The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1905

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

The Days of Auld Lang Syne

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered from The Planet's Issues of Half a Century

From The Planet fyles from June 13, 1861, to June 22, 1861.

The sum required for Public school purposes for 1861 was \$3,541. David Walker, owner of the Royal Exchange Hotel, was refused a liquor

Farr & Thompson's, "Christy's Min-strels" from Broadway, N. Y., show in the Old Town Hall.

The township councillors of Zone were Adin MeIntyre, reeve, Stephen-on, Watts, Burgess and Corbett.

Blondin, of Niagara celebrity, has arrived at Southampton from New York. He is going to perform at the Crystal Palace, London.

Birth — At Chatham Wednesday morning, the 19th June, 1861, the wife of Mr. Rufus Stephenson, of The Chatham Planet, of a son.

The orice of fire-arms in England as greatly advanced in consequence f the demand from the United tates. The Enfield riftes which cost, armerly \$14 now sell for \$21.

In the council proceedings appeared following: On motion of Mr. Northwood, seconded by Mr. Higgins, to the effect that the Police Magistrate and Police Committee be empowered to take immediate and effective measures to preserve the quet and good order of

"Br: Askin presented a petition from John Hooper praying that a sidewalk be laid opposite his shop on

The following is the county rate struck by the County Council to-day for the several municipalities in Kent for 1861: 2187 Dover East and Westing which

 Camden
 1066

 Orford
 1242

 Town of Chatham
 2511

At a meeting of the Board of School Trustees for the town of Chatham, two matters of considerable importance came up for consideration. They were the selection of a principal teacher for the Central school and the building of a new school house in Chatham North, For the teachership there were no less than and the building of a new school house in Chatham North. For the teachership there were no less than 21 applications accompanied in the most of cases with excellent testimonials. After due consideration Mr. Geo. Thompson, of Kingston, and a native of the Parish of Schoonie, and late of Ed aburg, Sectland, received the appointment. With reference to a new school house, it was resolved that one should be erected in Chatham North—probably upon the old site—at as early a day as possible, and to cost \$500 or \$900.

The Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace and County Court for the County of Kent opened on Tuesday, the 11th inst. His Honor Judge Wells presided, and with him associated were James Houston, Stephen Kinney, Chas, H. Wood, Matthew Scott, J. W. Keating and A. S. Holmes, Esq., A. D. McLean, Esq., Clerk of the Peace and Crown Attorney, Walter McCrea, Henry F. Duck and C. R. Atknson, Esqrs. Ingram Taylor was chosen Foreman of the Grand Jury. The following gentlemen were then sworn as Grand Jurors: Andrew Atr.dge, Samuel Brundage, A. F. Cumm.ng, Jno. Cribbin, Duncan Campbell, David Crow, Ansalom French, Joshua Hughson, Miles Langstaff, Duncan McNaughton, Jacob W. Martin, William McNaughton, Robert McKinley, Roderick Ross, Wim. J. Rowe, A. T. C. Shaw, Wm. Shaw, Thos. Stringer.

Shaw, Wm. Shaw, Thos. Stringer.

To Albert Prince, Esq.:
Sir,—We, the undersigned electors of the County of Kent, request you will permit us to nominate you to be our representative in the ensuing Parlament. We make this request because we know you and that you possess all the qualifications necessary to represent this great county in Parlament—Samuel Arnold, C. Wood, E. L. Sieddard, A. T. Reaume, James Houston, Wm. Boylan, David Wilson, J. A. Nelson, Thomas Shaw, Ingram Taylor, Wm. Wilson, Joseph Blackburn, M. Scott, John Sparks, John Desmond, D. McNaughton, H. S. Laird, R. B. Parr, J. H. Gesner, Sr., Rufus Stephenson, H. D. Cunningham, E. Lampman, David Williamson, Thomas Crow, Caleb Coatsworth, Duncan McGregor, Thos. Jeoner, and several hundred others, Mr. Frince wrote accepting the nomination. nom nation.

