

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1903.

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

CANOEING ON THE RIVER

This Popular Branch of Athleticism will have a Re-Awakening in the Maple City this Year—A Few Pointers.

Chatham has ever been known as an athletic city and her citizens have always taken an interest in and given hearty and whole-souled support to anything which tended to develop the physical and moral condition of her young men along the lines of athletic and manly sport.

Her athletics in the past have made themselves famous in the eyes of the public, and the young members of the present athletic associations are working successfully to keep up to the standards set by their predecessors. People still talk of the olden times when Chatham had such men as "Mac" Macaulay, "Duff" Robertson, and Joe Northwood on her lacrosse team, and the admirers of that popular game, football, never tire of telling how the local team, under the captaincy of F. D. Laurie, carried off the trophy of the Peninsular League. Cricket also flourished in the past, and Tecumseh Park has been the scene of many a hard fought battle, and well earned victory.

These are incidents which are recalled with many pleasant memories by some of the citizens, but the days of achievement are not passed. The different athletic teams who will uphold the honor of Chatham's sports during the coming season are composed of young men equally as sturdy and athletic as those of the past—in fact Chatham, instead of going behind in this particular, is progressing rapidly. The football team, under Captain Sissons, looks very promising this year, while no one doubts the popular belief that the lacrosse team under Captain Wilson, the champions of last season, will again carry off the Gray cup in the Kent County league series. Cricket, baseball and other popular games, it is understood, will be taken up again with renewed interest and everything points towards a grand awakening of sport in the city this summer.

There is one branch of the city's athletics, however, which has, during the past few years, been sadly overlooked and neglected. That is aquatic sports. There is no place in Ontario where a better opportunity is afforded to amateur sportsmen than in Chatham. Visitors to the city have, upon several occasions, commented upon our splendid river with its beautiful scenery and magnificent opportunities for paddling and rowing.

It is true that a few of our Maple City young men have, during the past few years, taken advantage of the river and a canoe to develop muscular strength and, more often perhaps, amorous inclinations, but it is safe to say that this branch of athletics—the development of muscular strength—has not been followed up as it should be.

This year, however, the prospects are that a lively boating club will be established in the city. Among the young men who are contemplating membership are W. A. Collett, Garfield Northway, W. Stevens, W. Foreman, Jr., Mr. Hopkirk, W. Brackin, J. Fitzsimmons, H. Dennis, Mr.

Lowe, W. Elliott, W. Hartick, Harry O'Keefe, A. W. Grant and there are no doubt many others who will join in when the season opens, so that during the long summer evenings the romantic picture of several canoes being paddled up and down the river will be a common thing in Chatham. Yachting should also become popular on the river, while there is no better place for running a naphtha. These, however, will all follow if a good energetic canoeing club is established.

The club should go even farther than canoeing for pleasure. Why not hold a regatta during the summer when races could be held. This is not an entirely new idea, as regattas at one time were very popular and warmly supported in Chatham. In 1881 and 1882 Chatham was the scene of tournaments in which Chathamites were not the only people interested. It was a grand day for Chatham when W. B. Wells won from Aeneas Jarvis, of Toronto, the single amateur championship of Canada. Another famous race was that of Hanlon and O'Connor against W. B. Wells and Harry Ball. McKendrick Bros. champions of America, were also here at one time.

There is no reason why this old enthusiasm in aquatic sports should not be revived. The Planet would suggest that a regatta be held by the new club on the first of July. This would give the club a good start-off and afford a day of pleasure for those who would patronize them. Several races could be held, such as tilting race, topsy turvy race, single men's race, tandem races, gentlemen and ladies' races, etc. Skiff races could also be held. As there is at present no other celebration under consideration for the first of July this would seem a very popular suggestion.

If this proposed canoeing club receives the support it undoubtedly deserves, arrangements could, in all probability, be made so that it would be managed in connection with the contemplated bungalow building on the Park.

PICNIC DAYS

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The well-filled baskets stand;
Containing chicken, pies and things—
The work of Bridget's hand,
And way off in the distance there's
A blaring country band.

Dick battles with a bumble bee,
And Bob, with youthful zest,
Falls from the lofty chestnut tree,
And papa and the rest
Proceed to eat the lunch upon
A yellow jacket's nest!

The gentle rainstorm rolls around,
And when the day is late
They homeward wend their weary ways.

And turn inside the gate,
And lie in bed and wonder just
How many ants they ate.
— Indianapolis Sun.

"My love for you," he wrote, "is so deep, so vast, so powerful, I cannot express it." "Why don't you send it by freight," she wrote back. And then it was all off.

