

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

Requires 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 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.

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 names and address. He wants to hear from men who have stricken with any of the following diseases: cured, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, varicocele, not manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, inflammation of parts, impotence, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but the cause of 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 the fee is 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 lay 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:

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

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

DENTAL.

A. A. HICKS, D. D. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office over Turner's drug store, 28 Rutherford Block.

LODGES.

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

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.
208 E. D. LAURIE, W. M.

LEGAL.

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

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

J. F. O'LENN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Office, King Street, opposite Merchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

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

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

MOUSTON, STONE & SCANE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, upstairs in Eldrick Block, opposite H. Macdonald's store, M. Mouston, Fred. Stone, W. W. Scane.

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.

DR. OVENS OF LONDON
—Specialist, Oculist and Specialist Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Will be at Chatham on SATURDAY, Sept. 26, Oct. 24, Nov. 28, Dec. 26. Glasses properly fitted. Office at Radley's drug store.

L. E. CURL, OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
SPECIALIST IN CHRONIC DISEASES:
Examination Free. Office: Sixth street opposite Fire Hall. Hours—8 to 11 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

BARREL STRAWBERRIES

Barrel Strawberry Culture is a Matter of Much Interest.

Barrel strawberry culture is a matter of much interest that we present the following working details which are reproduced from a circular of J. P. Jhmer, Dayton, Ohio, who is a successful cultivator by this method. The illustration will further elucidate the grower's remarks.

"Take any iron-bound barrel, except one which has been used for pickles, sauerkraut, or vinegar; remove all staves but four, and bore four holes in the bottom. Then space holes around the barrel so that twelve plants will go around it; five rows high will make sixty plants to the barrel, (the fifth row can be placed five inches from top of barrel). So as to make the holes of proper depth, bore two holes, one above the other, using a bit one and one half inches, and cut out the wood between the two holes, you will then have a hole one and one half by three inches. Put about two inches of firm gravel or coarse sand in the bottom of the barrel. When planting put the plants as near the top of the holes as possible, to allow for settling of the soil. Use clay well mixed with rotted manure; put in fill about three inches above the first row of holes, being careful not to have it too wet.

"The first row of holes must be eight inches from the bottom of barrel. Get n and stamp the soil solid, then loosen with a trowel where the plants go and plant that row. Spread the roots out well, then put soil about one-half way up to the next row of holes. Now take a common drain tile, twelve inches long by three or four inches in diameter, put



it in the center of the barrel, and fill the tile with coarse sand, then fill up the barrel with soil a little above the next row of holes and stamp again. Be careful not to move the tile and when adding soil to the barrel, cover up the tile, so as not to get any dirt in it. After planting the second row, lift the tile; see that the sand settles and fill the tile with sand again. Then put in soil above the next row of holes, stamp again, and plant that row; and repeat operation until the five rows are planted. But don't fail to tramp.

"After planting the tile remains in the barrel; have it empty so as to take the water. In watering you water in the tile for the lower rows; on top of the barrel for the two top rows. It would be impossible to water the lower plants without the tile and the core of sand. You can water the plants too much. Fill the tile once per day, and put about two quarts of water on the outside of the tile. After cold weather sets in, stop watering. The plants want no winter protection. Set the barrel on brick, to keep it off the ground; if any should die in the summer, you can replace by taking a runner and putting the young plant in the hole, making it fast with two little sticks.

"Use the largest fruiting variety that does well in your locality, and a perfect blooming sort, if possible. Planted early in the spring, a fair crop may be expected the same season."

Sugar Beet Industry.

The Secretariat has just transmitted to the President for the information of Congress a very full report on the present condition of the sugar beet industry in this country. The best results from last year's trials were reported from the States of New York and Michigan. Other States in which reports were favorable were Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, Nevada, South Dakota, Wyoming and Colorado. States giving fair results were Iowa, Nebraska, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. In general, it was found that after passing south of the mean isotherm of 71 degrees Fahr., for the three months of June, July and August, the results were poor. It is found that the belt of territory included between the limits of the isotherms of 71 and 68 degrees may be regarded as the basic belt of the beet sugar industry. The best results are obtained within or north of this belt, other climatic conditions being favorable. Extreme northern limits of sugar-beet culture are determined only by the advent of freezing weather.

Bulky Food.

There are many cheap foods that will be relished by fowls. If the blades of corn fodder are finely cut, and then scalded, the hens will relish such, and they are partial to cooked potatoes or turnips. Those who keep large flocks of ducks thicken cooked turnips with bran and cornmeal, and the ducks thrive on such diet. Meat should always be given as a portion of the ration, however, to all laying fowls.

