

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

Respects 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 discovered a startling method of curing the diseases of men in their own homes; so that there is 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.

With the method and the ability to do so he says, Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method entirely free to all men who send him their names and address. He wants to hear from men who have erections that they have been unable to get, and who are suffering from sexual weakness, varicocele, testicular trouble, blood poisoning, hydrocele, inflammation 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 a claim 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 send him a card 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, 205 Woodward Ave., Room 10, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free.

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

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

Ladies' Favorite. Is the only safe, reliable regulator on which woman can depend. "In the hour and a half" it cures all the troubles of the system. Prepared in two degrees of strength. No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1—For ordinary cases. No. 2—For special cases. Is by far the best dollar medicine known.

Ladies—ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other as all pills, mixtures and imitations are dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold and recommended by all druggists in the Dominion of Canada. Mailed to any address on receipt of price and four 2-cent postage stamps. (See Cook's Compound.)

Winners, Ont.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Chatham by all Druggists.

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.

Parisian Steam Laundry Co.
TELEPHONE 20.

MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritation or soreness of the urinary tract, gonorrhea, etc. It is a powerful and reliable remedy. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for 25c. 3 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

BAKING

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 81

Glenn & Co.,
WILLIAM ST.

Import direct the finest Ceylon, Assam and China Tea, Black Gunpowder and Young Hyson, Best English Breakfast Tea, 35c. 40c. and

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

WASTED INDUSTRY.

A Mouse Task That Failed Because of a Lack of Ingenuity.

A number of white footed mice which I had in captivity, says a writer in Country Life in America, escaped from their cage to a cupboard in the kitchen, and thence through a hole in the plaster and between the laths to the walls of the house. Every night they came out for food. One evening I saw a mouse come out of the cupboard. He found a hickory nut on the floor and attempted to carry it up the hole twelve inches to the hole in the plaster, but alas, the crack between the laths was too narrow, and after fumbling with his burden for a minute or two he dropped it to the floor. Next he tried to push it in ahead of him, and, failing in that, he went in himself, turned round and attempted to pull it in after him. Occasionally it would slip out of his paws and roll upon the kitchen floor, and then out he would come and repeat the whole performance. He tried it again and again, but with no better success. He kept at it until far into the night, and when I awoke at 7 o'clock the next morning the first thing that I heard was that mouse or another one fumbling and dropping the hickory nut.

Since then I have kept them well supplied with nuts, and, although they still spend hours in carrying them to the crack in the laths and letting them fall, they are always forced in the end to eat them in the cupboard. There is plainly a lack of ingenuity, because the minutes' gnawing would have solved the problem. Had the aperture in either case been too narrow to admit themselves they would have quickly widened it with their teeth, but to apply the same principle to get the nut through seemed to be a piece of reasoning entirely beyond them.

HISTORY OF THE COACH.

The First of These Vehicles Was Built in 1457.

As popular as coaching is in some parts of the country, but little reliable information has ever appeared in the public press respecting its history and development. At the town of Kozze, in Hungary, in 1457, the first coach was constructed. This was soon afterward presented to Charles VII. at Paris. The first authentic record of a stagecoach in England shows that six of such vehicles were in use there in 1602. So popular did they become in that country that a few years later they were in general use on all the principal roads of the kingdom.

Steam railways have to a large extent done away with the use of the coach as a link in the commercial chain, but as a means of furnishing the highest type of recreation the coach and four is as popular today in the British empire and in France as it was when this was practically the only means of locomotion in those countries.

Stagecoaching in America was almost coextensive with the settlement of the colonies, and in the early history of the country there were few if any places of any importance that did not welcome the sound of the coachman's horn as one of the fascinating incidents of pioneer life. As civilization pushed itself westward the stagecoach was ever in the lead of those agencies which blazed its pathway. These vehicles, as well as their equipments, were comparatively crude in their construction and unpretentious in their appointments, but they admirably served the purpose for which they were intended and laid the foundation for the popularity of coaching as a pleasurable pastime developed in later years.

Coaching parties had been popular in England and France for several generations before they were introduced in this country, yet the sport is so wholesome and enjoyable that it cannot be doubted that in time it will become as popular here as it is across the Atlantic.

Zola and Dreyfus' Book.

