

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1904

(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 Sept. 13, 1860, to Sept. 22, 1860.

The Prince of Wales passed the Chatham station about seven o'clock on Thursday.

Birth—in Chatham North, on the 17th inst., the wife of Mr. H. F. Duck of a son.

Died, in Raleigh, on Friday, the 14th, Donald Alexander, only son of Mr. John McKeenall, of Chatham Township.

A Dutchman attempted to murder a Scotchman on the farm of Alex. Doisen. Constable Goodyear, arrested the man and had him committed for trial.

District No. 1, L. O. A.—Notice is hereby given that the Royal Scot's dispensation will be opened on Monday, Oct. 1st, 1860, at Louisville. Jas. Guston, District Master.

Married, at the Catholic church, Sandwich, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, P. P., Mr. Daniel Langlois, of Chatham, to Helen, daughter of the late Dr. Campbell, Esq., of Dundas, C. W.

Teacher wanted, on or about the first of October next, for school section No. 8, in the Township of Dover East, holding a first or second class certificate. For terms apply John Quinton, William Bishop, Edwin Owen.

In one of the accounts of the Prince of Wales reception at Quebec we read that a revolver was taken from the "porter of a New York morning journal on the evening train by the chief of police, who said he "would have no use for such a weapon in Canada."

Our old friend David Walker, mine host of the Royal Exchange, has recently refuted and had thoroughly painted his old omnibus so that it now looks better than new. This is another sign of the improvement of the times. The bus as it now is, is a credit to the town and speaks much for Mr. Walker's good taste.

David Smith, the market clerk, quotes the following prices:
Flour, per cwt., \$2.75 to \$3.25.
Fall wheat, per bu., \$1.00 to \$1.13.
Spring wheat, per bu., 90c to 95c.
Wool, per lb., 25c to 26c.
Buckwheat, per bu., 30c to 36c.
Oats, per bu., 20c to 21c.
Corn, per bu., 41c to 42c.
Potatoes, new, per bu., 18c to 25c.
Beef, per cwt., \$3.50 to \$4.50.
Pork, per cwt., \$4.50 to \$5.00.
Mutton, per cwt., \$4.00 to \$5.00.
Butter, per lb., 10c to 12c.
Eggs, per doz., 20c to 21c.
Chickens, per pair, 25c to 30c.
Hay, per ton, \$4.00 to \$5.00.
Peas, per bu., 30c to 40c.
Hides, dry, per lb., 11c.
Hides, green, per lb., 5c.
Calf skins, dry, per lb., 1c to 20c.
Calf skins, green, per lb., 8c to 10c.
Sheep skins, each, 50c to 52c.
Wool, per cord, \$1.00.
Cheese, domestic, \$8 to \$9.
Lard, per lb., 8c to 10c.
Apples, per bu., 50c to 75c.
Barley, per cwt., \$1.00 to \$1.12.

The return match of cricket between the Thames Club of this place and the Morpeth Club, was played at Morpeth on Saturday, the 15th of September, and again resulted in favor of the former, who won by one innings and 22 runs to spare. The bowling of Mr. Duck for Morpeth was good throughout both innings, and the batting of Messrs. Fletcher, Purser and Northwood for the Thames Club was excellent. About 1.30 o'clock all partook of a sumptuous collation kindly provided by the Morpeth Club. The match being terminated early in the afternoon the two captains tossed for choice and chose indiscriminately from both clubs and finished the day with a friendly game. The following was the score:
Morpeth—J. Hartwick, J. Grant, Mr. Palusi, G. Arnold, G. Stemp, H. Westland, J. Duck, W. Husband, J. Taylor, Dr. Smith, W. McClure, total for two innings, 54.
Chatham—J. Oldershaw, A. Rolls, W. Fletcher, C. Northwood, M. Purser, W. Smith, Mr. Wright, A. Northwood, T. Boniface, W. McCormick, and J. Mercer, total for one inning, 76.

IN WHAT WAS THE PRINCE CHRISTENED?

The London Free Press says: It will be recollected by many that a special instructor was sent out by the Queen to secure a quantity of water from the River Jordan where-with to Christen H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Much anxiety was expressed to procure a pure sample and the eminent firm of Chaplin & Horne secured the privilege of conveying the precious fluid to England. Upon its arrival in England it came into possession in transit of the South Western Company, and some of the hands having a curiosity about the matter discovered that the jar was

empty. In fact the cork had leaked and thus the waters of Jordan, obeying those natural laws common to all fluids, had dribbled out. It was thought that the delivery of the jar in this state might cause annoyance to the Queen and so the hands afore-said quietly filled up the receptacle with Thames water and forwarded the package to its destination. The Archbishop of Canterbury used the water with all his acumen did not discover the fraud or detect any difference between christening England's hope with "Old Father Thames" instead of sacred Jordan. Nor does the fact appear to have had the slightest untoward influence upon the subject of baptismal regeneration who, according to all accounts, is quite as attentive to his religious duties as if he had been washed even seven times in Jordan itself. We trust that this little incident may not in any way be deemed to alter the efficacy of the ordinance, but it is a fact nevertheless.

