

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 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 June 2, 1860, to June 21, 1860.

The public debt of Virginia is \$48,000,000.

Geo. Turnbull is a merchant-tailor in Chatham.

Edmund Clement is the minister of the Wesleyan denomination.

The United States Senate has rejected the Mexican Treaty.

John McDowell is agent for the Brantford threshing machines.

P. C. Allan purchased the entire stock in trade of W. A. McCrae.

Hicks, a pirate, made a full confession of murders in New York.

Contributions to the reception of the Prince of Wales in Montreal have reached \$15,890.

Synod of the diocese of Huron meet in London, C. W., on June 19.

The Government grants \$10,000 to the Upper Canada Exhibition to be held in Hamilton.

About 100 men are now employed at the Public Buildings at Ottawa.

He work goes bravely on.

The first Board of Health was composed of Messrs Evans, Cross, Northwood, Higgins, and Mayor Askia.

The last mail brings intelligence of the sailing of the steamship of several regiments from England to Canada.

The news of a prize fight in England, reached San Francisco in 19 days—a remarkably short time in those days.

At the council meeting of June 15, Mr. Northwood's by-law establishing a Board of Health for Chatham, was read and passed.

Marry, the owner of Thormanby, the winner of the great English Derby, is a Scotchman. He won over \$70,000 in bets alone.

With this number The Chatham Planet entered upon the tenth year of its existence and for six years had been a semi-weekly.

The annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Loyal Orange Association of North America took place in Ottawa, Canada, June 19.

Judge Chabot, of Quebec, died. He was in Parliament from 1842 to 1856 and was Chief Commissioner of Public Works for a time.

The balance of the town's treasury on June 15, was \$1363; the school board had overdrawn their allowance to the extent of \$600.

During the month of May four vessels were loaded at Morpeth with produce and lumber—one for Hamburg and one for Liverpool.

The death is recorded of Mrs. Case, of the village of Watona, aged sixteen years and ten days. Deceased had given birth to three children in as many years.

The New York Markets—Wheat buyers are paying \$1.17 for No. 1 red, \$1.25 for No. 2 white and \$1.30 for extra. Street loads were taken at \$1.15. Corn 48c, oats 34c, peas 75c to 87c.

Married—By the Rev. F. W. Sandys, at the residence of the bride's father, in the township of Oxford, on the 29th inst. Rev. A. Lampman, to Susannah, second daughter, of G. S. Gesner, Esq.

Tom Sayers, the champion prizefighter, who fought in England, has two children, a boy and a girl. A gentleman has offered to take charge of the boy and a noble lady has made the same offer about his little girl.

Since February last, 2,807 hogs were delivered from the surrounding country in Chatham.

Samuel Cowan recently opened a harness shop in J. and W. Northwood's old stand near the market.

We observe by the last Canada Gazette that several of our young townsmen have been admitted as Junior members of the Upper Canada Law Society—James Joseph Robertson, Bernard O'Heire and Peter Duncan McKellar.

On Thursday last, the steamboat built at the Jenkins shipyard was started into its element. The vessel was baptized by Miss Jenkins.

The steamers "Windsor" and "Ottawa" were in attendance at the hands of music.

Chatham markets—Wheat per bu. \$1.00 to \$1.25; buckwheat, 80 to 36; oats 27 to 28; potatoes, 18 to 20.

A WINGLESS BIRD.

Far away on the other side of the world, in New Zealand, there is a most curious species of bird, which has neither wings nor a tail. There are very few of these strange creatures left, even on their native island, but their cousins, the kiwis, are still numerous in Australia. The kiwi gets its name from the peculiar cry, which sounds like "ki-wi, ki-wi." The learned name of this bird is apteryx. It has feathers that resemble coarse hairs, and has a long bill, by which it secures its food easily. It lives on insects and worms, which it catches on the ground in its night rambles, for the bird only goes abroad at night and hides during the day. In size it is about as large as a goose, the feathers on its head being short, but those on the body increasing in length. Altogether, it is a queer-looking creature, and as it has so little means of defending itself, it falls an easy prey to larger and stronger beasts.

