

The Chatham Daily Planet.

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CHATHAM ONT., MONDAY, APRIL 18, 1904

NO 94

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VIVID EYE-WITNESS' DESCRIPTION OF FIERCE NAVAL BATTLE

Admiral Togo's Daring and Strategy Responsible For
Appalling Russian Loss in
the Engagement.

Japanese Admiral Forwards His Official Report Which is Accepted
of London—Thrilling Story of the
Great Sea Fight.

London, Monday, April 18.—Vice-Admiral Togo's report is accepted here as fully explaining the mystery of the destruction of the battleship Petropavlovsk, and the newspapers pay warm tributes to the daring and skill displayed by the Japanese, contrasting these with the apparent lack of foresight and vigilance on the part of the Russians.

TERRIBLE BATTLE.
War correspondents arriving at Ping-Yang report that the roads are in terrible condition, but that the Japanese troops in marching display splendid endurance.

JAPS PREPARED.
The Daily Mail's Ping-Yang correspondent says that food supplies are being pushed forward on a gigantic scale. All the preparations prove that the Japanese are in readiness to sustain a campaign. The correspondent describes the irresistible courage shown by the Japanese in the fighting at Chong-Ju, charging recklessly up hill in the face of superior numbers. He relates an incident showing the individual initiative of the Japanese soldiers. A private became isolated and saw the main body of the Russians making for the south gate of the town. He hid himself until the Russians approached, and then deliberately shot the Russian commander, throwing the force into confusion.

EN ROUTE TO YIN-KOW.
A Port Arthur despatch says:—“Rumors are current here that 20 Japanese transports, conveying troops, have been sighted steaming in the direction of Yin-Kow. The rumor cannot be confirmed. The Russians impatiently await a Japanese landing.”

FIERCE NAVAL BATTLE.
Lia Yang, April 17.—The Associated Press correspondent believes that the Japanese would repeat the attempt to block the entrance to Port Arthur with fire ships on Easter Eve, went from Lia Yang to Port Arthur, a week ago yesterday. For four nights I watched with the sentries on Golden Hill. Three nights passed quietly. Tuesday night, April 12, Vice-Admiral Makarov took to sea with his entire squadron, including fourteen torpedo boats. The next night, April 13, in the teeth of a gale, eight torpedo boats were sent out to reconnoitre. From Golden Hill, on which I was standing, through the blackness the searchlights of the fortifications flashed over the inky waters of the roadstead and far out to the hazy horizon.

At 11 o'clock I heard firing at sea, and counted seven shots, but could see nothing. At daybreak I made out through the light haze to the southward, about five miles from shore, six torpedo boats strung out in line, all firing. In the lead and outstripping the others was a boat heading at full speed directly for the entrance of the harbor. The last in line was beclouded in steam and lagging. She evidently had been hit. It was difficult to distinguish our boats, but finally, through my glasses, I saw that the leader and the laggard were Russian and that the four others were Japanese. The flash out the guns and the splash of the projectiles as they struck the water showed the intensity of the conflict.

The torpedo boat from which steam was escaping was firing viciously. The four centre craft drew together, concentrating their fire upon her, but the crippled destroyer poured out her fire and was successfully keeping off her assailants. The signal station flashed the news to the men of the batteries that the vessel was the Strashni. The unequal combat was observed with breathless interest, but the net drew close around the doomed boat.

The four Japanese vessels formed a semi-circle and

POURED IN A DEADLY FIRE.
The steam from the Strashni grew denser, covering her like a white pall. Still she fought like a desperately wounded animal brought to bay. Running straight for the adversary barring her way to safety, she passed the Japanese astern and fired at them. At this stage, Vice-Admiral Makarov, who had been observing the progress of the conflict through a telescope, signalled to the cruiser Bayan, lying in the inner harbor, to weigh anchor and go out to the rescue. The Japanese destroyers clung to their victim like hounds in a chase. They had become separated, but again resumed close formation. Small jets from the light rapid-firers, varied by denser clouds, as torpedoes were discharged against the Strashni. The stricken boat loosed a final round,

and then disappeared beneath the waves, only a little cloud of steam marking the place where she went down.

