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AND STRONG.

Specialist Discovers Something New
in the Cure of Men's
Diseases in Their Own Homes.

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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
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boards, has perfected a startling method of curing the
diseases of men in their own homes; so that there may
be no doubts 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.

method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Gold-
berg, 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 striven for years
to cure their diseases, but have failed. He will send
him a booklet all the complications, such as rheumatism,
leakage 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
gladly 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
case that contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, en-
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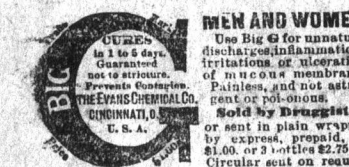
Dr. S. Goldberg, 208 Woodward
Ave., Room 2,
Detroit, Mich., and it will all imme-
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Write at once.

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Ladies Favorite.
Is the only safe, reliable
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Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's
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P.S.—We have also added a newly
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Collars and Cuffs.

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Hill's Root Liniment
Extract of Wild Turnip.

Made of roots. No drugs and a sure cure
for rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back, sick
headache, toothache. Guaranteed to stop
all aches and pains instantly, and also to
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Can be best for man or beast. 25c and
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the very face of it.

Old Hagar's Secret

BY MRS. M. J. HOLMES

Author of "For a Woman's Sake," "Love's Triumph,"

"Purified by Suffering," "A Grass Widow,"

"Woman Against Woman," Etc.

"It's not likely he is much," said Theo, "and if grandma were here, I presume she would assign him the chamber over the kitchen. The wall is low on one side, I know, but I dare say he is not accustomed to anything better."

Accordingly several articles of stray lumber were removed from the chamber, which the ladies arranged with care, and which, when completed, presented quite a respectable appearance. But Maggie had no idea of putting her guest, as she considered him, in the kitchen chamber; and when, as the party entered the house, Mrs. Jeffrey, from the head of the stairs, called out: "This way, Maggie—tell them to come this way," she waived her aside, and led the way to a large, airy room, over the parlor, where, in a high, old-fashioned bed, surrounded on all sides by heavy damask curtains, they laid the weary stranger. The village surgeon arriving soon after, the fractured bones were set, and then, as perfect quiet seemed necessary, the room was vacated by all save Maggie, who gazed noiselessly around the apartment, while the eyes of the sick man followed her with eager, admiring glances, so beautiful she looked to him in her new capacity of nurse.

Henry Warner, as the stranger was called, was the junior partner of the firm of Douglas & Co., Worcester, and his object in visiting the Hillsdale neighborhood was to collect several bills, which for a long time had been due. He had left the city at the depot, and hiring a livery horse, was taking the shortest route from the east side of town to the west, when he came accidentally upon Maggie Miller, and, as we have seen, brought his ride to a sudden close. All this he told to her on the morning following the accident, retaining until the last the name of the firm of which he was a member.

"And you were once there at our store," he said, "How long ago?"
"Five years," answered Maggie, "when I was eleven, and Theo thirteen," then, looking earnestly at him, she exclaimed: "And you are the very one, the clerk with the saucy eyes whom grandma disliked so much because she thought he made fun of her; but we didn't think so—Theo and I," she added, hastily, as she saw the curious expression on Henry's mouth and fancied he might be displeased. "We liked them both very much, and knew they must of course be annoyed with grandma's English whims."

For a moment the saucy eyes studied intently the fair, girlish face of Maggie Miller, who slowly closed, while a train of thought something like the following passed through the young man's mind: "A woman and yet a perfect child, innocent and unsuspecting as little Rose herself. In one respect they are alike, knowing no evil and expecting none; and Henry Warner, do what he might, or deed to injure this girl may I never again look on the light of day or breathe the air of heaven."

The vow had passed his lips. Hen-

Could Not Lie On Her
Left Side.WAS TROUBLED WITH PAIN
IN HER HEART FOR
SIX YEARS.

Expected Her Friends Would
Find Her Dead.

Mrs. C. Bondreau, Campbellton, N.B.,
was completely cured by

MILBURN'S
Heart and Nerve Pills.

