It

rema gains

canno

come mone

CORSES Ladier med will es 25c,

Some trimmed lace, a Regul Regul Regul WIATTI Regul Re

JAPA In chamip 50c, o

colo yar

lins

for

and

Dawar Tu

LA

R
\$2.5

white
eve

DR

F
for

CHATHAM, ONT, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1904

A weekly newspaper published every roung people of the Maple City.

APPRECIATED The Planet

Dear Sir.—I hope you will excuse me for not acknowledging that beautiful volume that I received from you sconer, but I was very busy proparing for the entrance examinations, and could not. I thank you very much for it and will value it all my life. I am very much interested in Tennyson and like all of his works that I have read. In addition to those poems of his that are in the school readers. I have read "The Revenge, Boadicea, Columbus, The Wreck, The Charge of the Haavy Brigade at Balachave, Sir Galahad, The Lady of Shalott, Amplion, The Death Aenone, The Holy Grail, The Passing of Arthur, The Holy Grail, The Passing of Arthur, The James of the Fast Tournament, Isneelot and Elame, Galith and Lynette, and a number of others.

Yours truly, SELWYN P. GRIFFIN. n, July 4th, 1904.

CHINESE ODDITIES

ad income. The women ad income. The women ad income. The women ad income. The work are a flowing He eleops on a wooden pillow, rows away the meat of the melder of the seeds he laughts on any bad news and his daughters y ament on their wedding eves. In the seeds he work to his parents to offin and his parsian is work; his pass points south and he speak west-north and six-fourths, in a dof four-sixths and north-west carries a pig instead of driving the sign of carelessness of neglect of great respectability, his lead is the place of honor and les with his heels instead of 1 so with his heel hobits and customs, such as father's name comes first an vidual name last. The Chin kes his own hand instead c ands, he puts his hat on for kion, he feels it unmanner k in superior in the face, he the height of politeness to asl and income. The women

The average woman will strain aff graft and swallow flattery without minking.

A HOST OF RATS

A story which recalls Bishop Hatto and his round tower is told by a correspondent of the New York Press. A Mr. Hardy had purchased an old slaughter house in a New Jersey town with the intention of converting it into a machine shop. He want to the plocate to maked some repairs, and was there when a heavy storm arose. Busy with his work on the ground floor of the building, he paid little heed to the storm. Presently he saw a big rat soury acroes the floor from the cellarway. This rat was followed by another and another, and then they came in droves.

Investigation revealed the fact that the flood waters were running into the cellar, and the rats were seeking salety.

Suddenly the man realized that the room was alive with rate. They poured up the stairway, clambering over one another in their attempt to escape from the water and squealing noisily. Some attacked Mr. Hardy, and bit his feet and ankles.

He seized an iron shovel which lay on the floor, and began to lay about thim. If he desisted, the rats returned to the attack. Tired of the fight, he then tried to leave the house, but to his dismay, found the water was deep around it.

With difficulty he beat the rats wary and leaped to a stairway leading to a top floor. When he reached the story above he found the rates were there before him. He killed a score or more, and then stood at the head of the stairway and beat back the horde that tried to come up.

"It was my life or theirs," said Mr. Hardy, "and I killed rats till my strength was exhausted."

For several hours he was a prisoner. Then the flood receded somewhat with the tide, and he went down stairs, ran through the room where the rats were still securiying about in great numbers, and got away through water up to his waist.

\*\*\*\*\* FIRST INTRODUCED

Forks did not come into use till about the middle of the sixteenth century. The Romans used a pointed stick like a skewer, which, after the lapse of years, was divided into two prongs made very sharp. Wood gave place to iron in time, and some time in the fifteenth century curious two-pronged forks were seen in England. It became fashionable to use these in place of fingers, and in course of time another prong was added.

The first spoons were shells. Spoons to eat soft food were in use almost as soon as the first knives. Polished added to keep the fingers from imitation shell was made with a handle added to keep the fingers from dipping into hot foods.

The first plates were enormous rounds of black bread. These soaked up the gravy of the meat upon them, and beggars waited eagerly to receive them after a meal. The first drinking vessels were the horns of cattle.

When place he

Reuben Pinkham, a native of Nan-twacket, made his first trip as third lieutenant on the ship Potomae, which crossed the North Pacific, a region dittle known to naval vessels in the early thirties. Pinkham had been on several whating voyages, and was familiar with those waters. The author of "The Island of Nantucket" says that one day, near sunset, he had the watch, while the commodore was pacing up and down the deck. Suddenily Pinkham gave the order, "Man the weather braces!"

MOW, WOULD YOU?

If you had lit to do over again, Of course, you would, for if you had would, for if you had your life to live over again you would live just as you have lived. But if you had known, when young, what you know now, would you marry as you did?