The Japanese torpedo boats turned and made off at full speed, followed by the Bayan. To their support came six of the enemy's cruisers. Still the Bayan went on, seemingly inviting certain destruction. She soon turned and sent a broadside into the enemy's line. The Japanese returned the fire, all their guns bearing on the Bayan. Projectiles rained around the ship, but none struck home.

To the eastward suddenly appeared five more of our torpedo boats, returning to the harbor under forced draught. Two of the Japanese cruisers were immediately detached to cut them off, but the Bayan, noticing the move, checkmated it by

TURNING A HOT FIRE
upon them. The movement was effective. The Japanese cruisers slowed down and the torpedo boats slipped through into the harbor.

Meanwhile, in accordance with Vice-Admiral Makarov's order, the battleships and cruisers in the inner harbor slipped anchor. The Petropavlovsk, flying the admiral's flag, steamed through the entrance. On her appearance the more formidable of the Japanese cruisers turned and fled. The Admiral signalled “Retire Bayan.”

By this time the entire Russian squadron was in the outer harbor. Besides the Petropavlovsk, I saw the battleships Petrosvet, Poltava, Pobeda and Sevastopol, the cruisers Novik, Diana and Askold and the torpedo boats. Another signal from the flagship and the torpedo boats dashed ahead, and the heavier ships began to spread out. Seeing the flight of the Japanese cruisers the Petropavlovsk opened fire with her great guns, but the enemy was out of range and soon disappeared. Our squadron continued the chase, finally fading from view. In about an hour it came in sight. Far beyond it was the enemy. At last I made out behind our squadron a fleet of 14, of which six were battleships and the remainder armored and unarmored cruisers.

Unable to get within effective range of the Admiral's flagship, the enemy stopped 18 vessels from shore. Our squadron, with the Petropavlovsk leading, arrived at the entrance to the harbor and drew up in line of battle. Another signal was floated from the flagship and the torpedo boats at once proceeded through the enemy into the inner harbor. Vice-Admiral Makarov was evidently unwilling to risk his vulnerable craft to heavy projectiles. I watched the Petropavlovsk closely as she steamed toward Electric Cliff. All was quiet. It was the hush before the battle. I looked for the Japanese ships, but they were without movement, save that caused by the heavy sea. My glance returned to our squadron. The Petropavlovsk was almost without headway, when suddenly I saw her tremble. She seemed to rise out of the water, a tremendous explosion rent the air, then a second and then a third. Fragments flew in all directions and wreckage and men were mixed up in a terrible mass. I was hardly able to realize the horror of it when the ship began to list. In a moment the sea seemed to open and the water rushed over her.

The Petropavlovsk had disappeared. The floating wreckage and the few men struggling in the water were all that was left to recall the splendid fighting machine which a few hours before had sailed out of the harbor. The same shock experienced by the observers at Golden Hill paralyzed for a moment the men on the ships, but when it passed torpedo boats and small boats hastened to the rescue of the survivors.

Eager to ascertain what had occurred on board the sunken ship I hastened to a landing, where a small remnant of the gallant crew were put ashore and conveyed to a hospital.

TOGO'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

Tokio, April 16—9.30 p. m.—Admiral Togo reports that in the attack on Port Arthur on Tuesday night the Japanese sank mines at midnight, and at 8 a. m. the morning drew the Russian ships out fifteen miles from the port. The Petropavlovsk struck a Japanese mine and was sunk.

Admiral Togo reports that the combined fleet, as previously planned, commenced on the 11th of April, the eighth attack on Port Arthur. The fourth and the fifth destroyer flotillas and the fourteenth torpedo flotilla and the Koryo Maru reached the mouth of Port Arthur at midnight of the 12th, and effected the laying of mines at several points outside of port, defying the enemy's searchlights. The second destroyer flotilla discovered at dawn of the 13th, one Russian destroyer trying to enter the harbor, and after a 10 minutes' attack, sunk her. Another Russian was discovered and Continued on Eighth Page.

