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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

Kent's Oldest Resident

Interesting Story of Ye Olden Times as Told by Alexander Dolson, who has Resided in the County for Nearly a Century.

Every resident of Chatham is proud of the Maple City, and rightly so. Chatham, with her numerous manufacturing industries, established business houses, natural resources and wide-awake business men, has been made one of the important commercial centres of Canada. It is said that every good concern started on a humble basis, and so it was with Chatham. It is almost impossible, however, to believe that any person living to-day can remember when Chatham was a mere collection of huts. Yet this is also true, Alexander Dolson, down the river, Raleigh, was a resident of Kent County when there were only three houses in Chatham.

Mr. Dolson is probably the oldest resident in Kent to-day. He was born in 1818 on his present farm down the river and he has lived on the one farm during his entire life. He is now enjoying the comforts of his latter years after a very energetic and successful life.

Mr. Dolson comes from a family who were the pioneers of this continent. His grandfather was a United Empire Loyalist and came to Canada from New York at the time he was for Independence. His father, John Dolson, was born at Chatham and it was he who first settled on the farm where Mr. Dolson now lives. Alexander Dolson is the youngest child of Jacob Dolson, who was born shortly after his father's death at Chatham.

Dolson remembers much of his life in Chatham and of the hardships endured by the early settlers. When he was a small boy there were only three houses in the town. One was situated on King street opposite the old school, and was owned by Mr. McGregor; another was on King street opposite the old school, and was owned by Mr. McGregor; and the other was situated near the old school, and was owned by Mr. McGregor.

Mr. Dolson, who was then the village blacksmith, and later he acted as town treasurer. The town, however, grew rapidly and the settlers, realizing the possibilities of the surrounding country, came in fast. Mr. LaBroix, for whom LaBroix street was named, was the chief man in Chatham then. He was the Mayor of the town, customs officer and general chief manager of the town.

The first school house was erected just opposite the Rankin House on the river bank and there Mr. Dolson attended school. "It is wonderful to me," said Mr. Dolson to The Planet, "to see the wonderful change which has come over this country since I first came here. As many people have often told you, no doubt, this place was one mass of woods and swamp. The settlers came first with their axes, and every home was hewed out of the heart of the forest. The drainage was bad, and the swamps caused fever and every fall and spring. Dr. Baird, our neighbor towards the town, never saw either one of them."

"Fleeting in those days was all done by oxen. The road from here to the town was a corduroy one. When it was first made it followed the river right along, owing to the swamps, but later, when the country was cleared, it was changed to the present route."

"All of the wheat that was grown here was taken to Detroit, where there was a horse mill in operation. This mill was owned by Captain Eberts' father-in-law. It took a boat two days to go to Detroit with a load of grain. We used to go down every year and bring back a load of provisions and shoes. I remember my father had a large canoe, which we used to go in. I also remember paying 50 cents a pound for shingle nails used in mending up a crack in the bottom of the canoe. When crossing the lake we would never go out of sight of the land. Three or four of us would go together, and we used to look forward to having a good time in Detroit."

"We made a store house on the bank of the river. LaBroix acted as customs house officer, but he was never exacting. He never interfered if a person smuggled for their own use only. We used to make our own sugar and all of our own clothes. The wool was clipped from the sheep, carded, spun and woven, all by ourselves. There were just a few Indians around here in those days, but they were not at all dangerous. They made good settlers. In game there was any amount—turkeys, deer, bear and wolves. The sheep were all penned every night to keep off the wolves. I have seen wolves attack sheep in the day time if they were very hungry, but I never heard of a wolf attacking a man. A wolf would seldom approach a house, but I have seen them pass on the road in front of our house at noon. They would never do that if they were not very hungry."

"Some years later a bounty was given by the Government for wolf scalps, and some men made a business of hunting wolves. They got \$8 and \$9 apiece for scalps and they could kill from 50 to 60 wolves in a week. They used to swear before a magistrate how many wolves they killed. One man used to make money fast by swearing to so many wolves a day when he never killed a wolf. The Government at first did not grant the bounty to Indians and as a result they would not kill them. After a while they did offer them the bounty and the wolves then soon began to disappear."

"McGregor's mill, which was situated on the old McGregor farm, was one of the first grist mills. It was run by water power and the posts where the dam was are still sticking up in the water. It was put up in 1812. "Everything was very dear in those days. Print, narrow width, sold for 75 cents a yard. You can buy it now for 6 and 8 cents a yard. Tea was \$1 a pound. "In 1812 Mr. O'Neill was one of our closest neighbors; he lived half a mile up the creek. Mr. McCrae kept a store down the river. He is now dead, but his son, Geo. McCrae, lives on the Second concession, Raleigh. He was a member of Parliament for a number of years."

