

..The Planet..

S. STEPHENSON - Proprietor.

WHILE THERE IS YET TIME.

Our contemporary is right when it points out that the Old Boys' and Girls' Reunion project should not be dropped.

It would mean much to Chatham—more than can be estimated in a few lines. It is not yet too late to bring it to a successful issue.

Don't let this appalling lethargy which has so long held us in check get complete mastery. Shake it off. Be up and doing.

Perhaps Mr. Quinn will give the citizens one more opportunity of getting together to do something in this matter.

A CRICKET TOUR.

The many suggestions, submitted by Onlooker in his interesting contribution to yesterday's Planet on local cricket prospects, are worthy of consideration by all devotees of this magnificent field sport.

The suggestion of a tour for the local club is a capital one and should be put into practice.

Chatham has always boasted a first class eleven, and in the past its stalwarts have won much fame for this good old town.

The present prospects are bright. Many of the Old Guard—notably Messrs. Wells, Nicholl, Horstead, Atkinson and others—are still in harness, while among the "colts" are many young men of exceptional promise.

A tour would add zest and interest to the game and, besides, be a valuable advertisement of our city and the men she produces.

OUR COUNTY EXCHANGES.

The Planet is much impressed with the excellence of its many Kent county exchanges, which come to hand week by week.

If the county press is to be taken as the mirror of the development and progress of this district there is much scope for congratulation. Nearly every live town in Kent possesses one, if not more, capably edited and managed newspapers. They are always energetic and enterprising in the matter of news service and all appear to be fired by the splendid ambition to better, brighten and bolster their constituencies.

These newspapers should be heartily and practically encouraged in their good work by liberal support throughout the country. Let their capable publishers see that their effort and enterprise is appreciated by enlarged subscription lists and increased advertising patronage.

The Planet congratulates its county exchanges. They well deserve it. They are immensely beyond the average, and the county should be and is proud of them.

A FEMINE TRIUMPH.

Montreal Star.

It always seems like a miracle to a man the way a woman will manage a big hat, a long skirt, a bundle and her religion in a high wind.

PUZZLE—FIND THE GIRL.

Watford Guide.

Jim Crowbar ran a mile in six minutes the other Sunday evening on his way home, through being chased by a bear, and his hair has turned very grey since the experience, Jim, which way did the girl run?

A MIDNIGHT CARNIVAL.

Simcoe Reformer.

Some persons unknown lighted a bonfire on the street corner near Alice street (the business portion) one night last week about midnight and then rang the fire bell and blew one of the sawmill whistles.

NOT ABOVE CRITICISM.

Church Record.

Clergymen are sometimes a little prone to imagine themselves above criticism. A press "run" by the clergy would, we fear, eliminate all unfavorable criticism. What is sometimes contained in the daily press is quite frequently deserved and probably useful.

ELECTION EXPENSES.

Events.

If candidates were called upon for legitimate expenses, only a few hundred dollars ought to be sufficient, but it has become a custom with a certain class in every constituency to bleed the unfortunate candidate. Men who have not a dollar to spare between elections, go about during the campaign with their pockets bulging with bills, which they have got on some pretext or other. The parties, or at any rate, the unfortunate candidates should come together and agree on a basis of expenditure which would put a stop to this wholesale squandering of money.

HE WRITES
IN RHYMEApplicant for Position as Poet
Submits his Maiden Effort
for Consideration.Chants to the Fishes in Their Home at
the Bay and the Tales of Brave
City Anglers.

He was the first visitor to The Planet sanctum this morning. He innocently jabbed Charlie Hicklin's watch-dog in the ribs with his massive hob-nailed boots, and the canine heralded his approach with a long-drawn-out and distinctly unmelodious howl.

Then he said, "Duffin" and the Religious Editor fled to the basement.

"Morning, Kruger," said the office Mephisto, "Walking good?"

He took his extensive straw hat from his head, mopped his face with a red handkerchief and finally cleared his throat and announced—

"I want a job."

"We're not wanting much wood sawed this weather and the barn's a little dilapidated by the recent fire," one of the carrier boys put in.

"I'm a poet," finally acknowledged the visitor.

"A poet!" everyone exclaimed at once.

But he took himself seriously—so seriously that he was asked for a sample of his work.

