

The Planet.

Business Office 20
Editorial Room 102
S. STEPHENSON - Proprietor.
MONDAY, JULY 31, 1906.

PLAYING THE GAME.

Why did John D. Rockefeller organize this corner in linseed oil? asks the Toronto Star.

By means of it he has made a quick profit of several millions of dollars, has spread consternation in the trade, has closed several mills, and thrown an army of men out of work. He has made a pile of money by his handling of the situation, but it can scarcely be supposed that money was what he was after, because he has more of it already than he knows what to do with. Just before pulling off this coup he made a donation of ten million dollars to the cause of higher education.

There is a proverb to the effect that it is not easy to teach an old dog new tricks, and John D. Rockefeller is too old to quit making money. The passion of the game holds him. In all the public prints he has been fiercely assailed during the past twelve months, but there is a war waged against him of which newspaper readers hear nothing—the attacks made upon his interests by other operators, and the resistance he encounters from business rivals, as ruthless as himself. Being so rich, money alone could not be a sufficient inducement to cause this old man to corner linseed oil, and increase the volume of clamor against him as a robber of the people. What he saw before him was a game, and he played it as he knows how. He found himself in a field with business rivals, all using their wits to get the better of him, of each other, and of the public, and he went in to show them what the old man could do.

While the laws and commercial conditions permit such corners as this, and make it possible for a man to acquire millions in a few months by the use of his ingenuity, we shall have men like Rockefeller keeping up to the last day of their lives their huge operations and levying tribute on the people for the necessities of life. They will not need what they acquire, and may not even desire it, but they will crave the excitement of successfully handling big deals, and the satisfaction of defeating other skillful players in the great American game of toss-millions.

CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

Pittsburg Despatch.

The United States would like its share of Chinese trade. This is indisputable. But if it is necessary in order to get it to prostitute our labor standards and fill our cities with an element more unassimilated and unassimilable than that we are getting from Europe, we can accept the loss of the few millions profit in the Chinese trade as a low price for escaping that affliction.

A MISPLACED JAUNT.

Galt Reporter.

His excellency, the governor-general, is at present on the island of Anticosti, the guest of Menier, of chocolate fame. In other words, he is hobnobbing with a Frenchman who has set up a little principality on British soil. Menier has a deportation act that doesn't slip a cog now and then. His officials see to it that obnoxious persons, even people who have long occupied little farms, are sent adrift to make room for the Chocolate King. Lord Grey's action in recognizing this man is an affront to Canadians who are not Frenchmen. Cannot his excellency better employ his time in becoming acquainted with the people of Ontario, the nerve centre of confederation and the province that never swerves in its loyalty to the throne?

D. B. UNIVERSITY SOLD

Two veterans in educational work, Mr. F. R. Spencer and W. F. Jewell, have terminated their long and successful career in the joint control and management of the Detroit Business University. Mr. Spencer has disposed of his interest to good advantage and will retire. Mr. Jewell will continue in active work as President of the corporation, which now includes Mr. W. H. Shaw, of Toronto, Canada, who lately purchased the Gutless-Metropolitan College of this city, Mr. E. H. Fritch of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. C. A. Bliss of Columbus, Ohio, and Mr. W. C. McCarter of the Duluth Business University, Duluth, Minn. These are all experienced and capable men in the conduct of business colleges and will bring the results of their successful work to aid in still further increasing the efficiency, influence and reputation of the well known Business University, which has during the past fifty years included in its lists of students and graduates thousands of the most successful business men of our city and state.

There is no doubt but that under the new management the University will develop a still wider sphere of usefulness and maintain its well earned reputation for thorough work and its high standing from the Atlantic to the Pacific as the leading business training school in America.

AT THE PINES

Beautiful and Solemn Ceremony of Profession Held at Ursuline Academy

Rang out! Ring out your joyous convent chime,
With joy we list to your harmonic rhyme;
While our hearts with rapture flow,
Beat with joy but few can know,
To your glad music keeping time.

These words echoed the sentiments of the novices, Sister M. Benedicta, Miss Mary Victoria Murphy, of London, and Sister M. Bernard, Miss Helen McGillis, of Alexandria, who made their religious profession in the convent chapel, on Thursday last.

The ceremony was a most impressive one, replete with deep religious significance for our Holy Mother, the Church, deems it, but fitting to honor the self-renunciation of religious profession with a ceremonial typical of the holocaust offered and the blessings bestowed.

In the absence of His Lordship, Rt. Rev. Bishop McEvay, who is accompanying the Delegate on his northern tour, Rev. Rev. E. Meunier, Vicar-General, presided, Rev. Father St. Cyr was Master of Ceremonies, as Rev. P. Langlois, P. P., Tibbury.

