

Legislation on Osculation.

Kissing will have to be done surreptitiously in Virginia, or those who kiss may be guilty of a misdemeanor and punished by a fine of five dollars for each offense—that is, if a bill recently introduced in the Virginia Legislature becomes a law. The author of the unique measure in question is Dr. R. B. Ware, a physician in good standing, who, like many other doctors, is firmly convinced that osculation spreads disease. Briefly, the provisions of the bill require that persons who insist upon kissing shall obtain a physician's certificate pronouncing them free from all contagious and infectious maladies. The text of the bill is as follows: "Whereas, kissing has been decided by the medical profession to be a medium by which contagious and infectious diseases are transmitted from one person to another, and whereas the prohibiting of such an offence will be a great preventive to the spreading of such diseases as pulmonary tuberculosis, diphtheria, and many other dangerous diseases, therefore, be it enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia, that it shall be unlawful for any person to kiss another unless he can prove by his family physician that he has not any contagious or infectious disease. 2. If physician testifies that the defendant has weak lungs he shall be found guilty of a misdemeanor, and the same penalty shall be imposed as if he had some contagious or infectious disease. 3. Any person violating the provisions of the first and second provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not less than one dollar nor more than five dollars for each offence." Commenting on this unique bill, the New York "Sun" says: "Dr. Ware seems to regard kissing as a masculine indulgence. But kissing loses half its satisfaction if not reciprocated. As well smack a Parian statue as a lass who would not kiss back. The learned doctor must know this, and therefore he will amend his bill to cure the oversight. As it stands now, the gentle sex may osculate at will regardless of hygiene, but man must refrain. Fathers must not kiss their children or lovers the maidens of their choice, unless they are free from the suspicion of infectious or contagious disease. We see Cupid in tears with his arrows broken, and the occupation of the amatory poets gone."

Blunders in Public Speaking.

Mr. Joseph Mallin, in the "Prize Reciter," says: "A well-known public man was lately assured by the chairman that the assembly welcomed him 'with no unfeigned pleasure,' at which the visitor was so embarrassed as to say, 'I'm always glad to be here—or anywhere else.' Those at the recent Birmingham town meeting, on the bill touching the municipalization of the tramways, probably err in asserting that it was the mayor who ordered an interrupter to 'sit down and go out!' He was not as polite as a suburban councillor who delicately intimated that an opponent was 'doubtless afflicted with a slight impediment in his veracity.' Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, when Mayor of Birmingham, was less polite when he denied the 'allegation' of an opponent and repudiated the 'allegation.' In our presence a Gloucestershire speaker suggested that the pending proposition be postponed to the 'next time or some other time.' The recent appointment by a Midland authority of a lady as medical officer brought a protest against women becoming medical men, which reminds one of the convening of a meeting of 'women of every class—regardless of sex or creed.' Sir Francis Scott, who commanded the late expedition in Ashantee, in subsequently reviewing his troops, said that 'if there had been any fighting there would have been many absent faces here to-day.' This reminds one of the scantily attended meeting at which he heard the chairman say, 'I am sorry to see so many absent faces here.'"

The Germ of Laziness.

The newspaper report of the recent address of Dr. Stiles, a zoologist of the Department of Agriculture, before the Sanitary Conference of American Republics, about the hook-worm disease, has been received with impassioned interest by thousands of more or less afflicted readers. Dr. Stiles is the discoverer of this deadly, which has named uncinaria. He has just come back from studying it in parts of the South where it flourishes. He says it is a bad disease, little understood, and almost always confused with malaria. It is what is the matter with many of the poor whites in the Southern States. Their laziness is abnormal, Dr. Stiles says. Their pitiable condition, due immediately to laziness and to their inferior physical and mental development, is more remotely due to the presence of this hook-worm disease among them for generations past. The clay-eaters and pickle-eaters of North Carolina owe their abnormal appetites to uncinaria. The lazy crackers who send their infant children to work in mills have got it, too, but the children themselves, Dr. Stiles thinks, profit by the change in their environment. He says that the disease can be cured, but that the physicians in the sand districts where it abounds most must be taught to know its symptoms and how to treat it.