That, however, is not a fair question, knowing that such a thing is impossible.

Besides, you could have learned from the lives and experiences of others if you had been anxious to know all about married life before entering upon it yourself.

Possibly you were advised this way and that, and warned to look out for trouble and assured of complete success. No wonder advice is so cheap; it is so plently. And who wants anything so cheap that the get rid of it?

That's how you felt, no doubt, and that is, or once was, your excuse for doing as you did.

It is beter that you didn't take advice from anyone, for if you had you might now legard them as your mortal foes and blame them as your troubles and your woes. — Pittsburg Gazeitte.

The army surgeon as many charges as slotan. the family phy-

DISOBEYED ORDERS

modore,

"We shall have wind in a moment."

The commodore went to the lee rail and scanned the sea and sky. "I see no sign of wind," he returned. "Let the men leave the braces."

"Keep hold of the braces, very man of you!" called out Finkham, and the men resumed their grasp. The commodore diushed with anger and exclaimed on peremptory tones:

"Let the men leave the braces!"

"Let the men leave the braces!"

"Let the men leave the order to drop the ropes!" shouted Finkham, shaking his trumpet at the crew, who once more took field. Just then the wind dropped entirely; not a breath stirred.

"Tast, 'fault | Haul, all of you!" called Finkham, and the ponderous yards awang to reversed position. The wind came out of the opposite quarter and struck the ship like a sledge-hammer. The vessel staggered, shook the spray from her bows and dashed ahead. The commodore disappeared into his cabin without saying a word.

Presently he sent the first lieutenant to relieve Pinkheun, requesting to see the datter immediately. When Pinkheun entered the cabin the commodore said:

"I consider that I am indebted to you for all of our lives; but I will tell you fankly, if that wind hadn't come I should have put you in irons in two migutes."

TOUCHING BRAVERY

The brightest page in the history of any war is perhaps, that which records the thoughtfulness of the officers and the faithfulness of their men—qualities which, when conjoined, make a regiment an almost irresistible force. In "The Story of the Rough Riders," Edward Marshall tells how when Capt. McClintock was wounded, one of his troopers came and lay down beside him. "You'd better get out of this," said McClintock. "It's too hot."
"Don't worry, captain," the man replied. "I'm between you and the firmation."

FOUND IN DREAM

Love at first sight is outdone by a romance which is recalled by the burial in Kockuk, Ia., this week of S. S. Vail, a former resident of Keckuk, who left many years ago After leaving Keckuk, the family, among whom was a bright, attractive daughter, Ada Vall, resided in St. Louis. While in St. Louis, Miss Ada told her mother one morning that during the night she had seen in a dream the man she was going to marry, and that his name was Dr. Barton. Of course, the mother passed it off as dreams are generally disposed of, and thought that his name was Dr. Barton. Of course, the mother passed it of the benefit of her health, Mrs. Vail, accompanied by her daughter, went to a watering place or health resort. Stopping at a hotel and passing through the corridor, the young lady excitedly pointed out a strenge man meeting them, saying, "Mother, that is the man f saw in my dream." And it is told that the man seemed to be especially attracted by the young lady whom he had never seen before.

It proved that he was also a guest at the hotel; his name was Dr. Barton and Miss Ada were married. It was love at first sight with the doctor, perhaps, but love in a dream to the bride. This event happened in the early 80%, and is remembered and vouched for by several old Keokuk the sevent happened in the

\*

No.

THE DID NOT BITE.

There is a new London story about Charles Darwin.

"Two English boys," said Miss Leiter, "being friends of Darwin, thought one day that they would play a joke on him. They caught a butterfly, a græsshøjper, a battle and a centifpede, and out of these creatures they made a strange, composite insect. They took the centipede's body, the butterfly's wings, the grasshopper's legs and the beetle's head, and they glued them together carefully. Their with their new bug in the box, they knotked at Darwin's door.

"'We caught this bug in a field," they said. 'Can you tell us what kind of a bug it is, sir! bug and then he looked at the buys. He smiled slightly.

"'Yed, it hum when you caught it!" he "asked.

"'Yes,' they answered, nudging one amother.

"Then,' said Darwin, 'it is a humbug.'"

who strives for fame puts money end of the struggle

There is no such thing as a "dishonest" dog. We say a dog "steals" a piece of meat; but is it not more probable that the dog thinks the meat was placed there for him to take? Dogs have been trained to smuggle, especially in Alpine countries, but it is certain they are not conscious of wrong-doing. A dog thief was reemtly discovered in Paris. One day a big Newfoundland went into a large store, and after wandering around for some time—the clerks supposing him to belong to some shopper—he seized a bundle of shooting jackets in his teeth, and made off with it. A cry was raised, and half the staff of the store, accompanied by an army of small boys and two policemen, pursued the canine purioner until he was brought to bay. The bundle was recovered, and the dog marched off to the police station and then to the pound. Several tradesmen remembered the dog and it was evident that he had been more successful in former raids. The poor dog was punished for the sins of the human rogue who had trained the animal to thiever. That was not right, but it was lewful.

