



VARICOCELE

If you are tired of being experienced upon, you will find my Latest Method Treatment a guaranteed cure for varicocele without use of knife or loss of time. It absorbs the worm condition, restores the parts, thereby bringing back lost powers. If you take my treatment, you pay when cured.

STRICTURE Thousands of you have stricture and do not know it. If you have been indiscreet, or improperly treated, or notice a smarting sensation, unnatural discharge, weak organs, or lack of nervous energy, or if you are not the man you should be, it may be the cause of stricture. If you are in doubt, call and see me as I will examine you free of charge. My Latest Method Treatment absorbs the stricture, thereby making cutting or stretching unnecessary, and you pay when cured.

MY LATEST METHOD TREATMENT is a positive cure for all Chronic, Private, Nervous, Delicate, Blood, Skin, Kidney, Liver, Bladder, Stomach, Female troubles. **REMEMBER** each time you call you see me personally, or each time you write I receive your personal attention. If you cannot call send for blank perfect system of home treatment for those who cannot call.

All Medicines for Canadian Patients Shipped from Windsor, Canada.

DR. GOLDBERG, 208 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

After Work or Exercise

POND'S EXTRACT

Soother, tired muscles, removes soreness and stiffness and gives the body a feeling of comfort and strength.

Don't take the weak, watery witch hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sour and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

BLOOD POISON

If you ever contracted any blood disease you are never safe unless the virus of poison has been eradicated from the system. At times you see alarming symptoms, but live in hopes of some serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore Throat, Ulcers on the Tongue or in the Mouth, Hair Falling Out, Aching Pains, Itchiness of the Skin, Sores or Blotches on the Body, Eyes Red and Smart, Dyspeptic Stomach, Sexual Weakness—indications of the second stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin your system with the old fogey treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time, only to break out again with more happy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our New Method Treatment is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds, that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our New Method Treatment for over twenty years. No experiment, no risk—not a postscript, but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited. We treat and cure Nervous Debility, Sexual Weakness, Gleet, Blood Poison, Stricture, Varicocele, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, and all diseases peculiar to men and women.

CURES GUARANTEED.

Consultation Free. Books Free. If unable to call, write for question blank for home treatment.

DRS.

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DETROIT, - - MICHIGAN.

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GIVE YOU AN APPETITE!

MAKE YOU STRONG!

MAKE YOU WELL!

Dr. Burgess, Med. Sup. of the Prot. Hospital for Insane, Montreal, prescribes it constantly and gives us permission to use his name.

Miss Clark, Sup. Grace Hospital, Toronto, writes they have also used it with the best results.

50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.

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in a letter:

Pain-Killer

(PATENTED)

From Capt. T. Love, Police Station No. 5, Montreal:—We frequently use FERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, frost bites, chilblains, cramps, and all ailments which befall men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that FERRY DAVIS' is the best remedy to have near at hand.

Used Internally and Externally.

Two sizes, 50c. and 90c. bottles.

THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

Copyright, 1900, by Seward W. Hopkins.

"I am as ready," he said slowly, "to lose my life in the interest of humanity as I was to end it in the Seine last night."

His examiner sprang from his chair. He did not notice any reservation in Wallace's speech. Men do throw themselves into the Seine for various reasons. There was no doubt in the minds of any of the regular habitués at Jacques' that Wallace had been on the brink of death when snatched from it by the gentleman of the cloak.

"Make me one promise," said the owner of the room. "Promise me you will not attempt your life before this evening."

Buckford could scarcely restrain his desire to laugh.

"I promise," he said surlily. "But it is long. I have nothing."

"Oh, as to that! Take this."

A purse was put into his hand.

"It makes the matter easier," said Wallace. "A day without a sou! Ah, it was promising too much."