THE STORY OF A BRAVE BOY.

The story of a little Boer boy who refused to betray his friends, even on the threat of death, is told by Major Seely, M. P., as an illustration of deeply rooted love of freedom and of country. It happened during the Boer war.
"I was asked," said Major Seely, "to get some volunteers, and try to capture a commandant at a place some twenty miles away. I got the men readily, and we set out. It was a rather desperate enterprise, but we got there all right. I can see the little place yet, the valley and the farm-house, and I can hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs. The Boer general had got away, but where had he gone? It was even a question of the general catching us, and not we catching the general. We rode down to the farm-house, and there we saw a good-looking Boer boy and some yeomen. I asked the boy if the commandant had been there, and he said in Dutch, taken by surprise, 'Yes.' 'Where has he gone?' I said, and the boy became suspicious. He answered, 'I don't know.' 'I decided then to do a thing for which I hope I may be forgiven, because my men's lives were in danger. I threatened the boy with death if he would not disclose the whereabouts of the general. He still refused, and I put him against a wall, and said I would have him shot. At the same time I whispered to my men, 'For heaven's sake don't shoot.' The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'Aim.' Every rifle was levelled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word, which way has the general gone? I remember the look on the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen before. He was transfixed before me. Something greater than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head, and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

A FEAT IN FORGERY.

A singular feat in the forgery of bank-notes has just been accomplished in Copenhagen. With no apparatus better than a small lithographic press and one or two most imperfect and primitive tools, a lithographer had succeeded in producing 10,000 notes of ten kroner each, so perfect that only stupidity in circulating them prevented a great success. The police refused to believe that notes so perfect had been produced with means so inadequate, but the lithographer, with artistic pride, asked for his press, and, going to work in his cell, soon demonstrated that it was possible to be at once a knave and a fine artist. And now in Copenhagen the strange spectacle is witnessed of forged ten-kroner bank-notes, worth nothing as money, selling freely among connoisseurs for thirty kroner, as beautiful specimens of lithographic work.

THE LITTLEST GENERAL IN THE WORLD.

Gen. Esteban Huertas, commander-in-chief of the Army of Panama, is believed to be the youngest and smallest general in the world, as his country is the youngest if not the smallest of republics. He is about twenty-nine years old, and has been a soldier since he was eight or nine. His features are of the swarthy Indian type, and he is proud of the fact that he has risen from the lowest ranks in one of the revolutions in a few years ago, when he was fighting on the side of the government, his right arm was hit by a shell. It is said that when he found his arm was nearly severed he hacked off the rest with his own knife, had the shot stub bound, and resumed his work in the field. Now for his services to Panama during the critical period of its birth, he has been granted \$50,000 to study the expense of a trip to study the military organizations of the leading nations.

A DOG HONORED BY A CITY.

Prince, a hospital dog of Northwich, Australia, has been presented recently with an illuminated address by the people of that town in recognition of his services in behalf of charity.

Prince is a fox terrier of no special distinction of lineage, but during the past two or three years has collected over 2,000 coins for the Northwich Victoria Infirmary. It was under singular circumstances that he developed a penchant for money. A soldier was putting some change in his purse when he dropped a florin. A search was at once made for it, but the quest was futile. Its disappearance was rendered all the more mysterious by the fact that there were no cracks or crevices about the floor. Ultimately it was given up for lost, but about half an hour afterward Prince proudly walked into the room with the coin in his mouth and laid it at the owner's feet.

Coppers were afterward thrown for the dog to pick up and so great did its liking for money become that it began to sit up and beg from customers on its own account. An infirmity box was provided, and Prince is now continually soliciting assistance for this worthy object.

A MAN WHO CAN SPEAK 400 LANGUAGES.

The greatest master of languages in the world is an Italian, Alfredo Trombetti, of Bologna. Until recently he was quite unknown, but now enjoys an international reputation as the world's greatest linguist. Cardinal Mezzofant, who spoke eighty languages, was a mere kindergartner beside him. Trombetti speaks 400 different dialects, and is still adding to his knowledge of strange tongues.

