



Dr. Spinney & Co

Detroit's Old Reliable Specialists

Slips in Age, Rich in Honor, and the Experience of a Third of a Century. (Whose successes are) Without a Parallel; the Sufferer's Friend; the People's Specialist.

WOMEN weak, pale, tired, nervous, dependent, no ambition, losing flesh, fretful, overworked, given to worry and solitude, backache and headache, nerves strung, sleepless nights, limbs tremble, faint feeling, Leucorrhoea, painful periods, or any Female Disease, quickly cured by our FAMOUS PRESCRIPTION.

YOUNG MEN led into evil habits, not knowing the harm, and who are suffering from the vices and errors of youth, and troubled with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Rashfulness, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Flattening of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Loss of Sleep, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evil Forebodings, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Dreams and Night Losses, Depressions in the Urine, Frequent Urination, sometimes accompanied with slight burning, Kidney Troubles, or Diseases of the Genito Urinary Organs can here find a safe, honest and speedy cure. Charges reasonable, especially to the poor. CURES GUARANTEED.

VARIICOCELE and **PILES**, and **KNOTTED VEINS** of the Leg cured at once without operation. Doctors will deny this. But we are proving our claims every day. The method is simple, the cure is certain and permanent.

\$1,000 for Failure.

SCURF AND FISTULA CURED. The SIGNS OF SYPHILIS are blood and skin diseases, painful swellings, bone pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loose, pimples on the back and watery growths. We cure these for life without injurious drugs.

Have you the seeds of any past disease working in your system? **IMPOWENCY** or Loss of Sexual Power, and do you contemplate **MARRIAGE**? Do not feel safe in taking this step! You can't afford to take any risk. Like father, like son. We have a never failing remedy that will purify the Blood and positively bring back Lost Power.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.—There are many troubles with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposit aropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen, and color of a thin milky hue, again changing to a dark, torpid appearance. There are many who die of this difficult second stage of seminal weakness. The doctors will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and the restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

BOOK FREE.—Those unable to call should write for question list and book for home treatment. Thousands cured at home by correspondence. Our honest opinion always given, and good, honest, careful treatment given to every patient.

Dr. Spinney & Co

Office Hours—9 to 8 p. m. Sundays, 10 to 11 a. m., also 2 to 4 p. m. Consultation free.

290 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Private entrance, 12 E. Elizabeth St.

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This stamp used by JOHN McPHERSON CO., Limited, of Hamilton, the only Union Factory in Canada.

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4 lbs. Soda Biscuits, 25c.

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Dry Apples, 5c per lb.

Baking Powder, 10c per lb.

Sardines, 5c a can.

6 bars Sweet Home Soap, 25c.

Other goods at lowest prices.

Used dishes to-day. Dinner sets, tea sets, chamber sets, at lowest prices for good goods.

Fancy ware 20 per cent off for to-day only.

China ware 15 per cent off for the day.

A lot of cups, saucers, plates and bowls, at lowest prices.

John McConnell

2828 Street East. Phone 18

A LOVE STORY

Love and the summer both were young
And so were man and maid.
When under leafy boughs I swung
Her hammock in the shade;
The birds in happiness above
With lyrics filled the air,
And here was Eden, here was love,
And here my sweetheart fair.

Thought I, no need of winning words
To set her heart at ease;
Silent, I'll let the poet birds
Sing of my love to her.
Dumb for an hour I sat, and this
Is just what happened then—
I turned and stole a timid kiss,
Another, and again.

What did she do? Oh, nothing much
Except to laugh and say
"Twas strange that men make love in such
A way."

A very frightened way:
And think what kisses I had lost
In one hour, more or less;
But when I counted up her cost
She paid it with her eyes.
—The Delineator.

A GAME OF CHAFF.

The great house loomed darkly before the young man who paused for a moment at the iron gates. Then he stepped forward briskly and passing round the mansion rang the bell at the side door. It was almost immediately answered by a young woman who put her finger to her lips as she ushered him in.

"Please be very careful," she said. "The family is so fussy. Come this way."

She took him into an apartment that might have been the breakfast room and motioned him towards a chair.

"Can't I shake hands with you?" he asked. "It seems like quite an age since we parted."

"Thank you," she said and gave him her hand. "It was just two weeks ago to-day—if that can be considered an age."

"I will admit," said the girl with a little blush, "that it was quite an episode in my life. I'd never had such an opportunity before."

