

The Planet

S. STEPHENSON - Proprietor.

Business Office: No. 538
Editorial Office: No. 538

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION
THE DAILY PLANET, ONE YEAR \$6.00
THE WEEKLY PLANET, ONE YEAR \$1.00
THE PLANET will be sent free of postage to any address in Canada or the United States.

RATES OF ADVERTISING
Schedules of advertising rates will be promptly furnished on application to the business office.

TO CORRESPONDENTS
No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for publication must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN CHATHAM
We will confer a favor by reporting irregularities by telephone No. 538 A. The complaint will receive prompt attention.

TO SUBSCRIBERS OUTSIDE OF CHATHAM
If your paper fails to arrive regularly, or if you suggest a better connection, or a better route, we will communicate with the circulation department.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Wu Ting-Fang, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the United States, is a very clever man, even for a Chinaman, points out the Woodstock Express. And he is more than clever; he is wise. He has a brief paper in the last number of Harper's Monthly on Chinese and Western Civilization, which is worth reading. It helps us to see ourselves as others see us.

He acknowledges many of the claims to superiority of Western Civilization; he freely admits that his own country is backward and in need of reform; but having gone so far, he is not by any means satisfied that the end of the matter has been reached, and that nothing remains to be said.

It may startle some of us to be told that there is anything else in life worth striving for than material prosperity; but let us listen, even if we are incredulous. In trying to become rich by the shortest road, which is one of the chief aims of western civilization, there is danger, he says, that the higher qualities of the head and the heart may suffer. I shudder. Are not the higher qualities of the head and the heart desirable only in so far as they assist us to the shortest road to wealth and prosperity? Is that not the theory of modern life, so far as it can be said to have a theory? Do we not measure success in life by dollars and cents? Is it not in accordance with the spirit of the civilization that we should do so? And can the spirit of our civilization mislead us?

How is it in China? The distinguished author of the article in question declares that China does not recognize the aristocracy of wealth. "Greater importance is given to intellectual and moral superiority. A scholar and a gentleman commands greater respect than a mere millionaire. Indeed, the aim of Chinese education is to make a man a useful and desirable member of society—a kind father, a dutiful son, a loyal subject, a good husband, and a faithful friend." Again: "Everyone in China is taught from his childhood that he owes certain duties to the family to which he belongs, and that of these duties those to his parents are paramount. He is not allowed to leave them in their old age to shift for themselves. He must provide for their comfort and support." Is all this true of China and, if it be true, is it because it is true that we refer to Chinese civilization as effete and barbarous?

According to our idea commercial prosperity is the standard of a nation's success. Is there any other standard? Wu Ting-Fang suggests happiness. Which, he asks, is the happier nation, China or the United States? It would appear that if the comparison be allowed the Chinaman has the better part. He has not much but he is content with what he has. The more the American has the less likely he is to know contentment. Who is the better off, the man who has little and is satisfied, or the man who has much and is far from satisfied? What is the end of life, anyway? Has a man any right to be content? This is a very old problem, as old as human nature. We of the western civilization thought we had solved it. We have made it a mark of old fogyism to be content with anything. The purpose of life is to keep forever striving. When you gain a certain height you must not stop to rest and enjoy the prospect. You must keep moving onward, otherwise somebody will pass you, and that would be the worst of all disgraces. The Chinaman makes the mistake of resting content with what he has, without striving for better things. The man at the other extreme of civilization spends his whole life striving, and dies without having had time to enjoy anything. Which is the better life? It sounds strange to hear such a question asked,

but the chief value of having our picture painted by a foreigner is that it affords us the advantage of a new viewpoint.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that Wu Ting-Fang draws an interesting distinction between the Golden Rule as it is known in China and as it is known in Christian lands. The Christian rule is positive and aggressive; "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." The Chinese Golden Rule, as laid down by Confucius, is negative and suggests non-interference; "Do not, to others what you would not wish others to do to you." In the difference between these two rules of conduct the distinguished Chinaman sees much of the difference between Chinese and western civilization. The spirit of the latter calls for action, for interference. The spirit of the former says, "leave alone." As Confucius put it: "It is for the learner to come to learn, and not for the teacher to go to teach." Western civilization cannot wait for the scholars; it must needs go out in search of them; it must needs teach them, whether they want to be taught or not. It will force its version on them, if it has to ram it down their throats with bayonets.