"I remember once, just to show you how hard it was to travel, two men from England married two sisters. They lived out on the lake shore and they had to come to Chatham to be married before the magistrate. They had to walk all the way and when they came to a swamp the men put their prospective brides on their backs and waded through. It was a practical test of going through water to win their fair ladies."

"Another man, Mr. Broadbent, of this city, wanted to marry a Windsor girl, so he had to walk from here to Windsor. He went barefooted in order to save his shoes. "Apart from an infirmity caused from an accident which befel him about three years ago, Mr. Dolson is the picture of health. He has never had a sick day during his entire life and does not know what a headache means. People worked hard in those days, but they were rewarded by enjoying more real happiness than the people do to-day. Mr. Dolson was the youngest of a family of four boys and four girls, all of whom are deceased."

Mr. Dolson has been an industrious man during his life. He now owns one of the finest farms in Kent County, consisting of 225 acres, and he is now able to live in comfort and ease. There is not a better thought of man in Western Ontario, and there is not another man who is more worthy of the best thoughts of all good minded people."

When Adelina Patti travelled about the country as a child wonder she used to be put in what are known as day cars, often on very hard benches, and there she would be bundled up at night, packed in her mamma's shawl with some old overcoat for a pillow. There were no sleeping cars in those days, excepting on the trunk lines between the big cities. Pullman's had not yet been invented. Now Mme. Patti has a Pullman palace car all to herself and her immediate entourage, is supplied with every luxury that thoughtful ingenuity could suggest, and abounding in every comfort.

Her car is not a new one, built expressly for her, as the press agent had it. But it is just as good. It is now called the "Craig y Nos" but it was called the "Elysian" and is the car that Prince Henry of Prussia and afterwards President Roosevelt employed on their travels about the country. The car was somewhat remodelled and completely refurnished for Patti's use, and all the hangings are brand new. The general color scheme is antique oak.

The car has an extraordinary length, being seventy-two feet long. For the immediate use of Mme. Patti there is first of all a drawing room, ample in size, which is also employed for meals. It holds a good sized centre table, lounges, easy chairs, cabinets, etc. Forward of this is Madame's bedroom, which holds not berths, but a full three-quarter bed. Next to this is the baron's bedroom, almost as large. Beyond these is a music room, with a new Steinway, made especially to fit the car, and farther yet an observation room, almost entirely of glass. Outside of this there is a small room for Mrs. Baird, Patti's English companion, and berths for Caroline, the factotum, and also for the maid and for Baron Cederstrom's valet.

But this is not all. There are three important people in the car besides the steward, the cook, and the waiter. Mme. Patti had thought of bringing over her chef from Craig y Nos, but she sensibly refrained, and concluded that a cook accustomed to work on wheels would prove much more serviceable, and so it has turned out. The order was simply communicated to the Pullman Company to send along the best cook and the best steward they had.

Every morning Mrs. Baird makes out the menu of the day, and the steward has to procure the materials if he breaks his neck doing it. The rest remains with the chef. The dinners are not only very good, but very agreeable, and consist of soup, fish, an entree, a roast, dessert, cheese and coffee. It is generally supposed that Patti is a bird-like eater. Far from it. She is, in fact, a very generous liver. For one thing, she is inordinately fond of macaroni cooked in the old Italian style. She likes her champagne, too, and drinks a brand of her own choice that tastes like vinegar, it is so dry.

These facts percolate through members of the company. The baron is very hospitable and if one or two of them find business of importance to talk to him about in the neighbor-

Adelina Patti Awheel

No Queen Ever Travelled in Such Elegance and Comfort as Does the Diva on Her Present Tour of Canada and the States.

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hood of dinner time, almost invariably he asks them to join Mme. Patti and himself. Thus, as a rule, five or six sit down to dinner, for Mrs. Baird is there, of course, and very often Signor Sapio, the musical conductor.

One of the subsidiary conditions of the Patti contract is that a suite of five rooms, not higher up than one flight, shall be taken at the best hotel in each town for her use. That is all right, but in addition an equal number of rooms must be taken on the flight above, and directly over her, so that Madame shall at no time be disturbed, for she likes to remain very late in bed. This is all right, too, but it is not alone very expensive but sometimes very hard to get. Good hotels don't always have ten rooms vacant in the choicest part of the house, and other people object to be inconvenienced by being asked to move out for a time from their chosen domiciles.

And then again, Madame will not start on a journey before 12 nor after 6. Now, most railroads run their best trains at hours that are precisely the reverse of these, and it is a good deal of an added expense to hire special trains, where her private car and the company's Pullman can just as easily be coupled on to a regular train.

