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**Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LIVER PILLS**

FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

We have just put in, at great expense, a WONDERFUL MACHINE, heated by steam, work only passing through the rollers once; the result—WORK IS EASIER, WILL NOT BREAK, and will last much longer than when ironed by the old method, heated by gas, which has to pass through the rollers eight times.

We have also added a newly invented machine to iron the edges of Collars and Cuffs.

**The Parolan Steam Laundry Co. of Ontario, Limited.**  
London, Hamilton and Toronto.

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The Great Rheumatic

Mystery

**Hill's Root Liniment**  
Extract of Wild Turnip.

Made of roots. No drugs and a sure cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back, sick headache, toothache. Guaranteed to stop all aches and pains instantly, and also to cure corns or bunions in nine applications. Can't be beat for man or beast. 25c and 50c per bottle. Address all orders and send card for a sample bottle to

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Box 399

## Easter Photos

Just a few weeks now until Easter. Have your Easter photos made at the

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Money to loan at lowest rate of interest.

**O. K. ATKINSON**  
Phone 346  
11th Street, Next Harrison Hall.

## A BARGAIN.

Two Storey Frame House, 7 rooms, and lot 300 x 100 feet, desirable location.

**FOR SALE CHEAP.**  
If desired, the house with half the lot will be sold.

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**Chatham, Ontario.**

Invitation Cards, Programmes, Pencils, etc., can always be obtained at THE PLANET Office.

## 'ALL OF YE OLDEN TYME'

MR. JUSTICE MACMAHON AND HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

Courteous on the Bench and in Private Life—Staid and a Widely Read Student—A Keen But Kindly Art Critic—How He Was Called to Be a Judge.

She was a young lady, an impressionable young lady, and when His Lordship Mr. Justice MacMahon took his place on the bench in the western court room of Osgoode Hall, with a quiet dignity that only some of our judges possess, she whispered to her clerical escort, who was only half as interested in the case being heard as she was:

"Doesn't Judge MacMahon seem to have slipped out of an old family portrait, catalogued 'A gentleman of the eighteenth century'?"

The young lady's dilettante penchant for lawsuits and family portraits did not affect her feminine judgment.

One is not surprised when told that Judge MacMahon's ancestors held prominent positions in Ireland during the troublous times of the last of the reigning Stuarts, that Colonel Art Oge MacMahon was James II.'s Lord Lieutenant of Monaghan and Hugh MacMahon was Lieutenant-colonel of Gordon O'Neill's Chattermont regiment in the famous Irish Brigade that, in the service of France, became renowned throughout Europe and redeemed the day at Fontenoy. The Celt is naturally a gentleman, and probably Mr. Justice MacMahon owes as much to his race as to his family. An Irish gentleman or a Highland gentleman means more than the phrase an English gentleman.

It possibly requires a woman or the keenness of feeling of a fellow-Celt to understand the distinction, but it exists. Beyond the fact that Hugh MacMahon was a Nisi Prius lawyer of repute, this to some extent explains his call to the Superior Court bench by his old-time political opponent, Sir John A. Macdonald. A Highlander, dominant as his nature may be, never rules feudally. His dominance is patriarchal, and the story goes that when Hugh MacMahon tried possibly of the monopoly of practice in a Provincial town, with its only occasional opportunities, had left London and was to some extent obscured in the wild rush of Western settlement in the early days of the Winnipeg boom, the old-time Conservative chief asked a Western man:

"How about Hugh MacMahon?"

When the answer came, Sir John ejaculated: "Imagine Hugh MacMahon playing the game of life in a Western land boom! Ridiculous!" and he sat down in his generous petulance and immediately wired: "Will you accept a Superior Court judgeship?"

And the Province of Ontario has a judge that not only brings to the Canadian bench an atmosphere of the courtliness of other days, but a sound lawyer and a man distinguished by humane common sense. An old-time courtliness and a high sense of dignity are not inconsistent with modern conditions. When Mr. Justice MacMahon was conducting the trial of Birchall and the little court room of Woodstock was crowded to suffocation, and the whole English-speaking world was to some extent interested in one of the most sensational murder trials in Canada's history, it was found that there was insufficient accommodation for the army of people that took intense human interest in the progress of the case. Judge MacMahon's permission was obtained, and telephone transmitters were so arranged that the testimony of witnesses, the addresses of counsel, and the charge of the judge to the jury could be heard in near-by rooms. There are very few judges who can retain their dignity and address a jury on a question of life and death with a telephone in close proximity in active operation on his desk, and there are still fewer who would be as considerate.

