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# The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1904

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

## 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's files from Sept. 1860, to Oct. 15, 1860.

E. Doston advertises his barber shop.

H. Wittrock is a barrister, solicitor, etc.

Arthur Jones is a provincial land surveyor.

Atkinson & Pegley are barristers, solicitors, etc.

Rev. Wm. King returns from a trip to England.

Laral Evans runs a livery stable, King Street, Chatham.

E. S. Williams advertises a 32-horse power steam engine for sale.

Chas. H. Sauerman, boot and shoe maker, advertises his business.

John Sparks is one of Chatham's leading watchmakers and jewellers.

Charles F. Jubeville runs the headquarters' Saloon, under Rankin's block.

Dr. J. M. Smith, physician and surgeon, has a professional card in The Planet.

Havelock & Cleghorn, are machinists and founders, at the Chatham Machine Works.

Lowery's livery stable was kept kept on William Street, a few doors above King Street.

Campbell, Jones and Henton, saw manufacturers, of Montreal, advertise in The Planet.

The third free fair of the County of Middlesex, was held in London, in September, 1860.

Robert J. Earl sells reaping and mowing machines and threshing machines, also the Star drill.

W. Richardson is a fashionable tailor, in Northwood's Row, King Street, nearly opposite the market.

The Globe Hotel, Chatham, is managed by A. Hardy, formerly of the Farmers' Exchange, opposite the market.

Died—At his residence, in Howard, on the evening of Thursday, the 27th inst., Mr. Chas. Marshall, at the age of 54 years.

We learn that the schooner Antelope, from Morpeth, laden with oats and peas, sank about a mile from Port Stanley harbor having sprung a leak when the Capt. and one of the hands were unfortunately drowned.

Notice to Teachers.—As the Board of Instruction will hold its regular meeting till December. All those whose certificates expire before the end of the year may have them renewed on application to the local superintendent, A. McCall, Sec.

The Galt Reporter says that a project is on foot for the extension of the Galt and Guelph Railway from Galt to Elora, a distance of about 15 miles. The project is being pushed by the Galt and Guelph Railway Company by whom it is worked.

The annual Agricultural Exhibition of the County of Kent will be held in the Society's grounds in Chatham, on Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1860. Messrs. R. J. Earl and Stephen White have been appointed a committee to prepare the grounds and perfect arrangements for the exhibition.

Mrs. Dun, McNaughton, Mrs. Wm. McIntosh, Mrs. Traxler, Miss McKellar, and Mrs. McDonald, a deputation from the Ladies of St. Andrew's Church, in this town, waited on Wm. Mackenzie Ross, Esq., at his house on Saturday evening, last and presented him with an elegant silver cup, accompanied by a beautifully worded address. The presentation was a recognition of valuable services in the church.

Paris was astonished not long ago by the sight of a carriage propelled by neither steam nor gas going with such amazing swiftness as to leave far behind the four-in-hand carriages of the jockey club, which endeavor in vain to keep up with it. The inventor it is said, to be a poor man, who has constructed the vehicle himself and will not disclose the secret until he is properly secured by patents.

From the London Free Press of the 26th, we learn that during the latter portion of last week and up to Tuesday Lake Erie was visited by a severe storm in one of which the brig Ocean, of Chatham, unable to reach port became water-logged at about fifteen miles from Port Stanley. The consequences was that her deck blew up and floated while the remainder of the vessel went

to pieces. To that portion of the wreck the crew betook themselves where they remained until Sunday, without any food. A determined effort was then made by two of them to reach the shore, there being no vessels to be seen. To effect this they sat themselves astride of two planks and after passing through a very severe trial, a storm raging all the time, they reached Port Burwell, on Monday. Others of the crew clinging to the deck were able to get to shore about the same time at some distance from Port Burwell.

Under the heading "What About Those Pistols?" the following is published—

It seems that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was persuaded to deviate from his original program and to stop at Chatham for the purpose of receiving a pair of Derringer pistols as a present from the inhabitants of Chatham and that after all, these pistols were never presented.

