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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 is no doubt in the mind of any man that he has



DR. S. GOLDBERG,
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Who Wants No Money That He Does Not Earn.

Both the method and the ability to do so as he says, is entirely free to all men who send him their name and address. He wants to hear from men who have stricken that they have been unable to get cured. Prostate trouble, sexual weakness, varicocele, lost manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, enlargement of parts, impotence, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but also cures all the complications, such as rheumatism, neuralgia or kidney trouble, heart disease, nervous debility, etc.

Dr. Goldberg realizes that it is one thing to make cures 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 is of very men who suffer in this way to write the doctor confidentially and lay your case before him. He sends the method, as well as many books on the subject, including the one that contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address: Dr. S. Goldberg, 298 Woodward Ave., Room 201, St. Paul, Minn., and it will all immediately be sent to you, absolutely entirely new and well worth the money you pay. Write at once.

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Did you ever examine your windows? You will likely find them loose. So much so, they will rattle with the least wind. Windows in this condition will let a lot of cold air in and wind through. Stop all this and make your house comfortable by having the Chamberlain Metal Weather Strip attached. See window equipped at my office, opposite the Post Office.

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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.

CURE FOR HICCUGHS.

Simple Scientific Remedy That Gives Immediate Relief.

An attack of hiccoughs brings its victim less sympathy perhaps than almost any other ailment, the main reason being that, except in very rare cases, it is not attended with fatal results and that in most cases it attacks otherwise healthy persons. Still, it is one of the most annoying and most obstinate of difficulties. While the effort to cure it is being made it generally disappears, yet it resists the most vigorous effort of the will to control its vagaries.

A hiccough is a quick, involuntary, inspiratory movement of the diaphragm, brought suddenly to a stop by an involuntary closing of the glottis. The muscles that control these two portions of the human anatomy are incessant workers. They wait on every breath without being guided by the will and even work while we sleep. While they do their duty life passes, tranquil, calm and peaceful, but if from any cause a disturbing element enters into their ballistics they rebel, are beyond the control of the will and, having no guide, as it were, run away, and, like any runaway, have no care for the damage done. The effort to remove the disturbance is the cause of the hiccough, and the following method of treatment arrests these muscles in their wild escapade, brings them back to their duties, and, like the patient servant they are, they resume their work and life becomes as placid as before.

First, expel all the air from your lungs very, very quickly. The portion of the body they attend to is, as it were, collapsed, and now commences the next and concluding part of the cure. Second, commence to fill your lungs with air, but do so very slowly, but steadily. Pucker your mouth, and if possible leave an opening of your lips no larger than a pin, and through this inhale the air. Fill your lungs, raise your arms and throw out your chest, and when you are full these muscles resume their regular duties and the hiccoughs are gone.

MAN AS SEEN BY NOVELISTS

Success serves to sweeten the average man; unsucess is the herculean test of heroes.—Eden Philpotts.

He who does good on the spur of the moment usually sows a seed of dissension in the trench of time.—Seton Merriman.

A woman without illusions is the dearest and most difficult thing to manage possible.—Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."

Have something to say; say it; stop talking; give fools the first and women the last word; the meat's always in the middle of the sandwich.—G. H. Lorimer.

Happiness falls to our share in separate detached bits, and those of us who are wise content ourselves with these broken fragments.—Beatrice Haraden.

Noisy fellows are always wedded to the opinions of others. The perfect man, conscious of his intellectual infirmities, is content with aspirations.—Harold Begbie.

With men you must choose between liberty for you and a prison for your body. With women you must choose between a prison for your body and a prison for your mind. We know what becomes of the few who do not.

The Birds of Paradise.

Probably no famous bird has a smaller habitat than the bird of paradise, whose beautiful feathers are so highly prized in the millinery trade. No one knows why the varieties of this beautiful bird are confined to the island of New Guinea and the neighboring coasts of Australia. There are many other islands not far away where the conditions would seem to be equally favorable to their existence, but they are not found among them.

Quite as Satisfactory.

"I want to ask you something, Grace," said the beautiful heiress.

"What is it, Duckie?" the duke inquired.

"Would you object if I should request the minister to omit the word 'obey' from the service when we are married?"

"Certainly not. He can just make it 'love, honor and supply.'"

To Get Rid of Rats.

After all other remedies fail, there still remains a way of getting rid of rats, and that is by depriving them of water. They can live for a very long time without food and when hard pressed will not hesitate to eat each other, but no rat can go twenty-four hours without drink. Therefore if every possible means of obtaining water is taken from the rats they will desert the vicinity.

Very Pathetic.

"What can be more pathetic," said the sentimental woman, "than a man who has loved and lost?"

"Well," replied the man of experience, "a fellow who has bet on a sure thing and lost, cuts quite a figure in the pathetic line."

Lachrymal Amelioration.

"Poor thing! Did she take her husband's death much to heart?"

