A weekly newspaper published every week young people of the Maple City.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1904.

REWARKABLE WATCH

it.

The entire skull is curiously enaved. On the forehead there is a sture of death, with the usual ythe and flour glass and sand glass, ythe and hour glass and sand glass, as is depicted as standing between a lace and a hovel, to show that he no respecter of persons, and underath is the familiar quotation from ath is the familiar quotation from orace, "Pallida moresaequo pulsaide pauperium tabernas Regumqueres." At the back of the skull is other representation, this one being time devouring everything. Time erything.
and beside him

time devouring everything. Time so carries a scythe, and beside him the emblem of eternity—the serint with its tail in its mouth. The upper section of the skull is rided into two pictures. On one side the crucifixion, with the Marys eeeling at the foot of the oross, and the other side are Adam and Everynded by animals in the Garden

Below these pictures running right round the skull, there is an openwork band, to allow the sound of the striking of the watch to be heard. The openwork is a series of designs out to represent the various emblems of the erucifixion, such as scourges, the cross, swords, spears, the lantern used in the garden, and so forth. All of the earryings have appropriate Latin quotations.

various.

y reversing the skull and holding upper part in the palm of the dard lifting the under jaw on hinge the watch may be opened, on the plate inside is a represenon of the stable at Bethelbem, h the shepherds and their flocks

The works of the watch are in the brains of the skull, the dial plate being where the roof of the mouth would be in a real skull. This is of silver and gold, with elaborate scrolls, while the hours are marked in large Roman letters. The works are remarkably complete even to a large silver bell with a musical sound, which holds the works in the skull when the watch is closed.

This curious old watch is still in perfect order and when wound avery day keeps accurate time. It is too large to be worn and was probably intended for a desk or private altar.—Kansas City Journal.

MONEY IN THE MOUTH.

"Aren't you ambitious to rank as a captain of industry?"
"No," unsweeted Senator Sorghum.
"I'm satisfied to keep connected with the paymaster's department."—Washington Star.

***************** CHATHAM, ONT, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1904 Supplement to The Saturday Planet

WHERE TO

CARRY MONEY

One of the shrewdest "special agents"—I assume you know that a special agent now-a-days means a confidential man of the highest authorities of a bank, trust company or other financial corporation—carries his paper money in the side pocket of his crousers, and whon in a crowd has the tips of his fingers touching the roll. "Never hold your money in your hand," he advises. "One of the commonest tricks of the guns (professional pickpockets) is to pinch your flipper (arm) suddenly and jerk your mit (hand) out of your pocket with the roll in it; then rap you over the wrist and make you drop the roll. The confederate grabs it and disappears. Most men lose their money in that way. By keeping your fingers in touch with the dark (money) in your pocket you know it's there without standing a chance of losing it in the way described.

Many men carry their money in wads, notes of several denominations crumpled together into an irregular paper ball. A cash bettor at the paper ball a cash bettor at the bills in very pocket, mixed up with newspaper clippings, telegrams, letters, memoranda, etc., with his watch, teys, penkinfe, cigars, matches, cycglasses, handkerchiefs, penell, etc. At times he carries several thousand dollars in this reckless fashion and in the rush to bet often loses tidy sums. He never knows how much cash he has on hand. He is a perfect gold mine to his washwoman.

A good spender about town carries his notes in his hip pocket carelessly wadded up, but can reach under himself and extract a dollar bill without difficulty. Capt. Tom Lee (not Commodore Tom Lee, of the Lackawanna fleet) carries his change in his outside coat pocket and nover losses a cent. A celebrated Scotchman has a new dollar bill concealed in évery one of his pookets, neatly folded and ready to be cast out for a treat. She supply seems inexhaustible. His "bank roll" is in his inside vest pocket with a rubber band around it. Not one man in a thousand carries his bills in a flat pocket; book, or wallet. That method is regarded as dangerous. Very rich men carry the smallest sums in cash, sometimes not enough for car fare, but they are usually provided with blank obecks. Gamblers tote big rolls to be ready for anything that turns up he their line,—Victor Smith, in

A SPRING DAY.