Squash Bug Trap.

Noticing how the bugs would all fly as soon as disturbed, I conceived the plan of making a big fly trap of wire web 2 feet high, funnel shape; the lower large end 12 inches across so as to cover a large hill of squash. It is made in two parts; the inner part also funnel shape, 8 inches high, with small openings in the top that open into the larger part to let the bugs come in as a fly trap. Small tin hoops made a little rounding inside are fastened on the bottom of each part, thus holding the inner part in place and so tight that the bugs cannot escape, also can take apart to clean. I made it high so one could handle without stooping too much. One needs a wire web a little finer than ordinary screen. It cost me just 35 cents, but I do not have them to sell. I never saw anything of the kind before and hope that it can be still improved, for I think this a practical plan.—H. J. Baldwin, in Practical Farming.

ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN
Author of "Westerner"

Copyright, 1902, by HARBEN & BROS., Who Publish the Work in Book Form. All Rights Reserved.

The negro had passed, but he heard his name called, and he came back and looked in at the door.

"Want me, Marse Rayburn?"

"Yes, you old scamp. Get me a match or I'll shoot the top of your head off."

"All right, sub; all right, Marse Rayburn."

"You ought to know him," said Miller, with a smile as the negro hurried into the adjoining office. "His wife cooks for Colonel Barclay. He might tell you if Miss Dolly's going tonight, but I know she is. Frank Hillhouse checked her name off the list, and I heard him say she'd accepted. By the way, that fellow will do to watch. I think he and the colonel are pretty thick."

"Will you never let up on that?" Alan asked, with a frown.

"I don't know that I shall," laughed Rayburn. "It seems so funny to see you in love, or rather, to see you think you are."

"I have never said I was," said Alan sharply.

"But you show it so blamed plain," said Miller.

"Here 'tis, Marse Rayburn. Marse Trubue said you could have a whole box of you'd put up with sulphur ones."

Miller took the matches from the outstretched hand and tossed a cigar to Alan.

"Say, Uncle Ned," he asked, "do you know that gentleman?" indicating Alan with a nod of his head.

A quizzical look dawned in the old negro's eyes, and then he gave a resounding guffaw and shook all over.

"I reckon I know his boss, Marse Rayburn," he chuckled.

"That's a good one on you, Alan," laughed Miller. "He knows your boss. I'll have to spring that on you when I see you two together."

As the negro left the office Mr. Trubue leaned in the doorway, holding his battered silk hat in his hand and mopping his perspiring face.

He nodded to Alan and said to Miller: "Do you want to write?"

"Not any more for you, thanks," said Miller. "I have the backache now from those depositions I made out for you yesterday."

"Oh, I don't mean that," the old lawyer assured him, "but it had to borrow your ink just now, an', seen' you at your desk, I thought you might need it."

"Oh, I see," joked Miller. "I can buy another bottle at the bookstore. They pay me a commission on the ink. I furnish the row. They let me have it cheap by the case. What stumps me is that you looked in to see if I needed it. You are breaking the rule, Mr. Trubue. They generally make me hunt for my office furniture when I need it. They've borrowed everything I have except my iron safe. Their ignorance of the combination, its weight and their confirmed laziness are all that saved it."

When the old lawyer had gone, the two friends sat and smoked in silence for several minutes. Alan was studying Miller's face. Something told him that the news of his father's disaster had reached him and that Miller was going to speak of it. He was not mistaken, for the lawyer soon broached the subject.

"I've been intending to ride out to see you almost a week, but I couldn't," he said, "but business has always prevented my leaving town."

"Then you have heard?"

"Yes, Alan, I'm sorry, but it's all over the country. A man's back luck spreads as fast as good news. I heard it the next day after your father returned from Atlanta, and saw the whole thing in a flash. The truth is, Perkins had the cheek to try his scheme on me. I'm the first target of every scoundrel who has something to sell, and I've learned many of their tricks. I didn't listen to all he had to say, but got rid of him as soon as I could. You must not blame the old man. As I see it now, it was a most plausible scheme, and the shame of it is that no one can be handled for it. Your father will have to grin and bear it. He really didn't pay a fabulous price for the land, and if he were in a condition to hold on to it for, say, twenty-five years he might not lose money. But who can do that sort of thing? I have acres and acres of mountain land offered me at a much lower figure, but what little money I've made has been made by turning my capital rapidly. Have you seen Dolly since it happened?"

"No; not for two weeks," replied Alan. "I went to church with her Sunday before last and have not seen her since. I was wondering if she had heard about it."

"Oh, yes; she's heard it from the colonel. It may surprise you, but the thing has rubbed him the wrong way."

