

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1903.

(PAGES NINE TO SIXTEEN)

796

'Big Doin's Ahead For Joe

The Young Shiner is Living a Stronuous Life These Days—Has Big Plans for Future Reversies.

"This contynerell round er pleasure is berginnin' ter tell on me," quoth Joe as he carefully perused his Planet and smoked the diminutive portion of a cigarette. Joe can evidently do more than one thing at a time.

"Ever since ther big doin's on Minto day they's been er comin' ter me faster than words ter George Goddon Martin or interest on mortgages ter W. J. Martin. I've been er havin' er genuine hilarious time—and that's what!"

"Since I join ther regiment times has been rapid. Ther trip ter San Thomas and the military matters in general. Ther other day I goes over ter help the Lannon officer inspect the cadets, and now I reads in this ther Planet that ther McKenough school picnic comes on 'bout the twenty-second er June. Kinder 'pears as though I'd be livin' er fast life."

"But the picnic will be nothing to you, Joe. You said you'd quit school."

"Nuthin' ter me, eh? That's where I stacks de cards for keeps. Ther's nuthin' ter it, I say. I'd 'bout as soon quit ther regiment and hand in my resignation ter ther Governor-General as miss that ther McKenough school picnic. Ther'll be doin' at that shine, I tells yer. I've been there before and knows the ropes keen."

"What's it like, Joe?"

"I ain't er goin' ter tell yer now. But I guess maybe I'll have er few sentences ter compose after the shine is over. If I told yer now, then yer would miss all those joys of anticipation those long-haired poet guys talk erbout."

"Then I sees that ther regiment is lieble ter go ter Wallaceburg, Brantford and Hamilton. If I'll be aboard. They can't miss me now, for I feels that there'll be doin's."

"I don't jus' know where Wallaceburg is. I've heard the name somewhere. 'Pears ter me it's on ther suburbs somewhere, but the country outin' will be great fer the boys after this strenuous city life. Brantford ain't a bad place they say if they'd only keep ther girls out er sight. They says a Brantford girl's face would drive er feller ter drink and I've afraid ther ain't enough booties in ther burg ter fill the bill. Hamilton won't be so worse. A feller can have an orful lot er fun there watchin' in ther people. They goes round with ther heads tilted back lookin' at ther clouds by day and ther moon by night. It's er habit ther acquired from always a-rubberin' at a hillock near the town."

"Howsomever, wid all these big doin's ahead, I guess I'll cut it out this week and rest up. 'Pears to me, I'll have somethin' orful serious ter tell yer next week. Hush, don't mention it just now."

The boss had heaved in sight. Simultaneously Joe disappeared.

GOT GOING

"Did you ever hear of a rattle-cat?" was the peculiar query of Clark, a Tecumseh philosopher of some note. There was no reply, only a glance of incredulity.

"Tis fact," he continued, scratching a size 8 oranium not far from the bald spot, "My grandmother, the late Mrs. Mary Brown, owned a cat that had eaten a rattlesnake and had retained the rattles. After eating the snake instead of purring, as most cats do, it just rattled. You may think it strange but it is, never-theless, true."

"Aw, Pshaw!" exclaimed the grey bearded veteran Captain Smith of the horse marines, "that's nothing. I once saw a bullsnake swallow an alarm clock, and the way that snake wiggled when the alarm went off was a caution."

"Next," smiled Bill Banks as he took an enormous draw on a large Havana.

FINE OUT

May number of the Hunter Trader and Trapper, of Gallipolis, Ohio, contains a cut of a scene in a Canadian raw fur warehouse. It is that of Nelson Stringer's King St. West business. In the scene are pictures of Capt. Geo. Stringer, for 40 years a fur trader, Nelson Stringer, proprietor, and his son, being three generations in the picture. The furs shown include mink, skunk, fox, coon, muskrat, and other skins.

SUCCESSFUL PIONIO

The Ladies' Aid of the Dover Presbyterian Church held a very successful picnic at Mitchell's Bay on Thursday. A number from Chatham attended. Dr. A. W. Thornton, of this city, acted as chairman. The program was as follows:—

Selection—Mitchell's Bay Band.
Recitation—Miss Effie Reid.
Duett—Mrs. S. C. Walker and W. Miller.
Recitation—Miss Belle Baxter.
Selection—Mitchell's Bay Band.
Speech—Bert L. Brackin.
Solo—W. Miller.
Recitation—Miss Baxter.
Selection—Mitchell's Bay Band.
Rev. Mr. Neilly was unable to be present, as he is attending the meeting of the General Assembly in San Francisco. One very enjoyable feature of the day was the excellence of the refreshments served.

AWFUL FALL

(Special to The Planet.)

Kent Bridge, June 6. — Yesterday, about half-past ten o'clock a serious accident happened at the bridge. One of the young men from Blenheim who is helping to paint the bridge, fell from the top, a distance of about 25 feet, breaking both wrists and bruising the right hip badly, besides being hurt internally.

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 of 1854.

In July, 1854, Edwin Larwill was elected to Parliament as Conservative against John Waddell.

The Francoist Troupe, great travelling hippodrome, shows in Chatham, Monday, August 6.

The death of Henry Slagg is recorded at the age of 33 years in England. He was a Chathamite.

The Canadian schooner "Waterwich" was run into by propeller New England at Detroit and was sunk. One of the crew was drowned. The Waterwich belonged to Chatham people.

The London and Chatham cricket clubs played at London on August 3, Chatham winning easily, London scoring 67 runs in two innings to Chatham's 94 for one inning. The Chatham players were Goodyear, Hall, M. Purser, Reynolds, Thornton, Reeves, A. Purser, R. Purser, Glen-denning, Monk, and Cross. A feature of the game was 25 wide balls registered against London.

From August 10th paper—About 12 o'clock last night the cry of fire resounded in all parts of our town, and on proceeding to the spot, we observed the tannery of Mr. John Smith enveloped in one sheet of flame. From thence it extended to the wooden buildings in front occupied by Mr. Smith as a saddler's shop, and by

Messrs. Smith and Company as merchants, which were in a few minutes reduced to a heap of burning ruins. The extensive warehouse and storehouses in rear of Messrs. W. and W. Eberts shop soon caught, and from thence the fire rapidly spread to the latter building, to save which every effort was used to no purpose.

On the left, the large brick building of Messrs. Eberts and Robertson, occupied by those gentlemen, and by John E. Brooke, on the ground floor as general merchants, by Messrs. McLean and Duck as a law office, and by the Kent Advertiser printing establishment, was also in a few minutes reduced to ashes, scarcely allowing the occupants time to remove part of their goods. From this the flames swept with fearful and irresistible rapidity through the several wooden buildings adjacent, and by the unremitting exertions of the "Fire Company" they were finally staid at the house of Messrs. Smith and Lambert, merchant tailors. The south end of the bridge caught fire from the tannery, from which the flames in a few minutes rolled across the river, causing the total destruction of this work.

The losses—W. and W. Eberts \$50,000 with \$20,000 insurance; corporation for bridge \$5,000; Smith & Co. \$5,000, fully insured; John Smith \$3,750, no insurance; Messrs. Eberts & Robertson \$37,500, insurance \$17,500; John E. Brooke \$20,000, insurance \$6,000; McLean & Duck's law office, no insurance; Thos. Ireland's printing establishment, "Kent Advertiser," \$2,000, no insurance.

Slips of the Sanctum Pen

The Planet's Exchange Editor was Critical This Week and Used His Spectacles and Shears With this Result.

WILL HE CATCH IT.

Mr. Morgan, of the lake front, is running T. R. Flood's flour wagon.—Amherstburg Echo.

WHY SHE STOPPED HER PAPER.

Mrs. Geo. Wilson spent Sunday with her mother, Miss E. Brown, here.—Georgetown Express.

DID SHE MEAN IT?

The following epitaph was ordered inscribed on her husband's tombstone by a Chicago widow: "Rest until I come."—Exchange.

OUR CLASS IN RHETORIC.

His wife, his son and his daughter were present at his death, the latter arriving just as he expired.—From a New York newspaper.

STILL FOND OF THAT EYE.

Francis Fulton, of Henry street, went to Fort Wayne this morning to have his eye dressed. Mr. Fulton recently had the eye removed in that city.—Huntington News-Democrat.

WHAT'S THAT?

John Weiler, Sr., who lived in the house on the hill near Kinzie's bush, moved in the house on Main street where they lived before.—Preston, Ont., Progress.

THOMAS AFTER IT.

Thomas Boyle, River front, entertained a number of friends at his home, on Friday evening, before leaving for sailing for the summer.—Amherstburg Echo.

A CRUEL JAB.

The Eufaula, Ala., Journal, speaking of a rival paper, says: "If the brains of the editor were of dynamite they would be insufficient to blow his hat over his eyes."

MAN OF PARTS.

Wellington Henry is at present delivering pruning saws. He is also in the horse business. It is either saw or horse with Wellington.—Blythe Standard.

SASS FOR AN ENEMY.

"There is a gander-eyed, yonk-jawed, long-nosed, hatchet-faced man in the Pleasant Valley neighborhood that wants to always keep up a fuss in his neighborhood." Bethany, Mo., Owl.

AH, THERE, ED! WHO IS SHE!

Ed. Harpin was in the city yesterday from Goderich, where he is working with his brother, Lewis, painting the church. Ed. is having a suit made to order by the tailor, and came in to try it on. We wonder what is in the air.—Kankakee Democrat.

HIS PROPER HOME.

A projected newspaper in a western city promises that it will "print everything and anything exactly as

it is." There should be a cell in the county jail being made ready for the editor. It is where the man belongs who prints everything and anything.—Montreal Gazette.

THE REAL DIFFICULTY.

Don't borrow trouble. An editor in Wisconsin recently began worrying about how he would get his shirt on over his wings on reaching Paradise. An envious contemporary sarcastically observed that his real difficulty would likely be on finding how to get his hat on over his horns.—Blenheim Tribune.

YE CRAFTY EDITOR.

We got the wrong girl married. We said it was Miss Aggie —, instead of Miss Jessie —, who was married to Mr. Geddes on Wednesday of last week. Well, there's this much about it, anyway, the sisters are both such fine girls that it is six and half-a-dozen in regard to their respective merits, and Mr. Geddes couldn't make a mistake in selecting either.—Chesley Enterprise.

IT TAKES A MAN A LONG TIME TO FIND

out he is not as good looking as he fondly imagined.

MANY MEN FALL BY THE WAYSIDE

because of unwillingness to take hold of timely warnings.



Not every woman cares to have her new gown in chalk white, tan or white gray. The darker tints of reds and the ever-favorite navy, as well as the black costume, are after all most important to womankind. How to have a new dress of one of the shades is, after all, of most striking importance. Note the introduction of the Yak lace in woolen construction, which is a strong new point of style. Model of Julius Stein & Co.

FRESH NEWS YOU READ TO-DAY IN NO OTHER PAPER

TO RESIGN?

Rumor that Member for West Kent is Ready to Step Down and Out.

It is reported that T. L. Pardo, M. P., publicly expressed himself to friends in Toronto as being anxious to resign and drop out of active politics. Mr. Pardo is well known to have no special love or aptitude for the work of the Legislature and has recently suffered from poor health, which, it is understood, was the stated reason for his wish to withdraw.

At the last election the member for West Kent announced that he would not again be a candidate.

Mr. Pardo is a man whose uprightness and integrity has never been questioned, and it may be that he is unable to digest the recent disclosures concerning the methods of his political party.

It is felt, however, that Premier Ross would never, at this time, consider the resignation of Mr. Pardo. His influence upon the already shaken Government would be very serious.

BIG TIME

Entertaining Citizens Purpose Organizing Movement For 1904 Celebration.

The proposal to hold a three-day or four-day celebration and old boys' reunion in Chatham next year has met with universal endorsement. So much so that a coterie of prominent and enterprising citizens purpose identifying themselves with the movement and calling a public meeting in the near future to definitely consider the question of ways and means.

The proposal in its present shape, which, of course, is not definite and subject to change, is to hold the celebration in the first week in July, which makes it much more convenient for Chatham's old boys—and girls—now living in the neighboring republic, to attend.

A big military day is talked of to wind up the proceedings. The co-operation of the regiment is assured, and it is likely three of the Dominion's crack outside regiments will be invited.

A public meeting to discuss the project will be held within a few weeks.

CAR SHOPS

Earnest Effort by Mayor and Industrial Committee to Get Them For Chatham.

While nothing official can be obtained for publication, either from the aldermen or railroad officers, it is understood that negotiations are now pending between the Mayor and Industrial Committee and the Lake Erie railroad for the establishment of their car and repair shops for the whole division of the Pere Marquette in the Maple City.

Mayor McKenough and Ald. Piggett are strongly adverse to incurring the heavy taxation expense of litigation and have been quietly but energetically working with that end in view.

As a result, it is understood that the option on two large properties has been secured and submitted to the company with certain concessions, without prejudice, for the dropping of all litigation and the permanent establishment of large works in the Maple City.

The Company is said to have favorably received the overtures, and is now considering them.

"ROCK HIM"

Pass Word of Gang of Organized Night Marauders in Chatham East.

"Now, fellows, all together—Rock him!"

And the startled victim, retreating from an eventide stroll in Eastern Chatham, is deluged with flying missiles of dried mud and stones. He breaks into a run—and runs hard. But he is fortunate if he escapes without a series of ugly bruises and cuts. This nightly outburst is said to be perpetrated and carried on by a gang of youths who have organized themselves for the purpose of "protecting" the young ladies of the precinct from the attention of outsiders.

The "protection" apparently consists in lying in wait for any intrepid youth who undertakes to escort a young lady home, and on his return from the parental portals to "rock him."

It is feared police interference may be necessary. One young man, who had experienced the rocking cure, says he will return to the district next time with a loaded revolver and use it on the slightest molestation from the gang.

THE DAILY TORTURE.

What is this wall or woe we near—
This cry of anguish sore
That rends the morning atmosphere
Without our cottage door?

Is it some soul in agony
Some one in mighty grief?
Ah, listen! Let us go and see
If we can give relief.

But, hold—there is no one in sight,
And yet that doleful cry
Comes keening with intensest night,
And ending with a sigh.

Is it some banshee, wild and weird,
That seeks its haunts by day?
Is it some wraith that should be feared
Which harrows us this way?

Now nearer comes the shrilling wail,
And louder grows the sound
Small wonder cheeks are growing pale
And hearts begin to bound.

He comes! Just at the corner there!
Quick! Is, before he sees!
It is the wretch who splits the air
With yells of

"Strob-bur-r-ree-e-e-a!"
—Chicago Tribune.

A steady income is what makes
some men so unsteady.

A woman doesn't preserve her youth
by being in a pickle.