

## CAN MAKE MEN SOUND AND STRONG

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

### You Pay Only if Cured

Expects 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 startling method of curing the diseases of men in their own homes; so that there must 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.

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 name and address. He wants to hear from men who have suffered that they have been unable to get cured, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, varicocele, lost manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, inflammation of parts, impotence, 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 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 interest of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor confidentially and lay out his 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 at once.

Dr. S. Goldberg, 208 Woodward Ave., Room P, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free.

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

**Look's Cotton Root Compound.**  
Ladies Favorite.  
Is the only safe, reliable regulator on which woman can depend "in the hour 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 Look's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other pills, mixtures and imitations are dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold and recommended by all druggists in the Dominion of Canada. Mailed to any address on receipt of price and four 2-cent postage stamps. The Look Company, Windsor, Ont.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Chatham by all Druggists.

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

**Paisian Steam Laundry Co.**  
TELEPHONE 20.

## BAKING

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

**THE CHATHAM GAS CO. Limited.**  
King St. Phone 51

WE HAVE ON HAND A LARGE SUPPLY OF  
**LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE, CUT STONE,**

etc. All of the best quality and at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

**J. & J. OLBERSHAW**  
A Few Doors West of Post Office.

# CASE II3 By... Emile Gaboriau

## CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN the Marquis of Clamern perceived that Raoul de Lagors was the only obstacle between him and Madeleine, he swore that the obstacle should be removed.

The same day his plan was laid. As Raoul was walking out to Vesinet about midnight he was stopped at a lonely spot by three men, who asked him what o'clock it was. While looking at his watch the ruffians fell upon him suddenly.

By his skillful blows, for he had become proficient in boxing in England, Raoul made his enemies take to their heels. He continued his walk home, determined to be hereafter well armed when he went out at night. He never for an instant suspected his accomplices of having instigated the assault.

But two days afterward, at a cafe which he frequented, a vulgar looking man, a stranger to him, after trying to provoke a quarrel, finally threw a card in his face, saying its owner was ready to grant him satisfaction. Raoul rushed toward the man to thrust him with his fist, but his friends held him back.

"Very well, then. You will hear from me tomorrow," he said to his assailant. "Wait at your hotel until I send two friends to you."

As soon as the stranger had gone Raoul recovered from his excitement and began to wonder what could have been the motive for the insult. Picking up the man's card, he read:

"W. H. B. Jacobson, formerly Garibaldian volunteer, ex-officer of the Army of the South (Italy, America), 30 Leonie street."

"Oh," he thought, "here is a big military man who can whip everybody!"

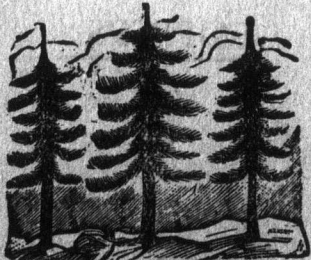
Raoul had seen enough of the world to understand these heroes who cover their visiting cards with titles.

But, since the insult had been offered in the presence of others, early the next morning Raoul sent two of his friends to make arrangements for a duel. He gave them M. Jacobson's address and told them to report at the Hotel du Louvre, where he proposed to sleep.

At half past eight in the morning his seconds arrived. M. Jacobson had selected the sword and would fight that very hour in the woods of Vincennes.

"Let us be off," cried Raoul gayly. "I accept the gentleman's conditions." After a minute's fencing Raoul was slightly wounded in the right shoulder. The "ex-officer of the south" wished to continue the combat, but Raoul's seconds declared that honor was satisfied and that they had no intention of imperiling their friend's life again.

