

## THE QUESTION OF LIFE.

Man's Progress and the Books of the Eighteenth Century.

In what mankind called "progress" the world was led by illusion, advanced by lies. Everybody hated work, which was the only health. Even the preacher spoke dolefully of "the curse of Adam." Everybody wanted to be rich, which meant unhappiness; everybody wanted to be idle, which meant death. Change was regarded as progress, and to find one different from oneself was to find one worse than oneself. And with all these I sympathized, knowing them to be wrong.

I had listened to moralists and before all was done discerned that a question of morals was a question of latitudes, and vice related to the equator. Cruelty was a creature of the thermometer; the tropics tortured what the arctic nursed. Happiness was born of contrast when it wasn't born of temperance, and Third Avenue laughed often at Fifth. One man committed suicide, another gave a feast. Each was worth \$20,000. The suicide had been a millionaire, the feast giver a pauper. I considered merchants and gamblers. There was but one difference—when the merchant's resources ended his credit ended; when the gambler's resources ended his credit began. When the gambler was down his fellow gamblers helped him; when the merchant was down his fellow merchants fell upon him and tore him like wolves.

Progress? A wise man proved it by pointing to a railroad and asking me to remember stagecoaches. I asked why it was better to travel 900 miles in a day than to travel ninety. He said one could reach Chicago in a day and night. I replied that one couldn't reach Calcutta in a day and night. He said that medicine and surgery had advanced; that we now saved lives we used to lose. I asked why it was important to save lives that must one day die; also I pointed out that we saved weaklings to wed weaklings and produce weaklings, which was progressing backward. He grew angry and asked if I favored death. I grew angry and asked if he favored birth; also I wanted to hear whether or no he believed in killing weeds.

Progress! I know nothing of medicine and railways and stagecoaches and saving lives, but I do know about books. And I see by my bookcases that the nineteenth century did not write so well nor in things beautiful as the sixteenth and the eighteenth, with the promise all about me that the present century will write worse and think more heavily than either. We have better guns, clocks, plows, sewing machines, but they wrote better English and thought nobler thoughts. Alfred Henry Lewis in Cosmopolitan.

**Omen of the Wedding Ring.**  
At the close of a recent divorce case a woman spectator remarked:  
"I knew they wouldn't pull together very long. The crease made by her wedding ring proved that. When she had been married six months I saw her take her ring off one day. The mark it had left was so faint you could hardly see it. You can always gauge the length of a marriage by the impression made by the wedding ring. In some cases the ring, even though entirely too large, sinks away into the finger. Such a mark as that indicates a marriage as lasting as eternity. Other women may wear a ring as tight as the skin, yet it will leave scarcely a streak on the flesh. In that case look out for an early termination of the contract."

The other women present said nothing, but all improved the first opportunity to slip their rings around and inspect the telltale mark. The faces of some were an expression of satisfaction, others of disappointment, but nobody knew the reason therefor.

**A Considerate Actress.**  
A doctor saw Julia Marlowe as Juliet one night in Pittsburgh and was tremendously impressed. Only in the powerful death scene there was a technical error. "Miss Marlowe," the doctor said at a reception the next day, "I admired your Juliet profoundly. The impersonation was a work of art. But, pardon me, don't you know that a corpse doesn't stiffen for at least six hours after death?" Miss Marlowe answered in the drawl that she reserves for such speeches, "Now, doctor, do you think I'm going to keep my audiences waiting six hours for me to stiffen?"

**Schoolboy's Essay on Henry VIII.**  
Henry VIII was a frequent widower, conceited, cunning, cruel and corpulent. He burned the pope's bull in effigy, beheaded his best friends, made himself defender of the faith by a Latin law and had an inordinate ambition and an ulcer in his leg. Henry sternly denied the validity of the proud pope of Rome and at last, worn out by an internal disorder, died more in sorrow than in anger.

