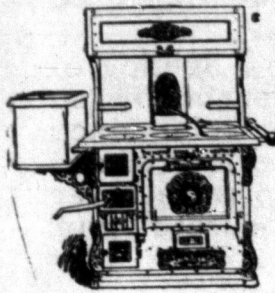


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Private Funds to loan on Farm and City Property, at

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On reasonable terms to suit the borrower

W. E. McKeough, Barrister
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The Leading Specialists of America
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WE CURE STRICTURE
Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many of them are suffering from it. They may have a smarting sensation, small, twisting stream, sharp cutting pains at times, slight discharge, difficulty in commencing, weak erections, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you, by cutting, stretching, or testing you. This will not cure you, as it will return. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT cures the stricture forever. It cures never returns. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened. The nerves are invigorated, and the life of manhood returns.

WE CURE GLEET
Thousands of young and middle-aged men are having their sexual vigor and vitality continually sapped by this disease. They are frequently unconscious of the cause of these symptoms. General weakness, Nervousness, Poor Memory, Irritability, at times Smarting Sensation, Swollen Glands, with dark, watery, Weak Back, General Depression, Lack of Ambition, Nervousness, Strained Parts, etc. GLEET and STRICTURE may be the cause. Don't consult family doctors, as they have no experience in these special diseases—don't allow doctors to experiment on you. Consult Specialists, who have made a life study of Gleet, and who have cured thousands of cases of Men and Women. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. One thousand dollars or a case is given for treatment and cannot return. Terms moderate for a cure.

CURES GUARANTEED
We treat and cure: EMISSIONS, PARQUET, SPILLAGE, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, GONORRHOEA, UNNATURAL DISCHARGE, STIFFNESS, AND ALL KINDS OF URINARY AFFECTIONS. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. RETURN BLANK FOR HOME TREATMENT. EXAMINE.

KENNEDY & KERGAN
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St.
DETROIT, MICH.

THE LISTENER.

St. Henry Irving has in his possession the sandals worn by Kean when the latter played in "Brutus" in 1818, and also the boots which Kemble wore some years earlier.

A bad shot while pheasant shooting has cost the Hon. John Tuford, eldest son of Lord Hothfield, \$5,500. He fired the charge into the face of one of his beaters, rendering the man totally blind.

A. G. Spalding, who was a pitcher of prominence 30 years ago, has become an enthusiastic golf player. He can be found on the links nearly every day near his summer house at Seabright, N. J.

Captain Jonathan Norton, reputed to be just closing his one hundred and first year, aided in raising the stars and stripes on a new 50 foot pole in the public park in East Lee, Mass., after the surrender of Santiago.

Old people in Galesburg, Ill., remember when General Shafter was a bustling employee of the Burlington road at that place. He is remembered as a manly, ambitious young fellow, the leader in spelling and wrestling.

Levi Z. Leiter, who recently sold a large amount of Chicago real estate to get money to make good his son's losses in wheat, had to buy \$2,100 worth of internal revenue stamps, required by the new war tax law, to make the deal legal.

Baron Henri de Rothschild, a cadet of the Paris branch of the famous financial family, has passed his final examination as doctor before a jury composed of Drs. Feunrier, Budin, Polier and Netter. The young physician obtained the mark "Extremely good."

Probably no man living has written the words to so many songs as Mr. Frederick Weatherly, yet he is only 45 years old. Mr. Weatherly was born at Portsmouth, a little place at the mouth of the Avon, not very far from Bristol, and not long after leaving Oxford university he was called to the bar.

Governor Adams of Colorado made a most felicitous address in welcoming the clubwomen at Denver, but he declares he never dreamed any public appearance so much as he did that one. "But," he says, "I will never be afraid of women again. Why, they were among the best fellows I ever met."

Judson Lyons of Atlanta, the colored register of the treasury, is thus referred to by The Constitution of that city: "By signing his name to war bonds he rivets his name to the history of his country as no other colored man has done before. He has 50 clerks under him and is kept busy as well as responsible."

