

Mainly About People.

When the father of Don Carlos was in England, many a long year ago, Queen Victoria made a point of presenting to him the late Sir Edwin Landseer. "Oh, Sir Edward," was Luis's effusive welcome; "delighted to make your acquaintance. I was always very fond of beasts."

A Texas paper declares that a Tarrant County girl, who is attending school in Fort Worth, recently wrote home to her parents: "I am just in love with ping-pong!" When her stern Texas father read her letter, he remarked: "You can write and tell Amarillis Jane that if she is going to fall in love with any of them blatted Fort Worth Chinamen she can just count on being cut off without a cent."

When Dr. Clark of Rhode Island was elected bishop and was paying his last pastoral calls before entering upon his episcopate, he visited, among others, a lady of his congregation, a good housewife, who was distinguished for the size of her family. After he had stayed a while, the good doctor rose to go, and the lady said to him: "But, doctor, you haven't seen my last baby, have you?" "No, madam," answered the doctor, "and I never expect to."

A young German studying in this country had received back his theme from his instructor in English. On it were some notes in red ink, which the student could not decipher. Accordingly he took it to the tutor in order that he might not miss some important advice. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I can't make out this correction here. It's—it's a little hard to read." The instructor took the theme, scanned it critically, and then said, with some show of irritation: "Why, it says—it says, 'Write more legibly!'"

Years ago a boastful cockney applied for a position on a New York newspaper. "What are your credentials?" enquired the editor. "To whom can you refer?" "I know every prominent man in England, sir!" replied the cockney. "Indeed," continued the editor, "and do you know Alfred Tennyson?" "Very well, sir," smoked many a pipe with him, sir." "Do you know Thackeray?" "Yes, sir," worked with him on his 'Book of Snobs,' sir." "Charles Dickens?" "Was a reporter with him." "George Eliot?" "I roomed with him, sir."

In his recent volume, "Bar, Stage and Platform," Mr. Herman C. Merivale says that when Lord Taunton heard that his nephew, Mr. Labourdorne, contemplated public life, and proposed to stand for one of the county divisions in Lord Taunton's district, he was much pleased at the sign of grace, and asked if he could himself do anything for the young politician. "Really, I think not, uncle," was the answer. "But I don't know. If you would put on your peer's robes, and walk arm-in-arm with me down the high streets of Windsor, perhaps it might have a good effect."

A terrific boiler explosion took place on board a big ship lying at Portsmouth some months ago, and an enterprising London editor, wishing to give the earliest possible news to his readers, thus instructed a reporter: "Get down there as hard as you can. If you can't get the eleven-forty from London Bridge, you'll be there soon after two and can just wire us something for the fifth edition, but don't let it down." The reporter obeyed his orders, and soon after three o'clock that afternoon sent a wire saying: "Terrific explosion. Man-of-war. Boiler empty, engineer full. Funeral tomorrow."

A Yorkshire doctor was summoned to a man whose case he could only pronounce not hopeless. He gave instructions as to the medicines that would at least give relief, and said that he would observe the result on his next visit. The wife of the sick man enquired, quite properly, about what the charge would be, and if it included the medicine. "No," replied the physician; "that you must pay at the chemist's." "And if you come again will you charge?" "Yes, certainly." The woman turned and said to her husband: "Do you hear that, Bill?" she demanded. "See like a man; never wear thy brass that way."

In Washington a Populist senator, full of the majesty of his position, submitted his grave face to the barber's razor, and as he looked at the old dandy, said to him: "Uncle, you must have met with a great many of the men of the past—my predecessors in the Senate; many of them have occupied the same chair which I now fill." "Yes, boss, that's so; a good many of 'em. You somewhat resemble Daniel Webster yourself, boss." The Populist senator raised himself up, and, throwing the cloth off from around his neck, said: "What part of my head is it, uncle? Is it my brow, or what?" "No, boss; 'tain't nuffin like that. It's your hair."

Robert Pinkerton tells a story of his father, the founder of the detective agency, which illustrates the elder Pinkerton's caution. A noted criminal was detained in Pinkerton's Chicago office. The elder Pinkerton left the room and when he returned took the precaution of holding a revolver in front of him ready for use. He saw the criminal standing by the door with a snuff-box in his hand. "This is good snuff," affably remarked the crook as he took a sniff. "For the eyes or the nose?" asked Pinkerton, who knew that the crook had intended to blind him in an effort to escape. "Well," remarked the criminal, "I'm sorry to say that the nose gets it this time."

A Great Mistake.