On Saturday last, the 15th inst., Mr. James Cleeve, who had, during the past winter been teaching a num-ber of clusses in different parts of ber of classes in different parts of the county in vocal muse, had a second grand museral festival in Mr. Bedford's Grove on the south side of the River Thames in the Township of Harwich, about seven miles from the town of Chatham. Mr. James Shaw onurman; Rev. Mr. Hughs, Dr. Richards and Riv. Mr. Wade gave addresses.

The interest of the occasion was materially enhanced by some choice music from juvenile classes taught by Mr. Arnold, or Dawn Mills, and by the proficent and popular Kent Bridge choir. McLean's class also

Bridge choir. McLean's class also sang in splendid style an anthem, "The Earth is the Lord's and the Fullness Thereof."

The Putser Brass Band was on the ground and frequently enlivened the proceedings by the execution of many precess of appropriate and lively music that drew forth hearty and deafening encores.

Judging a girl's weight is often a

A far fetched joke is better than one that is carried too far.

It takes some women a long time to decide which complexion to wear,

THE MEXICAN

LETTER WRITER *****

In a country like ours the public letter-writer is in no demand, but in countries less favored in educational countries less favored in educational matters he is an absolute necessity. Even in Mexico, with its almost unparalleled awakening and development, he is still to be found, afthough his clients have dwindled away considerably. He usually takes his stand near the prison, in a corner of the market place, or not far from the railway station, places where the common people congregate. His table is never elaborate—even a board may suffice. He has a miscellaneous stock of note-paper variously shaped and tinted, on which for a few pence, may suffice. He has a miscellaneous stock of note-paper variously shaped and tinted, on which for a few pence, this theme writer from life will furnish his customer with a letter almost perfect in its regalarity, and full of misery, jealousy, pleading love, or unrestrained passion.

Here is a young woman anxious to have the clerkly-looking cobbler en-

THE GYROSCOPE A DANGEROUS SPECTACLE

The appetite of the Parisian public for dangerous spectacles never seems to pall.

to pall.

The latest "attraction" is the gyroscope at the Casino de Far's, in which a bicyclist travels round the inner side of a moving track or wheel.

The gyroscope is constructed scientifically, and is, while moving round its axle, executing a circular movement round a strong pillar supporting it; a weight at the back insures the stability of the apparatus.

The diameter of the wheel is about thirteen feet; it is built like a bicycle wheel, and bears on one side a metallic facing joined to the axle by eight girders of iron; on the facing is fixed a track composed of small wooden bars, giving more "grip" to the tyres.

The bicycle is somewhat similar to ordinary machines; the handles are vertical, the front fork straighter,

A writer to the London Daily Mail describes in graphic language a mid-night visit he recently paid to the gardens of the Zoological Society. "I will fetch a lantern," said my guide, turning back to the house; and I stood in the wet gardens listening to his departing footsteps

Midnight Visit to London Zoo

Gives Some Very Uncanny and Exciting Experiences.

A Newspaper Man from The London Daily Mail

ening to his departing footsteps through the fog.

As soon as he had gone something moved menacingly in the bushes on my right, and incontinently I began to hum—

There is beauty in the bellow of the

blast,
There is grandeur in the growling
of the gale,
There is eloquence outpouring when
the lion is a-roaring,
And the tiger is a-lashing of his

A dusky shadow slithered across the path an inch or two from my feet, and I, started to swing my umbrella with contestable nonchalance. Two red eyes flamed at me from a mound on my right, and I coughed dominantly as the representative of the victorious species. The patter of footsteps on my left and a sharp challenging snort at my elbow brought me round with a jerk, and I found myself bowing nervously to a horned sheep butting at the dripping bars of his run.

"Do no tbe afraid," I said, with a little catch in my voice. "I am here, dear animal, to do you no harm; and if I had a biscuit in my pocket, on my honor, you should share it with me."

