

# The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 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 The Planet files from Oct. 15, 1860, to Oct. 19, 1860.

Henry F. Duck is a barrister, etc.

John Rice, merchant, King street, offers bargains in dress goods.

James E. Crow is manager of the Chatham boot and shoe store.

Antony's portrait gallery, Miller Barfoot's Block, is advertised in Planet.

skins and Cleland, of Toronto, goods merchants, advertise in Planet.

Heggins to Mr. McColl, the Clerk—They are true: I can give you lie!

Mr. Thackeray, it is said, has in contemplation a history of the reign of Queen Anne.

John Reimers is a sign painter, his shop being situated nearly opposite the Chatham Arms Hotel.

An eastern editor heads his list of births, marriages and deaths, 'Hatched, Matched and Dispatched.'

The Kent Marble and Slate Works is situated on King street two doors east of the market and managed by M. C. Mac.

The New York House is managed on King street by A. G. Mess. He handles general groceries, teas, wines, liquors and provisions.

Chas. H. Sauerbann offers cheap boots and shoes for sale—shop opposite the Bank of Upper Canada and next door to Charteris' store.

Interesting Event—Not the least noteworthy and interesting incident of the late visit to Mt. Vernon was the planting of an acorn on a little hillock close to the tomb of Washington by Baron Renfrew.

Mr. Bradley, conductor of the train which conveyed the Prince of Wales from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh was presented by his Highness with a valuable gold pencil case containing a knife, pen and toothpick.

On Sunday a yoke of oxen was stolen from the premises of Findlay McGregor near Blenheim. Mr. McGregor traced them to Chatham and found that a colored man named William Griffin had sold them to Mr. Duff, a butcher, for beef.

A man named Mark Galbraith from Kansas tried to induce four young ladies of Blenheim to go with him to Kansas. The scheme was found out and Galbraith was tarred and feathered. He stabbed three men in the melee but was finally subdued.

Letters to Mr. Renfrew—Baron Renfrew, Mr. Prince of Wales, and Mr. Wales, some in prose and some in verse, many in undoubtedly genuine handwriting, awaited the arrival of the Prince at his hotel in Philadelphia.

Consecration—The consecration of a new Catholic church at St. Mary's place on Sunday. The ceremony performed by Rev. Dr. Pinson, late of this city and now Bishop of Sandwich, assisted by several other priests. The building will hold about 30 persons.

Fire—On Wednesday last about 10 o'clock a. m. an alarm of fire was raised on account of the chimney of the Farmers' Exchange having caught fire and the same being communicated to the roof of the building. With the aid of timely assistance, however, the flames were subdued before any considerable damage was done.

The cigar steamer—It is reported that Mr. Winans, of Baltimore, intends to build a new and very large steamer on the cigar shaped model, that will make the trip to Europe in five days. She will be between five and six hundred feet long. The experimental steamer now built is said to have made thirty miles in an hour.

After a summary breakup of the Council the Town Clerk stepped forward to Mr. Heggins and again said, what he (Mr. Heggins) had uttered in reference to Dr. Cross was false.

To which Mr. Heggins replied by calling Mr. McColl a liar. Mr. McColl returned the compliment by calling Mr. Heggins a liar. Mr. Heggins replied if he (Mr. McColl) were not an old man he would not allow him to stand up before him.

The caucus on Monday night—We were not present at the above meeting but derived our information from a person who was there. It seems, however, that there was but one motion made. The opposition offered by Mr. McKellar to it was merely to the details, not to the motion as a whole. Mr. Hooper King, the mover, at first was favorable to a person being sent to each school section to

give notice of the holding of a political meeting therein. Mr. McKellar thought this method too expensive and suggested that communication be had with the leading men of the party, by letter, which suggestion was finally adopted by the meeting.

The following heading appeared above the account of the Town Council proceedings: 'That Police Question Again: Councilors call one another hard names; The Town Clerk called a Liar: The Mayor calls 'Order! Order!' and there is no order and he leaves the chair: A general break up of the illustrious body.' The Council was composed of Mayor Askin and Councilors Heggins, Northwood, Earl, Cross, Atkinson, Sheriff, Smith, Evans and Duff. The quarrel arose over a report of the Police committee. Part of the report is—

'His Worship—Really Mr. Duff if you do not keep order I shall have to call upon a constable to put you out of this hall.'

'Mr. Duff—It is no use. Call a constable, eh? Put me out will you? There is not a man in this hall able to do so. I came here—I was sent by a majority of this town—by a majority of my Ward, to talk and by God I will talk.'

