

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

SUNNY CALIFORNIA

Roy Shaw Writes a Very Chatty Letter to His Father, Wesley Shaw.

Crockett, California, 7, 12-04.
Dear Father,—Well we arrived here all O. K. last Tuesday night and were feeling very tired after so long a trip. We left Pueblo, Colorado, the night that I wrote to you, about 12 o'clock, and next morning at day light we were just at the Rockies. The scenery that morning I will never forget in my life, especially when we reached the Grand Canyon. The railway track followed a stream about the size of Jeannette's Creek, and on one side was the solid rock and on the other side across the stream you could see huge rocks hanging out over the stream and some peaks 14,000 feet high. The railroad track was about between 900 and one thousand feet from the bottom of the stream, and often you could look a thousand feet straight down and see the water foaming and shining over the rocks, and on the other side nothing but rock as far as you could see. Some of the mountains looked so beautiful, they being colors of rock, with seams running through them, and rocks laying layers, just as if they were built up. It was nothing to see a rock weighing hundreds of tons hanging out over the track and up a thousand or two feet high and looking as if a shove by the hand would loosen them and send them down on the track.
After passing the Grand Canyon—which took all day and night—we came through to the Tennessee Pass, which was something grand. On one side you would see a mountain all covered with snow, and the clouds parting around its peak, and on the other side you can see a large volcano sending smoke nearly two hundred feet into the air. Soon we crossed the lines into Utah, which is dotted here and there with mountains, and most of the country covered with white sand. You cannot see a bit of grass or a tree growing for hundreds of miles.
We soon arrived at Ogden, Nevada, 1,185 miles from Pueblo. Ogden is a very nice city, about the size of Detroit, with narrow, dirty streets. Before we reached Ogden we stopped for a while at Salt Lake City. It is about the size of Chatham, and everywhere you can see hot or boiling water shooting up out of the ground.
We left Ogden about midnight on Saturday and came across Nevada, which took us two days and a night. Nevada is all prairie, with mountains dotted here and there and nothing grows on the land. While coming through the Grand Canyon we passed through tunnels dug through large mountains of rocks. Tuesday morning found us just coming through the mountains of California. These mountains are unlike those of Colorado or Nevada, for they are all clay and not rock, and are covered with timber. About nine o'clock we came down out of the mountains and went through a lot of hills, and the sights there are not like the sights that we were used to seeing on the way.

The hills were all green, and in the valleys you could see all kinds of fruit, and the strangest looking trees I ever saw. The trees were all out in leaf, and everything looking so green. We arrived in Sacramento about 10 o'clock a. m., and took a walk around the city. It is a very large city, with wide and neatly paved streets and a number of trees can be seen everywhere, such as orange, palm, coconut, fir gum, and hundreds of other kinds, I did not know the names of. It was here I saw the first orange tree with oranges on, which looked so beautiful. We left Sacramento about two o'clock for Crockett, and arrived at 6 o'clock. It is a very nice town of about four thousand inhabitants, lying between a large range of hills and the bay of St. Abdo. The hills are all green and covered with trees, and just back of the town is a mountain thirteen thousand feet high, which John Eberts, of Appin, and I started to climb the next day after we arrived. We took a gun with us and shot a few squirrels and from the summit, which was all covered with snow, we could see San Francisco and the ocean 29 miles from Crockett.

There are a number of coyotes in the mountains and hills, and I had a desperate fight with one. I went in a large valley in between two mountains, and I saw something lying near a large stone sleeping, and thinking it was a deer, I fired when only about a hundred feet from it. Of course I only wounded the thing and had it not been for my revolver it would have fixed me. As it was it gave me a nasty bite on my leg, and took one leg of my pants off. It would not have tackled me, only when I shot I ran right up to it. It measured four feet eleven inches in length and would weigh about 85 lbs. I got \$15 for shooting it, from the county. The climate is so fine here I have not worn my overcoat yet. You can see flowers everywhere and house plants stay in the garden all winter, so it cannot be very cold. Oranges are to be seen growing like apples at home, and figs are very plentiful. Bananas grow very good here, but only a few trees can be seen.

