

Turn Time Backward. Be Young Again.



At last there is hope for the army of young, old, middle-aged men who either through early nervousness, later excesses or exposure find themselves lacking in virile power. How many of you are now reaping the harvest of your folly? At last you see faces to face with the realization that nature cannot be deceived, neither does it forget the wrong done it, whether through ignorance or otherwise. The punishment always corresponds with the deed of those committed. Do not, however, despair, as there is a cure, thanks to Dr. Goldberger, the noted specialist, who can give you what is rightfully yours—manhood. If you are not what you should be, if you have stricture, gonorrhea, sexual weakness, varicocele, lost manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, amputation of parts, impotency, rheumatism, bladder or kidney trouble, heart disease, nervous debility, etc., write at once to Dr. Goldberger, and he will send you his method of curing these diseases free of charge. The doctor has received fourteen diplomas, certificates and licenses from colleges and state boards of medical examiners, which should convince you as to his standing and abilities. His acceptance of a case for treatment is equivalent to a cure, as he never accepts an incurable one. He is a specialist, and should you decide to doctor with him you may

Pay When You Are Cured.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up, so he has made it 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, however, that it is to the best interests of every man who suffers in this way to let the doctor at once and confidentially lay your case before him. He sends the method, promptly on his receipt on the subject, containing the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him simply Dr. Goldberger, 28 Woodward Ave., Room 200, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you, free, in a plain, sealed package.

Wood's Phospholine,
The Great English Remedy, is an old, well established, reliable preparation. Has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend as being the only medicine of its kind that cures and gives universal satisfaction. It promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Exhaustion, Spermatophoria, Impotency, and all effects of abuse or excesses; the excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, Mental and Brain Work, all of which lead to Indigestion, Insanity, Consumption and an Early Grave.

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WELLINGTON LODGE.
No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

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BLONDE Lumber and
Lumber Dealers and
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MORAN

OF THE
LADY LETTY...

"Oh, my!" repeated Miss Herrick in dismay, half closing her eyes. "To



"I'm very pleased to meet Miss Sterners."

think of what you must have been through! I thought you had some kind of a yacht. I had no idea it would be like this." And as she spoke Moran came suddenly upon the group from behind the foremast and paused in abrupt surprise, her thumbs in her belt.

She still wore men's clothes and was booted to the knee. The heavy blue woolen shirt was open at the throat, the sleeves rolled halfway up her large white arms. In her belt she carried her haphazard Scandinavian dirk. She was hatless as ever, and her heavy, fragrant cables of rye hued hair fell over her shoulders and breast to far below her belt.

Miss Herrick started sharply, and Moran turned an inquiring glance upon Wilbur. Wilbur took his resolution in both hands.

"Miss Herrick," he said, "this is Moran—Moran Sterners."

Moran took a step forward, holding out her hand. Josie, all bewildered, put her tight gloved fingers into the calloused palm, looking up nervously into Moran's face.

"I'm sure," she said feebly, almost breathlessly—"I'm sure I'm very pleased to meet Miss Sterners."

It was long before the picture left Wilbur's imagination. Josie Herrick, petite, gownned in white, crisp from her maid's grooming, and Moran, sea rover and daughter of a hundred vikings, towering above her, booted and belted, gravely clasping Josie's hand in her own huge fist.

CHAPTER: XIII.

SAN FRANCISCO once more! For two days the Bertha Miller had been beating up the coast, fighting her way against northerly winds, butting into head seas.

The warmth, the stillness, the placid, drowsing quiet of Magdalena bay, steaming under the golden eye of a tropic heaven, the white, baked beach, the bay heads, straited with the mirage in the morning, the coruscating sunset, the enchanted mystery of the purple night, with its sheen of stars

A Kidney Sufferer FOR Fourteen Years.

**TERRIBLE PAINS ACROSS
THE BACK.**

Could not Sit or Stand with Ease.

Consulted Five Different Doctors.

