

SACHEL:-

-OF THE-

SATELLITE

God Save the King sounds well in Irish.

I know somebody who could write a whole book on "The Coming Race."

I guess the Grits in the Manitoba Legislature may be called "The Silent Seven."

The Shamrock-Reliance race isn't a circumstance in comparison with the Mussen-White race.

In the midst of life we are in Chatham, will be the comment of the Port Huron excursionists.

If the Port Huron excursionists see all those weeds they will think Chatham is a pretty shady city.

Strange that a yacht race is sometimes a three-legged race, too, when on a triangular course.

No matter how hot the day, it is always pleasant under the trees in Tecumseh Park. The Port Huron excursionists will endorse this.

It may seem odd, but it often happens that the fisherman, caught out in the rain may appear very wet, while in reality he is very dry.

I think that if they have a phonograph record receiver over on Tecumseh Park, both Dr. Mussen and J. W. White would be able to make a record.

Expert fishermen going to the Eau can get a pretty good reel at the hotel bar. A good fisherman's reel costs about \$12, but the reel I mean may cost a little less.

I see a sign on the Fifth St. bridge, "Umbrellas Recovered." Perhaps ex-Ald. Laddy could use this medium to recover the fine silk umbrella he lost at the wake.

The Toronto Star has taken to publishing fish stories on its editorial page. All of which only proves that Vite! Goudreau, G. S. Heyward or E. J. MacIntyre could edit that paper.

I wonder if the Chairman of the C. & E. Board will wear, in his coming race with the doctor, that silk hat and white flannel suit which he wears to church.

A lot of pretty girls came in from Wyandotte, Mich., on the City of Chatham, Thursday afternoon, and enjoyed themselves in a real park. How do I know? Well, I like that.

If the two Rocky Mountain guides who accompanied Prof. Parker and Fay to the summit of Mount Gogolish had demanded payment on the spot it would have been the highest fee ever received in Canada.—Montreal Star.

In Boston they are quoting a bon mot of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, when asked to define the present interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine: "The Monroe Doctrine? Well, so long as our Secretary of State is named Hay, our foreign policy will be 'Keep off the Grass!'"

THE OLD MAN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

The Milford Times told last week of a Commerce boy who was "bitten on the foot" by a rattlesnake. The Times stated that the boy's father "promptly sucked the poison from the wound and cauterized it." This was the sole chance for the boy if not the last resort and we trust it will be healed in good shape.—Northville Record.

To which we may add that if the boy was lubricated in the fashionable manner that usually prevails, to wit: With currier's oil, ram tallow and lampblack, it is a wonder what saved the old man.—Detroit Tribune.



This is the man with visage grim,
You can easily see what's the matter with him.
He is full of pains and it's all his fault.
He ought to have taken Abbey's Salt.

TOO MUCH LIVER.—Some men's lives are ruled and ruined by their livers. The least indiscretion in diet causes a vigorous protest from the liver.

ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT rectifies all disorders of the digestive tract, Purifies and Strengthens the Stomach and Bowels. The man using Abbey's Salt forgets he has a liver.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt takes care of the good liver's liver.

JUST LIKE A HALIFAX LADY.

(Rev. Mr. Ancient declares that when they are on the links Halifax lady, golf players "sweat like troopers."—Press Despatch.)

Jim Brady is a friend of mine, a very handsome fellow; He has few failings that I know and not a streak of yellow. A model man in many ways, one thing fills me with sadness, The parson says he often prays about poor Brady's badness.

When off the links, no one, methinks, Is quite so good as Brady; But it makes him so hot when he "foosles his shot" That he swears like a Halifax lady.

In private life his character is not the least bit shady; But, makes alive, when he "slices his drive," Well, he swears like a Halifax lady.

And if, perchance, he "scuffs the ball," It's all off with poor Brady; At the top of his voice—(Doesn't Old Nick rejoice)— He will curse like a Halifax lady.

While if in a hazard he gets himself caught; Alas and alack for Brady. He lets it go in a lava flow. And swears like a Halifax lady.

—Toronto Star.

A \$10 GRAFT

A Windsor Man Secures a Fishery Snap From the Government.

