

The Planet.

DAILY AND WEEKLY
Chatham, Ont.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AGREES WITH SIR CHARLES.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, in his speech in the British House of Commons, practically adopts the same policy regarding Imperial and Colonial trade as that enumerated by the Conservative party at Ottawa. Mr. Chamberlain says: "I have pointed out that, if there were to be any kind of fiscal arrangements with the colonies, I believed the only form that would meet with the slightest favor would be an Imperial Zollverein, in which there would be free trade between the portions of the Empire and duties against strangers. At any rate the suggestion must originate with the colonies."

That is almost identical with the position taken by Sir Charles Tupper in the Canadian House of Commons when opposing the present policy of preferential duties. In reply to that proposition the Liberal leaders declared that Great Britain would never consent to tax foreign breadstuffs just to please Canada and the other colonies. Sir Charles declared for a mutual preference, but Sir Wilfrid and Sir Richard said it was utterly impracticable. Now Mr. Chamberlain comes to the fore with views similar to those of Sir Charles. The Government appears to have gone bounding along in this preferential matter without ever getting in touch with public feeling in England. Now it will have a hard time reconciling its own arguments with Mr. Chamberlain's declaration of Britain's attitude.

FIELD CORNET ERASMUS.

Dealing editorially with the reported death in the battle of Spion Kop of Field Cornet Erasmus, the Times, of Natal, supplies some facts that throw light upon ante-bellum conditions, and how hardly they pressed upon British subjects. It says Erasmus was an Anglophobe of bitterest type, and responsible for having murdered several Englishmen, for which he was tried by a Transvaal court—and, "of course," acquitted. To kill Englishmen and Kaffirs was rather a virtue than a crime. Shortly before the Bronkhorstspruit massacre of the Ninety-fourth, while a detachment of that regiment was in Leydenburg district, Erasmus, wanting to test the shooting of the British, got up a rifle match between some of the Ninety-fourth and the Boers. He offered his padlocks, horse, courtyard, as the prize. Although only 23 of the Ninety-fourth completed against 37 Boers, eleven of the Ninety-fourth headed the list, and one of these won the horse. Shortly after this, Erasmus planned and executed the Bronkhorstspruit massacre of the same portion of the Ninety-fourth, and it was he who called out and parleyed with Col. Anstruther before the signal for the massacre was given to the ambushed Boers. After that massacre Erasmus took back the horse from the fallen winner. These facts we have, says the Times, from one who was second in the rifle competition referred to, who was one of the survivors of the massacre, and who is at present in Maritzburg.

Erasmus' death was in keeping with his character. After Buller crossed the Tugela the last time, some lancers spied a few Boers endeavoring to escape. They overtook the party and a fight ensued. Reinforcements came up and all the Boers who had not escaped among the rocks were surrounded. But for an hour and a half they continued the unequal fight. Then they surrendered. Of killed, wounded and living, there were in all about 40. Erasmus had been their commander. During the fight a bullet smashed his leg, but he never wined. He insisted on the fight going on and fired away himself until he bled to death. When he was dead the remainder of the party surrendered.

Peculiar place, Windsor. In the matter of street paving it has the best of up-to-date policies, and yet it tolerates its civic committees meeting in secret. Here is blended a combination of twentieth century progressiveness and seventeenth century foolishness. One would suppose that a city with such modern ideas in one respect would never favor star-chamber practices in another.

The sacred concert given by the Ladies' Aid of the William St. Baptist Church was one of the most successful ever held in Chatham. Had the attendance been much larger the people would have had to have been turned away. The concert was advertised exclusively in the Planet. This is only another proof that judicious advertising is better and much more economical than any promiscuous waste of printers' ink on inferior and little read journals.

The paving with the new policy of giving King street develops looks as if the Orangemen were going to be allowed to bring 10,000 or 15,000 visitors here on July 13th to march over a pavement that would disgrace a one-year-old mining camp in the gold re-

LANGUID

children are sick children. Their inactivity and sober faces are not in keeping with robust childhood. They lack vitality and resistive power, and are very susceptible to colds and contagious diseases.