THE JOKER TRAPPED.

A clerk in a Chestnut street drug store had been sent to a nearby bank to get a \$100 bill changed. He came out of the bank with a bunch of fives and tens in his hand, and was recounting the money as he walked up the crowded street. A friend coming toward him thought to have a little fun with the money-laden clerk, and just as he got alongside of him, the friend grabbed at the crisp bank notes in the drug clerk's hands. It might have been that the clerk was thinking what he would do if someone tried to rob him. At any rate the instant he felt a pull at the bills in his left hand his right shot upward and caught the joking friend under the chin. When the two faced each other there were, of course, profuse apologies, but it is not likely that the young man with a badly shaken jaw will try and grab bank notes from another fellow on the street, even in fun. — Philadelphia Press.

Venturesome Alpine Climbers

Curious and Terrible Accidents During the Season—English Tourists the Most Daring.

Considering the vast number of amateur climbers on the Alps this season the number of fatal accidents is small, but in comparison with previous years it is far above the average, so says a Geneva correspondent to the London Express. The mountains have been in excellent climbing condition, all things considered, but owing to the intense heat the dangers of avalanches, falling stones, melting treacherous snow bridges have been very much increased, and in every instance when accidents from these causes have occurred they have been due to climbers venturing without guides.

English climbers, and particularly English ladies, have been well to the fore this year, and have accomplished some record ascents. Two well-known lady Alpinists, the Misses Rhoda and Charlotte Hindley, of London, besides being the first persons to make the ascent of Monte Rosa this season, climbed in eight days, with only one or two days' interval, the Matterhorn and seven other great peaks, ascending in that period at least 125,000 feet, or eight times the height of Mont Blanc.

Another fine piece of record Alpinism was achieved by that intrepid English mountaineer, Mr. Ryan, at Chamonix, in July, when in five days he climbed to seven of the most inaccessible summits, whose aggregate height is 84,000 feet, or more than five times the height of Mont Blanc. Some splendid climbing has also been done on the Mont Blanc range by another Englishman, Mr. Stute, and in the Bernese Oberland ranges by G. Hasler.

In the Engadine some very bold and clever climbing has been done by Mrs. Thomson, of Bournemouth, and this lady, recently, with two guides, succeeded in conquering the dangerous Gussfeldtsattel, being the first woman to accomplish this feat.

The first ascent of the Weisshorn from Zinal to Zermatt by the passage of the cords has just been accomplished by an Englishman, Mr. Lloyd, with Felix Abbot, of Theytaz, of Zinal, as guides. But though undoubtedly the best climbers hail from Great Britain, it is none the less true that some of the more rash and reckless come from the same source. The casual young man or woman who starts in Switzerland to ascend the Weisshorn, or Mount Blanc, clad in patent leather shoes and a light summer suit, with no other provision than a smart walking stick and a packet of cigarettes, is invariably British.

IN HIGH-HEELED SHOES. Miss Mary Wilmot, an English lady who was visiting Chateau d'Oex, lost her life through climbing rocks in dainty high-heeled shoes. Miss Wilmot started with two Swiss companions, but as guides, to climb the Rochers de Paray in search of edelweiss. The party, after ascending some distance, lost their way, and while her companions descended to look for a safer path, Miss Wilmot attempted to reach a patch of edelweiss on a slope overhanging a precipice, where rocks crumbled beneath her feet, and, unable to gain secure footing, she slipped and fell on to a ledge fifty feet below, where her companions found her lifeless body.

Among minor accidents from the same causes are the cases of a young Englishman, Miss Nichols, who, rambling alone on the Chamondix Mer-de-Glace in soft cycling boots, fell into a crevasse, and was lucky enough to escape with a sprained ankle and a few cuts and bruises, and of Mr. Merridew, an Englishman, who while climbing Pilatus in his summer shoes, slipped and fell some distance, but managed to arrest his fall and to land comparatively unhurt on the very brink of a sheer drop of 200 feet.

