

VARICOCELE AND STRICTURE



I guarantee my Latest Method Treatment to be a permanent and positive cure for Varicocele and Stricture, without cutting, stretching or loss of time. In Varicocele it is the blood poisoning condition, equalizes circulation, stops pain in the groin, also all drains, thereby giving the organs their proper nutrition, vitalizes the parts and restores lost power; in Stricture it absorbs the stricture tissue, stops smarting sensation, nervousness, weakness, backache, etc., while in all venereal troubles it is the fragment par excellence. So positive am I that my Latest Method Treatment will cure you that you can

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Each time you call you see me Personally,

as each time you write I receive my personal attention. The number of years I am established in Detroit, and the cure I accomplished after given up by other doctors, has placed me as the foremost specialist of the country.

The Latest Method Treatment Guaranteed to Cure
Varicocele and Stricture without cutting, stretching or loss of time; also Blood Poison, Gonorrhea, Private, Nervous, Impotency, Kidney, Liver, Bladder, Stomach, Female and Sexual Troubles. **CONSULTATION FREE.** Call if you cannot call write for blank, for home treatment. Perfect system of home treatment for those who cannot call. **BOOK FREE.** All medicines for Canadian patients shipped from Windsor. All duty and express charges prepaid. **DR. GOLDBERG, 208 Woodward Ave., Cor. Wilcox St., DETROIT, MICH.**

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King St. Phone 36

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Lumber Dealers and Builders

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The Chatham Steam Laundry
Called for and delivered. Sixth St.

THE QUIET PEOPLE

HOW THEIR LAST RESTING PLACE SNUGGLES UP TO THE RAILWAYS.

An Obscure Philosopher, a Telegraph Operator, Talks Interestingly About God's Acres and Their Silent Inhabitants—A Gruesome Subject Treated in a Most Entertaining Manner.

Have you ever noticed—you must have if you look through a car window—how the burying grounds seek the companionship of the railways? Travel north, south, east or west, through this broad Dominion and you cannot escape these silent admonishments. In every hamlet, town and city, the railroad skirts the cemetery. The white church with the steeple, the swelling mounds, the spectral tombstones, are inevitable features in the railroad landscape, and the nearer the railroad a cemetery can get the happier it seems to be. At one atom of place—no need to mention the name here—it is in the bleak, wind-bitten north country—the graveyard, a crowded one at that, is in the backyard of the station-house. It is all the society the telegraph operator has, and the station shivers at his thoughts on some wild, eldritch, midnight when the sky is a mink of snow and dark, and the unchained wind screams at his casement and makes dirges in the telegraph wires. Still, better than company than none, and what does it matter, so long as a man has a roaring fire and a bright lamp? I talked to that particular operator, and asked him how he liked the mortally quiet set he was moving in. He was not a melancholy man, but he didn't care, because the dead people only made him feel that much cozier. "I get a real pleasure out of it," he volunteered. "When I think of them lying out there still and cold, I thank God I'm alive and in a warm room."

It was something like that Lucretius reasoned some nineteen hundred years ago, says H. P. G. in Toronto Star. The great Roman philosopher and poet confessed that nothing was more delectable than a shipwreck seen from the shore, because it made the beholder congratulate himself on his own safety. "They don't bother me," went on my friend the telegraph operator. "In the winter the snow covers 'em all up. It drifts and drifts until you can't tell where the snow ends and the tombstones begin. In summer it's the busiest, greenest, heartiest place in a hundred miles. All the crickets and grasshoppers and chirping things seem to favor this spot, and the bees like the flowers that I plant to please the quiet people under the sod. A good brisk graveyard on a summer day, with birds singing and the flowers blooming, is a mighty sight better than a sunbaked rock or a beetling hill with scrub and that's what many a stationmaster has to put up with in these parts."

"And you never feel creepy? You're not afraid of ghosts?" "Well," replied the obscure philosopher, "you see, the dead can't hurt me. It's the living I mind most. If I could manage them as easily as I do my dead people I wouldn't be working out here for fifty dollars a month and free house. Still, I have 'em uncanny feelings sometimes. The tickler is great company, but sometimes in the middle of the night the report of a murder trial comes over it. I listen, of course. It's better than a novel, because it's real people and real life you know. And the jury brings in its verdict—guilty. And the judge puts on the black cap. 'May God have mercy on your soul.' That's thirty—the end of the story, and the reporter's work is done. But that message sets me thinking of my friends in the back yard. Where have their souls gone? Did they need mercy? Did they get it? Will that condemned murderer, when he's strung up, be able to stall most charges? Will he go round shaking hands with all the people who have gone before, life a Methodist parson at a tea meeting? There's about four trains a day, including freight, come through here, but the hardest one to handle is the train of thought that sidetracks here after twelve o'clock of a wild winter night."

Why do the graveyards snuggle up to the railways? Nothing could be more incongruous. The peace, the stillness, the pervading solemnity of the one, the clamor, the strenuousness, the fervid hurry of the other, the railway, then, that seeks the cemeteries, but the cemeteries that seek the railways. The dead people don't care, but the living do. The dead people's eyes have opened on firmer worlds, and their minds are probably occupied with some of that infinite knowledge which they missed here. They have no need of company, having joined the great majority, from whom they make selections of the choicest spirits. But their friends hate to think of them remote and lonely on the cold winter nights, and out of sheer pity, they lay them down beside the railroad, which is the most strictly rational thing is sight, recognizing nei-

ther sight nor day in its ceaseless activity.