"No," he said with a slightly rising intonation. He looked at her with a curious expression. She was a pretty girl, a very pretty girl, and though her hair was smoothed into plainness and surrounded by a simple little white cap its beauty and luster seemed brightened by this attempt at concealing them. Her gown was plain, too, and over it she wore a fresh white apron.

"Yes," she said and her infection took the opposite direction. And she in turn looked at him. He was a man worth looking at. Well knit, well featured and well spoken. "So men," she shortly added, "are easily deceived."

"Some deceptions are preferable to the truth," he said. "But pray go on—You have something to tell me."

"Yes," said the girl. "No doubt you have guessed it. You saw me at the seaside resort for those few days. The glamour of the place dazzled you. You took appearances for realities."

"They were such charming appearances," he softly said.

"Please don't interrupt," she cried with another little blush. "You saw me with Miss Ainslie's aunt. You took me for Miss Ainslie—and I let you deceive yourself. I was only Miss Ainslie's companion. One moment Miss Ainslie showed me your note asking the privilege of calling. She suspected that I knew what it meant. I confessed. I told her the whole story—how I let you think me a great heiress and how I led you on. She advised me to write and tell you to call."

"At the side door," said the man. "Of course at the side door," exclaimed the girl. "I couldn't ask you here on the footing of the family guests. I wouldn't have asked you here at all, but Miss Ainslie counseled it. She said it was my duty to deceive you. That is all, I think. Good night."

She stood up as she spoke the last words and moved toward the door. But the man did not stir. "You saw," and short calls disagree with me. Pray, sit down. I, too, came here this evening to make confession. I was not the only one deceived."

"What do you mean?" she asked as she resumed her chair.

"I mean," he replied, "that I represented myself to you in what you must have regarded as a rather favorable light."

"I think," she said, "that you gave me the impression that you were a person of some prominence."

"I fancy there must be something in the air of the average resort that encourages these fanciful deceptions," he said. "It's so long to be something other than what we really are. And yet I am very glad tonight to know the truth."

"May I ask why?" said the girl. "I was about to tell you," he replied. "You see, that as the petted heiress, Grace Ainslie, you seemed as far above me as a star. I was mad to write to you to-day. But now it's different. You are nearer my social level. I do not have to stomp the bastion of wealth to reach you."

"That's rather pretty," said the girl. "And you are not disappointed?"

"No," said the man. "I am glad. Glad that I am a dependent instead of an heiress."

"Glad for my own sake, yes. And now may I ask your name?"

"M-my name?" stammered the girl. "Why should I tell you?" said the man. "It will be easy to give you another."

"And may I ask what yours is?" queried the girl demurely.

"A true name," he said. "They count for nothing to-night."

"Then," she said, "you leave me to enter that your name is an atrocious one."

"My name is well enough," he said. "But let it go. There are other things to hold our attention. In the first place, how do we stand socially—and financially? Wait, please. I am about to tell you something concerning my self."

"Not the story of your life!"

"Not exactly. But pray do not interrupt. I am thirty-one, in good health, no serious habits, fairly good-looking, measurably ambitious and something of a favorite where I am best known. I have a comfortable situation in connection with a downtown office, and there is a neat little sum lying to my credit in a certain bank. I think I might even compass the cost of a modern cottage."

"That's nice," she said. "I have a little balance on a bank book myself."

"That's nice, too," said the man. "Do you think it would cover the cost of the furniture?"

"If carefully invested," said the girl, "I think it would."

"I'm glad of that," the man commented. "I never believe in adopting the installment plan where you can raise the cash. And now be equally frank and tell me about yourself."

"No," said the girl, "I'm too much prejudiced in favor of the subject. Let's hear your opinion."

"All right," said the man; "but, of course, I'm prejudiced, too. At the same time it is a good thing to air one's prejudices occasionally. If our prejudices do not agree pray correct me from time to time. To begin with, you are beautiful. Then you are fairly intelligent. You have a nimble wit, but you have been somewhat spoiled. Eh, you don't like that? Nevertheless, it is quite evident that your employers have been too indulgent. Oh, yes, they have. And yet one who really admired you, could overlook this—shall say painful defect—in time."

"Is that all?"

"All I could dilate on your attractions until the gray fingers of the dawn beckoned me away!"

"How can I express myself? I had only to shut my eyes to hear the surf beat on the shore and the band softly thrumming on the hotel piazza."

