

## WEAKNESS OF MEN AND WOMEN

Could we read the hearts of every man we meet, what a load of sorrow and despair would be disclosed. Indiscretions and Blood Diseases have caused more physical and mental wrecks than all other causes combined. They strike at the foundation of manhood; they sap the vital force; they undermine the system, and ere you know they have even extended their poisonous fangs into the next generation. If you have been a victim of early sinful habits, remember the seed is sown, and sooner or later you will reap a harvest. If your blood has been diseased from any cause do not risk a return later on. Our New Method Treatment will positively cure you, and you need never fear any return of this disease. We will give you a guarantee bond to that effect. We would not say this sincerely against the promiscuous use of mercury, which does not cure blood poison, but simply suppresses the symptoms.

**WE CURE OR NO PAY.**  
Don't let your life be drained away, which weakens the intellect, and makes you a victim of early sinful habits. There is no room in this world for mental, physical or sexual diseases. Our New Method Treatment will stop all Natural Losses, Purify the Blood, Strengthen the Nerves, Restore Vitality, and make a man of you. If you are in trouble, call and consult us. Consultation is Free. We treat and cure Dropsy, Blood Diseases, Varicose, Stricture, Urinary Discharges, Gleet, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, No cutting or operations. No detention from business. Everything confidential. Satisfaction Free. Book Free. Question Blank Free for Home Treatment.

**DRS.**  
**KENNEDY & KERGAN**  
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St.  
DETROIT, MICH.



DR. GOLDBERG Discoverer of the Latest Method Treatment

**I GUARANTEE**  
**MY LATEST METHOD TREATMENT** to be a positive cure for all Chronic, Private, Nervous, Blood, Skin, Kidney, Liver, Stomach, Bladder and Female troubles. No positive cure. It is a positive cure that you can

**PAY WHEN CURED**  
so you run no risk, as I accept no fee for case for treatment. I have

**18 DIPLOMAS**  
Certificates and Licenses, received from the various colleges, hospitals and states, which testify to my standing and abilities. I periodically visit the principal hospitals, outlining myself in touch with the latest and most scientific treatment. Remember, each time you call you see me personally.

**STRICTURE AND VARICOCELE**  
Thousands are troubled and do not know it. If you are in doubt as to whether you have one or both, call and see me and I will examine you free of charge. If you can not call write for question blank as I can cure you with my LATEST METHOD TREATMENT at home as well as at my office. I have cured thousands of patients suffering from the above troubles at home whom I never saw. Every case I accept, I give a written guarantee to cure.

**KIDNEY AND BLADDER**  
Troubles, painful and frequent urination, deposits of crystals in urine, weak and aching back, succumb to my LATEST METHOD TREATMENT in short time—no cure no pay.

**SKIN DISEASES**  
Syphilis, copper colored patches, eczema, dry and moist tetter, scurf, psoriasis, granulated eyelids, scaly diseases, pimples, all forms of itching diseases succumb to my Latest Method Treatment in short time. Positively NO MERCURY OR POTASSIUM USED.

**I CURE**  
All Chronic, private nervous, delicate blood, skin, kidney, liver, bladder, stomach, female and rectal troubles. Call or send for symptom blank for home treatment. BOOK FREE.  
Hours—9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sundays 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.  
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Nature's Great Remedy

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Used and recommended by thousands and sold by all drug gists.

ALL DEALERS

**Head Office**  
Toronto, Canada

Hood's sarsaparilla helps tired mothers in many ways—it refreshes the blood, improves the appetite, and assures restful sleep.

## THE GHOST IN THE INN

HE WAS THE MEANS OF AVENGING HIS OWN ASSASSINATION.

A Vision and a Finger Ring That Impressed the Count de Fersen—A Persistent Spirit That Was Bound to Have Justice Done.

In "The Story of My Life," by Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, are told some thrilling ghost stories.

One of the most remarkable of the stories is that which Lord Ravensworth made Mr. Hare write down. It was originally related by Count de Fersen, the devoted adherent of Marie Antoinette, who, when the royal family escaped to Varennes, drove the carriage. After Marie Antoinette's execution he went to Italy, and one afternoon in November he drove up to what was then, and is still, the most desolate, weird, ghastly inn in Italy—the wind-stricken, storm-beaten, lava-seated inn of Radicofani. As he was unable to secure post horses Count de Fersen was obliged to stay all night. When he went to bed, he took two precautions.