This, no doubt, explains why God's acres are juxtaposed to man's greatest industry. It explains that solitary grave in the wheat field. The farmer's wife is resting there, perhaps, at her own request. The poor, tired soul was refreshed by the passing trains when she was alive. They brought suggestions of people pleasuring in gay cities; of beautiful buildings and happy faces; of grand pictures and gaudy music; of all that variety of interest which her monotonous, work-a-day existence failed to touch. So the farmer's wife sleeps her long sleep under the oak tree in the wheat field. And maybe her dreams are sweetened by the shriek of the engine whistle and the rush and roar of the vestibuled train.

WINTER READING.

Some Literature for Canadians Written of Canada by Canadians.

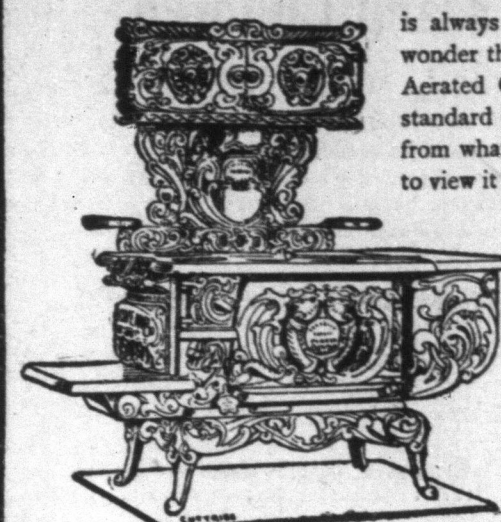
In the Canadian Magazine for October Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun has an article on winter reading, in which he reminds us that Canada is quite a literature of her own, and that our reading public should not neglect it—not that people should read the books because they are produced here, but because they may be useful to us. Mr. Colquhoun thinks it quite as absurd to underrate as to overrate the native literature, and he mentions a number of works in history, biography, autobiography, and fiction that a Canadian ought to read. If one cannot indulge in the splendid treat of reading Parkman, he can at least read Prof. Peiham Edgar's "The Romance of Canadian History," made up of selections from Parkman and Alexander Mackenzie read by the young men of this country? In the city they find comparatively few readers, but out in the country, where no book is wasted, these books have had some circulation. The city youth acquires much of his acquaintance with public affairs and political history through the medium of tradition, very often grotesque and unreliable, and so it follows that our literature, politics and everything pertaining to us as a people is taken more seriously by those who are country-bred. Viewing the past with more seriousness, they are more ready to follow the stancher intention, and often accomplish larger results. In the cities especially there should be a wider reading of Canadian history and biography, even though similar works dealing with other nations and times must be left unread.

Dawson in Summer Time. Mr. Harry de Windt, in one of a series of articles in The London Express, dealing with his overland journey from New York to Paris, says: "The natural charms of Dawson City have hitherto been neglected by writers on the Klondike, and yet it is (in summer) one of the prettiest places imaginable. Viewed from a distance on a still July day, the clear, bright-looking town and surrounding villages dotted the green fields around are less suggestive of the black Arctic than of Italy or sunny Spain. Stroll down through the principal street at mid-day, and you will see a well-dressed but cosmopolitan crowd of both sexes, some driving and cycling, others inspecting the shops or seated at flower-bedeked tables in the fashionable French 'restaurant' of 'Le Refuge,' with its white-aproned 'garçons' and central snowy star of silver, fruit and hors d'oeuvres all complete. Everything has a continental look, from the glittering jewellers' shops to the flower and fruit stalls, where you may buy roses and strawberries (Klondike-grown) for a dollar apiece. Indeed, you can get almost anything now in Dawson City, by paying for it on a credit system regulated by the local newspaper, which is sold for a shilling—and sometimes more. The prices here dwarf those of Nome City. Even in the cheap eating houses, where passages steam in the window, the most modest meal runs away with a five-dollar note."

A Publisher's Wit. Rev. Dr. Briggs, of the Methodist Church, Boston, in "The Boston Herald," says: "The gift of wit which is one of the characteristics of his countrymen. An example of it, which he gave at the recent meeting of Conference, was especially appreciated by his fellow publishers. The Doctor was making his report on the subscription list of The Christian Guardian, and had to touch upon the sad fact of many subscribers being in arrears. 'The paper has hosts of friends,' said the Doctor. 'All over the country are those who boast of being unremitting supporters of the Guardian. But, for my part, I would much prefer that they should be occasionally neglecting supporters!'—Canadian Magazine."

Denise of a Well-Known Pioneer. Another of the early residents of Toronto, or of York rather, has joined the great majority by the death of Kenneth McLean Wishart, of West Flamboro. Mr. Wishart was born in 1820 at Toronto, being a son of Captain Alex. Wishart, of H. M. 42nd Regt. (Black Watch), who held a staff military appointment in York in connection with the militia. When a young man the deceased left Toronto, then no longer York, and settled in West Flamboro, where he resided for more than fifty years. He was an intense Conservative in his political views and as was to be expected, an ardent supporter of British connection.

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House and lot, 9 rooms, \$1050.00.

House and lot, 5 rooms, \$1000.00.

Farm in Township of Raleigh, 50 acres, well cleared, Good house and barn, \$3,100.00.

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Farm in Township of Raleigh, 46 acres. Good house, new stable and granary, \$2,250.00.

Ten acres in suburbs of Chatham, \$1,500.00.

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J. S. BLACK, W. M.
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