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

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Expects No Money Unless He
Cures You—Method and Full
Particulars Sent Free—
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Very Day.

A Dr. S. Goldberg, who has 14 certificates
and diplomas from medical colleges and state
boards of medical examiners, has perfected a
certain 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 both the



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

method and the ability to do as he says. Dr.
Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method en-
tirely free to all men who send him their name and
address. He wants to hear from men who have
suffered from the diseases that he has been able to cure.
Syphilis, gonorrhea, blood poisoning, hydrocele, loss
of potency, etc. His wonderful method not
only cures the condition itself, but likewise 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
cures and another thing to back them up, so he
insisted 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 inter-
est of every man who suffers in this way to write
the doctor confidentially and lay your case before
him, and if he accepts your case for treatment it is
entirely free to you, as he does not under any con-
sideration accept incurable cases for treatment.
Send him your name and address, and he will send
you when you are cured. He sends the
method, as well as his book on the subject, en-
tirely free to all men who send him their name and
address. Write to Dr. S. Goldberg, 30 Woodward Ave., Room 11,
Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent
to you free.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

Ladies' Favorite.
Is the only safe, reliable
regulator on which woman
can depend. "In 30 hours
and time of need."
Prepared in two degrees of
strength. No. 1 and No. 2.
No. 1—For ordinary cases
is by far the best dollar
medicine known.
No. 2—For special cases—10 degrees
stronger—three dollars per box.
Ladies—ask your druggist for Cook's
Cotton Root Compound. Take no other
as all pills, mixtures and imitations are
dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold and
recommended by all druggists in the De-
partment of Canada. Mailed to any address
and receipt of price and four 2-cent postage
stamps. The Cook Company,
Windsor, Ont.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Chat-
ham by all Druggists.

LODGES.

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.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.
GEORGE MASSEY, W. M.

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HICKS, D. D. S.—Honor gradu-
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and Hospital of Oral Surgery,
Philadelphia, Pa., also honor gradu-
ate of Royal College of Dental Sur-
geons, Toronto. Office, over Tur-
ner's drug store, 28 Rutherford
Block.

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chants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

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taries Public, etc. Private funds to
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one article—the stiff bosom shirt. If there
is any one that lands these as well as
we do they are unknown to us. There cer-
tainly is no one who does the work any
better than the

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here. Care is taken that the collar band is
not stretched out of shape or made uneven
on the bosoms of open-front shirts. Ironed
buttonholes do not come opposite. We
do all these things right.

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MORAN OF THE LADY LETTY...

There was no more coffin that
night. They put him down at last, and
in half a dozen sentences Wilbur told
them of how he had been shanghaied—
told them of Magdalena bay, his for-
tune in the samboes and the fight
with the beachcombers.

"You people are going down there
for target practice, aren't you?" he
said, turning to one of the Monterey's
officers in the crowd about him. "Yes?
Well, you'll find the coolies there. All on
the beach waiting for you. There, but
one," he added grimly.

"We thought six of them, but the
seventh didn't need to be marooned.
They tried to plunder us of our boat,
but, by —, we made it interesting for
'em!"

"I say, steady, old man!" exclaimed
Nat Ridgeway, glancing nervously to-
ward the girls in the surrounding
group. "This isn't Magdalena bay,
you know."

And for the first time Wilbur felt a
genuine pang of disappointment and
regret as he realized that it was not.

Half an hour later Ridgeway, drew
him aside. "I say, Ross, let's get out
of here. You can't stand these talking
all night. Jerry and you and I will go
up to my rooms, and we can talk there
in peace. I'll order up three quarts of
fizz, and —"

"Oh, rot your fizz!" declared Wilbur.
"If you love me, give me Christian to-
bacco."

As they were going out of the ball-
room Wilbur caught sight of Josie
Herrick, and, breaking away from the
others, ran over to her.