Next to the danger of climbing without guides comes the danger of making difficult ascents with amateur guides. Owing to this cause a party of four young German students from Geneva almost lost their lives on the Chamois a week ago. They were all inexperienced, and were being piloted by a young Swiss man of business from Geneva. They had reached a most dangerous portion of the ascent when a fierce storm came on, and in their endeavors to secure themselves to the face of the peak they dislodged a great flake of rock.

CLINGING LIKE FLIES. Then they found that they could neither ascend nor descend without risking a fearful fall, and they were compelled to spend the night clinging like flies to ridges and cracks only a few inches wide, expecting every moment to fall from exhaustion. In the morning they were rescued by a party of climbers, who lowered ropes to them from above.

Many strange and curious accidents have happened lately on the Alps. Not long ago a guide named Charles Kohl confessed to having, with another guide, led M. Prady, a Swiss tourist, to a place where there were mountains, and to have there robbed him and thrown him over a precipice.

The account of this cruel and blooded assassination, which was published a few weeks back in the Swiss and English papers, led to a quaint misunderstanding, and almost to a fatal accident.

Professor Schuyler, of Chicago, traveling in Europe for his health, went from Chamonix with a guide to explore the Argeniere glacier. The professor did not understand French, and as he and his guide were skirting a dangerous crevasse the guide laid hold of his arm, and with gesticulations tried to explain that they must turn back, as they were on dangerous ground. The American, suddenly seized with the idea that the guide wished to rob him and fling him down a precipice, without hesitation struck out vigorously, and, having knocked down the supposed guide, rushed wildly in the direction of the valley. In his blind haste he fell into a crevasse, from which he was eventually rescued by his late guide and a party of French climbers to whom the guide had explained that a poor English tourist had just gone raving mad owing to the heat. The professor had a sprained ankle, and the guide a black eye, but after explanations, apologies and a liberal douceur, they parted the best of friends.

Another extraordinary accident, or, rather, fatal piece of madness, is reported from the St. Gervais-les-Bains, Flais, climbed some distance up in the pine woods above the village and lost their way. When they reached the head of a steep couloir, some 150 feet in depth, Mme. Flais decided to slide down the rocks, as being the easiest and quickest method of descending the valley.

DASHED UPON THE ROCKS. Her husband appears to have made no effort to stop her, and, once started, she dashed downwards with fearful force until she was flung against the rocks at the bottom, where she was found with her skull fractured and her legs and arms broken. M. Flais lost his head, and flung himself down the couloir in a wild impulse to aid his wife. He also fell on the rocks, and was severely injured. His screams quickly brought assistance, and the two victims were carried down to the nearest hotel, where Mme. Flais died the same night. M. Flais is out of danger, but it is feared that his reason is permanently affected by the awful experience.

To make a difficult ascent with a guide strange to the locality is almost as foolish as to climb with no guide at all, and it was owing to this cause that Professor Demelius, the head of the Innsbruck university, and his Tyrolean guide, Joseph Tembel, lost their lives on the Gabelhorn, July. Though one of the best guides in the Tyrol, Tembel was ignorant of the Zermatt peaks, and this ignorance proved fatal.

Near the summit a huge block of stone, to which the climbers were clinging, gave way and dashed them into space. The Zermatt guides with much difficulty recovered the bodies, which were almost unrecognizable, both being most frightfully mutilated. When the body of Professor Demelius was found on the great Gabelhorn glacier, the upper part of the skull was missing, and only the nose and chin were distinguishable. The body was almost entirely naked, the clothes having been torn off by the jagged rocks during his fall.

During the week before last 25 persons were killed by accidents on the Alps: eleven in Switzerland, and fourteen in the Tyrol and Savoy. Besides these, several persons are missing, and twenty or more have met with serious but not fatal accidents.

THE LAND OF "PRETTY SOON."

