

MAN MAKE MEN SOUND AND STRONG.

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

You Pay Only if Cured

Expect 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 perfected a starting 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



DR. S. GOLDBERG,
The Possessor of 14 Diplomas and Certificates
Who Wants No Money That He Does Not Earn.

back 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 erections, prostate trouble, sexual weakness, varicose, not manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, emaciation of parts, impotence, etc. His wonderful method has not only cured the condition itself, but like wise all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder or 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 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 let your case be before him. He sends the method, as well as many testimonials on the subject, including the one that contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him at once.

Dr. S. Goldberg, 208 Woodward Ave., Room 2, Detroit, Mich., and he will immediately be sent the free.

This is something entirely new and well worth knowing more about. Write at once.

DR. OVENS

OF LONDON, Specialist Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Will be at Chatham on SATURDAY, Sept. 26, Oct. 24, Nov. 28, Dec. 26. Glasses repaired. Office at Radley's drug store.

L. E. CURL

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

SPECIALIST IN CHRONIC DISEASES;

Examination Free. Office, Sixth street, opposite First Hall. Hours—8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 5 p.m., 7 to 8 p.m.

DR. HICKS

D. V. S. Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of the College of Dental Surgery, Toronto, Ontario, over 20 years' drug store, 26 Rutherford Block.

WELLINGTON LODGE

No. 46, A. P. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, King Street, west of the Market. Money to loan on mortgages. At 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

F. D. LAURIE, W. M.

LEGAL

J. B. RANKIN, K. C.—Barrister, Notary Public, etc., Victoria Block, Chatham.

M. F. SMITH—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Office, King Street, west of the Market. Money to loan on mortgages.

J. B. O'LENN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office, King Street, opposite Merchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

SMITH & GOSNELL—Barristers, Solicitors, etc., Harrison Hall, Chatham. Herbert B. Smith, County Crown Attorney, R. L. Gosnell.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDT—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on mortgages, at lowest rates. Office, Fifth Street, between Wilson, K. C., W. E. Gandy, J. M. Pike.

ROUSTON, STONE & SOANE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, upstairs in Eldrick Block, opposite E. Macdonald's store, M. Rouston, Fred. Stone, W. W. Soane.

Trust and Private Funds to Loan

farm and city property. Terms to borrowers. Apply or write to

THOMAS SOULLARD

Office lately occupied by Edwin Bell, Victoria Block.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN

Author of "Waterfall"

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When everything was in readiness, the floor manager piloted the dancers downstairs. From the office Alan saw them filing into the big room and taking seats in the chairs arranged against the walls on all sides. He saw Frank Hillhouse and Dolly Barclay sit down near the band; the salesman had disappeared. Alan threw his cigar away and went straight to her.

"Oh, here you are!" laughed Frank Hillhouse as Alan shook hands with her. "I told Miss Dolly coming on that the west wind would blow you this way, and when I saw Ray Miller just now I knew you'd struck the town."

"It wasn't exactly the wind," replied Alan. "I'm afraid you will forget me if I stay on the farm all the time."

"We certainly are glad to have you," smiled Miss Barclay.

"I knew she'd say that—I knew it. I knew it," said Hillhouse. "A girl can always think of nicer things to say to a fellow than his rival can. Old Squire Trubee was teasing me the other day about how hard you was to beat, Bishop, but I told him the bigger the war the more victory for somebody, and, as the fellow said, I told him and am aboveboard."

Alan greeted this with an all but visible shudder. There was much in his dignified bearing and good appearance to commend him to the preference of any thinking woman, especially when contrasted to Hillhouse, who was only a little taller than Dolly and was showing himself even at a greater disadvantage in his unrefined allusions to his and Alan's attentions to her. Indeed Alan was sorry for the spectacle the fellow was making of himself and tried to pass it over.

"I usually come in on Saturdays," he explained.

"That's true," said Dolly, with one of her rare smiles.

