

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1904.

(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 Planet files from August 25, 1859, to September 13, 1859.

The Brant Herald commences publication.

The Governor-General and Lady visit Sarnia.

R. C. Allen is the proprietor of the Post Office bookstore.

R. Monck, auctioneer, offers valuable lots for sale at Pritchard's Hotel, Chatham.

Died, at Chatham, on the 31st ult., Mary Cameron, aged 11 months, infant daughter of R. S. Woods, Esq.

Died, in Harwich, Tuesday last, Miss Sophonia McKellar, aunt of A. McKellar, Esq., M. P. P., aged about 66 years.

The poet Laureate, of England, Alfred Tennyson, is a great smoker, prefers a meerschaum and rarely smokes a cigar.

The chairman of the Board of Grammar School Trustees, Owen Sound, advertises for a teacher, salary 175 pounds.

Died, in this town, on Wednesday, the 24th inst., Victoria Anne, daughter of W. H. and Ellen Baxter, age one year.

We are informed that Archibald Keller, Esq., M. P. P. for Kent, had from Quebec for Europe on Saturday, 27th.

The City Council met with Mayor McCrae and Councillors Northwood, McIntosh, Duff, Smith, Burns, Holmes, Evans and Dolson present.

Stephenson, the famous English engineer, got \$225,000 for his plan of the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. Milton sold his manuscript of Paradise Lost for \$25.

We are informed that on Saturday night last the mill of Mr. John Moody, of Ridgeway, was robbed. The thief was taken before Richard Marsh, J. P., and sent up for trial.

A service was held in the Baptist church, pastor, Rev. A. Campbell. The proceeds were given to the pastor, who was about to leave. Mr. Clew's choir furnished the music.

By the overland mail from San Francisco to St. Louis news is brought that gold is being found in large quantities. \$750,000 worth of the precious metal had reached Victoria from the Fraser River in fortnight.

men named Adam Duty drank gallons of lager beer as a at Indianapolis, Indiana. When finished drinking the eight he was still unsatisfied and for more lager, which was him.

ed, in this town, on the 24th of the Rev. F. W. Sandys, rector of St. Paul's church, Chatham. Mr. Elridge Stanton, of E. C. W., to Miss Lizzie Butler, Detroit, on Saturday, the 20th of August, 1859. Mr. Albert N. Hoag to Miss Charlotte Lambert, both of this town.

TRINITY TERM.

It is with pleasure we observe that our fellow townsman, C. B. Atkinson, Esq., passed in a most creditable manner his examination before the Law Society at Toronto at the recent Trinity Term, and that he has been admitted to practice as a barrister at law at the bar of Canada. Amongst a large number of competitors we are also glad to see that Mr. Atkinson was the third upon whom the degree was conferred—the degree being conferred in all cases in the order in which they were admitted as members of the Law Society.

The general court of quarter sessions for the County of Kent opened in the Court House in this town today (Tuesday) at noon. His honor Judge Wm. B. Wells on the bench, and Geo. Young, Matthew Scott, Stephen Kinney, Stephen White, and James Smith, Esqs., acting as associates. The grand jurors were James H. Merritt, Gilbert Merritt, Edward Nation, Charles Shaw, James Smith, Daniel Morrison, James Marquand, Neil McTavish, John Porter, Frederick Scott, James Stuart, and R. Van Valkenburg. Four cases were entered for trial and in each one of them Oles R. Atkinson appeared for the plaintiff. In each of the cases he won the verdict.

On Wednesday last several little girls, aged respectively between seven and ten years, were playing in the vicinity of the river just below the Third street bridge when the thought occurred to them to venture out upon a number of logs

which lie boomed at that point. While upon these logs one of these little girls, an interesting child of Mr. George Stringer, aged about nine years, unfortunately made a misstep and fell into the river, seeing which her young companions gave alarm as quickly as possible. Every effort to recover the body was immediately made, but it was not until nearly an hour after the occurrence of the sad accident that through the exertions of a son of Joseph Northwood, Esq., who in diving felt the body it was recovered. Of course all endeavors at resuscitation were fruitless—the vital spark had fled. An inquest was held upon the body this (Thursday) morning by Dr. Peggie, coroner, when a verdict was returned in accordance with the facts of the case.