No doubt much to the astonishment of His Royal Highness. All this seems most unaccountably strange. Not only were the pistols all ready and the requisite amount to pay for them subscribed yet the Prince of Wales was kept fully ten minutes standing on the platform of the Royal ear, awaiting the pistols and was compelled to go without them.

We are informed that Mr. McKellar had intended to have presented the pistols but from the fact of a warm personal and political friend stating that his subscription was asked for and received for the avowed purpose of purchasing materials for an illumination and not for the purpose of buying a pair of pistols, the whole thing was allowed by Mr. McKellar to fall through. The fact that the pistols were made by Mr. Jones, a colored man, is also said to have had something to do with preventing Mr. McKellar making the presentation, according to the original design.

EBERLY'S FAIR YOUNG BRIDE.

Oh, The Sauntering Sue fell into the squalls

A-blowing from Portsmouth town;

She was loaded with pork and cannon balls,

So it's natural she went down,

And the sea it riz with a terrible sizz,

And The Sue on the rocks she scarped;

And of all the crew that her anchor drew

Not more than a thousand escap-ed,

And when the sailors had waded to shore

And their feet on the hearth-stone dried,

They hated to think of Eberly Moore,

Or Eberly's fair young bride,

With The Sauntering Sue on the ocean floor

And them cannon balls rolling in-side,

They hated to think of Eberly Moore,

Or Eberly's fair young bride.

So they talked in whispers of euche games,

Of ladies and Eskimo,

Of vulgar fractions and proper names,

And the works of Byron and Poe.

And some of 'em shuddered and looked at the door

With a sort of nervous pride;

But they never referred to Eberly Moore,

Or Eberly's fair young bride.

In a neat little Kansas grocery store,

Far leagues from the turbulent tide,

Sat the thoughtful grocer, Eberly Moore,

Along of his fair young bride.

And Eberly says to his bride, says he,

"You cannot deny it's so

That we ain't been on the bounding sea,

And far away, on the wreck-strewn shore

Where the crew of The Sue re-side,

They never refer to Eberly Moore,

Or Eberly's fair young bride.

JOKE ON NAT GOODWIN.

A friend of "Nat" Goodwin the actor, who is a confirmed practical joker, says that some fellow players last winter managed to "get even."

A common friend in San Francisco had been written to forward to Mr. Goodwin the following telegram—

"Would you take \$100,000 for Riverside Drive house."

Now, although Mr. Goodwin is much attached to his house in the locality mentioned, he felt that he could more than duplicate it at the price named. The bargain struck him as being too good, to lose, so he hastened to reply, "I will!"

"I thought you would," was the response that came over the wires.

## THE QUESTION—IS LOVE A DISEASE

The London Lancet, the most conservative medical journal of the most conservative people on earth, has been gravely discussing the question whether the love of the sexes is a disease.

A contributor takes a hand by marshalling all the medical authorities from Galen to Horatius, and even the painters of the seventeenth century, who delighted in portraying lovesickness as an anaemic young woman.

There has been in times past some irresponsible and facetious talk about love being due to a germ supposed to be transmitted in the kiss. The first symptoms are quickened heart action and inflammation of the mind.

But that this derangement should develop into the high fever called love and become an actual disease has never before been admitted by sober medical authorities to be possible.

That kissing leads to love even the unlearned general public has long and deeply realized. But to make out a case satisfactory to high medical authority it must be shown that the kissing always precedes the love.

This is awkward, in view of the fact that many an unloved maid is in love with love, though lovelier. It is she who furnishes the anaemic examples of the seventeenth century and of all centuries. The man and maid who love and are loved and the course of whose love runs smooth do not pine or complain.

Indeed, it may be stated as a gen-

## BURIED CITIES IN ANCIENT LANDS

Buried cities abound in many an ancient land. The sands of Egypt have covered with their grey pall cities, temples and tombs without number. The soil of Palestine also hides its evidences of a past civilization, while the valley of the Euphrates is rich in discoveries made by the explorer and archaeologist.

