

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

Letter From Germany

Mrs. E. J. McIntyre Writes Another Interesting Letter to The Planet—Describes the Appearance of the Emperor in Public.

According to the natural order of events, the editor will observe that the reader, after paying a visit to a coal yard, should have first witnessed his birthday celebrations. Upon such an ignominious descent, however, as that from a castle to a coal yard, a kindly nature would not allow the writer to insist. The ascent, perhaps, will graciously make, but from upward trend, ah, may we all be wared from that!

What a beautiful morning greeted the sun rising upon the hoar-frost by a genuine winter night! sky is bright and clear, the air is crisp; just the sort of weather for a long day spent in the open, though we do not acknowledge supremacy of the German flag, here among the people over us it proudly waves, wisdom has us to find pleasure in every demonstration manifesting its strength. Therefore, we too, shall recall the glory of a gala day in and, the occasion being the coronation of the Emperor's birthday, of Belgium, the King of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, and many dukes and duchesses having honored Berlin with their presence at this time, and very much of interest, as a natural consequence, awaits the curious eyes of an observing foreigner. More or less we are all interested in royalty, many of us deeming it a great honor to be accorded the privilege of beholding the face of a succeeding or a reigning monarch, forgetting, poor foolish mortals that we are, it is not necessary to follow the gilded trappings of pageantry and power in order to delight our eyes with a truly royal sight.

Why do we not sometimes cast our eyes about us and let them rest for a moment upon the uncrowned king or queen upholding, in the unassuming ranks of humility, the banner of truth, honor and virtue so high above the heads of weak, wavering humanity, that even the royal homage of every crowned monarch would be an insufficient measure of the worship justly due? Why do we always show such weakness of disposition? Why will we not more frequently give honor to everyone to whom honor is due and by so doing show our appreciation and respect for modest yet true nobility, instead of so often leaving it to trace alone its virtuous footsteps upon life's care-shadowed highway? Let the inmost depths of each individual heart be searched for the answer; it lies not within the range of my knowledge. Ah, life is indeed a riddle hard to read, and the frailty of nature only increases the perplexity of a puzzled mind.

But, awaking from dreams to reality, we notice that everywhere decoration been the order of the day, and right royally has the city arrayed itself to greet not only its country's ruler, but also the distinguished visitors coming hither to personally offer him their time-honored congratulations. Beyond a doubt shall each noble guest have ample proof of the love, loyalty and respect issuing from the hearts of the German people for their deserving monarch.

Marble busts of the Emperor and the Empress, draped with the unit-folds of the German and Prussian flags, frequently can be seen in a window, reminding the nation that the impermanent, so graciously worn by the celebrating sovereign, once rested upon the shoulders of the much loved Frederick, as also upon those of a grand old Emperor, William I. Sprigs, emblematical of the strength, are twined here and there in the national devices as the imposing fronts of the same buildings, but, at the my-colored electric lamps play so prominent a part in the arrangement, these decorations, the artistic perfection of their radiant beauty cannot delight our admiring eyes until evening shadows bid the suppressed electrical forces to burst their bands and emit their sparkling lances. We shall, therefore, this night, give only slight attention to holiday attire of the rejoicing while wending our way to its active centre, in order to witness military manoeuvres of the regimental companies while on parade. The Brandenburg Thor, the famous gate leading into the Unter den Linden Strasse, is soon reached. This avenue is one of the most beautiful in the European continent, and is one of the most characteristic parts of modern Berlin. The double row of trees shading its central promenade gives the Linden its name, and stretches from the above mentioned to the Schloss Platz, where the castle occupied by the present Emperor during his residence in Berlin. Being noted for the unique historical fact connected with it, we will observe, before entering thoroughfare, the larger gate, whose towering

archways rest upon such gigantic granite pillars. Modelled after the Propylaea at Athens, this ancient entrance to the city was erected by Frederick William II, the latter part of his reign witnessing its completion. The central passage, ever guarded by a policeman, is reserved for royalty, no equippage except those dignified by such regal occupants being allowed to pass through its open portal. The two parallel carriage drives, however, are given over to the accommodation of the public vehicles, while upon either side of these is an elevated walk for the use of pedestrians. Upon the top of the structure stands the celebrated Chariot of Victory with its four impatient, prancing steeds. During the Napoleonic wars this was eagerly coveted by the French, who carried it off in exultant triumph to Paris, in the year 1807. Not long, however, were the successful marauders destined to remain the happy possessors of their hard-won treasure, for the German forces, rallying themselves together in the year 1814, succeeded, after a fierce struggle, in regaining possession of their long coveted allegorical emblem, and in eventually restoring it to its former ancient and honored place.

