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How to Become Strong

A Philosopher Deals With the Modern Methods as Advertised in Newspapers—The Modern Italian Method Commended.

An up-to-date Sunday editor, now-a-days, would no sooner think of going to press without an article on "How to get Strong" than he would without a story about how some pretty society belle left her happy home and all her friends and riches to marry the motorman whom she loved. So popular has the topic become that even the pages of high class magazines are replete with advertisements for some secret and mysterious process of producing muscle. They are generally illustrated with cuts of young men with biceps and thighs which bulge like a hubbard quash, and if you would be like them—why just send ten dollars and he secret will be revealed. But recent day Hercules are developed along two distinct lines—by the active and the passive methods, and would be strong and healthy, your first task is to choose which of these methods is likely to prove most suitable to your case.

The active method is by far the most popular with the youth and business men, not forgetting a few of the more precocious feminine. For why do the youngsters, who, but a few short years ago were eagerly peering in shop windows at cent gum draws and wondering what their luck would be, now frequent the windows in which fencing foils are displayed and wistfully cogle the boxing gloves? Not that any of them ever expect to have to take up the gauntlet and to defend his life with his sword or to land on some fellow who has dared to chirp at the pretty maiden whom he is escorting to the circus; but he is willing to hop about on twisted and contorted legs eagerly waiting for a chance to call "tooth" merely because such movements add "grace and poise," and to dodge the padded fist because such dodgings render his eye keen and his bearing more erect. The business man takes his exercise as a matter of course. He brings home a new-fangled punching bag and pounds at it each night in his room until the other boarders threaten to vacate in fear that the house will tumble down or, more probable still, he purchases a "Whitely" and screws it to the door-jamb—much against his landlord's wishes—and there subjects himself to some severe and extremely ungrateful contortional stunts. The girls, being possessed of more sociability, usually work in classes; swing Indian clubs and handle dumb-bells with far more energy than they flourish the duster or wield the broom at home. But how now! Such antiquarian methods may have served all right for Castor and Pollux, but away with them. The light of present day science has relegated them to the tall timbers and only a few who never read the ads. have need of such laborious process now-a-days. Are you hollow where you should bulge or do you bulge where you should be hollow—send your little ten dollars to one of these gentlemen with the biceps resembling a hubbard quash, and if you but follow his directions carefully you will very shortly be an easy rival of the mighty Sandow. Nothing simpler! What the process is you soon find out, but as to where the ten dollars goes you must remain in unblissful unknowing. In the passive method the process is just reversed. Instead of working that we may eat we eat that we may work. A man is what he eats. If he eats beef he becomes of the beef, because if he eats nuts he becomes—but let us proceed. A good nutritious diet is, of course, insisted on. "Back to nature" is the cry, and this "back to nature" talk is all right, but how far back; that is the question. Nobody, however, can accuse the advocates of this method of paltering, for they take us at a jump right back to the time when our primordial ancestors hung by all fours from the closely interwoven branches, and holding an orange in one hand and a banana in the other, conversed in a dialect unknown to us. Do you wish to become a mental giant—eat Grape-nuts. Are you tired after a hard day's toil—a small-saucer of flaked corn-cobs—with or without milk—will infuse new energy into your drooping frame, or a few warmed door-mats—patented under name of shredded wheat biscuit—are extremely palatable and nourishing. And even now an enterprising genius has gone his predecessors one better in the matter of getting back, by bringing to our notice a certain "Orange Meat," presumably the self same diet of our forefathers, only prepackaged and labeled with some old show posters.

But to my notion there is just one tiny infinite small error in the logic advanced in support of this theory. If when our way-back ancestors preambulated themselves by clinging and swinging from branches, they subsisted on fruits and nuts, does it follow that the same diet will serve now that they have been turned to their side up? What's a chicken carnavivorous or graminivorous? Graminivorous, of course. But feed a chicken entirely upon that diet and see how many eggs

you get. Feed even a dago on oranges and bananas and though his normal expenditure of energy, under the most favorable circumstances, is almost microscopic, still an appreciable depression will be visible. This method also lacks the element of secrecy which considerably enhances the value of the other.

