

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1905

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

Among The Trees

A Splendid Article on the Willow Contributed to 'Birds in Nature' by Mrs. Will Singer, the Maple City Author.

It was one of those warm, delightful days, when Nature seemed to beckon and to lure her lovers into field and wood; to leave behind the city with its noise and bustle, its din and strife, its greed and gain and come out into God's world; to listen to His little choristers, to look up into the blue dome of His vast cathedral frescoed with beautiful clouds, and be refreshed and strengthened.

Mabel could no longer resist the impulse to toss aside her sewing, and yielding, she took a broad-rimmed hat and crossing the lawn followed a little by-path to the river, where she stepped into a canoe and was soon afloat on the broad bosom of the stream. How pretty the banks looked with their great masses of foliage brightened by festoons of wild cucumber vines! She thoroughly enjoyed the scene as she made her way down stream, each bend in the river opening out like a panorama before her, appreciative eyes as she drifted idly, or glided swiftly, playing her paddle as deftly and softly as any Indian maiden. Just ahead, where a great mass of foliage dropped over until it touched the water, she noticed a small opening between the branches. Curiosity prompted her to steer her canoe into this opening, and an exclamation of delight escaped her lips, as she found herself in a perfect little arbor where pinewoods darted hither and thither in the shallow water.

"What a perfect little arbor! How pretty those gray-green pinewoods look! What a soft mellow light there is in here; I think I'll make myself comfortable and enjoy the novelty of this summer house," thought Mabel, as she placed a cushion under her head and looked upward. A slight breeze was stirring; just rippling the water and playing with the willow leaves, making a musical murmur like the sweet warbling of some feathered songster. "How would you like to have me talk to you?" Mabel thought she heard the Willow Tree say.

"Oh I would be delighted, especially if you have any new legends in connection with your family."

"Legends! To be sure we have; have you never heard of any Mabel called the Willow Tree?"

"Oh, how silly of me!" said Mabel, as she clapped her hands in delight. "I remember well one of the greatest charms about my grandmother's kitchen was her set of beautiful blue and white dishes of the willow pattern. How would you like to look in the early twilight of those long, delightful winter evenings! I think I would find the immense fireplace with its and east flickering lights and adorns in the gathering darkness. The great dresser stood opposite, and through its glass doors, arranged in neat rows—every plate and tureen on its edge—could be seen this wonderful set of dishes given grandmother by her mother on the day that she was married. How often I have sat in the chimney corner and watched the lights dance over those dishes, as grandmother would tell of their early home in that log house on the edge of the woods, when grandfather would tell trees day and at night they would shake the brush burning through the smoke between the logs. But do tell me the legend, Willow Tree. But do tell me the legend, Willow Tree."

"I suppose you have forgotten the pattern! If you had one of those old plates here you could understand it much better."

"Never mind; I have one at home which dear grandmother gave me as a keepsake," she stated on a little bracket in my room. "Tell me the legend, for I have never heard it; and when I go home I'll look at the plate and fix it more thoroughly in my mind."

"The legend is a very romantic one. Tradition has it that a wealthy mandarin in China had a lovely and only daughter named Lich, who fell in love with a man named Chang. This young man who had been her father's secretary, lived on a highly cultivated island much of which had been reclaimed from the water. Here he had built himself a cottage and hoped some day to bring to it his bride, the beautiful daughter of the mandarin. This island and also the fine grounds of the mandarin were bordered with willows. One day the father heard the two exchanging vows of love beneath an orange tree which grew on his estate and he sternly forbade the unequal match; but the lovers contrived to elope and by concealed for a time in the garden's cottage, from which they made their escape in a boat to the young lover's island home. The engaged father pursued them with a ship and would have beaten them to death had not the gods rewarded their fidelity by changing them into willow trees. It is called the 'willow pattern' not only because it is a tale of disastrous love, but because the elopement occurred when the willow trees which bordered their homes began to shed their leaves."

"I think that is rather sad. If I been the gods I would have made the old father into a willow and had the maiden and her

HIS GREAT LUCK

Insurance Commissioner R. E. Folk, of Tennessee, was talking the other day about the humor of the insurance business.

"It is a ghastly humor," he said, "because it hinges on death. Nevertheless, there is a great deal of it. Every insurance agent has some odd and new story to relate."

"One agent told me yesterday how he had met that morning a friend in a feeble condition, his face pallid, his eyes dull and his figure shrunken."

"What is the matter with you, Herbert?" the agent said.

"I'm in luck," Herbert answered. "My boy, I'm in great luck."

"How so?" asked the agent.

