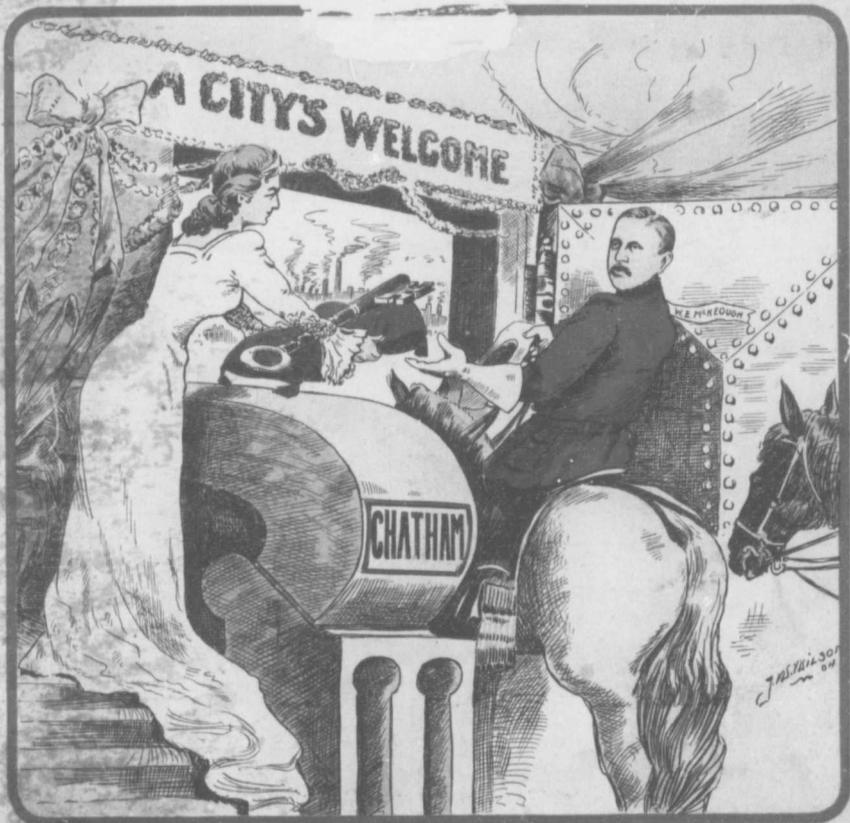


# The Planet

Souvenir *of* Edition



Chatham, Ont., Canada

1904



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CHAS. HADLEY



Chatham, Ontario W. A. HADLEY

# Introductory

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"HOME COMING!" The words mean much—the occasion infinitely more. The gathering together again, the reunion of the Home Circle, the greeting to returning sons and daughters—ay, and the welcome to the prodigal—these are things sacred in the annals of kinship, fraught with deep meaning, with tender emotion.

And this is all true—to a vaster and, perhaps, an even more intensified degree—of the community. The Maple City to-day holds her first mammoth family reunion. From north and south, from east and west, her sons and daughters are flocking homeward to the warm welcome that awaits, to garland with guests the groaning tables, to mingle in the festivities, to fête upon the fatted calf, to resurrect their youth and renew again the happy hallowed associations of the "auld lang syne"

"After a day of cloud and wind and rain  
Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,  
And, touching all the darksome woods with light,  
Smiles on the fields until they laugh and sing.  
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring  
Drops down into the Night."

Could there be any more appropriate occasion to memorialize? THE PLANET'S REUNION SOUVENIR is sent forth on its mission as a modest memento of this epoch in Maple City annals. And to those who have so whole-souledly assisted and co-operated in the undertaking—and their name is legion—our grateful appreciation is extended.

# An "Old Boy's" Response

By Ed. W. Sandys

WOULD I lend a hand? Would a ducklet swim?

If tossed a yard from the old creek's brim?

That dear old creek—sweet in Summer-time—  
With its deep-dyed flood and its soapy slime,  
From Taylor's Woolen Mills pouring down  
And helping the Old Boys "paint the town."  
Talking of paint—my mind runs crack  
When Old Boy Harper was quite a crack,  
When Old Jack Oswald and Old Bob Fry  
Used a brand of paint which resembled dye,  
(It could fade like blazes and not half try!)  
Apropos—Fred Harper, with brush and can  
Tinting Wess Jackson's "Little Old Man,"  
(This prior to day of Sam Heffernan)  
Wess Jackson vowed that it "wouldn't do,"  
Fred called him down and the paint-brush flew—

Why all the row? let the truth be said  
The hair on the figure was painted red  
And all who knew Jackson also know  
'Twas a raw, red sore—but let it go!  
Old Cy. Merriam carved that sign  
From a butt of cross-grained, old red pine  
And "Wess" didn't like it, you see, because  
'Twas more like Jackson than Jackson was!

To change. Go 'way back, sit down and stare.

There are smoke and flames, and a world of care,  
And the last dull cinder blackens slow  
On the steaming ruins of Old "Pork Row."  
Another fire—a thing of fear—  
A good Old Boy was the gallant Weir—  
Fit as the best to be mentioned here.  
Again, chin-high to the window sill,  
Watching the end of Van Allen's mill,  
Of the old frame church, just above our place,  
Of old "Belmont House," as it passed to grace.

Mighty little your smart fire laddies knew  
Of "Break-Her-Down-Number-One!"  
"Break-Her-Down-Number-Two!"

The town then stood like the straw to flame,  
Till the day when the Hyslop and Ronald came.

And the testings there were—"twas uncivil war"  
"Twixt the "Silsby" and the old "Hand R!"  
But Old Boys found life a pleasant dream  
While tossing their hats to the hissing stream,  
Till now and then Old Boys too bold  
Got the stream in the back—and it knocked them cold!

Were there schools? You bet! Well the Old Boys know

There were schools and *peda*, to our lasting woe!

For most Old Boys were dyed in sin,  
Most Old Boys' teaching was hammered in,  
And it seems, looking back to that distant day,

That most Old Teachers earned their pay!  
Steadfast and earnest, leal and true  
Were Old Dames Little and Barclay too,  
But the one who leathered me most of all  
Was a sterling teacher—Old Miss McColl.  
She hammered me North and warmed me South,

She tanned me proper from heels to mouth,  
But she carried the point she had in view,  
I own to it here—and gladly too!

The treatment was lasting—I'd almost bet  
When the wind is East, I can feel it yet.  
Rare Old Boy Birch never had a crack  
At the raw Sun-burn on my erring back,  
But Old Boy Marling and Dickson too  
Had the knack of changing the red to blue.

They knew the deadliest spot to strike  
And most Old Boys fared all alike.  
Old Ed. Stoddart, Old Billy McCrae,  
Old Sid. Stephenson too, they say,  
Old "Jack" Abram, Old Bill Vaughn.

Old Lee Williams—these Old Boys saw  
Old Boy Marling just slicing through  
Old Dick Holmes and Old George McKewen,  
Old Boys McPherson, "Lafe" and "Graham,"  
Old Woods and Eberts—all fared the same—  
Old McGarvins, Wilsons—up-creek

"fellers"—  
Down-river Dolsons, ditto McKellars,  
All got it across the back and hands  
Just the same as did Old Boy Sandys!

There was sport galore in that olden Day,  
For each Old Boy had some game to play.  
Long ages ago, the old Barracks frowned  
On what then was, as now, a choice play-ground.  
There were soldiers then, and Old Boys and Maids  
Were always on hand for the dress parades.  
And later, after the soldiers' rule,  
The old Barracks served as a riding-school,  
Where most of the Old Boys learned to speed  
The old bone-shaker velocipede.  
For a time lacrosse—for a time baseball,  
But good old cricket outlasted all.  
For points on this game Dame Rumor tells,  
I should refer you to Old Bill Wells.

Never a better, fawn or lad,  
Ever covered a wicket or donned a pad.  
Though he's still an athlete—just in his prime—  
Remember he's been there *all the time*,  
And he's very wise—he should surely know  
How Noah sailed, how Ham used to row,  
The cut of Diana's sporting togs,  
And how Nimrod broke his field-trial jogs.  
If on any point he should be in doubt,  
There is an Old Boy libellal to help him out,  
And other Old Boys, if would seem to me  
Who have been around since some time B. C.

And, lastly, the River! I almost cried  
When I found the St. Lawrence was quite as wide,

For surely no grander stream are rolled  
Than the Noble Thames in the days of old,  
Not even the Hudson makes me forget  
The dear old Thames, which at least was *set*.  
It is sweet to think of that glorious day  
When the bridge swung wide for the *Silver Sloop*.

When with Old Tap. Larwell, I risked a grave  
As we paddled out just to "get her wave."

And the skating! Skating was *abating* then  
When some of the Old Boys were almost men,  
When Old Newt. Eberts cut pigeon-wings,  
And Old "Nettie" Kirby made fancy rings,  
While Old Joe Taylor and Old Dick Gill,  
And Old Jim McLean were never still.  
Then Old Bink Farrell could dodge them all  
And fool Old Wells with a shiny ball,  
And Old Joe Oldershaw did his best  
To trip some fellows and *fool* the rest.  
Then Old Dick Monek was considered fast  
And Old John McGarvin was good to last,  
And Old "Jack" Wadball, and "Ham," and  
"Hank!"

And the two Old Bennets, Bill and Frank  
Held places all in the foremost rank.

Too bad, Old Boys, but the white will show,  
And Time is a stepper by no means slow,  
He is trotting now, as though he had wings,  
At a clip ne'er seen at Old Mineral Springs.  
So let's have fun—we've no time to lag,  
If we do, we surely will get the flag.  
So here's a health and good wishes true  
To the game Old Boys of the brave old crew—  
And three times three—are you ready?—So!  
To the Dear Old Home of the Long Ago—  
To the Dear Old Friends that we used to know,  
To the Dear Old Lost Ones lying low,  
To the Dear Old Girls we used to beean  
All together!—Let her go!



FRESHET AND SIXTH STREET BRIDGE, SPRING, 1867

127362

# Historical Chatham

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wand'ring on a foreign strand."  
—Scott.

COMING events may cast their shadows before, but the Indian aborigines—to whom the land of Western Ontario belonged—saw no shadows as they lived here in their villages, fought with neighboring tribes, hunted or fished as the need of the hour dictated. They were careless, full of life and free, worried not about taxes, neither wrangled in law over the possession of any particular spot. There was lots of land and nobody owned or wanted to own any particular section.

On the bank of McGregor's Creek, where it flows through the old Tobin farm, Maple Leaf Cemetery and the McGeechy farm, was a large and prosperous Indian village. It was large, as the time-decayed bones, broken pottery, and other relics easily testify. It was surrounded by pathless woods, and swamps, the real forest primeval. The history of the village was made and lost in the past. No records preserve the story of the settlement. It was probably there when the first white man traversed these wilds, but he left no record, and we know not who he was. It is more than probable that the Jesuit fathers—those noble men who braved all the vigors and hardships of the forest primeval in their efforts to explore and to christianize the savage Indians—were the first white men to reach Chatham. But of that we have no official record, although they were as far as the mouth of the River Thames. This we know because in their records they tell of seeing, near the mouth of the river the bones of many Indians whitening in the sun, gruesome records of a mighty battle fought years before. It must have been about the year 1700 that the Fathers were at the river's mouth. Still the Indians lived or went

to the happy hunting ground, nor dreamed of another village that would rise near the site of theirs.

About the year 1750, the disbanded French soldiers began to settle along the Detroit river and some of them may have settled on the River La Tranche, as the Thames was then known to the white man, or the Piscunisepe, as it was known to the Indians. There are still no records to throw any light on this, however.

Careful enquiry has revealed the fact that a man named Parson had taken up a location on the south bank of the Thames and was residing there in the year 1793 when a son

Edward was born. This was probably the first white child born within the confines of Kent County, and Raleigh must hold the premier place as the first settled township. History and tradition agree in fixing the date of the first influx of settlers as the year 1794. The earliest recorded grant of land in this county was made to Sally Ainsie, and the land granted was in the township north of the Thames river, now Dover Township. The Government were able legally to make this grant because the land had been surrendered by the Indians. There were several surrenders. The first of these was made by the Five Nation

ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL, 1835

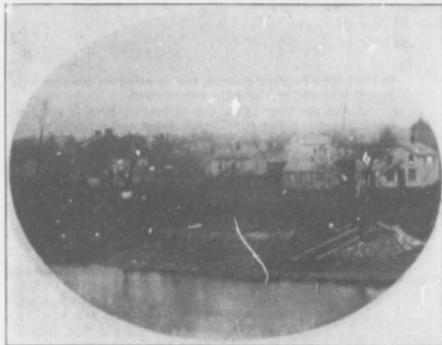
Indians on the 19th of May, 1792, and the second surrender was made by the Chippewa Indians on 18th July, 1822. Following Parson, the next recorded settler was Thomas Clark, who, as early as 1792, had located himself on the north bank of the creek and had already prepared the wooden material for the erection of a grist mill. When the mill began operations is not known, but it must have been about the year 1795 as Governor Simcoe refers to it.

From the years 1794 to 1795, settlers began to come in, mostly United Empire Loyalists and discharged British Soldiers, all of whom were given land grants.

In 1794, the Government established a shipyard on the



TECUMSEH PARK, 1878



NORTH SIDE THAMES, OPPOSITE RANKIN DOCK, 1850

river flat on Tecumseh Park, almost opposite the foot of Victoria Avenue. William Baker, of Detroit, had charge of the shipyard. Mr. Baker had previously held a responsible position in the British navy yard at Brooklyn before the war of Independence. He was given a grant of the Eberts farm as an inducement to come to Chatham. In 1810, his daughter Anne and Jos. Eberts were married, and from that union sprang the Eberts family, whose history is so largely the history of Chatham.

The buildings in connection with the shipyard stood on the bluff overlooking the stocks and included a log block house which served the several useful purposes of living apartments, and fort, a few guns being mounted. These fired a royal salute in honor of Governor Simcoe when he visited the place.

Several gunboats were built, but it is questionable if they ever left the stocks, much less the river. The late John Toll, of Troy, whilst on a berrying excursion as a boy, just before the war of 1812, discovered these boats decaying among the weeds on the bank. The late Daniel Field, of Harwich, a veteran of the war of 1812, stated that the settlers afterwards burned these boats for the purpose of securing the iron, a useful but scarce and dear commodity in the young settlement.

In 1795, Ab. Iredell made the first survey of the City of Chatham and it was made with a view of establishing the capital here, but the plan was afterwards abandoned. The map made shows "Over-the-Creek" and the land along the river and creek from Lacroix St. up to the city limits laid out, two blocks back from the water front. It shows Baker's block house and a hut built by Meldrum and Park, of Sandwich. They used the hut for the purpose of trading with the Indians. The location of Clark's mill is shown above the town. Following the survey, the lots in the town site were granted to the following—John Martin, Gregor McGregor, James McGregor, John Langhton, Alex. Harrow, Alex. M. Murray, Ab. Iredell, John Sparman, John Little, William Forsythe, Alex. Duff, Matt. Donovan, John Donovan, J. Wilson, J. Fraser, Rich. Donovan, William Fleming, James Fleet, William Harper, Geo. Ward, Antoine Pelletier, Alex. Askin, Chas. Askin, John Askin, Matt. Dolsen, John Sharp, William Shepard, and Geo. Leith.

Except a few lots granted in 1824 to M. Burwell, surveyor, no further grants were made till 1830, when Lot A (Merchants' Bank site) was granted to Stephen Brock, Lot B (Eberts' building) to P. P. Lacroix. In 1831, lots were granted to Thomas McCrae and Henry Chrysler, and in 1835 to Daniel Forsyth. The first house was built by Abraham Iredell at the corner of Water and William streets, and about the year 1800 he planted there the pioneer orchard, some of the trees of which were standing until a few years ago. This house was the scene of the first election in 1800, when Thomas McCrae, Sr. was elected the first Member for Kent. Nothing of note happened till

1813, when this place was the scene of stirring events. McGregor, who had succeeded Clark as mill owner above the present city, had his mill burned by the Indians. Baker's block house was also burned. About this time, too, one, Scott, conducted a general store in Harwich on the river bank above Chatham. From 1812 to 1818 little happened and few settlers came. In the last named year, John McGregor re-built his mill, and it was operated for many years. His son, Duncan, had control in 1825. In 1820, William Chrysler and his son, Henry, located on the lot now occupied by Dr. Holmes' handsome home. They built a house near the river, and this was the first permanent residence erected by a settler in Chatham. The son, Henry, a blacksmith, erected a shop on Third street.

There is some dispute as to whom belongs the credit of building the first frame house. William Harvey, a colored carpenter, was said to have erected the first planned board building on the site of the Chrysler log cabin when the pioneers had vacated the place and moved up town. The credit, however, really belongs to Daniel Forsythe and William Dolsen, who built on John Forsythe's property, near the present home of THE PLANET, a frame house which was afterwards used as an office for the

skating rink.

In 1820 the first church was built. It was erected under the auspices of the Anglican Church on the river bank, above the jail, near Judge Bell's residence, the incumbent being the Rev. Mr. Morley. There were also some itinerant Methodist preachers who held services in the cabins of the settlers. Chief amongst these was Brother Harman, who used to traverse the entire South-western peninsula on horseback.

Settlers began to come in gradually from now on. In



McCrae Homestead, 1815, River Road, Raleigh

1825 Peter Paul Lacroix built a small log shanty on the river bank at Fifth street, succeeding in possession of the property of one, Sharp. In the same year, John Hoover, Peter Jot, Mr. Merriam, Sr., and Israel Evans, Sr., came. The latter was a miller by trade and first worked at the McGregor Mills. In 1830 he purchased the site now occupied by the Garner Hotel from a Dr. McMillan who had moved to Detroit. About 1833 Mr. Evans erected a carding and grist mill on King street where The Ark now stands,



FARMERS' EXCHANGE, 1850

and this was the pioneer industry of the town. Horse power was used.

In the log building erected on the Hotel Garner site, the "Farmers' Exchange" Hotel was kept by William Dolsen, father of Orville Dolsen, the North Chatham grocer. This was the headquarters for everybody, settlers, political meetings, social gatherings, etc.

In 1830 was erected the pioneer store in Chatham, the first frame store at that, and a rather fine building for the times. It stood where the Merchants' Bank now stands. Claude Cartier was the pioneer hotel keeper. His inn stood at the corner of King and Fourth streets, opposite the Rankin Hotel, on the river bank. There the natives and settlers got corn whiskey at three cents a glass and meat at 12½ cents each. Henry Chrysler built a new blacksmith shop where the handsome block of the Chatham Table Supply Co. now stands.

The first Public School was erected on the site of the present Central School in 1831, the window frames being made by Daniel Forsythe. Norman L. Freeman, father of the late Mrs. John E. Brooke, was the first teacher. It was a frame building and when the old brick school was built in 1856, the frame building was moved to Slagg's old brewery, where, in later years, it served as a stable for Leith & Walker, teamsters, who were then located between Dr. Holmes' present residence and the Gas Works. Private schools had been conducted prior to this, one being taught by James Chrysler.

William Dolsen and Miss Nancy Evans were the first couple to be married in Chatham. During the years 1829 to 1833, the following came to Chatham "on live":—Michael C. Lenover, David Pratt, Thos. McCrae, Daniel Forsythe, Joseph Northwood, Henry VanAllen, James Reed, William Eberts, Henry Verrall, James and William Baxter, James Orr, Peter Brown, and William Cosgrave.

The population had now reached about 300, but the village was very primitive. Even in the town there was little clearing. Between Fourth and Fifth streets there was a sugar bush. The block where the Hotel Rankin now is was a common right through to Wellington street. Tecumseh Park was tilled, having been cleared since 1812-13.

The first resident of North Chatham was a colored man named Croncher, who lived where the Aberdeen Hotel now stands. In 1828 the first steamboat, the "Argo," ascended the Thames. Two or three years later the "Western," a vessel of 50 tons burden and 25 horse-power engine, was fitted up by Duncan McGregor. About 1833 the "Thames," a steamer of 200 tons burden and 50 horse-power, was built on the flats just below Judge Bell's residence. The "Thames" became a lake boat and was run between Port Stanley and Buffalo, till burned by the rebels at Windsor in 1838. The "Cynthia McGregor" was the next boat but it was burned. Then the "Brothers" was built in 1839 by

D. and W. Eberts. This boat ran for a long time and many of the old settlers came here on it. The first dock was built by Stephen Brock, assisted by William Eberts, and it stood at the mouth of the creek, immediately in the rear of the Merchants Bank. In 1842 a large vessel called the "Square Toes" was launched near Brock's dock. The first captain was George Stringer, who is still living on King street, west, and the first mate was the late Henry Verrall.

Twelve years before, the first vessel had been built on



EXCELSIOR BAND, 1861

McKellar's flats by Stephen Brock. It was the "Sans Pareil." In 1828, the stage route opened through to Chatham. In 1831, the pioneer sawmill was built but it wasn't a success. A tannery was started near Riverside terrace and a little later M. Steers started one near where the old Harvester Works building had stood for many a year. The first steam sawmill was started by Duncan McGregor on the river back of Judge Bell's residence in 1834. About 1836, Roger Smith built a distillery on Colborne St. The first bridge was built in 1834. This was situated about a hundred yards above the present Pere Marquette bridge. It was carried away a couple of years later by the flood. Then a floating bridge was built at the foot of William St. across to Scott's lumber yard.

In 1837, North Chatham was first surveyed. The major part of north Chatham belonged to James Woods, father of Judge Woods, and afterwards was owned by the Judge himself.

In the year 1840 was built the old Royal Exchange and the Methodist Church, afterwards the Salvation Army barracks and in 1843 the "Old Kirk." In 1832, in the first school house, commissioners, Duncan McGregor and Christopher Arnold, held the first Court of Request and in 1841 Judge Elliott presided over the first Division Court ever held in Chatham. In July, 1841, the first newspaper, the Chatham Journal, was published in Chatham. On the 30th of November, 1841, the first St. Andrew's society was organized, the chief spirits being George Witherspoon, David Hogg and James Archibald. In the same year a temperance society was formed and A. Basset reported that in Chatham there were three breweries, thirteen licensed places, six unlicensed, three magistrates in the traffic and thirty-six drunkards, truly a pleasant record even for a village.

The first cricket club was organized by Thos. W. Dapplyn, Jas. Reeve and Henry Slagg in 1841. In this year also took place the first political election under responsible government. The candidates were the late Justice Harrison and the late Joseph Woods. The latter was elected. On September 27, 1842, the first Sabbath school was established in connection with St. Paul's Church. The year 1841 also saw Chatham become a village. On the 22nd of October, 1842, the first fair was held in Chatham on the



Hy, Russell, A. Donnelly, J. McColl



C. H. Rose

Paul Pratt

commons where the Rankin Hotel now stands. In 1842 Mr. Gee erected the first brick store. It still forms part of the Malcolmson establishment.