To sum up: one fact not be disputed, and that is that good heavy exercise in the fresh and rejuvenating air and under the affectionately warming glance of old Sol, such as one might obtain driving spikes with a railroad gang, will cause you to not only relish but digest almost anything short of the spikes. If a name counts for anything, and it sometimes does, we might call this "the modern Italian method." As for eating. Eat anything that will make you strong, garlic or even fairly sturdy onions. This, that the relationship may be more easily traceable we might designate as "the ancient Italian method." No one will deny that we are each slowly killing ourselves by eating. But what matter. We must sacrifice ourselves to posterity and in the next generation or two when the recently perfected system of subsisting on air—which is however a little too advanced for us—comes into vogue, the "Golden Age" will have returned for sure. But even now, piercing into the future, I see the ad. of some perspicacious genius who will be stepping forward with bottled "Jungle Air."

THE SEVEN LIES OF MAN

Behold the seven lies of man
And tell his age by that;
As soon as he can lip, he says:
"It must have been the cat!"
Next, when the base ball team begins
To make its thrilling score,
His well loved grandmother falls dead
A dozen times or more.
Third, like a furnace does he sigh;
Of course, we know the gist,
He tells the maiden fair she is
The first girl he ever kissed.
Fourth age he comes home in the morn
And gladness fills his cup—
The good Samaritan has been
With sick friends sitting up.
Fifth, to the woodshed he repairs
His heir to interview,
And says—"My son—kerawit! Kersawish!"
This hurts me more than you!"
He next has leisure on his hands
And fills a jug with bait;
He hooks a minnow, than he swears
Ten pounds to be its weight.
Last age, when lean and slipped
Grown,
He finds his greatest joy
In telling what perfection ruled
The days he was a boy.
—New York Sun.

WHEEL-LESS CLOCKS

A German has invented a new clock system which has some original features worthy of mention. The system is that of a master clock which controls electrically as many individual clock installations as may be required. The clock, which is installed in the house or place of business of the subscriber to the system, is similar to the ordinary one inasmuch as it has a face and two hands, but the works are replaced by a couple of magnets and a balance wheel. The master clock is provided with a transmitting apparatus designed to be operated by the movement of the hands. An impulse is sent from the wires when the hands of the master clock advance one minute on the face of the dial. This impulse affects the magnets in the small clocks in such a way that the hands are advanced the same amount as were the hands of the master clock. This operation is kept up indefinitely, and, of course, all of the small clocks keep exactly the same time as the master clock. The small clocks are inexpensive and comparatively little current is required to operate the system. The invention is in successful operation in several towns in France and Germany, and is at present being introduced into England.

SONG.

Come—let us go to the land
Where the violets grow!
Let's go thither, hand in hand,
Over the waters, over the snow
To the land where the sweet, sweet
violets blow.
There—in the beautiful South,
Where the sweet flowers lie,
Thou shalt sing, with thy sweeter
mouth,
Under the light of the evening sky
That love never fades, though vio-
lets die.
—Barry Cornwall.
Souls cannot be fed by smartness!

CLOSE FISTED

Speaker Cannon declares that of all the close-fisted men he ever knew, the champion is a rich bachelor who lives in Vermilion county, this state. The superintendent of a local cemetery sent his lot salesman to see if he could not get the bachelor to buy a last resting place. In half an hour the salesman came back and reported:
"Nothin' doin'." He admitted that the lots were good, but was afraid that if he bought one he might not get the worth of his money.
"Why, there's no fear of that," said the superintendent, "for he must die some day."
"That's what I told him, but he thought he might get lost at sea."

