

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 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 name and address. He wants to hear from men who have suffered from the diseases of men, such as gonorrhea, 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 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, 298 Woodward Ave., Room P, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent to you. This is something entirely new and well worth knowing more about. Write at once.

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.

Parisian Steam Laundry Co.
TELEPHONE 20.

DON'T WAIT

until spring to let your contract for your new residence, if you intend erecting one, or repairs to your old one if you propose remodeling same. Remember if we receive the contract now we will be able to do it much cheaper than if you wait until our spring rush. Every part of the work done under our personal supervision. Leave particulars of work at office or phone 62 and we will be pleased to call on you and give you our estimate. Grilles, mantles and all interior fixtures supplied on shortest notice.

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Men's Felt Shoes, reg. \$3.00, now \$2.00.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BIG CLOCK.

A. A. JORDAN

Minard's Liniment — Lumberman's Friend.

CASE II3

By...
Emile Gaboriau

"But then?"
"Pardon me for interrupting you," said M. Fauvel, "and permit me to tell you that to a safe like mine the key is of no importance. In the first place, one must know the word upon which the five movable buttons turn. With the word one can open it without the key, but without the word?"
"And this word you never told to any one?"

"To no one in the world, monsieur, and sometimes I would have been puzzled to know myself with what word the safe had been shut."

"Had you forgotten it on the day of the theft?"

"No; the word had been changed the day before, and its peculiarity struck me."

"What was it?"

"Gipsy—G-i-p-s-y," said the banker, spelling the name.

M. Patrigent wrote down the name.

"One more question, monsieur. Were you at home the evening before the robbery?"

"No; I dined and spent the evening with a friend. When I returned home about 1 o'clock, my wife was in bed, and I went to bed immediately."

"And you were ignorant of what sum there was in the safe?"

"Absolutely. After my positive orders I could only suppose that a small sum had been left there over night. I stated this fact to the commissary in M. Bertomy's presence, and he acknowledged it to be the case."

"That will do, monsieur."

M. Patrigent was well informed of the high standing of the banker and knew almost as much of his affairs as did M. Fauvel himself.

He asked him to sign his testimony and then escorted him to the door of his office, a rare favor on his part.

Five o'clock struck before the list of witnesses summoned for the day was exhausted, but the task of M. Patrigent was not yet finished. He rang for his bailiff, who instantly appeared, and said to him:

"Go at once and bring Fanferlot here."

It was some time before the detective answered the summons. Having met a colleague on the gallery, he thought it his duty to treat him to a drink, and the bailiff had found it necessary to bring him from the little inn at the corner.

"How is it that you keep people waiting?" said the judge.

Fanferlot bowed almost to the floor. Despite his smiling face, he was very uneasy. To follow the Bertomy case alone it required a double play that might be discovered at any moment. To manage at once the cause of justice and his own ambition he took great risks, the least of which was the losing his place.

"I have had a great deal to do," he said to excuse himself, "and have not lost any time."

And he began to give a detailed account of his movements. He was embarrassed, for he spoke with all sorts of restrictions, picking out what was to be said and avoiding what was to be left unsaid. Thus he gave the history of Cavallion's letter, which he handed to the judge, but he did not breathe a word of Madeleine. On the other hand, he gave biographical details, very minute indeed, of Prosper and Mme. Gipsy, which he had collected from various quarters. As he heard the story, M.

Patrigent's convictions were strengthened.

"The young man is evidently guilty," he said.

Fanferlot did not reply. "His opinion was different, but he was delighted that the judge was on the wrong track, thinking that his own glory would thereby be the greater when he discovered the real culprit. The fact was that this grand discovery was as far off as it had ever been."

After hearing all he had to tell, the judge dismissed Fanferlot, telling him to return in the morning.

"Above all," he said as Fanferlot left the room, "do not lose sight of the girl Gipsy. She must know where the money is and can put us on the track."

Fanferlot smiled knowingly.

"You may rest easy about that, monsieur. The lady is in good hands."

Left to himself, although the evening was far advanced, M. Patrigent continued to busy himself with the case and to arrange that the rest of the depositions should be made. This case had actually taken possession of his mind. It was at the same time puzzling and attractive. It seemed to be surrounded by a cloud of mystery, which he determined to penetrate.

