

The Planet.

Business Office 53
Editorial Room 102
A. STEPHENSON Proprietor.

MONDAY, JULY 25.

A QUEBEC SIDELIGHT.

No newspaper in Canada has slandered Lord Dundonald to the same extent as La Presse of Montreal—with the exception, perhaps, of the Toronto Globe, remarks the Ottawa Citizen. According to La Presse his lordship had deep designs against "the constitution," he was an "imperial monster," the incarnation of militarism; "the man with subtle plans to destroy the rights of the French-Canadians, and, therefore, their enemy."

Lord Dundonald answered these charges in his Toronto speech, categorically, convincingly and emphatically. He threw the lie in the teeth of La Presse. He left it not a leg to stand on; he riddled its sophistries; he put himself on record in a speech that will, in part, we doubt not, find a prominent place in the written history of this country. His utterance was important.

Did La Presse give its readers one word of Lord Dundonald's speech? Did it consider it worth while, in the interests of fair play, common decency and, above all, truth, to allow its readers to peruse the text of Lord Dundonald's utterances?

La Presse published not one word of his lordship's speech. Its lies, its slanders, its mischievous insinuations and innuendoes, spread, day after day, before its hundred thousand or more readers are still uncontradicted. Their falsity will never be exposed through the columns of La Presse.

The contemplation of such journalistic methods is disgusting. It, however, warrants a close examination. The people of this country should be advised of the conditions which are responsible for such a state of affairs. There is warrant to tear down the veil that, according to general usage and journalistic etiquette, is allowed to hide from public view the "man or men who 'make the paper.'"

The "political director" of La Presse, under the circumstances, becomes an interesting personality. This personage is no stranger at Ottawa. Mr. C. Arthur Danereau is a bosom friend of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. During the inception of the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme he was constantly in this city. His espousal of that scheme in the columns of La Presse was gone about in a characteristic way. The merits of the case mattered nothing. La Presse harps on but one string. It put forward constantly the opposition of the members of the Conservative party to the Winnipeg-Quebec section. Were their arguments met? No. There was "an Ontario conspiracy" on foot to deprive Quebec province of her proper participation in the new railway scheme. "Poor Quebec would get nothing, if the Tories had their way."

That is the Danereau-La Presse method always. To go a step further in the examination of the paper's remarkable course, what do we find? It can be stated—and on this point we challenge contradiction—that never is an important matter of policy or "politics" considered having a direct or indirect bearing on Quebec affairs without Mr. Danereau being sent for. If the subject resolves itself into a matter of "publicity" the first note struck by La Presse is the "rights" of its readers. So it was in the Manitoba school case—though those rights were afterwards basely betrayed—so it was in the agitation against the despatch of troops to South Africa; so it is in the schemes which this paper supports in the Montreal city council; so in the Grand Trunk Pacific deal, and so in the Dundonald case. The influence of the paper in the province is absolutely satanic.

To illustrate the character of the paper which supports every act of the Laurier administration let the following article suffice:

Here is militarism appearing in its most odious form. Sir Wilfrid Laurier went to England to kill it in 1902. It was thought to be dead. Yet it revives under the coat of arms of a veritable conspirator appointed for the purpose. And because Sir Wilfrid renounces the campaign of two years ago against the enemy, who still lives, the opposition takes that enemy under its shield and builds it a pedestal. . . . The opposition, which has made a god of the imperial monster, takes the risk of cutting its own throat. . . . Evidently Mr. Chamberlain, who was then very strong in the English government, sent his wolf among our sheep folds, and he has found among us souls so tender as to lament over the blows which the shepherds have inflicted upon him. In truth, what a campaign of stupidity, to say nothing of national treason, do we not witness at this moment. . . . To claim that under these circumstances the civil government of Canada ought to submit to the will of an imperial

envoy is simply an abasement that nothing could justify.

Is it not time that Sir Wilfrid Laurier abandoned his honey phrases, illustrative of ideal relations between the two races, and set himself to work on his friend, M. Danereau? Of what avail to go to some Ontario point and preach loyalty to the empire, when such firebrand work is going on in his native province. The Citizen does not say that the premier encourages this work. There is certainly no proof that he discourages it. The inference to be drawn from the facts places him in a rather equivocal position. Perhaps he hesitates to "drag" friend Danereau perhaps that gentleman has the bit in his teeth; and, again, perhaps "a solid Quebec" has compensations.

