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SILENT FAMOUS MEN

CELEBRITIES THAT HAVE BEEN NOTED AS MISERS OF WORDS

ne of the World's Greatest Char acters Have Been as Sparing of Language as They Have Been Prod igal of Deeds of Renown.

It is a curious and interesting fact that many of the world's greatest men have been as sparing of words as they have been prodigal of deeds.

It is doubtful if there ever lived a ore taciturn man than Wallenstein, the famous commander of the Austrian army during the thirty years' war. It is said of Wallenstein that he "lived in an atmosphere of silence" and never uttered a word that was not absolutely necessary, nor would he permit others to speak in his presence more than was essential. One of his chamberlains was essential. One of his chamberiains was hanged for waking Wallenstein with needless noise. His servants were so many mutes, not daring to open their lips in his presence, and he was surrounded by patrols, and the approaches to his house were herrieaded by obeing to his house were barricaded by chains to preserve him from the least disturbance. In comparison with Wallenstein, it has been recorded, Diogenes would have been a chatterbox and William

the Silent a brawler.

But silence is a characteristic of many of the world's most famous soldiers. Napoleon boasted that in his dealings with men he never wasted a word and made monosyllables answer n poses. But nothing escaped his eyes, and he could compress more within a sentence than most men could convey in a quarter of an hour.

The great Duke of Marlborough when receiving reports from his generals would produce his watch and say, "I will give you a minute." And it was likely to go hard with the officer who did not observe the limitation. To his staff the Duke of Wellington was always more or less a sphinx. A nod or a shake of the head was often the only response they could get from him, and when once he was asked what he considered the best equipment of a commander he answered, "A long head and a silent tongue."

Von Moltke almost rivaled Wallen-

stein in taciturnity. He never opened his mouth if a gesture would suffice, and when the news was brought to him that the French had declared war he simply said to the aid-de-camp, "Seconhole on the right, first tier," and turned round to sleep again. But he had said all that was necessary, for in the pigeonhole indicated were com-plete plans for the campaign which closed in brilliant victory. Von Moltke used to say that one verb in the Ger man language was worth all the others put together, and that was "thun"

The worst thing his enemies could say of President Grant was, "He won't talk because he has so much to conceal," and yet it was precisely in this silence that Grant's real strength lay. His orders and dispatches were the briefest ever penned, and when once a charming young lady playfully asked him why he would not talk to her he answered, "My dear, don't you know that silence is one of the greatest aru

of conversation?" But it has been the same in all ages But it has been the same in all ages. Charlemagne was a perfect miser of words, holding, with Confucius, that "silence is a friend that will never betray;" Hannibal was a "man of monosyllables," and Julius Cæsar was nicknemed by his soldiers "The Ovacle". named by his soldiers "The Oracle."

Even great statesmen and writers who cannot suffer from any lack of words have often been among the most reserved of men. Of Addison, John-son says, "Of his external manners son says, "Of his external manners nothing is so often mentioned as that timorous or sullen tacturnity which his friends called modesty by too mild a name." According to Chesterfield, he was "the most timorous and awkward man I ever saw," and even Ad-dison himself, speaking of his own deficiency in conversation, used to say, "I can draw bills for a thousand pounds, though I haven't a guinea in my pocket."

Dryden was unutterably dreary as a companion. "My conversation is slow," he once wrote, "my humor saturnine and reserved, and I am none of those and reserved, and I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in com-pany and make repartees." And Shad-well tells how he once dined with Dry-den, and from the beginning to the end of the meal the poet "never opened

his lips except to eat." Thomas Carlyle was a "hoarder of the gold of silence" and would sit for hours, puffing away at his pipe, withhours, puffing away at his pipe, without uttering more than a grunt or a
gruff monosyllable. Leigh Hunt, his
neighbor and intimate, once wrote to
a friend: "Have just spent a pleasant
hour with Carlyle. When I went in he
growled, 'Halloa; here again?' and at
parting he snapped out, 'Good day!'
and that is the sum of the conversation
he honored me with. But how eloquent his silence is! I just sat and
looked at him and came away strengthlooked at him and came away strength-ened for fresh struggle."

A Blustering King.

