

Men Restored to Vigor



Are you one of the thousands of men, young and old, who lack virile power? Do you crave to be robust and vigorous, to have perfect manhood?

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Cure Yourself at Home. If there is no successful specialist near you, write at once to Dr. Goldberg, the noted specialist. He is the possessor of 14 diplomas and certificates which he received from medical colleges and state boards of medical examiners and he will send you his method free, to use in the privacy of your own home.

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Wood's Phosphatine. The Great English Remedy, is an old, well established, reliable preparation. Has been prescribed and used for 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend as being the only medicine of its kind that cures and gives universal satisfaction.

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

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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.

A. E. GREGORY, Sec'y. GEORGE MASSEY, W. M.

DENTAL. A. 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.

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THOMAS SCULLARD—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block, Chatham, Ont. Thomas Scullard.

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MORAN OF THE LADY LETTY..

By... Frank Norris..

"And a little more of this dancing," exclaimed Moran, "and we'll have the planks springing off the sternpost!"

"I tinkum yas," he said vaguely. "Well, I think we had better try and fix the rudder and put back to Frisco," said Moran. "You're making no money this way. There are no sharks to be caught. Something's wrong. They're gone away somewhere. The crew are eating their heads off and not earning enough money to pay for their keep. What do you think?"

"Then we'll go home. Is that it?" "I tinkum yas—tomella." "Tomorrow?" "Yas."

"That's settled then," persisted Moran, surprised at his ready acquiescence. "We start home tomorrow?" Charlie nodded.

"Tomella," he said. The rudder was not so badly damaged as they had at first supposed. The break was easily mended, but it was found necessary for one of the men to go over the side.

"Get over the side here, Jim," commanded Moran. "Charlie, tell him what's wanted. We can't work the pinnle in from the deck." But Charlie shook his head. "Him no likee go; him plenty much said."

Moran ripped out an oath. "What do I care if he's afraid! I want him to shove the pinnle into the lower gudgeon. What carion!" she exclaimed. "I'd sooner work a boat with she monkeys. Mr. Wilbur, I shall have to ask you to go over. I thought I was captain here, but it all depends on whether these rats are afraid or not."

"Plenty many shark," expostulated Charlie. "Him said shark come back, catchum chop-chop." "Stand by here with a couple of cutting spades," cried Moran, "and fend off if you see any shark. Now, then, are you ready, mate?"

Wilbur took his determination in both hands, threw off his coat and sandals and went over the stern rail. "Put your ear to the water," called Moran from above. "Sometimes you can hear their sukes."

It took but a minute to adjust the pinnle, and Wilbur regained the deck again, dripping and a little pale. He knew not what horrid form of death might have been lurking for him down below there underneath the kelp. As he started forward for dry clothes he was surprised to observe that Moran was smiling at him, holding out her hand.

"That was well done," she said, "and thank you. I've seen older sailor men than you who wouldn't have taken the risk." Never before had she appeared more splendid in his eyes than at this moment. After changing his clothes in the fore-cabin he sat for a long time, his chin in his hands, very thoughtful. Then at length, as though voicing the conclusion of his reflections, he said aloud as he rose to his feet: "But of course that is out of the question."

He remembered that they were going

home on the next day. With a fortnight he would be in San Francisco again, a taxpayer, a police protected citizen once more. It had been good fun, after all, this three weeks' life on the Bertha Millner, a strange episode cut out from the normal circle of his conventional life. He ran over the incidents of the cruise—Kitchell, the turtle hunt, the finding of the derelict, the dead captain, the squall and the awful sight of the sinking bark, Moran at the wheel, the greivous business of the shark biting, and last of all, that inexplicable lifting and quivering of the schooner. He told himself that now he would probably never know the explanation of that mystery.

The day passed in preparations to put to sea again. The deck tubs and hogheads were stowed below and the tackle cleared away. By evening all was ready; they would be under way by daybreak the next morning. There was a possibility of their being forced to tow the schooner out by means of the dory, so light were the ails inside. Once beyond the heads, however, they were sure of a breeze.

About 10 o'clock that night the same uncanny trembling ran through the schooner again, and about half an hour later she lifted gently once or twice. But after that she was undisturbed. Later on in the night, or rather early in the morning, Wilbur woke suddenly in his hammock without knowing why and got up and stood listening. The Bertha Millner was absolutely quiet. The night was hot and still. The new moon, eated over like a sinking galloon, was low over the horizon. Wilbur listened intently, for now at last he heard something.

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"Put your ear to the water." That a boat was there between the schooner and the land? What boat, and manned by whom?

The creaking of oarlocks and the dip of paddles were unmistakable. Suddenly Wilbur raised his voice in a great shout: "Boat ahoy!"

There was no answer. The noise of oars grew fainter. Moran came running out of her cabin, swinging into her coat as she ran. "What is it? What is it?" "A boat, I think, right off the schooner here. Hark—there—did you hear the oars?"

"You're right. Call the hands. Get the dory over. We'll follow that boat right up. Hello, forward there! Charlie, all hands, tumble out!"

Then Wilbur and Moran caught themselves looking into each other's eyes. At once something—perhaps the latent silence of the schooner—told them there was to be no answer. The two ran forward. Moran swung herself into the fore-cabin hatch and without using the ladder dropped to the deck below. In an instant her voice came up to the hatch:

"The bunks are empty—they're gone—abandoned us!" She came up the ladder again. "Look," said Wilbur as she regained the deck. "The dory's gone. They've taken it. It was our only boat. We can't get ashore."

"Cowardly, superstitious rats, I should have expected this. They would be chopped in bits before they would stay longer on board this boat—they and their Feng shui!"

When morning came the deserters could be made out camped on the shore, near to the beached dory. What their intentions were could not be conjectured. Ridden with all manner of nameless oriental superstitions, it was evident that the Chinamen preferred any hazard of fortune to remaining longer upon the schooner.

"Well, can we get along without them?" said Wilbur. "Can we tow the schooner back to port ourselves?"

"We'll try it on anyhow, mate," said Moran. "We might get her into San Diego anyhow."

The Chinamen had left plenty of provision on board, and Moran cooked breakfast. Fortunately, by 8 o'clock a very light westerly breeze came up. Moran and Wilbur cast off the gaskets and set the fore and main sails.

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"That's a new kind of boat to me," she muttered, giving Wilbur the glass. Wilbur looked long and carefully. The newcomer was of the size and much the same shape as a canoe of the sixteenth century—high as to bow and stern, and to all appearances as seaworthy as a soup tureen. Never but in the old prints had Wilbur seen such an extraordinary boat. She carried a single mast, which tilted forward; her lugails was stretched upon dozens of bamboo yards; she drew hardly any water. Two enormous red spots were painted upon either side of her high, blunt bow, while just about the waist projected an enormous ear, or sweep, full forty feet in length—longer, in fact, than the vessel herself. It swung partly as a propeller, partly as a rudder.

"They're heading for us," commented Wilbur as Moran took the glass again. "Right," she answered, adding upon the moment: "Hoh! More Chinamen. The thing is alive with oarsmen. She's a junk."

"Oh!" exclaimed Wilbur, recollecting some talk of Chinai's he had overheard. "I know." "You know?"

(To Be Continued.)

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