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Requires No Money Unless He Cures You—Method and Full Particulars Sent Free—Write For It This Very Day

A Detroit specialist who has 14 certificates and diplomas from medical colleges and boards, has discovered a sure method of curing men's diseases in their own homes; so that there is no danger to the mind of any man that he is



DR. S. GOLDBERG,  
The Possessor of 14 Diplomas and Certificates  
Who Wants No Money That He Does

With the method and the ability to do as he says, Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method entirely free to all men who send him their names and address. He wants to send them to men who have suffered from such diseases as gonorrhea, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, varicocele, testicular trouble, blood poison, hydrocele, enlargement of parts, impotence, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but like-wise all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder trouble, kidney trouble, heart disease, nervous debility, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up, so he has made a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you and when you are cured he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. It would seem, therefore, that it is to the best interest of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor immediately and let him know of his case before he writes the method, as well as many booklets on the subject, including the one that contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, a fully flow. Address Dr. S. Goldberg, 150 Woodward Ave., Room 10, Detroit, Mich. He will immediately send you a booklet on the subject, and will send you the method of cure. Write at once.

Wood's Phospholine, the best remedy for all forms of Nervous Weakness, is an old, well established and reliable preparation. It has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell, and the only medicine of its kind that cures and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Amnesia, Spermatorrhea, Impotence, and all effects of abuse or excesses; this includes use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, Mental and Brain Worry, all of which lead to Infertility, Insanity, Consumption and a Early Grave.

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Minard's Lintment Cures Burns, etc.

## Cupid and the Cash Carrier

By BENNET MUSSON

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Through the great dry goods house of Chase, Remington, Bentley & Co., ranged the usual throng of shoppers—eager faced women and bewildered looking men. In the rear of the store Mr. William L. Remington, the sole survivor of the original firm, sat at a roll top desk in his private office.

Dignified, gray haired and sedate was Mr. Remington, and he looked thoughtful as he leaned back in his revolving chair and tapped the edge of his desk with a square envelope of rough blue paper. The envelope contained an invitation to a reception to be given by Mrs. Eleanor Chase, the widow of one of the former partners of the house and a society woman.

Mr. Remington was not a society man, and it was of his son Jack, aged twenty-two, that he thought as he fingered the envelope and of Eleanor Chase's daughter Nancy.

He rose, opened a door which led to the main part of the store and, threading the maze of aisles, made his way to the silk counter. There stood Jack, who was working his way through the various departments of the business, devoting the charms of his personality to the display of a roll of silk to one of a crowd of well dressed women.

Mr. Remington looked on approvingly as his handsome son concluded negotiations with the woman, took a bill from her and, including it in a little nickel plated case, placed it in the receptacle of the cash carrier. He pulled a cord, and the box shot up till it reached the narrow lines of metal, whence it was whisked with business-like precision to the eye of the cashier.

As Jack turned to another customer his father waited; then, recognizing the purchaser of the silk, he stepped forward and engaged her in conversation.

Presently the nickel plated case shot back over the carrier and dropped with an assertive click into its receptacle. Mr. Remington released it, relieved it of its contents and, with a brief "I'll give Mrs. Waldron her change, Jack," which received an answering nod from the young man, handed the box to the woman.

But Remington senior did not give her all that the case contained. He withheld a small piece of folded white paper, which he regarded idly for a moment, then opened. Written across it in hastily formed characters were the words:

"It is an age till tomorrow night, dearest!"

The old gentleman held the paper nearer to his eyes and read the message again. Then he looked at his son, who was talking animatedly. Then he refolded the paper carefully, placed it in his vest pocket and walked slowly away. He went to another part of the store, from which he could get a view of the cashier's post, and looked up.

There among the converging wires of the cash carrier was a high desk, and over its top protruded a head of wavy brown hair, and occasionally as its owner reached for the metal cases Mr. Remington caught sight of the pretty, refined face of Gertrude Terry, his cashier.

The old gentleman watched the girl for a while, then went to his private office and again seated himself at his desk. He drew the piece of white paper from his pocket and looked at it thoughtfully. Then he turned his attention to the square, blue envelope which contained Mrs. Chase's invitation and glanced from one to the other, as though weighing in his mind the value of each.