TEAS TO PET DOGS

The fad of giving teas to pet dogs has struck the national capital. The first formal entertainment was given at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bell. A sort of combination tea and dog show was arranged by the Misses Bell. All the pet dog lovers were invited to be present and bring their favorite pets. Countess Cassini brought a number of French poodles. Miss Duran brought with her celebrated English dog, Mrs. Bennett with her favorite fox terrier, the Misses Patten with a number of dogs. The serving of tea and the ceremonies incident to entertaining the beribboned dogs took place on the lawn.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered from The Planet's Issues of Half a Century Ago.

From Planet files from Nov. 24, 1859, to Dec. 1, 1859.

Thomas Cross announces his intention to compete in the municipal elections of 1860 for mayor.

George Elliott is a custom house broker and general agent. Office in custom house, Windsor. He advertises in The Planet.

William Thackery advertises a full line of looking glasses and cane seat chairs received on commission.

Henry Eberts advertises town and country lots for sale.

Frances Martin, owing to an in-

worth of chatties from Lagrange, Mo. The party consisted of six males and five females. They took a flat boat and crossed to Illinois in the night, and probably secured a safe passage over the U. G. R. R., though the seven persons who claimed ownership offered a reward of \$2,500 for their arrest.

Houses rent in Toronto at 80 pounds a year, where 150 pounds was the rental in 1858. These houses are situated in the best residential part of the city.

A libel suit case against the proprietor of the Cincinnati Times, which has been in court for six years, re-



One of the prettiest shapes of the season, white chiffon shirred closely on the frame, has an edge of ruffling lace; enormous roses lay picturesquely on the top, and are also placed at the left side where the brim turns abruptly upwards.

crease in his business, has been obliged to build a new store on Fifth street next door to the new post office. He sells ready made clothing, dry goods, boots and shoes, clothing, etc.

We are informed that Messrs. Baxters and Brown are about to enter an action against the town councilors who induced them to surrender possession of the Third street bridge. Contrary to what one or two of the council say the Messrs. Baxters and Brown assert that the council were the parties who were willing to run the risk of His Excellency refusing to sanction the bridge by-law.

A St. Andrew's society was re-organized in Chatham. At the meeting of organization Duncan McCall was appointed to the chair and Archibald McSweeney was appointed secretary. The following officers were elected:

President—McKenzie Ross.
1st Vice—Duncan McCall.
2nd Vice—Angus McDonald Black.
Secretary—Archibald McSweeney.
Treasurer—P. C. Allen.
Chaplain—Rev. Mr. Rennie.
Physician—Dr. Robertson.
Board of Directors—Messrs. Clegg, horn, Cameron, James Souter, J. M. Walker, Alex. Gordon, P. B. Brodie, Donald McDonald, William McIntosh, Donald McNaughton, David Walker, C. G. Charrier, Geo. Young, John Fisher, Wm. Nelson, Dr. Sirewright. Arrangements were made for a celebration on St. Andrew's day, Nov. 30th.

The St. Louis News of the 14th inst. notices the escape of \$11,000

gulted in a verdict of one cent damages.

Mrs. McCready, the Shakespearean reader, recites without the aid of book or prompter, the whole of Shakespeare's play of "The Merchant of Venice." It is believed that no other lady has ever succeeded in such an undertaking.

The Kent Mills are now in full operation and all persons favoring us with their grinding may depend on having the same ground to their entire satisfaction. Parties can have their grists screened and smutted if they require it. Chopping for feed, corn and rye and hogs purchased at all times. J. & W. Northwood.

The Adelaide Academy, of Hamilton, a college for young ladies, is advertised in The Planet. J. B. Hurlburt and Mrs. Hurlburt principals.

Married, on the evening of the 24th inst., at the residence of the bride, Chatham North, by Rev. A. McCall, William Henry Clipperton, Esq., late of the First Light Dragoons—British German Legion—to Mrs. Sarah Bennett, widow of the late Geo. C. Bennett, Esq., all of Chatham.

Married, on the 22nd inst., by Rev. A. McCall, Charles Livingston, of Caledonia, Michigan, U. S., to Catharine Carmichael, of Harwich.