MARCONI'S TRIUMPH.

We are again assured that Marconi has succeeded in sending and receiving messages between Canada and Great Britain by wireless telegraphy. This is a wonderful achievement, but is not considered by people of today as more of a marvel than was the transmission of messages by cable fifty years ago, when Cyrus W. Field was looked upon as a dreamer. The Toronto Telegram refers to Marconi's triumph as follows:

"The prize of enduring fame is not awarded according to the solid value of an achievement, or Marconi would rank as a greater Italian than Julius Caesar."

The triumph of Marconi is in a sense a triumph for Italy, but there are no national boundaries in science, and there is a triumph of humanity involved in the system which makes the whole wide atmosphere between continents responsive to the signals of human intelligence."

AN INTERESTING STUDY.

Chicago News.
Forestry is an interesting study if one takes up the Christmas tree and its branches.

CHRISTMAS TOAST.

Atlanta Constitution.
The banquet halls are crowded—The glad, the great we find; If drink we will, my masters, Drink joy to all mankind.

SURPLUS FEMALES.

Buffalo News.
What becomes of the divorced men? There are 30,000 more divorced women than men in the United States. The women, perhaps, will say that the divorced men get married again.

GAMBLER'S ADVICE.

Pittsburg Dispatch.
After forty years' experience as a gambler, Peter F. Delacy, the noted New York sport, advises everybody to leave games of chance alone. He says he can count on the fingers of one hand the men he has known to make money by gambling.

MUST IGNORE RUDYARD.

Detroit News.
Mr. Kipling is so generally accepted as the true mouthpiece of British imperialism that his unrestrained expression is sure to make trouble for the Balfour Government, which may in time learn that it can't monkey with Rudyard's empire without hurting its fingers.

OLD BUT GOOD.

Exchange.
An old but good story of Charles Burleigh, in his day a noted opponent of the slave trade is being retold. In the middle of an eloquent speech against slavery, a very rotten egg struck him full in the face, with splashing results.

"This," he said, calmly, as he produced his handkerchief and wiped his face, "is a striking evidence of what I have always maintained, that slavery arguments are unsound."

WHY THEY ADJOURNED.

Ayr (Scotland) Paper.
Ayr town council met yesterday at 10.30 Provost Templeton presiding. The Provost—Owing to the severity of the weather, I propose to adjourn at 11.15 and meet again at 6.30. Bailie Allan—Is it to get curling? The Provost—I said owing to the severity of the weather. (Laughter.) J. B. Ferguson—We have got to go home and look after our water pipes. (Laughter.) Bailie Allan—I must say that is an innovation. Mr. McIntyre—I move that we go on with the business. Bailie Allan seconded. Dean of Guild Allan moved that the

THE EVENING OF LIFE

Declining years—the time when one is on the other side of the hill, call for constant care in the matter of nutrition. Life then depends so much on the body's power to repair loss and waste. This power grows less and less. The ability to shake off local disorders and to draw heavily on the body's reserve force are privileges that youth alone can claim.

With age comes slow movement, slower operation of the whole body's forces. Trifles become burdens and we live in the past. Ordinary food no longer nourishes. Poor teeth, perhaps, and improper mastication give the stomach work that it is not supposed to do—the digestion is taxed and even injured when it should be troubled least.

Many elderly persons get strength and nourishment from Scott's Emulsion. It slips into the blood so quickly that the stomach is not aware of its presence. Not only does Scott's Emulsion furnish nourishment itself, but it helps to digest other food. It aids in the proper distribution of food benefits—simplifies the stomach's work.

Moreover, the lime and soda contained in Scott's Emulsion in the form of hypophosphites nourish the bones and reduce the acid in the blood which feeds rheumatism.

Then, too, the body must have fat, for fat is heat and heat is life. Cod liver oil as we find it in Scott's Emulsion is the most easily digested of all fats.