Carthage of old, once a mighty centre of power and trade, to-day reveals a score of cities piled on top of each other as war and disaster destroyed them. So one may stand on the Roman Forum and behold on every hand the centuries unfolded in the burial of imperial and republican Rome.

Certain parts of Asia are so many graveyards for buried cities, swallowed up by the all-engulfing oceans of sand. Ser Hedin, the great Swedish explorer, who travelled across the barren waste of South Asia, tells many a thrilling story of his discovery and excavations of these ancient centres.

The natives called the desert "Dekken-dekka," because a thousand and one towns are buried under its sand. They have a legend that every time the natives try to dig the sand away from the hidden treasure a violent wind arises, setting up whirlwinds of smoke and a thick mist, which sweeps away the path and leads the workmen astray into the desert.

Hedin found this to be practically true, inasmuch as the sand would sweep in and fill up his excavations



Separate waist of Paris lawn with band of fine needlework. The entire waist, with the exception of the lower part of the sleeves, is a series of tucks. The insertion is used to define the yoke, and reaches around the upper part of the sleeve, making the effect of yoke and sleeve tops one piece.

eral truth that the chief pain of love is experienced by people who are not in love. The great burden of the complaint about it comes from bachelors and spinsters.

The nature of love has baffled the wise of all ages, but the realization of it has sweetened all time. Philosophers have sought to analyze it, poets to describe it, artists to picture it, since philosophy and art began. But in an ardent lover's look and a willing maiden's soul-lit eyes there is more meaning than all philosophy, all poetry and all art of all the ages can portray or understand.

And if the doctors dissect the riddle, what can they do about it? Though love be a disease, they who have loved will not want to be cured. The nasty nostrums would be left to old bachelors and spinsters as preventives.

Love has been with us from the beginning and it will stay to the end, for the end of love is the end of all. It is the sunshine of the wilderness that mankind treads from Eden to heaven.

If it should disappear there would disappear with it the drama, the novel, the poem and almost the entire romantic element in life. With it would disappear comprehension of the Scriptures and all interpretation of the meaning of existence. —Syracuse Journal.

## REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

A girl is an awful nice thing not to reason with.

Sometimes a man never has a cent without even being married.

A man lives about how big his income is, and a woman about how little her outgo is.

A married woman can be very happy by thinking how happy she was before she was married.

If women were in politics there would be some fine crying matches when the candidates began to pass around the charges. —New York Sun.

in an incredibly short space of time. A native further told the traveler that once he had found a buried city in the desert and in the houses there were dead bodies of people in position which seemed to prove that they had been overtaken by death suddenly, in some such manner as the inhabitants of Pompeii were smothered in ashes. All these tales, Hedin declares, rest on an actual substratum of truth, for he discovered several Buddhist cities buried in the sand where the process of sanding-up must have gone on for thousands of years. The whole region was once undoubtedly the seat of a very ancient civilization, as shown by the coins, jewelry and vessels laid bare, as well as the ruins of the great Temples of Buddha.

This old world is a great graveyard for cities as well as men and the passing away of the work of men's hands, whether by the tooth of time or the war of the elements, or whether caused by man's own destructiveness, serves to emphasize the mutability of all things earthly and human. All these shall pass away as certainly as submerged or buried cities and that which will abide will be eternal.

WARNED BY A PHOTO.

Here is a curious little story told by a solicitor. He had among his clients a few years ago a notorious company promoter whose financial affairs came to grief. One day happening to pass by a stationer's shop his attention was attracted by a portrait of Mr. —, the well known barrister. Mr. — was attired in wig and gown, and in his hand he held a paper on which the solicitor's sharp eyes caught the name of his client. His curiosity aroused, he purchased the photo and proceeded to decipher the words of Mr. —'s brief, speedily discovering that they indicated that a warrant was "out" for the arrest of his client. In a few hours the man of finance was out of England, to which country he has not since returned. —London Globe.

