

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 stricture, trouble, sexual weakness, varicocele, lost manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, emaciation of parts, impotence, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but like-wise 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 this only:

Dr. S. Goldberg, 205 Woodward Ave., Room 2

Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free.

This is something entirely new and well worth knowing more about. Write at once.

MEDICAL.

DR. OVENS

OF LONDON

Specialist and Specialist Eye

Ear, Nose and Throat

Will be at Chatham on SATUR-

DAY, Sept. 26, Oct. 24, Nov. 28,

Dec. 26. Glasses properly fitted.

Office at Gladley's drug store

Chatham, N. S.

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CREDIT DUE TO SOMEBODY.

Where Did We Get the Right to Borrow in Mathematics?

"Where did we get the right to borrow in mathematics?" asked a man who takes an interest in curious things.

"We always pay back—a thing we sometimes fail to do in other relations in life—but where did we get the right to borrow in the first instance?"

Take a simple illustration in subtraction: The teacher will tell the pupil to subtract 4,322 from 6,421. We put the problem down after this fashion:

6,421

4,322

2,099

Here we have the problem and the result. We know that we cannot say 'two from one.' So we borrow one and say 'two from eleven,' and we get the result 'nine.' We pay back promptly, for instead of saying 'two from two leaves nothing,' we say 'three from twelve leaves nine.' But by what authority do we say this? When did we discover that this method would give us correct mathematical results? That's the question. The idea originated with some one, and to that some one we owe something. Mathematics would be a meaningless science without this convenient plan, just as other things would be useless but for the clever inventions of men who have gone before. There is the thing, for instance, which stands for nothing, the naught, that round symbol 0. It has a history. We know how they calculated before it came into existence. But I will not tell you about it now. I was speaking about the borrowing habit in mathematics, and that is enough to think about at one time. Do you know how and when it originated?"

KEYS OF THE BASTILLE.

These Historic Relics of Old Paris Owned by an American.

The keys which locked the great gates of the Bastille at the time of its fall have been in America for a number of years. For nearly a century they remained in the possession of the family of the Frenchman who took them from the famous prison, though they have recently come into the possession of an Englishman living in Quebec.

When the mob stormed the prison on July 14, 1789, a Parisian, Carrier Lechastel, is said to have been the first to rush over the drawbridge as it fell. It was he, at any rate, who overtook a fleeing jailer and took the keys from him. The mob immediately stuck the keys on the end of a spike, and an immense throng paraded with them through the streets. They were considered one of the most valuable trophies of the revolution.

Lechastel kept the keys, and they remained in his family until 1859, when a descendant of the family emigrated to America, taking them with him. Eventually the keys were sold to John Hamilton of St. Louis, who kept them for twenty-five years, exhibiting them from time to time, when they were sold to a Canadian.

One of the keys was obtained in France by General Lafayette and was presented by him to George Washington a year or two before his death. It hangs in the mansion at Mount Vernon and has been seen by thousands of visitors there.

The keys at present are very old and rusty. The largest is twelve inches long and is quite heavy. The smallest is of fine workmanship, the socket being shaped like the ace of clubs, and is supposed to have belonged to the treasure rooms. This and another key measure six inches in length, while the other two are about ten inches and much heavier.

Really Antique.

An excellent plaster of Paris cast may be seen in one of the Egyptian galleries of the British museum of the famous sycamore statuette known as the "Sheikh-el-Beled," or "Village Sheikh." The original dates from 3500 B. C. and is still in perfect condition, although it is the oldest known specimen of wood carving. It represents an overseer of the workmen engaged in building the pyramids close to Sakkarah, where it was discovered.

Killing Sharks by Electricity.

In the British navy the engineers have a curious way of killing sharks. They seal up a dynamite cartridge in an empty can and put the can inside a lump of pork. The pork is thrown overboard on a wire which has been connected with an electric battery. When the shark takes the bait, the engineer presses a button, which explodes the cartridge and kills the fish.

Willing to Waive That.