At that minute, a few feet ahead At that minute, a few feet ahead of me, some mysterious creature of the wild splashed suddenly into invisible cold water, and for a moment I fancied that the ripples had gone over my soul. But even while my heart stood still, and the cords of my throat were tangled into a suffocating knot, the door of the superintendent's house opened in the foggy distance, and the cheerful light of the lantern began to bob and flicker to lantern began to bob and flicker to-wards me. With what gratitude did I haif that homely flame, and how easily did I fall into step with my obliging guide!

GIVES ONE THE CREEPS.

But even fellowship and a lantern But even fellowship and a lantern cannot exorcise the oreeps from the midnight gardens of the Zoological Society. The ground seems to crawl under one's feet. tats and mice squeak at one from every side. Cookroaches send the tickle of fear up the calves of one's legs. And, evillest terror of all, the bars and bolts which seem by daylight as iron-robted and as firmly set as the mountains themselves, become at night as fictile and as sappy as the greenest willow. You can see them waver and tile and as sappy as the greenest willow. You can see them waver and
flicker in the light of the lantern.
And one is terribly alone in this savage place at night. London, with
its supper parties and its glittering
streets, might well be a thousand
miles away. You hear no rumble of
wheels, no echo of laughter, no comforting tread of human feet. You
see no lights on either side of you.
All is blackness and isolation. All is
wilderness.

wilderness.

Here, in Regent's Park, smothered under a yellow fog, with the drench-

ing trees dripping on the sodden paths and the bushes rustling on ev-ery side of you, tigers and lions, ele-phants and bears, leopards and wolves, snakes and monkeys, dream

wolves, snakes and monkeys, dream their barbarian dreams of unhand-selled nature and breathe upon the air the spirit of savagery. Between those dreams and civilization are a few sticks of iron.

What if the bars should yield? We stand in front of a lion's cage, holding! the lantern against the very gate. At the back of his lair the splendid sulky beast presses his sandy body against the wall, and glares at us restlessly and angrily out of his blinking eyes.

"He is afraid of the lantern," says my guide, and we move to the next

my guide, and we move to the next

cage.
A SHOCK OF APPREHENSION. A SHOCK OF APPREHENSION.
But at the first step, swift as love
and fierce as hate, the lion leaps with
a deafening roar at the bars and
shakes the whole cage with his buffetings. The umbrella on which I
had been leaning so easily gives under me, snaps in two, and I find I
am squeezing myself against the emclosing barrier in a shock of apprehension.

am squeezing myself against the enclosing barrier in a shock of apprehension.

"He made you jump," says my guide, with a laugh.

"Out of my skin," I make answer, and follow tremulously to the next cage, pressing my back close to the barrier.

In the circle of yellow light cast by our lamp the beautiful tigress in this next cage looks like an orange picture thrown by a magic lantern. Her lips are cured backward, her teeth gleam, a gout of moisture hangs trembling from her tongue, and the thick tail at the rear, swings showly and vengefully. It is a fine picture, this sinuous creature in the shadowy roaring house, half alarmed and half angered by our little lantern; but I cannot enjoy it as I should. For on my left there is the solid paw of the lion flogging the air and reaching out to me, as he roars his indignation through the house.

Everywhere it is the same—mighty limbs thrust out from the shadowy hars to tear one into guivering

through the house.

Everywhere it is the same—mighty limbs thrust out from the shadowy hars to tear one into quivering shreds. Mice may run between the legs of tigers, or brush their whiskers at the feet of claphants, but human courage cannot bear up against those slawing limbs. Elephants, hissing their annoyance at this nocturnal visit, shoot out their elastic trunks into the darkness, and even squirt one with water, in their rage. Monkeys thrust hairy arms through the wires, and, chattering fiercely, grab your sleeve as you hurry after the lantern. Bears, r.s.ng up from their beds smothered in sawdust, like toys newly unpacked, sir ke at you with their solid legs and blow a shower of moisture from their grinning I ps into your face. And, almost as merve-disturbing, a sparrow locked in the bear-house fles into your face, bumps against your hands, or flutters past your neek, just as you are dodging the clawing paw of a snorting grizzly. ing grizzly.

