

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 State medical 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 both



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

He has perfected the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method entirely free to any man who sends him his name and address. He wants to hear from men who have stricken that they have been unable to get cured, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, varicocele, lost manhood, blood poisoning, rheumatism, enervation of parts, impotence, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but shows 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 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, enclosing free. Address him directly.

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.

Cook'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 Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other pills, mixtures and lotions 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. Sap Spook Company, Windsor, Ont.

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

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.

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LUNCH BOX PAPER

Pure parchment paper—suitable for lunch box wrapping, for sale at

The Planet Office.

Ten Cents worth will be enough for an ordinary family for weeks.

Sure Sign of Spring.

People are beginning to leave their orders for papering and painting now. So be wise and don't wait until the rush is on.

Come now and pick your papers and set the date for your work, and we will do the rest.

TILT'S ART STORE.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

THE VILLAGE PINCUSHION

By Sara Lindsay Coleman

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One can't be comforted and deceived by any such pleasing epithet as bachelor maid when one lives in Arcady. Spinsterhood is a grim fact.

Betty dwelt in Arcady. She lived there with her aunt in a tiny two room house and sewed from morning until night, sometimes far into the night. Betty didn't mind work. There was something she did mind, though.

It never occurred to the Arcadians—for their hearts are kind—that they made a pincushion of Betty and that the pins they eternally stuck into her, little pricks really meant for pleasant-ness, were to a soft eyed, tender, sensitive, brown little thing like Betty actual stabs.

Betty tried so hard not to mind. On her twenty-eighth birthday she did a courageous thing. At midnight she stole from the house to bury something very precious to her. In the blackness about her the wind shouted and jeered, the rain dashed in her face. Half laughing, half sobbing, she put the beautiful thing deep in a heaped up mound of wet, dead leaves. Groping, her hand touched something that she knew to be a late white rose, and with shaking fingers she laid it on the funeral pile.

She was never going to mind again. One couldn't mind after one's youth was dead. She was going to be a cheerful and philanthropic pincushion for the rest of her days. Jeering at spinsters had been in fashion in Arcady long before her birth and bade fair to remain popular for some time after her death.

When she had slipped back into the safety and warmth of her tiny bedroom she stood long before the dingy, cracked mirror that never encouraged vanity and whispered:

"You're twenty-eight, and you've been to the funeral of your own youth. It would be mighty funny to folks if they knew—mighty funny—but they don't, they don't!"

Betty sighed. Beyond her barrier mountains were cities where youth did



"HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME?" BETTY SAID FIERCELY.

not go so pitifully soon. She held the candle high above her head and looked critically at the slender oval of a pale face, at the shadows under unsatisfied eyes.

Betty trembled, crept into bed and lay there, wide eyed. Her heart ached. At a bitter memory that crept out of an old past a fire of shame swept over her.

Arcady didn't know that a romance had almost come into Betty's life. It knew that she had kept steady company with a lad about her own age some twelve years before; knew that one afternoon they went buggy riding and that next day young Kimberly shook the dust of Arcady's main street from his shoes, but it attached no significance to the fact.

The winter went. Spring came. The earth sweetened with odors. It thrilled and quivered with expectancy. When the fresh little folded leaves burst their buds, Betty brought her machine out on her tiny porch. She sang as she sewed.

A girl sauntering past stopped just beyond Betty's doorstep and without a "By your leave" stooped to pluck a bunch of fragrant purple violets.

"Old maids don't need violets," she said. She fastened the violets under her firm young chin and came nearer. "Isn't it a lonely business getting old by yourself, Betty? I'd hate it awfully, but, la, I'll never be an old maid!"

Too young to be glad of her youth, she went on her careless way, leaving the poor little pincushion in tears.

Betty went to church on Sunday, feeling in harmony with the day in spite of the last pin jabbed into her.

"Not married yet?" asked a young man who had been away from Arcady in a voice that thundered through the church. "Well, well, I'll swan! An' a good lookin' woman too!"

"She's still hopin'." It was a woman who spoke, and she fixed the pink ribbon about Betty's throat with a suspicious eye, the poor little luxury of a pink ribbon that Betty had sewed half the night to possess.