"What a lovely time it had while it lasted. How those golden moments scuttled through pleasure's hour-glass!"

"There you go again. But we did have a lovely time deceiving each other, didn't we?"

"It was our foolish vanity that did the deceiving—our hearts were as true as steel."

"Good is very hard, Mr. Thingamy. Mine is ductile steel, Miss Whatsojourname. 'Tis a heart of wax when thou art near. And your face is the only impression it bears."

"But, ah, if your heart warmed up and that impression would soon be obliterated."

"No, no, it is indelible. Ah, if I only knew your name how delightful it would be to make love to you."

The girl made a quick gesture of dissent.

"You would take altogether too much time," she said, "if you had a three syllable name to encourage your efforts. Besides, you must remember that this is my night in."

"You might have said so before."

"Yes, it's my night to have company and to receive it—or him—in this particular apartment. All the other help go out in order to leave the lucky one a clear field. My chance doesn't come again for ten days. But that will not excuse me for overdoing the present opportunity. You really must go. I fancy I hear footsteps now. Hush!"

The footsteps came down the hall. They paused and the door opened. An elderly man with a heavy white mustache looked in.

"Oh, there you are, Grace," he cried. "I didn't know you had company. Bless my soul if it isn't Warren Hayes! How are you, my boy? I didn't know Grace knew you. Holpin' her with all her theatricals, I see. Don't let her work you too hard. There, there, I won't interrupt any longer. Glad to see you at any time, my boy."

"I'll drop in on you at the office in the morning," said Warren Hayes. "I have a little important business I want to see you about."

"All right, my boy. Any time after 10. Good night."

There was a little silence. The man looked at the girl. The girl looked at the floor.

"I was silently admiring the way your father says Grace," remarked Warren Hayes.

"Come," said the girl sharply, "what is that special business you have with papa to-morrow morning?"

"And here I've been openly crediting you with unusual cleverness," said Warren Hayes, with a despairing gesture. "The fact is, Miss Grace Ainslie, alias Thingamy, that when a young woman admits her devoted admirer through the side door it is about time for papa's consent to be asked."

"You are a rude and hasty man," said the girl. "And I suppose you are just concocted enough to father as well as I mean that you hope to succeed with the daughter as well as you think you'll succeed with the father."

"Exactly," said Warren Hayes. The girl looked at him with a little scowl.

"Well," she said, "you'll not get in the side door again."

THE DOUKHOBOR FAITH.

"God Does Not Exist in Himself, But Is Inseparable From Man."

It is a mistake to suppose that the Doukhobors are either ignorant "heretics" or of low moral standard. writes Lally Bernard in The Toronto Globe. The constant war between flesh and spirit, which has earned them the name of "spirit wrestlers," has not been earned without a struggle, and that struggle has left its imprint upon their faces and sharpened their intelligence to an extraordinary degree. Their working out of life's deep problems would astonish many a man who has followed out the same line of thought with the aid of many books.

The practice of such a religion has never attracted many followers, and the people are content to exhort, and constantly urge to higher forms of practice among themselves without trying to preach their gospel to the world at large. The religion is in itself obscure, but its practice is most simple. In the "Empire of the Tsars" Leroy-Benulieu sums up the essence of their religion in a few simple words. "The prophet Pohlrokhin, he remarks, 'one of their spiritual leaders in the eighteenth century, is said to have explicitly taught that God does not exist by Himself, but is inseparable from man. It is for the righteous, in a way, to give Him life.' A curious doctrine, but one which seems to be the mainspring of their innate dignity and wondrous patience, one that conduces to sobriety and all the virtues that make these people a desirable element in any community. Their faith in regard to a future state reminds the writer of the famous 'mot' of one of the most brilliant women in France, who, when questioned as to her belief in a future state of bliss, replied: 'Ah, who can say? To insure certainty, I make my Paradise here below.' The reverence that these people pay to the rites belonging to burial has remained to those observed by the primitive Christians.

Cost of the British Navy.

An English writer, with a love of figures, has been computing the aggregate money value of that colossal institution, the British navy. Going back to the beginning of the century, he finds that the fleet was then worth barely £10,000,000 or \$50,000,000—very little more than the sum that is to be spent this year on entirely new war vessels.

Since the passing of the Naval Defence Act in 1889 the amount expended on the building of British warships is close on \$300,000,000; if other expenditure connected with the navy is taken into account the total would be nearer \$800,000,000. Keeping, however, strictly to the cost of the vessels at present on the effective strength of the navy the total is \$108,000,000, or more than \$500,000,000.