"Why didn't you get up and give her your seat or permit me to give her mine?" said a woman to her husband. They had just got off a car. The woman's face expressed great anxiety of mind.

"Why should we give her a seat?" the husband asked. "Just because she was so lavishly dressed, I suppose," he added. "Is it possible that you did not know her?" the wife exclaimed. "Of course not. I am not supposed to know every well-dressed woman that comes along."

"Oh, James, she is our cook; and I am afraid she will wear us out against our lack of courtesy."

"Why didn't you tell me?" the husband exclaimed. "The woman did not reply, but, trembling violently, leaned heavily upon his arm." "Pick-me-up."

"I am going to visit the jail. There is a man I want to see there." "Is one all I know about forty whom I should like to see there?"—Fr.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

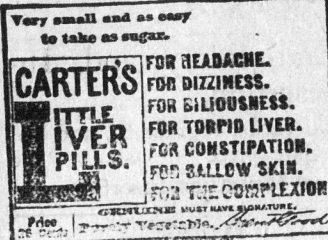
Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brentwood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



Catholic Man.

According to a writer in the "Lancet," the male human needs more food than the female, not only on account of his larger stature, but also because he is the more catabolic of the two. The man tends to expend energy and the woman to store it up in the form of fat, he burns the faster. This sexual difference shows itself in the very blood; the man has a larger percentage of chromocytes than the woman, showing that he needs a proportionately larger quantity of oxygen in order to maintain his more active combustion—a fact which one may associate with his comparative freedom from chlorosis; moreover, weight for weight, his pulmonary capacity is greater than that of the woman, whose smaller respiratory need is further shown by the facility with which she can without discomfort diminish her breathing power by means of the corset. "The great contrast between the metabolic activity of the two sexes," continues the writer, "was forcibly brought home to me by a military display given by a troupe of dusky Amazons, with whom were also a few male warriors. The women, in spite of their daily exertions, were all rounded and plump, some very much so, no single muscle showing through the skin, and it was noticed that their movements, though full of grace, lacked energy and 'go.' The men, on the other hand, were spare, their muscles standing out plainly under the shiny skin, and they, in further contrast with the women, displayed a truly amazing agility, bounding about and whirling round in a most astounding fashion; the women, in short, were essentially anabolic and the men were catabolic. I may here draw attention to the fact that men are apt to be larger meat-eaters than women, just as they are, possibly in consequence of this very fact, more prone to drink alcohol and to smoke tobacco."

At a beef-eating tournament at New York the other night Charles O'Brien defeated Patrick Dwyer, the former champion, by devouring seven pounds of steak at a short sitting. Dwyer was not in good condition. At the former contest he consumed fourteen pounds. At the present time the American gourmandizing championships in other edibles are held by the following: Oysters—Frederick Mackey of Kansas City, who devoured 100 in nine minutes. Pies—Samuel Jackson Suffer of New Jersey, who ate fourteen mince pies in nineteen minutes. Apples—Charles Haring Westwood of New Jersey, who consumed a barrel in one week. Apricots—Frank of New York, who ate ninety in seven minutes. Eggs—Franz Frederick of Williamsburg, who ate fifty in one hour.

NEIGHBORS DID NOT KNOW HIM

Valentine Fisher's Sciatica Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Could Hardly Put One Foot To The Ground—Now he can Walk all Day Without Trouble.

Collingwood, March 16.—(Special).—"Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new man of me," so speaks Valentine Fisher, well known in Collingwood and the surrounding country. "I was troubled with Kidney Disease for thirteen years. It developed into Sciatica and located in my side so that I was hardly able to walk, and could not do so without the aid of a cane. My back was also affected and altogether I was a cripple in the most painful sense of the word. "And the worst of it all was I could get no relief. Doctors and medicines failed to do me any good till I was fortunate enough to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. The benefit was almost miraculous. My health came back and the change in my appearance was so great that some of my neighbors did not know me. "Whereas before I could hardly put one foot to the ground, and I had to use morphine to ease the pain, I was enabled to go to work selling fruit trees and walk all day without any trouble. "Sciatica and kindred diseases are caused by uric acid in the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills put the kidneys in shape to take the uric acid out of the blood, and the Sciatica disappears."

THE SECRET SERVICE.

How Britain's Computers With Similar Institutions Abroad—Germany's Elaborate System—What is Wanted.

All the great nations require information about other countries, which is not obtainable openly. For this reason the Intelligence Department of the great military powers on the Continent are organized on a scale of cost and efficiency undreamed of in this country.

