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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

At the Court of King Edward

Interesting Ceremonies which, since His Majesty's accession, have been received in all their Historic Splendor.

Wherever the King is, there also is his court. It is, however, when King Edward is in London or at Windsor that the court may be considered in full swing.

Most interesting from the public point of view are the great ceremonies which, since His Majesty's accession, have been revived in all their old historic splendor, and with all their wonderful glamour. The afternoon drawing rooms of Queen Victoria—all too few and far between for London society—were formerly the great events of the season. But the memory of these pale insignificance before the crown-glories of the evening courts now by King Edward and his Consort at Buckingham Palace.

At London home of the King Queen, so dainty-looking and unassuming from outside, is more wonderful than the Palace of Aladdin. Any one who has the high privilege of entrance to one of those evening receptions. The noble staircases, spacious lofty rooms are ablaze with light, and decorated with rare tapestries and fountains. The furniture is but splendid in gold and red, the rooms are cleared in the and before the assemblage of present seemingly endless polished wood in which the candelabra are reflected as stars.

One of these evenings a guard is drawn up in the quadrangle and the stately old Yeoman Guard, in their rich Elizabethan costumes, are posted in the hall and partly up the staircases. Their lines being confined further by the Honorable Corps of Gentleman-at-Arms, and on the landing and in the ante-rooms the Gold Sticks and the White Sticks-in-Waiting, and a little crowd of court officials in black velvet and ermine.

Outside the palace the streets are thronged with Londoners, who never weary of waiting in the dark, in the cold, or in the rain, and watching the steady streams of carriages which dash up to the palace gates in one long tidal procession, revealing glimpses of women in wonderful white dresses and men in brilliant uniforms.

RECEIVING DEBUTANTES.
But even these watchers in the roadway may form no real impression of the gorgeous color and rich pageant to be seen within the palace as the guests to His Majesty's Court make their way slowly up the grand staircase and take their positions on the right-hand side of the drawing rooms.

All the great nobles of the land are here and the very cream of the society of three kingdoms, in military and naval uniforms glittering with stars and ribbons, with jeweled collars and orders of every rank and honorable distinction, of in ordinary court costume of black velvet coats and knee breeches, with silver braid and silver-mounted swords. And all the beautiful and stately women of the British aristocracy vie with each other in wondrous dresses and jewels of almost blinding brilliancy which are perhaps literally worth "a king's ransom."

But the most beautiful sight in this beautiful scene is the crowd of debutantes, the young girls who are to be presented for the first time, and in whose whole lifetime there will be only one day more memorable than this, and that their wedding day, which is generally not far distant. Many have been the hours spent in consultation with a Court dressmaker over the white gown to be worn to-night; great the excitement when it arrives in all its beauty of soft white billows and long white train, a very dream-dress, yet not so beautiful by far as some of those sweet young faces with bright sparkling eyes and complexions still fresh and fragrant as summer's first rosebud, who stand trembling a little at the ordeal they are about to pass through.

Then the King comes, and the Queen. His Majesty wears the brilliant uniform of a Field Marshal, with the order of the Garter. Her Majesty is in a handsome gown of black and silver, with a little diamond of diamonds, her long train held by little page boys in scarlet coats. They are preceded by the Lord Chamberlain, the Gold Sticks-in-Waiting and the White Sticks, and followed by other officials of the household, and the little procession passes slowly through the Gold Drawing Room, the White Drawing Room, the Blue Drawing Room, and the State Drawing Room, to the Ball Room, through lines of tall women who sweep into low curtseys; past lines of men in uniform, who bow silent as Their Majesties pass with gracious smiles and acknowledgments, occasionally stopping to give a special greeting to some old friend, or to some distinguished officer returned from active service, a high favor to be chronicled for ever in the families to whom they belong.

Then, taking their stand before two gold chairs on a square of soft carpet, the King and Queen receive the debutantes, who advance one by one, as their names are announced by the Lord Chamberlain, kissing hands with that wonderful courtesy which is one of the most graceful and difficult things of a society woman's education, and retiring backwards amidst the murmur of admiration.

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KING EDWARD

AT WORK

Whatever writing King Edward finds it necessary to do himself is done in a quick, hurried style of penmanship, which in itself is a suggestion of the quantity of work he has to perform. The King is most particular that all his letters and papers shall be arranged and filed according to an excellent system which is largely his own invention, and he never keeps any of them after the necessity for doing so has ceased. It is an instance of His Majesty's reluctance to accumulate "rubbish," as well as his strict regard for secrecy, that every morning the contents of a large waste paper basket are taken charge of by his private secretary, who is personally responsible for seeing that they are burned. He smokes hard while he is engaged on business matters, and invariably has a box of cigars and another of cigarettes at his elbow.