Scott's Emulsion always helps when vitality is at a low ebb.

We'll send you a sample free upon request.

SCOTT & BOWNE,
55 Front St., W., Toronto.

council adjourn at eleven, and meet again at seven.

Thomas Allan seconded. The motion for adjournment was carried by 8 votes to 5.

Popularity is more likely to be due to what a man doesn't say than to what he does.

When the United States supreme court, on hearing the argument of counsel for plaintiff in error, is entirely satisfied that he has no case, the chief justice is apt to say to counsel for defendant in error that the court does not care to hear further argument. At one time Hon. Matthew Carpenter from Wisconsin was counsel for plaintiff in error and opened the case. Before he was through the court was satisfied that there was nothing in it, and so when he had concluded and counsel for defendant in error arose Chief Justice Waite said, "The court does not care to hear any further argument."

Counsel was a little deaf and, although noticing that the chief justice spoke, did not hear what he had said and, turning to Mr. Carpenter, who sat beside him, asked what had been said.

"Oh, hang it!" replied Carpenter in tones audible to the bench. "The chief justice said he would rather give you the case than hear you talk."—Youth's Companion.

No Influence Above.
In Dr. John Hall's time it was the custom in his church to use the old fashioned, simple hymns, and the singing was congregational.

On one occasion William M. Evans discovered E. Delfield Smith, then corporation counsel of New York city, singing with all his heart and whispered to his friend:

"Why, there is Smith singing 'I want to be an angel.' I knew he wanted to be a district attorney, but I didn't know he wanted to be an angel."

The remark was repeated to Mr. Smith, and quick as a flash came the retort:

"No, I have never mentioned the matter to Evans, knowing that he had no influence in that direction."

Lightning struck the church steeple down. Some one said to Brother Dickey, "Yes; Satan's eyes always flash fire when he sees a church steeple going up." And here's a colored brother killed another at a camp meeting.

"Yes; Satan goes to 'meetin' 'long wid de res' er dem on sometimes shouts de loudes." And a preacher was drowned in the river last week.

"Oh, yes; Satan's in de water too. He 'bleeds ter go dar ter cool off." "So you blame everything on Satan, do you?" "Bless God!" was the reply. "Ain't dat what he's fer?"

Conspicuous Example.
"Women are belittled and made of no account in every possible way," exclaimed the indignant head of the family. "Even the geographers willfully and deliberately slight her. How many really important towns in this country are named in honor of a woman?"

"Well, my dear," said her husband, scratching his chin reflectively, "there's Janesville, you know."

An Anchor to Windward.
He—Let's get married on Friday. She—Oh, George, Friday, you know, is—

He—Yes, I know it's unlucky, but then, if our marriage doesn't turn out well we shall always have something to blame it on.

Lift It High.
"Yo' kin allus tell er polite man," said Charcoal Eph, reflectively, "by de way he'll hif his hat 't de ladies, an' ef he'll hif it high, yo' kin also tell dat he ain't baldheaded, Mistah Jackson."

Baltimore News.

Popularity is more likely to be due to what a man doesn't say than to what he does.

When the United States supreme court, on hearing the argument of counsel for plaintiff in error, is entirely satisfied that he has no case, the chief justice is apt to say to counsel for defendant in error that the court does not care to hear further argument. At one time Hon. Matthew Carpenter from Wisconsin was counsel for plaintiff in error and opened the case. Before he was through the court was satisfied that there was nothing in it, and so when he had concluded and counsel for defendant in error arose Chief Justice Waite said, "The court does not care to hear any further argument."

Counsel was a little deaf and, although noticing that the chief justice spoke, did not hear what he had said and, turning to Mr. Carpenter, who sat beside him, asked what had been said.

"Oh, hang it!" replied Carpenter in tones audible to the bench. "The chief justice said he would rather give you the case than hear you talk."—Youth's Companion.

No Influence Above.
In Dr. John Hall's time it was the custom in his church to use the old fashioned, simple hymns, and the singing was congregational.

On one occasion William M. Evans discovered E. Delfield Smith, then corporation counsel of New York city, singing with all his heart and whispered to his friend:

"Why, there is Smith singing 'I want to be an angel.' I knew he wanted to be a district attorney, but I didn't know he wanted to be an angel."