"Why, she's prostrated with grief! She can't see a soul except the dress-maker."

His Nomination.

Politician—Congratulations, Sarah. I've been nominated.

Sarah (with delight)—Honestly? Politician—What difference does that make?

ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN
Author of "Westerfield"

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"You see that rock behind you, Mr. Craig?" asked Pole. "Well, set down on it. Before we go any further me 'n' you've got to have a understanding."

The old man stared hesitatingly for an instant, and then, after carefully feeling of the stone, he complied.

"I thought we already—but, of course," he said haltingly, "I'm ready to agree to anything that'll make you feel safe."

"I kinder 'lowed you would." And, to Craig's overwhelming astonishment, Pole drew a revolver from his hip pocket and looked at it, turning the cylinder with a deft thumb.

"You mean, Baker?" But Craig's words remained unborn in his bewildered brain. The rigor of death itself seemed to have beset his tongue. A cold sweat broke out on him.

"I mean that I've tucked the trouble to fetch you here for a purpose, Mr. Craig, an' thar ain't any use in beatin' about the bush to git at it."

Craig made another effort at utterance, but failed. Pole could hear his rapid breathing and see the terrified gleaming of his wide open eyes.

"You've had a lots o' dealin's, Mr. Craig," said Pole. "You've made yore mistakes an' had yore good luck, but



"You've trapped me!"

you never did a bigger fool thing 'an you did when you listened to my tale about that lump o' gold."

"You've trapped me!" burst from Craig's quivering lips.

"That's about the size of it."

"But—why?" The words formed the beginning and the end of a gasp.

Pole towered over him, the revolver in his tense hand.

Mr. Craig, there is one man in this world that I'd die for twenty times over. I love 'im more than a brother.

"That man is Alan Bishop, an' I've got 'im 'n' my hands."

"That man is Alan Bishop, an' the amount is \$25,000 to a cent."

"But I haven't any money," moaned the cowering figure; "not a dollar that I kin lay my hands on."

"Then you are in a pretty bad fix," said Pole. "Unless I git that amount

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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

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FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Size of grounds, 1,240 acres.

of money from you you'll never smell a breath o' fresh air or see natural daylight."

"You mean to kill a helpless man?" The words were like a prayer.

"I'd bottle you up heer to die," said Pole Baker firmly. "You've met me in this lonely spot, an' no man could say yore end to me. In fact, all that know you would swear you'd run off from the folks, but that save you. You see, nothin' but that money o' Alan Bishop's kin possibly save you. You know that well enough, an' thar ain't a bit o' use palaverin' about it. I've fetched a pen an' ink an' paper, an' you've got to write me an order for the money. If I have to go as far off as Atlanta, I'll take the first train an' go after it. If I git the money, you set out; if I don't, you won't see me ag'in nor nobody else till you face yore Maker."

Craig bent over his knees and groaned.

"You think I have money," he said, straightening up. "Oh, my God!"

"I know it," said Pole. "I don't think anything about it—I know it."

He took out the pen and ink from his pants pocket and unfolded a sheet of paper.

"Git to work," he said. "You ain't try to turn me, you turned old hog."

Craig raised a pair of wide open, helpless eyes to the rigid face above him.

"Oh, my God!" he said again. "You let God alone an' git down to business," said Pole, taking a fresh hold of the handle of his weapon.

"I'm not goin' to waste time with you. Either you git me Alan Bishop's money or you'll die. Hurry up!"

"Will you keep faith with me—if—"

"Yes, damn you, why wouldn't I?"

A gleam of triumph flashed in the outlaw's eyes.

The ex-banker had taken the pen and Pole spread out the sheet of paper on his knee.

"What assurance have I?" stammered Craig, his face like a death mask against the rock behind him.

"You see, after you got the money, you might think it safer to leave me here, thinking that I would prosecute you. I wouldn't, as God is my judge, but you might be afraid."

"I'm not afraid o' nothin'," said Pole. "Old man, you couldn't handle me without puttin' yourself in jail for the rest o' yore life. Thar order's a-goin' to be proof that you have money when you've swore publicly that you didn't. No; when I paid back Alan Bishop's money I'll let you go. I don't want to kill a man for jest tryin' to steal an' not makin' the rifle."

The logic struck home. The warmth of hope diffused itself over the gaunt form.

"Then I'll write a note to my wife," he said.

Pole reached for one of the torches and held it near the paper.

"Well, I'm glad I won't have to go funder 'n' Darley," he said. "It'll be better for both of us. By ridin' peert I can let you out before sundown. You may git a late supper at Darley, but it's a sight better 'n' gittin' none heer an' no bed to sleep on."

"I'm putting my life in your hands, Baker," said Craig, with an unsteady hand he began to write.

