

**A pure hard Soap.**

# SURPRISE SOAP

**MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY**

## Good, Stiff Argument

laundry work can be put up on just one—the stiff bosom shirt. If there are any unknown to us. There are no one who does the work any better than the

**THAM STEAM LAUNDRY**

Care is taken that the collar band is washed out of shape or made uneven by means of open-front shirts and collars do not come opposite. We wash things right.

**THAM STEAM LAUNDRY**  
St. near Fire Hall, Phone 198

## WE HAVE ON HAND

**A LARGE SUPPLY OF**

**PIPE, EMENT, EWER PIPE, UT STONE,**

All of the best quality and at LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

## & J. OLDERSHAW

A Few Doors West of Post Office.

## DON'T WAIT

until spring to let your contract for new residence, if you intend to build one, or to let your old one if you propose remodeling same, remember if we receive the contract we will be able to do it much earlier than if you wait until our spring rush. Every part of the work is under our personal supervision. Leave particulars of work at office about 5 and we will be pleased to call on you and give you our estimate. Grilles, mantles and all interior fixtures supplied on shortest notice.

## BLONDE Lumber and Manuf. Co.

Lumber Dealers and Builders and Contractors.

## FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT

Money to loan at lowest rate of interest. . . . .

## EO. K. ATKINSON

Phone 346  
th Street, Next Harrison Hall.

## HAVE YOU A BERLINER GRAMO-PHONE?

It is the best entertainer now upon the market. Almost any selection desired can be purchased or them, as we have the largest assortment in the city, and have received a large shipment of the latest pieces. We also exchange new records for old Berliner records whether worn out, damaged or cracked, and allow you a good percentage on them.

## COME AND HEAR THE MOST UP-TO-DATE TALKING MACHINE OF THE AGE.

## A. A. JORDAN

Invitation Cards, Programmes, Pencils, etc., always be obtained at THE PLANET Office.

## THE DOCTOR'S LARGEST FEE.

A Tale of a Rural Practitioner.

The doctor was a good doctor—too good for Hancock, it was sometimes said—but his wife asserted that, however able he might be in other ways, he was no financier. He kept no books, and in payment for his services was willing to accept, in lieu of cash fees, anything that his patients might be inclined to offer.

Sometimes this proved a convenient arrangement; more often, however, it was not, for the village people soon learned that it was only too easy to impose upon the kind-hearted, gentle old doctor. They loved him, of course; they could not help doing that—but apparently the village conscience slept when it came to settling with the easy-going physician.

There were those who said that the reason he submitted so tamely to being underpaid was because he feared to risk making his patients ill again by demanding larger fees. The truth of the matter was, however, that the doctor's modesty was his own work.

"But, James," Mrs. Bronson would remonstrate, "it's all very well to take it out in potatoes, but you know just as well as I do that Timothy Peck always sells his best potatoes, and keeps as only the little under-sized ones that no body would think of buying. Those last ones weren't bigger than marbles. You must stand up for your rights."

But the doctor, apparently unmoved by these protests, continued to accept his patients' excuses along with their offerings of wormy apples, wood that was full of knots, and milk that was guiltless of cream. The Bronsons were ever short of ready money, but all their other wants were, in a measure, supplied, if not always to Mrs. Bronson's satisfaction.

"I really need a new horse," said the doctor one morning, as he stepped into his ruddy buggy to make his usual round of visits. "The colt is pretty sure to give out before the summer is over."

The "colt" which was a colt only by courtesy, being twenty-two years of age and old for his years, certainly looked as if he might give out at any moment. He limped slightly, he was blind in one eye, and something was wrong with his breathing apparatus. His owner drove him with the utmost tenderness, but it was plain that the doctor needed a new horse, and that without delay.

"Here's a letter for you, father!" called Cleely, the Bronson's only daughter, as the doctor turned in at the gate that noon. "I'll put it at your place at the table, so you can read it while you are eating the beans that Mrs. Blake brought you for setting Johnny's leg."

"Now read it," said the doctor, who had read the letter, "this is very fortunate. I've tried all the spring not to wish that Sam Peters would fall ill, but it's been a great temptation, for Sam is the only person I could think of that would be likely to pay him for his horse. But it seems to me that Sam's horse is not my only dependence, after all. This note is from a man who seems absurdly grateful. He says he has no cash to pay what he owes me, so he is sending me a driving horse—a nice, quiet horse, he says."

A quiet horse! Humph! said Mrs. Bronson, with mild sarcasm. "He probably means that the horse is dead. You'd better see what you're getting before you make any bargain with him."

