

January 22, 1921

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Ceylon Green Tea because it is infinitely more delicious and healthful in use. It will displace Japan tea just as "SALADA" black tea is displacing all other black teas. Send us a card mentioning what kind of tea you use, black, mixed or green and we will mail you a free sample. "SALADA", Toronto.

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No other Medical Firm in the world has the established reputation for curing Men and Women that Drs. K. & K. enjoy. Their New Method Treatment, discovered and perfected by these eminent Specialists, has brought joy, happiness and comfort to thousands of homes. With 20 years experience in the treatment of these diseases they can guarantee a Cure or No Pay—Money Refunded.

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You may have a secret drain through the urine—that's the reason you feel tired out in the morning. You are not rested, your kidneys ache, you feel dizzy and have no ambition. Don't let your Life Blood be drained away. Drs. K. & K. guarantee a Cure or No Pay.

BLOOD POISON
Syphilis is the scourge of mankind. It may not be a crime to have it, for it may be inherited, but it is a crime to allow it to remain in the system. Like father—like son. Newer of Mercury and Potash treatment. Drs. K. & K. positively cure the worst cases or No Pay.

VARICOCELE & STRICTURE
The New Method Treatment cures these diseases safely and surely. No pain—no suffering—no detention from business. Don't risk over-treatment and ruin your sexual organs. The stricture tissue is absorbed and can never return. Drs. K. & K. guarantee a Cure or No Pay.

Kidneys & Bladder
Don't neglect your kidneys. Your aching back tells the tale. Don't let Doctors experiment on you. Drs. K. & K. can cure you if you are not beyond human aid. They guarantee a Cure or No Pay.

CURES GUARANTEED. NO CURE NO PAY. Consultation Free. Books sent Free (sealed). Write for Questionnaire Blank for Free Treatment. Everything Confidential.

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Varicocele and Stricture.

VARICOCELE—If you are tired of being experimented upon, you will find our Latest Method Treatment is a guaranteed cure for varicocele without use of knife or loss of time. It absorbs the varicose condition, restores the parts, thereby bringing back lost power. If you take our treatment, you pay when cured.

STRICTURE—Thousands of men have stricture and do not know it if you have been infected, or improperly treated, or notice smarting sensation, it is a sign of stricture. If you are in doubt, call and see us, as we will examine you free of charge. Our Latest Method Treatment absorbs the stricture, thereby making cutting or stretching unnecessary, and you pay when cured.

Kidneys and Bladder.
Don't neglect these important organs, as you will regret it. Have you a dull feeling or pain in the back, frequent desire to urinate, deposits in urine? Our Latest Method Treatment is a guaranteed cure for these conditions.

The original sworn affidavits or testimonials can be seen at our office, \$500.00 reward for any who cannot show at request of patients we publish only the initials.

Your Latest Method Treatment acted the way you said it would: my stricture is cured, and the varicocele entirely disappeared, and I feel stronger than ever. My bladder and kidneys do not trouble me any. I can sleep all day, do my hard day's work without my kidneys troubling me as before I took your Latest Method Treatment. It has cured me after others have failed. If I had consulted you sooner, I would have saved a great deal of money which I wasted on other doctors. I am your grateful patient.

Dr. Goldberg has 15 DIPLOMAS certificates and licenses received from the various colleges, hospitals and states which testify to his standing and abilities.

Pay when cured. Cures guaranteed.

We cure Blood Poison, Chronic, Private Nervous, Impotency, Varicocele, Stricture, Kidney Bladder, Liver, Stomach, Female and Rectal Troubles. Consultation free. Call or write for question blank for home treatment. Book on diseases of men free. Hours 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sundays 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

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THE BOOT AND SHOE WORKERS' UNION STAMP

is used by THE J. D. KING CO., Limited, upon all their manufacture of Boots and Shoes. No strikes, cessation of work or labor difficulties promote the highest possible production of perfect workmanship. In thus consulting the interests of the consumer we urge that you DEMAND

The J. D. KING CO.'S UNION MADE SHOES

Children's Shoes

Are about the hardest article to select that a parent buys. They must be neat and they must be almost as proof against wear as iron. We have just such an article. Our \$1 box calf hand-made shoes, are the best for children.