YLEASANT AND DIVERTING, BUT-

It is pleasant to see an mals which the day visitor never sees, to hold Continued on Page Twelve.



The French coutouriers are out doing themselves in the creation of elegant gowns this season. The illustration shows a model just It is made of wedgewood blue silk crepe de Paris. skirt and bodice ar- decorated with a beautiful complication of shaped tabs and finished with heavy silk fringe.

the "portales" write a letter, drives her bargain with the than the ordinary bicycle, e while her little black eved sign. scribe while her fittle black-eyed sister stands by, an eager witness to this family love affair, for Consuelo is to send a message to Miguel, who is working with a construction gang far out on the construction gang far out on the railway extension.

Consuelo dictates in the ear of the letter-writer; and, as she cannot read writing, she seans his face eagerly to tell whether he follows instructions. After a time she becomes rambling in her talk. The structions. After a time she becomes rambling in her talk. The evangelista stays his pen and soratchesh is cheek: Consuelo talks on with energy. The meaning comes to the soribe. He twirls his pen triumphantly; then sets down the thought. Consuelo grows silent, blushes, and fumbles her rebozo; there is nothing to add. Then the evangelista has to read the letter to her. Her face brightens as he reade; she is enchanted. It is folded, addressed, and given to the girl, who finds a safe place for it after counting out the fee. The secretary wipes his pen and picks up his cobbling. Consuelo drops a pretty currisey and trips away, closely followed by her mystified sister.

Upon a crutch—her girlish face Alight with love and tender grace— Laughing, she timps from place to place

And you and I who journey through A rose-leaf world of dawn and dew, We ozy to heaven overmuch.

We rail and frown at fate, while she And many more in agony Are brave and patient, strong and true

The girl who makes sheap's eyer it you sometimes pulls the wool over lour own.

Upon a crutch.

-Robert Loveman.

The common road, with hedges high, Confined on either hand, Will surely enter by and by Some large, luxuriant land.

The many wayfarers on foot
Have toiled from stage to stage,
And others roll along the route
With easy equipage.

THE ROAD.

Yale, world champ on for this kind of exercise, and well known for his daring feats, is performing on the gyroscope. Entering it on his bloycle, he commences by riding rapidly, thus impressing a reverse movement to the gyroscope; when this has attained a certain speed, Yale blocks his wheels by a powerful effort of the legs; he gyroscope therefore pulls him backwards to a certain height. When reaching the point where the force ascensional is nil, the cyclist starts again at a high pace, thus increasing the speed of the apparatus and raising him on the other side to a certain height.

This extresse, tep and several times, brings him each time nearer the top. Yale is then able to foop the wheel seven or eight times in succession.

ale, world champ on for this kind

All seek, methinks, that wide domain Whereon my thoughts are set; Pass on! Leave the dusty plain! Hasten! 'Tis farther yet.

And in the end shall great repose Descend upon my soul, When, at the cager journey's close, I reach the sudden goal.

Content, enlargement, fragrance, Joy in the evening's cool.

The subtle silence in the trees,
The gleam upon the pool—

Dreamer! In vain thou hasteneth;
That glorious land resign:
Take by the road thy joy, thy rest;
The road, the road is thine.
—The Pilot.



The above represents one of the most favored styles of the season, brim and crown being made of ter a cotta velvet trinimed with white



Each day brings new delights for the matinee girl. To days illustration shows a handsome separate bodice of wedgwood blue crepe de chine, trimmed with lace and fancy silk buttons. Accompanying the bodice is a hat of blue pressed felt thimmed with blue velvet and allush ping resear.