

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1905

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

Word From The West

Fred W. Tobey of Jack Fish Lake N. W. T. Contributes Another Letter to The Great Home Journal.

the Editor of The Planet:

Dear Planet.—I see by last mail that you saw fit to publish the account of the first part of my trip, so I shall attempt to continue. When I left off it was Saturday noon, December 17; we were eating dinner under anything but favorable circumstances. Now it is Wednesday evening and I have just finished a simple meal under very favorable circumstances.

Dinner over and horses fed their oats we hit the trail again. It was blowing a perfect gale and the snow was getting real wet. Fortunately, however, it was in our back. "Say, Bill, you had better put on that heavy ulster of mine or you'll freeze."

"Come off, I never wore an overcoat yet and don't feel the cold at all."

Just then I sighted a house to the right and so plowed through the snow to it to ascertain the time and the distance to the next stopping place. When I returned, Bill had my heavy coat on and the collar turned up also. In a few minutes we were travelling on, hurrying to reach Mr. Vanderbeens' home. Now, may say here that my oxen originally belonged to this gentleman, but had been away from the place close on to two years. However, when about half a mile from their old home they started off almost on a run. When we got close to the house they suddenly pulled off to the left across some plowing against the road. I tried to pull them back into the trail and succeeded, but with difficulty. I learned from Mr. Vanderbeens that they had been accustomed to come in that way a number of times during the two months he owned them.

As we drove up by the stable out came the inn-keeper, a Boer from South Africa. The moment he saw us he hurried toward the oxen, paying no attention to us, and commencing to fussing them.

Hello, old Mulgas and Fox. You own me, don't you?" He said this in a very affectionate tone, as he fondly stroked their foreheads.

"You're Mr. Tobey, are you not?" he said, measuring every word carefully.

"Yes, Mr. Vanderbeens; I see you remember the oxen."

"Yes I do, don't I, old Fox and Mulgas? Many a tussel we had together, didn't we, old boys? Yes, you are dear to me yet. You were with me in my first struggles and we did work together, didn't we, Fox? I have a warm heart for you yet,

old Mulgas (pronounced by him Mul-fas).

"By the way, Mr. Vanderbeens, what is that black ox's name again? I always called him 'Oss' in short."

"It is Mulgas, spelled Mulgas. I named him after a Negro chief whom the Boers conquered before the British conquered the Boers. I called the red one Fox because he is so sly and cunning. He is not so strong as Mulgas, but he is smart enough to get out of some of the work."

By this time the oxen and horses were unhitched and away the oxen went to the well in a bluff as much at home as if they had always lived there. As soon as the horses were attended to we went into the house. It was as clean, well built and tidy a bachelor's cabin as I was ever in here. He was most obliging in his manner and was an interesting conversationalist. He told of some exciting adventures in the Boer war. He himself was a British subject, but his sympathies were with the Boers. He taught school there for ten years. At the conclusion of the war he would have had to appear as witness against his own people. This he did not wish to do, so he went to France. From France he went to the Netherlands, thence to England, and from there here. He could teach in three different languages—Boer, French and German—and was but learning English.

"They tell me I speak very good English. Now, Mr. Tobey, you are a teacher and can better judge whether I do or not."

"Well, Mr. Vanderbeens, without jollying you at all, I can honestly say that you use the best of English. You are not very fluent but every word is measured, pronounced properly and is the proper word."

"I spend all my spare time studying English and, being a bachelor, I have many leisure moments. I was a bachelor for a few months in South Africa, and I swore then I would never prepare my meals again by myself. But, here I am again, defying the devil and woman in my little cabin."

"And why do you not marry, Mr. Vanderbeens?"

"Well, Mr. Tobey," he said, measuring every syllable, "the most women I have seen are more fitted to be put in a glass cage to be looked at than to be a farmer's wife."

"Now, Mr. Vanderbeens, you are unfair to the fair sex. I have a wife and I am sure she is fitted for more than to be a farmer's wife."

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CIRCISSIA OF THE COLONIES

Tasmania, which is now being visited for the first time by Lord Northcote, Governor-General of the Commonwealth, is known as the "Circassia of the colonies" by reason of the surpassing beauty of its daughters. A few of them have found their way into the select pages of Dod and Debrett, but many more have gravitated to Melbourne and Sydney hotels, where they are said to command twice the salary of the average barmaid, on account of their superior attractiveness. Tasmania also rejoices in the finest climate and the loveliest scenery of the Commonwealth. It grows large quantities of fruit, and has during recent years become a considerable exporter of apples to Covent Garden.

