

The Planet.

Business Office 53
Editorial Room 102

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SATURDAY, AUG. 6.

ABOUT LAURIER

Beckles Willson is the name of a Canadian who is a journalist and author. He has been stirred up by the Dundonald episode, and relieves his feelings by writing an open letter to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which contains some things not generally known to Sir Wilfrid's friends outside of Quebec province. After following Sir Wilfrid up to the point where he became premier of Canada, Mr. Willson says:

"We did not expect too much. We did not look for in you the masterful temper, the deep sagacity, the luminous humor that distinguished Macdonald. We knew you as a French-Canadian of the Papineau school, which the large-hearted Chapleau condemned; men spoke of you as a reactionary radical; we heard of you as the companion of the famous Medrie Lanctot and the blatant Republican, Eric Dorion. We knew something of you as the editor of Le Devoir. In rallying to your standard in 1896 we forgave and tried to forget much. You had opposed confederation, you had opposed the trans-continental railway. In 1896 you had written:

"We (of the Papineau school) do not care a fig for the English colonies. When any change whatsoever is proposed in our political or school institutions, we do not look to see whether this change will be of use to the English colonies or to any other neighbor; we think only of Lower Canada and the French race. What have we in common with the English colonies? What interests? What relations bind us to them? Is it a matter of origin, religion, language, national aspirations? No—not at all!"

There may be some people who think that the author of that would not call Lord Dundonald a "foreigner" and a "stranger"—meaning to do so.

IGNORANCE IS A QUALIFICATION.

William T. Stead, the noted English journalist, has begun to attend the theater regularly—not for pleasure or profit, but to study the institution. Mr. Stead is fifty-five years old and has been actively engaged in the newspaper business for thirty-two years, but, until a few years ago, he had seen only one dramatic performance, and that one was the Passion Play at Oberammergau. He thinks that, as he will bring to the study of the stage all the freshness and inexperience of a child, combined with the matured intellect of a trained observer and man of the world, his studies will be particularly valuable and his judgments should be accepted as oracles.

This theory is open to doubt. Ignorance is seldom a valuable qualification in a critic and judge, and especially is this true in the world of art. The drama is a branch of art. With regard to any other branch of art ignorance in the critic would hardly be deemed necessary to a proper appreciation and judgment. A man who had never seen an original painting would have a right to his own opinion respecting the merits of a painting which he sees for the first time, and a man who had never heard good music would have a right to his own opinion about a Beethoven sonata; but it would surely be foolish to claim that these men were peculiarly fitted to pronounce upon the merits of the painting and the musical composition because of their ignorance of music and painting.

All art is necessarily artificial, and a cultivated taste is therefore necessary to a proper appreciation of every form of art. So far as he has gone in his investigations Mr. Stead doesn't think much of the drama; it doesn't appeal to him, and he cannot find any interest in it. It would be strange if this were not the case. He has dealt at close quarters so long with the tragedy and comedy of real life that the mimic life of the stage seems to be insipid and unreal, now that he sees it for the first time. He cannot study it as art, but his training and habit as a public censor compel him to view it from the standpoint of moral utility only. Charles Darwin in his early manhood, was fond of poetry and music; but in his old age he confessed with regret that his arduous scientific studies had destroyed his taste for these early sources of pleasure, and he cared no more for them. It is much the same with Stead, only in his case he had never learned to like the stage, was ignorant of it and prejudiced against it. If he fails to acquire a taste for it now, perhaps the fault will not be so much in the stage as in himself.

GOVERNMENT PETTINESS

The Canadian Military Gazette, of Montreal, in a vigorous article, demands the resignation of Sir Frederick Borden and Mr. Fisher. It speaks of the revelation of "a condition of intrigue, untruthfulness and dishonesty which the people of this country cannot possibly condone," and goes on to say:

"The action of Sir F. Borden and Mr. Fisher in placing before the House and the country in their first reply to Lord Dundonald, carefully prepared false statements, which were afterwards deliberately contradicted by themselves, and by conclusive evidence afterwards brought out, indicates a code of morality in reference to veracity that is most discreditable, and a deplorable reflection upon the good name of Canada."

