

The Planet.

S. STEPHENSON - Proprietor.

Business Office 53A

Editorial Rooms 53B

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12.

PINE SALES

On Wednesday the Ontario Government sold the pine on 826 square miles of Crown lands for \$3,677,500. Why was that enormous quantity of public property sold just now? The price of pine is constantly going up. Why, then, should the Government sell enough to load up the mills of the country for many years to come at present prices? Why not sell sufficient now to meet the demand, and hold the rest for the better prices which are as sure as the coming of to-morrow's sun?

Some idea of the rate at which the price of pine is going up may be gleaned from the fact that the highest price paid per square mile Wednesday was \$31,500, while the highest price paid at previous sales was \$17,500, in 1892—an advance of not far from a hundred per cent. in eleven years! We think that public property that is increasing in cash value at the rate of about ten per cent. a year, is very good property to hold as long as possible.

The sale was conducted by Peter Ryan, auctioneer. He worked for four hours, and was paid \$36,870 for it! He made \$153 every minute he held the hammer in his hand! He really earned—to put it at the very outside figure—a hundred dollars. Why was the rest given to him? Any auctioneer in the province—and there are many as well and some better qualified to sell timber limits than Mr. Ryan—would have been glad to take the job at \$100. But this Government favorite was paid the enormous sum of \$36,870; he was given a fortune for four hours' work! It is nonsense to say that Ryan got only the usual percentage charged by auctioneers. There is nothing usual about a transaction involving over three millions and a half of dollars. Even Mr. Ryan doesn't run across that sort of a job every day.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Dickens, in the "Christmas Carol," makes Scrooge's nephew say to that unconverted, sordid old miser and skin-flint that of all the times of the year Christmas is the best, since it opens all hearts to the benign influences of peace and good will, on earth, and to the benevolent spirit of self-sacrifice. Everybody does, or should recognize that the time is a good time, not only because of its religious significance, but because it is the propitious time of the passing of old quarrels and resentments, of the bringing together on the hearthstone or around the feast of separated families and friends, of good cheer and kindly feeling generally and of generous gift-making.

Christmas Day will be upon us soon, and to those who honor the beneficent meaning of it the most important thought of all is the Christmas shopping. There are many excellent reasons why they who procrastinate in all things else should not do so respecting the buying of gifts, which is made more pleasant by being done in good season.

The early gift buyer has not only the advantage of being able to select from the largest and most varied collections of goods, but of doing real service to the great multitudes of store and shop workers, whose labors can be lightened by those whose buying is not delayed. If the work of the saleswoman and salesman, of the cash boys and girls, of all and every one of the employees of the stores, is extended over many days instead of being limited to the few immediately before the great anniversary, they will not be hurried, harried and worried by impatient, fretful customers who go at the eleventh hour. There is real charity, a genuine compliance with the spirit of the day, in affording relief to the toilers of the shops by purchasing gifts as early as possible.

All Europe pays tribute to the liberality and enterprise of our storekeepers, who have brought to their customers the utilities and the art of England and the Continent. The shops are as May Fair in the splendor and fullness of the rich productions of all lands which they offer to the Christmas gift buyers. Such of the latter as buy earliest will buy best, since their opportunity to choose will be greatest and all goods the newest.

Every girl wants a man to know some things about her, but she does not want him to know that she wants him to know them.

The freckled heiress may be regarded as both a gold fish and a speckled beauty.

The Letter-Box

VOLUNTEERS.

To the Editor of The Planet:

With your permission, under the head of Volunteers, I wish to point out the disadvantages that the Canadian Volunteers are working under, compared to the great majority of Volunteers in the Old Country, and the question is, what you have will you hold, under the present conditions? We should encourage the men who enlist to take the field to fight for our country, not of all men, to that part of the British arms called Volunteers, who sacrifice time and money.

How is it that the Old Country Volunteer regiments hold their own? There must be something more than the Government grant to keep them up to the strength; and I intend first to give the Old Country's advantages and show that the Canadian Volunteers are heavily handicapped, and in doing so I speak as a Volunteer of twenty-five years ago, and since that time they have bettered their condition in many ways.

