

The Chatham Daily Plat.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1903.

PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

"Dulce Domum"

Round About Us—Up the River—A Charming Summer Idyl for a Talented Pen.

(Specially Written for THE PLANET.)

Charles Kingsley was once advised by his doctor to go abroad for change of rest. Upon his return a friend expressed the hope that the change and rest had benefited him. Kingsley replied, "I don't know; I rather think the waters got the change and the landlady the rest."

No doubt a good many people who yearly pilgrimages abroad for change and rest have come to very much the same conclusion as Kingsley and think the game is not worth the candle. Others enjoy and are benefited by the excitement and change of travel. While others can rest around them where they find it, and are contented to take what they find. Being among these last myself, it is with them that I am concerned.

Water, wide waters, the desire for pastime thereon, and therein seem to be inseparable from our natures and our wants in the hot summer time.

Water is a wine quia (qua) non in our summer amusement, excursions, outings and sports. Then to the water we will go.

There is a river rising far away beyond the old Oxford hills which, slowly flowing between banks of great beauty, many pretty hamlets and shady nooks, winds through our midst on its long drawn way to the placid waters of Lake St. Clair. Have you ever given this river much thought? Ever walked along its beautiful banks? Ever made an excursion upon its still winding way on a summer afternoon? No. Then take your silent swift canoe, or if you prefer to labor at the oar, your duff, and come with me. Our town not large so we are soon beyond the contaminations to be found within its limits and are out between the banks, where the dwarf willows grow thickly, dark of foliage, unless when the wind "puffs the swaying branches into smoke," up whose slender stems and drooping branches cling in graceful profusion the shy winking morning glories, the modest wild rose, and the long trailing, fantastically festooned wild vine; through the confusion of all of which, by and by, the yellow golden rod will thrust its shipping head and the red sumac gleam. Here and there is a broad leaved basswood, beloved of bees in the early summer time, and behind all, and far above are the great elms, always the great elms, upon the banks of the Thames. A king fisher, and his mate, dart from the bank, strike the deep water once, twice, and are lost on the other side—two bright purple flashes. In and out among the tangle and undergrowth, along the narrow little strand, struts the tiny sand-martin, the long yellow legged plover, or stands in solitary dignity the big grey crane, and per chance in the latter days of August, oh, sportsman, you may find there, a woodcock or a whist of snipe.

If you are very quiet, and paddle your canoe as you should do, without noise, you may see a shy muskrat poke out his sharp nose, long whiskers and black beady eyes, noiselessly pop his fat body into the water, and make his speedy voyage across, leaving behind him a broadening wake to show you which way he went. Perhaps the stillness is broken by the splash of a hungry fish, as he rises and appropriates a grass hopper, that hath unwittingly, and much against his will, been cast upon the wave. And so as we silently steal along, we may, if we are guided with the use of our eyes, see many curious strange and interesting things which, if we do not heedlessly forget them, or dismiss them, as being too everyday and common will afford us much pleasant reflection in the long winter evenings that are coming.

Suddenly, in the devious windings of the still stream, we turn a sharp bend, and there among all this natural beauty, an object of man's artificial utility rises before us, a long railway bridge, that carries across the river those two shining threads of steel that you may follow, unbroken if you wish, west to the Pacific Ocean, or east to the Atlantic, to the frozen north, or to the burning south. There is a shriek, a whirl, a dust storm, and a swift train has dashed by on its noisy way, leaving a pall of black smoke settling down behind it. We pass under the massive girders, between the high piers, turn another bold point, the bridge is lost to sight, and is not, we are again in solitude. Paddle on, we are nearing our trying place. A little further, and our paddles are at rest, we run gently alongside the willow fringed bank, and stop, tie up our canoe, and climb by the narrow path to ourerie, half way up the bank.

