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The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1903.

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

Joe Writes a Letter

Turns Up at the Eau Where He is Having a
Strenuous Time—Absence Caused a Great Com-
motion Among the Staff.

Right up to last night a sense of impending disaster seemed to hang anxiously over the office. The ex-operators cleaned and oiled up typograph machines in silent anticipation of some big "rush" session; the compositor who handles the big black head lines and looks for the tragic "turned-ruled" set and restless at this case, while an obituary writer had furnished his ink with an extra supply of writing, a dozen new pencils, a volume Longfellow's poems and an open dictionary. He sat moodily smoking, earnestly reading pathetic extracts in Swinburne's "Forsaken Garden" and Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

Something surely had happened to Joe. All week he had been absent—and anyone had missed him. The sport-editor's pocket case still contained seven untouched gold-tipped cigars, and he had no tobacco bill, on hands—a most unusual occurrence.

An essay, started by the bachelor editor last week, on the "Training of the Young," was completed, awaiting the descriptive presentation of the horrible example, "from life." Somehow or other, everyone had

the notion had almost reached a climax. Something had happened to Joe. The prognostication of the editorial reporter that these nights "just lovely" and the shiner had just have eloped, it's so thrilling romantic, was scornfully scoffed; police court sleuth reported no serious deceptions, and the anchovy man who writes up deaths, funerals and things consequently and attentive and unsketchy liars when he discoursed and elaborated on the uncertainties of life

the many and terrible danger with which the unprotected youth constantly threatened. And then, well, last night the metropolis who carries the mail ought in a bulky and begrimed envelope. It was, of course, unstamped except with post-marks and a "4-c" stamp, and was addressed to the following manner:

Pieces forward to The Planet in the hayst and oblige you are truly
"Chatham, Ontario."

After consultation with the health pector it was decided to open the "Great Scott!" declared the city editor, "It's from Joe."

Enough the communication was on the shiner and all listened with crest as the city editor read it aloud. Incidentally it might be mentioned that, at the conclusion of the reading, the sporting editor offered bet that the city editor could read Joe Houston's writing at sight.

Joe bestowed a celebrity on the Saturday morning, and the Planet, Dear Planet, I ain't goin' ter tell you I ain't got no pen, but I found his beer pencil in their sand and ink I'll rite lettin you know I'm well out here. I come ter the O on Saturday and has been havin' a swell time ever since. Once in a while I sees the Grate Hoam Journal, they gets it out heer and seems ter be it been just as the does in them. I doant no who yure reter is out heer but I may men- tion that he ain't crumpled my visit. Yur might brace him up ter tell there is lots er fun sum times at yer O. Ther best sun yer can have yer can hook no boat is ter watch men tryin fer fish or the gurls swim. They breaks even fer genuine side-show amusement. I don't want ter tell yer any more, caws I don't want ter spoil yer visit if Say ther's er lot er folks out heer they's all havin er spiff time. been enjoyin' myself fine and I don't think yer can expect ter see me back fer sum time. Ther's no fer shinin' shoes out heer and I ter holiday fer keeps and keeps a hobnobbin with ther real society people what hangs out heer.

Sum times when I gets lonely I sum down and lissens while Walt. and Orger. Donatone plays on ther gittar. Walt. is surblime and he sings with me. I know's this caws I herd ter see my name in ther papers. I feel party gal say as ther other what, what knows.

Ther's other places where er fel- low can cure home sickness. One fel- low is keepin back. I likes to hang out ther place. Somethin in the air makes me feel as tho I fer- vish back at ther hotel in Chatham. grate.

My pencil is almost wore out. I uses I'll quit now. But if I finds and Burgen. Weather I'll rite yer again. What- ever youse do don't put this letter ther Grate Hoam Journal. I don't ter see my name in ther papers no seriously people does. So I fer- ter say er word er bout me. I am final.

"Hopin' that all Ther Planet fel- lers am feelin' well
"Ter young friend
"JOE."

"P. S.—Printers is sum times orful careless. If they prints anything what I says make them be most careful fer my sake. I hates ter be misquosed."

"JOE."
"P. S.—Has you got any cigarets ter spare? Ise clean out. This is a bum place fer gettin cigarets."

"JOE."

HAVE YOU MET THEM?

Snap Shots of Citizens Secured
By Passing Enquiry.

Something About People You
Ought to Know.

