

## Mainly About People.

Sir Richard Powell, the eminent English physician, is noted for his frankness in speaking his mind without regard to the social position of his patient. Once, when he was called to prescribe for the Duchess of Manchester, he ordered her to disrobe. "But, Sir Richard, I haven't my maid here," she said; to which the baronet retorted: "Madame, I have no objection of examining your maid."

Dean Fuertes of the College of Civil Engineering at Cornell, who died recently, was frequently gruff, though he had the kindest of hearts. A recent graduate tells of going to the office of "The Mogge," as everyone called him, to see whether he had been successful in an astronomy examination. "The Mogge" knew what he wanted, and the student was greeted as follows: "Blank, I passed you. God forgive me!"

Mrs. Langtry was discussing the other day the recent marriage of the octogenarian Marquis of Donegal with a young Canadian girl. She said it reminded her of an incident in the life of her father. Her father was a clergyman, and there came to him to be married one day a man of seventy and a girl of eighteen. The minister whispered, when this ill-assorted couple came and stood before him: "The fellow is the other end of the church." "What do you want with the font? We are here to be married," said the old man. "Oh, I beg your pardon," the clergyman rejoined; "I thought you had brought this young girl here to be christened."

A newly-married couple recently sauntered leisurely around Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington, D.C., trying hard to appear unconscious. Stopping on one of the echo stones to gaze at a new statue, they were spied by two youthful pages looking for a joke. One of the pages hurried to another echo stone, and in a whisper asked: "When did you get married?" The couple looked at each other, and then all around the hall, but could discern no one. The bride blushed, and the young man looked miserable. Presently again came the mysterious question: "When did you get married?" Avez-enriched and looking extremely foolish, they fled from the hall, to the intense amusement of the mischievous pages.

Talking of the late Augustin Daly, Miss May Irwin, the well-known Canadian actress, says: "One of the funniest things to me was to have the governor say, 'Well, I'll show you,' and then come up and do the act. I never could resist saying, 'I couldn't do it like that if I died for it.' And I couldn't. When we were rehearsing 'Red Letter Nights,' I was playing a prying servant, always eavesdropping. I had to get caught and fall into the room when the door was opened suddenly. I had to fall on my hands and knees. Well, the governor showed me how. I nearly died. 'I couldn't do it like that,' I laughed, 'there's not enough of me lengthwise.' 'Well, well, May,' was the reply; 'you can make it up breadthwise.'"

Senator Hoar of Massachusetts relates this anecdote of his friend, the Rev. Joseph Erskine of Edinburgh: "At one time in his life, Mr. Erskine lost handkerchief after handkerchief. He found, on investigation, that it was on Sunday these losses occurred, and, accordingly, one Sabbath morning Mrs. Erskine sewed his handkerchief in the tail pocket of his coat. 'Now,' said she, 'no hat is so sure what will happen.' Mr. Erskine, with the sewed handkerchief, passed down the aisle of the church that morning as usual to ascend to the pulpit, but as he walked by the amen corner he felt a gentle tug behind, a delicate nibble among his coat-tails. Thereupon he turned on the disappointed old woman in the corner, and said, with a triumphant smile: 'No! the day, honest woman, no the day.'"

A number of years ago suit, says the "Green Bag," was brought against the cashier of the State Bank of Iowa Falls, to recover an alleged deposit, which deposit the bank denied. During the trial at Eldora, the defendant's attorney made a very convincing argument for his client, and took pains to tell the jury of his client's high social and religious standing, and of the confidence of the people which he enjoyed, and endeavored to impress upon the minds of the jury that the defendant was not the kind of a man who would make a mistake in the handling of other people's money. Tom H. Milner, then, as now, a witty as well as a very shrewd lawyer, represented the other side, and in addressing the jury said: "Gentlemen, I heartily concur in what my brother has said of the defendant; I agree with him in each and every statement that he has made pertaining to Mr. ————'s good self; but I would have you consider deeply this one fact—Canada is full of just such men."

Wolf von Schierbrand tells an amusing story of his last weeks in Berlin. He was for a long time chief correspondent of the Associated Press, and was at last ordered to leave the country for having given too intimate information about the Kaiser. The American ambassador secured a respite of two weeks for him, during which he could wind up his affairs, but he was a marked man, and the police shadowed him night and day. At last he hit upon the expedient of placing a stuffed dummy of himself on the front porch, with its back toward the street, and while the police zealously watched the dummy he was going slipping out by a side door and going unmolested about his business, disguised in a pair of blue goggles and an old slouch hat. The mannikin sat in the chair, with occasional interruptions, from nine in the morning till ten at night, and was pulled inside by a string at bedtime. On the morning of Mr. Schierbrand's departure for the United States, it was turned with its wooden face toward the street, displaying a small placard for the edification of the police, reading: "Thanks; I'm off."

