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A. A. HICKS, D. B. S.—Honor gradu-ate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor gradu-ate of Royal College of Dental Sur-geons, Toronte. Office over Turn-er's drug store, 26 Rutherford-Block.

LODGES



WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7.30 p.m. Visiting brethren

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CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS.

Price Purely Vegetable.

MISTAKEN ESTIMATES.

A Fable With a Moral to Those Who

Once upon a time there was a real true gentleman of a humble and retiring disposition who always tried to get

along with as little friction as possible and who weighed 100 pounds and was three inches below the normal height. One day he went to a prize fight, and

when it was finished on his way home he stopped and bought a new set of golf clubs, instruments that he had never dallied with before, and when he

"I've turned over a new leaf. After this I pl golf, while you stay at home

and take care of the baby. After this I go to my club regularly and toy with

the chips, to learn to carom on the red, or sit in the front row and watch

the antics of the chorus, or anything I please, while as for you—you can mourn for me if you see fit and shed

appropriate tears for the lamb of the

flock that has gone astray. After this you sit in church alone every Sunday while I am home with my feet holding

down the mantelpiece, smoking large perfecto and reading the Sunday supplements. After this I root for my

favorite baseball nine, go to all the yacht races, swear at the meals and do

the gladiator act around my own premises. Do you understand?"

In reply his wife got a firm grip or

his collar and lifted him swiftly but gently upstairs and, shaking him as many times as necessary, while he began to look exceedingly sheepish, re-

"No, Henry, you will do nothing of the sort. You will do the same old stunts you have been celebrated for

and lead the quiet, humble life you have always led under my management. Don't you know that your size

-Tom Masson in New York Herald.

The man who cannot be beaten is who holds his head up when e ha

Consult Dr. Goldberg

Because he accepts no incurable cases for treatment.

Because he discovered the Latest recognized as superior to any discovered within the past 25 years.

Because he has 14 diplomas, certifi-tify to his standing.

Because he received four special di-plomas from the New York Post Graduate School.

Because reputation, and not on the reputation of his predecessor.

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Because Detroit's only specialist who has stood the test of time. Because thousands of patients testify

If you cannot call write for question blank for home treatment.

OR. GOLDBERG, 208 Woodward-ave.

and weight are against you?" Moral. — It would have worked all right if he had been four inches taller.

marched home he said to his wife:

CURE SICK HEADACHE &

FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER.

FOR CONSTIPATION

FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

Very small and as easy

There were four of us, met together There were four of us, met together one Saturday evening in our accustomed quiet Bloomsbury tavern—three of us friends of long standing, the fourth only admitted to the circle of late; we knew little of him save that his name was Smith; his age would be something over thirty, and he seemed to have done and seen most things under the sun.

That evening someone had mentioned the case of a young fellow who had just been told by his doctor that he must not expect to live more than ten years, and we had been discussing whether he should live "the strenuous life" for his short span, or take things easily. Smith

short span, or take things easily. Smith listened in silence for a time, but presently broke out.

"Blame me if I can understand you fellows," he said, "and your talk of the strenuous life and fame and success and the rest of it; I suppose it's not in me.

For to be old and for to see For to admire this world so wide

—that's me. I've not had much of a time of it on the whole; had a bad start for one thing. I was what people call the 'love-child' of a barmaid. Don't know nor care who my father was—bit of a swell, probably; he settled a hundred and fifty a year on me for life through some lawyers. I was put out to nurse soon after I was born and never saw my mother to know her—lawyers told me who she was. I had a middling education and could gabble my 'Arma virumque' with the best of 'em when I was sixteen. I started in Canada, took up my 160 acres, wheat got frozen two years running, so I chucked it and went lumbering. Got down into the States, was a potman in New York, clerk in a tinned beef show in Chicago, cow-puncher in Utah, and worked on fruit ranches in California. Fine country, California. Signed on a tramp at 'Frisco, left her at Sydney and did Australia—sheep-shearing, cattle stations, 'sundowning.' Made a bit of money over a deal in cattle, blued it in a week in Sydney, and got on another tramp for Cape Town. Left her there, went up country and joined the B. S. A. Police, went through the Matabele war, and was in the Jameson Raid, and then came home for a spell."

Why "home"? I thought.

