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# The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1905

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

### War Correspondent

Striking and Adventurous Career of a London Newspaper Man-His Experiences

The life of Mr. William Maxwell, the great war correspondent of the London Standard, is as packed with venture and incident as a novel of Dumas, says the London Daily Maik. He is one of the gypsies of journalism—representative of all that is exciting, picturesque and romantic in a seemingly drab-colored profession.

To follow his footsteps in recent He is one of the gypsies of journalism—representative of all that is exciting, picturesque and romantic in a seemingly drab-colored profession. To follow his footsteps in recent years is to traverse the Soudan with Kitchener, to enter Palestine with the Imperial Majesty of Germany, to sit out the Peace Conference with Sir John Fisher, to walk the shell-wreeked streets of Ladysmith with White and Ward, to ride with Roberts to Pretoria, to stand now at the marriage altar of Queen Wilhelmina, to visit the rejoicing colonies of Britain with the Prince and Princess of Wales, to converse on European in plomacy with the Sultan of Md o, to follow Kuroki into his more intimate privacy, to look upon the mountainous dead at Sha-bo and the Yelu, and to witness, alone among newspaper correspondents not originally attached to General Nogi's army, the historic handing over of Port Arthur to the Japanese. And it to-morrow he will be passing through India with the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The public has its reporter in the

India with the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The public has its reporter in the Police Court, its gossip in the lobby of the House of Commons, and its critic at the theatre. These are journalists; but the true journalist is a nomad, a man acquainted with all nations, at home in every capital, and familiar with the statesmanship and the customs of every people. He is the fireside guest from foreign lands at the hearth of the newspaper reader, the delightful traveller whose tales keep the night ever too young for sheets and counterpane. He is the ciaracter in a good romance who unexpectedly thrusts open the inn door and comes out of midnight wind and rain with splashed boots and clanking sword, calling for a tankard of red ale as he strides to a place in the ingle.

HIS NAME LITTLE KNOWN.

HIS NAME LITTLE KNOWN. HIS NAME LITTLE KNOWN.

To the general reader of newspapers the name of William Maxwell is hardly known, but among people working out either the salvation or destruction of Europe Maxwell of the Standard" has long been a familiar phrase. The old principle in journalism of anonymity has kept his name from the public, but he has long been an influence in the affairs of the world, and persona grata with the very elect.

very elect. r. Maxwell is chief of our jour-Mr. Maxwell is chief of our jour-nalistic gypsies by reason of two gifts; he has first the same faculty for observation which made George Steevens so gracious a writer, and he has secondly the faculty for statesmanship which secures for him

The life of Mr. William Maxwell, the trust and the respect of diplo

> His description of the battle of Omdurman, which appeared in the old Standard, remains to this day as old Standard, remains to this day as one of the most brilliant essays in war literature, and his picture of Port Arthur's fall was the only worthy impression received by Europe of that great event. With such dispassion and coolness does he write that one might think he viewed battle through field glasses at a distance where bullets never reached. And vet he has always been in

thirty hours of hungering and thirsting.

I asked him the other day what it felt like to be in the midst of an engagement, stuck there as a peaceful observer of death and destruction. He laughed as he admitted that the first sensation is one of "funk." "I think that the first sensation of almost every man is one of funk. Then, quite suddenly, comes the conviction that you are about to die, that your life is finished, and that in a few minutes you will have shuffled off the friendly coil of morality and made acquaintance with death. and made acquaintance with death.
With this comes relief, a joyful feeling of nonchalance and exultation.
Cowardice and terror go: one awaits one's dismissal rather jauntily. But one's dismissal rather Jauntily. But one still alive, feels one self to be still alive, and gradually accustoms one's self to the idea that one is not going to die at all—a most curi-ous discovery! You can almost ous discovery! You can almost laugh at the whistling bullets after

THE SIGHT OF DEAD MEN ON THE BATTLEFIELD. "But the heaps of dead?" I ques-

"It is their very number which prevents one from the collapse of horror. A few dead men are dreadful to see; but thousands, teas of thousands—they do not strike one as men at all; one looks at them without realizing that each corpse was once a separate individuality, a human being. And yet, passing unmoved over those prone figures after a great battle, if one should see the face of a man one knew, a man one had smoked with and talked with and marched with, then the heart is pierced for a moment, and the pity of it—instead of the splendor "It is their very number which pre-

Continued on Page Ten.