Scott's Emulsion brings new life to such children. It enriches the blood; it restores health and vitality; it gives vigor and activity to mind and body.

See and get it at all drug stores.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

gions of Alaska. If the Orangemen cannot get a guarantee that the present condition of affairs will be remedied they should postpone their celebration until the business part of the city is at least made presentable.

The next issue of Harper's Weekly will contain a poem by Rudyard Kipling on Gen. Joubert, which was sent by cable from South Africa. Two of the three verses follow:

With those that bred, with those that loosed the strife
He had no part, whose hands were clean of gain;
But subtle, strong and stubborn, gave his life

To a lost cause, and knew the gift was vain.

Later shall rise a people sage and great,

Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one,

Telling old battles over without hate,

Noblest his name shall pass from sire to son.

The Chatham Planet thinks that tar macadam pavement might not be "good enough" for the King street of that town, but thinks it would do instead of cobble stone (think of it, cobble stone in 1900!) which latter it was proposed to use. Our esteemed correspondent is hereby informed that tar macadam is good enough for King street in Hamilton—good enough for any street in this little world.—Hamilton Spectator.

What The Planet said on the subject was that while tar macadam might not be good enough for King street, which is this city's leading thoroughfare, it would be preferable to cobble stone for Colborne street, which is to be paved as an accommodation for the heavy teaming that goes over it. Tar macadam may be useful enough, but the property owners on King street will never think of going in for anything so cheap. King street property is a good investment, it is paying well where it is kept up, is not assessed very high, and the owners ought, after all the city as a whole has done for them, be more than willing to improve the town by putting down the best pavement money can buy.

IT STANDS THE WINTER.

Hamilton Spectator.
The tar macadam seems to have come through the winter in perfect order, and it was an unusually trying winter, too.

HOW IT CAME TO OCCUR.

Buffalo Express.
The British disaster on Saturday is easily explained. Spencer Wilkinson had been neglecting his duties for a few days preceding.

A DANGER-BOLT LEFT UNGUARDED.

Brookville Times.
In Col. Sara Hughes' extraordinary letter home from South Africa he says:

"The duties I perform are generally to see that all the dangerous places are guarded."

Why doesn't he watch his mouth?

NO HONOR AMONG ELECTION THIEVES.

Hamilton Herald.
The Attorney-General's amendment to his election bill, by which any person giving evidence incriminating himself, may be exempted from prosecution, is all right. Very often the only way to secure the conviction of criminals is to induce one of them to turn Queen's evidence.

NOT IN 6000 YEARS.

Montreal Herald.
Dr. Wright, of Detroit, says if Adam had worked 300 days each year from the day he was created to the present time, at a salary of \$50 a day, he would not have earned by this time as much property as is owned today by any one of the several multi-millionaires in America.

HIS WELCOME ABSENCE.

London Times.
Among the number of Irish passengers was Michael Davitt, who has chosen the singularly insalubrious port of Lorenzo Marquez as a place likely to benefit his health. We may presume that on discovering his mistake he will promptly proceed to the lofty tableland of the Transvaal. We really wish that we could assure him that his presence will be half as welcome to the people of this country, and we strongly suspect to the Irish parliamentary party itself.

CLARK'S SECRET WEDDING

It Was a Lively Affair After All—Bridegroom Was a Modest Man.

There dwelt at the town of San Cristobal, situated in the evening shadow of Pike's Peak, a man whom we can not do better than to call by the name of Clark. He was a bachelor, perhaps approaching the age of thirty, and extremely popular.

But though a man widely known, and of many friends, he was singularly averse to publicity.

Natural, when Clark found himself in a position to contemplate his wedding day, he became somewhat nervous. He had always been rather fond of attending other people's weddings, and it occurred to him that he had never been backward about bestowing such delicate little attentions as may be encompassed in a handful of rice; and he shook his head as he remembered that he had once helped strap up a friend's trunk at the railroad station with white satin ribbon.