Dr. McKeough—The man of the hour, past, present and future. To know him is to like him and to like him is to know him. Clever, shrewd, kindly, careful—everything that makes the ideal man. He may not be perfect, in fact he may have his faults, but he is as near perfection as you can find a mortal man. He's known all over Chatham and a good part of Kent County. As a doctor it's no easy task to find his equal, but as a politician he's a wonder. Dr. McKeough can wield a greater power among the people of all classes than any other individual citizen. One only need point to the last mayoralty campaign to prove this. His power is wonderful, his energy is irrepressible. It was said of the Doctor that he saw every voter personally, and this could well be believed. The Doctor has three hobbies—whist, travel and study. He plays a strong hand at whist, but travel and books provide his greatest pleasure. His great love for and interest in his profession ties him to work, but occasionally he tears himself away to spend a few short weeks amid the ruins of ancient Rome or the brilliant capitals of Europe, worshipping art in the Louvre, nature in the Alps. It's always a pleasure to see Dr. McKeough wander, because he writes such entertaining letters. The readers of this Great Home Journal always have a chance to enjoy the Doctor's trip with him and see the sights through his enlightened spectacles. He has already started on another short run abroad—and may have a delightful time.

The Rev. T. Beverley Smith—Rector of Holy Trinity Church and best beloved minister in city of Chatham. Holy Trinity Church is a charming little chapel. Outside attractive, green lawn and ivy vines contrast with the red brick of the edifice. Within, the church is cosy and comfortable, nice church, nice people. Everybody knows everybody. Size of church brings congregation closer together. That's partly why strangers always feel at home in Holy Trinity Church. The great reason, though, is the rector. Congregation all warm and admiring of their thoughtful, earnest pastor, and the reverent, loving manner in which they speak of him is very pleasing. "That was a particularly fine sermon Mr. Smith delivered last Sunday," remarked a chance visitor to a member of Holy Trinity Church. "It was," responded the enthusiastic admirer of the rector. "Mr. Smith's sermons are all good. He doesn't know how to preach a bad one."

Out of the pulpit Mr. Smith is as much beloved as in it. His quiet, earnest, thoughtful manner impresses everyone with his love for his Master and his desire to labor for the good of mankind. He carries his religion with him, and that is what can be said of few men of this day. Naturally modest and retiring, more of a student than a minister, he lays aside his own desires and pushes out into the world to work for Him who died to save all mankind.

Any girl who marries to please her folks usually gets the worst of it.

In the Orient the natives take off their shoes before entering a house. Do they all drink?

Why, the only people who take their shoes off before entering a house over here are rounders.

UP AGAINST IT

"Billy" Holman, the genial clerk at the Garner House, is not looking well to-day, which is something very unusual for Billy.

Mr. Holman is known as possibly the strongest man, physically, in the city. He confesses himself that he can swing dumb bells—any weight—for hours at a time and not feel the least bit tired, but he owned up this morning that he was not feeling as spry as usual.

If there is one thing that he can do, and likes to do, it is to swim. In this he is an expert and has been known to go in swimming in the evening, fall asleep while floating around on the surface of the water, and not wake up until it was time to go to work in the morning—in fact he has done this several times. Last evening he thought he would like a duck in the water. He jumped into the river, swam up against the current a couple of miles and then swam back. He said he was only in the water a couple of hours and so he cannot understand why he is feeling so tired to-day.

PROTECT CHILDREN

A change has been made in the statutes of Ontario whereby a child under 14 years of age can no longer be committed to either the lock-up or the jail, for an offence under the Ontario statutes. This does not refer to criminal charges, but truants can no longer be locked up at the police station. In cities the Children's Aid Societies take charge of the children and where there are no such organizations the sheriff must take charge and put the children for safe-keeping in charge of some association or person having suitable accommodation for children. The expenses are to be borne by the municipality where the child last resided for a year.

Men of small minds are slow to see in any man more than they are capable of seeing in themselves.

Athletic exercise should not be taken when the body is exhausted by business toil.



POPE LEO XIII.
WHO IS MAKING A GALLANT STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

SATCHEL OF THE SATELLITE.

Indian summer ought to be along shortly now.

Mosquitoes may worry you but the flea gets you when you aren't looking.

I think the Grits made a "Blairing" mistake when they forced the Minister of Railways out.

I hope Boston doesn't become enamored of our good looking mayor and try to keep him.

Yes, fair maid, your lover is quite right. Ice cream is not good for the complexion at 10c. per.

Ald. Piggott (in Boston)—Yes, you have a fine city, but I don't see the beans growing anywhere.

I wonder if those fans in the Council Chamber will be responsible for a large overdraft this year.

I move that the 24th Kent Regiment obtain the services of the Peninsula Band if they need a good one.

