

# The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION)

CHATHAM ONT., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 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 from June 3, 1857, to June 15, 1857.

Thomas Hamilton, who went south for his health, returns.

J. and W. McKeough advertise, asking for 100,000 pounds of wool.

Miss Gibb keeps a millinery store opposite the Royal Exchange Hotel.

Rev. H. S. McElroy married Miss Grace M. Hill to James Mercer on June 8th.

John Walton Brewer, gives notice to all debtors to pay at once and save costs.

A. W. Little opens a new book and stationery store opposite the post office.

R. S. Woods advertises for sale nursery lately owned by John Winter, Chatham, Canada West.

Messrs. McKeough and Smith open a tin shop on Fourth street, next door to Mr. Winter's store.

At the meeting of the Town Council J. Lamont's tender for fire engine house No. 2 for \$212 8s. was accepted.

The Ninth Regiment, which is stationed at Kingston, has lost nearly 100 men through desertion to the United States.

John C. Pankhurst advertises Harper's and Leslie's magazines for June at his news and periodical store, Northwood row.

The general court quarterly sessions of the Peace will be held on July 7th at the Court House. Sheriff John Mercer issues notice to that effect.

The Planet is informed that the Chatham boys in Australia—Pegley, Taylor, Dolson, Glendenning, and others, are all hard at work and doing fairly well. They intend to make their home in Australia.

The County Council met in the Court House on Monday, June 1, the following councillors being present: James Smith, Warden, and Councillors Arnold, Crow, Desmond, McMichael, Muckle, McKellar, Monroe, McLean, Pardo, Robinson, Rolis, Ronalds, Smith and Smith.

The Government estimates include \$4,000 set aside for removing of peers of old bridges, which obstruct navigation of the Thames above Chatham, and removing drift wood, etc. thence to the mouth of river. The estimates also include a sum set aside for repairs at Rond Eau.

At the meeting of the Town Council on June 12th Dr. Askin gave notice that at the next meeting of the Council he would introduce a by-law requiring all persons keeping livery stables in the town of Chatham to take out license for same.

The Inkerman, a propeller of 140 horse power, owned by Morton and McIntosh, Kingston, uninsured, one of the steamers of the Montreal and Hamilton through freight line, was blown to atoms in Hamilton Bay. Of the twenty-two aboard only one or two escaped alive.

We have a report from Great Salt Lake that the seism in the Mormon church has assumed a formidable character. Brigham Young is said to have deserted the Tabernacle and remains shut up in his own house, guarded night and day by his friends. He is afraid to show himself in public.

The Municipal Council of the County of Kent hereby offer the sum of ten pounds currency for the best plan for the erection of a registry office with the cost of the construction of same. Such plan to be forwarded to the office of William Cosgrave, Municipal Council Co. Clerk, Kent.

The second session of the County Council for 1857 closed on Saturday, June 6th. Almost the last measure acted upon was the by-law for raising by way of a loan the sum of \$4,000 for the erection of a bridge at Thamesville, and for other purposes. The by-law was passed by the casting vote of the Warden—the vote on the division standing precisely the same as it did at its second reading.

The bill empowering the formation of a company for the construction of a ship canal from the River St. Clair to the Rond Eau, passing through the town of Chatham, was read a third time and finally passed in the Legislative Council on Friday last, the 5th of June.

Now it becomes the duty of the provisional committee to bring in their report, which is in course of preparation by Messrs. Parkinson and Smith, Buffalo, and thus place before the country the feasibility, the payability, and the debility of the immediate consummation of this splendid enterprise. Let there be no relaxation of energy now. A few more energetic moves and we certainly will have the canal in earnest.

## ...SOCIETY...

Miss Ermatinger entertained a few young friends the first of the week.

Miss Susie Taylor gave a progressive party for Miss Steele, of Dundas, on Monday evening.

Mrs. Geo. McKeough gave a thimble party on Monday afternoon for Mrs. Frank Broderick, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kerr celebrated the tenth anniversary of their wedding, last Saturday evening, by a masquerade, which was much enjoyed by all present.