"Why, I don't understand," exclaimed Alan. "He?"

"The old man has had about 2,000 acres of land over near your father's purchases, and it seems that he was closely watching all your father's deals and, in spite of his judgment to the contrary, Mr. Bishop's confidence in that sort of real estate has made him put a higher valuation on his holdings over there. So you see, now that your father's mistake is common talk, he is forced to realize a big slump, and he can't know but that your father or some one else made him an offer for

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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

GUARANTEED PURELY VEGETABLE. *Wm. Wood* CURE SICK HEADACHE.

his land, which he refused. So you see it is only natural for him to be disgruntled."

"I see," said Alan. "I reckon you heard that from Miss Dolly?"

Miller smoked slowly.

"Yes"—after a pause—"I dropped in three night before last, and she told me about it. She's not one of your surface creatures. She talks sensibly on all sorts of subjects. Of course she's not going to show her heart to me, but she couldn't hide the fact that your trouble was worrying her a good deal. I think she'd like to see you at the bell tonight. Frank Hillhouse will give you a dance or two. He's going to be hard to beat. He's the most attentive fellow I ever ran across. He's got a new buggy—a regular bug-might—and a high stepping Kentucky mare for the summer campaign. He'll have some money at his father's death, and all the old women say he's the best catch in town because he doesn't drink, has a Sunday school class and will leave money. We are all going to wear evening suits tonight. There are some girls from Rome visiting Hattie Alexander, and we don't want them to smell hay in our hair. You know how the boys are. Unless all of us wear spiketails no one will; so we took a vote on it, and we'll be on a big dike. There'll be a devilish lot of misfits. Those who haven't suits are borrowing in all directions. Frank Buford will dig out in Colonel Day's antebellum togery. Did you bring yours?"

"It happens to be at Parker's shop, being pressed," said Alan.

"I've had three in the last six years," laughed Miller. "You know how much larger Todd Selman is than I am. He burst one of mine from collar to waist last summer at the Springs. I can't refuse 'em. God bless 'em! Jeff Higgins married in my best Prince Albert last week and spilled boiled custard on it, but he's got a good wife and a fair job on a railroad in Tennessee now. I'd have given him the coat, but he'd never have accepted it and been mad the rest of his life at my offer. Parker said somebody had tried to scrape the custard off with a sharp knife and that he had a lot of trouble cleaning it. I wore the coat yesterday and felt like I was going to be married. Todd must have left some of his shivers in it. I reckon that's as near as I'll ever come to the hitching post."

To Be Continued.

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

Effect 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 for those suffering from nervous weakness and heart troubles."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25 at all dealers, or

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

FOREST GLORIES.

Gorgeous Picture of Autumn's Tinted Canadian Maples in the Laurentides—Moose Killed Near St. Alexis.

The glow of an autumn sun on Canadian maples in the Laurentides last week made pictures gorgeous beyond anything the painter with either pen or brush might convey to either eye or senses. One could only gaze in wonderment and adore the land of such magnificent landscapes, with veneration for the creator of it all. Quite a few Montreal gentlemen and ladies who visit St. Agathe have talked of the beauties of tree-clad hills, slashed all with the flame-tinted maple, softened by the yellow-tinted birch, and the deep green cones of the spruce and balsam shooting between like spears. Having seen our own glorious Mount Royal and the woods of Montreal Island, with journeyings through the Eastern Townships, one might think he had seen all that there could be of autumnal forest beauties. They were fortunate travelers that passed along the Great Northern Railway last Friday and Saturday—perfect days—and saw the fringe of the Laurentides. The railway is splendidly built, and the passenger cars very comfortable and clean. After passing New Glasgow, the blaze of glory of the woods was with us all the way, even to St. Paulin Station, where we stopped for a dive into the heart of the great masses of the woods for sixteen miles, says a writer in The Montreal Witness.

Lac a l'Eau Claire, nine miles drive from St. Alexis, was the objective point—the country seat of the Hon. George W. Stephens. St. Alexis was a ten-mile drive from St. Paulin. The way was along the banks of the pretty winding river, and the farmers and their homes, the flocks of cattle and the milk preparations for the creameries were pleasant to see, with in two or three places a saw-mill, where the power is good. To see farmers painting their houses means the presence of good times, for paint is a luxury. So, these farmers who were doing this were generally fairly well off—the result of the high price for cheese and their ability to produce it economically and good. In St. Paulin there were storekeepers actually laying water pipes for house service indoors. Generally the farmers were thrifty, and their families well looking. There was no sign of anything but thrift. So we drove through the sunny air and the glory of landscape, and the sun went slowly down in a sky the blue of which what could picture?

