

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1905

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

Wedding in Quebec

One Place Where You Must not go Home Till Morning—Interesting Glimpse of Habitant Life From the Pen of Will Houston Son of Judge Houston of this City.

Will N. Houston, son of Judge Houston, Victoria Ave., writes the following interesting letter, descriptive of life in the Province of Quebec. Mr. Houston has been at St. Hyacinthe since last September learning to speak and write French. He is becoming quite proficient in the use of the soft, smooth, Gallic tongue.

To the Editor of The Planet:

Dear Sir—I have just returned from a visit to the farm of a Quebec habitant. It was a novel experience I can assure you. One of the boys from the school invited me to spend "Les jours gras" at his place, St. Guillaume, and of course I accepted with pleasure. We left here Friday night and returned Wednesday, the 8th.

I really believe I never had so much fun in five days before. All the time was occupied for us attending three dances, a card party and a wedding. A note is a grand affair, a wedding party and a great dance. The wedding took place early in the morning, after which everyone returned to the bride's house, the wedding, of course, being in the church. We were entertained all day. In the evening everyone went to the groom's home, and the dance began. How they did dance! This lasted till four o'clock in the morning, when the tables were brought in and loaded with everything imaginable. For an hour we ate and talked. Then followed a weary wait of two hours, for it is not considered proper to leave a note before morning.

We reached home about eight o'clock. I should have liked to sleep all day, but after two hours I gave up the idea. It is really surprising how much noise eleven French children can make, and as this was the number in my habitant's family, it was useless to try to sleep during the day. Most French families are larger than that, however, fifteen being about the average.

I went out and the boys were playing with a pair of snowshoes. Of course I had to try them, but somehow, to use a slang expression, "my feet didn't seem to track." I wished to see the sugar bush, so we hitched up the ox to a large sleigh and started out with half the family as passengers. One of the boys had to walk and drive the ox. We had no harness on him except a wooden yoke around his neck, to which the shafts were

attached, so the boy guided him by hitting him on the side of the head with a long whip. It was a novel experience, and when we reached home again I was one who was ready for dinner.

That afternoon we went to visit a friend who has a bee farm. He is keeping 115 hives over winter and will keep 150 next year. This year he sold 20,000 lbs. of honey and cleared a thousand dollars. He has a house in which he strains and purifies the honey before selling it. Every year he plants buckwheat and clover for the bees. He works in a scientific manner and has all modern conveniences for bee-culture, including a honey-separator, which cost him \$40. He cannot keep over winter as many bees as he wishes, however, because he has no room. He says there are many other farmers in this district who are making lots of money by raising bees.

The principal farm product here is hay. This year especially the farmers have reaped a rich harvest on hay, on account of its scarcity in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Most of the farmers have their own hay-presses and baled hay is sent away from here in vast quantities.

The farms are usually smaller than those in Kent county and the houses are usually built in rows close together. There is no front yard, because they are built very close to the road. Just imagine you are on the road near St. Guillaume. The snow is just up to the tops of the fences; a few odd posts protruding break the clear white stretch across the fields. Here, to the right, runs a little row of white houses and barns. There, to the left is another short row of dwellings on the other road. But in the mile between these rows there is not a dwelling. The French-Canadians evidently are very sociable. The houses are usually of wood and are small and low. The barns are small but handy.

So much for the country around here. As for St. Hyacinthe, it is a nice little place.

About the people here: The French people are all right and they certainly have a good time and enjoy life. I get along with them fine now that I can talk to them.

Hoping that if you have any space left you will publish this in your Great Home Journal, I remain, Very truly yours,

WM. N. HOUSTON.
St. Hyacinthe, Que., March 11th, 1905.

DIPLOMACY

"Papa," the beautiful girl said, brushing the thin locks back from his temples, "I hope you'll never ask me to marry that stupid young Mr. Gimpwich that comes here occasionally."

"Why, bless my soul, Edith!" he exclaimed, "I've never thought of such a thing. But now that you have mentioned him, I'd like to know what's really the matter with young Gimpwich. Well, what is your objection to him?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. I only just thought—"

"Look here, sis. You'll want to marry some day, and when you do, I don't know any young fellow I'd rather have for a son-in-law. He's in excellent circumstances and comes of a good family, is perfectly steady, well educated, no bad habits, fine looking chap—just the sort, I should think, that a girl would naturally take a fancy to, and you might consider yourself lucky if you got him. What's the reason you can't endure the idea of marrying him?"

"Well, because I can't—not before next June, anyway."

"Skipping away from him, she opened the door, and whispered to a young man in the hallway."

"Come in, Alfred! It's all right!"

MUSCLES IN TENSION

The Revue Scientifique has been asking what muscles tire soonest, with the conclusion that it is not the muscles in use, but those under tension, although doing no work. The writer urges us to use the arms and legs less and the back and neck more, for on them comes the greatest strain. He has been asking men of all occupations the same questions:

When you have worked much, where do you feel tired?

