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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

## Egypt's Uncrowned King

Wonderful Work Accomplished by Lord Cromer, Whose Reforms Have Earned for Him the Title of "The Maker of Modern Egypt."

In 1883, after Arabi Pasha's rebellion had been crushed the British, a major of the Engineers named Evelyn Baring was made British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt. Soon after he took up his duties a Turkish merchant called at his office in Cairo and was astonished to find that it was unnecessary to bribe him in order to secure attention and get business done. Gratiified by this fact he gave the Consul-General what he thought was good advice.

"Depart from this country," he said. "I perceive that you are an honest man, who has come into a nest of scoundrels. You can do no good here."

"Everything in the Government of this country is rotten. Justice is bought at a price, and the very judges are worse thieves than those whom they punish."

"The starving fellahs (peasants) are flogged into paying their taxes, but the rich landowners need pay no taxes at all, provided they bribe the officials."

"I am here to change all that," Baring replied.

"You cannot. Every one of the officials is a vampire, who lives by draining our life-blood. Do you think they will let you spoil their feast? They will kill you, rather."

"I will stay and fight them. You follow the Prophet, and you must believe, as I do, that the sword of Allah falls when Allah wills."

"Allah shuts his eyes to a fool," snapped the Turk, quoting a favorite Mohammedan proverb. "Within the year I shall see your funeral pass my door."

That was over twenty years ago. Evelyn Baring still lives, but he is now the Earl of Cromer, P. C., G. C. B., G. C. M. G., K. C. S. I., C. I. E., D. C. L., and most of the remainder of the alphabet.

During the twenty years he has not only managed to keep himself alive in the midst of hundreds of enemies, who yearned to eliminate him from the scene, but he has earned his proudest title, "The Maker of Modern Egypt."

### EGYPT AN ANOMALY.

So far as its Government is concerned, Egypt is an anomaly. The Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, is supposed to be its ruler, under the suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey; but since 1883 the country has been practically a dependency of Great Britain. Lord Cromer rules as a beneficent autocrat. He is Egypt's uncrowned king.

When Baring was made British Agent, in 1883, he was, comparatively speaking, unknown. He is an interesting example of the power of heredity.

His father, Henry Baring, a well-known banker, wanted him to become a great soldier. He gave him a purely military education, and put him into the Royal Engineers as a subaltern in 1858.

But he never rose above the rank of major, while his subsequent civilian career, as financier, diplomat and soldier, has made him unquestionably one of the greatest men in the world today.

His first change came in 1865, when he had been promoted to lieutenant colonel, and saw very little chance of getting much further. He was appointed secretary to a royal commission sent out to Jamaica, W. I., to enquire into a negro outbreak. To this day the ability which he showed on that mission is remembered in Jamaica.

After that successful mission, Baring's talent for diplomacy and finance was discovered. He was taken from the army, and in turn made private secretary of the Viceroy of India, Commissioner of the Egyptian Public Debt, and financial member of the Council of the Viceroy of India.

Then, when the British Government needed the strongest and ablest man it could find to undertake the gigantic task of reforming Egypt, Baring was selected. He soon made his power felt to the uttermost ends of the country.

### TAMING THE KHEDIVES.

He soon found that his Turkish friend was right. There was corruption and tyranny in every department of the Government, from the Khedive down to the humblest tax collector and military officer.

Baring at once set to work to straighten things out and make the Government honest at any cost. "I am a British Colonel, who know him well in those days. 'If an official was found to be receiving bribes or oppressing the people and a dozen of them were discovered every day—he went."

"I remember once he went to the Khedive—not the present one, but his predecessor—to command the dismissal of one of the leading officials of the Government, who was an intimate friend of the Khedive. Baring made his demand plainly.

"Either he must go or I will go," he said, "for I am convinced that he is plotting against Britain and doing his best to spoil my work here."

"The Khedive, white with passion, answered violently. 'Am I a king or a dog?' he asked.

The man is my personal servant and my friend. I will never send him away. If I do so, my people would know that I am nothing but the shadow of a ruler."