"Yes," Hillhouse took another head-into forbidden waters—"he's about joined your church, they tell me."

Alan treated this with an indulgent smile. He did not dislike Hillhouse, but he did not admire him, and he had never quite liked his constant allusions to Miss Barclay. "That it was an acknowledged fact among the society girls of Darley that if a girl refused to go out with any young man in good standing it was not long before she was left at home, offener than was pleasant. Dolly was really the best looking girl in the room—not perhaps the most daintily pretty, but she possessed a beauty which strength of character and intellect alone could give to a face already well featured. Even her physical beauty alone was of that texture which gives the beholder an agreeable sense of solidity. She was well formed, above medium height, had a beautiful neck and shoulders, dark gray eyes and abundant golden brown hair."

"May I see your card?" asked Alan. "I came early to secure at least one."

"At this Frank Hillhouse burst out laughing, and she smiled up at Alan. "He's been teasing me all evening about the predicament I'm in," she explained. "The truth is, I'm not going to dance at all. The preceding error happened in town today on his way through and is at our house. You know how bitter he is against church members dancing. At first mamma said I shouldn't come at all, but Mr. Hillhouse and I succeeded in getting up a compromise. I can only look on. But my friends are having pity on me and filling my card for what they call stationary dances."

"I hope you do not blame me—that you don't think that I—"

"No, not at all," he told her. "But it's awful, simply awful. I know you are a true friend, and that's some sort of comfort."

"And always shall be," she gulped. "You must try not to feel hurt. You know my father is a very peculiar man and has an awful will, and nobody was ever so obstinate."

Then Alan's sense of the great injustice of the thing rose up within him, and his blood began to boil. "Perhaps I ought to take my name off your card," he said, drawing himself up slightly. "If he were to hear that I talked to you tonight, he might make it unpleasant for you."

"If you do, I shall never—never forgive you," she answered in a voice that shook. There was, too, a glimmer in her eyes as if tears were springing. "Wouldn't that show that you harbor ill will against me, when I am so helpless and troubled?"

"Yes, it would, and I shall come back," he made answer. He rose, for Hillhouse, calling loudly over his shoulder to some one, was thrusting his bowed arm down toward her.

"I beg your pardon," he said to Dolly. "I didn't know they had called the march. We've got some ice cream laid out upstairs, and some of us are going for it. Won't you take some, Bishop?"

"No, thank you," said Alan, and they left him.

Alan laughed as he took the card, which was already almost filled, and wrote his name in one of the blank spaces. Some one called Hillhouse away, and then in awkward silence fell upon them. For the first time Alan noticed a worried expression on her face.

"You have no buttonhole bouquet," she said, noticing his bare lapel. "That's what you get for not bringing a girl. Let me make you one."

"I wish you would," he said thoughtfully, for as she began to search among her flowers for some rosebud and leaves he noted again the expression of contentment that had already puzzled him.

"Since you are so popular," he went on, his eyes on her deft fingers, "I'd better try to make another engagement. I don't well confess that I came in town solely to ask you to let me take you to church tomorrow evening."

He saw her start. She raised her eyes to his almost imploringly, and then she looked down. He saw her breast heave suddenly as with tightened lips she leaned forward to pin the flowers on his coat. The jewels in her ring flashed under his eyes. There was a delicate perfume in the air about her glorious head. He had never seen her look so beautiful before. He wondered at her silence, at just such a moment. The tightness of her lips gave way, and they fell to trembling when she started to speak.

"I hardly know what to say," she began. "I—I—you know I said the preceding elder was at our house, and—"

"Oh, I understand," broke in Alan; "that's all right. Of course, use your own."

"No, I must be plain with you," she broke in, raising a pair of helpless, torn-

ken to by any one. But here several jocular men from the mountains who knew him intimately gathered around him and began to make laughing remarks about his dress.