The dandelions bestar the green
Where lambs are gayly playing;
The cowslips bend in yellow sheen
Where calves and sows are straying.

The maple buds are bursting slow,
The bluebirds seek the branches
Of peach and apple trees aglow,
Their blossoms sweet entrances.

The tender grass bends heath our feet,
The soft winds fan, time doth fly.
Oh, spring has come, we soft repeat,
And cold winter's time gone by.

While sinks the sun in crimson west, We homeward turn with happy

Do you ever put money in your mouth? Do you ever take the nickel for carfare between your teeth while you replace the glove you removed to search for the nickel? Did it ever cocur to you what goes into your mouth with the nickel? Where has the nickel wandered since it came from the mint? I magine its journeys and perhaps you won't care to thrust it between your teeth or to hold it in your fips for even the fraction of a second. Who else has held it in his mouth? In whose pocket has it reposed? From what flithy gutter has it been rescued by a sharp-eyed youngster, and who lost it there?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

MAN IN THE PEW

When preachers are asking each other why it is that the pulpit no longer attracts as once it did, the man in the pew may be pardoned for making reply.

It is not because the man in the pulpit is less eloquent or less earnest in his ministrations than were his predecessors, that he fails to move hearts as did Wesley and Whitfield and Campbell and Beecher. Hather is it because the man in the pew demands something more satisfying than shop-worn dogmas and creeds. The general tendency of the religious world to-day is toward tolerance and liberty of thought. Heresy hunting is no longer popular. The man in the pew is tired of being fed upon the dry husks of doctrinal theories.

theories.

It was different when Knox thunlet was different when knox thunlet was different when as lived.

Pulpit eloquence alone no longer
satisfies, as it once did. Of Whitfield it was said that his preaching
was "as when the strong wind passed
by and rent the mountain." When
hove the let was the mountain when
hove the let was well enough then, but
not now. The man in the pulpit can
no longer frighten the man in the
pew. The man in the pew wants a
man in the pulpit who is broad and
inclusive in his conceptions and relations, familiar with and interested
in the affairs of the whole people,
and, to sum up, an "all-round" man.

The preacher who can do all these
things, though he lack the power and
eloquence of the pulpit giants of old,
will be all that the man in the pew
desires. And being that, he will come
pretty near filling the place to which
he is called by the divine Master.

Beside the meadow brook we go For violets sweet and crucus. And sweet the springtime lures

The purling brook makes merry hum;
We follow where it leads us,
And find at every bend and turn
A floweret sweet to please us.

With hands full of the blossoms blue, And catkins from the willow, With crocus, too, of varied hue, We cross the little billow.

So slowly now the shadows creep, So still and gently-night doth come, So still and gently-night doth all nature sleep, Now softly doth all nature sleep, And the springtime day is done. heart, We watch the robins seek their nest And leave the meadow brook apart.

Ancient time-keeping has received new light from two remarkable stones lately unearthed by the German explorers on the site of the old Ionic port of Miletus. These stones are the remains of calendars, of which one is shown to date from 109 A. D. The year was divided into 12 zodical signs, and against each month the motion of the remaining signs was given, with a note predicting the weather. On the left side were thirty holes, a wooden peg being moved forward one hole each day, thus giving the astronomical date. This new find has made clear the meaning of parapegma, or peg calendar, a name by which other stones have been rather mysteriously known.

LAST OF BOULANGER'S FAMOUS CHARGER.

Boys and Girls

Hill is now able to sit up in bed, and occasionally opens his eyes. He realizes that his wife is with him, and tries hard to speak of her, but after a word or two his conversation breaks into an unintelligible numble. He often expresses a desire to write and, when given the necessary materials, he starts off with the oustomary date line and the name of some friend, skips the body of the missive, and then, instead of signing his own name, signs the name of the person he is writing to at the bottom of the page. This is regarded as a favorable sign, for, while he cannot bring himself to write the letter itself, he knows where to begin and end it. One of the attendants filled a pipe and placed it in Hill's mouth to see what the effect would be. Hill promptly asked for a match, and when it was handed him he promptly "jit up." promptly asked for a match, and when it was handed him he promptly "lit up."
"In the whole, the case is regarded as the strangest in the history of the santarium.

