

## PERFECT MANHOOD

is slightly more; but if you are not the man you should be, if you are losing your energy, your vital force, your strength, and feeling you don't care what happens, you are suffering from Loss of Vitality; it comes upon men insidiously; do not deceive yourself or remain in ignorance while you are being dragged down by this disease; no matter what the cause may be, whether early abuse, excess, or overwork and business care, the result is the same; premature loss of strength, emaciation, impotency, Varicocele and shrunk testicles. This LATEST METHOD TREATMENT WILL CURE YOU. Guaranteed to see positive cure for these conditions. Read the following sworn affidavit. Positively no testimonials used unless patients give sworn permission.

Jan. 18, 1900.  
This is to certify that I had been a sufferer from Nervous Debility, loss of vitality and weakness for a long time; had been doctoring in Canada and Detroit without receiving any benefit, and placed myself under Dr. Goldberg's care, Dec. 28, 1900. I noticed an improvement in my condition in less than one week; was discharged entirely cured April 12, 1901, and have had no return of said trouble.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of January, 1901.  
Wm. A. Smith, Notary Public, Wayne Co., Mich.

**THE LATEST METHOD TREATMENT GUARANTEED TO CURE**  
Varicocele and Stricture without Cutting, Stretches or loss of time; also Blood Poison, Chronic, Nervous, Private, Impotency, Kidney, Liver, Bladder, Stomach, Female and Rectal Troubles. CONSULTATION FREE. If you cannot call write for blank for home treatment. Perfect system of home treatment for those who cannot call. BOOK FREE. All medicines for Canadian Patients Shipped from Windsor. All Duty and Express Charges Prepaid.

**DR. GOLDBERG, COR. WILCOX ST., DETROIT, MICH.**

### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Whole or separate tenders for the remodelling of a house into a brick veneer office for Dr. W. R. Hall, will be received up to 6.00 p. m., Wednesday, May 7. All tenders addressed to Dr. W. R. Hall, marked Tender, and left at the office of the architect.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of

J. W. CARSWELL, Architect.

### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

The plans and specifications of the new Baptist Church, to be built in Wallaceburg, may be seen at Mr. J. A. T. Sayer's Furniture Store, from May 1st until May 14th, during which time sealed tenders for the contract will be received by the following building committee, viz. A. C. Baker, Jos. T. Saint, James Smith, James Guinness, Jos. Howard.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of

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### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed, bulk and separate tenders will be received up to 7 o'clock p. m., on Saturday, 10th day of May, addressed to G. H. Dawson, Port Alma, for the erection of a brick veneer church, with concrete basement, to be erected on lot 186, Talbot Road, Romney. Plans and specifications may be seen at the residence of undersigned. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. H. DAWSON, T. J. Rutley, Architect, Chatham.

### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Whole or separate tenders for the erection and completion of a brick veneer residence for Mr. G. A. Sayer, will be received up to 12.00 o'clock, noon, Friday, May 8th. All tenders to be addressed to Mr. G. A. Sayer, marked tender, and left at the office of the architect.

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## A FAIR BACKSLIDER

By James Arthur Cook

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson

It was Saturday afternoon, and Miss Meeson, the good looking schoolteacher of district No. 4, was at the school-house to secure a book she had left the day before. She was sitting down to rest after her walk of a mile or more when a shadow darkened the open door and she looked up to find a tramp on the threshold. There was no mistaking his avocation; he was lean and ragged and hungry looking; he was sunburned and tough. It was half a mile to the nearest farmhouse, and yet after the first thrill of alarm the schoolma'am was not frightened. On the contrary, she saw the opportunity to read a fellow being a moral lesson and she was rather pleased. Miss Meeson had ideas. They were Puritanical and more. If she had been the governor of Connecticut she would have vigorously enforced all the blue laws on the statute books and sought to enact a dozen more.

"Come in here and sit down," she said to the tramp, to show him she was not afraid.

"Yes'm," he humbly replied as he timidly advanced and took a seat.

"Now, then," she continued after looking him over, "you are a lazy good for nothing and wouldn't work if work was offered."

"Cret, miss," he answered. "You go tramping up and down the country, and you do not hesitate to steal as well as beg."

"Perfectly true, miss," he replied. "You've probably been in jail?"

"A dozen times."

"I thought so. You have a red nose, and I've no doubt you drink."

"Like a fish, miss, when I can get it."

"A pretty specimen of a man you are!" she continued as she warmed to her subject. "A vagrant, a beggar, a thief and a drunkard! You are also a jailbird, and I don't suppose you ever speak the truth except by accident."

"You're hit it, miss," replied the tramp, with a sly smile.

"Cast in the mold of a man, yet witness the degradation!" sighed the schoolma'am. "As if you hadn't got low enough, you have been fighting. No doubt you also used profane words."

"I did, miss—I did. You see, it was this way: I meets a weary down here

"And you'll never fight or swear again?"

"Never, no help me Joner."

"Now I have some hopes of you," said the schoolma'am in more friendly tones. "I hope you'll take a bath and wash up as soon as opportunity occurs, and if you will call at Farmer Meeson's in the p.m. or two I'll coax him to give you work. He is my father, and you will be directly under my influence. I shall do my best to regenerate you. I am hopeful that my influence—"

She was interrupted by the entrance of three more tramps, each one of whom out-tongued the first caller. It was clear from the first that their intentions were evil, and as they stood grinning and winking at each other the schoolma'am moved back in alarm and her convert followed and put himself in front of her.

"Are—are they wicked?" she asked in a whisper.

"A bad lot, miss," he answered, while one of the trio demanded a kiss all around.

"Oh, but hear them! They mean me harm!"

"I expect they do, miss, and you see how it is with me. You made me promise not to swear any more, and how can I blast their blooming eyes without swearing?"

The trio began dancing about, and the girl grew white faced as she said: "But I guess you may swear if you think it will do any good."

"And me dukes, miss. I promised not to put 'em up again. I can't fight three wearies with me nose."

"Oh, don't fight," she warned; "but if you must, then put up your dukes, or whatever they are! See! They are tearing the seats out!"

"And one thing more," continued the convert. "I've got to take a drink of whisky to brace me up. It's one to three, and I'll need a brace."

"Then take it—take it!" she exclaimed as the trio began to crowd closer.

"And can I leave out the bath and wash up and work?"

"Yes, yes! Protect me!"

"I'll do it, miss, and here goes."

Her tramp reached for his bottle and took a hearty swig, and as he restored it to his pocket he opened on the enemy at the rate of seventy-five swear words a minute. He swore and swore till the schoolma'am held her hands over her ears. Then he pushed up his greasy sleeves, "put up his dukes," and while Miss Meeson prayed he sailed in and slam banged. He got many a bang in return before victory perched upon his banner, but his cause was just and he finally put the last one to sleep and stood over his body and told the half dead girl that the way was open.

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