Solemn High Mass was sung by Sister M. Benedicta's uncle, Very Rev. Father Murphy, Superior of the Trappist Monastery, near Providence, R. I., and a most eloquent sermon was preached by the eloquent Father Aylward, rector of the Cathedral, London.

In the sanctuary were the Rev. P. McKeon, P. P., St. Mary's, London, Chancellor of the Diocese; Very Rev. A. Phelan, Superior of the Passionist Fathers, Chicago, Ill.; Very Rev. Father James, O. F. M., Superior Franciscan Monastery, city; Rev. Father Herman, O. F. M., city; Rev. Father Parent, P. P., McGregor; Rev. Father O'Neil, P. P., Bothwell; Rev. Father Ladouceur, P. P., St. Peter's; Rev. Father Prud'Homme, P. P., Big Point; Rev. Father L'Heureux, P. P., Belle River.

In the course of his impressive and instructive sermon Rev. Father Aylward spoke on the most eulogistic terms on the merits and rewards of the religious life and earnestly exhorted the youthful aspirants to be ever faithful to the call of their Divine Master, their Model and Guide. He dwelt particularly on the fervor and fidelity which should be the mainspring of the daily actions of a Spouse of Christ.

At the close of the sermon the novices approached the altar and, in reply to the Very Rev. Vicar-General's interrogation, humbly begged to be admitted to the religious profession. Solemn High Mass followed and at the Agnus Dei the Novices were conducted by the Rev. Mother Superior and Mother Assistant to the Altar, where with hearts aglow and in clear distinct voices they pronounced the vows of Poverty, Chastity, Obedience and Instruction, thus joyfully consecrating themselves to their Heavenly Bridegroom. They then received Holy Communion and having presented their Cards of Profession to the Rev. Mother Superior, retired to their prie-dieu till summoned by the choir chanting the anti-phon, "Come Spouse of Christ receive the crown which the Lord hath prepared for thee forever."

Approaching the Altar the newly professed replied in the words of the Sacred text, "Uphold me according to Thy word and I shall live, and let me not be confounded in my expectation"; and "He has pledged me with His seal and decorated me with rich ornaments." The white veil of the aspirant was now replaced by the black veil of the professed. The choir now intoned the "Ecce quam Bonum," which was feelingly sung by the religious as they formed in procession and left the choir.

As I knelt in the chapel of my loved Alma Mater, my ears were held captive by the harmonious strains of the organ and the sweet cultured singing of the nuns while the beautiful floral decorations and gleaming of waxen tapers on the altars, the solemn procession of Religious and Clergy in the subdued light of morning which penetrated the Munich glass of the Chapel windows presented to my charmed sense of vision a soul-lifting scene that shall never be forgotten.

M. E. W.

ONE DOLLAR SAVED REPRESENTS TEN DOLLARS EARNED.

The average man does not save to exceed ten per cent. of his earnings. He must spend nine dollars in living expenses for every dollar saved. That being the case he cannot be too careful about unnecessary expenses. Very often a few cents properly invested, like buying seeds for his garden, will save several dollars outlay later on. It is the same in buying Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It costs but a few cents, and a bottle of it in the house often saves a doctor's bill of several dollars. For sale by All Druggists.

One Way to Work It.

Grayce—"I notice that Mr. Gayboy cuts quite a dash. He must have considerable money."

George—"Well, he owes considerable."

Way We All Do.

Bjorkyns—"Bad cold you have, Bjorkyns. How did you contract it?"
Bjorkyns—"I didn't contract it. It was only a little one, and I expanded it."

CAN CALL ALL ANIMALS

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF THE USE OF A RARE FACULTY.

Manitoba Lad One of the Most Accomplished Imitators of Animals Ever Met By the Observant Lt.-Col. Andrew Haggard—Indians Best Teachers—Abyssinian's Imitations That Betrayed a Lion Hunter.

The art of decoying wild animals by imitation of their cries is a very primitive one, practised by savages in all countries as a means of procuring food. Many white men excel in "calling" animals and birds, notably the moose among the larger animals, but if inquiry could be carried far enough it would probably be found, writes Lt.-Col. Andrew Haggard in Forest and Stream, that the most skillful owe their aptitude in this respect to the teachings of untutored savages, whose lives depend upon the exercise of this gift.

An exception to this origin of the art of calling may, perhaps, be found in the art of using the "hare pipe," which imitated the voice of the hare. This was employed largely in England in medieval times and was made a penal offence in somewhat more modern days when utilized by poachers in the pursuit of their nefarious occupation.