The excursions this week all invited the public to go and enjoy the cool breezes. I guess that cool was correct.

It isn't the man with an ear for music that offends. It's the fellow with two hands and a mouth for it.—Montreal Star.

That trouble in the Council over the placing of the electric lamp at the boat landing might be termed a little "light" amusement.

Ald. Martin doesn't need to turn round any more to talk to the "gal-lery" at the Council meetings. He can look straight ahead and talk to the fans.

If the aldermanic baseball team cannot secure any fans to ornament the bleachers at Walpole Island they might take the electric fans from the Council Chamber.

This July month is strong on variety—first a week of rain, next a week of heat, and then a week of cold. I am moved to wonder what next week will be like.

The bread earners amongst the Erieau summer residents are fast learning how to do without breakfast. It's generally a case of no breakfast or else miss the train.

When people write about musicians, they seldom write moderately. The man is either a selfish rogue or an angel of light. It all depends on your point of view. And the curious part is, both sides are right.—The Philistine.

I'm afraid that Godfrey's band, the Banda Rossa, the Pittsburgh Orchestra, the Thirteenth Band of Hamilton or some of those other cheap musical organizations will come along and want to be the 24th Kent Regiment Band.

CROP BULLETIN.

Just as soon as the crop of Fourth of July victims is fully harvested the sailboat crop will be ready to fish out.

THE COLLAR THAT DOESN'T WILL.

"There is one variety of collar that never wiles in the hot weather," remarked Chd Amity, reminiscently. "It's the collar on the beer."

REAL JOY.

What joy to be the father of a lad Of sturdy frame and habits far from bad. Whose got a job that pays so well that he Is able to support his tired dad.

—New York Herald.

BURNS REVISED.

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn— Makes countless thousands mourn— In some dim and distant bourne— He passes prohibition laws, and then, 'tis sad to think, Amends them so it's wrong to know the soda fountain wink.

—Chicago Tribune.

The fat man has a slim chance of feeling personally slighted.

Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.

A Forgotten Weapon

Third of a Series of Interesting Articles for
Sunday Reading—Some Interesting and Edify-
ing Bible Studies.

(Specially Prepared for THE PLANET by Mrs. Anna Ross.)

The argument of this paper is like that of the preceding ones, that if Christ's people would understand and claim the treaty rights secured to them in the New Covenant (Heb. viii, 10) then Satan could not prevail against them, but they could be more than conquerors every time through Him who loved us, through Him who has been given as a covenant of the people.

"Whoso readeth let him understand."

A. R.

THE NEW COVENANT—A FORGOTTEN WEAPON AGAINST SIN AND SATAN.

In the two preceding chapters, two other forgotten covenants have been touched upon—the covenant with Noah, a forgotten weapon against famine, and the covenant with the Gibeonites, a forgotten weapon against Saul. Here is a third, the breadth and length and depth and height of which is like the love of Him who gave it, "passeth knowledge." The terms of it are exceeding broad, the security for it is the faithfulness of the everlasting God Himself, committed in the two immutable things in which it is impossible that God should lie, His word backed by His oath. The pledge of this security is the rainbow in the clouds, symbol of the throne itself, referred to in the expression, "thy faithfulness round about thee." The peculiar seal of this covenant is the accepting of the wine at the communion feast. When Christ gave the wine to His disciples that Passover night He said of it, "This cup is the new covenant in my blood; drink ye all of it." Those who intelligently accept that cup do, at the same time accept that covenant in all the breadth of its terms and the security of their fulfilment.

But what multitudes of believers could express their ignorance of these things as the Ephesian Christians did concerning the Holy Ghost? "We have not heard whether there be any new covenant." The covenant is forgotten, its terms are not understood, its absolute reliability is not even a matter of thought, and so the fullness of blessing and power secured in it to the followers of Jesus Christ is not enjoyed.

This is not too strong a statement. The fullness of blessing and power deeded over to us in that new covenant promises, as they are expressed in Jer. 31, 32-34, quoted in Heb. 8, 10-12, or in Ezek. 36, 25-27, can easily see that there is a completeness, a radicalness, a power, in these promises that is seldom to be met with as fulfilled in the actual life of actual, present-day Christians.

Has God promised more than He is able to perform? That is not the explanation of the failure of seed-time and harvest, but man has forgotten the covenant in which these things are deeded over to him. That is not the explanation of Saul's destructive power over the Gibeonites. They had forgotten the covenant in which the faithfulness and power of Jehovah were committed for their protection. That is not the reason either that sin and Satan are too strong for the Church, and for the individual believer. They, too, have forgotten that they have a covenant—that they have covenant right to all the grace necessary to make them more than conquerors through Him.