A newspaper, in telling of Dr. Stiles' discovery, cries in headline type that the germ of laziness has been found. That expresses the feelings of the general reader, and accounts for his enthusiasm over the discovery. Every man, remarks "Harper's Weekly," feels the germs of laziness working in him, and would like to have them killed out of him by treatment from the outside if possible. He is glad to lay the blame for his laziness on the hook-worm. But Dr. Stiles' hook-worms seem not to be available for general use. They are real microbes, and so far as appears, they only flourish in districts, and under conditions favorable to their development. It is no wonder that they have been confused with malaria, for the symptoms of malaria and the symptoms of sin are very much alike, and the hook-worm symptoms resemble both. We want to hear more about the hook-worm. If he can be extirpated in the cracker with good results a wonder would have been done. The South American delegates who were told about him think he exists in their countries, too, and are going to search for him when they go home. Maybe he exists in the Philippines also. A traveller lately returned from those islands says that the islands are beautiful and their possibilities enormous, but that the Philippines won't work, and that industrial development can only come with the introduction of Chinese labor. That sounds like hook-worms.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Use the Test of Value.

In Chicago little Herbert Vance Taylor, son of a wealthy leader of fashion, suddenly disappeared. The neighborhood was searched for him and the machinery of the whole police force of Chicago was set in operation to find the child, on the theory that he had been kidnapped. No trace of the boy could be found.

Four days later, on Mrs. Taylor's At Home day, some ladies called to tender their condolences to the distracted mother. They were shown into the darkened parlor—a great, unused brica-brac shop of a room. For the first time since the child's disappearance, the shades were opened and the sunshine was let in on the expensive rugs and the dainty, moss-like carpet—a carpet like that in a thousand other homes of luxury, too delicate to let the children tumble on. So the children had always been barred out of the parlor. They might mar a Morris chair or break a Satsuma vase. Month after month the parlor had been left silent, in the darkness of a crypt, save when thrown open in honor of some fashionable clothes-horse of a visitor. The housemaid, who preceded the mother, on entering, groped for the window shades and stumbled over a small body on the floor. It was the missing baby—and he was dead.

It appears that the child had stolen into the darkened parlor four days previously, and in clambering up to raise the window shade had overturned a heavy bronze statuette, which, in falling, had crushed the little fellow's skull. For four days the pathetic little body had lain there, in the parlor, the spot too good for the children of the house to romp in, the room sacred to the occasional visits of the members of the "400." By a strange and ironical coincidence, the statuette which crushed the life out of the little boy was that of "Niobe, weeping over her slain children."

An able editorial writer draws some striking lessons from this tragedy. He says: "Do you suppose that this incident will make any difference to the women who have been educated to believe that the front parlor is a room too good for the family to use? Not a bit of it. It is one of the outgrowths of our shoddy and hypocritical civilization, this desire to make an impression on visitors at the expense of the comfort of the family. What people will say of our well furnished parlors is of such vastly greater importance than the happiness and well-being of the little chaps at home or the comfort of Jim, who is struck by an avalanche of investive if he has the presumption to light a cigar in the Sacred Black Hole of the home, known as the parlor—or even to rest his tired back in one of the daintily upholstered easy chairs."

"Why do we insist on being slaves to our possessions? Why do we defraud ourselves and those nearest, if not nearest, to us, out of half of life's sweetness, by littering up our homes with furniture and articles of vertu too expensive and good to be of any earthly use outside of a museum? Why do people hire gardeners to make beautiful lawns and flower borders, and then hire governesses to spank their children for indulging their most unnatural and depraved desire to go out and put it to its greatest use, by tumbling and playing leap-frog on the grass?"

THOUSANDS LISTEN

To The Strange Tale of Mrs. James Bradley—What Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Did For Her.