KNIGHT OF ORDER OF THE THISTLE

The Earl of Leven and Melville, who has been appointed a Knight of the Order of the Thistle, in succession to the late Earl of Southesk, says The London Star, is the eleventh holder of the first title and the tenth Earl of Melville, in his seventieth year, and succeeded his brother in the peerage of Scotland in 1889. He is a representative Peer of that country in the House of Lords, and has had the honor of representing the late Sovereign and His Majesty King Edward as High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland for the unprecedented period, within modern times, of seven successive years. In 1883 he married a daughter of the second Viscount Portman, and their eldest son, Lord Balgonie, is now 13.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



Photo by F. P. F. F.

MADAME CURIE

The Famous Discoverers of Radium

All the known radium in the world could be put into a tablespoon, yet this less than an ounce of the magic metal has set the scientists of two continents guessing at this new conundrum of nature. The answers are very wonderful, very stimulating, but very unsatisfactory, so far as the theories are concerned, that seek to explain this rebel element which seems to defy so outrageously Nature's strictest laws. To M. Pierre Curie, a modest chemist, and his wife, belongs the honor of discovering the miraculous metal. They are poor, hard-working people, consecrated to science, caring little for wealth or fame or position. Reserved and conservative, they speak with extreme caution as to their discovery made in 1898; although the non-scientific world has just awakened to the revelation in the past two years.

In a little, old-fashioned house at the extreme end of Paris, near the outer boulevard, whose criminals have given the section an unsavory name, lives the devoted couple with their one child and M. Curie's father, who is also a famous chemist. Some years ago Mile. Sklodowski, a poor Polish girl, went from Warsaw, her native town, to Paris to study. She had talent and pluck for the double fight against poverty and opposition. Her first triumph was when she entered a competitive examination for higher mathematics. Her success was so overwhelming that the other competitors were eclipsed and eliminated. Not having money enough to enter one of the regular schools, she entered a municipal working-class institute, where M. Curie directed the laboratory. Soon she was his assistant and a little later his wife.

Some of the experiments of Becquerel on the radioactivity of uranium specially appealed to her, and she determined to experiment on the refuse ore of pitchblende, from which uranium is taken. It was then considered worthless. Like the cull of our coalfields. She drew her husband into the search and it took four years to get enough traces of this metal, worth three thousand times its weight in pure gold, to show its properties. Her paper on radium won for her the degree of Doctor of Physical Science. As a grain of dust will perfume a room for a century or more, constantly throwing off fine particles without decreasing its weight, so radium bombards the ether with light, heat, energy, and half a dozen other marvelous effects, without appreciable loss, and in a thousand million years it would have lost only one-millionth of its bulk. It is the Andrew Carnegie of the metals, constantly giving but never growing measurably poorer.

Referred according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by W. G. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture.

SOME QUESTIONS

Why does the dog turn round and round?
Before his sleeping posture's found?
Why are the young bolt's legs so long?
How does the cricket pipe his song?
Viewing the springtime cherry tree,
Blossoms or leaves do first we see?
From which side does one milk a cow?
Why do the sun-dogs storm away?
Why does the rabbit in a chase,
Prefer up-hill to lead the race?
What are the cat-tribe's whiskers for?
Why does the rat have tail galore?
When crows and horses rise, my dears,
Which is the end that first appears?
Why does the whale proceed to spout?
How do the lobster's eyes "stick out"?
On which side of the tree-trunk grows
The moss—and why, do you suppose?
Why is the ocean salt, and why
Does it not overflow, nor yet run dry?
But wax the rivers great or small
Its volume changes not at all!

—Edwin L. Sabin.

NO RESEMBLANCE

Teacher—Your spelling is frightful. Why don't you look in the dictionary when you write your essays?
Pupil—I do; but I can never find the word I'm looking for.

All may do what has by man been done.

A sudden fit of anger may have an influence in many directions.

THE FOG WILL LIFT

The fog will lift before the day is done;
Already through the mist, spectral and pale,
Half gleams the glory of the morning sun,
Half he disdains to draw the fleecy veil.
Now for a moment clears the crested cliff,
And now, as suddenly, it sinks from sight;
But slowly, slowly, the gray fog will lift,
And yet again the earth and the sky be bright.
Now through the space a stately mass then appears,
As suddenly a breezy sail doth shift.
Hope's messenger of ocean seen through tears,
As o'er the wave the filmy fog doth lift.
So from my fate the fog shall lift full soon;
Hope is not dead because the sun be hid,
A murky morning brings a radiant noon.
The sunny eye will surely lift its lid,
And more and more unto the perfect day.
The shadows gathered on the way shall drift,
A clearer vision comes with evening's ray;
Before the day is done the fog will lift.

—Unknown.