The Cleveland Herald says that there were three sons of John Brown with him at Harper's Ferry. Two were killed in the affray—one was killed in the engine house and the

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A Cause Celebre

The Story Leading Up to the Dismissal of Lord Dundonald.

Like a bolt from the blue came the speech of Lord Dundonald at Montreal on May 24th. It hit Hon. Sydney Fisher and it hit hard. But it was aimed principally against back-stair interference in the administration of the militia.

BEGINNING OF THE TROUBLE.
The formation of the 13th Scottish Light Dragoons in the Eastern Townships was part of Lord Dundonald's general plan for increasing the strength of the militia to 100,000 men. It was to be a cavalry regiment. The first step taken was the appointment of a commanding officer. On the recommendation of the district officer, Col. Whitely, endorsed by Lord Dundonald, and approved by the Minister, Lieut.-Col. Charles A. Smart, of Montreal, was appointed to the command of the new corps. It was his duty to nominate the officers, and forward their recommendations to the district officer, who would scrutinize the list, and send them on to the General Officer Commanding. Thus the matter would reach Lord Dundonald, who might make further enquiries, and refer the matter to the Minister of Militia.

MR. FISHER MAKES THREATS.

In the discharge of his duties, Lieut.-Col. Smart went to the Eastern Townships to confer with those who were interested in the formation of the regiment. It was fitting that the views of Hon. Sydney Fisher, a prominent citizen of the district, should be heard and considered. But it was not proper that Mr. Fisher should exert his influence for or against any man on account of politics. Mr. Fisher, however, took exception to the appointment of Dr. Pickell, Mayor of Sarnia, as major of E Squadron, for no other reason than he was a political opponent. The organizing officer, seeing that Dr. Pickell was a good horseman, enthusiastically interested in the proposed regiment, declined to yield to Mr. Fisher's pressure. Then Mr. Fisher declared that until his wishes were prevailed he would block the organization of the regiment. He would, in short, use his influence as a Minister to tie up the whole matter indefinitely. There are other appointments to which Mr. Fisher objected, but it was the Pickell case that produced the deadlock. All this took place behind the back of Lord Dundonald. While the General was waiting and urging that the organization be completed, Mr. Fisher was holding it back to force a change in the personnel of the staff.

PREFERRED A DEAF MAN.

As to the precise nature of the objection to Dr. Pickell there is some conflict of testimony. Lieut.-Col. Smart, with whom Mr. Fisher dealt, declares that the objection was purely political. Mr. Fisher says that it was because Dr. Pickell had not the necessary military qualifications, and because he is a relative of Senator Baker, a leading Conservative of the district. Lord Dundonald's answer to the first objection is that a certificate of man could not be obtained. A new regiment was being formed and the officers were being selected provisionally, on the understanding that they would qualify afterwards. This is often done. It seems that of sixteen officers only two had the requisite qualifications. It also appears that of two officers whose appointments Mr. Fisher did obtain neither were qualified. The man Mr. Fisher wanted for major had unfortunately a special disqualification. This gentleman was a Mr. Adams, of whom Lieut.-Col. Smart reported that "he was very deaf and physically unfit for the position."

LORD DUNDONALD REMONSTRATES.

When these circumstances came to the attention of Lord Dundonald, he called up the Minister of Agriculture by phone. The G.O.C. urged Mr. Fisher to withdraw his opposition, and added: "I am responsible for the militia of Canada, and I cannot be interfered with in this way." To this Mr. Fisher replied that nobody wished to interfere with him so far as he knew. Further than this, Mr. Fisher declined to discuss the matter with Lord Dundonald. It appears, however, that his intention of blocking the organization until Dr. Pickell's name was dropped. Under this pressure Col. Smart consented to withdraw the name of Dr. Pickell, temporarily, keeping the position vacant in the meantime. When this arrangement was made the Minister of Militia was out of town, and had asked Mr. Fisher to sign the appointments on his behalf so as to have them put through Council. In this capacity, not as Acting Minister, Mr. Fisher, without reference to Lord Dundonald, struck off the name of Dr. Pickell. Then the fad was in the fire.