She tells of her experience in the following letter: "I was troubled with a pain in my heart and weakness for six years. Most of the time I could not lie on my left side. I consulted a doctor but got no relief and was completely discouraged. I did not think I would live long and expected my friends would find me dead. A friend brought me a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and I took them to please her, not thinking they would do me any good. I had not used half the box when I commenced to feel myself getting better and by the time I had taken two boxes I was completely cured and can recommend them to all sufferers from heart trouble."

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CHATHAM FARMER'S HOUSE

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25 well ventilated rooms. Weekly or table borders. Special rates. \$1 per day

J. W. MILES, Proprietor.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

and dollars, and only twenty-eight years old, and the best fellow in the world, except that he pretends to dislike women."

By this time, Theo's proud blue eyes shone with delight, and when, after a little further conversation, Mr. Warner expressed a wish to write to his partner, she brought her own rosewood writing-desk for him to use, and then, seating herself by the window, waited until the letter was written.

"What shall I say for you, Miss Theo?" he asked, near the close; and, coloring slightly, she gave: "Invite him to come out and see you."

"Oh, that will be grand!" cried Maggie, who was far more enthusiastic, though not more anxious than her sister.

Of her, Henry Warner did not ask any message. He would not have written it had she sent one; and, folding the letter, after adding Theo's invitation, he laid it aside.

"I must write to Rose next," he said. "It's a whole week since I have written, and she has never been so long without hearing from me."

Instantly there came a shadow over Maggie's face, while Theo, less scrupulous, asked "who Rose was."

"A very dear friend of mine," said Henry, and, as Mrs. Jeffrey just then sent for Theo, Maggie was left with him alone.

"Wait one moment," she said, as she saw him about to commence the letter. "Wait till I bring you a sheet of gilt-edged paper. It is more worthy of Rose, I fancy, than the plain paper."

"Thank you," he said. "I will tell her of your suggestion."

The paper was brought, and then seating herself by the window, Maggie looked out abstractedly, seeing nothing, and hearing nothing save the sound of the pen, as it wrote down words and love, she gazed at Rose. It was not a long epistle; and, as at the close of the Douglas letter he had asked a message from Theo, so now at the close of this he claimed one from Maggie.

"What shall I say for you?" he asked, and coming toward him, Margaret answered, "Tell her I love her, though I don't know who she is!"

"Why have you never asked me?" queried Henry, and coloring crimson, Maggie answered hesitatingly, "I thought you would tell me if you wished me to know."

"Read this letter and that will explain who she is," the young man continued, offering the letter to Maggie, who, grasping it eagerly, sat down opposite, so that every motion of her face was visible to him.

The letter was as follows:
"My Darling Little Rose:

"Do you fancy some direful calamity has befallen me, because I have not written to you for more than a week? Away with your fears, then, for nothing worse has come upon me than a badly broken limb, which will probably keep me a prisoner here for two months or more. Now, don't be frightened, Rosa. I am not crippled for life, and even if I were, I could love you just the same, while you, I am sure, would love me more."

"As you probably know, I left Worcester on Tuesday morning for the purpose of collecting some bills in this neighborhood. Arrived at Hillsdale, I procured a horse, and was sauntering along leisurely through the woods, when I came suddenly upon a flying witch in the shape of a beautiful young girl. She was the finest rider I ever saw, and

such a chase as she led me, until at last, to my dismay, she leaped across a chasm, down which a nervous little creature like you would be afraid to look. Not wishing to be outdone, I followed her, and, as a matter of course, broke my bones."

"Were it not that the accident will greatly sidget you, I should not much regret it, for to me there is a peculiar charm about this old stone house and its quaint surroundings. But the greatest charm of all, perhaps, lies in my fair nurse, Maggie Miller, for whom I risked my neck. You two would be fast friends in a moment, and yet you are totally dissimilar, save that your voices are much alike."

"Write to me soon, dear Rose, and believe me ever,
"Your affectionate brother,
"HENRY."

