

# 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 Ago.

From The Planet files 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 license.

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

The township councillors of Zone were Adin McIntyre, reeve, Stephenson, 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 price of fire-arms in England has greatly advanced in consequence of the demand from the United States. The Enfield rifles which cost formerly \$14 now sell for \$21.

In the council proceedings appeared the 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 quiet and good order of the town."

"Dr. Askin presented a petition from John Hooper praying that a sidewalk be laid opposite his shop on King street."

The following is the county rate struck by the County Council to-day for the several municipalities in Kent for 1861:

Harwich.....	\$2826
Howard.....	2187
Chatham Township.....	3006
Rakeigh.....	1891
Bonny.....	322
Tilbury.....	730
Zone.....	625
Dover East and West.....	1594
Camden.....	1066
Orford.....	1242
Town of Chatham.....	2511
Total.....	\$17,000

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 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 Edinburg, Scotland, 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 \$800 or \$900.



Each day brings new delights for the matinee girl. To-day's illustration shows a handsome separate bodice of wedgewood blue crepe de chine, trimmed with lace and fancy silk buttons. Accompanying the bodice is a hat of blue pressed felt trimmed with blue velvet and plush pink roses.

## THE MEXICAN LETTER WRITER

In a country like ours the public letter-writer is in no demand, but in 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, although 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 will 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 regularity, and full of misery, jealousy, pleading love, or unrestrained passion. Here is a young woman anxious to have the clerkly-looking cobbler un-



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

der the "portales" write a letter. She drives her bargain with the scribe while her little 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 railway extension. Consuelo dictates in the ear of the letter-writer, and, as she cannot read writing, she means his face eagerly to tell whether he follows instructions. After a time she becomes rambling in her talk. The evangelista stays his pen and scratches his cheek; Consuelo talks on with energy. The meaning comes to the scribe. He twirls his pen triumphantly; then sets down the thought. Consuelo grows silent, blushes, and fumbles her reboso; there is nothing to add. Then the evangelista has to read the letter to her. Her face brightens as he reads; 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 curtsy and trips away, closely followed by her mystified sister.

### A LESSON.

Upon a crutch—her girlish face  
Alight with love and tender grace—  
Laughing, she flings from place to place  
Upon a crutch.  
And you and I who journey through  
A rose-leaf world of dawn and dew,  
We cry to heaven overmuch.  
We rail and frown at fate, while she  
And many more in agony  
Are brave and patient, strong and true  
Upon a crutch.  
—Robert Loveman.

The girl who makes sheep's eyes at you sometimes pulls the wool over your own.

## THE GYROSCOPE A DANGEROUS SPECTACLE

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

The latest "attraction" is the gyroscope at the Casino de Paris, 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 axis, 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,

## Midnight Visit to London Zoo

A Newspaper Man from The London Daily Mail Gives Some Very Uncanny and Exciting Experiences.

A writer to the London Daily Mail describes in graphic language a midnight 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 through the fog.

As soon as he had gone something moved menacingly in the bushes on my right, and inconspicuously 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 tail.

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 not be 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 of me, some mysterious creature of the wild splash 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 towards me. With what gratitude did I half 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 cannot exorcise the creeps from the midnight gardens of the Zoological Society. The ground seems to crawl under one's feet. Cats and mice squeak at one from every side. Cock-roaches send the tickle of fear up the calves of one's legs. And, wildest terror of all, the bars and bolts which seem by daylight as iron-robbed 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 flicker in the light of the lantern. And one is terribly alone in this savage place at night. London, with its snapper 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.

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 every side of you, tigers and lions, elephants and bears, leopards and wolves, snakes and monkeys, dream their barbarian dreams of unhand-sold 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 cage.

### 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 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 tigers in this next cage look like an orange picture thrown by a magic lantern. Her lips are eared backward, her teeth gleam, a gout of moisture hangs trembling from her tongue, and the thick tail at the rear swings slowly 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 bars to tear one into quivering shreds. Mice may run between the legs of tigers, or brush their whiskers at the feet of elephants, but human courage cannot bear up against those clawing 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, rising up from their beds smothered in sawdust, like toys newly unpacked, strike at you with their solid legs and blow a shower of moisture from their grinning lips into your face. And, almost as nerve-disturbing, a sparrow locked in the bear-house flies into your face, bumps against your hands, or flutters past your neck, just as you are dodging the clawing paw of a snorting grizzly.

### PLEASANT AND DIVERTING.

BUT—

It is pleasant to see animals which the day visitor never sees, to hold

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The above represents one of the most favored styles of the season, brim and crown being made of ter a coita velvet trimmed with white ostrich plumes and ribbon.