

# The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1903.

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

## In the Great Canadian West

An Entertaining and Descriptive Letter to The Planet from Ex-Mayor S. T. Martin, who is now Making a Tour of the West.

The following interesting letter, from the pen of ex-Mayor S. T. Martin, has been received by The Planet. It is entertainingly written and will be read with interest by readers of this journal.

Victoria, B. C., June 12, 1903.

My Dear Sir,—Mrs. Martin and I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. E. F. Stephenson at Calgary. He was on his Government official tour of inspecting his agencies in the Territories. We enjoyed his company to Banff, where we got off the train and he continued on. Owing to his long and thorough knowledge of that country, his company was not only enjoyable but very instructive, and during our conversation he asked me to write The Planet concerning this great new country in which he, as well as ourselves, are so much interested.

Were I a writer and able to do the subject justice, nothing could afford me more pleasure. However, I will try and mention a few things. Leaving home we came on the Grand Trunk via Toronto, passing through Barrie, Orillia, and Muskoka district, joining the main line of the C. P. R. at North Bay. After going a little north from Orillia, there appears to be but little of the country fit for agriculture, being mainly rocks with now and again a little patch around a house cultivated like a garden. The country is thickly covered with small trees or spruce and hemlock. In passing through one cannot but admire the many beautiful small lakes and islands which seem very inviting for fishing and hunting. There are several nice little towns on this line. I might specially mention Gravenhurst and Burk's Falls, which are seemingly the largest. We did not see the sanitarium at Gravenhurst as it is about two miles from the station.

North Bay is a place of some two or three thousand inhabitants. It is the capital of the Nipissing district, beautifully located at the end of Lake Nipissing. On our way westward we pass through many nice little towns. Next I may name is Sunbury, with a population of over two thousand. Still westward and about 600 miles from North Bay we come to Port Arthur and Fort William. These two places are so near to each other that they may be termed as almost one place. Their combined population is about 7,000, and with the extraordinary shipping facilities, located as they are on a splendid harbor of Lake Superior, and their prospective water power, together with other substantial advantages, gives promise for this place to become at no distant day one of great importance.

Passing on westward through many nice little villages worthy of note which I would like to mention, but space here will not permit, next I may name is Rat Portage, about 900 miles from North Bay, a lively town of about 5,000 population, beautifully situated on the bank of the Lake of the Woods. This looks to be a thriving business place, supported principally by mining and lumbering. It suggested to some of the citizens as they got on our coach that such a flourishing town as this should have no such prefix to its name and advised the prefix cancelled. Passing on about 130 miles and we come to Winnipeg. The country though here is very level and seems somewhat low, the land being of a deep loamy clay such as we have in the plains of Illinois and Raleigh. There are some nice looking farms as we pass along. We remained at Winnipeg part of two days, got a conveyance and drove through the city. We were delighted with the fine buildings, business places as well as residences. Their public buildings and streets (with miles of chest asphalt) are worthy of admiration.

Passing on about 60 miles west we come to Portage la Prairie. For about 20 miles west of Winnipeg the land becomes more rolling and is a lovely farming country, and so on westerly for hundreds of miles the country looks well. The Portage is a town of about 4,000 and has all the appearance of becoming an important place. Passing on about 80 miles farther we come to Brandon, quite a large lively town of about five to six thousand population. This place is surrounded by a very nice agricultural country, but there seems to be a sameness in all these towns that of the Prairie itself. Mooseman is another place I might name. There we met Mr. E. M.

Saunders, who was formerly in the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Chatham. He has started a branch of the Commerce here.

Next in importance is Regina, capital of the Northwest Territories. It has about 3,000 inhabitants. Here is where the Lieut.-Governor resides; it is also headquarters for the mounted police, who are about 900 strong. Their barracks, the Governor's residence, etc., makes a very striking appearance as the train nears this little Prairie town. About 40 miles farther west and 1,400 miles from North Bay, we came to Moosejaw, a little town of nearly 3,000 inhabitants, stopped over here three days and saw a good deal of the country. The people, like in every other town in the West, think their place superior to all others. Farmers around this locality raise very large crops of wheat: 15 to 20 thousand bushels for one farmer is not very unusual. One

## HOTEL TRANSFER

Wm. R. Peck has decided to retire from the hotel business. This action has been under consideration by Mr. Peck for some time and it was prompted by the purchase of the Rankin House block by John Pleasance. Mr. Peck has not yet decided what line of business he will take up in the future, but his friends will learn with pleasure that he intends to remain in the Maple City.

Mr. Pleasance, it is understood, will assume charge of the Rankin House, and it is rumored that he intends to make several up-to-date improvements to the house. Theodore Bousa will, in all probability, continue the business of the Grand Central Hotel.

Mr. Pleasance will move into the Rankin House as soon as arrangements can be made.

Men profess not to like compliments from women, but they are treasured and respected just the same.

The gods are satisfied when a man does his best, but the neighbors may still find fault with him.