Free Fair day—Our readers must bear in mind that on Wednesday, the 7th of September, the market of Chatham will be opened for the sale of stock, etc., free of the usual fees. The object of this is to induce as many of our farming friends as possible to bring out their stock—horses, fat cattle, milch cows, etc.—and thereby to establish, on a sound basis, the formation for a regular monthly fair which is said to be hoped will be productive of benefit alike to the agricultural and the commercial men. The largeness of future fairs in Chatham depends greatly on the success of the fair to be held on the 7th. If farmers do not bring out their produce and stock, purchasers will be slow in coming forward. Therefore we hope that all parties interested—and who is not?—will leave no stone unturned to make the first free public fair in Chatham a decided success.

LIVES WITH RATS

Harriet Thaw, who claims ties of close relationship with one of the well-known families of Pennsylvania, and who says she is a cousin of the Earl of Yarmouth, was found a few days ago, by the Philadelphia inspectors of the bureau of health, clad in the wreck of a blanket and living in a hovel. Scores of rats, her pets and companions, went scurrying away before the intruders.

Nuisance Inspector Whipple, who had been sent to investigate the case, took with him a certificate of the health bureau, who made an investigation of the woman's sanity.

Not only is she not insane, it was discovered, but her brain is clear and her voice is the voice of a woman of refinement. She has money in the bank and lives in her indescribable manner through choice alone.

Dirt assailed the eyes of the inspectors as they entered 916 Cross street, where Miss Thaw lives. Black cobwebs were on the walls. Sardine cans and rubbish of all kinds littered the floor. On one wall was what was apparently an altar, rigged up out of a flimsy step ladder. On top was a massive silver candelabra of elaborate design. In it three lighted candles spluttered feebly.

Huddled in the corner was the form of a woman. She looked like an ancient cave dweller. A tattered blanket only covered her body.

She said: "My name is Harriet Thaw. My people are well known and wealthy. I have money. My father was for many years cashier of the Mechanics' National Bank. The father of Miss Thaw, of Pittsburgh, who recently married the Earl of Yarmouth, was my first cousin. She complained that neighbors were sending rats over to kill her rats. These rats she feeds, nurtures and calls by name. She keeps a cat, but it has been taught to live in good fellowship with the rodents.

HOW VERY SHOOKING

A certain newspaper man, who has the reputation of being rather brilliant on occasions, attended a function in Washington recently where the hostess was known to be clever at repartee. When the journalist—he was entitled to be called a journalist, because he had reached that stage in his career where, when he goes to interview a great man, he puts in the interview what he said to the man rather than what the man said to him—when this journalist was about to take his leave, he went to the hostess to say good night.

Before he could express the pleasure which the evening had afforded him, the hostess said: "Now don't say anything conventional. I am tired of platitudes."

"I won't," he replied. "I'll say I have had a good time."

"I'm glad of it," replied the hostess.

A martyr is a man who lives up to his wife's expectation of him.

There are some people who always discover a mistake when it is really too late to rectify it.

THE ONLY PART

The officer of an English ship, and the boatswain, who represented the crew, were buying beef on the hoof for the ship's ration. An English paper says that when they approached the first steer, the officer turned to the boatswain and asked: "How will that do?"

The boatswain cautiously went up to the steer, bent down, and ran his thumb down first one shank and then another.

When he had examined the four shanks, he said, "He'll do all right, sir."