While personally he would gladly have been married by telephone, he knew as well as anybody the inborn love of a wedding, as opposed to a plain marriage, which abideth in the soul of woman. But he was to be agreeably surprised on this point. When he visited his future bride that evening, he said:

"Dora, what do you say to a very simple wedding, or a—just a sort of getting married, you know—quiet—no display—no—this—stuff, you know—rice—no rice. You remember I don't like rich—just a—mummet."

"I know," answered Dora. "I discovered it at Mabel's wedding—by the way, you threw it."

"Hah! hah!" said Clark, in a weak attempt at laughter. "That's good though you threw as much as I did. But that was different, you see. Now, what do you say?"

"Well, I'm not particular about a wedding," answered the young lady. "I only want to suit myself, dear."

"We can postpone a wedding, you know," went on Clark, "and then the day before we can just get married and go away, and—leave 'em with a—on their hands!"

The details were accordingly very carefully arranged later on by Clark. He set the hour at ten o'clock in the morning.

"Very early," he said, "but it'll have to be at that time so we can catch the ten-thirty train. I will call for you, and we'll just drive around to the domicile and have it over with in five minutes. I'll send my trunk to the station the night before, and get it out that I'm going up to Denver on business, and I can telephone for your trunk. We can send back announcement cards from Denver—and I'll just have engraved down in one corner, 'No Rice.'"

But of course the plan of the ingenious Clark got on as in the inevitable case of the rising of the morning sun. It got out, though to this day no man knoweth exactly how it got out. But Clark has always sagaciously suspected the Hereditary Enemy of Lovers—the girl's small brother.

The night before the wedding for the clandestine marriage, one or two hundred of Clark's friends held a secret meeting down town in a hall. Mabel's husband presided. Most of those present had the advantage of that exuberance which goes with youth and early love, and they had all long breathed the exhilarating mountain atmosphere of Colorado. Nothing was forgotten.

The next morning, when Clark, after a hasty toilet, glanced out of the window, he observed two scoundrelly-looking men wearing party clothes, who were posting bills with great industry on the fence across the street.

He thought he caught his own name printed in big, red letters. He snatched up an opera glass and read:

Secret Wedding of

JIM CLARK

To-day at ten o'clock. You are invited.

Bring a Basket of Rice.

See what a little he had to do!

Mr. Clark with difficulty kept from fainting. But he pulled himself together at last and started out. There seemed to be nothing to do but see the thing through. A small boy was throwing handbills in all the front yards, and gave one to him. He stopped and read:

"The many friends of the justly popular James McC. Clark take pleasure in announcing his absolutely and profoundly secret marriage to-day at ten o'clock. Twenty-five per cent reduction on rice at all great stores."

Per order COMMITTEE.

He hurried on down to his office. Newboys were crying the morning papers—"All about the secret wedding of Jim Clark!" He caught glimpses on the first pages, of "scarce heads" over long articles presumably giving the details. One of the big red posters was pasted on his office door. He went in and tried to look over his mail.

At half-past nine he returned home. The streets were deserted and ominously quiet. He got into the carriage and drove around after his bride. Together they proceeded to the clergyman's. They went in, and the simple but beautiful ceremony was soon finished. As they stepped out of the house they found the street blocked with their friends. The rest of the population of the town was coming around the corner in a long procession. Two or three brass bands seemed to be somewhere about the neighborhood. The horses had been taken off the carriage, and a long rope attached. They took their seats, and the willing hands of friends drew them toward the station. The crowd followed. All of this time the air remained foggy with rice.

At the station they found the train waiting. The trunk was somewhat conspicuous on the roof of the baggage car, so decorated with bows of white ribbon that they looked like big, chrysanthemums. As they mounted the car platform the engineer sounded a long blast on the whistle, and the crowd gave three cheers for Jim Clark. Then there was a call for a speech. A pint of rice rolled off Clark's hat as he removed it and simply said:

"I thank you. I will never try it again."

