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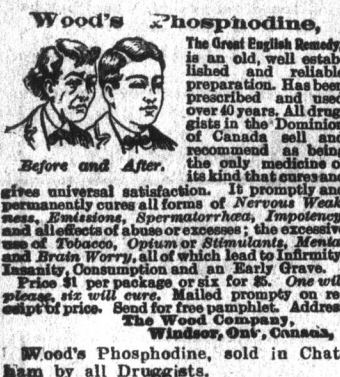


DR. S. GOLDBERG,
The Possessor of 14 Diplomas and Certificates Who Wants No Money That He Does Not Earn.

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 striven that they have been unable to get cured, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, varicocele, testicular disease, blood poisoning, hydrocele, emaciation of parts, impotence, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but like wise all the complications, such as inflammation, 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. 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 mean, 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 at Dr. S. Goldberg, 208 Woodward Ave., Room 2, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free.

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Wood's Phosphode, sold in Chatham by all Druggists.

DENTAL.

M. A. HICKS, D. D. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office, over Turner's drug store, 26 Rutherford Block.

LODGES.

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

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y, GEORGE MASSEY, W. M.

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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.

CHAPTER III.

"It is over now," old Hagar thought, as she laid the children upon their pillows. The deed is done, and by their own hands, too. There is nothing left for me now but a confession, and that I cannot make; so, with a heavy weight upon her soul, she sat down, resolving to keep her own counsel and abide the consequence, whatever it might be.

But it wore upon her terribly—that secret—and though it helped in a measure to divert her mind from dwelling too much upon her daughter's death, it haunted her continually, making her a strange, eccentric woman, whom the servants persisted in calling crazy, while even Madam Conway failed to comprehend her. Her face, which was always dark, seemed to have acquired a darker, harder look, while her eyes were a wild, startled expression, as if she were constantly followed by some menacing fear. At first, Mrs. Miller objected to trusting her with the babe; but when Madam Conway suggested that the woman who had charge of little Theo should also take care of Maggie, she fell upon her knees, and begged most piteously that the child might not be taken from her. "Everything I have ever loved has left me," said she, "and I cannot give her up."

"But they say you are crazy," answered Madam Conway, somewhat surprised that Hagar should manifest so much affection for a child not at all connected to her. "They say you are crazy, and no one trusts a crazy woman."

"Crazy!" repeated Hagar, half scornfully, "crazy—'tis not craziness—'tis the trouble—the trouble—that's killing me. But I'll hide it closer than it's hidden now," she continued, "if you'll let her stay; and 'fore Heaven, I swear, that sooner than harm one hair of Maggie's head, I'll part with my own life; and taking the sleeping child in her arms, she stood like a wild beast at bay."

Madam Conway did not herself really believe in Hagar's insanity. She had heretofore been perfectly faithful to whatever was committed to her care, she had been so quiet, saying they would trust her for a time.

"It's the talking to myself," said Hagar, when left alone. "It's the talking to myself, which makes them call me crazy; and though I might talk to many a worse woman than old Hagar Warren, I'll stop it. I'll be still as the grave, and when next they gossip about me, it shall be of something besides my craziness."

So Hagar became suddenly silent, and uncommunicative, mingling but little with the servants, but staying all day long in her room, where she watched the children with unintermitting care. Especially was she kind to Hester, who as time passed on, proved to be a puny, sickly thing, never noticing any one, but moaning frequently as if in pain. Very tenderly old Hagar nursed her, carrying her often in her arms, until they ached from very weariness, while Madam Conway who watched her with a vigilant eye, complained that she neglected little Maggie.

"And what if I do?" returned Hagar, somewhat bitterly. "Ain't there a vast difference between the two?"

Spose Hester was your own flesh and blood, would you think I could do too much for the poor thing?" And she glanced compassionately at the poor wasted form, which lay upon her lap, gasping for breath, and presenting a striking contrast to the little Maggie, who, in her cradle, was crowing and laughing in childish glee at the bright sunlight which blazed upon the hearth.

Maggie was indeed a beautiful child. From her mother she had inherited the boon of perfect health, and she threw well in spite of the bumped heads and pinched fingers, which frequently fell to her lot, when Hagar was too busy with the feeble child to notice her. The plaything of the whole house, she was greatly petted by the servants, who vied with each other in tracing points of resemblance between her and the Conways; while the grandmother prided herself particularly on the arched eyebrows, and tiny upturned lip, which, she said, were sure marks of high blood, and never found in the lower ranks! With a most scornful expression on her face, old Hagar would listen to these remarks, and then, when sure that no one heard her, she would mutter, "Marks of blood! What nonsense! I'm almost glad I've solved the riddle, and know 'tain't blood that makes the difference. Just tell her the truth once, and she'd quickly change her mind. Hester's blue, pinched nose, which makes one think of fits, would be the very essence of aristocracy, while Maggie's lip would come of the little Paddy blood there is running in her veins!"