Passing within the gate, we find ourselves in a large square, called Pariser Platz, in commemoration of the German victories of 1814-15. The Linden owes its origin to this square, from which it issues, and here is to be found the old Palace of Count Redern. This is also one of the old landmarks of the 17th century, and has for companion buildings the Palace formerly occupied by Prince Blucher, the Officers' Casino and some of the foreign embassies, one of which is, naturally, the French. A short distance beyond are the handsome buildings containing the finely equipped offices of the Hamburg-American Line, and the North German Lloyd, respectively. A fine representation of the earth's surface, fills each extensive window; upon these gaily colored maps are to be seen beautiful, raised, miniature ships, by means of which the actual daily location of each navigating craft is designated. Of course, the exactness of the designation depends greatly upon Aeolus and Neptune, gods of the winds and the waves, in harmoniously blessing the onward course of the human-freighted vessels.

The great multitude of people thronging the wide thoroughfare renders our progress so difficult; we now find our whole attention must be directed towards reaching our objective point, where the greetings between the Kaiser and the faithful guardians of royalty take place. An extra force of policemen is on duty to-day for young Deutschland is very ubiquitous; especially is this the case, the Emperor has signified his intention of honoring the royal avenue with his presence. The ambitious juveniles demonstrate no exception to their usual method during the opportune festivities of these passing hours, and it often requires the close attention of countless vigilant eyes to keep youthful audacity in its proper place. Nevertheless, I must confess to a liberal measure of lawless sympathy, finding a place in my heart this morning, for I am much interested in the success of the rebels. A strong desire to become one myself often possesses me, but upon this occasion, such a course of action on my part is quite unnecessary, the kindness of some friends having secured us such a wonderful place of vantage, that no move of the parading host escapes the superior officers of the police force, all clad in gala dress and superbly mounted, interest themselves in the general behavior and good management of their subordinates, and lend an added attraction to the scene.

A fine opportunity of seeing how really splendid the soldiers of a Russian monarch can be, is afforded us to-day, and we have arrived just in time to witness the dignified march of the Garde du Corps, as they give and receive greetings from their delighted sovereign. Brilliant, indeed, are their uniforms of spotless white with gold and crimson trimmings; their feet and nether limbs are neatly encased in well-fitting patent leather boots, but the pride and glory of each regimental heart is, perhaps, the spread white eagle pluming itself upon the very apex of the glistening bronze helmet covering the head. Following these is the Garde Courasse, also appressed in uniforms of like purity, the metal trimmings harmonizing with the gleaming silver of the sunlit Courasses. White helmets and the regulation patent leathers complete the regimentals. In rather quaint uniforms of white with black trimmings, three cornered hats of the glistening brass, having perpendicular round black plumes tipped with white, the Uhlan Company, solemnly following in the footsteps of their more gaily appressed brethren, brings the military greetings to a close and the multitude disperses, thoughts of refreshing the inner man dominating the mind.

Prince and Peasant alike must satisfy the demands of hunger, though the method employed by each may admit of no similarity. We wend our way to a neighboring cafe, partake of some light refreshments, depart to spend a short time in admiring the beautiful fancies in some of the worthy temples of fashion, then proceeded homeward to dine and rest ourselves for the pleasures of the evening. These consist for us in a drive through the principal streets of Berlin, our friends having placed themselves and their carriage at our disposal, in order that we may have a good opportunity of witnessing the final triumph of their illuminated city.

And what a sight it is! Each architectural pride seems to vie with its neighboring structure in displaying the grandeur of its inner, as well as outer charms. The streets are one seething mass of humanity, bent upon unrestrained pleasure, and it is really not wise for ladies to go out unattended upon such a night. The lady who is one of our companions speaks English quite fluently, and the other, her husband, a little so, by having recourse to both languages, we make ourselves readily understood.