A Montreal paper recently remarked:

We believe an exposure of the entourage surrounding the head of the government at Ottawa would have the effect of throwing a sidelight on the present situation which would startle the public, and reveal the desperate and contemptible game that is now being played by the Danereaus, the Farrars and others, whose calling is that of the mercenary; whose pens are at the service of the highest bidder; to whom loyal and patriotic instincts on the part of the people are sought to be made a pawn in their sordid and cynical game.

Along somewhat the same lines the Citizen remarked the other day, that "influences are at work to detach this country from its allegiance."

We said that practically the same forces are playing the game, or at another stage.

And not the least of the factors in the desperate game are La Presse and its political director—the bosom friend of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Lord Dundonald's case seems now "sub-judice," of course the Globe will let up and not further attempt to prejudice it with its mis-statements—we don't think.

It won't prevent the people of Ottawa giving their esteemed fellow-citizen, Lord Dundonald, a great send-off when he departs next week. They're not on half pay.

There was much point in Mr. Arnold-Forster's enquiry if Mr. Lloyd George was representing the Laurier government in the imperial parliament. Mr. George has been unfortunate in the causes he espouses.

INSULTS IN CAMBODIA.

St. James Gazette.

The following is quoted by the Gaulois from a French government report—"To cut off his head is the most serious insult that can be shown to a Cambodian; happily, this prejudice is not shared by other people of Indo-China."

HOUNDS PUT MOB TO FLIGHT.

London Daily Mail.

The police of Louvain, Belgium, unable to disperse a violent mob of political demonstrators, last night, let loose the great hounds which accompany them on their nightly patrol. The dogs threw themselves upon the crowd, which instantly scattered. Several persons were badly bitten.

WHO KNIFE DUNDONALD?

St. Catharines Star.

(With apologies to Cook Robin and the Sparrow—but not to Sydney.)

Who knifed Dundonald?
"I," said little Sydney.
"Men of my kidney."
(Who play all the tricks
Of peanut politics.)
"Know of etiquette!"
I did—without regret—
I knifed Dundonald!

Who mis-called Dundonald?
"I," said the premier;
"Called him a 'foreigner,'
Then again a 'stranger,'
Because I scented danger;
And I stand by Fisher,
For Sydney's my well-wisher;
I mis-called Dundonald!"

Who backed Dundonald?
"Not I—St. Frederick Borden—
I had to go according."
To what the others did;
I do as I am bid;
For Fisher I don't care
He never has played fair!
Alas! Poor Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

Who'll back Dundonald?
"I," said the man who votes!
"I," from a thousand throats!
"I," from ten thousand throats!
"I," from the brave red coats!
"Confound their politics;
Confound their knavish tricks."
We'll back Dundonald!

WORLD OF SPORT

BASEBALL

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Saturday Games.
At Cincinnati—First game.
R.H.E.
Cincinnati..... 7 12 0
Boston..... 3 8 2
Batteries—Ewing and Schlei; Willis and Moran. Umpires, Moran and Carpenter.

At Cincinnati—Second game.
R.H.E.
Cincinnati..... 15 18 2
Boston..... 1 5 1
Batteries—Kellum and O'Neill; Fisher, Wilhelm and Needham. Umpires, Carpenter and Moran.

At St. Louis—First game.
R.H.E.
St. Louis..... 9 9 0
Philadelphia..... 7 11 2
Batteries—Corbett and Grady; Sutthoff and Roth. Umpire, Johnstone.

At St. Louis—Second game.
R.H.E.
St. Louis..... 7 12 0
Philadelphia..... 2 9 0
Batteries—O'Neill and Grady; Sparks and Roth and Dooin. Umpire, Johnstone.

At Chicago—
R.H.E.
Chicago..... 4 11 2
New York..... 5 9 3
Batteries—Borow and King; Matthews and Bowerman. Umpires, O'Day and Emslie.

At Pittsburgh—
R.H.E.
Pittsburgh..... 1 6 3
Brooklyn..... 2 4 1
Batteries—Lynch and Smith; Jones and Bergen. Umpire, Zimmer.

