

# The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 190

(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 files from April 24, 1861, to May 30, 1861.

Thomas Burke advertises his farm at Pain Court for sale.

The Ottawa buildings are to be roofed in by another winter.

James Purser is pound-keeper for the 1st Ward, Dover Township.

Died, in Chatham, on the 17th inst., Donald McWilliam, aged 42 years.

The Queen's birthday was celebrated at Chatham, Louisville, Wallaceburg.

D. McNabb removes his grocery and dry goods store to the Post Office Block.

David Walker is proprietor of the Western Railway refreshment.

Died, on Tuesday afternoon, Francis Martin, late of this town, aged 49 years.

A large brick house to rent on Pitt street, North Chatham, apply to W. H. Clipperton.

Died, at the residence of his mother, 24th April, Alexander Barclay, aged 34 years.

Wm. Wilson purchases the bank-rup grocery and provision stock of Francis Martin.

Birth—On Sunday, the 28th inst., the wife of David T. Crow, of Raleigh, a son.

Died, at Maidstone, on Monday, the 23rd inst., Mary, wife of John O'Connor, Sr., aged 63 years.

E. Cornwell opens up a new tailoring shop in Chatham next door to Kenneth Urquhart's store.

An Indian woman was killed on the Great Western Railway track about three miles east of Chatham.

Died, at Blenheim, on the 28th inst., Hester Elizabeth, daughter of J. K. Morris, Esq., age two years.

Died, in this town, on Tuesday last, Thomas Goodworth, of Hatfield, near Lancaster, Yorkshire, England, aged 82 years.

Married, on the 24th, by the Rev. W. Walker, Mr. John McGavin to Marion, daughter of Robert Smith, Esq., Harwich.

Teacher wanted for school section No. 6, Little Bear Creek, Dover East. Alexander Gordon, Lawrence Doyle and John Chalmers, trustees.

The total population of Chatham is 4,402, of which 1,253 are colored. The total population of Kent is 31,144, of which 4,712 are colored.

Died, at the residence of his mother, Raleigh Plains, on Friday, May 2, James A. Somerville, aged 14 years, 9 months and 24 days.

A young lad named Tobin was drowned in McGregor's Creek. He ran down the bank and could not get up before he ran into the water.

Teacher wanted for school section No. 13, Chatham Township. Address John Wallace, Henry or Dr. Matthew Wheeler, trustees.

Court of Revision for the corporation of Harwich in Charles Williams' Bridge. W. R. Fellows was the

Died, on the 29th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Clement, Mr. J. N. Lanard, Buffalo, N. Y., to Miss Francis R. McGee, daughter of Walter McGee, Esq., of Chatham.

In the Council proceedings appears the following:

The committee on streets and sidewalks reported in favor of the petition of Wm. Craddock and others for 66 feet of sidewalk on Park street from Raleigh street to West street, the petitioners to put down the walk.

Town property for sale—The east-end part of that valuable brick property in the town of Chatham known as the Phoenix Block, the upper stories of which have lately been occupied by Jesse W. Ross as the "Kent Advertiser" newspaper office, and the lower story of which is well fitted up for a store. Apply to James and Co.

On Sunday last a dwelling house in Chatham North occupied by Wm. E. Wilson and owned by Israel Evans, was discovered to be on fire, the flames issuing from the roof. Engines Nos. 2 and 1 were quickly on the ground and at work with their lively companies and the flames were

speedily subdued. Damage about \$100. No insurance.

We beg to direct attention to the fact that the concert to be held in the Town Hall in behalf of the Mission School conducted by Mrs. Cary and Mrs. Shadd will come off this evening. The proceeds derived from this concert are to be applied towards paying for the lot for the school and consequently should be well patronized by our townspeople. Mrs. Jackson will sing several songs and Madame Baptiste will preside at the piano. The object is a worthy one—the education of the young and destitute.

We learn that one day last week Messrs. King & Co., who are digging a well for some four miles below Dresden on the Sydneyham, struck a vein of oil at a depth of some 80 feet and that the "show" of the much sought after stuff is remarkably good. Another company are digging a well on the property of Richard Butler, Esq., of Camden, where strong evidence present themselves of the existence of oil. We understand that within the next few weeks a number of fresh wells will be started in the vicinity of Chatham.

