

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

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(PAGES NINE, TO TWELVE)

In Charming Lower Canada

Entertaining Chat With His Worship Mayor McKeough on His Recent Trip—Renewing Auld Acquaintance.

His worship, Mayor W. E. McKeough, has returned from a most interesting trip to Lower Canada, combining business with pleasure. While in Quebec Province he revisited many of the scenes of his academic levitations and, on the request of the Planet, consented to give an interview concerning his visit.

Mayor McKeough possesses delightful descriptive powers and is a most entertaining conversationalist. Speaking of the experiences of the tour he said:

The morning train from Boston reached the Bonaventure station, Montreal, at 7.25 scheduled time Friday morning and as I alighted my old friend, F. M. Gibson, formerly of the Standard Bank, Chatham, now an efficient member of the Canadian Bank of Commerce staff in Montreal, greeted me. We walked over to the next track and there met my brother George and Mr. Fred. Jarvis descending from their railway coach, looking spic and span, having just come through the operation of successfully shaving with their respective safety razors. We breakfasted together and then drove to Place Viger station, where we entered for Ste. Therese de Blainville, having on our way to the depot gone in and inspected the new Bank of Montreal building which is being erected at a cost of \$2,000,000, and which is the most beautiful and extensive structure of its kind in America—in fact, I doubt if it is excelled by anything in its class in Europe.

The morning was spent at the Seigneur residence in Ste. Therese, the handsome old Manor House, which has been the home of the Morris' for nearly one hundred years, where the various members of the family gathered to say an revoir to some of their number who was sailing the next day for Europe to bring home a favorite daughter of the house.

In company with the Seigneur I went out to revisit the scenes of my boyhood. The little old fashioned Presbyterian church where I used to worship was not changed, the handsome old French parish church of my day has been burned and a large modern cut stone structure, which would do credit to a city of 100,000 inhabitants, has replaced it. The Hotel Boismenu where I spent a happy year was altered but little. I rang the door bell and when Madame Boismenu appeared I regarded her intently and said, "Madame me connaissez-vous?"

She looked doubtfully a moment and said, "Vous n'etes pas Monsieur McKeough?"

"Oui, Madame," I replied. "Oh! Mon Dieu je suis bien aise de vous voir, mais vous etes plus gros" was her welcome to me. She allowed me to ramble over the house, showed me the room which had formerly occupied, spoke of the old Pere and Mere Boismenu and of Napoleon her husband who were all dead since my last visit to the village. I informed her that my recognized age in Chatham was 29, but she assured me that she was a grandmother and that I danced at her wedding over twenty years ago so that another decade would have to be added to my 29 years.

A visit to the college when it was known that I was "un ancien etudiant" insured me a warm welcome. All my old professors were either dead or living in other parishes, although the Rev. M. Nantel is still the honored principal, and was pleased to learn that Rev. Father Menier and Rev. Father Langlois, who claim the Seminaire de St. Charles as their Alma mater, were enjoying the respect of, and doing good work for the people of Kent in Upper Canada.

Dr. Jack Scane, who is building up a lucrative practice and who speaks French like a native, accompanied us back to Montreal.

Our princely host for the afternoon took us to Dixie to the Royal Montreal Golf Links where we watched for a time many of its best players drive and put the balls, before being driven to Dorval, his summer home on the shores of Lake St. Louis. It was a perfect day and a perfect place, reminding me of the Paradise of Eden. After lawn tennis and croquet, and a short visit to the Montreal Yacht Clubhouse we were driven to the Forest and Stream Clubhouse, where dinner was served at seven p. m. Life in large cities and associating with millionaires has many attractive sides, but I doubt if anything can surpass the pleasure of a dinner at the Forest and Stream with our admirable host and hostess and a few congenial friends.

Dinner over we caught the 10.30 train for Montreal, where we saw the two travellers safely to their steamers. It required an early start to get to the boat by six a. m., but F. M.

G. and I were on hand to have a chat and wave a farewell to the boys—for such they were feeling themselves to be—as the steamer "Bavarian" sailed on Saturday morning for its long voyage across the sea.