"I'm afraid," said the doctor, apologetically, "that it is too late for that, for the man is already on his way to New York, and the horse is to be delivered to-day. Now what did that man's wife tell me about that horse? Really, it was so long ago that I have forgotten, but it seems to me that the man was in some sort of business, and that he was concerned about his employer's horse. The concern broke up—this man's wages were paid in horses. Yes, that was it, in horses. His wife, a pretty little woman, was ill for months, eight miles up the Carp road, at a farmhouse near Clevery—the business was to place the horse at Clevery and then to place the horse at Clevery."

"I guess they think right, too," said Cleely, who approved of her father with all her sixteen-year-old soul. "Isn't she the person that you sat up with for in consecutive nights when she had pneumonia? You deserve a dozen horses a week for all the beautiful, unselfish things you do."

The doctor smiled gratefully at this tribute. For all the years of his married life he had cherished a mild ambition to show Mrs. Bronson that he was really a better financier than she considered him. No one suspected it—Mrs. Bronson least of all—but the unappreciated doctor was exceedingly sensitive over his repeated failures in the matter of fees, and he longed after a very human fashion to show his family that he was as capable a business man as a physician.

The opportunity, however, seemed slow in coming. While everyone admitted his medical skill, there seemed to be grave doubts concerning his executive ability. All through the spring each bargain had proved worse than the preceding one.

Before the doctor had finished his meal the horse arrived, and was tethered to the hitching-post outside the gate. Impetuous Cleely rushed out at once to make his acquaintance. At sight of him, however, the girl stared in amazement. "Oh!" she gasped, gazing at the doctor's latest fee. "That man said he was quiet, but he certainly doesn't look it. Why, positively, he is quite the loudest-looking horse I ever saw."

Cleely was right. However mild the horse might prove in disposition, he was anything but quiet in appearance. His cream-colored surface was irregularly marked with large reddish-brown blotches, his left side resembled a map of the eastern hemisphere, and a brownish patch on his mid countenance, shaped as if it were a terrible disappointment to him, but I couldn't make out what he wanted me to do."

"Well," said the man, laughing, "two years ago, when I and this horse were in the circus business together, he was engaged to me. I've felt all these months that place next week. Maybe he isn't handsome, but he's got brains, this horse has."

"For my part," said Mrs. Bronson, as to me he said he could get a good price for this one if he could only bring it to the right market. He said in his note that his wife was anxious to get home to her own people, and that he didn't see his way clear to selling the horse. No one in Clevery seemed to care to buy the animal."

"I'm not surprised," said Mrs. Bronson. "Still," said Cleely, whose darkest cloud always had its silver lining, "he is much better than a lion or a hyena. Suppose that this acrobat and his wife had been obliged to take their way in monkeys or giraffes or box-constrictors! Where would the poor Bronsons have been then? I think we've had a fortunate escape."

The horse, except for a few peculiarities, proved an excellent animal. He was gentle and tractable, a good traveler, and he seemed to be possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. The townspeople soon became accustomed to the gorgeousness of his prior, and the Bronsons would have forgotten that he had been a circus horse had it not been for a certain singular trick which he frequently played.

If his driver happened to twitch the reins in a certain way, the horse, whose name was Aladdin, would suddenly stop short wherever he happened to be, and regardless of both harness and consequences, would seat himself on his haunches, with his forefeet still resting on the ground.

Nothing that the doctor could say or do would prevent Aladdin from doing this. Aladdin would turn his head and look pleadingly at his master, as if imploring him for permission to stand on all fours; but the bewildered doctor was powerless to help him.

At last, when the horse could no longer endure the cramped and uncomfortable attitude, he would cast a final reproachful glance at his puzzled master, and, as if abandoning all hope from that quarter, would scramble to his feet and proceed on his way like any ordinary horse.

The doctor was finally obliged to use a patient harness without breeching. Aladdin's only other reprehensible trait was his custom of dancing to the music of the Clevery band. Whenever the doctor's business took him to Clevery, he found it expedient, after his first experience with Aladdin's waiting hoofs, to engage by telephone if there was any likelihood of a band and might appear upon the streets that day.

If, by any chance, it happened to be a gala day, the doctor would turn Aladdin out to grass, and would drive the ancient colt; for a summer of idleness had much improved that misnamed animal.

County fair week was approaching, and as usual the Bronsons were short of ready money. With her eyes on the table, spent several evenings over calculations in domestic economy, for her autumn wardrobe was in need of replenishing. She had little time for embroidery, and the only thing she had ever painted was, as she said laughingly, the front fence.

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"Then," said Cleely, giving her father's hand an enthusiastic squeeze, "if you don't mind we'll exhibit him at the fair as a carriage horse. They offer beautiful prizes in the horse department. I'm sure there isn't a more noticeable horse in the county, and there's no danger of his being overlooked."

Aladdin did indeed attract much attention at the fair. To be sure, the judges were rather inclined at first to scoff at him because of his gaudy exterior; but partly because there was very little competition, and partly because of the certain fine points not appreciated by the careless observer, he was finally awarded a second prize.