"Why," said the other, "your company's medical examiner passed me only two months ago, and now my doctor tells me I have an incurable disease. How is that for luck?"

NOT LIKELY

Not long ago a man was charged with shooting a number of pigeons, the property of a farmer.

In giving his evidence the farmer was exceedingly careful, even nervous, and the solicitor for the defense endeavored to frighten him.

"Now," he remarked, "are you prepared to swear that this man shot your pigeons?"

"I didn't say he did shoot 'em," was the reply. "I said I suspected him of doing it."

"Ah, now we're coming to it. What made you suspect that man?"

"Well, firstly, I caught him on my land with a gun. Secondly, I heard a gun go off and saw some pigeons fall. Thirdly, I found four of my pigeons in his pocket—and I don't think them birds flew there an' committed suicide."

Frenzied Freighting

F. W. Tobey of Meota, Writes The Planet Another Story of Amalgamated—A New View of the Great West.

Dear Planet,—If you think that this heading will cause too great a rush for your paper then change it. I do not wish to mislead the public so I'll at once explain why I used this heading. I do not wish to induce the public to read my letter and towards the end discover that it is a patent climate advertisement, nor do I wish to be accused of plagiarism either.

My brother Roy has asked me in two letters to write an account of my trip to Saskatchewan. This I intended to do before this but it was so late when I got home with my loads that I wanted to sleep and did so. However, now that the sleighing is completely gone and I am working at home I can find time to do so. I call my story Frenzied Freighting because I started on a 220 mile trip with oxen and wagon on the 18th of December when there was some snow on the ground but not enough for sleighing. It is a story of amalgamation because home-coming is an amalgamation of anything and everything you can find to do for the first three years in my case it is an amalgamation of farming, freighting and fishing. I hope this explanation justifies me in heading my letter as I have, and for the benefit of you unsophisticated easterners I'll do as Thomas Lawson does, explain some of the western terms I use that you may better understand my meaning.

Friday, December 16, was an ideal day. Five bells saw me up and doing. The tent was brought up from the fish hole on the ice, the wagon backed to the great pile of fish. A temporary hay rack was made to fit inside the box; then the fish were handed to Mrs. Tobey two at a time and she laid them out in rows so as to economize space. This done, an old piece of fish net was stretched around the uprights to hold the hay in better. Forkful after forkful were thrown up and packed in. The tent, chuck box—lunch basket—bedding, lantern, etc., were stowed away. The oxen, straddled the tongue of the cowhide—Donkbois harnesses—were thrown on and all was ready. A very affectionate good-bye was bid my wife and little one and then I hit the trail—or started on my journey.

I had invested in Chatham's Manufacturing Co. stock, and was figuring that it would reach Saskatoon and back with my loads that I would break even at last. Had I waited for a sure thing in Bain's sleighs, Saskatoon would have been flooded with fish and I would not have been able to sell my own stock, namely, Jack Fish Lake fish, except at a great sacrifice. At the P. O. I met my partner, Buffalo Bill Graves, from Montana. He had four horses, but being small they did not represent much and more horse power was needed. The tent was water-proofed at 1.30 we left the store, water-proofed our stock at the bridge, and just to give superstitious people another reason for believing Friday an unlucky day we left Will's next ax on the ice and drove on. Knowing it would be a difficult matter to find way for our stock for some miles along that trail we stopped at the first house, about eight miles from the P. O. As we drove up to the house out popped a lively little woman capable of saying more in two minutes than an expert lawyer could say in six and I'll warrant you that you could hear every word she said three hundred yards away. This is not an hyperbole but plain facts.

"Good evening, Mrs. Anderson."

"Good evening, a lovely day; well now, haven't we had a lovely fall. This beauty Michigan! all to spots. Why this is simply grand; never saw the like before, etc." Finally I got a chance to speak.

"Yes, indeed, it's all right, but could we water our stock?"

"Oh, indeed, my dear man, there is no drop of water within four miles of here. Dan is away digging a new well now about three-quarters of a mile away for our use. You know Dan, don't you? Everyone knows Dan. Why gracious sakes alive we have driven three miles to a sleigh, out ice, and brought it home and melted it for ourselves and stock. It's a perfect nuisance. I do wish some one would bring a drilling outfit in here. It just keeps me going from morn till night melting ice and snow. You have fish, haven't you? Dan has been going to get some fish from Mr. Delorem for some time but he hasn't got them yet, and do you know my little girl here is just crazy for a white fish. If Dan was here I would surely buy some. How much would you charge for one for Violet? The poor little dear is just crazy for a fish. Would you sell me one, etc."

"Oh, if it is for that little tot I'll gladly give her one, for I am fond of children."