Before you were trained did fatigue show itself in the same regions?

All the answers point to the same conclusions. The baker who kneads dough all night complains of fatigue in his legs.

The blacksmith is tired, not in his arms and shoulders, but in his back and loins.

The young soldier, after a march, is especially tired in the back of the neck, even if he has carried no knapsack.

The carman who is in perfect training after prolonged exercise gets tired in his calves and insteps.

These facts point to the conclusion that in any continued effort we should try to alter the habit of contraction. That is to say, the body, like the mind, needs change of work.

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 Aug. 1, 1861, to Aug. 10, 1861.

On Wednesday, the 31st of July, the Council of the town met in the Town Hall, the following members being present, viz., the Mayor, John L. Dolson in the chair, Councillors Israel Evans, Thomas Holmes, Rufus Stephenson, James Heggins, Robert Duff and Robert O. Smith. The several items of probable assets and expenditures were brought up and discussed, and after several reductions had been made in the latter the rate for the current year was struck at 12 cents on the dollar. We might say that this rate does not include the amount to be collected for school purposes, the Council thinking it would be better for the town in the end that this sum should be collected under the immediate supervision of the Board of School Trustees themselves. Last year the rate was 24 cents on the dollar.

The New York Herald says: We have taken the trouble to ascertain the real facts of the case and although no official report has yet been made by General McDowell the returns so far as we have been able to obtain them of Bull's Run battle are as follows—

Killed.....	380
Wounded.....	500
Wagons with provisions lost.....	25
Cannons spiked and lost.....	17
Small arms dropped.....	2,000

Of the wounded fully one hundred were very little injured, although struck, and of the small arms dropped on the route one-half were picked up by the ordnance wagons next day.

A meeting of the Municipal Council of the Township of Harwich was held at George Vester's inn on the Gravel Road, W. R. Fellows was the Township Clerk.

The rate of taxation for the city of London for the year 1861 was 18 cents on the dollar.

Rev. Willis Nazery, Bishop of the M. E. church in Canada, preached in Victoria Chapel.

Mr. McKellar was removed from the Marine Hospital, Quebec, on Tuesday last and is now, we believe, on his way west. It is not certain, we learn, that he will come immediately to Chatham, as it is thought by many of his friends that

a few days sojourn at St. Catharines at the celebrated mineral springs will be of incalculable benefit in restoring his lost strength of body.

J. Pottinger, Esq., manager of the Commercial Bank in town, left Chatham for Owen Sound. Joseph Merkle, of Montreat, took his place in Chatham.

CHATHAM BOY AT THE BATTLE OF BULL'S RUN.

The first Michigan regiment returned to Detroit on Friday, the 2nd inst., the citizens of that place greeting them with immense enthusiasm. It will be recollected some months since we mention that John R. Payne, son of our fellow townsman, R. K. Payne, had enlisted in this regiment. We learn that young Payne has returned and is quite a lion, it appearing that among all the trophies of war brought the best, a fine on-field rifle which he took from a Southerner during the fight at Bull's Run. It is said to be a fine piece, made in 1860. Payne is a bookbinder by trade and some few years since he lived in Chatham and was connected with The Planet Office. We are glad to learn amongst all the running which took place at Bull's Run, on Sunday the 21st, that our Chatham boy proved at least that he enlisted to fight and was determined to let his opponents know it.

We are already receiving the good of Sir Allan McNabb's services in Parliament as representative of this division. At the present time two Government engineers are surveying Rond Eau harbor and will shortly proceed to Two Creeks. The names of these gentlemen are Messrs. Wise and Turner. They speak in the highest terms of this section of the country and freely admit the great necessity which exists for the establishment of a good harbor on Lake Erie for the shipment of immense products of this section of Canada.

The ladies of St. Paul's church, Chatham, give a moonlight excursion on the steamer Canadian.

Birth—At Chatham on Wednesday morning, the 24th ult., the wife of John W. Blackader, Windsor, of a son.

We are requested by Capt. Glenning to state that there will be

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A combination of lace, velvet ribbon and flowers, results in the pretty hat illustrated. The underbrim is composed of quilling, soft narrow lace, and several folds of black velvet ribbon. The upper brim is similar, but encircling the crown in a wreath of rosebuds; a few are also placed at the left side of the underbrim.

THE IMPATIENT MUSCOVITE

"Oh, fudge!" exclaimed the Russian striker, in a tone of great annoyance.

"Vas istovitch?" asked his comrade. "Here it's nearly 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and none of the bands of strikers has been fired on since early yesterday. How are we going to keep up the sort of advertising that will hold the public interest and sympathy with such an apathetic campaign as this?"

Whereupon the two speakers started out waving a red handkerchief and shouting:

"Death to the bureaucracy, the sideboardocracy, the washstandocracy, the chiffonierocracy!"