The ex-officer was obliged to acquiesce. Raoul went home delighted at having escaped with nothing more serious than a little loss of blood and resolved to keep clear of all so-called Garibaldians in the future. In fact, a night's reflection had convinced him that Clamern was the instigator of the two attempts to kill him. Mme. Fauvel having told him what conditions Madeleine placed on her consent to marriage, Raoul instantly saw the great interest Clamern would have in his removal. He recalled a thousand little remarks and events of the last few days, and on skillfully questioning the marquis his suspicions changed into certainty. This conviction that the man whom he had so materially assisted in his criminal plans was so basely ungrateful as to turn against him inspired in Raoul a resolution to take speedy vengeance upon his treacherous accomplice and at the same time insure his own safety. He was persuaded that by openly siding with Madeleine and her aunt he could save them from Clamern's clutches. Having fully resolved upon this, he wrote



## Dr. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS and all THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. Miss Florence E. Mailman, New Germany, N.S., writes:—I had a cold which left me with a very bad cough. I was afraid I was going into consumption. I was advised to try DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. I had little faith in it, but before I had taken one bottle I began to feel better, and after the second I felt as well as ever. My cough has completely disappeared.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

The milkman believes that to the pure all things should be pure.

The match-making mamma works over-time during leap year.

a note to Mme. Fauvel asking for an interview. The poor woman hastened to Vesinet at the appointed hour, convinced that some new misfortune was in store for her. She found Raoul more tender and affectionate than he had ever been. He saw the necessity of reassuring her and winning his old place in her forgiving heart before making his disclosures.

He succeeded. The poor lady had a smiling and happy air in an armchair, with Raoul kneeling before her.

"I have distressed you too long, my dear mother," he said in his softest tones, "but I repent sincerely. Now listen to me."

He had not time to say more. The door was violently thrown open, and M. Fauvel, revolver in hand, entered the room.

"Ah," he said, "you thought you could abuse my credulity forever!"

Raoul had the courage to place himself before Mme. Fauvel and to stand prepared to receive the expected bullet.

"I assure you, uncle," he began. "Enough!" interrupted the banker, with an angry gesture. "Cease this acting of which I am no longer the dupe."

"I swear to you!"

"Spare yourself the trouble of denials. I know all. I know who pawned my wife's diamonds. I know who committed the robbery for which the innocent Prosper was arrested and imprisoned."

Mme. Fauvel, white with terror, fell upon her knees.

At last it had come—the dreadful day had come! Vainly for years she had added falsehood to falsehood. Vainly she had sacrificed herself and others. All was now discovered.

"Pardon, Andre! I conjure you, forgive me!"

At these heartbroken tones the banker trembled. This voice brought before him the twenty years which he had spent with this woman, who had always been the mistress of his heart, whose slightest wish had been his law and who by a look could make him the happiest or the most miserable of men.

"Unhappy woman! What have I done that you should act thus? I have loved you too deeply."

Raoul, who listened with attention, saw that if the banker knew something he certainly did not know all. He saw that erroneous information had misled the unhappy man and that he was still a victim of false appearances. He determined to convince him of his mistake.

"Monseigneur," he commenced.

But the sound of Raoul's voice was sufficient to break the charm.

"Silence!" cried the banker, with an angry oath. "Silence!"

The stillness was only broken by the sobs of Mme. Fauvel.

"I came here," continued the banker, "with the intention of killing you both, but courage fails me to kill a woman, and I will not kill an unarmed man."

Raoul once more tried to speak.

"Let me finish!" interrupted M. Fauvel. "Your life is in my hands. The law excuses the vengeance of an injured husband, but I refuse to take advantage of it. I see on your mantel a revolver similar to mine. Take it and defend yourself."

"Never."

"Defend yourself!" cried the banker, raising his arm. "If not!"

Feeling the barrel of M. Fauvel's revolver touch his breast, Raoul took his own pistol from the mantel.

"Place yourself in that corner of the room, and I will stand in this," continued the banker, "and when the clock strikes, which will be in a few seconds, we will both die."

They took the places designated. But the horror of the scene was too much for Mme. Fauvel to witness any longer without interposing. She understood but one thing—her son and her husband were about to kill each other before her very eyes. Fright and horror gave her strength to start up and rush between the two men, with extended arms.

