

# The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 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.

"I shall be nothing and nobody then," thinks the newly-married man, foreshadowing the day when the perfect harmony of the pair may be broken by a third. A tiny, protoplasmic pulp, red-faced and clamorous; so feeble, so helpless, yet powerful enough to dethrone him forever. Not that men are less fond of children than women, on the contrary, they usually love them better; their affection has a wider basis; a woman loves a child because it is her own; the feeling that it owes its life to her; plays an important part in composing the maternal instinct. A man loves a child because it is bright, bonny, and full of innocent gaiety; he loves a child because it is a child, and only in a subordinate degree because it is his.

Only a man who has never truly loved his wife, as it is in him to love, puts his child first. But it is no exaggeration to say that most women love their children a hundred times better than they love their husbands. To the man whose marriage has been perky a matter of convenience, or to the one whose chief desire has been a son to succeed him this may not greatly matter. The husband who is always at his club or cycling with his chums, who seldom comes home till late in the evening and gets up before breakfast to play golf, cannot be surprised if the nursery absorbs his wife's time and interest; probably he will look upon it as right and natural it should do so. But to the man whose greatest friend is his wife, whose happiest hours are those spent in her company, the advent of a baby is fraught with dread. The lucky husband who is the lover of his wife remembers lest the newcomer should absorb all the attention hitherto lavished on himself. He remembers how little his married friends seem to count for, now they possess rapidly filling quivers.

Len's wife, formerly the most charming and companionable of women, cannot spare an hour, or two any summer evening to wander through the woods as she used to do. "Come out a bit," whispers Len; purely his voice has not lost all its old persuasiveness.

"Can't possibly," she answers shortly.

"You might!"

"You forget Baby will not go to sleep unless I sing to him."

What wonder that Len, stung by jealousy of the new Len upstairs, retorts:

"That's your bad bringing up other children go to sleep without so much fuss and bother."

Furious at this slight on her capability as a mother, Len's wife hardens her heart, which was secretly relenting, and stifles the voice which whispers "Go with him, he looks fagged; the long, hot days in the office try him; the boy will be none the worse for the loss of an hour's sleep, he is too healthy for a little thing like that to affect him!" She stalks offensively out of the room, and Len, who has followed her upstairs to make a last appeal, hears—himself unseen—the voice which used to whisper nonsense in his ears telling his infant son that "Daddy is very selfish and tried to make mother neglect her own loveliest baby boy, who is the best of boys and the sweetest thing in the world, and who shall never be neglected for all the tire-some men alive."

Don't imagine for one moment that an attempt to underrate the importance of a mother's love. I believe it

to be unquestionably the most unselfish and beautiful sentiment in the world. Not for an instant would I dare to belittle it. What I mean is that the maternal love implanted in the heart of every good woman should not be narrowed into one channel, but should flow wide and free, a great river of affection embracing all humanity. The woman who can look on a miserable, neglected, hungry child with dry eyes has no real mother-heart, though she may appear to the world at large to be a devoted parent. Her love is only exaggerated selfishness, only a flowering of the possessive instinct, and as unlike the real thing as the artificial rose is unlike the fragrant glory of the June garden.

The woman with the true mother-heart will regard her husband not only as the friend-companion and lover of her youth, but as the first-born of her children. The rights, the privileges, the consideration due to the eldest will be his; no curly-pated youngster will dethrone him from the first place in her heart. When trouble or sickness comes upon him she will gather him in her arms, and no matter if the locks upon his brow be streaked with gray, she will call him "her dear boy," for time is a non-existent absurdity which has no place amongst the eternal realities of love.

Don't, dear young wife, or you, dear young maiden, who hope so soon to don the golden fetter, don't leave your husband out in the cold if Heaven places another life in your keeping.

Remember that, hard as it may seem sometimes to decide which is the greatest duty, husband or children, there is really no question about it; a kind aunt, a kind nurse, even a kind governess can render a child's life happy, but nothing can make up to a man for the loss of his wife's love and attention.