The remark was repeated to Mr. Smith, and quick as a flash came the retort:

"No, I have never mentioned the matter to Evans, knowing that he had no influence in that direction."

Lightning struck the church steeple down. Some one said to Brother Dickey, "Yes; Satan's eyes always flash fire when he sees a church steeple going up." And here's a colored brother killed another at a camp meeting.

"Yes; Satan goes to 'meetin' 'long wid de res' er dem on sometimes shouts de loudes." And a preacher was drowned in the river last week.

"Oh, yes; Satan's in de water too. He 'bleeds ter go dar ter cool off." "So you blame everything on Satan, do you?" "Bless God!" was the reply. "Ain't dat what he's fer?"

Conspicuous Example.
"Women are belittled and made of no account in every possible way," exclaimed the indignant head of the family. "Even the geographers willfully and deliberately slight her. How many really important towns in this country are named in honor of a woman?"

"Well, my dear," said her husband, scratching his chin reflectively, "there's Janesville, you know."

An Anchor to Windward.
He—Let's get married on Friday. She—Oh, George, Friday, you know, is—

He—Yes, I know it's unlucky, but then, if our marriage doesn't turn out well we shall always have something to blame it on.

Lift It High.
"Yo' kin allus tell er polite man," said Charcoal Eph, reflectively, "by de way he'll hif his hat 't de ladies, an' ef he'll hif it high, yo' kin also tell dat he ain't baldheaded, Mistah Jackson."

Baltimore News.

Popularity is more likely to be due to what a man doesn't say than to what he does.

When the United States supreme court, on hearing the argument of counsel for plaintiff in error, is entirely satisfied that he has no case, the chief justice is apt to say to counsel for defendant in error that the court does not care to hear further argument. At one time Hon. Matthew Carpenter from Wisconsin was counsel for plaintiff in error and opened the case. Before he was through the court was satisfied that there was nothing in it, and so when he had concluded and counsel for defendant in error arose Chief Justice Waite said, "The court does not care to hear any further argument."

Counsel was a little deaf and, although noticing that the chief justice spoke, did not hear what he had said and, turning to Mr. Carpenter, who sat beside him, asked what had been said.

"Oh, hang it!" replied Carpenter in tones audible to the bench. "The chief justice said he would rather give you the case than hear you talk."—Youth's Companion.

No Influence Above.
In Dr. John Hall's time it was the custom in his church to use the old fashioned, simple hymns, and the singing was congregational.

On one occasion William M. Evans discovered E. Delfield Smith, then corporation counsel of New York city, singing with all his heart and whispered to his friend:

"Why, there is Smith singing 'I want to be an angel.' I knew he wanted to be a district attorney, but I didn't know he wanted to be an angel."

The remark was repeated to Mr. Smith, and quick as a flash came the retort:

"No, I have never mentioned the matter to Evans, knowing that he had no influence in that direction."

Lightning struck the church steeple down. Some one said to Brother Dickey, "Yes; Satan's eyes always flash fire when he sees a church steeple going up." And here's a colored brother killed another at a camp meeting.

"Yes; Satan goes to 'meetin' 'long wid de res' er dem on sometimes shouts de loudes." And a preacher was drowned in the river last week.

"Oh, yes; Satan's in de water too. He 'bleeds ter go dar ter cool off." "So you blame everything on Satan, do you?" "Bless God!" was the reply. "Ain't dat what he's fer?"

Conspicuous Example.
"Women are belittled and made of no account in every possible way," exclaimed the indignant head of the family. "Even the geographers willfully and deliberately slight her. How many really important towns in this country are named in honor of a woman?"

"Well, my dear," said her husband, scratching his chin reflectively, "there's Janesville, you know."

An Anchor to Windward.
He—Let's get married on Friday. She—Oh, George, Friday, you know, is—

He—Yes, I know it's unlucky, but then, if our marriage doesn't turn out well we shall always have something to blame it on.