The woman who has pronounced opinions can be swayed by a man who flatters judiciously.

## FUNNY FIGHT

John Dean and Mike Healey fought an energetic round or two on Sixth street Thursday. Richard Stevens says that the encounter took place under Markisbury of Sixth street rules. The fight was fierce while it lasted, considering that a pole in the hands of Mr. Stevens separated the pugilists. Each contestant for ring honors stood opposite brinks of the same sewer and fought over the yawning chasm. Had not so much space intervened between the exponents of the Fitzsimmons art, some damage might have been done. But every time each contestant launched a blow and landed on the atmosphere, he turned around as much as two times before he could control himself. Circus lemonade with a stick in it and rivalry over a little trade in "sticks" with the Indians is said to have been the cause of all the trouble.

It is God's law that nothing can be added to our treasures that we wrongfully take from others.

Proud Father—My baby girl has been learning to talk for six months now.

Experienced Father—Well, it will take her longer than that to learn to do.

## Joe as an Arm Chair Critic

Has a Few Things to Say About the Football and Lacrosse Clubs, but Declines to Actively Assist—  
"Beatings are Good for Fellers."

Joe sat for a long time in silence. Quite remarkable to relate he wasn't smoking and his hands hung lazily by his sides. The young philosopher seemed somewhat disconsolate—and several attempts to draw him into conversation were unsuccessful.

"Well," he said finally when all hopes of a chat had been abandoned. "Well, beatin's is sometimes good fer fellers."

"Beatings?" queried the writer, much puzzled.

"Beatin's," reiterated Joe. "I was just a-thinkin' up some sympathy business fer the football and lacrosse fellers."

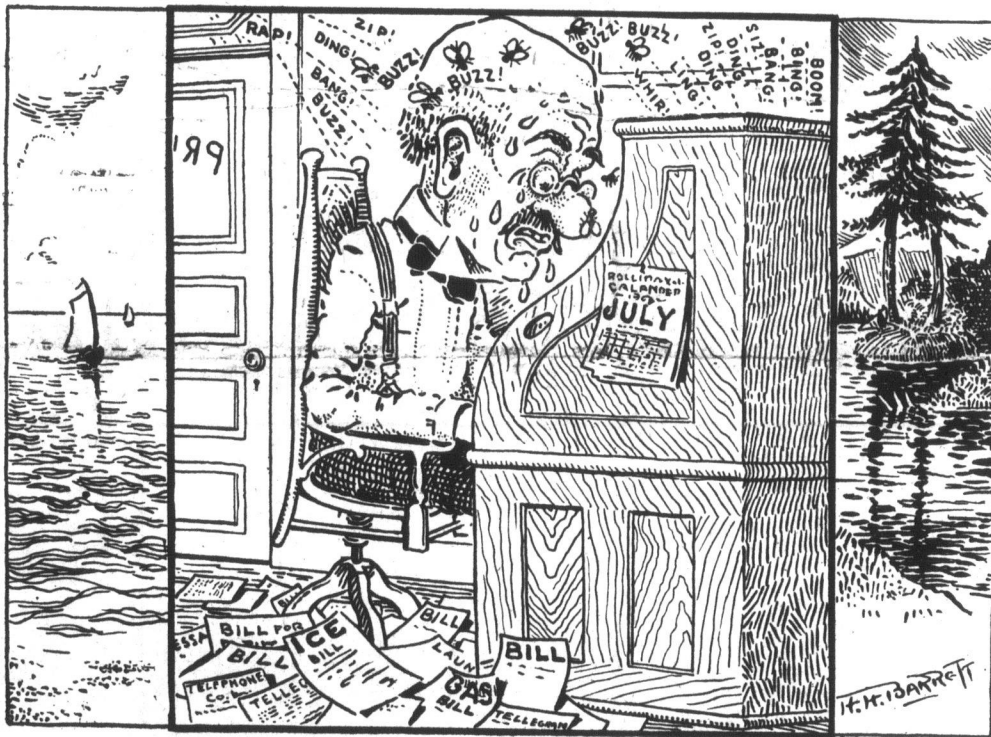
"Oh, yes. You mean the Sandwich and Wallaceburg games. I understand."

"Howsomever, I've not adverse to admittin' that beatin's am sometimes good fer fellers, just same as the boss says the boots is good for bad boys, when he forgets himself and takes me for a door mat. An' perhaps a lickin' is what those fellers needed most. Sometimes when we gets gay with er little feller and he don't talk back, we gets er notion that John L. Sullivan is 'bout our size. That's ther time we's lookin' fer er black eye and trouble—and those is things you never looks for in a win. So I was thinkin' mebbe that after Kent Bridge and Rodney our fellows swelled up on 'emelves, and ther re-action had ter come."

"Howsomever, it ain't ter late ter mend. That's what the boss tells me after he's had his work-out on my anatomy. Mebbe these fellers 'll brace up now and do better, mebbe they needs er little extra coachin'. I've not gone back on 'em yet, but I thinks they needs bracin' quite er bit."