WILKS CHILLE

An effective simplicity is the keynote of the dull framboise shade of crepe de chine, in the one seam double width weave. The corsage has a yoke and vest in one done in Bruges lace, the design being followed in the crepe, and the bodice blousing slightly all around over the fancy belt. The sleeve has an elbow puff above the lace cuff, pleating of crepe being used as a finish. The skirt is in three sections, the upper one shirred to the hand, if the succeeding ones each shirred with a heading to straight edge of the seding. Appliques of Bruges lace appear above each heading and add such to the rich effect.

### **\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*** DIVER MADE \$25.000

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### IN TEN MINUTES.

The most remarkable of the few human fishes in the world, called deep-sea divers, is Hal Lefton, of San Francisco. He has dived for a living in nearly all the different deep waters of this planet. His specialty of late years has been "salving," that is, recovering treasure from sunken ships. He gets a commission on whatever he brings to the surface. It was he who earned \$25,000 in a single dive to the sunken steamer Rio Janeiro, which went down off San Francisco with all aboard, including \$2,000,000 in gold from the Klondike. His story as he told it to the writer was amazing.

"There is much known sunken treasure," said Lefton, "which cannot be recovered by divers, because it lies at too great a depth. There's the steamer Oregon, wrecked in 1886, with \$1,000,000 in gold; and the Erie, burned to the water's edge in 1893—where she sank off Florida there. where she sank, off Florida, there lies a fortune in gold on the sea-bed. The marine insurance companies ed. And yet he has always been in the very thick of battle, and has sometimes written his account after thirty hours of hungering and thirstoffer us big commissions to dive for those two deposits of treasure, but they lie too deep. Our average safe depth is 150 feet, but I have worked

depth is 150 feet, but I have worked at 204 feet.

"The Rio Janeiro, from which I made my big haul the other day, lies at about 170 feet, and some five miles off shore. There's more gold there still, but after a dive like that of the other day I have to take at least a week's rest. I earned that money in exactly ten minutes, and this is how.

"My tug annohored at the right place. Then I put on this diver's dress, weighing 170 pounds; it has been often described, for it is just like any other diver wears. Well, I dived. It took three of my precious minutes to reach the gold, which was in a cabin just behind the captain's room. I had forced open the door of that cabin in one of the previous dives, so all I had to do now was to load the gold into a rope net which I had brought down with me, and which, of course, could be hauled up by a rope by those on the tug above.

"So I just worked with lightning

"So I just worked with lightning movements, hustling the heavy boxes of gold into the net, one after the other. When I had thrown into the other. When I had thrown into the net all it could carry, I used my electric Tamp to make sure that all was right with the packing and the net; and then I used my toleghouse the net up slowly, but to put me up as fast as they could, as my tenth minute was about to expire.

"I reached the deck of the tug before the net; but I went off into a dead swoon before I had time to see whether the net got up safely,

see whether the net got up safely, and even before they could get my copper helmet off.
"When I recovered consciousness I

"When I recovered consciousness I was ashore and in my bed. And when they brought me the news that the contents of the rope net had been valued at the assay office, what do you think I did? I swooned again. For there was \$250,000 worth of gold in those boxes, and my commission was ten per cent. The very next day the agent of the marine susurance company in San marine busurance company in San Francisco handed me my commission of \$25,000 in gold. That's more than a first class lawyer can earn in ten minutes, is it not?"

### \*\*\*\* POOR, BUT

### MIGHTY RICH \*\*\*\*\*\*\*

## Once, in New England, says a writ

Once, in New England, says a writer in the Outlook, I was driving with
an old farmer, and some of the men
of the neighborhood came under criticism. Speaking of a prominent man
in the village, I asked:
Is he a man of means?
Well, sir, the farmer replied, he
ain't got much money, but he's
mighty rich

mighty rich.

He has a great deal of land, then?

He has a great deal of land, then? I asked.

No, sir, he ain't got much land, neither, but still he is mighty rich.

The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment, and then explained:

You see, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his and he ain't got much land, out still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes; he does not owe anything, and he ain't afraid of anybody; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family, and his neighbors; his word is as good as his bond, and everyman, woman and child in the town looks up to him and respects him. No sir, he ain't got much land, but still he is a mighty rich man, because he's got all he needs and all he wants.

I assented t othe old farmer's deductions, for I thought them entirely correct. When a man has all he needs and all he wants he is certainly rich, and when he lacks these

ly rich, and when he lacks these things he is certainly poor.

In prosperity prepare for a change; in adversity hope for one.