Betty dug up her head angrily and

Deranged Nerves THE SHIP'S COMPANY

Weak Spells.

Mr. R. H. Sampson's, Sydney, N.S., Advice to all Sufferers from Nerve Trouble is

"GET A BOX OF MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS."

He says: "I have been ailing for about a year from deranged nerves, and very often weak spells would come over me and be so bad that I sometimes thought I would be unable to survive them. I have been treated by doctors and have taken numerous preparations but none of them helped me in the least. I finally got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Before taking them I did not feel able to do any work, but now I can work as well as ever, thanks to one box of your pills. They have made a new man of me, and my advice to any person troubled as I was, is to get a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited, TORONTO, ONT.

looked into a pair of eyes that had some years before been the very light of her own—the eyes of Henry Kimberly.

The color left her face. Her hands clasped themselves nervously. Tears of distress gathered, but she drove them back desperately.

"Howdy do, Miss Betty?" said Kimberly, making his way through the crowd and holding out his hand.

"Howdy do, Mr. Kimberly?" Betty flung back, disdaining the hand.

She marched past him down the aisle and turned toward home, looking neither to the right nor left. There was a murmur of laughter that grew as Kimberly strode after her.

"How dared you speak to me?" said Betty fiercely.

Kimberly had overtaken her in the quiet lane that led to her home. "Now, Betty"—his voice was firm—"I'm not going to put up with any of your tantrums. You've got to listen to me, an' you've got to tell me what you meant by flingin' them crabapple blossoms in my face twelve years ago. I've come a good ways to find out. I was askin' about you. You know Jim Dale's come out our way. I was hopin' you were happily married, but you ain't. You might have married a better an' a wiser an' a richer man, but you haven't. I've come a long way to find out why you flung them blossoms at me. They were so pretty, Betty, like your pink cheeks, an' as we drove under the trees—Lord, I couldn't talk! The words choked me, an' I couldn't get 'em out. Do you think it was a nice thing for you to do?"

"Do you think it was nice to give them to me?" Betty's voice shook. Kimberly looked at her in amazement. "Didn't you mean it?" she asked. "I meant every word of it, Betty. I mean it now."

Betty stiffened. "I wanted the flowers to tell you, Betty. I thought they would."

"They did," Betty laughed shrilly. "Oh, I hate crabapple blossoms, and I hate the month that brings them, and I hate the man that gave them—crabapple blossoms, that mean!"

"What?" sternly.

"As if you didn't know!" scornfully.

"What?" more sternly.

"Don't you know," sobbed Betty, "that crabapples mean 'I wouldn't, wouldn't have you if I could'?"

Doubt went out of Betty's soul at sight of Kimberly's face, and a red rush of joy leaped to her brow.

Kimberly opened his arms. Betty was never to be a pincushion again. A little brown bird, sore pressed by the chasing hawk, she swept into shelter with a glad cry.

Dr. Wood's



Norway Pine Syrup

Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, Etc.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes:— "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not, but almost choked to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold."

Price 25 Cents.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

HOW A MODERN OCEAN LINER IS OFFICERED AND MANNED.

The Captain Vested With Absolute Power Over Passengers and Crew—Responsibilities of the Chief Engineer—A Floating City—Administration of Vessel is Divided Into Three Departments—A Large Staff.

One of the most remarkable things about the modern ocean liner is the fact that while at sea she gives employment to between 300 and 500 people. It might seem incredible that any vessel, even one capable of carrying from 1,500 to 2,000 passengers, could keep so many men occupied, but it is true that a full count of the officers and crew on any one of the modern Atlantic steamships will give at least the former figure, while on the biggest and most famous ships, such as the Oceanic, Cedric and St. Louis, it falls not far short of the latter.

To begin with the organization of the ship's company from the top, there is first of all the captain. He is the absolute master of the ship and of all on board, with direct responsibility for her safety to her owners and to the traveling public at large. He has control of the ship's navigation and of her internal affairs as well, and he is privileged



THE CAPTAIN AT HIS POST ON THE BRIDGE.

to clap a member of the crew or a passenger who does not behave himself into irons if he deems it necessary. Perhaps nowhere else can one find an example of such absolute and despotic power as the ship's captain may wield if occasion requires.