"No trial at any English assizes," said a representative Canadian journal, "could have been conducted with a more admirable temper than that at Woodstock."

Judge MacMahon was born at Guelph, Ont., March 6, 1836. Critics of our public school system might possibly find in Judge MacMahon's charm of manner and literary and artistic tastes an example of what the education of the schools can never give, but whether it is due to the natural disposition of young MacMahon or the careful tutelage of a scholarly father, the result has been that Judge MacMahon is not only one of the broadest and widest read members of the Canadian bench, but also one of the keenest, if kindest, of art critics. After a short service as a lad on an engineering survey of the proposed Ottawa Ship Canal and the Chats Rapids, he entered upon the study of the law, and was called to the Ontario bar in 1864. For five years he successfully practiced in Brantford, when he removed to London, Ont., and built up the largest practice in Western Ontario. In 1876 he was made a Q. C. by the Ontario Government, and in 1885 by the Dominion. In 1877 he represented the Dominion Government in the arbitration on what was called the Ontario boundary question, and, with D'Alton McCarthy and Christopher Robinson, was counsel for the Dominion when the matter came before the Privy Council in England. As counsel for the prisoners in what was known as the Biddulph tragedy, he had an opportunity of showing his high gifts as a Nisi Prius and criminal lawyer, and secured an acquittal of his clients. A strong Liberal, Judge MacMahon was never a bitter partisan, and unsuccessfully contested London and Kent in his party's interests.

It may be that Judge MacMahon will not be remembered as a judge who derived keen intellectual enjoy-

## A Strong Man

Is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from indigestion or some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs of digestion and nutrition.

For when the stomach is diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man doesn't feel just right, when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous and irritable, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength. Such a man needs to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, stimulates the liver, nourishes the nerves, and so gives health and strength to the whole body.

Mr. Thomas A. Swartz, of Sub Station C, Columbus, Ohio, Box 103, writes: "I was taken very sick with severe headache, then cramps in the stomach and my food would not digest, then kidney and liver trouble and my back got weak. I could scarcely get around. The more I doctored the worse I got until six years passed. I could only walk in the house by the aid of a chair, and I had given up to die. Then one of my neighbors said, 'Take my advice and take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and make a new man out of yourself.' The first bottle helped me and after I had taken eight bottles in about six weeks I was weighed and found I had gained twenty-seven (27) pounds, and I am as stout and healthy to-day, I think, as I ever was."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

ment from hair-splitting rulings on points of abstract law. It may be that he will be remembered not so much from the fact that his judgments are seldom set aside, and that lawyers and litigants never cavil and object to their cases being set down to be heard by him. But there is no doubt, says The Toronto Star, Hugh MacMahon will long be remembered as the judge of the Superior Court of Ontario with sound common sense and a kindly, gentle heart, "a gentleman all of ye olden tyne."

Didn't Dare to Come In and Ask It. Mrs. Bridges—How long were you in your last place?

Applicant—Two weeks. Mrs. Bridges (from adjoining room)—Mary, ask the lady what delayed her.—Smart Set.

A Matter of Surface. "Mr. Jinxon is a very broad minded man," said the admiring friend.

"Broad minded?" echoed Miss Cayenne. "Possibly that's why so many of his remarks seem flat."—Washington Star.

Egg-snatch. If the egg corner holds through the next presidential campaign some of our spellbinders will have reason to congratulate themselves on the fact.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Only Way. Hix—Did you have your baby's picture taken by a photographer?  
Dix—No; by a man who runs the kitescope.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## Six Doctors Failed to Cure Him.

**ERYSIPELAS AND SALT RHEUM WAS THE TROUBLE.**

## Burdock Blood Bitters

**DID MORE THAN SIX DOCTORS COULD DO.**

Mrs. Theo. Newell, Argyle Sound, N.S., expresses her opinion of this wonderful blood remedy in the following letter:

"It is with the greatest gratitude that I can testify to the wonderful curative powers of Burdock Blood Bitters. For years my husband suffered terribly with Erysipelas and Salt Rheum. He was so bad at times that he could not sleep on account of the itching and burning. He had been under the care of six different doctors, but they failed to do him any good. I had read different times of the wonderful cures being made by Burdock Blood Bitters, so advised him to give it a trial. He did so, and after taking five bottles was cured without a doubt. I would strongly advise any person troubled with blood disorders to give B.B.S. a fair trial for I am sure it will cure them."

