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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 must be no doubt in the mind of any man that he is



DR. S. GOLDBERG,
The Professor 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 and address. He wants to hear from men who have stricture that have been unable to get cured, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, varicocele, testicular trouble, blood poisoning, hydrocele, enlargement of the prostate, 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 Dr. S. Goldberg, 208 Woodward Ave., Room P, Detroit, Mich., and it will be immediately sent you free.

This is something entirely new and well worth looking 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 us, and now he ceases any more to roam.

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CASE II3 By... Emile Gaboriau

CHAPTER V.

THE Archangel hotel, Mme. Gipsy's asylum, was the most elegant building on the Quai St. Michel. A person who paid her fortnight's board in advance was treated with consideration at this hotel. Mme. Alexandre, who had been a pretty woman, was now stout, tightly laced, always overdressed and fond of wearing a number of flashy gold chains, falling in cascades over her fat bosom. She had bright eyes and white teeth, but, alas, a red nose. Of all her weaknesses—and heaven knows she had indulged in every variety—only one remained; she loved a good dinner, with plenty of wine. She loved her husband, and about the time M. Patrice was leaving the hospital she began to be worried that her "little man" had not returned to dinner. She was about to sit down without him when the hotel boy cried out:

"Here is monsieur!"

"Why, how late you are, my little man!" she cried as she dropped her knife and fork and rushed forward to embrace him.

But he received her caresses with an air of abstraction.

"I'm tired," he said. "I have been the whole day playing billiards with Evariste. M. Fauvel's valet, and allowed him to win as often as he wished. I became acquainted with him yesterday, and now I am his best friend. If I wish to enter M. Fauvel's service as a messenger, I can rely upon M. Evariste's good word."

"What, you be an office messenger?"

"Of course I would. How can I am I to get into M. Fauvel's house, or the purpose of studying my characters?"

"Then the valet gave you no news?"

"Nothing that I could make use of, and yet I turned him inside out like a glove. This banker is a remarkable man. Evariste says he has not a single vice, not even a little defect by which his valet could gain 10 sous. He neither smokes, drinks nor plays—in fact, he is a saint. He is worth millions and lives as respectfully and quietly as a grocer. He is devoted to his wife, adores his children, is very hospitable, but seldom goes into society."

"Then his wife is young?"

"She must be about fifty."

Mme. Alexandre reflected a moment.

"Did you inquire about the other members of the family?"

"Certainly. The younger son is an officer in the army. The elder son, Lucien, lives with his parents and is as proper as a young lady."

"And this niece of whom you have spoken?"

"Evariste could tell me nothing about her."

Mme. Alexandre shrugged her shoulders.

"If you have discovered nothing, it is because there is nothing to be discovered. Still do you know what I would do if I were in your place?"

"What?"

"I would consult M. Lecocq."

At the mention of this name Fanferlot jumped up as if he had been shot.

"That's pretty advice! Do you want me to lose my place? M. Lecocq does not suspect that I have anything to do with the case except to obey his orders."

"Who told you to let him know you were investigating it on your own account? You can consult him with an air of indifference, as if you were not at all interested, and after you have got his opinion you can take advantage of it."

The detective weighed his wife's words.

"Perhaps you are right," he said. "Yet M. Lecocq is so devilishly shrewd that he might see through it all."

"Shrewd!" echoed Mme. Alexandre. "Shrewd! All of you at the police office say that so often that you have made his reputation."

"Well, I will think the matter over. But in the meantime what does the little one say?"

The "little one" was Mme. Nina Gipsy.

In taking up her abode at the Archangel the poor girl thought she was following good advice, and, as Fanferlot had not shown himself, she was still under the impression that she had obeyed a friend of Prosper. When she received her summons from M. Patrice, she admired the wonderful skill of the police in discovering her hiding place, for she had established herself at the hotel under a false name, rather, her true name, Palmyre Chocorelle.

fore? Perhaps it contains the key to the mystery. Quick! Give it to me!"

Mme. Alexandre opened a little cupboard and took out a letter, which she handed to her husband.

"Here, take it," she said, "and be satisfied."

Considering that she used to be a chambermaid, Palmyre Chocorelle, since become Mme. Gipsy, wrote a good letter. It was addressed in a free, flowing hand: "M. M. L. de Clamernan, Forge-Master, Hotel du Louvre To be handed to M. Raoul de Lagors. (Very important.)"

"Oh, ho!" said Fanferlot, accompanying his explanation with a little whistle, as was his habit when he thought he had made a grand discovery. "Oh, ho!"

"Do you intend to open it?" questioned Mme. Alexandre.

"Yes," said Fanferlot as he dexterously opened the envelope.

Mme. Alexandre leaned over the shoulder of her "little man," and they both read:

M. Raoul—Prosper is in prison accused of a robbery which I know he never committed. Three days ago I wrote to you on this subject.

"What?" interrupted Fanferlot. "This silly girl wrote and I never saw the letter?"

"But, little man, she must have posted it herself the day she went to the Palais de Justice."

"Very likely," said Fanferlot, satisfied. He continued reading:

I wrote to you three days ago and have no reply. Who will help Prosper if his best friends desert him? If you don't answer this letter, I shall consider myself released from a certain promise and without scruple will tell Prosper of the conversation I overheard between you and the conversation I can count on you, on M. de Clamernan. But I can count on you at the Archangel hotel day after tomorrow between 12 and 4.

NINA GIPSY.

The letter read, Fanferlot without a word proceeded to copy it.

"Well," said Mme. Alexandre, "what do you say?"

Fanferlot was delicately resealing the copied letter when the door of the hotel office was suddenly opened, and the boy whispered:

"Hist! Hist!"