A young lad in the wilds of Northern Manitoba was one of the most remarkable imitators of animals whom I ever met. My young friend had been instructed from his earliest youth by a Swampy Indian in the art, with the result that, at the age of 15, he could call any tame or wild animal about the backwoods settlement where he lived. His father, he and I used to drive together out on the prairie, to some rushy lagoons, in search of ducks and geese, which abounded. The animals harnessed to the buckboard were mares, each of which had a foal, and these mares used, as a rule to follow the buckboard, cantering along behind.

Never shall I forget my astonishment one evening when, after having driven a few hundred yards from the Hudson Bay post, his father suddenly stopped the mares, saying: "Rae, the foals have stopped behind, call them." Instantly the lad commenced whinnying like a mare. He repeated the cry several times, ending up on each occasion with two or three little natural snorts. The imitation was so exact that not only were the foals deceived and came galloping up to join us, but it was almost impossible to believe that it was not one of the mares that had called them.

One evening when out shooting prairie chickens night fell upon us before we got back to the wagon, to the wheels of which we had failed to attach the mares properly. One of them we found close by, the other had escaped, and as it was a wet, misty night, not a sign of her was to be seen anywhere. Then it was that the boy's accomplishment proved most useful, for while his father and I remained by the buckboard the youth sallied forth into the foggy darkness, making a sound to imitate the voice of a foal. He was absent for half an hour, but returned triumphant with the missing mare.

The way that boy could also imitate ducks and geese was simply marvelous. Well do I remember a trick he played one evening in the reeds. He had joined me unknown to his father, who was standing about fifty yards away in the tall rushes, waiting for the wild fowl which did not come. Crouching down by my side, so that he could watch his parent, the mischievous youth several times imitated the cry of wild geese at a distance, then he made them seem nearer, until apparently overhead. The old sportsman was instantly on the alert, craning his neck and peering in all directions for the fowl. At last, frantic at not being able to see them, the old man shouted out to me, wildly: "Where are the geese? Where are they?"

"Here, father," answered the boy, rising from the reeds and bursting into a roar of laughter.

It was lucky for him that there was upon that occasion a deep pool between him and his outraged parent which enabled him to make tracks for home before the old boy could get around.

It was once my lot to come across a native in quite another part of the world who possessed similar accomplishments. I cannot say that while useful purpose although he certainly afforded considerable variety and amusement during a trying journey. I was travelling through the Abyssinian Province of Bogos, with my Egyptian staff officer, an English servant and a bodyguard of rapscallions who called themselves Bashi-Bazouks. They were a mixed lot—Abyssinians, Bent Amer, Amhar, Arab, negroes and all sorts, and a merry, undisciplined crew they were indeed. The native that I refer to was an Abyssinian, and he was the principal wag, or bucon, of the crowd.

The country I was passing through was of the wildest description; it was, moreover, full of wild beasts of every kind. Apart from the troops of hideous grinning baboons met with on the cliffs of the rocky passes, there were everywhere traces of lions, hyenas, wolves and jackals, and these animals, some of which we saw daily, used to make night hideous with their horrible howlings. My retainer, the Abyssinian, was, however, not content with letting us be disturbed by the real howlings of the actual wild beasts, for he would have his little joke.

On several occasions, when we least expected it and were marching along in some narrow jungle clad ravine, the whole cavalcade would be stopped by a terrible noise in the thorny bushes, which frightened the horses and camels and, at times, even the men. At one time it would be a wild dog, barking furiously, at another a hyena howling or leopard snarling, and upon a third occasion a sound would be heard as of two jackals fighting over a carcass. But nothing had been seen. It was not until one day I had discharged both barrels of my rifle into the thick scrub and nearly killed him that I learned the cause of these disturbances by my friend, the bucon.

roaring out to me in Arabic, "Don't shoot any more, Bey," and then emerging with shouts of laughter, in which he was joined by all my savage following. Having discovered this man's wonderful talent for mimicking animals, I determined to employ him in a little joke of my own, merely as an act of retributive justice.

Upon one occasion, when we were lying on the sandy bed of a ravine, a lion had come roaring around my bivouac at night, when the conduct of my Egyptian staff officer, who always talked very big about lions, had not been remarkably courageous.

There was not a man among my Bashi-Bazouks who did not laugh at Major Mustapha Effendi Ramzi, but his boasting was inorganic. I therefore determined to give him a lesson that night when lying on the sand in the Khor Annsaba, which, as he well knew, was a famous place for lions. In fact, before dark we had seen their tracks, old and new, in all directions.