**CHATHAM FARMERS' HOUSE**  
Opposite the market.

25 well ventilated rooms. Weekly or table borders. Special rates. \$1 per day

**J. W. MILES, Proprietor.**

A novel red silk stocking has a black foot and ankle, designed to imitate a low tie shoe.

## IS THE MASK OFF?

An Alleged Speech by a Russian General Which Indicates the Reasons Why Britain Distrusts Russia.

"What the nations are about to witness is a grand turning movement on the part of Russia against its old, dogged opponent, Britain. As an incident of this operation Japan must be crushed. They must be cleared off Russia's flank, otherwise the advance of the Czar's forces cannot be continued across China. Japan stands between Russia and the aim of which she has never lost sight—to turn the British off their position in India and to shatter the British wall that blocks the Russian path in the Persian Gulf and the Bosphorus. Lord Lansdowne, the British Foreign Minister, not long ago boldly announced in the House of Lords that Britain would fight any power that might presume to share the advantages of the Persian Gulf. All I have to say is that that is a question of strategy and strength rather than a question of official pronouncements."

Thus spoke a Russian general the other day, according to a St. Petersburg despatch, which, however, strangely resembles a despatch which might be composed in the seclusion of some New York newspaper office. It is not like "a well known Russian general" to throw aside the mask unless something is to be gained, and it is difficult to understand how Russia secures any advantage by taking the world into her confidence, and avowing intentions which she has hitherto disclaimed. Of course, everyone knows how Russia yearns to establish a foothold in India, how she longs to destroy British prestige in Persia, and how she pants to spread her influence south, through China and Tibet, to Afghanistan. But we do not know any of these things because Russia told us of them.

The British have always differentiated between Russia and the Russian people, and it is Russia that they mistrust. For the Russians, the common people, who are little better than slaves, according to Anglo-Saxon ideas of liberty, Englishmen have always had sympathy, mingled with pity. But the Russia that has made Siberia notorious, that conquered Finland and Poland, that sends her police spies over all the world, and that menaces India, is quite another Russia, indeed. This is the Russia that is at war with Japan, the Russia that Britain is always watching. One reason why this feeling should exist more in England than in any other European country is to be found in the fact that London has always been a city of refuge for the persecuted. All sorts of agitators, Finns, Poles, and Jews, congregate there; escaped nihilists make it their headquarters. In such numbers do they come that their influence is bound to be felt in London. These agitators or patriots (whichever they are) are always crying out against Russia. Many of them are able men, cultured men, and Englishmen who come in contact with them are prone to accept their interpretation of the word Russia. For fifty years or more this anti-Russian movement has been gathering strength. In itself it might never be serious, but added to real grievances it has had a powerful effect on the mind of the average Briton.

Had it not been for this sentiment, Great Britain could never have been dragged into her first and last open clash with Russia in the Crimea. This war, which did not really concern Great Britain in the first place, was chiefly of France's making. But the British Minister at Constantinople, Lord Stratford, had a personal grievance against the Czar (who had refused to receive him at St. Petersburg), and his private animosity prompted him to take an anti-Russian attitude. "The war grew out of a petty religious quarrel between France and Russia regarding the custody of some holy places in Jerusalem. It resulted in Russia demanding that the Sultan of Turkey recognize Russia as the protector of the Greek Church in Turkey. All the powers agreed to this, but Turkey, encouraged by Lord Stratford, refused. Suddenly the Porte ordered all Russians out of his dominion, and followed this edict up by attacking some Russian troops. Russia retaliated by destroying the Turkish fleet at Sinope. This engagement, which had some of the features of a massacre, so aroused the British public opinion that the Ministry was forced into the arena, and Britain became the ally of France.

In 1856, the very year when peace was restored, the Shah of Persia, thinking Britain was sufficiently engaged in the Crimea, seized the City of Herat, on Russia's advice, thus committing an overt act of war. The expedition of Sir James Outram quickly cured Persia of her love of fighting. Then for a few years no offensive move was made by Russia. But in 1870 instigated by Bismarck, she abrogated the treaty by which the Crimean War had been settled, and began fortifying the Black Sea. Britain protested, but was not willing to go to war, especially as Germany supported Russia, and France lay prostrated at the feet of her conquerors. So nothing came of the protest, and Russia carried her point.