Of King George IV. Thomas Creevey, who lived in the early part of the vey, who lived in the early part of the nineteenth century, tells this story:

The king had appointed the bishop of Winchester to administer to him the sacrament on one of the Sundays about Easter. The bishop was not punctual to his time, and when he arrived the king, in a great passion at having been kept waiting, abused and even swore at him in the most indecent manner, on which the bishop very coolly said he must be permitted to withdraw, as he perceived his majesty was not then in a fit state of mind to receive the sacrament, and should be ready to attend on some future day, when he hoped to find his majesty in a better state of preparation.



The case of Miss Frankie Orser, of Boston, Mass., is interesting to all women.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:— I suffered misery for several years. My back ached and I had bearing down pains, and frequent headaches. I would often wake from a restful sleep in such pain and misery that it would be hours before I could close my eyes again. I dreaded the long nights and weary days. I could do no work. I consulted different physicians hoping to get relief, but, finding that their medicines did not cure me, I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it was highly recommended to me. I am glad that I did so, for I soon found that it was the medicine for my case. Very soon I was rid of every ache and pain and restored to perfect health. I feel splendid, have a fine appetite, and have gained in weight a lot."—MISS FRANKIE ORSES, 14 Warrenton St., Boston, Mass.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proofing geneticances cannot be pro-"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - I SU

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, sick and discouraged, and exhausted with each day work. Some derangement of the work. Some derangement of the feminine organs is responsible for this exhaustion, following any kind of work or effort. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as it has theusands of other women.

Stery of Queen's Park, Toronto

It is not strange, perhaps, that Toronto's most valuable park should Toronto's most variety more trouble have given the city more trouble than all the others put together. than all the others put together. Queen's Park was the cause of much put ween the Toronto than all the others put together. Queen's Park was the cause of much bad feeling between the Toronto University authorities and the citizens, but the park was worth it all. The property was, 'a the first place, acquired by King's College (the forerunner of 'Varsity) from D'Arcy Boulton, William Dummer Powell, and Jo'an Beverley Robinson. The first transaction was between the college and Boulton, in 1828, the latter receiving £1.300. The land acquired from Messrs. Powell and Robinson was more in the nature of a presentation on the part of the latter gentlemen. All sorts of conditions and agreements hedged the gift, and these became a source of difficulty later on. The university found the park something of a white elephant on its hands, for in 1859 it was quite willing to lease it to the city. The park had been neglected, and in promising to put the property in proper condition, and keep it so, the city was giving value. There was always trouble, however, about the conditions imposed by Messrs. Powell and Robinson, both of whom had insisted that only certain streets should lead into the park, that houses should not front and the conditions to the total of th Messrs. Powell and Robinson.

of whom had insisted that only certain streets should lead into the park, that houses should not front on it, etc. In 1883 the trouble became acute, the bursar of the university protesting against boys playing ball in the park, and against citizens treating it as though it were an ordinary thoroughfare. The city had plainly failed to keep its agreement, so, on January 31, 1883, after years of bickering and litigation, Mr. Justice Street declared the lease void, and the park was once more in the possession of the university. This cleared the air, and soon negotiations were under years for a fresh understanding. The for a fresh understanding. The result was that the city finally secured a perpetual lease of the park and avenue by paying \$6,000 a year to endow two chairs at the university. At the time of the conferences it was estimated by the ple that the whole property was worth half a million dollars.

Whether at home or abroad the Whether at home or abroad the happiest are those who have helped some one else to be happy. Each morning determine to be profited that day, and you will not be disappointed for the "will is more than half the



Dr. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS and all THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. Miss Florence R. Mailman, New Germany, N.S., writes:—
I had a cold which left me with a very bad cough. I was afraid I was going into consumption. I was advised to try DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, I had little faith in it, but before I had taken one bottle I began to feel better, and after the second I felt as well as ever. My cough has completely disappared.

PRICE OF CREEK

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc

FISHING IN FORMOSA.