Baron von Stumm, who has been nicknamed the king of the Saar, was so angry at not being elected to the reichstag on the first ballot that he put up this notice on his factory gates: "As the Neunkirchen Zeitung has slandered me, I consider it a matter of course that no workman shall tolerate that sheet in his family."

M. Meline, the former premier of France, may be met any day in his cap and gown in the hall of the Palais de Justice. He is now a wealthy man, and his wife and daughter are in the highest society. M. Meline does not expect to return soon to power. The Right and the high and dry Moderates are still devoted to the fallen premier.

GLEANINGS.

In Holland men frequently wear their hats in church.

The loftiest cliff on the coast of England is Beachy head; height, 564 feet.

The Philippines lie wholly within the tropics, reaching at the south to within 4½ degrees of the equator.

A diamond in constant use for cutting cold glass lasts about three months, but if used to cut hot glass it would only last for one day.

Hot water lamps are being set up in London with slot arrangements by which hot rooms, offices or soup can be obtained as well as water.

A correspondent of The Living Church (Chicago) suggests that the proper Roman numeral for the year 1900 are not MDCXXX, but MCM.

Napoleon's cabbage palm at Longwood has been blown down. It was the last tree of its kind on the island of St. Helena and the epistle has not been found elsewhere.

Ceylon is alarmed at the news that the world will end next year, and that the beginning will be the submergence of Ceylon. The villagers are trying to atone for their sins by acts of charity and by flocking to the temples.

The opening of a new railway across the Meuse at Anserem makes conveniently accessible to tourists a number of wonderful Belgian grottoes. In the Grotto of Haas the river runs underground for a distance of a mile through caves of exquisite beauty.

Liquor may be sold in the house of commons without a license, the police magistrate having dismissed the summons against its barkeeper. As The News puts it, "If the house of commons wants liquor, the house of commons will have liquor, and all the courts in England cannot control the legislative power."

TOWN TOPICS.

The city of Syracuse, the directory census shows, has a population of 124,853, including 16,000 in the immediate suburbs. These figures show Syracuse to be the fifth city in the state.—Syracuse Journal.

New York is to be congratulated on her progress. She is to get rid of horse cars—things which new awaken surprised interest as curiosities if they happen to appear on the streets of cities in the "provinces."—Baltimore American.

A New York girl recently attracted attention at Manhattan Beach by wearing a mask while bathing in the surf. A great many New York girls, we feel sure, would attract more attention if they wore masks all the while.—Chicago Times-Herald.

We do not credit the report that Admiral Cervera will take up his permanent residence in Boston. He is a considerable man, and he would not care to be responsible for the road and panic which his presence would cause in Beacon street and the country round about.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE FUSSY KAISER.

Some good friend of Emperor William ought to whisper in his ear that it is an awfully good plan to mind your own business.—Indianapolis News.

Kaiser Wilhelm is credited with saying that Spain deserves to lose her empire because she cannot shoot straight. The emperor, it is plain, sometimes does shoot straight.—Montreal Gazette.

As Kaiser Wilhelm studies the history of Santiago and Manila he slowly but surely comes to the conclusion that he does not want the United States to provide him with a submarine navy.—Pittsburg Times.

MERRY MOMENTS.

Man's Little Hero Below.

A little glider.
A little shade.
A little dear and dimpled maid.
A little brook.
A little book.
A little fishing line and hook.
A little hand.
A little band.
A little pledge—you understand.
A little "splice."
A little glimpse of paradise.
A little glimpse of a snail.
—Town Topics.

Preserved.

He seized the rubber jar and rapidly screwed the metal top over the rubber collar. Then he plunged the tiny bottle into boiling water and after taking it out smeared the top with a veneer of sealing wax.

Pasting a label on the side of the vial, the premier of the Spanish kingdom looked up with a happy smile.