"Have pity, Andre!" she cried, wringing her hands in anguish. "Let me tell you! Don't kill!"

This burst of maternal love M. Fauvel took for the pleading of a criminal defending her lover. He seized his wife by the arm and thrust her aside.

But she would not be repulsed. Rushing up to Raoul, she threw her arms around him and said to her husband:

"Kill me, and me alone, for I am the guilty one!"

At these words M. Fauvel glared at the guilty pair and, deliberately taking aim, fired. Neither Raoul nor Mme. Fauvel moved. The banker fired a second time, then a third. He cocked the pistol for a fourth shot when a man rushed into the room, snatched the pistol from the banker's hand and ran to Mme. Fauvel. It was M. Verduret.

"Thank God," he cried, "she is unhurt! Do you know who that man is that you attempted to kill?"

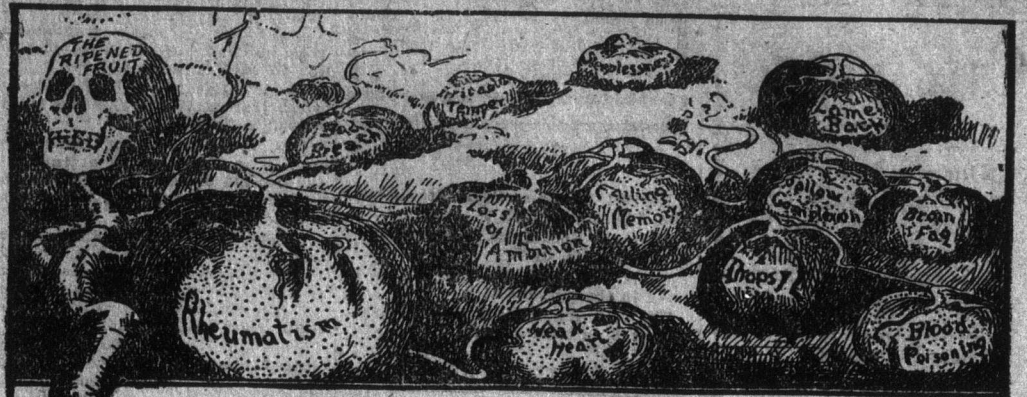
"Her lover!"

"No; her son!"

The banker looked wildly from Raoul to M. Verduret, then, fastening his haggard eyes on his wife, exclaimed:

"It is false! You are all conspiring to deceive me! Proofs!"

To Be Continued.



## THE ROOT AND THE FRUIT

**Bu-Ju** is not a remedy for symptoms. It is a cure for disease. Disordered Kidneys will produce many troubles, among which may be mentioned Rheumatism. Sick kidneys cannot properly perform their functions; hence the system is flooded with uric acid and rheumatism in its various forms is the result. **Bu-Ju** cures rheumatism, because it cures the cause of rheumatism, Disordered Kidneys; for same reason it cures dropsy, blood poison, weak heart, loss of ambition, sleeplessness, brain fog, failing memory irritable temper, sallow complexion, bad breath, lame back, and a hundred and one ailments that spring from disordered kidneys, which is the root of the evil. You may pluck the leaves of a rank weed, or cut its stem, but so long as you leave the root it bears new fruit and spreads until its extermination is almost impossible. If you are suffering from any of the above troubles you cannot afford to neglect them. Neglect means misery, for what joy is there in living without good health? **Bu-Ju**, the Kidney Pill, has restored thousands and it can do the same for you.

The Claffin Chemical Co., Windsor, Ont.  
Dear Sir:—I have used a box of Bu-Ju Pills and have been greatly benefited by them. I was troubled with piles for years and tried several kinds of medicine, without getting any relief, but I have had no trouble with them since I took the third box of Bu-Ju. I will take them whenever I can get them and I recommend them to all my friends. Yours sincerely,  
MRS. GEORGE BORMAN.  
NEW YORK, N.Y., AND WINDSOR, ONT.