He drew a little round table that was there to the head of the bed and put two loaded pistols upon it, and, according to the custom of that time, he made the courier sleep across the door on the outside. He went to bed and fell asleep, and in the middle of the night the count awoke with the indescribable sensation that people have that he was not alone in the room, and he raised himself against the pillow and looked out.

From a shift latticed window high in the opposite whitewashed wall the moonlight was pouring into the room and making a white silvery pool in the middle of the rough boarded oak floor. In the middle of this pool of light, dressed in a white cap and jacket and trousers, such as masons wear, stood the figure of a man looking at him. Count de Fersen stretched out his hand over the side of the bed to take one of his pistols, and the man said: "Don't fire. You could do no harm to me; you could do a great deal of harm to yourself. I am come to tell you something."

Count de Fersen looked at him; he did not come as an enemy, he remained just where he was, standing in the pool of white moonlight, half way between the bed and the wall, and he said: "Say on. Tell me what you have come for."

And the figure said: "I am dead, and my body is underneath your bed. I was a mason of Radicofani, and as a mason I wore the white dress in which you now see me. My wife wished to marry some body else; she wished to marry the landlord of this hotel, and they beguiled me into the inn, and they made me drunk, and they murdered me, and my body is buried beneath where you lie now stands. I died with the word 'vendetta' upon my lips, and the longing, the thirst that I have for revenge will not let me rest. And I never shall rest. I never can have any rest, till I have had my revenge. Now, I know that you are going to Rome; when you get to Rome, go to the cardinal commissary of police and tell him what you have seen, and he will send men down here to examine the place, and my body will be found, and I shall have my revenge."

And the Count de Fersen said: "I will." But the spirit laughed and said: "You don't suppose that I am going to believe that? You don't imagine that I am the only person I have come to like this? I have come to dozens, and they have all said, 'I will' and afterward what they have seen has seemed like a hallucination, a dream, a chimera, and, before they have reached Rome, the impression has vanished altogether and nothing has been done. Give me your hand."

The Count de Fersen was a little staggered at this. However, he was a brave man, and he stretched out his hand and he felt something or other happen to one of his fingers, and he looked, and there was no finger, only the moonlight streaming in through the little latticed window.

In the morning, when he got up and had begun to wash his hands, he found on one of his fingers a very curious, old iron ring, which was certainly not there before.

Count de Fersen went to Rome, and when he arrived there he went to the Swedish minister, who then was a certain Count Lowenfeld, who was very much impressed with the story. But a person who was much more impressed was the minister's younger brother, for he had a valuable collection of peasants' jewelry, and when he saw the ring he said, "That is a very remarkable ring, for it is a kind of ring only made and worn in one place, and that place is in the mountains near Radicofani."

The two Counts Lowenfeld went with Count de Fersen to the cardinal commissary of police. The cardinal was very much struck, and he said: "It is a very extraordinary story, and I am quite inclined to believe that it means something. But, as you know, I am in a great position of trust under the government, and I cannot send a body of military down to Radicofani upon the faith of what may prove to have been a dream. At any rate, I could not do it unless Count de Fersen proved his sense of the importance of such an action by being willing to return to Radicofani himself."

Not only was Count de Fersen willing to return, but the Count Karl Lowenfeld went with him. The landlord and landlady were excessively agitated when they saw them return with the soldiers, who came from Rome. They moved the bed and found that the flags beneath had been recently overturned. They took up the flags, and there, not sufficiently corrupted to be unrecognizable, was the body of the mason, dressed in the white cap and jacket and trousers as he had appeared to the Count de Fersen.

Then the landlord and landlady, in true Italian fashion, felt that Providence was against them, and they confessed everything. They were taken to Rome, where they were tried and condemned to death, and they were beheaded at the Bocca della Verità. The Count Karl Lowenfeld was present at the execution of that man and woman, and he was the person who told Lord Ravensworth, who told me. In 1870 I repeated the story to the crown prince of Sweden and Norway, who took the trouble to verify the facts and dates as to the Lowenfelds, etc., and found everything coincide.

Her Invitation.

"Why, Clara, you look radiant! What has happened?"

"I've just received an invitation to a wedding."