"Although for a time Sir F. Borden was a promising Minister of Militia, of late there has been a falling off. The reason is not apparent. Can it be the influence of Hon. Mr. Fisher or Colonel Pinault, the Deputy Minister?"

"The insolent and ill-mannered dismissal of the head of the militia, the best and most distinguished general who has ever given his services to the Canadian volunteers, has been felt as a stinging and personal blow, delivered at every officer and man in the ranks. The fact of the blow coming from a man like Sir Frederick Borden makes it all the more exasperating."

For this outspoken utterance on a public question, the Government gave another exhibition of pettiness in the following note signed by the Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence, sent to the publisher of the Military Gazette:

"Sir,—I am directed by the Honorable the Minister of Militia and Defence to inform you that the agreement entered into with the Canadian Military Gazette, by my letter on the 29th August, 1903, will terminate on the 30th September next, from which date this department will not hold itself responsible for the publication and payment thereof of the Royal Military College advertisement and the Militia General orders."

The Gazette, with the Government patronage withdrawn, has not suspended publication.

SOCIAL TERRORS.

High life is always lived at high tension in the season; its worries are more than it is worth; the petty details of dresses, dinners or dances fill the smart woman's waking hours, and even in her dreams she is pursued by malevolent milliners, fatuous florists, procrastinating pastry-cooks, and capricious chefs. No matter how bored she may be, or how tired she must look brilliant, her conversation must coruscate with gems of wit and worldly wisdom.

BIT OF ADVICE BY JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

The redoubtable and only John L. is credited with giving this advice to two small boys who paid homage at his shrine not long ago: "Boy, if you want to get along do your work. Work is the only thing that makes men happy and successful. Don't be like the boy whose father wrote to the boy's boss asking where his son slept. The answer the man sent back was: 'We don't know where your son sleeps at night; he sleeps in the shop daytimes.'"

WHEN PERRY WON THE KING'S PRIZE.

When the King's prize entered on its final stage interest was centred on an English clergyman, whose health had broken down in missionary work in India, and on a color-artist from New Zealand. When they dropped out, it was a fighting man from Vancouver, a Canadian volunteer, whose helmet had been bored and his scalp grazed by a Boer bullet at Paardeberg. He won the gold medal, and the first man to shake him by the hand and to congratulate him on his splendid shooting was the Prince of Wales. We rejoice to behold this intertwining of the laurel and the maple leaf. A victory such as this does more to stimulate healthy emulation between all parts of the empire than streams of speeches.

INDEPENDENCE THAT TELLS.

Hamilton Herald.
One Liberal member of parliament was brave enough to vote against his party in the matter of the Jackson appointment. And one Liberal paper has been brave enough to commend his action and condemn the appointment and Sir Richard Cartwright's defence of it.

Independence within a party is harder, and when it is publicly manifested, is more valuable, than is political independence practiced as a deliberate policy. The stand which Mr. Erb took against his leaders required more courage than would be required to induce, say, Jabel Robinson to vote against the Jackson appointment. And the moderate but significant remarks by a sound Liberal paper, the Stratford Beacon, are braver and also more effective in condemnation of Sir Richard Cartwright's course than anything which has happened in an independent paper.

A Summer Cough

is the hardest kind to get rid of and the most dangerous kind to neglect.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic will cure you quickly and surely—stop the fever, strengthen the lungs and make you well again.

At all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

WORK OF A PRAIRIE MINISTER

Continued from 9th Page.

cause "Maud made it," and of the other kind because "Mabel made it." Sometimes he sacrifices to politeness the comfort of the whole week, thereby encouraging Maud and Mabel in the further manufacture of their deadly compounds. Next the young people's meeting must be attended. The leader may not come, and the preacher has to lead. After this is the regular evening service. When the service is over he takes a station at the door to shake hands and speak a word to each one. The day has been a great success, and he lies awake half the night thinking of the great things he will attempt for his church and its people. Finally he falls asleep, knowing that in the morning he must begin once more the regular grind of the week.