The decorations and illuminative designs are so varied I have only space to direct your attention to the very few. We will first observe those of Wertheim's, the largest departmental store in the city. Everything in the way of housefurnishings from garret to cellar, everything in foods provided for the requirements or pleasure of man, is to be found within. Ladies may here satisfy every demand of fashion, every desire or whim of fancy; the writer in search of material upon, and with

peror, panel the vertical spaces between the mirrored openings. The two chief entrances have directed public attention to magnificent marble busts of the Kaiser and the Kaiserin, resting upon towering pedestals in the open portals, which resemble miniature parts of "Tannen Baume" or fir-trees. Close above each imperial head a suspended crown of shaded colored lamps, intertwined with laurel and with oaken sprigs, sheds a subdued light upon the woodland scene. This is beautified by the neighboring side and front windows rejoicing in the great transformation to which they have been subjected, artistically shaped beds of waving lilies interspersing the green sward covering their floors. Even the gods and goddesses of ancient times have been attracted towards this enchanting spot, its charming loveliness enticing them from their Olympian abodes to revel in this happy conception of an artistic mind. Endowed with immortality by the elixir of life being constantly mixed with the nectar daily quaffed by them, the same divine comeliness of face, perfect beauty of contour, incomparable physical strength, fathomless depths of passion or other distinguishing characteristics in the youthful days of mother Earth, still designate the individuality of each. Half reclining upon the mossy ground, standing here and there among the lilies or hovering near the transparent garden walls, they admire the delicate shades of the tender grass at their feet, feast their eyes upon the slender cupped lilies or watch the merry lamps of the goddess of night lighting and delighting themselves as if by magic, in the windows of the sombre curtained evening skies.



The novel feature of this new shape is in the broad flare of the brim, this being indented in the front and dipping in closely to the hair at the back. A thick band of white silk roses surrounds the crown, there being no other trimming except the band of gold braid on the edge of the white felt. A bandeau of white velvet lifts the shape well off the face.

which to inscribe his thoughts, the student desiring a fresh casket of knowledge, the artist in quest of brushes and oils, with which to portray the glowing face of beauty and nature or the distressed invalid who would possess health giving drugs need go no further to meet his desires. In fact, no matter what may be the object of one's search, unless it be money, one can fulfill it at Wertheim's. Greenbacks or gold, one can leave here as much as one will, but the temptations within are so great, one carries but little of the root of all evil away with him when leaving this emporium.

Shortly after our arrival in Berlin this firm decided to enlarge their business; to facilitate this enterprise they bought up several buildings and some vacant ground adjoining their premises on the right. During the past summer the work of remodeling the old buildings and the erection of the new ones was begun. The foundation is now completed, the frame work or skeleton is ready to receive its outer covering of brick and mortar, but the wall facing the street will be built of tier upon tier of well-laid stones. The construction will be ready for occupation at the end of two years, but if slow in the process of completion, buildings in Germany are also slow in yielding to the ravages of time.

The fine taste, always characterizing the decorative efforts of this firm, has excelled itself upon this happy occasion, the whole front of the already extensive building having lent itself to the pleasant duties of the hour. Each window is resplendent in its own peculiar method and device, the transparency showing perfect perfection in the harmonious draping and tasteful blending of its chosen wares, while gaily colored streamers, richly embroidered with the initials and titles of the Em-

Our coachman is steady, his horses are true, and though there seems never a free place for their eager feet, no unblocked opening through which they can thread their way, yet your carriage is slowly but surely borne past, hovering architecture ablaze with light, and wa, at length, reach the fine establishment of Herpich & Son, purveyors to the Royal court. All of the very best that the world can offer for the personal adornment of beauty finds here a place. We see, in the foreground of the mammoth window, a worthy empress attired in her coronation robes, her crimson mantle of generous length lined and bordered with royal fur of ermine, falls from her proudly poised shoulders in graceful folds, the warm color forming a rich contrast to the snowy carpet beneath her feet. Very beautiful indeed does she look, waiting to receive upon her fair head the sparkling crown lightly suspended above. Snowy ermine draperies, with tastefully arranged border of olive branches, conceal the hindmost wall, while tiny sprigs from the emblem of peace, gracefully festoon the side walls of glistening white. Beneath a canopy of the self same purity, upon either side of the central figure, marble busts of the imperial pair rest upon elevations half hidden by intermingled sprigs of olive and oak. Under den Linden, the home of the finest cafes, the American Hotel Bricks, the Russian, French and American, offices, of their respective ambassadors, as well as the home of the finest jewelry houses, boasts of decorations in perfect accord with the magnificence of its general style, the chief occupant of each building availing himself of this opportunity to show his respect and good wishes, for a life of longevity and happiness for the Hohenzollern king. The old historical-Krander corner made no attempt at luminosity, being content with