Perhaps the memory of his own married life, spent with a woman of society, whose tastes and temperament were at variance with his own, passed in mental review. The many nights he had sat at his lonely fireside while his wife was attending functions to which he had little inclination to follow, her may have intruded themselves on his reflections. Whatever his thoughts—and they contained no bitterness for the woman who was gone—he kept them to himself.

He did not say anything to Jack when they left the store together except to tell him that he had some private business to attend to and might be late for their 7 o'clock dinner. Then he gave the driver of his coupe an address and presently alighted at a small frame house.

His ring was answered by a gray haired old man who walked with difficulty. He seemed greatly surprised to see Mr. Remington. When the latter was seated in the little parlor he regarded the invalid with kindly interest.

"Well, Max, I am sorry that time has not done better with you," he said at last. "It's a long cry back to our college days, isn't it?"

Old Max Terry sank painfully into a chair. "The last time you were in this house," he answered slowly, "was to attend my wife's funeral. No; time has not been overgood to me, but I don't complain."

"I want you to tell me of her," said Remington, and he drew his cashier's father on to talk of the mother and wife.

The rich old merchant listened thoughtfully while Max Terry told of years spent in perfect companionship, years during which his ambition to become a great musician had slowly suffered collapse, but which had been

## Tortured with Pain. Too Weak to Work.

ULCERS, BOILS AND PIMPLES ALL OVER HER BODY

Such was the condition of Mrs. Samuel Deitz, Zurich, Ont.

She happily found relief from her terrible suffering by using

## Burdock Blood Bitters.

A remedy without a rival for the cure of all diseases and troubles arising from bad blood. A record extending over a quarter of a century and thousands of testimonials will prove this. Mrs. Deitz writes: "Too weak to work, tortured with the pain of ulcers, boils and pimples all over my body, especially on my face. I had almost made up my mind to give up trying to have them cured. I was ashamed to have any person come to see me, my face was in such a terrible state. I tried everything I could think of but got worse and worse. I was then led to try Burdock Blood Bitters and was surprised at the wonderful change the first bottle made. Altogether I took seven bottles and am now completely cured and am in perfect health again. I feel that B. B. B. saved my life."

lightened and beautified by the sympathy of a devoted, loving woman whose soul was attuned to his.

When he had finished Mr. Remington was leaning forward in his chair. "And now that she is gone you have your daughter left," he said gently.

"Yes, she's just like her mother. A thank heaven," responded Max Terry, sinking back with a sigh.

At that moment the front door was opened briskly, steps sounded along the hall, and Gertrude Terry entered the parlor. She stopped abruptly when she saw the visitor.

"I have been telling Mr. Remington about your mother," Max Terry said, smiling at the girl.

"Did he call to ask about her?" she inquired.

"I called for a purpose of my own," said Remington, advancing toward her. "I accidentally received this note from the cash carrier this afternoon." And he produced the bit of white paper.

The girl was pale, but she regarded him unflinchingly. "I suppose you think it is very wrong of me to love Jack," she said.

"No, but I think it would have been better for him to have told me about the affair."

"I would not let him, and I have been trying to tell him that he must not see me again."

Mr. Remington smiled. "You took it for granted that I should not want an official partner in my family who was brave and womanly merely because she happened to be poor," he said softly, taking her hand.

The next morning Chase, Remington, Bentley & Co. was crowded, as usual when Jack pulled a slip of white paper from the metal messenger of the cash carrier. The message, which was in his father's handwriting, was as follows:

"Miss Terry will soon leave the employ of this firm."

Jack leaped over the silk counter and hurried to his father's private office. The room was empty, but in a moment Gertrude and Mr. Remington entered.

Jack angrily handed the note to his father. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

Mr. Remington looked at the paper complacently. "It means," he said, "that I think my future daughter-in-law should have time to prepare for her wedding."

Jack leaned against the roll top desk in wonderment, while Gertrude read the note.

"If I had known what was in it I should have sent it," she said, with a reproachful smile at the elder Remington. "Is that your idea of breaking the news properly?"

"No," answered the old gentleman, "but I did not like to spoil the record that cash carrier has for revealing the news properly."

While the Tweed was at Bahia Keppel, who was of particularly diminutive appearance, was taken ashore by his commander and ordered to convey a despatch to the Tweed in the bay. Lord Cochrane was then blockading the port, on behalf of the infant Empire, then a colony of Portugal. It was the Portuguese officer of the guard who refused to let the small officer of the King pass, Keppel said that the muskets in the guardhouse looked too well polished for use. He told his coxswain to be ready for a rush, and before a rifle could be taken from the racks, this youngster of 15 had carried all before him. His miniature hurricane, followed by his boat's crew, leaving the sentry on his back. They were all in the boat in an instant, a few musket balls from the astonished guard falling into the bay. They rowed away.