He was born in Bologna of poor parents, and, his father dying when he was only fourteen years old, his mother took him from school and apprenticed him to a barber. Prior to this, however, he had picked up a German grammar and in a brief time had mastered the language.

In the same manner he acquired a knowledge of French, and of several European tongues. After a couple of years as a barber he was granted an allowance by the city of Bologna, at the instance of several eminent men, that he might devote his time to the study of languages.

Recently he wrote a book on "Connections Between the Languages of the Old World," which first attracted to him international interest. The work shows the most wonderful erudition, and greatly surprised the intellectual world.



Waist of oriental material embroidered with Chinese figures in dull blues, reds and here and there a gold thread. All the seams are feather-stitched.

THE ENGINEER'S SIGNAL.

Two low whistles, quaint and clear, That was the signal the engineer— That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said, Gave to his wife at Providence, As through the sleeping town, and hence On a jute night Out in the light, Down past the farms, lying white, he sped.

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt, Yet to the woman, looking out, Watching and waiting, no serenade, Love song or midnight roundelay Said what the whistle seemed to say: To my trust true, So love to you! Watching or waiting, good-night!" it said.

Brisk young bagman, tourists fine, Old commuters along the line, Brakemen and porters, glanced ahead, Smiled at the signal, sharp, intense, Pierced through the shadow of Providence, "Nothing amiss— Nothing—it is Only Guild calling to his wife," they said.

Summer and winter, the old refrain Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain, Pierced through the budding boughs overhead: Flew down the track when red sheaves burned Like living coils from the engine's spurned. Sang as it flew: "To our trust true, First of all, duty! Good-night!" it said.

And then one night it was heard no more From Stonington over Rhode Island shore, And the folk in Providence smiled and said As they turned in their beds: "The engineer Has once forgotten his midnight cheer." Only one knew, To his trust true, Guild lay under his engine—dead. —Bret Harte.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER.

O suns and skies and clouds of June, And flowers of June together, Ye cannot rival for one hour October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste, Belated, thriftless, vagrant; And golden rod is dying fast, And lanes with grapes are fragrant.

When gentians roll their fringes tight To save them from the morning, And chestnuts fall from satin burrs Without a sound of warning.

When on the ground red apples lie In piles like jewels shining, And redder still on old stone walls Are leaves of woodbine twining.

When all the lovely wayside things Their white-winged seeds are sowing, And in the fields, still green and fair, Late afternoons are growing.

When springs run low, and on the brooks, In idle golden freighting, Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush Of woods, for Winter waiting.

When comrades seek sweet country haunts, By two and two together, And count like misers hour by hour, October's bright blue weather. O suns and skies and flowers of June, Count all your boasts together— Love loveth best of all the year October's bright blue weather. —Helen Hunt Jackson.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Even if a girl had a glass eye she'd expect you to tell her it was soulful. When a man begins to get stout his wife thinks it is because his home life is so happy. If people had to talk with their brains instead of their tongues most of them would have mighty little to say. It's very cunning the way a woman can give the man the idea she wants him to decide everything for her and then wish she could scratch out his eyes if he doesn't decide the way she wanted him to.

Feats of Canine Mind Readers

Clever and Marvellous Performances by Scotch Collies—Solves Intricate Arithmetical Problems.

In a recent issue an account was published of the marvellous performances of Hans, a Berlin horse, that solves all manner of difficult and intricate arithmetical problems. A somewhat similar case of remarkable intelligence on the part of four-footed animals is that of a number of Scotch collies, owned by George B. Clason, a resident of Chicago, who has trained them to such a point that they have developed what must almost be regarded as the power of mind-reading. One of the cleverest of these dogs was Bozzie II., whose marvellous performances astonished and mystified the whole world. Sad to relate, however, Bozzie is no more, a dose of poison having put an end to her life some months ago. Mr. Clason had repeatedly refused an offer of \$5,000 for her, but his love for her was too great to allow him to part with her, and when she died her body was enclosed in a silk-lined coffin and respectfully buried.

Bozzie II., however, was only one of a numerous family of collies raised and trained by Mr. Clason, the surviving members of which, four in number, are as remarkable for their intelligence as this famous and lamented relative. Two of these, Lady Tess and Floretta, are sisters of Bozzie II., and one, Mike, is a brother. The fourth dog is a daughter of Bozzie II., and, though only eighteen months old, equals, if she does not surpass, all the others in the accuracy and rapidity of her mental performances. Her name is Bozzie III., and she is the third animal in a direct line to which Mr. Clason has devoted his time and skill as a trainer. The feats performed by these dogs appear incredible to the average person who has not witnessed them, but hundreds and thousands of residents of Chicago can vouch for the truth of the claims made for them, because Mr. Clason has for years been taking part with his dogs in entertainment for churches and charitable institutions in Chicago and its suburbs. Psychologists who have seen the dogs perform what are called their "tricks" have declared that they are nothing less than canine mind readers. But let the reader judge for himself, after he has been assured that what is here set down is absolutely true.