Lift It High.
"Yo' kin allus tell er polite man," said Charcoal Eph, reflectively, "by de way he'll hif his hat 't de ladies, an' ef he'll hif it high, yo' kin also tell dat he ain't baldheaded, Mistah Jackson."

Baltimore News.

Popularity is more likely to be due to what a man doesn't say than to what he does.

When the United States supreme court, on hearing the argument of counsel for plaintiff in error, is entirely satisfied that he has no case, the chief justice is apt to say to counsel for defendant in error that the court does not care to hear further argument. At one time Hon. Matthew Carpenter from Wisconsin was counsel for plaintiff in error and opened the case. Before he was through the court was satisfied that there was nothing in it, and so when he had concluded and counsel for defendant in error arose Chief Justice Waite said, "The court does not care to hear any further argument."

Counsel was a little deaf and, although noticing that the chief justice spoke, did not hear what he had said and, turning to Mr. Carpenter, who sat beside him, asked what had been said.

"Oh, hang it!" replied Carpenter in tones audible to the bench. "The chief justice said he would rather give you the case than hear you talk."—Youth's Companion.

No Influence Above.
In Dr. John Hall's time it was the custom in his church to use the old fashioned, simple hymns, and the singing was congregational.

On one occasion William M. Evans discovered E. Delfield Smith, then corporation counsel of New York city, singing with all his heart and whispered to his friend:

"Why, there is Smith singing 'I want to be an angel.' I knew he wanted to be a district attorney, but I didn't know he wanted to be an angel."

The remark was repeated to Mr. Smith, and quick as a flash came the retort:

"No, I have never mentioned the matter to Evans, knowing that he had no influence in that direction."

Lightning struck the church steeple down. Some one said to Brother Dickey, "Yes; Satan's eyes always flash fire when he sees a church steeple going up." And here's a colored brother killed another at a camp meeting.

"Yes; Satan goes to 'meetin' 'long wid de res' er dem on sometimes shouts de loudes." And a preacher was drowned in the river last week.

"Oh, yes; Satan's in de water too. He 'bleeds ter go dar ter cool off." "So you blame everything on Satan, do you?" "Bless God!" was the reply. "Ain't dat what he's fer?"

Conspicuous Example.
"Women are belittled and made of no account in every possible way," exclaimed the indignant head of the family. "Even the geographers willfully and deliberately slight her. How many really important towns in this country are named in honor of a woman?"

"Well, my dear," said her husband, scratching his chin reflectively, "there's Janesville, you know."

An Anchor to Windward.
He—Let's get married on Friday. She—Oh, George, Friday, you know, is—

He—Yes, I know it's unlucky, but then, if our marriage doesn't turn out well we shall always have something to blame it on.

Lift It High.
"Yo' kin allus tell er polite man," said Charcoal Eph, reflectively, "by de way he'll hif his hat 't de ladies, an' ef he'll hif it high, yo' kin also tell dat he ain't baldheaded, Mistah Jackson."

Baltimore News.

Popularity is more likely to be due to what a man doesn't say than to what he does.

When the United States supreme court, on hearing the argument of counsel for plaintiff in error, is entirely satisfied that he has no case, the chief justice is apt to say to counsel for defendant in error that the court does not care to hear further argument. At one time Hon. Matthew Carpenter from Wisconsin was counsel for plaintiff in error and opened the case. Before he was through the court was satisfied that there was nothing in it, and so when he had concluded and counsel for defendant in error arose Chief Justice Waite said, "The court does not care to hear any further argument."

Counsel was a little deaf and, although noticing that the chief justice spoke, did not hear what he had said and, turning to Mr. Carpenter, who sat beside him, asked what had been said.

"Oh, hang it!" replied Carpenter in tones audible to the bench. "The chief justice said he would rather give you the case than hear you talk."—Youth's Companion.

No Influence Above.
In Dr. John Hall's time it was the custom in his church to use the old fashioned, simple hymns, and the singing was congregational.

On one occasion William M. Evans discovered E. Delfield Smith, then corporation counsel of New York city, singing with all his heart and whispered to his friend:

"Why, there is Smith singing 'I want to be an angel.' I knew he wanted to be a district attorney, but I didn't know he wanted to be an angel."