**Same Trouble Everywhere.**  
We have a brother in our church who belonged to several other denominations before he came to us, and he tells us they have the same trouble everywhere—impossible to get a \$2,000 preacher for \$750 a year.

**Hereditary.**  
"Your son is a great football player."  
"Yes; it is hereditary."  
"I never heard that his father was a football player."  
"He isn't, but he is a chronic kicker."

Paying honest debts promptly and cheerfully is a virtue of manhood appreciated by every one.—Newark (Ark.) Journal.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine  
**Carter's  
Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of  
*Wm. Wood*  
See Pac-Style Wrapper Below.  
Very small and easy to take as sugar.  
**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.  
Gentle, Purely Vegetable, Non-Habit-Forming.  
**CURE SICK HEADACHE.**

**The Potato in Ireland.**  
Statistics prepared by the Irish department of agriculture relating to the potato crop reveal some interesting results as to the popularity of the different varieties throughout the country. It is indicative of the conservatism of the growers that notwithstanding the numerous selections of high class new varieties that are now available the Irish farmer continues to adhere faithfully to the old Champion. This old variety still occupies more land than all the others put together, notwithstanding its liability to failure through blight or other causes. The Up-to-Date may be said to be the only new variety that is making appreciable headway, and, although it is steadily gaining in favor, it seems unlikely to supersede the Champion for many years to come, if ever.—Dundee Advertiser.

**Miraculous Eggs.**  
A correspondent calls to mind an incident in the life of Prof. Anderson, "the wizard of the north," says The London News. Walking through the butter and egg market in Aberdeen, he bought one egg from an old woman with a basket. He cracked the shell on the spot and extracted a sovereign, which he calmly put in his pocket. He asked for another egg and took another sovereign from it. The wizard then asked, "How much for the basket?"  
"Na, na! Ye'll get nae mair," was the reply, as the saleswoman swung the basket on her arm and rushed home to break every egg she had. She found them all nice and fresh, and the wizard sent her one of his sovereigns.

**An Important Post.**  
When Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was Secretary of State for War Queen Victoria wished to make the Czar an honorary colonel of a British regiment. The Prime Minister, as he now is, demurred on the grounds that all other European sovereigns would expect to receive similar honors. But as the Queen was willing that even this should be the Czar was made colonel of the Scots Greys. Naturally the appointment caused some excitement in the regiment. One subaltern was overheard saying to his servant, "Donald, the Emperor of Russia has been made colonel of the regiment." "Indade," was his reply, "it's a verra gran' thing for him, but will he be able to keep baith places?"

## The Best Guaranty of Merit Is Open Publicity.

Every bottle of Dr. Pierce's world-famed medicines leaving the great laboratory at Buffalo, N. Y., has printed upon its wrapper all the ingredients entering into its composition. This fact alone places Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines in a class all by themselves. They cannot be classed with patent or secret medicines because they are neither. This is why so many unprejudiced physicians prescribe them and recommend them to their patients. They know what they are composed of, and that the ingredients are those endorsed by the most eminent medical authorities.

The further fact that neither Dr. Pierce's Great Peppermint Cure, the great stomach tonic, liver invigorant, heart regulator and blood purifier, nor his "Favorite Prescription" for weak, overworked, broken-down, nervous women, contains any alcohol, also entitles them to a place all by themselves.

Many years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that chemically pure glycerine, of proper strength, is a better solvent and preservative of the medicinal principles residing in our indigenous, or native, medicinal plants than is alcohol; and, furthermore, that it possesses valuable medicinal properties of its own, being demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic, and a most efficient laxative.

Neither of the above medicines contains alcohol, or any harmful, habit-forming drug, as will be seen from a bottle wrapper. They are safe to use and potent to cure.

Not only do physicians prescribe the above, non-secret medicines largely, but the most intelligent people employ them—people who would not think of using the ordinary patent, or secret medicines. Every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines has the strongest kind of an endorsement from leading medical writers of the several schools of practice. No other medicines put up for like purposes have any such professional endorsement.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good." Easy to take as candy.

## GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

MAN WHO HAS GAINED NOTORIETY IN A VERY SHORT TIME.

Wit and Man of Letters Not to Know Something of Whom is a Reflection on One's Capacity for Keeping Up With the Times—Regarded as Genius by Some, as an Arrant Charlatan by Others.

George Bernard Shaw is one of the most thoroughly exploited men of the day, and it is a reflection on one's capacity for keeping up with the times not to know something of him. One of the most interesting things about him is the method by which he has achieved so great notoriety in so short a time.

Of course there are various well-authenticated ways of doing it. Homicide and the long and elaborate intermezzo between the act itself and administration of retributive justice afford a certain and rather popular means of securing publicity. Suicide is equally potent, but it has one capital drawback—he who is most concerned is debarred from the full enjoyment of the sensation. Happily for the born egotist, there are abundant other less extreme resources. If he is clever enough, he is pretty likely to find a vehicle suitable to his purpose.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Shaw has found that medium. By means of it he has attracted the attention of the English speaking world. There are those who believe him to be the nearest approach to genius of the time. There are others, plenty of them, who regard him as an arrant charlatan. Fortunately for Mr. Shaw both views are valuable, and almost equally so, in obtaining for him that which he seeks so palpably. Egotism has an unpleasant sound, but it really isn't so always. It is only intolerable in the ignorant and vulgar. In the hands of the capable and clever it may be made thoroughly enjoyable and even profitable. The egotism of George Bernard Shaw is transcendent and all pervading, but it is never commonplace. It is the inspiration of a man possessed of a self-reliance and an unquenchable desire to exploit it.

A few years ago, when Mr. Shaw was just beginning to attract attention, it occurred to him that it would be a novel thing to define himself precisely as if the word "Shaw" were a common noun in its correct alphabetical position in the dictionary. This was the outcome: "A bachelor, an Irishman, a vegetarian, an atheist, a teetotaler, a fanatic, a humorist, a fluent liar, a social democrat, a lecturer and debater, a lover of music, a fierce opponent of the present status of women and an insister on the serious in art."

It might have been a good definition for Shaw as he understood himself at the time, but it would be wide of the mark at present. It would have to be expanded in some directions and curtailed in others. Since then he has become a Benedict, a successful playwright and a man of affairs, "the victim of a bank account," as he asserts humorously.

Shaw was born in Dublin 50 years ago. He does not seem inclined to speak of his early life except to deny almost everything that has been said of it by others. He admits that he made up his mind at a very early age to earn his living by the pen and that nine years' effort brought him about \$30, most of it a prize for a patent medicine advertisement. At the age of 20 he concluded that starvation in London was not to be dreaded than the same fate at home and was likely to be less monotonous, so he migrated to English soil, his combined resources consisting of an "itch for scribbling that was incurable" and "a capacity for abstinence that would have been a delight to Francis d'Assisi."

He was at that time the author of no less than five novels, no one of which had ever seen the light. He took a humble lodging, his Irish plausibility enabling him to secure a week's credit, and proceeded to let loose the "torrent of ideas that was seething within." Armed with a pocketful of sketches, he made a tour of the newspaper offices without lodging a sheet. At one of them, however, he was given to understand that his work would receive consideration if the conditions were fulfilled.

The young Irishman took the hint and after making a study of the "policy" of the paper submitted another batch of sketches. One of them was accepted, and the overjoyed author was the richer by a crown. It was the entering wedge, and it gave him a foothold. In the course of time he found favor in other literary quarters and established a "connection" which, precarious as it was, made living a possibility to one of his abstemious habits.

Even at this early period of his career he was an ardent vegetarian and had begun to indulge in little affections that served to mark him as an "original." In matters of dress he assumed the widest latitude. That any

## "St. George's Baking Powder

is good enough for me."

"What if I can make more profit on a powder that you say is just as good?"