## Russian Man of the Hour

Something About Rojestvensky, the Commander of the Unlucky Baltic Squadron—His Record on Land and Sea.

Never has an armada started for war with such an ominous presage of disaster as has descended upon Russia's Baltic squadron on its emergence into the open sea. The man of the hour is emphatically its commander, Rear Admiral Z. P. Rojestvensky, who is now conducting his three months voyage to the Pacific with death in his rear and the menace of irremediable ruin in front.

Incensed as it is at the North Sea tragedy, English public opinion is too earth to fight an imaginary danger by wreaking indiscriminate destruction. When the facts come out it will probably be found that certain Russian officers' nerves were too much for them, that they acted without orders, and that so far from the coming beginning through the Admiral's orders, it ceased as soon as his flagship became aware of the facts.

For a few weeks to come Rojestvensky's name will be associated exclusively with the North Sea blunder. But this is not his position in history. As Commander in Chief of what Russians denominate the "second Pacific squadron," his future is bound up with bloodier, if less exceptional, events. His heterogeneous fleet is Russia's last hope, and he himself is an essential part of that hope.

A TACITURN ADMIRAL.

Rojestvensky is a comparatively young man. He was born near Moscow in 1848, and after getting the theoretical, impractical education of a Russian naval officer, blossomed out suddenly as a hero. For two unexampled feats of bravery in the war of 1877-78 he gained the St. George's Cross. He served in the Black and Baltic Seas, gaining a high reputation as a seaman, and in 1903 abandoned sea-going for the post of Chief of Staff at the Ministry of Marine.

In a year he made a reputation. He had fought well with his sword, but fought a much harder battle for efficiency. Had that battle been decided before February, 1904, Russia's naval disasters before Port Arthur would probably never have taken place.

Rojestvensky is a typical Russian and a typical naval officer. His men call him "Admiral Moltchali," the silent admiral, and taciturnity goes well with the reserved expression and manners of the Russian aristocrat. The naval man shows himself in his tastes, for he is devoted to the sea, not merely as a profession, but also as a left-passion. Rojestvensky is always at sea. When tied to the Ministry of Marine he spent his leisure navigating experimental craft and tiny sailing boats in the Gulf of Finland; he has written of the sea, and that his society friends dreaded him because he insisted on talking of nothing but the sea. Such a man ought to prove a good sailor, and, in fact, as a sailor and navigator, not even Makaroff surpassed him.

STERN DISCIPLINARIAN.

Rojestvensky is a stern disciplinarian, but he differs from all disciplinarians, past and present. Blame in the form of a string of anathemas might be expected from a "Silent Admiral." Rojestvensky, however, is a humorist, and during the past six months he has been worrying his ill-mated officers and men into efficiency by characteristic methods. Instead of storming and reprimanding, he issued periodically "general orders," holding up a carrot and ignorant officers to the derision of the fleet. "The Commander-in-Chief of the second Pacific squadron," runs one of these, "has to inform the fleet that study was the purpose for which Cadets D. and F. were appointed to the cruiser Aurora. These young gentlemen have been wrongly given excessive leave, and the Commander-in-Chief now proposes to extend their holidays for such a lengthy period that they will be as weary of play as they now are of work." A whole series of similar orders was issued, with the result that shirkers were terrified into hard work, and ignoramuses into acquiring knowledge. If the Baltic fleet has been able to start at all, it is due to Rojestvensky, and to no one else.

Whether the Admiral will prove as good in fighting as he has proved in organization and discipline, remains to be seen. His opinions are definite enough. He is an enthusiastic believer in the big battleship, likening each armored vessel to a separate army corps, a unit in itself, which retains its value through the fleet of which it formed part may have been destroyed or dispersed. When St. Petersburg vacillated about the despatches of the squadron, on the ground that a fleet without torpedo boats and scouting ships was useless, Rojestvensky replied that he wanted only battleships and armored cruisers. "A fleet gains in mobility by not being hampered with small craft," is one of his dicta. He declared that the Japanese successes at Port Arthur were not gained really by tor-

pedo boats and destroyers, but by the battleships behind them. His whole conception of a naval battle is a fight between big ships until the bigger and more powerful destroy the smaller and weaker.

