

The Chatham Daily Planet.

MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1903.

(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.

Tri-Weekly Planet from June 25, to July 9th, 1856.

wife of George Williams of a

Planet is running a tri-weekly

Orr died in this town at the 8 years.

McIntosh opens a grocery

indation for the English

t office at Embro was enter-

amount subscribed to the pat-

E. Scholfield is running a

rt Fisher, of Chatham Town-

Boushey pays Messrs. Eberts

aged 70 and 63 respective-

as been appropriated by the

a received the contract for

roof the new town hall be-

middle house in the Phoenix

Chatham band went to Detroit

120 dozen of wild pigeons

examinations of the Grammar

ath by drowning is recorded

las. June 13, five small boys

June 15, Michael Ken-

committee appointed to investi-

against Mr. Brown by At-

against the member for Lamb-

ton, and consequently the thing, after much recrimination and vertuperation, dwindles down to a party matter. Mr. Brown is in a better position before the country than he was previous to the charges.

AVENGED HERSELF

Armed with a whip which she took with her from her pony carriage, Miss Mary Reed, of Philadelphia, followed a masher into the Lakewood train at Winslow Junction, near Atlantic City, N. J., the other night and administered a sound thrashing. The man only escaped worse punishment at the hands of the father of the girl through his train pulling out before the parent knew what was going on.

According to the story of eye-witnesses the man left the Atlantic City train at the junction to make connection with one to Lakewood. Miss Reed was waiting for her father, who had been to Atlantic City, to drive him to their country home at Elm City.

While the young man and a party of friends were waiting for their train,

HOW WILLIE GOT RICH

A small boy was in the habit of bothering his mother for pennies, until at last she said to him:

"Now, Willie, I don't like to give you pennies; if you want money you must work for it."

The boy remained thoughtful for some time. Then within a few days the mother perceived that Willie had plenty of pennies.

She wondered a little where he could have got them from, but did not question him.

One summer day she noticed that some sort of a hullabaloo was going on in the back yard. Looking out of the window she saw Willie surrounded by a mob of boys, who were yelling with delight.

Stories of Early Days

Cornelius Roe Came to Chatham When There Were Only a Few Huts Along the River—A Thrilling Adventure.

Cornelius Roe, of Baldoon, Dover, was in the city the other day on business. Mr. Roe is 71 years of age but is hale and hearty and says that he feels like a young man. He is one of the oldest residents of the

ham soil at the rear of the Eberts building. At that time there was a large boarding house situated where McCall's splendid drug store now stands. The first grist mill was situated at the old dam in McGregor's Creek near the Lake Erie bridge. The first dry goods store was run by a man named Burrows and his store was situated where Hender-shot's livery stable is now. The late Thomas Stone who, before he died, was one of the best known and best established dry goods merchants in Western Ontario, was a clerk in this store.

It is a wonder to Mr. Roe how Chatham and the surrounding district has been developed. He never expected to see Chatham the city that it is to-day.

The second grist mill was erected where the Riverside Terrace now is. Mr. Roe remembers coming to this mill with a grist when he was about 13 years old.

"I was living at Buxton at the time," said he to The Planet, "and my father sent me in to Chatham with a grist. We had no horses or wagons then and my grist was carried in an old sled drawn by oxen. The trip covered the whole day. I started out early in the morning and was ready to go home in the evening. I was quite young and thought nothing of the dangers of travelling through woods at night, and as there was no attraction in Chatham to keep me over until morning, I decided to go home that night. Between Chatham and Buxton there were two large bushes with the plains between them. I got through the first bush without any mishap and crossed the plains. When I entered the second bush I could hear the wolves howling all around me. It was very dark and I had to trust to the oxen to keep to the road and take me home safely. The wolves came close to me and even crossed the road in front of the oxen. The oxen became frightened and it was all I could do to steady them down. I was about three hours in that bush and all the time I did not realize what danger I was in, and what would have been a hair-raising experience for an older person did not bother me in the least. My parents were very happy that I had got home safely when I told them of my experience."

Mr. Roe is very fond of hunting and is one of the best shots in the County. His favorite game is deer, and every year he takes a trip to Muskoka and never fails to bring home a couple of these fleet-footed animals.

CHICAGO INTERVIEW

Max O'Rell used to tell a story about his first experience with a Chicago newspaper reporter. The genial Frenchman had just arrived at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and had retired to his room to rest after a fatiguing journey. In order to get the most possible out of a short siesta he took off his clothes and got into bed. The day was a hot one, and for better circulation of air he left the door slightly ajar, placing a chair against it for security. Shortly afterward he was awakened from his nap by a knock at his door, and he drowsily inquired who was there.