"No tongue can tell what I have suffered." So says Mrs. James Bradley of Smith's Cove, Digby Co., N. S. And when it is explained that Dyspepsia caused her suffering thousands of Canadians will echo, "That's true, sure enough." These thousands have Dyspepsia themselves and they know.

But let these thousands listen to the whole of Mrs. Bradley's story and if they profit by it as they should, they will stop moaning over Dyspeptic pains and turn instead to singing the praises of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"I had Dyspepsia for over nine years," says Mrs. Bradley. "I have tried the best doctors in this place and never got relief. I had to starve myself from eating and had given up hope of ever having any help. No tongue can tell what I have suffered. I cannot describe it. I saw an advertisement of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and sent for six boxes of them. They relieved me almost at once and before I had finished the six boxes I could eat most anything and sleep comfortably, which I never expected to in this world."

"I advise all who suffer as I have to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and never to be without them."

The Palmist and the Pope.

The diary of M. Desbarrolles, the clever palmist who for years traveled about Europe enlightening sovereigns and lesser mortals on their various aptitudes, contains curious details about an interview he had with Leo XIII., who, strange to say, is inclined to believe in palmistry.

Desbarrolles begins by discussing the hands of the Holy Father: "Poor, bloodless little hands," he says, "emerging from white silk mittens which were evidently too tight for them. They are not fat and comfortable, like those of most of the church dignitaries who surround him; not hard and wiry as were said to be those of Sextus V., who was a worker and carved many of the chairs arranged against the walls of the antechamber in the Vatican; not energetic-looking, like those of the soldier-Pope Julius II., or bloated and swollen, like the hands of apoplectic and hydropic Pius IX.; they are like two tiny ivory jewels, colder than the big sapphires surrounded with brilliantia which he offers to the lips of his adorers. These hands, the touch of which is weird and almost unearthly, never answer by a pressure ever so slight, to that of a friend, but are full of reserve and never responsive. The lines which are in them are not so numerous as one would have expected, because there is only one set of them, those which correspond to the brain. There are none visible coming from the heart."

"Most likely a human and perhaps kind heart," he says, "but he has always kept it under the mastery of a powerful mind—a mind decidedly inclined towards politics; too much so, in fact, for a holy prelate; and when I ventured to point out this trait of character I saw the lightless eyes of Leo XIII. blink and become as cold as those of a serpent; he was not pleased, and showed it by quickly withdrawing his hand from mine. I did not see avarice in the hand of Leo XIII., though he is said to be somewhat parsimonious; but he is at once a close reckoner and a strangely careless man about money matters."

"One knows, for instance, his almost ludicrous adventure with Monsignor Folchi, his ex-treasurer. An enormous sum of money, which had been sent in a bag of crimson velvet by the Roman Catholic people of New York, was nowhere to be found, and the wretched cardinal, much distressed by the anger of His Holiness, was sent about in the Vatican, and even to the police, with strict orders to trace the lost treasure. When he came back to the palace in a state of great distress—for his errand had been fruitless—he found the Pope blandly smiling. 'I must apologize,' he said, quietly. 'You were scarcely gone when I remembered that I had placed the bag in this little recess.'"

"The hand of Your Holiness is often full," Desbarrolles said, "and Leo XIII. knows exactly what is in it." On which the prelate, with a sort of childish gesture, laughed softly, rubbing his knee with his left hand.

"I saw on the hands of the Pope," Desbarrolles continues, "the gift of a wonderful memory, and also the love of all that is gorgeous and imposing. When I told him so, he answered, naively, 'Are not our beautiful ceremonies the best vehicle for bringing people into our churches, the women especially?'"

"Besides these lines, I saw all those which are visible on the hands of poets, architects, poets, and even engineers. No wonder that one sees installed in the palace all the modern inventions, and that the first thing Leo XIII. did when he came to live in the Vatican was to put into corners, as mere ornaments, the wick lamps used by Pius IX. Gas was installed at once, but a few years ago this was discarded, and electric light is now shining all over the palace. Leo XIII. has a hydraulic lift to carry him up to his tower in the gardens, and a cardinal related to me how His Holiness spent a whole day talking and listening at the telephone which he had installed between his summer residence and the palace."