When does he visit and enjoy the society of his wife and children? The answer is short and to the point. He doesn't. He must visit every one else to the neglect, usually of his own. When does he read? He reads very little—stormy days—odd scraps, Sunday afternoons, or evenings after other things are done. If there is money to raise he must do it. If there is a social he must be there. If there is an anniversary service, he is asked for an address. If there is any public gathering, he is called upon for an invocation. If a member falls sick, he is supposed to hear about it and be promptly at the bedside. If any person dies, he must conduct the funeral, comfort the relatives and write the obituary. If any one marries he must perform the ceremony. Every minute of his time is taken from Monday morning until Sunday night. Caustic remarks are made to the effect that ministers work only one day in the week, but the man who takes care of all the interests of a prairie church usually finds the week too short for his tasks.

WHEN SICKNESS COMES

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Should be Used to Bring Back Health.

Sickness comes sooner or later in the life of everyone. Many who for years have enjoyed the best of health are suddenly seized with some one of the numerous ills of life. Most of the ills result from an impoverished condition of the blood; thus if the blood is enriched the trouble will disappear. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had a greater success than any other medicine in the world in curing sick and ailing people. These pills actually make new, rich, red blood, strengthen every nerve in the body and in this way make people well and strong. Mr. Alphonse Lacoussiere, a well known young farmer of St. Leon, Que., consulted doctors, but they could not cure him. He says: "About a year ago my blood gradually became impoverished. I was weak, nervous, and generally run down. Then suddenly my trouble was aggravated by pains in my kidneys and bladder, and day by day I grew so much worse that finally I was unable to rise without aid. I consulted doctors, but they could not cure me. I continued the use of the pills for a while longer, and every symptom of my trouble was gone, and I have since enjoyed the best of health. I think so much of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I am never without them in the house."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood that they cure such diseases as anaemia, rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles, neuralgia, indigestion and all other ailments due to poor blood. But you must get the genuine bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HAIR LOTION.

When the hair is dry and dandruff the following lotion, used every other night, will be found beneficial: To four ounces of rose water add half a dram each of sulphur, glycerine and borax. This will clear the scalp of dandruff and prepare it for the new growth of hair. While the head is in the abnormal condition indicated by the presence of dandruff the hair will neither be glossy nor of a good color, nor will there be a healthy growth of new hair. There need be no anxiety over the falling of the hair—unless it falls to excess—provided new hair keeps on appearing, but no head of hair is so rich and luxuriant that it can stand indefinitely being depleted even by one hair a day if there is no corresponding gain to balance the loss.

The hair isn't always rebellious when it's "up in arms."

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

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PART PARAGRAPHS.

Weather that nobody else would have about the place just suits the grip gorm.

You lock the door after the horse is stolen, provided the lock was not also stolen.

A polished gentleman does not always shine when you rub him the wrong way.

If we do not get out an injunction somebody will soon be asking the great question, What is so rare as a day in June?

It is seldom that the professional working man works at his profession.

Now that you do not need coal, of course it is cheaper.

You pay your money and discover the fake.

A case of mumps is a swell affair.

All other suffering is mild and pleasant compared with that of a woman who has paralysis of the tongue.

It takes a pretty fine orchard to have anything that will equal the peach crop at the summer resorts.

Be shy about trading horses with a man who allows you to do all of the trading.

All is fair in love, war and St. Louis.

Never start a modest man talking about himself if you want to get away in time for dinner.

Cheap Investment.
Invest in a smile.
It's well worth while.
Although it may seem a misfit
And not in place
Upon your face
And may distress a bit,
From day to day
You'll find you may
Draw dividends on it.