The editor of a Paris paper, recalling what Zola had done for Dreyfus, called upon the novelist to have him review the unfortunate captain's book, the history of his troubles. The visitor found him at the big table in his library, doing his day's work. "Review Captain Dreyfus' book!" he repeated when the proposition was made to him. He got up and ambled round the table—a short man, with a stomach and no presence—grunting at intervals. Finally he said: "Why should I review his book? He never even read mine."

The Bigger the Better.

A Scottish parish minister was one day talking to one of his parishioners, who ventured the opinion that ministers ought to be better paid.

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the minister. "I am pleased that you think so much of the clergy. And so you think we should have bigger stipends?"

"Aye," said the old man. "Ye see, we'd get a better class o' men."

The Retort Unexpected.

"Yes," she said with sarcastic bitterness, "I believe it is true that a man is known before marriage by the company he keeps."

"No doubt," he smilingly replied. "I remember that I kept company with you for fully four years."

The Criminal Escaped.

Jack—You've heard about the escaping criminal who stepped on a slot machine and got a weight? Mack—Yes; that's old. Jack—Well, even the blood-bounds couldn't get his cent.

Keep on trimming your lamp, tilling your soil, tugging and pegging away. You can never tell when the messenger of success will come.

Was Unable to do any Work for Four or Five Months.

Was Weak and Miserable.

Thought She Would Die.

Doctor Could Do No Good.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

Effecting a Complete Cure in the Case of MRS. CAROLINE HUTT, Morrisburg, Ont.

She says: "It affords me great pleasure to speak about what your Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. About a year ago I was taken ill with heart trouble and got so bad that I was unable to do any work for four or five months. I got so weak and miserable that my friends thought I was going to die. The doctor attended me for some time but I continued to grow worse. At last I decided to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking two boxes they made me well and strong again. I cannot praise them too highly for they have cured me from nervous weakness and heart troubles."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25 at all dealers, or

THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited, TORONTO, ONT.

Errors and Erections.

Emperor Sigismund of Germany, who reigned in the fifteenth century, in the speech which he opened the council of Constance uttered an expression which Cardinal Placentinus corrected. The emperor replied, "Placentinus, however agreeable you may be to others, you please us not when you assert that we have less authority than the grammarian Priscianus, whom you say I have offended."

Napoleon used to excuse his errors in orthography with the saying, "A man occupied with public business cannot attend to orthography."

Voltaire upon receipt of his first letter in French from Frederick the Great told Frederick that he was a better French scholar than Louis XIV., who committed many mistakes. Frederick replied that Louis was a great monarch in many respects, and a mistake in spelling could not tarnish the brilliancy of his reputation.

The Clever Brahman.

Speaking of the great power the Brahmins in India possess in localizing thought, a prominent Brahmin said recently: "We would consider a game of chess as played in this country mere child's play. An ordinary Brahmin chess player could carry on three or four games at a time without inconvenience. The usual game played by the Brahmins consists in checkmating with one pawn designated when the play begins. I have seen a man perform a long problem in multiplication and division at the same time noting the various sounds and discussions going on about him in the room. I have seen a man compose a triple acoustic in Sanskrit in a given meter, at the same time having three well versed men trying to overthrow him in his argument on religion."

The skies are never so bright as when they have been washed by a shower.



Cures Rheumatism!

The Great South American Rheumatism Cure. Seizes hold of the disease at once and in three days at the outside the wonder is done, often in one day. Relief felt at the first application. Lumbago and Neuralgia flee before it; and it prevents their return. A bottle of it saves many a dollar and hours of pain, to say nothing of preserving valuable lives.

James A. Anderson, of Calgary, N. T., writes: "Rheumatism crippled me. I remained in the hospital six weeks and was treated by the best physicians without any improvement. I procured a bottle of SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE. To my delight I got better at once, and I have been working every day since."

The Great South American Nervine tonic sets all the vital organs in order by first feeding the nerves. The best cure for all affections of stomach, liver, heart, brain.

Sold by Messrs. Gunn and McLaren, Druggists, Chatham.

WEDDING STATIONERY—The latest in Wedding Stationery and Cake Boxes can be had at the PLANET Office.

Uncle James' Victory

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Uncle James helped himself to another portion of the very appetizing roast chicken before him.

"It's a light meat and agrees with me when properly cooked like this," he observed, with the delightful confidence most people have that their individual tastes are unfailingly interesting to everyone. "My present cook understands me to perfection."