What happy chance first lead me to this lovely place I know not, yet know I that if I searched far and wide from the Oxford hills to Lake St. Clair, I could not find another spot so charming. Two rugged basswoods spread their broad leaved canopies, above a smooth ledge, carpeted with short, soft turf, and bedged round with goldenrod, sweet clover and tangled vines. This is our divin. At one side, at a respectable distance, a little space, between the rough roots of an old tree, and the bank, is our hearth. At our back towers the bank, the edge fringed with clover that makes faint the air

with its sweet perfume, the whole doubly shaded with great elms, before, below us, at our feet, the broad stream, and the further bank; covered with its tangle of undergrowth, and crowned with elms. And here we sit and chat or lie, stretched at lazy length, in the warm summer afternoon, the little needles of light, and shade, dancing over us, the sweet scent of flowers in our nostrils, and the drowsy hum of insects in our ears. For chance it is Shakespeare that one brings forth, and we frolic with him, through a "Midsummer Night's Dream." Cannot you fancy Titania and Oberon seated upon one of those broad leaves above us, Puck stily peeping from behind that golden rod, Poor Bottom seated in the middle there, in his perplexity exclaiming "scratch my head peas-blossom," Starveling and all the merry crew—surely they would not disdain this sweet spot to sport in—long after, we shall have left, when the moon is high.

Perhaps it is Wordsworth, we have no "yellow daffodils, but then we have golden rod in abundance."

Or we are charmed with Keats sweet "Ode to autumn" and here "In a wailful choir the small gnats mourn

Among the river shallows, born aloft Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies."

Although we have not the soft sad melody of the Nightingale to hallow the quiet night, from among the elms, does not the Oriole's pure note, and the distant cooing of the Ring-dove tremble in our ears.

For "the Skylark," alas, alas, there is no voice to compare with thy "full throated melody."

"Sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass

Rain awakened flowers, all that ever was

Joyous, and bright, and clear

Thy music doth surpass."

Or Tennyson delights us to sail with Ulysses, to where "Thro' scudding drifts the rainy hyades

Vext the dim sea."

"Or beyond the sunset, and the baths Of all the western stars,"

Are we not eating the "sweets" even now, we surely are at rest

"Why should we toil alone

We only toil who are the first of things,

And make perpetual moan

Still from one sorrow to another thrown,

Nor ever fold our wings and cease from wanderings,

Nor sleep our brows in slumber's holy balm,

There is no joy but calm"

Why should we only toil, who are the roof and crown of things."

We drop back to earth again, and are earthly. The kettle's loud song and rattling lid, and the shrill chirp of the cricket on the hearth—for we have one here—recalls us, and reminds us, as do the long drawn shadows, that it is tea time. As the full cups are handed round, the air is fragrant with the aroma of tea. How much sweeter is the home-made bread and butter, here than anywhere else, and how much more of it is necessary than at home. The strawberries and cream, also, are passing good. Enough, 'tis done. Clear away the wreck. In the waning light of the dying day, we recline again in supreme contentment, and watch the smoke from our pipes, curl gently upwards among the leaves above, and much to the discomfort of countless gnats and other evening creatures despoiling there. Peace, peace, above us, around us, everywhere, and above forgetfulness. How distant the cawing of the crows, flapping lazily homewards. The sores, surely I have eaten and deep asleep seem, yet all awake."

"Thro' every hollow cave and ally lone Round and round the spicy downs the yellow lotos dust is blown."

Is that Titania, on Puck, or Oberon, Poor Bottom, Falsely you merry dog. Ah, the Nightingale, lethe-wards have sunk, lethe-wards, the Nightingale, no surely, the Oriole. The Skylark, to heaven's gate is calling. Is that the setting sun that tuffs the water into blood, the tree tops to dull gold. The red fires from poor Proctor's burning boats, you say. Surely it was here somewhere they burnt them. (What noise is that? tramp, tramp, of retreating men and horses. Those dark figures flitting from tree to tree, across there, don't you see them, Recumbent's braves, the battle, long, long ago.

What, are you fellows all asleep and dreaming, surely I at least have been dreaming, it is time to go home. The canoe glides like a shadow over the dark water. We chant softly the "Canadian Boat Song." "A boat, a boat, haste over the ferry, or 'Old Black Joe.' All that is left of day is that deep orange line in the west, that dimly outlines the bank and the trees above. Someone recites, in a low voice—

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the air's a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant flock."

