

Restored to Vigor



Are you one of the thousands of young and old, who lack vigor? Do you crave to be healthy and vigorous, to have perfect manhood? Do you know that you are weak and impotent, but cannot take the right steps to regain their full vigor and strength? Are you one of them? You are suffering in ignorance of their real condition. Following themselves with a wrong and dangerous remedy, they are far from it. Perhaps you are one of them. It is worth your time to ascertain your condition of health. If you have any reason to believe or suspect that you are not what you once were.

Be Honest With Yourself.
If you have been a victim to the follies and indiscretions of youth, committed excesses in married life, or if you do not love your strength, it is your duty to do so. Do not let your love for you—your duty to your family—your honor—your peace of mind—your health—your happiness—your life—your future—your children—your country—your world—your God—your soul—your eternal life—be sacrificed to a few moments of pleasure. Take no patent "Cure Alls." No two men can be cured in the same way. Every individual needs a treatment particularly suited to him. Go where you can get the right treatment for your case.

Cure Yourself at Home.
There is no more successful specialist near you, write to Dr. J. C. Goldberg, P.O. Box 100, Chatham, Ont. He is the only doctor who has a diploma and certificate from the University of Medicine and Surgery, New York, and is a member of the American Medical Association. He has cured thousands of cases of all kinds of diseases, such as: Gonorrhea, Syphilis, Eczema, Scabies, Ringworm, Tinea, etc. He will cure you at home, without the use of any medicine, and without the expense of a doctor. He will cure you in 10 days, and you will be able to go to work and to your family. He will cure you for free, and you will be able to go to work and to your family. He will cure you for free, and you will be able to go to work and to your family.

Way When You Are Cured.
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Wood's Phosphoric Acid.
The Great English Remedy, is an old, well established, reliable preparation. It is a powerful tonic, and is used by all the great doctors of the world. It is a powerful tonic, and is used by all the great doctors of the world. It is a powerful tonic, and is used by all the great doctors of the world. It is a powerful tonic, and is used by all the great doctors of the world. It is a powerful tonic, and is used by all the great doctors of the world.

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WELLINGTON LODGE.
No. 46, A. F. & A. M. G. R. C. meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, 73 St. St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Secy.
GEORGE MASSEY, W. M.
DENTAL.
A. HICKS, D.D.S. Honor graduate of Philadelphia College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa. also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office, over Turner's drug store, 20 Rutherford St.

LEGAL.
SMITH, HERBERT D.—County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham.
THOMAS SOULARD—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block, Chatham.
E. R. O'LYNN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Conveyancer, Notary Public. Office, King Street, opposite Merchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

WALKER & REEVE—Barristers, Solicitors, etc. Chatham, Ont. Office over Chatham Loan & Savings Co. Money to lend on mortgages. John A. Walker, K. C., Jno. Reeve.

GROUSTON, STONE & SOANE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office, upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite H. Macdonald's store. Mr. Grouston, Fred Stone, W. W. Soane.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on mortgages, at lowest rates. Office, Fifth Street. Matthew Wilson, K. C., W. E. Gundy, W. M. Pike.

OUR CUSTOMERS.
We have just put in, at great expense, a WONDERFUL MACHINERY, heated by steam, work only passing through the rollers once; the result—WORK IS EASIER, WILL NOT BREAK, and will last much longer than when ironed by the old method, heated by gas, which has to pass through the rollers eight times.
P.S.—We have also added a newly invented machine to iron the edges of Collars and Cuffs.
the Parisian Steam Laundry Co. of Ontario, Limited.
Chatham, Hamilton and Toronto.
Mirand's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

MORAN OF THE LADY LETTY...

By... Frank Norris...

He looked carefully at the angry sky and swelling seas, noting the direction of the wind and set of the tide, then went forward and cast the anchor chains from the windlass in such a manner that the schooner must inevitably wrench free with the first heavy strain. The dory was still lugging at the line astern. Hoang dropped the sacks in the boat, swung himself over the side and rowed calmly toward the station's wharf. If any notion of putting to sea with the schooner had entered the obscure, perverted cunning of his mind, he had almost instantly rejected it. Chatham was his aim. Once there and under the protection of his tongue, Hoang knew that he was safe. He knew the hiding places that the Sea Yip association provided for its members, hiding places whose very existence was unknown to the police of the white devil.