A. A. Jordan, Sign of The Big Clock

Advertise Now and Reap a Harvest!

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong. So, turning gloomily from my fellow men, One summer Sabbath day I strolled among the green meadows of the village burial place. Where, pondering how all human love and hate find one and level and how, soon or late, Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened face and cold hands folded over a still heart, Pass the green threshold of our common grave, With all footsteps tend, whence none depart, Awe for myself and pitying my race, Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave, Swept all my pride away, and tremblingly I forgave.

—Whittier.

THE WRONG MAN.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

I was at Stockholm simply as a tourist and sightseer, and I was all alone. I had no idea of meeting any one I knew, and a surprise awaited me on the first night of my arrival when a man whom I clearly saw was a Po-lander edged along up to me on the veranda of the hotel as I smoked my cigar and said:

"You are discretion itself, Mr. Grel-ling. You have registered under another name. How were matters in London when you left?"

"I don't exactly understand you," I replied as I looked him over and made sure that he had never met before.

"Admire your caution," he said with a laugh, "but you need have no fear of me. You see I have my credentials."

He took a card from his pocket on which was inscribed three capital letters of the Greek language with a cu-



rious scrawl beneath, and as I looked without being able to make head or tail of the thing he whispered:

"The others will be here inside of two days, and we will have a meeting. I have been here three days, and I find nothing to alarm me. I trust matters in London are all right."

"As far as I know," I replied as I returned his card and wondered whether he was trying to cheek me or had really mistaken me for somebody else.

"Good. We can settle all the details in an hour after the others get here. It will be as well that we are not seen together, but I will notify you when we are ready."

When he had gone, I made up my mind that he had mistaken me for another man, but I could not quite catch on to his expressions. He was evidently in Stockholm by appointment, and others were to arrive later, and a Mr. Grel-ling, who was probably an Englishman, was mixed up in the affair, if not the leader. The matter puzzled and annoyed me for half an hour, and then I dismissed it as a matter of my mind.

Three hours later, as I retired to my room, the waiter who carried my light hung about in a queer way after setting the candle down, and I finally gave him a small coin and waved him out. Instead of going he whispered to me:

"I wish to warn you. Strange men have been here for a week. I think they are waiting for you."

"But who can be looking for me?" I queried in reply.

"You know best. Good night and God save you. I will keep my eyes and ears open for you."

I wanted to question the man, but he hurried away and left me more befogged than before. I spent an hour trying to figure out some satisfactory conclusion and then fell asleep. Next morning at breakfast the same man waited on me. I had a little table by myself, and while bringing my dishes the waiter whispered in my ear:

"The two strange men are at the fourth table. I am sure they are Russian spies and will watch you."

Now I had the key to the mystery. There was some sort of a conspiracy on foot, probably against the peace of the car, and the conspirators were to meet at Stockholm. From what I had read and heard of such affairs the plans and plots generally originated in England or Switzerland, but these men had selected nearer ground. Their plot must have been suspected, or the Russian spies would not have been there. Yes, the two men were Russians, and though their idea seemed to be a poor showing at it, I don't pretend to say that a spy can always be spotted offhand, but I do assert that after one of them has followed the occupation for several years there are many ways in which he betrays his calling to an observing eye.

They cast many furtive glances in my direction, and when I realized that I was to be under espionage I felt a spirit of devilry take possession of me. I would carry off the role of conspirator with barren check. For the next two days I was closely shadowed. Whenever I wandered about the town, one of the two men followed me. No doubt it was noted down whom I addressed, when I took my meals, how many cigars I smoked and all other little details. After the first day of this

spy business the same stolid faced waiter slipped into my room with pale face and whisperingly exclaimed:

"Those spies are following you everywhere. For God's sake be careful. Ah, me, but who could have put them on the scent?"