"And still Madam Conway herself was not one-half so proud of the bright, playful Maggie, as was old Hagar, who, when they were alone, would hug her to her bosom, and gaze fondly on her fair, round face, and locks of silken hair so like those now resting in the grave. In the meantime Mrs. Miller, who, since Hagar was too busy with the feeble child, was growing daily weaker, and when Maggie was nearly nine months old, she died, with the little one folded in her bosom, just as Hester Hamilton had held it, when, she, too, had passed from earth.

"Doubly blessed," whispered old

Hagar, who was present, and then when she remembered that to poor little Hester a mother's blessing would never be given, she felt that her load of guilt was greater than she could bear. "She will perhaps forgive me if I confess it to her over Miss Margaret's coffin," she thought, and once when they stood together by the sleeping dead, and Madam Conway, with Maggie in her arms was bidding the child kiss the clay-cold lips of its mother, old Hagar attempted to tell her. "Could you hear Miss Margaret's death as well," she said, "if Maggie, instead of being bright and playful as she is, were weak and sick, like Hester?" and her eyes fastened themselves upon Madam Conway with an agonizing intensity which that lady could not fathom. "Say, would you hear it as well, could you love her as much—would you change with me, take Hester for your own, and give me little Maggie?" she persisted, and Madam Conway, surprised at her excited manner, which she attributed in a measure to envy, answered coldly: "Of course not. Still, if God had seen fit to give me a child like Hester, I should try to be reconciled, but I am thankful He has not thus dealt with me."

"'Tis enough. I am satisfied," thought Hagar. "She would not thank me for telling her. The secret shall be kept," and half exultingly she anticipated the pride she should feel in seeing her granddaughter grown up a lady, an heiress.

Anon, however, there came stealing over her a feeling of remorse, as she reflected that the child defrauded of its birthright would, if it lived, be compelled to serve in the capacity of a servant; and many a night, when all else was silent in the old stone house, she paced up and down the room, her long hair, now fast turning gray, falling over her shoulders, and her large eyes dimmed with tears, as she thought what the future would bring to the infant she carried in her arms. But the evil she so much dreaded never came, for when the winter snows were again falling they made little grave beneath the same pine tree where Hester Hamilton lay sleeping, and while they dug that grave old Hagar sat with folded arms and tearful eyes, gazing fixedly upon the still, white face, and thin, blue lips, which would never again be discolored with pain. Her habit of talking to herself had returned, and as she sat there she would at intervals whisper: "Poor little babe! I would willingly have cared for you all my life, but I am glad you are gone to Miss Margaret, who, it may be, will wonder what little this-faced angel is calling her mother! But somebody'll introduce you, somebody'll tell her who you are, and when she knows how proud her mother is of Maggie she'll forgive old Hagar Warren!"

"Gone stark mad!" was the report carried by the servants to their mistress, who believed the story, while Hagar herself came to her with the request that Hester might be buried in some of Maggie's clothes.

Touched with pity by her worn, haggard face, Madam Conway answered: "Yes, take some of her common ones, and choosing the cambric robe which Hester had worn on the morning when the exchange was made, Hagar dressed the body for the grave. When, at last, everything was ready and the tiny coffin stood upon the table, Madam Con-

way drew near, and looked for a moment on the emaciated form which rested quietly from all its pain. Hovering at her side was Hagar, and feeling it her duty to say a word of comfort, the stately lady remarked that "twas best the babe should die; that were it her grandchild, she should feel relieved; for, had it lived, it would undoubtedly have been physically and intellectually feeble."

"Thank you! I am considerably comforted," was the cool reply of Hagar, who felt how cruel were the words, and for a moment was strongly tempted to claim the beautiful Maggie as her own, and give back to the cold, proud woman the senseless clay on which she looked so calmly.

But love for her grandchild conquered. There was nothing in the way of her advancement now, and when at the grave she knelt her down to weep, as the bystanders thought, over her dead, she was breathing there a vow that never so long as she lived should the secret of Maggie's birth be given to the world, unless some circumstance then unforeseen should make it absolutely and unavoidably necessary. To see Maggie grow up into a beautiful, refined and cultivated woman was now the great object of Hagar's life; and fearing lest by some inadvertent word or action the secret should be disclosed, she took care to be herself, where naught but the winds of heaven could listen to her incoherent whisperings, which made her fellow-servants accuse her of insanity.

Down in the deepest shadow of the woods, and distant from the old stone house nearly a mile, was a half-ruined cottage which, years before had been occupied by miners, who had dug in the hillside for particles of yellow ore, which they fancied to be gold. Long and frequent were the night revels said to have been held in the old hut, which had at last fallen into bad repute and been for years deserted. To one like Hagar, however, there was nothing intimidating in its cracking old floors, its rattling windows and noisome chimney, where the bats and the swallows built their nests; and when one day Madam Conway proposed giving little Maggie into the charge of a younger and less nervous person than herself, she made no objection, but surprised her mistress by asking permission to live by herself in the cottage by the mine, as it was called.