Of this huge total the sixty-four battleships, costing \$260,000,000, make up nearly half, the next in order being the 119 protected cruisers, with a total cost of \$145,185,000. The only other eight-figure cost is that of the twenty-two armored cruisers, on which the Government expense is \$56,635,000. It will thus be seen that the armored cruisers cost more than a third as much as five times as many protected cruisers. These totals do not include the vessels now in progress.

Making Koumiss at Home.

To make homemade koumiss, cow's milk should be diluted with one-third its volume of water and two teaspoonfuls of white sugar added per quart of liquid. A small portion of this is rubbed into a paste, which is then placed in strong bottles and allowed to ferment. After a few days, during which the bottles should be repeatedly shaken, a beverage of great value in cases of digestive disturbance, as well as of excellent palatability for a healthy person, is produced. Especial care must be taken in corking the bottles tightly, and it is safer, owing to the great pressures produced by the fermentation, to wrap the bottles in a heavy cloth before shaking them.—Dairy and Creamery.

British Tea Drinking.

The tea drinking capacity of the British people is alluded to in "Tea," the new monthly paper of the trade. "Tea" states that in the United Kingdom nearly six pounds a head of the population is consumed. Sixteen years ago the per capita consumption amounted approximately to five pounds. There is no other European country where such a per capita consumption is approached.

There is no other European country, except Holland, where the consumption of tea exceeds one pound a head. In Russia and the United States also, which are the two larger tea consuming countries, the consumption amounts to under one pound a head. These are interesting facts.

A Dose for an Elephant.

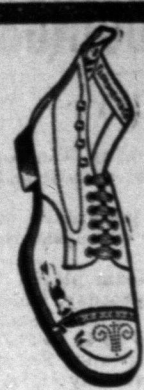
A difficult operation was performed the other day at the Zoological Gardens, London. An elephant was suffering great pain from a growth on the lower part of one of its hind feet, and it was deemed necessary to cut this malformation away. In order to render the animal insensible a dose of 600 grains of morphia in six bottles of rum was administered. This dose took about an hour before any visible effect was produced. The elephant then fell over in a kind of a sleep, and the operation was successfully carried out without any further ado. The operation lasted in all three days.

For Enriching the Soil.

Soils lacking in humus may be greatly benefited by plowing under stable manure or green crops. Rye, buckwheat, cowpeas and crimson clover are all good, the two latter being more valuable because of the nitrogen which they add.

Camels Owned by John Bull.

The British Government is the owner of 25,000 camels.



Our Gentlemen's Invictus

\$3.50

Shoe

Manufactured by Geo. A. Slater, Montreal.

This boot is made with the celebrated Goodyear Welted Soles, which assure the wearer of a smooth insole, free from nails and wax thread.



The Invictus

Shoe, made of Vici Kid and Velour Calf, can be found only at

TURRILL'S

We Have the Sole Local Agency

Remember the Name "Invictus" Is Stamped on the Sole

REMOVAL NOTICE

I beg to advise my patients and the public in general that on or about June 12, I will move to my new building 208 Woodward Ave.

I have leased the entire building above the drug store and shall try to give satisfaction in the future as I have in the past.

I am the only specialist on Chronic, Private, Nervous, Delicate Blood, Skin, Kidney, Liver, Bladder and Stomach Troubles who will cure you first and you

PAY WHEN CURED

Question blank for home treatment and book free.

Hours—Daily, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Sunday, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

DR. GOLDBERG, NOW AT 201 WOODWARD AVE.

AFTER JUNE 12, 208 WOODWARD AVE

Patients' Private Entrance, 7 Wilcox St. DETROIT, MICH.



Full of Meaning.

The "Sovereign" brand on a lady's shoe means everything; a lady has a right to expect in a shoe.

It means style because made on the very latest, most fashionable patterns.

It means fit because made on lasts modelled from real feet—with all the stretch and shrink taken out of the shoes.

It means beauty because "Sovereign" shoes are finished by the best, most up-to-date methods.

It means wear because only first-class materials are put into "Sovereign" shoes and they are put together by the best of all methods, the Goodyear flexible welt process.

For men and women. \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00. Stamped on the soles.

"Sovereign Shoe."

Sold by D. Turrill and J. L. Campbell.