"I leave the Palace in five minutes," replied Baring. Unless I have the order of dismissal then, I shall go straight to the cable office and wire to the British Government that I am coming home, telling them why. You know well enough that that will mean your destruction."

"For a moment Baring's life must have hung in the balance. The Khedive, trained to despotic authority, had never been spoken to in that way.

ATTEMPTS ON HIS LIFE. That was only one of many such scenes. In time the masterful Briton made the Oriental understand who was the ruler of Egypt, and then there was no more open friction. The Khedive accepted a life of luxurious indolence, and Baring governed his country in his name.

But this was not accomplished until he had passed through a hundred perils. Many another man, besides his Turkish friend, told him that if he went on discharging officials and dusting away the cobwebs of centuries of misrule, he would certainly be poisoned by his own cook or stabbed some dark night as he passed through the dark alleys of Cairo. But he went on his way without heeding these warnings.

Fortunately, his British assistants and aides-de-camp were alive to his danger and formed a kind of body-guard to watch him night and day. Plot after plot against his life was discovered and foiled.

One day, at a public audience, a ragged dervish approached Baring, carrying a long rod of parchment. The guards, supposing that the man wanted to present a petition, allowed him to pass.

But Sir William Garstin, who is now Under Secretary of State for Public Works in Egypt, stepped up to him, gripped his right wrist and gave it a sharp twist. With a howl of pain the dervish opened his hand, and a knife which has been concealed in the roll of parchment fell clattering on the marble pavement of the hall.

One night in 1885, a British tourist was found dead in the streets of Cairo. He had been stabbed three times in the back.

His watch and purse had not been stolen, and the police officers could not at once comprehend the motive of the crime. At last one of them, after looking carefully at the corpse, exclaimed—

"I have it! Don't you see that he is rather like the British Agent in face and figure? Those knife thrusts were meant for Mr. Baring."

Trusted servants in the Baring household had to be discharged or sent to prison again and again because they were involved in assassination plots. So it went on for months and years, until at last the superstitious natives became convinced that Baring bore a charmed life, and would not lift a finger against him.

To-day he is as safe in Cairo as he would be in London. The Egyptians idolize him, because he has released them from bondage as effectually as Moses released the Israelites.

"It has been my consistent aim," he said, some time ago, "so to govern Egypt that every peasant would be sure of reaping that which he has sown and enjoying a life of comfort in recompense for his toil."

"When I first made a tour of inspection up the Nile, the fellahs were the slaves of the tax collectors and usurers. They were ground between the upper and the nether millstone.

"The tax-collector extorted, with many stripes, ten times as much as the law called for, and pocketed the difference. The usurer lent money on the next crop at 1,000 per cent. interest, and took the entire fruit of the fellah's labor in payment.

"Even that did not settle the debt, and the poor man dragged on from year to year, always in the clutches of the money lender. The debt was carried forward from generation to generation.

"I have known men who have been striving all their lives to pay their grandfathers' debts and leave a clean sheet for their children. We have changed all that.

"If a man needs to borrow money nowadays in order to plant his crops, he can go to the national bank, which has branches in all the large towns, or to the Government's agricultural bank, which lends to farmers and peasants at reasonable rates of interest.

"Taxes have been reduced, although the revenue has been greatly increased, and care is taken that the people pay only that which the Government receives."

Lord Cromer's moral courage is as great as his physical bravery. When the British army was annihilated and Gordon perished at Khartoum, there went up throughout Great Britain a mighty clamour for immediate revenge. Cromer, single-handed, withstood that clamour and conquered it.

He knew an immediate advance against the Mahdists would lead only

to further disasters like those which had befallen Hicks and Gordon, and he insisted on waiting until he brought the British Government and the British people around to his views. He worked and watched and waited for fifteen years, until Kitchener's victory at Omdurman gave him his ample reward.

### THE WEAKER SEX

They were out together for the evening.

The weak woman and her strong protector.

She was a slight, fragile thing that would weigh less than a hundred. He was a big, bulky creature, that tipped the beam at twice as much.

Yes, he was the stronger—she would not have dared venture far without her strong protector.