No one interrupted—no one even noticed his passage to the station. At best it was nothing more than a coolie carrying a couple of gunny sacks across his shoulder. Two hours later Hoang was lost in San Francisco's Chinatown.

At the sight of the schooner sweeping out to sea Wilbur was for an instant smitten rigid. What had happened? Where was Moran? Why was there nobody on board? A swift, sharp sense of some unnamed calamity leaped suddenly at his throat. Then he was aware of a clattering of hoofs along the road that led to the fort. Hodgson threw himself from one of the horses that were used in handling the surf boat and ran to him, hatless and panting.

"Look!" he shouted. "Look! Your schooner! Do you see her? She broke away after I'd started to tell you—to tell you—to tell you—your girl there on board—it was horrible!"

"Is she all right?" cried Wilbur at top voice, for the clamor of the gale was increasing every second.

"All right! No; they've killed her—somebody—the coolies, I think—knifed her! I went out to ask you people to come into the station to have supper with me!"

"Killed her! Killed her! Who? I don't believe you!"

"Wait—to have supper with me, and I found her there on the cabin floor. She was still breathing. I carried her up on deck. There was nobody else aboard. I carried her up and laid her on the deck, and she died there. Just now I came after you to tell you, and—"

"But—great heavens, man! Who killed her? Where is she? Oh! But of course it isn't true! How did you know? Moran killed! Moran killed!"

"And the schooner broke away after I started!"

"How do you know she's dead? Where is she? Come on; we'll go right back to her—to the station!"

"She's on board—out there!"

"Where—where is she? Man, tell me where she is!"

Pitchblend costs eight dollars a ton.

The Radium particles in it are worth eight million dollars a pound. Why? Because pure Radium works wonders that nothing else will work. "FORCE" costs more than the run of breakfast foods because of the pains I take to make it pure.

But it's worth the difference.

Lummy Jim

er broke away while I was coming. She's drifting out to sea now."

"Where is she? Where is she?"

"Who—the girl, the schooner—which one? The girl is on the schooner, and the schooner—that's her, right there—she's drifting out to sea."

Wilbur put both hands to his temples, closing his eyes.

"I'll go back!" exclaimed Hodgson. "We'll have the surf boat out and get after her. We'll bring the body back!"

"No, no!" cried Wilbur. "It's better—this way. Leave her; let her go; she's going out to sea—out to sea again!"

"But the schooner won't live two hours outside in this weather. She'll go down."

"It's better—that way. Let her go. I want it so."

"I can't stay; I can't stay here!" said the other. "There's a storm coming up, and I've got to be at my station."

Wilbur did not answer. He was watching the schooner.

"I can't stay!" cried the other again. "If the patrol should signal—I can't stop here; I must be on duty. Come back; you can't do anything!"

"No!"

"I have got to go!" Hodgson ran back, swung himself on the horse and rode away at a furious gallop, inclining his head against the gusts.

CANADIAN RAFTSMEN

LOG-ROLLING SEASON NOW OPEN ON OUR FREE NORTHERN RIVERS.

Operations of the Hardy River Driver and How He Manages to Steer Safely Down Dangerous Courses—How the Men Live and Work—Courage, Endurance and Physical Strength Are Necessary.

The log-driving season has opened again, and according to all the present indications it promises to prove a notable one. An unusually large number of logs, starting far up on the northern rivers, will be floated down stream to the towns, where the wood will be used for the manufacture of pulp, or turned into lumber at the sawmills.

During the protracted winter, with its steady cold and frequent snowfalls, the logging roads remained in excellent condition for the passage of the heavily-laden sledges, and all the winter's cut of logs, although said to be one of the largest on record, was taken out of the woods successfully.

The work in the logging camps ends each year when the entire cut has been hauled from the forest and is placed on the frozen surface of the rivers, or stacked in piles along the banks, to await the future opening of the waterway. When the men are warm days of the year arrive, the ice in the rivers soon disappears, and the crews of river drivers, springing to their posts, start the logs down the swollen streams. From that time forward, often far into the summer months, the men lead a life of unceasing activity, as they follow and guide the drives on their turbulent journey to the mills.