And we are home; one more pleasant afternoon up the river has passed away.

OHAS. E. BEESTON.

LOVE STORY

"If you love me as you say you do," insisted the fair young girl, "you would not neglect your business so much to come and see me, but you would redouble your efforts to amass a competence. We have the future to look to, you should remember."

Renewing his vows of affection and constancy, the young man left her side, and she did not see him again for four long months.

"Where on earth have you been?" she asked, with an aggrieved air.

"Why, I have been at work, 18 hours a day, that I might amass the competency you spoke of," he explained.

"Huh!" she sniffed. "I think might little of a man who is so wrapped up in sordid money getting that he has no time for the society of those he says he loves. What prospect has the future for me, if you evidence such selfishness at this date?"

Angered, the young man again left her, and married an heiress.—Chicago Tribune.

WILDOAT RODE WITH THE TRAIN

A peculiar find was made on the Northern Pacific passenger train No. 4 when it pulled into Missoula, Mont., the other morning from the west.

The chief of police, while examining the brake beams for hoboes, found the body of a wildcat impaled on the brake rods. The head had been beaten off and the iron rods had passed completely through the body.

It was evident that the animal had been carried for a considerable distance.

It is thought that up somewhere in the mountains beyond the city the animal had come close to the train and had attempted to jump across the track under the swiftly-moving cars.

While in mid-air the cat was struck by the brake rods and pierced through body.

Death was instantaneous. The head had evidently dropped forward until it touched the ground and was beaten off by the ties.

BUSY BOVINE

A wild cow, belonging to Ed. Harwood, cantering down Fifth avenue and Centre street Thursday afternoon, was the scene of much merrymaking on the part of the many spectators. The excitement was intense when the animal put one family out of house and home by, rushing through the yard and out through the back fence at a J. W. White speed. It came out on Centre street and forced several ladies to the woods and put a certain Government official behind an umbrella to rout over a high board fence.

About this time a policeman and detective appeared on the scene to quell the riot.

I hear that Richard's daughter ran away with the chauffeur.

Yes; and Richard is nearly half crazy over it.

Well, it is hard to lose a daughter in that way.

Oh, he don't mind the daughter; but they took the automobile with them.

Bear Hunt

Interference of a Former Resident of Kent West.

(for THE PLANET.)

It was the 2nd day of the month, the mornings being quite cold. Pete, who had not hunted much before, was as anxious as I was to kill a bear. We pushed on, and shortly after noon we came on the fresh tracks of a huge bear on the banks of a small creek. The winter's snow had not all gone out of the ravines and gullies, so tracking was not very difficult. It took a course almost directly towards the camp. We followed the track all the afternoon, and a great circle and got quite close to where it had started from. We suddenly lost track of it, and hunt as we might we could get no trace of it after it had entered a deep ravine. Pete said it must be getting late. In the excitement neither had noticed the passing of time, and as the sun, which had been shining brightly all day, had disappeared behind a great bank of clouds and it really looked as though nothing for it but to stay in the woods all night, as we were about eight miles from camp, and it would be useless to try and make that before dark. We always carried a small axe in our belt, and in fact left camp every morning prepared to spend the night in the woods; so we set to work and quickly got a good shelter built under a rock hanging over the edge of the ravine and with plenty of good wood we thought we would pass a fairly comfortable night, although the clouds had thickened and the wind was rising, with every indication of a storm. We had two good fires after a good supper, were enjoying ourselves before the turning in. Pete says the wind is going down and it is getting colder, it will surely snow before morning, then we will get him. We turned in about ten o'clock, and about one to two the fires and sure enough it had started to snow. The next morning there was nearly two inches of snow on the ground, although under the rock we had been sheltered from it. After breakfast we started about eight and low, but could find no trace of Mr. Bear. At noon we made up our minds to work towards camp, and about three o'clock, when about four miles from camp, we separated. Pete going straight to camp and I going across a deep ravine. I had not gone more than half a mile when I came across tracks much larger than the ones we saw the day before, and very fresh. Grizzly, I thought, and a little nervous in meeting him alone. However, I stuck to the trail as it was leading towards camp. I followed the trail cautiously, which led up and down, out and in, the ravine. After going a mile or more that way, the signs getting fresher all the time, and I more sure of seeing him, I came out at the edge of a little underbrush, and there stood my first bear, about one hundred and fifty yards away, at the very edge of the ravine, looking down and sniffing the air. He was nearly broadside to me and a fine specimen he was. I took careful aim for his heart and fired. He dropped in his tracks as though he had been struck by a bullet. I approached very cautiously to about twenty yards; then I concluded I had better give him one for luck. I was standing about ten feet from the brink of the ravine, which went straight down for about twenty feet, and out of the perpendicular walls there were spruces and fir trees growing, and about eight or ten feet from the brink, I drew up my rifle to take aim, but my hand was so unsteady that instead of hitting him, the bullet grazed his chest. He sprang up as though he had been asleep and was nearly on top of me before I realized what had happened. I turned, not knowing where to go, but seeing one of these trees growing up out of the bank I made for it. As I was about eight feet from the bank I managed to get my hand on a branch, and luckily had the presence of mind to hang on to my rifle.