"See here, Hans," I said as I put my hand on his shoulder, "you are evidently on the inside of this affair, and I wish you would tell me what in the devil it all means. Has your gang planned to rob a bank, steal a steamboat or upset the Russian government? I don't like to go it blind this way."

He looked at me open-mouthed for half a minute, and then a broad grin stole over his face. He thought I was playing off on him to test his prudence and loyalty.

"You will carry it through all right," he finally said with many heavy nods of his head, and he went away looking very well pleased.

At the end of another 24 hours I got a further insight into the mystery. I strolled into another hotel three or four blocks away to examine the register, as a globe trotter invariably does for no reason he can explain, when a traveler entered who might have been my twin brother as far as outward appearances went. He was of my height and weight, had the same colored eyes, hair and mustache, and he wore the same old-fashioned frock coat and hat.

He stared at me, and I stared back, and I wandered back to my own hotel, knowing that the real man from London had arrived. An hour later the Pole came to me in a great funk. He had confused the two of us, as well he might, and given his little affair away to a stranger. He started out to say something, but I stopped him with:

"I have seen your chief and know how the mistake came about. Nothing you said to me will go farther. What you are up to I don't know and don't want to know, but don't mix me up in it. Good day."

He mumbled blessings on my head and disappeared to be seen no more. Nor did the twin brother call on me or send me any word when he discovered that a mistake had been made, but a few words quieted him. The Russian spies must have had a bad time of it trying to settle on the right man, but they finally decided in my favor. The Englishman was free from surveillance, while I was dogged closer than before.

At the end of a week and while they were still dogging me, and I was rather enjoying it, there was a fire aboard of a ship in the harbor. It was about 9 o'clock at night, and a great crowd gathered on the wharves to watch the conflagration. I made one of the number, and in my anxiety to secure a good view I mounted the bows of a smart looking brig lying at a wharf.

Hardly over the rail before two men followed and seized me and hustled me down into the cabin. They were the Russians who had been spying on me. Of course I made every form of protest, but I was run into a stateroom and locked up, and within an hour the brig was out of the harbor. It seemed as if she had simply been waiting my arrival on board. We had been under way a couple of hours when my door was opened, and I was ordered to step out. I found the captain of the brig, the two spies and a Russian government official awaiting me.

I have told you that the Englishman and I looked to be twins, but I had not had time to look for little details. As I sat down opposite the Russian official he began comparing my description and appearance with a written description, and at the end of five minutes he rose up and thundered at the two spies:

"Dogs! Idiots! Blunderers! You have arrested the wrong man! This is not the Englishman!"

There was a row to beat the band for the next ten minutes. The spies protested that I answered the description given them and had carried off the character in all ways, and the official shouted at them:

"Has he a mole on his chin? Does his left eyelid droop a little? Is there a scar on his right hand thumb? Oh, you blunderers and incompetents, but you will be rewarded for this!"

"If not too much trouble," I said to the official as he got through storming, "will you kindly explain why an American citizen has been made prisoner in this fashion? Of what am I guilty? If guilty of anything, by what authority do you take the law in your own hands?"

I was told that it was a mistake, but got no other satisfaction. The brig was put about, but as the wind fell we did not make the harbor until after daylight. Then I was dumped on the wharf without apology. I walked straight to the American consul and told him the story, and his reply was:

"Why, me, you had best thank your stars instead of looking for an apology. When the Russian officials get hold of the wrong man by mistake, he is generally sent to Siberia to cover up the blunder."

Later on I found that the Englishman and his party left Stockholm the same evening, but where they went and what sort of a conspiracy they had on hand I never ascertained.

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Her Love Songs.
The "Sonnets of the Portuguese," which were written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, were never intended for publication, but when she showed them to Mr. Browning, whom she had married after they were written, he realized the fact that in them was sung the most perfect love song the world had ever heard, and he concluded such poems should not be hidden. Mrs. Browning was unwilling to publish them in her own name, and as he was fond of calling her his "Little Portuguese" it was decided to have them appear under this name. They are Petrarchian in form and among the most beautiful of the language.