"It is better for me to be alone," said she, "for I may do something terrible if I stay here, something I would sooner die than do," and her eyes fell upon Maggie sleeping in her cradle.

This satisfied Madam Conway that the half-crazed woman meditated harm to her favorite grandchild, and she consented readily to her removal to the cottage, which by her orders was made comparatively comfortable. For several weeks, when she came, as she did each day, to the house, Madam Conway kept Maggie carefully from her sight, until at last she begged so hard to see her that her wish was gratified; and as she manifested no disposition whatever to molest the child, Madam Conway's fears gradually subsided, and Hagar was permitted to fondle and caress her as often as she chose.

Here, now, for a time, we leave them: Hagar in her cottage by the mine; Madam Conway in her gloomy home; Maggie in her nurse's arms; and the child, who was yet but little has been said, playing on the nursery floor; while with our readers we pass silently over a period of time which shall bring us to Maggie's girlhood.

(To Be Continued.)

Bishop Schereschewsky's Work

One of the most heroic figures of the present-day world is a man whose very name is known to few and whose life is familiar to even fewer. He lives in a small hired house in the City of Tokio. His name is Samuel J. J. Schereschewsky. For six years he was Missionary Bishop of Shanghai. Nineteen years ago illness, contracted largely through his work, rendered him almost helpless. Refusing to be a burden to the mission, he resigned his see. But he refused to consider that his working days were over.

With his paralyzed body he could no longer go about the work of evangelization, but he could at least sit in a chair and work for China by translating the entire Bible into easy Wenli, so that more of the common people might read its message. This he has been doing for many years, working with such restless energy in his struggle against pain and helplessness, that he has kept two secretaries busy. He wrote his translation of the entire Bible in Roman characters upon a typewriter, though he could use only one finger of each hand and needed eight years to complete the task. He has worked under conditions that put to shame many of us who speak or think of the great deeds we might do if our circumstances were only different.—Japan Weekly Sun.

A Big Public Library.

Dr. Bain gave the other day some interesting facts about the Toronto Public Library. The circulation library, which was established 19 years ago with 20,000 volumes, valued at \$25,000, has increased to over 130,000 volumes, whose value was estimated at over \$180,000. During this 19 years over 9,000,000 books had been issued for home reading, and of this number 5,000,000 were historical, biographical, scientific works, etc. In other words, despite all that had been said about the reading of fiction, not more than half the books issued were works of fiction. Associated with the library are 55,000 readers, or one out of three of the entire adult population of the city. The reference library branch has grown in fifteen years from nothing to 60,000 volumes, and was perhaps the most valuable English library in Canada.

Common sense is the faculty that enables us to understand what line of conduct other people should pursue.



A prominent Southern lady, Mrs. Blanchard, of Nashville, Tenn., tells how she was cured of backache, dizziness, painful and irregular periods by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Gratitude compels me to acknowledge the great merit of your Vegetable Compound. I have suffered for four years with irregular and painful menstruation, also dizziness, pains in the back and lower limbs, and fitful sleep. I dreaded the time to come which would only mean suffering to me."

"Better health is all I wanted, and cure if possible. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me health and happiness in a few short months. I feel like another person now. My aches and pains have left me. Life seems new and sweet to me, and everything seems pleasant and easy."

"Six bottles brought me health, and was worth more than months under the doctor's care, which really did not benefit me at all. I am satisfied there is no medicine so good for sick women as your Vegetable Compound, and I advocate it to my lady friends in need of medical help."—Mrs. B. A. BLANCHARD, 422 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or distention), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is a tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, if you need the best.

A Severe Case of Womb Trouble Cured in Philadelphia.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been cured of severe female troubles by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was nearly ready to give up, but see your advertisement I purchased one box of your medicine, and it did me so much good that I purchased another, and the result was so satisfactory that I bought six more bottles, and am now feeling like a new woman. I shall never be without it. I hope that my testimonial will convince you that your Vegetable Compound is the greatest medicine in the world for falling of the womb or any other female complaints."—Mrs. J. CONY, 2660 Birch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Remember, every woman is cordially invited to write to Lydia E. Pinkham if there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand. Her address is Lynn, Mass., her advice is free and cheerfully given to every ailing woman who asks for it.



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WARNING SIGNALS.—Nervousness, bashfulness, poor memory, pimples on the face, aching back, cold feet and hands, no ambition or energy, tired mornings, poor appetite, sympathetic dreams at night, fits of depression, morose and sullen temper, restless and suspicious, specks before the eyes, desire for solitude, inability to fix the attention, etc. YOU HAVE NERVOUS DEBILITY. Don't neglect it. It is only a step to paralysis or complete loss of manhood. No matter the cause—whether indolence in youth, excess in manhood or business worries—OUR VITALIZED TREATMENT WILL CURE YOU.

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