The Boy, generally referred to by the ladies of his acquaintance as "really a lovely fellow," made haste to agree with his uncle's estimate. In reality he could not have told you whether he was eating chicken or ham sandwich, his mind being absorbed by thoughts of momentous importance, all connected with one problem. This problem, no easy one to solve, was how to approach Uncle James in such a way as to incline his heart toward the lady of the Boy's choice.

For the Boy was nearly twenty-four, and in his mature judgment Helen Vanderveer was the perfection of feminine beauty. But Uncle James had a disagreeable way of harping on usefulness and ignoring beauty altogether. Helen belonged to what New York calls her "smart set," and the Boy had his doubts as to Uncle James' opinion of his choice.

"You're not eating," growled his uncle. "You've got something on your mind, or what you call your mind," he added, with the charming frankness of near relatives.

"Helen Vanderveer," blurted the Boy, his nervousness in this crisis scattering his diplomacy to the winds.

Uncle James laid down his fork as hastily as though the tender pullet had been a sitting hen.

"Helen Vanderveer?" he shouted. "Are you going to marry into that set of tailored idiots after all I've said to you?"

"If I can get your approval," said the Boy meekly. Let no one think the worse of him for his humility. He was



"DID YOU RING, SIR?" DEMANDED A SWEET, AMILIAN VOICE.

peniless, and Miss Vanderveer had been curtly notified by a very determined pair of parents that unless she secured a count at least she need expect no income. Vanderveer pere had waded through much discomfort to attain his present position, and he meant to show the world that he was as good socially as his check was financially.

Thus the outlook for Helen and the Boy was depressing. Uncle James was as determined as the elder Vanderveer.

"My approval!" he cried furiously. "Why, you young jackass! That girl would ruin you in three months! No, sir, you shall be saved from yourself."

He leaned back in his chair. "I've chosen a wife for you myself, a woman that will be the making of you, the kind of woman that will help to make my old age a pleasure to both of us."

"You!" gasped the Boy, turning pale. "You've chosen a wife for me! I shan't marry her!"

"Oh, yes, you will," returned Uncle James composedly. "When I adopted you, a helpless orphan, I said to myself, 'I'll see he gets the right wife.' And you shall have her, with my blessing."

The calm of desperation came to the Boy. Rather than give up Helen he would join the "white wings" and earn his bread and hers on the street. Then he shivered to think how Helen would figure in such a programme, his destiny Helen, whom he had always seen in traditional gowns except for a change to her spotless yachting suit.

"May I ask," he said, trying to suppress his rage, "whom you have selected for me?"

"My cook," said Uncle James coolly. "You needn't start up and snort like a wild horse. She is a lady born, but forced to earn her bread by reverses. Instead of pounding on some infernal piano or screeching on the stage or herding half a dozen spoiled youngsters as a governess she had the sense to take up a woman's highest profession, cooking."

"Cooking! You have a fine idea of a woman's ability!" muttered the Boy.

"Certainly I have. The good cook conserves man's intellectual powers, leaving him undistracted by dyspepsia or other nightmares. Since this girl has been with me my brain has been 50

per cent clearer. As to all this rot about woman's companionship, I tell you a well roasted piece of meat or a light loaf of bread is a better stimulant than all the companionship of the best petticoat going. Look at the table, beautifully set! Remember the promptness of our meals for the past fortnight. She's waiting on the table today because the maid is sick. She's never sick."

The Boy rose, choking with rage. "Understand me, sir," he said as soon as he could speak clearly, "that from now on—"

"Did you ring, sir?" demanded a sweet, familiar voice.

The Boy whirled around to be confronted by a slim, demure vision in cap and apron. The vision ignored him completely, her eyes being fixed respectfully on Uncle James.

"Did you ring, sir?" she repeated. "I was sure I heard the bell."

"No, Mary, I didn't ring," said her employer complacently. "But since you are here you may fill my glass again with water."

Mary complied. The Boy, standing dumbly by his chair, watched her slender, steady fingers as she served his uncle.

When the girl disappeared Uncle James demanded triumphantly:

"Isn't she neat and pretty?"

The Boy attacked his dinner with an appetite which he had failed to show before.

"She's neat enough," he said coolly. "With your permission I'll help her clean up the dishes after dinner and see what I think of her."

A few minutes later Helen Vanderveer and the Boy faced each other in Uncle James' kitchen, with a sink full of dirty dishes between them.

The Boy, coat off and sleeves rolled up, was turning the hot water on with one hand and flourishing a dish mop in the other.

"What in the wide world ever made you think of such a gloriously foxy move as this?" he demanded.

