

## THE PLANET

Business Office ..... 53  
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S. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

## ABOUT REVIVALS.

Rev. Lee McCollister, of the Universalist church, Detroit, is regarded by his clerical brethren of the evangelical stripe as something of an Ishmaelite. Part of his time is occupied in demolishing some of the most cherished ideas and practices of the churches, and for this reason he is regarded generally among the cloth as somewhat off color as a moral teacher. In fact some do not hesitate to place him and his community without the pale of Christianity.

Mr. McCollister has had the temerity to attack the methods of the revivalists at present in Detroit, and although his remarks are regarded as offensive from the standpoint of those who have participated in that work they contain a good deal of horse-sense and other advice which, if followed, would sensibly improve the brand of current Christianity.

Mr. McCollister does not believe to any extent in emotion as a factor in producing true religion. "Ministers," he says, "who give themselves over to the sway of hysteria and become drunk with religious exhilaration cease to be regarded as calm, reliable guides of man's religious development."

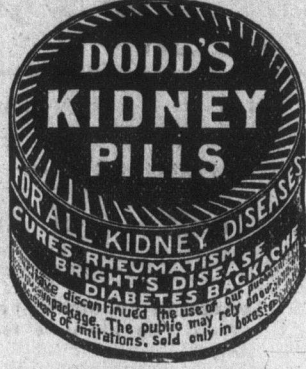
Mr. McCollister made a strong plea for an extension of the extenuate cordials among the denunciations. Co-operation, he says, and not competition, is what the churches should seek, but it is feared his advice will fall on gross ears. Many churches have little reason for existence beyond the purpose of "keeping others out of the field." The revival needed everywhere, he thinks, is an awakening of such a spirit of good-fellowship as will enable the churches to combine in one aim, that of making the world better. Instead of this they pursue a species of spoils system, the suggestion being made that the motives back of a revival are of a mixed character, the mercenary entering into consideration. In this way converts are regarded as future sources of church revenue, and the larger the "harvest" the greater the financial possibilities of a revival. This may be an extreme view, but there is doubtless at least a residue of truth in it. Emotion of a fleshly kind is too often mistaken for the Spirit and as in matters of immigration and national settlement, church membership is recruited with too much regard to quantity and too little to quality. Impelled by a gust of emotion induced by pulpit pyrotechnics, an army of "professors" who do not know their own mind because reason for the moment is obscured by temporary ecstasy, stampede the pews. Many of these, being plants of shallow root, fall away and in the end the net "catch" dwindles to a discouraging minimum. It seems to be true that much of the religion that comes through the medium of what is known as the old-fashioned revival is but a feeble, anemic thing that has to be raised on the bottle, and occasionally remaining a nursing dependency for continued existence on frequent liberal applications of the same drastic stimulus that forced it into life.

This is at best but a parasitic religious life, the kind that animates that considerable class who, while very often possessing a gift of organizing prayer, and perhaps wearying the divine ear with their pious importunity, are seldom found among the aggressive doers, or the liberal or even moderate contributors to the financial resources of the church which they favor with their sanctified presence.

It is good doctrine to say that the work of the paid pastor, who alone knows the wants and idiosyncrasies of his people, should not need to be supplemented by the spasmodic efforts of the professional "butter in." Every regular service throughout the year should be a "special" service, at which the settled minister, qualified by study, special training and ripe scholarship, with the reputation that in the itinerant is too often taken for granted, is charged with a "special" message. In brief, each service in the 52 Sundays in the year should be a "revival" service, not in an exotic but in a real sense.

**SIGNS OF HARD TIMES.**  
Lowery's Claim.  
Times must still be hard in Rossland, for we notice that a salmon in that city is trying to raise the wind by giving away hot beans every evening.

**LORD ABERDEEN'S BIG APPLE CROP.**  
Lowery's Claim.  
Lord Aberdeen's ranch near Vernon yielded a crop from its twenty-acre orchard of twelve-year-old Northern Spy apple trees that sold for \$15,525.



