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THE PLANET

Business Office 53
Editorial Room 102
S. STEPHENSON - Proprietor.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1905.

AN OLD TRADITION.

The tradition, as old, perhaps, as the beginning of printing, is still honored in some Police Courts, that the first steps towards the capture of a criminal is to put a muzzle on the press. The origin of the tradition is not easily traced, but doubtless it is the outcome of early association with darkness. It is difficult to understand it now; yet it persists. The idea seems to be that if the criminal can be kept from knowing that his crime has been discovered he may think it unnecessary to take any steps to make his escape or cover up his tracks. Perhaps there is a desire to share the feelings of the criminal, for it must be admitted that the papers have sometimes an abrupt way of breaking the news, and a refined and sensitive criminal might suffer from heart failure as the result of seeing the story of his work in cold type.

The most expert and successful of the criminal hunters, however, have abandoned the tradition. They recognize that the newspapers are their best allies, and they freely use them. It is conceivable, of course, that there may be occasions when the publication of a suspicion that a discovery would do harm. One of these is the case of a man with a frightful record who is up to his eyes in the law. The danger of the water, like a tempest, the vagabond cannot rush along the length of the deck and crash into the mast until the terrified sailors almost heard the keel snap under their feet. Then when the ship would lurch to leeward and the gunwales would be submerged under the rushing waters the huge iron monster would stop just a minute. The next instant it would make a dash in that direction until, like a battering ram, it seemed as though it would splinter the side of the hull into kindlings. Horror upon horror followed in its track. It mangled the brave seamen who were trying to stop it as a cowboy upon western plains would throw the lariats about the horns of a wild steer. One sent the others fleeing for their lives like a young of partidges scurrying to the ing into the underbrush. Again it reared the iron bar out of the hands of the man who was trying to clog the bones' gun carriage and buried him self clear across the deck and far out into the abyssal depths to find a watery grave.

The dangers of the battlefield were child's play compared to the dangers which threatened the ship. And yet, as I read that account many years ago I said to myself: "Those sailors were having an awful struggle, but very similar are the multitudinous dangers and difficulties that assail most of us during the voyage of life. The storms are not April showers, but December tornadoes. The dangers that threaten to demolish us do not only come from without, but assail us from within the bombardment after hurricane, battling waves after baffling wave, rolling Juggernaut followed by rolling Juggernaut."

But though the dangers and storms seem to be so many and black while we are passing through them, yet in almost every life there comes a time when, like Moses, we can stand upon Pisgah's heights, where we can truly see that all these troubles and misfortunes have been working together for our good. As Moses was allowed to climb to the top of Mount Nebo and look off upon this promised land and see the results of his life work, so God lets us climb to the mountain tops of inspiration and look off upon the results of our life work. The danger can see into the dim future and know that dead, germ seeds we have planted shall rise in their harvest thirty, sixty and eighty fold. And then we can look back to the past and see how God has been leading us all the way. Let us first start with a retrospect.

It is always natural for the travelers up the mountain heights to look back toward the land over which they have



A CURIOUS PHENOMENON.

The Message in the Glass and How the Bear Deciphered It.

Boys and girls are often wont to write missives to each other, sometimes in cipher and sometimes with the letters formed backward. The simplest way of reading the latter is by holding it in front of the looking glass and reading the reflection.

A scientific journal of Paris tells of a more novel and amusing way to accomplish the same thing. It is as follows:

Fill a glass with water and hold it above the eyes. Place the paper in the water so that the tops of the letters



are toward the south and the north as well as toward the east and the west. He looked toward the geographical scenes of his childhood and middle age and old age as well as toward the future and the promised land.