In Russia the secret police employ a considerable number of agents, both male and female, who are residents in England. Some of these paid agents, or spies, are people well known in society. Their duties vary from diplomatic work of the highest delicacy to the collection of newspaper cuttings.

One of the points attended to by the Russian Secret Service is the record of every English public man who speaks or writes about Russia. On one occasion the present writer had the opportunity of seeing the system followed by the Russian police. Every speech and every writing of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre—an innocent and not very formidable personage—with particulars of his birth, parentage, means, residence, habits, tastes, and position were all entered up in a great portfolio.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was, I believe, at one time associated with the Friends of Russian Freedom, and is therefore, like all the other members of that body, carefully watched by the agents of Russia.

Considerable sums are spent by Russia on secret service agents in Central Asia, Baluchistan, Persia, and in India itself. The object of these agents is to belittle Great Britain and belaud Holy Russia. Constant diplomatic duels take place between British Consular agents and the avowed representatives of Russia. This subterranean war of secret agents is going on all over the world.

Germany's Elaborate System.

The German system of secret service is conducted on much more scientific lines. German knowledge of the United Kingdom is more complete than that of most Englishmen. I was lately informed by a British diplomatist of the highest rank that the German general staff possesses a schedule of the contents of all the chief residences in the kingdom.

Every picture and work of art of any considerable value is known to the German general staff, while the study of British topography, the mastery of our ordnance maps, the knowledge of the roads, smithies, obstacles, population, and highroads form the subject of examination from German officers who are told off to the duty of acquiring full knowledge of the counties of the United Kingdom.

The German agents in England, who are occupied in surveying our country with a view to contingencies, are generally to be found in couples in the guise of tourists. They know to a head how many horses the Irish farmers can supply within a given time. They have made a careful study of the idiosyncrasies of our leading men. Their tastes, habits, health, friends, and means are carefully noted by the astute Teutons, who distill the host of information from English fields for the German hive.

The principal feature in which Germany's Secret Service differs from that of England is that the Germans coordinate the whole of their knowledge, and have it ready to hand in a concentrated form whenever it is required.

Useless English Methods.

The English system is different. There is a Secret Service Fund controlled by the Foreign Office. So many Foreign Office agents are housed in England, and are unpaid, that the Foreign Office service is often found to be useless for naval or military purposes.

During the last two years the Admiralty has succeeded in wresting from the Foreign Office the control of the Secret Service, so far as it affects the navy. During the trouble with France over Fashoda agents of the Admiralty were busily watching French opinion in the great centres. The English military intelligence department is again a separate service.

What is required is to concentrate in one spot the whole of the knowledge obtainable. The Foreign Office should be the brain, the eyes, and the antennae of the nation. The German and Russian Foreign Offices fulfill these functions. The British Foreign Office not only does not know what is going to happen; it does not want to know, while the military and Foreign Office intelligence departments are separated administratively.

What is Wanted.

After the heavy experience of the Boer war, it is inconceivable that the Government will not take steps forthwith to reorganize the whole of our intelligence system—naval, military, and diplomatic. Our ignorance of foreign countries contrasts unpleasantly with their knowledge about us.

France is rapidly becoming a peaceful power, and is losing that passion for military glory which has oppressed her for hundreds of years. Germany and Russia, however, remain careful watchers, and the pacific tendencies of the French Republic may be dissipated by the temptations of an alliance that Germany may yet have to offer.

What does the Admiralty know about the German fleet? Very little. How many times has the Naval Attache in Berlin visited Emden, or even Kiel? For what purpose are the miles of quays erected at Emden, a little village with a tenth-century museum in it? It was to enforce the lesson that knowledge is power. There is nothing so conducive to peace as a full knowledge of the intentions and tendencies of other nations. An enormous outlay may be saved by the reorganization and establishment of an efficient and up-to-date system of secret service.



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

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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

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It promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Rheumatism, Spasmodic, Impotency, and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, the Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants; Mental and Brain Worry, all of which lead to Infertility, Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Price 1/6 per bottle, or six for 1/10. One will please; six will cure. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send for pamphlet—free to any address.

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DENTAL.

A. A. HICKS, D. D. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office over Turner's drug store, 28 Rutherford Block.

LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge No. 46, A. F. & A. M. G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.
F. D. LAURIE, W. M.

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DR. GEORGE MUSSON.

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J. B. O'LENN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King Street, opposite Merchant's Bank, Chatham, Ont.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on mortgages, at lowest rates. Office, Fifth Street. Matthew Wilson, K. C., W. E. Gundy, J. M. Pike.

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