After breakfast I met my Chatham conferees and we spent the morning driving about the city visiting the various churches, public buildings and the mountain from the top of which one sees a panorama seldom equalled. Montreal is a beautiful city of nearly 400,000 inhabitants. Its pavements and sidewalks are in a rather dilapidated condition, however, but its public buildings, hotels, churches and parks are beyond compare. I had the pleasure of meeting two old Chatham boys—Mr. Mullin, of the Bank of Commerce, who used to charm us by his sweet singing, and Mr. A. B. Scott, son of Mr. G. O. Scott, who is succeeding well in Canada's metropolis.

Saturday afternoon I was the guest of the Royal Yacht Club and enjoyed witnessing from the deck of the club's steam barge the trial races for the selection of the defender of the Seawanhaka cup. The Thorella II., a beautiful skiff 30 feet long, owned by Mr. W. Finlay, designed and made by the Sherwood brothers—who made Duggan's boats—won each race of the three sailed that afternoon, which made the tenth time she had won this season in the different trial races, and which undoubtedly entitles her to the honored position of defender of the cup. She has two side boards—no centre board—and two rudders, her sails are of Egyptian linen and are as fine as silk. At the invitation of Mr. Finlay I had the pleasure of a sail in her, which was a delightful experience. A good stiff breeze blew across the waters of Lake St. Louis and we seemed to skim over the waves like the wind. Mr. Finlay has built boats for several years to defend the cup but Duggan's boats have proved swifter; this year, however, the Thorella II. is the favorite and I feel confident she will keep the cup in Canada for another year.

After the races we had time to witness a few games of lawn tennis from a beautiful garden, and meeting charming people, renewing old friendships, dining in a cultured lakeside home surrounded by everything that tended to make life enjoyable the few remaining hours of my short holiday delightfully passed away.

"It is indeed pleasant to enjoy the pleasures of visiting," added the Mayor in concluding, "but after all, there is no place like home. The inspection of other cities only makes one more loyal than ever to the enterprising, energetic and progressive hub of the South Western Peninsula, our Maple City."

THE AGE OF A HORSE

To tell the age of any horse. Inspect the lower jaw, of course. The six front teeth the tale will tell. And every doubt and fear dispel.

The middle "nippers" you behold. Before the colt is two weeks old; Before eight weeks two more will come; Eight months, the "cutters" cut the gum.

The outside groves will disappear. From middle two in just one year; In two years from the second pair; In three the "corners" too, are bare.

At two, the middle "nippers" drop; At three, the second pair can't stop; When four years old, the third year goes.

At five, a full new set he shows. The deep black spots will pass from view.

At six years from the middle two; The second pair at seven years; At eight, the spot each "corner" clears.

From middle "nippers" upper jaw, At nine, the black spots will withdraw. The second pair at ten are white; Eleven finds the corners light.

As time goes on the horsemen know. The oval teeth three-sided grow; They longer get, project before. 'Till twenty, when we know no more.

IN NATURE'S HEART

A thrush sang on the hill-top, A boat lay off the shore, And from the distant mountain The church bell echoed o'er.

All is so still and peaceful; The sky beams fair and blue; Ten million glancing diamonds Shine in the grass' dew.

Around, a strange, deep feeling, For which there is no art In written lines or fancies To speak the thoughtful heart.

So, lost in joyous rapture, Unknowing what to say, The soul bursts like a boiler And simply yells: "Hurrah!"

NEW ENTERPRISE

"Talk about your mineral baths," remarked Joe McQueen, of the Park House, this a. m., "but I've got an idea that I can run an opposition that will clean up on the Chatham Mineral Bath Co. Right opposite our door on Colborne street we have some of the finest green water you ever saw. The city has collected the water in ponds in the middle of the street and they have collected it right generously. The opportunity is a good one for anyone to start mineral baths. Personally I haven't yet decided whether to start mineral baths or stock the ponds with frogs and raise frogs' hind legs for the Detroit market. Yesterday a traction engine was being taken to Park Bros. for repairs. It got stuck in one of the ponds and three teams couldn't pull it out. The air around that engine was pretty nearly as bad as the water in the ponds."

GOOD CROPS

W. J. Moore stated this morning that the prospects were good for one of the largest bean crops in the history of Kent, and this, too, despite the fact that part of the crop has been spoiled by rain. A greater acreage of beans has been planted this year than ever before.