I know a land where the streets are paved
With the things we meant to achieve;
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon,
Are stowed away in that land somewhere—
The land of "Pretty Soon."
There are uncut jewels of possible fame,
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mould and rust.
And oh, this place, while it seems so near,
Is further away than the moon!
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."
It is further at noon than it is at dawn
Further at night than at noon:
Oh! let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."
Human affection is the foundation
Of the idea of immortality: love was the first to speak that word.



Evening waiste of Champagne silk embroidered in the same shade. The front is of chiffon headed by a band and fill of the embroidery. Narrow black velvet ribbon outlines the deep scallops, and a knot of the same decorates each side of the front.

Good Bets Made by Mistake It Pays to be Obliging

New York Sun.

"When the horses Toupee and Teepee ran in the same race a while ago I paid a bookmaker. 'I had to turn my whole sheet on the race over to the ring's board of arbitration when the numbers were hung out showing that both of them had got into the money. The similarity in the names of the horses caused the confusion.' 'Even before the field went to the post my sheet looked like a Chinese political manifesto, for about three quarters of the bettors on the race got their bets down on the wrong one and came ramping back to my stool and asked me to switch their badge numbers and amounts. Teepee to Toupee or from Toupee to Teepee.' 'When I'm on the block I'll never too busy figuring out my percentage to take a bet off my sheet, or transfer one, when I'm civilly requested to. It took me a long while to annex the lesson unto myself. It wasn't until I had a long line of past performances behind me to prove it that I got wise to the peculiar fact that most of the bets people want to have wiped off are winning bets.' 'An incident that helped to teach me that happened when I was down in Hot Springs one winter a few years ago. One of the plungers down there at the time was sick in bed and playing them at the rooms through a commissioner. 'One day he sent his commissioner over to the big store poolroom to get \$2000 down on a horse scheduled to go in a New Orleans race. The commissioner became twisted on his way to the poolroom and got the \$2000 down on another horse in the same race with a somewhat similar name, an 8 to 1 shot. 'When the commissioner hustled back to the sick room of his principal with the ticket, the plunger threw whatever came handy at the commissioner's head, and ordered him to romp back to the poolroom proprietor and request him to rectify the mistake by taking the \$2000 off the 8 to 1 shot and putting the coin on the other one in the race that the plunger had doped out to win. 'The commissioner, in a panic, skated back to the poolroom and told his little tale of grief to the poolroom proprietor. The poolroom man gave

the commissioner the goat. 'Not on your watch and chain,' he said flatly. 'Each and every bet made beneath this bamboo tree stands as it's made. What d'ye think I am, a moving picture? To the first! 'But' pleaded the hard-luck commissioner, 'I'll lose my job with his nob if you don't make this switch me.' 'Never mind the out-in-the-snow music on the 3 string,' heartlessly replied the poolroom man. 'When d'ye think I began to take money away from myself? That 6 to 5 nursing that your man wants to play is going to sit in all by his little solitude. Please g'way an' let me sleep.' 'The commissioner didn't dare to go back to his principal's sickroom and tell him that the poolroom man had refused to fix up the mistake, but hung around the poolroom, gnawing his nails, until the result of the race was called off. Then he gave a correct imitation of a Castilian castanet cancan and raced back to the sickroom with a \$16,000 winning in his Plymouth Rocks.

'The 8 to 1 thing on which he had put the \$2000 by mistake came home in a bored and weary jog, and the Hot Springs players who were next to the inside of the incident jounced the poolroom man on the slack wire of their kidding for the remainder of the season.

'I put a lot of little incidents of that kind that come under my observation away for future reference, and I was money in when I harked back to them in actual practice as a layer myself. When that Pass Book hog-slaughtering went through I saved myself the cussin' little matter of \$3000 by refraining from swelling up when asked to rub a bet off my sheet.

'I had just finished putting up the figures on that race when an excited little man banged his way through the crowd around my stool, stuck a \$20 bill within a couple of inches of my nose, and yelled— 'Pass Book, straight.' 'I had 150 to 1 chalked up against Pass Book, so I gave the little man \$3000 to \$20 and looked upon the double sawbuck as just about right.

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