"Miss Angeline," began the poor but proud young man, "if I were in a position to ask you to be my wife?"

"Good gracious, Mr. Throgson!" she exclaimed. "In a position?" The ideal Do you think I would want you to get down on your knees?"—Exchange.

When a man is determined to rise in the world, it is better not to interfere with him too much. If his purpose is right, he will be a dangerous wrestler.—Schoolmaster.

The highest shot tower in the world is in Villach, Austria. Bullets from the upper level fall 249 feet.

ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN

Author of "Westerfield"

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Alvin nodded despondently. "I asked her to go to church with me tomorrow night. She was awfully embarrassed and finally told me of her father's objections."

"I think I know what fired the old devil up," said Miller.

"You do?"

"Yes. It was that mistake of your father. As I told you, the colonel is as mad as a wet hen about the whole thing. He's got a rope tied to every nickel he's got, and he intends to leave Dolly a good deal of money. He thinks Frank Hillhouse is just the thing. He shows that as plain as day. He no-ticed how frequently you came to see 'Dolly' and scented danger ahead and simply put his foot down on it. Just as fathers have been doing ever since the flood. My dear boy, you've got a bitter pill to take. You've reached a point where two roads fork. It is for you to decide which one you'll take."

Alan made no reply. Rayburn Miller lighted a cigar and began to smoke steadily.

"It's none of my business," Miller burst out suddenly, "but I'm friend enough of yours to feel that thing like the devil. However, I don't know what to say. I only wish I knew how far you've gone into it."

Alan smiled mechanically.

"If you can't look at me and see how far I've gone, you are blind," he said.

"I don't mean that," replied Miller.

"I was wondering how far you had committed yourself—oh, hang it—made love and all that sort of thing."

"I've never spoken to her on the subject," Alan informed him gloomily.

"Good, good! Splendid!"

Alan stared in surprise.

"I don't understand," he said. "She knows that is, I think she knows how I feel, and I have hoped that."

"Never mind about that," interrupted Miller laconically. "There is a chance for both of you if you'll turn square around like sensible human beings and look the facts in the face."

"You mean?"

"That it will be stupid, childish idleness for either of you to let this thing spoil your lives."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, you will before I'm through with you, and I'll do you up brown."

It's none of my business," Miller burst out suddenly.

There are simply two courses open to you, my boy. One is to treat Colonel Barclay's wishes with dignified respect and bow and retire just as any European gentleman would do when told that his pile was too small to be considered.

"And the other?" asked Alan sharply.

"The other is to follow in the footsteps of nearly every sentimental fool that ever was born and go around looking like a last year's bird's nest or, worse yet, persuading the girl to elope and thus angering her father so that he will cut her out of what's coming to her and what is her right, my boy. She may be willing to live on a bread and water diet for a while, but she'll lose flesh and temper in the long run. If you don't make as much money for her as you cause her to lose, she'll tell you of it some day or, at least, let you see it, and that's as long as it's wide. You are now giving yourself a treatment in self hypnosis, telling yourself that life has not and cannot produce a thing for you beyond that particular pink frock and yellow head. I know how you feel. I've been there six different times, beginning with a terrible long first attack and dwindling down as I became inoculated with experience till now the complaint amounts to hardly more than a momentary throes when I see a fresh one in a train for an hour's ride. I can do you a lot of good if you'll listen to me. I'll give you the benefit of my experience."

"What good would your devilish experience do me?" said Alan impatiently.

"It would fit any man's case if he'd only believe it. I've made a study of love. I've observed hundreds of typical cases and watched marriage from inception through protracted illness or boredom down to dumb resignation or sudden death. I don't mean that no

lovers of the ideal, sentimental brand are ever happy after marriage, but I do believe that open eyed courtship will beat the blind sort of all hollow and that in nine cases out of ten, if people were mated by law according to the judgment of a sensible, open eyed jury, they would be happier than they now are. Nothing ever spoken is true than the commandment, 'Thou shalt have no other God but me.' Let a man put anything above the principle of living right, and he will be miserable. The man who holds gold as the chief thing in life will starve to death in its cold glitter, while a pauper in rags will have a laugh that rings with the music of immortal joy. In the same way the man who declares that only one woman is suited to him is making a god of her, raising her to a seat that won't support her, and material weight. I frankly believe that the glamour of love is simply a sort of insanity that has never been correctly named and treated because so many people have been the victims of it."