Don't expect your husband to stay in evening after evening because you are afraid baby might wake and cry for you if you went out, and don't go out with him and spoil the pleasure he might have in your company by fidgeting and wondering if "the poor little darling is all right."

Nothing makes such unhappiness in a house as jealousy, and if a man has been the centre of attraction for a year or two, and then all at once becomes of no importance, he naturally regards the white bundle which has replaced him with rather unamiable feelings.

A wife who is wise will understand this, and will make up her mind that the new love shall never interfere with the old. Whatever it costs her, and it is by no means easy, she will steel her heart to the cry which cuts into her like a knife, if she hears it in the middle of tea. Her first impulse will be to spring up from the table without so much as an apology, and dash upstairs to snatch the "precious darling" from his nurse, and try her own skill at conciliation.

A moment's reflection will tell her that somebody else needs attention, that after a day's work or a day's strife there may be nerves a thousand times more sensitive than those upstairs needing her soothing indulgence; that the beautiful boy upstairs is not the only creature who thrives on love, and that the heart of a man is more delicate and complex than the heart of a child.

Heaven forbid I should say anything to lessen a mother's devotion, at the same time I do say that many women neglect their husbands for

their children, and bad as it is to neglect either, I am not at all sure that a neglected husband is not the sorer spectacle of the two.

No house will be happy where the father feels he is of less account than the children, and no wife who truly loves her husband will let him imagine such a state of things could be possible, she will try her best to remember she is a wife first, and a mother afterwards.

## MUSIC DECIDES QUESTION OF LAW.

On one occasion some time ago all who were present in the Court of Justice at Berlin had the great pleasure of listening to a free performance by Professor Joachim, the famous violinist. It appeared from the evidence that a dealer in musical instruments was charged with cheating a customer by representing that a violin which he offered for sale at \$1.25 was an instrument that could be played.

The great professor was called in as an expert witness, and, taking up the impugned instrument, he proceeded to play upon it. Under his magic fingers it really sounded like a violin, but in a few moments, much to the regret of his listeners, the maestro laid the instrument down with an evident air of contempt. But he had secured the accused's acquittal. The great tenor Mario once had to give a free exhibition of his magnificent vocal power in Court in order to gain freedom for himself. He had been arrested in Madrid, in mistake for a mischievous political agitator, and in vain proclaimed his identity to the powers that be. Finally, he was told that if he really was the famous singer his voice was a certain means of convincing the Court of the truth of his claim. For seven or eight minutes Mario held all within hearing spell-bound, and he was then allowed to take his departure with

## HAVE PLANTS BRAINS?

Though it has never been proved that plants have brains, it has been proved often that there is some power within them whereby they combat evil conditions and seek what is best for their good.

A resident of Castle Valley, Pa., has a vine that showed itself last month to have if not a brain a substitute of equal value. This vine, a young one, grew in a clay pot, and the vine curled up it. It was about two feet in height; in length, uncultured, it would have measured four feet.

Usually the vine was placed in a south window every morning, where it absorbed all day the benefit of the sun's rays. It happened, however, through an oversight, that one afternoon a shutter shaded half the window and the vine was set in the shutter's shadow. A foot away was the sunlight, warm, glittering, life-giving, but where the plant stood there was nothing but gloom.

During the four days the vine stood in the shadow with the sunlight near it it did something akin to intelligence. It uncurled itself from its supporting stick and like a living thing it crawled over the window ledge to the sun.

This vine, to be sure, did not uncurl itself and crawl with the rapid movements of a snake. Its movements were, indeed, so slow as to be imperceptible. Nevertheless, looking about, it overcame every obstacle, and finally it lay basking in the sun. —Portland Oregonian.

## SURE TO MAKE HENS LAY.

John Kernell, the Irish comedian, who died recently, used to like to tell of a brief experience in amateur farming that he had in his youth. "One summer," he would say, "I live in the country and as there

## How to Treat Your Husband

Good Advice to Young Wives Who Are Starting Out in Their Matrimonial Career.