The following is the census of the village for the years mentioned:—100 in 1830, 300 in 1835, 750 in 1839, 812 in 1841, 1082 in 1843. From 1843 to 1850 Chatham gradually grew. Already were established here many of the well-known old citizens, including Dr. Fulford, D. R. VanAllen, Ed. Larwell, A. Currie, Robert Smith, R. K. Payne, Jas. Burns, A. D. Maclean, Drs. Pegley and Cross, Wm. Smith, Witherspoon and Charteris, D. Robertson, Chas. Davis, Richard Monek, Salem Aldis, John Winter, John Waddell, John Sheriff, the Oldershaw family, John Gosyear, the Richards family, Isaac Smith, George Duck, R. S. Woods, John McDowell, Matthew and O. I. V. Dolsen, Arch McKellar, John Dolsen, John Smith, J. & W. McKeough and Thomas Stone. In 1847, Northwood's "Kent Mills," now the Canada Flour Mills Co., were erected. The first lodge established in Chatham was the I. O. O. F. in the year 1847. On the 17th of August, 1848, the foundation was laid for the Jail and Court House. In the same year, the erection of the first bridge at Fifth St. was begun. The first fire engine was purchased in 1848, at a cost 164 pounds, 9 shillings, 10 pence.

THE PLANET was established in 1851. The High School was opened on the 10th of August, 1855, when Principal Jamieson, Dr. Cross and the Rev. William King all made speeches. Kenneth Urquhart and Isaac Smith are the only merchants left of those who did business in the city over half a century ago.

On January 27th, 1851, the county council held their first session at the Court House. Judge Sullivan held the first Assize Court here on the 29th of May of the same year. In December, 1853, the Market House was completed and opened. In 1854, the Great Western Railroad, now the Grand Trunk, was opened for traffic and in the same year John Skey opened the first telegraph office. The calamity



No. 1 Fire Hall, 1875, and Wm. Young's Work Shops



Hugh Murphy, 1866



MERCHANTS' BANK, KING ST., 1873

of the year was the burning of the new Fifth street bridge. Chatham was incorporated as a town in 1855, and the first Councillors were A. D. Maclean (Mayor), A. McKellar, Thos. A. Ireland, Jos. Northwood, John Smith, John Waddell, John S. Vosburg, R. S. Woods, and John Winter. Squire Young got the contract for the King street sewer in 1856. The price was \$6,000 and this sewer is still the big trunk drain on King street. The first block pavement, the forerunner of the eight miles of fine pavement now in the city, was laid in 1869 on King street at \$20,000. The streets were first lighted with gas in December, 1872. The first steam fire engine was purchased in 1870, and the paid fire brigade was established in 1881. The town was separated from the County in 1880, and the Erie & Huron Railway was opened in 1883.

Such is the brief history of the past.

## The Cornell Code

1804

"Ach," said Dinkelspiel after his first ride in Dr. Cornell's automobile. "Dees was de doc's rules alretty — "Grab der veel which is in front of you firmly mit both hand and put vun foot on der accelerator.

Now put der udder foot on der rheostat und let der left elbow chently touch der deodizer. Keep der blow-pipe connecting mit der automatic fog-vissle closely between der teeth, and let der right elbow be in touch mit der quadruplex, vile der apex of der left knee was pressed against der spark coil. Keep bath eyes on der road in front of you and der rest of your face in der vagon. Start der driving veels, repeat slowly der name of your favorite corner, und leave der rest to Fate."

Taylor's  
Woolen  
Mill, 1869



# Our Fighting Forces

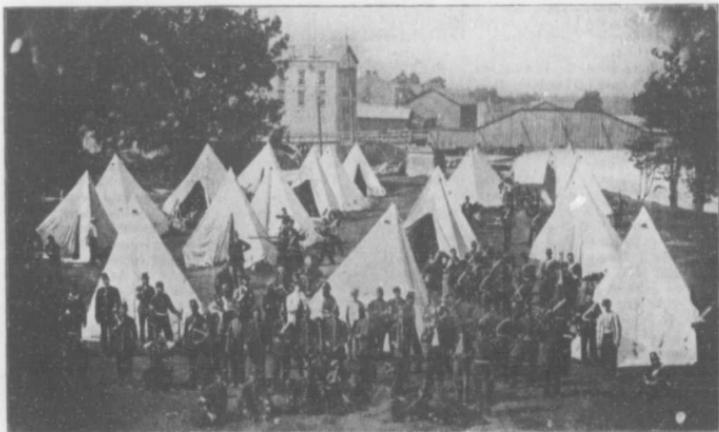
"And louder still, and still more loud, from underneath  
that rolling cloud,  
It heard the trumpet a war-note proud, the  
trampling, and the hum."  
—Macaulay.

NOT since the days of Indian battles had this section seen a conflict until the war of 1812 when a fierce fight took place at Longwoods, near Thamesville, but had Proctor had the courage of his Indian allies, Old Historic Tecumseh Park would have been a famous battle ground instead. The population of Kent County at the outbreak of the war of 1812 was small, but the residents made up in loyalty what they lacked in numbers. At the first call to arms, Companies were enrolled under the command of Captains John Dolson, William McCrae, John McGregor, Frederick Arnold and Francis Drake. The Kent County men went to the Detroit River frontier and participated in the capture of Detroit.

There was comparative quiet for a while after the cap-

ex-army officer. His command was levied chiefly from the vicinity of Chatham. John Shaw, Chatham Township, Frederick Arnold, Harwich, Henry Toll and Thomas Pardo, Raleigh, James Price and Geo. Duck, Howard, also received commissions. Lieut.-Col. James W. Little, Lake Shore, Raleigh was in command. The Kent militia was composed entirely of volunteers. They marched to Windsor. On the plains the ice was not strong enough to bear, but the gallant company of gallant men plodded bravely through the chilly water which was waist deep. The Kent militia, in January, 1838, took part in a skirmish on Bois Blanc Island and the capture of the schooner Anne from Detroit laden with arms and supplies for the rebels.

A month later they also participated in the dislodgment of a rebel Canadian named McLeod and his forces from Fighting Island. He left a small cannon behind which was brought home by the Canadians as a trophy. It has since remained here and can be seen in the yard of Miss Tissiman,



TECUMSEH PARK, 24th BATTALION, 1873

ture of Detroit and some of the Kent volunteers returned home, others went to the Niagara frontier and participated in the battle of Queenston Heights. Chief amongst these was the late Daniel Fields, of Harwich. Then followed the retreat of Proctor and Tecumseh with their allied forces of British soldiers and Indians. On the night of October 3rd the two leaders took breakfast at Matthew Dolson's, Dover Tp. Tecumseh wanted Proctor to make a stand on Tecumseh Park. This he refused to do. A force of Indians was left to harass the Americans while crossing McGregor's Creek. A slight skirmish took place, but a passage was finally effected further up the creek at McGregor's mill dam. The bridge across the creek stood near the mouth about where Hugh Malcolmson's store now stands. Three Indians and two Americans were killed at this place.

After that the tide of war turned away from western Canada for years and nothing happened of a martial nature till the close of 1837. Then the Rebellion aroused the Loyalists of Kent County. Capt. Bell, Dover Township, was one of the first to respond. He was an

corner of Victoria Avenue and Thames Street. Capt. Frederick Arnold's company quartered in Chatham for a few months after this, but in the summer they were disbanded.

Not till 1866, the time of the Fenian invasion, did Canada call again on the loyal men of Kent. Then as in 1812 and 1837, they were found ready for the call to arms. In the fall of 1860, occurred the Mason-Slidlall affair. Two runaway slaves from the United States were taken from a British ship and war was threatened. To be ready, a number of young enthusiasts, among whom were J. C. Weir and Sim Smith, began drilling. The late Thomas McCrae was the first instructor, afterwards the late Col. David Smith. Then it was decided to form a company and a meeting was held in the old Royal Exchange. As a result on December 26th, 1862, No. 1 Company was organized. There were about 50 present at the meeting, amongst the number A. B. Baxter, David Smith, Sim Smith, J. C. Weir, Henry Reed, Melchior Eberts, W. J. McCormick, W. J. Lewis, John McColl, James Wyld, Wm. Berry, Geo. Winters, E. W. Scane, Robert



Col. Smith. A. B. Baxter. S. Smith.

Atkinson, David T. Smith and Alex. Barr. The first officers were Capt. David Smith, Lieut. A. B. Baxter, Ensign S. Smith. Shortly afterwards a second company was organized with Capt. Glendenning in command. Drill Sergeant R. C. Brown, afterwards Chief of Police, came out from England to drill the company. In the latter part of April, 1865, No. 1 Company was called out to Sherbrooke, Que., to protect the country from the raids of disbanded U.S. Soldiers.

The muster roll of No. 1 Company at Sherbrooke in 1865, was: Capt. David Smith, Lieut. A. B. Baxter, Ensign Simeon M. Smith, Sergt.-Maj. J. W. Lewis, Color-Sergt. Henry G. Reed, Sergt. Thos. Veitch, Sergt. J. C. Weir, Corporals, Robert Atkinson, David T. Smith, Alex. Barr, Geo. R. Duck, John M. Weir, William E. White, Melchior Eberts; Buglers, William Young, James M. Smith; Privates, James Allen, James Allen, Jr., Robert Baird, Thomas Baxter, Andrew Blackburn, Alex. Bartlett, Thomas Brundage, John Bourne, Robert D. Clegg, William J. Clements, Marshall T. Cole, William Dolsen, Geo. Davis, Alex. Dezelia, Wm. Fraime, Oscar French, Thos. Funston, Thos. M. French, Geo. Goodfellow, A. D. Griffin, Edward Green, John Holmes, Joshua Humphrey, Thos. Holmes, John G. Ivers, Daniel Kennedy, John Kirby, Jos. Landon, William Keating, Chas. Le Francis, James R. Lewis, Theodore H. Nelson, Richard M. Northwood, John Matthew, James Moore, Hubert Murphy, Samuel S. McCrae, Donald McAllen, Vital Ouellette, James Pickering, Thos. Richardson, J. Nelson Stone, Hugh Sharkey, Edward Stephens, John Turner, John Trotter, Chas. Winter, James L. Weir, Hugh Williams, James Wyld and Geo. Williams. Returning from Sherbrooke, the Company was again called out in March, 1866, to go to Windsor, owing to the Fenian Raid Scare. The Company was again called to arms in June, 1866, and this was the last war scare.

On Sept 14th, 1866, the 24th Battalion was formed with Lt.-Col. David Smith in command, A. B. Baxter Sr. Major, Archibald McKellar, Jr. Major, and the following other officers, No. 1 Company, Capt. Sim

Smith, Lt. J. W. Lewis, Ensign J. C. Weir, No. 2 Company Capt. Rufus Stephenson, Lieut. H. G. Reed, Ensign James Richardson, Paymaster, J. J. Thompson, Quarter-Master, J. G. Sherriff, Surgeon, C. J. S. Askin. The Battalion continued to attend drill until 1885 when it was disbanded. The officers then were—Lieut.-Col. Matthew Martin, Major J. B. Rankin, Capt's Sim Smith, H. A. Pattenon and G. K. Atkinson.

Chatham was without a regiment until 1901, when by the efforts of Lt.-Col. J. B. Rankin, K. C., the 24th was reorganized with the following officers—Lt.-Col. J. B. Rankin, Major G. P. Schofield, Capt's G. Massey, J. W. McLaren, Edwin Bell, W. Mowbray, Paymaster, Hon. Capt. W. R. Hall, Adjut. Capt. D. W. B. Spry, Quarter-Master Capt. G. W. Cornell, Surgeon, Lt. W. H. Tye, M.D., Hon. Chaplain, Rev. W. E. Knowles.

Since then there has been some changes in the officers, Capt Massey taking Major Schofield's place, Capt. Stone, Capt. Mowbray's, Capt. Black, Capt. Bell's and Lieut. Turner, Capt. Massey's. The regiment is now flourishing and will soon have fine new armories.

When England was at war and Canadians tendered their assistance, Chatham was well represented in the forces and one young man, the late John Donegan, gave up his life at Paardeburg for the Mother-land. Victor Skirving, A. R. Wilson, Henry Burrell, Clinton Wilson, W. B. Gorrie, James Kendall were other Chatham representatives in the South African war.

Lieut. Max D. Fraser represented the 24th Regiment with the Imperial troops at the Coronation of King Edward. This was the first time the 24th has been officially represented at imperial ceremonies.

The 24th Regiment has thus had a long and honorable career—and bids fair to win further triumphs in the future. Plans are already completed for its magnificent new home to be erected on the historic Tecumseh Park. These armories will be among the best equipped in the Dominion.

To-day the Regiment muster is the largest in its history.



Lt.-Colonel J. B. Rankin



Major Geo. Massey



Capt. J. W. McLaren

### The Grave of Bill

The day slips into the west,  
The sun drops over the hill  
And twilight falls  
Where the night bird calls,  
Calls to the grave of Bill.

But only the night bird calls,  
For Bill's is a lonely grave  
Made one night  
Where he fought the fight  
And died the death of the brave.

The laddies have gathered home  
In re-union sweet, and still  
My heart must yearn,  
And my soul must turn,  
Turn to the grave of Bill.

—A. P. McKisic.



Capt. J. S. Black



**STAFF OFFICERS, 24th BATTALION**

Major J. C. Weir, Pay-master H. G. Reed, Major M. Martin, Quarrier-master T. H. Nelson, Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Baxter, Captain J. H. Kielly, Surgeon T. K. Holmes, Asst. Adj. G. Boies.



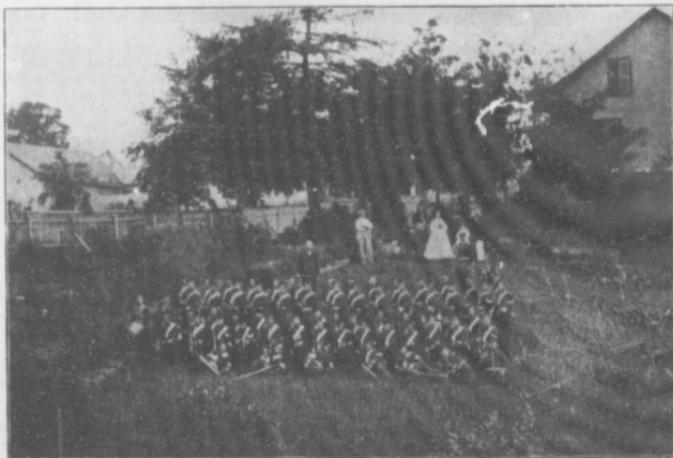
Capt. Geo. Stringer



Robert Mercer, G. E. Duck, Hy. Russell, J. McDonald, J. L. Bray, M. D., D. McIntosh, John Timman, J. McColl, J. C. Weir, D. Morrison.



Duncan McNaughton  
Seattle, Wash.



No. 1 Company, Chatham, Sherbrooke, Quebec, 1886

STRAUSS waltzes filled the air with sensuous music; myriads of roses, pink and crimson, sighed their breath into the harmonious atmosphere; brilliant rose-shaded globes glowed like balls of "prisoned blushes" over a shining mahogany table, in whose marvellous glass were reflected glass and silver and china, rich yellow of oranges, pale green of long, full-pulped grapes, blood-red of soft Meteor roses, pink of carnations, that smell aromatic and load one's lungs with delight; white of bare arms and shoulders but little shrouded with faint-tinted satins and tissues and rare lace; shadow diamonds glinted back from the dark mirror at their substance flashing on finger, arm, or bosom; faces also were reflected, some of them good to look at, others glowing with gluttony and wine.

At the head of the table were two great chairs, one piled with yellow cushions, among which nestled a woman, clad in shimmering gold-threaded gauze; a woman with lips full and pouting, red as the heart of a rose; young, soft, round arms, cheeks showing an under-tint of red through their perfect brown skin; fine level brows over wonderful eyes, as brown as the deep-hued table, but only brown, indeed, because the hair and lashes and brows were so inky black.

Beside her sat stiffly a tall slight man, unmistakably an American as she was without doubt an Oriental, a man with a fine brow, lips that might be soft to smile, but could be hard to rebuke or jest; the rest of the face mainly distinguished by its air of quiet self-control and strength. Such were Zingarella, the dancer without a peer, and her host, Geoffrey Wise, who had arranged this banquet in honor of her twenty-first birthday.

Mr. Wise, who had many more than one million and no known relations, had been "A sepulchre of a man," said one, who had fished for his favor with baits divers and daring. "A good sort, deep as they make 'em," said his few club friends. "A lovely sweet thing," said the debutantes, and "A thorough man of the world" said their chaperones.

Some few weeks ago, Zingarella had taken the city by storm. She had attracted the approving notice of Geoffrey Wise, and he had made her acquaintance by the aid of a mendacious newspaper man, who had informed Zingarella that he owned a "pull" on a very great journal.

Mr. Wise gave the man a cheque, and somehow Zingarella got so much interested in him that she forgot to enquire as to the extent of the "pull" aforesaid.

They became good friends; the millionaire made no presents, which surprised the dancer. He did not even kiss her hand, which piqued her, so that she gave him her lips, and he brushed them coldly, as one kisses the relative one dislikes, quickly and perfunctorily, but flesh and blood are alike the world over, and under his calm and chilly mask there grew and glowed a mastering, passionate resolve.

So, when, carelessly, Zingarella mentioned her approaching anniversary, Mr. Geoffrey Wise determined that it should for the future commemorate also the birth of love for him and for her. How he made her understand this is neither here nor there; understanding, however, she trembled a little when she was alone; she had happened upon a

## A Saver of Souls

by Grace E. Denison

"And hast thou a Mission?"  
"No, faith, I'm a singer of songs!"

"her price," thought the company, aching with envy of it, her price? thought Zingarella, speculating.

Geoffrey Wise touched with his foot an electric bell on the floor, and a door at the end of the room opened. "My friends," he said quietly—"Some one is going to sing for us."

Two people came in; a very slight young girl, in a plain, meagre white frock, a crimson rose in her dark brown hair, which was brushed back in a maze of waves from a broad intellectual brow, another crimson rose in her hand, which was thin and tapering, "the artist hand" they call it.

The other arrival was the accompanist, a rather threadbare young man, and in the blaze of the lights, the richness of the dresses, the flash of many jewels, the sumptuous

board, these two looked poverty-stamped. The feasters pushed back their chairs, with that air of polite tolerance, that patient boredom which their present good behavior exacted as the proper expression.

Although Zingarella twisted on her bare arm what each one believed was the price set upon her by the man who had bought her, although each and all about the beautiful table ratified and condoned the sale by their presence at her birthday feast, still, the purchaser had not yet taken possession. Zingarella was not yet of the inner circle, and who knew what was in her heart, or for that

matter what was in the heart of Geoffrey Wise?

This uncertainty induced the acting of a farce: men were chivalrous and courteous, women were gentle and complaisant; it was all very smooth and very subtle, for there is no such prude in masquerade as the *demoiselle*, no such chevalier in motley as the *rose* and the *libertine*; they enjoy the disguise if so be they are free to throw it off betimes.

The slight girl in the white gown had entered the banquet hall without concern; she had not asked before whom she was to sing, but had been glad to earn fifty dollars by singing four songs, which she might herself select, at an hour when she was usually sound asleep.

Her mother waited below for her, good soul, with her bonnet askew, and snores issuing from her mouth; the singer and the mother would not spend one *cent* of the fifty dollars, which was to swell the sum growing to send the girl to a teacher in Paris.

And meanwhile, the girl stood on a little dais, on which were palms and a piano and a Hungarian band, and sang her first song. It was a florid, dominating, *bravura* thing, all but too much for her, but she finished it in a small, approving clapping of hands by a few of the men and women who listened. Certainly they had not expected anything half so good.

After a little the girl selected another song and handed



GRACE E. DENISON AT HOME

a bit of music to the 'cello player, and lo! between the 'cello and the piano began the rocking of a wooden cradle upon bare boards.

Then the girl sang softly, happily, a lullaby that seemed only an accompaniment to the rocking of the cradle, now fast, now lagging, now almost lost, cradle song and cradle-rocking.



Ven. Archdeacon Sandys

But a moment later the violins waked up, in strong, long, minor cries, and the girl's voice rose in a Rachel wail, and everyone felt that there is no anguish like the mother's when the good God takes away her baby.

How dared she sing it? For by this time the young girl knew who listened to her: by some pure instinct she understood that most of them, if not everyone of them were God's broken flowers, soiled doves, lilies of the night, whatever you choose, but across the gulf from her, whose voice throbbed,

and rang, and rent a heart or two in its flight. That hard-eyed, statuesque creature in the classic robe, which revealed her Juno-like charms, for instance, had a memory of a cradle, where a baby still lay, but strangers rocked it, and when it grew to be a woman, it would be told its mother had died in its baby-hood. And, Oh! pity for her, you girl with the rose in your hair, and straight innocent brows; her soul is in anguish as you sing!

That other little woman, who dimples and smiles like a little pool in sun and breeze, has covered her blue eyes with a great fan, and something drips, drips, in flashing swiftness, on her jewels and her lace.

She also knew once a cradle, on a wooden floor, and she rocked it and sang, but her baby went up above, and the poverty, and widowhood, and the coldness of those she loved drove her to find love anyhow.

And Zingarelle, actually, while Juno broke her fan in bits and strained her face into a hard smile, and Mammie wept behind friendly feathers, slumbered, until the singer sang her third song.

The Hungarians played a prelude for her, and she sang, as the lark sings when she bathes in early sunshine and hopes for a glorious day. Roulades and trills and laughing bell-like notes rippled from her throat; she shook her pretty head, until the rose fell loose, and little curls escaped and framed her neck and ears and brow.

Zingarelle woke up smiling, and sat erect, and tapped her foot and nodded her head; this was a song she knew, merry gypsy that she was, and it delighted her.

A storm of *bravas* and clapping greeted the singer as she finished, in a shower of laughing notes; then Zingarelle stood up, and cried, "Good! good!" Now, my friends, I, Zingarelle, will dance for that little singing-bird."

A shout of surprised applause greeted this promise; the guests rose from their chairs, the servants pushed the glittering feast to one side, rolled up the silver sheen of the Bohkara rug and arranged the chairs in a crescent at the end of the banquet hall.

Then Zingarelle floated in her yellow gauze, like a gorgeous butterfly, to the dais, and spoke a quick command to the leader of the band, whose dark face lighted up as he drew his bow trippingly across the strings.

The first long-drawn note sent Zingarelle flying, a luminous yellow cloud, to the centre of the polished floor, where

she bent in obeisance to the guests, then to the slim girl, who stood watching her intently.

Mr. Geoffrey Wise had risen with a disturbed face when the dancer announced her resolve, but Zingarelle saw neither him nor his gesture of dissent.

Some of these people had seen her dance, but none had seen such dancing as she gave them then, while the long strains of the violins seemed to sway and bend her supple form and draw her whither they listed.

Every grace of posture, every wonderful birdlike flight seemed more graceful and wonderful than the last. Her face was like a flower in a glory of sunshine; her yellow draperies floated like dreams of golden summer; her little, cunning feet flashed like light and her exquisite limbs peeped out from misty yellow billows of lace and tissue and tinsel, as she plucked her skirts aside for some superlatively difficult venture.