Fanferlot disappeared with marvelous celerity into a dark closet. He had barely time to close the door before Mme. Gipsy entered.

Alas, the poor girl was sadly changed. She was pale, her cheeks were hollow and her eyes were red with weeping.

On seeing her Mme. Alexandre could not repress a cry of surprise.

"Why, my child, you are not going out?"

"I am obliged to do so, madame, and I came to ask you to tell any one that may call during my absence to wait until I return."

"But where are you going at this hour, sick as you are?"

Mme. Gipsy hesitated a moment.

"Oh," she said, "you are so good to me that I am tempted to confide in you. Read this note, which a messenger just now brought to me."

"What?" cried Mme. Alexandre, perfectly agitated. "A messenger come here and go up to your room?"

"Is there anything surprising in that?"

"Oh, no."

And in a tone loud enough to be heard in the closet she read the note:

To Be Continued.

Tortured with Pain.

Too Weak to Work.

ULCERS, BOILS AND PIMPLES ALL OVER HER BODY

Such was the condition of Mrs. Samuel Deitz, Zurich, Ont.

She happily found relief from her terrible suffering by using

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A remedy without a rival for the cure of all diseases and troubles arising from bad blood. A record extending over a quarter of a century and thousands of testimonials will prove this. Mrs. Deitz writes: "Too weak to work, tortured with the pain of ulcers, boils and pimples all over my body, especially on my face. I had almost made up my mind to give up trying to have them cured. I was ashamed to have any person come to see me, my face was in such a terrible state. I tried everything I could think of but got worse and worse. I was then led to try Burdock Blood Bitters and was surprised at the wonderful change the first bottle made. After three bottles I was in perfect health again. I feel that B.B.B. saved my life."

Mina's Liniment Cures Distemper

IN CURIOUS KOREA

WHERE THE RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE ARMIES MAY MEET.

Full of Rocky Passes Like Those of Ancient Greece, in Which Brave Men Defied the Power of Asia—Picturesque Walled Cities—Where a Spartan Band Business Could Be Done.

If Russia and Japan come to blows over their present differences they are likely to find in Korea a field of battle in which the desperate deeds of valor of the ancient Greeks will be repeated, for Korea is a land of rocks, mountains, ravines and rivers. Its roads are always suggesting to the traveler Macaulay's words, "In your straits path a thousand may well be stopped by three." The Spartan band business could be done here in a thousand places even better than it was done in the "glorious days of old." In fact, on one occasion Marathen was completely outdone. It was in the sixteenth century, on the highroad between Fusan and Seoul. A Chinese army met a Japanese force on this thoroughfare, near the frontier. A dozen men or so were killed on each side, and their bodies so blocked the road that further fighting was impossible. The armies then sat down and tried to tire each other out. At the end of two weeks both grew so weary that they retired to their respective headquarters and reported that the war would better be given up. One who passed through these inhospitable gorges cannot but commend the wisdom of the two commanders.

Korea, in spite of its topographical eccentricities, which have given it the name of "the Switzerland of the East," possesses much fertile and arable land, but the natives are too strong to work. They content themselves with doing as little as possible beyond the labor demanded by



ONE OF THE GATES OF SEOUL.

their immediate necessities. Fishing is one of the chief industries. The weaving and braiding of rice straw is another. Immense loads of this straw are constantly being carried into the capital on human backs and in boats on the water courses. It is twisted into curious ropes, used by boatmen and junkmen; into hats and sandals and a hundred other articles. Rice is the chief of the Koreans' diet, with beans, peas and millet "on the side." Tobacco is grown in large quantities, and every Korean smokes. They use pipes about fifteen inches long, and these are constantly in their mouths.

The Korean men are generally fine looking, fairly tall and straight. They resemble the Japanese more than the Chinese and look not unlike the American Indians. The women can lay little claim to beauty. What few good looks they chance to be born with depart as they grow up. The condition of the women is abject, but with the introduction of foreign ideas is improving. Girls are married at a very early age and after marriage must be seen by no man except those of their families. This applies only to the upper classes, however. The woman of the lowest classes have almost as much freedom as the men, particularly the freedom to work. Men and women dress very much alike in baggy trousers covered by a sort of kimono or nightgown. Bachelors wear their hair in pig-tails down their backs. Married men and those about to be married do their locks up in topknots. The women coil their hair on the backs of their necks and stick it full of gold and amber hairpins. Marriages are arranged entirely by parents, with commercial views, and the husband is not permitted to see his intended before the wedding. As in China, the mother-in-law is a potent personage, and it is only in this capacity that a high class Korean woman has any authority at all.

Seoul and Fusan are well laid out communities, with broad streets and houses of stone, but the other cities are walled. All the cities are walled, and the gates are opened at sunrise and closed with the setting sun. The big bell in the centre of the town rings its warning as the light begins to fade, and the gatekeepers shout out heartily that time is up, while crowds of men, women and children scramble to get in or out before it is too late. The gates once locked and bolted, every good citizen retires to his house.

The main street of Seoul, leading to the royal palace, is immensely wide, so wide that two rows of small thatched houses and shops are built in the middle of the street itself. These must be pulled down, though, whenever the emperor leaves his sacred seclusion to visit the tombs of his ancestors or to do some other imperial "duty."

The chief feature of Korean architecture is the three roofed, pagoda-like effect. All the more pretentious buildings and the houses over the city gateways are built in this style.

Leprosy.

Leprosy exists in practically all the British colonies. It exists also in England, but has never been found contagious there.

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As the sands of time lessen in the glass experience accumulates. Over half a century of buying and milling Canadian oats has brought Tillson's pan-dried Oats to a perfection of flavor and a height of nutritive value reached by no other mill. It's a food, not a fad.

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