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Bronson, when she heard of it, "that we have one financial success. I feel that we have a better chance of getting on our feet now than we had before."

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"Is this your horse?" asked a man, stepping up and touching his cap respectfully.

"Yes," said Cleely, who was for the moment alone. "At least, it's my father's."

"I believe I'm acquainted with that horse," said the man, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. "Used to know him real well, lived with him, in fact. Wouldn't be surprised if I could prove it to you."

A stunted tree grew opposite Aladdin's stall. The man stepped to it, broke off a switch and stripped it of its leaves.

He touched the ex-circus horse lightly on the nose with the slender switch. Aladdin instantly seated himself on the ground and looked expectantly at the man. Again the switch touched the intelligent animal, this time on the knee. Up came a hoof, and the man "shook hands" with the horse.

"Throw a kiss to the ladies," said the man, touching Aladdin's ankle.

Aladdin lowered his head to meet his hoof, and flung an equine kiss to the delighted bystanders.

"Up," said the man, with another light touch of the switch.

"Aladdin, with an expression of positive gratitude, scrambled to his feet."

"Well, I declare!" said the doctor. "I've sat for half an hour at a stretch waiting for that horse to get tired of sitting in the road. I'd have saved hours if I'd just been able to guess what he expected of me. I've felt all these months as if I were a terrible disappointment to him, but I couldn't make out what he wanted me to do."

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## Father, Mother and Son

CURED BY

Doan's

Kidney Pills.

THE WELL-KNOWN SPECIFIC FOR

Backache, Sideache, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease, and all Kidney or Bladder troubles.

Read of how a whole family got cured by using these wonderful Pills.

Mr. Henry Hendrick, South Woodlawn, Ont., says that Doan's Kidney Pills are far ahead of doctor's medicine.

He writes: "I have tried Doan's Kidney Pills and can honestly say that I never used anything better. I was so bad with my kidneys I could hardly raise myself up without help but Doan's Kidney Pills cured me."

"My wife was always complaining of a lame back, and they completely cured her."

"Our son was also troubled with his kidneys and as your pills had done us so much good, I got him to try them and they cured him as well. They are far ahead of doctor's medicine, and I advise a trial of Doan's Kidney Pills for all sufferers from kidney trouble."

Price 50 cts. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or

THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is politeness?

Professor Broadhead—Politeness, my son, is the art of not letting other people know what you really think of them.

Man—Oh, yes; she refused me and gave me no reasons whatever.

Ma—Isn't she a saint?—Judge.

Nature knows no pause in progress and attaches her curse on all inaction.

Goethe.

EVERY CHILD'S HEALTH DEPENDS

The use of a laxative occasionally. For a mild, safe and certain relief use Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Specially suited to children. Let your children use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

Noodles Under Fire.

"You must give Mr. Noodles a chance," interposed his hostess. "He's collecting his thoughts."

"Noodles always had such a bad for collecting parties," observed the jester in chief sympathetically.—Syracuse Herald.

Nearing the Danger Line.

Algernon—Tommy, do you think your sister would marry me?

Tommy—Yes; she'd marry almost anybody from what she said to me.—Pearson's Weekly.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO., Yarmouth, N.S.

Gentlemen,—In January last Francis Leclair, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully. He was when found, placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery, his hips being badly bruised and his body turned black from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to deaden the pain and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work. SAUVAGEUR DUVAL.

Elgin Road, Lislet Co., Que., May 26th, 1893.

The average man may not be able to sew on a button, but he can at least mend his ways.

There's a story of a farmer and his son driving a load to market. Of the team they were driving one was a steady, reliable old gray mare, the other a fractious, balky black horse. On the way the black horse was stalled and the black horse balked and refused to pull. "What'll we do, father?" said the younger man. "Well," said the father, "I guess we'll have to lay the gad on the old gray." That homely compliment to women. The gray mare's the better horse. Suggest how often when there's an extra strain to be borne it is laid on the woman's back. How often she breaks down at last under the added weight of some "last straw." Women who dragging along wearily through life can gain real strength by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts back in concentrated form the strength making material which working women use up more rapidly than it can be restored by Nature in the ordinary processes of nourishment and rest. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are universal favorites with women, because they are easy to take and thoroughly effective in curing the consequences of constipation.

Cholly—Doctor, I want something for my head.

Dr. Gruffy—My dear fellow, I wouldn't take it for a gift.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED with the QUEEN CITY PRINTING CO'S INK, Cincinnati, Ohio. A. WANNFRIED, Representative.

First prize—What's the strike about, anyway—more pay, less work? What's it for? Second prize—Nah! The boss didn't take his hat off or take his dog out in the month when he was in the dog house.

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