How good God has been to Moses! How good he has been to us! For a moment go back to the scenes of our infancy, as Moses' thoughts turned to the river Nile and to Egypt. Did we not then have some one to love us and provide for us during the days of our childhood? When Eliphalet Nott, the great president of Union College, became a very old man, he lapsed into a beautiful second childhood. Day by day his faithful wife used to sing the same lullabies with which his mother once sang him to sleep. Then the old man would close his eyes like a little babe. He continually kept calling over the names of his mother and father and sisters and brothers. And when he conducted family prayers for the last time he closed with the simply evening prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep." As he lived over again the scenes of childhood a strange peace came to his soul. So with Moses. So with us. The associations of childhood speak to us of the infinite love and care that were about us then and encourage us to hope that they will be with us to the end.

Then, like Moses, we turn our eyes from Egypt toward the wilderness. What is the strange storm there in our young manhood and middle life? Is it a rainstorm? No, it looks more like a snowstorm. And yet as we reach up and gather a handful of the falling flakes they do not melt in our hands, though they are as white as the driven snow. No, my friends, that is not a snowstorm falling in the wilderness. It is a shower of manna which we see and feel. That is the provision God made for you in the years of your wilderness wandering, which has been sufficient for you and your family to this day. Has there been a day in your past life when that manna failed? There have been crisis in your life, as there were in the life of Moses—perhaps financial crisis, but day by day and week by week, year by year, God has fed you. Has he not, my brother? Ah, it is a mighty fact for you at your time of life to be able to stand upon Pisgah's heights and say, "God has taken care of me all the way through life, yes, all the way through."

Sometimes we did not understand how God was going to feed us when the cupboard was empty. But feed us and ours he always did. There is a beautiful legend told about the convent of St. Sabina of Rome. Many years ago, when St. Dominic was at the head of this convent, the food gave out. What were the inmates to do? "Come," said the leader, "let us go into the refectory and sit down at the table. If we cannot provide food for ourselves, God will do so for us." With that St. Dominic and his friars went to the refectory and sat down. Then the leader lifted his hands and made a prayer like this: "O God, I thank thee for the food which thou hast given us in the

THE CHATHAM

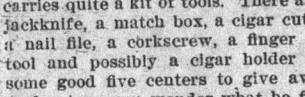


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panorama meant, in a nutshell? God took Moses upon the top of Pisgah and said: "See, Moses, yonder is the promised land. Thy work in Egypt is not to go for naught. Thy wanderings in the wilderness seemed to lead thee around and around in a useless circle. But those wanderings have led thy people to the crystal gates of the Jordan. The children of Israel shall pass through the Jordan and into the land which is flowing with milk and honey. Bear claws hat thy noble work!" So God lets and with fringe to the Pisgah heights to see the vision of our work. The vision is in the Bible, and how to see it you are will-Primed and look how to see it you are will-And it's pretty safe place, we can see in the That he never pl a noble spiritual work He has language children shall do after we Just to make it clear, that family was a hard But he got it, mo h, that family was a hard From some l the mere question of food Walks up to the thing I mean more than that. Talks of about the spiritual raising of them. But quite se see. You have five children. In the three children were born Orders. But two of them—and especially the youngest son—were always in mis- chief. The neighbors used to say of the youngest, "He will be a very good man or a very bad one." Yes, and it seem- ed as though the evil would win out in his nature. Then he took to drink. Oh, how many, many anxious nights you would have! Like David, you were continually moaning for your way-ward Absalom. But you have changed of late. The cloud has left your face. I know the good news. The neighbors have told it to me. "What," you say, "have you heard it? Who told it to you?" Yes, I have heard it. You are standing upon Pisgah's heights. O fa- ther, O mother. Not only are your boys and girls spiritually safe, but like Moses with the children of Israel, you can look off upon their promised land. You can picture their future lives. You can see them living in Christian homes, rearing Christian children and perhaps preaching in Christian pulpits. You can to-day be truly thankful that your children are all safe in Christ's love and pardon.