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, Oct. 12th, 1861, to Oct. 30th, 1861.

James Cameron is clerk of Camden Gore.

Thomas Renwick is clerk of the township of Romney.

Dry goods firms in Hamilton advertise in The Planet.

Halifax has a population of 25,026 according to the last census.

Mayhew's Hotel, Thamesville, was destroyed by fire. Loss about \$4,000.

Birth—On Sunday, the 20th inst., the wife of Mr. Henry Marsom, of a son.

Died—On Sunday, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Thomas Reynolds, of Charing Cross.

Birth—On Friday, the 11th inst., the wife of Mr. Thomas Stone, of a daughter.

John A. McDonald keeps a general provision store in King St., near the market.

Died—On Saturday, the 12th inst., Annie, eldest daughter of A. B. Salter, aged 16 years.

Died—At Chatham, the 13th of October, Harriet Ann, third daughter of James Hanesboro, aged 13 years.

Birth—At the Presbyterian manse, Tilbury East, County of Kent, on the 11th inst., the wife of James Miller, M. D., of a son.

Died—On Monday, at the residence of her father, Dover East, Jane, only daughter of William Cosgrave, Esq., aged 20 years.

General Lane wears a straw hat, a plain coat and a grey woolen shirt, and is the most marked unilitary man in his brigade.

Walter McCrea was presented with a silver snuffbox as a recognition of his services in the last general elections for Mr. McKellar.

A young lady in Bellow Falls, Ver-

mont, of sweet sixteen, good looking of course, and accomplished, declares her willingness to wed the man that will shoot Jeff Davis, provided the lucky one is not already encumbered.

In the Town Council proceedings appeared the following:—

David Walker was granted license for the Royal Exchange.

The market and market building committee reported that Mr. Purser would deliver 30 or 40 loads of brickbats at 62 1-2 cents a load for the west side of the market square.

At a meeting of the St. Andrew's Society of the County of Kent, held at McNaughton's Hotel on the 9th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Pres.—John Waddell.
1st Vice-Pres.—D. McColl.
2nd Vice-Pres.—D. Walker.
Physician—Dr. Sivewright.
Chaplain—Rev. Wm. Walker.
Treas.—Peter Brown.
Secy.—John C. Wilson.

The conductor of the Argus office must be in a bad way, indeed, when he resorts to the publishing of black-guard and obscene sheets as he is now doing, in which many most respectable gentlemen and ladies of the town are made the subjects of gross personal comment. The Chatham Growler is the name of the little fly sheet we allude to, and which is being hawked about town for sale. This sheet abused the people prominent in the city churches.

Dr. Ryerson gives a table presenting a comparative view of the progress in the last ten years of the school systems of Upper Canada, Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania. In 1860 the number receiving common or primary instruction in every 100 of the population were as follows:—

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|---------------|-------|
| Upper Canada | 22.85 |
| New York | 22.52 |
| Pennsylvania | 20.13 |
| Massachusetts | 20.00 |
| Lower Canada | 13.26 |

In the report of the exhibition of the County of Kent Agricultural Society, appears the following:—

"The thing which attracted the

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The negligee arranged with pleatings sun or accordeon, according to fancy, is one that is almost staple, for its soft and loose folds dispose themselves ever to the best and most artistic effect. A simple model that gives the effect of elaboration is that pictured—a gown that can readily be fashioned at home for considerably less than the best shops charge. There is a yoke foundation, and over this the pleated part is disposed, this cut to reach from the shoulder to almost the ankle. At this point a very full circular flounce is shirred on to the straight pulled edge of the accordeon plated upper part and a lace entre deaux is cleverly used to simulate panels on the pleated part to define the cut out V neck and to trim the flounce. The sleeve is just the pleated solitaire, with the pleats held close together, and a full shaped volant answers for a cuff. The flounce is finished at the edge with a little shirred band.



For general and utilitarian wear there is nothing that can surpass the tailor-made production, and when this is cleverly managed, so that it is appropriate for both morning and afternoon wear it affords a means to economy and to smartness that can be compassed in no other way. From a Parisian house comes the gown in Oxford gray cloth with collar and cuff trimmings in white kid and vest in Scotch plaid that shows brilliant tones of red and green, thus giving a gay touch of coloring to the otherwise sombre gown. The coat shows the broad shoulder, sleeve full in the upper part, and satin faced revers that are either thrown open to display the vest or buttoned across in double breasted style. The smart little basques are box-plaited in the back and round up in the front. The skirt is box-pleated all around, and the fullness is increased around the foot by a flounce which is pleated into the same lines as the upper skirt. A broad facing of black velvet takes the place of a hem and keeps the fine cloth from rubbing around the edge.