Sunday Games.
At Chicago—
R.H.E.
Chicago..... 4 11 2
New York..... 5 9 3
Batteries—Borow and King; Matthews and Bowerman. Umpires, O'Day and Emslie.

At Cincinnati—
R.H.E.
Cincinnati..... 11 16 1
Boston..... 4 7 3
Batteries—Hahn and Schlei; McColls and Needham. Umpires, Moran and Carpenter.

At St. Louis—First game—
R.H.E.
St. Louis..... 10 17 1
Philadelphia..... 5 10 1
Batteries—McFarland and Grady; Fraser and Roth. Umpire, Johnstone.

At St. Louis—Second game—
R.H.E.
St. Louis..... 2 9 1
Philadelphia..... 4 12 0
Batteries—Nichols and McLean; Mitchell and Roth. Umpire, Johnstone.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

Saturday Games.

At Philadelphia—First game—
R.H.E.
Cleveland..... 3 9 0
Philadelphia..... 2 8 2
Batteries—Moore and Bems; Waddell and Schreck. Umpires, King and O'Loughlin.

At Philadelphia—Second game—
R.H.E.
Cleveland..... 4 9 1
Philadelphia..... 1 8 0
Batteries—Joss and Abbott; Plank and Powers. Umpires, O'Loughlin and King.

At New York—
R.H.E.
New York..... 4 14 3
Chicago..... 5 8 1
Batteries—Chesbro and Kleinow; Walsh and Sullivan.

At Boston—
R.H.E.
St. Louis..... 5 10 0
Boston..... 2 7 4
Batteries—Glade and Sugden; Donnan and Farrell and Criger. Umpire, Connolly.

At Washington—First game—
R.H.E.
Washington..... 3 9 1
Detroit..... 2 5 1
Batteries—Townsend and Clarke; Kitson and Wood. Umpire, Dwyer.

At Washington—Second game—
R.H.E.
Washington..... 2 8 1
Detroit..... 3 7 3
Batteries—Wolfe and Kittredge; Donovan and Buelow. Umpire, Dwyer.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

Saturday Games.

At Rochester—First game—
R.H.E.
Rochester..... 3 7 1
Providence..... 1 8 2
Batteries—Fersich and McAuley; Fairbanks and Toft and Carling.

At Rochester—Second game—
R.H.E.
Rochester..... 3 6 2
Providence..... 4 9 1
Batteries—Leary, Schultz and McAuley; Amole and Toft. Umpire, Egan.

At Buffalo—
R.H.E.
Buffalo..... 4 6 3
Jersey City..... 3 7 1
Batteries—Kiesinger and Shaw; Pfannmiller and Halligan. Umpires, Haskell and Kelly.

Sunday Games.
At Montreal—
R.H.E.
Montreal..... 1 9 4
Baltimore..... 4 8 1
Batteries—Leroy and Gibson; Wiltsie and Byers. Umpire, Sullivan.

At Newark—
Rochester-Newark game postponed—
Rain.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

A man's temper causes him to take a perverted view of things.

The men of inaction is disposed to despise the force of other men.

The men of inaction is disposed to despise the force of other men.

The men of inaction is disposed to despise the force of other men.

The men of inaction is disposed to despise the force of other men.

The men of inaction is disposed to despise the force of other men.

The men of inaction is disposed to despise the force of other men.

END OF THE MONTH BARGAINS

This week will see many lines of goods selling at one quarter, one-third and even one-half off regular prices. If you appreciate genuine economy, don't miss these money saving opportunities, at the Busy Cash Store.

CLOTHING BARGAINS—

35 only men's suits, fine pure wool tweeds and all wool navy serge suits, splendid range of patterns and colorings, extra well tailored, fine linings, guaranteed in fit and wear, sizes 35 to 44, regular \$7.00, \$7.50, \$7.90 and \$8.50, clearing this week at \$5.68.

Men's suits, in fancy worsteds, fine Canadian and imported tweeds, in excellent patterns, superior workmanship and finish, sizes 35 to 44 inches, regular \$8.50, \$9.50, \$10.00 and \$11.00 suits, clearing this week at \$7.48.