"Went out to the Cape again a bit before the war; when that started joined the I.L.H., and went all through it. War's about my mark, I guess—not soldiering, mind you. There's a grisly kind of fascination in the zip-zip-zipping kind of fascination in the zip-zip-z

before the war; when that stated joined the I.L.H., and went all through it. War's about my mark, I guess—not soldiering, mind you. There's a grisly kind of fascination in the zip-zip-zipping of the bullets, seeing fellows go down all round you, and wondering where the next one's coming. It's like swapping yarns with death. What am I going to do now? Lord knows; there's not much left in life for me; it's a mystery why some bullet didn't come my way a bit straighter, but my sort don't seem to get killed that way. Marry and settle down? Not likely; women 're just like places to me—I get sick of 'em. I've loved a few; I'm all human that way. I'm not one of your cold-blooded kind Holy Mary! pity women!"

He brought his fist down on the table with a display of emotion that was astounding.

"I've broken ah the ten command-

nding.

counted. Savings Ban. Department deposits (which may be withdrawn without delay, received and interest ellowed thereon at the ighest current rates.

G. P. SCHOLFIELD, Manager Chatham Branch.

Barrister.

Change of Time

Ch

He stretched out his arms and drew in long breath through clenched teeth and

THE STEAMER

"Well, good night, you fellows: I've been drinking too much to-night, but I'll give you a last toast—here's to the next war, and pray God I'll never see forty."

He drained his glass and lurched unsteadily out into the night.

Lave never seen him since.—G. S. P.

I have never seen him since.—G. S. Pin London "Outlook."

A Life-Saving Kite.

Of late years the kite has emerged from the position of a mere toy, and has been successfully employed for meteorological observations at high altitudes. A more recent application of the kite principle is as a life-saving appliance, to be carried on shipboard, its particular duty being to establish communication between a stranded vessel and the adjacent shore. It stands to reason that a ship in this position generally has the assistance of the wind in carrying anything shoreward, and it would be far easier to launch a kite under such conditions than it would be to fire a rocket in the reverse direction! The kite carries a guide-rope, and contains in a pocket a set of signals and instructions. It is also furnished with apparatus for telephonic communication between the crew and their would-be rescuers. But we must confess that, seeing the frequent difficulty of telephonic conversation ashore in a quiet office, we can hardly believe that it would be possible in a howling tempest. The kite is the invention of the Comte Brossard, and it is said to have been tried with success at Toulon and at Brest.—"Chambers' Journal."

No Difference Which Side.

Mr. Booker T. Washington tells this story of a man who belonged to the "po'h white trash" of Alabams.

A black man who ran a ferry was one day accosted thus:

"Uncle Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross, but I hain't got no money."

Uncle Mose scratched his head.

"Doan" you got no money't all?" he querled.

queried.
"No" said the wayfaring stranger, "I haven't a cent."
"But it done cost you but three cents," insisted Uncle Mose, "ter cross

de ferry."

"I know," said the white man, "but I haven't got the three cents."

Uncle Mose was in a quandary. "Boss," he said, "I done tole you what. Er man what's got no three cents am jes' e well off on dis side er de river as on de oddard.

TWO MEN.
By ANNIE NATHAN MAYER.

OTHING had happened—nothing at all. She said it over and over again to herself, as if to persuade herself that it was true. But it was nothing—nothing at all.

She lay back on the steamer chair that was her favorite resting-place, perched was nothing—nothing at all, was her favorite resting-place, perched high up in the little piazza just outside her bedroom. She closed her eyes wearily to think it all over, while the muffled roar of the breakers coming across the bay reiterated the tiresome phrase—that nothing, nothing at all had happened. She tried to collect her thoughts and discover just what had taken place—this nothing. She had gone to the dinner—her husband had insisted on her going without him—she had met Hobart again, they had chatted during the dinner, in a conventionally superficial way, and then again in a more personal, intimate way on the piazza after the coffee. And he had escorted her home—while the maid who had called for her walked slightly behind. At parting he had looked into her eyes, said "Good night"—told her how pleasant it had been to meet her again, and had asked permission to call some other time, and—and that was all. As she had told herself for the twentieth time, nothing had really happened at all. Well, what was changed? And what

As she had told herselt for the twenteth time, nothing had really happened at all. Well, what was changed? And what was she going to do now? And why? The deep, regular breathing of her sleeping husband came to her from the closed shutters on her left—the room adjoining hers. Ah, her husband! If he had only been different! How many women, she wondered, had excused themselves thus? Here she was battling with the most serious resolution she had ever struggled with—yes, more serious than that other she had taken a few weeks before—and there he was sleeping as calmly a stone's throw away as if she had-never existed. That typified their relation. Or if she had been blessed with a child! She smiled a little, wry smile at the staleness of the excuse—always excuses.

