

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1903.

(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 of January 17, 1855, to February 13, 1856.

A son was born to Mrs. Thos. Stone on January 21, 1855.

The Town Council voted \$1,250 toward the patriotic fund.

There was a terrible accident on the Great Western at Paris on February 21.

The County Council of Kent has contributed \$1,000 to the Crimea war patriotic fund.

The marriage of Archibald McLeod to Miss Adala Slater was recorded on the 19th of February.

A private fund was subscribed in the town for the widows and orphans of those killed in the Crimea.

The third annual ball of the local fire company was held on Friday, January 27, with about 500 in attendance.

Hamilton subscribed \$2,000 to the patriotic fund for widows and orphans resulting from the Crimea war.

Wred. T. Andrew, of Richmond, Virginia, was married to Miss Laura Tolson, of Chatham, on January 10, 1855.

The death is recorded of John McColl, father of Rev. Mr. McColl. He died on the 16th at the advanced age of 74 years.

At the first council meeting of the year A. D. McLean was duly elected mayor, John Waddell reeve, and John Smith deputy reeve.

Rev. John Robb was elected president of the Mechanics' Institute, Jas. Baxter and A. McKellar vice-presidents, and Duncan McColl librarian.

The Toronto City Council voted \$4,000 to the patriotic fund and then put it to the people for approval. The majority for it was just 38 out of a population of 40,000 souls and the Council backed up on their former decision.

The appointment of Thomas McCrea as police magistrate for Chatham was confirmed by the Government. Mr. McCrea was Chatham's first police magistrate and honored the occasion by treating a number of his friends to a banquet.

The school trustees for 1855 were elected as follows:

Northwood ward—Rev. A. McCall and Geo. Duck.

Eberts ward—James Burs and Wm. Eberts.

Chrysler ward—Rev. M. Robb and Mr. Pratt.

The County Council elections resulted in the election of the following: Camden and Zone—James Smith, reeve.

Dover, East and West—Thos. Shaw, Harwich—Geo. Young and Wm. McMichael.

Orford—Mr. McLean, Chatham Township—Samuel Arnold, John Waddell and John Smith.

Raleigh—Thos. Pardo.

Romey—Thos. Jackson.

Warden—James Smith.

A petition signed by James Burns and 80 others to have saloon licenses fixed at \$37.10 was presented at the Council. Another petition was submitted from Leonard Blackburn soliciting the appointment of high constable, also one from John Goodyear for the same office. Mr. McKellar moved Mr. Goodyear's name for the position, and in supporting his motion said that no person should hold this office who is connected in the remotest way with the sale of intoxicating liquor. Frequently had the complaint reached him in his magisterial capacity that Mr. Blackburn made persons drunk in his saloon for very object of committing them to jail and pocketing the dollar. He

thought, therefore, that Mr. B. was not a fit person for the position. Notwithstanding Mr. McKellar's charge Mr. Blackburn got the job.

The refusal of accommodation to a colored man, reported in Toronto, on Tuesday night, was discussed in the Ontario License Department Friday. It was pointed out that by the 75th section of the Ontario License Act showed a refusal entails liability on the part of the hotelkeeper to a fine of twenty dollars.

While returning home from Fletcher Friday afternoon John Richardson, of Tilbury East, met with a serious accident. His horse became frightened, running away, completely demolishing his rig. Mr. Richardson was thrown out on his head and shoulders. The physicians report him doing favorably, but on account of his advanced age they fear he may not stand the shock.

ITALIAN METHOD

"Doc" Arnold was in a funny mood this morning—which is nothing funny for Doc.

"You probably will have noticed from the papers," said he to The Planet, "that in Italy they are excavating evidences that at one time in the earth's history water ran up hill. Now the man who put down the sewer on Victoria avenue must have been reading all about this, because every intake on that street is up higher than the street level. These sewers must have been put down a long time ago, for as far back as I can remember the water has always run down hill.

"As a result of this work the street is filled with mud holes. These are especially bad near the residences of T. A. Smith and S. T. Martin. I think they ought to be filled in."

Art. Dunn, who was near, chimed in with—
"I was driving yesterday through the country over 45 miles of road and the only bad roads I found were in the mud on Victoria avenue." Some one who was standing near thought that the intake must have been put down by the late city engineer Topp, because they are on "top" of the road level. No one laughed, however, and it was not even recognized as a good pun.