**Bu-Ju** is for sale by all druggists, or will be sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price; 50c per box.

## Pen Portrait of Beatrice Harraden.

This is Mr. T. P. O'Connor's pen portrait of Miss Beatrice Harraden, the authoress:—A slight-built, even fragile little lady, dark, with something of the coloring of the south, inherited from her mother, a lady of Swedish-Castilian extraction, raven, clustering hair, brown eyes obscured by gold-rimmed pince-nez, had a woman of letters and successful novelist. To my mind a pathetic personality, despite Miss Harraden's assured fame, despite her rounded happiness in her work, her many friendships, and her typically modern independence. Pathetic, yes, for she looks so frail, so very feminine, to have achieved the virile triumphs she has, and then one knows that academic success was purchased at the heavy cost of loss of health—at least of robust health—and that to this day she has to pay the penalty of overwork in her girlhood. After recovering from her illness Miss Harraden writes the never-to-be-forgotten "Ships that Pass in the Night," but prior to that she had written a book for children, entitled "Things Will Take a Turn." Intense was her disappointment when Messrs. Blackwood rejected "Ships," on the score that it was too sad for the general public, and she was glad to dispose of it for a trifle to Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, by whom it was eventually published. Its success was almost instantaneous, and few books have enjoyed, or still enjoy, a wider popularity. Mr. Blackwood, I may say, has published the remainder of Miss Harraden's books—all too few in number—and between publisher and author there exists the warmest friendship.

**Was Unable to do any Work for Four or Five Months.**

**Was Weak and Miserable.**

**Thought She Would Die.**

**Doctor Could Do No Good.**

**Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills**

Effectuated a Complete Cure in the Case of MRS. CAROLINE HUTT, Morrisburg, Ont.

She says: "It affords me great pleasure to speak about what your Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. About a year ago I was taken ill with heart trouble and got so bad that I was unable to do any work for four or five months. I got so weak and miserable that my friends thought I was going to die. The doctor attended me for some time but I continued to grow worse. At last I decided to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking two boxes they made me well and strong again. I cannot praise them too highly to those suffering from nervous weakness and heart troubles."

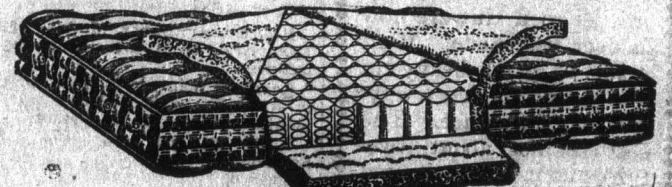
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.50 at all dealers, or

**THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited, TORONTO, ONT.**

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

Furniture **McDONALD & CO.** Carpets...

## THE MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS.



PAT. SEPT. 1900.

We handle the best MATTRESSES in the market. We are sole agents for the MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS, a veritable Hair and Spring Mattress, price, \$20.00; Ostrermoor Mattress, a patent elastic felt, \$15.00; Star Mattress, carded, cotton felt, price, \$9.00; No. 1 Health Mattress, clean, sweet smelling, \$4.75; No. 2 Health Mattress, clean, sweet smelling, \$3.75; No. 3 Health Mattress, clean, sweet smelling, \$2.75; Yankee Mattress, clean, sweet smelling, \$2.25. We also sell the Harlequin Mattress, made of alternate layers of hair and felt, price, \$16.50.

**McDONALD & CO.**

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**L** We have a full line of Sleds with solid steel frames, worth \$1.35, \$1.25, \$1.00, that must go for \$1.00, 80c. **E**

**D** A. H. Patterson, Phone 61, 3 Doors East of Market. **D**

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G. P. SCHOLFIELD, Manager Chatham Branch.

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Capital (all paid up) \$14,000,000.  
Reserve \$10,000,000.  
Drafts bought and sold. Collections made on favorable terms. Interest allowed on deposits at current rates in Savings Bank Department, or on deposit receipts.  
DOUGLAS GLAS, Manager Chatham Branch.