Over twenty-five years ago all trades quit work at one o'clock on Saturdays—every branch of business except stores. Our battalion drills were always on Saturday afternoons. We entrained, with our band and companies, and half an hour's run brought us on the field with our companies; and I might mention that everything was run on schedule time. If the order was to fall in at 2.30, it would be 2.30; if your train was timed for three o'clock every soldier would have to be aboard. Officers never played with time; they had a system of working and the men knew it would be carried out. Our battalion drills lasted about two hours and a half of steady work, and we then piled arms for refreshments, which consisted of beer, bottled ale, meat pies and soft drinks—all free—served on the field. After satisfying the inner man and having a free and easy talk all round, we were back home again about eight o'clock in the evening.

Another important branch for the efficiency was the permanent employment of the Sergt.-Major the year round—a man who had been through the campaigns of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny, a first class drill, was posted on every movement from the colonel down. His duties were to look after the armory and drill shed, to drill recruits before being transferred to companies, to instruct and drill a new officer, to carry out regimental orders from the officer commanding, and see that they were posted up in the proper place. Our rifle range was six miles from town and he had to arrange for class firing for companies on Saturday afternoons and give out ammunition required for each man, to have conveyances ready, to have full charge of the rifle range and scoring, to keep a proper account and credit each man with the number of rounds required to claim the Government grant, to see that every man complied with the regulations as to position at the several distances; if more than one target in operation appoint men to assist; in fact he was the one man responsible for the proper management to guard against all danger and see that every man got his rights.

The officers got in touch with the men, using every man as a showing a good example by being punctual and ahead of time. My first night as a recruit put life into me as a Volunteer, by the Sergt.-Major's remarks. There was a bunch of about twenty-five of us. He said: I always make it a rule the first night to have a talk with the men. Some of you will learn drill quicker than others. All I ask of you is to make up your mind that you are willing to learn the first duty of a soldier—obedience. Pay strict attention to what I say and do in the course of your drill. Young men who are not volunteers will be present. I can teach you the drill without using harsh words, and I don't intend to make a target of any one of you, either in the presence of visitors or in the squad. Do your best, put in your recruit drills and I have no fear of the result.

We understood one another on the spot, and we came in at the finish as one man; because we had a man that was strict in duty but kind in manner, understood human nature, had been down the line and learned common sense.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have given you an outline of the advantages of an Old Country Volunteer. Speaking of Chatham's own 24th Regiment, they are at a disadvantage, of course, but through no fault of the officers and men, in not having Saturday afternoons for drilling and shooting. However, I hope the day is not far distant when a working man can call Saturday afternoon a holiday, the backbone for keeping up a Volunteer regiment.

I would also suggest going to camp every year. That is the ground work of a soldier. The men are actually on a war footing in camp—the only training to make a soldier and prepare him for any emergency. Enlist!

Munyon's Witness

GEO. BARBEAU TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED.

"I had the first twinges of Rheumatism last fall. I first noticed it in my knee, and finally it went all through my body, and my knees were swollen up like bladders, and red, as if filled with blood. I secured two vials of Munyon's Rheumatism Cure, and the swelling soon went down in my feet, so much so that my wife could put on my shoes for me. I take a dose of pills once in a while simply as a preventive. The pains have all gone and have not returned since I first started taking them."—Mr. George Barbeau, 13 Nicholas street, Ottawa.

If you are sick, if you have indigestion, if you are nervous, if your liver or blood is out of order, if you have any kidney disease, if you have piles, or any ailment, ask your druggist for "Munyon's Guide to Health"; it is free and will tell you how to cure yourself for \$20. Thousands of testimonials. 519

ing as a soldier is no toy business. You don't know the moment that trouble may crop up and your services be required. The men are sworn to obey the mandates of the King and Country, to uphold the law and keep the peace. Some provision should be made when attending camp to pay fair wages. Why should we expect a Volunteer to be money out of pocket? What security would we have in this country without an army? If it's necessary to have this branch of the service we should pay for it, and give the men some indemnity for love of country and keep the pot boiling at home. When a man enlists in the army he enlists to fight, and it's our duty as a country to provide a rifle range to prepare and fit him to hold his own.