Men's suits, in best qualities, English, plain and fancy worsteds, fine Scotch tweeds, vicunas, etc., perfectly tailored, best grade linings, regular \$14.00, \$14.50 and \$15.00 suits, clearing this week at \$11.48.

Men's pants, Canadian and Scotch tweeds, fine English and Scotch worsteds, in good range of patterns, clearing this week at a pair \$1.38, \$1.95, \$2.50, \$2.90 and \$3.50.

150 WASH DRESS GOODS AT 10c.—800 yards fine dimities, printed lawns, zephyrs, chambrays, etc., in wide range of new patterns and colorings, fast dyes, regular 12 1/2c and 15c yard, clearing this week at 10c.

WASH DRESS GOODS AT 15c YD.—

750 yards French organdies, Irish dimities, American lawn, muslins, Scotch flaked zephyrs, brillianines, etc., beautiful patterns and colorings, fast dyes, regular 20c, 25c, 35c and 40c yard, clearing this week at 15c.

SHIRT WAISTS—

All our shirt waists at almost half price.
90c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 colored waists clearing at 69c.

\$2.00 white mercerized waists clearing at 98c.

Five dozen fine white lawn waists, regular \$1.00 each, clearing at 69c.

\$1.50 and \$1.75 white waists clearing at \$1.19.

All our \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50 white waists clearing at July Sale Prices.

25 only boys' wash suits, in crash duck drill and galatea, assorted sizes, good wash materials, prettily trimmed, regular 75c, 90c, and \$1.00 suits, clearing this week at 58c.

Five 2-pc tweed suits, in good range

of styles and colorings, sizes 22 to 28, regular price up to \$4.00 each, clearing this week at each \$2.38

YOUTHS' SUITS—
Sizes 29 to 35, long and short pants, fine pure wool, tweeds and serges, natty styles, well tailored, regular \$4, \$4.50, \$5 and \$6.00 each, clearing this week at \$3.50

BOYS' PANTS—
Solid double seated and double knee tweed and serge pants, lined throughout, clearing this week at 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c and 90c

BOYS' SHIRTWAISTS AND SAILOR BLOUSES—
Fine percale in pretty patterns and colorings, shirtwaists with separate or attached laundered collars, large sailor collars on blouses, assorted sizes, 4 to 12 years, regular up to 75c each, clearing this week at 46c

BIG CLEARING SALE OF WASH GOODS—
All this week, 500 yds American dress muslins, in range of pretty patterns, light and dark grounds, fast colors, worth up to 10c yd, clearing at 6c

Seven Stores

THE NORTHWAY CO. Limited.

Two Large Factories

SUN-WORSHIP

Chicago, July 23.—Some strange revelations are published in the New York American relating to the cult of the Sun worshippers in Chicago, a sect founded by a "prophet" calling himself Ottoman Zer Adusht Hanish.

Since 1902 Hanish has obtained many converts to his religion, which teaches that every individual must work out his or her own salvation, and that we can regulate our lives upon this earth so as to reach the great age of the patriarchs. He declares that it is possible for a man, by right living, to attain the age of 475 years. By "right living" he tells his followers that he means subjugation of the material and exaltation of the spiritual part of man. Under right treatment of the body it may be almost wholly nourished by the air taken into the lungs. But when one breathes for nourishment one must do so with one's whole mind and soul centered upon the Magdanzans main tenets of the sun worshipper's belief.

Hanish also counsels the abstention from all food, with the exception of grains of wheat and water. "Men have been known to live 65 years," he declares, "on a quart of water and two grains of wheat a day."

Incredible as it may seem, hundreds of society people were gulled by Hanish's philosophy, with the result that a pitiful list of victims is published of fanatical women who have either died or been driven mad from starvation.

Evidence has been presented before the Chicago board of health that "Dr." Hanish applies other tortures than starvation to the "biglivers." Several have testified that he made tiny holes in their flesh with needles, and then rubbed into the wounds an oil that burned like fire. The board of health are now proceeding against him on the ground that without authority he is calling himself a medical doctor, and prescribing for the sick.

Another rich lady made her four-year-old daughter fast for 36 hours, in order that she might be "purified" from scarlet fever. The whole of her family have but one meal a day, of rice flakes, prunes and whole-wheat bread.