"Why don't you join the clubs, Joe, and give them the benefit of your counsel?" the shiner was asked.

"Did yer ever know er arm-chair critic what was anxious to take off his coat and dig in hisself?" was the question Joe fired back.



IN THE GOOD (?) OLD SUMMER TIME.

## THE WEAVER

When silver bells ring out the old,  
And play the new year in,  
A spirit in the winter woods  
Softly begins to spin;  
No mortal eye has seen her face,  
Or watched her labors there,  
But crocus-buds are in her breast  
And blossoms in her hair.  
She weaves, upon her magic loom,  
The snowdrop's silver sheen,  
The tender tint of April boughs,  
The meadow's velvet green;  
The lilac and the daffodil  
Beneath her fingers grow,  
And as she toils from day to day  
About her melts the snow.  
So, what if clouds are dark with storm,  
And windows white with frost,  
And voices of the running brooks  
In icy vales are lost;  
What if the wondrous northern lights  
Their crimson banners fling—  
Still Nature in the woodland weaves  
The bridal robe of Spring.  
—Minna Irving.

## THE MAP'S THE THING.

Thirty-seven maps and thirty-one illustrations are two of the features of the "Two to Fifteen Days' Pleasure Tours," on the New York Central. This is No. 8 of the Four-Track Series, contains eighty-four pages, with routes and rates.

A copy will be sent on receipt of two two-cent stamps by G. H. Daniels, G. P. A., Grand Central Station, New York.

It is by practice of mind in untiring emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested.

## THE FALL OF ROME

Rome ruled in all her matchless pride,  
Queen of the world, an empire State;  
Her eagles conquered far and wide;  
Her word was law, her will was fate.  
Within her immemorial walls  
The temple of the gods looked down;  
Her forum echoed with the calls  
To greater conquer and renown.  
All wealth, all splendor and all might  
The world could give before her lay;  
She dreamed not there could come a night  
To dim the glory of her day.  
Rome perished. Legions could not save,  
Nor wealth, nor might, nor majesty—  
The Roman had become a slave,  
But the barbarian was free.  
—Arthur Chamberlain.

Avoid a slanderer as you would a scorpion; both sting for the mere pleasure of doing it.

A woman with an overpowering ambition usually is oblivious to all sense of proportion in everyday affairs.

Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now.

A man who talks constantly has a thousand ways at hand in which to make a fool of himself. A silent man has but one.

## HAVE YOU MET THEM?

Snap Shots of Citizens Secured By Passing Enquiry.

Something About People You Ought to Know.

William Ball—gentleman first, business man afterwards. Interested in many business enterprises, Wagon Works, Blonde Co., Gas Co., Chatham Navigation Co., etc. Been a resident of Chatham many years. Began business life in the lumber business. Popular with everybody and respected by all. One of most enthusiastic workers in and supporter of Holy Trinity church. Conservative in politics. It has been said of Mr. Ball that there are two things in life that he lives for. Holy Trinity church first and the Conservative party second. Friends want him to again be the Conservative candidate. Modesty prevents it. Enthusiastic angler. Familiar figure at Erieau and mouth of river. Frequently to be met amid the trout streams in Northern Ontario. Fond of all manly sports. Cricket his favorite, next to fishing. Has handsome home on Victoria avenue, easily recognized. Heavy iron fence along front. Relic of other days. Reads The Planet for the news, other papers for recreation. Able to transact a large amount of business without apparent effort. As president and manager of Chatham Navigation Co., attends to this, to Gas Co.'s business and to Chatham Mfg. Co.'s affairs, never realize how much he does, neither does he. Always affable and easy of approach. First and last a gentleman.

W. H. Harper—everybody knows him. Always got something to say and his stories are generally good—and what is better, new. Greatest story teller ever was. No use trying to tell him any story except an original one. He has heard them all and has a happy way of telling them. Known for his stories from British Columbia to Halifax and every place else where the yellow folders of the C. P. R. circulate. President, owner or something of the Canadian Ticket Agents Association. He is a Conservative but has many policies. He sells them in fact and will give you anything from a straight line to insurance on your mother-in-law. Being a church warden, he is particularly strong on straight life. Takes great interest in Erieau. Knows it like a book. Yachting is his long suit. Owns several fast sail boats but doesn't care for fishing very often. Has a summer cottage at the Eau Claire. Spends a good deal of time there thinking up fables to circulate. One of the most wholesome residents of the summer village. Nothing is too good for him. Ask him what he will have and see if you don't agree with this view. Was an alderman once. Still likes to recall the time. A little short in length but growing a trifle stout. Good living does it. Clear conscience, satisfaction at owning a good business, square meals and the delight of being a self-made man bring about this agreeable consumption.

The better you are the better you ought to be, especially in charity to those who are without any protecting influence of good.