On Monday evening Mrs. McKeand entertained a few friends in honor of Mrs. Broderick.

Mrs. Pringle and Miss Ermatinger gave a delightful "At Home" at their residence, Stanley Ave., on Tuesday last in honor of their guest, Miss Hodges. The decorations, which were in crimson and white, were tasteful and beautiful. The young ladies who assisted were the Misses Mary McKeough, Meta Wilson, Helen Atkinson, Marion Gemmill, Amy Bowles, Aggie Phillimore and Fanny Campbell, all being this season's debutantes.

Miss Greening and Miss Alice Greening gave a thimble party for Miss McKelborough, of St. Thomas, on Wednesday afternoon. A novel feature of this entertainment was the introduction of a gramophone, which added much to the merriment of all present.

On Thursday, 10th inst., Miss Rose gave a pretty farewell tea for Miss Skeay.

Yesterday Miss Pearl White was the hostess at a five o'clock tea.

It is on the tapis that the young men intend to give another dance in the Auditorium very shortly.

Invitations are out for an At Home to be given by Mrs. Douglas Glass and Miss Glass, on Friday evening, December 18th.

A very delightful euchre party was given by the Misses Stephens at their home on King street on Thursday afternoon. The decorations were of green and red and were most dainty. Thirteen tables were the complement and an exceedingly pleasant time was spent by the many guests present. Miss Fanny Massey won the first prize, a handsome cut glass vase; Mrs. Pilkey the consolation prize, lovely handkerchiefs, and Mrs. Manson Campbell a special prize for lone hands.

An exceedingly enjoyable evening At Home was given on Wednesday evening by Mrs. Richards, at her handsome residence on King street. The house was beautifully decorated with red bunting and Union Jacks, and the three large rooms with waxen floors furnished the guests with ideal dancing space. The music was supplied by Mr. John Smith. Mrs. Richards wore black voile, Miss Richards black crepe de chene with trimmings of white, Miss Alice white organdie, Miss Nellie

was attired in black and Miss Olive in white. This was one of the most delightful social functions of the anti-Noel season.

Not the least entertaining among the pleasures of the winter season are the delightful and interesting programs arranged under the auspices of the various energetic ladies' organizations. There are lectures—and lectures; but few are so genuinely enjoyable as was the descriptive address delivered by Mr. J. M. Pike to

the Guild of Christ Church on Tuesday evening on "Arizona and California." Mr. Pike is an eloquent and realistic speaker and he took his audience with him over a picturesque and delightful tour of the southern lands. Other enjoyable features of the program were musical numbers by Mrs. R. V. Bray, Miss Flossie Bogart and Miss Pearl White. Ald. Scullard presided and Rev. Rural Dean McCosh and Mr. G. S. Heyward were the sponsors for the hearty vote of thanks tendered the lecturer at the close.



For theatre and dress wear the above modification of the ever popular shirt waist will be fully appreciated. It combines the long shoulder effect, the large sleeve and the double box plait. The yoke is framed of heavy Russian insertion, while box plaits give the necessary fullness below and in the sleeve, which is drawn into a cuff of the insertion. Groups of pearl buttons adorn the front plaits, and the full fronts are held by a curved belt.

## ..SATCHEL OF THE SATELLITE

Who wouldn't be a Grit Auctioneer for 36 thousand odd?

I reckon Pete Ryan, auctioneer, et. al., got paid for his work.

It looks as if Grit "Auction-eers" had a pretty good sized mit.

'Tis said that Senex wasn't home when the Trustee Promoter called to urge him.

Yes, anxious one, me and Dundonald will be the attractions at the opera Robin Hood.

They may have been timber limits, but there was no limit to the salary of Millionaire Ryan.

Buy Christmas goods now and get first choice. Read The Planet ads. to find out where to buy.

We can't all make a fortune in four hours, but we are not all Grit heelers—miserable luck.

I wonder how much of the Auctioneer's receipts was knocked down by the Ontario Government.