Then in reference to our other lines of work—oh, we can have wonderful visions. In reference to them! For years some of us have been working in the temperance and in the purity cause and in the church cause. We have been mightily discouraged at times. Sin seemed to be entrenched in Gibraltar fortresses. It seemed to be able to mock us and laugh at us as the enemies of God were able to laugh at the blinded Samson. We kept saying to ourselves, "Does it pay?" But as you grow older and look into the past you find that progress has been made. The tides of blessing each day, each month, each year, are a little higher. Each makes the world a little better than its predecessor. Then you began to see what is going to be done for Christ within the next two cen- turies. "My Lord and my God," you cry, "I thank thee for this Pisgah vi- sion. I thank thee that I am standing upon Pisgah's heights to-day. I thank thee that I can descend into the valleys and work in the harvest fields for the consummation of thy earthly glory."

But there is always one awful reali- zation which comes to us when we stand upon Pisgah's heights, and that is the realization that from an earthly standpoint we can never overcome the evil results of the past. Methinks I can see Moses as he looks off upon that land flowing with milk and honey. He raises his eyes to God and says, "Lord, wilt thou not let me pass over with my people for a little while?" "Nay," says God; "Nay. Dost thou not remember that I have said unto thee, thou shalt not enter into the promised land. Because of that sin thou art excluded from the land that thou art permitted to see." Is it possible that such a sentence may be pro- nounced against any of us? Have we always given God the honor that be- longed to him? Are there sins in our past that God has graciously forgiven, but that are still against us in na- ture's book of account? You may wish that you had acted differently during your early manhood or womanhood; but, surely, you can never change the past. Beware, O man, O woman, that you do not neglect to honor God! Do not dishonor him as Moses dishonored him down at Kadesh before Horeb's rock. Beware, if you have any sins sur- rendered your heart to Jesus Christ, lest you let this moment pass without sur- rendering it unto his keeping. Pis- gah's heights have their glorious vi- sions, but Pisgah's heights also have their awful secrets.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ help us to make this moment one of the most blessed that we shall ever see on Pisgah's heights. In the coming years we shall look back at this. Then may we say: "This is the sacred moment when we entirely surrendered our hearts to the love and the pardon of Jesus Christ. May the God of Mo- ses and the God of Mount Nebo bless us and save us to-day!"

When a Man Dies.
He was in The Toronto Star office, and for some reason of his own was carefully going through the large pile of exchanges. After an hour of this work he remarked to the exchange editor: "It seems to me that the country papers in Ontario devote most of their space to publishing obituary notices." "Why not?" asked the exchange editor, who once published a country paper. "Why should they?" he asked. "I speak well of good citizens who pass away—men who were pioneers." "Still," the stranger pursued, "there must be something more than funerals going on. Besides, I saw an item in one of the papers I can't find it now—but it said something like this, that when the average man dies, the loss is generally covered by insurance." With such a person the exchange editor naturally declined to hold fur-ther converse.

Man Dead From Exposure.
Branford, Dec. 29.—Thomas Canty, Pearl street, this city, was found dead yesterday about two miles from the city. He was missing since a week Wednesday. No foul play is suspected, death being from exposure. He was 50 years old and leaves a widow and several children in city.
Squire Litch yesterday committed John Hill for trial for shooting at Alex. Green, whose condition is still critical.

I was cured of Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
ANDREW KING.
Halifax.
I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
LT.-COL. C. GREVE READ.
Sussex.
I was cured of Acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
C. S. BILLING.
Markham, Ont.

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"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea, Black, Mixed or Green, is Pure, Delicious and Wholesome

Sold in 1-lb. Packets Only, at 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. By all Grocers. Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

Told by the Watch.
To tell the points of the compass by a watch point the hour hand at the sun; then south is halfway between the hour hand and the figure 12 of the dial. To measure an angle by a watch lay two straight edged pieces of paper on the angle, crossing at the apex. Holding them where they overlap, lay them on the face of the watch, with the apex at the center. Read the angle by the minutes of the dial, each minute being six degrees of arc. It is easy to measure within two or three degrees in this way.

