

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1903.

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

A Small Cruise on a Small Yacht

"A Wet Sheet, a Flowing Sea and a Wind That Follows Fast."

(Written for THE PLANET by The Skipper.)

"A wet sheet, a flowing sea, and a breeze that follows fast."

"Well, captain, that was a pleasant run across the lake (St. Clair) was it not?"

"Yes, I have made quicker, but it was as pleasant as any."

These remarks passed round among the crew of the Outlaw as they made their fast in a snug berth at Sandwich one Sunday evening, having made a rather slow but pleasant run from the Thames Light, which we had left early in the morning, on our passage round from Chatham to Road Eau.

We were hungry as hawks, or worse, as campers. So the cook and his mate were quickly sent ashore with their paraphernalia, and the material, to prepare a good meal, or all round meal, while the boat and his master stowed the sails, to be tent and made comfortable for the night. Lots of dry goods lying about, made a good meal, and soon the boat was filled with the air and the next half hour there is silence, only for the noise of the grindstone and by the quiet sigh that each one says plainer than words enough, and proclaims that each individual is contented with himself and at peace with the whole world. Pipes being lighted, all round, and the contemplation of the surroundings.

The sun, like a great red globe, seen through the smoke of the city, is nearing his goal. Away from the ring light floods the dance of the sun, and the fall splendor of the sunset hues, and resting on the water, the beautiful glow of a glory of warm evening, dark golden bronze glow down, changing ever brighter upwards, until the feathery tops of the trees, catching the full splendor of the waning light, glow against the blue sky like plumes of gold, down to the south the marshes and woods reflect this glorious light until lost in the hazy distance, away over Wyandotte, Sandwich, and the quaint old houses, and magnificent elms, lies in dreamy repose; no sound disturbs the calm stillness of the Sunday evening, save the distant murmur of the city and the dull throbbing of the engines in the great steamers, that ever pass and repass, upon the broad bosom of the river. The sun has set, the glorious evening light has faded away, still we linger on in silence, watching the stars peep out one by one, in the pure heavens, until they have cast their spangled net over all. The deep musical bell of the old Catholic church striking nine breaks the spell that is upon us; and with one consent we go to rest.

Monday morning, the strong westerly breeze blowing up the river sets us agog to be underweight, but we are under a promise to wait in Detroit until Tuesday, in the hope that another "Outlaw" will be able to join us. So, after breakfast, we set off in different directions to amuse ourselves, agreeing to meet again at dinner time. Towards noon, when we do meet, a thunder storm threatens, which comes on with such rapidity that we are forced to beat a retreat with our dinner, under an old upturned boat for shelter, down comes the rain in torrents, the old boat makes a good roof, but this ground underneath, having been worn hollow by the feet of many pilgrims such as ourselves, quickly becomes a lake, round the shores of which, plate in hand, we skirlish in desperate efforts, to keep our extremities dry, presently the rain stops, the sun shines out hot again, quickly drying everything, and restoring comfort once more.

There is a general desire to go over to Detroit, so we pack up, make and in ten minutes are across the river, swelling by four, the mighty army of outlaws in the "City of Uncle Sam." We wind up our Detroit, and the city, by going to the rear, we see the "City of Chatham," upon which we have friends—start on her return, which she does in the midst of a pouring thunder shower, then sailing to the boat, dry everything, and make preparations for the day. The sun sets red and glorious, and the promise of fine weather and happy winds to-morrow. Some of the boys start off after supper to the town, but they are very careful of the paint, or they expected in its use, for we are all turned in and are half asleep at eleven o'clock.

At a very early hour, the rosy Detroit of morning float over the woods, now rising, now falling, called by the gentle air. "Slowly" sun comes up, and his warm rays pierce through the mists, a voice, saying, "Oh mists, make room for me," and the mists obedient, straightway roll themselves together, and melt away, revealing the rich wooded landscape, and the broad silvery river in all their morning freshness and beauty.

We cannot light a fire where we

are, so go ashore in search of breakfast. We are in the outskirts of the city, and the place in which we find it, is not a Russell House, Cadillac, or even a Swan's, there are many, many, in fact too many, flies about; there are sausages, and a something of potatoes, somehow none of us seem to care about potatoes this morning, but the bread and butter are both fresh and good, and there can be no mistake about eggs when you take off the shells yourself, so we satisfy our appetites, and quench our thirst in a fluid unrecognized by us, but which the waiter assured us was coffee. We believe him. The generous waiter always is truthful.

