to fight. King Henry V. then artfully enabled his whole army and hence got the best of the enemy. Shakespeare unwittingly gives a little countenance to the legend when he makes the king declare in the above mentioned address, "Be ye men so vile, this day shall gentle your condition."—London Standard.

Getting Into His Place.

When Governor Head was in office in New Hampshire Colonel Barrett, an estimable member of the governor's staff, died, and there was an unseemly scramble of would be successors for the office, even while his body was awaiting burial with military honors. One candidate, somewhat bolder than the rest, ventured to call upon Governor Head, thinking to ascertain the bent of the governor's mind upon the important question.

"Governor," he asked, "not to speak in a manner too positive, do you think you would have any objections if I was to get into Colonel Barrett's place?"

The answer came promptly. "No, I don't think I should have any objections, if the undertaker is willing."

A Strange Experience.

The Rev. J. Pitkin, who has just been presented to the living of Shapwick-cum-Ascott, in Somerset, when chaplain of Exeter jail had the extraordinary experience of reading the funeral service over John Lee, the Babbaroo murderer, three times. Lee is still alive, for three attempts to execute him failed through the trap door remaining in position.

A WELL-KNOWN MAN.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Dear Sirs,—I can recommend your MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results.

Yours truly,  
T. E. LAVERS,  
St. John.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.



## The Best Dress Goods Stock WE HAVE EVER SHOWN.

That tells the story in a nutshell. It means that you may select the materials for that new gown and get the correct thing in any one of a hundred different weaves and materials. It's a stock that you will rarely find equalled in a city of this size, but the size and growth of our dress goods business warrants unusual efforts. And the prices, too, are pleasing. For instance:—

**All Wool Venetians 50c yd**—42 in. wide, fine pure wool French Venetian Suitings, costume weight in all leading shades, very special at a yard, 50c.

**46 in. all Wool Serges 50c a yd**—Firm weave bright smooth weave, 46 in. wide, navy, cardinal, grenat, green, brown and black, special at a yard, 50c.

**All Wool Roxana 50c a yd**—Full 42 in. wide, fine pure wool, bright finish in black and colors, special at a yard 50c.

**44 in. Cashmeres 50c**—Fine pure wool in black and all wanted colors, extra value at a yard, 50c.

**Suiting Tweeds 50c**—New, natty styles, 42 in. to 54 in. wide in good range colorings, at a yard, 50c.

**Tartan Plaids 50c**—42 in. wide, good quality cloth in wide range patterns, special at 50c.

**Granoline Suitings 60c yd**—Rich pure wool firm weave, 44 in. wide in full range colors and black, extra at per yard 60c.

**Covert Venetians 75c yd**—44 to 48 in. wide, fine pure French wool in all fashionable colors at a yard 75c.

**Satin Venetians 75c yd**—Rich bright finish, pure wool, 44 in. wide, warranted sponge shrunk in black and colors at a yard 75c.

**Chevron Suitings 75c**—44 in. wide, good heavy weight fine pure wool in new herring bone effects in colors and black very special at a yard 75c.

**French Tweed Suitings 75c**—Fine pure wool, dark or light colors in broken checks, mixtures and herring bone designs wide range to select from at a yard 75c.

**Chiffon Venetians \$1.00 yd**—Rich pure wool light and medium weight, 52 in. wide in full range of latest shades, extra special at a yard \$1.00.

**Tweed Suitings \$1.00**—56 in. pure wool tweeds and homespun, wide range patterns in light and dark colorings, at a yard \$1.00.

**Broadcloths, Venetians and Sedan Suitings**—Rich, fine pure wool cloths, superior in dye and finish wide range colors and black, special at a yard 1.25, 1.50, 1.75 and 2.00.

**Yard Wide Taffeta Silk \$1.00**—Rich pure silk black taffeta full yard wide, superior dye and finish, the best wearing taffeta we have ever had at a yard \$1.00.