Upon the farm of John Dolsen, about two miles below Chatham on the north side of the River Thames, there may be seen a large number of trunks of trees buried some 12 or 14 feet below the surface of the ground. Many of these remain in a good state of preservation. They lie embedded firmly in a bed of blue clay and seem to have been deposited there upon the occasion of some great convulsion, changing the course of the river and afterwards covering them to great depth with earth. Here is a question for the curious to solve.

AN ANIMAL DEALER'S NARROW ESCAPE

An interesting talk with Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, the famous Hamburg dealer in wild animals, is given in a recent issue of the Pall Mall Magazine. Asked if his animals ever got loose in transportation, Mr. Hagenbeck replied:

"Very seldom; though we had a terrible job with an Indian leopard only a few weeks ago. He got loose in the hold of the vessel, and for several days none of the crew nor the captain would venture below. When the vessel arrived in port we quickly rigged up a trap, lowered it into the hold of the ship, and finally secured the animal."

"Have you not had any narrow escapes from enraged beasts yourself?" inquired the interviewer.

"A few," was the modest reply. "I was laid up for three months some years ago through the bruises inflicted from an old circus elephant I had purchased from a man in Vienna."

"On another occasion, whilst superintending the despatch of some animals, a large bull elephant suddenly broke its chains, and turning round, tried to pin me to the wall. For a moment I was very much worried, but, for they just grazed my skin on each side of my back. If the tusk had been a little closer to my kidneys, I found on inquiry, that the animal had got frightened when being driven to the station, and my man, instead of coaxing him, drove him forward with some brutality, and the animal only waited its opportunity for revenge."

"At another time a freshly imported troop of elephants ran away in Vienna. I was upon one of them myself, the others all hugging close to it. I lost my elephant-guiding book, but I stopped him by biting his ear with my teeth, when all the others stopped with him."

"On another occasion, a big African elephant got frightened and bolted in the streets of Hamburg. I held fast to his ears, however, and brought him to a standstill."

"In Suez, some years ago, a full-grown giraffe ran away with me. The rope I held him by got entangled round my arm, and I was dragged along the streets and fearfully banged about. Once I had a terrible fight with a python, and should have been crushed to death had it not been for the quickness of one of my men, who threw a blanket over the reptile's head."

"What I regard as the narrowest escape of all occurred whilst superintending the lowering of a large alligator into a pit, when, with a sudden swoop of its tail it knocked me right into the middle of a dozen large alligators. I jumped out in a second, or I most assuredly have been torn to pieces."

GREAT STEPPER

Clara, aged 4, suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table.

"Why, Clara, what is the matter?" asked her mother.

"Oh, sobbed the little miss, my t-tooth stepped on my t-tongue!"

## A RUSSIAN PROVERB

A New York Sculptor was talking the other day about the late Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, the designer of the famous statue, Liberty Enlightening the World, in New York harbor.

Bartholdi, said the sculptor, was a taciturn man; he said little, but his remarks were usually to the point. As an illustration of this, the New York man told the following story:

Once, in Paris, I escorted a group of women to Bartholdi's studio. They were rather silly women. They asked a great many absurd questions, and they said a great many absurd things.

One of them, for some reason or other, got to talking about women in public life, lecturing, voting, and so on. She asked Bartholdi what he thought of the woman question.

The sculptor looked at me and winked slightly. Then he said:

"Madam, there is a Russian proverb appropriate to the woman question, and I recommend this proverb to your consideration. It is, 'If you be a cock, crow; if a hen, lay eggs.'"

## COMPROMISING

Gen. Pickens, of North Carolina, is the cleverest story teller who ever came to Washington from the Tar Heel state. This is one of his latest:

"A hard shell exhorter was holding forth in exalted strains about the time of the attack on Fort Donelson. He declared that the Lord fought on the side of the south, that Jehovah was encamped around about the Confederate army, and that it was impossible for the invading Yankees to conquer them."