## Only a Day Between.

Monday.  
Mrs. Rowley was carrying a trayful of table-glass up the stairs—caught her foot in her dress, dropped and smashed the lot. Her husband ran out, and he helped her gather up the fragments.  
"Never mind! Don't worry! It couldn't be helped!" said the man, who had to pay for a replenishment of tumblers, and saucers, and celery-holders, and jam-dishes.

Wednesday.  
Mr. Rowley slipped down, and broke an ordinary—and odd—breakfast-cup.  
"You clumsy brute! Why can't you be more careful? It would have been the same if it had been one of my best sets. And so on for half an hour from the woman who earned it, until only had to spend, the odd—Ally

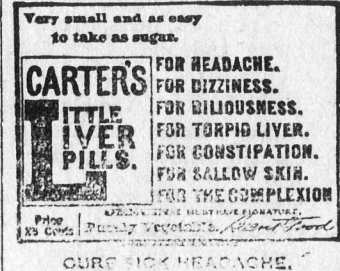
## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

## Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brewster

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



Such as Mother Used to Make.

As I have grown old in years and in pessimism, there has strengthened in my heart a belief that I must have been, in my youth, a very credulous person. The plamor that hangs about the past makes a kind of Arcadia and Utopia and Millennium rolled into one; and the flavors that linger on the palate of memory are those of nectar and ambrosia—food for the gods, yet tasted by me in the flesh.

I like to fancy that other lives have these fine flavors extending back into the years, linking past and present together. We grow used to them in time. We think of them as illusions. And we sadly admit that viands such as these could never have been baked on sea or land. They are the stuff that dreams are made of—and ideals and illusions. For instance, such as mother used to cook, bursting globules of sweetness, could never have existed in actuality. They had the taste of all outdoors in them and youth and courage and immortality, with just a hint of young and succulent young pork. Does one come upon such peas nowadays? Are the greenish, brownish, skin-cased balls that are set before us from time to time, bearing the tired flavor of years in their hearts, are these peas? Or what have they to do with the peas of memory?

And the saddest thing about them is, not that they are peas, but that they are symbols. Youth has vanished and with it the fine, careless joys of eating. Some such conviction, I fancy, comes to most of us—through peas or through groundbeef or mince pie or doughnuts or sausage or apple dumplings. Some such memory makes pessimists of us all, and we sigh, not for the viands of old, but for the vanished spirit within that made them worth while.

Believe it not, oh my brothers of the flesh! The things that mother used to make are still in the world. Far in the recesses of life you shall find them. And the name of the magic charm is pork. Fresh young pork—home-raised pork—clean and fat and sweet. Pork that permeates and flavors, with no indigestion in its bones and no sorrows in its train. Verily there is more poetry in pigs than Homer extracted from their white and rosy hides—or even Charles Lamb. Oh, for some modern bard to sing the glories of the vanishing home-made pig! For where he exists joy is Succotash—do you know it? Not the cold, hard, lumpy mixture, one part corn and the other part bean—but succotash, the real thing, such as our Puritan ancestors knew and loved—bean flavored with corn, corn melting to bean, and all alive and palpitating to the gentle influences of pork.

Talk not to me of stock-yards or of herds or butter or cottolene or oleomargarine or other just-as-goods. I would go far this morning to meet a respectable, a worthy piece of home-raised pork. It is not the things that mother used to make that are passing away, but the things that were raised on the farm—and all that they stand for—the things that we must come back to in spirit and in truth and in actuality if we would taste again the true flavor, not the flavor of pork alone, but the flavor of life itself.—From the "Contributors' Club."

## I AM A NEW MAN

Angus McMillan, Over Eighty Years of Age, Pays His Respects to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—They Cured His Dyspepsia.

Nothing tells more forcibly the benefits aged people receive from the use of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets than the story of one of those old people themselves. Hear then the story of Angus McMillan, of Leggan F. O., Glenagary Co., Ont. Long past the three score and ten mark is Mr. McMillan, for he is over eighty years of age, and though for twenty years he suffered the pains and discomforts that only the Dyspeptic knows he is to-day as bright and strong and cheerful as many a man of sixty. He has shaken off his old tormentors. He is a new man. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets did it.