JOHN BURNS, OF BATTERSEA.  
London Truth.

For the first time in our history a workingman becomes a cabinet minister, and a workingman of an advanced type of thought, who has been, and to some extent still is, a terror to the reactionaries.

Without any intention to disparage his colleagues, Mr. Burns is the most conspicuous figure in the ministry. Workingmen have before him won the respect of the house of commons and reached the government posts by sheer merit. Others have gained great influence outside parliament by their mere eloquence, though I doubt if any of them have equaled him in the gift. But none has so deeply impressed all classes with his political sagacity and practical grasp of affairs; and it is good omen for the future of democracy that the first workingman to become a minister of the crown is a man of such abilities and character.

## Ancient Itching Cures.

If the right palm itches, you are about to receive money; if the left palm itches, you will have to pay some money; if the knee itches, you will soon kneel in a strange church; if the sole of your foot itches, you are going to walk on strange ground; if your elbow itches, you will sleep with a strange bedfellow; if the ear itches, you will hear strange news. To cure itching in the palm of the hand:

Rub it on your eye.  
"Twili go by and bye;  
Rub it on wood,  
"Twili sure to come good."

It is a remarkable fact that these beliefs have been common all over the world from time immemorial, and are repeated at the present day.

## The History of Quassia.

The origin of quassia as a medicine is not uninteresting. In the middle of the 18th century, Rolander, a pupil of Linnaeus, the naturalist, visited Surinam, where he found an old negro, one Quassia (which is—or was—as common a name among the negroes there as Lick, Tom and Harry are with us), who was locally famous—being adored by some and suspected of magic by others—for his successful treatment of malignant endemic fevers. He was a simple old man, and Rolander, soon learned from him that his remarkable specific was the bark of the bitter ash tree. Rolander brought back some of its use, to his master, and Linnaeus, after experimenting with it, named it quassia, after its first known prescriber.

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## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

## PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A doctor is a man who assists either to lift or to foreclose the mortgage you have foolishly put on your health.

The man who believes in luck always has a kick coming.

The grouchy men who have no difficulty in keeping their cooks are mostly those who married them.

Shopping is a way women have of entertaining themselves without paying for it.

If juries grew on peach trees some lawyers would take a week in picking one.

The waiting game does not pay in the long run unless the tips are heavy.

No girl is an old maid who doesn't look the part, and not then, either, if she objects to the honorable title.

Those people we are told can't stand prosperity manage to wiggle through it some way.

The man who doesn't know what he wants and doesn't know what he does not want ought to take a wife for what ails him.

Strangely enough, the bashful man who doesn't know what to do with his hands doesn't envy the armless wonder.

In the police force there is a vast difference between a shake up and a shake down.

## The Greatest Scientist.

Was ever scientist so great,  
So wise or so surprising  
As he who lately came around,  
The copy books denigrating  
And knocked the props from underneath  
Our old foe, early rising?

It used to be that health and wealth  
And every other blessing  
Came to the fellow who was prompt  
About his morning-dressing,  
But now the scientist declares  
That theory was but guessing.

The morning air which o'er the town  
In misty haze is wreathing  
Is, so scientists declare,  
With noxious gases seething.  
Not fit for folks particular  
At all about their breathing.

So he who spends the morning hours  
In sweet and placid morning  
Will not have sickness and the like  
On hand to be deploring.  
But will be waste of yesterday  
Be rapidly restoring.

Then hail the man who knocked great  
In this old superstition!  
Like Caesar's wife, this scientist  
Is quite above suspicion.  
We'll sleep until the sun is high  
Now that we have permission.

## Almost Hopeless.

"I wonder if they will ever invent a smokeless cigar."  
"No, but I do hope we will some time develop a race of cigarless men."

## Showed Their Age.

"He is looking for new features for his show."  
"He needs them. Did you notice the features on his chorus girls?"

## Miss Name.

"Why do they call this an accommodation train?"  
"Must be because there are no accommodations on it."