The train moved off, and the rice rattled on the car roofs and against the windows. Clark's quiet little wedding was over. Mabel's big plan,

Ordered Clothing

Do not fail to give us a call this spring for your Suit and Overcoat. We are in a position to deal better with you than the ordinary merchant. As Manufacturers of Tweeds ourselves, we would not sell you anything that would not give you thorough satisfaction. Without a doubt we carry the largest stock in imported goods in Scotch, English and Irish Tweeds, also Worsteds in all colorings of any merchant in the city. In the above imported goods, as Manufacturers ourselves, we are able to choose you the best wearing quality as well as style. Those who are not already our Customers in Clothing, give us a trial and you will be convinced with the many thousand present customers we have, that you have at last found the place where to get your clothes at the right price. Remember we guarantee a perfect fit or your money gladly refunded. Our motto for clothing is "Cash."

BEST FAMILY FLOUR AND FEEDS OF ALL KINDS

THE T. H. TAYOR CO. Ltd.

Phone 1—William St.

South Africa and the Boer-British War Book

First Part has been Edited by J. Castall Hopkins—Second Part by Murat Halstead.

It is the only authentic History of the Boer War and is profusely illustrated with many half tones and original War Scenes made expressly for this work. GIVE YOUR ORDER TO THE CANNASERS OR LEAVE IT AT THE PLANET OFFICE. This volume contains 500 large quarto pages printed from new plates on special paper, about 100 illustrations and will be sold at the following low prices:

Bound in fine English Cloth, emblematic design, in gold and colors	\$1.75
Substantial Hain Morocco	2.50
Full Morocco	3.25

MEMORIAL LIFE AND WORKS OF

DWIGHT L. MOODY

BY J. W. HANSON, A. M., D. D.

Velum Cloth	\$1.50
Half Morocco	2.00
Full Morocco	2.50

A canvasser will call upon you or you can leave your order at the PLANET OFFICE where samples of both books can be seen.

LITTLE CLASSICS

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;

No more on Life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,

And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

—Theodore O'Hara.

Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers
Under a fern make the field ring with
their importunate chink, reposing
sands of great cattle, reposing
the shadow of the British oak,
chew the cud and are silent, pray do
not imagine that those who make the
noise are the only inhabitants of
the field.—Burke.

With regard to the choice of friends,
there is little to say, for a friend is
never chosen. A secret sympathy, the
attraction of a thousand nameless
qualities, a charm in the expression of
the countenance, even in the voice or
manner, a similarity of circumstances
—these are the things that begin attachment.—Mrs. Barbauld.

All the means of action—
The shapeless masses, the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we
need

Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and
clear.

That fire is genius!
—Longfellow, "The Spanish Student."

If you saw a house on fire, what
three celebrated authors would you
feel disposed at once to name? Dickens—Howitt—Burns.

Cards were at first for benefits designed,
Sent to amuse, not to enslave the mind.
—David Garrick.

Books are men of higher stature, and
the only men that speak aloud for future
times to hear.—Mrs. Browning.

The great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,
Tennyson, "In Memoriam."

Genius is the highest type of reason;
talent, the highest type of the under-
standing.—Hickok.

Once a day.

Thirty years ago one of the famous
elephants that traveled in this country
was "old Columbus." During one of
his summer trips through Virginia,
he stopped at the town of D—, in
the neighboring town of H—, a boy
famously called "Dave" and notorious
for leadership in all kinds of mischievous
tricks, determined to show off before
the other boys at "Old Columbus"
expense, and inviting several of his
companions to go with him.

Having come to the elephant's stable,
Dave gave him, first, candy, then cake,
and finally cried: "Now, boys, and
slipped a piece of tobacco into his proboscis,
intending to get out of danger,
and enjoy "Old Columbus" disgust
and anger.

But before he could move Columbus
seized him, and whirling him upward
through the opening overhead against
the roof of the stable.