"Just at the close of one of these extravagant statements a man dashed up to the country church and cried out, that the Yanks had captured Fort Donelson and were then making their way up the river."

"There was consternation among the church members, and the parson said:

"Then, my brethren and sisters, save yourselves, for the Lord has got licked."—Baltimore Herald.

All would do great things if they had the money, but few will attempt great things to get the money.

## A National Flag

Interesting Suggestion Contributed to the Canadian Magazine by Victor Lauriston, of this City

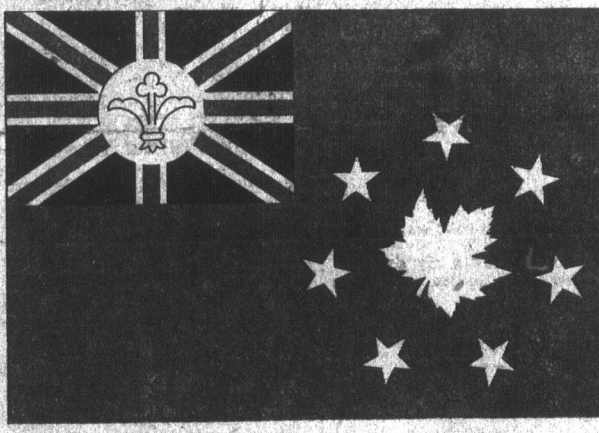
From a recent issue of The National Monthly of Canada the following from the pen of Victor Lauriston (Wm. E. Park), of The Planet staff, is clipped:

As a Canadian, proud of my country, I bring forward the accompanying design. It represents at once our

name. And I have ventured to preserve, despite statutes, fate and a forbidding heraldry, the old red ensign that we all love.

THE FUTURE—CANADA.

The Maple Leaf has undisputed place as the nation's emblem. A stirring national song has enshrined



past, our present, and our future.

OUR PAST—NEW FRANCE.

In the very centre of the Union Jack I have placed the fleur de lis. The royal fleur de lis, far more than the republican tri-color, is the proper emblem of the discoverers and founders of Canada. Under it Jacques Cartier sailed forth, and Champlain and Frontenac labored, and Montcalm fought and died. To the heroic men its founders, the nation owes and should justly render the trifling tribute of a place for their historic emblem upon that nation's flag. Their sons have doubly earned it; they have stood at the front for Canada and Britain in three great wars, and will do so yet again.

OUR PRESENT—BRITAIN.

The Union Jack must represent the Empire to which we are all proud to yield allegiance. It will represent the glorious memory of 1812, and our united pride in the British

it in all our hearts. Let it stand for the world-empire our fathers are, which we ourselves may some day be.

Each star of the circle of seven represents a Province, as the enclosed Maple Leaf represents their indissoluble union. Our own Territories, Newfoundland, I trust, perhaps the West Indies, will some day add other stars. Perchance the star circle will find a few opponents amongst those anti-Americans who hold that nothing of good can come from the Stars and Stripes, but from a similar design on the flag of the Australian Commonwealth. Here it serves to render the enclosed Maple Leaf yet more distinct.

This design is but a suggestion. I should be glad to welcome and adopt a better one. I offer it in the hope that it will at least stimulate a discussion of this question, that the patriotism of the Canadian people may have a fitting rallying-point.

## "I TA-E MY PEN IN HAND"

When we come to personal letter, the most intimate and important of all, it may be frankly acknowledged that the "Complete Letterwriter" stops at the threshold.

To put ourselves—our best selves—on paper, is the problem, and there is no greater one in the whole range of human intercourse. Yet, if we fail, if we put a foolish or mistaken self on the page, the letter had better never leave the desk. Hence comes the first law of personal letter writing—do not try too much.

Do not try to be as spontaneous as in conversation.

Do not try to be as frank as when face to face with another.

Consider the limits of paper and ink.

Make the letter short rather than long. It is really hard to fail on a four-page letter; but if one does, a sincere and pleasant message; if it contains nothing that offends—then that letter is not a failure, though it may not be a brilliant success.