At last she whirled about like a pillar of golden light and gradually sank, down, down, like a great full-blown rose rose before the feet of Geoffrey Wise, in a perfect pantomime of surrender which each translated for himself.

The man was white as ashes as he raised her, but neither joy nor passion was in his eyes, rather a cold distaste, for the mind of the American man is inscrutable, and who shall sin against his traditions and be forgiven? At that moment he looked Zingarelle, and looked across the shining room to the slim, white singer, in a fury of apology and repentance, while, amid showers of roses pink and red, hastily snatched from table or corsage, Zingarelle sank breathless into her nest of cushions.

A few moments later, the singer handed her last song to the accompanist. He played a few chords, but no one listened to them, for the girl was singing that wonderful heart-song which prima-donnas are proud to sing, that loving, true song of "Home, Sweet Home," and she seemed to sing, not the words of a song, but of the promise of some safe home for each weary, helpless, sin-cursed soul; a suggestion that this home waited, that it would welcome them; her voice had a holy power and an individual message, as she looked each one of them in the eyes.

Juno's lips fell open and a soft sob fluttered between them, a sob that made the angels smile tenderly upon her; while down her pale, perfect face rolled two great tears which blotted out many a dark score.

A woman whose soul hung over the edge of the gulf quietly stole from the room, and huddled in a cloak and veil, sought her all but dishonored home, like a hunted bird.

Zingarelle, resting among her cushions, felt the girl's pleading eyes upon her, and yielded. Slowly, she unclasped the glorious armet, and swung it on her finger so that

Mr. Geoffrey Wise should see, then laid it on the arm of his chair. After the last, great, round, sweet word "Home," had rolled beneficently over those hearts, the singer stood looking at Zingarelle, who sprang from her cushions and floated across to the dais. Geoffrey Wise caught up the gleaming armet and swiftly followed her; he looked as if he would step between her and the young girl but the girl came to meet them, gentle, slim and modest, her purity cloaking her like a nimbus and the dancer took her hand, and bowed low over it, and kissed it.

Then the girl took Zingarelle's beautiful face between her hands and kissed her full upon the lips. Geoffrey Wise grew red as he saw her do this, but the two women smiled into each others' eyes, and between them there was no gulf.

When five minutes later, he put Zingarelle into her carriage, he tossed the armet into her lap, saying "You won't despise my little birthday gift, Zingarelle? Pray keep it to remember me by." And so they shook hands and parted, as it chanced, forever.



Wm. McKeough



A. K. McGregor

# Some Old Boys Gone Before



A. Heyward



Archibald Lamont



Dr. Radley



John Tistiman



Wm. Young



Rufus Stephenson



Thos Stone



Sheriff Mercer



Wm. Richards



E. W. Scane



Peter Rutherford



W. E. Hamilton, B.A., T.C.D.



J. R. Keld

# Our Fire Fighters

"His eye darts lightning like an angry cloud  
Which hangs in woven darkness o'er the earth.  
Brief is his answer—you must go to him."  
—*Malv., 179.*

ONE of the most urgent needs of a municipality is protection in case of fire, and Chatham has never, since its inception, been remiss in this respect. Year by year its fire fighting capabilities have been increased, starting as they did with a "bucket brigade" away back in the 40's, until now we have one of the most efficient and up-to-date fire departments in Canada or the United States.

The "bucket brigade" consisted of two lines of men, reaching from the fire to the river. Buckets of water were passed along this line from the river firewards, the empty bucket returning by the other line to be refilled.

In 1831 two volunteer fire brigades were formed and two hand pumping engines secured. One belonged to No. 1 company, whose headquarters were in the old Market building, and the other to No. 2 company, which was located on the north side of Fifth street bridge.

Beside the engines, each company had a hook and ladder apparatus, part of the volunteers being detailed to attend to each.

Great rivalry existed between these two companies, and for some time a prize of five dollars was offered to the company first reaching a fire. They had their troubles, too, in those days. Sometimes in going to a fire, the engine would get stuck in the mud. When this occurred the nearest team of horses was impressed into service, and for a time a tremendous lot of excitement and strong language prevailed. Upon arriving at a fire the



Warren Lambert

hose was run in the river or a nearby water tank kept for the purpose, and then pump attached to both sides of it and those pumps were worked by long beams, along which the lusty volunteers gathered and started to pump. On account of the terribly muddy condition of the roads at certain seasons the firemen were allowed to use the sidewalk. As the merchants could, at that time, leave their goods on the sidewalk, there was sometimes a tremendous scattering of goods as the excited men dashed by, pulling their engine.

More fires occurred fifty years ago than now. Amongst the larger fires were those which destroyed the Eberts Block and the old Fifth street bridge (wooden at that time) in July, 1854, and what was known as "Pork Row" in 1859. The latter extended from what is now Austin's store to G. W. Sulman's being so called because in that block the greatest number of the stores sold pork.

Our volunteer firemen of many years ago were very enthusiastic in their duties. As they lived at home great haste in dressing was necessary, and on retiring for the night all wearing apparel was left ready for instant use—some running out, in various instances, with very little more on than the law allowed.

The uniforms of old time veterans were very picturesque, consisting as they did of big hard leather helmets, and red jackets with bright buttons. Even with all their excitement and anxiety to reach the fire, these volunteers of long ago possessed the usual human vanity, for each man's first object was to get his uniform on before he dashed out, pulling with the others the rope that drew the engine.

The chief of the brigade at that time served as a rule about two years. About the first was John Skelly, one of the village blacksmiths.

Among others who served as chief were—Henry Northwood, Richard Baxter, Jas. G. Sheriff, Thos. R. Rutley, Wm. N. Smith, James B. Baxter, Wm. E. White, Samuel Somerville, Francis Jacques and Alexander Jacques. Rufus Stephenson



Wm. Potter

served as chief in the 60's, and William Young, late Chief of Police, as chief in the 70's. The oldest surviving member of the original "bucket brigade" of 1848 is Kenneth Urquhart, one of Chatham's oldest settlers and a man who is hale and hearty yet in spite of his years.

In 1880, Warren Lambert, who was then chairman of the fire and light committee and for many years, a volunteer fireman, inaugurated the idea of having a paid department, and in November of that year a paid department was formed. At first the new paid department occupied No. 2 company's headquarters at the North side of Fifth street bridge, but in April, 1881, their headquarters were moved to where their splendid up-to-date building now stands. Nos. 1 and 2 companies were then amalgamated and the fire accretement from both the former volunteer companies was all centered in the one station. Since then, improvements have been going steadily on, until we have at present a fire department unexcelled throughout the province. Officers and men of the fire department at the present time are—Permanent men—Chief, Richard Pritchard; Foreman, Frank Ryall, Robert Coyle (who for so many years was watchman); Drivers, Alex. Johnston, Alex. Holmes—Call men, Geo. Pritchard, Robt. Potter, Matthew Side, George Forsythe, Joseph Tucker, John Graham, Robt. Brown, Joseph Side, George Deline and H. Johnson.

## All Welcome Home!

By Kurz Weadep

O! Hasten the message—give wings to the train—  
Louder and louder repeat it again!  
Dear Sons of old Chatham in Canada West,  
Return at your worst, or return at your best,  
Return with your people, or come ye alone—  
You'll one and all find the same welcome at home!

'Tis not that our city has grown so grand  
That we bid you return here, to gaze and to stand  
Astomished at changes a few years have wrought  
In dear muddy Chatham, that we little thought  
We'd ever see paved, and with light all aglow,  
Reflected in muddier waters below.

We invite you not back for the conquests you've wrought,  
The wealth you have gained, or the fame you have bought,  
While Chatham rejoices to hear all about it—  
Her Sons and her Daughters are welcome without it!  
'Tis yourselves whom we want—not your gold or your fame—  
From all the world over to greet you again.

Perhaps in the years since as "blessings" you went  
Right merrily whistling to school-ward intent:  
Or loitered on crossings your marbles to play,  
(Just muddly enough for the sport of the day),  
Or swam in the river, or fished in the creek,  
There've many things happened, of which we won't speak.

Though some would bring gladness, and some bring surprise,  
And others cause tear-drops to start to our eyes—  
But oh! can't the grasp of the hands of the home,  
Now draw you anew, if in by-paths you roam?  
And help you by love, and by sympathy bright,  
Your standard lift higher—to live for the right!

Then come ye! Return 'though your hair may be gray,  
Your form may be stooped 'neath the cares of the day!  
Be cheered by our welcome, our kindly hand-clasp—  
For the heart is the same while the breath of life lasts—  
As true as before you strayed o'er the waters:  
For Chatham's right proud of her Sons and her Daughters!



Robt. Holz



John Pierce



John McLerie



Capt. W. Waddell



Wm. Baxter



Thos. Bennett

### Brunnhilde's Sleep.

**L**ONE on the mountain top, 'mid frowning rocks  
 And crashing torrents, overhung by dismal  
 Skies, from out whose gloom the lurid bolts  
 Swift leap from cloud to crag, and thunder loud,  
 Hurl'd down from echoing heights, seeks refuge in  
 Sepulchral caverns, rumbling on with sound  
 Interminable,—Brunnhilde is doomed to sleep.  
 Victim of Wotan's ire! Dark Valkyr maid!  
 No more the shield-roofed, spear-decked halls of old  
 Walhalla hear her voice. Her fiery Grane  
 No more she mounts to wildly dash through woods  
 Or o'er the mountain's trackless side; nor yet  
 In glistening armour plunge into the thick  
 Of battle, thence in triumph to conduct  
 The heroes Fate has doomed to death. She lies,  
 Her strong, young limbs composed yet vigorous e'en  
 In rest. Her red-gold tresses, brighter than

The red-gold leaves of Glaser's shining grove,  
 Stream o'er her breast, which gently heaves beneath  
 Her tunic's folds, sole sign of life. Her arm  
 Upon her battle shield, her sword beside her.  
 Goddess she sleeps! And must sleep on until  
 Some valiant hero rescues her. But round  
 Her rocky couch a magic ring of fire  
 Circles and wreaths and curls; and only he  
 Who knows not fear can bide its breath or pass  
 Its flaming barrier to win the beautiful maid.  
 Hark! Siegfried's horn re-echos 'mong the peaks.  
 Taught by the woodland warbler where to find her,  
 The fearless forger of the Volsung's sword, forcing  
 The rocky pass, leaps through the flaming wreath  
 Unharm'd, and summons her, goddess no more,  
 But mortal now, to life and love and death!

—The Fines.

# ...Chatham...



**T**HIS marked peculiarity of Chatham lies in an elusive something which can neither be understood by a native nor explained to anyone so unfortunate as to lack the right to claim the town as his birthplace. Go where you will, strive as you may, place as many thousand miles as you choose between yourself and the Trim Town of the Thames, yet you can't shake it. It is a veritable Ruth of cities, ever mumbling "Where Thou goest I go," and frequently adding—"You can't shake me!"

While totall; lacking the unpleasant features of the influence of Chatham might be likened to the verdict apt to be handed down by a jury of exasperated skunks which had been compelled to sit on a long-drawn, troublesome case and has finally agreed to unite in a strong plea for adjournment. The effect of such a plea surely would be powerful, far-reaching and lasting—well—so's Chatham!

It appears to pervade the entire atmosphere and there's no getting away from it. The farther you go, the stronger it gets, yet if you in desperation turn about and go all the way back to Chatham it grows no stronger as the fountain-head is approached. Once there, you find a place about your real size all ready waiting for you, and in about five hours you realize that all your moving about, perhaps important enterprise, or whatever it may be, has been nothing but a troubled dream and that you have never really been further than Louisville, Big Point,



Tecumseh Park Bridge

or Rond Eau, and to one of them only for a day or so. Nor does Chatham, male or female, ever startle Chatham; even at the ends of the earth. Two from Chatham may be whirling in a maelstrom of business, leagues from headquarters and entirely unconscious of each other's proximity—yet—like the tiny bubbles on freshly-stirred tea, they will presently get together in a belong-together sort of way—no shock, no surprise, no symptom of astonishment—with the coolest *sang froid* imaginable they discover themselves perhaps actually rubbing shoulders amid a host of folk who know or care nothing about each other. They always meet and as a rule they are glad to meet.

It has been my fate to criss-cross this continent pretty thoroughly through that trifling strip lying between Baltimore and Portland, Oregon, on the South, and Labrador and the Klondyke to the North. Many large towns and not a few important cities are scattered over that strip of country, yet I question the possibility of my registering at any hotel therein without hearing from Chatham. On the great plains, too, of West and Northwest is the whisper of chat from Chatham; and in the Rockies and plumb to 'Frisco, you can surely depend upon finding at least somebody in every important center who has been wet with Thames water, or else has married some chap who knew the making of a fine wife when he saw her. If in all the turmoil of the Chicago 'change you hollered "Chatham!" at least half-a-dozen heads would turn, and if you were an equally fine runner and yellor and chose to lope across country plumb to Alaska, yelling "Chatham!" every jump, every now and then as you progressed, you'd strike some duffer who'd understand. In fact, Chatham, from its nearest suburb—Detroit—to its remotest one—Yokohama—is quite a place.

And there is but one Chatham. England, New England and New Brunswick, may have messy imitations of the genuine article, a few miserable communities elsew'ere may try to swipe the famous trademark, but Chatham ever remains the real pulse of this continent.

Not long ago I had to interview an Oil Magnate and in the course of conversation he happened to ask me where I came from.

Upon hearing "Chatham!" his eyebrows raised a trifle and he asked "In Canada, eh?"



Ed. W. Sandys

Without thinking I answered—"Yes, Chatham—Canada,—it's all the same thing!"

"That's funny," he continued—"Now, I come from Little Rock, Ark.—what you laughing at?"

"Chatham," I replied, "Chatham's there—You can't get away from Chatham nowhere between Paradise and Gehenna—which just includes Little Rock."

"Hem!" he remarked—"Know anybody in Little Rock?"

"Sure!" I retorted—"Didn't I just tell you I came from Chatham?"

"How about Paradise?" he continued with the Yankee license.

"Full of Chatham!" I retorted.

"And—ahem!—Gehenna?" he sweetly persisted for he was a W-l-s-e G-u-y.

"Well, you see it's a very cosmopolitan crowd down there, so I can't be positive, but it's good betting Chatham's represented."

"Why do you say that—*ever been in Gehenna?*" he concluded.

"Am not quite certain," I replied, "You see I never entered Little Rock but once, and while it certainly was warm and the local color seemed all right, I remained such a short time that—"

"It's on me!" he interrupted.

The Chathamite is indeed ubiquitous, as I noticed the first time ever I traveled entirely across the Continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I was to meet a well-known railroad man at Halifax. He was born in Chatham, and we were to make the long trip via the Intercolonial Ry. The only other man who came into the smoking compartment was from Chatham, N.B. At Quebec, another Chatham man met us, while at Montreal were at least half-a-dozen, most of them attending McGill. The first man I saw in Ottawa was a Chathamite, and at the hotel were several men and women from that burg. At Carlton Junction an ex-Chathamite boarded the train and he had an appointment at Pembroke, where he was to meet another Chathamite. At North Bay, another ex-Chathamite was selling goods. Then followed a run to Port Arthur and I couldn't believe my senses. No Chatham in all that distance! Finally, the colored porter of the next coach came in. He was from Chatham and had only been a few yards away. He informed me that two Chatham men were then at Saultury. At Nipigon, a Chatham man was fishing, while at Port Arthur was another—not necessarily doing the same. Still Chatham porter to Winnipeg. There the first visible man was from Chatham and half-a-dozen more were on the platform, while a dozen others were within earshot of a lusty hail. At nearly every important station were ex-Chathamites and they told of others located all along the line. The first man I saw, (notified) at Calgary was Chatham, and he identified me at the bank, where a man who had been a long time in Chatham cashed the check. At Banff were two or three from Chatham,



F. B. Stevens C. Williams Ira Burke



Old Tips

and there I was asked to see a Chatham girl safely to the coast. At the Glacier was the Chatham man waiting and he got mad because I couldn't go on with him that day to the Coast. Two others dropped in during my stay and another hailed me from a passing train. At Vancouver a Chatham man met the train; half-a-dozen others came to the hotel that evening, and another was shortly going to Victoria, whither I went along with him. Next morning, an ex-Chatham girl and an ex-Chatham chap were coolly playing tennis near the hotel, and later that day an ex-Chatham young matron met me on the street and proudly called attention to about fifteen pounds of evidence concerning what she could do in the line of ex-Chatham babies. On the *Islander* were two ex-Chathamites, one of whom was met by a third at Victoria. Still another called and suggested that I go up the Coast, see the scenic marvels and, incidentally, see another ex-Chathamite who was temporarily located somewhere on the hem-stitch of a glacier which was calmly butting its way out of the Arctic Circle.

Here in New York, amid the ceaseless strife and clamor are chunks of Chatham. For instance—One day, not many weeks ago, I laid down a letter from Chatham alongside the latest *Chatham Planet* and farled forth to a big hospital to enquire after a friend who had tried to put about a gallon of Canadian Club aboard a swift and thoughtless trolley-car. The nurse informed me that my friend was resting easily, and so soon as they could find his head and his own, or some other liver, that would fit, he probably would soon be all right again. As I turned away she said—"Excuse me, sir, but are—" As there was no need for her to finish, I broke in with—"Certainly—was born there!"



J. B. Ellison

"There are others in my profession," she continued in her sweetly soothing way, "who come —"

"Yes, I know," I replied, "in fact whenever I feel homesick and have no time for a trip, I just walk a few blocks and meet some part of Chatham mousing around. As I left the hospital I almost fell over young Eberts, and in the distance I could see "Gee" Pegley vigorously pushing a sample of new goods, part at least of which belonged to Chatham. N. B.—

The sample was in a small push-cart, over which hung a canopy of lace and silk. As Canadian

products are rightly appreciated here, there's no telling—but that is another story.

Later, while passing through 125th St., somebody touched my arm and a voice murmured—"Excuse me, are you not from—?"

"Sure!" I replied without waiting for him to finish. He told me he was waiting for a couple of Chatham boys and all were going to call on some Chatham girls who lived somewhere near by. All the time he was talking I could hear in the distance a sound something like this—"Eighty-eighty-eighty—going—y—yoll—do!"

"That's Jim Wham—he's a bird that I haven't heard sing for 'bout twenty years," I exclaimed. It was Wham all right, and when our eyes met he never turned a hair but warbled on—"Eighty-eighty-eighty-eighty—E-I-it's cheap-at-eighty-tatety."

But why continue? Chatham is everywhere and everywhere is Chatham. You might imagine that fifteen feet under water off Benson-hurst-by-the-Sea, would be a safe place, but it ain't. The first dive I made into Benson-hurst waters, I hit something soft at a depth of about fifteen feet. The soft stuff proved to be part sewage, part rotten bananas and part Billy Baxter. Neither of us had any idea that the other was anywhere within twenty miles of the spot, or the sewage, or for that matter, the Bananas. Billy said he hadn't seen me for ten years, I certainly had not seen him, but I've always had a sort of smacking idea that the sewage and the Bananas had kept tabs on both of us and had planned the reunion.

Here, just the other night, I happened to step into a tobacconist's whose shop I had never previously entered. In pulling out my pouch I dropped an envelope which a man standing by the counter picked up and returned. He looked at me in a peculiar way, and at last said—"Excuse me sir, but I couldn't help seeing the name, and as I never knew but one of that name, or saw it elsewhere, might I venture to ask if you have relations in—" I interrupted.



Albert Prince

He fairly gasped, then exclaimed—"Right! and you must be a son of your father."

As the point appeared to be well taken, I nodded assent. "Well!" he continued "I'm Golly—Tom Golly—and I lived in Chatham 'fore ever you were born." This point also, was well taken.

To conclude: The one place where I

have failed to meet Chatham, is the penitentiary. Melbe I've just been lucky—mebbe Chatham don't go there—*Quis Sabe!* But if ever I do go, I'll not be astonished should the animal in the next cage whisper—"Hello—C-I-H-A-T-H-A-M."

And now Chatham proposes to hold a general Round-Up of all strayed steers and heifers, to count her stock although so to brand them. Branding would be labor lost and time wasted. The brand of Chatham never fades. You can read it as far as you can see the critter—why?—because the brand covers the entire critter from the heels up. Should you ask what is the peculiarity, I should reply, "You kin search me!" As Kipling *child's* say—

Walk wide of the Children of Chatham,  
For 'art of Creation is Their's!  
On the Beach—at the Bar,  
At the Crank of the Car—  
Or inside it—knockin' down fares—  
Poor Beggars! It's show knockin' fares!

Get into the air-ship of Dumont  
And sail round the world till you bust,  
And you'll see—looking down—  
That old Chatham's a town  
That covers nine tenths of the Coast—  
Poor Beggars! It's tough chewin' crust!

Over the mole hills and mountains of Power  
Your air-ship may presently stop,  
And you'll see—aitin' there  
In the fall upper glare—  
Some Beggar from Chatham—On Top!  
Poor Beggars! It's lonesome on Top!

Seek even the Mills of the Brains,  
Where the Presses are ever a clash,  
And you'll find hunched up there  
In some rotten old Chair—  
Some Chatham chap—drawin'—good cash—  
Poor Beggars! It's hard to draw Cash!

Let this suffice. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Ordinarily these few feeble remarks would be worth about \$5000, but, sevin' it's you, I'll knock off about \$797.50 and let it go at that. Never mind about the check, it positively won't cash 'em here, especially after my name goes on! don't send P. O. order, there's no need for telling all those condemned Yankees how much we Canadian writers get. I'll be on hand for your show, providing nothing worse happens meanwhile, and I'll collect the money myself—see?

With best wishes,  
Ever yours,

SANDVY.

N. B.—If you think any of the Old Boys are liable to take umbrage at any part of my personally-conducted write-up, you might write me according to this secret code—"E-S-D-Y-D-S-V-N-L-C-F-N-1,000-V." Then I'll know that you mean "E-I-Sandvys-don't-you-dare-stick-your-nose-into-Chatham-for-next-Thousand-years." Be wary! A human life may be in peril.

N. B. B.—Some more. A coy young cousin, by name "Billy" Steers, who was born a few centuries ago on the bank of the creek-and-across-the-street-from-Taylor's-Mill has just thumped the (stained) walnut-door with a genuine black-walnut stick cut across aggs in Chatham-Township-near-Chatham-and-he-says—"Grub's-ready." I know he wants to have our regular-daily-chat-and-by-the-smell-it's-Ham-he's-ordered—If-it-is—[B-Kill-Him!]

E. S.

N. B. B. R.—You observe, by these additions how extremely difficult it is to get away from Chatham? As good old Matthew Libby once said to me—"The deeper you dig a well, the harder it is to get out of it." Good old Inigo Jones always used to ask me "How'll you have your hair cut?" and I always used to answer "Cut Off, if you please Mr. Jones." Later good old Javage Taylor used to ask the same question and get the same reply. Occasionally good old Chawlie de Smith, and more recently John - Montgomery-Hawkins did the cutting off. Any one of them, right here would be the man for the crying need.