A cheary face, like a warm temper-

### +++++++++++++++++++++++++ DANGEROUS WORK

### OF CLIFF CLIMBERS <del>\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*</del>

The great sight of the Yorkshire coast, if, indeed, not of the whole northeast coast of England, is undoubtedly the cliff-climbing for seanortheast coast of England, is undoubtedly the cliff-climbing for seabirds' eggs at Bempton, near Filey. From May till the end of June the climbing is in full swing, and on any day in those months men are to be seen dangling in a breeches-buoy at the end of a line over the face of chalk cliffs which rise sheer 400 feet from the boiling surf below. The villages of Bempton, Buckton, and, in a less degree, Flamborough, have long been the seat of this ancient industry, and owe not a little prosperity to its pursuits and to the money spent by the numerous visitors who go either for the day or stay in the villages for longer periods, attracted by the fascination of this daring occupation.

The men, hanging over the fearful

The men, hanging over the fearful abyss, are entirely dependent upon the fidelity of their fellows above—there are four in a gang, three above and the man on the line-and on the strength of the rope. Naturally enough, this is always earefully examined before a descent is made, but the cliffs abound with flint, as keen in places as the edge of a razor, and strands at any moment may be severed. The climber keeps himself away from the face of the cliff by his feet, and signals by a hand-line when he wishes to be drawn up or lowered. Every moment his life lowered. Every moment his life hangs literally by a thread, and the mere view of him swinging at such a dizzy height is too much for most folk to witness unmoved.

folk to witness unmoved.

In all, five gangs, or "crews," are employed, most of the men being climbers by long inheritance. The skill with which they swing themselves on to the narrow ledges in the cliff face is marvellous. Of birds and eggs there are hundreds of thousands. The guillemot predominates, with the razorbill, puffin and kittiwake gull next in order. Singularly enough, the herring gull, which abounds at the back of Filey Brigg, six miles north, is at Bempton never to be found; though living contentedly amongst his marine ing contentedly amongst his marine friends, the Blue Rock pigeon is often to be met with. The jackdaw is an unwelcome but frequent visitor,

often to be met with. The jackdaw is an unwelcome but frequent visitor, and he commits fearful slaughter amongst the sea-birds' eggs.

So accustomed are the climbers to handling the eggs that it is seldom one is broken. They are safely placed, when gathered from the ledges, into a crossed haversack worn over the shoulders, packed into boxes when brought to the top, and then be a delicacy, which, once tasted, is ever more desired. Some birds sit tight when the climbers appear, and have to be pushed off their eggs, but the vast majority wheel and flutter in great concern, shrieking and crooning in the weirdest of manners. Previous to the passing of the Act of 1880, and the subsequent enactments protecting the breeding birds, the numbers of those on the cliffs had become so much reduced by the slaughter of so-called sportsmen, who shot the parents when their nesting duties tied them to the cliffs and made them an casy prey, that three men could not make half a crown a day at climbing.

But now the birds have so increased that the five fall crews, climbing regularly during May and June, make good wages, and in spite of this the

regularly during May and June, make good wages, and in spite of this the birds are continually on the increase, the number of eggs brought up the cliffs growing every year.

### **\***-\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* WHAT WAS

### HE EXPECTING \*\*\*\*\*\*

Talkin' o' telegraph blunders, began the baggagemaster, reflectively spitting at the station cat, curled up under the chair in which the agent was lounging; "talkin' o' telegraph blunders, the funniest and dumbest was worked off once at Rochester; I was up there 'bout ten months. It was of a Thursday, I recollect, an' on the day before two most likely-lookin' gals had come in from the West. I had took special notice of 'em because it seemed to me they looked scart and worried. Well, that Thursday, 'long about two in the afternoon, they come down to the station and sent a despatch West, to Chicago, I think it was, and it must ha' been to their daddy, for I heard afterwards that it read: "Jesus has taken mother home."

It was right then that the Rochester smarty got things mixed, for some hour an' a half later back come the old man's answer. He surely was puzzled bad, for he asked them innicent gals: Who is Jesse, and where is her home. agent was lounging; "talkin' o' tele-

### LIFE.

Were this our only day,
Did not our yesterdays and morrows give
To hope and memory their interplay,
How should we bear to live?

Not merely what we are

But what we were and what we
are to be,
Make up our life—that the far days
each a star,
The near days nebulea.

Ruskin.

### The Days of Auld Lang Syne

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Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered from The Planet's Issues of Haif a Century

From The Planet fyles from April, aged about 65 years. 18, 1862, to April 30, 1862.