According to a return moved for by Mr. Lancaster, M.P., Mr. Arch. McNee, of the Windsor Record, has struck a good thing. He has been given a lease for exclusive commercial fishing rights in that portion of James Bay from North Bluff, which is a little east of Moose Factory, thence following the east coast of the bay for over 300 miles as far as Moer's Bay, opposite islands known as Solomon's Temples. The lease is for twenty-one years, and the rent which Mr. McNee has to pay is the tremendous sum of \$10 per annum. Mr. McNee first applied for this lease in the early part of last year. He was then content to ask for it for nine years. Commander Wakeham, fishery inspector, Gulf division, who has often visited James Bay, said the application covered an immense area. The whole scheme was an experiment, but he would not recommend a lease for a longer period than seven years. Mr. McNee, however, pulled the wires and secured the lease for twenty-one years. A few days after it was granted he obtained the authority of the Minister to transfer it to some party unknown, so that it is quite evident that the patriotic efforts of Mr. McNee to develop the fishing industry in James Bay have resulted in its passing into the hands of an American company.

I was Cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT. R. F. HEWSON.

Oxford, N. S.

I was Cured of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT. FRED COULSON.

Yarmouth, N. S. Y. M. C. A.

I was Cured of Black Erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT. J. W. RUGGLES.

Inglesville.

ANCIENT PARENTS

An Australian paper announces that there is a woman in that country who is 107 years old, and adds: "Her parents can point to her with pride as a sample of their success in rearing children."—Exchange.

"Getting Together"

Hear to Heart Talks with Chathamites on General Topics—A Local Philosopher who Chats Entertainingly.

UNUSED CAPITAL.

Writers of political economy tell us that the great aim of life is the pursuit of happiness. This is probably true—we suppose indeed it must be true, because great men tell us so, and yet too many of the fond sons of Adam, the idea of happiness in connection with life seldom or never enters their craniums. A struggle for mere existence forces aside any idea of happiness and the flat. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is the rule of their existence, and yet such a condition of affairs does not seem to be absolutely necessary. While it is true that there are in this country thousands of poor but honest men, who live what is generally spoken of as a hand to mouth existence it is equally true that in all our banks there is great wealth of unused capital which, if properly used, would mean increased earning power and increased happiness to these toilers in the humbler walks of life.

Take for instance the man who has a bank balance of ten, twenty or thirty thousand dollars in excess of that for which he can find profitable investment, and this is simply his unused capital. True, it is drawing the small interest allowed by the banks, but this adds very little to the sum total of the words happiness. If this amount were obtainable at the same rate of interest as is paid

when nature intended that they should stand head and shoulders above their confreres. They have the capital but they refuse to use it and the whole world is poorer because of their refusal. The same is true in professional life. Men of more than average ability are occupying less than average positions just because they refuse or neglect to use the capital, the means, of power, with which they have been endowed. If we seek a reason for this refusal or neglect, we may find many excuses, often very trivial excuses but seldom or never can we find a legitimate excuse.

Take, for instance, the man who has great ability as a sculptor or painter or poet, but his ability is unused and we ask the reason why and for answer we are told that his surroundings are uncongenial, that his wife is a virago; that his friends are unappreciative; that his lack of energy is an inheritance from his forefathers—all these may be sufficient excuse to ease the man's conscience, but they do not atone for the fact that the world is poorer because of this unused capital.

The many Tilbury friends of John Richardson, Sr., of Valetta, were glad to see him in town this week and to know that he was almost completely recovered from the effects of the runaway accident of some weeks ago. —Tilbury News.



Shirt-waist of pale blue nuns-veiling piped with plaid silk. The sleeves are plain and full with a straight cuff. The back fits closely without a yoke and the front is made in the popular slot-seam fashion, with two narrow plaits on either side from the shoulder seam.

SEEKING SEQUEL

A matter of little actual moment, but involving a story of surpassing interest, has just been settled in the probate court at Las Vegas, N. M. Emma Silva, now of Clay county, Missouri, has filed with the probate court at Las Vegas a transcript of her marriage and release from guardianship, this being necessary to enable the young woman to enter into a possession of a small estate left to her.

