

The Chatham Daily Planet.

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Great Underwear Bargains . .

Never was such Underwear selling done in this store and the reason for it is plain. The goods are one-third lower in price than is usually paid, and most people like to save 33 1/3 per cent. For example these two lines:—

At 50c—Men's all-wool Shirts and Drawers, medium or heavy weight, in all sizes, extra fine quality and fine finish, equal to any you ever bought at 75c.

At 50c—Men's fleeced lined Shirts and Drawers, the heaviest fleeced, the best finished, better in fact than you usually pay 75c for.

Blankets at \$2.50 Per Pair

A man from Chicago sent us an order for one hundred pairs of these, claiming they were equal to the blankets sold over there for \$5 and \$6. We will not say any more about them, but if you need Blankets it will be worth your while to see our stock.

AUE SAXONY BLANKETS

The finest in Canada, all pure wool with high lofty finish, pink or blue borders. To see them is to buy them, at \$2.75, \$3, \$4.50, \$5 and \$6

COTTON BLANKETS

We have all the sizes in gray and white, twilled or plain, at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50

MAPLE CITY'S TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT TECUMSEH

The Project to Erect a Monument to the Illustrious Indian Chief is Heartily and Enthusiastically Endorsed—Efforts to be Turned Into a Practical Channel.

J. S. Lane, president of the Macaulay Club, when interviewed by The Planet yesterday, concerning the proposal to erect a monument to Tecumseh Park to the great Indian chief, made a valuable suggestion towards the practical consummation of the scheme that well deserves consideration.

Mr. Lane, who has made a careful study of the history of the times of Tecumseh, said:— "Tecumseh ranks with King Philip, Red Jacket, Pontiac and Brant, among the most heroic and romantic figures of a picturesque race. He was the foremost red-man of his day, and had an influence among the Indians from Michigan to Florida that probably no other chief ever exerted. He was an organizer and a strategist of real genius, and although his plans were thwarted first by the rashness of his brother 'The Prophet,' at Tippecanoe, and the pusillanimity of Proctor on the Thames, he has left a name as the greatest of Indian leaders, and as the American Leonidas, who refused to survive a lost cause. He was certainly killed in the Battle of Moravian, and although reports differ, it is generally believed that he was shot by Colonel Johnson, while charging upon him, tomahawk in hand. Cornell in his 'History of the Indian Race,' says that he was buried near the spot where he fell, and that 'a mound still marks his burial place.' This was written about fifty years ago, however, and at present no one claims to know the precise locality. As in Sir John Moore's case— 'We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone. But we left him alone in his glory.' 'It is that omission that it is now, after the lapse of nearly a century, proposed to rectify, and it is considered that the most fitting spot for a monument is the Tecumseh Park, Chatham.

"It has been objected that Tecumseh was not a Canadian Indian, but it is proposed to erect a monument to him, not as a Canadian, but as an illustrious ally, who fell on our soil, fighting our battles. 'Even our friends to the south of the lakes have done him more honor than we. They have had a man of war named Tecumseh, and the name the city of Tecumseh, in Ohio, is also a tribute to their gallant foe. 'To erect a monument worthy of its subject and its proposed site would probably cost between three and four thousand dollars. What we must do then, if such a monument is to be unveiled on the anniversary of Tecumseh's death, is to raise about three hundred dollars yearly, say a dollar a day, from now until that time. That can, I am convinced, be easily done. But we must begin at once; not wait until it is time to ask for designs."