"Hold on thar," said Pole. "You'll know the best way to write to her, but when the money's mentioned I want you to say the \$25,000 deposited in the bank by the Bishops. You see, I'm not goin' to note no order for money I hadn't no right to. An' I'll tell you an' no hint to her to have me arrested. As God is my final judge, if I'm tucked up fer this, they'll never make me tell whar you are. I'd wait until you'd pegged out, anyway."

"I'm not setting any trap for you, Baker," whined Craig. "You've got the longest head of any man I ever knew. You've got me in your power, and all I can ask of you is my life. I've got Bishop's money hidden in my house. I am willing to restore it if you will release me. I can write my wife a note that will cause her to give it to you. Isn't that fair?"

"That's all I want," said Pole. "An' I'll say this to you: I'll agree to use my influence with Alan Bishop not to handle you by law; but the best thing fer you an' yore family to do is to shake the dirt o' Darley off'n yore feet an' seek fresh pastures. These round heer ain't as green, in one way, as some I've seed."

Craig wrote the note and handed it up to Baker. Pole read it slowly and then said: "You mought 'a axed 'er to excuse bad writin' an' spellin', an' hopin' these few lines will find you enjoyin' the same blessin'; but ef it gits the boodle that's all I want. Now you keep yore shirt on, an' don't git skeered o' the darkness. It will be as black as pitch, an' you kin hear yore eyelids creak after I shut the front door, but I'll be back, ef I find yore lady hadn't run off with a handsome man an' tucked the swag with 'er. I'm glad you cautioned 'er agin axin' me questions."

Pole backed to the foot of the ladder, followed by Craig.

"Don't leave me here, Baker," he said imploringly. "Don't, for God's sake! I swear I'll go with you and get you the money."

"I can't do that, Mr. Craig, but I'll be back as shore as fate, ef I get that cash," promised Pole. "It all depends on that. I'll keep my word, if you do yours."

"I am going to trust you," said the old man, with the pleading intonation of a cowed and frightened child.

After he had got out Pole thrust his head into the opening again. "It'll be like you to come up heer an' try to move this rock," he called out. "But you mought as well not try it, fer I'm goin' to add about a dumpcart load o' rocks to it to keep the wolves from diggin' you out."

To Be Continued.



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No more pain.

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Experience With Green Bone for Poultry

Poultry naturally lay at a time of year when they can get bugs, worms and vegetable matter—kinds of food that enrich the blood and tone up the system, preparing them for the extra work of laying. Green bones have the same tonic effect and egg-producing value. Generally hens will not lay in the winter months without something of this kind. When for any cause the digestive powers are weak the feeding of excessive quantities of grain food will aggravate the trouble and fill the blood with crude, half digested matter, unfit for egg formation.

Green cut bone not only furnishes almost the exact material required for the egg, but it stimulates and arouses the digestive organs, rendering other kinds of food of greater value in the economy of egg production. Some years ago I took up the business and secured my first profitable winter laying by feeding meat scraps to start the hens. I then bought bones and meat of the butchers, cut them with a hatchet and fed them. I found it paid me well even at the high prices paid for the bone and the hard work of cutting the matter.

Meat consumers became more exacting, and the meat cutters found it expedient to cut out more bone pieces of meat for the waste box. This waste was offered at 1 cent per pound. This was the poultryman's opportunity. Then the introduction of bone cutters facilitated the matter of cutting. Bone cutters were imperfect in construction at first, but they sold readily, because it was an advancement. They have now become greatly improved, and are sold at a low price, and all first-class bone cutters will do good work.—Orange Judd Farmer.

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Disfiguring Humors and Eruptions Permanently Cured.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment.

Diseases of the skin inflict intense pain, suffering and disfigurement. If not cured in time, they end in the decay of the bones, a pallid complexion, loss of strength, and a gradual wasting away of the body. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is an absolute specific in Scrofula, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Ring Worm, Barbers' Itch, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Liver Spots, Prurigo, Psoriasis, and all sores and disfiguring eruptions of the skin. An old soldier, S. E. Buckman, residing at the National Soldiers' Home, Grant Co., Ind., writes: "I was a constant sufferer from skin complaints. Last summer a disfiguring eruption appeared on my face, and I decided to try Dr. Agnew's Ointment. I was relieved after the first application, and in a remarkably short time absolutely cured." 35 cents.

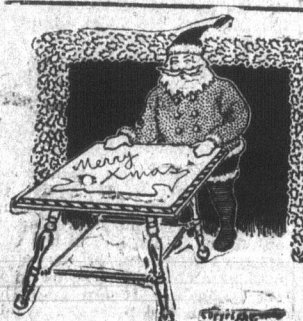
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Reed Chairs, \$4.50, \$6.75.
Fancy Upholstered Chairs, \$4, \$5, \$6 and \$15.
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makes the lightest, most wholesome and most nutritious bread. It is a blend of Ontario Fall Wheat Manitoba Spring Wheat for strength flour by the most skilled millers in Canada.

It is ideal household flour for either bread or pastry.

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