Cause and Location of the Jams.

The logs are often arrested in their course, and many of them become stranded on shallow spots or half-covered rocks. Others, drifting against the piers of one of the numerous bridges, effectually block a portion of the channel, until, as the drive presses down stream, the logs are piled up on every side in almost impenetrable confusion. A "jam" containing thousands of logs is often formed in a few hours; yet days of labor are required of the river drivers before the channel is free again.

The difficulties greatly increase when the weather conditions are unfavorable, and extended drought or violent storms seriously impede the progress of the drives, and render them unusually late in reaching the mills. Last year a heavy loss resulted from such an experience on one of the rivers. The stream had been kept remarkably clear by a system of booms, outlining the channel and guiding the logs down the current. Suddenly, in the midst of a violent rainstorm, a cloudburst occurred, and among the mountains, Brooks and creeks were turned into torrents, small bridges and culverts were carried away, and with almost incredible rapidity the river rose and swept over its banks.

Logs which had been stranded in preceding dry weather were torn from the rocks and shallows and flung by the force of the raging waters against every obstacle that barred their way. The low-lying islands were heaped with logs, which were tossed far up above the level of the water. At one of the largest bridges the booms were swept aside like straws, and a double jam was formed in the river. Mounting fully 12 feet in height, the jam contained 1,000 feet of logs, this formation completely dammed the river, which, rising eight feet in less than an hour, flooded the intervals on either side. Breaking through a portion of the jam at last, the water subsided with equal rapidity, leaving masses of logs high and dry in every direction.

The storm took place in the middle of the night, and the river-men, returning to work the next morning, were amazed to find their easy task transformed into one of exceeding difficulty, and weeks of strenuous labor were necessary before the damage could be undone.

Could scarcely get up or down without help.

Had a severe pain in the small of the back.

Was treated in the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, but not cured.

Kidney trouble was the trouble.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Cured Mr. George Graves, Pitts Ferry, Ont., of a very bad case of kidney trouble.

He tells about the cure in the following words: "I cannot recommend Doan's Kidney Pills too highly. I never took anything that did me so much good. I had a severe pain in the small of my back and could scarcely get up or down without help. I could hardly urinate, but when I took Doan's Kidney Pills, I was in the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, in winter, and when I came out I was some better but not cured. It was then I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised. Since taking them I have been completely cured and have not had any trouble with my kidneys since."

Tools Used by the River-Men.

The river-men's tools are few in number, but well adapted to their special purpose. Most of the work is done with cant-hook, or peavey, a stout wooden pole, shod at the end with an iron spike. A movable arm is added, which, adjusting itself to the shape of the logs, grasps them so firmly that even the heaviest are managed with comparative ease. A long, slender pike-pole is also used in getting the floating logs. With these two implements and an ordinary axe, the most obstinate jam is generally conquered. Dynamite is employed on rare occasions, but only as a last resort. Its use in the immediate vicinity of bridges is forbidden, and the logs which gather against the piers, no matter how tightly they may be wedged, must be dislodged with the cant-hook. The log-driver's task is one of much danger. The footing is often insecure, even for the skilful tread of the river-man, who is shod in boots that are heavily spiked on the poles. As the logs are twisted and rent from their places, the mass of lumber moves and settles at most unexpected moments. The men are extraordinarily quick in retreating over the rolling logs, but occasionally a serious accident happens, when, as some "key log" is chopped in two, a portion of the jam is suddenly released and carries the river-men with it in its fall. When the men are working in dangerous positions, the long and pointed river-driver's boat is usually kept in waiting, and is ready to lend its aid in any emergency. It is also frequently used in transporting the log-drivers.

One of the favorite feats of the river-men is to use some floating log as a boat, and balancing themselves with the pike-pole, they often travel down stream with the current, poling themselves to shore when they wish to land. The men show a pardonable pride in their ability to ride the plunging logs. The most expert are able, in a steady current, to slowly change to a sitting position, or even to lie at full length on the log, a performance which many an amateur might dread with so unstable a medium beneath his feet.