A sensation has been caused among the Magdanzans by the board of health statement that Hanish is not a Persian as he claims to be, but an American with negro blood in his veins.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

The Hindu Idea of Wt.

An English lady reformer of uncertain age who visited India to deliver a lecture told the audience that she would be happy to answer any question, upon which a fat baboo came to the front with "How old are you?" "Oh, no," she replied; "I don't mean questions of that sort; only ones connected with the subject of the lecture."

"Are you forty?" continued the baboo, nowise abashed. "No, I won't answer such a question," was the reply. "Are you fifty?" continued her tormentor. "Oh, no; I told you I won't answer such questions." "Are you sixty?" "Oh, no, no, no; I'm not sixty," the lady responded precipitately.

A shikari out partridge shooting was seen in fits of laughter, slapping his thighs in the ecstasy of his glee. On inquiring the cause of his hilarity, he hurriedly said: "Hush, sabbi! That cooly," indicating one of the beaters, "has just been bitten by a green snake, but he thinks it is only a thorn! Don't tell him or he'll be frightened and stop beating."—From General Gerard's "Leaves From the Diary of a Soldier and Sportsman."

It's hard to make a new man of an old one, but it's different with women.

Misery may like company, but it gets mighty tired of miserable company.

Most men like to address women by their Christian name.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The Jade Jokai Loved.

Of one phase of his life Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, wrote in disgust: "Well, confess it I must. I have a sweetheart, for whose sake I have been faithless not only to my wife, but to my muse also—a sweetheart who has appropriated my best ideas and whose slave I was and still am. Often have I wasted half my fortune upon her and rushed blindly into misfortune to please her. For her sake I have patiently endured insult, ridicule and reproach; for her sake I have staked life and liberty. Now, if she had been a pretty young damsel there might have been some excuse for me, but she was a nasty, old, painted figurehead of a beldame, a flirting, faithless, fickle, foul mouthed, scandal-mongering old liar, whom the whole world courts, and changes her lovers as often as she changes her dress. Her name is Politics, and may the plague take her!"

Customs of the Kafirs.

The author of a book on the Kafirs of South Africa says: "The women are, on the whole, in favor of polygamy. Sometimes a woman who has a dozen other 'sisters,' as they call fellow wives, will go to a woman who is the solitary wife of a man and ask her if she does not feel lonely. No one can visit a large kraal—such, for example, as the king's kraal in Swaziland—where there are hundreds of huts, and not feel that there is a certain charm in the social life of the place. It is a sort of college life, and frequently my thoughts have reverted to my old varsity days, and it has struck me that if one could imagine a set of men living in the old court of Trinity surrounded by wives and children, with a social circle in which every one was related to every one else, one might get some idea of the sheer joy of life amid 1,000 relations."

Swallows and Microbes.

Swallows and other migratory birds invariably shun those places which are in the slightest degree infected by noxious microbes. Thus they are never to be found in districts where cholera, yellow fever, the plague and other epidemic diseases prevail. The districts which they select as their temporary homes are in all respects the most healthy that can be found. It is evident from this that persons who are afraid of catching cholera or other infectious diseases ought not to live in places which are shunned by these birds.

A Useless Verdict.

"Yes," said the old traveler, "I was on a jury in California once. It was a murder trial. I didn't want the fellow hanged and so stuck out against the other eleven for nine days, locked up in the jury room, when they gave in, and we brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty,' and then I was ready to stab myself with spite."

"What about?"

"Hush the mob had hanged the prisoner on the very first day we were locked up."

Enjoy What You Can.

To be soured by poverty or to be hardened by it is a mistake—an error of thought. Instead of enjoying our life we are cramping ourselves. It is as if we were set at a feast and sulkily refused to enjoy a few dishes because we could not reach every thing on the table and make ourselves sick, like foolish children that we are.

A Telling Stroke.

The hare easily caught up with the tortoise. "Well, old man, you're not much of a runner," he sneered. "No," admitted the tortoise, "I'm not. I think I'll try for the crew. You see, I'm quite at home in the shell."

Most men like to address women by their Christian name.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

MONEY TO LOAN

ON LAND MORTGAGES at lowest rate of interest. I also