CURIOUS CALENDARS.

One of the effects of the hot weather in Paris has been to put an end to General Boulanger's old black horse, that once famous charger which used to carry France's idol majestically at reviews and figured in the welcome to that hero as he rode back at the head of the Paris garrison from Longchamps to the War Office. The poor old black horse suffered the usual fate of his race. General Boulanger should have shot him before he shot himself, for in all these years that have elapsed since the "brave general" weakly died, he has been dragging out a wretched existence, succumbing finally while drawing a vegetable cart across the Place de la Concorde! The blazing sun killed Tunis—Boulanger's black charger.—Boston Herald,

This story is 'told of a Washington school principal who was trying to make clear to his class the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence—
"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing Life, of the second as representing Liberty, and the third as representing the Pursuit of Happiness, Next Sunday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they

represent."
The following Sunday, in accordance with his plan, the teacher interrogated his class on the subject of the buttons, the following said he to the youngest member, "produce your buttons and tell me what they stand Whereupon the youngster began to

"I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's Life an' here's Liberty, but mommer sewed the Pursuit o' Happiness on my pants."

OIL FUEL IN THE NAVY.

The British Admiralty seems to have met with success in the utilization of liquid fuel upon war vessels, despite the objections against its use, which interfere with its adaptability for fighting ships. The torpedo-boat destroyer Spiteful has been passed into the Portsmouth Fleet Reserve, after satisfactorily undergoing her power trials. This vessel is only fitted for oil fuel, and is the first warship to be so equipped. The one great difficulty that has confronted the experimenters is the excessive smoke emitted by the consumption of oil, but this drawback has now heen successfully overcome. No more smoke is emitted than with steam coal. One of the greatest advantages accruing from the use of liquid fuel is the economy in men. The number of stokers required for The vessel is decreased by ten or more. As the method adopted upon the Spiteful has proved so completely successful, the furnaces of two battleships are immediately to be converted to burning liquid fuel.

When a woman knows a man loves her there comes a feeling of the sweetest contentment.

BACK FROM

THE GRAVE

The case of Thomas Hill, the Detroit Southern engineer, who revived after remaining unconscious nearly two weeks, is growing more remarkable every day, and is proving a puzzle to the doctors at the Detrit sanitarium. If Hill fully recovers his senses, as is expected, it will be little short of a miracle. He will be three months, at least, before the doctors will be able to say definitely if his recovery will be complete, and in that event, he will be three years longer getting well.

Hill is now able to sit up in bed, and occasionally opens his eyes. He realizes that his wife is with him.

Agriculture has been the main support of the Russian people from the earliest times, Four-fifths of its inhabitants till the soil. There are great areas still unoultivated, even in European Russia, the forests covering about two-fifths of the arable land. One-fifth of Russia, including the tundras in the north and the salt steppes in the south, is too barren to grow crops and swamps cover about 15,000,000 acres in West Russia. Accordingly, only one-fifth of European Russia is under cultivation, including about 215 0.000 acres. With the forest razed and the swamps drained Russia would have nearly one billion onlitivated acres.

AN INTERRUPTED LESSON.

See, whe spar Glitter land

The raining harl Are rip

There, where the mirror is glancing dim, a lake lies shimmering, cool and still; Blossoms are waving above its brim-Those over there on the window sill.

Rock low, light Silently 1 Dear little night We've re y lower the anchor down; the passenger, say "Good-ht ?" reached the harbor of the dowtown. move slow, in the dusky -Motherhood.