Mr. Editor, we have not much choice for a place in Kent County for a rifle range, and in my opinion there is only one place where a safe range could be located, and the place I would suggest would be somewhere on Erie Beach; place the targets on the brow of the hill and the lake for a background. The markers in the pit would have full range of the lake and could see any boat that was going to cross the firing line four miles off. If necessary, could be supplied with a marine glass. If a boat came within the danger limit one of the markers could sound the bugle to cease firing. A rifle range would put new life into the regiment and teach the men how to shoot.

The South African war taught the country some good lessons—that military movements might be carried out in a very much more extended order than in the past. We have an example in this of the new drill over the old style of waiting for orders. The result was that the command of a captain in the future would cover almost as much ground and front and require as much responsibility in looking after as the command of a colonel used to do in the past.

It was the same through all ranks, until now a section commander as non-commissioned officer would be responsible for perhaps as large a front in any military operation as a captain used to be in the past. Mr. Editor, that's what pleases me; encourage the men that have to do the brunt of the work; we must have men who are subordinate to obey every order that if they happen to get parted from the regiment, instead of waiting for orders and being a target for the enemy they can take cover under orders of a non-commissioned officer with a handful of men and do good work, making the men feel although but a section, they are trusted and given the advantages to make the best of their position.

If the Government would take in hand the providing for every detachment of Volunteers a rifle range, which would be available not only for volunteers but for public schools and rifle clubs, it would be an excellent national defence. We are told the wars of the future will have to depend on good shooting. We must begin to practice now, and what we preach. To my fancy that is one of the drawing cards for Volunteers; there's a charm in shooting on a rifle range; the men take an interest in shooting, at least it was when I was in the business. What you can do from a hundred to a thousand yards there are innumerable changed conditions. On a rifle range, all kinds of weather conditions with. You have to allow for wind perhaps not a clear day. I remember the old Snider Enfield rifle at seven hundred yards with the wind favorable you could hear the bullet strike the target and could tell whether you got a bull's eye, a centre or a outer by the sound of the target before the disc was shown. It makes the men talk about what they can do, it's a few hours well spent in many sport at the same time breathing in healthy air.

I honestly believe that a rifle range is one of the main things that holds a regiment together, at the same time gives you an idea of judging distances. As regards varying distances, I will quote some other person's authority: At 50 yards you can observe approximately the age, height, figure and complexion of a full sized man; at 200 yards you will notice that though the face is blurred and indistinct, it can still be seen, whilst the style of dress or uniform and any objects carried about the person will be distinguishable; at 300 yards the gait and movements of horsemen are visible; at 400 yards the movements of rifles in the hands of a foot soldier can be watched, and the helmet and cuirass of a horseman can be distinguished; at 600 yards the head and trunk of a man can be defined and bright colored uniforms observed; bright red and blue are conspicuous even at the distance of 700 and 800 yards, though the appearance of the human figure is somewhat shapeless, the legs and arms of moving men are still perceptible, at greater distances the judgment must be formed by the apparent size of men or well known objects; but at 1,000 yards the files and other orders of infantry are discernable; at 2,000 yards men and horses are mere specks. If there's one thing I am proud of as a British subject it's the army and navy, and I consider it a great honor for any man that is wearing the colors under the Union Jack, the union that cemented the English, Irish and Scotch into Britishers, and the descendants of that stock are shaking the globe with the same ambition and shouldering arms ready, if need be, to uphold the honor of the flag we love so dearly; they are the men that say hands off to jealous nations; they are the men that put the vim into us as British subjects; one hundred and twenty-five thousand men float behind belted steel guarding our interests, the sale of the earth and the salt of the water, we as Britishers have no mushroom record.