Captain William Greenwood

He Invented Gill Nets—Many Miles of Them Are Now Used on the Lakes But He Never Reaped Advantage—A Conservative on Principle.

In this city in the person of Capt. William Greenwood lives the man who invented gill nets and who was the first one to use them on the fresh water lakes. There are now hundreds of miles of these nets used on the Great Lakes, but few know the history of their origin and first use. Capt. Greenwood can talk on that as he made the first nets for the purpose of catching white fish. The veteran skipper has had many ups and downs but is still able to make a living by making horse nets. He is very intelligent despite his years and in his day was a powerful man.

The Captain was found busy at work in his room at the Tidewind Hotel and chatted brightly with The Planet representative. "Gill nets," ejaculated the veteran of the lakes in response to a query of The Planet man. "Why bless you, yes. I guess I know all about them. Why I was the man who invented them. It was a good many years ago, though, over half a century. I was living at Gratiot, seven miles below Cobourg. I was fishing in deep water, about 65 fathoms, for salmon trout. The scene of my operations was about three miles from shore. Going to and returning from the place where I was fishing I noticed in one place where the water was about 90 feet deep that there were often dead white fish floating on top of the water and some just able to wiggle. This was in the month of August. Up to this time I had never known or seen white fish except when they came ashore in October and November to spawn. I knew that where those dead fish were there was a lot of live ones, but the question was how to get them. The water was 90 feet deep. Besides, the mouth of the white fish is underneath and I knew I couldn't get them by bite and hook. I studied the matter up and decided to try to catch them with a net. I figured that if I could make a net with meshes large enough to go over the heads of the fish and past their gills that I could catch the fish. (At that time there was no twine suitable for such a net. However, I bought a pound of thread which we used to call whitey-brown thread on account of its color. I made a net with a two-inch mesh. There was when finished about 15 or 18 rods of net four foot wide. I set it in 90 feet of water where I had seen the dead white fish floating. The next morning I went out and lifted the net but my fish was there isn't. I was puzzled. The net rotted before I made up my mind to try it again so I made another. I had made up my mind that the net had never reached the bottom of the lake. White fish stay close to the bottom in deep water and never come to the surface. For food they suck something off stones and the bottom of the lake.

"I set this second net and made sure that it reached the bottom of the lake. The next morning I went with an assistant to lift the net. I was sculling the boat and the man pulled the net up. When he got the net to the top of the water he got just yelled. 'What's the matter, Dick?' says I. 'Why, Captain, she's full of fish,' says he. We got a boat load of fish out of that net. I continued to use gill nets, making more, and that season cleaned up \$1,500 on the white fish I caught. Other people saw my gill nets and made just like them, and now they are pretty generally used. I don't know anything about taking out a patent in these days. Never heard of such a thing. Why a man could sell a vessel never without papers. My invention never made any money for me beyond the use I put it to.

"Gill nets are doing a great deal of injury. The fishermen set the nets and the fish gilled so fast that they can't get out, but some wiggle through and die on the feeding ground. The dead fish drive the live ones away.

"I was born in Bedfordshire, England, in 1820, and came to America with my father. He died at Utica, New York, when I was a boy. He bought a piece of property in Utica which consisted of a stone house and an acre of land. A fine block stands on the property now and it is in the heart of the city. I tried several times to get possession of it, but failed. After my father's death I went to Ithaca, New York, and worked on a canal boat.