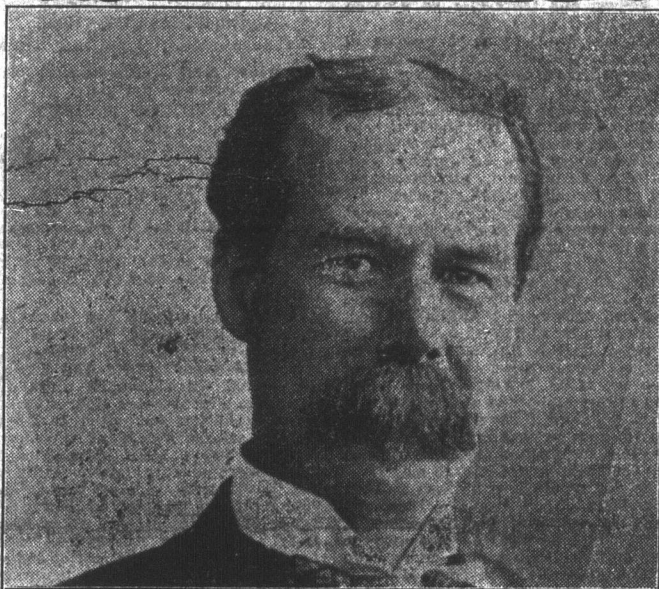
THE SAME AFTER

ALL THOSE HOURS

When the ten-year-old slipped out of the house at daybreak, says "Chums," he left a note stating that he was "off" to fight Indians. The foe could not be found, however, and when night came, a hungry, tired and homesick little boy crept back to his father's house under cover of darkness. The family, however, did not receive him with open arms. When he went into the library, father kept on reading his evening paper, mother bent over her sewing and sister kept her eyes glued to a book. The cat alone seemed aware of the return of the prodigal, and rubbed his soft fur caressingly against the lad's legs. The would-be terror of the redskins stooped to pet him, then, straightening up and swallowing a lump in his throat, he demanded, wearily, "Is this the same old cat you had when I went away?"

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



SIR THOMAS LIPTON
The Merchant Prince of England

The first time that Sir Thomas Lipton came to America was in 1865 as a stowaway in an old-fashioned little tramp steamer, and when the vessel neared port he was busily engaged in shoveling coal into the furnaces. The latest time was in 1903, when a whole nation held him in honor as a valiant and true sportsman, making his third brave but vain attempt to take a silver cup back to England. On this occasion he lived like a prince on his gleaming "Erin," surrounded by his fleet of thirty-three boats—steamers, houseboats, barges, tugs, cruisers, steam launches, gigs, jolly boats and dingies—maintained at his expense and manned by over two hundred men.

Sir Thomas was born in Ireland, but spent his early years in Scotland; his education was a hurried, unconventional, picked-up variety, and at fifteen, with rosy dreams, he ran away from home, smuggled himself into a steamer and came to New York. His eight dollars did not last long, and after working in the rice fields of South Carolina, driving a street car in New Orleans, canvassing for a crayon portrait concern, stending rides on freight cars, and making a day-by-day living as best he could, went back two years later to Glasgow, empty of purse but rich in experience.

The prodigal was received with open arms, and with £100 of his father's savings, he opened a little meat and provision store. He introduced American ideas, worked, as he says, "twenty-five hours a day," and advertised to the limit of his ingenuity. One day, seven of the leanest, gauntest, hungriest men in the kingdom paraded the town in Indian file, bearing on their backs the legend: "We are going to Lipton's." Next day, seven of the fattest men that could be found, walked the streets proclaiming in large letters: "We have been to Lipton's." Meanwhile, the proprietor slept under the counter.

This little shop in High street was the beginning of Lipton's 600 stores throughout England, his fruit farms in Kent, bakeries in Glasgow, the greatest tea plantations in the world in Ceylon, his curing factories in Liverpool, his candy manufactory in London, his fruit trees in Georgia, and his other vast industries, giving employment to ten thousand people, and having made for their owner a fortune of \$50,000,000 and an income of \$7.50 a minute. He gave \$25,000 for the Jubilee Memorial dinner to the poor of London, and his check seemed little to him when his eyes filled with tears at the sight of 310,000 poor people eating as his guests. Not till later did the world learn that it was his gift; for the only thing he never advertises is his charity.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture.

LAUGHTER AS A MEDICINE

There is probably not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the central man. The blood moves more rapidly—probably its chemical, electric, or vital condition is distinctly modified, it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular, mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they do now to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient, "so many peals of laughter to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription—a pill, or an electric galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient.—Health Culture.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY AN ELEPHANT

"How much does an elephant cost?" asked the old animal importer. "Well, it depends a good deal on the state of the market. Just now elephants are ruling high, because there aren't many for sale in India, and African elephants are almost out of the question. They are held at fancy prices, and even if you were to pay from \$3,000 to \$4,000 for one of these tall, ugly, ill-tempered, unbroken monsters, you couldn't be sure of getting him, for it's a difficult job to transport an African elephant from the jungle alive. The food that he gets on the voyage doesn't agree with him at all.