E. S.



Geo. E. Young



Sylvester Hadley



Duncan McGregor



Thos. Holmes



KING STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM POST OFFICE



Rev. Wm. Walker



R. N. Rogers



Jas. Marquand

# A Relic of 1812

by J. S. Black, Capt. 24th Regt.

"There was a time—and that is all we know!  
No record lives of their enangain'd deeds  
The past seems paled with some giant blow,  
And grows the more obscure on what it feeds.  
A rotted fragment of a human leaf  
A few stray skulls—a heap of human bones!  
These are the records—the traditions brief—  
These easier far to read the speechless stones."  
—Langston.

**F**OR the benefit of the Old Boys, the story of the Gunboat will be told once more. The skeleton you see in the illustration below lay submerged in our familiar river while three generations of Chatham Old Boys have come and gone to an eternal rest.

This relic, the subject of our sketch, came up from a century of oblivion, and for a season was the object of great interest and curious comment. During the spring of 1901, it was raised from the river bottom at Pikeville, floated down stream on a raft and hauled ashore on the flats on the north corner of Tecumseh Park. It was not a thing of beauty nor a joy forever, so the Old Boys of to-day must be content to see its picture and hear its history.



Raising the Old Gun-Boat

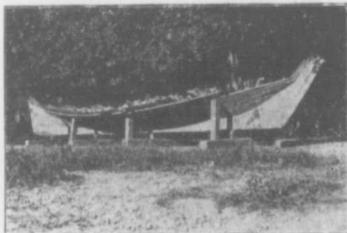
When the sunken hull loaded with cannon balls was first discovered in the river, not a native of the county could be found who could come and lay a finger on the historic narrative that accounted for its presence, and for a few weeks all manner of silly guesses were made as to its origin. However, the report of Major General Wm. H. Harrison, dated at Detroit, Oct. 9th, 1813, addressed to the American Secretary of War, and a document generally copied in all extensive histories of the war of 1812, gave a most satisfactory and complete identification of the sunken Gunboat. At the time **THE PLANET** was good enough to reproduce the report in full, but as it is a very lengthy document we must give the narrative of the Battle of Moraviantown and its historic setting a briefer review.

From the haze of a century back there arise two great figures in the war of 1812. The one, Sir Isaac Brock, the inspiration of loyalty and valor and the saviour of Upper Canada. The other, Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief, the last prince of a savage race that the swelling tide of the civilization of the new American Republic was sweeping back to the margin of the great lone land, the Western prairies.

Immediately upon declaration of war by the United States against Great Britain, in June, 1812, followed by the opening of hostilities against Canada, the Anglo-Saxon hero of the north found an ally in the noble red man of the west, and hastening to strengthen the wavering faith and inspire the spirit of resistance in the Colony, Brock marched with audacity and dispatch to join forces with Tecumseh in an attack on Fort Detroit, and al-

most before the ink was well dry on the flaming and insulting proclamation issued from Detroit to the inhabitants of Upper Canada by General Hull, the scarlet tunics of a 41st Regiment of British Regulars confronted him on the Canadian shore, and the hideous war whoops of Tecumseh's braves stopped the blood in his nerveless heart. It took but a day to bring about the almost miraculous capitulation of Fort Detroit, which cemented the allegiance of the Indian tribes, and with the surrender of the main army of the west under Hull, the danger of invasion in that quarter was for a time removed. So Brock hastily returned to the Niagara leaving General Proctor in charge at Detroit.

In the year's operations that followed, that officer and his little force had won victories and performed deeds of daring that should never be forgotten, but the crushing defeats that followed have robbed them of their glory. Driven to desperation by months of apathy, by the lack of reinforcements, provisions and supplies, in command of a mere handful of unpaid regulars, and a down-hearted band of militiamen, whose clearings in the wilderness were neglected



The Old Gun-Boat on the Park

for the call of duty, with Tecumseh daily raging at the lack of enterprise, with a few hundred Indians that howled and pillaged and shifted like the wind, all this to face with the certain information that overwhelming forces were massing in Ohio, Proctor risked everything by sending his little fleet of six half-finished ships under Captain Barclay into that most disastrous action on Lake Erie, at Put-in-Bay, on the 10th of September, 1813. The veering wind turned victory into defeat, and all was lost. The event stands alone in the annals of war as the first, and the only time a British fleet ever surrendered.

After Commodore Perry's victory, Proctor, hopeless and resourceless, hastily evacuated Forts Malden, Amherstburg and Detroit, and with four gun-boats and a small schooner set off, part by land and part by water, for the Thames. The brave and reluctant Tecumseh went with him to his doom. Hearing of Proctor's flight, General Harrison with General Cass and Commodore Perry and a force of three thousand

Kentucky backwoodsmeu, instantly pursued. At Chatham the Americans were fairly upon the retreating force of six hundred whites and eight hundred Indians. Their little fleet was becalmed in the forest clad Thames. Their heavy field pieces were stuck in the impassable roads. General Proctor, taken utterly by surprise, was twenty miles ahead, considering the fortification of Moraviantown. Tecumseh wanted to fight at the forks at Chatham, but Colonel Warburton, who was in command had no instructions, and the men were disheartened and weary. Proctor was hastily summoned, but no preparation



Building on McGregor's farm where the First Mail was Distributed and the First Courts Held.



Jas. Wanless

could then be made as the whole American force had arrived. The blockhouse at Chatham with a store of muskets was burned. The bridges over McGregor's Creek were set on fire, but the flames were extinguished by the pursuers. The three lagging vessels were abandoned and fired, and the flames that consumed their decks and masts and rigging vied with the glory of the autumn foliage.

General Harrison, in a lengthy and most interesting report of the affair, says that Proctor must have been possessed of the wildest infatuation. He burned no bridges, and took no precautions to delay pursuit. At the first farm above Chatham they found in flames a large vessel, loaded with ordnance and military stores. Two miles further up they found two others in a similar state, and six miles further captured the other two.

Two miles below Moraviantown, and twenty miles from Chatham, Proctor and Tecumseh took up a splendid position on the morning of Oct. 6th. The day before the Americans had crossed the river at the rapids at Arnolds' Mills, and upon making attack they were received with two volleys of musketry from the 41st Regiment, but the horsemen charged and broke the first line of defence. The second line immediately gave way, and a cannon planted in the middle of the road was never fired. Tecumseh and his Indians, in a swamp on the right, put up a desperate and stubborn fight, but with the death of Tecumseh the Indians were soon discouraged and overwhelmed.

Proctor escaped by flight, and for this affair it is better that his name forever be forgotten. While the memory of the great Indian who perished in the Canadian wilderness has ever been kept green, is it not fitting, when the centenary of his death is at hand, that a monument worthy of his great achievements should be erected on Tecumseh Park, to match the monument of Brock that stands upon the heights of Queenston?

The American Generals live in famous memory. Tippecanoe Harrison and his grandson after him have been Presidents of the United States. The grandson has now passed to his Mother Earth, but the hull of the staunch old boat that the grandfather saw burned that October day in the Canadian forest, came back to the light of day with her scars and warlike contents, to tell the peaceful and prosperous people of Kent of the bitterness of long ago. The boat sank in twelve feet of water, just above the present C. P. R. bridge, and as years went by the sand covered her over and her location was soon forgotten. The building of the railway bridge, however, threw the current against the bank and recently the sand and mud was cleared away. In the summer of 1900, two log fishers prodded upon her and reported their find to Mr. Jones, the Superintendent of the Waterworks. The presence of cannon balls confirmed him in the belief that it was a Gun-boat of 1812. The Tecumseh Historical Society was formed, and sufficient funds subscribed to raise the boat and secure her relics.

When she was placed on Tecumseh Park, she was carefully examined and the lines of the boat were declared by experts to be beautiful. Her keel and keelson were tremendous sticks of oak, her ribs were set so close together that they touched, her stem was the root of an immense walnut tree. She had been a two-master, built for strength and speed.

The relics consist of about two tons of cannon balls of various kinds and sizes, forty two pound shells, twenty-four, eight, six and two pound solid shot, with lots of grape and canister, a number of bayonets and some flint locks of American origin captured at Detroit, and an old Indian

Chief piece, some buttons and other odds and ends.

So far no cannon have been recovered. There were a lot brought up but Harrison captured only eight, but said that others were in the river and could easily be procured. The Americans had control of the Western Peninsula for a year after the event, and since they knew the location it is most probable that they raised the cannon. It appears that some of these cannon were trophies of the Saratoga affair of 1777, and if now procured would be of very great historic interest. One or two of the eight that Harrison secured were of this class, but on his return trip to Detroit two of his boats were wrecked and the cannon were sunk in Lake St. Clair.

We learn from historic collections that the larger of the boats that Proctor brought up was the Generals' Myers, and since the remains of the other two which have since been found are considerably smaller, we conclude that we have the right name. One of the other two was the schooner Ellen which belonged to Richard Pattison of Amherstburg.

The old boat was taken apart and moved from the park to preserve it from decay and from the hands of vandals.

Canes and odd articles of furniture have been made from the ribs and planks, and when the wood is oiled and polished it looks as black as ebony. The cannon balls are in safe keeping awaiting their most fitting use, the decoration of the base of a monument promised by Mr. Geo. Stephens, M. P., to be erected by the Dominion Government as a worthy tribute to the princely red man, the friend and ally of the Loyalists in the dark days of Upper Canada.



Dr. Notter, A. R. McGregor, Thos. R. Harris, Reid, O'Hara, Ellis Chas. Jackson—The Owls—1867.

### No Difference Which Side

Mr. Booker T. Washington tells this story of a man who belongs to the "po'h white trash" of Alabama.

A black man who ran a ferry was one day accosted thus:—

"Uncle Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross, but I hain't got no money."

Uncle Mose scratched his head. No," said the wayfaring stranger, "I haven't a cent."

"But it done cost you but three cents," insisted Uncle Mose, to cross the ferry."

"I know," said the white man, "but I haven't got the three cents."

Uncle Mose was in a quandary. "Boss," he said, "I done tole you what. Er man what's got no three cents am jes' well off on dis side er de river as on de odder."

### The Phonograph in Alaska

Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster tells the following story:—"The native Alaskans have some queer ideas concerning the customs and habits of their American brethren. One is that they eat nothing but canned food. I was sitting in my brother's office one day—he is editor of the Nome "Herald"—when a New Yorker entered followed by two Eskimos carrying a large box. They waited with pardonable curiosity to see it opened. It contained a phonograph which was soon mounted and put in talking order. Their surprise and curiosity were alike immense. Who was talking? From where did that un-Alaskan sound proceed? Every corner of the room and every piece of furniture in it was explored, but the mysterious talker remained invisible. At length out spoke Abe, his stolid face wreathed in smiles, as he peered into the mouth of the trumpet: 'Him canned white man!'"



KING STREET WEST, 1904



CHATHAM MARKET



HOUSE OF REFUGE



KING STREET WEST, 1860

# Maple City Music

By One Who Loves It



Dear Harp of my Country! In darkness I found thee,  
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long.  
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I subdued thee,  
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!

—Moore.

**MUSIC**—the mere mention of the name as an introduction to the subject, has, to a lover of this, possibly the greatest and most popular of the arts, an influence at once pleasing, alluring and soul-inspiring. He unconsciously departs in mind from the every-day matter-of-fact conditions of his life, and his thoughts voluntarily ascend to things higher, more spiritual, more holy.

There is, perhaps, nothing in the world that creates such a potent and magnetic influence over mankind as does music, and there is, perhaps, no other branch of art which gives the artist such a wide scope for the expression of his thought. We are moved by the singer who appeals in song for our sympathy, and we are invigorated by the rollicking one who sings of daring deeds, or bright, pleasant events. Why is it that we are filled with reverence at the soft and mellow sounds of the church organ or the thrilling voice of the soloist in sacred song? Why is it we experience the feeling of patriotism as we listen to the strains of that immortal anthem, "God Save the King"? That song has enthused many a soldier in battle, to fight for his sovereign, and, in many cases, to lay down his life for freedom and homes that are dear. This is the true spirit. It would indeed, therefore, augur well for a city if this important branch of art is viewed with favor and encouraged to the utmost degree. That such is the case in Chatham none has ever yet dared to dispute. It is a well established fact that there is no town or city of the same size in the Dominion where music is more deservedly popular and more fully appreciated or where there are more singers or accomplished musicians who are capable of either performing before the most exacting audiences or of criticising performances by the most eminent artists.

This has not all been accomplished in a day, nor yet within the last few years. Music had an early start in Chatham and the growing generations have all assisted in gaining for our city the enviable position she now holds in the musical world.



Jean Blewett

We find, through reference, that the first Philharmonic Society in Chatham was formed in August, 1875, and ever since that time music has been tending towards a higher point of efficiency with each new year until now it is one of the important features of our city. The officers of this early society were:—President, E. Robinson; Vice-President, A. B. Baxter; Secretary, W. L. Tackaberry, and Treasurer, Thomas Stone. The musical director was L. Harrison Thomas, with John Morrish as his assistant.

The society started with a membership of sixty, and met once a week for the training of singers. Many of these gentlemen will be remembered by some of the older residents, and the organization of this society and its beneficial workings are still recalled by many to-day.

A few years later we hear of Mr. Depew, the father of G. Arthur Depew, the well known organist of Detroit. Mr. Depew, Sr., took a great interest in music in Chatham and did much towards assisting its progress. John Welch was probably the next prominent man in music in Chatham. When he came to Chatham there were but two pipe organs here—one in St. Andrew's Church and the other in the Park street Methodist Church. Mr. Welch played the St. Andrew's organ,



Robt. Gray J. S. Gray

while Vivian Reeve, brother of barrister John Reeve, of this city, played the Park street organ. Later on we hear of such distinguished musicians as Mrs. H. R. McDonald, Prof. Philip, Dr. Verrinder, Dr. Davies, Miss Pratt, Mr. James Scott Gray, Mr. Shaw, Mrs. P. McIntyre, Mrs. Tobey, Mr. Challinor, Miss Cooman, Miss Rhody, Prof. Dore, Mr. Wilmot, Miss Gemmill, Mr. W. Pegley, Mr. Charles Ball, Miss Lavelle, Mr. Herman Robertson, Mr. W. H. Robinson, Mrs. S. H. Marshall, and others, all of whom have occupied positions as organists in the city and done much to elevate the standard of music in Chatham. Of the more recent ones we find such young artists as Miss Nellie Rhody, Miss Flossie Bogart, Frank Phelps, Miss Rose Morrison, E. B. Arthur, and Mr. Dolman, all of whom now occupy prominent organ positions in the city, and who are perfectly capable and popular in their different spheres.

In the mention of different artists whom Chatham claims as her own, we should not overlook Henry McCaw, who, while here, was deservedly idolized for his magnificent execution on the instrument of his choice. Mr. McCaw is now in Windsor and is naturally a favorite violinist there. His playing will merit him a position in any musical circle.

In band music Chatham has always been in the lead and bands from here do not take a second place wherever they go. Probably one of the first bands in Chatham was the old Chatham Firemen's Cornet Band. The members of this band are mostly remembered and some are still living in Chatham. They were Wm. Rutley, Caspar Schwemler, W. Quinn, E. Gallagher, H. West, A. Reynolds, James M. Smith, T. Guttridge, Augustus Sauerman, H. Hannaford, and A. Quinn. This band met for practice at the Star Hotel on the corner of King St. and the Market Square, and it was one of the best in those days.

About the same time as this band was formed a man named Mr. Davidson came here and organized a band. He led it for some time and was succeeded by Mr. Emil Erhard, who in his turn was succeeded by Prof. Philip. About this time a city band was formed through the energetic efforts of Mr. W. N. Warburton, who was then connected with the Erie & Huron Railway here, Dr. Cornell, J. E. Thomas, N. H. Stevens, A. Lamont, Geo. Witherspoon, and G. L. Lewis. Prof. Philip led this band until he moved from the city, when his son, Harry, assumed, and still has the charge. The Excelsior Band which just a few years ago disbanded was led by Dr. Decow, and later by A. Sauerman. The McKeown School boys' band, organized by Prof. Philip, was managed successfully for a number of years, but finally disbanded. Chatham has now three bands, the 24th Regimental Band, under Bandmaster W. H. Walker; the ex-Regimental Band, under Bandmaster H. C. Philp, and the Peninsular Band, under Bandmaster Dr. Decow.



Thos. H. Taylor

In piano music Miss Lillian Pratt, possibly shines forth as the most brilliant star that Chatham has ever produced. Miss Pratt has for some time occupied this proud position and to-day she is even more popular than she has ever been. May she long continue to delight Chatham audiences with her charming work.

Among the oldest piano players in Chatham's past Prof. Welch seems to be the first to start this difficult branch of music up to the high place to which it belongs. Mr. Welch was one of Miss Pratt's first instructors. Miss Schmidt, now Mrs. Dobson, of Winnipeg, was the next of worthy mention, and following her came Mr. Gerber, father of Marie Dressler, the prominent actress—who by the way is also a former Chathamite; Miss Johnke, Miss Pratt, Miss Gemmill, Miss Ferguson, Miss Rhody, Miss Hillman, Miss Bright (now Mrs. Macdonald, of New York), and Mrs. S. Stephenson, who are all worthy of high praise and who were—and many are yet—greatly appreciated and deservedly popular. Recent years have brought forth in Chatham such teachers as Miss Nora Stephenson, Mr. R. Victor

Carter, Miss Sheldon, Prof. Forsythe, Miss Margaret Honston, and E. B. Arthur. Chatham has great reason to feel proud of her former and present piano players, for they all have been and are of the best to be heard.

Mr. R. Victor Carter did much to forward the interest in music in Chatham by establishing the Krause Conservatory of Music. Mr. Carter was a capable musician and his departure from Chatham was and is still deeply regretted.

Special mention should be made of the worthy work along musical lines which is being done by the Trusline Academy. This is a worthy institution and an excellent and very successful educator in matters musical.

Possibly the most popular branch of musical accomplishment in Chatham is that of voice culture. It would be easily within the bounds of reason to state that there is no other city of equal size in the Dominion where there are as many accomplished singers or more competent instructors than we find in Chatham. This is a well-known fact and is borne out by the number and the high standard of operas and oratorios that have been locally presented from time to time. In opera Chatham vocalists and musicians have always been deservedly classed with the artists of repute in histrionic and musical achievements. Nowhere but in amateur performers made such a creditable showing as in the Maple City.

Chatham's first attempt in opera came with the early production of *Pinafore*, under the direction of Prof. Philp, with such artists as Mrs. Stuart Adams (then Miss Mamie Kitchen), H. R. McDonald, Brouse Smith, G. Pegley, and M. Dolsen in the stellar roles. Mr. Philp gave three other amateur performances, which were a credit to the city, *Handel's Creation*; *Princess Bonnie*, starring Mrs. Jno. Cooper, who in this made her debut in Chatham, Jas. Scott Gray, one of Chatham's most esteemed musicians, Harry Scott and F. Lyle, comedians, and Queen Esther, with Mrs. Cooper, Harry Horstead, J. W. Wilson, and J. S. Gray. All of which were deservedly popular.

In late years came a revival of the opera with the arrival of R. Victor Carter. He put on two creditable operas, *The Pirates of Penzance*, and *Said Fada*, with Miss Iffe, Miss Allie Humphrey, Thomas Stegmann, Ernest Kelly, and Mr. Carter taking the leading parts in the former, and Miss Dolsen, Miss Stegmann, James Rhoady, E. J. MacIntyre, and Thomas Stegmann in the latter.

*The Little Tycoon*, presented by Mrs. John Cooper, came the same year, and brought out such artists as Miss Gertrude Somerville, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. E. V. Bray, Ivor E. Brock, Arthur Larmour, Duncan Robertson and others. During the season of 1903-1904 the reputation of the city has been well sustained and benefited by the staging of two magnificent productions. *The Mikado*, the pretty little Japanese opera, presented by H. C. Philp, and Robin Hood, that king of all operas comique, presented by J. W. Wilson and G. Arthur Depew. In the former the artists of special note who acquitted themselves so well were Misses Ada Ross, H. Edythe Hill, Gertrude Somerville, Mrs. R. V. Bray, Messrs. Trotter, Boly, J. R. Smith, and others, while in Robin Hood the characters were admirably portrayed by such artists as Messrs. Slade and Pease, of Detroit, and such excellent young singers as Miss Gray, Miss Ruby Gordon, Miss Lucy McKellar, Miss F. Stephenson, Messrs. Burney Weldon, Harry Scott, and others.

Later, in the churches the study of Stainer's *Crucifixion* has been taken up and most capably presented.

The fact that these works have been creditably presented is largely due to the fact that Chatham has had and still has a superior number of excellently qualified vocal teachers, and among these it would be only fair to state that Mrs. John Cooper has accomplished more in the art of instruction in vocal culture than any other. Mrs. Cooper

has been the centre of the vocal achievement since her debut here, and everywhere in the city evidences of her ability are displayed in the present popular and talented soloists.

F. B. Stewart, who introduced the Tonic-Sol-Fa system of singing, was probably among Chatham's earliest teachers, Prof. Verrinder may be mentioned next, and then Mrs. Cooper. Since Mrs. Cooper's introduction here rapid strides have been made, and the work has been successfully helped along by Mrs. (Mrs.) Anderson, (nee Miss Ruthwell), Mrs. James, Miss Iffe, Miss Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, and Miss Hill, and Samuel I. Slade, of Detroit, who visits Chatham once a week for the purpose of training pupils in voice culture. Besides the persons above mentioned, Mrs. (Dr.) J. W. Rutherford (nee Miss Jessie Taylor), Miss Mand Weese, Mrs. Macdonald (nee Miss Clara Blight), Mrs. Blindbury, Detroit (nee Miss Maude Oliver), Miss Lucy McKellar, Miss Allie Humphrey, Mrs. S. C. Walker, Miss Florence Stephenson, Miss Gertrude Somerville, Miss Milton Bogart, Miss Ada Ross, Miss Belle Riddell, Miss Gertie Potter, Miss Blanche Baxter, Miss Edna M. Martin, and Messrs. J. W. Wilson, Robert Knight, and Claire Monteith, the talented son of Mr. and Mrs. Monteith, are singers who have given a good account of themselves in the musical world. Among those who have made the most marked advance is Miss Gertrude Somerville, a Maple City soprano who is now seldom equalled. Mrs. Milton Bogart, too, is one of the Maple City's most talented and popular contraltos.

Chatham is justly proud of her singers, and the recent formation of a Philharmonic Society here with a staff of officers such as President, Mayor W. E. McKenough; Vice-Presidents, Col. C. E. Monteith, Mrs. S. Stephenson, and Jas. Scott Gray; Secy., F. D. Laurie; Treasurer, H. D. Smith, and Musical Director, E. B. Arthur, the Maple City musicians should be able to continue the rapid advance in musical and histrionic accomplishments and materially advance the standard already set down by the illustrious artists of the past.

Live your life as you think right and best, but be very slow to condemn those who think and live differently from you.

Look for your own faults, but don't worry about other people's unless they look for you.