An American named Downie took a fancy to me and I was adopted. Mr. Downie and his partner, Mr. King, were engaged in the fishing business. They had nets near Cobourg, Canada. They were Americans and were ordered to stop fishing, so they sent me over and gave me charge of the nets. I talked real English and my rights were never questioned. All the fishing was done with seines in those days. We used nets 120 rods long and 10 feet wide, tapering towards the end. We would make three hauls during a single night and sometimes only two. I have seen us take 10,000 white fish at a haul and one night I saw us have 60,000 white fish on the beach. I had to stop the men fishing. We had more fish that time than we

could handle. I gave away all I could and saved some, but a good many spoiled because we couldn't handle them.

"I learned to make nets by mending the old ones. I made nets for a while and made enough to buy a small schooner. Then I went sailing. I made good money and was exceptionally successful and soon had four vessels of my own, but the American war ruined me. Just before the American war broke out, I made a contract with the New York Central to supply them with 25,000 cords of wood annually for five years. I had my own four vessels and employed several others in this work. I was paid by the New York Central in American money. This was only worth in Canada during the war 35 cents on the dollar. When I made the contract there was no duty on cord wood but a duty of 30 per cent was added. I fulfilled the contract but it ruined me. The late Judge Armour was Crown Attorney at Cobourg and, while he lived Capt. Greenwood always had a friend. Judge Clark, solicitor for the C. P. R., is also a particular friend of mine. He used to be a lawyer, but Cobourg and did my business for me.

"Perhaps you would like to know how I came to come to Chatham. After I lost all I had, I made an assignment. Mr. W. Stanley, a rich English gentleman, lived in Cobourg at this time. He came to me and asked me what the trouble was. He wrote out a check for \$10,000 and threw it upon the table. I took it up, told him I had no way to pay such a loan back. He then told me that he had purchased 750 acres of land near Chatham. He asked me to come here and look after it. He also said that if at any time I wished to go into business, that he would back me. The land was out in Chatham township. After I came here I built a vessel that cost me \$30,000. I sold it to Wylie & Young, of Hamilton, for \$32,000. I have been here just 35 years, and I sold all Mr. Stanley's land for him. It was on the Prince Albert Road, Chatham township.

"I sailed for many years, and was nearly drowned off Port Colborne. A small vessel went up to Port Colborne to get a load of grain to fill out a cargo I was loading on my boat. They asked me to go with them. There were six others on board besides myself. We loaded at Port Colborne and left in the evening.

"When we got six miles out the boat sank. The other six men were drowned, but I saved myself by swimming ashore, a distance of three miles.

"Yes, I am a Conservative and I am a Conservative on principle. I read both sides of politics, because I want to know what is going on. The Conservative party is the only one that has ever done anything for the advancement of Canada and the Liberal party has ever opposed any move ahead. They opposed Sir John A. Macdonald when he wanted to buy the Great Northwest from the Hudson Bay Co., but he bought it in spite of them. They fought him when he proposed to build the C. P. R. The Hon. Edward Blake said in the House of Commons 'Talk about building a railway across Canada. It is an impossibility in the first place and in the second it would never pay for the grease on the wheels.' The first year road cleared over a million dollars. Sir John A. Macdonald knew more than the whole pile of Liberals put together. The Hon. Israel Tarte is the only one among the Liberals who ever spent any money improving the railways and deepening the canals of the country.

A PROSPEROUS COMPANY.

Elsewhere in to-day's issue will be found the twenty-fourth annual report of The Mutual Life of Canada, which must be very interesting reading to its policy holders, as well as to the general public who take an interest in the growth and success of the leading insurance and financial institutions.

It will be noticed that the large sum of \$5,011,390 in new business was written during 1903, all of which with the exception of a few thousand (was secured in Canada, being an increase in new business over the previous year of nearly half a million dollars and bringing up the total insurance in force as at December 31st, 1903, to \$7,587,551.58, while the cash income for the year was \$1,541,070.00, a net increase of \$169,971.78.

The company added to its assets the very substantial sum of \$838,772.19, which now amounted to \$7,298,552.12, and it realized in profits for the year the sum of \$117,449.74, after paying dividends to the policy holders \$77,900.28. Its general surplus on the company's own conservative standard now amounts to \$616,633.46, a most favorable showing.

A reference to the report will show that the growth of the company since its inception in 1870, along safe and progressive lines has been most satisfactory in every feature of its business, a fact that augurs well for its still greater prosperity in the years to come.

W. G. Campbell is the energetic general agent for this city and county.

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