Her health was delicate and she must be taken care of in every possible way.

No precaution must be neglected. Refreshments were served.

The man had indignation.

So he touched lightly on the viands placed before him and groaned inwardly to think of the punishment next day.

His wife ate ravenously of everything set before them.

And then she called for more.

But they were only light, digestible things, such as Welsh rarebits, salads, deviled ham sandwiches, macaroons and the like.

With some black coffee.

Nothing that would hurt anyone.

After dinner they sat in a draught on the verandah and cooled off.

The clothes the wife had on would have weighed two ounces gross.

From her waist-line up she had on not quite enough to have furnished upholstery for a 25-cent doll-house's outfit.

Any portion of her anatomy above the elbows that you did not care to observe could be hidden only by blindfolding yourself.

The man had on a medium-weight undershirt, a very stiff dress shirt, a coat and vest, with high standing collar and tie.

He was slightly chilly and slid over where the draught would not strike him.

Wife asked for her fan.

Next day Hubby was detained from the office by reason of a bad cold and acute indigestion, due to dissipation and exposure.

Wife was as chipper as a squirrel and never felt better in her life.

But she had to stay at home for a few evenings, because her strong protector was ill and could not go out.

Yes, men are superior to women in physical strength and endurance!



Above is a shirt waist suit of gun metal taffeta. Black velvet ribbon is used as a trimming on skirt, sleeves, and forms an attractive yoke design combined with fagotting. French knots are used to embellish the pleats on blouse and skirt.

### CANADA AT ST. LOUIS

Canada holds her own among the states and countries of America in her fruit display at the St. Louis World's Fair. Even with California included, when real domestic value is considered, there is perhaps no exhibit in the horticultural department which compares with that of Canada, for oranges can never take the place in household economy that apples do, and for apples of high quality and great variety Canada stands unapproached. In her display of apples alone she is showing no less than ninety-four varieties in their natural state, just taken from cold storage. In addition to these, fully fifty choice varieties are displayed in bottles preserved in liquid compounds. The average fair visitor may well open his eyes at this, but he sees in addition forty to fifty varieties of choice pears, an equal number of varieties of plums, several different kinds of grapes, cherries in great variety, and, to cap it all, a long list of the choicest peaches. We can imagine him saying in amazement, "Does all this fruit grow in Canada?"

To frost windows, clean the window to be treated before beginning operations. Then dissolve a nickel's worth of Epsom salts in a cupful of water and dab it over the glass with a small sponge. As the glass dries small crystals will be found to have formed on it which make a very good imitation of ground glass. This method is not suitable to a bathroom, as steam has a damaging effect. A more durable style of frosting a window is with putty or white paint. The putty should be soft and a sponge should be dabbed on it till a quantity is absorbed and then the sponge should be dabbed over the window as evenly as possible. Paint is put thinly over the glass and then gone over with a brush or sponge till the desired appearance is obtained.

A stitch in time saves nine.

### CANADIAN GIANT

A huge man physically was Eddie Beaupre, of Willow Bunch, Assiniboia, who has recently died at the St. Louis World's Fair, where he was on exhibition in connection, we presume, with some private enterprise. Beaupre was only twenty-two years old at the time of his death. He was eight feet, two and a half inches in height, and weighed three hundred and seventy-eight pounds. In height and weight, as well as in some other things, there is apparently a golden mean. Giants and gigantes are very often short-lived. But the Canadian Northwest is the place for stalwarts in brawn and brain. The men who are laying the foundations of empire there are of the very pick of the eastern provinces, of Britain and of the United States. It is not the place for weaklings.

### HOW THEY BECAME ACQUAINTED

Two Railway commuters, Sloan and Stone, for years have been in the habit of riding to New York every morning on the same train. There was little more than a nodding acquaintance between them until last week. Both devoted themselves to their morning papers on the ride in. One morning Sloan got off at Newark. Stone, absorbed in reading, caught sight of him and made a bow for the platform. The train went on.

"Holy smoke," remarked Stone, "what are we doing here?"

"I'm here because I have a little business to do in Newark before going on to the city. How about you?"