Doan's Kidney Pills

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COMPLETE CURE.**

Mr. Jacob Jamieson, Jamieson Bros., the well-known Contractors and Builders, Welland, Ont., tells of how he was cured: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with kidney trouble which increased in severity last five years. My most serious attack was four years ago, when I was completely incapacitated. I had terrible pains across my back, floating specks before my eyes and was in almost constant torment. I could not sit or stand with ease and was a wreck in health, having no appetite and lost greatly in flesh. I had taken medicine from five different doctors and also numerous other preparations to no purpose. I finally began to take Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had taken five boxes the trouble left me and I now feel better than I have for twenty years. Those who know me know how I was afflicted and say it is almost impossible to believe that I have been cured, yet they know it is so. I have passed the meridian of life but I feel that I have taken on the rosy hue of boyhood."

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and riding moon, were now replaced by the hale and vigorous snorting of the trades, the roll of breakers to landward and the unremitting gallop of the unnumbered multitudes of gray green seas careering silently past the schooner, their crests occasionally hissing into brusque eruptions of white froth or smiting broad on under her counter, showering her decks with a spout of icy spray. It was cold. At times thick fogs cloaked all the world of water. To the east a procession of bleak hills defied slowly southward. Lighthouses were passed; streamers of smoke on the western horizon marked the passage of steamships, and once they met and passed close by a huge Cape Horn, a great deep sea tramp, all sails set and drawing, rolling slowly and leisurely in seas that made the schooner dance.

At last the Farallones loomed over the ocean's edge to the north; then came the whistling buoy, the Seal rocks, the Heads, Point Reyes, the Golden Gate flanked with the old red Presidio, Lime point with its watching cannon, and by noon of a gray and boisterous day, under a lusty wind and a slant of rain, just five months after her departure, the Bertha Miller let go her anchor in San Francisco bay some few hundred yards off the lifeboat station.

In this berth the schooner was still three or four miles from the city and the water front. But Moran detested any nearer approach to civilization.

and Wilbur himself was willing to avoid, at least for one day, the publicity which he believed the Bertha's reappearance was sure to attract. He remembered, too, that the little boat carried with her a fortune of \$100,000 and decided that until it could be safely landed and stored it was not desirable that its existence should be known along "the front."

For days, weeks even, Wilbur had looked eagerly forward to this return to his home. He had seen himself again in his former haunts, in his club and in the houses along Pacific avenue where he had received, but no sooner had the anchor chain ceased rattling in the Bertha's hawse pipe than a strange revulsion came upon him. The new man that seemed to have so suddenly sprung to life within him, the Wilbur who was the mate of the Bertha Miller, the Wilbur who belonged to Moran, believed that he could see nothing to be desired in city life. For him was the unsteady deck of a schooner, and the great winds and the tremendous wheel of the ocean's rim, and the horizon that ever defied his following prow; so he told himself, so he believed. What attractions could the city offer him, what amusements, what excitements? He had been flung off the smoothly spinning circumference of well ordered life out into the void.

He had known romance and the spell of the great, simple and primitive emotions; he had sat down to eat with buccaners; he had seen the fierce, quick leap of unleashed passions and had felt death sweep close at his nose and pass like a swift spurt of cold air. City life, his old life, had no charm for him now. Wilbur honestly believed that he was changed to his heart's core. He thought that, like Moran, he was henceforth to be a sailor of the sea, a rover, and he saw the rest of his existence passed with her aboard their faithful little schooner. They would have the whole round world as their playground; they held the earth and the great seas in fief; there was no one to let or to hinder. They two belonged to each other. Once outside the Heads again and they swept the land of cities and of little things behind them, and they were left alone once more, alone in the great world of romance.

About an hour after her arrival off the station, while Heang and the hands were furling the jib and foremast and getting the dory over the side, Moran remarked to Wilbur:

"It's good we came in when we did, mate. The glass is going down fast, and the wind's breezing up from the west. We're going to have a blow. The tide will be going out in a little while, and we never could have come in against wind and tide."

"Moran," said Wilbur, "I'm going ashore—into the station here. There's a telephone line there. See the wires? I can't so much as turn my hand over before I have some shore going clothes. What do you suppose they would do to me if I appeared on Kearney street in this outfit? I'll ring up the whole-sale chemists in town and have an agent come out here and talk business to us about our ambergris. We've got to pay the men their prize money. Then as soon as we get our own money in hand we can talk about overhauling and outfitting the Bertha."