Not long after this, Russian intrigue at Kabul brought on the war with Afghanistan, in which Lord Roberts so distinguished himself. The Czar's policy was to establish himself in this "buffer State," and use it as a base by which he might penetrate India, and gain an outlet to the sea. In the years which have elapsed this policy has not changed. Russia, the great land country, needs, above everything, southern ports, and south-easterly ports. Britain's policy has been to keep Russia isolated, to seal up the Bear in his cavern. This, too, is the principle for which her stout little ally Japan has gone to war.



Women who work, whether in the house, store, office or factory, very rarely have the ability to stand the strain. The case of Miss Frankie Orser, of Boston, Mass., is interesting to all women, and adds further proof that woman's great friend in need is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered misery for several years. My back ached and I had bearing down pains, and frequent headaches. I would often wake from a restless sleep in such pain and misery that it would be hours before I could close my eyes again. I dreaded the long nights and weary days. I could do no work. I consulted different physicians hoping to get relief, but, finding that their medicines did not cure me, I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it was highly recommended to me. I am glad that I did so, for I soon found that it was the medicine for my case. Very soon I was rid of every ache and pain and restored to perfect health. I feel splendid, have a fine appetite, and have gained in weight a lot."—Miss FRANKIE ORSER, 14 Warrenton St., Boston, Mass.

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, sick and discouraged, and exhausted with each day's work. Some derangement of the feminine organs is responsible for this exhaustion, following any kind of work or effort. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as it has thousands of other women.

The case of Mrs. Lennox, which follows, proves this.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Last winter I broke down suddenly and had to seek the advice of a doctor. I felt sore all over, with a pounding in my head, and a dizziness which I had never experienced before. I had a miserable appetite, nothing tasted good, and gradually my health broke down completely. The doctor said I had female weakness, but, although I took his medicine faithfully, I found no relief.

"After two months I decided to try what a change would do for me, and as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was strongly recommended to me I decided to try it. Within three days I felt better, my appetite returned, and I could sleep. In another week I was able to sit up part of the day, and in ten days more I was well. My strength had returned, I gained fourteen pounds, and felt better and stronger than I had for years. I gratefully acknowledge its merits. Very sincerely yours, Mrs. BERT E. LENNOX, 130 East 4th St., Dixon, Ill."

**\$5000** FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

## SAD DEATH

Seldom are we called upon to chronicle a death so universally regretted as that of Mrs. Lawrence Higgins. Her death took place on Feb. 4th, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Chatham, at the age of sixty-four. Mrs. Higgins always enjoyed good health until about a year ago; since then she has kept gradually sinking until she slender thread upon which her life depended at length gave way. Her sufferings were borne with the same patience which characterized her whole life, and being fortified by the rites of holy mother, the church, she passed peacefully away, surrounded by her relatives. In Mrs. Higgins was all that was noble, good, and pure—an exemplary wife, a highly respected and much loved member of the community in which she lived. The funeral took place on Saturday Feb. 6th, at St. Joseph's church, where a solemn requiem mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Father James O. F. M., P. P., assisted by Rev. Father Herman, O. F. M., and Rev. Fr. Robert, O. F. M. After mass Rev. Fr. James preached a short sermon, in which he spoke of the steadfast faith all through life and her beautiful and edifying resignation. A large concourse of friends followed the funeral cortege to pay a last tribute of respect to one they loved on earth. She leaves a husband, one brother and three sisters to mourn her sad demise. The casket was borne by her six nephews—Patrick Barrons,

Eugene Barrons, John Carley, Jerry Carley, Andrew Hogan and Michael Barrons. May her soul rest in peace.—Catholic Record.

A lawyer may be color blind, but he knows red tape.

## DR. OVENS, London,

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EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT,

Visits Chatham Monthly.

Glases properly fitted. Office—Radley Drug Store.

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## NEW BUSINESS

Ring up 391 for that bursted water pipe or call and get an estimate on contemplated plumbing, hot water, steam and gas fitting work. Your patronage is respectfully solicited by

**R. McG. Coyle**

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## CALLED RHEUMATISM.

There is a great deal of pain and ache termed Rheumatism—sometimes called Kidney pain. The back aches, shoulders, side, and hips. A cold will cause pain and distress in the back, Kidney and Bladder trouble. In cases of this kind use Anti-Pain and see

how quickly you will get relief. It acts on all the large glands of the body. Any one who doubts should write for a free sample to WILSON-FLEMING Co., Niagara Falls, Ont. Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pain is a perfect System Treatment. Price, 50 cents.