It's beginning to strike me lately that Chatham has its barnacles, too. What do you think about it?

Our Water Wagon will make its annual run January 1. Applications for seats will be received from now on.

I guess that delegation of one will have to give up its quest and oppose School Trustee George Heyward itself.

The centipede has a hundred feet but Ald. Piggott's new ham factory will have a hundred hands. This is a fact-ory.

The Republic of Panama now consists of M. Bunau-Varilla, a junta, a flag, a typewriter, a treaty and a gold pen.

The ratepayers will be asked to vote on a moderate bonus to Ald. Piggott's ham factory. It looks like a good thing.

The military authorities have been threatening to put the armories on the point of the park. The bowlers can't see the point.

I'm no prophet, but I expect to see a young man and a winner carry the Conservative standard in this riding in the coming election.

The livery horse and the man who cleans his own sidewalks are the only ones who view these attempts at a snow storm with alarm.

This is good cold weather or bad cold weather, which just depends on whether it is you or the other fellow suffering from the cold.

Last year there was a whole lot of excitement in the civic elections. This year, I haven't even seen Archie McCoig around looking for votes.

Doubtless the storm yesterday prevented Bizzy Izzy from hooking a victim for the No. 5 ward school trustee contest. But they say he's still angling.

Jack Frost has stopped work on the Lacroix St. pavement. Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that J. D. Frost is the contractor who has the work in charge.

It has been suggested that a good lesson for one of the Model students, who are now teaching their final lessons would be to teach the map of North Renfrew.

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## Prisoners of War

Thrilling Experience of a Former Kent County Resident in the Far West—Captured by Band of Indians.

The following thrilling experience was written for The Planet by J. A. Bishop, formerly of this county, now of Calgary:—

The following is a description of the capture of a transport and two weeks spent as prisoners of war amongst the Indians in the Canadian Northwest in the year 188—, by one of the survivors:—

We had been on the trail from Calgary to Battleford six days; there were ten wagons in the outfit and, as we were nearing Battleford, where we expected an escort to go with us the last seventy-five miles, as that was considered the most dangerous part of the trail. We were on a constant watch for either Indians or the Police. The timber here was getting pretty heavy, so we decided to camp and await the coming of the Police.

We had hardly decided thus when over a ridge, not a quarter of a mile distant, came about one hundred and fifty Indians in full war dress. I do not think they saw us before, as they immediately stopped to hold a council of war, but that did not last long.

On they came, yelling and waving their rifles, as they saw no Police and took him for an easy prey; but their small delay had given us time to form a circle of our wagons and unhitch our teams. We all carried rifles, but did not have a very large supply of cartridges, as we were guaranteed a sufficient escort over the worst part of the route. However, we determined to use what we had; but the Indians, instead of coming, stopped again and sent a half-breed ahead with a white flag. The chief of the band was not present and the half-breed had assumed the command for the time. He assured us that if we gave over the wagons and goods not one of us would be harmed; otherwise if a shot was fired he would not answer for the consequences, as the Indians who were in his band had had no fighting yet and were eager to take some scalps.

He gave us ten minutes to decide. We talked the matter over and some were for fighting it out and others were for a surrender. We took a vote and it stood six to four to surrender—nearly a tie—but it would have been useless to fight against such odds.

When our time was up we told them our decision, and were commanded to come out one at a time and deposit our weapons on the ground and stand in a line some distance away. Then the Indians came, took our rifles and told us to hitch our teams and follow them.

We marched until after midnight and camped in the bed of a small, dry creek, where we remained two days. Then it commenced to rain and we were compelled to move to higher ground. The Indians in the meantime had taken possession of our tents and camping outfit. We were compelled to get the best shelter possible under the wagons or wherever we wished, and it was not long before we were all soaked to the skin—and the nights were very cold. At times I thought we would all perish. We were constantly guarded and there was no chance to escape.

