

## 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 that they have been unable to get cured, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, varicocele, not manhood, blood poisons, hydrocele, enlargement of parts, impotence, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but likewise 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 him simply Dr. S. Goldberg, 206 Woodward Ave., Room P, 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.

**HIS** Young wife was almost distracted for he would not stay a night at home so she had his LAUNDRY done by her, and now he ceases any more to roam.

**Parisian Steam Laundry Co.**  
TELEPHONE 20.

## STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Branches and agents at all principal points in Canada, U. S. and Great Britain. Drafts issued and notes discounted. Savings Bank Department deposits (which may be withdrawn without delay) received and interest allowed thereon at the highest current rates.

G. P. SCHOLFIELD,  
Manager Chatham Branch.

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ESTABLISHED 1817.

Capital (all paid up) ..... \$13,379,240  
Reserve ..... 9,000,000  
Drafts bought and sold. Collections made on favorable terms. Interest allowed on deposits at current rates in Savings Bank Department, or on deposit receipts.

DOUGLAS GLASS,  
Manager Chatham Branch.

## Divers Reasons

For sending your washing to us could be given. All can be summed up, however, in four words—"IT IS DONE RIGHT."

No question about that. We have perfect facilities, competent help and the electric to please. These are all put to good use on every bundle of work that comes into the

**Chatham Steam Laundry,**

and the result is seen in the spotless condition and fine finish of each piece.

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Give your wife a chance and she'll bake bread like that mother used to make.

For rolls and biscuits—that require to be baked quickly there's nothing like Gas

**THE CHATHAM GAS CO. Limited.**

King St. Phone 61

# CASE

By...  
**Emile Gaboriau**

## CHAPTER VI.

**B**UT by the time Fanferlot reached Montmartre street, where M. Lecocq lived, his courage had vanished. He pulled his hat over his eyes and hung his head, as if looking for relief among the paving stones. He slowly ascended the steps, pausing several times, at last reaching the third floor, and stood before a door decorated with the arms of the famous detective—a cock, the symbol of vigilance—and his heart failed him so that he had scarcely the courage to ring the bell. Janouille, M. Lecocq's old servant, opened the door.

"Ah," she said, "you come in time for once in your life. Your patron awaits you."

Upon this announcement Fanferlot was seized with a violent desire to beat a retreat. By what chance could Lecocq want anything of him? While he thus hesitated Janouille seized him by the arm and pulled him in, saying: "Do you want to take root there? Come along. Your patron is waiting for you."

In the middle of a large room curiously furnished, half library and half greenroom, was seated at a desk the same person with gold spectacles who had said to Prosper at the police office, "Courage." This was M. Lecocq in his official character.

Upon Fanferlot's entrance as he advanced respectfully, bowing, M. Lecocq laid down his pen and said, looking sharply at him:

"Ah, here you are, my man. Well, it seems you haven't made much progress in the Bertomy case."

"Why," murmured Fanferlot, "you know—"

"I know that you have mixed everything up, you can't see your way out, so that you are ready to give up."

"But it was not I!"

M. Lecocq arose and walked up and down the room. Suddenly he confronted Fanferlot.

"What would you think, Master Squirrel," he said ironically, "of a man who abuses the confidence of those who employ him, who reveals just enough to lead the prosecution on the wrong scent, who sacrifices to his own foolish vanity the cause of justice and the liberty of an unfortunate man?"

Fanferlot recoiled a step.

"I should say," he stammered—"I should say—"

"You think, Mr. Squirrel, that this man ought to be punished and dismissed from his employment, and you are right. The less a profession is honored, the more honorable should those be who belong to it. Nevertheless you have been false to yours. Ah, Mr. Squirrel, we are ambitious, and we try to make the police force serve us. We let justice go her way and we go ours."

"But I swear!"

"Silence! Do you pretend to say that you did your duty in what you told the judge of instruction? While others were informing against the cashier you undertook to inform against the banker. You spled upon him. You became intimate with his valet."

Was M. Lecocq really angry? Fanferlot, who knew him well, was in doubt. He did not know what to think of this devil of a man.

"If you were only skillful," he continued, "But, no; you wish to be a master, and you are not fit to be a journeyman."

"You are right," said Fanferlot pitiously, seeing that it was useless to deny anything. "But how get on with an affair like this, where there was not even a trace or sign to start from?"

M. Lecocq shrugged his shoulders.

"Poor fellow! Why, don't you know that on the very day you were sent for with the commissary to verify the robbery you held—I do not say certainly, but very probably held—in your great stupid hands the means of knowing whether the key of the cashier or the banker had been used when the robbery was committed?"

"What do you mean?"