"Indian elephants, as I said, rule high just now. The last purchase of a fairly big elephant was made for the New York Zoological park. This elephant is six and one-half feet high at the shoulders, and he weighs 3,780 pounds. His price was about \$2,400. You will see that this is about 64 cents a pound. So, if any one asks you hereafter what elephants cost, just tell him from 60 cents to 70 cents a pound, according to the market and the elephant."

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 Oct. 1, 1861, to Oct. 12, 1861.

The following military appointments were announced:

FIRST BATTALION KENT.
To be Lieutenants—Ensign Francis Ogilvie, vice Arnold left limits.
To be Ensigns—Robert Spence, gentleman; Robert Buller, gentleman; Elias Pickard, gentleman; vice A. Roles left limits; James M. Smith, vice J. Rolls left limits; Capt. E. W. Nation retires, retaining rank.

CHATHAM BATTALION.
To be Major—Capt. Jno. Waddell, vice Salter promoted.
To be Captains—Lieut. A. B. McCosh and Lieut. Arthur Jones.

To be Lieutenants—Lieut. Henry Bartliffe from 1st Frontenac; Ensign Jno. McKenough; Ensign William McKenough; James Keating vice, F. A. Thomas left the Province.

To be Ensigns—Peter E. Brody; Audley E. Donnelly; Alexander Sheriff vice, J. S. Beatty left the Province; Herman Eberts vice, F. Williams left limits; Duncan McIntosh vice, C. Brady left limits.

To be Adjutant—Lieut. Henry Bartliffe.
To be Quartermaster—Capt. A. B. McIntosh.
To be Surgeons—Chas. J. S. Askin, Esq., vice Cooper deceased.

The announcement in the last Colonial Empire that Nova Scotia presented a rich gold field proves to be correct.

A soiree was held in Walker's Presbyterian church. Many speakers were present.

Farmers and other wise people in the rural districts predict an early winter, a long one and a strong one. One of the signs is that the birds are already preparing for a flight southward, and another that the husk of the growing corn is very thick and close, and covers the ears to the very end, a never failing proof that overcoats and fuel will be in great demand.

The harvest in France was an absolute failure. Forty millions sterling were spent in 1861 to make up the deficiency. Sixty million francs in gold were sent to Russia to buy grain.

Last evening, the 2nd inst., a very successful soiree was held in Dolan's chapel four miles below Chatham, for the benefit of the River Sabbath school. Mr. Rufus Stephenson, of The Chatham Planet, was appointed to fill the chair and the audience was addressed successively by Mr. W. C. Hunt, the Revs. Messrs. Brethor and Cochran, Mr. Thomas

Holmes, Mr. William Holmes and Mr. Warren Martin. At intervals the choir sang in a highly creditable manner some very pretty selections, and children recited pieces. There were about 200 people present.

The religious denomination known as the British Methodist Episcopal church has lately divided, one part of them having ordained a bishop, the Rev. A. R. Green, as set forth in their discipline; the others under the guidance of Rev. W. J. Jones, the "seceder," of Princess street chapel, declaring in favor of Rev. W. Narrey, a bishop from the African Methodist church, U. S., and elected to serve here.

His Royal Highness Prince Alfred sailed from Liverpool on Saturday last in the Royal Mail steamship Niagara for Halifax, where he will join his ship the St. George and resume his naval duties in North America.

The following were the dates of the Fall Fairs and where they were held:
County of Kent, at Chatham, on Thursday, Oct. 10.
Township of Raleigh, at Pardo's Inn, Middle Road, Oct. 28.
Township of Chatham, at Louisville, Oct. 16.
Howard and Orford, at Ridgetown, Oct. 11.
East Tilbury, at Town Hall, Oct. 17.
Harwich, at Black Bull Inn, Oct. 15.

Birth—On Friday, the 4th inst., the wife of Solomon Merrill, of a son.

Victoria street was opened up in North Chatham.

Donald McColl was inspector of weights and measures.

A by-law was passed by the Council taxing people who drained into the King street sewer.

Birth—On Sunday, the 6th inst., the wife of Mr. Geo. B. Herube, of a son.

A letter was published from Chas. H. Bailey, of Chatham, who was with the Federal Army opposite Washington.

Mr. Arthur Rankin, M. P. P. for Essex, was arrested in Toronto for an alleged breach of the Foreign Enlistment Act.

Wm. Berry is a general merchant on King street.

Artemus Ward contributes an ar-

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comfort of the resting room wear there is such solid satisfaction of these being signs far more dainty and elaborate than heretofore. The material itself is not nearly so bulky as it once used to be, and partakes of the sheerness that is so desirable in all sorts and classes of material nowadays.



Above is a separate waist of champagne colored silk. The broad and deep yoke effect is made by the use of bands of silk and lagotting. The deep scallops that outline the yoke are made in the same way. A lavish display of needlework is visible on the blouse.