

March 29th, 1904

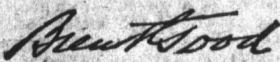
THE CHATHAM DAILY PLANET

PAGE THREE

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Now is the best time to enter. The January term is over. The beginners are well started in their work, and teachers can therefore give more time to new students. A new current talk through out the country is that a student who intends to take a business course, and a student who wants to be placed in a position when graduated should attend ADAMS BUSINESS COLLEGE, CHATHAM, ONTARIO.

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A number of gentlemen of different religious persuasions had met together at dinner, and a controversial topic having been started, the argument was becoming unduly heated when Pistol Blake, whose own religious convictions were somewhat of a loose fit, intervened. "Come, you fellows," he said, "what's the use of quarrelling over trifles when we're all agreed on the main points? Now, don't we all believe in heaven and hell?"

Yes; so far the whole company would all go with him.

"And don't we all believe St. Peter holds the keys of heaven?"

Here very decided differences of opinion made themselves apparent.

"Well, I believe it," said Pistol Blake firmly; "and I believe when anyone leaves this world and passes to the upper regions—as I trust all here may do—St. Peter meets them at the gate. Who are you?" he asked.

"Please, St. Peter, St. Peter, St. Peter," said a Protestant or a Catholic.

"Are you a Protestant or a Catholic?"

"A Catholic, St. Peter," "Come in and turn to the right," another soul appears before him. "Who are you?"

"Please, St. Peter, I'm a Catholic—one." "Are you a Protestant or a Catholic?"

"I'm a Protestant, St. Peter." "Go to the left." Well, when my turn comes to quit this world and I arrive at the gate above, St. Peter will say to me, "And who may you be?"

"Please, St. Peter, I'm a Catholic or a Protestant?"

"Indeed, St. Peter, I've never been able to make up my mind which I am." "All right, Pistol Blake, step in and take your choice of seats." "Blackwood's Magazine."

At an Orange Lodge in session.

At a Bethel Congregational (Toronto) Church tea-meeting every man on the platform was an active Orangeman, except Mr. Thomas McGillicuddy, who was invited as representing a neighboring church.

When his turn came to speak, he alluded to the number of "Worthy Masters" and the "Grand Worthy Masters" who had preceded him, and said that he could not help thinking of the following story:

An Irishman came to this country, and, having prospered, sent for his brother. When the latter arrived, he was taken out for a tramp into the woods, to see nature in her attractive Canadian garb. The newcomer espied a big baggy looking thing in a tree, and wanted to climb up and investigate.

The other man replied: "Now, Mike, let me go and see; I'm longer in this country than you are."

He climbed the tree, and said, after listening carefully: "Whist, whist; there's inhabitants in it."

He then took a twig and thrust it into the bag, when to his surprise and discomfort a host of yellow-jackets issued in fighting trim. As Pat leaped to the ground, he yelled out in warning tones:

"Run for your life, Mike; I've disturbed an Orange Lodge in session."

The applause from the brethren on and off the platform proved that the moral did not need to be pointed out in Bethel Church of the date when Rev. Mr. Madill was pastor.

A McGillicuddy Story.

Thos. McGillicuddy of this city, says The Toronto Star, usually has a story to suit the occasion. A group of former Maritime Province men were discussing the celebration of Senator Wark's one hundredth birthday, when Mr. McGillicuddy said that the hopeful and vigorous condition of the venerable Senator reminded him of the following story:

A few years ago a man in an Eastern town attained his one hundredth birthday. Most of the townsfolk came to the house of the centenarian and congratulated him upon his having seen a hundred years of life. But among every half dozen or so men there is almost certain to be a pessimistic fellow—one who was born on a dull day, and who carries the gloom of that day in his temperament and viewpoint all through life. The fifth or sixth chap who came to congratulate the old gentleman upon having reached his century was just such a fellow as that, and as he shook his venerable townsman by the hand, he said:

"Well, sir, you have seen a hundred years, but it is not likely, at your time of life, that you will see many more."

The old man drew himself up hopefully, and, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "I don't know about that, my friend, I would have you remember that I have started on my second century a good deal stronger than I was when I began my first."

Power of an Ideal.

At the Toronto Conservatory of Music, in his lecture on "The Human Progress," Edward Howard Griggs concluded as follows, speaking in reference to the power of an ideal: "It is the dream of some prophetic spirit," said he, "that becomes the institution of to-morrow." Life was growth, and the condition of growth was work. One was wise only when he was learning. Once he ceased to learn he retrograded. "You cannot rest on yesterday's deed, any more than you can rest on yesterday's dinner. You keep good only by growing better." The speaker went on to show that when there was no progression there was sure to be regression. Good was positive and evil negative. All one had to do to be bad was to cease to be good. In the beginning God said, "Let there be light." He didn't need to say "Let there be darkness."

One of Fox's Retorts.

Fox was seldom if ever at a loss for a retort, and a story is told how, when canvassing Westminster, he applied to a shopkeeper for his vote and interest. The man produced a halter, with which he said he was ready to oblige him. "Thank you," Fox, "for your kind offer, but I would be sorry to deprive you of a valuable family piece."