DIRECT CHARGES MADE.

Lord Dundonald did not mince matters. He took the first public opportunity of protesting against the introduction of politics into the militia. After detailing the circumstances, as already narrated, and naming Mr. Fisher as the offender, the General concluded: "I care not, gentle-

men, who the man is, whether he advances one man or penalizes another on account of the political color of his party, I say that the man, whoever that man may be, is not a friend of his country." In brief, the complaint of Lord Dundonald was that Mr. Fisher had gone to a subordinate, Lieut.-Col. Smart, and used his political influence, by threats of disrupting the regiment, to exclude a political opponent from the officers. In Parliament Mr. Fisher contended that he had been unwarrantably attacked. He said his objection was not political, and, moreover, Dr. Pickell had voluntarily resigned. The report of Col. Smart directly contradicting this had been placed that day in the hands of Sir Frederick Borden. In the House Sir Frederick declined to produce it. But Lord Dundonald had taken the precaution to supply a copy to Lieut.-Col. Hughes, who read the document to the House. This was the climax of the sensational case.

STANDS BY HIS GUNS.

In view of the conflict, it was thought that Lord Dundonald would resign. As this might be construed into an admission that he was in the wrong, the General determined to stay at his post. The charge against him is insubordination. But is the General subordinate to Mr. Fisher? If every member of the Cabinet may issue orders to the G. O. C., or may go behind his back and direct his subordinates, what becomes of discipline and responsible control? There is a Minister of Militia. He is not charging insubordination. Lord Dundonald's actual offence is in calling a halt to the use of political pull in the militia.

THE "BLIND WHISTLE"

In Japan the blind carry a peculiar kind of whistle, which they blow as they pass through the streets, and people who hear it separate and leave the pathway clear for them. There are a great many blind persons in Japan, and if they were to employ the makeshift of a child or dog to lead them there would be numerous complications on the narrow streets. When heard in the dead of night the "blind whistle" has an especially pathetic and mournful sound.

ODD USES FOR KITES

Some interesting stories are told in Japan and Korea about kites. The Koreans tell a story about the invention of kites. Four hundred years ago, they say, when Korea was at war with Japan, the Korean soldiers were down-hearted on account of several bad defeats, and at last their general thought of making a flying frame (kite), to which he fastened a small lantern. One dark night he lighted the lantern and set the kite loose. The soldiers, seeing the new light twinkling in the sky, took it to be a new star sent for their encouragement. After that they fought with renewed courage. Another Korean general, who came to a river that he had no means of crossing, thought of firing a kite to the other side, where it lodged in a tree. A man on the other side pulled in the string, to which the general had fastened a stout cord. Then a rope was tied on, and so on until finally a bridge was constructed, over which the general and his army passed in safety.

The Japanese tell a story of a rebel chieftain in the seventeenth century who was fighting to overthrow the Tokugawa Government. He made a large kite and used it as a balloon to carry him up high into the sky, from whence he looked down and saw all he wanted to see of the castle of Yeddo, which he was anxious to capture.

The Japanese also tell of a famous robber, Ishikawa Goemon, in the sixteenth century, who mounted a huge kite and attempted to fly to the top of the castle of Nagaya so as to steal the gold of the celebrated goldfish which decorated the castle.

Since then, say the Japanese, large kites have been forbidden in that part of Japan.

The Japanese girls do not fly kites at all.

TO-MORROW.

O thou to-morrow! Mystery!
O day that ever runs before!
What has thine hidden hand in store
For mine to-morrow, and for me?
O thou to-morrow! What hast thou
In store to make me bear the now?

O day in which we shall forget
The tangled troubles of to-day!
O day that laughs at duns, at debts!
O day of promises to pay!
O shelter from all present storm!
O day in which we shall reform!

O safest, best day for reform!
Convenient day of promises!
Hold back the shadow of the storm,
O best to-morrow! Chiefest friend!
Let not thy mystery be less,
But lead us blindly to the end.
—Joaquin Miller.