Keppel generally attracted the attention of his commander. "We shall see you an admiral yet, young Keppel," said he. "Very likely, sir," replied the cheeky youth, "when I haven't nose enough left to tell between the smell of powder and ship's plai."

The Tweed returned to Spithead in February, 1825, and joined the Channel Squadron, and a little more than two years later the ship was paid

## FATHER OF THE NAVY

ADMIRAL OF THE BRITISH FLEET—HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

Some Particularly Easy Stories of His Boyhood—Rough and Ready Method by Which His Career Was Selected—Instances of His Distinguished Bravery—History of Queen Alexandra's "Dear Little Admiral."

Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, the Father of the British Fleet, who died in January of this year at his residence, 8, The Albany, Piccadilly, London, was generally remembered by Queen Alexandra, who sent a wreath to "My Dear Little Admiral." The incident at his funeral struck a popular chord, and stories of his boyhood and life have since been printed at great length in the English papers. Some of these are particularly interesting and Canadians will be glad to have a reprint of them.

His title of Father of the Fleet was officially recognized, for by special Order-in-Council his name was engraved at the head of the Active List of the Navy, though he actually retired in 1879.

Henry Keppel, fifth son of the fourth Earl of Albemarle, who was great-grandson of the Dutchman who came over with the Prince of Orange, was born on June 14, 1809. The gallant old sailor used to tell, with a chuckle, the tale that at the age of three weeks he was given up as hopeless, and "placed in my father's footman to be interred in the garden at the back of the house, not being entitled to a berth in consecrated ground. In fact," he said, "they all thought I was dead, but my old nurse fancied she saw a glimmer of life in me, and brought me round, and saved me from being buried like a kitten."

Another early recollection was that his nurse frightened him with the warning, "Boney is coming!" and when he was six years old he learnt of the victory at Waterloo.

When he was sent to a preparatory school at Needham Market. A sprightly, mischievous boy of infinite spirit, his school days were not altogether uneventful, and the gallant old gentleman has left on record the following exploits: "As the warm weather approached I succeeded in finding where the master kept his hair powder, and with it mixed some finely powdered sugar. On com-



ADMIRAL SIR H. KEPPEL, G.C.B.

ing into school the flies soon found him, and as he got warm he had become black instead of white. This little game exceeded my expectations, as, irritated beyond endurance, he dismissed the school."

When he was 11 years old his father decided that it was time to fix on his career. Lord Albemarle talked the matter over with him and his brother Tom. Both lads wanted to join the Navy, but the earl thought it desirable that they should choose different professions. Neither of the boys would give way. Relating the incident, Sir Henry adds: "As we disagreed, I hit Tom in the eye, which he, being the biggest, returned with interest. When we had had enough father decided we should both be sailors." In this rough-and-ready way was the career of the future Admiral of the Fleet settled, though, as a matter of fact, his brother went into the Church.

In 1822, he was entered at the Royal Naval school at Gosport. Among the friends he made at this time were Hallowell, Suckling, and Francis Blackwood, all more or less connected with the Tweed. He was appointed to the Tweed, commanded by Captain F. Hunn, half brother of Canning, in 1824, and began life at sea.

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out of commission. In 1827 Midshipman Keppel again joined the Tweed on this vessel being commissioned by Captain Lord John Churchill. She was inspected by the last of the line of Lord High Admirals, the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., but Sir Henry added in his reminiscences, with that quaint humor that distinguished him, "he did not notice me, although I had red hair like his flag lieutenant, Hon. J. F. Ross."

While in the Tweed Keppel was promoted to be sub-lieutenant, and a year later, in 1829, became lieutenant, being then just 20 years of age. On his return ashore he joined the staff of the "kind" Duke of Sussex, and then in 1829 he embarked in the Galatea, another ship of the Channel Squadron, commanded by Capt. Charles Napier, C.B., and sailed to the West Indies in search of glory and prize money. It was during this voyage that the young lieutenant fought his first and only duel. His opponent, a fellow officer, declared for apology or blood, but it was not blood. Honor was held to have been satisfied after two exchanges of fruitless shots, and then came the preliminaries to reconciliation. Hutton, the other principal, held that Keppel should advance to him; this he refused to do, and the affair was settled by the two meeting midway and making up the quarrel. Within a month of this quarrel he was nearly killed by a rogue elephant.