DEAD SICK OF ASTHMA!
You couldn't be otherwise with aet a distressing malady. We'll for one dollar sent on "Catarrhose" you can be thoroughly cured. Foolish to delay, because asthma steadily grows worse. Get Catarrhose to-day and cure yourself; it's pleasant to use, very simple, and guaranteed. Prescribed by thousands of doctors and used by people of nine nations—Certainly Catarrhose must be good; it hasn't failed yet, no matter how chronic the case.

Jap Widows' Advertisements.
A Japanese widow wishing to marry again signifies her desire by twisting her hair around a long shell hairpin placed across the back of the head. The woman who desires to remain faithful to the memory of her lost spouse cuts her hair short and combs it back quite plainly.

A PERSISTENT BACKACHE.
Can have but one cause—diseased kidneys, which must be strengthened before backache can be cured. Why not use Dr. Hamilton's Pills? They cure the kidneys quick, make them strong and able to filter disease—breeding poisons from the blood. At once you feel better, stronger, brighter. Kidney health is guaranteed to every user of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Get a 25c. box from your druggist, and refuse substitutes.

Nominations at Compton.
Montreal, Dec. 29.—Nominations were held yesterday at Cookshire, Compton County, Quebec, for the seat by the Federal House rendered vacant by A. B. Hunt, a member of the Liberal party. A. B. Hunt, a member of the Conservatives, was nominated by the Conservatives, and A. B. Hunt, the unseated member, by the Liberals.

VALUABLE ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
If your child comes in from play coughing or showing evidences of a gripe, sore throat, or sickness of any kind, get out your bottle of Nerville. Rub the chest and neck with Nerville, and give internal doses of ten drops of Nerville in sweetened water every two hours. This will prevent any serious trouble. No parent or nurse relieves equal Nerville, which has been the great family remedy in Canada for the past fifty years. Try a 25c. bottle of Nerville.

Held Up on the Road.
Napawee, Dec. 29.—About 8 o'clock Wednesday night four men held up Oliver Smith of Moscow and robbed him of \$350. The robbery took place at Salem, a suburb of Napawee, about half a mile from the town proper on the Newburgh road. Smith owns a threshing outfit and was out collecting accounts, which must have been known by the robbers.

RADIANT WOMANHOOD.
The glory and satisfaction of beautiful womanhood can be known only to those possessing the unlimited advantage of health. No weak woman can be happy or enjoy half the pleasures of life. Pallid cheeks, sunken eyes, exhausted nerves, all tell of a terrible struggle to keep up. What a weak woman needs a Ferrozone; a new restorer and vitalizer in- stantly—as a "woman's remedy,"—that's why. Ferrozone makes women strong, plump and healthful because it contains lots of nutriment, the kind that forms muscle, sinew, bone and nerve. Vitalizing blood courses through the body, making delightful color, happy spirits, true womanly strength. Fifty cents buys a box of Ferrozone in any drug store.

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NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Have you purchased your New Year's Presents? If not call upon

A. A. JORDAN.

We have a large stock of Gold Headed Silk Umbrellas and Parasols, also Gold Mounted Fountain Pens of the Newest Patterns, which we will sell at a discount. What is a more useful or suitable present for a lady or gentleman. Come and see us at the

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Cement Block manu- factured by BLIGHT & FIELDER. Any persons desirous of building will do well to inspect these blocks. The electric road is using them for its new power house. After seeing them you will use no other. Plant open. Public Library Queen St.

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One of the finest assortments of Candy in the city, fresh every day.

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Ice Cream or goods delivered to any part of the city. Light lunches served.

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Quoth Bruin, "Tis bad-ski! I'll be bound, For steppe by steppe I'm losing ground. Internal troubles also gall, But this Red Feather smooths them all, And burdens hard to bear," says he, "Are carried through with ami-tea."

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One Price—40 Cents.