Emma Silva was found as an infant in a deserted stable near Las Vegas 18 years ago. Every effort to trace the parents was made, but though the finger of suspicion pointed higher and thither the identity of the little stray remained unknown. A young woman, high in society, who left Las Vegas shortly afterward, was quite generally believed at the time to have been the mother.

It was necessary to secure a guardian for the infant. Pedro Silva, at that time an industrious and respected citizen, applied for the charge and his request was granted.

But the little one was destined to know troublous times. Silva developed into one of the most daring desperados New Mexico ever had. He opened a resort on the west side which soon became known as one of the worst dives in the territory. Many a man who entered its doors was never seen again. But so cunningly did Silva hide his crimes that all efforts to bring them home to him failed. His victims were always native people, usually freighters, who came in from the country, well supplied with money.

Finally feeling grew so very strong against him that plans were laid to rid the community of him and the cut-throats who were associated with him. Silva heard of the plot and fled to the Taos country. He took the little girl with him, but left his wife at Las Vegas.

But Taos was too near the scenes

of his crimes, and Silva, terrified by the threats made against him, tried to hide himself in the mountains. He was overtaken and killed while fleeing from his pursuers.

The little girl, left alone in the world, was befriended by Americans, who took her to Missouri. She grew to be a beautiful maiden, showing evidences of good blood and natural culture. Notwithstanding the evil people with whom she was associated for 11 years, not a sign of waywardness has ever manifested itself. Bright, well intentioned, beautiful, she made an excellent marriage. Powerful friends are now instituting a thorough search for the parents. If the identity of the mother can be established, the father, a man of the highest prominence, becomes known. The young woman who left the city in some haste 18 years ago, has since married and is still living.

NEW FISH STORY

Charles Mount, proprietor of the Klondyke Hotel, has become a fisherman and, as he does everything well, he has become a thoroughbred piscatorial artist.

"Greatest fish story you ever heard and I can prove that its true by two facts," remarked Mr. Mount this morning, and the positive manner in which he mentioned his authorities showed that he thought they were the highest possible.

"James and Thorne Everitt have a field of summer fallow on the river bank," continued the proprietor of the Klondyke. Four pigs are feeding in the summer fallow. The Everitt brothers had a number of lines set in the river with which they catch fish, or at least with which they did catch them. They don't any more. The big carp that were taken were fed to the pigs. The pigs got wise. Yesterday, when I was there, I noticed a tug at the line. At once the four bacon makers rushed down and getting in line began to haul in the fishing tackle. They pulled out a ten pound carp and ate it. One of the hogs, however, got too anxious and swallowed the hook. This was unfortunate, for the poor hog died. I have never heard Mr. Everitt swear, but he came pretty near it when he saw the dead hog. He said 'dash it,' and that was a lot for him to say. I offered to fill in the dash for him but he wouldn't let me. Mr. Everitt has pulled the lines out and said he wasn't going to do any more fishing where those hogs could get near the line."

After Dinner Stories

AFTER DINNER STORIES. Philadelphia Press.

Richard Le Gallienne, on his last visit to Philadelphia, was the guest of honor at a dinner which a lady of West Walnut street gave. At the dinner's end Mr. Le Gallienne was implored to recite some of his verses. He said: "This gentleman on my right is a colonel of artillery. If he will bring a cannon here and fire it off I will consent, afterward, to repeat a poem."

During Ethel Barrymore's last engagement in Chicago she was invited to an after-the-performance dinner. The hostess and a number of her guests occupied boxes at the play. Among these was a rather fresh young man, who thought he had made an impression on Miss Barrymore. He kept his eyes on her throughout the play, and tried so hard to create the impression that she noticed it. At the dinner he had the good fortune to sit next to the actress. When an opportunity came he remarked to her under his breath: "Did you see me wink at you during the third act?" "Yes," responded Miss Barrymore, in a louder tone, "didn't you hear my heart beat?"

HOT WEATHER FAG.

No Vim, No Snap, No Energy, Exertion Dreaded and Work Shunned.