## The Similarity.

"Why does he remind you of a woman's hammer?"  
"Because he flies off the handle at every little rap."

## Owing to the Climate.

When customers had not the price  
He kindly put it down on ice.  
At first glance you would call that nice.  
But wait and see.  
For though he kept that kind of score,  
He ran the only north pole store,  
And it would keep for years and more,  
Plain as could be.

## Didn't Show It.

"Is he a friend of the family?"  
"Not intimate—at least they do not appear to know anything disreputable about his past life."  
"Will you join me in a lobster supper?"  
"No, thanks; I haven't joined the suicide club yet."

## Threw It Away.

He said he'd die for freedom  
But, oh, he would be free.  
It was the only thing worth while,  
As far as he could see.  
But, after speaking highly  
Of freedom one sad day,  
The fellow went and married  
And threw it all away.

## OCEAN OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

Its Variations and Tides As it Rotates With the Earth—A Very Clear Exposition.

We are dwellers at the bottom of a sort of sea. This sea bottom, which is the surface of the earth, may vary as to altitude, being diversified with plains, valleys, plateaus and mountains, but in this only slightly varying range of a few miles is all human life restricted, while the wonderful and mighty atmospheric ocean rolls over all. As our globe is swung in space in its relationship to the sun it is impossible that an equal diffusion of solar heat should strike and penetrate this atmospheric envelope, as the equatorial zone gets the vertical rays, the temperate zone receives rays that are more slanting, and consequently less heat, while the frigid zone, made such by reason of the polar points or regions most remote from the direct rays of the sun, receive the minimum of light and heat.

Now, what is the consequence? Certain areas or belts are intensely heated and expanded. Other belts are only partially heated, and still other regions are almost bereft of heat, and this very mobile ocean by a law of nature seeks to equalize itself and a system of currents interchanging and intercommingling is set in motion that are in action seemingly ever and forever. But in the meantime a peculiar factor is operative and exerts a singularly modifying influence on this process.

This is the earth's diurnal motion, its daily turning on its axis, whereby this very impled ocean is also turned and is alternately heated and cooled as it is presented to the sunward side of the pole to the sun and the one side constantly to the solar heat while the other side was constantly away from the sun. We cannot conceive of the incessant hurricanes that would then prevail as the fiercely heated side and its frigid antipode exchanged atmospheric compartments.

We are not to suppose that this atmospheric sea is heated even over the equator from the bottom to the top, which is theoretically about forty miles, and there is another peculiarity. At a height of only from four to six miles it is increasingly cold, and higher up the air has more than a polar temperature. But we get no correct impression of the upper air conditions while we are down at the bottom of this sea. There are thousands of impediments that temporarily retard and stop the currents and that must consequently go in fits and starts regardless of the more even and regular flow above. If we could be at the bottom among the rocks and holes of a deep, swift flowing river we should get no correct idea from the surrounding swirls of the smooth and uniform flow on its surface. Into the ocean of our atmosphere rise vapors and form clouds which under certain conditions intercept and retard the electric currents, which then accumulate and again seek equilibrium in explosive action, causing the phenomenon known as lightning and followed by peals of thunder. But we are far from being fully conversant with the varied phenomena on and near the surface of this atmospheric sea. We do not understand the situation where the illimitable ether stops to give way to a commencing but as yet exceedingly rare atmosphere. If, indeed, the atmosphere is not the ether condensed as it impinges on the globe.

Whatever the solar emanations that come to us, whatever they are as they leave the solar surface, it is evident that they undergo transposition or correlation as they enter and pierce the etheral space, and another transformation takes place when they penetrate our atmosphere and develop into what we call heat and light as they impinge on the earth.