FLABBY FELLOWS

WHO WANT TO BUILD UP THEIR BODIES WILL FIND THE ONE THING NEEDFUL IN

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

The body is built up from the food we eat. But before food can be assimilated by the body it must be prepared for assimilation by the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. Food does not feed when the stomach is "out of order."

The result is, weak muscles and flabby flesh. "Golden Medical Discovery" heals diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive system. It works with Nature to make manly muscle and form firm flesh.

In a letter received from A. D. Wells, Esq., of Pensacola, Fla. (Box 544), he states: "I have, since receiving your diagnosis of my case, a stomach trouble and liver complaint, taken eight bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and must say that I am transformed from a walking shadow (as my friends called me) to perfect health."

~ A TRUE ~
Temperance Medicine.
CONTAINS NO ALCOHOL.

The Prince Got Even.
Several years ago, while a midshipman in the British navy, the late Prince Alfred, duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, made a brief stop at Vancouver's island and was entertained at a ball given by the governor. He was very much struck by the appearance of a girl who seemed to be the belle of the assemblage when he entered the room and learned by inquiry that she was the daughter of the governor, whose wife was a full blooded Indian.

The prince asked the honor of a dance, but the girl, having been educated at a finishing school in Portland, Or., held her head very high and, not knowing the prince's social station, responded that the governor's daughter was entitled to dance with officers of higher rank than midshipmen.

The prince took the rebuff good naturedly. His time for revenge came when one of the governor's suit, not knowing of what had happened, begged his royal highness' permission to present the governor's daughter as a partner for the next waltz. The prince politely declined, remarking that "his mother would be deeply mortified to hear that he had danced with a squaw."—Argonaut.

Effort to Suppress London.
New York's laudable desire to be the biggest city in the world is in striking contrast, as a writer in that city suggests, with the ambition of London in the last years of the sixteenth century, when the decree of Nonesuch forbade the erection of buildings where none had existed in the memory of man. The extension of the metropolis was deemed to encourage the plague, create trouble in governing multitudes, a dearth of victuals, multiplying of beggars and inability to relieve them; an increase of artisans more than cities for lack of inhabitants. The decree asserted that lack of air, lack of room to walk and shoot, etc., arose out of too crowded a city. A proclamation to the same effect was also issued by James I.

Sincere For Once.
"Don't you think you were unnecessarily harsh toward vendor who rang the door bell?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Bixside; "but I couldn't help it. It was such a relief to have a caller before whom you can doff the mask of hypocrisy and say flatly that you prefer to be left alone."

Our Vocabulary.
The English language heads the list with the enormous vocabulary of 200,000 words, while the Spanish has only 20,000, the German 80,000, the Italian 75,000, the French 30,000 and the Turkish 22,500. Shakespeare's vocabulary is put at 13,000, Milton's at 8,000 and the Bible at rather less.

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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, NON-DRUG.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

DON'T WAIT

For a cold to catch you. Have a bottle of Radley's Cough Balsam in the house to catch and cure the cold.

A few doses relieve the cough and allays the irritation. Part of bottle usually cures. If after using half a bottle it fails in your particular case return the bottle and your money will be refunded.

RADLEY'S Reliable Druggists
NEAR GARNER HOUSE

That Persistent Tickling Cough

That sticky secretion in the throat and air passages, that sense of tightness across the chest—"danger signals!" For these conditions take

Gunn's Cura Cough

and be on the safe side. It's a remarkable cure for all **TRACHEA and LUNG AFFECTIONS.** Pleasant to take, being composed of Wild Cherry, White Pine, Balm of Gilead Bud, Blood Root, Etc. 25c a Bottle at

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And get the best work in the city. Work called for and delivered. TELEPHONE 20

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VACUUM OIL

Makes Machinery Run Smoothly and cheaply. Saves wear and tear and fuel. Made by the Vacuum Oil Co., under the Vacuum process.

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Insist upon your dealer furnishing Vacuum American Pulp. Take no other.

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FOR SALE—A few shares of the Chatham Manufacturing Co., Limited. —The best that money can buy should be your aim in choosing a medicine, and this is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures when others fail.

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