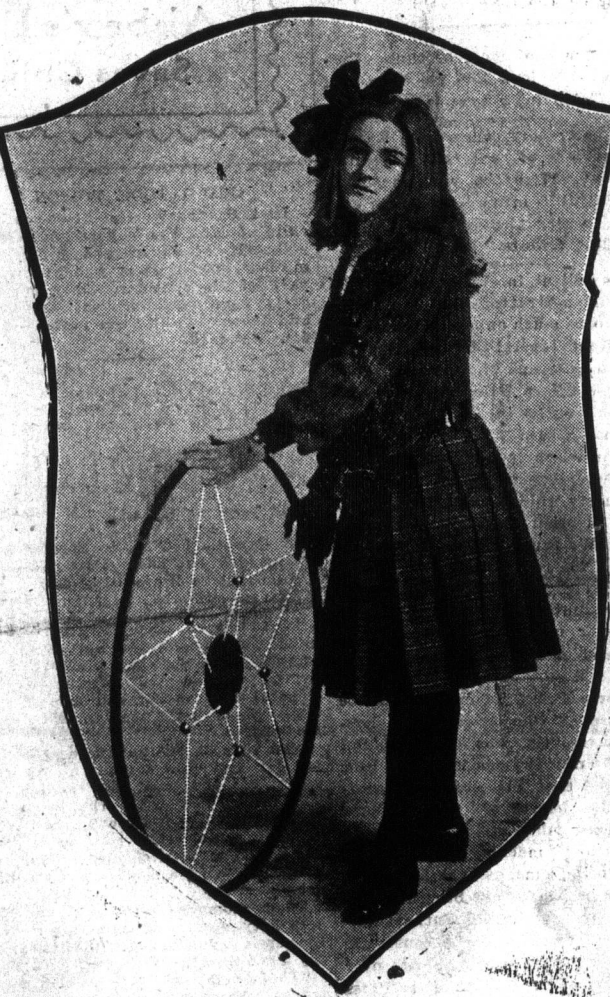
"But," cried the officer, "you can't tell the good points of a beast by the shanks!"

"Perhaps not, sir; but they're the only parts we ever gets, sir."

The ways of a woman sometimes savor of inordinate conceit.

WANTS A DENTIST

The emperor of Korea has advertised at one of the German universities for a court dentist. One hour a week at the palace is all the attention which the royal family needs, and the emperor specifies that the functionary shall take two months' vacation each year. The spare time may be devoted to private practice. Our consul suggests that an American should apply, since our dentists stand very high in all foreign countries. In fact, this calling in many of the large cities of Europe and Asia, like the presence of a soda fountain, is often advertised as "American." The natives of many an old world city might well think of America as the land of dentists and soda fountains, just as a colored urchin in Annapolis, when asked if he had ever heard of Boston, replied that he knew only of its baseball team.



FOR A LITTLE MISS.

Stripes and plaids are used extensively for children's clothes this season. The dress is designed of red Scottish cloth with raised cords of dark blue and green silk. The skirt is plaited, but the waist is made plain to blouse over a belt of red silk. It has also a very dainty vest of white corded silk.

WHY AND WHEREFORE

I know not whence I came,
I know not whither I go,
But the fact stands clear
That I am here
In this world of pleasure and woe,
And out of the mist and murk
Another truth shines plain—
It is in my power
Each day and hour
To add to joy or its pain.

I know that the earth exists,
It's none of my business why,
I cannot find out
What it's all about—
I would but waste time to try.
My life is a brief, brief thing,
I am here for a little space,
And while I stay
I would like, if I may,
To brighten and better the place.

The trouble, I think, with us all
Is the lack of a high conceit;
If each man thought
He was sent to the spot
To make it a bit more sweet,
How soon we could brighten the world
How easily right all wrong,
If nobody shirked
And each one worked
To help his fellows alone.

Cease wondering why you came;
Stop looking for faults and flaws;
Rise up to-day
In your pride and say:
"I am part of the first great cause,
However full the world,
There is room for an earnest man;
It had need of me—
Or I would not be—
I am here to strengthen the plan."
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

DIFFERENT AT HOME.

He came in with his own little boy and carefully removed his hat. To my questions he answered politely, "Yes'm" and "No'm."