Caleb Wheeler, Chatham's popular poet dealer, remembers many stories of the great Indian chief Tecumseh as told to him by the late Michael McGarvin. "Many years ago," said Mr. Wheeler, in a conversation with The Planet, "when venison and wild turkey were very plentiful, the late Michael McGarvin, of Harwich, father of George, Joseph, John and D. B. McGarvin, would often come to market when on his visit to town. 'The occasion would likely be when he would see venison or turkey hanging up in front of my store. Being fond of shooting myself and knowing him to be a great hunter who had lived here from boyhood, I asked him about the early history of the Indians during the war of 1812, and also of any other old matter of interest which might happen to come up. Among stories of deer shooting, turkey shooting, etc., with which the old gentleman was very familiar, he often asked about the Indian chief Tecumseh. He told me that when the American army under Johnson came up the Thames, he was a boy of about eleven or twelve years old, and that he lived on what is later days was known as the Traxler farm, River Road, Harwich, about four miles above Chatham. He distinctly remembered Johnson and his officers coming into the house the night before the battle of the Thames. He said the officers walked in without any ceremony. The house was made on the customary plan of those days, with the dining and sitting room all in one room, with a huge fireplace in one end. They hung up their

swords on every nail and peg they could find and then asked the woman of the house to get them some supper. In the meantime they had gathered round the fire and the woman who by the way was an old maid and a sort of cranky person gruffly told them that if they wished any supper they would have to get back from the fire.

"In the meantime the army had encamped on both sides of the road all over the farm, and Mr. McGarvin said that by looking out of the window he could see the fires burning in all directions. These fires, I might add, were made by tearing up the fence and using the rails for firewood. They went away early in the morning and when McGarvin went out after their departure and looking around the fields of corn that was there the night before they came, he found that it was entirely gone. The cavalry had picked their horses in the fields and every fence was burnt. Every pig, chicken, goose, in fact, every bird of any kind was slaughtered and eaten. Even the oxen, cows and every animal around the place was destroyed. As to whether the army paid

brave and good. He also heard of his death and remembered the sorrow it brought to many homes. In many talks after and perhaps before the one mentioned," continued Mr. Wheeler, "he often told of different interesting things. The road from his place to the point of the old bar-rack ground was along the north side of McGregor Creek and a bridge was swung across, after the manner of a boat-bridge, from the point to the other shore, where the Merchants Bank now stands. In going down there he often saw deer along the flats where Chas. Moore's residence now stands. He also told a very interesting story of how he shot the biggest turkey ever seen around here. The great trouble in those days with hunters was to procure shoe and they had to use old scrap iron filings or anything else they could get. "Mr. McGarvin was full of these old stories, and he seemed to be fond of telling them. He was strictly honest and upright and would not say anything he was not perfectly sure of. He died loved and honored by every man who knew him, irrespective of creed or politics."

"I think it is a good idea," said Public School Trustee J. A. Wilson, when asked his opinion of the proposed monument to Tecumseh, "to erect such a monument, as it will teach the coming generations what happened in his time, and, of course, they will want to know. The sooner the subscriptions are started the better."

R. S. Denison, of the City Board of Health, says, "There are many monuments put up to men who do not deserve them nearly so much as that

ton, "but I don't suppose there is any use sending you to jail for two weeks. The next time you appear, I will give you six months in the Central Prison. You may say."

Rogers left the court room talking to himself, but he was in no hurry to get away, and F. C. Dodson had some difficulty in getting rid of the unfortunate. The police expect him back within the week.

BIG BLAZE AT GLENCOE

Fire Destroys the New Grand Trunk Station Building.

Started From the Hot Air Furnace and Efforts of Firemen of No Avail.

Special to The Planet.

Glenoe, Nov. 2.—The G. T. R. station here was completely destroyed by fire last night and is now a total wreck.

The fire started from the hot air furnace and had gained considerable headway before it was noticed.

In spite of the brave efforts of the firemen nothing could be done to save the building.

The fire was first noticed at 12.30. All of the contents were burned, including books, tickets, etc.

This station was a new building, having just been erected last summer. It is understood that the company will commence at once to build a new station.

WABASH CHANGE OF TIME.

Taking effect Nov. 2nd, the following changes will be made in Wabash time table from this station, East bound trains 3.05 a. m., and 6.25 a. m., are withdrawn. West bound train 1.40 a. m., and 7.03 p. m., are withdrawn. West bound train now leaving 10.13 p. m., will leave 9.52 p. m., and east bound train now leaving 12.23 p. m., will leave 3.25 p. m. W. E. Risplan, City Passenger Agent, 115 King St. if

CHAINED WOMAN

She Tamed Some Wild Beasts Upon the Evening Express at the Grand Trunk Depot.