Under the captain the administration of the big vessel is divided among three departments. The first of these is the deck department, which has charge of the navigation of the vessel; the second is the engineer's department, devoted to operating the boilers and engines, the power producing branch of the steamship; the third is the passenger department, presided over by the purser and the chief steward and having for its chief function to look after the comfort of the travelers for whom the great ship and her elaborate staff primarily exist.

In the deck department are various officers, usually the chief officer or first officer, second and junior second, third and junior or third officers. The chief officer is the captain's assistant. He relieves the latter on the bridge, takes his place in the daily inspection of the ship and has charge particularly over the cleanliness of the ship, seeing to it that every part is in spick and span order. The second officers take turns at standing watch on the bridge and superintending the decks, while the junior officers, as the thirds are called, are employed in the steering of the vessel, one of them being constantly engaged in this work, with the assistance of the quartermasters.

Then a number of petty officers is to be noted in the deck department, such as the quartermasters, who perform the actual work of steering the ship; the chief boatswain and his assistants, who look after the rigging and deck equipment, and the carpenter, who is responsible for the good order of the spars, boats, water tanks and decks and who inspects these and also the masts, yards and pumps twice each day. Besides these officers, there are the ordinary seamen, who perform all sorts of duties, from working the deck machinery to scrubbing the decks and rails to keep them in shining order.

At the head of the engine department is the chief engineer, who has as assistant officers what are known as first, second and third engineers. Next to the captain's post the chief engineer's is the most responsible position in the operation of the liner, and the engineer has under him a great number of workers—the trimmers, who bring the coal from the bunkers to the fire rooms; the stokers, who feed it into the always hungry furnaces, and the greasers, who keep the engine parts clean and well oiled. There are also a number of men who look after the pumps, the blowers and the electrical plant, which is under the chief engineer's supervision.

In the passenger department there are two very important officers, one of these being the purser, the man with whom the passengers come in to contact most frequently and who is largely responsible for the popularity or unpopularity of the ship.

The other principal officer in this department is the chief steward, who exercises authority over a small army of stateroom stewards, saloon stewards, storekeepers and bootblacks, and who selects the food and makes out the menus for the meals.

A HEALTHY OLD AGE

The Goal of Every Man's Ambition

THOUSANDS of human beings are suffering under the burden of a sickly, premature old age, because of diseased kidneys. These organs once diseased give out to all parts of the body a deadly slow-acting poison. The face loses its color, the eye its luster, the brain its ambition, and the muscles their energy, and many of the most troublesome ailments result.

Bu-Ju cures all forms of kidney trouble, and brings back youth and vigor by rooting out the evil. It is a never-failing cure for every form of kidney ailment. It cures rheumatism by eradicating the cause of rheumatism, kidney disorders. If you are suffering from any form of kidney trouble, commence taking Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill, at once. You cannot afford to neglect the many symptoms that point to diseased kidneys.

Markham, Ont., Dec. 1, 1903.

Claslin Chemical Co., Windsor, Ont.

Gentlemen—I had suffered almost continually for seven years from kidney trouble. Could scarcely walk and was unable to attend to my farm duties. Saw Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill, advertised and procured a box from my druggist. After taking the first few pills I felt much relieved and after taking half a box was able to do a full day's work. I know one box of Bu-Ju saved me 40 doctor bills, and think they are the finest pill made. I give this testimonial freely.

Yours very truly, JAMES ABBOTT.

Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill

Is for sale by druggists generally, or will be forwarded by mail on receipt of price.

50 cents per box.



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For all kinds of Family Baking

BEAVER FLOUR

has no equal. It is the only flour blended especially for household use and this blending enables the housewife to get the best results.

The best costs no more than the next best. Your grocer should have it for you.

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Sap Spouts

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MAPLE SYRUP SEASON

necessarily calls for cornmeal in the house. The Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited, have just completed their new and up-to-date cornmeal plant. Ask your grocer for the following brands :

SUNRISE—That delicious golden granular cornmeal for mush and Johnny cake.

OANARY—For that sweet yellow Johnny cake like mother used to make.

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