"Now, you see, Bertie," said I to my own hopeful, "how nicely Johnnie acts. I wish my little boy would act that way."

"Oh," said little Johnnie, "I don't do this when I'm at home."

All's not old that titters.

PLANTING A TREE

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants a friend of sun and sky;
He plants a flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh;
For song and mother tongue of bird,
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain,
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of the coming age;
The joys that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaves and wood,
In love of home and loyalty,
And far-cast thought of civil good—
His blessings on the neighborhood,
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.
—R. W. Gilder.

REMARKABLY FAT BONES HAD THIS HORSE.

Boston tots are written about a great deal. Bertie is one of these tots. On a certain occasion, while the family doctor was making a visit in the house, Bertie stood at the window, gazing fixedly at his horse, a very lean and sorry-looking animal.

"What are you thinking of Bertie?" asked the doctor.

"I think your horse has such fat bones," he replied. "Day so fat day just tick out."

Circumstances alter faces.

The History of Leap Year

Interesting Legends Associated With the Year of the Extra Day—History Dates Back for Centuries.

This being leap year, there is a popular superstition that it was invented somewhere in the dark ages for the express purpose of giving women a chance to propose. And, as it takes a woman longer to make up her mind to do a thing than it does a man, that the extra day in February was added to give her that much extra time. And so far as the ordinary run of humanity goes—except the man who has a note to pay on March 1—that explanation covers all the differences that a "leap" year makes to the world, anyhow.

But it is interesting to trace back the history of this queer fact that one year in four has an extra day—except when it doesn't. It is generally believed that Pope Gregory XIII. had the fixing of this matter, and that leap year goes back only to this time, which is a great mistake. Leap year dates really to the time of one Julius Caesar, who, though he died young, was a pretty smart man, who left his impress on pretty much everything, including Great Britain. Give Julius Caesar credit, therefore, for proposing, for permitting you the chance and the extra day. Julius did other things in the calendar, too—like leaving his name attached to the seventh month, for instance—but they are neither here nor there now.

The history of marking periods of time is coincident with man, so far as can be reckoned. The first primitive divisions were into day and night, and light and darkness regulated them. Some days were longer than others, and some were shorter, but it figured out that from one sunset to another was 24 hours—though they didn't have hours then—and that was all that was needed.

WANTED LONGER DIVISIONS.

Then people wanted longer divisions, and they found that the moon was fairly regular in its orbit around the earth—though they didn't know that it circled the globe in those days, but thought the reverse was true—and they measured their time by it, giving them months of 29-1-2 days. Then the seasons came into the calendar, and for a long time they were used to make longer divisions. Still longer periods were formed by groups of these months, which, figures about a dozen, made one round of the sun. And for the noncalculating minds of those times these divisions did fairly well.

Finally, however, it was seen that this rough way of reckoning didn't put the seasons in the right place as the years went on. For spring was where winter ought to be, and when it was time for autumn winter was just coming in. Something was wrong, and new methods had to be applied. And thus was born the "leap" process.

The Jews and the Greeks, the civilized peoples of that time, had different ways of fixing things when they got too far away. The Jews put in a leap month seven times in every nineteen years; the Greeks three in every eight. The Romans came along later with a ten-year month, but believing in odd numbers, they finally worked it up to 355 days. To make it even they added January and February, and thus got twelve months. But this didn't work out right, either, and their pontiffs, who ran the calendar, interlarded occasional odd periods of time, giving them the most good and their enemies the most harm, keeping themselves in snap positions that much longer, and making a debtor's time to them that much shorter. Which shows that graft is nothing new. And thus by the time that Julius Caesar took charge of the whole mundane world, summer was ambling along about the middle of October, and things were badly mixed.

CAESAR MADE A CALENDAR.