The bear, so blinded with rage and fury, came tearing after me and not noticing the ravine, until too late, came tumbling myself, tree and all to the bottom. He went smashing down on the rocks below and never kicked afterwards.

But this by no means ended my difficulty. Here I was up in a tree, the roots of which were twenty feet from the rocks below and the top a good eight feet from the bank. I sat down on one of the branches to think the situation over, and concluded I decided to give one signal of distress—four rapid shots followed by two in about five minutes. I fired them, and had the satisfaction of hearing our answer about a mile away. I waited about fifteen minutes and gave them again, and was answered, and then, and answered with one shot.

Presently Jack and Bert came up the ravine. I called to them to look out for the bear, but I thought it was dead, as it had not moved for nearly an hour. We talked the situation over and thought the best way to get me down was from the top. They made a detour around and came up on the bank close to me, and after about half an hour's work I was standing on the solid bank.

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MOHAIR BATHING SUIT



Navy Blue Mohair, relieved with white linen braid in black, makes a very appropriate bathing suit. The bodice has a fitted linen boned with feather, one to preserve the shape while wet, and the featherbone also shapes the deep belt. Large pearl buttons fasten the waist in front.

SATCHEL OF THE SATELLITE

It looks as if the Reliance wins on points.

The weather seems to be taking things coolly.

I guess the time allowance wasn't large enough by about an hour.

I would advise my betting friends to play the Shamrock for place only.

The Reliance appears to be a little too light-footed for her rival in light winds.

Speaking of mountain railways, that new Radial Railway seems to be an ink line.

Union men keep away from the

baseball game. There is likely to be a strike on.

I have a promotion that Canadian yachtsmen will have a try for the International Cup.

We gave those Blenheim people a chance to see what good lacrosse was like, last Tuesday.

Sir Tommy Lipton should get Ald. G. G. Martin to take a seat aft in Shamrock III, and just talk.

The fellow who said the scenery along the Niagara river was gorgeous was pretty near right. It is mostly gorge.

These are the days when the fond parent leaves the summer resort and

returns to town because school starts a week from Tuesday.

The Hamilton Spectator denies that the visiting Old Boys saw the mountain get dizzy and sway around. They were not that kind of fellows.

The Hamilton Spectator's carnival souvenir number is a credit to the Hamilton Spectator, and no greater eulogy could be passed on any souvenir number.

The highest part of Chatham is just 73-4 above the level of the marsh, and yet the News of that city has the gall to use the word "lagoon" in describing Hamilton's beautiful bay.—Hamilton Spectator.

In the accomplishment of ignorance, the Spectator and News seem to be in the same class.