"Fagged right out," is an appropriate way to express the feelings of many people during the hot summer months. No strength, no vigor, no snap, no ambition, too weary to work and too languid to take any keen pleasure in life. You need a tonic for this summer fag, and the very best summer tonic in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They do make new rich blood, tone nerves, sharpen the appetite, stimulate the liver and banishes weakness and weariness, headaches, backaches, languor and despondency. The only tonic that can do this for you is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—it's a waste of money to experiment with anything else. Mr. Louis Doucet, Grand Etang, N. S., says: "I was very much run down in health and was weak and easily tired. My appetite was variable, my nerves unstrung and I often felt a complete indisposition to work. After trying several medicines without benefit, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a few boxes I felt better than I had done for months and equal to any exertion. I don't know anything to equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when one feels fagged out. You can get the pills from any dealer in medicine, or they will be sent paid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Be sure to get the genuine with the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People' on the wrapper around the box."

ADAM ZAD GETS CHESTY.

London News.

The Russian director of the foreign office in China says that if any five powers want to try to put Russia out of Manchuria, Russia has no objection to entertaining them. Now isn't the Bear really accommodating?

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and failing that there is none.

District Dashes

Mrs. William Taylor, of Chatham, is the guest of Mrs. James Scane. —Ridgetown Dominion.

Miss Florence Darling, of Chatham, is spending a few days with friends in town.—Comber Herald.

Clarence Higley, Chatham has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Wm. Beeston, this week. Glenheim News.

Miss Lottie Wangerheim, of Chatham, who has been spending the past month with her cousins, the Misses Eansor, returns home Saturday accompanied by Miss Lulu Eansor. —Ridgetown Dominion.

Arthur, the fourteen-year-old son of Charles Beaupre, Tilbury North, met with a nasty mishap last Saturday. He fell and a briar or thorn pierced his eye, and it is feared that he has lost the sight of the injured organ.—Tilbury News.

The few dry days of late have been well used by the farmers. Last week the wheat, corn, bean and hay crops were suffering from the continued wet weather. The ground was too wet to take off the crops which were ready to be taken off, and too wet to allow of the cultivation of the latter crops. —Comber Herald.

A prominent oil operator from Ohio, who paid a visit to the Thamesterville oil fields last week was "held up" for an interview with a Herald man. "Really I am delighted with our prosperity, and I think the Thamesterville field the greatest thing in sight. I am satisfied that the field will be lasting and will not be surprised to see in a few years a continuous line of derricks extending as far as Kent Bridge. There are a large number of Americans interested and I don't know of one who is dissatisfied." Dr. Seager struck a good showing on Saturday on the Boothroyd property, and by all appearances it is in the same vein with the great McNally well.—Thamesterville Herald.

DEATH OF MRS. A. MUGAN.

After a brief illness Catharine Walters, wife of Mr. Austin Mugan, of this town, passed away on Friday in her 61st year. The deceased was born in the township of Euphemia, Lambton county, and after her marriage, forty-three years ago, resided in Bothwell until 1898, when the family came to Ridgetown, chiefly to give the children the benefit of a higher education. Mrs. Mugan was a woman of fine character, who commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew her. She was devoted to her husband and family, who have the sympathy of all in their irreparable loss. Besides a husband who leaves three sons and three daughters, viz. John, of Winnipeg; Philip, medical student, of Toronto; Frank, who has been teaching in the Northwest; Mrs. Kirwan, Mt. Elgin; Mrs. M. L. Deane, of Chatham, and Catharine, Sister Mary Austin of the House of Providence, Kingston. All but the first and last named of the above were present at the funeral, which took place on Sunday. Service at St. Michael's church was conducted by Rev. Fr. Boubat, and the remains were interred in the R. C. Cemetery, 7th Con., Howard.—Ridgetown Dominion.

MILLINERY!

ALL THE LATEST SPRING NOVELTIES IN

Hats, Veilings, Laces, &c. Children's Wear, a Specialty.

MRS. J. B. KELLY

Opp. GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

WE HAVE ON HAND A LARGE SUPPLY OF

LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE, CUT STONE,

&c. All of the best quality and at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

J. & J. OLDERSHAW,

A Few Doors West of Post Office.

Radley's Cough Cure

25c per Bottle

Is the best preparation on the market for Coughs and Colds.