Immediately the coveted daily vol-

le was forthcoming. And as the two patriots fell bleeding from horrible wounds in their shirtsleeves, smiles of triumph illumined their countenances.—Baltimore American.

WHY DON'T YOU?

Why don't you answer your friend's letter at once?

Why don't you make the promised visit to that invalid? She is looking for you day after day.

Why don't you send away that little gift you've been planning to send? Mere kind intentions never accomplish any good.

Why don't you try to share the burden of that sorrowful one who works beside you? Is it because you are growing selfish?

Why don't you speak out the encouraging words that you have in your thoughts? Unless you express them they are of no use to others.

Why don't you take more pains to be self-sacrificing and loving in the every-day home life? Time is rapidly passing. Your dear ones will not be with you always.

Why don't you create around you an atmosphere of happiness and helpfulness so that all who come in touch with you may be made better? Is not this possible?

Finally, why don't all of us practice more of those things we preach?—Class Mate.

TEMPERED JUSTICE

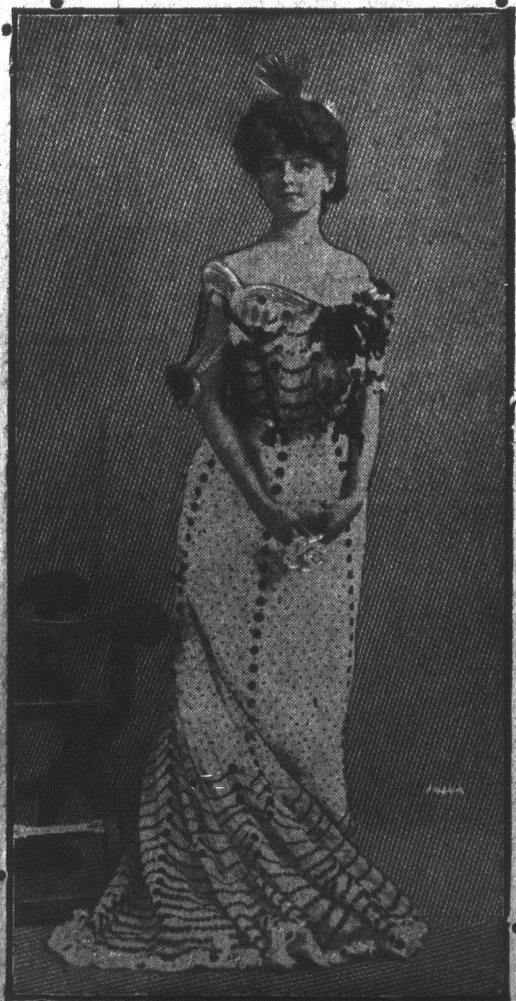
A Virginia justice of the peace undertook to temper justice with mercy in the case of a boy charged with "petty larceny." The evidence was conclusive against the boy; but he was very young; it was his first offense, and there were some extenuating circumstances. The old farmer justice decided to give the boy a stern lecture. He looked at the culprit severely through his spectacles and began his lecture. "Young man," said he, "this is awful, this is right down awful, and I want to warn you—I want to say—" Here the old man's sense of justice suddenly conflicted with the pity awakened by the sight of the lad, who stood trembling before him. He cleared his throat twice, and then half in mercy and half in indignation at his own weakness, he cried, "Clear out o' my sight, you onery scamp!" and set down to mop his forehead amid the merriment of the court room.

HOW TO TAKE A WALK

Walking has the best value as gymnastics for the mind. "You shall never break down in a speech," said Sydney Smith, "on the day on which you have walked twelve miles." In the English universities the reading men are daily performing their punctual training in the boat clubs, or a long gallop of many miles in the saddle, or taking their famed constitutional walks of eight or ten miles. "Walking," said Rousseau, "has something which animates and vivifies the ideas." Plato said of exercise that "it would almost cure a guilty conscience." "For the living out of doors and simple fare and gymnastic exercises and the morale of companions produce the greatest effect on the way of virtue and of vice."

Few men know how to take a walk. The qualifications of a professor are endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for nature, good humor, vast curiosity, good speech, good silence and nothing too much.—Emerson, on "Country Life."

The knowledge of some people is about as useful as buried treasures.



For evening wear during the coming season net gowns will be much in vogue. This beautiful design is covered with black sequins, and the bottom of the skirt is finished with ruffles of plaited chiffon and lace. The bodice has corsage decorations of black velvet ribbon and artificial flowers. Only the merest suggestion of a sleeve is shown in the folds of chiffon, loosed with velvet ribbon.



That lace and shirring will continue to hold sway as fashionable trimmings is shown by this handsome model. Grey silk voile is used for the gown. The skirt is shirred and stitched with black silk. Its distinctive feature, however, is a hip yoke with tabs extending over the seams, and appliqued with medallions of lace. The same trimming combined with embroidery is used for the bodice. A gray felt hat trimmed with gray plumes finishes the costume.