"You want to know? I will tell you. Do you remember the scratch you discovered on the safe door? You were so struck by it that you exclaimed at seeing it. You carefully examined it and were convinced that it was a fresh scratch. You thought, and rightly, too, that this scratch was made at the time of the robbery. Now, with what was it made? Evidently with a key. That being the case, you should have demanded the keys both of the banker and the cashier. One of them would have had some particles of the hard green paint sticking to it."

Fanferlot listened with open mouth to this explanation. At the last words he violently slapped his forehead with his hand and cried out:

"Imbecile!"

"You have spoken correctly," said M. Lecocq. "Imbecile! This proof is before your eyes, and you do not see it! This scratch is the only clue. If I find the guilty party, it will be by means of this scratch, and I am determined that I will find him."

At a distance Fanferlot was very brave, but in M. Lecocq's presence he yielded to the influence which this extraordinary man exercised upon all who approached him. This exact information, these minute details of all his

secret movements and even thoughts, upset him. How had M. Lecocq obtained them?

"Have you been long looking up this case?" he asked.

"Probably. But I am not infallible and may have overlooked some important evidence. Take a seat and tell me all you know."

One could not deceive M. Lecocq, so Fanferlot told the exact truth, a rare thing for him to do. However, as he reached the end of his statement a feeling of mortified vanity prevented his telling how he had been fooled by Gipsy and the stout man.

"It seems to me, Master Squirrel, that you have forgotten something. How far did you follow the empty coach?"

Fanferlot despite his assurance blushed and hung his head.

"Oh," he stammered, "you know about that? How did you?"

But a sudden idea entered his brain. He stopped short, bounded off his chair and cried:

"Oh, I know! You were the large man with red whiskers."

Fanferlot's surprise gave so singular an expression to his face that M. Lecocq could not restrain a smile.

"Then it was you," continued the bewildered detective. "You are the large gentleman at whom I stared so as to impress his appearance upon my mind, and I never recognized you! What an actor you must make if you would go on the stage! But I was disgusted, too—very well disguised."

"Very poorly disguised. It is only just to you that I should tell you so. Do you think that a heavy beard and a blouse are unrecognizable? The eye, the eye! The art lies in being able to change the eye. That is the secret."

This explained why the lynx-eyed Lecocq never appeared at the police office without his gold spectacles.

"But," said Fanferlot, following up his idea, "you have made the little girl confess, which Mme. Alexandre could not do? You know why she leaves the Archangel, why she does not wait for M. de Clamereau and why she bought calico dresses?"

"She is following my advice."

"In that case," said the detective dejectedly, "there is nothing left for me to do but to acknowledge myself an ass."

"No, Squirrel," said M. Lecocq kindly. "You are not an ass. You merely did wrong in undertaking a task beyond your capacity. Have you progressed one step since you started in this affair? No. That shows that, although you are incomparable as a lieutenant, you do not possess the qualities of a general. I am going to present you with an aphorism. Remember it and let it be your guide in the future: 'One may shine in the second rank who would be totally eclipsed in the first.'"

Never had Fanferlot seen his patron so talkative and good natured. Finding his deceit discovered, he had expected to be overwhelmed with a storm, whereas he had escaped with a little shower that had cooled his brain.

Lecocq's anger disappeared like one of those heavy clouds which threaten in the horizon for a moment and then are suddenly swept away by a gust of wind.

But the husband of Mme. Alexandre felt uneasy. He was afraid that something might be concealed beneath this affable.

To Be Continued.

## SUFFERED FOR THREE YEARS.

HEADACHES AND RUSHING OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD.

APPETITE WAS GONE.

TRIED MANY DIFFERENT REMEDIES BUT

## BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS CURED

MRS. BAKER WINTHROP, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

She says: "I suffered for three years with terrible headaches and rushing of blood to my head. I lost my appetite and became very thin and weak. I tried many different remedies and consulted doctors, but all in vain until I started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. I had not taken more than two bottles when I began to feel better, my appetite improved wonderfully and I increased rapidly in weight. I took altogether four bottles and am now as well as can be, for which I owe my thanks to Burdock Blood Bitters. I can recommend it to all those suffering as I did."

## MAKING OF A NATION.

Hon. G. W. Ross' Summing Up of the Historical Events Which Made for Civilization in North America.