George's Breath.
G. Washington had laid down after a hard day's work licking the British. Sleep came and gently kissed his tired eyes, and he dreamed of the time when war would be over, and he could get back home and trim his cherry trees. Unknown to him Martha Washington visited the camp. She sat down at his bedside, and when he awoke implanted a kiss on his lips.

"George," she said sternly, after the warm greeting, "What have you been drinking?"
Washington was taken aback, but, rallying, his presence of mind, which had got him out of tight places before, came to the rescue.

"I cannot tell a lie," he said, looking her squarely in the eye, "I have been drinking nothing but water. My success in that little brush on the Brandywine must have intoxicated me."

What He Got.
"You can't get something for nothing."
"Can't, hey?" said the dejected hobo.
"I wasn't doing nothing, and the judge gave me thirty days."

Not So Gentle.
Let poets sing of gentle spring
If it relieves their mind,
But still the weather man will ring
Us in the rough house kind.

Some Mistake.
"Is Mrs. Gigg's a truthful woman?"
"Painfully so. She knew Senator Primrose when he was a young man and does not claim that he wanted to marry her."

Natural.
He blew in one season
From out the tall grass,
And that was the reason
He blew out the gas.

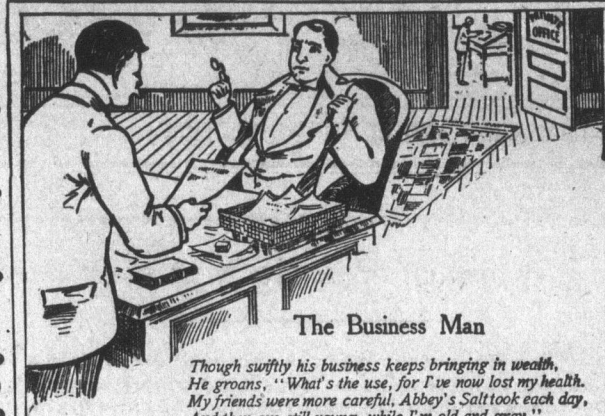
The Only One.
"Here is a Kentucky ex-soldier applying for a place in the Hall of Fame."
"On what grounds?"
"Sufficient. He claims to have been a private."

Not Superstitious.
"He doesn't like to begin work on Friday."
"He must be superstitious."
"It isn't the day so much as the work that he objects to."

In the Future.
We hope some day to make a pile
And live in style, but oh, meanwhile
We're glad enough to get the cash
To buy plain hash.

Matter of Experience.
"I don't like a sleeping car berth; it is so close and confined."
"Seems roomy to me. I was raised in a flat."

Head Work.
"Is her husband a college man?"
"Yes; he took a complete eight weeks' course in a barber college."



The Business Man

Though swiftly his business keeps bringing in wealth,
He groans: "What's the use, for I've now lost my health.
My friends were more careful, Abbey's Salt took each day,
And they are still young, while I'm old and gray."

When success depends on health, one can't afford to take risks with his digestive organs. A man can't think of business and biliousness together.

Many a serious error in judgement has been made because the brain has been fogged by an upset stomach or a torpid liver.

ABBEY'S SALT, taken in the morning keeps the blood cool, sends the business man to his office with active brain—and the mental and physical power to grasp every problem.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt
Brings A Wealth of Health

We don't feed the world
But the people using our

Kent Mills Flour

are the best fed people
just the same.

The Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited.

BEAVER Brings Business

The merit of flour is a matter of comparison. Beaver is naturally better than the ordinary run, because it is made in an absolutely Ideal Mill under the most favorable conditions.

PEOPLE PREFER IT

T. H. Taylor & Co., Ltd.

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Binder Twine

—AT—

Patterson's,

prices are reduced and he is selling Binder Twine cheaper than any dealer in Chatham. For balance of season, prices are lower and Twine is full length.

A. H. PATTERSON

3 doors East of Market.