"Oh, how you ever so much. Now she'll remember that a look time. It's very nice of you. You live at Jack Fish, don't you? You're an old settler—I was tanned as she took me for a half breed—aren't you? It must be nice to live near the lake and have all the fish you want and no bother for water. You know Isabella Morrison, don't you? How

about the rumors that are abroad about her going to get married to Mr. Petrie. Or probably you're Mr. Petrie yourself.

"Oh no, I am a married man and have a little girl a year old next Tuesday. Miss Morrison is to be married on the 14th of January I understand, but I'll have to move on now."

"You don't say so. Well I would never have thought you were married. You don't look more than 22. You must have been married very young. But it's better for a young man to marry and settle down, isn't it? I've been married seven years and just have one little girl. She is three years old. I'm rather glad Isabella is going to be married as she is getting to be more than a maid. I hear her husband has lived rather gay and drinks a lot. Do you know anything about that?"

"Well, he did, but he has not touched a drop for over a year now and I think he has quit for good, but I'll have to say good evening and start on, as Mr. Graves is getting anxious I see."

"Well, I'm so glad you called in any way and I'm sorry we couldn't let you have water. That fish will please Viola so much—"

"Come on, Fred, come on," shouted Buffalo Bill as he started off on the wrong trail.

And I got back on my wagon. "That is the wrong trail back to the main one, isn't it?"

"Gracious sakes alive yes," she shouted still louder. "Why my good man, I'll take you to Dan's brother's place, then to his mother's place and then nowhere. Why cross that plowing and go out north-west. You'll come to Roger's next. They have water but are peculiar people and I don't think they will let you water there as they haven't much in their well, and the next place is Nolan's, fully four miles off, and it's nearly dark now, too, etc."

"Good evening, Mrs. Anderson, and thank you for your information."

"Good evening, etc., etc. She no doubt is talking yet, for I could still hear her for a long time after, and even above the rattling of the wheels. We had no intention of insulting Mrs. Anderson, but we had 210 miles yet before us. We drove on about two miles and then pulled in beside a bluff to pitch camp. The gearing was so good, the oxen tethered, horses blanketed, and all fed. It was now we discovered that we had no axe. However, in this country if you haven't an axe you use an axe handle and everything moves on just the same. Fortunately we found a large pile of brush near our camping grounds and so had little trouble.

As soon as the fire was warm we took down our lunch boxes—two good sized dry goods boxes—dug out a chunk of beefsteak, some lard, etc., and fried it nice and brown. The butter was somewhat hard, consequently it went fast.

"Have some more sirloin, my dear Alphonso!"

"With pleasure, my dear Gaston."

No, there was not so much ceremony as that.

"Dig it over, Fred, and help yourself; we'll eat your sliced hog in a minute; we haven't much time to wait at dinner."

"Don't worry about me, Mr. Graves, for you'll soon be saying, 'Dig out, there, Fred, I haven't a word to say to you.'"

"Say that brown gravy certainly makes good sopping, doesn't it?"

"You're right it does. Talk about living high, but we certainly are here—beefsteak, bread and butter, syrup, tea and cookies."

"Well, I guess we are; and think of that Christmas cake your woman has made for us, too. Tut, tut, well, kill it on Christmas, and that roasted chicken, too."

"Now, gentle readers, it was not 'service a la carte,' but simply 'a la wagon,' and I was surprised to find my mind, but I'll warrant you that we both took more genuine pleasure and got more real good out of those plain victuals than if there had been Nabisco sugar wafers, etc. We were living in the open air, and if anything will give you a good healthy appetite, the air of the N. W. T. will."

Lunch over, we put the grub and dishes back into the boxes—without washing them—and then got ready to roll in. We threw up our bell, or tent, and spiked it down with six-inch spikes in place of pegs. As it was one of the returned South African heroes it was pretty well torn up. The curtain around the bottom did not quite reach the ground in places. Knowing that it was not healthy to sleep in too close a room, we used these deficiencies for ventilation. We soon had the tent, some hay laid down and covered with fine layers of heavy quilts for a mattress. To cover us we used a heavy, double woolen blanket, two comforters, a very heavy quilt and our overcoats. Now I'll tell you this, it was chilly, but I'll tell you this, it was cozy, and nearly smothered when in bed and had to toss the top quilt off in the middle of the night. Having no watch we had to guess as to the

