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Detroit Specialist Discovers Something Entirely New for the Cure of Men's Diseases in Their Own Homes.

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A Detroit specialist who has 14 certificates and diplomas from medical colleges and hospitals, has perfected a startling method of curing the diseases of men in their own homes; so that there may be no doubt in the mind of any man that he has



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both 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 name and address. He wants to hear from men who have stricture that they have been unable to get cured, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, varicocele, lost manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, amputation of parts, impotence, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but likewise all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder irritation, 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 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, therefore, that it is to the best interests of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor confidentially and by your case before him. He sends the method, as well as many booklets on the subject, including the one that contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him simply:

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The Great English Remedy, is an old, well established, and 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 permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Impotency, Spermatorrhea, Impotence, and all effects of abuse or excesses; the excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, Mental and Brain Worry, all of which lead to Infertility, Impotency, Consumption and an Early Grave.

Price 50¢ per package of six for \$2. One will please, etc. will cure. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send for free pamphlet. Address The Wood Dispensary, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phospholine, sold in Chatham by all Druggists.

HIS Young wife was almost distracted for he would not stay at home so she had his LAUNDRY done by us, and now he ceases any more to roam.

Parisian Steam Laundry Co.
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Give your wife a chance and she'll bake bread like that mother used to make.

For rolls and biscuits—that require to be baked quickly there's nothing like Gas.

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LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE, CUT STONE,

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A Few Doors West of Post Office.

CASE By... Emile Gaboriau

"You shall have proofs," replied M. Verduret. "But first listen."

And rapidly, with his wonderful talent for exposition, he related the principal points of the plot he had discovered. The true state of the case was terribly distressing to M. Fauvel, but nothing compared with what he had suspected. His throbbing, yearning heart told him that he still loved his wife. Why should he punish a fault committed so many years ago and atoned for by twenty years of devotion and suffering? For some moments after M. Verduret had finished his explanation M. Fauvel remained silent. So many strange events had happened in the last few days, culminating in the scene which had just taken place, that M. Fauvel was incapable of thinking. If

his heart counseled pardon and forgiveness, wounded pride and self respect demanded vengeance. If Raoul, the baleful witness, the living proof of a faroff sin, were not in existence, M. Fauvel would not have hesitated—Gaston de Clameran was dead—he would have held out his arms to his wife and said:

"Come to my heart! Your sacrifices for my honor shall be your absolution. Let the sad past be forgotten."

But the sight of Raoul prevented. "So this is your son," he said to his wife—"this man who has plundered you and robbed me!"

Mme. Fauvel was unable to utter a word in reply. Happily M. Verduret was there.

"Oh," he said, "madame will tell you that this young man is the son of Gaston de Clameran. She has never doubted it. But the truth is—"

"What?"

"In order to rob her he has perpetrated a gross imposture."

During the last few minutes Raoul had managed to approach the door, hoping to escape while no one was thinking of him. But M. Verduret, watching him out of the corner of one eye, stopped him just as he was about to leave.

"Not so fast, my pretty youth," he said, dragging him into the middle of the room. "Let us have a little conversation before parting. A little explanation will be edifying."

The jeering words and mocking manner of M. Verduret made Raoul turn deadly pale. He started back as if confronted by a phantom.

"The clown!" he gasped.

"The same, friend," said the fat man. "Ah, now that you recognize me, I confess that the clown and myself are one and the same. Yes, I am the jolly clown of the Jandilier ball. Here is the proof."

And, turning up his sleeve, he showed a deep cut on his arm. "If you are not sure, examine this scar," he continued. "I imagine you know the villain that gave me this little decoration that night I was walking along Boulevard street. That being the case, you know I have a slight claim upon you and shall expect you to relate to us your little story."

But Raoul was too terrified to utter a word.

M. Fauvel listened without understanding what dark depths of shame have we fallen!" he groaned.

"Reassure yourself, monsieur," replied M. Verduret. "After what I have been constrained to tell you little re-

mains. I will finish the story."

He then told how Louis Clameran had concocted his plot to palm off Raoul as Mme. Fauvel's son with a view to extort money from her.

"Can this be possible?" cried Mme. Fauvel.

"Impossible!" cried the banker. "An infamous plot like this could not be executed in our midst."

"All this is false!" said Raoul boldly. "It is a lie!"