"Oh!" she cried, breathless. "To
think, and to think of your coming back
after all! No, I don't realize it—I can't.
It will take me until morning to find
out that you're really come back. I
just know now that I'm happier than
I ever was in my life before. Oh!"

she cried, "do I need to tell you how
glad I am? It's just too splendid for
words! Do you know, I was thought
to be the last person you had ever
spoken to while alive, and the re-
porters and all—oh, but we must have
such a talk when all are quiet again!
And our dance—we've never had our
dance. I've got your card yet. Re-
member the one you wrote for me pub-
lished in all the papers. You are going
to be a hero when you get back to San
Francisco. Oh, Ross, Ross!" she cried,
the tears starting to her eyes. "You've
really come back, and you are just as
glad as I am, aren't you—glad that
you've come back—come back to me?"

Later on, in Ridgeway's room, Wilbur
told his story again more in detail
to Ridgeway and Jerry. All but one
portion of it. He could not make up
his mind to speak to them—these so-
ciety fellows, clubmen and city bred—
of Moran. How he was going to order
his life henceforward—his life, that he
felt to be void of interest without her—
he did not know. That was a question
for later consideration.

"We'll give another cotillon," ex-
claimed Ridgeway, "up in the city—
give it for you, Ross, and you'll lead.
It'll be the event of the season!"

Wilbur uttered an exclamation of
contempt. "I've done with that sort
of foolery," he answered.

"Nonsense! Why, think, we'll have
it in your honor. Every smart girl in
town will come, and you'll be the lion

of the season."

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attention.

Geo. E. Embrey

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of—

"You don't seem to understand!"
cried Wilbur impatiently. "Do you
think there's any fun in that for me
now? Why, man, I've fought—fought
with a naked dirk, fought with a
coolie who snapped at me like an ape—
and you talk to me of dancing and
functions and german favors! It
wouldn't do some of you people a bit
of harm if you were shanghaied your-
selves. That sort of life, if it don't
do anything else, knocks a big bit of
seriousness into you. You fellows
make me sick," he went on vehemently.
"As though there wasn't anything
else to do but lead cotillions and get up
new figures!"

"Well, what do you propose to do?"
asked Nat Ridgeway. "Where are
you going now—back to Magdalena
bay?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

Wilbur smote the table with his fist.
"Cuba!" he cried. "I've got a crack
little schooner out in the bay here,
and I've got \$100,000 worth of loot
aboard of her. I've tried beachcombing
for awhile, and now I'll try filibuster-
ing. It may be a crazy idea, but it's
better than dancing. I'd rather lead
an expedition than a german, and you
can chew on that, Nathaniel Ridge-
way."

Jerry looked at him as he stood
there before them in the filthy, reeking
blouse and jeans, the ragged boots and
the mane of hair and tangled beard,
and remembered the Wilbur he used
to know, the Wilbur of the carefully
creased trousers, the satin scarf and
fancy waistcoats.

"You're a different sort than when
you went away, Ross," said Jerry.

"Right you are," answered Wilbur.

"But I will venture a prophecy,"
continued Jerry, looking keenly at him.
"Ross, you are a born and bred city
man. It's in the blood of you and the
bones of you. I'll give you three years
for this new notion of yours to wear it
self out. You think just now you're
going to spend the rest of your life as
an amateur buccaneer. In three years
at the outside you'll be using your
'loot,' as you call it, or the interest of
it to pay your taxes and your tailor,
your pew rent and your club dues,
and you'll be what the biographers call
a respectable member of the commu-
nity."

"Did you ever kill a man, Jerry?"
asked Wilbur. "No? Well, you kill one
some day—kill him in a fair give and
take fight—and see how it makes you
feel and what influence it has on you,
and then come back and talk to me."

It was long after midnight. Wilbur
rose.

"We'll ring for a boy," said Ridge-
way, "and get you a room. I can fix
you out with clothes enough in the
morning."

Wilbur stared in some surprise and
then said:

"Why, I've got the schooner to look
after. I can't leave those coolies alone
all night."

"You don't mean to say you're going
on board at this time in the morning?"
"Of course."

"Why—but you'll catch your
death of cold!"

Wilbur stared at Ridgeway, then
nodded helplessly and, scratching his
head, said, half aloud:

"No. What's the use? I can't make
'em understand. Good night. I'll see
you in the morning."

"We'll all come out and visit you on
your yacht," Ridgeway called after
him, but Wilbur did not hear.