The remark was repeated to Mr. Smith, and quick as a flash came the retort:

"No, I have never mentioned the matter to Evans, knowing that he had no influence in that direction."

Lightning struck the church steeple down. Some one said to Brother Dickey, "Yes; Satan's eyes always flash fire when he sees a church steeple going up." And here's a colored brother killed another at a camp meeting.

"Yes; Satan goes to 'meetin' 'long wid de res' er dem on sometimes shouts de loudes." And a preacher was drowned in the river last week.

"Oh, yes; Satan's in de water too. He 'bleeds ter go dar ter cool off." "So you blame everything on Satan, do you?" "Bless God!" was the reply. "Ain't dat what he's fer?"

Conspicuous Example.
"Women are belittled and made of no account in every possible way," exclaimed the indignant head of the family. "Even the geographers willfully and deliberately slight her. How many really important towns in this country are named in honor of a woman?"

"Well, my dear," said her husband, scratching his chin reflectively, "there's Janesville, you know."

An Anchor to Windward.
He—Let's get married on Friday. She—Oh, George, Friday, you know, is—

He—Yes, I know it's unlucky, but then, if our marriage doesn't turn out well we shall always have something to blame it on.

Lift It High.
"Yo' kin allus tell er polite man," said Charcoal Eph, reflectively, "by de way he'll hif his hat 't de ladies, an' ef he'll hif it high, yo' kin also tell dat he ain't baldheaded, Mistah Jackson."

Baltimore News.

Popularity is more likely to be due to what a man doesn't say than to what he does.

When the United States supreme court, on hearing the argument of counsel for plaintiff in error, is entirely satisfied that he has no case, the chief justice is apt to say to counsel for defendant in error that the court does not care to hear further argument. At one time Hon. Matthew Carpenter from Wisconsin was counsel for plaintiff in error and opened the case. Before he was through the court was satisfied that there was nothing in it, and so when he had concluded and counsel for defendant in error arose Chief Justice Waite said, "The court does not care to hear any further argument."

Counsel was a little deaf and, although noticing that the chief justice spoke, did not hear what he had said and, turning to Mr. Carpenter, who sat beside him, asked what had been said.

"Oh, hang it!" replied Carpenter in tones audible to the bench. "The chief justice said he would rather give you the case than hear you talk."—Youth's Companion.

No Influence Above.
In Dr. John Hall's time it was the custom in his church to use the old fashioned, simple hymns, and the singing was congregational.

On one occasion William M. Evans discovered E. Delfield Smith, then corporation counsel of New York city, singing with all his heart and whispered to his friend:

"Why, there is Smith singing 'I want to be an angel.' I knew he wanted to be a district attorney, but I didn't know he wanted to be an angel."

The remark was repeated to Mr. Smith, and quick as a flash came the retort:

"No, I have never mentioned the matter to Evans, knowing that he had no influence in that direction."

Lightning struck the church steeple down. Some one said to Brother Dickey, "Yes; Satan's eyes always flash fire when he sees a church steeple going up." And here's a colored brother killed another at a camp meeting.

"Yes; Satan goes to 'meetin' 'long wid de res' er dem on sometimes shouts de loudes." And a preacher was drowned in the river last week.

"Oh, yes; Satan's in de water too. He 'bleeds ter go dar ter cool off." "So you blame everything on Satan, do you?" "Bless God!" was the reply. "Ain't dat what he's fer?"

Conspicuous Example.
"Women are belittled and made of no account in every possible way," exclaimed the indignant head of the family. "Even the geographers willfully and deliberately slight her. How many really important towns in this country are named in honor of a woman?"

"Well, my dear," said her husband, scratching his chin reflectively, "there's Janesville, you know."

An Anchor to Windward.
He—Let's get married on Friday. She—Oh, George, Friday, you know, is—

He—Yes, I know it's unlucky, but then, if our marriage doesn't turn out well we shall always have something to blame it on.

Lift It High.
"Yo' kin allus tell er polite man," said Charcoal Eph, reflectively, "by de way he'll hif his hat 't de ladies, an' ef he'll hif it high, yo' kin also tell dat he ain't baldheaded