Lord Nelson, all honor to his name. No greater words were ever uttered by mortal man for his country. When the signal goes up to the mast-head England expects every man this day to do his duty, and that is the motto that has been

handed down to the men of the British empire, and what may be said of the navy can be said of the army. Is there any wonder when men are wearing the British uniform that they think of glorious battles won under the flag. When we look back at the battle of Waterloo, the Iron Duke and the brave Britishers that were battling for supremacy, charge after charge to win the battle from a despot, our very existence of a nation was at stake, and we say all honor to the men that won for us that famous battle. Many times through the day Bonaparte was looking for a flag of truce from the British, but he said they don't know when they're whipped, and the same spirit of love of country we find at the Crimea, the charge of the Light Brigade, without a murmur they obeyed the order into the jaws of death—the noble six hundred. And the same strain of blood runs in the British army to-day. The late Boer War shows that the British army has the staying qualities for valour as the days of old. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, Yours truly, MECHANIC. Chatham, Dec. 8, 1908.

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SATELLITE

Continued from Page 9.

Peter Ryan, alias Grit Heeler, worked a little less than four hours auctioneering Ontario timber limits and was "paid" for his work \$38,870. What did Ryan know?

They have a Limburger Club in Hespler. It is said to be a strong organization—Hamilton Spectator. It is reported that they are going to start a Fresh Air fund.

I don't believe the rumor that the reformation was not large enough and that was why Auctioneers Archie McCoig and Andrew Thomson didn't take the Peter Ryan job.

The confessions of embezzlers all contain the plaint, "If I had had time I could have made good my losses." Then the judge gives them time.—New York Telegraph.

The music in the opera Robin Hood is pretty, but it isn't half as pretty as the young lad.—No, I won't make the comparison. I'm going to let my friend Donald be the judge.

Mathinks that surely School Trustee George Hayward must have a remarkably clean and business-like record, judging from the Herculean and futile efforts of the Busy One to drag out an opponent to him.

Persons desiring choice seats on our water wagon should send their names in early. The best seats are nearest the ground and are going fast. Tickets purchased of speculators will positively be refused at the wagon.

Mr. Resident of North Chatham, are you next? Wait and you will be waited on by a deputation of one soliciting you to run for school trustee. You'll perhaps be the ninth or the nineteenth, according to where you come on His list.

The wisdom displayed by some would-be aldermen in not announcing themselves now is remarkable. Familiarity breeds contempt and the would-be's don't want the voters to get familiar. They're afraid of a too close acquaintance.

I learn on good authority that the labor organizations of this city will place two candidates in the field this year, Archie Wemp and Mr. Ainsworth. Archie McCoig and Ald. Martin are both looking to the same source for support.

I would like to call the attention of the police to the fact that there is a band of young people raising notes on the third floor of the Standard Bank building, three nights a week. They are not bank notes, but I'll bank on those same notes.

Wanted—and Wanted Badly—Somebody to run for School Trustee in Ward No. 5, to oppose George Hayward. A self-elected deputation of one has been seeking for a candidate. He has so far only tried eight different citizens—and only failed eight times.

Satellite—A friend of mine who went deer hunting in Muskoka brought back the greatest string of deer tails you ever saw. Squibs—Deer tails. Why they haven't scarcely any tails at all. Satellite—That's what I said, deer tails. My friend brought back a string about two hours long.

TOUGH ON TILBURY. A bank manager preferred to die rather than live in Tilbury.

SING SING NOTES. Did you hear that J. Will Wilson, the bassist, is in? Yes, he's in for "Robin" Hood, and he don't want to get out either.

HE DECIDED NOT TO. Hans Nielson could easily have met with a sad accident Monday when he fell from the roof of his furniture building to the ground.—Audubon, Ia., Republican.

WARD 5 PROBLEM. (With Apologies to Force.) Jim Dumps is on the war-path hold.

For Trustee victims, young or old. So far, the chances are but slim. Of his becoming Sunny Jim.

Coughs, colds, hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Croscien tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.

To accept good advice is but to increase one's own ability.

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SEE MY 'VALET.'

And he will tell you how to do it for \$1 per month.

Call at Room 2 over McCall's drug store.

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