"You look for the world like a dirt dancer," this comparison to a kind of black swan came from Pole Baker, a tall, heavily built farmer, with an enormous head, thick eyebrows and long, shaggy hair. He lived on Bishop's farm and had been brought up with Alan. "I'll be darned if you ain't nimble on your feet, though. I've seen you cut the pigeon wing over on Mossy creek with them big, strapping gals 'fore you had yore sights as high as these town folks."

"It's that that vest that gets me," said another. "I reckon it's cut low so you won't drop sart'factuals on it, but I guess you don't do much with that collar on. It don't look like yore Adam's apple could stir a peg under it."

With a good natured reply, and a laugh he did not feel, Alan hurried out of the office and up to his room, where he had left his lamp burning. Rayburn Miller's hat and light overcoat were on the bed. Alan sat down in one of the stiff backed, split bottom chairs and stared straight in front of him. Never in his life had he suffered as he was now suffering. He could see no hope ahead; the girl he loved was lost to him. Her father had heard of the foolishness of old man Bishop and, like many another well meaning parent, had determined to save his daughter from the folly of marrying a penniless man who had doubtless inherited his father's lack of judgment and caution.

There was a rap on the closed door, and immediately afterward Rayburn Miller turned the knob and came in. His kindly glance swept the face of his friend, and he said, with forced lightness:

"He was still totally at sea as to the cause of her strange distress. 'Perhaps you'd better tell me, at all,' he said sympathetically. His tone never had been so tender. 'You need not, you know.'"

"But it's a thing I could not keep from you long anyway," she said tremulously. "In fact it is due you—an explanation, I mean. Oh, Alan, papa has taken up the idea that you—that we like each other too much, and—"

"The life and soul seemed to leave Alan's face."

"Understand," he heard himself saying; "he does not want me to visit you any more."

She made no reply. He saw her catch a deep breath, and her eyes went down to her fingers. The music struck up. The muleto leader stood waving his fiddle and leading for the "grand march" in loud, raucous tones. There was a scrambling for partners. The young men gave their left arms to the ladies and merrily dragged them to their places.

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CHAPTER VII.

LAN made his way along the wall, out of the track of the promenaders, into the office, anxious to escape being seen.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Facsimile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

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

See Facsimile Wrapper Below.

GUARE SICK HEADACHE.

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DISTRICT DOINGS.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MRS. DUNCAN MCCOIG, OF THE 10TH CON., HARVICH, TOOK PLACE ON THURSDAY, NOV. 19TH. Despite the very inclement weather there was a large attendance. Mrs. McCoig was well known and highly respected, being a resident of the 10th Con. for a number of years. The interment took place in the Blenheim Cemetery. The bereaved husband and family have the sincere sympathy of the surrounding community.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald McCoig spent Sunday with relatives in Blenheim.

How did winter catch you? J. Harwood, of the 3rd Con., Harvich, spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mr. Watson has returned home, after spending a week at Memphis, Tenn. While there he was attending the State Manufacturers' convention.

Norman McEachran, of Bismarck, a former resident of this place, paid us a flying visit last week.

A number of farmers in this vicinity are selling their hogs dressed. Quite a heavy fall of snow on Sunday morning, but it is fast disappearing.

One of Watson's teams brought in a large elm log on Saturday. It was only 13 feet long, and had nearly 1,300 feet in it. It came from Johnston's farm on the 11th Con.

Thos. Buschmied, left last Monday for Iowa, where he has accepted a position on the M. C. R.

GUARDS.

Peter Coughlin held a very successful sale on Tuesday. He has rented his farm to Mr. Wm. Pasmore, and will in the future reside in Blenheim.

W. Hardy, of Highgate, was a welcome visitor this week.

It seemed very unusual to see and hear thunder and lightning on Monday last.

J. Lee and wife, of Highgate, and J. Cullis and wife were guests of Geo. Aitridge last week.

Thos. Burchiel returned to his home in Windsor this week.