"My young friend," said the other, "I feel for you. Suddenly plunged into poverty, unable to find work, unable to beg or steal, nothing but starvation seems before you. But, listen! After I have stated your case to my—to certain persons who are interested, it is possible that you will receive a commission to perform a certain piece of work in the interests of humanity that is very dangerous. If you accept and perform this service faithfully, you may find at once that long rest which seems so desirable. If you escape with your life, you will no longer be suffering for money. You will have more than you know what to do with. Come! An opportunity is before you—an opportunity that would be eagerly embraced by any of a hundred I know, but from whom it is withheld because they have not your gentlemanlike appearance."

"What do you wish me to do today?" asked Wallace.

"Keep your promise and return to this place by 9 o'clock tonight."

"I will."

"You need breakfast. Come with me."

They descended into the not overinviting dining room of the Inn of M. Jacques, and breakfast was ordered.

"By the way," said Wallace carelessly, "if I return and do not find you, for whom shall I ask?"

A quick, startled look came into the eyes of the conspirator.

"Now, now," he said, "you must not be too inquisitive. One would think you were of the bureau of safety. When you return, if I am not in sight, go simply to M. Jacques and ask for the person in whose room you slept last night."

"Very well," said Wallace. He regretted that he had said anything to arouse suspicion.

While they were eating, another waiter entered and whispered to Wallace's companion. Buckford could hear now and then a portion of a whispered sentence.

"Arrived—this hotel—and the princess—incognito!"

"Excuse me. I will see you again tonight," said the man, rising abruptly from his unfinished breakfast.

"I will be here," said Buckford.

The American took his time and made a good meal. He then called for a cigar, lighted it and sauntered carelessly from the place.

As the gaze of Buckford roved up and down the somewhat squalid quarter he seemed to feel new emotions, new sensations of life, that were vastly different from the careless and even reckless boyishness of former days. He seemed filled with a sense of responsibility and duty. He felt that he had in his keeping the safety and well being of several people, all of exalted station and all perhaps of noble nature. He alone, with the exception of the conspirators, knew that an attempt was to be made to destroy a family.

The interest he felt, the impulse that was so strong upon him to save this princely family from the assassins, drove from his mind all bitterness concerning his own affairs. It was Buckford's nature to throw his whole being into an interesting project. Therefore he had no affairs now save the protection of the three persons whose photographs he had seen in the conspirator's valise.

His poverty was forgotten. His many disappointments and failures faded into nothing. He was alert, strong and ready for the fray. He felt capable of grasping the weapons of craft and grappling the mystery before him.

Curious eyes followed him from the cafe, but he did not see them. He would not have cared if he had seen them. He walked with a light tread. He felt himself a conqueror.

After this little exhilaration had passed the stern realities and necessities of the case forced themselves upon him.

He did not know the name of one of the persons whose champion he had become. He had heard the name Marie Alexia, it was true. He had also heard the name Princess Margaret. But he had also heard the whispered word "incognito."

This little word brought disquieting thoughts. It proved two things. One was that the persons involved were of

higher degree than he had supposed, for only princes of royal or ruling houses traveled incognito. Surely this prince was of a powerful house or was a man of exalted position and great wealth and sought freedom from annoyance and attacks by the use of an adopted name. The other thing proved was that the matter of protecting or warning this prince was going to be no light or easy matter.

One can go to Brown, Jones or Robinson and say: "Beware! An enemy is on your track." But when one approaches the person of a prince he is as likely to be arrested as to have an opportunity to give his warning. And when the prince is incognito the difficulty of finding him is added.

Buckford thought all these things out as he walked along.

"Well, if I expect to accomplish anything I must make a beginning," he said to himself. "The way to begin is to begin. Now, what shall I do first?"

He had pondered this question but a moment when another idea struck him. "It is a good scheme to know your resources," he said. "I will count my money."

He withdrew into a secluded place and counted the money in the purse the conspirator had given him.

"Good!" he said. "Money must come easy to those fellows. There is enough

you?" he asked when Buckford came in.

Buckford could tell a story in few words. The prefect seemed pleased at the manner in which the young man plunged into his subject.

"Come!" he said to himself. "Here is a fellow who knows how to talk."