"Well, there's nothing particular in that to go into raptures over."

"Yes, but it happens to be my own."

And she showed the new engagement ring.

## The Great Kidney Specialist.

The Famous Physician Who Has Made Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases a Life Long Study.



DR. ZINA PITCHER.

For many years in the hospitals of Detroit and Professor of Genito Urinary Diseases in Michigan College of Medicine, Dr. Zina Pitcher devoted his time to the scientific study of diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary System.

By this exclusive devotion to one branch of medical investigation Dr. Pitcher was enabled to perfect a treatment for Kidney troubles that far surpasses any other remedy.

After testing it extensively in private and hospital practice and demonstrating its incomparable superiority to all other forms of treatment, Dr. Pitcher decided to give this great boon to suffering humanity at large and not confine it exclusively to the circles of his private and hospital patients.

He has placed his remedy before the public under the name of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets and so confident is he of the positive curative qualities of these Tablets for backache, lame or weak back, drowsiness, headaches, pain in the joints, brick dust deposits in the urine, puffiness under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, scalding, irritation, frequent rising at night, dribbling, inflammation or ulceration of the bladder, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease and Diabetes (except in the last stages), bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, constipation, puffiness and pasty appearance of the face, dropsy, backache and weakness of women, urinary weakness of children and old people or any symptomatic indications of Kidney disease that to anyone suffering from any of the above troubles, who uses the Tablets faithfully, according to directions, and derives no benefit therefrom, their money will be cheerfully refunded.

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are sent in a box at all druggists or by mail. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.

**In Doubt.**  
Stub—Did you notice how that man's fingers were swollen at the tips?  
Penn—Yes, and I can't tell whether he is a professional pianist or just a married man who has been tacking down matting.

**Chance For Heroism.**  
Adorer (anxiously)—What did your father say?  
Sweet girl—Oh, he got so angry I was afraid to stay and listen. He's in a perfectly terrible rage. Go in and appease him.

**A Dreamland Tragedy.**  
He loved her—in a dream—(she dreamed)—  
And she refused to love him in the shade.  
But—in the dream—this mistake  
(She dreamed)—she'd change when wide awake.

**His View of It.**  
McJigger—I thought your wife was economical.  
Thingumbob—Such ignorance! My dear man, no woman is ever economical. She is either extravagant or stingy.

**At the Church Picnic.**  
After from tireless business haunts of man  
He refused to revel idly in the shade.  
But, lo, we run athwart the grasping plan  
Of sisters bound to sell us lemonade!

**An Aggressive Case.**  
Featherstone—Love is an awful thing, old man.  
Ringway—Especially when you know the girl you love hasn't got money enough to support you.—Life.

**Voices.**  
The wildwood calls me, "Come away!"  
I wander with the breeze a play!  
But at the twilight hour, alone,  
My dinner table calls, "Come back!"

**These Boston Girls.**  
Clara—Is Hetty happy in her married life?  
Esther—She ought to be. No less than three girls in town were after her Charley.

**How to Keep Cool.**  
Just fancy you're exploring  
With the others at the pole  
And smash the old thermometer  
And let the weather roll!

**A Trio In Evidence.**  
"Authors are frightfully conceited."  
"Oh, not all of them."  
"Well, the three authors I wrote for their autographs all sent me their photographs."

**Forgetting Time.**  
"I've had to learn so much this year,"  
The schoolboy said, "you bet  
I've glad vacation time is here  
So I can just forget!"

**Pastoral.**  
"Why does finding four leaf clovers bring luck?"  
"Well, the man is already in luck who has time to hunt four leaf clovers."

**A Peculiarity.**  
Some men of wealth have made a lot,  
And, pray, what have they done with it?  
They simply add to what they've got  
Instead of having fun with it!

The young man who prides himself upon his swell and dapper appearance, had just bought a new silk hat, and it had been sent to the office from the hat store. It arrived while he was at luncheon, and one of the boys received for it, and after the messenger had gone hauled out the prize for general inspection. It was certainly a beauty, but a man who cannot afford to wear a hat that never can see any sense in any other person wearing one. Therefore the gang got up a little plot to have joy with the sports purchaser.