NEW PAVEMENT

"I am not in the least enamored of that William St. wooden pavement," remarked Rufus Baxter this morning. "How that pavement is expected to stand I don't know. The blocks are nothing but pine hearts. The carbolic carbolium treatment is a farce. The city might better have saved those chestnut fence rails, treated them with tar and used them. When a horse with heavy mud corks on his shoes strikes that pavement he will pull the blocks out. You'll see if I am not right.

"The only way to build a pavement in Chatham is with a cement foundation, and that is the only good feature of the William St. pavement. The foundation, though, to the King St. pavement is such in name only. You perhaps have noticed those hollows on King St. I believe that under nearly every one of those hollows the concrete has caved in. The cement is holding the bricks together. The other day when a horse slipped on one of those hollow places the cement gave way and the horse got his foot in the hole where the bricks dropped out. Had not the horse been going slow he would in all probability have broken his leg. The brick from King St. and the concrete from William St. would together make one good pavement.

Joe on Smuggling Operations

Is Much Interested in the Customs Seizures from Passengers on "City of Chatham"—Some Instances He Noticed.

"Drop around to-night Joe. There's a little work here waiting a good smart lad like you."

The compliment didn't phase on the shiner. He shook his head.

"Can't spare no time," he responded nonchalantly.

"Can't spare the time? Why, you have nothing to do these summer evenings!"

"The boat comes in ter night and doin's due," quoth Joe with a significant nod, "a feller never wants ter miss doin's."

"Aha! I see. Some fair and youthful amorita in the case?"

"Naw," disgustedly, "not fer me. But ther customs guys is lieble ter out loose again—and it's great sport er watchin' 'em."

"Say, I had ther sweetest time ther other night er watchin' 'em. They

was doin' it up right, I tells yer. There was ther maddest lot er women folks around what you ever seen—and er few men guys what looked kinder 'shamed ter see they'd been placed in ther female class. Smugglin' is woman's long suit in ther swipin' line anyhow. It's kinder sneakin' bizness, yer know, and any duffer mostly tan get erway with it. So they shines. I feels ther 'profound contempt,' what the preachers speaks of, when I sees er man get nabbed so easy.

"Not but what some of these here women folks and gurls is becomin' artists. They stacks the cards on ther customs men and sometimes gets erway with it. Some of 'em develops amazin' on ther fresh air and cool breeze er one trip. Ther weight increases just wonderful, and they looks ther part.

"Say, ther other night they stopped one woman what could just waddle. Her dress hang kinder queer and she sweat just orful—both before and after takin' most perticklerly after, fer the customs took her fer keeys. Ther'll likely be er special customs auction sale er that woman's belongings. It'll need it."

"Then erlong come er woman with er baby go-cart with ther infant er-smilin' in its slumbers. There is no sentiment the soul er that officer guy er he'd er-let that there kid sleep—and missed a powerful lot er pickin's. Say, its wonderful what er go-cart will hold, ain't it? I never knew until I see what they unearth from under that squallin' baby."

"Then I sees ther big diamond flash and I'm on. They stops this gent an' examines him kinder close. They didn't get no more than three coats on him—and there was er bouquet pinned on ther lapel of every one."

"Ah! here she comes now—one er those serciety gurls, I guess. Yer know ther kind what wears tight fittin' skirts and flashes er few inches er drop stitch at yer every now and then. I guess she ain't an artist with that 'I'd-like-ter-see-ther-man-what-would-dare-ter-stop-and-examine-me' air. Well, she got erway with it. She fooled the customs feller all right. But she couldn't fool me. I've got eyes and I ain't been studyin' Parisian fashions and models fer nuthin'."

"They should have you for a customs inspector, Joe."

"Twouldn't do," commented the shiner. "I'd kill ther boat business."

PLEASANT CONCERT

The Daughters of Rebekah held an At Home in the I. O. O. F. Auditorium Thursday evening. There was an excellent attendance. Ice cream and cake were served during the early part of the evening, after which the following excellent program was rendered:—

Chairman's Address—B. K. Harper, Solo—Miss Gertrude Knox, Instrumental Duett—Misses Lamont and Clements, and Clements, Piano Solo—Mrs. Knox, Address—M. Sides, Solo—Wm. Mellish, accompanied by H. W. Smith.