Unhurt by his unexpected "raise,"
Dave dropped on the hay mow. The
other boys below, supposing this to be
the "trick" promised, then, cried out
in admiration:

"Dave, Dave, do that again!"

Dave, comfortably seated out of
harm's way, very earnestly answered:

"No, boys! I only do that trick
once a day!"

The great amount of design work
done at the Victoria Avenue Green
House is a sufficient proof of the
excellence of the work. Nothing but
the best at the lowest prices. Telephone
181.

Notice to Contractors.

Bulk and separate tenders will be
received up till 7 o'clock p.m., Friday,
April 6th, by the undersigned archi-
tects, at whose office plans may be
obtained, addressed to James Forsyth,
Esq., Chatham township for alterations
and additions to residence near
Eberts station. Lowest or any tender
not necessarily accepted.

JAMES L. WILSON & SON,
Jas. Forsyth, Esq., Architects,
Proprietor, 17 Chatham, Ont.

Notice to Contractors.

Bulk or separate tenders will be re-
ceived up to 12 o'clock, noon, Wednes-
day, April 4th, 1900, for the erection
and completion of three veneered
brick residences and one veneered
brick convent.

On each of these buildings there will
be stone work, brick work, plumbing
and slating.

The lowest or any tender not neces-
sarily accepted.

Tenders to be left at the Architect's
office by the time specified above.

JAMES W. CARSWELL, Architect,
Market Building,
Chatham, Ont.

March 24th, 1900.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a by-law
was passed by the Municipality of the
Township of Harwich on the 12th day
of March, A. D. 1900, providing for the
issue of debentures to the amount of
\$201.40 for the purpose of repairing
the Ferguson Extension Drain in the
said Township of Harwich, and that
such by-law was registered in the Reg-
istry Office of the County of Kent on
the 28th day of March, A. D. 1900.

Any motion to quash or set aside
the same or any part thereof, must be
made within one month from the date
of registration, and cannot be made
thereafter.

Dated the 30th day of March, 1900.

GEO. M. BALDIA,
Clerk.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of the estate of Thomas
Oliver Grandbois, late of the Township
of Raleigh, in the County of Kent,
farmer, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to
"The Revised Statutes of Ontario,"
1897, Chapter 129, that all creditors
and others having claims against the
estate of the said Thomas Oliver
Grandbois, who died on or about the
twelfth day of March, A. D. 1900,
are required on or before the 19th day
of April, 1900, to send by post prepaid
or deliver to W. F. Smith, of the City
of Chatham, solicitor for the executors
of the last will and testament of the
said deceased, their Christian and sur-
names, addresses and descriptions, the
full particulars of their claims, the
statement of their accounts and the
nature of the securities, if any, held by
them.

And further take notice that after
such last mentioned date the said ex-
ecutors will proceed to distribute the
assets of the deceased among the
parties entitled thereto having regard
only to the claims of which they shall
then have notice and that the said
executors will not be liable for the
said assets or any part thereof to any
person or persons of whose claims
notice shall not have been received by
them at the time of such distribution.

Dated the twenty-sixth day of March,
A. D. 1900.

W. F. SMITH,
Solicitor for executors.

wd26d 11 w.

F. Marx REAL-ESTATE EXCHANGE

For sale the superior stone frame house on
Barnett St., directly back of Mr. Holmes' Victoria
Ave. residence, containing Dining Room, Parlor,
Kitchen, and Summer kitchen on ground floor and
fire good sized bedrooms upstairs—there are two lots
of ground with a large number of fruit trees such as
Apples, Peaches, Plums, Grapes and small fruits.
It is a new and desirable place to live in, and
will be sold cheap as the owner is about to move to
the State of Illinois.

At a great bargain a new dwelling house and seven
from Deane St.—can be sold for its monthly instal-
ments at a rate of interest 5 per cent or can be rented.

Money on Mortgages at 4 1/2 to 5 per cent.

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