THE TARTAR QUEUE

Herbert Allen Giles, in "Canda and the Chinese," says that there are strange misconceptions as to the meaning of the Chinese queue, which has really been worn by that nation for only about two hundred and fifty years. It was imposed by the Manchu Tartars, the present rulers of China, as a badge of conquest. Previous to 1644 the Chinese clothed themselves and dressed their hair like the modern Japanese; that is, like the Japanese who still wear what is incorrectly known as the "beautiful native dress of Japan." As a matter of fact, the Japanese borrowed their dress, as well as their literature, philosophy and early art, from the Chinese. The Japanese dress is that of the Ming period in China, 1386 to 1644.

But where did the Manchu Tartars get the queue? They depended, as a race, almost for their existence upon the horse. The accepted theory is that, out of gratitude and respect for his noble ally, the Tartar, so far as he could, took on himself the equine form, and grew a queue in imitation of a horse's tail. This somewhat grotesque theory might fall to the ground, save that it is supported by striking evidence. Official coats, as seen in China at the present day, are made with peculiar sleeves, shaped like a horse's leg, and ending in an unmistakable hoof, covering the hand, which are known as "horse-shoe sleeves." Encased therein, a Chinaman's arms look much like a horse's fore legs. The tail completes the picture.

All that is real in life is our sense of its finality.

The better you are the better you ought to be, especially in charity to those who are without any protecting influence of good.

CAN HOLD GIFTS

A husband may give presents to his wife when perfectly solvent, and the presents are not liable to seizure for the subsequent debts of the husband. They are the wife's "very own," so Mr. Justice Street and Mr. Justice Britton decided on March 21, at Osgoode Hall, in the case of Shuttleworth against McGillivray. Between the years 1895 and 1898 the defendant husband purchased certain pictures and gave them to his wife, who hung them beneath the family roof-tree. He subsequently got in financial difficulties and the pictures were seized by the sheriff of the County of Middlesex in the present suit for an unsatisfied judgment. The wife naturally claimed the pictures that were given to her in happier days, but the judge of the First Division Court, in the County of Middlesex decreed that the wife's pictures so received were liable for the husband's debts.

The Divisional Court held, however, on appeal by the wife, that the law that a married woman could not receive and hold property as well as real estate by direct gift or transfer from her husband was done away with. The pictures were her property, although the house was occupied by her husband and herself. This was the law, so the Divisional Court laid down, except such a gift was made for the purpose of defeating the husband's creditors. Mrs. Shuttleworth therefore owns the pictures.

Men dislike being reminded of their early love episodes.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.

Speaking of troubled waters, there are some men who don't trouble water much nor let water trouble them.

THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE

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

A melancholy affair occurred about eight miles from Louisville, on Saturday morning, Oct. 15. A man named G. A. Martin had been teaching school there and was engaged to Miss E. Shaw, also a teacher, whose parents live there. Afterwards he concluded not to marry her, and, to screen himself from the consequences, presented a paper to her for signature, in which she was charged with having exercised the grossest improprieties towards his person. She, of course, refused to sign it. Martin and a brother of Miss Shaw then got into a fight on the road. Shaw drew a pistol, which Martin attempted to wrench from him, and it went off accidentally, the ball entering in front, near the shoulder, and lodging in the back. Miss Shaw, unconscious that Martin was wounded, then jumped the fence, walked up to Martin, and shot him in the side. He died in about 15 minutes, though it was thought that the first wound would have caused his death.

The November 4th and 11th issues contain a schedule of lands in the County of Kent which are in arrears for taxes, showing the amount due thereon up to the first day of January, 1853.

The marriage is recorded of Edwin Owen to Miss Jane Dunlop, both of Dover. Rev. A. McColl performed the ceremony.

Another marriage in the November 18 issue is that of John McEachern to Miss Agnes Lowrie by Rev. John Fraser.

Henry, the youngest son of W. D. Eberts, died Nov. 18.

In the list of cases at the Fall Assizes, for 1853, are recorded cases, between J. Broadbent and Mary Broadbent; H. Waters and M. Clancy, Johnson and McGregor, Vosburg and Waddell, Scane and Hartwick. The criminal list included, John Smith, for horse stealing, three years. Henry Vidal, charged with committing a felony. This prisoner was found guilty of an offence which the law does not allow to be named among Christians, and sentenced to be hanged on the eighth day of December next. The jury recommended him to mercy on account of his youth and inferior intellect.

George Kerby, son of Aaron Kerby, of Zone Mills, while at work on a bridge at Cee's ferry, across the River Thames, on Monday last missed his hold and fell from the bridge, a distance of 20 feet, striking on his head on the bottom of a scow used in the construction of the bridge. He was picked up unconscious and lingered until Wednesday, when he died.

On good authority, The Planet bears on Nov. 25 that a branch of the Bank of Montreal is to be established here.