After Desbarrolles had told him all that he read in his hand, he heard His Holiness mumble between his teeth, "A Jack-of-all-trades, that man!"

The Pope sighed. "Better be the Father of all men, M. Desbarrolles," he said; "at least," he corrected, "if you see in my hand that I am worthy of my mission!"

A Clue That Failed.

Deductions in the manner of Sherlock Holmes do not always work out successfully. They did not in a case reported by the Washington "Post." A group of reporters were talking together, and one of them, who liked to play the amateur detective, devoted part of his time to watching a man standing some distance away.

"That man used to be in the army," he said.

"How do you know?"

"See how he puts his hand into his trousers pocket. He lifts up the side of his coat—look! he's doing it now—instead of putting the coat back as we do. He acquired the habit from wearing a fatigue coat in the army. A fatigue coat, you know, is cut square about the body. To put the hand in the trousers pocket, one must lift up the side."

Some discussion followed, with the result that one of the reporters volunteered to lay their speculations before the stranger. He proved to be a worthy real estate dealer. After listening to the reporter's explanation, he replied, with much amusement:

"I'll tell you why I put my hand in my pocket that way, I used to be a butcher in New York thirty years ago, and I got that habit raising my butcher's apron to make change."

A Hard Epigram on Women.

Oh, the gladness of their gladness when they're glad,
And the sadness of their sadness when they're sad;
But the gladness of their gladness and the sadness of their sadness
Are as nothing to their badness when they're bad.

—"Notes and Queries."

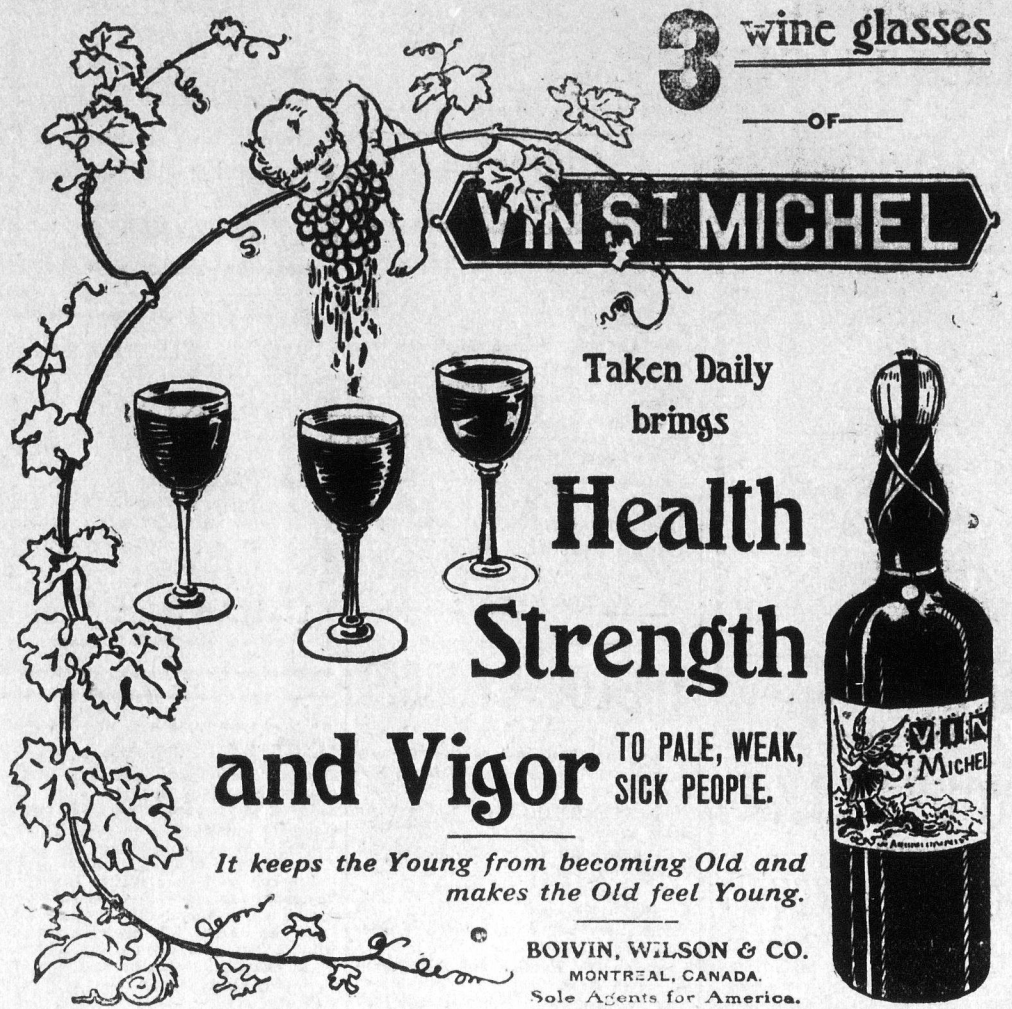
"My dear," said the careful mother to her sixteen-year-old daughter, "that is a book which I must absolutely forbid you to read." "That's all very well, mamma," replied the Twentieth-Century Girl, "but how am I to know what books to forbid my children to read unless I read them myself while I have the chance?" And she bore off the book in triumph to study it in the solitude of her own chamber.