The things to be avoided are the rambling letter, the indiscreet letter, the insipid letter.

If you do not give your riches wings for good works they will take to themselves wings for good and all.

## KNEW HOW TO DIE

Andrew Carnegie at a reception was asked by a young girl if he really believed that it was a disgrace to die rich. Mr. Carnegie replied the question gracefully.

"Well," he said, "I should hate, after my death, to have such a speech made about me as an old cobbler once made about a millionaire."

"This millionaire had been notoriously close-fisted all his life. His tomb was a magnificent one, and on it was carved the Biblical verse:

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

The cobbler, having known the millionaire, took occasion to visit his tomb as soon as it was completed. He examined the monument carefully. Then he read aloud the verse upon it. Afterward he commented on the verse like this:

"True, very true. But when that man died the Lord didn't owe him a cent!"

The door of adversity is always supplied with a knocker.

The man of inaction is disposed to despise the force of other men.

Between regret for the past and hope for the future.

## Life Among Cannibals

Stirring Incidents Which Have Happened Among the Cannibals of Solomon Island.

The Solomon Islands lie East of New Guinea. The two northern islands belong to Germany and the others to Great Britain.

Neither country has done anything to develop them. The interior of the islands is almost unknown. The reason is that the natives are extremely hostile and exploring parties have never dared to venture far from the coast.

Traders take lives in their hands and live on the shores of a few islands, but rarely venture out of sight of the sea. As ships approach Bougainville, the largest island, they see many miles away the great Kronprinz Range, extending through the centre and rising to 8,000 feet; but though mariners have seen these mountains for centuries no white man has ever visited the range, because the region between it and the sea is densely peopled by the most warlike of savages.

Carl Ribbe, a German naturalist, has had the courage to go and two years at trading stations along the coast. He has just written a book that bristles with information about these islands and their inhabitants. sketches the land, the people, and the vegetable and animal life, and his book, "Two Years Among the Cannibals of the Solomon Islands," is especially timely because so little has been written about this archipelago.

ALWAYS LIABLE TO ATTACK.

Ribbe says that there is no more dangerous trade in the world than that with the Solomon Islanders. The traders are liable to be attacked at any time. Loaded revolvers are always in their belts.

If the trade were not extremely profitable white men could not be induced to live there. The natives gather large quantities of coconuts, and are anxious to sell them, though their commercial instinct does not keep them from killing the white trader if they catch him off his guard.

They sell their commodities for a song in comparison with prices asked by other Pacific natives who know the whites better. The trader in the Solomons buys 100 coconuts for a piece of cloth worth about 15 cents.

The natives are at the same ridiculous disadvantage in exchanging other commodities and so the traders continue business relations that are so profitable to them. They dry the meat of the coconut under the hot sun, turning it into copra, which vessels take away to Europe, where the oil is expressed for soap making and other purposes.

It must be highly exciting to live in a land where day and night one may be the target of a spear or a bullet. The reckless traders, finding that the natives are almost crazy for firearms, sell them to every one who can produce the many thousands of coconuts demanded.

TRICKS OF WILY BLACKS.

Now and then they are killed by the very guns they have sold. The same blacks who traffic peacefully with the trader in business hours are likely to lurk around his house in the darkness in the hope of shooting him while asleep.

Now and then they are caught saying around the houses to find the exact position of the bed in which the white man sleeps. They are likely to mark the outside of the wall near which the bed stands for the purpose of killing the trader by shooting through it. At the especially dangerous stations, traders move their beds every night or fill around them a wall of boxes.

If a trader smells smoke during the night he is very careful about sticking his head out of the door or window, for he has learned that it is a favorite trick of the blacks to create a smudge, so that the whites may be tempted out of doors to see what is burning. On such occasions they are likely to be killed by their unseen enemies.

It is remarkable that the traders take their wives and children to these islands. Not a few white families are living along these coasts. The women and children lead no easy lives, for they are engaged most of the day in spreading coconut meat for drying, or helping the men folk in many other ways. Ribbe says not a white woman there is surrounded by the men in fluck and courage.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

Every woman carries a revolver, for the women are in as much danger as the men. Now and then they are confronted with situations which require quick thought and action. The writer gives a number of instances of the courage with which the women and even little girls meet danger.