From The Planet's files of April 3, 1860, to April 17, 1860.

The price of flour is \$5.15 per barrel.

Isaac Horton and D. H. Knapp advertise for horses.

R. M. Campbell, confectioner, advertises in The Planet.

Wages in France are higher than at any time since the Revolution.

Joseph Northwood advertises a carding machine and picker for sale.

Thomas Stone advertises dry goods, groceries, and provisions, crockery, etc.

The first cost of India rubbers are but 19 cents a pair. They retail at \$1.00.

The Brantford people have bought an engine from the Buffalo firemen; cost \$1,375.

Born—in Chatham, on Friday, the 30th ult., the wife of Mr. W. G. Betts, of a daughter.

The town council of Stratford grant the firemen \$300 to celebrate the Queen's birthday.

Ira Martin opens up a new general store in the post office block, opposite the old bridge.

It is now alleged that the Sault Ste. Marie canal will not be opened until the first of June.

The New York Store makes an assignment and auctioneer R. Monck sells the stock by auction.

A bill to prevent persons carrying deadly weapons was carried in the New Brunswick Legislature.

Messrs. Ross and Gzowski have left Canada for England in order to make arrangements for the opening of Victoria bridge.

An inquest was held by Coroner Pegley on the body of J. Tobin. Poisoning was suspected but the jury's verdict did not agree with this.

The Japanese warriors use war fans made of iron. After a fatiguing combat the warriors sit down to cool themselves, preparatory to seeking a fresh encounter.

The firemen of Montreal are going to surprise the Prince of Wales. Two companies from the United States are expected to visit the city with steam fire engines.

Three years ago a man invested \$30,000 in real estate in St. Paul, Minn. A short time since he determined to realize what he could on it and sold it for \$1800.

The latest accounts from England say that Queen Victoria is very well and has "taken to hoops." What that means those versed in those trifles can best conjecture.

Mr. Sydney Smith, Postmaster-General, and Mr. Hugh Allan, of the firm of Edmondson, Allan and Co., proprietors of the Canadian Line of Ocean Steamships, have gone to England for the purpose of advocating before the Imperial Government the claims of the Canadian Steamship Line to Im-

perial subsidy, in which advocacy we sincerely hope they may succeed.

The subscriber is prepared to loan \$600 or \$700 secured in real estate for a term of years.—Alexander Dolson, Raleigh.

Lewis Courtillet, King St., Chatham, advertises his tavern and confectionary shop for sale. He wishes to retire from business.

The Prince Imperial of France having been born on the 16th of March, recently entered upon his fifth year. It is said he is exceedingly forward for his age as he can already read and write and ride.

The legislature of New Brunswick after the month of November, will keep all their accounts in dollars and cents and the currency of the country will be modelled in the decimal system.

On Tuesday evening last, Rev. A. T. Wood, a colored clergyman, from London, England, and who was for several years a missionary in Western Africa, gave a public address in the Town Hall.

An editor in Minnesota dying, his local who was in the habit of writing editorials put in the following—"As we died yesterday. Those having business with us or owing us money will please settle with the local."

Married—At Chatham, on Tuesday, 10th inst., by Rev. John Rennie, Mr. Malcolm MacKerrall, Jr., eldest son of Malcolm MacKerrall, farmer, of Chatham township, to Miss Sarah Curran, youngest daughter of Arthur Curran, farmer, township of Chatham.

The Windsor Herald says—A steamboat will be launched from the building yard of Messrs. Jenkins, in about six weeks. She is a few feet longer than the Argo, and is intended to ply between Chatham and Detroit in the summer and to be employed as a ferry boat during the winter, as she is constructed with a view to overcoming the difficulties of ice navigation.

The town council met with the following present—Mayor Askin, and Councilors Cross, Earl, Atkinson, Northwood, Sheriff, Higgins, Evans, Smith and Duff. Mr. Evans read a petition from James Baxter and others for a sewer on Adelaide Street, north side McGregor's Creek, to Goal Street.—Referred.