The trees are so funny here. Nothing like they are in Canada. One kind here grows about fifty or sixty feet high and is six or seven feet in diameter, and has not a leaf or a limb until within a few feet of the top of the tree, and then only a large cluster of huge leaves which are about four feet long and from one to two feet wide. I started to work on Monday for \$2.75 per day in a smelter where they take the different kinds of minerals out of the rocks, such as lead, copper, silver and gold. It is very interesting to go through it. Indeed, Board is worth \$4 and \$5 per week here. Give my best regards to all.

From your son,
RAY SHAW.

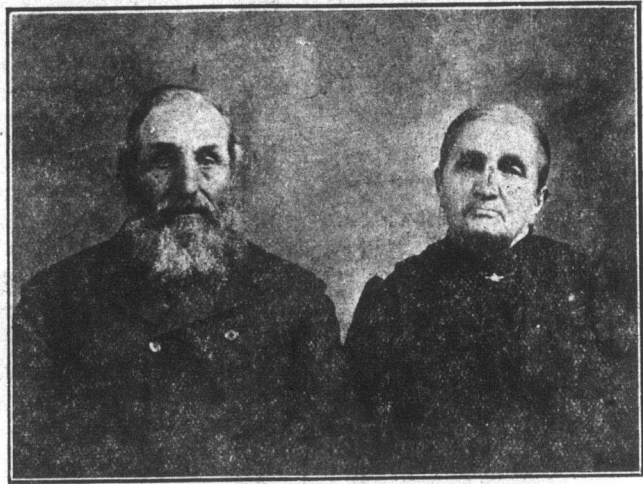
JAPANESE HUMOR.

Here is a typical Japanese humor, as story:
A quack doctor had prescribed the wrong medicine for the only son of a certain family, with the result that the boy had died. The parents determined to have revenge; so they sued the doctor in a court of law.
The affair was evidently patched up, the quack giving the bereaved parents his own son in return for the one he had killed. Not long after this the doctor heard a loud knocking at his door one night. On going to the door he was informed that the wife of one of his neighbors was dangerously ill, and that his presence was required at once. Turning to his wife he said: "This requires consideration, my dear. There is no knowing but that it may end in their taking you from me."—Chicago News.

GOLDEN WEDDING

The accompanying are photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Narcisse Pilotte, of Dover South, who celebrated their golden wedding on November 21st. Mr. and Mrs. Pilotte were married at Uxbridge 50 years ago and have been living in Dover for over 40 years. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pilotte were born near Montreal and came to Dover nine years after they were

at home. Many gifts were presented to them on their golden wedding day, showing their popularity among their host of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Pilotte are known all over the Township of Dover, where they are highly esteemed and respected by everyone. They have made many friends who all join in wishing them the compliments and good wishes that are in order on this



MR. AND MRS. NARCISSE PILOTTE

married. Thirteen children—blessed the union, seven of whom are living. They have also thirteen grand-children and one great granddaughter. The children living are Mrs. E. Dagnieu and Mrs. E. Dagnieu, of San Francisco; Mrs. G. De Groot, of Bay City; Adeline, of Saxonville, Mass.; Miss James Martin, of Chatham; Miss Pauline, of Chatham; and David

their golden anniversary. Mrs. Pilotte is 68 years of age and Mr. Pilotte is 73, and both are enjoying wonderful good health considering their advanced age. Their many friends hope that they may be spared to enjoy many more years of prosperity and happiness and they look forward to helping them celebrate their diamond wedding.

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 Dec. 14, 1850, to Jan. 4, 1861.

William S. S. Nelson is secretary of Wellington Lodge, No. 46, A. F. & A. M.

John F. Hicks, District Secretary of the Orangemen, calls a meeting at Morpeth.

R. Monck, auctioneer, sold on Feb. 4, 1861, the farm of James G. Shaw in the Township of Camden.

Birth—At Chatham, on Tuesday morning, the 18th, the wife of P. B. Brodie, Esq., of a daughter.

Died, in the Township of Chatham, on Thursday, the 27th December, Mary Janet Campbell, aged 18 years.

Born, on the 8th inst., at Grove Farm, Chatham Township, the wife of James Smith, Esq., of a daughter.

Died, on the 29th inst., in the Gore of Camden, Thomas F. Carey, formerly of Chatham, in the 50th year of his age.

There are now five railways in successful operation in Brazil—four of them are finished and still a sixth in progress of instruction.

On Christmas night, last at about nine o'clock a fire was discovered at Baxter and Charteris saw mill, situated in the upper part of the town.