ARIZONA'S AGATE BRIDGE.

the "Petrified Forest" of Arizona
e is a natural bridge, across a
ow canyon, consisting of the petd, or agatized, trunk of a tree,
feet in length. The petrified
s in this region are believed to
flourished in the Triassic age,
t of them are allied in the Norfolk
and pine (Arnearia) of to-day, but
e resemble the red cedar. Prof.
S. Carter thinks that the petrision was due to solute silicates
ved from the decomposition of the
spathic coment found in the sand-

••••••

Something to interest the Soys and Girls.

"Let me take ten dollars, Jones. I've got to pay a bill."
"I'm awfully sorry, Tanks, but I've only five dollars here."
"Well, will you lend me 'that?"
"Why, you said it would take ten dollars." es. I suppose I'll have to pay of it myself."

RUSSIA'S MAIN SUPPORT.

Scotchman much abou the Lord, s try it with fence won' that an av in the day

THE FERRY TO SHADOWTOWN.

Swell to and fro in the twilight gray, This is the ferry for Shadowtown; It always sails at the end of day Just as the darkness closes down. Rest, little head, on my shoulder, sol A sleepy kiss is the only fare, Drifting away from the world we go, Raby and I in the rocking-chair.

rere the fire-logs glow and tk, the lights of the Shadowng drops on the window,

ples lapping upon its strand,

Short Stories

An old writer tells of a man who prided himself on his great morality and expected to be saved by it. He was continually saying—"I am doing pretty well, on the whole; I sometimes get mad and swear, but then I am strictly honsest; I work on Sunday when I am particularly busy, but I give good deal to the poor, and I never was drunk in my life,"

HARD LUCK.

in my life,"

This man once hired a canny Scotchman to build a fence around his lot and gave him very particular directions as to his work. In the evening, when the Scotchman came in from his labor, the man said—iverline, and is it tight and strong?"

"I canna say that it is tight and strong," replied Jock, "but it's a good average fence, anyhow, If some parts are a little weak, others are extra strong. I don't know but I may have left a gap here and there, a yard wide or so; but then I made up for it by doubling the number of rails on each side of the gap. I dare say that the cattle will find it a very good fence, on the whole, and will like it, though I canna just say that the serfect."

"What," cried the man, not seeing "What," cried the man, not seeing have built a fence around my lot the weak spots in it, and gaps in it! thy you might as well have built no nee at all. If there is one opening, a place where an opening can be ade, the eattle will be sure to find and will all go through. Don't u know, man, that a fence must perfect or its worthless?" I used to think so," said the dry octohann. "but I hear you talk so octohann." I ma afraid at an average character won't do the day of judgment."

IT'S IN THE CUT.

"THE WOODS IS FULL OF 'EM."

"The woods is full of 'em" is an old expression used in all parts of the country, but few people are aware that it had its origin in a circumstance that happened near Wiscasset, years ago.

An old man was out shooting squirrels. He was so deaf that he could hardly hear the report of his own

gun.

A stranger came along and said:
"Please, sir, which is the road to Wiscasset!"
The old man replied: "There is a
guirrel sitting up there on a fimb."
Said the stranger: "I did not ask
you about the squirrel, but which is
the road to Wiscasset."
The old man answered: "There he
has just gone around the other side
of the tree, and in a hole."
The stranger said: "You are a
darned fool."
The deaf man replied: "The woods
is full of 'em."

AVERAGE MAN

THE PL

ANET JUNIOR, SATURDAY AUGUST 27, 1904.

HEALTHY EXERCISES

"I'd like to know why it is that a woman can't see an empty seat on an open car when it's starig her in the face," said a disagreeable man, grumpier than usual under the influence of the heat. "I've had to ride all over town on surface cars a good deal this summer and I've seen cars delayed time and again by the apparant stupidity of women who couldn't find a seat.

"Of course, a woman can't travel along the footboard like a man, but why, after she has taken plenty of time to survey a car which is only half filled, will she insist on climbing into a row where she either has to stand up until some perspiring man gives up his seat to her, or else squeeze in where she-has to sit on the edge?

"Seems to me that the street car companies would confer a great benefit on their male passengers if they employed men to act as ushers for the women on open cars in the summer or else put up moveable signs over empty seats. Then we'd all be happy."—New York Sun. the edge?