Don't be too anxious to show off. Your friends will have no difficulty in discovering your virtues if you have any.

#### HIS OVERPOWERING YEARN

"No, sah, 't'anky, sah!" said the waiter, in a nervously deferential way, as he shoved back the tip of the occasional patron. "No, sah, I don't want the money, sah; but for the Lord's sake, boss, please tell me how that funny story done ended, dat you was a-tellin' 'dat uhler gen'tleman de last time you was heah, sah! 'Be dome been a-waitin' th'ee weeks for you to come back, sah!"



KING STREET WEST, 1868

# Reminiscence

Written for the Old Boys' Re-Union.

Said the Pine Tree to the Maple,  
As beside the stile they stood,  
"Wherefore all this noise and bustle,  
Angurs it of ill or good?"

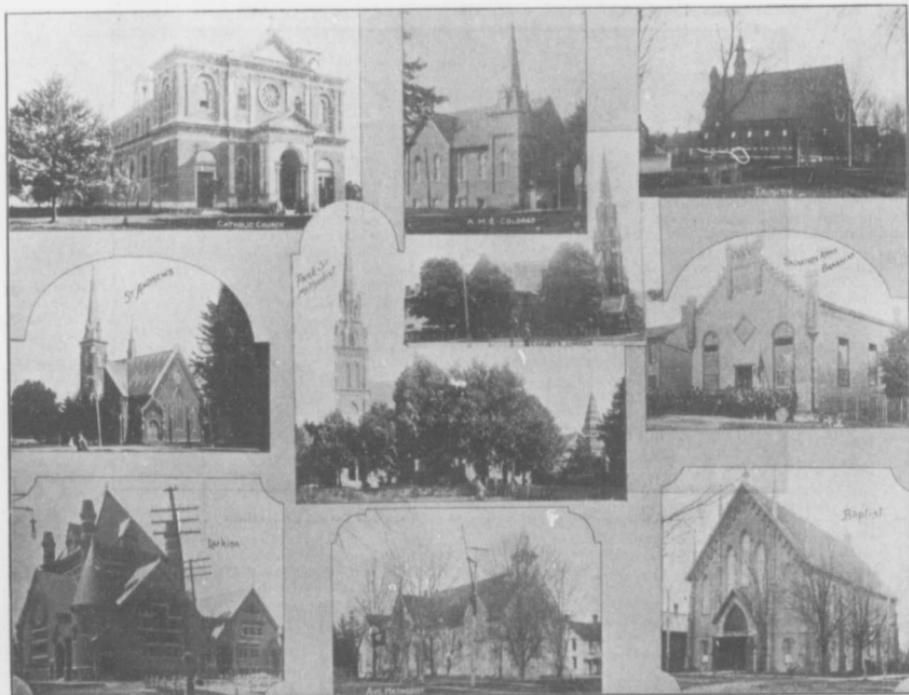
Softly then t'ic Maple answered,  
"Listen, dear old friend, to me;  
Then the causes we'll discover  
Of the things that puzzle thee;

Reasons why the Maple City  
Dons her hol'day attire,  
While, enhancing her appearance,  
Art and nature both conspire.

They are coming, they are coming,  
From the East and from the West,  
From the hillside and the prairie,  
To the spot they love the best.

And they note with pride and pleasure  
How their native town has grown,  
As they tread her asphalt pavements,  
See her buildings faced with stone;

See her Mineral Baths and Club-house,  
And her many Churches fine,  
See her famous Halls of Learning,  
Temples of the Muses nine.



CITY CHURCHES

Here and there in distant cities,  
'Mid their dust and din and noise,  
Exiled long from friends and Homeland,  
Dwell the Maple City's Boys.

Long they've followed fickle Fortune,  
Long they've wooed her—not in vain;  
But to-night the voice of Childhood  
Calls them to their home again.

And the city's gates are opened,  
And all hearts abound with joy;  
And to-day the guest of honor  
Bears the title proud, 'Old Boy.'

They are coming; hear their footsteps;  
(Sounds that you and I should know,  
Since we listened to them often  
In the days of long ago.)

For these 'Old Boys' once were young boys,  
And we've heard their voices clear,  
As they sauntered 'neath our branches  
In ye olden Time so dear.

Now our pulses thrill with gladness,  
While we listen as of yore,  
And our branches wave a welcome,  
Welcome to Our Boys once more."

URSULINE ACADEMY, Chatham.



D. Forsyth



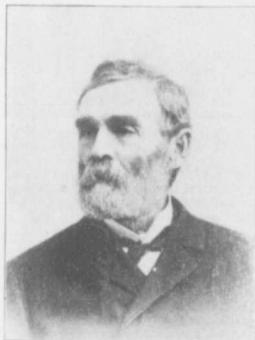
Jas. Birch



Jas. Park



Old Central, Queen and McKeeugh Schools, and Collegiate Institute



Judge Woods



C. R. Atkinson



Capt. Woods

# Chatham as I Knew it Forty Years Ago

By J. R. Gemmill

FOR a special edition of our oldest Kent newspaper on the occasion of the home coming of our old boys, the thought occurred to me that a brief sketch, not of Chatham "of old" but of the Chatham of forty years ago, when I became one of its citizens, might be of interest to at least some readers.

Chatham in 1864, with a population of considerably less than 5,000, while presenting anything but a metropolitan appearance, was nevertheless the leading town in the western peninsula, a position which it has ever since maintained. The American war was then in progress and the demand for the products of Kent farms unlimited. Chatham was practically the only market—the farmers from Orford on the east, Romney on the west, and the southern townships of Lambton on the north bringing their grain and animals to this port for sale and shipment. King street at certain seasons presented a busy scene, hundreds of teams awaiting their turn at the warehouses along the



J. R. Gemmill

river, the work of unloading running far into the night. The returns for this output were all paid over here, and, as a consequence, our local merchants had practically a monopoly of the trade of the County.

King street in 1864 bore little resemblance to that of to-day, with its fine pavement, well-built business blocks on both sides, with the attractive fronts not to be found in any other city of its size in the Dominion. The north side from William street west to the Bright block was vacant, and from that point to Fifth street the buildings were all cheap structures of one and two stories, with the exception of the "New York House" which is still to the fore—then conducted by A. Gordon Mess—and John Smith's harness shop, surmounted by the white horse. Where the Merchants' Bank now stands was a garden plot, with the Eberts family residence on the bank of the river. Crossing Fifth street, the Eberts block towered up as at present; then a row of small stores, principally wood, occupied by Jas. Rice, John Alexander, Thos. McCrossan, John Rice; then the old Beatty block, then occupied by A. G. Gordon and Jas. Baxter, who afterwards became famous as a Mont real broker. Soutar's implement warehouse, with the Rankin warehouse in the rear, occupied the Fourth street corner. West of that there is little change to-day.

On the south side, starting at William street, stood the original Baptist Church, then unoccupied and dilapidated, but shortly afterwards repaired and the congregation reorganized under the pastorate of Rev. John L. Campbell, then fresh from college, and who will be remembered as a zealous controversialist. Between the church and the market was a row of wooden structures, many of them ten or twelve feet back from the street line, the only brick buildings being the "Dublin house" grocery of Wm. Northwood (the ex-Mayor) and R. O. Smith's furniture store. Wm. Richards carried on the Kent bakery on the corner, as his son does at present. Crossing the square, "Pork row" was in evidence—John Green's restaurant on the corner—and down to Sixth street was a line of one-story wooden structures, occupied principally as grocery and provision stores, the only exceptions I can recall being John N. McDonald's shoe shop and the Lamont dry goods store on the western corner.

A fire broke out in the Green restaurant one winter's night in 1868, and in a couple of hours Pork row was a thing of the past. While many of the occupants lost heavily—insurance rates being out of reach—people looked on the fire as a blessing, and such it proved to be, for in a very

few years the shanties were replaced with the present modern structures. This fire may be set down as the turning point in the improvement of our leading thoroughfare, for ever since there has been continued progress in the size and appearance of its business houses. On the Garner House corner stood a two-story grocery store, with offices up stairs; then Stephen McCrae's "Old Farmers' Exchange," Mrs. Courtillet's notion store, Dr. Pegley's drug store, John Dege's grocery, the "Post Office block" with H. F. Cumming Geo. D. Ross and Donald McNabb, conducting therein three of the leading stores. In rear of Mr. McNabb's store was the Post Office, (Mr. Barfoot's father being the P. M.) entrance to which was through the P. O. Bookstore of P. C. Allan, with whom Jas. Holmes was then junior clerk. Under the corner store was Ed. Roche's "Terrapin," then a famous resort.

The Royal Exchange was conducted by David Walker, who had just secured control of the Rankin House. During the winter Mr. Walker closed the Exchange and transferred all his interests to the Rankin, and the glory of the old hostelry which had been the "first-class house" for a generation, was gone. The business places west of the Exchange comprised Dr. Rolls' and Dr. Cross' drug stores, Robt. Cooper's telegraph and book store, J. & W. McKee's hardware, Wm. Green's confectionery, Kenneth Urquhart's grocery, Geo. Winter's hat store and Thomas Stome's dry goods house, then as now one of the largest in town.

West of the Rankin Joseph Northwood & Son's grocery was on the corner; next a billiard room conducted by one of the numerous army of Americans who came to Canada during the war to avoid "the draft," familiarly known in those days as "ske-daddlers." In the present PLANET block was John Davis' stove and tin shop and Alex. McPherson's Western saloon; then Mr. Stamlen's hotel; Dr. Douglas' surgery, the American Express office and the old "Chatham Arms" hotel, (once a leading hotel) then down to a third-class.

Chatham had in 1864 but one bank—the "Commercial Bank of Canada," with headquarters at Kingston. W. S. Ireland was manager, and his only assistant was J. B. Robertson, an elderly Scot who is still held in kindly remembrance by many older residents.

The bar of those days was as pre-eminent as it is to-day. Among the barristers and solicitors I recall A. D. McLean (Clerk of the Peace), Hon. Walter McCrea, (then representing the District in the Legislative Council, and afterwards appointed Judge of Algoma), R. S. Woods (who since occupied the position of Junior Judge, and is now enjoying well-earned repose), C. R. Atkinson (who is still with us), Ed. Robinson (afterwards M. P. P. for West Kent), C. E. Pegley, Alex. McDouglas, K. C., (so long Clerk of the Peace and Crown Attorney), and Robert O'Hara.

The doctors of the early sixties have all passed over to the majority long since—A. R. Robertson, Rowley Pegley, Thos. Cross, C. J. S. Askin, Jas. H. Sive-wright, Jas. Douglas, Jas. A. Rolls, and Oliver Springer.

The schools of those days were creditable to the men of the time. The Grammar School was far ahead of any other in Western Ontario, and was then in charge of Mr.



Judge Bell



Hon. Arch. McKellar

McBain. The Central provided school privileges for all the children south of the river, excepting those who attended the "colored school" on Princess street. R. W. Bell was principal, with James Birch and H. C. Martin as assistants. The late Joseph Woods, ex-M. P. P., had a few years before presented the School Board with a site for a new school in North Chatham, and the Head street school had then been opened, with Miss Cornelia Pratt as sole teacher.

As now, Chatham was then well supplied with churches—Christ Church (then a new building, and the finest in town) Archdeacon Sandys, rector; St. Joseph's, Rev. Father Cornelleau; the Wesleyan Methodist, east King street, Rev. Andrew Cleghorn, pastor; St. Andrew's, (Church of



"EVENING."

Ebbtide on the Coast of Brittany by A. M. Fleming.

Scotland.) Rev. John Rannie; Adelaide street (Free Church) Rev. Angus McColl; Wellington street (U. P.) Rev. Wm. Walker; Methodist Episcopal, Rev. I. B. Richardson; Primitive Methodist, Head street, North Chatham; Victoria Chapel, Princess street, Rev. Walter Hawkins; First Baptist, King street east, and one or two others which I cannot now recall. The march of consolidation, or church union, has been marked since that time, for we have not now so many congregations, but far more church accommodation and more imposing edifices.

A word as to municipal affairs. John Smith was mayor in 1864, and his colleagues in the council were Jas. Higgins, S. Hadley, Jno. L. Dolsen, R. S. Woods, R. O. Smith, Israel Evans, Thos. Holmes, Rufus Stephenson and Daniel Forsyth—all gone but our esteemed friend Judge Woods. John Tissiman had just been elected town clerk, succeeding Thos. Keating, who died during the summer; Malcolm Weir was town treasurer; Richard Chrysler, tax collector; and John Goodyear, high constable.

George Young was warden of Kent; C. R. Charteris, treasurer; and Jas. Hart, clerk. I attended the Warden's supper that year at the North American Hotel, North Chatham, kept by Thos. R. G. Rutley, and of the seventy or eighty leading men of county and town forming the company, I can now recall but one now left, John Duck, of Morpeth.

The changes in Chatham these forty years have been so marked that the new comer can scarcely be expected to feel much interest in this resume of the earlier days. Chatham had at that time 4,600 inhabitants, according to the latest census, of whom 1,770 (nearly forty per cent) were colored; to day the population exceeds 10,000, while our colored friends number but 660, or less than seven per cent.

The imports at the port in 1864 were valued at \$52,302; the exports at \$111,766; in 1903, the figures were more than trebled.

Of the men in business in 1864 but few remain, and but one has remained continuously in the one line of trade, and almost in the same location—Robert Cooper, who was one of my first acquaintances, and with whom the hand of time has certainly dealt kindly, for he appears little the worse of wear in all the subsequent years.

It is one of the failings of the old fellows who "lag superfluons" to be wearisome when they get reminiscent, and I fear I have gone far beyond the bounds—much farther than the hustlers of the present day will care to follow. Forty years hence may the then Sheriff have the privilege of telling the readers of THE PLANET who was who, and what the city looked like in 1901. Adieu!



H. D. Smith, Crown Attorney



T. J. O'Keefe

### Greeting From the South



Eva Hamilton Young

NEW Mexico is lovely! It has broad ranges, oriental landscape, deep blue sky and dazzling sunlight. A subtle exaltation seemed to pervade my being, as we were borne over mountains, and past forests of pine and fir; through canyons and along level stretches; past desert tracts spotted with sage brush, and past arid regions waiting only for its thirst to be slaked to become a fertile garden. There is a peculiar air of mystery about the sleepy Mexican villages scattered by the way. The funny little dobie houses built by baked mud on the architectural plan of a dry goods box, with the addition of one door and one or two windows, looking as if they were inhabited by a people who were not slaves to fictitious wants. It gives the thoughtful tourist a sense of personal advantage to reflect that these people know so little of our world, its ways and what it contains. From the car window we saw the old Santa Fe trail, over which Kit Carson led the pioneers to California. From New Mexico to Arizona fresh wonders greet us at every turn of our eyes. All is strangeness, height, depth, distance, mystery. The scenery through which we pass is magnificent whether we look upward at the prodigious mountain terraces or downward at extensive plateaus, profound canyons or arid plains. Arizona is the true home of the Apache. During our brief stay at Flagstaff an Indian stalked grandly across the station platform and seated himself upon a truck. He had come to see the wonders of the train and the travellers upon it. He was a pleasing bit of animated color against the dull surroundings. His face was contorted into a stony smile which changed suddenly into a half pleased, half shy expression as his eye caught my look of honest admiration. When I smiled and bowed, he seemed as pleased as a child with a new toy.—Extract from a beautiful, descriptive letter written to THE PLANET by Eva Hamilton Young.



J. Frank McKeough



Abershan Holmes



Miss Esther Abram  
Principal McKeough School



McKeough School



Rev. W. H. G. Colles



Central School, May 1904



J. W. Piewas  
Principal Central School



Rev. Father William



Rev. Dr. A. McCull



St. Joseph's Separate School



Dr. Fleming



Kenneth Urquhart



D. R. Farquharson



H. F. Cumming



H. Malcolmson



W. D. Sheldon



F. S. Jarvis



W. S. Ireland



Robt. Cooper



Robt. Mercer



Jas. Richardson



Cricket Club, 1894.



Capt. Glendenning



W. H. Gonne



John Rice



Isaac Smith



Samuel Trotter



A. Jahnske

# Some Future Old Boys and Girls



Hulme and Mary Stone



L. Glas, H. Stone, W. Taylor, D. Stone, Robt. Stone



Jessie Thornton



Murray Peterson



Myrtle and Allens Trudell



Fred C. Witherspoon



Phyllis McKishnie



Helene Landon



W. J. Kenny, Jr.



Kathleen Shea



Eileen Shea



Blake W. McCoig



Mary Gray



Fred D. Merrill



Lillie Westlake



Edgar Merrill



Fred A. Rutley



Mildred O. Wilson





W. A. Campbell



Mrs. Thos. McCrae



Jun. E. Brooke



Jas. Ferguson



Dr. O. Springer



A. D. McLenn, Chatham's First Mayor



Mrs. Mary Andrew



W. D. Everts



Thos. Sank



Thos. McCrae



Joseph Till



T. R. G. Rutley



W. L. Tackaberry

## Ourselves

THE PLANET—now universally recognised as the leading newspaper of south-western Ontario—was founded over half a century ago. So thoroughly has it been identified with the social, material, municipal and political life of the people during this period, and so widely has it contributed to the creation and guidance of those influences that have made for progress and the well being of the community, that a complete history of the paper would be, in truth, a history of the City of Chatham and the district of which it is the geographical and chief business centre.

The publication of THE PLANET was inaugurated in 1841, when it was instituted as a weekly by Jacob A. Dolsen and Miles Miller. The following year Mr. Dolsen retired and Mr. Miller continued control until 1857, when the late Mr. Rufus Stephenson, M. P., father of the present proprietor, purchased the paper. Mr. Stephenson virtually established THE PLANET. Under his regime it made rapid progress, becoming in turn a Semi-weekly and, later, a Tri-weekly. In 1878 Mr. Rufus Stephenson retired from the active conduct and control of the paper, which was then assumed by his sons, Messrs. S. and E. F. Stephenson. A few years later the latter withdrew, the paper being thenceforth published by Mr. S. Stephenson, the present proprietor. In 1891 THE DAILY PLANET was inaugurated and its life has been one of continued progress and prosperity. Within the last year THE PLANET JUNIOR, a paper for the young folks, has been established as a supplement to the Saturday issue of the daily.

To-day THE PLANET has one of the largest and most perfectly equipped establishments in the country, embracing, in addition to the newspaper, unexcelled job and show printing and book-binding departments. The daily and weekly newspapers are kept up to the best standard of advanced journalism in all their branches and have a larger combined circulation than any other paper published in the Province, in comparison to the population. On THE PLANET pay-roll to day are the names of over one hundred and twenty-five employees.



C. F. Hicklin

### Planet "Old Boys"

THE PLANET, too, has its "Old Boys," and it herewith presents pictures of three of them—all yet in their prime, and every one a thorough and capable master of the work of the department of which he is the head. The relations between the proprietor and the employees of this establishment have always been cordial and pleasant,



Louis Staniewicz

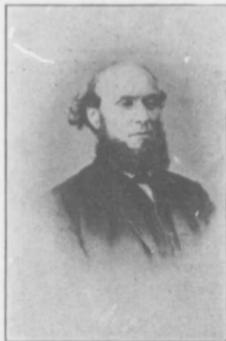


Alex. McDougall



as is shown by the number of years during which the heads of all the departments and many of the hands have been working for him. Mr. Alex. McDougall, head of the News-room, has been with THE PLANET for 26 years, over a quarter of a century; Mr. Chas. F. Hicklin, head of the press-room, 25 years; Mr. A. E. Lenfestey, of the job department, for 24 years; Mr. Rolt J. Birch, head of the typograph department, for 20 years; Mr. Andrew Riddell, of the job department, for 18 years; Mr. Louis Staniewicz, head of the book-binding department, for 17 years; Mr. William Hartrick, head of the ruling department, for 17 years; Mr. A. C. McKay, superintendent and general manager, for 15 years; Mr. Albert J. Owens, of the job department, for 14 years; Mr. W. E. Cosgrave, of the typograph department, for 13 years, and Mr. Harry W. Anderson, head of the editorial department, for 11 years. Several of these gentlemen have climbed from the foot of the ladder to the top in their departments—and others in the establishment are to-day engaged in similar achievements. These are records that speak for themselves of the spirit prevailing THE PLANET staff and the relations that exist between employer and employee.

And a publication possessing the valued historical associations of over half a century and embracing a decade and more of the more strenuous experiences of daily journalism, may, perchance, be pardoned if, on an occasion such as this, it indulges in a passing personal handshake with the thousands of kindly patrons to whom it pays tribute for so much of its splendid past and promising present.



John Smith



Edwin Larwell



Joseph Northwood



John Northwood



S. Barfoot



Chatham Market Building, 1855



N. Massey



Sam Perrin



S. F. Gardiner



Spencer Stone



John Hoon



W. M. Drafer



Jonas Gonnell



Geo. A. Jacques



W. T. Shannon



Wm. Ball



G. W. Cowan



A. C. Trudell



Geo. Ratley



Tug Ella Taylor



R. B. Jones



H. Hutchinson



MARKET SQUARE, 1876

## A Memory of Chatham

BEING CHAPTER I. OF "LONEY O'MALLEY," IN WHICH LONEY FINDS HIMSELF AN OUTLANDER.

By Arthur Stringer

THE sun mounted higher in the turquoise sky. The birds sang more sleepily. Faint and far away, from the flats down by the river, a few belated frogs still trebled and fluted. Then, lazily, the warm breeze stirred and died away and stirred again, scattering a wreath of cherry-blossoms through the heavy indolent, sunlight, murmurous with the hum and drone of many wings,



Arthur Stringer

where, for the hundredth time, a song-sparrow preached his vagabond-philosophy of "Sweet! Sweet! Idleness - Idleness - Idleness!"

It was a cloudless Saturday morning, and the end of May. There was something more than the smell of buds and young leaves in the air, something more than the sound of frogs and sparrows and boblinks—for when Piggie Brennan, the Butcher's son, had delivered his roast of beef at Widow Tiffin's back-door, he drew a generous slice of bologna from his trousers-pocket, wiped it deliberately on his sleeve, and wagged his head twice, solemnly, and with much conviction. "This done, he poked his empty basket well under the Barrison's stable, and whistled three times, softly, for Redney McWilliams.

Redney, under stern inspection from the back kitchen-window, was engaged in a deal of puffing and blowing and wheezing, as he intermittently wielded a buck-saw on a stick of elm cordwood, for some twenty languid strokes, and then, for an equal length of time, gazed vacuously and dreamily at his feet—to spell his muscles,' as he had explained to the uncomprehending parental mind preoccupied with stewing rhubarb in the back kitchen.

"S-s-s-4! Redney!" Then a pause. "Hi, there, Redney!"

The boy at the buck-saw, as he heard that husky whisper from the knot hole in the back fence, slowly and cautiously turned his head, without in the least moving his body.

"Sk'e' watchin'!" he ejaculated, under his breath. There was another discreet pause.

"C'm-on fishin'!" said the voice through the knot-hole, at last.