But on revanche Mme. Patti repays in many ways all the solicitude that may be lavished upon her. She is not one of your dangerous prima donnas, who keep a manager's heart in his mouth all the time, through the fear of sudden indispositions and the loss of an occasional ten or twelve thousand dollar house. Some people say it is because she is too anxious to get her own stipend. Suppose it is. Why not?

So satisfied has Mme. Patti become with her present life that she calls the "Craig y Nos" her American home. She is endeavoring at present to devise a plan by which she can cut out the hotels altogether, and live permanently aboard her car, where she is under no restrictions, and can do precisely as she pleases. The objection in the East in crowded cities where the car was shunted in the yards, where the noises were dreadful. Out West, where they have more room, they have promised to fix her satisfactorily in this respect. Hotels then will see her no more. As it is, she is afraid of the constant change of food, and she eats in hotels with nothing like the appetite she does on board her dearly beloved car.

To make hotels altogether unnecessary, Patti recently has asked her managers to supply her with an extra and private baggage car. The principal use of a hotel is that the ever-faithful Caroline may go ahead, open all the trunks and spread out all the dresses for the diva's inspection. Most of these she has never set eyes on. She then chooses the dress she will wear at the concert in the particular city at which she is staying.

But all this could be done much better in a baggage car en route. The trunks would then remain for the entire trip in their places, and never by any chance be disturbed. At any time, while they were journeying, that the fancy seized her to go over

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Fine broadcloth in a matinee shade with a fancy brooch trimming laid over velvet, composes a novel syndicate coat. The shoulder seam is carried half way down the arm, where a very full puff is shired on, meeting an upturned flaring cuff of the brooch, with a plain band cloth at the wrist. Both back and fronts are plain and full, no attempt being made to outline the figure. Handsome metal buttons make a decorative fastening.

A PROBLEM IN GRAFT

Speaking about graft, what would you do about this case?

A young man named Clark is the purchasing agent for a large corporation. Recently, he has been making contracts for the winter's supply of coal. The contract is a large one, the corporation in question using some 500 tons a month.

Some half a dozen firms of coal dealers have been trying to get the contract. After a week's figuring all but two of the firms in question have been eliminated from the deal, the rivalry between them being extremely close.

The other day when Mr. Clark reached his home on the west side his wife said: "John, I didn't know you were going to have the coal put in to-day."

"Neither did I," answered the astonished Clark.

"Well, there was 10 tons put in this afternoon. I asked the driver, and he said all he knew about it was he was told to deliver the coal at Mr. John Clark's residence. There was nothing to pay, he said."

When Clark got down to his office, the next day he found the representative of both the rival coal companies waiting to see him. Clark was pretty mad. He called in one of the coal salesmen and said: "Did you send that coal out to my house yesterday?"

The coal salesman looked at Clark and saw the righteous indignation in his eyes.

"Why, no, of course not," he said, with virtuous wrath; "we don't do business that way."

Then Clark talked in the other coal man, and he also hotly denied that he could be guilty of such an outrage. Mrs. Clark says there was no name pointed on the wagons which delivered the coal; at least she did not notice any.

Now, what is Clark to do about it?—Chicago Tribune.

TALE IS NOT POLITE

A clown had a bulldog over whom he smothered a lot of past and then covered him from head to foot with feathers. It made a very funny-looking fellow of the dog and everybody went to the circus to see him.

They sold many pictures of themselves, and when the people put the money on the stage the clown would pick it up and keep it to buy food for them both and pay their board.

"Why should the clown take the money?" said the dog to himself. "I am the show and I should have all the money I make."

So he bit the clown on the leg and sent him home howling with pain.

Then the dog waited for people to come and buy his pictures. They came and took his pictures, but instead of paying for them, left the show without giving any money.

The dog barked at them but his chain was so short that he could not bite them, and they simply laughed at him.

While the dog was pondering on his hard lot the clown came back with a club and cracked him over the head. The next day there was another dog in the show.

THE FIRST SNOW

The wind dies low,
The night falls still;
A world of snow
Spreads white and chill.

But all's not dead—
Yon cabin's glow
Reveals a world
Unchilled by snow.

There comfort reigns,
There's life and mirth;
Gray winter fogs
A glowing hearth.



Large black velvet "picture" hat, with medium crown, broad brim and deep band; a fluffy white plume encircles the crown, pierces the brim and falls on the hat underneath. Two black plumes are arranged at the back. Model imported by Simpson-Crawford Co., New York.



The fashionable cape effect has appeared on the newest shirt waist and is one that will meet with acceptance from the smart girl. In the butcher linen model pictured, the collar tabs are repeated down the front, pearl buttons fastening them down. A cuff also shows a novel design in the deep Van Dyke points, and altogether this very recent model will speedily be appropriated by the exclusive dresser.