"I have no use for those 'just as good' things. And I will not have 'cheap', impure baking powder in my store at any price."

"No, sir! People, who deal here, expect me to protect them against doubtful goods. And I am not going to risk losing good customers by selling a Baking Powder that I can't intelligently recommend."

"I know that ST. GEORGE'S is a pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder, it gives satisfaction and I'll stick to it."

"You are just wasting your time (and mine) trying to sell me anything else."

"Good morning!"

Are you ever at loss as to "what to have" for breakfast, luncheon, dinner or tea? Our Cook Book tells how to prepare 100 dishes, for every meal. Sent free if you write the National Drug & Chemical Co. Limited, Montreal.

garment was fashioned in the prevailing style was sufficient to obtain his condemnation for it. Starched linen and polished boots were as obnoxious to him as the chimney pot hat in Whitechapel. He went about in the garb of a workman out of employment, wearing coarse flannel shirts with wide, rolling collars and a slouch hat that overtopped a bushy head of hair and a lean face decorated with red whiskers.

Such was George Bernard Shaw in those early days. There was, perhaps, not another man in London who could flourish on so small a capital. His physical requirements were so few that they occasioned him no worry, and all of his effort could be directed toward the business of making himself known. He was absolutely without any of the trivial vices of men of his kind—tobacco, he maintained, was Satan's most potent ally, and the use of flesh was distinctively cannibalistic.

He was an extreme Socialist. That enabled him to mount a box in Hyde Park on Sundays and holidays and harangue the crowd. His unkempt appearance and his extravagant language attracted considerable attention, and the more the better for George Bernard Shaw. He thus became an easy speaker and later on began to deliver lectures on a variety of subjects whenever and wherever he could secure a hearing.

This was his life for 22 years. At the end of that period he really had little to show for all his effort. He had achieved a certain amount of popularity, no doubt, but it was of the kind that is least of all satisfying to its owner. He had created a market for his literary wares and had become the mouthpiece of those who make it their crowning virtue to deprecate modern ways of doing. His apostolate was not of his own choosing, but was composed of those of all classes who see no merit in things as they exist. Himself a man of wit and creative talent, he must have despised the puny logic of those who professed to be his disciples.

At the age of 42, and for the first time on record, Shaw lapsed into conventionality and was legally wedded to a woman who knew him and his ways and was prepared to cope with them. He had spent 20 years of his life in inveighing against matrimony as it is practiced by civilized mankind, and the news of his Darby and Joan marriage came like a shock to those who had enrolled themselves as his followers. Dire consequences

## Cured of Drunkenness

How a Montreal lady cured her husband of drunkenness with a secret home remedy.

"I want to tell you that tasteless Sarsaparilla Prescription has entirely cured my husband of drunkenness so quickly and simply that I am astonished. How glad I am that I confided in you and wrote for your free sample package. The sample tells its own story, and before I had used the full treatment he was permanently cured. I gave him the remedy in his tea, and as it had no taste or smell, he never knew he was taking it. I want others to know! so you can use this letter, but please not my name yet. I may say that my husband's health is better in every way than for years."

**Free Package** and pamphlet giving full and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Address: THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 11 Jordan Chambers, Jordan St., Toronto, Canada.

were predicted, but they have not come. On the contrary, there is every indication that marriage has done great things for the eccentric and would be iconoclastic Irishman. The eight years of his married life have brought him greater prosperity than he had ever known, and domesticity has added greatly to his popularity. His literary output has not become markedly less erratic, but its market value has expanded immensely.

The Shaws live at the top of a big old-fashioned house which stands only a few hundred yards from the bustling Strand. The building dates back to the French revolution, and there is nothing modern looking about its exterior.

Mrs. Shaw is a pleasant-faced matron, with a constant and highly specialized knack of bearing the burden of the conversation when her husband is present. Shaw himself is a tall, thin man, straight in body and quick of movement. He wears a red beard, straggling and flecked with white and has big and very white teeth, which are quite prominent. He is no longer conspicuously unconventional in his attire, but still retains certain peculiarities of dress.