Winding hither and beyond ran the river, its banks very heavily clad with foliage and suggesting a canoe course of pleasant smoothness until after mile until of a sudden an up-rearing of the hillside showed a fall of more or less torrent-like picturesqueness that might easily have been the original that Jan Ridd describes in "Lorna Doone" as the back door to the Castle of the Doones. A pause to examine and enjoy the wealth of color all around, and then the pony carried us swiftly on a detour of more than a mile. We came through the rear of a farmer's yard. Past byre, barn and home house. Then from the rise we saw Lac a l'Eau Claire. It was delightful. The sunlight upon the home house, boat-house and bathing-house tinged the white paint with mellow light and the yellow sheen of the mirror-like surface of the lake was only dimpled here and there with a fly or trout ripple. The forest fringes of the lake were reflected vividly, and one might easily imagine from the opposite island the lady of the lake and the boat coming to meet us at the silver strand—only the strand was rather of the golden hue. It is safe to say that never in all his life did Sir Walter Scott view a more romantic scene than this. Neither did he hear the cry of the loon—nor the swish and scaram of Canadian wild duck. But the sunset left no gloaming, bright as was the setting it gave to the picture, when the shadows were cast by its going down.

Flip went the fly-cast at early morning, the deft hand dotting the lake surface with the life-like fly hooks and feathers. Again and again the cast, and here and there the flies danced and flicked, until suddenly came a leap and the surge of life from the water. A lusty trout was at its battle for life with the angler at the other end of the line. Five minutes and a beauty three and a half pounds in weight was in the landing net.

Soon afterwards the same deft hand had captured a three-pounder. That was enough for the hour.

Exploring the lake, inlets or bays, and examining the island were away much more time than fishing. Then the log fire in the spacious fireplace, the library and the story followed. The farmers had killed a moose three miles on the railway side of St. Alexis, and considered the feat no small one. They had not heard of these animals having been so far into the cultivated area before, and it was explained that the incident was not to be taken as indicating any increase in the moose family, but merely that one had lost its way and had thus been discovered and shot on sight by the farmer who could get in the first load of buckshot.

Museums for Indian Relics.

In Orillia and in Collingwood it is proposed to follow the example of Penangshushene, and set apart a space in the public library as a museum for the collection of Indian relics. Orillia has been moved to this step by the fact that Mr. C. W. Hartman of New York, who was in that locality this summer, went about among the people and bought up at small prices a lot of rare Indian relics which he carried off to New York to be presented to a public museum. There are many private collections in Simcoe County.

Explained.

Smith—Why is it that intellectual women do not make good mothers? Brown—They don't usually get a chance, my boy!

Why Not Try It? **Bu-Ju** The Kidney Pill

is NOT A CURE ALL, but we know it will cure all forms of kidney disorders, and are WILLING to return your money if not satisfied.

Bu-Ju is not like any other Kidney Pill. IT CURES, or your money refunded.

Cures Rheumatism, Too.

Fifty Pills in box, 50 cents, at all druggists.

The Clafin Chemical Co. NEW YORK, N. Y., AND WINDSOR, ONT.

Reject Substitutes.

OSTERMOOR PATENT ELASTIC FELT MATTRESS

\$15.00 \$15.00

McDonald & Co. SOLE AGENTS FOR

OSTERMOOR MATTRESSES

The Genuine Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress can only be handled by one firm only in each town or city. We were given the sole agency for them by special appointment of the manufacturers some five years ago.

The Genuine Ostermoor bear above registered Trade Mark. Price, \$15.00.

McDonald & Co. FURNITURE AND CARPETS.

...FURS... ALL SIZES AND KINDS

We have a special line of Montreal Furs. We have also

Fur Lined Coats, Rubber Lined Coats, Coon Skin Coats, Calf Coats and Bear Cub Coats, ranging in prices from \$15.00 to \$85.00.

We guarantee to fit you in any size of coat and will guarantee the furs to be the Best Montreal Furs that are manufactured and sold in Canada.

Do not fail to see our line of Men's Fur Coats, Fur Robes and Blankets.

These furs are guaranteed to be the Best Furs Manufactured, no last year's stock on hand.

A. H. PATTERSON

Three Doors East of Market.

That Comfortable Feeling in a New Suit

is what the average man most enjoys. We can give you that.

WHY?

Largest and Best Assortment of Foreign and Domestic Fabrics to choose from, and First-Class Mechanics in our shop "Do the Trick."

Our motto: "Reasonable Prices, Satisfaction Guaranteed" We ask your support.

Taylor's Woolens and Flour are the Best.

The T. H. Taylor Co. Ltd.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS PAY.