Moran refused to accompany him ashore and into the lifeboat station. Roofed houses were an object of suspicion to her. Already she had begun to be uneasy at the distant sight of the city of San Francisco, Nob. Telegraph Russian and Rincon hills, all swarming with buildings and grooved with streets. Even the landlocked harbor fretted her. Wilbur could see she felt imprisoned, confined. When he had pointed out the Palace hotel to her—a vast gray cube in the distance, overtopping the surrounding roofs—she had sworn under her breath.

"And people can live there! Good heavens! Why not rabbit burrows and be done with it? Mate, how soon can we be out to sea again? I hate this place."

Wilbur found the captain of the lifeboat station in the act of sitting down to a dinner of boiled beef and cabbage. He was a strongly built, well looking man, with the air more of a soldier than a sailor. He had already been studying the schooner through his front window and had recognized her and at once asked Wilbur news of Captain

When the invalid's chair takes the place of the office chair

how a man does fret and worry. Yet how few men take the proper care of themselves. They overwork mind and body—push their energies to the utmost—until nature rebels and compels a rest.

A brain that has become overworked—a tired, exhausted body—needs

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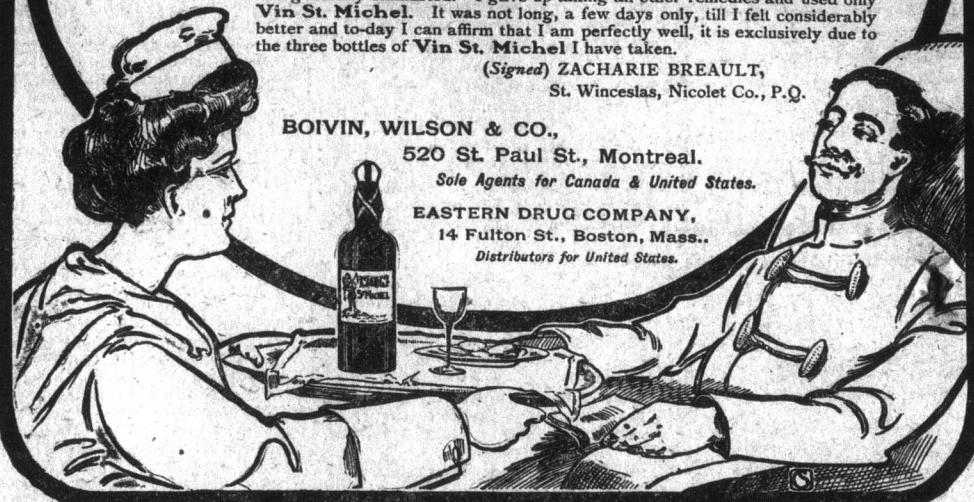
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Vin St. Michel is France's gift to Canada. It is a famous old Tonic Wine, rich in iron and phosphorous, and remarkable for its power to keep the whole system in perfect condition.

I certify having been completely cured by the **Vin St. Michel**. I was excessively weak and without energy. When working, I would feel very weary and generally exhausted. I gave up taking all other remedies and used only **Vin St. Michel**. It was not long, a few days only, till I felt considerably better and to-day I can affirm that I am perfectly well, it is exclusively due to the three bottles of **Vin St. Michel** I have taken.

(Signed) ZACHARIE BREAUULT,
St. Wenceslas, Nicolet Co., P.Q.

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Kitchell. Wilbur told him as much of his story as was necessary, but from the captain's talk he gathered that the news of his return had long since been wired from Coronado and that it would be impossible to avoid a nine days' notoriety. The captain of the station (his name was Hodgson) made Wilbur royally welcome, insisted upon his dining with him and himself called up the chemists as soon as the meal was over.

It was he who offered the only plausible solution of the mystery of the lifting and shaking of the schooner and the wrecking of the junk. Though Wilbur was not satisfied with Hodgson's explanation, it was the only one he ever heard.

When he had spoken of the matter, Hodgson had nodded his head. "Sulphur bottoms," he said.

"Sulphur bottoms?"

(To Be Continued.)

HE'S ONLY ONE OUT OF SCORES

But Dodd's Kidney Pills Made
Him a New Man.

Richard Quirk, Doctored for a Dozen Years and Thought His Case Incurable—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

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"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured my Lumbago and Kidney Disease, and the best of it is I have stayed cured."

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