Lindsay Munson, who has been at Mr. Dodd's this summer, has returned to his home in Huron County.

It seems as if winter was upon us once more.

Andrew Bonds had the misfortune to have one of his fingers crushed in a corn sheller.

Arthur Bentley leaves in a few days for California.

Frank Purvis has applied for a patent on a new wrench that he has devised. We wish him every success in his undertaking.

TURNERVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, of the 4th concession, Chatham Township, were visiting friends in this neighborhood on Sunday.

J. D. Mosey is building an addition to his brother's store at Chatham Centre.

West, Campbell, who was taken sick last week, is much better.

Thos. Buckingham will preach in the Chatham church next Sunday night.

Arthur Campbell returned home last week from North Dakota, where he has been visiting friends for three or four months. He is looking healthy and well. That country seems to agree with him.

Rev. Mr. Armstrong, of Tupperware, preached in the Lindsay road church Sunday night.

The young people of this neighborhood are getting ready for the Chatham entertainment.

Mr. Young, who has been very sick, we are glad to report, is a great deal better.

Bruce Olyet, who has been in the Western States for the last four or five years, is visiting his parents and friends in this neighborhood.

Wedding bells will soon ring again in this neighborhood. It is said by those that know.

The singing school opened on Friday night at the school house. Prof. Thompson, of Thorncliffe, is the teacher.

Thos. Peters, who sold his farm to the Campbell brothers, has purchased a farm in the vicinity of Thamesville and will move here in the spring.

Edward Evans, who lately took to himself a wife, has moved to Dresden to live.

SOUTH BUXTON.

All ploughing operations have ceased and farmers are turning their attention to the care of their stock.

E. H. Broadbent has been making some noticeable improvements in his store. He has fitted up a commodious apartment for the display of his new and large stock of ready-made clothing and boots and shoes, which adds much to the appearance of the place of business.

The festive season is approaching, and Miss McEneaney is preparing for a grand school concert to be held in St. Andrew's Church, on Friday, Dec. 4. She seems to be sparing no pains in getting up a splendid program, which none should miss hearing.

Miss E. Patterson, teacher at N. Buxton, is also preparing for a fine school concert. She has been re-engaged for another term at salary of \$24.

W. J. Shreve, superintendent of the Baptist S. S., North Buxton, is preparing a Sunday School program to be rendered on Sunday afternoon before Christmas at 2 o'clock.

John Bell, Supr. of the Raleigh Plains S. S., is trying to outdo all former efforts in getting up a Sunday School concert, to be held in the school house there on or about Dec. 23rd. They will have to work hard, John, if you surpass some of the former ones; and thus the Sunday School work progresses.

Joel Smith has purchased the dwelling house on Mrs. Alex. Freeman's estate and has moved it to his farm on the tenth. He intends to occupy

The Cook's Good Morning

No matter how expert the chef, he cannot produce a better breakfast dish than a steaming bowl of Tillson's pan-dried Oats.

It makes strong bodies and quick, active brains. A food, not a fad. Try it for breakfast to-morrow.

Tillson's Pan-dried Oats

It is in the spring.

Miss T. Ganser, of Chatham, spent Sunday and Monday under the parental roof.

Rev. T. J. Henderson preached in the Baptist Church, North Buxton, on Sunday.

IRWIN.

The Ladies Auxiliary of Irwin are preparing to give a chicken supper for the benefit of Irwin Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 1st. The program will be furnished by the choir.

James Chinnick lost a valuable coat last week, it accidentally falling in a well.

Mrs. and Mrs. Bruce Fisher, who have been visiting at J. Rhodes, have gone to Carleton.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Fleming, a son.

Mr. Thomas Irwin has purchased a new Stearns' piano.

Richard Lane has rented his farm to Mr. Jenner.

MCKAY'S CORNERS.

Mrs. J. J. Clark, who has been in Wyoming Territory for about four months, returns to her home about the middle