A petition was received from W. and W. Eberts and others for a ditch from the south side of the Fair grounds to the bounds of the McGregor meadow.

The Spring Assize Court for Kent, opened at the Court House in Chatham, on Monday last, the 16th inst., Mr. Justice Richards presiding. Among legal gentlemen present we observed Albert Prince, Esq., Q. C.; H. C. R. Becher; A. D. McLean, C. A.; W. McCrea, John O'Connor, C. R. Atkinson, John Wilson, E. J. Parker, R. S. Woods, W. H. Wittock, H. F. Duck, Esqrs., and others. A good array all will admit. The list of civil cases numbered 28. Of criminal cases the calendar was light, there being only six or seven; one for assault, one for stabbing, etc., being the smallest criminal calendar at any of the superior courts in this county for a

Continue on Page 10.



A PRETTY SUMMER HAT.

This is one of the newest summer pattern hats of shirred scarlet tulle with a flower decoration of poppies. Following the line of the brim is a band of poppy pods, while broad bands of chiffon ribbon are lavishly used on upper and under parts of the hat.

profuse apologies for his arrest and detention.—Chicago Tribune.

## A SCENT JAR FOR FAVORITE BLOSSOMS.

Girls no longer hang up in their dressing rooms the flowers sent them by their most prized admirers. Neither do they select especial buds or blossoms and press them between the leaves of books for keepsakes.

There is a deal of sentiment in the lines:

'Tis but a little faded flower,  
But, oh, so fondly dear:

while in fact there's neither sentiment, perfume nor beauty in a bunch of dried roses or a posy from which the life has been pressed. Present-day girls preserve the fragrance of their flowers and the fragrance of a flower is its soul, in rose jars. They make them in pot-pourri.

Pretty Chinese and Japanese jars are generally used.

The best way to make a pot-pourri is to put into the receptacle nothing but the leaves of the flowers and salt. Rose leaves must be used for the foundation, as no other flower will hold the flavor of itself. Alternate layers of rose leaves and salt, pressing the salt down upon the leaves. When the scent becomes evident any other fragrant flower or leaves may be added, such as violets, heliotrope, lemon, verbena or geranium leaves. A jar filled in this way will remain a well of delicious perfume for months, flooding an apartment whenever the lid is removed.

Some people see into think they don't accomplish anything without making a lot of noise.

was a garden to my cottage I decided that I would keep chickens. I bought a cock and a half dozen hens, but I got no eggs. The chickens were vigorous and healthy, but my omelets each morning came from the village store.

"To remedy this state of affairs I answered an advertisement in an agricultural magazine. This advertisement said that for \$2 an infallible way to make hens lay would be communicated. I forwarded the \$2, and in due course I received the advertiser's reply. It was a printed slip that read—

"To make a hen lay tie a stout string around the hen's body, lay the bird on her side on a board and fasten the string underneath. If it is thought desirable, a pillow may be placed under the hen's head."

## A LIME TO HIS KNOWLEDGE.

The Baroness Hayashi, the wife of the Japanese ambassador to London, attended recently a dinner party where a Frenchman held the table spellbound for an hour by an extraordinary dissertation on Japan.

He described the Japanese mode of bathing, the Japanese dress, the Japanese religion and form of marriage proposal, the geisha's manner of making up her lips and eyes and nails—in a word, the most intimate secrets of Japan were exposed and minutely described by this Frenchman.

He departed early. He had made a great success. After he had gone a young stock broker said in a reverent tone:

"What a wonderful man! He seems to know something about everything."

"Except Japan," commented the Baroness Hayashi quietly.



One of the favorite models for a picture hat, and embodying the principal features employed in these attractive head dresses. The foundation is white chiffon. Lace falls gracefully over the brim, and pale pink roses give the touch of color.



COSWLIPS FOR HATS.

On some of the hats, as in the one herewith illustrated, straw applique is used as facing for and under the brim. Cowslips, yellow and white almost entirely cover the crown and upper brim.