"Spain's honor is preserved," he said as he placed the vial on an upper shelf.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Alone He Did It.

Mrs. Sighs—My dear, dear friend! What a loss! Was your husband long sick?
Mrs. Weeps—Only a week.
Mrs. Sighs—Dr. Gayfee attended him, I suppose.
Mrs. Weeps—We never dreamed it was serious. He had no medical assistance; he just died himself.—New York Truth.

A Chance For All.

Crimesack—No one need feel discouraged about this war business. Every one can help a little.
Yess—How so?
"Well, if a man can't go to the front and lick a few Spaniards, he can stay at home and lick the war revenue stamps."—Yonkers Statesman.

Hard Luck.

"If I should go to war," he cried, "And mingle in the fray,
I fear that some one else might come
And win your heart away.
'Tis not that I lack courage, love,
Believe me, but the fear
Of being robbed of you, sweetheart,
That makes me linger here."
"Then put your fear away," she said,
"And go and get your gun.
Go, mingle in the fray and help
To make the Spaniards run.
I've formed a resolution, and
I'll tell it unto thee—
I want to be a warrior's love
No stay at home for me!"
—Chicago News.

An Apparition.

Mrs. Nuwed—Good gracious! There goes the tramp I gave some of my biscuits to a few days ago.
Mr. Nuwed—Did he eat them?
Mrs. Nuwed—He ate four of them.
Mr. Nuwed—It's not him, my dear.—Up to Date.

Uncle's Mistake.

Gentleman (meeting old negro who is very much bothered)—Why, what's the matter, uncle?
"Oh, nuffin, boss, but ef yo' eber got spanious t'ings ter say about sh mule yo' want ter say dem ter loss face."—New York Truth.

Not Blowing His Own Horn.

First Clarinet—Is Professor Trombone going to war with the rest of the regimental band?
Second Bass—Ach, no; he is sending a substitute.—Yin.

Spain's Secret of Success.

El Don Juan Ponce de Leon,
A knight of sunny Spain,
Left Pales town long years ago
And crossed the raging main.

The fountain of eternal youth,
Historians agree,
Was what brave Ponce sought in lands
Beyond the trackless sea.

But modern research oft disproves
The dream of these men,
And now we know without a doubt
He sought a fountain pen.

He found it, too, and called back home,
The done all learned to write,
And never from that day to this
Have Spaniards lost a fight.
—New York World.

Dida's Know One.

"What an exceptional person that man Digley is!"
"In what way?"
"He doesn't seem to know anybody that just missed going on that boat which was sunk."—Chicago News.

Her Dilemma.

"Nan is worried to death."
"What's the trouble?"
"She can't tell whether she is in love with Lieutenant Zimber or with his uniform."—Chicago Record.

A Cheerful Fate.

Reginald Vere de Vere Fattleigh—You dare not let me go, for I am an Irish boy.
Vert-Ugrin (chief of the Cannibal Islands)—Ho! Not yet! But you will soon be an eaten boy.—Judy.

Her Sure Reward.

Now goes the merry summer maid
Upon her faithful wheel—
Her face assumes a crimson shade,
Her nose begins to peel.
She may not win a dower crown
Or e'en a common man,
But surely she'll bring back to town
A lovely coat of tan.
—New York Herald.

Vanderbilt.

The Gentleman With the Green Whiskers
My father lived in the same house for ten years.
The Gentleman With the Bald Wig—
How did he get out?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Rival.

"Ah, my heart's aches for glory," he declared.
Then pouted she, "Once you told another story, for you said it longed for me."—Detroit Free Press.

It Has Come to This.

"If you are not good, the Spaniards will catch you," cautioned the annoyed mother.
"Poh! mamma," replied the lad boy.
"Who's afraid of Spaniards?"—Philadelphia North American.

Woman in Wartime.

She gets up faster and faster,
This dance of April stamp,
And rolls a lot of men at home
To help the men in camp.
—Chicago Record.

A Disastrous Ending.