"Mr. Blank, of The Daily So-and-So," replied the reporter. "I cannot be disturbed now," called O'Rell. "You will have to come again. I cannot see you now. I am in bed."

Notwithstanding this injunction, the humorist saw the door pushed open, the chair fell over on the floor, and the reporter entered the room, threw his hat on the table, sighed and helped himself to a chair.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed the now angry Frenchman. "This is unprecedented. What will you have, sir? What'll you have?"

"Thank you," replied the reporter, fanning himself. "I'll take a gin fizz."

A PRACTICAL JOKE

In connection with Punch's famous dinners, a story is told of Sothorn. He had been invited to meet a brilliant company assembled at the publishing office on the day the Prince of Wales (our present King) was married. He arrived late on the opposite side of the street. The crowd was dense, and he was unable to force his way across. Seeing a policeman, he whispered, "Get me through, and I'll give you a sovereign." "Afraid I can't," said the officer, "but I'll try." A prodigious effort was unsuccessfully made. Sothorn was at his wit's end. "Look here," he said to the constable, "put your handcuffs on me, drag me through, and I'll give you two pounds." So Sothorn was handcuffed and dragged through a mass of humanity. "You'll find the money in my waistcoat pocket," he said. The policeman acceded to it, but also an additional bribe from one of Sothorn's friends, which left the actor for the rest of the day manacled and not in the most comfortable position to enjoy a good dinner.

FOLMER & CLOGG SEEDED SILK PARASOL.



This shows a pale green satin stripe on a white silk ground, the latter in the new seeded effect. The handle is a little longer than has been worn for several summers, and the rib tips are enameled in pale green to match the satin stripe.

STRUCK A RIVER

In the House of Commons at Ottawa the other day in connection with the Yukon items, an interesting little story was told of the efforts of a gentleman named Thompson to reach bed rock in Eldorado valley in the Yukon. He dug a hole 200 feet to the bed rock all right, but when he got there he struck an underground river, which formed a gusher that threatened to fill the whole valley with a glacier.

The result was that the Yukon council had to spend \$50,000 to fill up the hole, and Parliament is now appropriating money to recoup the council.

Henry Sales met with a bad accident last Tuesday forenoon. He was leading by a rope a critter to the slaughter house, and when the critter started to run, the rope caught on his finger and it was disjointed and so badly pulled out that amputation was necessary.—Tilbury News.

he amused himself by making insulting remarks to the young lady who sat in her pony carriage. She could not resent his unwelcome attentions on account of her horse being restive, and he at last took hold of the horse's bridle and held it in spite of the girl's protests.

Just as the Lakewood train pulled into the station and the young man ceased worrying the girl in order to catch it, her father arrived on the scene. Without telling him of her intentions, the girl handed him the lines and seizing the whip from the socket, ran into the car which the young man had entered, and catching him in the aisle, belabored him soundly until he cried for mercy.

The affair happened so quickly that none of the friends of the man had time to interfere, and Miss Reed ran out of the car and jumped from the platform after the train had begun to move. When her father heard the story from her he was furious and made an effort to have the man arrested further up the line, but did not succeed.

Miss Reed is 23 years of age and very pretty.

She went down into the yard to see what was going on, and as she passed out she saw stuck on the wall this notice quite neatly printed out with a pencil:

WILLIE JONES WILL EAT:
One small worm for 1-2 penny
One large worm for 1 penny
One small caterpillar for 1-2 pennies
One large caterpillar for 2 pennies
One small green toad 3 pennies
And Willie was apparently doing a thriving business.—Spare Moments.

Dr. Frank McTavish and wife, after spending a few days at Palmyra and in Ridgeway, left yesterday for the Northwest, where the Dr. will decide upon a location to commence practice.—Ridgeway Dominion.

Isaiah Churchill, an Orford farmer, is in a Chatham hospital with a broken arm and suffering from many serious injuries. On Saturday morning he was found near the railway tracks at Highgate, and it is thought he was struck by a train.—Ridgeway Dominion.

County, coming to this country with his father and landing in Chatham when he was but three years old. He has farmed in Kent ever since and when asked why he did not retire and live in town he said, "No, I love the free and open country and would not care to live in a city. Besides," he added, with a smile, "I feel too young to think of retiring yet."

Mr. Roe was in Chatham when there were only a few log huts and a couple of stores. He was very young at the time, but his memory is very clear and distinct, and he can remember many things which happened in the olden days. He enjoys The Planet and reads with much interest the happenings of "Auld Lang Syne," which are recorded in this G. H. J. every week.

When Mr. Roe landed in Chatham, as is pointed out above, there were only a few huts in what is now one of the best industrial cities in the province. He first set foot on Chat-