'His Worship again called Mr. Duff to order—said if Mr. Duff did not come to order he (the Mayor) would be compelled to leave the chair.'

Old and Yet Young

Stories of Men to Whom Years Are Not a Burden.

Geronimo Roped a Steer, Though 76.—The monotony of the quiet life which Geronimo, the Apache chief, who was captured several years ago by General Miles, has been leading was varied recently with a tinge of the strenuous life of his youth. He participated in a Wild West show. Geronimo was the guest of the proprietor, and put in his appearance dressed in the full regalia of the days of his former greatness. The old man was given a good horse and lasso, and a steer was turned loose in the arena, and Geronimo was told to rope and tie it. Starting his horse at full gallop, the chase began. After circling around, the old chieftain whirled the lasso and made the throw. The rope settled around the steer's neck at the first attempt. In an instant the roper was off his horse, and with all the cunning of his youth proceeded to tie the animal fast and sound, accomplishing the feat in a very short time. The exhibition clearly demonstrated the fact that in spite of his 76 years he still possesses the strength and agility of youth.

Has No Time for Rest at 79.—David Rankin, of Tarkio, Missouri's farmer king, was given a handsome leather couch by some of his employees on his 79th birthday, which took place recently. "Boys," said the vigorous old man, "I've got a lot of these things to use them. I never have time to use them." Although so near an octogenarian, Mr. Rankin drives day after day over his 23,000 acres, telling his men how to do things and seeing that they mind. He is still as tough as a pine knot, and seems good for many years yet.

Practicing Medicine at 90.—Longevity of Irishmen is proverbial, but even in that country for a doctor to be in practice at the age of 90 is unique. Dr. Woods of Birr has that distinction, and at the last meeting of the district board of guardians it was decided to grant him a full superannuation allowance. Popular with his patients, whom he visited on a bicycle, the venerable practitioner strenuously objected to retiring when the proposal was first brought forward. He argued that he was willing and able to earn his salary, and did not wish to take money from the public that he did not earn.

Sir Charles Tennant a Father at 80.—Sir Charles and Lady Tennant's infant daughter, born a few days ago at the Glen, Peebleshire, is the third child born to them since their marriage in 1898. Sir Charles is now an octogenarian, and has been a grandfather since 1878.

PLANT WHICH KILLS HUNGER.

In Peru is found a singular plant capable of quelling hunger or thirst for several days. It is named erythroxylon cocoa. The plant appears to narcotize the nerves of the stomach and suspend the digestive functions without affording nutriment.

A clear conscience needs no filtration.

A cheerful countenance betokens good heart.

## THEIR FIRST EXPERIENCE.

A day or two ago a Brooklyn clergyman received an evening call from an elderly man and woman, who expressed a wish to be joined in the bonds of matrimony as quickly as possible.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the man, a good natured, weather beaten person of seafaring aspect.

"Never, and never wanted to be before," was the prompt reply.

"And have you ever been married before?" the question came to the woman.

"No, sir," she replied with equal promptness, and with a touch of humor that appealed to the clergyman at once she added—"I never had a chance."

The marriage ceremony was speedily performed and the clergyman refused to take any fee, telling the bride, with a twinkle in his eye, that it had been an unusual privilege to officiate.

## THE SOUL IN SORROW.

(An Old Favorite.)

To sleep I give my powers away;  
My will is bondsman to the dark;  
I sit within a homeless bark,  
And with my heart I muse and grieve.

O, heart, how fares it with thee now,  
That thou shouldst fail from thy desire,  
Who scarcely dared to inquire,  
"What is it makes me beat so low?"

Something it is which thou hast lost,  
Some pleasure from thine early years,  
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,  
That grief hath shaken into frost!

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross  
All night below the darkened eyes;  
With morning wakes the will, and cries,  
"Thou shalt not be the fool of loss."

—Tennyson, "In Memoriam."



No trimming is so fashionable for out-door dresses as leather. The design here illustrated is of black corduroy trimmed with black snead. A band of the leather decorates the bottom of the skirt, while the stitchings, belt and collar of the blouse are of the same material.

## A Letter From New Mexico

Dr. J. A. Rolls Writes Dr. J. H. Duncan a Descriptive and Interesting Letter From the South.

Dr. J. H. Duncan has received the following entertaining and descriptive letter from Dr. J. A. Rolls, now in New Mexico, formerly of this city. Through the courtesy of the doctor The Planet is enabled to publish the letter.