"Something local?" he queried.

A nod was the response.

Then he produced a seasoned clay pipe, filled it with Canada green and, amid its odoriferous fumes, pencilled out the following. It is submitted to Planet readers, in whose judgment complete confidence is placed, and upon whose verdict the new applicant must stand or fall:

They wuz growin' kinder husky.

Over-workin' hard and late,

So they loaded up their shot-guns

An' filled up a jug 'th bait;

Kinder 'greed atwixt themselves like

As they'd have a-hollerday,

So they got a horse and carriage

An' driv' out tew Mitchell's Bay.

Per, sez Frenchy, case th' fish is

Sorter off their diet, w'd

Kin pass th' time a-shootin'

At a mark agin' a tree.

In th' dawn of summer's mornin',

Th' bright dew drops on th' grass,

Dreamed the Paris Exposition

Im a rig wuz drivin' pass.

An' they heered a voice exclaimin'

"Jingoes, Freddie, aint she great,

We'll have all th' fish a-floatin'!

Ef they'll only take th' bait.

But fishes air peculiar,

An' they didn't care a fig,

They wuz safe an' well they knowed

it—

Seen' who wuz 'n th' rig.

An' a big black bass grinned at 'em

An' winked th' other eye,

An' a dog fish barked a welcome,

An' a cat fish mewed a sigh.

Mr. Pickarel climbed a cat-tail

An' made a leetle speech,

An' sez he, "Your kind attention,

My dear neighbors, I beseech.

But let's gather in a body

An' jes offer up a prayer

Of thanksgivin', that 'tain't Richards

Er Cap Stevens settin' there."

Then a leetle perch bobbed upward

An' sez he, "I'm glad tew-day

Thet th' feller 'th th' whiskers

An' th' jay ther, aint McKay;

'Cause they say he's great at catchin'

Er Cap Stevens settin' there."

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Price for setting of 15 eggs \$1; special

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Leetle fellers, 'bout my size,
An' th' perch sank down a-wipin'
Tears of joy from eout his eyes.

Then th' chirp he chuckled hoarsely
An' fer order waved his fin,
"Neerob fishes, things air better
Than jes wot they might 'ave been;

But av all th' many liars
As 'ave fished down at this lake—
Except Thrasher an' Cap Stevens—
One Geo. Heyward takes th' cake.

Told 'em eout thar in th' city
"Wouldn't fish fer carp—not he!
An' gosh-durn it, fer 6 hours
Did he try tew capture me.

An' my leetle baby sister,
Who wuz innocent of wrong,
Took th' bait an' went a-sailin'
Up whar fishermen belong.

"She wuz a 14-pounder,"
Wuz one of Heyward's lies—
Dang! she didn't weigh 9 ounces
An' she hadn't any size!

Then a speckled bass he chuckled:
"Say, neighbors, dew you know,
In the City of Fish Liars
There's a mighty hush.

An' I've heered my Aunt Jemima
Say his listeners turn pale
When Vital draws his face down
An' pours eout a fishin' tale."

"Ever heerd of MacIntyre?"
Piped a sunfish, with a blush
Born of youth,—on them assembled
Thar fell a mighty hush.

An' th' bass (his near relation)
On th' speaker turned his back,
Deeply 'shamed, humiliated—
Fer who hadn't heerd of Mac?

Meanwhile th' pair from Chatham
Wuz a'gittin' not a bite,
An' sez Frenchy,—"Spoons aint no
good;

Women better a durned sight.
Leave the jug of bait? and shotguns
Underneath thar spreadin' tree,
Come along down in th' holler

An' hunt fer worms 'th me."

They wuz gone 'bout 20 minutes,
Er, maybe, not so long—
It wuz hot down in th' holler
An' th' jug of bait wuz strong.

When they returned, th' shotguns
Both wuz missin', sure as fate,
An' th' pair fer consolation
Turned tew seek th' jug o' bait.

Couldn't find it though they hunted
Fer two long, long hours—"Well!"
Sez Frenchy tew his partner,
"This does certainly heat—tell

Me leetle finny swimmers,"
Sez he, (speakin' tew th' fish),
"Have you seen ought of dem two
muskets

An'—a sorter oblong dish?"