A number of horses accompany the river-drivers, and by means of a peculiar hook and chain they drag the stranded logs from the islands or river banks, where the use of the cant-hook would involve too much time and trouble. Portions of the drive drift far up the creeks, and these also are brought back to the river by horse-power, the drivers riding the logs all the way.

How the Men Live and Work.

The crews of river-drivers generally consist of 50 or 60 men. They are directed by a "working boss," as he is called, who always accompanies the crew. A "walking boss," somewhat higher in authority, exercises a more general oversight. The life is one of constant exposure, but the men are well cared for in their camps, and the wages are good, ranging from \$2 to \$2.50 per day. Courage, endurance, and physical strength are necessary qualities in their occupation. The men are often knee-deep in water for many hours throughout the day, and a careless step or a rolling log may often result in still deeper immersion. Yet no attention is paid to damp clothing, and many a time the tired log-driver throws himself down at night without change.

The camp is composed of a number of tents, and is moved along the banks of the river as the men advance in their work. All the cumbersome and varied equipment, bedding, cooking utensils and food supplies are easily transported in the "wagons" or "camps," and the frequent changes of camping ground are made with wonderful rapidity.

At one end of the little settlement the sleeping tents are erected, each one accommodating about 24 men. The kitchen tent is of prime importance, for an immense amount of cooking is necessary to supply the men with their four daily meals. The fireplace stands before the tent, and kettles of coffee, soup and potatoes are hung over the blazing fire. Bread is baked in a tin kitchen, and the tables in the tent show a tempting array of nicely-browned loaves, cookies and pies. The cook is an important personage in the camp, and much of its comfort is due to his skill and the authority he exercises over the men.

Breakfast is served at daybreak, after which the work on the river begins. At 9 o'clock, and again at 2, the men are furnished with substantial meals, which are carried to them by wagon, if their work has taken them far from the camp. At 7 o'clock a steaming supper awaits them on their return.

The river-men, therefore, are not without comforts, in spite of some of the primitive surroundings, and seem content with their lot. Undaunted by the constant and exhausting toil, they apparently find a strong fascination in the wild, free life of the river, and year after year, at the opening of spring, they return to follow the drives.

How Gamekeepers Catch Fish.

The Cossacks on some of the rivers in Russia have a singular method of catching the fishy tribe in winter. They cut a long trench across a river when frozen and run a net from one bank to the other; then, riding several miles up the stream, they form a line across the frozen surface and gallop their horses down toward the nets. The fish, hearing the noise and clatter of hoofs, become frightened, dart with a rush downstream and are thus entangled in the net.

The Cause, Not the Effect.

Little Lucy Brown, while running in the yard one day, suddenly tripped and fell. Her mother, being attracted by the child's screams, rushed out, crying, "Why, Lucy, what's the matter? Was it an accident?"

"N'm," replied Lucy, between her sobs, "it was a brick."

The Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited

Chatham Ontario.

"PROGRESS" Fancy Vests

are indispensable in the gentleman's wardrobe.

All the proper color effects, for morning, afternoon and evening wear—in both single and double breasted styles.

Made by the famous "Progress" tailors—with broad shoulders, and an easy dip at the waist line which eliminates wrinkling.

Sold by Leading Clothiers Throughout Canada.

Progress Brand Clothing may be had from C. AUSTIN & CO., Market Square, Corner of King St., Chatham, Ont.

-125- Sewing Machines ON HAND. THE WHITE IS KING

We want you to let us do your summer sewing for you that you may become familiar with the merits of our machine.

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ASK FOR MAPLE CITY CREAMERY BUTTER.

If your grocer does not keep it order your weekly supply from THE CREAMERY.

FRESH EVERY DAY, AT 20c. POUND.

Delivered any day you wish. CREAM and BUTTER MILK delivered with butter orders.

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THE REASON THE Gas Company Sells Jewel All Steel Gas Stoves.

They are the Very Best. See for Yourself at The Gas Company.

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One of the many good things about "Kent Mills" Flour

is that you do not always have to be explaining to customers that the last lot was a little off, but that it will be all right in the future.

"KENT" is right all the time.

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Chatham Ontario.