On the 11th inst. the bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, which had passed in Senate, was carried in the House of Representatives. Only two members from slave holding states (Messrs. Blair, of Missouri, and Fisher, of Delaware) voted for it.

At a special meeting of No. 1 Fire Company, held on Wednesday, Mr. David Walker was elected foreman in room of Mr. Wilson, resigned. Mr. R. O. Smith was elected treasurer in room of T. R. G. Rutley, elected at the annual brigade meeting, first assistant engineer. Mr. Andrew Northwood was elected secretary in room of Mr. James Marquand, resigned.

The "Lemuel Lewis"—This new boat which came out last fall in Detroit is advertised to run regularly on the Chatham and Detroit route. She is about the size of the Islander and is a staunch little craft. Her and is a stanch rittle trait. Here commander seems to be a first rate fellow and we have no doubt his efforts to meet the wants of the Chathamites will meet with proper encouragement. Mr. Jos. M. Eberts, well known to all our townspeople, is agent at Chatham.

Great preparations are being made to give the Nightingales a bumper house on their appearance in Chat-ham on the 23rd inst. These young gentlemen are amateurs from Wind-sor and Sandwich, and many of our readers have no doubt read flatter-ing allusions to their performances in the local as well as Detroit pa-ners. The members of Excelsion Fire

The members of Excelsion Fire Company No. 1 held a big excursion on the 24th of May. Arrangements for the event were made by Messrs. David Walker, John Dickson, R. O. Smith, John McDonald and S. M.

Fall wheat brought from 90 cents to \$1.00 a bushel, and spring wheat from 75 cents to 85 cents a bushel. Barley brought from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt.

Died-At his residence in the Township of Harwich, County of Kent, on Wednesday, April 2nd, Henry Waters, brother of Thomas Waters.

Died-In Chatham, on the 17th inst., Agnes, wife of Henry Jackson, of the firm of Atwood & Jackson, aged 35 years.

Died-At his residence in the Town-ship of Harwich, on Thursday, the 17th inst., Mr. Robert McKenzie,

The express train from Paris to St. Petersburg will run on and after April 1.

On Monday last the annual vestry meeting of the United Church of England and Ireland was held in Church, the new church on Wellington street. The Rev. Dr. Sandys occupied the chair; Mr. Herman Eberts acting as secretary. The chairman having read a report of the subscriptions paid towards the erection and completion of the building, and Thos. McGrea, Esq., having read a report on behalf of the church wardens, the vestry elected Mr. Geo. D. Ross to be one of the church wardens for the coming year. Dr. Sandys appointed Duncan McGregor, Esq., to be the other church warden. After disposing of the pews the meeting adjourned.

Birth-On Wednesday, 23rd inst., the wife of Mr. A. Hyslop of a son.

Died-At his residence in the Town-Died—At his residence in the Township of Raleigh, on the 11th inst., after a lingering illness, Mr. Thomas Jenner, late Township Clerk, and formerly District Councillor in Western District Council, aged 61 years. Deceased was much respected by all who knew him and his loss will be sincerely felt by a large circle of relations, friends and neighbors.

Bonnets this summer will be worn of straw, except for full dress, and the straw will be generally fine and close, or else very fine gimp; nothing showy will be found among the new styles. In shape bonnets will be very much the same as those worn during the winter. They may possibly be a little deeper from the crown to the front and rather more square on top, though they will not droop all over the face. All the best bonnets will have illusion tabs, though not quite as full as those worn in the winter. The capes will be rather long and generally droop in the centre. The inside trimming is placed on the top in the diadem style.

The Third street bridge-The white bridge caught fire through a spark from a steamboat.

The first cock fight that ever oc-The first cock fight that ever occurred in Chatham happened on the evening of April 28th, 1862. The chief constable stopped the fight in town and the gamesters repaired to a barn in the Township of Harwich. The following report of it appeared in The Planet:

in The Planet:
"The two cocks that were first pitted against each other were owned respectively by Mr. Thos. Mason

Continued on Page Ten.



The use of ribbons, especially in the broad sash widths, is a feature of some of the recent models, and is cleverly illustrated in the gown of chenille dotted net, which uses a chine sash ribbons for the broad bratelles that are draped on the corsage, and hang below the belt in sash fashion. This same ribbon likewise fashions the draped puff sieeve, and appears as an insert on the deep flounce that finishes the skirt. A fine mesh lace borders the ribbon, and soft black velvet buttons about the size of a penny are used with a lavish hand.