Redney cast a furtive glance toward the kitchen window. Then, whistling artlessly, he strode with great deliberation to the woodshed door, to reconnoiter. Still whistling, he mounted the woodpile. There he made a great pretense of throwing down fresh fuel for his fiery energy. When he heard a stove door slam shut he knew that his moment had come, and stepped quickly from the woodpile to the neighboring fence top and dropped quietly into the back alley.

Once he had crossed his Rubicon, his entire manner took on a sudden transformation, and at Piggie Brennan's repeated declaration that it was "mighty fine fishin' weather again," he gave vent to a vigorous cancan quite belying the exhausted muscles of the bucksaw.

Two lots further down the alley they discovered Billie Steiner blithely raking up the back yard, wrapt in the happiness of innocent content.

"Say, Billie, c'm-on fishin'!"

At the magic of that mysterious call, floating in on his honest labor, all the world seemed to change. The boards about Billie Steiner became a prison wall; the heavy rake fell from his listless hand. He scuttled down toward the back fence, where he held converse with certain unseen conspirators, through a narrow crack between the imprisoning boards.

A moment later he had scaled his audacious way out to liberty. In the freedom of the alley, on the sunny side of the Steiner chicken-coop, the three boys talked things over, Piggie producing matches and a supply of dried spatter-dock stems. A happy and pensive silence fell over the little group as they lit up, and it was not until their three throats were dry and their three tongues well blathered that they felt they had their fill of the weed and decided to move on.

And Jones was moodily receiving his first lessons in



Fred T. Andrew

garden-making, under the wing of his rheumatic, care-taking, and somewhat short-tempered old grandfather, when a pebble hit him on the bridge of the nose.

He started violently, looked cautiously at the fence in the rear, but said nothing.

Still another pebble hit him, this time on the calf of the leg. He jumped unexpectedly, and rubbed the spot briskly.

"Sufferin' sassafras, Kilvert Jones! can't you ever stand stiddy? First thing you know you'll be a-havin' St. Vitus Dance!" complained the old gardener.

Pud's backward glance toward the fence held a touch of vindictiveness. His unsuspecting instructor turned away, mumbling, for the spade that leaned against the grape-arbor. When he hobbled back to the little garden-plot his young grandson had disappeared, as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him.

"Why—why, bless my soul, he's—he's gone!" ejaculated the old gentleman, weakly, rubbing his chin.

If the hearing of Pud's grandfather had been the least bit sharper, that bewildered old gentleman might have caught the excited murmur of happy young voices drifting off down

the alley, and the mystic whistled call which echoed softly out from behind Johnson's barn, where Dode Johnson rebelliously and languidly gathered chips, in an old market-basket, and made patient and needlessly exhaustive observations on the travelling powers of a wood-slug.

"Hey-oh, there, Dode!" cried a muffled voice.

"Goin' fishin'?" demanded Dode, softly, without rising from his knees, as he caught sight of that tell tale little band and sniffed at the fragrant odor of burning dock-stems.

"Sure!" said Piggie Brennan, turning over a board in search for worms. "Can't you make your sneak, Dode?"

Dode looked about him, guardedly. A moment later he emerged, puffing, dirt-covered, red-faced, worming his way out from under the driving shed.

"I thought you had to clean them turnips out o' your cellar?" someone asked Redney McWilliams.

"W'at turnips?" demanded Redney, vacuously.

"Why, them winter-turnips you said'd rotted down there!"

"Oh, who cares!" cried Redney, recklessly. "This is fishin' weather!"

The sun mounted still higher, the frogs still trebled and fluted down on the river flats, the warm breeze stirred lazily once more. The alleys and back-yards of the town of Chamboro grew quieter; the robins sang on undisturbed; the noisy rattle of an occasional pump handle echoed through the blossom-muffled stillness.

A capering, war-whooping, and reckless band of ragged nomads crept stealthily out past old Captain Steiner's orchard, past the grave-yard, and past Judge Elby's cow pasture, to essay for "shiners" and "punkin seeds," and to adventure with life among the logs on the river. For in an hour, almost, a new and all-conquering infection had swept through Chamboro. The sleepy little river town was once more in the throes of Spring fever.

Piggie Brennan stooped down and tried the water that stood in a stagnant little pool just in front of Curry's Greenhouse. He reported it, jubilantly though rather hyperbolically, to be warmer than milk.

"Gee, then here geos!" declared Pud Jones. And before one could so much as say Jack Robinson he had a shoe off.

In three minutes every member of that band of adventurers sat at the roadside, barefooted, wriggling toes and contemplating thin young legs, as bleached and white as grass that had grown up under a board.

But a month of Fishing Weather, they knew, and the right butternut-brown would be there again and there would be no more need of gingerly picking one's way across stubble and gravel-patches!

A sort of Dionysian madness seemed to result from this mysterious rite of denudation. The band, indeed, went suddenly mad; one and all they capered, yelled, galloped, kicked, curvetted, with every sound and movement of ecstasy, plunging and splashing through ditches, puddling in mud-pools, skimming over velvety young grass plots. Then the shoes and stockings were hidden, in a sadly mixed-up heap, under Smith's cow stable, and the band took up its way toward the river. It was fishing weather once more.

When Mis' Eve got tired ob de guarden ole Mars Adam had to fin' new quartahs, en hit's been 'bout dat a-way wid married folks eber since.



W. Northwood



Dr. Cross



KING STREET, SOUTH SIDE, LOOKING WEST, 1904



Thos. Nichol



Sam. Glenn



Myrtle Trusell



F. Beverley Brisson



A. Beverley Smith



Gen. E. Tilton



Sylvester Hadley



A. Beverley Park



Urban Thibodeau



Helen Merriam Bogart



Milton Harrington



Norman Thomson



John Douglas, Thos. Arch., Robt. Spencer Stone



W. Stewart and G. Grant McKeough



Gordon and Stanley Thomson—Twins



Louise A. and Jess C. McLachlan



George Sulman



Bob Cowan



Frances Drew



W. K. Anderson



Wilfred Pelier



Douglas Park



Teddy Sulman



John R. Oldershaw



Robt. B. O'Hara



Jim and Mike Ptasence



Helen Northwood



Char. W. Allen

# The Predicament of De Plonville

By Luke Sharp (Robert Barr)

THIS story differs from others in having an assortment of morals. Most stories have one moral; here are several. The moral usually appears at the end. In this case a few are mentioned at the beginning, so that they may be looked out for. First, it is well for a man—especially a young man—to attend to his own business, and, in particular, a person's life for some little distance ahead; it will be a mistake if an allowance of ten per cent. at least is not made for that unknown quantity—woman. Third, it is beneficial to remember that one rarely knows everything. Other morals will doubtless present themselves, and at the end the cynically inclined person may reflect upon the adage of the frying-pan and the fryer.

Young M. de Plonville, of Paris, enjoyed a most enviable position. He had all the money he needed, which is quite a different thing from saying he had all the money he wanted. He was well educated and spoke three languages; that is, he spoke his own well and the other two badly. But as a man prides himself on what he is least able to do, De Plonville fancied himself a linguist. His courage in speaking English to Englishmen and German to Germans showed that he was at least a brave man. There was a great deal of good, and even of talent, in De Plonville. This statement is made at the beginning because ever since the elder De Plonville has done nothing unhesitatingly contradict it. His acquaintances thought him one of the most objectionable young men in Paris; and naval officers, when his name was mentioned, usually gave themselves over to strong and untranslatable language.

Robert Barr

This was all on account of De Plonville's position, which, although enviable, had its drawbacks.

His rank in the navy was such that it entitled him to no consideration whatever, but unfortunately for his own popularity, De Plonville had a method of giving force to his suggestions. His father was a big man in the French government. He was so big a man that he could send a censure to the commander of a squadron of the navy, and the commander dare not talk back. It takes a very big man indeed, to do this—and the elder De Plonville's size. But then it was well known that the elder De Plonville was an easy-going man who loved comfort, and did not care to trouble himself too much about the navy in his charge, and so when there was trouble, young De Plonville got the credit of it; consequently, the love of officers did not flow out to him.

Often young De Plonville's idiotic impetuosity gave color to these suspicions. For instance, there is the well known Toulon incident. In a heated controversy young De Plonville had claimed that the firing of the French iron-clads was something execrable, and that the whole fleet could not hold their own at the cannons with any ten of the British navy. Some time after, the naval officers learned that the government of Paris was very much displeased with the inaccurate gun practice of the fleet and the hope was expressed that the commander would see his way to improving it. Of course the officers could do nothing, but guess they try to show better, and hope for a time to come when the government, then in power, would be out, and they could find some tangible pretence for hanging young De Plonville from the yard-arm.

All this has only a remote bearing upon this story but we may come to a matter on which the story sinks or swims. De Plonville had a secret—not such a secret as is common in Parisian life, but one entirely creditable to him. It related to an invention intended to increase the efficiency of the French army. The army being a branch of the defence of his country, with which De Plonville's size, whatever it was, his attention naturally turned toward it. He spoke of his invention, once, to a friend, a lieutenant in the army. He expected to get some practical suggestions. He never mentioned it again to anyone.

"It is based on the principle of the umbrella," that suggested it to me. If it could be made very light so as not to add to the impediments at present carried by the soldier, it seems to me it would be oblong with sharp ends. It would have to be arranged so as to be opened and closed quickly, with the cloth thin, but impervious to water. When the army reached a river each soldier could open this, place it in the water, enter it with care, and then paddle himself across with the butt end of his gun, or even with a light paddle, if the carrying of it added but little to the weight, thus saving the building of temporary bridges. It seems to me such ought to be of vast use in a forced march. Then at night it might be used as a sort of tent, or in a heavy rain it would form a temporary shelter. What do you think of the idea?"

His friend had listened with half closed eyes. He blew a whiff of cigarette smoke from his nostrils and answered:

"It is wonderful, De Plonville," he said drily. "Its possibilities are vast—more so than you appear to think. It would be useful in our Alpine corps as well."

"I am glad you think so. But why there?"

"Well, you see, if the army reached a high peak looking into a deep valley, only to be reached over an inaccessible precipice, all the army would have to do would be to spread out your superb invention and use it as a parachute. The sight of the army of France gradually floating down into the valley would be so terrifying to the nations of Europe that I imagine no enemy would wait for a gun to be fired. De Plonville, your invention will immortalize you and the French army."

Young De Plonville waited to hear no more but turned on his heel and strode away.

This conversation caused young De Plonville to make two resolutions: First, to mention his scheme to no one; second, to persevere and perfect his invention, thus insuring confusion to the scaffold. There were several sub-resolutions dependent on these two. He would enter a club, he would abjure society, he would not speak to a woman—he would, in short, be a hermit until his invention stood revealed before an astonished world.

All of which goes to show that young De Plonville was not the conceited middle-class boy his acquaintances thought him. But in these large and small resolutions he did not deduct the ten per cent. for the unknown quantity.

Where? That was the question.

De Plonville walked up and down his room and thought it out. A large map of France was spread on the table. Paris and the environs thereof were manifestly impossible.

He needed a place of seclusion. He needed a stretch of water. Where, then, should be the spot to which coming generations would point and say, "Here, at this place, was perfected De Plonville's celebrated parachute-tent-Baton invention."

No, not parachute. Hang the parachute! That was the scoffing lieutenant's word. De Plonville paused for a moment to revile his folly in making a confidant of any army man.

There was a sufficiency of water in the French coast, but it was too cold at that season of the year to experiment in the north and east. There was left the Mediterranean. He thought rapidly of the different delightful spots along the rivers—Cannes, St. Raphael, Monte Carlo—but all these were too public and too thronged with visitors.

The name of the place came to him suddenly, and as he stopped his march too and fro, De Plonville wondered why it had not suggested itself to him at first. Hyeres! It seemed to have been planned in the middle ages for the perfecting of just such an invention. It was situated two or three miles back from the sea, the climate was perfect, there was no marine parade, the sea coast was lovely and the bay sheltered by islands. It was an ideal spot.

De Plonville easily secured leave of absence. Sons of fathers high up in the service of a grateful country seldom have any difficulty about a little thing like that. He purchased a ticket for that leisurely train, which the French, with their delicious sense of humor, call the *Rapide*, and in due time found himself, with his various belongings, standing on the station platform at Hyeres.

Fest of us as we leave as we thought ourselves. De Plonville flinched when the supreme moment came, and perhaps that is why the gods punished him. He had resolved to go to the country inns at Carquegramme on the coast, but this was in his heroic mood when the lieutenant had laughed at his project. Now in a cooler moment he thought of the *Companion* of Carquegramme—and shuddered. There are sacrifices which no man should be called upon to endure, so the naval officer hesitated, and at last directed the porter to put his luggage on the top of the Costobelle hotel "bus." There would be society at the hotel, to be sure, but he could avoid it, while, if he went to the rural tavern, he could not avoid the cooking.

Thus he smothered his conscience—and lunch at Costobelle seemed to justify his choice. The surroundings were dangerously charming to a man whose natural inclinations were toward indolent enjoyment. It was a place to "loaf and invite your soul," as Walt Whitman phrased it. Plonville, who was there innocently, for he had temporarily dropped the "De," strolled toward the sea in the afternoon with the air of a man who has nothing on his mind—no one to see him would have suspected he was the future Edison of France. When he reached the coast he sat at the ruins of the ancient Roman naval station for his companions he smothered his sigh with joy. He had forgotten that, at this point, had been erected a number of wooden houses, each larger than a bathing machine and smaller than a cottage, which were used in summer by the good people of Hyeres, and in winter were silently vacated. The largest of these would be exactly the size for him, and he knew he would have no difficulty in renting it for a month or two. Here he would bring down his half finished invention; here, work all day unmolested; and here test its salient qualities with no onlookers.

He walked up the road and hailed the ancient "bus," which jogs along between Toulon and Hyeres by way of the coast, mounted beside the driver and speedily got information about the owner of the cottages at Componiana.

As he suspected, he had no difficulty in arranging with the proprietor for the largest of the little cottages, but he thought he detected a light depression on the right eyelid as that person handed him the key. Had the owner suspected his purpose? he asked himself anxiously, as he drove back from the town. Impossible. He thought, however, that he could not be too secret about his inventions. He had heard of inventions being forgotten just at the moment of success.

He bade the driver wait and placed that part of his baggage in the cab which consisted of the half-finished invention and the materials for completing it. Then he drove to the coast and, after placing the packages on the ground, paid and dismissed the men. When the cab was out of sight he carried the packages to the cottage and locked them in. His walk up the hill rendered the excellent dinner doubly attractive.

Next morning he was early at work and speedily began to realize how many necessary articles he had forgotten at Paris. He had been at work for an hour or so when he heard someone singing—a note very sweetly. She sang with the joyous freedom of one who suspected no listener. The song came nearer and nearer. Plonville stole to

the somewhat obscure window and saw a vision of fresh loveliness dressed in a costume he had never before beheld. She came down the bank with a light, springy step in the best costume of the day, the dress at her belt and threw open the door. The song was hushed but not silenced, for a moment, and then came from out the cottage door the ball of a boat that made Plonville gasp. Like the costume, he had never before seen a boat of that shape. It was a boat he had designed his invention, and was of some light material, for the sylvan-like girl in the extraordinary dress pushed it forth without even ceasing her song. Next moment she came out herself. She drew the boat down to the water, picked out of it a light silver-mounted paddle, stepped lightly aboard. A few strokes of the paddle sent girl and boat out of sight along the coast. Plonville drew a deep sigh of bewilderment. It was his first sight of a Thames boating costume and canoe.

This was then why the man winked when he gave him the key? Plonville waived the girl aside and turned to his work. Yet he found himself now and then listening for the siren's song.

It is rather a pity that temptation should step in just when a man has made up his mind not to deviate from a certain straight line of conduct. There was a ball that night at the big hotel. Plonville was about to state his objections to frivolity, when, through the door, he caught a glimpse or two of the arriving guests. The girl had on a long opera cloak, with some fluffy white material round the neck and down the front. It was the lady of the canoe—glorified. Plonville wavered and was lost. He rushed to his room and donned his war-paint. See what you like, even dress improves the appearance of a man. De Plonville looked well.

They were speedily introduced. De Plonville took good care of that. There was actually an air of distinction about him. She was the honorable Margaret Stansby, he learned. Besides her beauty, it would be impossible to give their conversation. It would read like a section of Ollendorff's French-English exercises. The evening passed pleasantly, she thought, delightfully, he thought.

The better they became acquainted the more he wished to have the privilege of rescuing her from some deadly danger; but the opportunity did not come.

There was not a sail in sight as De Plonville finally put forth. The sea was very calm and the sun shone brightly. He was elated to find his invention answered all expectations. As he went further he noticed a great buoy floating a long distance away. His civil genius suggested that he paddle out to the buoy and back. He had some doubts as to the wisdom of his course before he reached it; but when he looked round and saw the appalling distance to the shore he shuddered.

As he looked at the buoy it rolled over as if bent on the destruction of his craft. Forgetting himself, he sprang up to ward it off and instantly one foot went through the thin waterproof that formed the bottom and side of the boat. He found himself struggling in the water before he realized what had happened. He grasped one of the rings of the buoy, crawled to the top and sat down. Not even a fishing boat was in sight. The big iron island had a habit, every now and then, of lunging over either to one side, or the other. The irksomeness of the situation and restraint of his position began to wear on his nerves. He cried aloud for something, anything to happen, rather than what he was enduring.

Something happened. From between the islands there slowly appeared a great modern French ship of war—small, in the distance. Hope lighted up the face of De Plonville. A second and third followed the first. De Plonville removed his coat and went down to attract attention.

Suddenly, from the black side of the foremost battleship, there rolled upward a cloud of white smoke, obscuring the funnels and rigging, thinning out into the blue sky over the topmasts. After what seemed a long interval the roar of a cannon reached him.

From the second ship arose a similar cloud and this time, far to his left, there spurted up from the sea a jet of water.

The buoy was a target! As De Plonville realized its use he felt that uncomfortable creeping of the scalp which we call the hair standing on end. The third cannon sent up a cloud and De Plonville's eyes extended at what they saw. Coming directly toward him was a cannon ball. His experience in the navy—at Paris—had never taught him that such a thing was possible. A hundred yards from him the ball disappeared in the water. The next ball came so close to his head that he ducked. Like a pang of physical pain, the thought darted through his brain that he had instigated a censure on the ball firing of these very boats. Doubtless they saw a man on the buoy, but as no man had any business there, the knocking of him off by a cannon ball would be proof of good accuracy of aim.

Well, a man has to die but once, and there is little use making a fuss over the inevitable. He would meet his fate calmly, and as a Frenchman should, with his face to the guns. There was a tinge of regret that there would be no witnesses to his heroism.

The firing had been going on for some time before he reflected that if a shot punctured the buoy it would sink. While he was still reflecting another shot occurred—the buoy was struck and he was sent whirling in space; then sinking in the sea. Coming breathless to the surface, he saw the buoy revolving slowly, and a deep dent in its side, showing where the shot had struck. The second boat did not fire and he knew they were examining the buoy with their glasses. He swam around and laboriously climbed on top again as one of the other ships opened fire.

When his back was dry he rolled over and lay gazing up at the cloudless sky. The sky faded, and a moment's unconsciousness intervened.

"This won't do," he cried, shaking himself, "if I fall asleep I shall roll off."

He sat up again, his joints stiff with the immersion, and watched the distant ironclads. He thought the vagaries of cannon balls at sea would make an interesting study.

"Are you in there?" called a clear voice behind him.

"Mon Dieu!" shouted the young man in genuine fright, as he sprang to his feet.

"Oh, I beg pardon," as if a rescuer need apologize. "I thought you were M. Plonville."

"I am De Plonville."

"Your hair is gray," she said in an awed whisper; then added, "and no wonder."

"Mademoiselle," replied the stricken young man, placing his hand on his heart, "it is needless to deny—I do not deny, that I was frightened, but—I didn't think so much as that. I regret. It is so—so—theatrical. I am deeply sorrowful."

"Please say no more, but come quickly. Can you come down? Step exactly in the middle of the canoe; be careful—it is easily upset—and sit down at once. That was very nicely done."

"Mademoiselle, allow me at least to row the boat."

"It is paddling and you don't understand it. I do. Please do not speak until we are out of range. I'm horribly frightened."

"You are very, very brave."

"Hes—ah!"

Miss Stansby wielded the double bladed paddle in a way a red Indian might have envied. Once she uttered a little feminine shriek as a cannon ball plunged into the water behind them.

Miss Stansby looked fixably at the solemn young man sitting before her, then placed her paddle across the canoe and laughed. De Plonville saw the reaction had come. He said sympathetically: "Ah, Mademoiselle, do not I beg. All danger is over I think."

"I am not frightened, don't think," she cried, flashing a look of defiance at him and forgetting her admission of fear a moment before.

"My father was an Admiral. I am laughing at my mistake. It is salt."

"What is?" asked her astonished passenger.

"In your hair."

He ran his fingers through his hair and the salt rattled down to the bottom of the canoe. There was something of relief in his laugh.

De Plonville always believes the officers on board the gunboats recognized him. When it was known in Paris that he was to be married to the daughter of a French general, of whom rumor said he had bravely saved from imminent peril, the army lieutenant remarked that she could never have heard him speak her language, which as we know is not true.

## A Word From the West

REV. Charles W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), the celebrated author of "The Sky Pilot," and an old Chatham Boy, writes THE

PLANET from Winnipeg under date of May 22nd:

"I am sure you will believe me when I have to say, after all, that I shall be unable to get anything ready for THE PLANET SOUVENIR. My regret is all the greater in that I feel sure that a number of my old friends in Chatham have not forgotten me and I had hoped

"Ralph Connor" to have sent something as a little reminder. But the fact is I have unexpectedly more on hand than I can possibly manage before the end of the month.

"Need I add that my thoughts will often be with you on the occasion of your reunion and that I wish for you all the joy that such a memorable occasion must signify and a hearty God-speed to the future prosperity and progress of the old town and her good people."

"CHARLES W. GORDON."

## "Old Betsy"—A Quaint Character

"BETSY," or "Old Betsy" as he was more familiarly called, was a quaint character in his way and popular with the citizens of former days. Many are the stories good-naturedly told of him, but one in particular evidences to a considerable degree certain creditable points in his character.

Abraham Huff, Gravel Road, had a colored man arrested for stealing chickens and the late Judge Wells, who presided over all courts in the counties in those days, wanted some evidence as to the reputation of the prisoner. Betsy happened to stroll into the court room and Judge Wells asked him if he thought the prisoner would steal chickens.

"Use 'il tell yeh, Judge," responded Betsy readily enough. "Ef I wus a chicken an' dat a' coon wus a hangin' eroun, I'da wanter roost mighty high."