**A. B. C. LEADER.**  
Head of the Liberal Forces in the Pacific Province.

The Liberal leader in British Columbia in the provincial campaign now being waged, James A. Macdonald, is an Ontario boy, having been born in Huron County in 1868. He was educated at the public schools, at the Stratford Collegiate Institute (his father being then a manufacturer in that city), and later he attended the University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall.

He began the practice of law in Toronto in 1890, having first studied in Stratford. In 1896 he joined in the rush to Rossland, and cast his lot with other professional men who made the Golden City their business headquarters. Since then Rossland has experienced many vicissitudes, but Mr. Macdonald has remained with loyalty and success. In 1903 he was elected to the British Columbia Legislature for Rossland, and at the caucus which followed he was chosen Liberal leader for the Province. Such an early recognition indicates talent of a high order. Mr. Macdonald is a man of quiet disposition, who generally prefers to listen rather than to entertain. He is, however, possessed of eminent legal skill, and his speeches in the Legislature have been marked by strength.

**JAMES A. MACDONALD.**  
(Liberal leader in British Columbia.)

University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall. He began the practice of law in Toronto in 1890, having first studied in Stratford. In 1896 he joined in the rush to Rossland, and cast his lot with other professional men who made the Golden City their business headquarters. Since then Rossland has experienced many vicissitudes, but Mr. Macdonald has remained with loyalty and success. In 1903 he was elected to the British Columbia Legislature for Rossland, and at the caucus which followed he was chosen Liberal leader for the Province. Such an early recognition indicates talent of a high order. Mr. Macdonald is a man of quiet disposition, who generally prefers to listen rather than to entertain. He is, however, possessed of eminent legal skill, and his speeches in the Legislature have been marked by strength.

## DISTRICT

DANTE.

Mrs. Monck and children returned Monday from Chatham, where they were visiting for a few days. La grippe is very prevalent in this district.

The roads are splendid since the recent cold snap. Mr. and Mrs. Benson Houston visited at Geo. Randall's on Monday. Walter Rolston and Bert James are cutting wood for Mr. Geason. Will Wood visited friends at Croton on Sunday. The James boys are breaking a

tina coat which they purchased of Robert George. The recent wind storm blew a lot of fences down around here. Born, on Tuesday, Jan. 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. Jerome, of Florence, a daughter. Mrs. Stocking is visiting her sister at Florence. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman visited at Mr. Pesh's on Sunday.

**WANTED A CHOICE.**  
Will you be my wife, Jane? Will you ask me again, John? Why? Just because I'd like to look around a little while before I give you a direct answer.

## Indispensable in Winter.

There's a need in every home for

## GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

A few doses, at the first sign of a cold, will allay all throat irritation—take away hoarseness—check the inflammation—strengthen the lungs—ward off the cough. All the healing, soothing, curative properties of Canadian Spruce Gum—combined with aromatics. Pleasant to take. 25 cts. bottle.

## It's The Tone That Proves the Quality Of A Piano . . .

In outward appearance one make of piano may resemble another very closely. The real difference lies in the tone, which is concealed within the case.

It's the tone every time that proves the quality of a piano. Run your fingers over the keyboard of a "Nordheimer" and just listen to the superb tone. No doubt about the quality of the "Nordheimer" piano with such a tone as it possesses.

Those who know the real value of tone-quality naturally select the "Nordheimer"—the unrivalled Canadian piano. Will you not come in and play over a selection and judge the quality of the "Nordheimer" tone from what your own ear tells you?

Our Mr. R. V. Carter will visit Chatham frequently in our interests, and will be pleased to furnish you with any information you may desire. Correspondence addressed to him, in care of the Garner House, will receive careful attention.

## "NORDHEIMER'S"

Limited, London.

Read The Chatham Planet For All The News