Mr. Donovan, of Harwich Township, told Mr. Moore that he and his brother had 1,000 bushels of beans between them.

Mr. Waddell, who was present, stated that very little wheat had been planted this year, but that oats and corn had been sown chiefly.

One principal reason why men are so often useless is that they divide and shift their attention among a multitude of objects and pursuits.

JUST THE THING FOR TRAVELLING WEAR.



This cool looking shirt-waist is of sporty taffeta; in color it is changeable grey. It is one of A. H. Smith's newest designs and is as light as a feather. The dress is unlined and worn over a silk undershirt with haircloth band to give the desired flare at the foot.

A DOG YARN

"I think I have the most comfortable dog in Chatham these days," remarked Billy Holman, the genial clerk at the Hotel Garner. "Last spring I got a pointer pup and shortly afterwards a friend of mine presented me with a pair of ducks. Just for fun, I began to make friends between the ducks and the pup and the strange friends used to have lots of fun. The dog would roll around among the ducks taking care not to hurt them. The dog had a black spot on its nose and the ducks thinking it was a fly used to pick at it. The canine enjoyed this immensely. When the warm weather began, the ducks and dog getting tired, used to lie down together in the shade. It wasn't long before the ducks noticed that the fire congregated wherever the dog lay down to sleep. So when their friend assumed a recumbent posture and began to snore his feathered playmates took a place near him and caught all the flies that came to bother him. It is fun to see the ducks follow his doglets around waiting for him to go to sleep so they can catch flies. I'll bet that pointer pup is the most comfortable dog in existence these fly-stricken days. He can sleep in comfort whenever he wants to."

WISHING

Do you wish the world were better? Let me tell you what to do; Set a watch upon your actions, Keep them always straight and true; Bid your mind of selfish motives, Let your thought be keen and high, You can make a little Eden Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser? Well, suppose you make a start, By accumulating wisdom In the scrap-book of your heart. Do not waste one page on folly; Live to learn and learn to live; If you want to give men knowledge You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happier? Then remember day by day Just to scatter seeds of kindness! As you pass along the way; For the pleasure of the many May be oft-times traced to one As the hand that plants an acorn Shelters armies from the sun.

—Youth's Companion.

What we give away of our substance, God gives back to us in our soul.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne

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

April 25 to May 30, 1855.

Seed potatoes bring \$2.50 per bushel.

The Planet contemplates a bi-weekly issue.

The city of Hamilton negotiates for a loan of \$200,000.

The Canadian Free Press issues a daily paper at London.

J. Blows and G. King are hanged for the murder of J. H. Nelles.

The Planet begins its fifth year of publication on June 1, 1855.

Monday, May 7, 1855, saw a heavy snow storm with cold raw weather in Chatham.

R. R. Smiley, editor and proprietor of the Hamilton Spectator, died on May 12th.

The death occurred in Ridgeway, Township of Howard, of Wm. Marsh, aged 92 years.

The death is recorded of the widow of the late Joseph Tassman, at the age of 46 years.

The steamer Canadian started her regular trips to Goderich from here on Monday, May 7.

J. Marquand, jeweller, advertises for an apprentice. (Mr. Marquand still lives, hale and hearty.)

Geo. Williams, of Chatham, is appointed registrar of the Surrogate Court, of the County of Kent, in place of John B. Williams, resigned.

It is with great satisfaction that we state that three of the famous "Townsend Gang" have been convicted, one making a full confession.

The three-year-old son of William Winter, Jr., of this town, was burned to death on Friday, May 25. The little fellow, while not watched, was playing with a bon fire.

The death is recorded of J. W. Shackleton, proprietor of "The Chatham Arms," on April 29th, at the age of 45 years. Mr. Shackleton came to this town from Hull, England.

Barnum's baby show comes on the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th of June and prizes amounting to \$1,100 will be distributed to the finest babies. Ninety babies have already received certificates, including twins, triplets, quaterns, etc.

About four o'clock on the morning of last Thursday a daring attempt was made to rescue from the jail of this County a person named McDougal charged with burglary. He was one of a gang and the rest tried to get him out. The attempt was unsuccessful.