M. Verduret turned to Raoul and, bowing with ironical respect, said: "Monsieur desires proofs, does he? Monsieur shall certainly have convincing ones. I have just left a friend of mine, M. Palot, who brought me valuable information from London. Now, my young gentleman, I will tell you the little story he told me."

In 1847 Lord Murray, a wealthy and generous nobleman, had a jockey named Spencer, of whom he was very fond. At the Epsom races this jockey was thrown from his horse and killed. Lord Murray grieved over the loss of his favorite and, having no children of his own, declared his intention of adopting Spencer's son, who was then but four years old.

"Thus James Spencer was brought up in affluence as heir to the immense wealth of the noble lord. He was a handsome, intelligent boy and gave satisfaction to his protector until he was sixteen years of age. Then he became intimate with a worthless set of people and turned out badly."

"Lord Murray, who was very indulgent, pardoned many grave faults, but one fine morning he discovered that his adopted son had been imitating his signature upon some checks. He indignantly dismissed him."

"James Spencer had been living in London about four years, managing to support himself by gambling and swindling, when he met Clameran, who offered him 25,000 francs to play a part in a little role which he had arranged."

"You are a detective?" interrupted Raoul.

The fat man smiled grimly. "At present," he replied, "I am merely a friend of Prosper Bertomy. It depends entirely upon your behavior which character I appear in while settling up this little affair."

"What do you expect me to do?"

"Where are the 25,000 francs which you have stolen?"

The young rascal hesitated a moment.

"The money is in this room," he said.

"Very good. This frankness is creditable and will benefit you. I know that the money is in this room and also exactly where it is to be found. Look in the back of that cupboard."

Raoul saw that his game was lost. He tremblingly went to the cupboard and pulled out several bundles of bank notes and an enormous package of pawnbrokers' tickets.

"Very well done," said M. Verduret as he carefully examined the money and papers. "In this you have acted wisely."

Raoul had counted on this moment, when everybody's attention would be absorbed by the money, to make his escape. Softly he stole toward the door, opened it, slipped out and locked it on the outside. The key was still in the lock.

"He has escaped!" cried M. Fauvel.

"Naturally," replied M. Verduret without turning his head. "I thought he would have sense enough to do that."

"But—"

"Would you have this affair become public? Do you wish a case to be brought into the police court in which your wife is the victim?"

"Oh, monsieur!"

"Then let the rascal go free. Here are the 25,000 francs. Here are receipts for all the articles which he has pawned. We should consider ourselves fortunate. He has kept 50,000 francs. So much the better for you. This sum will enable him to go abroad, and we shall never see him again."

Like every one else, M. Fauvel submitted to the ascendancy of M. Verduret. Gradually he had awakened to the true state of affairs. Prospective happiness was possible, and he felt that he was indebted to M. Verduret for more than life. He was not slow in expressing his gratitude. He seized M. Verduret's hand, as if to carry it to his lips, and said, with emotion:

To Be Continued.

Suitable Holiday Presents.

A nice line of Perfume in Boxes and Bulk Nasmith's High Grade Chocolates in boxes Rowntree's Jubabes.

Terry's Sweets.

A beautiful line of Ebony Mirrors, Hair Brushes, Cloth Brushes and other natural woods.

A large assortment of Shaving Mugs, Brushes and straps.

Cigars in boxes of 10 and 25 from 50c. up at

Radley's Drug Store.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

THE MULE AND THE MAN

The mule he is a gentle beast;
He's satisfied to be the least,
And so is man.
Like man, he may be taught some tricks;
He does his work from eight to six.
The mule, when he gets mad he kicks,
And so does man.

The mule he has a load to pull,
He's happiest when he is full,
And so is man.
Like man, he holds a patient joke,
And when his work's done will rejoice.
The mule he likes to hear his voice,
And so does man.

The mule he has his faults, 'tis true,
And so has man.
He does some things he should not do,
And so does man.
Like man, he doesn't yearn for style,
But with contentment all the while,
The mule he has a lovely smile,
And so has man.

The mule is sometimes kind and good,
And so is man.
He eats all kinds of breakfast food,
And so does man.
Like man, he belies at gaudy dress
And all outlandish foolishness.
The mule's accused of mulishness,
And so is man.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

For Excellent Reasons.



Minister—You seem to be glad to have me visit your home.

Young Hopeful—Yes, sir. Whenever you come we have a bully dinner.—Chicago American.

Two Tragedies.