A rather comely colored woman, chained to a massive trunk and scattering with all the vigor of a female tongue, anathemas and other things upon the evening air, was played as the star feature in a little drama enacted in Chatham, but not advertised.

The first scene was laid in a little house on Wellington street east. Yesterday morning, a white man, an ill-wild boarder, complained that he had been touched for his purse in the little house in question, so Officer Dodson, without asking the man how he had come to lose his money in such a place, accompanied him on a visit to the place in an endeavor to recover the money.

They found two colored women in the house. One claimed Cleveland as her home and the other had no feet but said Detroit was a good enough place for her to claim as a permanent residence.

The policeman and the money-loser were unable to gain anything by their interview with the women. The women, however, decided that they had better leave this city or some more policeman might be up to do some interviewing.

This pair of American beauties hid themselves to the G. T. R. station. They arrived there somewhere about

Warm House Slippers

We have put into stock a complete range of warm house slippers at prices ranging from

25c to \$2.00

Our Line at \$1.00

In six different kinds is great value.

Don't forget us when you want a good

Trunk . . . or Valise

Prices Right

Agents for SLATER'S INVICTUS MEN'S SHOES . . .

Peace's Cash Shoe Store

1st Shoe Store from Mark

nine o'clock and after a display of all the goods in the store, the first of the lotless female. Her companion, and her down-thumping, short. The Garner bus driver and a cabman rescued the fallen and footless maiden, William Sturges, who fulfills the duties of baggage master at the station as a means of livelihood, and the duties of constable as a side line, took the woman who had caused the disturbance in charge. He hand-cuffed her with the assistance of a few others, but just at this juncture a train came in so Constable Sturges, handcuffed the woman to the trunk. Then it was that all those in the vicinity of the station were treated to an overflow of language that would have done even a lobster blush red without being cooked. It is said that the walls have ears. If the walls of the G. T. R. station have ears, they heard a lot more in a few minutes last night than they ever heard before. Some there were who tried to pity the woman chained to the trunk, but she was a trifle too crusty. She told one mediator to put his tongue in several unique places where the taste was not all that could be desired.

Finally Constable Sturges decided to let the woman go to get rid of her and in company with her footless companion, she left this city.

Thomas Stone & Son

Dress Needs for Men

The Hats, Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Neckwear, all of the newest fall designs are ready in great profusion. Equal in variety and as low in price as the greatest metropolitan stores can offer.

HATS! HATS! THE BARRINGTON \$2.50 \$3.00 quality.



The Styvesant soft or stiff, the sweetest hat made, at \$3.00. Christy, standard of excellence, at \$3.00. Soft Hats as low as \$2.00. Stiff Hats as low as \$2.00.

Shirts! Shirts!

The W. G. & R., the Salem brand, The Elgin Shirts, of fine percale and madras, warranted to fit and for color.



\$1.00 to \$1.50

Neckwear! Neckwear!

The latest shapes from the finest makers, in Margadore, Barathem and Peau-de-soie Silks in brilliant color designs. The new Imperial Derbys and Tecks 50c.



Gloves! Gloves!

Gray and brown Mochas, Suede Kid or Buckskin, fit, style and quality perfect, all prices. The greatest line of High Grade Suits ever shown in Chatham. Walk in and look around.

THE 2 T'S = = Trudell & Tobey

Our Leader

To You For

..\$2.00..



Kid or patent tip, military heel, mock welt, made on one of the newest, best fitting

McKay lasts shown to the trade.

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PHON 248. - - REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

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Are fast adopting the Old Country plan in papering and painting their houses in the fall of the year. Clean up and decorate after the hot weather is over and the flies are gone. To supply this demand I have imported a splendid lot of

Wall Papers

to sell at 3c a Roll

up, a large variety of patterns.

R. Cooper

Chimney Sweep

JAS. SOOTT

Leave orders at Barber Shop, next to Chatham Loan Office, Chatham.