Then thar wuz a deep commotion
In the water, it is sed;
An' a sad, be-whiskered sturgeon
From the surface raised his head.

"I it was, O mighty mortals,
When I swiped th' jug of bait,
For I have the rheumatism
An' whiskey helps me great—

An' th' shotguns took I also,"
O sly th' sturgeon winked,
"In case that you might foller
An' shoot me fer th' drinks."

THE APE.

Local Budget

Bicycle repairs at Brico's.

The sale of white skirts continues

until to-morrow evening, at Thibodeau

& Jacques. Take advantage of it.

Printer with two or three years

experience is wanted at this office.

Geo. Stephens, M. P., has lost five

steers, and will handsomely reward

any person giving information that

will lead to their recovery.

Wanted—Two boys to work in plan-

ing mill, steady employment. Apply

to John Piggott & Sons, 313

Western City Lodge No. 93, I. O. O.

F., will entertain District Deputy

Grand Master Nightingale, of Wal-

laceburg, in the lodge rooms on Mon-

day evening.

Miss Lila Peers, of Woodstock, and

Miss May Archer, of Petrolia, return-

ed home to-day after a pleasant visit

at the home of Judge Houston, Vic-

toria Ave.

Wanted!—A first class salesman to

canvass amongst farmers. None but

sober, energetic man need apply.

Wrought Iron Range Co. G. L.

Smith, Manager, Rankin House,

Chatham. 4dlw

Ex-Ald. Liddy visited the home of

the Friendless yesterday, and he do-

clares that the ladies and the matron

deserve great credit for the splendid

condition in which the institution

is kept, and the comfortable home

provided for the old folks.

For Epworth League meeting in

San Francisco, W. E. Rispin will sell

excursion tickets from Chatham to

San Francisco and return July 5th to

12th, good to return until 31st August

at \$58.70 each. Intending passengers

would do well to give him a call. If

Miss Lillian Pratt, Miss Hillman and

Miss Flo. Hillman, left yesterday for

Put-in-Bay, Ohio, where they will at-

tend the Music Teachers' National

Convention. These ladies will have

the privilege of attending the lectures

and round-table discussions and will

hear some of the best American artists

in recital, including the famous pianist

Mr. Wm. Sherwood, of New York.

Bert Liddy and Will Newberry left

for Detroit yesterday, to attend the

funeral of ex-Gov. Pingree, which

takes place to-day. Ex-Ald. Liddy

says that he was taken by surprise

when his son asked for money to go

to the funeral of the ex-Governor of

Michigan, but the excuse was so good

that the ex-civic representative, hav-

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35 pieces rich, heavy taffeta and embroidered gauze ribbons, 3-1/2 in. to 7 in. wide, large range of shades, every yard worth from 50 to 75c. Our Saturday price per yard

BLACK LACE STRIPE MUSLINS

Top very choice designs, fine quality deep fast black, special per yard at 20c, and

25c. DRESS MUSLINS AT 15c.

34 pieces fine American muslins, dimities and Batistes, latest colorings and designs, fine sheer qualities, sold re-

gular at 18c, 20c, and 25c yard. Our Saturday price 15c, and

12-1-2c.

\$15 AND \$20 TAILORED SUITS AT \$5.98.

19 only Ladies' Suits, fine venetian broadcloths, chevots, serges, homespun, etc., handsomely tailored, correct styles and colors, extra well lined and finished, made up to retail at \$10, \$12.50, \$15 and \$20, your pick of the lot at our Saturday price

56 INCH DRESS SERGE AT 69 CTS.

YARD.

1 piece heavy suiting serge, rich raven black, medium twill, bright finish, guaranteed sponged and re-finished, our Saturday price per yard

BOYS WASH SUITS AT 50 CTS.

Nobby wash suits for boys 3 years to 12 years, American percale,

galates, duck, grass linen, drilling, etc., very prettily trimmed, smart fitting, special at the suit, \$1.25, 98c, 89c, 75c, 69c and

50c.

CHILDREN'S HOSE AT 10c. A PAIR.

25 Doz. Ribbed and Plain Hose, good wearing kind, fast black, in sizes 6 in. to 10 in., an extra good 12-1-2 line, any size at per pair

LADIES' MUSLIN SUITS AT \$3.19.