Along with dividing Gaul into three parts, slaughtering the barbarians and running for emperor, Caesar undertook the job of fixing a calendar. He employed one Sosigenes, an Alexandrian astronomer, and together they worked out a plan which, in the main, holds to-day. He made what is now reckoned as 46 B. C. to consist of 455 days, which put matters right, and then, to avoid further trouble, he ordained that the year should have 365 days and that every fourth year should have 366—for the solar year, it was ascertained, contained 365 1-4 days—nearly. He didn't bother about the eleven minutes and a few seconds short of the 365 1-4 days, leaving them to posterity to worry over. And that started the leap year.

He also fixed the months' days at 31 and 30, about as now, but ordained that February should have 28, except in leap year, when it should have 29. Augustus shifted these matters about a little, for he imitated Julius and named a month for him-

self, too, and to make it as good as Julius had, he ordained that both July and August should have 31 days. To square it with the calendar, he fixed the rotation of the 31 day months somewhat, which accounts for both December and January having the same number.

But these same pontiffs, when they put the calendar before the public, fixed leap year three, instead of every four years. This gave them one day extra in twelve years—a smart trick for them. This error continued until 8 B. C., when Augustus said there wouldn't be any leap year for twelve years more—which made the first leap year A. D. in the year 4.

But these eleven minutes and a few seconds had to be figured in somewhere. Meigorian style of calendar almost at once, but the Protestant countries would have nothing to do with it for centuries. Anything from "that anti-Christ" was damnable to them, and they preferred to carry on their reckonings in the same old way. Besides, the ignorant peasants thought they were being cheated out of ten days or eleven days, as the case might be, and they even rioted for them. England did not accept the Gregorian count until 1752, when it also became current in America. That is why on dates of that period calculation must be made for eleven days, for as 1700 passed without a leap year it made one necessary. George Washington, for instance, was born on Feb. 11, "old style," but he is remembered on Feb. 22 now. Russia, Serbia, and all countries which have the Greek church never have adopted it, and they are thus eleven days off to this day.—Chicago Chronicle.

WAS SUCCESSFUL

Principal J. E. Anderson, of the Public school, was successful in his recent examinations at Queen's University and is now entitled to attach "B. A." to his name. On the way home he met with an unfortunate accident at Hamilton. He was stepping from a train when he severely sprained his ankle, and was conveyed to a hospital. Hewill be laid up for some time yet. During his absence the work in his room at the school is being taken by Miss Margaret Bennett, Rondout, Blenheim News-Tribune.

BEST IN MANY YEARS

Pat. Burns, the Calgary cattle king, reports that the past winter has been one of the best in many years for the Calgary ranchers. The severe weather which caused so much loss farther east did not touch the country to the north, south and west. The cattle came through with but a fractional loss, and as there was an abundance of feed they are mostly in good condition. There is considerable increase in the number of cattle on the ranges, and indications are for an excellent season.

THE BIRDS

They have no power to cry to us
When pride or fashion slays them.
For woman who pretends to love,
And, Judas-like, betrays them.
For women, who will praise the song,
Then bid them slay the singer,
That the wee head or tortured breast
Some added charm may bring her.
Could you but see the bright wings torn
From birds alive and bleeding,
And note their quivering agony,
I had no need for pleading.

The wingless forms flung in the dirt;
Its deathly pain and terror
Would wake in every woman's heart
A bitter sense of error.

Ten thousand thousand little birds
In cruel hands a-dying,
Have heard with breaking mother-
hearts
Their hungry nestlings crying.

The bonny, bonny little birds,
It is their hour of need;
They have no power to cry for life;
It is for them I plead.

KNEW THAT MUCH.

"I wonder why people say 'As smart as a steel trap?'" asked the very young man. "I never notice anything so remarkably smart about a steel trap." And then, says the Chicago News, the sage from Sageville told him the reason.

"A steel trap, my boy," replied the sage, "is smart because, unlike some people, it shuts up at the proper time."

Avoid a slanderer as you would a scorpion; both sting for the mere pleasure of doing it.

Trust not to appearance; the drum which makes most noise is filled with wind.