Let us see what God covenants to do for us in His three great covenant promises, as they are expressed in Ezek. 36, 25-27.

1st. He undertakes Himself thoroughly to deal with all our uncleanness. "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean. From all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you." Why, then, are we not cleansed? Has God undertaken to do what He is not able to do? Or have we forgotten that He has undertaken to do it?

2nd. He has undertaken Himself thoroughly to deal with our hearts. "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." Why, then, are so many true Christians mourning hearts of stone? — hearts that will not love God and that do not know how to melt toward our neighbor? Has God undertaken to do what He is not able to do? Or have we forgotten that He has undertaken to accomplish this thing in us?

3rd. He has undertaken to fill us with the very spirit of Jesus Christ Himself. "And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in

my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them." In this promise His covenants that our spirit shall be the very Spirit of Christ, that our walk shall be step by step, in His statutes, that our actions shall be the doing or acting out of His judgments. Why is not all this fulfilled in our daily life and experience? Has God undertaken to do what He is unable to do? Or have we again forgotten that He has undertaken to do it?

Is not this the wonderful mistake that is being made? We are continually trying to cleanse ourselves, and of course we fail. We are working away to soften our hearts, and they remain as hard and cold and dead as ever. We are wearily trying to live out the life of Jesus Christ, while our own spirit is prompting every action. Is it not time that we should remember that all those matters are undertaken for us by the everlasting God the Lord, who has pledged His covenant honor that He will do them for us and in us?

Sin and Satan have the mastery over our children for the same reason. We have forgotten that this covenant is like all God's covenants with men, it is to us and to our children. Do they need cleansing? Let us confess their sins and our own, especially our own as they concern the children. Let us next lay our finger upon His covenant promise. "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean." Let us look up in His face and say, "Do it for us, Lord; Lord, Do as Thou hast said." It is a bold position, but it is the one He has given us. When He gave us a covenant, He gave a covenant right to the blessings promised, and when we ask for them we ask for what is already ours in covenant. For Him, to withhold would be to break covenant obligation. So we can press for them, and give Him no rest until He give them in their fullness, saying boldly, "In thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness." And so, resting in His glorious covenant faithfulness, we can sing His praises for the answer before it comes, as the psalmist does in the 130th Psalm.

Some may object that this way of resting the salvation of our household upon God's covenant faithfulness will lead to carelessness in bringing up the children. It is also supposed that resting our satisfaction upon God alone may lead to a careless and inert style of life. It is well known that the same objection has always been urged against resting our justification upon God alone. Facts and philosophy both tell dead against such an objection. It is those who shoulder their own burdens and try to fight their own battles who are continually sinking into discouragement and sloth. It is little wonder. They are continually conscious of defeat, and there is nothing takes the energy out of a soldier like that. Such fighting will become slack.

Those who rest the responsibility where God has placed it—on His own power and faithfulness—can rejoice with the joy of victory before it comes, even in the midst of seeming defeat. Victory that is theirs in covenant can be taken hold of as theirs in fact.

Such is the lawful portion of those who send up the covenant cry against their enemies. They may rejoice in faith, as the Gibeonites did in fact while they were watching the prolonged victory of that double day—the sun standing still upon Gibeon and the moon in the valley of Ajalon.

But to those who forget their covenant hold, there may be, as to the Gibeonites in the days of David, only some sorrowful testimony or vindication of God's faithfulness—that He had been remembering all the time, that He had watched and waited in vain for the covenant cry which would have made a highway for His love and power to leap out for their deliverance.

It is a glorious thing to have a covenant hold upon God and His resources, but it is a most calamitous thing to forget the fact in time of need, and so to have we meet the foe in our own strength which it weakens.

(Taken from The New Covenant a Lost Secret, by Anna Ross, price \$1. Address: David Ross, corner Bay and Alberti Sts., Ottawa.)

He that swells in prosperity will be sure to shrink in adversity.

The night wind toyed with the bosom of the beautiful Chicago river.

Farewell, cried Guy Throop, hoarsely, Farewell!

The dark-eyed maiden by his side burst into tears.

Do not say farewell, she murmured. It will kill me!

Moved by her emotions, Guy Throop hastened to ease her mind.

Oh, it's just a Mme. Patti farewell, he whispered.

I'll be back—aye, a dozen times!

And only the deep muttering of an over-worked bridgetender disturbed the stillness.