In answer to Wilbur's whistle Jim
came in with the dory and took him
off to the schooner. Moran met him
as he came over the side.

"I took the watch myself tonight and
let the boy turn in," she said. "How is
it ashore, mate?"

"We've come back to the world of lit-
tle things, Moran," said Wilbur. "But
we'll pull out of here in the morning
and get back to the place where things
are real."

"And that's a good hearing, mate."

"Let's get up here on the quarter
deck," added Wilbur. "I've something
to propose to you."

Moran laid an arm across his shoul-
der, and the two walked aft. For half
an hour Wilbur talked to her earnestly
about his new idea of filibustering, and
as he told her of the war he warmed

to the subject, his face glowing, his
eyes sparkling. Suddenly, however, he
broke off.

"But, no!" he exclaimed. "You don't
understand, Moran. How can you?
You're foreign born. It's no affair of
yours!"

"Mate, mate!" cried Moran, her
hands upon his shoulders. "It's you
who don't understand—don't under-
stand me. Don't you know—can't you
see? Your people are mine now. I'm
happy only in your happiness. You
were right—the best happiness is the
happiness one shares. And your sor-
rows belong to me, just as I belong to
you, dear. Your enemies are mine,
and your quarrels are my quarrels." She
drew his head quickly toward her
and kissed him.

In the morning the two had made up
their minds to a certain vague course
of action. To get away—anywhere—
was their one aim. Moran was by na-
ture a creature unfit for civilization,
and the love of adventure and the de-
sire for action had suddenly leaped to
life in Wilbur's blood and was not to
be resisted. They would get up to San
Francisco, dispose of their "loot," outfit
the Bertha Millner as a filibuster and
put to sea again. They had discussed
the advisability of rounding the Horn
in so small a ship as the Bertha Mil-
ner, but Moran had settled that at
once.

"I've got to know her pretty well,"
she told Wilbur. "She's sound as a nut.
Only let's get away from this place."

But toward 10 o'clock on the morn-
ing after their arrival off Coronado,
and just as they were preparing to get
under way, Hoang touched Wilbur's
elbow.

"Seem lil one piece smoke boat. Him
come chop-chop."

In fact, a little steam launch was
rapidly approaching the schooner. In
another instant she was alongside.
Jerry, Nat Ridgeway, Josie Herrick
and an elderly woman, whom Wilbur
barely knew as Miss Herrick's married
sister, were aboard.

"We've come off to see your yacht!"
cried Miss Herrick to Wilbur as the
launch bumped along the schooner's
counter. "Can we come aboard?" She
looked very pretty in her crisp pink
shirt waist, her white duck skirt and
white kid shoes, her sailor hat tilted
at a barely perceptible angle. The men
were in white flannels and smart
yachting suits. "Can we come aboard?"

Wilbur gasped and stared. "Con-
found it!" he muttered. "Oh, come
along," he added desperately.

The party came over the side.

"Oh, my," said Miss Herrick blank-
ly, stopping short.

The decks, masts and rails of the
schooner were shiny with a black coat-
ing of dirt and grease; the sails were
gray with grime; a strangling odor of
oil and tar, of cooking and of opium,
of Chinese punk and drying fish, per-
vaded all the air. In the waist, Hoang
and Jim, bare to the belt, their cues
looped around their necks to be out of
the way, were stewing the dory and
exchanging high pitched monosylla-
bles. Miss Herrick's sister had not
come aboard. The three visitors—Jer-
ry, Ridgeway and Josie—stood nerv-
ously huddled together, their elbows
close in, as if to avoid contact with the
prevailing alk, their immaculate white
clothing contrasting violently against the
grimy of the schooner's back-
ground.

(To Be Continued.)

HE'S ONLY ONE OUT OF SCORES

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Him a New Man.

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

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to work. After ten or twelve years
of doctors treatment, I had made up
my mind that my complaint was in-
curable. Reading of cures by Dodd's
Kidney Pills tempted me to try them.
I did so with little faith, but to my
great surprise I had not taken more
than half a box before I felt relief
and after the use of seven or eight
boxes, I was fully cured and a new
man."

"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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roaster, evenly and quickly heated.

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