The next morning he was in his office much earlier than usual. On this day he examined Mme. Gipsy, called Cavallion and sent again for M. Fauvel. For several days he displayed the same activity. Of all the witnesses subpoenaed only two failed to appear. The first was the office boy sent by Prosper to bring the money from the bank. He was ill from a fall. The second was M. Raoul de Lagors. But their absence did not prevent the file of papers relating to Prosper's case from growing, and on the ensuing Monday, five days after the robbery, M. Patrigent thought he held in his hands enough moral proof to crush the accused.

CHAPTER IV.

DURING these minute investigations of his past life Prosper was in prison in a secret cell. The first two days had not appeared very long. He had requested and been granted some sheets of paper, numbered, which he was obliged to account for, and he wrote with a sort of rage plans of defense and memoranda of justification. The third day he began to be uneasy at not seeing any one except the condemned prisoners who were employed to serve those confined in secret cells and the jailer who brought him his food.

"Am I not to be examined again?" he would ask.

"Your turn is coming," the jailer invariably answered.

Time passed, and the wretched man, tortured by the sufferings of solitary confinement, which quickly break the spirit, sank into despair.

"Am I to stay here forever?" he moaned.

The cell door opened, and the jailer's gruff voice called out, "Come to the court of instruction."

He instantly obeyed the order. But his step was no longer unsteady, as a few days previous a complete change had taken place within him. He walked with head erect, a firm step and the fire of resolution shining in his eye. He knew the way now, and he walked a little ahead of the guard who escorted him. As he was passing through the room full of officers, he met the man with the gold spectacles who had watched him so intently the day he was searched.

"Courage, M. Prosper Bertomy," he said. "If you are innocent, there are those who will help you."

Prosper started with surprise and was about to reply when the man disappeared.

"Who is that gentleman?" he asked of the guard.

"Don't you know him?" replied the policeman, with surprise. "Why, it is M. Lecoq of the secret service."

"You say his name is Lecoq?"

"You might as well say 'monsieur,'" said the offended policeman. "It would not burn your mouth. M. Lecoq is a man who knows everything he wants to know without its ever being told to him. If you had had him instead of that imbecile Fanferlot, your case would have been settled long ago. Nobody is allowed to waste time when he has command. But he seems to be a friend of yours."

"I never saw him until the first day I came here."

To Be Continued.

Our duty to the present is paying the debts of the past.

Bright, entertaining and instructive—New Year's Number of the Four-Track News for January. Only 5 cents at nearest Newsdealers.

The trouble with the egotist is that he seldom judges other people by himself.

Any irregularity on the part of The Planet carrier boys will be immediately remedied by calling at the office or phoning 534.



I wish you a good appetite!

Thanks to my bottle of

Vin St Michel

Farewell Doctors and medicines. With this good wine the stomach works just the same as at twenty years of age.

The brain is never tired.

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HEARTLESS PARENTS

With strange heartlessness Mentor Leigh, aged 28 years and able-bodied, and his healthy young wife appeared in court at Portland, Ore., a few days ago and expressed willingness to let the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society have for life their daughter, aged six weeks. The court held consultations with both before issuing the order, and the father and mother were willing that the infant should pass from their hands, although the court warned them that a parting in this case would be forever, and they must never expect to regain possession of their offspring in later years.

"Don't you love the baby; don't you feel attached to it?" queried Judge Webster in a kindly voice of the mother, as she sat before the bench with the little one in her arms.

"No, I don't love it very much, and I don't feel very much attached to it," replied the mother of six weeks, while the court almost refused to believe her ears.

"We are poor," continued Mrs. Leigh, "and feel that the child would be better off in other hands."

The two came here from Canyon County, about 40 miles from Butte, Mont.

Women find fierce fault frequently for fancied failures.

Lame Back for Four Months.

Was Unable to Turn in Bed Without Help.

Plasters and Liniments No Good.

This was the experience of Mr. Benjamin Stewart, Zionville, N.B.

TWO-THIRDS OF A BOX OF

Doan's Kidney Pills

CURED HIM.

He tells of his experience in the following words: "For four months I was troubled with a lame back and all this time was unable to turn in bed without help. I tried plasters and liniments of all kinds but with no effect. At last I was induced to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and by the time I had used two-thirds of a box my back was as well and as strong as ever and has kept so ever since."

Backache, Frequent Thirst, Scanty, Cloudy, Thick or Highly Colored Urine, Puffing under the Eyes, Swelling of the Feet and Ankles, are all symptoms of kidney trouble that Doan's Kidney Pills will cure.

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That Comfortable Feeling in a New Suit

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

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