My Dear Doctor,—Your visit to us two years ago, and your consequent knowledge of New Mexico, more particularly this section of it, leads me to think that you would appreciate a description of the disastrous flood which visited us on the night of Sept. 29th. It is now two weeks later, and the fact that as yet no trains have reached Watrous from either the east or west will give you some idea of the magnitude of the calamity.

Should you in Chatham have a frost in August that would destroy every growing crop, and in addition result in many people being frozen to death, you would be in a position to appreciate our frame of mind at this unexpected catastrophe. Ordinarily our rainy season begins in May and is over the end of July. During June and July we occasionally have enough rainfall to cause quite a rush of water in our little mountain streams; they may even be unfordable for a day or two at a time, but such an occurrence is of extreme rarity. From the first of August on, however, they are, as you will remember, simply little trickling brooks, which one can at any time jump over or cross on stepping stones without wetting the feet. Picture, then, our dismay at what happened.

On Tuesday, Sept. 29th, I drove across the Mora river to see a patient. We had had an unusual amount of rain and, on returning, noticed that the water was between two and three feet deep, so that my

buggy was nearly floated. It continued to rain with increasing violence all day, and by nightfall the whole country, and especially the mountain slopes were receiving a deluge. Owing to the nature of the country this drained off rapidly toward the valleys; little dry arroyos became streams, streams became rivers, and the Mora, which I had crossed in the morning, was at midnight a mighty river a mile wide, rushing from the mountains with irresistible force and sweeping everything before it. I have seen nothing to compare with it except Niagara, and the Niagara does not flow nearly as rapidly even in the gorge.

You will remember that the Santa Fe track follows the Mora river for about eight miles before you arrive at Watrous; at this part of the canyon the valley is narrow and bounded by high rocky walls, and the torrent thus confined exerted a force which may truly be termed terrific. Miles of railroad track were torn from the embankment and rolled up like balls of yarn, the rails being bent and twisted like wire, with the ties still binding them together, and the mass then thrown into the bed of the stream or hurled out of the mouth of the canon into the shallower water of the valley beyond. Within eight miles of Watrous five railway bridges, three of them steel and costing \$40,000, were torn from their emplacements, carried an astonishing distance down stream, and almost totally destroyed. No house within the reach of that mighty current stood before it more than a minute, while all the lighter buildings were picked up like chips and whirled out of sight in a moment.

We have always considered the

Continued on Page 10.

## A Visit to St. Louis

Interesting Accounts of Some of the Many Attractions at the World's Fair.

(Written Especially for The Planet)

The sights of the World's Fair in the well populated city of St. Louis are far beyond description, and to the country boy or girl who has never been outside of their own little neighboring town would find the great World's Fair a study that cannot be found in books, not only to the boy or girl but to men and women, who come from all parts of the world. I heard an old Southern lady say as she was standing viewing the great Cascades, "Bless us, what a sight," and she was wrapped up in the splendor about her so as to not hear the old gentleman that was escorting her, call to her to move along Mammie. There she stood for fully ten minutes before she noticed the old gent had moved along. When she turned around and found herself face to face with me, and exclaiming herself in a typical southern style, wanted to know if I saw the old gentleman and in what direction he had gone. I pointed out the course he had taken and offered to walk with her until we should find him. Bless me, she said, the Lord is sure good to leave us live to see this grand sight. I bade them good bye as they thanked me and I strove ed back in pursuit of the little group I had been with.

It was nearing lunch hour and as we were all very hungry decided to luncheon as soon as we could find a suitable place. We found a nice shady little spot close to the Japanese village, and I tell you we didn't spend much time there, as we were eager to take in the sights, and as the most of our party were Canadians as well as myself, we were all anxious to see the Canadian exhibit, which every one of us expressed ourselves as being proud of it, and we find our Canada girl is an up-to-date girl just as brilliant a conversationalist as the American.

We also visited Jerusalem with its narrow streets and sacred walls. It is said that in Jerusalem the streets are so narrow that any small exhibit that might be outside of a store for a showing has to be removed to allow a camel to pass with its load, which is packed high on its back, that many of its streets have stair steps in them, but most of them are made of rocks.

We also visited the Chapel where they worship the sacred lamb, and by request of the guide every man in the place was requested to move his hat, and as he was about through explaining the Holy City a collection was taken up for him, as he said he was paid no salary and lived on what ever the public might give him.