The clock hat was stored away in the clothes closet, and the office boy was sent to the county democracy headquarters to borrow the worst old plug that could be found in the rooms, one that had been through all the parades for the year and had been kicked from pillar to post. The boy got it all right, and it was carefully stowed in a bandbox and placed on the swell youth's desk. He came back in a second afterward and jumped toward the package.

"Oh, my new hat come, did it?" he said, beginning to unwrap the package. "Well, say, you fellows can 'kid' a silk hat all you want, but here's one that's a—"

He got that far before he opened the box and took out the ancient plug, which looked like a vain regret. Then he made some remarks that are unfit for publication. "I'll show 'em!" he shouted, while the crowd kept up the roar of laughter to indecent limits. "I'll let 'em know who they're playing jokes on!" And he jammed the old hat back into the box preparatory to going back to the hat store with it. It was time to make the switch again and one of the boys called him into the private office for a moment on something very imperative, while another shifted the hats and put the new one back into the box.

Returning from the momentary conference, the indignant young man tied up the hatbox and stamped away to the hat store.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, slamming the box down and nervously pulling at the strings, "by sending me an old wreck of a hat like this?" And he pulled out the shining new tie he had bought a few hours before.

What the salesman said and thought and what the young man said and realized are not necessary to the story. It ought to end right there.

**Be Ready.**  
Readiness is among the greatest of Christian virtues. We try to anticipate events. We plan to meet expected issues and crisis. But experience has taught us that, in the course of events, there are thousands of opportunities that come upon us as total surprises. They are suddenly here, and quickly gone. They do not allow us special time to prepare for them. What, we do must do quickly. Therefore if these opportunities are to be utilized, they must find us in readiness.

The soldier is steadily at drill. It may be monotonous and seemingly useless. But only this is in constant readiness. He does not anticipate the demands that may be made upon him. But when the crisis is suddenly on, he is all readiness. His practice has become habit, and habit is second nature. March or halt, pursuit or retreat, live or die, all is in readiness for the crisis.

Readiness for every good work. This is the commandment for the Christian. If readiness be lacking, the opportunities come and go, and the soul that might have been used of God for the service is passed by, and lost is the eternal reward that would have resulted had there only been a readiness. It is God who lays hold upon us as instruments and agencies in his service. But he declines all in whom there is any lack of readiness.

**Two Newsboys.**  
The fellow-feeling that marks one of the tenderest spots in human nature is often most pronounced among great men. A writer in the Century tells this new anecdote of Faraday:

The great physicist and his friend Hoffmann were walking one day together through the streets of London where both were then professors. When Faraday stopped a newsboy and bought a newspaper. Hoffmann asked him why, with his house regularly supplied with all the papers he needed, he stopped to buy a paper from a boy in the street.

Faraday replied: "It was once a newsboy and sold papers on the street."

It was a fitting explanation.

**A Cliché.**  
"I should think your mother would punish you for that," said the neighbor's little girl to one who had disapproved.

"She can't," was the confident reply. "I've been sick, and I'm not well enough to be spanked yet, and she can't keep me in the house, because the doctor says I must have fresh air and exercise. Oh, I'm having a bully time."

**But He Couldn't.**  
"Pa," said little Jimmy, "I was very near getting to the head of my class to-day."

"How was that, Jimmy?"  
"Why, a big word came all the way down to me, and if I could only have spelt it I should have gone clear up."

**A Hair Market.**  
Peasant girls sell their hair at Limoges. There is an annual market, which was held a few days ago. For a nice heavy set of tresses the usual price is 22. Twenty years ago it was 24. Girls whose hair is pretty but scanty can get about 17s. a pound for it.

**No Half Relations for Her.**  
He (desperately in love)—Don't you think you can lib as cheaply as one?  
She (reflectively)—Ya'as—but I'd rather be de one!—Puck.

**900 DROPS**  
**CASTORIA**  
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.  
Beware of Old Dr. S. J. PITCHER  
Pamphlet—  
"Baby's Food"  
"Mother's Guide"  
"Child's Friend"  
"Infant's Friend"  
"Nurse's Friend"  
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.  
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NEW YORK.  
At 6 months old  
35 Doses—35 CENTS  
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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Castoria is put up in one-ounce bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Ask for that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

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**CHARGES LOW AND SUCCESS SURE.**  
If you are weak anywhere come and see us. If you cannot call, WRITE. Perfect system of home treatment for our out-of-town patients.  
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