**Slater Rescued In Canoe.**  
A young man named Guerin, while skating near the point at the cemetery, went through the ice about thirty yards from the shore, says The Peterboro Examiner. His position was one of extreme peril, and had it not been for the timely and courageous efforts of a spectator, whose name is withheld at his own request, a fatality was an almost certain consequence. The ice surrounding the young man in the water was extremely thin and would not support the weight of Guerin. The young man mentioned promptly secured a canoe which was lying upon the shore, and, seated astride, pushed his way across the ice till Guerin was enabled to grasp the end of the boat and was quickly succored from his perilous position. A considerable crowd had assembled upon the shore by this time, and, both young men seated in the stern, the canoe was paddled back with a hockey stick, the bow being forced in this way to the surface of the ice, where it was pulled in by the spectators.

**Consolidated Schools.**  
Among the many interesting features which impressed Dr. Crews while away was his visit to the large consolidated school at Middlet, where six or seven scattered institutions have been consolidated. It is backed by Sir William McDonald, who has paid all deficiencies for the three years of its life.

The pupils from the outlying districts are brought to school in the morning and conveyed to their homes at night in large covered vans. In this way they are privileged to enjoy the splendid facilities which they would otherwise be denied. The school has all the advantages of the modern institutions, including domestic science, manual training, and a large tract of land which is cultivated by the students performing the double function of education and bringing in revenue.

Just now they are discussing the ways and means of continuing independently.

**World's Ghostliest Curiosity.**  
Guanajuato, the ruined city in Mexico which was destroyed by a cloud-burst, furnishes one of the ghostliest curiosities of the world. In one of the vaults of the Pantheon are preserved many mummies which were dug from the soil. They afford a curious evidence of the natural embalming properties of the earth.

## Joe Murphy—the Veteran of the American Stage

His Voice Preserved at the Age of Sixty-four. Thrills His Audiences with Undiminished Power.

He tells the Secret of His Health and the Preservation of His Voice "for the Benefit of Humanity," as He Himself Expresses It.

Joe Murphy, the oldest active player in America, is in possession of perfect health, and an unimpaired voice. His vigor astonishes all who meet him, and it makes the older idea, that a man's usefulness is simply look ridiculous. His strength of mind and of frame at 64 years of age is so good as to arouse the curiosity of thousands to know the secret of such preservation. The way he performs the part of a spy young man, so true to the life, in action, voice, and gesture, as he does in Kerry Gow, and the way he sings such beautiful songs as "A Handful of Earth, A Handful of Heaven," without detriment to his voice or throat, is marvellous. Mr. Murphy frankly tells the public how he has saved his voice so long. In the first place, he never lets a cold or an affection of the throat get headway. As soon as he discovers a symptom he drives it off quickly with medicine. He has tried scores of remedies, but never until he used PSYCHINE did he find his true ideal of a quick, sure, and easy cure for all throat and lung troubles. After long use of PSYCHINE he became more and more convinced it was the only reliable remedy, and said he "felt it his duty to humanity" to let people know, honestly and truly, how much it had done for him, and how much it could do for others similarly affected. At one time he got such a bad cold it threatened to turn to bronchitis, and he feared he would be obliged to give up his engagement, but he relied entirely on PSYCHINE, and it gave him such immediate relief, and kept his throat in such good condition, that he did not lose a single performance, and was entirely cured in the remarkably short time of one week, as he says in his testimonial.

The great danger with colds, coughs, irritations, and all slight affections of the nose, throat and lungs is far more in the certain and terrible results that come from neglecting them than in the first symptoms themselves. Diphtheria, croup, bronchitis and consumption are just continued stages of a neglected cold. Watch yourself, and when you feel any of these symptoms such as chills, hot flushes, tickling in the throat, night-sweats, clammy hands, phlegm in the throat, coughing, dropping in the throat, etc., do as Joe Murphy does, take PSYCHINE, drive out the evil germs of disease and keep in perfect health. PSYCHINE is not only good for the throat and lungs, but is good for stomach troubles, and acts as a general tonic to the system. For checking the symptoms of the early stages of disease, nothing ever prescribed is so efficacious as PSYCHINE. Sold all over Canada, by every druggist in the Dominion, for \$1 per bottle.

Joseph Murphy, Veteran Actor

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