"Why," confessed Miss Vanderveer, laughing and yet blushing a little, "I owe it all to a sharp tongued old woman on Hester street. Some of us were down there slumming, and I carried an armful of flowers. I offered her a rose, and what do you think she did with it?"

"Wore it next her heart forever more," said the Boy promptly.

"Not she. She threw it in the dirty grate and with arms akimbo delivered an address. 'I've heard about you rich folks,' quoth she; 'how you come nosin' round poor folks' rooms, puffin' yourselves up that you are teachin' us something.' Teach, indeed! When you know enough to fill a workman's pail with a decent dinner, then I'll hear to your flower missions an' your religions."

"We got out of there promptly. The others said they were simply paralyzed by her impudence, but her words stuck in my head. I determined to show that old woman something, and I did. Afterward, when I found from you that your uncle was an economical gourmet, I saw reason to bless my secret lessons at the cooking school. I am supposed," she added, laughing, "to be with the De Peysters in Philadelphia."

The Boy dropped the dish mop and folded her in an ecstatic embrace, from which they were finally aroused by a sharp voice at the pantry door:

"Turn off that water, will you?"

The Boy leaped to the faucet, for the forgotten dishwater in the sink was pouring over the edge, spluttering greedily everywhere. But the gourmet apparently did not mind.

"You seem to have come to a good understanding," he said dryly.

How He Got the Vote.

A story is related of an ambitious gentleman who, rather unwisely, stood as a candidate for some office and who at the close of the poll was found to have received only one vote. The candidate was excessively mortified, and, to increase his chagrin, his neighbors talked as if it were a matter of course that he had given that one vote himself.

This annoyed him so much that he offered a two and a half guinea suit of clothes to his only supporter if the individual would come forward and declare himself.

An Irishman responded to his appeal, proved his claim and called for the reward.

"How did it happen," inquired the candidate, taken quite by surprise—"how did it happen that you voted for me?"

The Hibernian hesitated, but on being pressed he answered:

"If Oi tell yez, ye won't go back on the suit o' clothes?"

"Oh, no. I promise that you shall have the suit anyhow."

"Faix, then, yer 'anner," replied Pat, "sure Oi made a mistake in the ballot paper."

Robbers Among the Bees.

To the person who knows nothing about bees they represent the supreme type of industry. But even the bee communities are disturbed by those of their own kind who break through and steal. Robber bees are always a source of anxiety to beekeepers, and during fall and winter the marauders seem particularly active. Having gathered no honey, or, at any rate, an insufficient supply for themselves, they will descend upon a hive, kill its industrious occupants and carry off the golden treasure in an astonishingly short space of time. We know of a recent instance in which the attack was developed and the home bees killed in a couple of hours. Sometimes they will attack neighboring hives. In such cases the old straw "skip" was better than the modern arrangement, for a knife thrust through the top would break the comb and set the honey free, at which the thieves would instantly return to seal up their own store. It is not primarily in their industry that bees are human.

—London Chronicle.

A HEALTHY OLD AGE

The Goal of Every Man's Ambition

THOUSANDS of human beings are suffering under the burden of a sickly, premature old age, because of diseased kidneys. These organs once diseased give out to all parts of the body a deadly slow-acting poison. The face loses its color, the eye its luster, the brain its ambition, and the muscles their energy, and many of the most troublesome ailments result.

Bu-Ju cures all forms of kidney trouble, and brings back youth and vigor by rooting out the evil. It is a never-failing cure for every form of kidney ailment, such as rheumatism, kidney disorders. If you are suffering from any form of kidney trouble, commence taking Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill, at once. You cannot afford to neglect the many symptoms that point to diseased kidneys.

Clafin Chemical Co., Windsor, Ont.

Gentlemen—I had suffered almost continually for seven years from kidney trouble. Could scarcely walk and was unable to attend to my farm duties. Saw Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill, advertised and procured a box from my druggist. After taking the first few pills I felt much relieved and after taking half a box was able to do a full day's work. I know one box of Bu-Ju saved me \$40 doctor bills, and think they are the finest pill made. Give this testimonial freely. Yours very truly, JAMES ABBOTT.

Markham, Ont., Dec. 1, 1903.

Clafin Chemical Co., Windsor, Ont.

Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill

is for sale by druggists generally, or will be forwarded by mail on receipt of price.

50 cents per box.

The Clafin Chemical Co. LIMITED, NEW YORK, N. Y., AND WINDSOR, ONT.

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