NOT LOVED BY HIS OFFICERS.

Among his officers the Russian Admiral is not a favorite. They declare that they never know his mind and that he springs surprises of blame upon them without warning. Many an officer whose work has been inspected without comment by the admiral has afterwards found his name quoted in an ironical reprimand addressed to negligent officers generally.

Rojestvensky has none of the bluff heartiness of manner associated usually with such genuine seamen. He is said never to express approval, and he always issues blame in such a way as to make the culprit feel it most. His men, however, like him. To them also he is reserved and apparently unapproachable. But he is a redeemer of grievances, and had he lived on the lower deck instead of in the admiral's stateroom, would have made an excellent "sea lawyer."

He examines the sailor's clothes, eats their food, and tests their hammocks; and if anything is wrong never ceases until he has got St. Petersburg to set it right. He never expresses comradeship with or affection for his men. They are there, he implies, to do their duty; and he looks after their welfare only because it facilitates the doing of duty.

Rojestvensky, nevertheless, has his human side. Neatness of person and irreproachable uniforms he regards almost as important as gunnery and seamanship. His own appearance is not distinguished, though his features are regular, and he has a life-long wart over the nose which is the subject of much joking among his men. The admiral, however, is invariably uniformed like an emperor, and in this condition he will grub in grimy stokeholds, and pick his way among greasy cases of beef for hours in the hope of discovering something wrong. He is intensely punctilious and is responsible for the paraphrase of Bacon, "Manners make seamen." Another foible is his love of pretty surroundings. His office under the gilt spire of the St. Petersburg "Admiral's Club" was adorned with photographs, mirrors, relics of old friendships, and cozy furniture, and resembled a lady's boudoir rather than a place of work. Apparently these harmless luxuries in no way demoralized his tough character; for his long swims and solitary cruises in single-handed yachts are constantly referred to in the Russian press.

Rojestvensky did not want the command of the Baltic fleet, though, once appointed, he never wavered in his belief that it should be sent out. The terrible omen which has accompanied his departure has probably cost him in moral fighting power one of his best battleships. If he ever reaches the Far East he will certainly do his best and there is no living Russian sailor whose best is likely to be better. —London Chronicle.

A VALET'S VENGEANCE.

A cook and a valet, employed in a house in Paris, had quarreled so frequently that their employer discharged the valet. Attributing the loss of his position to the cook, the valet determined to be revenged, and in order to carry out his plan, pretended to be reconciled to his former enemy.

So well did he succeed that the cook having received orders to tap a cask of wine, invited her whimsical enemy to the cellar to help her. After boring a hole in the barrel, the valet suddenly recollected that he had left the tap on the kitchen table upstairs, and telling the cook to prevent the wine from running out with her finger, he started to fetch it.

The cook waited half an hour for the return of the valet, and realizing that she had been sold called for assistance. Her cries attracted the attention of the other occupants of the house, who jumped to the conclusion that the valet was attempting to murder the cook, and after collecting every conceivable weapon, and warning the police, a descent was made to the cellar, where the unfortunate cook was found half drowned in wine, but still holding gallantly on the barrel.

## THREADING NEEDLES BY WHOLESALE.

My mother's sight has failed so that threading a needle is a task almost beyond her. After an absence of some time I learned that a young friend had helped her over this difficulty by threading her needles for her.

Simply took the spool of thread, paper of needles, and without boring the thread, threaded the wad of paper of needles as one would a bead. When a needleful of thread was desired all that was necessary was to take the first needle, draw as long a thread as desired, and the outside needle to the spool leave it ready for next time. —National Magazine.