We took in every State building and it seemed quite natural for us to think the Canadian buildings the most picturesque. One of them, with its veranda going around the entire building, and seats so that the guests may rest before taking their departure, and say nothing to its furnishings, which probably are not so exquisite as some of the other buildings, but extremely neat, and everything has been so well selected that I could not find words to do it ample justice. We took in the fishery building and from there to the varied industries, where we saw the most elaborate and beautifully hand embroidered. The one piece which seemed to suit me the best was the battleship the Maine, ready to set sail. The waves were so natural as if you were standing on the shore awaiting it to start. Another piece of work was a wreath of vegetables with every vegetable that grows in America. And a wreath of flowers with every kind of a flower that any one could mention. We were at least a half a day in the building and didn't get to see the things we really should have seen, but you could spend a couple of days in the one building and then not see it all.

Just then some one said an air ship was sailing over the top of us and we made a mad rush for the door, and sure enough the oval shape balloon, as we named it, making its way to the administration building. Presently it took two or three whirls and the man inside waved his hat to the many spectators, who seemed all to be having the one thought. As twilight was approaching and we all lived in different parts of the city, bade each other good bye with the hopes of meeting each other on the morrow.

The next day being Thursday, and a big parade was to take place at nine o'clock I was up at five and met our party at 8.30 at our appointed place, and we walked around awaiting the parade until near ten o'clock. When we heard it coming, as we could hear it fully half an hour before you could see it, as were every nation had its own band, it lasted almost two hours. It represented every nation, state or country; and in the afternoon we went to see Hagenbeck's wild animal show. I think that word wild should be changed to tame, as they are so well trained the word wild is somewhat out of place.

After the show we were tired out and the girls were to dine with me that evening, and after dinner we went to see what they call the Veil-

ed Prophet, which they have once a year here. It is made up of flats, and they represent different countries; each one of them is lighted up with electric lights. The cars are delayed fully an hour, as the floats move slowly along the car tracks, where they get their electricity from. The Veil Prophet is some one of our citizens in disguise and is covered with ornaments and a veil thrown loosely around him. There were 22 floats or caravans, as many of the St. Louisians call them. One of them consisted of the liberty bell, one of the World's Fair, and the remaining ones represented different nations. There were 22 floats, and I heard a man say it is twenty-two years ago since Veiled Prophet became in existence, and every year they add another float, according to Veil Prophet's age. As one of the girls were to leave that evening we walked to the depot and waited a short time when her train was called out. She was en route to London, and as she had relatives in Detroit, Mich., said she would remain there for a few days before starting for London, and the last I heard of her she was having a good time, but not such a time as she had in St. Louis.

The next day the other young lady was to start for home and that would leave me to attend the Fair alone. The following morning we took a small note book and pencil and we took note of the different things which attracted us the most. The first on my book was President Roosevelt's cabin, where people go and write their name on the whitewashed logs. That just reminds me last Tuesday was election day and Roosevelt was made a happy man, as it was my wish that the better man of the two should be elected. I will leave it to the public to decide.

St. Louis, Nov. 11.

THE BUILDING OF THE NEST.

They'll come again to the apple tree—  
Robin and all the rest—  
When the orchard branches are fair to see,  
In the snow of the blossoms drest:  
And the prettiest thing in the world will be  
The building of the nest.

Weaving it well, so round and trim,  
Hollowing it with care—  
Nothing too far away for him,  
Nothing for her too fair—  
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,  
Their castle in the air.

Ah! mother bird, you'll have weary days  
When the eggs are under your breast,  
And shadows may darken the dancing rays  
When the wee ones leave the nest;  
But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze,  
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the tree with all your train  
When the apple blossoms blow;  
Through the 'April shimmer of sun and rain,  
Go flying to and fro;  
And sing to our hearts as we watch again  
Your fairy building grow.

DAKOTA NATIVE AGREED WITH HIM.

The man from New England allowed his glance to wander over the native of Dakota as they both stood on the narrow platform of the Gritty Plains station.

"See a good many queer-looking folks around here, don't you?" the man from New England inquired, jerking his thumb toward the landscape behind the station.

The native of Dakota had presumably not seen the jerk, as his eyes were bent on the ground.

"I reckon we do," he said, with great deliberation. "You take a place like this, where there's two trains a day from the east, and we can get our money's worth of fun whenever we've got time to stand gaping round."—Youth's Companion.

A LITTLE GIRL'S IDEA OF SIN.

A little girl was called to court one day to be a witness. She was so small that the lawyers thought she might not know what an oath was. So they asked her some questions.

"Do you understand the nature of an oath?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," said the little girl.

"What is it?"

"It is a swear."

"What do you mean when you say, 'It is a swear'?"

"Well, it is that I have to tell the truth."

"If you don't tell the truth, what then?"

"That would be a sin."

"What is a sin?"

"A bad mark from God."

"They let the child tell all she knew, and they all believed her."

The finger of suspicion has few good points.