"Do you know," Alan burst in almost angrily, "when you talk that way I think you are off. I know what the matter with you—you have simply frittered away your heart, your ability to love and appreciate a good woman. Thank heaven, your experience has not been mine! I don't see how you could ever be happy with a woman. I couldn't look a pure wife in the face and remember all the flirtations you've indulged in—that is, if they were mine."

To Be Continued.

Could scarcely get up or down without help.

Had a severe pain in the small of the back.

as 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 did the pain was terrible. I was in the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, last 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."

Doan's Kidney Pills, 50 cts. per box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., TORO TO, ONT.

Radley's Cough Cure

25c per Bottle

Is the best preparation on the market for Coughs and Colds.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

GUARANTEED PURELY VEGETABLE. No Harmful Ingredients.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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ALONG PICCADILLY.

There the Tide of Social London Flows to the Fullest.

Piccadilly seems cold and blatant by contrast as one charges down it. Yet even here, be the sunshine ever so bright, the visitor is crowned in the pearly haze that tones, attenuates, unifies, most if not all of London, that haze that has tantalized and defeated how many artists! Even over Piccadilly, even over this the most mundane of all London streets, it throws its saving glamour. Indeed the whole splendid avenue might serve for a studio, not for its values alone, but for the complexity of the types that throng it. It is the quintessence of London, the distillation of all London humanity, to be studied nowhere so narrowly as from a bus top. Perfect Dr. Maturers in the original approach, pass by and are left behind or stand in groups looking from the club windows. Phil Mays in the life swam beneath one, and characters from Thackeray and Dickens jostle unsuspectingly on the sidewalk. The clubs alone, which never look so thoroughly clubbable as when hastily glanced at from a passing bus, will store one's memory with a hundred recognizable types. All England, all the empire, indeed, sooner or later finds its way to Piccadilly. One cannot pass down it without a sight of some glittering, turbaned, alien figure, majestically isolated, majestically unheeded. Regent street may claim a grander sweep, and by virtue of its shops a more devoted femininity, but it is along Piccadilly that the tide of social London flows brim full—Sydney Brooks in Harper's Magazine.

In Russia, where the cold in winter is very intense, the markets are very curious things. The meat is frozen, the carcasses of dead animals, as sheep and pigs, stand upright outside the stalls; everything, even game and poultry, requires to be thawed before it can be cooked, and the market people's dress is as picturesque as it is warm and comfortable.

Then the rivers are frozen over all the winter long, and so thick is the ice that every one can skate anywhere and any time. Stalls are put up on the ice and busy markets held there.

In the Asiatic part of Russia the people live chiefly by hunting and fishing, and the fur of the Russian animals is very beautiful—the ermine, fox, sable, see other and others.

At the end of the winter, when the snow melts, the huntsman pursues the elk, wearing long shoes, in which he can glide over the snow very quickly, while the poor elk sinks into the snow deeper and deeper every step and is at last overtaken and killed.

His Two Purchases.

A story is told of a Louisiana merchant who came to New York determined to secure a bargain. He wanted cheap cloaks, and after trying in vain to suit himself at the wholesale houses he bought a job lot at auction. He examined the goods hurriedly and had them shipped home. In due time he was confronted by an excited head salesman who said the garments were out of style.

"They didn't look that way," said the merchant.

"But they are," replied the clerk.

The merchant persisted that the cloaks would sell, but they didn't. In desperation he returned them to New York to be disposed of to best advantage. On his next trip to New York he again visited an auction house and bought a lot of cloaks. When he returned home and examined his purchase he saw that he had bought the same lot as before.

The Bird House-plist.</