AN AUSPICIOUS RE-OPENING

Splendid Services at Victoria Ave. Methodist Church Yesterday.

Magnificent Collection Received—Excellent Music and Addresses by Visiting Minister.

Victoria Ave. Methodist Church was auspiciously re-opened yesterday, after the recent renovations and improvements. Rev. G. N. Hazen, B. A., of Siroia, occupied the pulpit both morning and evening and preached splendid sermons to large congregations.

The cost of the improvements on the interior of the church amounted to \$700, \$300 of which had been secured before Sunday and the pastor yesterday asked for \$400 to make up the balance. The response to the appeal was liberal indeed, when the total was made last night, it was found about \$320 had been received.

The morning service was bright and interesting. The singing of the choir under the direction of Mr. Harry Horstead, was excellent, the duet of Miss Jackson and Mr. Horstead was very enjoyable.

Rev. Mr. Hazen selected his text in the morning from Matthew 13, 45 and 46—

Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls:
Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.

“Since my visit here in November last, I see you have been making great improvements,” began Mr. Hazen, “and I congratulate you upon your successes. It reflects much upon your enterprise and loyalty. I am also glad to hear of your successes not only financially but spiritually as well.”

“My text is one of the beautiful parables illustrative of the different aspects of the Kingdom of Heaven just the same as a man entering a strange city with a camera carries away pictures of different interesting aspects or scenes of the place. The interpretation of the Kingdom of God was the one great thought and Jesus' special message. The Jews had long looked for the re-establishment of the Kingdom of David, their father, but the Messiah had come to establish a Kingdom not of externals but an inner Kingdom wherein dwells righteousness. That's what he was teaching about, a Kingdom of Heaven with its aspects and principles.”

“This parable, my text, is one of the explanations of the Kingdom of God. It illustrates the supremely precious value of Christ and His Kingdom. The pearl is very highly esteemed by the Eastern people much more so than the diamond and rubi by this means Christ tried to show the extreme value of His Kingdom.”

“It is very valuable to Him and also to us. It is precious to God because he loves us. There is a sort of divinity in us, we are made after the image of God. God so loved the world he gave His only begotten son. It fulfills our deepest need and should be valuable to us. The Kingdom of God supplies our deepest needs in every respect.”

“The entering of the Kingdom of Jesus in our souls washes us whiter than snow and gives us power to resist and overcome the evil one. The Kingdom of God is the greatest thing for the nations. Where do you find the greatest intellect, the greatest learning, the greatest safety? In Christian lands of course.”

“It is beautiful. It is durable not like other dynasties that rise and fall—it is here for ever and is gradually becoming more and more powerful.”

In conclusion, the reverend gentleman asked for a total surrender to Christ.

The evening service was exceedingly well attended. At this service, Miss Jackson sang most acceptably. Over forty entered into the fellowship of the church after the morning service.

WANTS CITY BELL

“Why is it the city bell doesn't ring any more?” asked a King street merchant this morning. “It should ring for the benefit of the merchants on King street who employ men. Gray's and Campbell's and all of the factories have boilers and steam whistles, but we merchants have nothing except the fire bell to tell us when 12 o'clock and one o'clock comes. Half the time we cannot hear the hour bell. We have the best sounding bell in Canada and we should have it rung every day at 7 o'clock, quarter to nine, 12, one, and six, and on Sundays at a quarter to eleven, and at eleven for the people who go to church. Now that the Old Boys' Re-union is coming I know that there are lots of old boys who would like to hear the sound of the bell that used to hustle them to school in the mornings.”

The city sprinkler was out on King street this morning. “Whenever you see the dust fly,” declared Chairman McCoig, of the Board of Works, “you will always see the Board of Works on top with the sprinkling cart right under your nose.” Lawyer Frank Smith suggested that the street should be washed before the street fair comes on.

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