First, however, I warned the Turkish sanjak of my rascally bodyguard to see well to the picketing of the animals, for I did not wish to lose a horse or camel as the result of a joke. The sanjak, who hated the Egyptian, grinned from ear to ear and gave the necessary orders.

After supper, as we were sitting by the campfire in the shade of an overhanging bush-covered bank, I led the conversation to the subject of lions.

The Egyptian officer was boasting, as usual, when suddenly my English servant, who was in the plot, said, as if in alarm, while staring into the thicket: "What's that sound, Mustapha Effendi? Don't you hear something crackling in there? I hope it's not another lion, for I am not so brave about them as you are." We all listened intently. The crackling was plainly heard—it was coming nearer; it did sound uncommonly as if a lion might be approaching.

We all made ready to rise, but Mustapha Effendi was already on his feet when from this distance of only about three yards, in the darkness, a terrific and deafening roar burst upon the startled night. The roar was followed by the horrible gruff cough, several times repeated, which is still more terrible, as it is usually preceded by a "Si lionlike" so the sound, although expecting it, I was momentarily alarmed myself and grasped my revolver. Others seized their weapons also, for it seemed impossible that such a volume of sound could come from any throat but that of the veritable king of beasts.

In the meantime, where was the great lion slayer, Mustapha Effendi? The sound of flying feet rattling over the gravelly bed of the khor was all that was left of him now.

So we sent "the lion" in pursuit, which was continued with roar after roar, the sound reverberating on the cliffs and dying away into the darkest recesses of the ravine. Meantime every soul in camp was convulsed with laughter, as the men snatched their favorite "teddy" down their throats and drank to the courage of the Egyptian staff officer. But now comes the point of my joke. This practical joke came very near to ending tragically for either the pursuer or the pursued, for suddenly at no great distance up the lion renowned Khor Annsaba, was heard an answering roar, and then another crack at hand. A real lion had taken up the challenge, and it was now our turn to be alarmed. Seizing brands from the fire and firing off rifles as we went, a party of us rushed up the rocky defile after the two men; the rest, by my order, rushed to guard the picketed animals, for there was no knowing how many of the brutes there might be about, and lions often roar on purpose to make the terrified animals break away and thus elude them.

The reports of the rifles, the shouts and, above all, the roaring of the real lion, had soon had their effect in causing the flying staff officer to halt, terror-stricken, between, as he imagined, two lionine foes and the sham lion, to come back faster than he went, all the roar taken out of him.

Fortunately by the time we reached poor Mustapha, to find him petrified with fear, the hubbub made by the relieving force had driven the lion, which had been all too successfully "called" back to the fastnesses of the hills.

From that time forward the crest-fallen staff officer never mentioned the word lion, but the Abyssinian wag, whose imitative skill had called something more tangible than "phantoms from the vasty deep" from the dark recesses of the mountains, became the hero of the expedition.

CHANGE AT NIAGARA.

River Water Let Into the Forebay—Beautiful Cascade Formed.

The completion of the first portion of the Ontario Power Co.'s works at Niagara Falls was marked by the admission of water to the forebay on June 28. The big wing dam, the construction of which was one of the most difficult and spectacular of the undertakings in connection with the development, was pierced and the water, which is fifteen feet deep outside, was slowly admitted.

The stream ran down over the great expanse of river bed, which has been bare for several years, to the astonishment of all visitors, and found its way through the screens, gates and sluices, which will hereafter guide the flow of water. As the tower works and powerhouse of the company are not completed, the head gates of the great conduit were closed, and the water stopped when it reached them and began to rise.

A corps of engineers watched the progress eagerly and all went along without hitch or difficulty. The water rose rapidly and filled the wide basin, lapping around the shores of the new islands and finding its way into many queer places which did not exist when old Niagara was turned out of his ancient pathway for a season. For the first and last time the river bed has been laid bare. Now the water has resumed its sway and the great expanse of rock bed is hidden forever. It took a number of hours for the water to fill the basin, but finally it came to the top of the overflow walls and began to pour over in a beautiful cascade, which will henceforth be one of the prettiest sights around the Falls. Visitors will be unable to comprehend the vast work that was necessary and the immensity of the walls and concrete and stone which had to be built to turn Niagara from its natural course and make it the servant of man.

TELEPHONE TALKS.

TO TELEPHONE USERS AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA has been operating for twenty-four years. Its operations were at first confined to the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, but later it also undertook business in the Northwest.

The amount expended by the Company during this time in building up its system is \$10,558,686.79, over \$3.00 per head of the population of the country served.