"Thunder," replied Stone, "I have fallen so much into the habit of following you off the car that I thought this was Jersey City and got off too."

Then for the first time in their acquaintances Sloan and Stone took a drink together and became real neighbors.—New York Press.

Some people complain because the sun doesn't shine on both sides of the house at once.

## The Days of Auld Lang Syne

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

From The Planet's files from Jan. 10, 1860, to Jan. 17, 1860.

Robert Dunlop, of Dover East, advertises lost cattle.

Lamont and Sinclair advertise for ashes at their Pealash factory, Col. Colburne St.

A. McDonald Black opens up a new store of dry goods, millinery, mantles and fresh groceries.

Joseph and William Northwood dissolved partnership. Joseph Northwood continuing the business.

Jeremiah Bookwith and Chas. A. Jones dissolve partnership as grocers; Chas. Jones carrying on the business.

The Pemberton Mills at Lawrence, Mass., fell and killed five hundred persons. The ruins caught fire and burned.

At Savannah, on the 2nd inst., a Mr. Fish, a shoemaker, was tarred and feathered for expressing abolition sentiments.

Died—At his residence, Township of Chatham, John W. Leonard, aged 64 years. He was a resident of the county for 22 years.

The annual meeting of the County of Kent Agricultural Society took place at the Chatham Arms Hotel; Richard Monck, secretary.

The first meeting of the municipal council for the township of Raleigh for 1860 took place at Andrew Parlo's, Middle Road, Thomas Jenner, clerk.

Wanted—A male or female school teacher bearing a second class certificate for School Section No. 1, Chatham. Inquire of Taylor, W. H. Clifford, and Robert Slat, Trustees.

The election of school trustees resulted as follows—Northwood ward—B. K. Payne. Eberts ward—D. R. VanAllen. Chrysler ward—Dr. Silverwright.

At a meeting of the subscribers to the Boston Separate School, in the town of Chatham, held Wednesday last the following gentlemen were appointed trustees—Richard Abbs, Donald McDonald and John B. Williams.

A grand cotillion party was given by Excelsior Rhythm Company No. 1, in the barracks. The following committee had the party in charge—S. M. Smith, J. B. Graham, Thos. McFaul, J. W. Lewis, Robt. Barclay, and Wm. H. Thompson; Jas. G. Sheriff, floor manager; J. B. Graham, treasurer; Wm. Richards, caterer; and Wm. Thompson, secretary.

Notice—The grammar school reopens on the 11th inst. Terms—For each pupil, whose parents are town residents, \$3.00 per quarter for instruction in the English branches and mathematics and for the classics additional, \$4.00 per quarter; for each pupil whose parents are not town residents, \$1.00 per quarter for the English branches and mathematics and for the classics additional, \$2.00 per quarter. A. McCall, Sec. B. G. S. T.

A private letter by the last mail to a gentleman of this city mentions that it is officially announced that the Prince of Wales will visit Canada. The occasion will of course, be the formal opening of the Victoria bridge. We have not elsewhere seen this intelligence but have every reason to believe in its correctness.

Teacher wanted, immediately for School Section No. 2, Tilbury East, Edgeworth P. O. John Coutts, Secretary.

A meeting of the members of St. Andrew's Society of the County of Kent was held on Tuesday evening last in the Town Hall. The number present was unusually large and the proceedings were conducted with considerable spirit. The chair was taken by W. McKenzie Ross, Esq., who acted as president pro tem. A. G. Gordon, secretary. Geo. Young, of Harwich, and Mr. Ross were nominated for president. Mr. Ross being elected. Mr. Young was elected 1st Vice President and Mr. Waddell, 2nd Vice. The other officers elected were Peter Brown, treasurer; Angus McSwen, sec.; Dr. Silverwright, physician; Rrv. Mr. Remne, chaplain; Managers, John Adams, A. B. McIntosh, Miles Miller, and Dugald McNaughton.