Two Detroit merchants were sitting on adjacent stools and taking a 15 cent lunch, when one asked the other if he consulted his wife in his business affairs.

"Can't do it," was the response.
"I've tried it a dozen times a month for years, but it always winds up just about as it did yesterday. I asked her if she thought she could discuss a little matter of business calmly and dispassionately. She said she could, but had never known me to be able to do so. I complimented her sarcastically on her 'angelic' temper, and she at once accused me of being angry. I told her that I was regarded among men as having a very equable disposition and that my employees called me Old Surety. She called attention to the fact that her pet dog, that weighs about a pound, was called Danger. Then I told her straight from the shoulder that I declined to be made angry by her taunts and odious comparisons, but served pointed notice that I was going to have the respect due the head of the house. She laughed cheerily and declared that I was entirely too touchy."

"But what about the business conference?"
"Oh, I slammed the door and left."
—Detroit Free Press.

Ice Broke the Spell.

There is a curious little tale about Captain Bagot, M. P. for South Westmoreland, which cannot fail to interest those superstitiously inclined. It is said that some generations ago, a witch cursed Levens Hall, the seat of Captain Bagot, and said that there would be no direct male heir to the estate as long as the Kent—the river which runs through the grounds—flowed. Such has indeed been the case, until in 1895, when, owing to the severe frost, the Kent was, for a time, entirely frozen up, and a few months afterward Mrs. Bagot presented her husband with a little boy.—London Graphic.

Severe Discipline.

Editor in Chief (angrily)—What does this mean, sir? The paper will be the laughing stock of the town. Here we print an elaborate criticism of a new play which we stated was presented last night, but which everybody knows was not produced at all. The star met with an accident, and the theater was closed.

Managing Editor—Our dramatic critic had attended the rehearsal, and his criticism was prepared in advance. Instead of coming to the office to notify us not to publish it, he sent a messenger, but the messenger was not believed. Our critic is much to blame for trusting such an important matter to a chance messenger, and I intend to make an example of him.

Editor in Chief—Good! Order him to attend all the amateur performances.—New York Weekly.

Minard's Linctment Cures Burns, etc.

CAP SHEAF

White Winter Wheat

A NEW VARIETY OF MORE THAN USUAL MERIT

A SURE MONEY MAKER!

This Wheat has been thoroughly tested on all sorts of soils and in severe climates and stands to-day without an equal in its class.

HISTORY--THE CAP SHEAF

As well as the other varieties we offer, was originated by the most successful Wheat specialist known on this continent, and out of several hundred cross-bred wheats, the CAP SHEAF stands far beyond any boarded wheat ever produced. It is a cross between Martin's Amber and Fultz; grows a good length and the straw is the thick-set walled of any in cultivation. We have never seen a plot of this wheat lodge, as the strong straw supports the heads well, and on rich clay soil well manured, has stood straight as a string and yielded

42 to 50 Bushels Per Acre

Of the very best quality wheat.

DOES YOUR WHEAT WINTER-KILL?

If it does, you want to sow the CAP SHEAF, a variety which will sink its roots deep in the fall, and which has yielded 42 bushels per acre of choice grain side by side with varieties that have killed out badly and yielded only 17 bushels.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD!

When the Cap Sheaf was called to our attention every ounce of seed was sold at \$1.00 per ounce. By good cultivating and fertilizing we have increased our stock so rapidly that we are able to offer this wheat at EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICES.

YOUR FIELD WILL ADVERTISE ITSELF. Everyone who sees your wheat will want some and pay almost any price you ask. Samples are at the Planet Office, Chatham, where orders will be received.

**"Any
Flour
Will
Do."**

Perhaps you say this to your grocer—it is customary to buy flour in this way. But it's only habit. All flour is not alike. If you will simply say, send me

"Beaver"

You will get something that will delight you and you will never again say, "Any flour will do." Just try it once and see. All grocers.

The T. H. Taylor Co'y, L't'd