The following morning we started on the trail and kept going until after dark again. Our horses were getting in terrible shape, with no hay, only such grass as they could pick and a very small allowance of oats—and we fared little better. We had plenty of half-cooked salt pork and some kind of soup, which would kill at half a mile. It was impossible to eat anything the first day or so, but by degrees we came around. The third day one old squaw came with the outfit, then a little farther on we came to their main camp, which I thought must be nearly one hundred and fifty miles north of Battleford. Here we fared a little better, as there were two half-breed women who could cook a trifle, but things were so terribly dirty that it was almost impossible to eat anything we saw cooked. We would generally shut our eyes and eat away as long as the smell would let us, then throw the rest under cover somewhere, so as not to lessen our supply. There were generally plenty of papooses and dogs around to eat anything that was thrown out.

After the first day's march the band split up, leaving twenty to march with us and the balance went on the war-path again. We remained in camp five days, which, to me, seemed about five years, as it rained a little nearly every day or night and it was almost impossible to keep dry and warm. The Indians would not let us have fires outside the tent at night and very

little in the day. The sixth day we started again and came about fifty miles nearer Battleford and camped there two days, when an Indian runner came into camp. Immediately everything was excitement; things were got ready to move at once, but after getting ready to move we waited, and I could tell by their actions they were expecting someone, and in about two hours along came another runner with the news that the palefaces had captured Batoche. Instantly every gun was hidden and every Indian claimed he was not on the war-path. The half-breeds took everything they could and left camp.

Then the Indians held another council, which lasted about two hours. Every one made a speech, which none of us could understand, and when it ended we were told they had decided to send us to Battleford and ask General M—— to protect them, as they were not on the war-path and had been forced to do what they did by the half-breeds. We left at once and reached Battleford after a day and a half's march. Two of our number entered the military hospital and three more were sick for three weeks, and altogether it was one of the worst two weeks I ever spent anywhere.

## A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Where, where will be the birds that sing,  
A hundred years to come?  
The flowers that now in beauty spring,  
A hundred years to come?  
The rosy cheek,  
The lofty brow,  
The heart that beats  
So gayly now;  
Where, where will be our hopes and fears,  
Joy's pleasant smiles and sorrow's tears,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll press for gold this crowded street,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll tread yon aisles with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come?  
Pale, trembling Age,  
And fiery Youth,  
And Childhood with  
Its brow of truth;  
The rich, the poor, on land and sea,  
Where will the mighty millions be,  
A hundred years to come?  
We all within our graves will sleep,  
A hundred years to come;  
No living soul for us will weep,  
A hundred years to come;  
But other men  
Our homes will fill;  
And others then  
Our lands will till,  
And other birds will sing as gay,  
And bright the sunshine as to-day,  
A hundred years to come.

## OPPORTUNITY.

Thro' the window—I heard it not—  
Burst a most glorious chariot.  
O Day! Under the wheels of thee,  
I wake—behold Divinity!  
Fine gold is dusted on the wall—  
Symbol of largest prodigal!  
Thy shining fingers hold in fee  
Jewels—the cost!—Take instantly,  
O Day! Hast thou already fled,  
And nothing to me credited?  
Behind the fading chariot  
Night follows—but thy gifts are not!  
Poorer than when the morning came!  
Then had I hope—now only shame!

## CANADA: A BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Two hundred more bright young men and women wanted to train as stenographers and bookkeepers, and positions will be guaranteed to those who thoroughly qualify. The Canada Business College of Chatham, Ont., an institution that has made a great name for itself in turning out competent office help and getting its students placed in good positions, is now making an urgent appeal for a still greater number of bright young men and women who have had the advantages of a good English training, to go to Chatham and take thorough preparation along these lines. Last year the proprietors of this worthy school were successful in getting 345 students placed in good positions in the eleven months ending June 30, and they claim that nearly as many more good positions had to go unfilled. This year they expect more calls than ever. The greatest shortage has been for young men and they will undertake to guarantee a position to every young man who will graduate, at wages ranging from \$35 to \$50 per month, the prevailing figures being from \$50 to \$60.

God does not measure our sacrifice by our sighs.