One day two traders named Macdonald, of Munia Island, started on a business trip along the coast of Bougainville, leaving their wives and daughters in the newly built cabins which were not yet provided with doors or windows. A few nights later a twelve-year-old girl was awakened by smoke blowing through the house.

She thought the natives were to mischief, and, picking up her revolver, and awakening her ten-year-old sister, she stole softly to the doorway. Pushing aside the cloth that hung before it, the girls dimly saw several black figures crouched a few feet from the house waiting for some of the inmates to appear. The elder girl fired the revolver, wounding a black and frightening the others away.

The Solomon Islanders not only kill strangers but they also cheerfully eat them if the opportunity occurs. Most, but not all of the natives are inveterate man-eaters.

They go on expeditions for no other purpose than to secure victims for the cooking pot; and as they greatly prefer to celebrate their cannibal feasts at home, they sometimes tie captives hand and foot to long poles which are borne on the shoulders of the victors many miles to their own settlements, so that their families and friends may share the feast.

A WHITE MAN'S AWFUL FATE.

Mr. Ribbe tells of a white victim of cannibalism. He went out with some white wanderers among the islands who are a little peculiar and lead very strange lives.

This man, an Australian, was old and a little worn in his head. One day he decided to go to Egga, an uninhabited island in the Solomon group, and spend the remainder of his life in solitude. He said he was tired of civilization and wished to live and to die alone.

He bought materials for a little house and such implements and furnishings as he required, and sailed on a trading schooner for lonely Egga. He put his house together in 1886, and in the course of time he had a well-fitted garden, many hens and a number of pigs, which he had raised from the few brought with him.

The white man was often warned that though his island was uninhabited, it might be visited any day by cannibals, who would doubtless kill him. He said he believed the natives would respect his white hair, and, anyway, he was not afraid.

But his confidence was misplaced, for he was killed and eaten. One day Capt. E. Pratt, who had heard that natives had been seen raiding over to Egga, went to the island and found that he had killed forty-eight hours too late.

The house had been plundered and it was easy to identify the spot where the old man had been killed. In those days warlike was very seldom visited the islands, and the murderers never paid the penalty, for their crime.

ALWAYS BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE

Gabriel, the noted racing automobilist, was describing in New York the joy of speed.

"Whoever," he said, "has once driven a racing car, is a devotee of racing thereafter. He finds that nothing in the world equals the mad, fierce delight of speeding along firm white roads at the rate of seventy or eighty miles an hour."

"In Paris last year I met a young American millionaire who had just bought a sixty-five horse-power car. He and I went out in the country together to try this new car's paces. We had a superb time. The machine was a fine one. We flew so fast, we left the birds behind."

"At the day's end we congratulated each other on the sport we had had. It was agreed between us that there was nothing on earth to equal motoring."

"Can you come out again to-morrow?" I said eagerly. "Can you come out to-morrow and try my car?"

"Well," said the young man slowly, "I was to be married to-morrow, but—I can put it off."

HOW CROCODILES ARE CAUGHT

Shooting crocodiles is no sport; you sit in the bow of a canoe, rifle in hand, while two men paddle silently forward until you sight a dark, olive green, log-like thing in the mud. The "thing" is not so inanimate as it looks. Perhaps you have a momentary sight of a yellowish patch, the under side of its throat, as it moves off; and then you fire and caddy with all speed to where the creature was; was, I repeat, for nine times out of ten past tense is the proper one. You may see a few spots of blood, to indicate you have scored; but rarely is a crocodile killed instantly, and otherwise it is not secured. No matter how severely it is wounded, it finds its way into the river to die and wait, or to fall prey to other crocodiles. Of about a dozen I wounded to the death, I secured only one, and that because I was able to approach within 10 yards and, with my lead-lined ball masher, drilled the disgusting reptile through and through.—Casper Whitney in Ouling.

Minard's Little Lures Colds, etc.