The number of words in the English language exceeding six syllables in length is very small. "Honorificabilitudinitas" which is to be found in an old dictionary is the only English word of seven syllables that we call to mind. In other languages still longer words are to be found. "Don Javon Nomopuceno de Barionagomatoforeagoeazoecha" was the name of a person employed in the Finance Department of Spain a few years ago. He ought to have been appointed Superintendent of "Kamagodeyathoroomokanogonagira" or of "Aradem-aravagadeioovaradooyou" two states

in the East Indies, respecting which a law was pending in English courts while he was administering Spanish finances.

The Board of Instructions met on the 28th of December, 1859, A. McCall presiding.

1st Class—Peter M. Campbell, A. Goulet, Angus McSwen, Mary Campbell, and H. McDermaid each obtained the renewal of teaching certificates for 12 months.

2nd Class—Jas. Bell, J. G. Campbell, S. McCall, J. McDonald, N. McIntyre, J. Forhan, A. Luke, O. L. Haycraft, R. Morrison, C. L. BrRook, and A. Campbell obtained each the renewal of certificates for 12 months. C. Arnold obtained a certificate for three months.

3rd Class—J. Badder, S. J. Lowe, C. Barille, E. Atkinson, C. Cameron and Jane Bell each obtained the renewal of certificate for 12 months.

Certificates were awarded as follows—Isabella McQueen, J. Badder, W. Whitfield, James Decow, John Ogle, T. Holmes, W. M. Giffin, D. McMullen, and A. Blue.

### NOT APPRECIATED

A man who had grown despondent because he could not find employment went into a barroom in Boston some time ago and showed his discouragement by his manner.

In conversation with a couple of sailors he said he thought there was nothing for him to do but commit suicide by hanging himself, as he did not seem to fit in anywhere.

The sailors, who were on a lark, gave him a couple of drinks, and, securing a rope, took him to a shed and strung him up, giving him an experience he did not care to have repeated, and at the same time knocking the suicide idea out of his head so completely that it has never come back since.—Boston Record.

### LIFE OF A BATTLESHIP

A modern navy is not one of the cheap luxuries. Senator Hale stated that the navy department proposed to retire the battleships Oregon, Indiana, Massachusetts and Texas to the purpose of coast defense in 1903. The Oregon was launched only in 1896, so that her life as a first class fighting ship will only be 12 years.

The Oregon cost \$5,000,000, but the battleships now are costing \$3,000,000. Any warship now becomes virtually obsolete in a dozen or 15 years, and we must figure on practically replacing our navy at the end of that period. A merchant steamer lasts on the average 20 years.

It is well known that the big naval guns are also very short-lived. The biggest ones are worthless after a hundred shots. The metal becomes crystallized by the shock of the explosions and loses its tensile strength, thus making it dangerous. Hence a bombardment costs not only in the ammunition used, but even more in the wear and tear on the gun itself. Naval authorities speak of these things lightly for it is not their own money that is being spent, but as a matter of fact a warship is the most expensive thing imaginable to run.—Pathfinder.

### LUCK AND LAZINESS.

Luck tapped upon a cottage door. A gentle, quiet tap.

And Laziness, who lounged within, The cat upon his lap.

Stretched out as slippers to the fire And gave a sleepy fawn;

"Oh, bother, let him knock again!" He said, but Luck was gone.

Luck tapped again, more faintly still, Upon another door.

Where industry was hard at work Mending his cottage floor.

The door was opened wide at once; "Come in," the worker cried, And Luck was taken by the hand And fairly pulled inside.

He is still there—a wondrous guest From out whose magic hand Fortune flows fast—but Laziness Can never understand.

How industry found such a friend, "Luck never came my way," He sighs, and quite forgets the knock Upon his door that day.

### A DOG STORY.

Prince Fu Lun and the Chinese minister, Sir Cheung Ling Chen, recently were among a group of New Yorkers who were telling dog stories, when Sir Cheung said—"I am reminded of a Chinese dog story. There was a Chinaman who had three dogs. When he came home one evening, he found them asleep on his couch, of teakwood and marble. He whipped them and drove them forth. The next night when he came home, the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch and found it warm from their bodies. Therefore, he gave them another whipping. The third night, returning earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch, blowing on it to cool it."