"The man will have his seat picked out before the car stops. He has no trouble in picking out the empty spaces in the car. But nine out of ten women go all to pieces the minute the car stops. After a woman has done a few laps alongside the car looking for an empty seat, it's dollars to doughnuts that she will jokk a full one and pass right by one that's got some room in it.

william Dean Howells was at Oxford, where an honorary degree had been conferred upon him. He was walking down High street with an aged fellow of Brasenose college. The talk turned to the passing of one literary school and the raise of an other, and the Oxford man said:

"I am reminded of an old clergy-man I used to know in Woodstock."

"He was very old. The only person in his parish of equal age with him was a tailor, and the tailor and he were great friends. They often called on each other.

"Well, one evening, the clergyman sat in the tailor's shop. He was quiet and thoughtful. He gazed into the fire in silence for a long time. Finally he said with a sigh:

"James, I can't tell why it is that our congregation is gotting smaller and smaller. I am sure I preach as well as I ever did, and I must have gathered a great deal of wisdom and experience since I first came among you."

"Ah, sir,' said the tailor, sadly, 'old parsons, nowadays, are like old I ever did, and my cloth is the same, or better, but it's the cut—then new cut—that beats me,'"—New York Tribune. fifty, exercise is the nearest approach of fifty, exercise is the nearest approach to a panacea for bodily ills that has yet been devised. Causing the body to move and stretch and push and pull makes the blood circulate, the liver do its work and the nerves pick up their dropped stitches. An excellent time to exercise is before breakfast. Neither man nor beast, as a rule, goes to sleep hungry. During sleep there is little waste of energy. On awaking there is no immediate demand for replenishment of lost tissues. Furthermore, the long sleep has left the nerves and the digestive apparatus dull and leadened. To sit down to a heavy breakfast within fifteen or twenty minutes after getting out of bed means that the stomach receives food which it does not need and will not readily digest.

A little shaking up before breakfast arouses the vitality and consequently makes the appetite and digestion better. That means better work done during the day. If a man can get away from work in time to take additional exercise during the afternoon he will have a better appetite for the evening meal and more power to digest it. That will mean better sleep at night. Many a man has succeeded in the world without paying any attention to his body—Joseph Chamberlain, for instance. But such men would probably have such more enduring in a healthy body than in a sickly one. The best way to keep the body healthy is to use it.—Chicago Tribune. IN FABLE.

Once there was a young bride who believed in Will Flower. "If I will will a thing I know it will Come About," she used to say. This young woman loved her husband very much and was loath to have him out of her sight. One evening he had to Meet a Man down town and she was left a Man down town and she was left a Alone. While sitting in the parloy she began to wish that her husband would Come Back. Suddenly an idea Struck Her.

"I know what I'll do," she said to herself, "I'll Will that he Come Home That will bring him." So she did. The young bride Willed and Willed After five minutes of Willing she Heard it on The Porch.

"I knew it would Bring him," she said, and then she Flew to the Door and kissed the Approaching Man squarely in the Mouth. Imagine her chagrin, upon releasing him, to hear him say: "That's Yery Nice, ma am, but is Miss Bridget in I" She had kissed the Hired Girl's Fiance. Morad: The mind is Strong, but the eye sight is frequently More Reliable.—
Kansas City Times.

DISEASE IN FRANCE.

A prominent physician in France points a gloomy picture of the prevalence of certain forms of disease in that country. He writes that alcoholism is making deplorable ravages, while tuberculosis carries off more than 150,000 victims every year, and saps the strength of 500,000 in addition. He declares also that, whereas in other civilized lands small-pox is not prevalent, in France there are still than y cases, while the care still than y cases, while the care distressingly frequent. Traditions have been widely accepted that the excellence of Gallic cookery lessened the multitudes of the sick in our sister republic in comparison with those of other nations. It would be interesting to know whether the British channel and Italy take gloomy and pessimistic views of the future of France.—Kansas City Journal.