A meeting of the members of St. Andrew's Society was held on Tuesday, Nov. 22, electing the following officers:—
President—A. R. Robertson, M. D.
Vice-Presidents—A. McKellar and Matthew Craig
Managers—Geo. Turnbull, Thos. Davison, Miles Miller, W. McEwen, John Cameron, Dugald McNaughton, W. P. McDonald, A. Currie and John McEwen.

Chaplains—Rev. John Robb and Rev. A. McColl.
Treas.—Dugald McNaughton.
Secretaries—A. McCorkindale and D. Sinclair.
A standing committee included W. M. Ross.

The City Mills, at the corner of Colborne and Adelaide streets, are in operation under the proprietorship of Baxter, Brown & Co.

The Mermaid was sunk with cargo in the Thames. The Mermaid belonged to John Waddell. She was afterwards raised.

The post office is established at Oungah, November 30th. The postmaster appointed was Stephen Kenney.

The St. Andrew's Society holds its first festival with over a hundred present, on November 30th.

Note.—The Hamilton Spectator is devoting a department to extracts from the Spectator of 35 years ago. In its issue of yesterday the Spectator says:—

"In the issue of thirty-five years ago to-day is reproduced, an article from The Chatham Planet, giving an account of an elopement, in which Stephen Kenny, of that place, a magistrate, county councillor, postmaster and tavern keeper, and Mrs. Keeler, wife of a respectable farmer of that district, were the two persons involved. The man of many occupations and his eloping partner took \$800 of the wronged husband's money."

HELPED OUT

She helped him out; she was most kind
And knew the poor youth could not find
Words his ideas to express
Because of his sad bashfulness
And some deficiencies of mind.

He really thought she was inclined
To him, but vanity is blind;
Because she pitied his distress
She helped him out.

But when he showed that he designed
In matrimonial chains to bind
The maiden who then liked him less,
And scolded her with a fond caress,
Her father, coming up behind,
Just helped him out.

The Jews of Palestine are entirely descended from the Jews who returned to that land from Europe. Most of them speak a corrupt form of the German language.



A becoming Straw Hat of Ecru Straw, trimmed with Shaded Blue, Gold and Scarlet Ribbon and Soft White Quill. A Capelet of Ecru Chiffon and White Ruching accompanies the hat.

JOE ON ATHLETICISM

What He Thinks About the Various Maple City Clubs and Their Players—What He Could Do.

"Quick there now. Shoot! Hot stuff. That's the way to bore 'em through."

The football boys were out on Tecumseh Park hard at work in practice. Joe was over at the side issuing command and counsel in his high semi-falsetto double-forte voice with a fine disregard to the rights of manager or captain.

"Botten," he shrieked as some unfortunate misjudged the ball, "don't be a dub all your life. Get in the game. Bug up. Send 'em in for keeps."

"You evidently take a keen interest in athletics, Joe," tapping the excited young onlooker on the arm. "Good game—if it's played right. Hoo-ray!" and Joe's cap went skyward as the ball shot between the posts.

"All games is good—especially football, baseball and lacrosse," croaked Joe. He was husky from his vocal exertions at the players. "They fetches a feller if the guys what plays 'em delivers the goods. But cricket don't count for much. A lot of old guys who ain't much good for anything else goes in for cricket and gets crankier the longer they plays it. And fellers comes over to watch 'em on a hot day, so's to get a 'souse to have a snooze under the trees."

"I once heard a man say cricket was a gentleman's game. Ise always been skittish of fellers calling

themselves gents ever since. Cricket is a cranks game, I guess, but it can't get all the cranks while they keep a-runnin' a tennis club. Tennis is like cricket—only worse. If a guy comes in for a shine what is sore with himself and on the whole business, I allus chalks him up as a tennis player. And I wins on my guess."

"Football ain't a bad game if it weren't for the guys what play it. They ain't swift to their business. You can't play football and practice lyin' on feather beds all day to get in shape. That's where some of our fellers fall down heavy."

"Lacrosse is a keen article. I used to wonder why the fellers didn't used to stay the clip round here till I went out one night after hours. Ise had a 'guess comin' ever since. I seed a lot of our fellers playing lacrosse with telegraph poles and bayin' to the moon wid throaty tenor voices."

"Baseball is hot stuff but I ain't seen none of it burnin' round here lately. I kinder think the kids can skin 'em at baseball."

"Games is all good for fellers and the people what looks on and I guesses things looks pretty good this season."

"Why don't you play some of the games yourself, Joe?" the young philosopher was asked.

"Cause I don't want to show the rest of 'em up. Hi, there. Shoot! That's gettin' 'em, eh boss?"



Hat of Black Panné Velvet, faced with White Silk. The brim is very wide at the front and sides, and narrow at the back, where a Black Ostrich Plume falls gracefully over the hair.



The Elegant Touque is of Russia Sable, trimming of Velvet, Grapes and Leaves in rich golden shades; a tail of Sable falls over the hair at the back.