Warren Martin



E. K. Snook



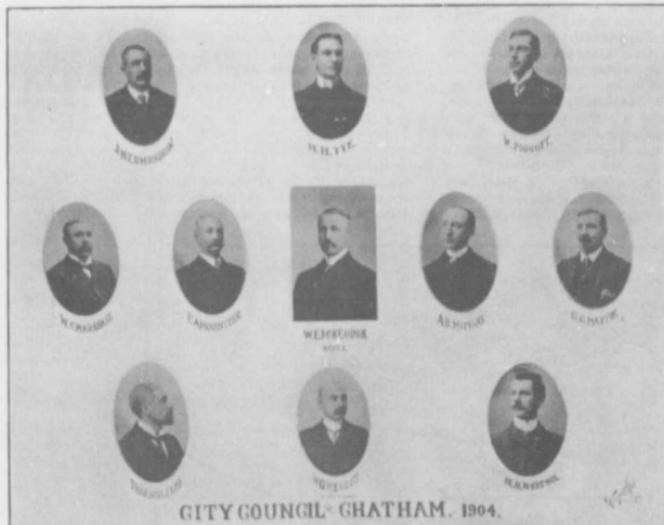
David Crumby



Donald Douglas



Geo. Stephens



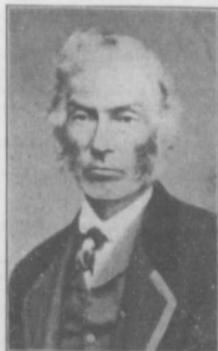
Dr. Askin



F. Robinson



J. H. Stewright



William Doherty



Bishop Walter Hawkins



Henry Verrill



J. M. Taylor

# A Day on Mount Lowe

By Eva Hamilton Young

To all on rocks, to muse on food and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scent,  
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rare's been;  
To climb the trackless mountain all unseers,  
With the wild flocks that never needs a fold,  
Alone o'er steep and towering falls to lean;  
This is not solitude, 'tis but to bide  
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

—Byron.

**I**T is November. The flowers are blooming, the birds are singing, the atmosphere is soft and balmy, and the sun reflects his shining face in thousands of dew-drops, and hills and valleys reverberate the joyful anthem, which all day bursts forth from grove and garden. Who could stay indoors on such a day? An almost irresistible impulse drives you to the mountains.

Usually the ascent of a mountain means arduous climbing, but the Sierra Madre mountains are so rough and overgrown with chapparrel they defy the nerves and skill of the boldest climber, and you never appreciate the full stride of American progress until you have traversed by Cable and Electric car directly up the face of this grand range.

As you ascend higher and higher, winding around tortuous labyrinthine edges of beautiful canyons of great depth, you soon come to a point which a few minutes previous was directly beneath you, revealing many loops of the winding road and miles and miles below a gorgeously colored valley encircled by the mighty arms of the hills.

Far off to the west the restless Pacific rolls itself into foamy billows; its feathery white caps kissed by the smiling sun. Great vine-clad crevices radiate in every direc-

But you must not linger here too long, for up, higher up, 1000 feet onward and upward by a mere bridal path you must go ere you reach the summit, and already the guide is calling "To horse, to horse!"

You mount and ride bravely up the precipitous side of the mountain, though one misty of your carefully trained steed and Eternity lies miles and miles below; but there is something in the rarefied air, the long vistas of canyons, the soft, misty shadows, the weird grandeur of the far-distant blue and purple mountains that takes away all fear. At every turn of the narrow winding mountain path an inspiring picture is unfolded to your view, and you understand now why the Colossians were admonished to set their affections on things above.

Eventually you reach the summit, where you gaze in speechless wonder at the amazing panorama which is spread before you. To the right and left the mountains spread away in ceaseless rotation, growing dimmer and dimmer, until they melt into a long gray ribbon. The Islands of the sea, the sands of the Desert, the cities and orange groves of California, and perhaps through your glass a glimpse of Mexico is visible. Nestling at your feet lies somnolescent San Gabriel valley with its squares of somber and gaudy colors—yellows, greens, sepias, grays, teeming with historic interest and proud of its old Mission founded by the Franciscan Fathers, in 1771. From the arches still chime four of the six old bells brought from Spain, tolling faithfully the call to prayers, but they call a people of another race, for the Indian's day is done, and for a moment you let



OLD FORK ROW, BURNED 1867

tion. How their beauty thrills one! Lights and shadows of every hue flit in ceaseless play before your eyes as you travel on past lofty eminences which take form in dome and pinnacle and jutting rock. Winding around the edge of precipices, and looking down their precipitous sides you seem at times to be hanging in mid air. Constantly ascending higher and higher, you presently come to the wonderful Circular Bridge which spans a beautiful canyon. On past Sunset Point and through the Granite Gate, you finally reach a sylvan nook at the head of Grand Canyon, five thousand feet above the level of the sea, in a forest of mammoth pines and oaks.

If you are fond of a bit of precipitous climbing, you may find it here on every hand, but if you prefer quiet shaded nooks or deep solitudes, here you may rest near to "Nature's heart."

A thousand voices seem to welcome you whispering "Here is life, and joy and peace for you, tired denizen of the town." And far up among the topmost branches of the fragrant pine trees a feathered orchestra discourses sweet, gladdening melodies, and cunning little grey squirrels scamper around you in nervous excitement. Here, too, you gather bunches of holly and mistletoe and branches of the Manzanita tree. Here the dainty bits of woodland scenery, the soft whisper of the wind, the cloister-like seclusion, the elusive charm and subtle color effects awaken pensive memories—memories which seem to bring the far off near and make the long ago seem now.

your thoughts dwell on that romantic past, and in imagination you see a group of Indian converts wending their way to the Mission or kneeling in the old baptistry around the unique baptismal font of hammered copper. You see, too, the devout Padres moving among them, and, listen! across the summer-haunted land drifts dreamily the chant of the Ave Maria.

It is all like a mysterious dream—the bigness of everything, the silence, the solemnity, the wonderful shifting of lights and shadows on mountain and plain, the vast blue dome, all combine to make the mountain top seem like holy ground.

You would dearly love to linger here until the waning sun fades from the sparkling brilliancy of gold, to the last impassioned blushes of the west, but you decide to begin the descent of the mountain.

Down the narrow path you ride with your fingers twisted into your horse's mane to aid you to keep your place in the saddle.

There are pictures all around you, and in the days to come you will have but to close your eyes and memory will conjure the dazzling beauty of the mountains against the sobered sky; the light vapory mists of softened hues, as the sun sinks to rest and light and day are done.

You hasten down into the city, happier, and—better for this day with Nature.



Kohl Riddell



Willard Merritt



A. J. Dunn



O. B. Halla



Fire Chief R. D. Pritchard



Fire Foreman F. Ryall



J. H. Bogart



J. E. Thomas



T. A. Smith



B. Blonde



E. Peltier



Jas. Dillon



F. Marx



Jas. Innes



Arch. McColg



Hy. Weaver



H. Northwood



Geo. Park



Jas. M. Park



V. A. Harrington



J. F. Thibodeau



M. Hamson



John Oldershaw



H. McDonald



L. E. Tilton



John Carpenter



J. B. Stringer



H. Macaulay



S. T. Martin



G. W. Cornell



Rev. Dr. J. B. Hutchins

Col. A. B. Baxter, T. H. Bronsage, Lt. Alex.  
Barr, Sgt. Nelson, Sgt. David Smith

P. D. McKellar



J. A. Morton



G. K. Atkinson



G. A. Witherspoon



A. Richardson



W. H. Harper



G. H. Scott



Wm. Gordon



D. McLachlan



G. J. Peace



Wm. Somerville

# Chatham Old Boys in Business

## J. L. Wilson & Son

Chatham is proud of her up-to-date architects, J. L. Wilson & Son. This firm is deservedly popular in Chatham and there is no other firm more competent to handle contracts where large sums of money are expended in building. These modern architects have drawn designs for some of Chatham's largest and best constructed buildings, and they are universally esteemed as enterprising and reliable men. They are also handling large buildings out of the city as well.

This firm has over \$120,000 worth of building under construction at the present time.

## F. Tschirhart

There is probably no other business man in Chatham who has made more rapid advancement in the commercial world than has Frank Tschirhart, the popular proprietor of Chatham's King street music store. Mr. Tschirhart was born in Bruce County and came here 7 years ago as a piano agent. He started at the bottom and the ladder and he is now rapidly making his way to the top. He is obliging, frank and affable, which is to a great extent the reason of his success. He has sound business principles and he is universally esteemed and respected.

Mr. Tschirhart now handles a very extensive trade in Newcombe, Evans and Palmer pianos, and all lines of musical instruments, gramophones, sheet music, flowers, and souvenirs of Chatham.

Mr. Tschirhart deserves great credit for making himself what he is to-day, and well deserves the large patronage he receives from the citizens of Chatham and vicinity.

## E. J. MacIntyre

E. J. MacIntyre, the popular "Mac," is one of Chatham's leading jewelers and Opticians. Mr. MacIntyre having been here for the past fifteen years, is now classed as one of Chatham's old boys.

He has always been a great angler and a lover of Canada's National game, in which he has always taken a great interest.

His store is one of the finest in the West, and the stock one of the best assorted. Diamonds, watches and cut glass being three lines in which he certainly leads.

Fifteen years has made a great improvement in Mr. MacIntyre's business. He started here with a good knowledge of the business, and through his pleasant obliging manner and his push, zeal and energy, he has built up a trade which is hard to beat. He makes a practice of keeping his stock made up of the very best wares that he can buy in his line of business, and every article which leaves his store is an advertisement for him.

Mr. MacIntyre may be classed as one of Chatham's most popular and most esteemed business men. He is an experienced musician, and is a man whose citizenship would benefit any city. He is thoroughly up-to-date and progressive in his ideas, and this fact is plainly evident from the manner in which he manages his splendid business.

## W. E. Rispin

W. E. Rispin, City Ticket, Telegraph, Express and Passenger Agent, is one of the Chatham Old Boys who has made a success in Maple City business circles. When relieving agent for the old Grey's Western, he was sent here in 1876 to inspect the Station books, and was afterwards night agent at the Great Western station for three or four years. Later, he was appointed ticket agent, and in 1885 was offered the City Ticket Offices which the G. T. R. opened up on King St. He now controls the business in Chatham of the Grand Trunk and Washag passenger services, the G. N. W. Telegraph Co., the Canadian Express Co., and represents several standard Fire and Life Insurance Companies.

Mr. Rispin recently remodelled his block and has the finest and best appointed ticket offices in Ontario. The interior fittings are all of oak, and the City ticket offices of the

Grand Trunk in Chatham are certainly handsome quarters.

Mr. Rispin has always taken a warm personal interest in athletics in this city, and the present high standard of the Maple City clubs is in great part due to the ardent support he has given them in the past.

## W. D. Sheldon

W. D. Sheldon, wine and spirit merchant, Fifth street, has been a resident of Chatham for the past thirty years and has always been an active and progressive citizen and has been engaged in the wholesale and retail liquor trade for about sixteen years, always occupying the same premises which he now occupies, in the old post office building. This store is the agent for the celebrated Cincinnati Cream Lager, for which this establishment is the agent, has a ready sale and is justly popular as a cool and refreshing summer drink. It can always be secured in every first-class hotel. Mr. Sheldon is a highly estimable citizen and a keen, shrewd business man. He has been a water commissioner for the past six years and so satisfied have the citizens been with the businesslike manner in which he has conducted the affairs of the waterworks office that they have for five consecutive years returned Mr. Sheldon and his associate commissioner Dr. J. L. Bray, by acclamation. It's men of Mr. Sheldon's stamp who have made Chatham the progressive city that it is.

## Hugh McDonald

The McDonald Furniture Co., limited, King street, has the largest retail establishment of the kind outside of Toronto. In size of stock, size and equipment of warehouses, the McDonald Furniture Co. excels. They also excel in the variety, style and finish of the goods they sell. In this store can be secured everything that makes a home cosy, comfortable and complete. Even the London retail stores cannot compete with this firm in excellence of stock or size of ware-rooms. Their trade too is always increasing and they spread all over Kent county.

This year they have had to enlarge their stock-room and this spring an addition 160 x 25 ft. was put on. They now occupy three floors and have everything up to date in the furniture line including a splendid array of fine carpets. The lower floor is devoted entirely to the display of china cabinets, sideboards, extension tables, parlor tables, jardiniere stands, combination sideboards and china cabinets, music cabinets, brass bedsteads, and baby buggies. A special line of handsome parlor suites and odd pieces of mahogany furniture are shown on the second floor. This firm also sells the famous Ostermoore mattresses. Fifty years use has been proven not to affect these mattresses. They keep their shape. The Marshall, Snow Flake, and Star brands of mattresses are also leaders. Everything about the store is neat and nifty. Hugh McDonald is one of the Chatham Old Boys. He has been here for over half a century and has been in the furniture business for fourteen years and well deserves the popular patronage of the public which his store enjoys.

## The Hotel Rankin

The Hotel Rankin, John Plesence, proprietor, is one of the most modern hotels in Western Ontario and is in high favor with the travelling public for its menu, for its equipment, for its accommodation and for its general perfection. There is no better conducted hotel on the continent. It is scarcely a year since Mr. Plesence purchased the Hotel Rankin, yet in that short space of time he has wrought wonderful changes, extensions and improvements. You would hardly recognize it as the same house which he took possession of only a year ago.

Mr. Plesence has had considerable experience in the hotel business, he having had considerable successful experience in conducting the Grand Central and other first-class houses. The Hotel Rankin stands almost in the centre of the city at the corner of Queen and King streets, the two principal thoroughfares. It is convenient alike to the post office and the Rankin Lock which is the landing for the steamer City of Chatham and all other excursion boats. A first-class bus connects with all trains. The Hotel Rankin has been entirely renovated and remodelled. The bar-room has been moved to the rear, and entirely rebuilt. The office is a new one and one of the handsomest and most spacious in any hotel in Ontario. The dining-room too has been remodelled and made bright and cosy and the table is all that can be desired. The sanitary and toilet arrangements are unexcelled and every possible convenience is provided for the guests.

The Hotel Rankin has a long and honorable career and to-day holds a proud position as one of the leaders in the west. It is particularly popular with the travelling trade who appreciate its exceptional facilities and the unvarying courtesy of its capable staff.

Mr. Plesence has made special preparations to entertain the Old Boys and their friends.

## Hotel Garner

Hotel Garner, corner of Sixth and King streets, John M. McCoig, proprietor, holds the premier place as the oldest established hotel in the city. Elsewhere in this issue is shown a cut of the Old Farmers' Exchange which stood on the present site of the Hotel Garner. In those days the Farmers' Exchange was the leading hotel, and the lessees of the Garner have endeavored to keep it in that place. Nothing advertises a city more than a good hotel. If you go into a town where the leading hotel is dingy and dirty, you straightaway get a bad impression of the place. The handsome house, managed by J. M. McCoig, has long upheld the reputation of Chatham and will continue to do so. When the present proprietor took charge the building and accommodation offered the public had not kept pace with the times. Mr. McCoig's ambition was to have the best, and no money has been spared in refitting, renovating, remodelling and improving the property and the furnishings. Over \$21,000 have been spent in these improvements within a year. Of this amount Mr. McCoig has paid out over \$5,000 himself.

Every modern convenience has been added for the comfort of guests. The interior of the building has been decorated and fitted with electric lights. A new steam heating plant was installed last winter and every room is steam heated. Private bath rooms have been added to suites, and the number of public bath rooms have been increased. The Hotel Garner is better equipped with sample rooms than any other hotel in Ontario. There are 17 first-class sample rooms, electric lighted and steam heated and fitted with a perfect telephone system. Commercial men make this place their headquarters, as owing to the exceptional facilities for showing their goods, they are able to better accommodate the trade, and they can call up their customers in the surrounding towns from the sample rooms by means of the excellent telephone system provided. The sanitary and toilet arrangements are par excellence. The bar-room is being remodelled and a modern bar added. The table is one of the places in which the Hotel Garner excels. Guests can always rely upon securing all the delicacies of the season, and the menu is always varied and appeals to the most delicate taste. There is a metropolitan finish to all meals served at the Hotel Garner. Guests at this splendid house can enjoy all the comforts and attention that are accorded in the largest hotels in the leading American cities.

J. M. McCoig, the proprietor, is a gentleman who enjoys a deserved popularity with all who know him and the travelling public. He is kindness itself and is always courteous to all who partake of his hospitality.

## W. H. Robert

W. H. Robert, physical culture instructor, is a new arrival in the city, but already has established good classes in his health producing and muscle developing exercise. Mr. Robert has a thorough knowledge of his art and is an expert instructor. All desiring to take a course should consult Mr. Robert and they will not regret the little time they spend in developing their muscles. He has

made a thorough study of physical culture and no one is better qualified to instruct. Personally, Mr. Robert is a pleasant man to meet, and he is always a gentleman. Gratifying results could not help but be accomplished under such a teacher. Further instruction in physical culture should address W. H. Robert, Physical Culturist, P. O. Box 131, Chatham, Ont.

## Central Drug Store

The Central Drug Store, C. H. Gunn & Co., is the oldest established drug business in the city, and the returning Old Boys will expect to see a drug store at the corner of King and Fifth streets, but there are few who will recognize in its handsome and commodious quarters, the Central Drug Store of long ago. This establishment is one of the largest and best in equipment, stock and appointments in Ontario. The interior furnishing of the Central Drug Store is certainly splendid. The silent salesmen and fittings are all of polished oak.

The stock is just as complete as it is possible to be, and an assortment of everything pertaining to the drug store business is shown. In addition to all the drugs and potent medicines known to the trade, there is a splendid assortment of all makes of European and American perfumes. Here you can get anything in toilet articles from a tooth-brush to a comb. The Central Drug Store is the headquarters of all the latest fashionable and entertaining fads, pyrography. Many artistic and useful articles can be manufactured from pieces of white wood, burned by a jet flame from an alcohol lamp. You can secure the entire outfit at the Central Drug Store. This establishment also has gone extensively into the selling of trusses. To such an extent has their trade increased, that they have set up a special department for this branch of the trade. An apartment has been furnished and trusses can be fitted right in the store. C. H. Gunn & Co. also manufacture Miller's popular remedies, including Miller's Worm Medicine, Miller's Iron Pills, Miller's Headache Powders, Miller's Kidney Pills, and Miller's Plasters. They have a traveler on the road all the time, selling these goods throughout Ontario.

At this season of the year, perhaps the most popular part of the Central Drug Store is the ice cream and soda water fountain. Here can be obtained all the soft drinks and ices of the season. The cooling and delicious refreshments provided by this store have a reputation for themselves.

Special attention is paid to the Candy and Bon-Bon Department. Gamong's Chocolates, St. Stephen's, N. B. and Nasmith's Candies, Toronto, are the standard brands sold, and Gamong's Chocolates are certainly delicious, as most any Maple City maiden can testify.

## J. D. Stark

J. D. Stark, the popular proprietor of the grocery store at the corner of St. Clair and Forest streets, is fifteen years in the old log. He was born in Haldimand County, and engaged in business for himself in his present strait nine years ago. He is proud of his business because he built it up himself, building his store where there had never been a store before. He has prospered and is a splendid citizen.

## H. W. Jacques

H. W. Jacques, proprietor of the grocery store, corner Raleigh and Cross streets, is one of the latest Maple City young men to venture into business. He opened up on May 1st and has a store well stocked with groceries and provisions.

His establishment is bright and clean. Mr. Jacques is always good natured, and the success that has attended his venture into commerce should convince. He has had about fifteen years experience in the grocery business and knows it thoroughly.

## The Northwood Co.

Many of the old boys and girls will remember the Wigzell store and they will be pleased to learn that this popular establishment is now being successfully and extensively carried on by Harry Northwood. Mr. Northwood is a thorough business man and keeps an up-to-date establishment. He handles all lines of fancy candies and taffies, ice cream, and oysters in season, and takes contracts for banquet, etc. His store is a very attractive place and well worthy of a visit from every old boy.

## T. W. Smythe

T. W. Smythe, proprietor of the grocery store at the corner of Prince and Wellington streets, is one of the Maple City's prosperous merchants. Born in England, Mr. Smythe began his business in London, England. He has been in business in the Maple City for 15 years, and in his up-to-date store has a complete line of groceries and provisions, confectionery, fruits in season, fish and shellfish. Mr. Smythe is an amateur photographer of more than ordinary skill and has many splendid examples of his work.

## Bates Cigar Store

The firm of Bates Bros, while one of the youngest in the city, is a corner, and enjoys a great amount of popularity. It is managed by young men who are thoroughly up-to-date, and who believe in handling the very best of goods. They handle all of the best lines of cigars and tobacco made, and their store, for its size, cannot be beaten in Canada. A billiard hall is managed in connection with the business, and there is no place where a billiard game can be better enjoyed than on their excellent tables.

## Fred Wood

Fred Wood, the Head Street grocer, is one of the Chatham old boys, and he knows all the other old boys. Mr. Wood was born in England, but he has been in Chatham since 1872. Part of that time he spent in the store of Hugh Malcolmson. Over 14 years ago he started in business for himself and has always been progressive. A careful and shrewd business man, he has won the respect and esteem of his neighbors and has always proven himself an honest citizen. He has a very pleasing personality and dearly loves a joke. Neat about his personal appearance, you naturally notice the same characteristic about his store, and it is always a comfort to deal with him because you know you are getting the best.

## V. J. Bosworth

Amongst the Maple City's up-to-date and well known grocery stores, is that of V. J. Bosworth. Although having only been established a short time, Mr. Bosworth has obtained the patronage and esteem of a large number of customers. His grocery business is situated on William street, which thoroughfare is destined soon to become one of Chatham's most fashionable streets. An Englishman by birth, Mr. Bosworth came to Canada while coming with a young man. For twenty-three years he was employed on the staff of the Grand Truck Railway, coming to Chatham 15 years ago. Regarding his grocery business, Mr. Bosworth is a practical man, and aims to make it equal in excellence to any other grocery establishment in the Maple City.

## Jno. Edmondson

Abd. John Edmondson, the St. Clair street butcher, is another of the Maple City business men who may be said to be a Chatham old boy. Born in St. Mary's, Perth County, in 1858, he came to Chatham 25 years ago and has been in the butcher business in Chatham for a quarter of a century. He certainly understands his business as his large and extensive trade proves. Mr. Edmondson is now serving his third term in the Council, where he is considerable of a power. He is a progressive citizen and many of the local improvements in this city in recent years may be in part, attributed to his energetic action. Mr. Edmondson is a fluent speaker and no debate in Council is complete without his taking part. He is a fighter, too, and will not submit tamely to any imposition.

## W. H. Curran

W. H. Curran, the North Chatham butcher, is now only 14 years old, and one of the Maple City's young business men. He was probably the youngest man to start business in Kent County when he first entered the commercial field. Mr. Curran was keeping the Green Mountain Hotel in Chatham for several years up to 19 years old. At 20 he sold out. He afterwards travelled all over the province representing Toronto firms. Later he was in business at Comber, but just before getting into the business in Ontario on St. Clair St., was travelling representative for O'Brien Bros. He is popular and is thoroughly acquainted with the cattle and butcher business.