## The Northway Co., ...LIMITED...

## "Are You Sure?"

Rudyard Kipling dined on one occasion with a party that included several other well-known writers—a fair proportion of men and women who knew something about literature, and a large number who knew little and made up for their lack of knowledge with pretence. Several of the last described kind started a useless discussion concerning spellings, pronunciation, etc., and one, firing his remark straight at Kipling, said: "I find that 'sugar' and 'sugar' are the only words beginning with 'u' that are pronounced as though beginning with 'sh'."

Bored though he was, Kipling's politeness did not desert him, and, assuming an expression of interest, although his eyes twinkled behind his glasses, he asked: "Are you sure?"—Chums.

## For the Lone Man.

A good plan for husbands and sons abandoned in summer by their kinsfolk, as is our American custom, might be to pool their loneliness. It is not always safe for reasons of health and because of the accidents of sudden illness that sometimes seize those who are ordinary well for any one to remain entirely alone in a house at night. Few men fear the midnight burglar. With the silver in the safe deposit vault and the jewels in the possession of their wearers there is little to tempt thieves unless they are of the variety who steal lead pipes and burrow in the cellar. But two or three neighbors living together for a few weeks, with a housekeeper engaged to see that they have the material comforts of home, might defy loneliness and emerge from the season which to them affords only a fortnight's vacation none the worse for its experiences.

## Picture Post Card Fans.

The picture post card is as much in evidence as ever, and an ingenious idea for utilizing really artistic ones may commend itself to our readers. Get one of the twopenny Japanese folding fans and arrange your post cards to completely cover it, cutting the edges of the top ones to shape with the fan. The novelty in this seemingly old idea consists in not gluing the cards on the fan, but fixing them through with manuscript paper clips. The cards are thus held in position by a number of little brass headed struts which look quite decorative on the one side and quite neat on the other, besides forming a pretty whole.

## RAILWAYS.

## PERE MARQUETTE

## BUFFALO DIVISION

Leave	Arrive	Express	Express
Chatham	For	8:15 a.m.	4:05 p.m.
Chatham	West	8:15 a.m.	4:05 p.m.
Chatham	East	9:35 a.m.	4:25 p.m.
Chatham	Chatham	9:35 a.m.	4:25 p.m.

From  
Chatham 8:15 a.m. 7:35 p.m.  
St. Thomas 9:35 a.m. 6:30 p.m.  
Sault Ste. Marie 10:10 a.m. 6:10 p.m.  
All trains run by Eastern Standard Time.  
H. F. MOELLER, G. I. A., Detroit.  
W. M. HOOD, Agent, Chatham.  
R. DOWNNEY Ticket Agent, C. Am.

## CHATHAM, WALLACEBURG AND LAKE ERIE RAILWAY.

## ELECTRIC SERVICE

6:35 p.m.	5:45 p.m.	5:40 p.m.	Inter
*8:10 p.m.	7:00 p.m.	*6:55 p.m.	† Mi
*925 p.m.	*8:15 p.m.	*8:10 p.m.	
12:00 p.m.	11:00 p.m.	11:00 p.m.	

cars on Saturday leave Chatham 7:15  
p.m. Leave Wallaceburg 9:00 a.m.  
n.  
Sunday all other cars daily

8:37  
Buffalo  
† 2.0

Extra cars on Saturday leave Chatham 7:15 a.m., 1:10 p.m., leave Wallaceburg 9:00 a.m. and 2:15 p.m.  
\*Except Sunday all other cars daily.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

7:15 a.m. for London, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary and all Pacific Coast points.  
1:15 a.m. Fast Express for London, Toronto, Montreal, St. John, Boston and all points east, also Winnipeg, Calgary and Pacific Coast points.  
1:15 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul and all points north, south and west.  
1:15 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul and all points north, south and west.  
1:15 p.m. Fast Express for London, Toronto, Montreal, St. John, Boston and all points east, also Winnipeg, Calgary and Pacific Coast points.  
1:15 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul and all points north, south and west.  
1:15 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul and all points north, south and west.  
1:15 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago