

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM ONT., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1908.

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

SACHEL

OF THE

SATELLITE

We can stand this weather about ten months in the year.

Yes, Dear Alright Yes, the lamps were out on the Park and so were the lights.

Generally, when a man decides to get married and settle down, he has to settle, up first.

Joy Club is not just exactly the same as Walker's Club, but the two often come together.

That was a bad break that the Council claim they did not make when the lights on the Park were out.

I see by the abandonment of the Bungalow project that the football boys have another hundred dollars to spend.

Probably the City Council think that there are so many shining lights in the Council that none are needed on the street.

I saw an "ad" in the Banner for a smart, bright young man. How strange and out of place he will look in that establishment.

We trust that the Banner will have no further objections to submit in opposition to the Bungalow money going to the hospitals.

Dunlop is the Conservative candidate in Renfrew. I suppose Ross is postponing the election until Dunlop tires.—Hamilton Spectator.

I guess somebody put the brakes on the electric light circuit. That's why there were no lights on the Park when Colonel Peters was here.

These are the days when the fat turkeys like to look thin and the thin ones rejoice. In other words, Thanksgiving Day is next Thursday, October 15.

No, gentle reader, the 24th Regiment did not blow out the lights so that the brass band would not be missed. They're too proud of their Bugle Band.

Col. Sam Holmes wants it distinctly understood that Joy Club is not the name of a brand of Canadian whiskey. The brand they take down there hasn't that label on it.

It seems they stopped the street car service at the Soo in order to prevent riots. I don't know whether it was the same reason caused the stoppage of the street car service here or not.

I would like to point out to the I haven't heard any reports from our troops at the front. The payment of the workmen at the Soo evidently accomplished more than the regiment could have done in preserving law and order.

In a border heading in Thursday's Globe I noticed the following: "Coming at Last" I grabbed up my Globe in feverish anxiety expecting that this must refer to the North Renfrew election, but I was doomed to disappointment.

This is from the Oswego (N. Y.) Times: When he saw the Kilties parading gay in their feathered headgear, tartans and leggings, he remarked: "At last I have a solution of the long and much debated ethnological problem, from whom is the North American Indian descended? He is a Highlander, for certain."

City Council that the Government were under no legal obligation to see that the employees at the Soo were paid, but, on the advice of Mr. Whitney, they did. I merely point this out to the City Council in connection with their refusal to keep a moral obligation to pay the soldiers of the 24th Kent Regiment.

The citizen who chances to walk the street at night can tell you where Moses was when the light went out but he is also very likely to tell you a whole lot about the City Council and lights in general that, while sufficiently lurid to illuminate the darkness, would never be allowed in print. At least, not in this good, bright moral G. H. J.

A doctor has many odd experiences but a little incident that befel Dr. McKeough this week takes the palm. A man in the County Court was sentenced to jail. He said he could get out and sent for Dr. McKeough. The doctor looked at the man but failed to recognize him. "I don't know," said the doctor. "I have never known you before that I know of." "I know you, doctor," pleaded the man. "Why you vaccinated me a few days ago last spring." This is perhaps the first time that a man tried to utilize his vaccination as a means of securing bail.

TO GET OUT OF BAD COMPANY. Andrew Pattullo is retiring from newspaper work because it kills those finer susceptibilities so indispensible to the Liberal statesman in Ontario.—Toronto Mail.

SARCASM.

Shivers—Yes, he has more money than brains.
Shakes—Why, I thought that he was very poor and had to wear his brother's clothes.
Shivers—Yes, that's right.

HAMILTON THE ATTRACTIVE.

That Hamilton girl who committed suicide because her brother was going to send her away from the ambitious city is another illustration of the Prisoner of Chillon idea of how a cell and its prisoner grew friends.—Ottawa Journal.

STAGE DRIFT.

Weber and Field jokes are peddled about the country so generally by imitative vaudevillians that this bunch from their newest piece, "Whoop De Do," is offered to the public in anticipation of their continued use throughout the season.

A liar is a man whose inside thinking does not agree with his outside speaking.

A friend is a man who knows you are no good, but who is able to forget it.

Pete Dailey says: "There are two kinds of sports—the fellow who drinks and does not buy and the fellow who buys and doesn't drink."

Weber—When I was young I was stuck on my voice.
Fields—Well, you were stuck bad.

Mann—Is your friend of a conspicuous nature?
Fields—Suspicious? Why, he'd even test a golden opportunity with acid.

Weber—Did you say this was the Insane river?
Fields—Yes. Same as in America we have the Mississippi.

"An idea," observes Fields philosophically, "is a sort of a drama, only you don't wake up."

"An octopus," says Weber, "is a man who charges you ten dollars and tells you your eyes are bad."
"No, no!" cries Mann, "an octopus is a piece of the year—Augustus, September, October."

Weber—Why am I an insect?
Fields—Because wherever you are you are a nuisance.

"Are we gentlemen," asks Weber.
"Yes," replies Fields, "but one of us ain't."

Weber—What does it mean by "Amen?"
Fields—It's the end of a tiresome conversation.

Fields has invested some of Weber's money on the wrong horse.

"Wherever you put my money in," observes Weber, "you did it good. It didn't come out."—Detroit News.

UNIQUE BRIDAL CLOAK

Bessie Dunn, who lives at 14 North Pearl street, Columbus, O., slipped out of a window last night and eloped with the man she loved in order to avoid marrying the man her mother had selected to be her husband.

Although she got out of this house in safety her plans were almost frustrated by the police.

Yesterday there were two marriage licenses in existence bearing the name of Bessie Dunn. In one the bridegroom-to-be was Thomas Hagan, of Xenia, the man she loves. The other was secured by the man favored by the girl's parents.

To avoid complications Hagan and his sweetheart decided to flee. They planned to leave for Xenia and be married at that place.

They were sitting on the viaduct at an early hour waiting for their train when Officer Thomas Kelly happened along. He had just been down on Front street investigating a reported burglary. When he saw the two sitting there he thought their actions suspicious and he arrested them.

They were taken before Capt. Russell. The girl, weeping, told him her plans and tearfully asked that they be allowed to go on the 2:10 train.

Capt. Russell's heart was touched by the romantic story, and he sent both to the Union station in the patrol wagon in time to catch the train.

The girl told the captain that she had slipped out of her bedroom window and fled in order to avoid the hated marriage.—Ohio State Journal.

ELIGIBLE FOR INTERMENT

Peter Oskoski, of Glen Lyon, Pa., who disappeared a week ago, after being thrashed for insulting a friend's wife, was found yesterday in a newly-made grave in the woods, two miles from the town. He was so weak he could not talk.

The men who found him lifted him from the grave, carried him to the nearest house and cared for him. In the evening he was out of danger.

He said that he tried to starve himself to death and had lain in the grave several days. Whether remorse over his deed or fear of arrest inspired the attempt on his life he will not say.

SEEKS AN OWNER.

Mrs. Daniel Dalmar of East Orange, N. J., found a gold watch in Plane street, Newark, two years ago and advertised in a Newark paper for the owner only a few days ago.

She declared she was conscience-stricken. "I am haunted by the idea that I have no right to it, and yet have done everything I can to obtain trace of the owner," she says.

EASE A CONSCIENCE

George C. Toel, deputy revenue collector, with headquarters at St. Joseph, Mo., told a remarkable "conscience story" while in Trenton the other day. Thirty-seven years ago a 15-year-old girl was employed as a domestic in the home of Mr. Toel's father, Henry Toel, at Maryville. She left in a short time, and the Toels had forgotten all about her, when, a few days ago, she stepped up and spoke to "Uncle Henry" on the street at Maryville. "Uncle Henry" and his wife had liked her, and as soon as she made herself known, he invited her to stay all night at his home. She did so. Next morning, when she was leaving she began to cry. On being pressed for an explanation she confessed that the cause of her tears was the theft of a half dollar which she committed while working in Mr. Toel's home.

After leaving Maryville she worked at various places in the west, and saved money. Finally she was engaged to be married. The wedding was to have taken place on the very day when she was in Maryville. All this time, however, her conscience had troubled her because of that trifling theft; and at last she told

SEEKS A WIFE

With a red rose in the lapel of his coat, the New Jersey farmer who came to New York last week to get an immigrant girl willing to marry him, entered the free labor immigration bureau, at the rear of the barge office, the other morning and asked Mrs. Theresa Boyle, the matron, to pick out a wife for him.

"As I promised," he said, "I have come back with references as to character. You must admit that I am not a bad looking man, and in addition to this I am young. I hope you will see the necessity of helping me when I inform you that my chickens over on the farm are neglected."

"I would like to get married right away, and am willing to select the girl now and take her direct to a minister."

"It don't make much difference whether the girl is a Swede, a German or Irish. She must be neat and tidy and weigh about 130 pounds. They say blue eyes are signs of faithfulness, so if you have a blue-eyed girl handy, one about 20 or 30 years old, she would suit."

Matron Boyle explained that she was there for the purpose of taking

there was great excitement.

"These cases are very common," said the matron. "Scores of men come here and ask to be introduced to girls so they can marry them, but I turn them away. I have been here 30 years and in that time at least 3,000 men have called for wives."

When the time for closing came, the farmer was still looking tenderly toward the batch of newly arrived immigrants, while the girls, with an occasional glance over their shoulders toward the open sea, beyond which their old homes lay, showed by their bright eyes that the general supervision of a New Jersey chicken farm would not be amiss.

PRIEST HIT HIS RANK

Dressed in the simple contume of a Roman Catholic priest, Rev. Fr. Caesar Spigardi has for eight years labored among the Italians of St. Louis, Mo., keeping as his own secret the fact that he is a member of the official household of the pope, a monsignor, and entitled to wear the garb of a chamberlain of honor.

The fact became known a few days ago through the issuance of the official roster of the Roman Catholic church, which had this reference to the St. Louis priest:

"Caesar Spigardi, monsignor, Cameriere, D'Onore in Abito Pavanazzo, Nov. 2, 1892."

When seen Fr. Spigardi was embarrassed that his secret had become known, but admitted that Pope Leo XIII. had conferred the honor upon him three years before he came to America. The rank of monsignor was conferred upon him in recognition of his achievements in leading three pilgrimages of Italians of the working class, one of 11,000 persons, to Castiglione delle Stiviere, one of 8,000 to the house of Loreto, and another of 4,000 to Rome. Bishop Sarto of Mantua, now Pope Pius X., was concerned in the first pilgrimage.

Fr. Spigardi said he had never mentioned the matter in St. Louis, as he desired to labor as a common priest that there might be no ground for anyone asserting that he was taking undue dignity to himself.

MOUSE KILLED A CAT

With a live mouse prowling around in its stomach a large cat was sentenced to death in the East Orange, N. Y., police station yesterday morning as the only method of relieving the cat from its agony. A well-dressed woman entered the police station carrying a basket in which the cat was confined. The cat seemed to be in distress and was making a great racket in the basket.

The woman said the cat had pounced upon a small mouse in the pantry. The mouse made a jump to escape, but jumped into the cat's open mouth and went down the cat's throat before the cat could close its jaws. Then it was the cat's turn to jump. The woman said the cat evidently was going crazy from pain, and she wanted the police to do something to help the animal.

After a consultation it was decided to only way to help the cat was to kill it. The woman reluctantly gave her consent, and James Tyrrell, the jailer, was appointed executioner. He placed the cat in a "gas box" in which stray dogs are killed, and cat and mouse died together.

ARTFUL BOY BEGGARS

As Fifth avenue, New York, resumes its liveliness the beggar boys again are seen scurrying between the carriages looking for coppers. These urchins are adept to working on one's sympathy, and one must search the east side to find dirtier and more ragged specimens than hasten to the avenue for alms. They are elusive and always keep an eye on the "cop."

Sometimes they will perform services. One clean-faced lad does a lucrative business in the capacity of "impromptu footman," as one woman says. This boy takes his stand in West Thirty fifth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and whenever a carriage without a footman stops at a dressmaker's shop the boy opens the door with a flourish and dances up the step to ring the bell. For this service he usually receives a dime, sometimes even a quarter.

But few street boys are willing to do more than say, "Please give us a nickel." One flatterer hovers near a certain restaurant. As the women go in for tea he murmurs, "Beautiful lady, ain't yer got somethin' fer me?" What woman can resist that? The inevitable blockade at Forty-second street offers golden opportunities for the worst class of boy beggars. One black-eyed imp will take his stand near a victrola and worry the occupant into tossing a coin. He nags like this: "Say, I'm poor. Please gimme somethin'. Come on, now; don't be grouchy." The police are so busy they have no time for these little rascals. Another trick is practiced by children who stand outside a confectioner's shop near Forty-second street and gaze longingly at heaps of caramels and mountains of peppermint creams. A passerby is sure to hear one of the children murmur, apparently unconscious of a listener, "Oh, if God would I only send me some candy like dat."—New York Press.

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 Dec. 10, 1856 to Dec. 31.

A debating club is formed in Chatham, Joseph Slagg advertises to rent his ice houses.

The residence of Mr. Slagg was burned with no insurance.

A London merchant made \$10,000 speculating in sugar in 1856.

The losses on the northern lakes in the season of 1856 was \$4,000,000.

Rev. A. McColl married John Robertson to Elizabeth McCallum on Dec. 23.

Rev. N. F. Engilish married Charles Scott to Miss Eveline Richards on Christmas day.

Later Aspirants for municipal honors were Miles Miller, Joseph Tilt, Walter MacRae, Thomas Holmes, Robert Duff.

In the foreign news The Planet says, "In Baltimore, last week, a young chap, aged 93, was married to a girl of 78."

Rev. A. Campbell married Francis Walker to Mary Robertson on the 17th and Chas Smith to Louise Elford on the 17th.

Rev. Angus McColl, of this town, has signified his intention to deliver a lecture on "Macanlay" at the Mechanic's Institute in February.

Whiting and Thomas have moved into their new store, corner of King and Pitt streets. This is one of the finest and prettiest stores in the city.

Geo. W. Tuttle, the inventor of the famous "Baby Jumper," and who realized \$60,000 by the patent, died in New York on Saturday, 30 years of age and unmarried.

To the wife of Albert P. Slater, a daughter.
To the wife of Wm. Armstrong, of a daughter.

Turkeys on the market brought from 65c to \$1.25 on the day before Christmas; chickens brought 30c the pair; pork was \$6 to \$7 per cwt.; beef 4 1/2 to 5c per pound, and butter 20c.

A movement is on foot for the making of a new county, to be composed of portions of Lambton, Middlesex, Elgin and Kent. Oxford and Zone townships were to be taken from Kent.

Town Clerk, Duncan McGill advertises for tenders for the erection of two fire engine houses according to plans and specifications, which may be seen at the office of Geo. Kirk, civil engineer of this town.

Mr. Robertson, of Toronto, will deliver a lecture at the Mechanics' Institute on the third Friday in February on the Early History of Russia. Mr. Jamieson, president of the Institute, will also lecture on The Press, its uses and abuses.

Dr. Moore's Tinge Au Sort of some of the most valuable property in London, Canada West. First prize, \$13,000; second, \$5,000. Tickets \$5 each. Every 12th ticket, prize. Drawing to take place Dec. 1. A. D. McLean, Mayor of Chatham, agent for Dr. Moore.

The municipal elections are approaching and a number of cards of candidates appear. Wm. McKenzie Ross is a candidate in Chrysler's Ward.

Thos. Cross, Thos. Keating, Chas. J. S. Aikin and Thos. A. Ireland in Eberts' Ward.

Johnston's band gives a concert and advertises a prize list. Tickets were for sale by Drs. Egley and Cross, D. Forsyth, Tinsman and Baxter, Keoves jewelry store, and Kent Advertiser. The committee of management of the band was Dr. Cross, A. B. Baxter, D. Forsyth and C. H. Ross.

KNEW HIS PLACE

He was incontrovertible evidence of better days in disgrace. He was loaded. He had a skate on. He was carrying a bum. He was tight. He was jagged. He was full. He was corned. He was boozed. He was drunk. As he staggered on the boat his eyes, rheumy from rum, dwelt upon the word "Gentlemen" over the cabin door. He had just sufficient manhood left to mutter: "G-e-n-t-l-e-m-e-n-h-i-c-h-e-n-zhemermen. Well, I ain't, hic, no zhemermen, so I don't, hic, blong, hic, in there. Zudder side place, hic, for me." So he reeled into the ladies' cabin and found a seat.

FALL FAIRS.

Rodney Oct. 6 or 10
Wallaceburg Oct. 6
Highgate Oct. 13
Ridgeway Oct. 20, 21, 22.

Some positively lazy men honestly believe they are only economical.