When we return to the boat there is not a breath of wind. However, we had made up our minds to start so we push out into the stream and drift with the current down the river, past wharfs, boat houses, and crafts of all kinds, down past the Fort, with the strength and capabilities of which we are not impressed, the few specimens, too, of Uncle Sam's troops that we see, rolling about on the dock, have no soldierly smartness about them, their uniforms are not uniform. They struck us sailors as being unsoldier-like. However, we conclude that they will do to stop bullets as well as any others. Away down the river under the blazing sun we drift, not a zephyr stirring, to disturb the mirror-like surface of the deep water, or move a leaf among the trees upon the banks, past Deschro-Shoska, passed the great cooling docks and endless rafts of pine logs brought from our own Canadian forests far away across Georgian Bay. Passed a picturesque light-house with pretty well-kept grounds, sloping down to where almost out of the water, rise the high rugged boles of some grand willows, whose long weeping branches droop lovingly again towards the water, in the cool grateful shade, which they cast, upon the grassy sward, dozing in a comfortable chair, with the soft lapping of the water for a lullaby—surely quiet peaceful surroundings among which to dream away the short remainder of a long life—is a very old lady, beautifully prim and neat, the whole forming a most interesting picture, to us, out here, under the blazing sun. And so, drifting, we get away down abreast of Wyandotte. Here light cats-paws of winds coming apparently from nowhere in particular, help us along, presently they come thicker, ruffling the calm surface of the river, and before many minutes the south wind, which they herald, has set in steady and strong. We are wide awake now, the sails are trimmed and we begin crossing and crossing the river making good way, tacking down with the current. Before very long we are down to the Limekiln Crossing. Here the narrow channel, swift current and many vessels make navigation difficult. However we get through all right and soon we are shown a hill, and out upon the broad waters of Lake Erie before we know where we are. The wind falling light and somewhat ahead, we debate the question, shall we go on or tie up at Amherstburg; the unanimous decision is to "keep going," so we make several short boards, i.e., tacks. After awhile, back into the south again, goes the wind, and away we go with a free sheet round Bar Point and up the shore. Far away we can see a bluff headland which we suppose is Colchester Point and for which we steer. The shore here is low, dotted along with clumps of beautiful trees and fringed with a broad belt of smooth sand, upon which the merry little waves chase one another and are lost. Picturesque farm houses peep out from among the trees. We see the teams slowly crossing the fields, drawing home loads of the golden harvest that so plentifully dots the stubbles everywhere, and the cattle contentedly lying in the cool shade of the trees, or standing knee deep in the clear water. So we sail along the quiet shore this summer afternoon, reading, chatting, dozing, enjoying to the utmost the ever changing panorama of earth sky and water, around and above us. As we come up to the Point the sun, sinking behind the western horizon, sends a broad ray of ruddy light across the waters, lighting up the rugged sombre cliff with evening beauty and turning the little wavelets that bubble about the wet, shining footlocks into rosy gold. Far out in the Lake glimmering white, in the flood of warm light, is the lighthouse on Colchester Reef looking desolate in its loneliness. The sun here is here and faintly nearly calm and we roll about helplessly near the beach. Presently we espie a small boat coming along, wherein are two maidens and a youth. (Ah, Cupid; are you here upon the water, also?) We hail them with, "How far is it to Kingsville?" faintly across the water comes the answer, twelve miles. At length we manage to creep around the point, then it is absolutely calm, and the prospects are a night on the lake.

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HOW ONE WIFE GETS A HUSBAND

Charles W. Nicholson and his wife, Amanda, will be remarried in their home in Bridgeport, N. Y., on the evening of Sept. 3. Their children and grandchildren and about one hundred old friends will witness the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson were married fifty years ago, and have lived happily ever since.

But Mr. Nicholson read recently that it was appropriate from a scientific point of view for a man and woman to remarry every few years, and he has decided not to let the second date pass the half century mark. The scientist explained there was a constant change of tissue, and that on their silver wedding anniversary husband and wife were not the same man and woman who had been married 25 years ago except for the enamel on their teeth.

Mr. Nicholson says he has bought store teeth since he married, and he, therefore, considers himself a new man. "And," he adds, "a young man, too."

PAID \$6 TO SEE ONE PLURAL WIFE

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is interested in the Mormons so much that he journeyed to Salt Lake City, Utah, from Denver, the other day, for the sole purpose of investigating Mormonism at close range. A cabman who had learned the identity of his passenger, promptly charged him \$6 for a short ride.

"It takes money to see the Mormons, I find. Well, show me a plural wife," he said to the caddy. It happened that one of the wives of President Smith, head of the Mormon church, was in the temple grounds. Mr. Rockefeller saw her. He was in the city one hour and it cost him \$6 to see one plural wife.

"If they were more plentiful, seeing them would soon break me," he declared.

What we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of mind, realizes itself.



Pale blue accordion plaited crepe de chene, with insertions of ecru lace, forms this attractive negligee by Singer, New York. The broad fichu collar is composed of tuckings and insertions placed on the bias and finished with a full-plaited ruffle. The Soronic petticoat, worn beneath, supplies the flare required to set the full flounce at the foot.