"No, sir he has not," replied the "No, sir he has not," replied the wife. "I don't like to tell you sir, but the doctor gave my husband up a week ago, and we sold his clothese That's the reason he didn't go jo the garden."—Philadelphia Press.

"Will you be mine?"

As she spoke the tall, handsome brunette, with a large passionate movement, took in hers the hand of the quiet but strangely beautifl man she addressed, and held it closely to her girl."
"No, they isn't," she replied.
"heard my papa tell my mama there
a corner on eggs, and these are a
smooth,"

heart.

"My darling," she said, "from the linst moment I saw you I loved you. And since then my passion has grown by leaps and bounds, until now I feel that I cannot live without you. O, relieve my suspense."

"I cannot now," he murmured, with downcast eyes. "You must wait. Perhaps maxt week I can tell you."
She sighed, while her whole frame shock with ill-suppressed emotion. "Must I remain in this suspense?" she cried. Why are you so crue! Why, O, why cannot lyou give me your answer now!"

ing-line."

McClintock, touched as he was by McClintock, touched as he was yethis exhibition of the man's devotion, still wanted him to get away. He still wanted him to leave him. The man refused. Finally McClintock said:

"I'm your captain, and I order you to go. You are doing no good to any one but me. This is no place for a well man. I order you."

Then the man had to tell.

"I ain't no well man," he slowly admitted. "I'm shot."

"Where g'' asked McClintock.

"Oh, it's only a scratch!"

They lay there in silence for a long time. The firing began to come from the teft. The soldier worked his painful way around until he was again between McClintock and the line of fire. McClintock and the line of fire. McClintock was too weak from loss of blood even to speak. Then a hospital man came and lifted McClintockk to carry him back.

"Take him, too," McClintock managed to articulate.

A young clergyman in making his weekly visits among the poor of his parish in a nearby country vilage quite recently, learned of a poor, sick man who recently came from Ireland with his wife and one child. When the minister called at the house he was given a most hearty welcome and on reaching the bedside at finding him apparently well. The day being warm the clergyman suggested that he get under a shade tree in the

"It may do you good," he added.
"It may do you good," he added.
The wife, who was present, said her
husband had better remain in the
husband had better remain in the
husband it the following day and
then take a little recreation. When
the clergyman returned a week later
he found the husband still in bed.
"Haven't you been out of bed since
"Haven't you been out of bed since
"Was here?" asked the main of the

ALL WORN OFF.

'Please, sir," sald sur,
inft fresh."
'Cartainly they are fresh, little
"in!" she replied. "I The scarcity of eggs this winter must have developed some peculiarity in the eggs themselves. A little girl went fo the igrocers, says the New York Tribune, and asked the salesman if he had any fresh eggs. "Yes," answered the man. "How many do you want?"

DRIVEN TO DESPERATION.

Aunt Jahe was surprised one day to see her little niece carry a piece of paper into the garden and bury it earefully under the damp soil. Her curiosity was aroused, and when the little girl had gone out with the nurse, she tucked up her skirts, sailed down the igaren path and unearthed the paper. Then she read, in beautifully printed characters:—"Dear Devil, do come soon and take away Aunt Jane,"—Buffalo Jommercial.

TOY JAVELIN

Take a medium-sized sewing needle with a very sharp point. Take up a position about three feet away from a door, and, folding the needle between your finger and thumb, endeavor, strongly launching it, to throw it point forward into the wood. No matter what your skill or perseverence, you will not succeed. Now pass through the eye of the needle a simple bit of thread and you will be successful in the feat without the slightest difficulty. The little makeweight that you have added to your impromptu javelin transforms in into a veritable arrow and causes the point given the impulsion to strike the object aimed at and to stick. This result, from such small means will strike the spectator with astonishment, having first shown the impossibility of aiming a naked needle. Comus, inventor of this experiment, dissembled his method under the cloak of an ingenius subterfuge. He caused the spectator to choose among a number of threads, the color they most fancied, in order, he said, to identify the needle in the door. The thread, which is itself the secret of success, thus seemed a simple means of disavowing trickery.

VILLAGE JUSTICE IN JAPAN.