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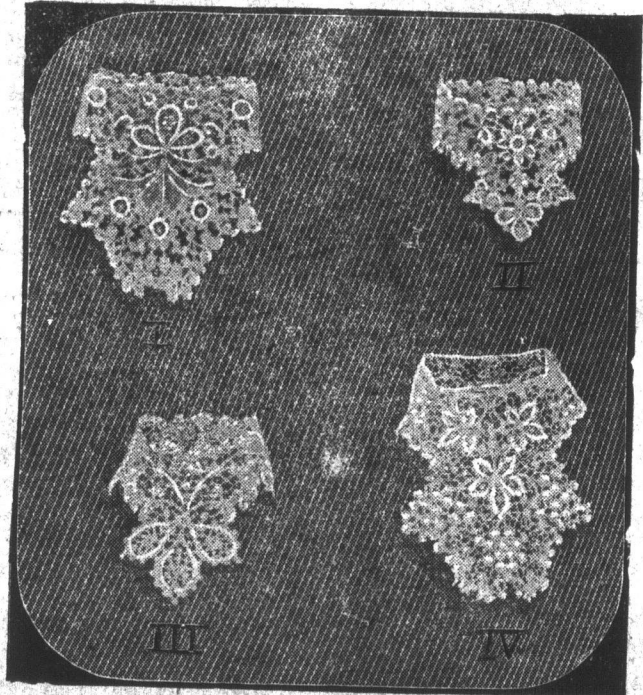
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Continued on Page Twelve.



These smart neck pieces are made of lace, and can be worn with any shirtwaist, though the lace used for the original design is expensive, each model can be duplicated in cheaper material and given a few decorative touches of fancy stitches to add to their becomingness.

1. Stock of lace combined with net.
2. This dainty bit of neckwear can be reproduced in less expensive lace and its beauty enhanced with tiny beads of steel or jet.
3. Scallop lace collar of pretty design, with the pattern outlined with silk threads.
4. The opportunity for a combination of laces is shown in this design. With the deep cream applique, little circles of Mexican work are woven with pleasing effect.

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 (vols. from Aug. 10, 1861, to Aug. 27, 1861).

The following is the scale of wages paid to volunteers by the United States Government:

Ordinance Serg., \$26 per month.
Sergt-Major, \$25 per month.
Quartermaster Sergt., \$25 per month.
Fire Sergt., \$24 per month.
Sergt., \$21 per month.
Artificer, \$19 per month.
Corporal, \$17 per month.
Private, \$15 per month.

The rations are computed at \$9 a month and the clothing at \$3, or \$36 a year. When in actual service the soldier does not require the whole of his rations or clothing and all that he does not take he receives the cash for. The annual pay of a private is now about \$324, with the prospect of a suitable reward at the close of the war.

A special meeting of the town council was held on August 13th to take into consideration the propriety of granting the county council sufficient land in a desirable locality on which to erect a registry office and other county offices.

A meeting of the county council was held with the following present, Warden James Smith and Councillors Gueloworth, Call, Coutts, Evans, Green, Higgins, Houston, Laird, McIntyre, Ridley, White and Young.

A meeting of the township of Chatham council was held at Wallaceburg with the following present, Reeve James Houston, Deputy Reeve L. E. Johnson and Councillors Martin and Sanderson.

Mr. Sanderson moved the reading of a by-law to establish a road through the centre of lot 23, 2nd concession, North Gore. The by-law was read accordingly.

On Wednesday, The 15th, Mr. John

Duff, brother of Mr. R. Duff, town councillor, met with a serious accident by which he lost a thumb and two fingers. His hand was struck against a circular saw in VanAllen's mill. Drs. Askin and Cross dressed the injury.

The board of common school trustees for the town of Chatham met on Tuesday evening, the 13th inst., all the members being present. After some preliminary business tenders for the erection of a school house in Chatham North were opened, seven in number, when upon motion, duly seconded, the tender of Mr. Wm. Oldershaw was accepted, it being the lowest. The sureties, Dr. A. E. Robertson and Mr. Duncan McColl, of the tender was \$750.00, the building to be ready for occupation by the 1st of November next.

In the town council proceedings appeared the following:

"It was moved by Mr. Higgins, seconded by Mr. Evans, and resolved that this council do hereby approve of and confirm the sale of said lot No. 1 in block 50 of the school lands at \$10, to the municipal corporation of the county of Kent for the purpose of erecting thereon a registry and other public offices, and for no other purposes. The lot is on the corner of Wellington and Centre streets."

Yellow fever has made serious havoc in the West India fleet of Great Britain. On board the Firebrand 38 deaths occurred between the 6th and 10th of June.

The following were the Chatham family markets:

Chickens, per pair, 16c to 30c.
Mutton, per lb., 4c to 5c.
Beef, per lb., 4c to 5c.
Butter, per lb., 9c to 12c.
Eggs, per doz., 8c to 9c.

Continued on Page Ten.