In 1829 Keppel was at the Cape, distinguishing himself chiefly as a dandy-care sportsman. The steep and almost precipitous cliff down which he drove tandem is still known as "Keppel's Folly." But the old tar, who loved a yarn and a talk of early days, used to say of those escapades: "I've been at the bottom of most ditches in most parts of the world."

In 1833 he was promoted to Commander and given the command of the brig Childers a year later, one of the signatories to his commission being Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's faithful Hardy. He was so small of stature that his friends persuaded him not to apply in person for the ship. Thereafter he saw a good deal of the slave trade, and Chinese and Malay states infested the Eastern seas, and perpetually imperilled our merchant ships. His first job was to blockade 60 miles of coast with boats, and this he did so well that the Rajah offered him his daughter in marriage.

He was home for the Coronation of Queen Victoria, at which he was present. In his next ship, the Dido, he renewed his acquaintance with the Eastern seas.

Keppel commanded the St. Jean d'Acre, a fine ship, in the Baltic during the war with Russia, and subsequently took out troops to the Crimea, where he was appointed commander of the Naval Brigade and greatly distinguished himself, being gazetted three times for bravery. Next he hoisted his broad pennant in the Raleigh for the East Indies, but had the misfortune to ground her off Macao and to stand a court-martial which might have been serious if his brilliant exploit at Fatsien Creek had not covered him with fresh honors.

The late admiral often said he did not think much of the officer who had not lost a ship, and sometimes bewailed his own hard fate in being thus made the means of improving our charts. It had been his luck, he said, during his service to discover 17 rocks, unknown till he ran his ship on them.

Probably the finest piece of boat work ever done was Keppel's attack with seven boats on 35 large Chinese junks in Fatsien Creek in 1857, when his galleys were sunk beneath him, and five out of six of the men in it were killed or wounded. At the first attack the Chinese fire was so hot that the boats were obliged to fall back. Then Keppel called out, "Let's try once more with the row-boats, boys," and the men gave such a cheer, and made such an onslaught, that the Chinamen gave way, and a number of the junks were captured and several sunk.

Taking of those days he used to say that, like a cat, he must have had at least nine lives, considering the chances of death which he had escaped. The K.C.B. was deservedly bestowed upon him for his courageous and clever leadership in the last-mentioned action.

He was sent to the Cape in 1860 as Naval Commander-in-Chief, and from that position he was transferred to the Brazilian station. In 1867 he hoisted his flag on the Rodney as vice-admiral, commander-in-chief on the China and Japan station. Returning to England he attained the rank of full admiral, and Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L.—rather to his amusement. The other steps of honor which he had may be summarized. Sir Henry was created G.C.B. in 1871, and became Admiral of the Fleet six years later. He retired in 1879, but that only began for him another equally busy life of travel. To the last he was never so happy as when he was traveling across the ocean, bound for a far-off land, and no voyager was more welcome on board.

With the Royal family Sir Henry was a favorite from boyhood, and to His Majesty and the Queen was known as "Daddy." The Queen not long ago sent a greeting to "My dear little Admiral." Sir Henry was indeed a "little admiral," for he was scarcely over 5 feet on height. He was probably the only man, outside members of the Royal family, ever photographed with his arm linked in that of Queen Alexandra.

A pretty story is told of the old salt, who always delighted in the play of children, being once taken unaware at Marlborough House in the midst of stepping through a lively hornpipe with little Prince Edward of York.

The late admiral married first Katharine Louise, daughter of General Sir John Croft, who was a great invalid, and died in 1859; and secondly, Jane Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Martin John West, who died in 1895.



Most railway journeys are tedious! Ill-ventilated, stuffy cars, occasionally filled with soft coal smoke, get on one's nerves—cause headaches and upset feelings generally. If you get a cup of Blue Ribbon Tea you will enjoy your journey—it will soothe your jangling nerves—comfort your throbbing head. It will make you feel better just to smell it. A cupful will rest you completely.

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Black, Mixed Ceylon Green "Just Pure Tea" 40c. the pound and worth it.

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