With a little delay as possible, in clear, concise language, Wallace told just what had happened to him. As he talked on the eyes of the prefect dilated. He sensed a great mystery or crime. He would win the friendship of this young American. He would unravel the mystery himself. Whatever honor and reward was forthcoming he would reap himself.

This was a laudable ambition in the prefect. Promotion and honor in the police service the world over comes from success. One cannot succeed unless he does something. He cannot do anything if he lets others do it all.

Buckford spoke on, and then came suddenly to a stop.

"Then what?" put in the prefect.

"That's all. I left the inn and came here to tell you. I do not consider myself capable of combating all the criminals in Paris. I discovered the plot by accident, and now give you the facts so that you can protect this family."

A blank look of dismay and disappointment came on the face of the prefect. He twirled his thumbs, he stared at Buckford, he coughed. A tinge of red showed on his bronze cheek.

"I regret—very much regret, monsieur," said the prefect, "that your story ended so abruptly and so weakly. It was interesting—very interesting, as far as it went. But you see yourself it amounts to nothing."

"Nothing! Is it nothing when a band of nihilists or socialists or anarchists or something plot to kill a man in Paris?"

"It is something, surely, when we know the man. We can then do something for his protection. But to act on the meager information you have given me would be simply to endeavor to protect every man in Paris not personally known to us. Every man whose name might be other than the one he bears would need two police officers. The force at my disposal will not stretch to that extent."

"But surely the police know when a prince visits Paris incognito?"

"True. That whitens the thing down somewhat," said the prefect, looking as though he had made a blunder. "There are at present, to the best of my knowledge, 43 persons, all of more or less exalted station, in Paris incognito."

"But they are not all princes."

"All but two. They are English dukes."

"But is there no Princess Margaret?"

"Ah! That is something. I will look that up, certainly."

"And a Princess Marie Alexia?"

"Another clever. I really think after all I may do something."

"And you certainly know where M. Jacques has his inn. That cannot run away. Why not arrest the gang?"

"Now you are getting reckless, my young friend. To arrest them and fail to prove that such a plot exists would be very awkward."

"But not as awkward as to have a prince defamed in Paris."

The prefect shrugged his shoulders.

"I scarcely fear any such crime. However, there is time. You say those rascals spoke as if they were going to give you the work to do."

"Yes, that seemed to be their intention. They wanted a man of good appearance who was tired of life. That proved the contemplated act to be of great violence."

"It seems so. But since you are to do it there is time. You can, if you will, act with the police in this matter."

To be Continued.

The Force of Cyclones.

Careful estimates of the force of a cyclone and the energy required to keep a full fledged hurricane in active operation reveal the presence of a power that makes the mightiest efforts of men appear as nothing in comparison.

A force fully equal to over 400,000,000 horsepower was estimated as developed in a West Indian cyclone. This is about fifteen times the power that can be developed by all the means within the range of man's capabilities during the same time. Were steam, water, windmills and the strength of all men and all animals combined they could not at all approach the tremendous force exerted.

A Test of Friendship.

A gentleman has tried the following peculiar way of probing the ties of friendship. He sent letters to twenty intimate friends asking for a loan of a pound. Thirteen of the two dozen friends did not reply at all, five declined to lend the money, two promised to send it on the next day and did not do it, one sent his "last 10 shillings," and only three sent the full sum asked for. The supplicant and all the "friends" he had written to are well off.—St. Petersburg Novoe Vremya.

One Sign of Old Age.

Henry—How can a man tell when he begins to get old?

John—Well, a man has begun to get old when he finds out that he would rather sit by the fire than go sleigh riding.

Nerve Required.

Perdita—Did you say, "This is so sudden?"

Constance—I didn't have the nerve. You know how he stutters.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Pork and Sausage 10c lb.

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Added to what you would pay for a cheap carriage will buy you one of the **best make**, and which will outwear two of the cheap kind. You don't buy a vehicle every week, so why not buy a good one while you are about it.

With our long experience we believe we can save you money and give you complete satisfaction.

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