"Oh," said Maggie, catching her breath, which for a time had been partially suspended. "Oh," and in that single monosyllable there was, to the young man watching her, a world of meaning. "She's your sister, this little Rose," and the soft dark eyes flashed brightly upon him.

"What did you suppose her to be?" he asked, and Maggie answered, "I thought she might be your wife, though I should rather have her for a sister, if I were you."

The young man smiled involuntarily, thinking to himself how his fashionable city friends would be shocked at such perfect frankness, which meant no more than their own studied airs.

(To Be Continued.)

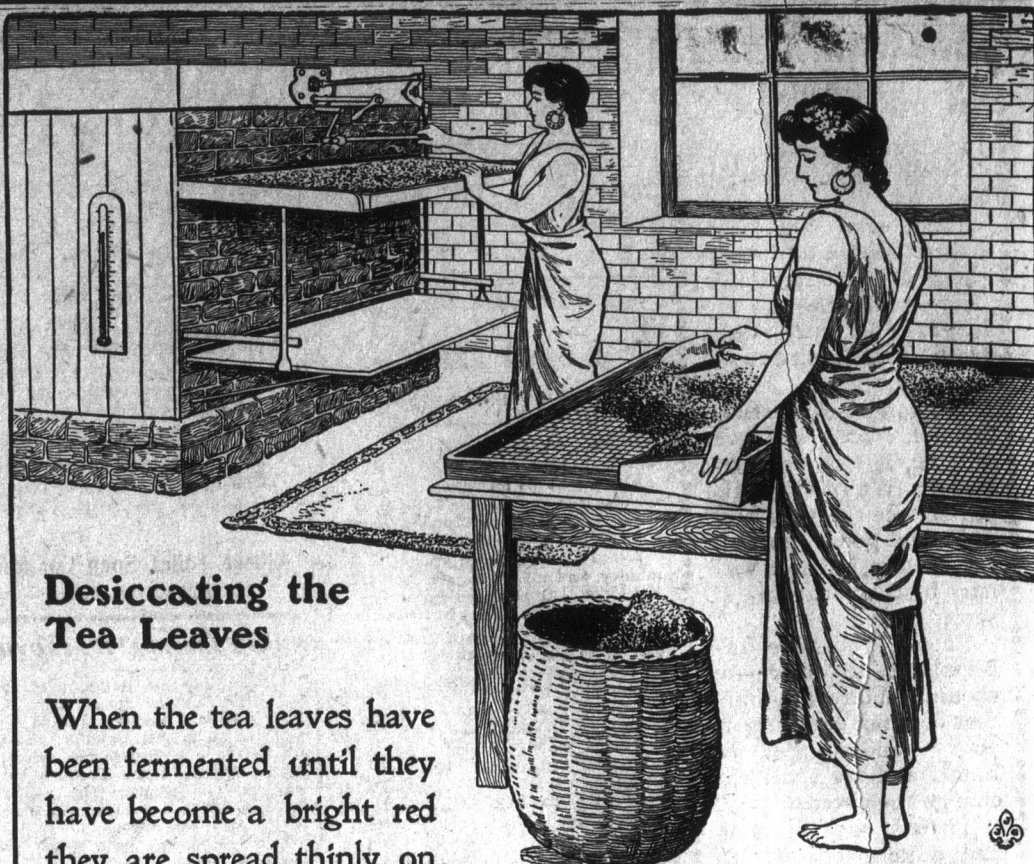
MORPETH MAN HURT.

Shortly after starting to work with the heading planer at Cooper's mill, Tupperville, Friday morning, Theo. Everett, a young man who formerly lived at Morpeth, met with a very serious accident. It is not certainly known here how the accident happened, but it is supposed that the young man put his hand into the machine to remove some obstacle. Be that as it may, the left hand was caught in the moving knives and his first three fingers taken off. The doctor at Tupperville was hastily summoned and the wounded hand was dressed.

Miss Flora Byram returned on Tuesday from the Chatham Hospital, where she has been undergoing treatment for several weeks. She is much improved in health.—Blenheim Tribune.

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