Scotch Recitation—Samuel McCornock.

Solo—Miss Gertrude Knox.

Piano Solo—Mrs. Knox.

Vocal Solo—Fire Chief Fritchard.

The last was the treat of the evening, and Mr. Fritchard was compelled to respond to several encores. It has since been rumored that he has received a flattering offer from a large concert company of Boston.

DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR

Last Tuesday Geo. Hoyles, lot 20, concession 7, Chatham Township, had a barn raising and in the evening gave those who had taken part a party at his home. All went well until lunch time, when one of the number, who was evidently the worse of liquor, struck Roy Hoyles in the eye. Roy was carrying a basket of sandwiches at the time and this party demanded something to eat. Roy did not see fit to give it to him until the proper time, and, therefore, got a blow in the eye, from which he bled profusely. His brother Harry, who was standing near, jumped on the person who had struck his brother, and Harry evidently got the worst of it, as about three o'clock yesterday morning he called on Dr. Williams, who had to put four stitches in his left ear; it having been nearly chewed off. This is certainly a disgraceful affair and the cause of the trouble, if he is a man, should be ashamed of himself, but the party who was guilty of chewing young Hoyles' ear is no man at all.—Dresden Times.

NEWSY NOTES FROM THIS WIDE AWAKE DISTRICT

Miss Pauline Reycraft, daughter of County Commissioner Reycraft, and Mr. David White, of Owen Sound, were married at the home of the bride yesterday.—Thamesville Herald.

A quiet home wedding took place at 4.30 Thursday afternoon last at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hathaway, Wallaceburg, when their second daughter, Miss Maud M., was united in marriage to Richard Sanders, of Leamington.

Manager Burns, of the local flax mill, stated to the Times yesterday that the flax crop was picked up wonderfully the past few days, and he anticipates the best crop yet raised here, although the recent storms have in some cases twisted the stalks. The best sample is a 5-acre field of Angus McIntosh's in Tilbury East, with Jos. Giroux, of Tilbury North, a good second. Flax-picking will commence next week.—Tilbury Times.

Maggie M., wife of Louis Bennett, of the Howard-Harwich Townline, died on Tuesday evening at the age of 45 years. The deceased, who had been ill for a long time, leaves a husband and eight children to mourn her loss. Funeral Friday at two o'clock to Blenheim cemetery.

F. S. Malott, of Quinn, reported yesterday that the corn crop looks well in his district. He has a fine sample of three feet high. F. M. Scarff, who has a 110-acre field on the plains, also reports favorably, although east and west of this district, reports are not so glowing.—Tilbury Times.

We extend hearty congratulations, in which we are sure many will join, to Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Westland, who on Tuesday celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Fifty years ago on that day they were married at Chatham. Mr. Westland at that time

resided in London, and he drove all the way to Howard by way of Talbot street to claim his bride, going to the county town to have the marriage ceremony performed. Ridgetown was a very small place then, although a few years later Mr. Westland came here to reside, and has remained here continuously since.

The death occurred at Merlia of John Ballah, aged 45 years, after a short illness subsequent to an apoplectic stroke. Mr. Ballah, who was widely known in Kent, was born in Dorchester, Ont., and afterwards resided a while at Belmont, Ont. Twenty-five years ago he came to Merlia, and for 14 years kept the Commercial House; then selling out he moved to Port Alma, where he carried on a general store for over a year. Twenty years ago he married Miss Annie Hodgins, whom he leaves behind, as well as a sister and brother.

The funeral of the late D. A. McDonald, of Woodstock, late of Tilbury, took place on Monday, instead of Sunday, owing to the train conveying the remains from British Columbia being wrecked near Winnipeg. Deceased's mother and other relatives were also on the train, but no one seriously injured.—Tilbury Times.

Charles Dyer, a well known London Township farmer, died of lockjaw Thursday morning. The unfortunate man stepped on a rusty nail in his barn on Saturday. He was not greatly alarmed over the incident, and but for the pain the wound caused him, would probably have forgotten the matter. Some time after, however, the foot began to swell. Medical men were called in, and the usual remedies were applied. These proved unavailing and, after suffering much, Mr. Dyer passed away as stated.