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American as She is Spoke.

I had, the other day, says Marshall P. Wilder, the following conversation at Sherry's with an Englishman who had just arrived in this country:

"You Americans," observed the Briton, "have a most peculiar way of twisting the English language."

"How so?" I asked.

"Well, take this turkey, for example. You call it turkey here, don't you?"

"Yes."

"In England we call it fowl."

"I know you do."

"Now, if you'd like a bit of the leg, you'd ask for the dark meat, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"And if you'd want a bit of the breast you'd ask for the light meat, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"That's very awkward," added the Londoner. "Fancy a man calling on his sweetheart and saying: 'Sophie, you come here and sit on my dark meat and put your head on my light meat!'"

The worries of a weak and sick mother are only begun with the birth of her child. By day her work is constantly interrupted and at night her rest is broken by the wailing of the peevish, puny infant. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It lightens all the burdens of maternity, giving to mothers strength and vigor, which they impart to their children. In over thirty years of practice Dr. Pierce and his associate staff of nearly a score of physicians have treated and cured more than half a million suffering women. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free of charge. All correspondence is strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you would hit the target, aim a little above it. Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.

The Lawyer and His Fee.

A lawyer generally suits his fee to his advice, but in a case cited by the Philadelphia "Times" one was forced to reverse the order. His success in so doing was good evidence of his fitness for his calling.

When this particular lawyer was first struggling along in his profession he received a call from a well-to-do farmer, who was in need of legal advice concerning his rights, which he thought had been ignored by the section hands on a Pennsylvania railroad. The lawyer looked up the statutes, and told the farmer what he should do.

"How much?" queried the farmer.

"Well, let's call it three dollars," replied the lawyer.

The farmer handed over a five-dollar bill. The lawyer seemed embarrassed. But after searching through his pockets and the drawers of his desk, he rose to the occasion and pocketed the bill as he reached for a digest.

"I guess, neighbor," he remarked as he resumed his seat, "I shall have to give you two dollars' worth more advice."

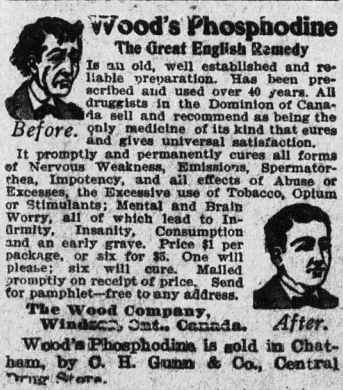
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