On Saturday, the 22nd of December, 1860, the first and only execution ever held in Kent took place, when an Indian named Sam, was hanged at the jail here.

Married, by Rev. E. Clement, on the 17th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, David Mills, Esq., superintendent of schools for the County of Kent, to Miss Mary U. Brown, of Chatham.

Department of Crown Lands—Notice is hereby given that on and after the second day of January the vacant lots in the village plot of Shrewsbury, in the County of Kent, will be opened for sale at \$8 to \$12 each.

Married, by the Rev. E. Clement, of the Wesleyan Parsonage, Chatham, on Wednesday, Dec. 12, Mr. Peter F. Jenner to Miss Elizabeth G. Fuce. By the same at the same time and place, Mr. Silas J. Harvey to Miss Sarah A. Jenner, all of Raleigh.

The fifth annual ball of Excelsior Fire Co. No. 1 was held on Jan. 16, 1861, in the lodge room in the Elberta Block. The Light Guard Band from Detroit furnished the music. The following were the managing committee: J. G. Sheriff, Jas. Marquand, David Walker, Wm. L. Wil-

son, J. W. Lewis, Thomas McFaul, Wm. F. Martin, James B. Graham, Mr. Sherriff, floor manager.

The butchers' stalls in the market were sold on Saturday last at the following rates:

Stall No. 1, \$150.00.
Stall No. 2, \$150.00.
Stall No. 3, \$75.00.
Stall No. 4, \$80.00.
Stall No. 5, \$31.00.
Stall No. 6, \$31.00.

Mr. John Broadbent, of the Middle Road, has left in our office a sample of the "Globe Turnip" raised on his farm. Three of these turnips weighed 40 pounds. They were as large and smooth as any we ever saw. Mr. Broadbent has produced on his farm, this last fall, no less than four thousand bushels of this crop alone. In Orford the culture of turnips has created no little excitement of late.

Mr. Lafferty, formerly of Amherstburg, has recently opened a general store at the old stand corner of King and Fourth streets, known as Burn's drug store. Mr. Lafferty is an old settler in Western Canada and has always stood high in the estimation of those who have known him best—as an active and correct business man and the fact of him removing to Chatham speaks well for the reputation of this town abroad. Mr. Adolphus Resume, an old inhabitant of Chatham, will be found at the new store ready to serve the wants of customers.

The following are the market prices as quoted by market clerk David Smith:
Flour, per 100 lbs., \$3.25 to \$3.75.
Fall wheat, per bush., 95c to \$1.00.
Spring wheat, per bush., 75c to 80c.
Wool, per lb., 25c to 26c.
Oats, per bush., 16c.
Corn, per bush., 40c to 45c.
Potatoes, new, 18c to 20c.
Butter, per lb., 12c to 13c.
Eggs, per doz., 12c.
Wood, per cord, \$1.00 to \$1.25.
Peas, per bush., 35c to 40c.
Chickens, per pair, 20c to 25c.
Hay, per ton, \$6 to \$7.

At the regular meeting of Excelsior Fire Co. held on Wednesday evening, the following members were elected to office for the ensuing year:
John Dixon—Foreman.
John McDowell—1st Assistant.
J. W. Lewis—2nd Assistant.
Thos. McFaul—3rd Assistant.
J. B. Graham—Secretary.
A. Bolen—Asst. Secretary.
Thos. R. G. Rutley—Treasurer.
W. L. Wilson, D. Walker, E. Fountain—Fire Wardens.

It is stated of the celebrated Bowie that he settled an amicable controversy with a Spaniard about the relative merits of his terribly famous knife and the Spaniard long knife by

a knife duel—their left arms tied together. At the ward Bowie, with one powerful jerk turned the Spaniard around, passing his knife into his body and turned it—the Spaniard sinking to the ground a dead man. Bowie then coolly severed the cord and let the dead body fall with as much indifference as though it had been a log. This, of course, was most satisfactory and convincing proof that he had—the best of the controversy.

The following prizes were awarded to the named pupils of the Kent County Grammar School by Dr. Cross: Latin Language—Rowland Cross. Latin Grammar, 1st Division—Walter Crow and J. R. VanAllen. Mathematics—James Samson. Arithmetic—James Laird. Geography, ancient—1st Division, J. Weir; 2nd Division, N. Frederick. Modern—3rd Division, J. McNaughton.

English Grammar—1st Division, Jas. Samson; 2nd Division, Philip Andrew; 3rd Division, Isabelle Smith. History—1st Division, John Clements; 2nd Division, Thos. McIntyre; 3rd Division, Agnes Patterson.

Writing (boys)—Kenneth Campbell. Writing (girls)—Jane McCall. Good Conduct (boys)—Michael Houston.

Good Conduct (girls)—Elspeth Smith. After the distribution of prizes Mr. Robert Matheson, the teacher, was then presented with a very beautiful Bible by the pupils.

COVERING UP MISTAKES.

One evening last winter, at a dinner given by a Western Senator in Washington, Professor Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, came in for a lot of chaff because of the failure just at that time of his bureau to correctly forecast the weather.

Sitting near the professor was a young physician, who, in a very facetious manner, took special delight in twitting the chief on the failure of his bureau's prognostications. Professor Moore took the matter good naturedly, and each time the sallies of his medical friend.

"Professor," said the doctor, patronizingly, "I, glad of one thing."

"And what is that?" asked the chief of the Weather Bureau.

"That you chaps at last admit that you make mistakes."

"Oh, as to that," responded Moore, carelessly, "we must necessarily. Now, with the medical profession it's quite different. You can bury yours, you know!"

RESPECT FOR OLD AGE IN JAPAN

In Japan there is no such thing as disrespect from youth to age. No Japanese boy or girl would ever think in a light or disrespectful manner of his or her superiors or teachers, and this may account for the earnestness so unusual among young children. When a student enters a master's presence in Japan he bows to the floor, and when the lesson is finished he bows again, with expressions of the deepest gratitude as he takes his departure. The teacher, sitting in his or her little pipe at the inevitable bit of a smoking-box, and waits for his next class. There is no hurrying of masters from room to room, as in some of the schools in our enlightened land. Great imitations as they are the Japanese are remarkable for knowing instinctively those "foreign" customs which would not coincide with their national characteristics.

There are lots of rocky transactions in a chair store.

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CANADIAN WEST

Interesting Letter by W. O. McMullin From the Land of Canada's Future.

To the Editor of The Planet:

Having read Mr. Tobey's letter in your Great Home Journal, giving a description of this western country, and having been in Manitoba and the Territories twice previous to now, I would give you some of my experience for the benefit of my old schoolmates, friends and acquaintances who might wish to better their condition.

Having left Chatham in August I came here and went to work the next day after my arrival, as foreman for one of the biggest contractors and lumber merchants in this district, at over double the wages I was receiving on my last job of building a house for Mr. Albert Langford, at Kent Bridge. Mr. Allan Lundy, of the 4th concession of Harwich, worked with me and went away with a nice bunch of \$5 bills for his short stay.

The weather this fall has been exceptionally fine, and plowing has been going on within the last two weeks. The thermometer to-night registers six below freezing, or 26 above zero. I see no mud here as the air is clear and dry.

The crops this year, although damaged slightly by rust in some districts, were paying, as wheat sold as high as 95c, and is still a good price. It is nothing unusual to see a string of teams at the different elevators, a quarter of a mile long waiting their turn to unload. There are seven or eight elevators here, so you can have some idea of the quantity of wheat marketed.

I have just returned after taking a trip to the Saskatchewan Valley, and think it the place. The district and towns along the Prince Albert Branch of the C. P. R. surprised me very much. Between Regina and Saskatoon, a distance of 160 miles, the principal towns are Lumsden, Davidson, Craik, Hanley and Dundurn. Two years ago there was but one house between Saskatoon and Lumsden, and that was an eating house at Craik.

The districts that I liked the best were adjoining the towns of Davidson, Hanley and Saskatoon. At these points the country is open, free from scrub sloughs, stones or alkali; plenty of good water can be had at from 10 to 25 feet, and lumber and fuel can be had at very reasonable prices. Hay is not plentiful, yet there is sufficient. At Davidson choice wildland can be bought for \$8 and \$9 per acre, close to towns, while at Hanley, where the G. T. P. is crossing, land can be purchased at \$7.50 to \$10 per acre, and homesteads secured adjoining the same within reasonable distance of town and on the G. T. P. survey.

The crops this year were good, being free from rust and frost. I saw wheat that went thirty-three bushels to the acre, graded No. 1 hard and weighed 66 lbs. to the bushel. The average through the country was 25 bushels per acre. The flax, oat and

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