Wednesday, May 9th, at St. Paul's church, by the Rev. F. W. Sandys, Isaac Smith, merchant tailor, was married to Miss Jane Ann, second daughter of Wm. Baxter, lumber merchant, all of this town. (Mr. and Mrs. Smith are still alive and live on Stanley avenue. Mr. Smith is still working at his trade.)

The "Canadian," of Chatham, Capt. W. Eberis in command, on a recent trip up Detroit River, made the run to St. Clair in four hours and a half. She went from Detroit to the Light-house by way of the eastern channel, in half an hour—the distance is eight miles—with a current running at the rate of three miles an hour to contend against.

The assize court for this County opened in the court house, in this town, on Monday, May 14, Justice McLean presiding, Geo. Duck, Sr., Jas. Smith and Thos. McCrae associate judges, and H. R. Beecher, Queen's Counsel. The grand jury composed John W. Keating, foreman, Jos. Coatsworth, Geo. Gosnell, Wm. Gordon, Wm. Gifford, James Hart, E. M. Handy, Nathaniel Hughson, George

Thomas, John Walton, John Jacob, Duncan McGregor, Wm. Wilson, John Palmer, Adolphus Reume, Robert Smith, John Stewart, Stephen White, John B. Williams and T. W. Smith. Col. Prince and A. Prince, of Sandwich, and John Wilson of London, were among the lawyers present.

HAVE YOU MET THEM?

Snap Shots of Citizens Secured By Passing Enquiry.

Something About People You Ought to Know.

Dr. W. R. Hall—Medical Health Officer, quiet, kindly, gentleman first, and a physician always. Neither obtrusive or retiring in disposition, but ever a lover of clever, congenial company. Military man sometimes; Liberal-Conservative at all times. Dr. began his military career in the old 24th Kent Battalion and went out to camp with them more than once. Sarnia was the last place he went to camp with them, and he has a fund of stories reminiscent of those days. Now Paymaster of 24th Kent Regiment and one of the most popular officers. Has wonderful executive ability as well as professional skill. Because he is so very modest and averse to boasting, few people, except those intimately connected with the affair, know the excellent manner in which he handled the small-pox outbreak in 1902. There is no question but that the Doctor not handled the dread disease energetically and promptly, there would have been a serious epidemic. His is the credit, but he will never claim it. Dr. Hall's particular hobby is fishing. He was one of the pioneers at Erieau. He and the late Rufus Stephenson, ex-M. P., built the first cottages there. In fact, the Doctor has the honor of building two cottages. He has, however, sold them both. Erieau came near proving fatal to the Doctor. He and Arthur Wilson were out sailing in a canoe in the early days at Erieau. Canoe upset out in channel, Doctor couldn't swim, clung to canoe, was rescued and lived to contest this riding for the Conservatives. Dr. Hall is an earnest statesman and is not a politician. He likes politics for politics' sake, and can always be found ready to sacrifice his own interests for the good of a worthy cause. Dr. Hall has been styled "The man with no enemies," and he has earned his spurs.

Dr. Cornell—Big, corpulent, jovial, whole-souled Doc. Cornell is decidedly popular among his associates. He is generally credited with not weighing more than three-twentieths of a ton, but it's his weight that his friends most like. He can truly be said to have a weight of his own. Nobody can equal it. One of the Doctor's great redeeming features is his public spiritedness and no public enterprise is complete without the endorsement of the big dentist. He is not exactly the man behind the teeth, but he can always be found pretty near them. It is said that he is not afraid to look any man in the face, but prefers to look them in the mouth.

Doctor Cornell is Quartermaster of the 24th Kent Regiment and is one of the heavy weights in the volunteer force of Canada. They had lots of jokes on the Doctor during the recent trip of the regiment to St. Thomas, and the Doctor enjoyed them all. The Major claimed that he knew a horse in town, under the feet of which a cannon cracker had been fired off and he hadn't budged. The next day he learned that the Quartermaster had secured that horse. It was a tall, thin, rangy beast, and his friends feared that the ponderous officer would be divided every time they saw him mount his steed.

The Doctor is not partial to any particular sport, but is a patron of them all.

The man with an elastic conscience is always willing to stretch a point.

The surprising part of it is that some people never show their surprise.