## R. S. Dunlop

R. S. Dunlop, the Queen St. grocer, is another of the old Chatham boys who has prospered in the town of their birth. Born on Wellington St. near Fitz St., he has spent the better part of his life in this city. His father, the late Geo. R. Dunlop, was a prominent citizen in the early days of the town of their birth. He was a butcher for several years. Mr. Dunlop has been in business about 15 years, and has built up a splendid trade. He sells both groceries and fresh meats and enjoys a good share of the patronage. Personally, Mr. Dunlop is well liked. He is a thinker and a careful business man. He was a member of the old volunteer fire brigade, and was for several years a volunteer member of the Board of Health. His store, on Queen St., south of the G. T. R., is headquarters for all kinds of staple groceries.

## Joseph Capman

Joseph Capman, proprietor of the butcher shop at the north approach to the Fifth street bridge, is one of the young business men of this city. About a month ago he purchased the business and good will of Fred Goodland, and since then he has been remarkably successful. Before entering into the retail business for himself, Mr. Capman had a good experience in all branches of the business. He has followed the butcher trade since he was a boy, and for several years was actively engaged in the wholesale butcher business, and is credited with the credit of the several layers of live stock in the city. His shop is always clean and bright. A splendid supply of fresh and salt meats of all kinds are always kept on hand, and every possible attention is paid to customers.

## Tilt's Art Store

For the last ten years, Joseph Tilt, the popular manager of Chatham's Art Store, has carried on a successful business here. Joe is perfectly deserving of all the patronage he receives, as he is an up-to-date business man and conducts his business on thoroughly modern plans. Mr. Tilt makes a specialty of high class wall papers, and he always has on hand one of the most varied and select stocks in the city. He carries a superb stock of pictures and frames. In his stock of pictures can be found all of the latest lines in up-to-date pictures. This branch of his business is very popular with the Chatham lovers of art. Tilt's business extends farther, into painting, framing, decorating and sign painting. He is known all over the city as one of the most reliable men in the business, and he has become one of the largest and most artistic jobs in the city. His business is gradually increasing year by year, and there is not a man in the city who is more deserving of prosperity than Joe Tilt.

## Calixte Bechard

Calixte Bechard, proprietor of the Aberdeen, has only been a resident of this city four years, but he has lived so near it all his life that he may be considered one of the old boys. Born in Pain Court 45 years ago on the eighth of last May, he spent his boyhood there. His father, Calixte Sr., had a grist, saw and stone mill there, which his sons, Calixte Jr. and Joseph, purchased when they were scarcely out of their teens. For many years they operated this mill, which was the first one in the township. Calixte Jr. was the champion sawyer of the township. Mr. Bechard was afterwards in the timber business buying logs at different times for The Higgan Hoop and Thin Lumber Co., Detroit and E. D. McCracken & W. L. Bechard. After the Scott Act he started a hotel at Pain Court, and four years ago he purchased the Aberdeen Hotel business and moved to Chatham. He is a progressive citizen, furnishes first class meals, and the old boys will all have a warm welcome there.

**Chas. T. Cherry**

Chas. T. Cherry, the King St. and Princess St. grocer, has a nice, light store and fine stock of groceries, fresh and salt meats. He makes a specialty of good butter and fresh eggs, and always has them in stock.

**Thos. B. Farley**

Thomas B. Farley, proprietor of the grocery store at the corner of Princess and Colborne Sts., has been in business in Chatham for nearly 25 years. He always has a general stock of groceries and provisions on hand. Mr. Farley is one of Chatham's most respected citizens.

**The Ark**

House furnishings, souvenirs, fancy china and everything suitable for presents or keepsakes can be had at The Ark.

This store has been established in Chatham 14 years. All the Chatham old boys who are home on a visit are cordially invited to come to this store. You will not be urged to buy. Come and be welcome. Everything, and the newest ideas. Hugh Macaulay, proprietor.

**The Table Supply Co.**

The Table Supply Co.'s grocery establishment, corner of Third and King streets, is managed by an old Chatham boy, Wm. Raly, Jr. On the 20th of June, 1903, barely a year ago, this splendid establishment, which is one of the most complete of Toronto, opened its doors to the public. Cleanliness and brightness has been the feature of this store, and the fine and fresh line of groceries always in stock, has appealed to the public to such an extent that The Table Supply Co. has secured a large share of the trade. This is a credit to the founder, Mr. Raly, and he must certainly feel gratified at the results achieved. There is one of the finest fitted up butcher shops west of Toronto attached to this grocery store for rent. Any one desiring a good location and splendid quarters would do well to see Mr. Raly.

**O. I. Dolson**

Orrville I. Dolson, proprietor of the Booklyn grocery, is one of the old boys. He was born in Chatham in the very heart of the city, in fact in the old Farmers' Exchange, which is shown in this issue. He was the first boy who went to school in the old brick Central School, and got a whipping the very first day from C. R. Atkinson, K. C., the teacher. Mr. Dolson says that he deserved it too.

Mr. Dolson has known Chatham since it was a village. He was in the feed business next door to the old banner office for a long time, but the best part of his life spent farming down the river. A few years ago he purchased the grocery store of the late J. Simpson, and has done his business successfully ever since. Mr. Dolson knows Chatham possibly better than any one else, and he likes to recall incidents of the past. He has never been ambulatory for municipal honors, but, when there was danger of an invasion of the Fenians, he was found ready.

**Wm. Potter**

William Potter, proprietor of the grocery store and meat shop business at the corner of Harvey and Queen streets, is one of the old boys who has prospered. Born in Quebec city, Mr. Potter came to Chatham when only seven years old and has spent 38 years in the city, as a boy and man. Eighteen years ago he began business for himself in the store at the corner of Cross and Raleigh streets. Three years ago he purchased the butcher shop of W. F. Smith at the corner of Harvey and Queen streets and erected a fine grocery store, moving the butcher shop to the rear. Securing a competent man to take charge of the butcher business, he ran it in conjunction with his grocery store, and has always enjoyed a large share of the public patronage. He is a very enthusiastic Odd-fellow and has gone up the steps of the ladder in that lodge from the bottom to the top. He visited the Sovereign Grand Lodge at Richmond, Va., and Lockport, Ind., and is a representative from Ontario. Mr. Potter has been the recipient on several occasions of special marks of favor from both the lodges and the encampments for services rendered. He was a member of the old volunteer fire department and was the first foreman in the paid department. He also served two years in the city council. Mr. Potter is an enthusiastic musician and one of the best soloists ever in a band in his city. For 25 years he was organist-soloist in the band but was forced to retire on account of his health. He was one of the original members of the fire and drum band the old 24th Battalion.

**Henry Weaver**

Ex-Asst. Henry Weaver is one of the best known men in the city. Born in Philadelphia he came here in 1862, and has been in the grocery business in Chatham for over 40 years. He was first in business in Park Row on King Street, but for the past 15 years has conducted the store on Park St. He keeps a full line of groceries, fresh and salt meats, and enjoys the confidence of the public. Mr. Weaver was in the brick business for two years, and made the bricks for the houses of Gilbert Dolson, Alex. Dolson, William Oler-shaw and Mr. McCrossin.

**W. H. Marshall**

Henry Marshall, the proprietor of the Triangle Grocery, corner of Head and Thames St., is one of the older citizens. He has been a resident of Chatham 30 years. He learned the grocery business with John McKerrall, and during nearly all his 39 years residence has been engaged in the same business and knows it thoroughly in all its branches. He was for seven years a volunteer fireman and was one of those mostly noted for promoting the famous foot racing in No. 1 Howe Co. Besides his store, he was always a man of remarkable strength. Mr. Marshall takes a pride in his store and has everything.

**Smith & Smith**

Smith & Smith, real estate brokers and agents for both Fire and Life Assurance is one of the best firms in the city. Both gentlemen are practically old Chatham boys, each having been born in Harwich, just beyond the city. E. R. Smith has been in business in Chatham about 20 years, he having been in the lumber business with D. R. McGarvin for many years. Christopher Smith, the other member of the firm, has been in business in Chatham about seven years. Both gentlemen are specially fitted for valuing property owing to their thorough knowledge of the worth of property in this city and county. They also have money to loan on mortgages.

**Dunn & Merritt**

Dunn & Merritt's real estate agency has only been organized a short time, but during its short life has transacted a large amount of business. Both members of the firm are well-known and both are shrewd, careful business men. This agency handles city and county property, and within the last year have negotiated the sale of many thousands of dollars worth of city and county property. They now have several bargains to offer in city and suburban property, two or three of these properties being especially good investments. Any one desiring to either rent, lease or buy a house and lot in town or a farm would do well to investigate what Dunn & Merritt's agency has to offer. It always pays to deal with reliable people, and it is cheaper to own your own home than to pay rent.

**C. H. Dunn**

The Bon Marche Grocery Store, C. H. Dunn, proprietor, is one of the brightest and best establishments of the kind in the city. Mr. Dunn is one of the younger old Chatham boys. He was born here and has spent the greater part of his life in this city. Mr. Dunn began his career in the Chatham post office. He was afterwards with H. K. Ridley and later was in business in Brantford, Ont. A little over two years ago he purchased the Bon Marche Grocery Store and has developed a good business. At the Bon Marche you can always rely on securing the best that is in the grocery line and all the delicacies of the season. Mr. Dunn is well liked and he always has obliging and courteous clerks. It is a pleasure to deal at the Bon Marche.

**The Hallinan Bros.**

Hallinan Bros., the Head St. Butchers (Frank and Robert), are Chatham old boys if a 30 year's residence here is sufficient qualification. They were born amongst the beautiful Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence river.

Frank came here about 30 years ago. About 15 years ago, he entered into business for himself and in conjunction with his brother has built up a splendid trade.

Mr. Frank Hallinan is an old member of No. 2 Volunteer Fire Company, and he still likes to recall the times they used to have fighting fires in the old days. He is a highly respected citizen and his word is as good as most men's bond.

Robert Hallinan is also well known as a humorist and good business man.

**The Hotel Merrill**

Chatham is noted for its up-to-date and comfortable hotels. The commercial men everywhere speak of the excellent accommodation procured in Chatham. This is a good thing as it encourages people to come here. Among the best hotels and the best managed hotels in the city is that popular establishment owned by the good Frank F. Merrill. Mr. Merrill keeps a good house and one that is generally and liberally patronized by the travelling public. The commercial men are obliged to make hotels their homes, and the Merrill House has all the comforts and conveniences of the best home. The Merrill House is fitted with baths, comfortable airy rooms, wash basins, and everything that a man of the world goes to make up an up-to-date hotel, and the rate is fixed at \$1.50 per day. Travellers—ladies and gentlemen—and the old boys who will visit the re-union will make no mistake in staying at the Merrill House.

**Jno. McCorvie**

John McCorvie, proprietor of the King street grocery store, is one of the oldest active business men in Chatham. He was born near Mull on the old McCorvie homestead. When 18 years old he came to Chatham and learned the grocery business with John McKerrall. On the latter's retirement from active business, Mr. McCorvie and William Foreman bought out the business. Mr. Foreman afterwards sold out his interest in the business to John McKerrall, Jr. The firm of McCorvie & McKerrall was one of the best known in Chatham for years. They did an enormous trade. Mr. McCorvie over three years ago disposed of his share of the business to his partner and moved to his present quarters, where he opened up a grocery store and has been remarkably successful. The McCorvie store makes a specialty of keeping the best, and the groceries from this store have made a name for themselves. You always know that anything with the McCorvie label on it is good. Mr. McCorvie is now serving his fourth term on the Public School Board and is its chairman this year.

**E. R. Snook**

E. R. Snook, the King St. wholesale and retail grocer, is a Chatham old boy who was satisfied to stay in the home town, and he has prospered in business. For many years he was in partnership with his father in the grocery store of Thos. Snook & Son. Later the handsome premises now occupied were erected, and under the management of Mr. Snook, as E. R. assumed complete control of the business. He has now been in business in Chatham for over a quarter of a century, and has a splendid retail trade. The E. R. Snook store is noted for the completeness of its stock, and you can always rely on getting the best here. Mr. Snook devotes a good deal of attention to his wholesale trade in tobacco, teas and spices. He handles the business of the Maple Leaf Canning Co. in this city, and has built up a good wholesale trade.

Mr. Snook has never taken an active interest in municipal affairs. His business requires all his time and energies.

Mr. Snook is wholesale agent for the Sun Oil Co., of Hamilton, manufacturers of illuminating and lubricating oils, gasoline and fuel oil, and standard mile axle grease, carriage oils and rapeseed grease. He has a tank car on the road.

**W. T. Fairbanks**

One who may justly be termed one of the Maple City's most staunch adherents, is W. T. Fairbanks, proprietor of the Tecumseh House, he having been born and reared in Chatham, and through some of the best of his life in that firm stands in the city. Although he has been proprietor of the Tecumseh House for only four years, Mr. Fairbanks, has, through modern business methods and a thorough application of the needs and comforts of his many patrons, secured a very enviable place in the hotel business. Being in close proximity to the Grand Trunk and Wabash depots, travellers find his hostelry a very convenient place to stay. Not only has Mr. Fairbanks been a successful resident of the Maple City, but his father, Thomas Fairbanks, a native of Ireland, who died about six years ago, had also been a long time resident of the city, being for many years in the carriage business. Mr. Fairbanks is a member of the old volunteer fire brigade, and is no doubt remembered by many old veterans alive today. The present proprietor of the Tecumseh House has had good experience in various lines of business, but it is now, in a business to which he is adapted, and it is his intention to have a hotel which the travelling public will appreciate to its fullest extent.





## Old Boys in Business

### Wm. Somerville

In the bakery and confectionery line of business there is none more prominent or better patronized than Wm. Somerville. He has now been in business in Chatham for 50 years, and dating that time he has been a good business man and a valuable citizen. His store was first situated where Richard's bakery now stands near the market, and nine years ago his business had expanded that he had to move to his present more commodious quarters. Business with him is steadily increasing and grows with the city. He now employs about six men and three girls with an increased stock of goods.

His business consists of a bakery and confectionery, lunch room, bread delivery, ice cream and systems in season, and ice cream parlour. His establishment is a popular place for lunquets, and he has ample accommodation for all. Mr. Somerville is one of the old boys and deserving of his large patronage.

### G. F. Terrill

Terrill, the shoe man, is one of the Maple City's prosperous business men. Terrill's shoe store has been established 31 years, and each year has shown an increase of trade. Last year was the banner year for this year promises to surpass all previous records. This store is sole agent for the city for the "Just Right" shoes. The "Just Right" pattern shoes are guaranteed. If the uppers break before the first sole is worn through the "Just Right" will be replaced. For men and comfort. It is made in polished and shoddy leathers. It is made in all styles and lasts, and there is but one price in Canada and the United States, \$5.00. In ladies footwear, there is none to equal the Empress shoe at the popular prices, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00, and in all styles and lasts. Ur & Dunn shoes, of fashionable and artistic design. They make a special cushion-soled shoe for ladies, called the Acme. Terrill, the shoe man, has the large stock. He carries everything from the child's smallest shoe to No. 13, and can supply anything in footwear, you cannot do better than visit Terrill, the shoe man.

### Thiboutou & Jacques

This is one of the oldest dry goods establishments in Chatham. It was founded in 1859 by Mr. Cameron, and later on Mr. Ferguson was admitted into the firm. In 1873 the firm became known as Ferguson & Thiboutou, and later on in 1890 another change was made when the present firm was formed admitting Mr. Jacques. The last change has been a happy one as results have proven. Mr. Thiboutou & Jacques, with a thorough, capable partner in every respect, and the result is that they are now at the head of one of the most prosperous and reliable dry goods establishments in Chatham, or for that matter in the Province. As the business has advanced the store has been improved and enlarged. In 1890, shortly after the present firm was formed, they found it necessary to enlarge their store twice in the same year. During the present year they have again been forced to make enlargements and improvements, adding a new and fine department and enlarging their dress goods and millinery. The store now is one of the neatest and most attractive of its kind. This firm makes a specialty of dress goods, millinery, hosiery, underwear and wash goods, and purchases may be assured that whatever is bought in their store, is the best in quality and value that can be bought anywhere. They have increased their staff from 10 hands in '90 to 34 at the present time, which is practical evidence of prosperity.

### Albert Sheldrick

For the past eleven years Albert Sheldrick has conducted a successful and thriving business in the Maple City. He is one of the Chatham business men who believe that good work turned out will always raise the standard of business, and

he has always followed this up in a of his business dealings. This is why he is still carrying on his business here, and it is also the reason why his business is continually growing from year to year. Mr. Sheldrick is a gentlemanly and courteous traveller who make their business of selling suitings, but prefer to have their own suits made by Mr. Sheldrick rather than go to Toronto. This in itself gives good ideas of the enormous popularity of Mr. Sheldrick's popularity as a merchant tailor. Last summer Mr. Sheldrick decided to change the location of his business. He purchased the old post office building, property and has now erected a splendid new block with his own establishment on the bottom floor and the rest of the property fitted up with offices, studios, etc. Mr. Sheldrick has shown much business enterprise during his life in Chatham, and the erection of this block is just another instance of it. The block throughout is fitted up in the most modern style, and his magnificent store is one of the most up-to-date in western Ontario, in fact there are few merchant tailors in Ontario who can exceed Mr. Sheldrick in style, finish, dexterity or neatness of fit. May he long enjoy the patronage he now receives.

### W. M. Drader

W. M. Drader, proprietor of the Mills and Lumber Yards in this city, is one of the leading lumbermen of Chatham, and one of the best men and most esteemed citizens in the community. Close attention to business has given Mr. Drader a prominent place in the commercial world, which he occupies to-day. Born in Kingston, Mr. Drader has grown up in the lumber trade, and for over a quarter of a century he has been in this business in Kent County. He formerly had mills at Thameville and Northwood, but the increasing demands of his business necessitated enlarging, and seven years ago he moved to Chatham to obtain better shipping facilities. Since that time his business has continued to increase and he is now to-day his factories and yards cover a large portion of the city.

A few years ago Mr. Drader went into the pine lumber, hemlock, larch and shingle trade, and his yards are filled with a large stock of these building materials. He has also erected and equipped a large planing mill on Queen St., and is prepared to furnish all kinds of timbers, staves, etc., for the erection of residences, stores, barns or other buildings.

Mr. Drader is also an extensive dealer in hardwood lumber, and his North Chatham mills turn out large quantities of this valuable building material. Manufacturing his own hardwood lumber he is able to furnish the very best material for silent sashcases, mantels, grilles, special furniture, office and store fittings, pine hardwood and painted doors and hardware. He is the largest cooper-hall dealer in Western Ontario. At his Chatham mills he manufactures cooperage stock, and at his cooper shops in Chatham, Thameville, Northwood, Bethwell, Glenora and Ridgeway he converts the stock into barrels for flour, apples and other commodities. Mr. Drader's larnes are well all over, his brand advertise themselves. His pine timber, hemlock, larch and shingle and cedar post business, however, is the part of his business that gives his most attention to and all contemplating building would do well to consult Mr. Drader as to prices and to examine his pine lumber before making any purchases. His lumber is all of the best quality and is selected with great care. The office is on Queen street and the yards are at the same place and also on Thames street, east of the Fifth street bridge. Mr. Drader's business keeps him sufficiently busy and he has not had time to take any active interest in municipal life although he has been often urged to do so.

### J. H. Dennis, Druggist

J. H. Dennis, druggist, enjoys the distinction of being the youngest business man in Chatham. His years, however, are by no means again and there is no doubt but that in a short time he

## PLANET SOUVENIR

will not only be one of the youngest, but also one of the best. Mr. Dennis is a Chatham boy. He received his early training and education in Chatham, and has since graduated from the Toronto school of pharmacy. He is now more extensively experienced as the best manager of conducting a drug business, as he has had considerable experience as a prescription clerk in one of the largest Toronto pharmacies. He is now engaged in apprenticeship with A. I. McCall of this city. The store which he has purchased was formerly owned and managed by A. I. McCall, and is known as the East End Drug Store. It was more recently owned by Ed. Jones, from whom it was purchased by Mr. Dennis. Its former managers have all been competent and it has all helped to work up a good patronage. This added to the patronage which will be drawn by Mr. Dennis himself, will go to make this establishment one of the most popular and most reliable in the city. Mr. Dennis would be pleased to receive a call from all of his old friends during the old boy's reunion.

### Morley & Co.

For a quarter of a century the firm of Morley & Co. have made clothes for the best dressed men in Chatham and the surrounding district. Many of the Chatham old boys have had their first tailor made suits made by Mr. Morley.

Mr. Morley thinks he is not asking too much when he particularly requests the pleasure of a call from all of his old friends and acquaintances during the reunion of Canada's best and most reliable old boys—the Chatham old boys.

Mr. Morley's popularity has never diminished in the least since he first started in business here. The firm was first known as Broderick & Morley, but some years ago Mr. Broderick retired, and Mr. Morley continued the business under the name of Morley & Co.

There is nothing which adds to a man's appearance like a well chosen and well made clothes are not everything but they are a great factor. A well dressed man always demands a certain amount of respect at least, and if your clothes are made by H. Morley you will always be respected.

Mr. Morley's business is not confined to the city of Chatham. His patronage draws from all of the surrounding towns, and it is rapidly growing. Each year sees a better business for Mr. Morley for which he is keenly appreciative to his many customers. He will in future do everything in his power to hold their patronage.

### W. S. Richards

The Kent Bakery, W. S. Richards, proprietor, is probably the oldest established business in the city, and its origin can be traced back to John Striving. Henry Richards purchased the building and converted it into a bakery. Later, Wm. Richards, the present proprietor, purchased his father's interest, and afterwards took in William Sutherland as partner. During the time this partnership existed the firm operated in Evers, Kent and Lambton. There were no Christie, Perrin or McCormick biscuits in those days. The firm of Richards & Sutherland had wages which traversed the three counties men and bakers, and they were the products of the firm's bakery. The present oven was the original used by the firm. The VonGusten store was used by the firm in shipping stock. After the death of Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Richards gave up the wholesale trade and devoted his time and attention to the retail trade. After a time Mr. Richards returned to shipping stock. His father had been torn out to John Pratt, and the latter disposed of his interest in William Somerville. The latter returned to shipping stock. When Mr. Richards opened up in the town where his father had so successfully conducted the bakery business, W. S. Richards has shown himself an able successor to his father with his business has prospered. Many of the Chatham old boys received their education in this establishment. Amongst others are Robert Dickson, William Wing, James Baxter, Richard A. Mounter, James, James Richmond, A.M. E. A. Mounter and also Henry Weatherston, Gall, and James Baxter.

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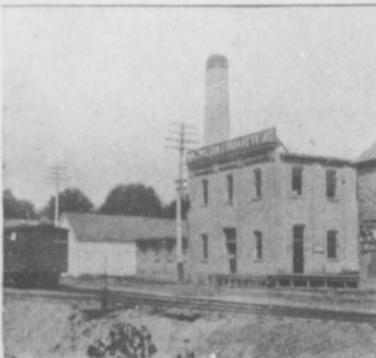
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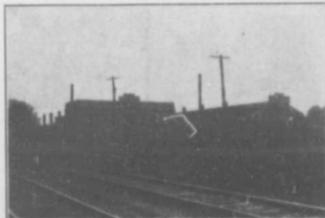
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