"I suffered with Dyspepsia for more than twenty years," says Angus McMillan, "but never met with anything to cure me till a few months back when I commenced taking Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets when after using them for two days all pain and restlessness left me entirely. I am a new man. I have great reason to be thankful for all the good Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have done for me. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the antidote for discomfort."

## Interesting Items.

Corsets are not the only articles feminine that men have adopted. King Edward quite often wears on his left wrist a bracelet that once belonged to Maximilian, the ill-fated Emperor of Mexico. Maximilian believed this bracelet to be a charm against evil, but considering his late this can hardly be the reason why King Edward wears it.

The "Japan Times" reports a remarkable case of the engineer being hoist with his own petard. Our esteemed contemporary says: "Two convicts were executed at the Ichigaya prison on Wednesday. One of them, Matsutaro Sohtome, was a carpenter, and said while climbing up the guillotine that it had been built by himself during his previous service at the prison some years ago for the offence of larceny. He was much touched by this strange incident." Who would not be?

Editors out west still occasionally sling ink with breezy emphasis. For instance, a rival journalist recently aroused the ire of Editor Bayse of the Belleville (Kan.) "Telescope," and this is how the man named began his reply: "From time immemorial it has been customary for ants and fleas and flies and fools, scoundrels and scalliwags and skunks, dandies, jackasses and Judases, liars, leeches and lice to assail mankind in general and their superiors in particular. The attack last week," etc.

A new word, and one of the best we have seen, is offered to the public by the English press, "oysteria;" and with its suggestion of hysteria it connotes the fear of typhoid from shellfish. The English oysters come mostly from the mouth of the Thames, and Londoners are in the midst of one of their frequent typhoid scares, and there is a complete collapse of the oyster trade. One Billingsgate merchant was at the pains to secure a medical certificate for his oysters, setting forth that his beds were inaccessible to sewage.

To get the eggs of a new species of mosquito inhabiting a South Carolina swamp, Dr. W. C. Coker of the University of North Carolina had to borrow the aid of a horse. The horse was driven into the low ground haunted by the mosquitoes, and when he came out the insects were found drilling through his skin. They were carefully removed, put in a tin bucket, fed daily with blood from the hand, and after about five days, to the doctor's great delight, they laid their eggs in the water. It was to procure and study these eggs that he had taken all his trouble. In such homely ways science sometimes makes its advances.

Among the many interesting discoveries of Dr. Sven Hedin in Central Asia is a singular oscillation in the position of the lake of Kara-koshun, or Lop-nor. This lake seems as restless as some rivers that change their beds, but the cause of its movements is a secular change in the level of the desert, in the midst of which it lies, bordered by vegetation. At present the lake is retreating northward from the place where Przhevsky found it, and creeping toward its ancient bed, where it is known to have lain in the third century of the Christian era; and as it slowly moves, the vegetation, the animals, and the fishermen with their reed huts follow its shores northward. Dr. Hedin believes that after reaching the northern part of the desert the lake returns southward, the period of oscillation being 1,000 years or more.

## In Chicago.



"You had seen dot Cologne cathedral?"  
"Yes, isn't it dear? I always admire that colonial architecture."  
"Judge."

## Limitations of Genius.

Nordau and his crew, with their vapors about genius and degeneracy, should read and ponder Dr. George M. Gould's "Biographic Clinics." Dr. Gould makes no attempt to account for genius; but he sets out to show how it may be affected by apparently trivial physical causes, and he supports his contention by indisputable facts. His novel theory has to do with the acute physical and mental suffering that has pursued many men of genius through life, often with the most momentous effect on their work; and he believes that in many cases this suffering is due to eye-strain—the prolonged effort of accommodation of the flexible eyes. Dr. Gould studies the lives of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley and Browning clinically, grouping all the procurable data and presenting his conclusions with convincing logic. The suggestion contained in this novel method of biography is big with possibilities. De Quincey might have had his disordered genius regulated by a competent oculist, and Carlyle, properly spectacles, might have turned out a gentle poet of nature. If Cleopatra's nose had been an inch shorter the map of Europe might have been changed. Who knows but Napoleon's dream of a world-empire was simply an hallucination resulting from astigmatism?

## Overheard in the Country.

Book Agent—Uncle, I'd like to sell you a new cyclopaedia. Uncle Sway-back—Wal, young feller, I'd like ter hev one, but I'm afraid I'm too old to ride the blame thing.

"Quarrry's wife's a woman of a hundred." "Good Heavens! I did hear she was years older than him."