In some villages in Japan robbers are tried and convicted by ballott. Whenever a robbery is committed the head man of the town summonses the entire male population, and requests them to write on a slip of paper the name of the person they of paper the name of the person they camber of having committed the crime. The one receiving the largest number of votes is declared duly 'elected,' and is accordingly hung. This system ensures the punishment of somebody for every robbery committed, whoreas in most cillized countries, in nine case out of ten, no punishment is inflicted on anybody for the most opnoxious characters in the village is the man selected, on the principle that if he does not deserve it this time, he will next.

•

CONTINUOUS INFLUENCE.

We are hourly helping or harming our fellows. (We may not have a thought of one who is so mear. We may not say a word, or give a look, kind or unkind to him. Yet we may cheer and help him, or sadden and dishearten him, by our countenances as he looks at us, as we look at him. No one of us stands or falls to himself alone. Our influence is continuous, hone or those who are constantly helping their fellows by their follows by hot being thoughtful to do this. What have you done for others in this way to-day?

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet, and the flowers are fair
Joy is abroad in the world to-day;
If our door is wide it may come this

Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in Strong, pure thoughts which shall beanish sin; They shall grow and bleom with a grace divine And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine, Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin, Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin, Sympathy sweet for the heart so fair That angels may enter manware, Open the deort

HE PLANET JUNIOR, SATURDAY JULY 9,

MIXED ON MEANINGS.

There was a little girl at a large hotel in a summer resort who had most elegant and amusing manners. She was very young and very pretty, and had picked up many odd expressions, not always using them wise or correctly. One day in passing her on the stairs a lady accidentally trod on her toe. "I beg your pardon Helen," said the lady, whereupon the wee sufferer replied with a smile-"None of your pusiness, Mrs. Jones," "What do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished lady.
"I mean that you did not hurt me-much!" apswered the unconscious child, nodding complacently,

EIPLING'S QUERY.

Rydyard Kipling, when last in the United States, dined with a party that included several other well known writers, a fair proportion of men who knew something about literature, and a large number who knew little, and made up for their lack of knowledge with prejence. Several of the last described started a useless discussion concerning spelling, pronunciations, synonyms, antonyms, etc., and, apropos of nothing at all that had been said one, firing her remark straight at Kipling, as the lion of the occlasion, declared—
"I find that sugar" and 'smane' are the only words beginning with 'su' that are pronounced as though beginning with 'sh'.

Bored, though he was, Kipling's politeness did not desert him, and, assuming an expression of interest, although his eyes twinkled behind his glasses, he added—"Are you sure?"

ARCHIE ROOSEVELT SCORNS

Two little girls who attend the Force public school, where Archie Rhosevelt is learning the three Rs, were talking about their classmate the other day.

"Just think," said one. "He came to school yesterday with mud on his shoes and a tear in his troousers. His hat was all mussed, and his hair was rumpled. I think the president's son son ought to look as ead not just a common boy. I don't see how a persent can be proud of his country when the president's son don't care how he looks." squ can be proud of his country when the president's son don't care how he looks."

This adverse comment was communicated to young Mr. Hoosevelt, but it didn't feeze him in the least.

"Huh!" he said. "Girls don't know anything."

the thunders roll, the lightnings play, une-tide day!

But ah, dear June, thy strain To fond hearts pleads in vaint Over the lapse of days, Over the russet maze, Tells of the mottled sky. Tells of the dreams that die, Tells of the foream morn in gardens all forlorn. Thus is my life a thing Born as on fatel wing Born as on fatel wing To its far, unknown rest, Borne as on eagle's creat; There is my wicket gate, But whitherward, oh, Fatel [at 1. 1.]

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops golden gems;
He may change our tears to diadems,
Open the door!

are's

woman's leve may be stronger a man's, but so is her hatred

"Because, dear," he said, 'leap year offers are not in Chicago Journal. n yet."—

JOKE ON A SAILOR

waterspout is one of the first is a green sailor boy wants to the har read about it as one of conders of the sea, and it arouses excest curiosity. He gets the old screen conditions to sail him whom sighted. They promise, wink-cealthily at each other.

ship gets down into tropical sail and the boy is told that a wall may be coming along almost time.

"Wa-a-s tha-t-t a wa-a-a-terspoort?"
The sailors are around him, roaring. Then he looks up above the companionway and sees an empty hogshead. Having seen and felt the waterspout, he descends to his bulk, wipe himself dry and turns in. Next day waterspouts in great numbers may be reported on both bows, but he will have no particular desire to observe them.

DAWNING JUNE.

Breath of the dawning June,
Breeze of the fervid noon,
Songs of the quiet dell,
Flaint of you Israfel,
O'er the Torgotten rime,
O'er, the wild waste of time,
O'ver the coffin fid,
Could marble pyramid
Wake the dead heart to know
Once more its depth of woel