Recently Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, delivered an address at the Convocation of the University of Chicago. After stating the various historical incidents which contributed to the division of North America into two nations, he concluded as follows:

"Now, what is the significance of the various historical events which have entered into my narrative; assuming, of course, that I have stated them correctly? Do they not clearly indicate a tendency towards the segregation of British North America and the United States—a tendency not weaker, but stronger, in recent years? Are we warranted, then, on the facts submitted, in making any forecast of the future? I admit that the Divinity that shapes the destinies of a nation works at such a gigantic plane that no one standing at any point in a nation's history can speak with confidence of its relation to other nations in summers far to come. Looking back but a few centuries, the history of the world is full of surprises. One hundred and fifty years ago France owned at least one-half of this continent; now she owns only a few islands on its eastern coast. A little over a hundred years ago Spain owned one-quarter of North America and nearly all of South America; now she does not own an acre. What occurred at the middle of the eighteenth century could have predicted the expulsion of either France or Spain from the western hemisphere. The most sanguine believer in the virtue of a democracy could see no sign in the heavens of this great republic, with its wealth of material possessions and its greater wealth of man and energy and national virtue, 180 years ago. Even within our own time, unlooked for and unexpected, the scattered fragments of the German Fatherland were welded in 'Blood and Iron' by the master hand of Bismarck, and Italy, the popular prey of internal factions, was consolidated by the statesmanship of Cavour. 'Fold up the map of Europe,' said the great Pitt, after the heard of Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz; but Napoleon passed away, and the forces which he attempted to stifle ranged themselves under other leaders, and the map of Europe resumed its former coloring."

"What shall be the coloring of the map of North America, even before this century closes, none can tell, nor need we vex the oracle for any Delphic forecast. Sufficient for us to know that Providence has imposed upon us, under different forms of Government, tremendous responsibilities, moral and national. We are possessed of an equipment for the uplifting of the people of which our fathers never dreamed. Are we using that equipment wisely? The printing press conveys a message from us daily to the firesides of millions of the people. Are we sure that that message has the potency of celestial wisdom and the renovating qualities of celestial fire? The college and the university lift us to the serene heights of reason and reflection. Are we sure that no prejudice follows in our ascent? The councilors of the nation in Parliament assembled direct us along the highway of liberty and progress—are we sure that they are always trustworthy guides? To waste our energies in forecasting a future which we cannot determine would be a futile task; to realize the urgent demands of the present would be the only statesmanship worthy of our intelligence and our opportunities. Whether you are to be republican 'so long as time moves round in an eternal sphere,' or whether we are to be monarchical for a few brief years, is of small consequence compared with the duty imposed on each of us to make broader the foundations of freedom, and show the world that the civilization of this continent, whether American or Canadian, endows its citizens with every privilege of civil and religious liberty which is necessary for their fullest happiness and their highest intellectual and moral development." (Loud cheers.)

A Reporter Widely Heeded.

It used to be said that one never saw a reporter of over thirty-five years of age, but the late O. L. Ashenfelter of The Telegram was an exception, says The Toronto News. In fact, he was beyond that age when he first entered journalistic work, and his labors were almost entirely confined to the courts. During the twenty years of his experience there he rendered the newspapers and the public also a service that only those who knew the routine of reportorial work can appreciate. He was by nature the embodiment of benevolence, his face, his voice, his gentle and kindly manner suggested it, and it was his delight to take the young reporter under his wing, and as the "ropes," the inexperienced lad found him ever a trustworthy friend and adviser. In covering the court assignments it is the easiest matter in the world for an inexperienced reporter with the very best intentions to get his paper into a libel suit, or cause some individual pain and annoyance. A man like Mr. Ashenfelter, to break in the newcomers and help them in his even kindly and unobtrusive manner, was valuable to the whole city press. Of the score of reporters who, so to speak, passed through his hands at some stage of their careers, it is safe to say that there was not one but felt genuine sorrow at his death.

A Useful Phrase.

Bobby had returned from his first tea party, his round face wreathed in smiles. "I hope you were polite Bobby," said his mother, and remembered your 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you,' when things were passed to you?"

"I remembered 'Yes, please,'" said Bobby cheerfully, "but I didn't have to say 'No, thank you,' mother, because I took everything every time I was passed!"

## Brain Energy

It takes vital force to give mental energy.

Tillson's pan-dried Oats is made from the large, meaty berries of selected grain. Rich in proteins, carbohydrates and fat. The business man who takes a steaming dish of Tillson's Oats every morning is ready for the day's business struggle. It's a food, not a fad.



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Largest Established, Most Successful, Reliable Specialists in Diseases of Men.



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Makes light white bread, dainty appetizing biscuits, retaining all the healthful properties of the best wheat. Makes the daintiest luxuries, Pastry and Cakes—so tempting that one bite invites another—yet so wholesome.

Go to your grocers and get it.



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ALL SILVERWARE,  
OUTLERY,  
CARVER SETS,  
HEATING STOVES,  
OIL HEATERS,  
HORSE BLANKETS,  
ROBES,  
All at Bargains Prices.

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## WE PROTECT THE QUALITY OF Our "KENT" Flour

by using only the best blend of Ontario and Manitoba wheat, cleanly and up-to-date milling. This Flour is put up for the Grocery trade in white **Goodway Sacks**. Insist on your grocer sending "Kent" brand.

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