## LOSS OF APPETITE



If your stomach is upset or in any way out of order—if food seems distasteful to you—if acidity, burning or fullness of the stomach prevents you from having an appetite—if you wish to eat and eat well—take, before each meal, a wine glassful of

## VIN ST. MICHEL

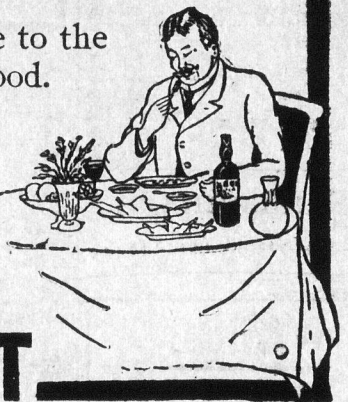
(ST. MICHAEL'S WINE)

It will create an appetite and restore to the palate that lost relishing taste for food.

It will make the digestive organs act naturally and properly digest the food eaten, whether your stomach is in good order or not. No matter if you are young or old, sick or healthy

VIN ST. MICHEL

## MAKES YOU EAT



**K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K**

**DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN**

The Leading Specialists of America. 25 Years in Detroit. Bank References.

**VARICOCELE NERVOUS DEBILITY CURED.**

If you have transgressed against the laws of nature, you must suffer. Self abuse, later excesses and private diseases have wrecked thousands of promising lives. Treat with scientific physicians and be cured. Avoid quacks. E. A. Bidney, of Toledo, says: "At the age of 14, I learned a bad habit and at 19 contracted a serious disease. I treated with a dozen doctors, who all promised to cure me. They got my money and I still had the disease. I had given up hope when a friend advised me to consult Drs. K. & K., who had cured him. Without any confidence I called on them, and Dr. Kennedy agreed to cure me or no pay. After taking the New Method Treatment for six weeks I felt like a new man. The drains ceased, worny veins disappeared, nerves grew stronger, hair stopped falling out, urine became clear and my sexual organs vitalized. I was entirely cured by Dr. Kennedy and recommend him from the bottom of my heart."

**We Treat and Cure Syphilis, Gleet, Varicocele, Emissions, Stricture, Unnatural Discharges, Seminal Weakness, Kidney and Bladder Diseases.**

CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. Call or write for Question Blank for Home Treatment. NO CURE, NO PAY.

**DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN,**

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby Street. Detroit, Mich.

**K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K**

## MONEY TO LOAN.

**Money to Loan**

—ON MORTGAGES—

**4 1-2 and 5 per cent.**

Liberal Terms and privileges to Borrowers. Apply to

**LEWIS & RICHARDS**

**MONEY TO LEND**

ON LAND MORTGAGE  
ON CHATTEL MORTGAGE  
OR ON NOTE

To pay off mortgages. To buy property. Pay when desired. Very lowest rate.

**J. W. WHITE, Barrister**

Opp. Grand Opera House, Chatham

**Our Goods ARE RIGHT.**

**Our Prices ARE RIGHT.**

**Our Cutter IS RIGHT.**

**THEN why delay in ordering your SPRING SUIT? and let us convince you that what we say is RIGHT.**

**FOR Woolen Goods**

For genuine honest make, we claim we have them

**TRY Beaver Flour...**

It makes the best bread and pastry. Phone 1.

**T. H. TAYLOR COMPANY, Limited.**

**HIS** Young wife was almost distracted for he would not stay a night at home so she had his LAUNDRY done by us, and now he ceases any more to roam.

**Parisian Steam Laundry Co.**

TELEPHONE 20.

Advertisers should bear in mind that the Daily and Weekly Planet reach 5,000 families every week

## STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Branches and agents at all principal points in Canada, U. S. and Great Britain. Drafts issued and notes discounted. Savings Bank Department deposits (which may be withdrawn without delay) received and interest allowed thereon at the highest current rates.

G. F. SCHOLFIELD, Manager Chatham Branch.

## BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817.

Capital (all paid up) .....\$12,000,000

Res. Fund ..... 8,000,000

Drafts bought and sold. Collections made on favorable terms. Interest allowed on deposits at current rates in Savings Bank department, or on deposit receipts.

DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager Chatham Branch.

## Minard's Liniment for Sale Every-

## Posts, Shingles Barn Lumber, Building Materials

always on hand in large quantities at the yards of

**The Blonde Lumber & Manufacturing Co., Limited,**

Lumber Dealers and Builders

Do you really think there is money in his voice? Well, it certainly has a sort of metallic sound.