VICE-REGAL SOUVENIR

Mayor McKeough has received handsome engravings of Lord Minto and Lady Minto. The pictures are sent to be hung in Harrison Hall in memory of the visit of their Excellencies to this city and will make quite an addition to the pictures of ex-mayors, with which it is proposed to decorate the Council Chamber. The following letter accompanied the pictures: Government House, Ottawa, August, 1903.

The Aide de Camp in waiting is commanded by the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto to forward engravings of their Excellencies' portraits to the Mayor of Chatham for the City Hall.

Their Excellencies hope that these personal souvenirs will be acceptable as mementoes of their visit to the city of Chatham and their Excellencies will always retain the happiest recollection.

Many friends may reveal your kindness, but numerous enemies will prove your courage.

AMERICA'S CUP

The famous America's cup, the Blue Ribbon of the Sea, which British yachtsmen have been trying to recapture for over half a century, was originally won by the Yankee keel schooner yacht America from a fleet of English cutters and schooners in a race around the Isle of Wight on August 22, 1852. The trophy, which is valued at 100 guineas, was presented by the Royal Yacht Squadron of Cowes, and the contest was open to the yachts of all nations. The cup is in the form of a silver pitcher, and stands 27 inches in height, is 36 inches in circumference and weighs 134 ounces, or over 111 pounds. The famous cup is kept in the vaults of Tiffany & Co., New York, and is seldom seen except on state occasions. It will be hard for Sir Thomas Lipton and friends to drink a toast out of it, if he wins it, as either through constant use at dinners in the early days of its history or some mishap in later years, it has no bottom.

The world is wide, but still some people take a very narrow view of it.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne

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

From Planet files August 22nd, 1856, to September 15th, 1856.

A new newspaper is started in St. Thomas called the Liberal.

On an average, Australia exports 100 tons of gold per annum.

Henry Northwood advertises a new store on Fourth St. for sale.

October 15th was the date set for the Fall Assizes in Chatham.

Dr. Douglas opens an office on King St., opposite McDowell's foundry.

An engineer in England ran his train a hundred miles in an hour.

Edward Bainford, a young man, was drowned while bathing in the Thames.

About 200 people were lost in a terrific storm on Last Island near New Orleans.

The Grand Trunk Railway was opened between Toronto and Oshawa on August 25.

Two London newspapers, the Prototype and Herald, unite their forces for better or worse.

Charles Williams and Elizabeth Anne Traxler were married on Sept. 4th, by Rev. A. McCall.

The corn and other grains were greatly injured by severe frosts in the early part of September.

The local branch of the Canadian Bible Society meets S. B. Johnson, of the head branch, of Toronto.

In a game of cricket between Canada East and Canada West, the East won by an inning and 12 runs.

On the 29th, Daniel Van Horn, of Harwich, was married to Mary Anne Smith, of Chatham, by Rev. A. Campbell.

The death occurred on Sunday, Aug. 24, 1856, of Wm. Winter, Sr., aged 68 years and two months, after a short illness.

Miss L. L. Lyons, head teacher in the Central school, died in this town and was removed to her home in London for interment.

On August 27th David Arnold, of Howard Township, was married to Miss Mary Arnold, of Chatham Township, by Rev. A. Campbell.

The beloved wife of Walter Eberts, this city, died at the home of her mother in Gananoque, on August 27th, at the age of 27 years and 4 months.

Wm. Winter died August 13th, at the age of 42 years, after a lingering illness, of some months. Deceased was born in Timberland, Lincolnshire, Eng.

The Detroit Tribune announces that the city is building an engine at a cost of \$50,000 to pump water into the reservoir of the city water works department.

The debt of the city of Toronto in 1856 was \$2,312,770. A considerable amount of the city debentures were disposed of to London, England, capitalists at par.

Wheat is worth \$1.18, barley brings 90c., corn 50c., oats 30c., rye 80c., potatoes 40c., a bushel, butter 16c. per lb., eggs 12c., a dozen, chickens 20c. per pair, and hay \$7.00 to \$8.00 per ton.

The woollen mill of Mr. Davis is totally destroyed by fire at a loss of several thousands of dollars. Mr. Davis had previously lost two grist mills by fire besides the loss of a boat. His woollen mill was insured for \$2,000.

The paving of King St. has begun at the foot and will be vigorously carried on as the draining in that direction is finished. The stones are particularly squared. They are small, however, and we trust that the laying will be done in such a way as to prevent their presenting, by-and-by, the sharp end uppermost. (Editor's Note—This is not the present King St. pavement.)

The new steamer Amity went on a short trial trip last Friday evening. She had on board a large number of our most respectable citizens, among whom were the owners, George Thomas, A. McKellar and Allen Counts. The "Chatham Distin Band," under the able leadership of Prof. Schiller, accompanied the trip with excellent musical selections.

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