She stared for a while out over across the bay, and almost fancied she could see the dancing white foam beyond the sentinel dunes. Making a great effort, she determined to fight off her growing sluggishness, her longing to drift, determined resolutely to begin from the very beginning, and think it all out for herself.

When she had come down from town, she had been so sure of herself, so absolutely convinced that she was right, and that nothing could alter ker determination. She had agreed to everything, and Harriman had remained in town to arrange some business matters, and she had planned to be domestic for a few weeks, and then they were to sail quietly away for Europe and begin life all over again. There was to be no scandal, they had gone all over it so often, she was togo off to the Massachusetts coast to pay a visit to her sister, and he was to sail for a pear's stay in Europe, being over-worked by that last public building he had erected in Tacoma. Her husband would receive a letter, explaining it as quietly as possible, and no one would know until the divorce was granted. Divorces can be arranged so quietly if one knows the border, and has the will and the where withal to cheat the reporter. Of course, there would be some talk—she had made up her m

She had come down four weeks ago with the thought of Harriman stirring her strangely as she went about the place he had loved with her. They had been the most perfect companions the summer before. She had never met a man that so completely gave himself up to the fascination of lower Long Island—even that so completely gave himself up to the fascination of lower Long Island—even as she had done. He was constantly pointing out to her the beauty of some great white sail silently gliding over. What was apparently a green meadow—for the little inlets on which the boats sailed all day long slipped in and out, among irregular patches of high swamp grass—or of the sky swept by great white cloud-wings as of angels, or of the sea, ever alike and yet ever changing. They never tired of the racy air—union of brine and pine—the spicy, bestirring air of lower Long Island. They had glided into this intimacy of thought and feeling as innocently as those pure white sails glided before the wind.

Then all at once there had been a shuddering awakening, brought about by some light word spoken by a woman who thought the worst and thought none the less of them—perhaps a little more—for it. The purity of the white sails was gone. They could not bear the usual attitude of the gay set, somehow they were of different calibre, and so they had talked it all over again and again, until at last the following spring had brought its solution—a decision not lightly taken on either side.

She smiled now, alone in the darkness er Long Island—even He was constantly.

Because specialist in Detroit who has no branch offices, consequently gives this office his entire attention. Because you pay Dr. Goldberg for his call you see him personally and not some assistant. Because each time you write it receives his personal attention.

Because he is the only specialist who until you are cured.

special instance—this one case—(an how we all love to deceive ourselves!) Wrong-doing! why it was right-doing! They were the blithest of sinners, the

most conscious of well-doers the sun shone on.

So for the past four weeks she had lived in a dream—eaten, slept, talked, driven as usual, but awake only to the one great fact that faced her. There were powerful memories stirring her at every turn of the drive—every irregular inlet, every odor had brought Harriman vividly before her. She was going to him—the struggle was over, another week to be dreamed through and she would be his till death parted them.

Till death parted them—she had heard that before—somewhere from the dim past those solemn words rose with a strange accusation. Why did such thoughts persist to-night? Why bring up again all those harrowing doubts? She had not decided lightly; she was entering into this new relation far more prayerfully, far more earnestly than ten years before as a mere child she had entered into marriage.

before as a mere child she had entered into marriage.

Till death—yes, this step must be final. Its finality, fts steadfastness, was what separated it from mere—mere—ah! she could not say it. Yet—suddenly she sprang up and paced the little piazza—yes, something had happened after all. That was what had happened, the first shock of doubt had come to her. Doubt—not of him, no, no, she believed in him. He worshipped her, and what was more, He worshipped her, and what was more he honored her. Of course no other he honored her. Of course no other woman would ever believe it, but he honored her for the very sacrifice she was about to make for him. He honored her that she was not the type to deceive her husband. He knew all that the step meant to her. She was positive that his love for her was that clean, honest love which lasts after a woman's hair turns grey. She knew the glow would sweep into his great blue eyes, ten—yes, twenty—years from then at the sight of her, just as they did now.