George Clinton, the lawyer, rode downtown the other morning with W. S. Jackson of the district attorney's staff and B. B. Daggett, who is with the Consolidated Telephone company. Mr. Daggett sat in the middle. The car was full. To keep up the conversation the three sometimes had to raise their voices. So it happened that, though the three afterward pledged secrecy, the story is out.

"That was a terrible crime that young fellow committed the other day, Mr. Jackson," said Mr. Clinton, leaning past Mr. Daggett. "And to think that the victim was his own father!"

"About the most depraved wretch I ever heard of," called back Mr. Jackson. "On every face roundabout was a big question. Mr. Daggett looked from one side to the other. 'What happened?' he asked in startled tones."

"Why, a young fellow took his father apart to tell him something and couldn't get him together again," was the shouted reply.

It is said Superintendent Bull afterward heard the story too.—Buffalo Express.

A Showdown.

Three young men attired in faultless manner, escorting two charming and well dressed young ladies, boarded a Main street car the other evening, evidently bound for the theater. The young fellows were full of life and could not contain themselves with the degree of complacency with which their fair companions carried themselves. One of the gallants, who was apparently doing the honors of the occasion, produced five tickets as the conductor approached and, arranging them like a hand at cards, remarked "A full hand."

"Yes," replied the knight of the bell rope. "Three jacks and a pair of queens."—Columbus Dispatch.

Change of Front.

The cautious employer shook his head.

"No," he said to the low browed employee whom he had discharged, "I cannot recommend you."

The employee grasped the inkstand in one hand and took a step forward.

"Too highly," added the employer, hastily getting behind his desk.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Enough For Her.

"Young Faddethwaite doesn't seem to have any moral courage," said her father.

"I don't know anything about that," she answered, "but he has splendidly fitting clothes and three automobiles."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Court of Arbitration.

"The reason I can't get along with my wife is that she wants to submit all our differences to arbitration."

"To arbitration?"

"Yes; she always wants to refer disputes to her mother."—Town and Country.

No More Bluff.

Refined Mistress—Your recommendations testify that you are a competent cook. Allow me to ask if you can make good—

New Girl—You bet!—Chicago Tribune.

Those Boston Girls.

Carrie—Maud is going to be married. Just think of that!

Bessie—Yes, and she says Fred really loves her.

Carrie—That accounts for it. Love is blind, you know.—Boston Transcript.



Two severe cases of Ovarian Trouble and two terrible operations avoided. Mrs. Emmons and Mrs. Coleman each tell how they were saved by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am so pleased with the results obtained from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I feel it a privilege to write you about it."

"I suffered for more than five years with ovarian troubles, causing an unpleasant discharge, a great weakness, and at times a faintness would come over me which no amount of medicine, diet, or exercise seemed to correct. Your Vegetable Compound found the weak spot, however, within a few weeks—and saved me from an operation. All my troubles had disappeared, and I found myself once more healthy and well. Words fail to describe the real, true, grateful feeling that is in my heart, and I want to tell every sick and suffering sister. Don't dally with medicines you know nothing about, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and take my word for it, you will be a different woman in a short time."—MRS. LAURA EMMONS, Walker, Ont.

Another Case of Ovarian Trouble Cured Without an Operation.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For several years I was troubled with ovarian trouble and a painful and inflamed condition, which kept me in bed part of the time. I did so dread a surgical operation."

"I tried different remedies hoping to get better, but nothing seemed to bring relief until a friend who had been cured of ovarian trouble, through the use of your compound, induced me to try it. I took it faithfully for three months, and at the end of that time was glad to find that I was a well woman. Health is nature's best gift to woman, and if you lose it and can have it restored through Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel that all suffering women should know of this."—MRS. LAURA BELLE COLEMAN, Commercial Hotel, Nashville, Tenn.

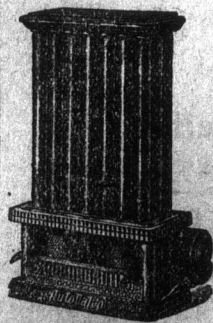
It is well to remember such letters as above when some druggist tries to get you to buy something which he says is "just as good." That is impossible, as no other medicine has such a record of cures as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; accept no other and you will be glad.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address Lynn, Mass.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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by using only the best blend of Ontario and Manitoba wheat, cleanly and up-to-date milling. This Flour is put up for the Grocery trade in white **Cardeney Sacks**. Insist on your grocer sending "Kent" brand.

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