Mr. Clason is reclining on a couch in his room when the visitor enters, and his wife occupies a rocking chair opposite. After Lady Tess or Bozzie III. (for the description will answer for either, both having been tested in presence of the writer) has been introduced, one of the first questions put to her is: "How many people are in the room?" Three sharp barks in rapid succession form the answer.

"How many men, Tess?" Two barks settle this question, and one bark is given in reply to the query: "How many women?"

Problems in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division are then submitted, and their answers correctly given by the dogs with the greatest promptitude. One proof that there is no deception in the case is that the dog will answer questions propounded by any person present with as much alacrity and accuracy as those put by her trainer. Here is a problem that was given for solution to Lady Tess by the writer—

"Multiply 2 by 3 by 5, subtract 10, divide by 5, add 4, divide by 8, multiply by 5, add 4, divide by 8, multiply by 3, add 2, subtract 1 and divide by 2." Quicker than the smartest boy or girl of fifteen could answer Lady Tess barked the result decisively in two sharp barks, and wonder assumed large proportions in the mind of the beholder. The dog does not appear to go through the several mental processes involved in the problem but is evidently aware of the result by means of some sort of mental telegraphy or thought transference. She becomes aware of the problem's answer because of its being known to the mind of the person submitting the problem.

That this is true is even more evident from the following test—Mr. Clason will tell the visitor to think of some number and to fix his mind upon it intently. Then he will say to Lady Tess—"What number is the gentleman thinking of, Tess?" In the case of the writer the number thought of was 4, and the dog, without a moment's hesitation, barked four times in response to the question. If this is not mind-reading, what is it?

"How many windows in this room, Tess?" Three barks attest the animal's understanding of the unexpected question and her knowledge of the questioner's information on the subject.

"How many doors?" Four barks, instantly.

These dogs will do anything along these lines, no matter who requests or commands them, and that they understand language cannot be doubted for a moment.

But there is no end to the story. These dogs will do anything along these lines, no matter who requests or commands them, and that they understand language cannot be doubted for a moment.

RULES FOR LONG LIFE.

Eight hours' sleep.
Keep your bedroom windows open all night.
Have a mat at your bedroom door.
Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
Use no cold bath in the morning, but water at the temperature of the body.
Exercise before breakfast.
Eat little meat, and see that it is well cooked.
(For adults.) Drink no milk.
Eat plenty of fat, to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells.
Exercise daily in the open air.
Live in the country, if you can.
Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp, and drains.
Have change of occupation.
Take frequent and short holidays.
Keep your temper.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
In the crowded hives of men:
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure,
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skilful,
And the child mind choked with
Weeks!

The daughter's heart grown willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!
No, not from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadow's kindly play.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dreamer's day.
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

HE COLLAPSED.

A somewhat elderly gentleman, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, went into a hairdresser's the other day to have his hair cut.

"Excuse me, sir," said the hairdresser, as he began operations, "but your hair is very coarse."

"Of course!" ejaculated the gentleman.
The hairdresser looked rather puzzled, and said: "I mean it won't lie straight, sir."
"No; you see it can't lie straight, or even tell the truth, because it can't talk," smiled the gentleman.
The hairdresser, who began to suspect that he was being played with, felt mad, and said, abruptly: "Bear's grease?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the gentleman: "it bears grease, or oil, or fat of any description; in fact, I should say it would bear anything, or it wouldn't have borne your remarks about it."—Tit-bits.

CHURCH FLIRTING IS "EXCELLENT."

Flirting can be carried on in church to good advantage, according to the Rev. M. B. Williams, chairman of the committee on Sabbath observance of the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"There is no reason why young persons should not cultivate each other's acquaintance from behind hymn books," declared Mr. Williams. "We are glad to have them come to church on any pretext. Flirting is as good an excuse as any. That is how I first became interested in the church." Frivolity during religious service was, he said, to be expected of Americans. But that some good was accomplished even under these conditions, he declared was indisputable. "The expectation of seeing a young woman home," has brought many a boy to church for the first time," he said. "Amid the love-making there is a chance for the religious influence to steal in."

Many a man never has any bouquets thrown at him until he is dead.