But doubt none the less—and worse,

But doubt none the less—and worse, doubt of herself! It had come! She should be thankful, at least, that it had not come too late. The tragedy of doubt afterward—that would have killed her afterward—that would have killed her by inches. Better far the doubt now. And how had that doubt entered her Eden? A pair of mocking black eyes answered her. Her hand felt again the slight pressure of an hour ago. She shivered and drew her golf cape closely about her, and turned her head and took some of the rough collar between her teeth. "I won't believe it—I can't. I won't!" she murmured, as she bit savagely at the woolly wrad.

won't believe it—I can't. I won't!" she murmured, as she bit savagely at the woolly wrap.

It was all so absurd—positively child is all What had Hobart done? Nothing whatever. He had said nothing at any time that a mar may not say to a woman in the same social standing. What had aroused that sudden consciousness, that unexpected spark, as of stone striking stone, flumg straight from eye to eye? The slightest tightening of the good-night clasp of the hand, the sharp, quickened breath, and it was all over. She would have thought nothing of it a few years ago. Pshaw! it was nothing. Her snomalous position had sharpened her intuitions, she was morbid and overstrung, perhaps, she scolded her self, she was even growing absurd. And yet the next instant she was telling her self that a cortented wife can afford quickening breath, a flash of sympathy whatever may be called that subtle, elusive sex-consciousness, but a woman who was on the brink of leaving her lawful subden glimpse of possibilities—a great chasm seemed to open before her—black defile. Horrible! she covered he face with her hands.

Half an hour later, her one thought was how to tell him. She never could.

Half an hour later, her one though Half an hour later, her one thought was how to tell him. She never could bring herself to confess the truth—to reveal to him the spectre that had arise; between him and her. She knew he would take it all as a lack of trust in him. Ah how that would hurt! He would think she held him as other men, light wooers of the passing moment. But even that was better than to confess it was herself she mistrusted. How she would fall in his eyes! It must be the other, hurt as it would. She rose wearily, and went to her desk. After all, it had come about that it was not to her husband that the difficult letter was to be written.

She wrote rapidly, and nervously scanned one note after another, beford tearing it up in passionate disgust. In all, she destroyed four. Then a sudden inspiration came to her—at least a temporary way out of the difficulty:

"Dear Mr. Harriman: I have suddenly decided not to pay that visit to my sister as I had intended to do next week."

decided not to pay that visit to my sister, as I had intended to do next week. So I shall remain at Summertime, where we shall be glad to welcome you at any time."

When he came, as she knew he would, there was very little explanation. She had quivered in imagination before the had quivered in imagination before the pain in his eyes, the reality could not hurt worse. She implored him to believe that she still trusted him—loved him? Of course, as she always would continue to do. But she could not do it—she was not as courageous as she had thought herself—that was all. He knew it was not all, but he bowed before her decision as he must.

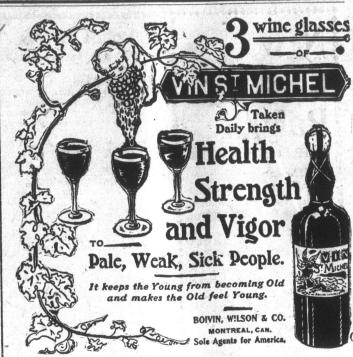
all, but he bowed before her decision as he must.

The day before he sailed, they sat talking conventionally in the little summerhouse overlooking the bay. Thither came Hobart. She rose politely, introduced the two men, continued to chat in her musical, low voice. The two men felt a frigidity beneath all her vivacity—there was a sense of strain, of a holding-in of some powerful emotion. No one could have named it—yet all three felt its influence.

last the following spring had brought its solution—a decision not lightly taken on either side.

She smiled now, alone in the darkness—tow well she had conned every argument—they were young, were both their lives to be sacrificed to an ill-considered act of a mere girl? Her husband did not needler, his valet was of infinitely more importance to him, perhaps his horses came next, and then his yacht, and then possibly she—or possibly another—she had long since ceased to care.

How they had protested again and again—Harriman and she—that they were made for each other! They were sympathetic, looked on life and nature from the same vantage point, enjoyed everything together, alt how they enjoyed! Made for one another? Why, they were one, more united than ever husband and wife had been. Their union would not be a mere yielding to passion—she felt she could not endure that—of course not—it would be a union of intellect, heart, soul—everything. How they had delighted in justifying themselves to each other! How sure they had been that their wrong-doing would be different from that of any other acounts in all thas



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