Considering that large sections of these Provinces are sparsely settled, that there are large areas where the Bell Company does not operate, but which are served by other Companies, the amount invested will compare favorably with any other country.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA has secured from investors this large sum of money upon the record of its management. While scores of other telephone organizations both in this country and the United States have either failed to pay dividends or gone to the wall, involving the loss of millions of capital, the stock of this Company has always been sold at par or upwards. The Company has survived the keenest competition in important centres,—all of which is a practical endorsement of the Company's management.

Is it not an advantage to telephone users and to the commercial interests of Canada, particularly during this period of national development, that so important a factor as the local and long distance telephone service should be in the hands of a strong company which commands the confidence of capitalists? Confidence and cash go hand in hand in the up-building of a telephone system, and both are an absolute necessity to continuous development. It is certain that the development of the next ten years will exceed that of the past twenty years. It is essential that the confidence of capitalists shall be maintained if the requirements of this growing country are to be met. This cannot be unless returns upon the investment are assured by reasonable rates, careful administration and an energetic and continuous policy.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA.

LIGHT HOUSE FLASHES

Miss Gertie Irving spent Monday with Miss Rena Knott at Merry Times.

Mrs. Riddell, Trotter and Dunn, of Chatham, spent Tuesday with Mrs. Turner at Breezy Times.

Mr. Smith and family, of Detroit, are summering at Widgeon Lodge.

Mrs. W. A. Johnson gave an afternoon bridge Monday in honor of Miss Lillian Blackburn, of Windsor, who has returned from Chatham after visiting friends there.

Miss Jean Riddell, of Chatham, is spending a few days at Merry Times.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown and daughter Hazel, of Saginaw; Mr. and Mrs. T. Ryan, of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. W. Crow and Miss Blanche St. Armour, of Chatham, and Mr. A. MacLachlan, of Ottawa, are the guests of Mr. Cartier.

Miss Annie Bechard spent last week with her father.

Miss Edna Scott, of Tibbury, spent Tuesday with her sister Edith, of San Juanita Cottage.

Mrs. Joyce spent Wednesday at Jeannette's Creek.

Mr. Adair Smith, of Widgeon Lodge, was a Maple City visitor on Saturday.

Miss Rena Knott spent a couple of days last week in Chatham the guest of Miss Flossie Bogart.

Mr. W. A. Johnson, of San Juanita, has returned after visiting Buffalo.

Mr. Eau Mow and Mr. Dolton spent Saturday in the Maple City.

A party of twelve from here spent Thursday evening at Willow Beach. Fred. Chrysler and Mr. Braddon, of Chatham, canoed here Saturday night. They were the guests of Mrs. Turner.

Mr. Smith, of Detroit, spent Sunday with his mother at Widgeon Lodge.

Miss Gertrude Sager, of Tibbury, is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Johnson.

H. Clements, M. P., was renewing old acquaintances here yesterday, but went home feeling very sad over losing a \$7 fishing rod.

Gertie Ainsley and May Lumley, of Tibbury, were lighthouse visitors yesterday.

Joseph Turner and son Will spent Sunday at his cottage, Breezy Times.

There were ten gasoline launches here yesterday all loaded with pleasure seekers.

Dr. and Miss Annie Sharp, of Tibbury, were guests at San Juanita Wednesday.

Harry Lindsay and Mr. Lindsay spent the day at Breezy Times. They are touring the lakes for two weeks.

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

Child Not Expected to Live From One Hour to Another, but Cured by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Ruth, the little daughter of E. N. Dewey, of Agnewville, Va., was seriously ill of cholera infantum last summer. "We gave her up and did not expect her to live from one hour to another," he says. "I happened to think of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and got a bottle of it from the store. In five hours I saw a change for the better. We kept on giving it and before she had taken the half of one small bottle she was well." This remedy is for sale by All Druggists.

Good habits must be nurtured under glass, but bad ones grow wild.

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F. M. BEDFORD
Western Manager, Chatham

WATCHES

A JULY SNAP—2 WEEKS

Upon looking over our Watches we find we have too many to carry over for fall and we propose to place 3 lots on sale at bargain. Lot No. 1—contains Watches regular from \$8.00 down for \$5.00. Lot No. 2—varying from \$12.00 down for \$4.00, and Lot No. 3—varying from \$10.00 down for \$3.00. The greatest bargain ever offered as there are some great snaps here. You get your choice of each lot. Do not delay if you want a good Watch at a bargain.

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Jeweller & Optician, Big Clock, Chatham, Ont.

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