There have been times when the wild beasts have been more merciful than

human beings, and spared the woman cast to them in the arena. It is astonishing how little sympathy women have for women. In the home the mistress sees the maid with the signs of suffering she recognizes so well, but she does not lighten the sick girl's load by a touch of her finger. In the store the forewoman sees the paller and exhaustion which mark womanly weakness, but allows nothing for them. It is work or quit.

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A Horse Throat.

There is one story about the late Henry Bergh which, it is believed, is now for the first time in print. While walking about the streets of New York City one morning he saw a teamster whipping a balky horse.

"Stop that, you brute," he exclaimed, "or I'll have you locked up inside of five minutes! Why don't you try kindness on the animal? Don't you suppose a horse (an be reached by a kind word, the same as a human being?"

"I believe ye're right, ser," replied the teamster, a quick-witted Irishman who, with all his faults of temper, was not a bad man at heart; "an' if a horse has feeling's, ser, don't ye s'pose his driver has too? Thry a kind word on th' driver, if ye please."

The stern face of Mr. Bergh relaxed into a smile, and in the better understanding that followed, the horse forgot that it was balking, and started off in a trot.

Big Gold Nuggets.

The Welcome nugget of gold found in Ballarat in 1858 weighed 2,019 ounces and was worth \$42,000. The Victoria nugget, a mass of virgin gold weighing 340 ounces, was found at the Bendigo mines in 1852.

Columbus and the Gulf Stream.

It is curious to note in the history of the gulf stream how great its influence has been on the fortunes of the new world. Before the discovery of America strange woods and fruits were frequently found on the shores of Europe and off lying islands. Some of these were seen and examined by Columbus, and to his thoughtful mind they were confirming evidence of the fact that strange lands were not far to the westward. These woods were carried by the gulf stream and by the prevailing winds from the American continent, so that in part the gulf stream is responsible for the discovery of the new world.

Washing Off the Russian.

England is always glad to get another citizen, but sometimes she goes about it in a strange manner, according to the Springfield Republican. A sailor deserted from a Russian battleship and joined an English crew on a faraway island. He told them that he was tired of the rule of the czar and wanted to become an English citizen. They were at a loss how to naturalize him, but finally each one threw a bucket of water on him and so washed off the Russian.

A Tart Retort.

In arguing a case in an English court the late Frederic René Condon, whose wit was rapier-like, took occasion to denigrate the legal learning of Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon, whom his opponent was quoting. The trial judge took timely exception to this. "I have read his opinions," he said, "and I have often wished I knew as much law as he did." "I wish you did!" retorted Condon.

The Trouble.

"I wonder why Mr. Oldbow goes to see Miss Frocks after she has rejected him so emphatically," remarked Ho-Jack.

"Just to pass away the time," suggested Tomdick.

"But the reason he was refused was that he had already passed away too much time."

Rather Deeply.

"Does young Squiggles go much into society?"

"Not now. But he did when he first came here. He got into it about \$2,700, thanks to his pleasing manners and his power of touch."

Paying For It.

"Before I was married," said the confirmed pessimist, "I spent my money on candy, and as the result I now have to spend it on my wife's dentist bills."

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.—O'Connell.

Things Japan Has Not.

In a book on Japan Douglas Staden recounts the things that the Japanese have not. They have no bread, no beds, no boots and shoes, no trousers for the men, no petticoats for the women. This sounds alarming, but both sexes wear instead several dressing gowns, one over the other—the kinous of commerce. In their houses they have no windows, no doors, no walls, no ceilings, no chests of drawers, not even a washing stand, and the wardrobe is only a lot of boxes piled one on top of another. In the kitchens they have no range, no pots, no pans, no flour bins, no flour, no kitchen tables. But, then, they have no tables or chairs in the drawing room, and in the real native house the drawing room itself is only a lot of bedrooms with their walls taken down. There is no reason why you should find anything in a Japanese house except mats and a charcoal stove for warming your fingers and the teapot and committing suicide. Japan is full of cherry trees and plum trees, but they do without fruit. The cherries are used for the blossoms and the plums for hanging poems on.

Men and Animals in Water.

The animal has no advantage in any way in water over man, and yet the man drowns, while the animal swims. The dog, the horse, the cow and even the cat all take to the water and are able to walk as they do when out of water. Throw a dog into the stream, and at once he begins to walk just as he does on dry land. Why should a man, woman or child act differently under like circumstances?

It seems strange that people have to be told to do what the animals do instinctively and instantly. Man's ignorance of so simple a thing as treading water is remarkable. It is without reason or excuse. There is a popular notion abroad that in some way the dog and other animals have an advantage over man in water. Nothing could be further from the truth. The advantage lies with man, who is provided with a paddle formed hand and knows enough to float when tired, something the animal rarely or never does.

Ancient Sports Among the Hebrews.

Pigeons as letter carriers, tradition tells us, were employed at the time when Joshua invaded Palestine as mediums of communication between headquarters and camps in lands far off on the other side of the Jordan. At the time of the Talmud they were used in amusing games. The Talmud tells us that betting was indulged in at the pigeon play. The owner of the pigeon which reached first the point designated was the winner.

Another play connected with betting was the kubbya. Kubbya means a small pot (Arabic kubbya, small glass). The kubbya was a little pot wherein dice were shaken, and thrown upon the table. The dice were numbered as our modern ones are. Against these two games the Talmud was in arms, and their players were not allowed to appear as witnesses before the bar.

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