Their Rods Superb, but Their Hooks Are Without Barbs. Three of us, two Americans and one Japanese, started out in jinrikishas from Taipeh, the modern capital of Formosa, or Taiwan, to go to the house of a wealthy gentleman about eight miles up the river which runs through the valley of Taipeh. The way led through a beautiful and fertile country. the valley covered with the second crop of rice and the hills with the famous of rice and the hills with the ramous. Formosa tea shrub. After luncheon and after photographing some head hunting savages we found there we proposed to fish for salmon trout at an altitude less than 250 feet above sea level and in latitude about 24 degrees to make the proposition with the contraction of the contrac 40 minutes north, practically in the tropics. The temperature of the stream was about 70 degrees or higher, and the water was well aerated. This stream, from 60 to 100 yards wide, is clear and full of rapids and riffles.

We used Japanese tackle—horsehair line and horsehair leader, the latter consisting of one strand only; a bamboo rod and a most delicate palmer tied on a small barbless hook. The rod is de-cidedly good and, weight for weight, cidedly good and, weight for weight, is stronger and a better caster than our jointed rod. It rarely weighs over four ounces (mine weighed about two), but the line is practically worthless for casting as we understand the term.
The ny is perfect, but the hook lacks strength, and the fish when hooked may easily detach himself in a curren or an eddy or by fouling the line. We all know how it is done from our experience with pin hook and thread in the brooks at home.

The Japanese, however, have another method of fishing which may be as new to some of our readers as it was to me. It is quite successful. They catch one fish in any way they can and then fasten the line securely through its upper jaw, passing it through the roof of the mouth and out at the top of the upper jaw well in front of the eyes and then attach through the body of the fish not far in front of the tail a porsehair to which is tied a three pronged barbless book, which trails in line with the fish and a few inches behind, while it is slowly worked up the stream by the fisherman. The theory is that other fishes, seeing the captive moving along as though feeding or perhaps spawning, will pursue it and be-come impaled on the hooks. In point of fact that does happen, as I saw a Chinaman take two fine trout in this manner.

Our success with the files was poor, We got thirteen or fourteen fingerlings, but we saw the fish we wished to identify caught in fairly good numbers by the Chinese fishing with decoys.

Weman's Aversion to Indexes. "Talk about the inclination to study the envelope to discover the sender in stead of opening the letter being a trait of womanhood," said a Brooklyn man the other day, "it isn't in it with a woman's averaion to indexes. Give a woman a book of poems like those Burns, for instance, and she'll turn the pages for twenty minutes or more to find the piece she is really after rather than look in the index. Suggest the in-dex to her and she'll say, 'Oh, I'll find it in a second,' and away she'll go, turn-

ing the pages again.
"The other night by actual timing it took my wife twenty-two minutes took my wife twenty-two minutes to find 'Mary In Heaven' in a copy of Burns, for not only did she lose actual time turning the pages, but if she'd come to anything she liked, such as 'Holy Wille's Prayer' and 'Polly Stewart,' she'd dally over them awhile. The first Rarely do men do that. thing they go for is the index."

An Actor's Blunder. A theatrical manager tells of an amus-ing and ludicrous mistake made by a actor in a play.

The young actor had up to this time employed his talents in enacting such roles as called for no speech on his part. But in this play he was intrusted with the following line, the only words to be spoken by him during the entire

play: "The king is dead! Long live the

The critical time arriving, it was observed by other players that the young man who was to acclaim the new monman who was to acciain the new mon-arch in the words just quoted was suf-fering from a dreadful attack of stage fright. His cue came, but no words could he speak, so frightened was he. Finally, however, he pulled himself together and in desperation shouted at the top of his voice:
"Long live the king; he's dead!"

An instance of legal courtesy occurred in a courtroom not very long ago.

A lawyer with Mac prefaced to his name and a brother lawyer engaged in a heated discussion. The latter maintained his received. a heated discussion. The latter mani-tained his position, claiming he could find his authority and turning over to the pages of the statute book, when, quick as a flash, Mac said, "You will find what you want on page —, sec-

Mac's opponent looked up the reference and found the law governing asses. A ripple of laughter spread over

"Why." said the punctilious person,
"I got a letter from the person you
have been praising, and there was actually a capital in the wrong place!"
"May be so," answered Mr. Cumrox.
"But he never gets his capital in the
wrong place in the market. And that's
more important."

It is not what a man earns, not the amount of his income, but the relation of his expenditures to his receipts that determines his poverty or wealth.

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